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THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART, (Incorp.)

TAN G F N T

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T A N G E N T

AN ANNUAL PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART. • •



Gordon R. Couling

● TO YOU

IN A MAGAZINE OF THIS SORT, WE HAVE always left our reading of the editorial till the last. Only after having thumbed every page, perused every venture of "cacoethes scribendi", and read and reread our friends and enemies several times, has it been our practice to turn back to the front to dip into the drone from the Desk. Nor, after some active consideration, do we believe this purely a personal peculiarity. You also who, in this idle moment, have turned back at last to see what the editor has to say as usual, realise what I mean! A sad quality is possessed by the school editor, and hence his editorial. The editor seems to develop, as the year wears on, a sort of anxious, worried aspect; he seems a wearisome, avid beggar, wheedling, then almost demanding, contributions from likely people. Later he becomes a furtive and retiring individual, haunted by the question of the date of publication. Also, after a deal of trying, did we find an editorial just as dull to write as to read—

worse! Of course, in this case, we—as editor—are not expected to broach opinions about current topics, such as the apparent impotence of the League, the bigotry of the separate school question or, closer to home, the stupidity of some of the critics of the Canadian Group. So we decided to abandon the idea of writing an editorial and all our rough drafts soon found their way into the traditional basket.

Now, due to this decision, you will miss reading a perfectly lovely pair of paragraphs which we began with, "As deviation from the yearly round of studies, the Tangent strikes and—" wherein we said how fine it is that the Art College has a Students' Council which, in co-operation with the Teaching Staff, provides its students with the opportunity of carrying out annual projects, and how these projects open new avenues of adventure and invaluable experiences in forming, planning and executing problems for ourselves. We appreciated the fact that the responsibility of these rests wholly upon the students and that their success is judged, not by marks, but by their own evaluation of how closely the results compare with the primary aim. Then, with no small feeling of temerity, we ventured our thoughts about the Students' Club record for this year and wondered vaguely how much of its apparent apathy would be retained in the future. For, you see, though at present we do not greatly fear it, it would distress us to find the Annual Costume Ball, the Tangent, and a few of the lesser activities going the way of the now dormant custom of Friday night suppers: because some extra curricular activities seem to us to be of such inestimable value in our work, through their cultivation and development of individual enterprise combined with the co-operative carrying out of ideas. We also suggested that the attitude manifested in the Students' Club activities is indicative of the Students as a body, and so it would be dreadfully tragic were such apathy as we mentioned to numb this body.

On the other hand, there is no reason why the Students' Club of the School could not play an even more vital and creative role than it has during the past several years; why even more projects and exhibitions of extra-curricular work should not take place. We would like to see running through the life of the school a sort of second current, pulsating with vitality and thrilling with enterprise, an undeniable and conscious effort to grow, to express and to realize ourselves. Undoubtedly this would be reflected in our individual work. It is our earnest hope that our very promising First and Second Years realize

this desire, revivify our student life and give it the importance it should have in the school. The Tangent, we feel, undeniably linked with and an expression of this student life, to some extent gives evidence of our collective attitudes in the school. It is our magazine to make of it what we will and can—but mostly what we will. And it must be regarded as such.

Several days ago, when correcting copy, two very interesting features came to notice, both of which you have possibly long since discovered for yourself. The first of these is the marked preponderance of verse. This immediately brought to mind the much quoted Chinese epigram which says, "One picture says more than a thousand words." Now the painter artist, being one who summarizes; who, in a statement which can be read instantaneously, suggests ideas or principles through the medium of related and rhythmic symbols; would, we suppose, not be content to indulge in a long-winded parade of words. He would, naturally, choose as a means of written self-expression, the compact pattern and unity to be found in verse forms. In this he would find qualities more akin to those he uses in his more familiar medium. Our second impression was that of a singularly active awareness of environment and, as a result,—opinions. All art being the expression of some opinion and original art the expression of a personal opinion, we believe the present tendency most healthy. To find that the writers in this book are more preoccupied with expressing the result of a contact with life—a life none too satisfying for some—than with making a pretence of "fine poetic frenzy" or "loftiness" of style and diction, suggests that they are forming enriched grounds for their careers.

One of our very close neighbors insists, when teaching, on considering even the youngest child a personality who has something to say about himself—something too precious to be distorted, thwarted or disregarded. Many people, grown people, deny themselves this personality—and so commit a sort of spiritual suicide. They have little faith in the importance of their own opinions, or what they have to say; yet strangely enough, they would almost shed their own blood for the beliefs of someone else! Therefore, it was most gratifying to find that this year many of those who worked for the Tangent felt that they had something to say, and said it; that they felt that they were doing more than just "writing for the Tangent". They were intent on expressing themselves as related to life.

But to get back to our discarded editorial. We also spent some time

"blurbing" about the Tangent as a by-product of the Art School. Hence we made no pretences about the technical ability of our authors, but we do feel their work to be most interesting and worthy of this School in quality and character. We feel that the Tangent has sustained the very high standard set last year, and express our hope that even greater steps will be taken in the future. First Year—Attention! A great deal of progress has been achieved during the past several years, but there are even greater possibilities for future Tangents. So, best of luck to next year's staff and next year's contributors!

Now, though we have conscientiously avoided writing an editorial, we feel on behalf of the magazine staff and the School, that we must manifest our deep gratitude to our contributors for giving us the very excellent material with which we built this magazine. Of course, these thanks include those people who so kindly took time and trouble to prepare material, yet have been denied the satisfaction of seeing it printed. We regret that this has had to be; that we could not print everything, but size and character had to be considered and this forced us to agree to set some aside. So, we can only say, "Thanks so much, and better luck next year." We also appreciate our indebtedness to Miss Montgomery, Mr. Mounfield, and the office, for so graciously typing our copy from longhand; to our advertisers for aiding in the production of our book, and to our business staff of Jack Williamson, Gordon Couling and "Manny" Wilder, for the work that made this possible. Our deepest gratitude also goes out to the Students' Council and the Teachers of the School for their very kind co-operation and guidance in its formation, and especially to Mr. Murphy and Mr. Carmichael who gave unstintingly very real and constant assistance and advice to aid us in the best possible methods of overcoming those problems which so frequently confronted us.

THE EDITOR.





● MINNEDOSA MEMORIES

IT IS A GREY MORNING IN SEPTEMBER, AND AS WE come on deck and look out to the north east, we see the coal docks, the inner light, and the outer light of Port Dalhousie, and between the lighthouses a line of bursting white, where every sea driven up the lake ahead of the easterly gale goes green over the pier or breaks in heavy spray which flies half way across the channel.

We are on the tug "Augusta" of St. Catharines, one of a fleet which at this time towed the lake schooners still sailing and the barges towed by various freighters up and down the Welland Canal. The "Augusta", the largest tug in this service was 72 feet long, about 15 feet beam, and drew 10 feet of water. She had good horse power and her engines turned a big four bladed propeller well below her water line. At this time she carried her Skipper, Engineer, cook, fireman, deckhand and ourself, a very junior deckhand.

After a substantial breakfast prepared by Bella Blank, our cook, a very kindly little old lady, who was a master of her profession, as well as a critic of manners, morals, our artistic efforts, or what have you, we lend a hand with a dish towel, while the Skipper walks out the westerly pier. Out past the inner lighthouse (Mr. Haines isn't sketching there this morning) we can see above the wave crests a dark spot under a cloud of smoke and astern of it another dark spot; a steamer and barge coming up the lake, and a job for us.

So we get our mooring lines aboard, and go astern to clear the pier, and then ahead and out into the channel between the piers. As we reach the lake and strike the first big seas, the Skipper swings her head to the east, and soon we are out of the yellow canal water, which to-day is blown up toward Hamilton. The seas are big, there is no doubt of that, as several come green over the bows, trying to float the water barrel out of its chocks on deck ahead of the wheelhouse. Of course, there is spray going over and down her smokestack in true story book style, but she doesn't mind that.

While we have been steadily steaming eastward the steamer and barge have become readily distinguishable as the S.S. "Rosemount" of Montreal towing the barge "Minnedosa" of Montreal. The "Rosemount" is a handsome three masted steamer with a sweeping sheer line and great tumble home on her top sides. She is on her way from Sydney, N.S. to Fort William with a cargo of rails for the Grand Trunk Pacific. As the draught of the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals at this time is 14 feet, a good third of the "Rosemount's" cargo is in the "Minnedosa", which has her forestaysail, foresail and mainsail set to aid her steering and use the fine fair wind.

The "Minnedosa", a particularly interesting vessel, is a four masted schooner with clipper bow and painted black with gilt carvings on her bows and quarters. These carvings were a beautifully designed and executed job and cost, according to our greatest marine authority, C. H. J. Snider (also our guide and critic) about one thousand dollars. The "Minnedosa," the largest Canadian sailing vessel to navigate the Great Lakes, was built in Kingston in 1890 and was 245 feet in length, and of 1041 tons net. In her earlier days she sailed under her full schooner rig but, when we knew her, her bowsprit had been unshipped and all but her jigger topmast sent down; and she was towed by the steamers of the Montreal Transportation Company, though often using her lower canvas in a fair wind.

As we pass the "Rosemount", we can hear the jingle of her engine room telegraph ringing her down to slow ahead, and the clatter of the winch on her stern heaving in on the big wire towing cable which slashes in a long curve through the wave crests to the "Minnedosa", whose crew are busy stowing her sails. Our Skipper puts our wheel hard over to swing sharp around and under the "Minnedosa's" port bow, and, as we come broadside on to the big seas, we do some beautiful rolling and fill our decks up level from rail to rail. When we are steaming on a parallel course with the big girl slightly ahead and about 50 feet to port of her, a heaving line comes whistling over our deck house. The deck hand and ourself make a rush for it, and get it before it goes over board. On the "Minnedosa's" bow above us, the other end of this line has been made fast to a big six-inch hemp tow line. Now for the heavy job. We try to keep our balance on the quarter deck, which is quite open and exposed, while the "Augusta" rolls and pitches, and haul hand over hand on the heaving line to get that big wet snake of a tow line, which weighs tons, aboard, and around our towing bits.

Our Skipper inspires us in our efforts with suitable adjectives and admonitions to keep the line clear of our wheel, and not to go overboard ourselves, as of course nothing could be done for us. Finally, all is made fast, on which we blow to the "Minnedosa", who whistles to the "Rosemount" that she is letting go the wire tow line.

The wire goes with a splash over the "Minnedosa's" bows and now comes the tug-of-war. We go ahead slowly, until we have a strain on the hemp line which has been paid out by the "Minnedosa's" crew, and then our Skipper signals for full speed ahead. The fireman has been busy and has a full head of steam on her, every pound of which is needed because with more than 2,000 tons dead weight astern of us, we seem as though anchored, and nearly every sea falls aboard over our stern with a crash that shakes the whole vessel, finally running forward to the scuppers near the wheelhouse.

After more than a mile of the heaviest and hardest kind of towing, we are close to the piers again, and as we swing around, we get a glimpse up the harbour of the "Rosemount" high in Lock One. Of much greater concern, however, is the S.S. "Lakeside" coming out on her eleven o'clock trip to Toronto. She blows one short blast on that unforgettable whistle to indicate that she is directing her course to starboard, which we answer. Port Dalhousie piers are close together, so it's a tight fit for the "Lakeside and "Minnedosa", as they pass" halfway between the lighthouses.

We are to tow the "Minnedosa" up the harbour only, as she is so large that she fills up the locks like a steamer, leaving little room for a tug as well. She was usually towed through the Canal at this time by eight horses, so from Lock One we will leave Jack Howard to take charge of them, and her, as far as Port Colborne.

ROWLEY MURPHY



JACK HOWARD



E. SIMON

DO YOU THINK THAT YOU'D BE MISSED?

(SORRY, MR. GILBERT!)

As some day it must happen that revenges will resound,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list—
Of society offenders who might well be underground,
And never would be missed—who never would be missed!
All poor deluded "bohémiens" who have artistic bent,
Who wield a palette and paint rag as they were never meant—
The infuriating sketcher, with his sketchbook ever nigh—
Who observes all human passions, and never bats an eye—
That menace to our peace of mind, the caricaturist,
I know he'd not be missed—I'm sure he'd not be missed!

There's the sneaky, slinking bounder who will "get you" from behind
And the morbid modernist—you can bet he'd not be missed!
The ardent seeker after truth—he's not a bit refined—
And the vague impressionist—he never would be missed!
Then the pompous portrait painter, who portrays you as a prig;
Who's bound to elongate your nose, or draw your mouth too big—
The would-be Michelangelo's, (who surely are not rare)
They congregate at Angelo's—and get into your hair;
That dabbler in idyllic scenes, the water colorist—
I don't think he'd be missed—he'd surely not be missed!

The absent-minded genius who forgets his model's human,
And the pallid pastelist—I doubt if he'd be missed!
The bland and brazen poster fiend who dares to draw as few men—
He never would be missed—he never would be missed!
All sloppy, flop-hat, flat-heeled fakes, with morals free as air,—
Whose fellows hardly ever shave, and never cut their hair—
Those flaunters all of flippant frills and ties of florid hue—
But the task of making up the list I think we'll leave to you.
It doesn't really matter whom we put upon the list,
For we'll none of us be missed I fear, we'll none of us be missed!

ELLEN SIMON.

TAPESTRIES

I talked with old friends of the days gone by;
And, as we talked, a tapestry was spread
Wherein once-tangled threads had found their place,
And time had mellowed tints then over-bright.

I talked with new friends of the days that are;
The tapestry was woven here, unfinished there,
Some threads were dyed in drab unhappiness,
And some were colored gay and bright with joy.

I talked with one of days that are to be;—
Our words became a fabric of rare silk
Designed with visions, longings and desires,
Rosey in hue, shot with uncertainty.

JEAN TRAVIS.



THE MANDOLIN

LILLIAN KRIBS

● THE MANDOLIN

ALL THAT HOT SUNNY DAY I HAD BEEN WALKING along the road, which like a white ribbon, leads eventually to those barren crags in the East. The sun was low in the sky and a mysterious golden light enveloped the landscape. I stood presently before the crumbling ruins of a large villa. Box trees, once the glory of a garden, were now twisted into grotesque shapes, their bark rusty with age. A rose garden, choked with weeds and long grass, and a few fallen statues of aged marble gave evidence of a glory long past. I sauntered forward and soon the lofty rounded arch of the great doorway was behind me. I found myself in a long outer gallery with many arches supported by a marble colonnade which, in turn, overlooked a garden once terraced. Turning, I saw, in a far corner, the shell of a mandolin; only one string and a small part of the wooden case remained, but somehow in the strange light of the setting sun its past beauty was revealed.

Suddenly, I found myself listening to a humming like the approach of many bees. I turned to see the garden filling with moving figures. Faint rustlings of silk, the soundless tread of phantom footsteps and the soft music of laughter floated in on the waves of silence. In the deserted gallery two people reclined on a marble bench: a young girl of great beauty quietly picking the strings of a mandolin, and a young man, who, leaning toward her, was talking earnestly: "Francesca mia, alas, this is the last time we shall be together, for on the morrow thou shalt marry the Duke. Then thy father will indeed have strengthened his position at Court. Thy friends mock me and rejoice in the ruin of my father's house. But thou, as I know, art mine; always, I feel, we shall be together whether it be in life or in death."

"Paolo, ever shall I love thee, but on the morrow I shall never see thee more. This mandolin have I brought to remind thee of the happy hours we have shared. Play on it. Forever it shall ring the song in my heart."

Suddenly I heard a roar—louder it became—deadening all other sounds. Like the beat of many hooves, it seemed. All voices hushed with terror. "It is the French!" they whispered. Some knelt to pray, while others ran madly towards the villa. One man, old, but regal and resolute of countenance, stood alone. It was the Duke!



E. WILDER

"Francesca, now shall we always be together. Fly with me, we mayhap can escape the French, but never thy father!"

In a moment they darted up and faded from my sight into the twilight. Swords were raised against the defenceless; shrieks of the dying rent the air. Then, suddenly, all became still. I turned to see the mandolin upon the floor in the corner, where they had dropped it, and, as I looked, its glory fell away. Through the fading twilight once more I viewed those ruins old in story. The mandolin had sung its song. All had become dark. I groped my way out of the villa into the night.

LILLIAN KRIBS.

SPRINGNESS

Little boys play marbles in the gutter
Poets grow long hair and mutter
About robins and the maple bud
But to me spring brings the mud
And other seasonal peculiarities.
For spring is a dowager of amplexing
Oskilating her charms in seductive contorsions
Inviting, insiting, and beconing coyly
While wearing a girdle of poison ivy
And other seasonal peculiarities.

PAGE TOLES.

WHEREFORE TIME?

They moved in the musical mock parade
Of a dream-like spectral masquerade
Celebrating an age long dead.
And she looked up to his eyes and said:
"Here in this ancient pageantry
Of courtesies and gallantry
I find my era. I live to-night
One hour of time that is mine aright."
Silent and strange and lone was he,
Awaiting a day that was yet to be.

DONALD STEWART.



S. HAHN

FALL IN THE FOREST

The yellow leaves are falling,
The wild geese are calling,
Speeding on their southward quest.
The shrill winds are sighing
In the dry branches, crying
"Hush, hush,
Summer is gone, it is time to rest."

The bare branches shiver,
And on the silent river
Frost sets an ice roof deep.
The first snow-flakes, drifting,
Whisper, 'mid the branches sifting,
"Hush, hush,
Winter has come, it is time for sleep."

SYLVIA HAHN.

REVOLT

A week of luxury divine—
Of passions spent in joy sublime—
 Of utter relaxation.
The fruits of sweet excess are mine,
My soul's uplifted spirits shine
 In raucous exultation!
 I dance within
 I sing without
 It is no sin
 To shout about
 My soul's elation.
To hell with paintings raw and septic,
With colours both confused and hectic,
 Crude imagination—
With noxious nights and febrile days,
Monotony in putrid greys
 And shattered inspiration!
I WILL NOT DO A COMPOSITION !!
 BOTTOM ROW.

A THOUGHT

In a vale of tears I hung my head
And there heard voices of the Dead.
"What seekest thou here," they said
"Knowest thou not we are the Dead?"
"Oh voices of the night" I cried
"Think ye not the living too may hide?"
"Nay," they said, "The day is Light,
Seek ye not here in Night
For the Lantern burning bright
Outshines the candles of the night.
The dead of Night and the dead day
Go verily a different way—
One findeth what it knoweth not,
The other liveth on a thought."

PATTI VISSER.



SUSAN RUTTAN

● VALUES

WE WHO ARE YOUNG NOW OUGHT NOT WHOLLY to be envied. To the clash between instinct and convention, the glaring contrast between the real world and that we had made for ourselves as children, and the loss of illusions we had counted dear, we might oppose that resiliency of youth our elders rightly envy. We might, but may we? We have the strength and the will, but where is the way? Heirs of a civilization whose wisest now falter and stumble, how may we rediscover those values that will give point to life? It is futile for our elders, however ripe in experience, to offer us theirs. Eternally youth must find its own; or grow old in disappointment and defeat. And if, to master the art of living, we must have a sure sense

of values, how much more is one needed in the crafts of drawing and painting to make of them an art. For the great rhythm of life beats on, paying scant heed to human whims; but toil without art is dead. It is not a question of preferring bridge to poker, nor even one of choosing between Velasquez and Van Gogh. Opinions are merely,—opinions: the currents of life run deeper. Here we are, penned together in a school; more sensitive than most, no less opinionated. One tells us this, another that. We set up a still life, paint it,—and look at our finished work in dumb dismay. Here and there falls a glimmer of the truth that flickers out ere we may read by its light. One worships true values, another genuflects before the altar of pure design, while a third rolls on his tongue with evident relish that magical word, *Form*. One draws with grace and ease, another with grim effort. Nerves tauten, and biting words fly back and forth like shuttle cocks; or a wit scores, and the room dissolves in laughter. We mix with others lightly, superficially, hiding, even from ourselves as best we may, that haunting sense of emptiness and futility.

This vacancy of purpose is everywhere. We do not throng the Art Gallery, because it cannot help us. There is nothing new here; these men are like ourselves, merely better painters. Here hangs a tortured soul who wrestled vainly with his subject, to force from it a truth it never held. There hangs, complacently enough, a portrait painter, smirking all too clearly through the face of his sitter. Mannerism after mannerism we pass, commonplace after commonplace. Occasionally we stop to admire some dexterous brush work, or a bold design. Great paintings, and those of little men: none that shouts to us a strong command, nor any still small voice that whispers, "This is the way!"

No. We must find our own values, either in the world that feverishly strives without, or in esoteric spheres. There lies the choice. Dare we look about us, see things as they are, and go on painting as we do? Does the great cry for social justice mean anything to us? Have we, as artists, any place in the struggle against the forces that would mould us into blind instruments of their even blinder purposes? Should the threat of war looming so heavily overhead provoke anything but a silent indifference? No, these are social questions. Art is for the individual. It is a matter of abstract design, significant form, a subtle relationship of tone value, the vibration of colour, dynamic symmetry, spatial harmonics, diapasonant rhythmifications.

I wonder.

SELWYN DEWDNEY.



CHURCH AT GUELPH

GORDON COULING

REVERIE

—Wherefore life?—
The query comes and I,
Unthinking one, am struck
With fear when such a question asked.

There, upon my desk,
A smile lighting his face,
Fukuro-Kuji stands.
Long living sage:
Man of ancient brass—
Of mottled green and grey—
Leaning upon the Staff of Wisdom,
He holds the scroll of Knowledge in his sleeve.
He of all, I think,
Is most capable of giving me
My answer.

—You, old man,
The thinker and the doubter—
Seeing all, believing nothing;
Who, from age to age, hath seen
Hosts of men breathe their while:
Heard say their word
And then pass on,
What can you tell?
Wherefore life?—
He, the smiling and silent one,
Still holds the scroll beneath his arm.

Obese,
With arms upstretched,
His scant garment in loose folds
Falling about his loins;
By the dragon warded money pot
Hotei—god of Pleasure—
Stands
Laughing—his face in fat folds rounded.
—You, oh joyous one;
Who, living in the day,



B. FRASER

Doth sweeten
Your wine and bread with laughter;
Can you stop to tell me
The wherefore of life?—
I asked.
But then
Upon the side of his gross flank
A purple spot I spied
And, knowing full well
What this fateful portend spelled,
I from the sensualist turned.
—Here lieth death
In life—I thought.

A white monkey,
Mouth muted by close clasped hands,
A complacent cow—
Both upon my blotter sate.
—Patience and reticence,
Symbols of the wise,
You mayhap can tell
Where life lies.—
Answering not,
These passive beasts
Kept their eternal calm.

Above me—
From where I sit—
Upon the wall
Doubt—mine own creation—
Out of darkest shadow creeps.
Crouching; his horrid face contracts
With loathsome malice at the sight
Of a Heaven lighted flower.
A fragile flower,
Deep red and small,
Twisting in effort to reach the source
And power
Of its existence.

Doubt—green skinned and paled
By the clammy night of Faithlessness.
From him, the cynic and the skeptic,
I seek no answer.

Then
I crossed to where a white gowned poet sate
Before his shadow in my glass,
Meditating beside a bowl of flowers.
—Thou, my friend,
Who knows the souls of things—
Whose pulse sings the beat of every heart—
Whose throat sings the song of every star
And flower;
Love's philosopher from realms beyond
Those of worldly ways and stern logic;
Can you tell me—?—
He answered not
But, with his arm outstretched,
He held a cup shaped flower.

To poet, voluptuary, self and sage:
To the wisest beasts of every age:
I with my question sought.
The first of these shewed me a flower
And, from its carmine heart,
A silent music burst.
More solemnly sweet than songs of men—
Wiser than wisdom, happier than laughter;
Its lovely notes to echo after
Through my gloomy soul.

JOHN A. HALL.





LOTUS EATERS

C. HINDS

LES OUVRIERS

At early dawn when all is still,
Through wind and rain, through sleet and snow,
With faces pinched and pale and chill,
I see the working people go.

Some young in years are old too soon,
With weary lines on cheek and brow;
And some have passed life's scorching noon
And have no hopes or passions now.

From what a threadbare couch they rose,
At what a frugal board they sat,
Their trembling lips and hands disclose.
Their listless eyes speak mutely that

Their tortured flesh is ever tired,
Their calloused minds are numbed by pain,
They do not live, they are but hired
To labour for another's gain.

All day, all day, day without end,
Inside the factory's prison walls
The never fed machine they tend
'Mid noise which ears unused appalls.



LIGHT AND SHADE

DONALD NEDDEAU

The very sameness of their task,
The futile plodding of the years,
Have marked each with the same dead mask,
Unmoved alike by joy or tears.

What matter if the day be bright,
Or green and flower-decked the hills?
Their eyes are blinded to the sight
Within the dusk of shops and mills.

Their hands may never feel the earth,
Nor smell its sweetness in the morn,
They cannot watch the blossom's birth,
Nor see the waving tasselled corn.

Their path is where the pavement's heat
Burns white at noon. Not one poor blade
Of grass remains to rest their feet,
And buildings cast their only shade.

"But see," you smirk, "they are content,
They little yearn, much less they strive.
Nor does the brute 'neath burden bent
Know more than how to keep alive."

But these are men, or once have been,
Who smiled and in their freedom joyed;
Now they are cogs in your machine,
So much is flesh with steel alloyed.

Again at dusk, bowed wearily
The workers pass in slow retreat,
Returning to their poverty,
Along the dirty, dreary street.

O who this rankling round can see,
This movement mocked by sure despair,
And will not clamour; "Liberty
For these oppressed, these lives of care!"?

O who will not strive for the day
When fac'try slaves shall struggle free,
From toil that wears the heart away,
From fear and pain and penury?

DONALD C. STEWART.



LEWIS WELCH

• LIVES OF A DRY LAND SAILOR

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I THINK THE TITLE OF THIS article should be "Dazes of a dry land sailor". The main thought is to give you some idea how the ratings in Halifax kill time, or get half-killed doing it.

The time is some six or seven odd years ago, and the month—a hot July. We left the grand old city of Bytown and arrived in Montreal somewhere around six o'clock, climbed on another train, and away we headed for the coast.

We travelled all day Sunday and reached Halifax early Monday morning. This was my introduction to that city, but all I could see was rain and fog, hill and more hills, to say nothing of cobblestones—a fine place, Halifax.

We were met by a Leading Seaman from the barracks:—loaded body, bag, and baggage into a truck, and away we went. This jaunt smacked of the "rods":—the drizzling rain, fog, strange city, hills, cobblestones, and empty stomach, made me feel like giving up the ghost willingly. However it was a long piece to walk home, so I stuck with it.

I arrived at the H.M.C.S. "Stadacona" and, "on the double", fell in on the mess deck. This "double" business is a case of running pell-mell wherever you are going: the Navy doesn't walk—it gallops. This means of getting places was always a source of worry to me as my speed is geared very low, I'm afraid. They issued us blankets and a hammock; our bed in other words. A few words of instruction on how one slings a hammock and we were left to figure out how we were to get into them. The Navy goes to bed thus—the hammocks made of canvas are slung on iron pipes some six feet from the floor. The iron pipes run parallel to the floor and are just out of reach. To go to bed you first stand on tip-toes—reach the bar—chin yourself and, as you do so, give a mighty swing—your feet land in the hammock and everything goes haywire. The idea is to sit there, balance yourself and arrange the blankets—that is if you are good—if not, you will try until success or the floor crowns you. After the sixth or seventh attempt you are too done-in to worry much where the blankets are and off you go to sleep.

Reveille at six and the "alarm" is a bugler who stands at the dormitory door and blows his brains out on that tin horn of his. I've always



THE STUART H. DUNN

ROWLEY MURPHY

hated bugles and to have one blowing in your ear at six a.m. is almost as bad as still-life on a Monday morning. If you are a bit slow coming to your feet, you are reminded of the fact with a stick on your lower anatomy—this failing, a little extra work during the day, such as scrubbing the galley, usually acts as a cure.

An hour's work-out before breakfast with boat-rowing as physical training. I think the idea is to destroy your appetite so that they can save on the breakfast. They won the first morning, but I came out on top the balance of the mornings. Meals are at the conventional hours with tea and fresh bread given out at 4 p.m. and cake on Sundays. Meals were a bit of a worry to us as there were only about six knives and forks, plates and three cups to a mess of 14 men. It finally turned out to be a race against time to see who would get the clean utensils. If you were slow you would probably eat your porridge, the a.m. menu

if you please, amid the porridge and egg left by your mess-mate. By the end of the first week I could have eaten a section of fried gas pipe without batting an eye. My canteen bill of drinks, ice-cream, etc., was very high that month.

One outstanding bit of action was the experience aboard a mine sweeper. Gun drill is one of the routine exercises. We boarded the "Ypres" after stowing food and ammunition supplies and shoved off early one morning. Some 4 or 5 miles out at sea a target was cast off and set adrift astern. The target was cloth instead of boards. At 500 yards the engines were shut off and we flapped around in the troughs and swells.

This being my first trip aboard, I was curious and all eyes for everything. Although the weather was clear, there was a fairly heavy sea running, and the little trawler decided to try every trick it knew. She swung around, dipped lustily in and out of the swells, and did everything but turn over. Everything went fine until I just happened to catch sight of the water. At first I thought the strange sensation was caused by my intense curiosity, but when that and the interest both waned at the same time, I knew all was not so well. Things went from bad to worse—a little dizzy—then a headache—to say nothing of the phoney feeling in my stomach. I decided I wasn't up to the work. Finally I was called to the gun which, by the way, was mounted on the bow—a grand view of everything, if one were interested—which I most decidedly wasn't. Ten rounds of rapid fire with that target jumping around and a hard-boiled warrant officer roaring and bellowing at us to get a move on. I fairly tottered off the gun mounting and went down below to see if I could find a spot amidships that wasn't moving. There was no such place and the galley was just aft with a strong wind blowing astern—I thought I'd better get out as I wasn't feeling particularly hungry just then. I tacked up the port side and peered over the railing—I was on the windward side. Oh my, I had forgotten all about the wind and I was advised from the bridge to try the other side—I did and felt much better. One unfortunate chap had been out the night before and tried some Portugese wine—I don't think he'll ever be the same. He spent all day stretched out in the bow making the most ghastly noises I've ever heard. There were many other interesting incidents that happened down there—too numerous to mention. So I have often regretted not completing my training on the H.M.S. "Heliotrope", but circumstances made it necessary for me to return home.

HARRY HOWARD.



Arisaema

IF I WERE GOD

If I were God

I'd be so weary of little men in big pulpits
Shouting their faces red—
Shouting things to frightened little men and
Saying things I never thought or said!
Twisting things around
As man is wont to do!
Little men singing, oh so sadly
Each Sunday in a mournful strain.
Oh, I'd feel sorry for them—

If I were God

I'd want man to laugh and be happy with me:
Play, and enjoy Life and Death with me,
Look up to me and smile
With great understanding and companionship.
He would not fear me
And I could guide him.
He and I would even wink at one another—
Man and I—
We could see many a joke!

Were I God

I would ask:
Since I am as understanding as man says,
Why not try to understand me?
May I not be human also?

If I were God

I would like to find one man
Say his prayers, talking as man to man,
Without great shouting, and shallow words.

I would like to find one man

Raise his hands joyfully to me and say
"Hurray for God!"

PATTI VISSER.



THE BREEZES

LEO KEROPEAN

THE BREEZES

At dawn amongst the willow trees,
Couched on moss and washed with dew,
An East breeze stretched and upward flew.
Then down along the rivulet
He spied a raft of maple leaves,
Bathed in morning sun's glow yet
And bright with dewy diamonds set.

He launched the craft upon the stream
And, sailing so on rippled wave,
He came by noon to a reed-hid cave;
Then, taking cover there inside
He crept upon a bed of leaves.
In quiet sleep he did abide
Until the mid-day heat subside.

A West breeze lay on a white swan's back;
Hidden by wings, (her sleep was sound)
Only her hair, by sunlight found,
Revealed its gold 'mid white swan fluff.
The swan sailed from the stream's wide mouth
To where the bullrush sheds its snuff
And there it anchored fast enough.

The heat now waned, the breeze awoke:
And then he wandered forth to scout
And, spying reeds all round about,
He set to work to make a flute;
Then merrily began to play,
But none the tunes himself would suit
Until he plucked a tender shoot.

The West breeze, wakened by his song,
Peered out at him from her soft bed
And watched him dance with sprightly head
While he did leap without a care.
She shyly soon began to sway;
And, when he spied this lady fair,
He asked her straight his dance to share.



LINOCUT

MARY KENT

He sprang upon the swan's wide back,
Whirling they danced until sunset
And, when the sky was turning jet,
Were to be found with arms entwined,—
After the waves had rocked them fast
Asleep in a bed of soft down lined,
The swan spread its wings on the midnight wind
And flew to the moon—earth dark behind.

YVONNE K. CARR.

●

RETORT

You speak of Love:
Who have never cared
For the this, or that, of any man,
Who have never shared,
Who have never striven
To understand—nor ever can;

You speak of Life;
Whose soul is burthened
With self-pity and self-despite,
Whose soul is earthened—
Whose soul is blackened
In Ignorance's deepest night;

You speak of Pity,
Who never gave it;
And speak of Scorn,
Who never saved it;

You speak—
And you sound as the hoarse cry
Of an ancient rook
On a sweet summer morn.

JOHN A. HALL

FUTILITY?

To little boys parading in the street,
With paper caps, and swords and shields of wood:
Think not on war as glorious and sweet,
All filled with gallant, rare knighthood.

Although you read in many story-books
Of Arthur and his goodly company,
The shining armour and the winning looks,
Of maidens who in sore distress would be:

Do not let these myths of much renown
Come first when war is whispered in the air.
Remember suffering, pain, death, the ground
With one white cross and fourteen poppies there.

The one grand thing he did was for his land.
The very hell he went through does not count.
That is forgotten, gone, as is the man.
Dying nobly? Has he reached the mount?

ELSPETH MERRILL PARTRIDGE.



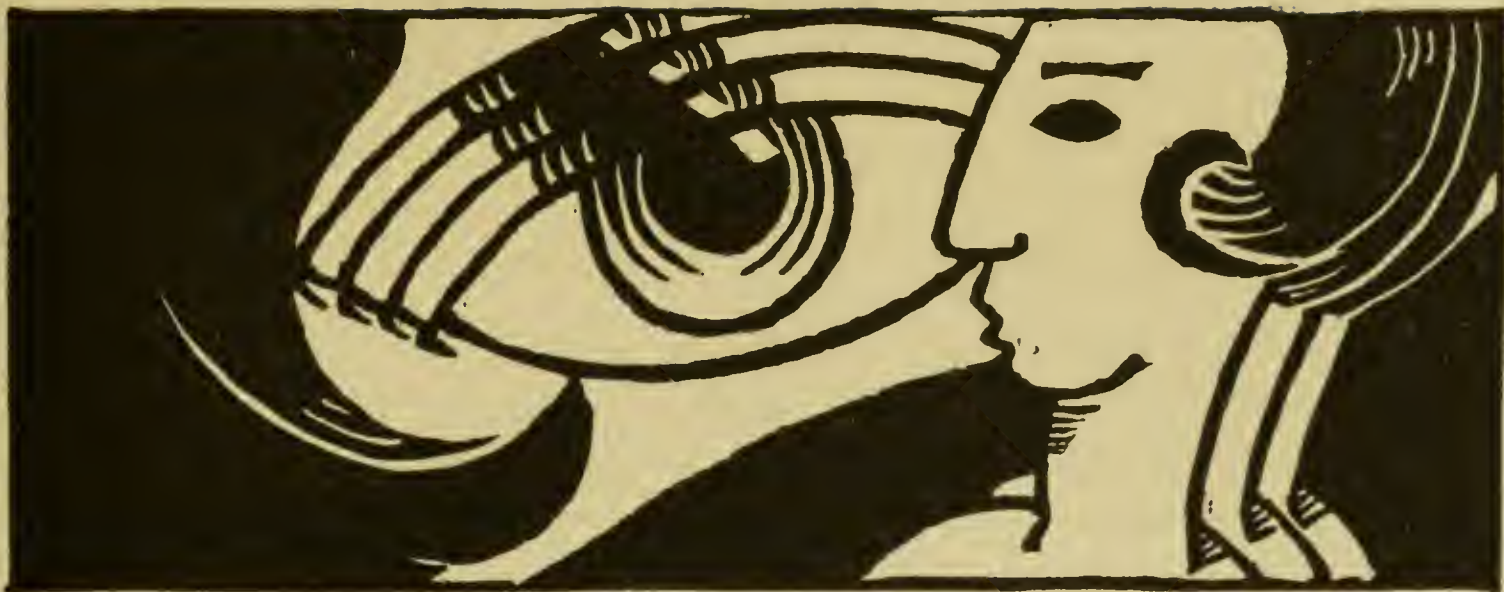
IN AFTERDAYS

If he who comes upon a quieter day
Peruse our time, in wonder will he not
Remark our fever for the mad affray
And marvel at the lust with which we fought?

And touched with some sublimer zeal, will he
Not find absurd the logic which has led
To such a blind and bare futility,
To this red carnage, to these heaps of dead?

Calm and at peace his backward roving eye
May turn to ponder and appraise our view
That it is such an urgent thing to die,
And good to kill our kind to fat the few.

DONALD STEWART.



S. FURNIVAL

DIMITRI

Unobtrusively
He slinks into the tavern room
Alone.
His dark pathetic eyes seem
To apologize to some unknown taskmaster
For the unthinking crowd around him.
His narrow sloping shoulders seem
To carry a load of repented sins;
His pale thin face is lined,
And his black hair, no longer
Able to stay in place of its own accord,
Is draped grotesquely across his brow—

Much to the amusement of her wide-eyed throng,
A blonde girl is boasting
Of her lover of the night before;
When suddenly,
Like the attraction between two opposite poles,
Her lacklustre eyes are drawn by
The deep fiery orbs of this Russian lad;—and,
She is like a person struck dumb . . .

She leaves,
Quickly followed by her amazed friends,
Who wonder at her furtive glances
Into that dark corner.

STANLEY ARNAULD.



F. MERARIA

D.F. WINDS

● A BRACELET FOR MADAME

THE PALE WINTER SUNSHINE OF THE CÔTE D'AZUR filtered through the slats of a little shop on the Boulevard des Moulins. Monsieur Duval stirred uneasily and swatted at a fly which was taking its constitutional walk up his rather large and bulbous nose. It was two-thirty o'clock, the hour when all good shopkeepers on the southern coast arise from their siesta and commence the trade of the afternoon. The huge mound of flesh which was the stomach of Monsieur Duval heaved upright and, from behind it, he stretched and yawned. Madame Duval also heaved and grunted once or twice, straightened her black dress, mounted her throne behind the cash register, and looked through the window slats at the jeweller's shop across the street.

"Tiens," said Madame Duval, "Regardes la voiture, Jean."

Her husband waddled to the door. A very smooth black Hispano-Suiza had drawn up to the curb and a well-dressed South American descended and entered the store.

"Humph, a strange time of day to be buying trinkets!"

"It's a good time, if you want to buy them without being disturbed by other customers," Madame replied.

The sight was evidently intriguing to Monsieur Duval. He opened the door and, going outside to a chair under the awning, settled himself to watch how his compatriot would come out on the sale. They were boon companions, he and Joseph Fernand, the proprietor of the jewellery store. Of late Joseph had not been making much money; now that the Americans had returned to their own country because of the "crise", trade was poor. Jean Duval had a box seat for most of the sights on the little main street. From it he watched the travellers coming and going out of the hotel across the street. The cabs with pretty ladies going to the Casino passed in front of him. The florist shop was across the way too: and he liked to watch Francois Meurnier placing the huge arrays of gladioli and lilies. The man was an "artiste"—there was no denying that! He and Jean had almost come to blows over the mixing of red roses and calla lilies. Just now Jean was watching the gentleman in the jeweller's shop who was evidently selecting something of value. Joseph was giving him the especial bow and scrape that he reserved for very important customers. He also noticed that a man was watching the transaction with interest from a



AN OLD GYPSY

MARY KENT

large window in the hotel. Perhaps there was something peculiar about it! Jean took a piece of paper out of his pocket and wrote the license number of the car upon it. . . .

Joseph jumped to his feet as the portly gentleman entered the store. He also had been dozing and he noticed with a gratified smile that the man looked wealthy.

"Bon jour, M'sieu, belle journée!"

The customer agreed that in truth it was a lovely day; he approached the counter and looked down into the show case: "I would like to see some rings and bracelets. I am leaving town to-day and I would like to get a little remembrance for my lady friend, and something to take back to my wife. What would you suggest? I would like something very nice."

The jeweller turned to a shelf filled with boxes, and took down a velvet one. "Here is a pendant which is very beautiful—rubies and small diamonds. It is worth two hundred and fifty thousand francs."

"It isn't quite the thing that I want. I think a ring would be better for Mademoiselle, and a bracelet for Madame. What have you in emerald rings?"

The jeweller opened the show case and a flawless ruby twinkled up at them from its white velvet compartment. Joseph took an emerald ring from its box, but his prospective client's attention wavered. "Let me see that ruby." He commanded.

"Oh, Monsieur, that ruby is worth a king's ransom!"

"No matter, let me see it." He took it in his hand. It looked like a drop of blood against his palm. Joseph saw that his customer was fascinated and commenced to tell him the story of the jewel. It had been bought from an Indian Rajah, and had travelled all over the world, falling into the hands of various merchants. It had been stolen several times but had turned up again and, at last, had come to him. The South American continued to hold it. At length he laid it back on the counter.

"Let me see some bracelets—diamonds."

Joseph dived into the case again. He brought out three—one of sapphires and diamonds, of rubies and diamonds, and a plain diamond one two inches wide. They gleamed on the cloth counter pad, but his client paid no attention to them. "Let me see the diamond bracelet in the centre."

There was a string of ten three-carat diamonds on a platinum chain.



BIG CITY; BALLET JOOS

YVONNE CARR

It winked and sparkled like a cluster of snow-drops. This bracelet was the pride of Joseph's existence. He began to expand: "Monsieur knows his gems. The ruby and then this!"

"How much is it?"

Joseph told him the price in the voice of one revealing the secrets of the Black Mass.

The man balanced the stones in his hand. "Such a price for a bauble!" He smiled at Joseph: "Naturally you will want identification. I will give you a cheque on the Bank of Madrid. You can telephone them now—here is my card."

Joseph lost his poise for a moment. He almost staggered. "Monsieur intends to buy the bracelet?"

"Yes, and the ruby as well."

The jeweller murmured something to the effect that his client's relations with Mademoiselle must have been extraordinarily satisfactory. The man smiled. "Go ahead and telephone. I'm in a hurry."

While he and Joseph waited for the call to be put through, they strolled over to the window. Senor Juarez (as his card revealed) remarked on the sleepiness of the little town in the early afternoon and discussed the merits of warm climates. Joseph offered him a glass of wine and they stood at the window sipping it. In time the 'phone rang to interrupt a discussion of wine and Joseph bustled over to answer it.

"Allo, allo, the Bank of Madrid?—Monsieur, in regard to the account of Senor Juarez—" he mentioned the price of the gems. The voice assured him in the soft silky accents of a Spaniard speaking French that the Senor could afford many times that amount; he was, in fact, their most wealthy client. "Monsieur could rest assured." Joseph responded in kind that it was merely a precaution: there were so many robberies these days, that one could not be too careful.

Joseph, smiling, replaced the receiver, went over to the counter and carefully wrapped the precious package. "It is like seeing one's only daughter get married," he said as he handed it over. "You know that she will be well taken care of but you can hardly bear to see her go." Senor Juarez stuffed the box into his pocket. "You may be sure that they will be well taken care of, Monsieur Fernand. Good day to you." He bowed. Joseph bowed and leapt to open the door. More bows. The millionaire got into his car. The transaction was over and the limousine swept off in all its insolent grace.

Two days later Fernand discovered that he had been robbed. The



Walter Scott

cheque was returned with the statement that there existed no client named Juarez. The jeweller was frantic and quickly secured the best detective he could. It appeared subsequently that, when Joseph had put in his call, it had been cancelled five minutes later. The confederate had then called the jewellery store and, aping the voice of the telephone operator, made the supposed connections; then, resuming his natural voice (he was, of course, Spanish) he gave the bogus information. He was obviously the man that Jean Duval noticed watching the store window. When Juarez walked to the window with Joseph Fernand, it had been a signal. Very simple! Of course, Jean Duval, bursting with importance, had given the detective the license of the car, but it was too late: the car was found wrecked at the bottom of a cliff. The thieves escaped and they were not discovered until two years later, attempting the same thing in London. Such is the thoroughness of the French Gendarmerie, that a complete description of the robbers rested in the files of every prominent jeweller in Europe. The ruby turned up in New York City. The diamonds were never collected—they had evidently been split up and sold by the piece. Poor Joseph sold his shop and the rest of his jewels. Madame Fernand opened up a dress establishment in Paris, where she poses as a Russian fugitive, and, it seems, is doing remarkably well. Duval considers himself an amateur detective, and swaggers and brags to such an extent that I hear than Francois Meunier and Madame Duval are practically being driven into each others arms, so unbearable has Jean become.

ELIZABETH DU PUY.

WASHING GLASS

Bright shining, clear crystal,
Green-white, white-green and red.
Transparent, opaque.
Tinkling, tinkling one against another
So smooth and slippery in the soapy water,
Bubbles of myriad rainbow hues.
Now row on row of windowed shining beauty
Sparkling!

E. M. PARTRIDGE.



THE WEST WIND

EILA HOPPER

MOODS

White snow on the top of a mountain peak,
Yellow gold on the bed of a murmuring creek,
The beauties of nature which many may seek—
These have I sought.

Sand dunes, shifting in the desert land,
Hot days, then night, like a cooling hand,
And the Southern Cross o'er limitless sand—
These have I seen.

Mad winds, screeching on a dark wet night,
Filling sailor hearts with awe and fright,
As fury and madness reach their height—
These have I feared.

Gaunt old cliffs by the ocean shore,
Impervious to its ceaseless roar,
Steadfast and tranquil forevermore—
These have I loved.

But the voice of the wilderness calling to me,
The voice of the wild and tumultuous sea,
The voice of the mountain saying "be free"—
These I obey.

BETTY LIVINGSTONE.



WEST WIND

Soft and sweet the west wind blows
When sunrise floods the land;
Soft and sweet the west wind blows
When sunset takes its stand
And high in the sky rides the moon;
But I love you best,
O wind of the west,
When you blow in the afternoon.

G. BERKELEY.



Elizabeth Gibbon

TALE OF BABYLON

Tell of a Queen, thou ageless dust,
Turquoise and gold in patterned leaf
Her head enfolds and, with a sheaf
Of blossoms rare, her brows encrust.

Dark ebon hair is caught in rings
Across her forehead. Others drip
Incense filled, from gilt ear tip,
Like great half moons, the gold of kings.

In a palace of blue tile she dwells,
Loot of Timur and Tamerlane—
She in her mantle of lion's mane
And her girdle of amber and golden shells.

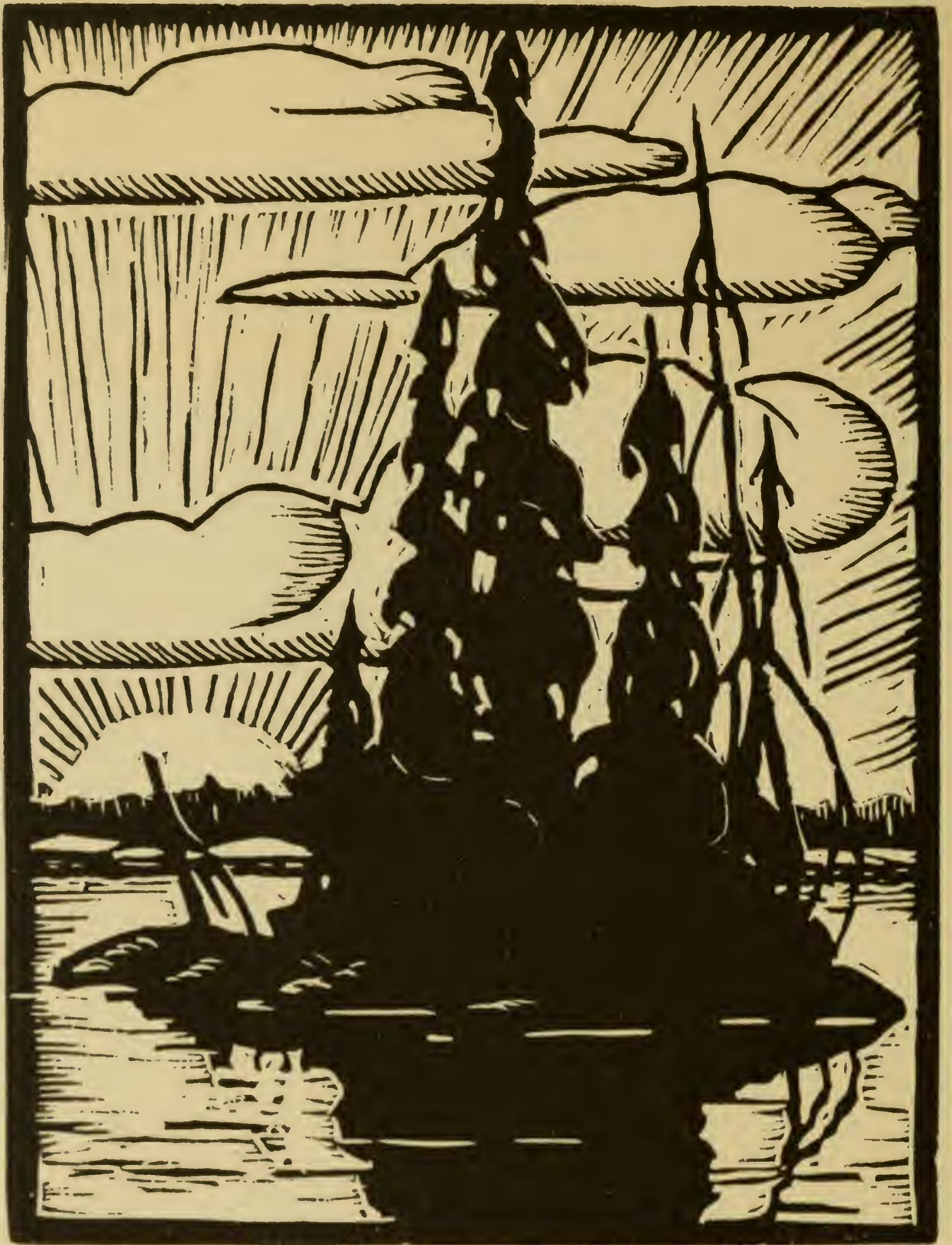
With twin bronze antelopes she plays,
In the gilt green dusk by shaded pool
Of lily stems and mosses cool
Where glint of goldfish flecks the haze.

Then in a night her eyes' dark fire
Dies 'neath the blade of hostile host—
Swift falls the axe and high the boast
Of spoils and reek of smoking pyre.

Great horned ram at temple arch
Hath sunk in depths of sand and clay,
His glitter dulled—his beard a prey
To rust and worm and season's march.

Tell of a Queen, thou ageless dust.
Turquoise and gold and fragrant ash—
Ruins of Ur, the Centuries wash,
But cannot rob thy sacred trust.

ELIZABETH WILKES.



ISLAND, CACHE LAKE

JANET OUTHET



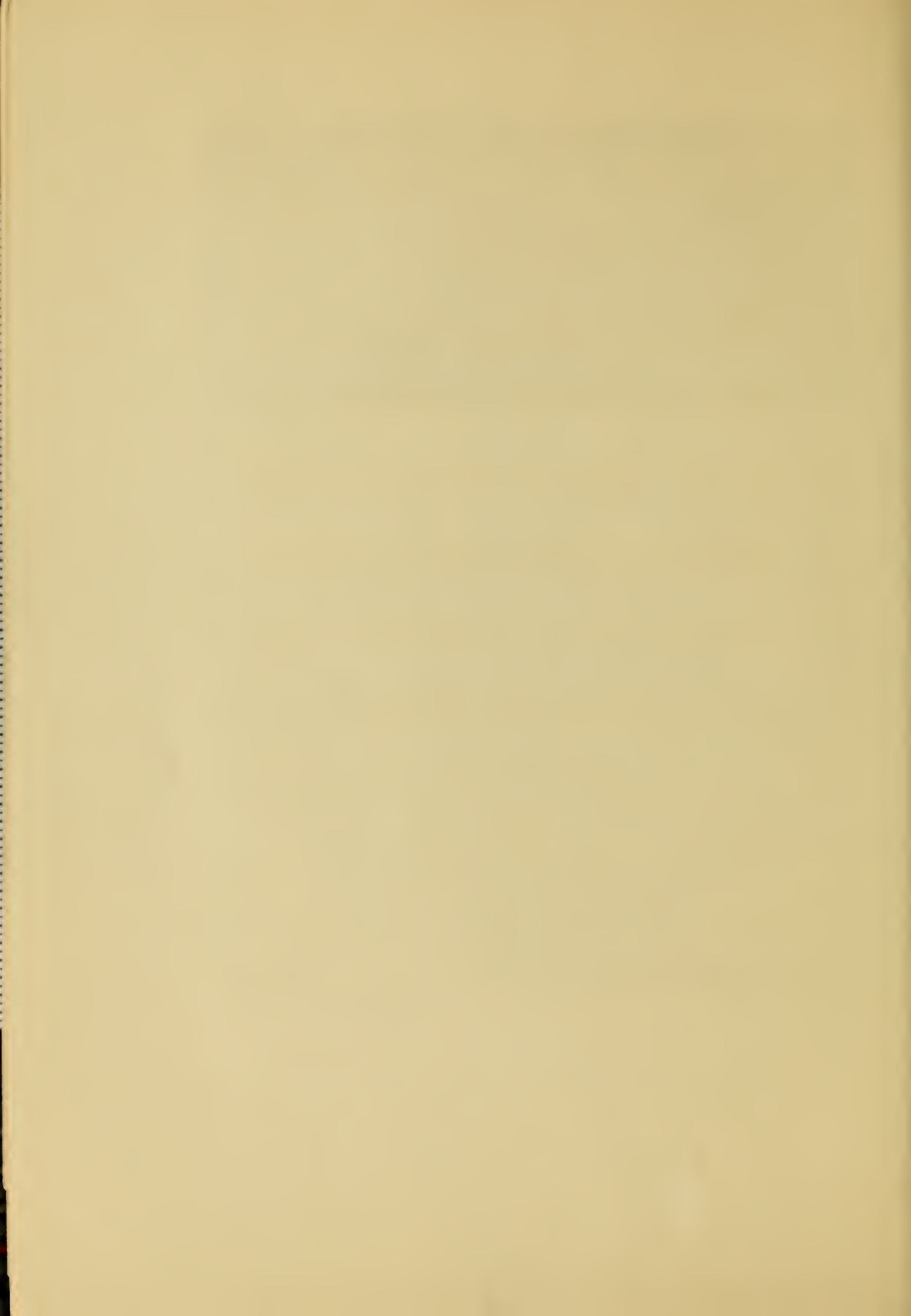
P. PRINGLE

YELLOW

Signifies
the baseness of souls
and
the insanity of beings.
In
the whirling
color-wheel of our
fermenting
chaotic and
discordant
existence,
only the yellow
shows through.

We are dazzled by its brittle emptiness,
and long dormant passion is aroused
to a fluctuating height of tingling ecstasy,
along the ever winding trail to trembling mania
whence a sudden sanity grips us
and we turn back from the edge of the precipice
with an audible sigh
of relief.

STANLEY ARNAULD.



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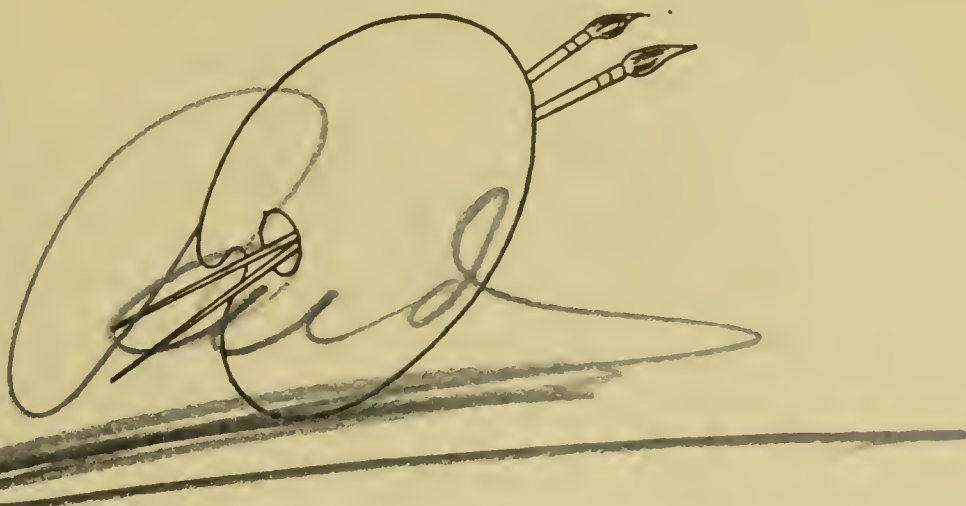
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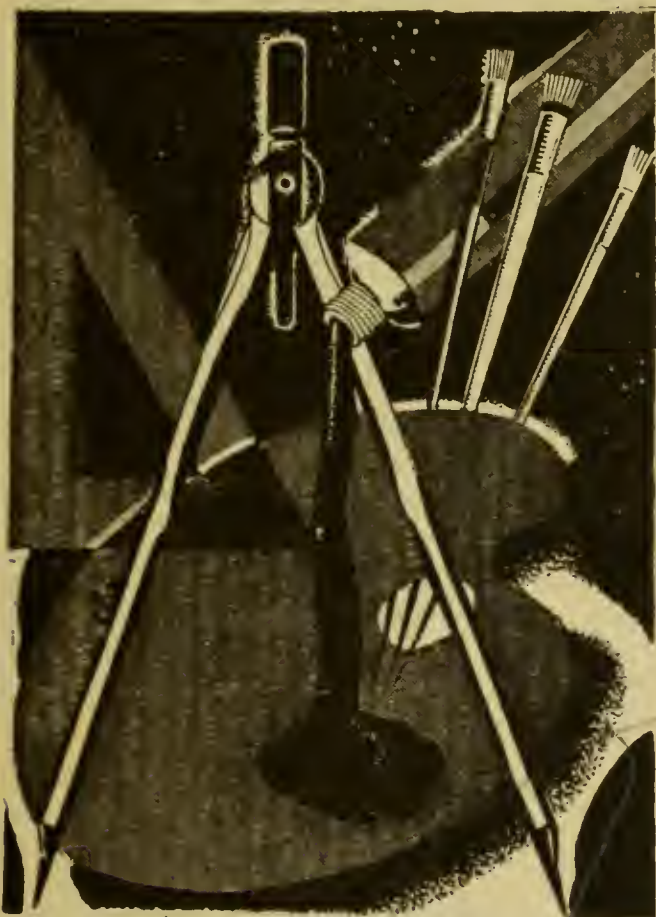
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