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THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART. (Incorp.)

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1931

Decoration by Bob Walty

THE TANGENT

AN ANNUAL MAY, 1931

PRODUCED AND PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS' CLUB, ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART, TORONTO

Editor: KATHLEEN HILKEN. *Assistant Editor:* BOB WALTY.

From the Editor's Uneasy Chair

(In sympathy with "Vanity Fair")

IF "editor" scanned properly, the line "an editor's life is not a happy one" might be a fitting opening to this number of the "Tangent." There are bright moments, of course, when a visionary "Tangent," revealing all the literary virtues, seems on the verge of creation, but as the months go by they are inclined to fade in the anxieties of advertisement hunting and the bullying of diffident or obstreperous contributors. To all who have helped we extend our thanks and to all who read we wish enjoyment.

A. K. H.

In Memoriam, Robert Holmes, R.C.A.

ELSEWHERE in this magazine appears a student's appreciation of the late Robert Holmes. He was a devoted teacher and would have preferred a student's tribute before all. But he was so much a part of the life of the Ontario College of Art, that it is necessary and right that a fellow-member of the College staff should also speak in his memory. It is not unfitting either that this brief offering should appear among the Tangential frivolities of student humor. He died among such things. May his memory remain no less bright with the gayety than green with our devotion.

Robert Holmes, R.C.A., had been known for years as the painter of Canadian Wild Flowers. His sudden death, on the evening of May 14th, while speaking at the Students' dinner, has strengthened this reputation, for the words "wild flowers" were practically the last ones he uttered. The "dark mother ever hovering near with soft feet" does not always choose the final moment so appropriately. A life-long teacher of art, speaking humourously to the toast of "The Future" on a happy occasion among students, his last words in true key with the tenor of his life, his death had a dramatic fitness, like the sudden unexpected finding of a rare, wild, and long-sought flower by a pathway often used. He sat down with a faintly uttered apology, his head sank gently on his breast, and he could not be recalled. He had a quiet humour, often most aptly fitted to the occasion. On this evening he said that he supposed he had been chosen to speak on the future "on account of the well-known futuristic style of his painting," or perhaps "he was to speak as one who had not yet arrived." His long reputation and the realistic definiteness of his flower painting made a happy background to such remarks, and he referred to his work among "the wild flowers," humorously indicating that some of the brave and dainty cigarette smokers around him were included in the term. He had very little sweet sentiment about the natural flowers. He loved them, but with a Scotch love, and he did not poetize about them. They were beautiful things to him, but gentle mercenaries too, and his raptures over them were well-balanced. His pictures are a true record of bright hours on the lower levels of field and wood. They show the coloured jewelry of Canadian seasons. He began to paint them to provide genuine Canadian motifs of design for his students, and he continued the study for its own sake, and in an endeavour to hand on to others as much of the living inspiration of the flower as he could convey. Beginning near at hand, he had visited the Rockies in this work, and was planning to go to the Hudson Bay region on the same quest. It is to be hoped that these pictures will be looked on by Governments or Galleries as a true Canadian product, worthy of careful preservation. Some people are interested in keeping them as a group. Hung in a room set apart for them, or sent throughout the country on exhibitions, or reproduced in colour and widely published, they can better continue the cultivation of that higher patriotism which rests on

The late Robert Holmes, R.C.A.

From a pencil drawing by J. W. R.

a love of the simple natural beauties of one's own country. On that last memorable evening, he spoke on the future of the college, with which he had been so long connected, but he was drawn into that future so quickly, that he left most of his intended message unsaid. On small slips of paper he had prepared a few notes of his speech, and he laid these on the table as he died. I select a few, which he had not used,—it will be seen that his death gives the simple words an impressive significance for all of us.

"The future is an open door. You are the gifts that some day will be presented by the O.C.A. at that open door. See then that you are worthy."

"And how—you can fool the people—profitably, *or* produce the goods."

"Much to look forward to—change is the pulse of life. The artist dies, the art lives on. New Rhapsodies."

These are left for us to amplify for ourselves. That future he spoke of, will soon bring the trillium and hepatica and lady-slipper to our woods again. Most of us who knew Robert Holmes will see a deeper beauty in them now, and may possibly try to put some of that into our work and our living.

J. E. H. MacDonald.

Mr. Holmes

THIS year there is something missing at the school. It is in the atmosphere that we feel the change. It is because Mr. Holmes is gone, and to anyone who knew him, the school must needs be a different place.

His death came as a great shock in the middle of his speech at the Third and Fourth Year dinner. We, his First Year, were not there, so that our last memories of him are personal ones. But I think that this is as it should be because in all our dealings with him, it was the individual he taught, never the crowd of the class. From that very first day when we learned to watch for the crinkle in his eye, his particular way of hunching up his shoulders, he was watching us too, not as a mass of dull students in which so much art must be stowed, but as a group of separate persons, each one having certain possibilities. I think that it was the interest which he took in us from the beginning that made our first year such a happy one.

True, he was not always calm and even-tempered. There were times when we sat silenced and terrified in our seats as our benevolent instructor hurled pieces of chalk at us in his wrath; but those times were few and Mr. Holmes' aim as a chalk thrower was not equal to his art in other things.

I think he was happy when he started us on our lady's slipper design. He would give us for example some of his own water-colours and we used to admire so much the perfect delicate beauty of them, which seemed, with the flourishes of his "R. Holmes" signature, to be so much a part of his nature. I see that the present First Year are doing interesting work, but they cannot be as familiar with the lady's slipper as we were.

He loved to laugh at us. He was always ridiculing us, yet under his dry witticisms there was so much kindness, so much sympathy. Before we knew him we were rather afraid of his digs at us, but as we became acquainted with him we enjoyed his remarks. I can see him now, with his eyes laughing as he saw someone put a finishing touch to her work—"Look at Little Sister there, see how complacent she is." And again, "I guess you think that's a pretty fine design, don't you?"

Such laughs at us made us laugh at him, in the same spirit. We used to caricature him and nickname him. Who that has studied with him will not remember, "I think that colour is not quite *happy*"? It was his own fault that "*Happy*" was the name which stuck to him.

"*Happy*" supplied the spice to our routine. He had a thousand little ways and habits which endeared him to us. He was with us right to the finish, and then his day ended as the College paused for the long holiday. We were glad that they put his flower paintings in the midst of our flower designs at the Art Gallery. He would have chuckled, I'm sure, to see them there.

So it seems strange to us that the College should start again without him. It does go on, but it is as if the flavour, the colour of it had vanished.

SOPHIE LIVESAY.

WASH DAY IN HULL. W. E. NOFFKE.

Oh! It Must be Wonderful to Study in Paris!

SO many times one hears this said longingly and regretfully, partly because of the glamour of far-off fields, and partly because of all the fascinating fiction written about the Latin Quarter. One imagines that if only they could get to Paris they would, by some magic, be turned into one of those beautiful, long-haired, broad-hatted, intellectually-inspired beings —"An Artist."

It is true, hair grows well in Paris, broad hats are cheap, but oh! my children, it sometimes stops there—no, not the hair, it never gets discouraged until it realizes that its length is not particularly unique in that angora quarter, and it must come home to create a stir; but if there is anything under the luxurious growth it wakens up to the fact that there is so much more to this business of being an artist than locality and outward appearance.

Paris is a wonderful stage setting, intellectual and brilliant, but I do not think it is a place to begin in, as its art education is mostly limited to painting, drawing, and modelling from life and costume, with thousands of "isms" buzzing around you, which is very confusing for the average beginner.

In Vienna, I think, it would be a little easier, as the art students there study a great variety of subjects, such as building models of apartment houses, theatres, schools, etc., all worked out very carefully and scientifically in relation to air space and practical needs as well as design.

They study carving, modelling, designing of textiles and furniture, as well as the more abstract studies, such as line and rhythm in relation to movement in space, and many interesting subjects, as well as drawing and painting from life.

One of these subjects is called Musical Graphie, and is used in the public and private schools with great success.

This was discovered and brought into use by Professor Rainer, who has found it very successful in helping concentration, and intensifying through another medium the character and emotion in the subject.

His definition for Musical Graphie is: "The association of form and colour in painting to tone, key, emotion, etc., in music."

The Viennese children are encouraged to reproduce their impressions of the daily life around them, and are given the habit of expressing their ideas on paper in different mediums, so that when later on they obtain the power of fine draftsmanship they will have something to say. They are taught that they must learn to draw well, but that this is not necessarily art any more than being able to write makes a poet.

The great advantage that European cities offer is the opportunity of seeing a great variety of exhibitions by the artists of to-day, as well as many representative exhibitions of those of yesterday, and so on back to the beginning.

This is invaluable when one has reached a certain point when they wish to try and find the thing that is essential in art which shines through the

style of the period, and enables one to a certain extent to understand and sort out the good from the unimportant.

It also keeps one from getting into a rut, to see new ideas in paint, and forces one to think in order to obtain any appreciation or critical attitude towards these thousands of paintings, which, if one is not careful, swamp their own individuality and leave one in the sad state of mind that there is nothing left to do; or else the other danger of disregarding the incomprehensible in modern art and comfortably saying, "Give me the old Masters every time."

Luckily both Paris and Vienna can give you these, too, and it is true that these cities harbour many students who live on next to nothing, working and dreaming of nothing but their work, without the distraction of home and friends, and who accomplish a great deal that is worth while because their work is the centre of their existence.

If you cannot travel and see exhibitions, you can at least bring them to you in the form of good reproductions, and in this way keep in touch with what is being done, discuss them, think about them, and, in short, try to find their secret (if they have one), and endeavour to avoid that danger of working only with your hands, forgetting that painting is an adventure, a sort of voyage of discovery in which other explorers' experiences can help you to find a new continent for yourself.

I don't mean that by looking at Rubens you will know how to paint Canada, but the process of studying these men should stimulate you to find a way of your own which will be as new and as vital as the country you are living in.

I apologize; this last bit does sound horribly like advice. I must be getting old, so I will stop at once.

Spring In Grange Park

"How green the grass," he meekly spoke,
"How gently blue the tender sky,"—
"B.G. 4/6 is more correct,
B. 7/5",," she made reply.

He said, "The robin's crimson breast
Glows warmly by the tulip bed,"
"Give him notation R. 5/7,
The flowers, R. 6/6",," she said.

He sighed, "The yellow daffodils
Beside the purple crocus blow,"
"Y. 7/9 you mean," she said,
"3 P. 5/5, as all should know."

"Your eyes are blue as rocky lakes,"
"P. B. 4/8",," she quick agreed.
He kissed her bright R. 3/10 lips;
And Spring had come indeed.

MARY MUNSELL.

Still Life

Give me still life,
no passion of the pulse
stirring dark sediments of youth.
in my deep heart;
but this cracked teapot,
old pensioner of sink and parlour chat,
this battered kettle cursed by tinkers' dams,
this empty bottle
freed of all odorous sin;
how sweet to contemplate these things
and think of time and space and love and art,
to paint, and paint, and paint, and paint again;
with but the high light left me to achieve.

MERRIAN BRIGHT.

THE ACADEMY FIRST DEPRESSIONS

"My dear, it was my trip through the jungle that exhausted me. All those wild animals, So terrifying, you know."

THE ACADEMY FIRST DEPRESSIONS

"You know I always say there's nothing like an early morning ride to keep that schoolgirl complexion. Of course it's hard on the horse, but ——"

Chinese Painting

LEE TONG

HUNG along the corridors of the Toronto Art Gallery is a group of Chinese paintings. Often I have watched visitors passing through that section of the Gallery. Some glance at them and pass into the larger halls. They have no remarks to make. Others will remark: "My! It must cost a lot of money to buy these, they are so different!" Here come the students of Art, the students of the Ontario College of Art. They stop in front of every one of them, and then a general outburst of "whys." Finally someone with a voice much louder than the rest shouted. "How did they get that way?" It must be even more difficult to solve than the best cross-word puzzle. What would the Master say if they had worked out their perspective in the same manner? What would he say if their proportions of the figure were likewise? Of all the laws they have learnt, nearly all are broken by these paintings, and still they are there as examples of art. What mystery!

Mystery is right. They will be more startled if they happen to read what Mr. Laurence Binyon, of the British Museum, one of the ablest and greatest of Chinese Art critics, writes:

"Whatever the limitations of Chinese painting, no one could deny its real qualities as pure art.

"It was a world as yet not half explored, in which they continuously wondered at the freshness of the thoughts and feelings out of which it flowed, and at the suggestions and inspiration which it held for us to-day."

Mr. Ralph M. Chait has given the following interesting opinion in the "Antiquarian":

"We look back on a period of more than 4,000 years with a feeling of wonder at the achievement of the Chinese in the art of peace, and the light gradually dawns upon us when we begin slowly to realize the sources upon which the Chinese artist could draw. There is not in all of China a mountain, a plain, river, grove or wood that is not hallowed by some legend or poetic tale, and besides, intimately connected with the idea of immortality.

"And so, in brief, the artists of China, though careless, or rather caring less for material reward, but with hearts on fire with zeal for their craft, imparted to their work a 'spirituality,' a certain something difficult to define."

"Caring less for material reward" is the right solution to the Chinese puzzle. Chinese art arrived at this stage after it had gone through all the necessary steps of evolution. Its history has a record of 4,000 years. In the earliest records of China's history Fu Hi designed the Eight Trigrams and drew a map of Whang Ho River, and he also commissioned Tsang Chieh to design a pictographic script in about B.C. 3300. The earliest record on color dates back to B.C. 2000. It is written in the Book of History, Shu King, Emperor Shun, ordered the twelve symbols of power to be embroidered in five colors on his sacrificial robes, and painting is also mentioned.

Thus was the beginning of Chinese painting, and its Golden Age dates from the fourth century, and reached its glory during the Sung Dynasty (960-1279 A.D.).

At the time when the religion of Buddhism entered into China from India, her art was greatly influenced by Indian style of painting. Its technique, generally speaking, is an even or flat outline around the object, with colors or tones filled between. From this it departed to an outline with varying effects, which is the outstanding characteristic of Chinese paintings. Its idea was originated from the principles used in writing, therefore Chinese painting is "caligraphic."

No wonder one could not fully understand and appreciate the beauty of it. One could not be surprised at the "loud speaker" of the group of Art Students exclaiming, "How did they get that way?" for it is really necessary to forget the Western conception of Art and to adopt a point of view totally differing from that in which he has been educated. Perhaps it will clear matters up a bit if we see what Mr. Tse Tsan Tai has to say in his "Ancient Chinese Art":

"The ancient masters excelled in the life and vigour of their lines and dots. They first composed their picture, and, with the composition in their mind's eye, they started rapidly but cautiously to transfer the scene to silk or paper.

"In the execution of all the prominent lines and strokes of human figures, and the mountains, rocks and trees, etc., of a landscape, the brush was generally held perpendicularly and firmly between the thumb and the first, second and third fingers of the right hand, with the arm extended for freedom and rapidity of movement, and then, after taking in a deep breath and concentrating the whole 'mind's force' (spiritual impulse) and sending it through the rigid arm to the very point of the tightly held brush, so to speak, the stroke would be begun, and the breath would not be released until the complete stroke, whether perpendicular, curved, or modulated, had been finished! Concentration was only relaxed when the Master occupied himself in the casual and easy task of shading and colouring his picture.

"It is only by holding the brush in this way that it is possible to concentrate and sustain the strength and 'force' necessary for executing the long sinuous and virile lines of a masterpiece, and it is the ability to execute such graceful sweeping lines with perfection that calls forth the admiration and delight of the Chinese caligraphist and Art connoisseur.

"This 'force' is a hidden concentrated movement guided by will power, solely Chinese in inception, and quite unfamiliar to foreign artists and art critics.

"Such skill with the brush can only be attained by years of constant study and practice, and depends upon the genius and intelligence of the student.

"It is this skill with the brush that is responsible for the impression that Chinese Art is *caligraphic,* but it should be remembered that it is applicable mainly to the free-hand caligraphic brush work of the Black and White landscape paintings and figure sketches of the Idealistic Sung Period (A.D. 960-1279).

"The Tang (A.D. 618-906) painters were more practical and realistic in their marvellous compositions, and devoted most of their time and attention

to colouring and details, as exemplified by their magnificent paintings of Religious and Historical subjects, Human figures, and Architectural views and landscapes.

"Painters are born, not made, and without inspiration and imagination one cannot expect to become a great Chinese painter; and besides, it is necessary to possess the power of modulating the lines and strokes of the brush in order to give them 'life' and make them express the nature and the intensity and force of the 'spirit.'

"Chinese painting is based on memory and founded on the great examples of the past.

"Chinese painters never copy or imitate a model in the Western sense, but their art is based on reproduction and imaginative reconstruction, and perfection consist of rhythmic conception and a thorough mastery of brush strokes and dots.

"Chinese Art has never been influenced by the mathematical perspective and scientific laws of European painting.

"It has its own perspective, which is *isometric,* and which Chinese artists consider best suited to bring out the essential and permanent points in a painting.

"Symmetry and harmony in design and composition was of great importance, and the design, the drawing, and the colouring of a painting must be in perfect unison.

"To appreciate Chinese painting properly and at its true worth the westerner must forget his own mental preconceptions of Art, and adopt a point of view totally differing from that in which he has been educated.

"In order to understand and appreciate the artistic and scenic beauties of a Chinese landscape painting, the spectator must imagine himself as viewing the scene from an eminence or flying over the landscape in an aeroplane.

"It is only by this ingenious and clever method of perspective (Isometric) that the Chinese painter has been able to include hundreds of miles of scenery within the limited space of a few square feet of silk or paper.

"Chinese methods of landscape painting are quite unique, and the art of landscape painting in all its phases remains unsurpassed in its richness of poetic depth and feeling.

"Chinese Art is governed by the following Six Canons of Hsieh Ho, the famous painter and art critic of the Southern Chi dynasty (A.D. 479-501), who was a clever painter of portraits, etc., and is regarded as the first systematic writer on Art.

"1. Rhythmic conception and vitality of execution.

"2. Structural strength and virility of brush work.

"3. Conformity of outline with shape of object.

"4. Harmonious colouring suited to various forms.

"5. Perspective to be correctly conceived.

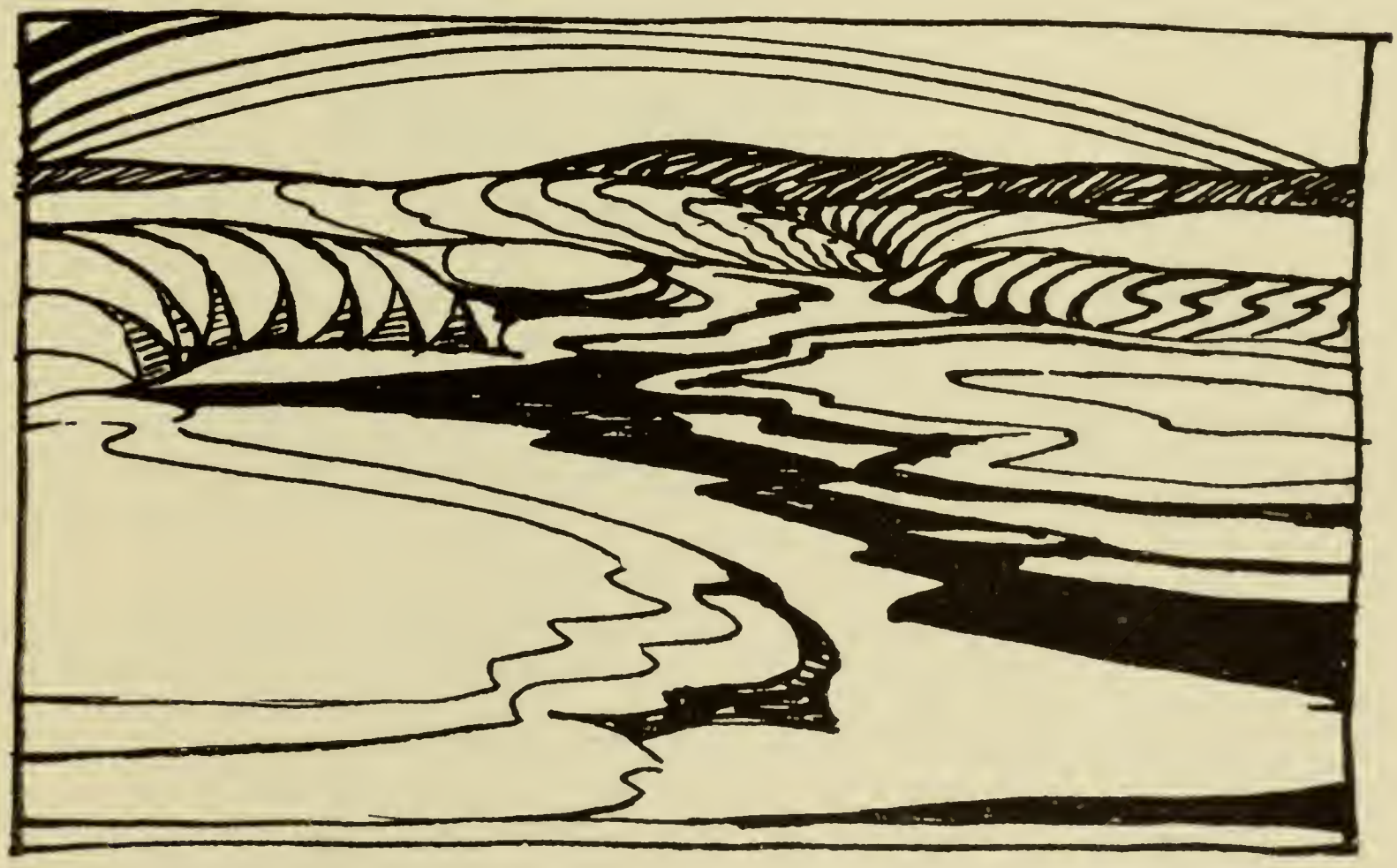
"6. Representation to conform with style.

"Such are the essential laws of Chinese pictorial art, which no other age or nation in the world has ever possessed.

"These six canons of the fifth century only crystallized ideals which inspired previous artists, and their universal acceptance proves them to have been racial and native to the Chinese mind."

Alas! the mystery is cleared. But does it not seem peculiar to emphasize too much on a stroke or line, and practically to ignore the other aspects of the subject? The Chinese artists find a lot of beauty in the spirit of a line or stroke itself. The Western Designer uses a plant form and departs from its natural appearance to create and still has a certain beauty. Likewise, is this peculiar idea of the Chinese artist.

The collection of the Toronto Art Gallery represented side by side the two types of Chinese paintings: the pure Chinese, and the earlier type with the Indian influence. We are very fortunate to have them hung under the same roof with the Western paintings, for it is only through contrast that one will learn the good or bad of anything.



Decoration by Yee Bon.

Keewatin Country

LOREN FRAKLIN CASEY.

WHEN, in late September, my eyes opened to the Lake of the Woods, I experienced a bit of disappointment. Far as the eye could see were only dull green tamaracks and reedy bays. No hills; no sumacs; no colour of autumn anywhere. Kenora and Keewatin, despite their beautiful names, looked ordinary too. (I have since learned to think of them as otherwise than ordinary: there are mills at Keewatin like giants' castles and a gray spire stands high above Kenora.)

But westward, in Pellatt, I lost my disappointment.

Autumn colour comes late here and there are few reds. But there is smouldering richness everywhere and an intensity unknown to brilliance.

As if they had waited for my coming, the poplars on the hills that rise from Mariel began to mingle strange gold with their green. And there commenced an enchantment that has possessed me ever since.

How can I tell about the black squalls that swept across Mariel in October? Or about the yellow trees that lit the dusk and burst into flame when some wandering ray touched them? Or about the storms that gathered behind War Eagle Lake?

Later, when the leaves had fallen, there were other things: hillsides of black spruce, patterned with poplar clumps; jack-pines against a rising moon; new snow on little spruces.

And then the winter!

Freeze-up came this year before the end of November and the lakes will not be free of ice until May. In the meantime they are the roads of the country: across their snowy surfaces, beneath the black hills, men in dark garb come and go. Even in mid-lake the snow is too deep for easy walking. On

mail days I see, stuck in the drifts before the store, handmade snowshoes and long, narrow, Swede skis. Christmas things were taken home behind the sled-dogs.

Black has prevailed over colour; trees, rocks and ice are all mysteries of sombre tone. There are days and days of grey snow and greyer skies that lighten only at sunset when the fiery arrows of Keewatin streak across the west.

A band of flame has appeared as I write, and I go to the window to watch the snow-blasts drive across the light. In my mind are running some lines I discovered in the fall:

Out of what vastnesses of air
No man can know or say
The north wind comes to my high hill
Sets all the pine-tops swinging,
Sweeps all my song away.
    O for a song with power of setting free
    For flight to the sunset or the moon!
O, to follow the wind and the wind-song,
Ever on high, on high!
To mount at the last ever higher,
Draw the sky-colours around me,
Kiss with the stars and die!

Save that to die I should not see the spring come to the lake country. Keewatin, thou of the north wind, rulest thou the springtime too?

Impressions from Port Hope

Naomi Adair Jackson

AWAY from the city, into the country. Away from McGill and Exams., up to Port Hope, the Summer School, and sketching. What a relief! . . . Indian summer days, carefree and jolly, good companions, lots to see, to do, and to eat! It was like stepping into another world, uncomplicated and unaffected, much more reasonable than ours. The place does seem to have about it a special atmosphere, not a bit "schooly"—it's very simplicity is the secret of its success.

We all seemed to go back to nature; it was amusing how quickly we adopted the primitive aspects and customs of our forefathers! Sunworship on the hillside, at sunset (usually) and at dawn (rarely!); a midnight vigil around the campfire, with chanting and playing of instruments "piercing sweet by the river"; even a daily noontide sacrifice—a dozen juicy flies—slain by High Priest Wu, and offered up unto our Deity of the Plymouth Rock. . . . We were a world apart, and regarded with awe by the barbarians around us, perhaps misunderstood on account of our simple life, uncomplicated by restrictions (even such as garters!).

Seriously speaking, however, the greater simplicity we achieve, the happier we are; this is a "secret" open to all with eyes to see. Some individuals, and some whole races, seem to have discovered this secret better than others. As old Voltaire wrote to a friend in the midst of the flowery French fantasy of the eighteenth century: "More simplicity, please; less craving for effect. Don't attempt to be brilliant, but paint with the brush of truth, and your work will be delightful."

As for a whole race that has always appreciated this "delightful simplicity"—I have just been studying a translation of Chinese poems from the sixth century—over a thousand years old, and yet so natural and rhythmic that they might be modern. . . . Some of them reminded me of Port Hope; so on the chance that you may not have read them yourselves, I am selecting a few that somehow express my "Impressions" more aptly than I could hope to do myself.*

This is a "Morning Mood":

"In the pure morning, near the old temple,
Where early sunlight points the tree-tops,
My path has wound, through a sheltered hollow
Of boughs and flowers, to a Buddhist retreat.
Here birds are alive with mountain-light,
And the mind of man touches peace in a pool,
And a thousand sounds are quieted
By the breathing of a temple-bell."

Noonday:

"On a road outreaching the white clouds,
By a spring outrunning the bluest river,
Petals come drifting on the wind
And the brook is sweet with them all the way.
My quiet gate is a mountain-trail,
And the willow-trees about my cottage
Sift on my sleeve, through the shadowy noon,
Distillations of the sun."

Then Evening:

"With twilight shadows in my heart
I have driven up among the Lo-yu Tombs
To see the sun, for all his glory,
Buried by the coming night."

Autumn Night, the end of another happy summer:

"While the autumn moon is pouring full
On a thousand night-levels among the towns and villages.
There met by chance, south of the river,
Dreaming doubters of a dream. . . .
In the trees a wind has startled the birds,
And insects cower from cold in the grass;
But wayfarers at least have wine
And nothing to fear—till the morning bell."

*From "The Jade Mountain," by kind permission of the translator, Dr. Kiang Kang Hu, of McGill University.

To the Cedar Grove

To J.W.B.

Beside the lazy stream, in friendly groups together,
Thy cedars stand or lean towards each other
To form a dusky grove, where stealing sunbeams
Weave a strangely patterned dance of fairy dreams
Along the purple trunks.
Within that soothing shade,
On many a sultry summer morn, artistically arrayed,
We students sit and gaze at all thy loveliness
And try to catch some phase of it.
But what a mess
I make! Upon my canvas, after worried thought,
With dripping brush, hesitatingly, I spot
A daub of golden sunlight on a drab background.
With startled glance, delighted, I imagine I have found
A touch of something that reveals thy subtle spirit.
So I think!
But the master approaching near it
With puzzled look, stands in quiet contemplation
And then, with certain touch and sudden agitation,

Sweeps the brush across my timid futile strokes
And mutters savagely—"Art has its little jokes."

Beside my humbled self, with tolerant smile,
He comfortably seats himself and for a little while
Shows me that upward climb to the gleam afar
Of Elysian fields where the heights of greatness are.
He leads me on with apt remark and practised hand,
A step or two and vaguely, I begin to understand
Those mysteries of varied tone and simple mass
Within thy drooping boughs and shadowed grass.

I watch in admiration as each point he demonstrates
And notice, with amazement, the difference one stroke makes.
The lesson ends.
The master, with a kindly gesture
Moves on. With interest new aroused in Nature,
Once more, I strive her spirit to acquire.

In the studio, at evening, as friends about the fire
Espy the picture on the wall . . . in wonder they exclaim
With fulsome praise; talk gushingly of fame,
Of values, of colour and uniqueness of design—
Forgetting all too soon, I murmur, "It is mine."

L. G. McKerracher.
Port Hope Summer School.

MOCKING
THE
SMOCK

The Student's Progress

WHAT does it feel like to be a first year? We know them chiefly by their numbers. We are few, but they are many. Should they begin seriously to assault us with tin trays our chances of life would be very slight. Should they cease to respond when the cry of "First Year! First Year!" echoes through the halls in harmony with the telephone bell, where should we be? Only on Wednesday mornings do we appreciate them at their true value, for absence makes the heart grow fonder, and when the Museum claims them there are hooks and to spare in the cloakroom, and there is no need to storm the strongholds of Mrs. Merill from the rear. Then we praise them.

But it takes a Masquerade to reveal to the world the latent talents of this rising generation. Their seahorses, shells, flying fish, aroused universal admiration. Here's to the future of the First Years! May they become at length Fourth Years, and then, perhaps ——?

And what of the second years? From the point of view of a jaded senior they may not always be appreciated at their true worth amid the bottles and drapery of the still-life room, but we must own that their water colours are heroic.

Several public characters adorn their ranks. Gladys Thompson won fame in the architectural poster competition and, we hear, modestly ascribes her success to the use of Smith's showcard colours and malabar. Ed. Furness made the following statement regarding the prize he received for a Hart House masquerade programme: "I owe all my success to the use of Injun ink" (this with an emphatic nod of his unruly head). Collier and Cavallo lent a "colourful" touch to the Christmas party by arriving in a Baby Austin.

Third year is often conspicuous in college halls, labouring in pursuit of bigger and better compositions. Mr. MacDonald remarked that the gathering has the appearance of a sign painters' union.

In the costume class third years will not forget the tea party in honor of our model who had not known a better one, quoth he, in all his eighty-three years. By way of contrast there was the entertainment provided free by the most youthful model, whose strains of lusty wailing penetrated as far as the antique room. While on the subject of music it is only fitting to mention Glen Lehman's melodious murmurings, Herkimer Ely's less worldly strains, and the duets of Riddell and Staunton.

How can you tell fourth year students?

Well, in the life class they work at an easel and stand back frequently to admire the results of their labours. Their knowledge of anatomy is such that with one line they can suggest the pose, personality and potentialities of any given model. As the year advances their brushes become bigger, their canvases longer, their strokes firmer and their conviction that "art is long and time is fleeting" more deeply rooted. By the end of the year they may

or may not have developed humility. If they haven't it is probable that they soon will.

Can the fourth year be distinguished in Saturday morning composition class? Not so. All are one mass of dark against light, and a fourth year Joseph closely resembles a third year Ferdinand.

In costume we can make ourselves felt. If any third year should dare to intrude into our select assemblage let him beware! The pegs shall be seized from his easel, he shall be bereft of turpentine and he shall be cast out into the still life room.

But beware also the still life room! Beware the jar that cracks, the drapery that will never be the same again, the lemon which though mouldy has a beauty all its own, and must not be removed. Fourth year in the still life room spends its time racking its brains in the effort to think of something which is not a bottle, and which hasn't been infinitely better painted by past generations than they can ever hope to paint it. With a sigh of relief Betty heaves the heaviest chair she can find to the highest spot she can find, and paints contentedly, knowing that this has not been done before. Flo finds something new in an interior seen from the exterior. Bon induces reflections in the top of a table long innocent of such luxuries and Dot enlivens the bottle and drapery room with posies culled from the out of doors.

By the way, did you see Gilbert's raven locks, Betty's famous hat, Walter's "humph"?

Dead Fires

Like pale pink shreds of pickled cabbage
on plates of yesterday,
your love now seems to me.
I scrape it off my heart
into the garbage can of old remorse;
'tis done, 'tis gone, 'tis ended, all is past;
and not a sound is heard
but a disconsolate sparrow
stropping his beak upon the eavestrough,
and the rumble of the scavenger wagon in the lane,
bearing its assorted treasures to the dump of oblivion.

MERRIAN BRIGHT.

La Partie Bohemienne

Bob Walty.

LAST November there were days when imagination ran a little wild and creative ability found expression among the paint pots and brown paper. Creations destined to transport the stranger into a world of shadows were raised aloft and offered to the gods of modernism. Lights were hung in the temple of jazz, and expectation reigned supreme.

On the evening of Nov. 12 the "Cafe du Poisson Mort" was thrown open to the public. "Le poisson" basked on high, in silent contrast to that swaying Bohemian throng. Baker, resplendent in several bananas, Miss-tinquet in saintly attitude, and Bordonni in red, smiled with painted lips and saw through painted eyes, while Chevalier laughed silent songs from the wall. The dancers glided past transformed by some Bohemian device to a medley of colour. Here went a West Indian woman in Mexican hat, there a girl in some smart creation gazed at you with eyes of green. Who is this elderly Bohemian with long black whiskers? And wait—a lady in a green wig—the latest thing from Paris, I believe.

The veil of smoke seemed to rise, and the music ceased when an auctioneer arose before the throng. Bordonni and Chevalier came down from their places, accompanied by two beautiful French ladies in pink and other art treasures. The walls are bare, the halls empty, and the Bohemians have returned to the every-day world.

The Kid's Party

Walter Goforth.

THE children's Christmas frolic took place in the large nursery—the attic of the school.

After the kiddies' Scotch and gin bottles had been placed carefully away in the still life cupboard, under the crooning loft, where children from grade two take lung exercise, Uncle Shirley swept up the cigar ashes and put up clean curtains. Everything being in readiness the doors were thrown open. At six o'clock the children began to come in and take their places quietly at the tables. All the children behaved like little vultures, speaking when spoken to, and eating everything in sight.

Little Miss Gilberta Sclater was the "Queen of the ball." Those cute little dimpled knees! Bruno had his little brother Al there, but no one knew it till the evening was practically over, they were both so quiet. After tea, Santa gave out the presents, much to the pleasure of the children. Helen says that there is no real Santa, because how could he remember that Flo wears size ten shoes, Tedd uses pink hairpins in preference to orange, and that Jessie's waist line is very high for the size of her feet?

After much frivolity and quiet uproar the children were called for by their nurses and guardians, taken home, and tucked in bed, to dream of cigarettes and potato salad.

PARTY SILHOUETTES.

The Masquerade

ALAN COLLIER.

"WHO has the tack hammer?" "Is this section straight, Betty?" "Hey! Don't step on that." "I'm afraid we can't make the lecture, Mr. Stansfield; there is too much work to be done up here." "For goodness sake hold that ladder tightly." "Do you think we have enough cheese-cloth?" "Oh, Gilbert, you are wanted on the 'phone."

But we must not start in the middle to tell our story. This year's masquerade was first discussed at a meeting of the committee in January, and about three weeks before the ball itself they decided to hold an "Under the Sea" masquerade. Some of the members wished to have the period "Futuristic", but this was voted down mainly because the former was much better for decorations although I believe the costumes would have been better if the latter had been used.

Immediately after this meeting several of our more brilliant and hard-working fellow students set to work on small scale designs for the decorations. On the Saturday before the ball some of the work was under way, but Monday saw the real beginning. The partitions were removed and the tables and chairs were piled up helter-skelter at one end of the big room till they resembled a terrific log jam that could only be loosened by dynamite. Many a student was heard to mutter,—

"Thank goodness I don't have to get those chairs down again."

By noon the large sheets of paper were beginning to look like something and it was not long until the walls were being covered with every form of under-sea growth that could be conjured up out of the art student's mind.

The big ball room was of course the hardest thing to handle. The long walls presented the most difficult task, but they were treated very simply and effectively with bizarre fish joyful and bubbly playing among all kinds of anemones and weeds. Both the end walls were masterpieces. Whoever it was that thought of making the west end, with its gallery, into a sunken galleon certainly deserves credit. The effect was marvellous, especially at night. The east end, where the orchestra sat, was the big sensation. It was executed by that eminent brush wielder, Flo. Robson, with one or two assistants. For the benefit of those who did not see it I will tell you that they made a huge painting in thin oils on light green transparent paper. Lights shone through from the back making the colours stand out wonderfully. It portrayed two comely mermaids gambolling with their finny friends at the bottom of the ocean. With the help of a gauzy curtain hung in front of the orchestra the effect was stupendous, and it did not require too great a stretch of imagination to believe that you stood on the floor of the mighty deep instead of the spotted floor of the commercial art or still life room. To heighten the effect of under-the-sea, blue cheese cloth was hung loosely across the ceiling, below the lights, giving the effect of depths of water.

The hall outside was carried out in much the same manner except that the walls were very dark and the cheese-cloth stretched below the dark

green lights was black. The hall gave the appearance of some sub-marine cavern, where there might lurk an ugly octopus ready to stretch out his brutal tenacles to crush some unwary dancers who had strayed outside.

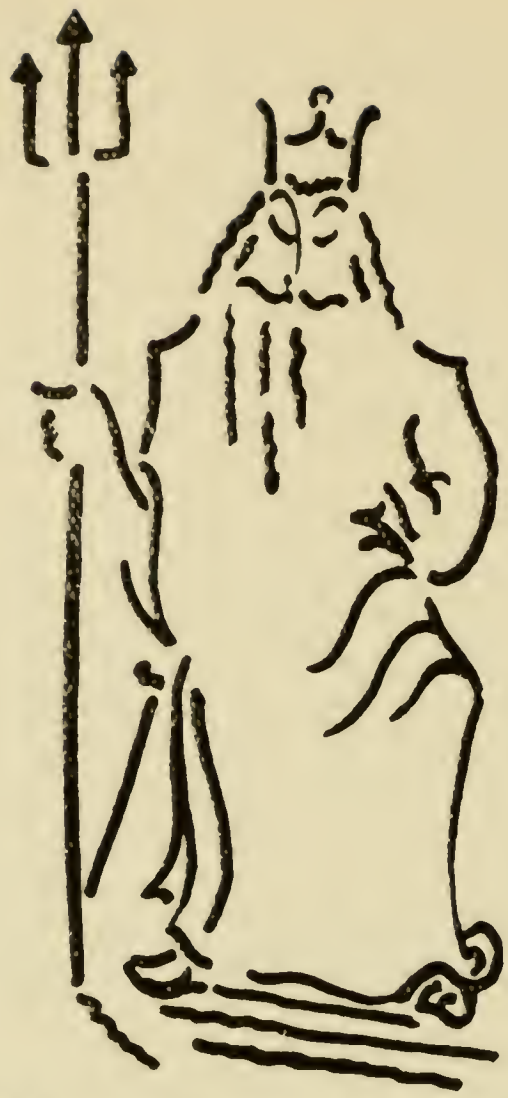
As I said before, the first year did a very fine piece of work in their room, which was used for serving supper. Their decorations being on a much smaller scale than those above could be more colourful, and the students certainly turned out some handsome panels done in gorgeous colours. The decorations on the lights were much sought after by the inevitable souvenir hunter, and by the end of the night most of the choice things had disappeared.

Now for the dance itself. Stan. St. John and his orchestra supplied the music. The costumes on the average were very poor and the large proportion of them could not be recognized. Of course this does not count the dozen or so people who came as sailors who had met their fate at the hands of Davey Jones. The crowd was rather smaller than usual but this did not deter those who were there from having a good time, in fact quite the opposite was the case. One could at least move on the dance floor without having to fight six or seven other couple who all seemed to want to stand on the same square foot of floor space. By the time that "God Save the King" was played there were many tired legs, but no one was seen to skip joyfully out the doors as is usual on a school day. However tired the dancers were they were happy.

The following day the school presented a forlorn appearance. Even the octopus at his point of vantage in the gallery rail looked lonely. There was no life in the fish that swam so gaily the night before, and here and there a jagged hole showed where some student had cut out a favorite fish to hang in his rooms to arouse fond memories of the now past masquerade ball.

We all owe much to Gilbert Sclater for his hard work in preparing for this party. Let us hope that in years to come we shall be lucky enough always to have a president who will do as much work as Gilbert has done and that the Artist's Masquerade Ball may always be a great occasion.

TWO COSTUMES THAT WON PRIZES – AND ONE THAT DIDN'T



Nept in the Bud

FLORENCE ROBSON.

A Tragedy in One Episode.

(Wherein the *pun*ishment seems to fit the crime.)

SCENE—Art College the morning after the ball.

CHARACTERS—Stelen Haunton, Ray Mothwell.

Stelen—I hear you lost your man at the dance last night though Mr. MacDonald did all he could to stop it.

Ray—Yes! Just wait until that Robson woman Coombs, I'll Challener to a duel in Mounfield.

Stelen—Shirley you're not that Despard, better go to Stansfield, or a nice place would be near Montgomery.

Ray—Let me get my Hahns on her. She won't have a Harron her head.

Stelen—Is that Hall you've got against her?

Ray—No, if I hadn't put up a Howell, she'd have taken McKague too.

Stelen—You don't make yourself Claire.

Ray—It's just as well. It would get all Hoover the college.

Stelen—Here comes John now. Had we better Goforth? Where in Hilken we go?

Ray—Johnston enough for one evening, he'd better Beatty retreat.

Stelen—It's a pity his mother didn't Sanderson to some other college.

Ray—Yes, if he hangs around here he'll get Dinsmore hot water.

Stelen—Well, don't tell me any Maw now, Sclater than I thought, besides any Merrill be too much.

May the laughs be Lowden long.

Night Moods

ZERO

The world is dead tonight.
It may seem just as other nights,
But other nights at least have ghosts
And this has none.
There is no wind, nor stars,
No sense of rhythm in the air,
No cold, nor warmth, nor rain:
The world is dead.

SENTIMENTALE

This longing I have for you
Is an exquisite, aching thing,
A subdued, lovely loneliness,
Making me one
With the soothingly cool air
And the tragic quivering stars,
And yet alone, like the solemn pain
Of a voice in the night.

HOUSES AFTER MIDNIGHT

They crowd upon me,
black oppressing masses,
crushing me,
clutching at that spark that I would hold,
stifling me with pent-breathed closeness,
hiding the half-moon, drunk and upside down,
that lights them not, nor would,
could its flood even reach their madness.
They hate me with their grim intensity,
unmoved but fraught with passion:
and yet
they let me live.

MURRAY CARLAW BONNYCASTLE.

Bony-part and Muscle-ini

Frances B. Neil.

THE day was bitterly cold, with Anatomy Examinations looming on the morrow to make it colder. A beautiful day on which to allocate muscles and bones—one's own muscles and bones.

Every tuberosity of every bone suspended, or protruded against an icy garment, which acted like a canvas tent in summer: all contact points admitted the elements. Every muscle ached and tendons snapped and reverberated like the telephone wires above my head.

There was no street car in sight, so drawing my hat down still further over my quivering occipito-frontalis, and pulling my collar tighter around my contracted sterno mastoids, I grasped it (the collar) against my hyoid bone with frozen phalanges and braced myself against the wind.

Five, ten, twenty minutes, and no car. By this time I was conscious of nothing but the tendons of the semitendinosus—which ached so that I could hardly stand. A pitying stranger passed and shouting into my cranial door informed me that cars were turning around and going back half a mile on, over the hill.

Would tibias and fibulas hold out that long, I wondered? And if they did, would not one or all sets of vertebrae collapse under the strain? Tucking acromium processes into icy conchae I set forth regardless.

Reaching a car I boarded it with no other mishap than a hole in that part of my stocking which covers the os calcis, but ere I reached my destination it had run over the tendon Achilles, around the gastrocnemius by way of the soleus, past biceps femoris and vastus externus, halting at the semimembranosus, only because my stocking stopped there. (N.B.—You are right, the seam *was* crooked.)

When I reached the school, I was suddenly overwhelmed with the memory that I had left both Dunlop and Hatton at home, but with a twitching of the epicranial aponeurosis I remembered that with a little judicious exploration and selection many people in tighter fixes than mine, had overcome such difficulties around the O.C.A.—so I proceeded judiciously to do likewise.

Sitting crosslegged on the cloak room table in front of the mirror I located levators and depressors; everything from mentis to temporalis, including levator labii-superioris-et-alae-nasi. Thus sat I, contemplating space and anatomy until a fellow student came along, and regarding me with slightly raised corrugator supercilii, gently cracked my knee just below the patella to inform me that the examination was *to-day*.

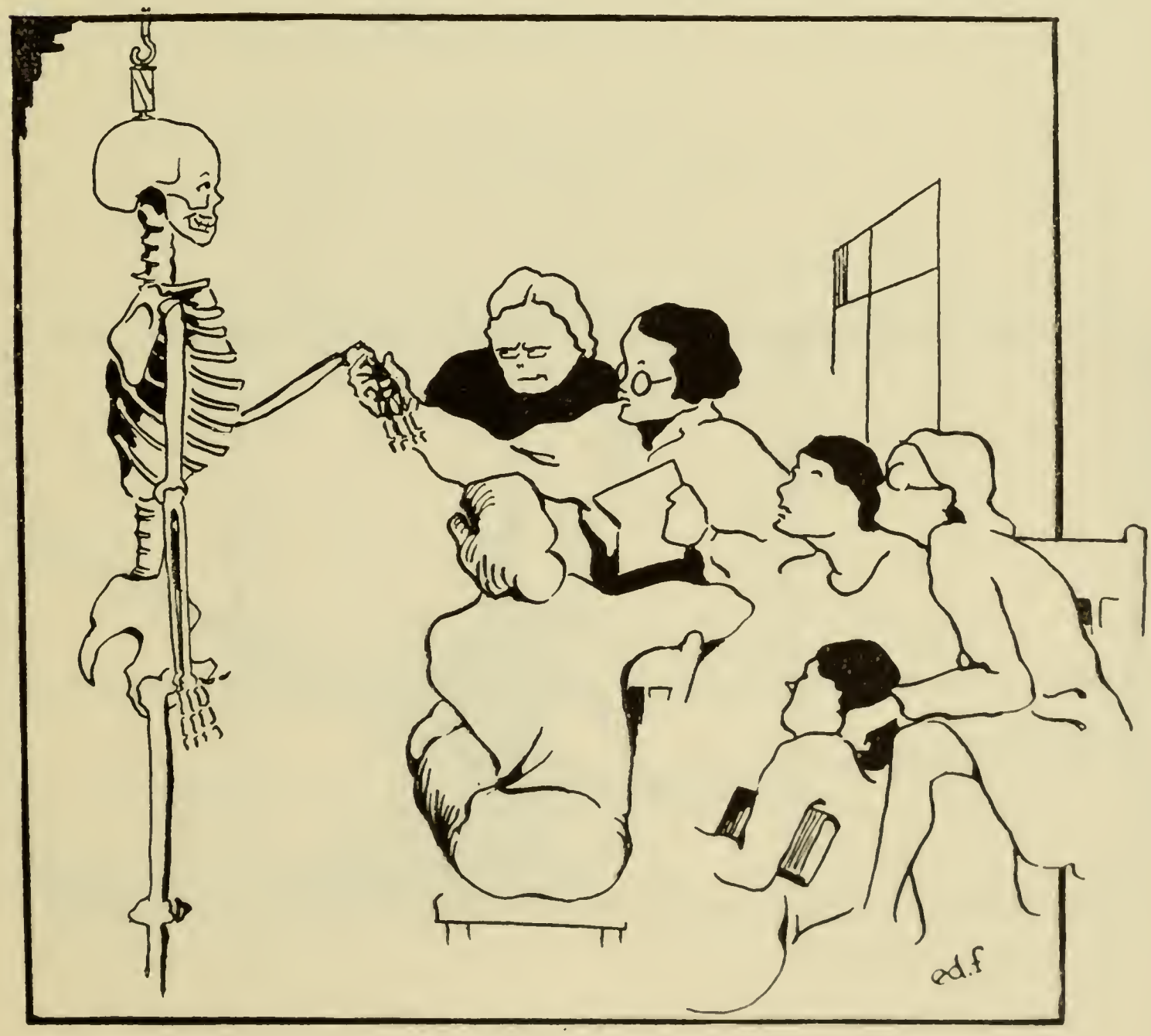
Then tightly clenching superior and inferior maxillaries lest such things as digastrici, malleoli, semitendinosi, ex ossi metacarpi pollices, and other things should escape our memory—we proceeded to the examination rooms.

There lifting my orbicularis palpebrarum to my paper I read and answered such questions as these:—

1. Make a picture of the skull.
   (a) Put in all the teeth.
   (b) Don't use any big words.

I wrote and continued to write until my lumbricalis gave out and I looked like the diagram on page five of Dunlop's—and then sighing like a furnace—I shook off anatomy, washed my *hands* and *face* snapped my fingers, and returned to normal for another eleven and three-quarter months.

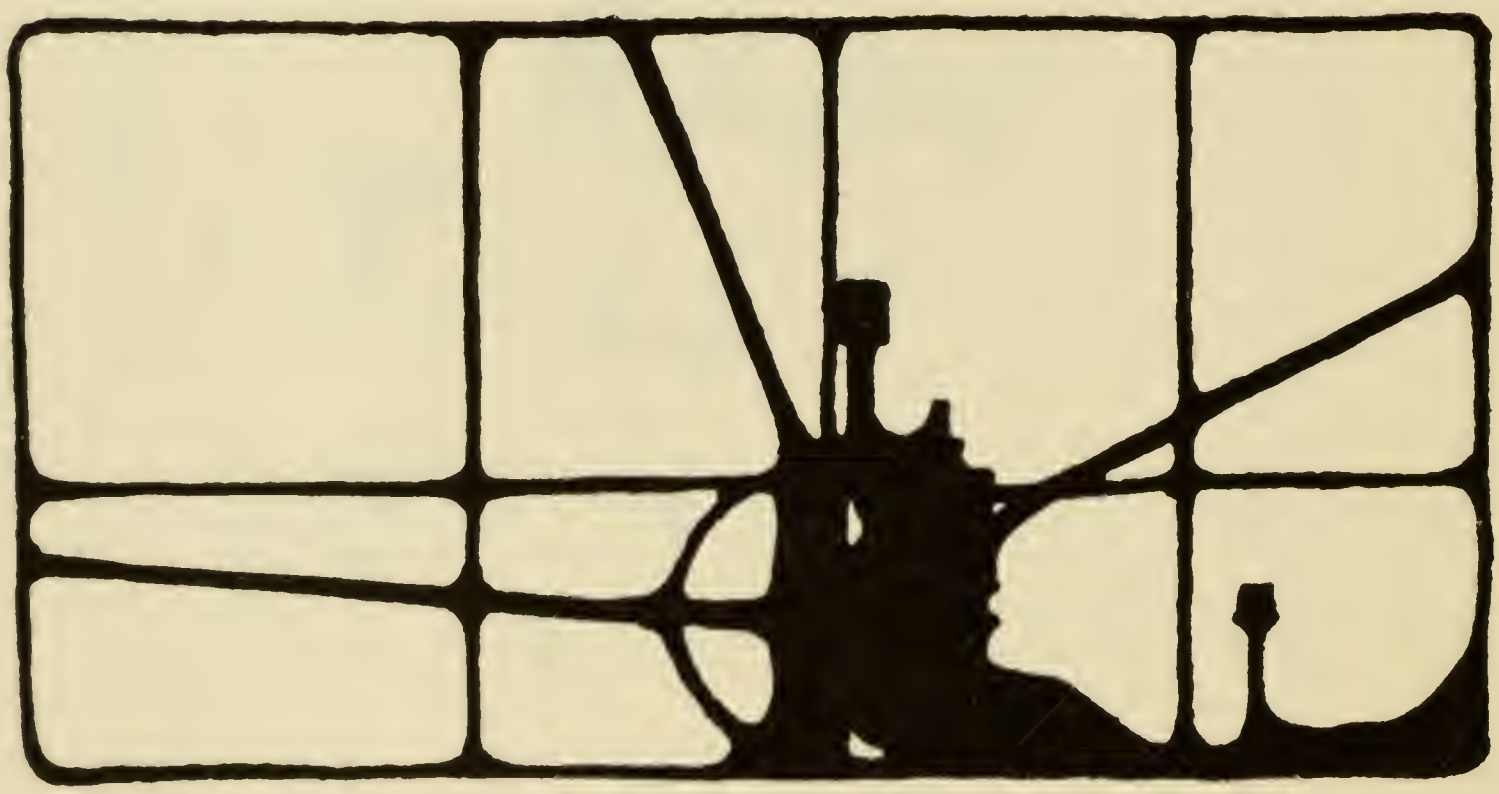
Note.—For any necessary elucidation of the terminology, see Dunlop's "Anatomy for Art Students"; Hatton's "Figure Drawing"; The Encyclopedia Britannica, vol. 75, etc., etc.



Friday Night's Entertainments

Who remembers—

Mr. MacDonald's paper-gumming-floor-sweeping endeavours after art?
Mr. A. Y. Jackson's story of the luckless pig?
Mr. Wyly Grier's recollections of the awe-inspiring Le Gros?
Mr. Stansfield's recommendations for less sleep and more concentration?
Mr. Dinsmore's word of comfort to those whose handwriting is illegible?
Dr. Hardy's references to our budding poets?
Mr. Holden's illustrations of recent male coiffure?
Mr. Robson's comments on the mystery which stockings provided to the African natives?
Mr. Mounfield's version of the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon?
Miss McKague's dealings with the continental police force?
Dr. Sclater's paternal disclosures of the president's use of symbol?
Mr. Challener's chop suey?



THE OLD ETCHING PRESS. PAULINE REDSELL.

A Pair of Eyes

M. Mounfield.

I had not seen the lady before,
Or yet her beautiful eyes,
But knew, the moment she opened my door,
That she had beautiful eyes.

Her sweater coat's too long in the sleeve,
But she has beautiful eyes;
Her skirt is a Scotch Tartan weave,
And she has beautiful eyes.

I could not see what covered her feet.
Or past those beautiful eyes;
Her face may, or may not, be sweet,
She has most beautiful eyes.

I know not the color of her hair,
For she has beautiful eyes;
Such lapses of observation are rare;
But then, those beautiful eyes!

Should these lines offend she'll throw them away,
And flash those beautiful eyes;
Tho' I've seen them but once, I make bold to say
"I love those beautiful eyes!"

Inclined and Disinclined Planes

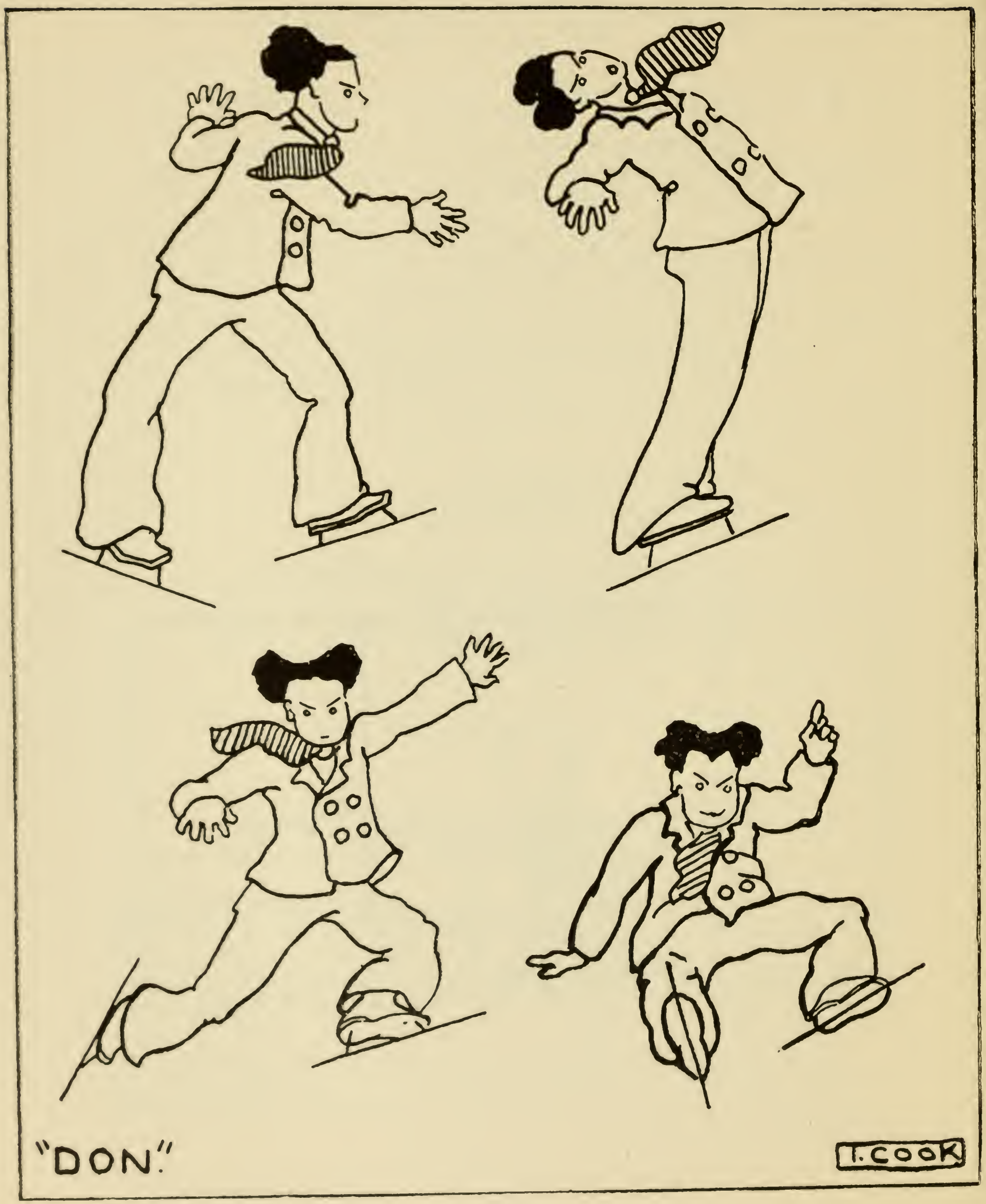
Grace Meikle.

DRAW in perspective the outline of a house with a cat resting on the ridgepole of the roof. Eye is 5 feet above the ground and 10 feet under it. The cat has half swallowed a bird, the feet of which project from the mouth to the left, making an angle of 50° with the P.P. Draw bird forward to touch P.P. The cat's tail will be contained in a vertical plane if it should suddenly sit down.

Project the shadow of the cat on the roof if the sun should get in its eyes and it should lose its balance and fall off the roof, cracking the ground plane three feet to the left, but landing right side up, leaving the picture plane uninjured.

Scale the side of the house to get a good look.

Draw right side up.



"DON."

Magnitudes

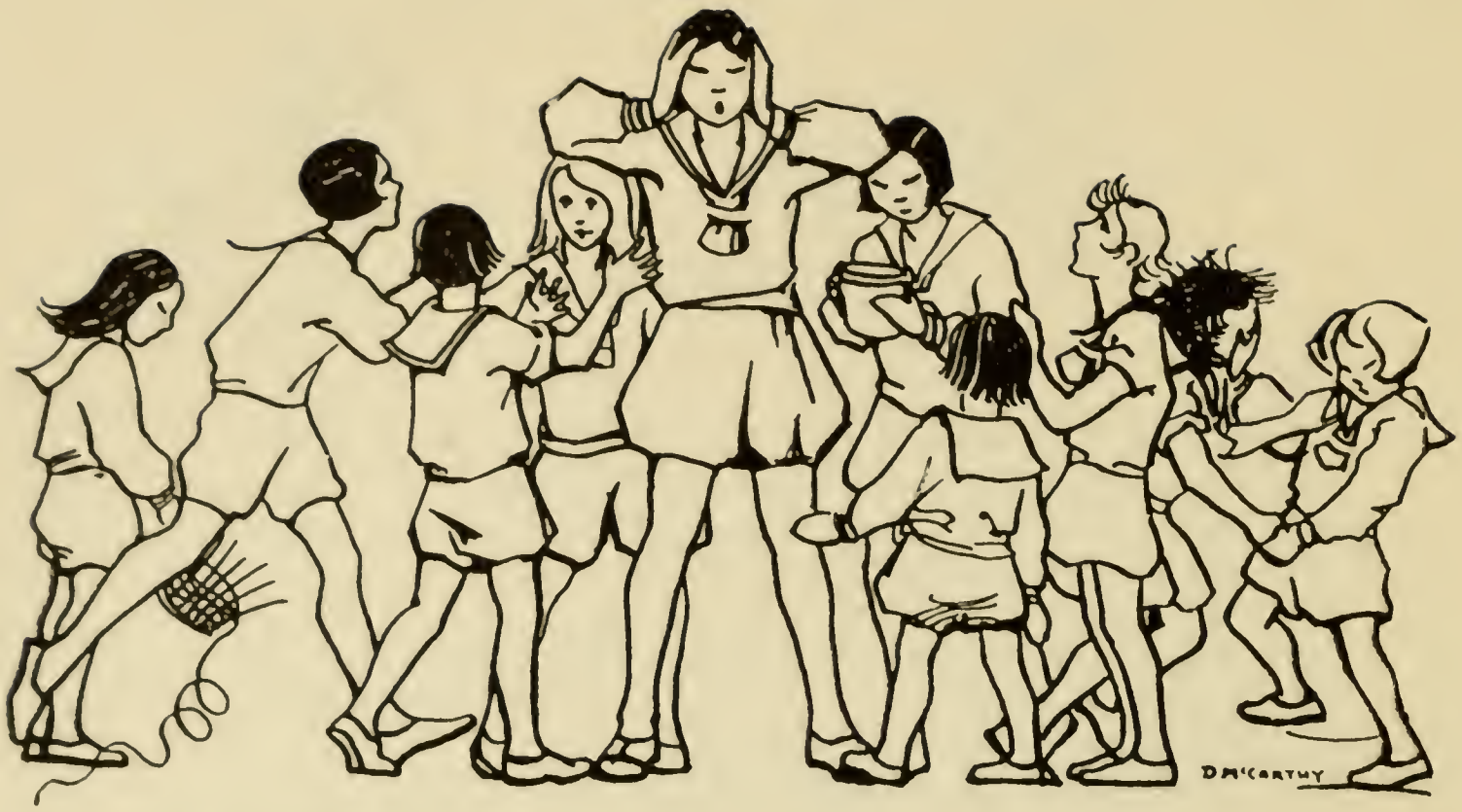
The stars are stars:
bright points of light,
energy trifocalized in nickelodion electrons,
way up, not stood on concrete poles
for taxicabs to tell street numbers by;
yet they light chariots too,
light Mars and Venus on the gay white way
of Einstein avenue,
and guide Orion to his starry flat.
great telescopes! how swell they are,
I guess I'd better not really try to express my ultimate feelings
about them
in a little magazine like this.

MERRIAN BRIGHT.

Ring Off!

I have your number, kid,
I spin the dial of memory and you reply
with prim and sweetened voice, hello!
I answer not:
hello! you firmly say,
hello! you shout, . . .
and I, beneath my breath,
hiss in the vacant mouth of the receiver
and grin to hear you strain.
then destiny cuts us off and all is peace . . .
I have your number, kid,
I never gave you mine.

MERRIAN BRIGHT.



Arts and Crafts at a Summer Camp

DORIS MCCARTHY.

"AT 11.30 the chicks will have handicraft."

It sounds funny, doesn't it? And it is as funny as it sounds. At 11.30 the chicks, who turn out to be campers under eleven years old, will be clamouring around you to the tune of "What can I make now?" "I've no leather left!" "Why can't I paint a box?" "Mary took my basket!" and for an exciting hour you untangle small fingers and settle disputes, preferably by arbitration.

After class comes one of the most precious bits of the day in the "shop", when the Crafts counsellors tidy and sweep and gossip, enjoying together the laughable things that have happened, and rejoicing mightily in their own wit.

"The shop" for me last summer was at Camp Tanamakoon, in the woods of Algonquin Park. There the campers came for periods of an hour, and there we taught them basketry, leather work, lacquering and lino cuts. Their courage and enthusiasm knew no bounds. Nothing was too difficult for them to attempt and some of the craft work produced was beautiful.

Occasionally groups of five or six campers would go off for a whole day to some island in another lake, to try some interrupted sketching. The work varied—a few achieved quite creditable drawings in pencil and water colors; some were hopeless. However, it was fun to watch their delight in trying and to suggest some new ways of looking at the world.

But man's life at camp consisteth not in the number of objets d'art which he perfecteth!

To waken in a motionless world of gray and see a doe and her fawn poised beside the water;

To watch the world turn from gray to gold as the sun rises; and to waken

again to the call of the bugle and the laughter of a hundred girls;

To join in their songs at breakfast and enjoy their frank comradeship around a table for eight;

To surrender yourself to the busyness of an active morning;

To welcome the pause that is rest hour;

To sail for a madly exalted hour on a blue gusty lake, or to sleep in the sun on a rock; or to idle in a canoe reading poetry with a kindred soul;

To taste the freedom of an hour after "Taps," when the campers have been ushered to their cabins and left to the night;

To toast popcorn at the stone fireplace with the other counsellors or to drift about the lake under the stars;

And to end the rich day with a moonlight dip in cool waters;

These are the gifts of a summer at camp!

Modern Sculpture

EMANUEL HAHN.

IT may be safely stated that the most outstanding quality in the work of our contemporary sculptors is its marked individuality. Not that the great artists of the past were lacking in this, but considering the immense growth of industrialism, with its mass production by machinery, and the merging influence of our present social order, the development of individuality would hardly be expected. Definite comparison between the art of to-day and with that of any periods of the past is difficult and finally the art of any time must be considered in relation to the age in which it is produced. To come back more particularly to sculpture, the figure of Rodin looms up as the great innovator of our present period. He built on the past, but evolved a phase of expression which is quite distinctive. His motifs were not illustrative, but an interpretation of human emotions running at times to the sensuous and he gloried in the emancipation from the strong realism of his predecessors of the 19th century.

An equally new note was struck by Meunier, the Belgian, a contemporary of Rodin, in his choice of "Labor" as motif. He expresses all the deep human pathos in the life of the worker in the mine, wharf and shop.

We see in the work of these two alone a new approach of art to life; no idealization of lengendary heroes, or, use of sterile allegory, nor sentimentality. One might even go back further and include with these—

Barye, the first sculptor to depict animals only.

Closely associated with Rodin comes Bourdelle, his work powerfully architectural, based on the Greek style, but not imitative.

Then Maillol, creator of torsos and nudes, naively classic.

Mestrovic, the Serbian, intensely vibrant and spirituelle, clearly Byzantine by racial influence.

Epstein, the Jewish American thunderbolt, jolting the tranquil academic atmosphere of England.

Frank Dobson, a heavy primitive feeling in his figures of women.

Eric Gill, these last two English, shows extreme simplification and in most cases great refinement.

Milles, the Dane, decorative and refreshingly unacademic in his compositions.

Kolbe, the German, creates intense feeling in the pulse of his figural subjects.

St. Gaudens, Irish-French-American, a modern version of classic style.

Archipenko, Russian, the arch experimentalist with simplicity applied to an extreme style.

Brancusi, super-fundamentalist.

The list might be lengthened indefinitely and time must pass before the individual artist or the movement as a whole can be properly evaluated.

Our sculptural menu is replete in variety.

The young sculptor has a great number of masters to study and admire, but let us hope not copy.

DARKIE REVELLERS K. DAY

Old Man Kidd's Beyes

ETHEL CURRY.

SHE'S a twister—this here road. Now ain't she? When the first fellar come trackin' through this here bush he jes' kep' follerin' his nose an' all these twistin's and turnin's jes happened natural-like. Fellin' trees warn't in his line of thinkin' an' he sure warn't much ascarit of climbin'.

That first fellar—he was a city fellar, an it's nigh unto fifty years, when the bush first seen him. Seems like he jes struck inter the bush, an' when he got fer enough in he jes felled the bush an' histed up the logs agin fer a house, jes the same as I done afore him. Only there was me and my missus an our little gel. We're nigh on his place now, and he's been gone and buried these three-year back.

There's his beyes . . . his missus was a gel who'd been born and bred in these parts. An' she was kind-a simple, an' her hair all yellow-like, an' her eyes so soft an' blue like skies, as though she didn't ever see what was jest in front of her.

An' there's Daffy now, comin' up the road . . . an' he's carryin' a hoe. An' ain't he so gentle-like . . . the way he stoops his shoulders, and his eyes like his ma's afore him. Funny, ain't it now? An' he has a shirt all soft and blue-like, an' his overalls, too, an' right down to his boots, jest as long as the wimmin's skirts. Ain't it past my knowin' too how he comes to get a hat all so soft and blue-like. An' Daff's always pokin' round doin' things an maybe makin' things.

Now, an' if that ain't Pete, leanin' heavy on the wood-pile, as should fair knock it over. An' he wouldn't pile them agin, not him. Ain't he dirty, an black, an' ain't his whisker's blacker and dirtier? An' he's all jest as black on his inside, jes like his terbaccer spit. An' yer'll see him spit, an' he won't move either, not him, an' his eyes all black an' insultin'-like. Maybe he'll talk an' maybe he won't. An' he'll sure spit, and spit farther than any man in these parts . . . I'm tellin' yer. Now, ain't that insultin', jes like a grasshopper, only he ain't got a purty green coat.

Whow-er thar. Whow-er my purty colt, an Daffy'll tell us how the spuds are growin' purty an' green . . . .

Warn't he shy an' harmless-like an' his eyes seem to have a hearin' of things you and me ain't on the look-out fer.

Thar Pa . . an' if he warn't the old rascal! Afore he come he was a lawyer-fellar. An' if we was jes fair ascarit of him, hit was his book-larnin' an' his eyes that seen right into yer. An' he give every man the square deal by him, an' if he knowed about any shady dealin's agin' him, he jes set about and that thar beggar jes had a hatin' fer him jes like poison.

Kidd never done loggin' in the winter-time like me and the others. Jes some trappin' an' mostly shootin', an' he never tuk any hounds like we did. An he'd skin a doe or a duck way back in the swamp, an jes fetch home the steaks from the rump, an' he'd stretch the hide on the rafters till it dried.

Us men an' winmin-folks never saw better moccasins than he knowed how to make. An' he could make a jacket and a cap fit for the likes of kings.

His doin's got to the police out at the railroad an' he was jest always a mite too smart fer 'em. An' he'd stay in the swamp longer than they could stay to hunt. An' he knew the draw-roads better, an' when the snow was comin', an' as how the snow would cover his tracks. An' if they'd come, jes too sudden-like, they warn't smart enough to know about the hole under the floor where he kep' the hides and where it was big enough fer him.

An' then one winter come the detective fellars with grub in thar packs an packin' guns on thar hips. An' the ol' man was unto what they was after, an' was havin' the laugh on them. Fer they thought as how they was trackin' him, an' all the time he was trailin' them an layin' tracks fer them to foller. An' they never knowed how he was ascarit of nothin'.

An' then one evenin' jes when the day was gettin' dizzy jest as the night was comin' on, an' all the swamp all snowy and quiet-like, they come sudden-like around a clump of spruce, an' right fernist them was the ol' man. An' they never knowed, not them, as how the ol' man figgered it out so's they'd run into him. An' jes' didn't the ol' man have the biggest sport in all his born days seein' them haul out thar guns, an hollerin' at him to hist up his hands, afore he got a bullet through his buck-skin.

An' it ain't fer me to tell a lady, jes' the cussin' words, when the ol' man jes didn't move so fast-like. An' the ol' man jes' kep' havin' more sport an' asks fer them to hand over the warrant they was wavin' in thar hands, so's he'd know they warn't tellin' him no lies. An' them thar ninnies did as they was asked. An' then and thar he pull'd his gun on them, an jes didn't thar mouths gapp open they was so ascarit. An the ol' man kep' on tellin' them all about thar dirty city mouths they'd never knowed about afore.

An' then he jes' kep' wakin' closer an' closer an' they kep trackin' back an' back, an' thar knees knockin' and thar mouths gapin' loose. An' then he jes' starts havin' more sport, havin' them kneel in the snow fornist him, so's he could hear them pray fer thar dirty souls. An' then he'd tell them how he'd cut off thar ears, so's they'd pray more perticular-like. An' then he told them as how he had one last thing for them to do, afore he cut out thar tongues, an' he tored in two the white paper, what was the warrant an' didn't he jes' have sport stuffin' hit into thar mugs. An' then he prayed fer them in book-larnin' talk, and they was chokin' an' gaggin', an' the white paper kept goin' down the more perticular he prayed. An' then he made them git up and run . . . an' didn't they run jest . . . an' they run so fer they never showed up agin, not them . . . jes natural like.

An' them beyes . . . back thar . . . they're ol' man Kidd's beyes.

A Fairy Story

By Lee Tong.

ONCE upon a time, in one of those fearful dark, dark nights, a beast with a snake-like body, and a pair of hungry glaring eyes floated in the air.

Upon it rode a dark creature, who called himself Death. In his hand he held a peacock feather which he had heartlessly pulled off an innocent bird on the night previous.

An artist newly inspired was working upon the masterpiece of his life.

"B-o-o-b!" roared the beast.

But the artist didn't hear it, for he was too hard concentrating.

Then Death, with his peacock feather waving across his face, said in a small and attractive voice: "Look! what I brought to you! My beast thinks you are very sweet!"

It was told that the beast has a body as long as from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, and greater part of it constituted its lung. Seeing the artist was paying no attention, in its rage, it roared at last with its full capacity. The Rockies shivered, all the trees on the continent were bare of their leaves, and the oceans rocked like a kettle boiling madly.

But the artist was too busy concentrating.

Didn't he notice? Didn't he hear? Why yes, but knowing he has his duty to fill for his Master, upon whose protecting Hand he is resting, and because he was given so little time to carry out the large amount of works incurred in his duty, he can't afford to be bothered.

In many forms the Master will test our faithfulness.

And so, the artist concentrated on.

Illustration by Lee Tong

We Meet Ourselves in 1950

WHY my dear, its simply ages since we've met like this. I mean it must be all of three days. Do you ever get in touch with the old college crowd? You don't! Why I just wear myself to a positive frazzle keeping track of everyone. Did you hear about Dorothy Stone? You don't mean to tell me you haven't heard! Why she was made Head Mistress of the college just the other day. And of course you know about Grace Brymner? She's acting as hostess down in that new night club on Dundas Street. Yes! She always did know a lot of people, if you know what I mean. And you remember Herk Ely? Well, my dear, I hear he's made a positive fortune with Christmas cards, and the other day he presented the old place with a new piano. Can you bear it? Who? Oh, Edgar Herold! Well, he's over in Turkey or some such place and he's got his own harem! The poor boy was just driven to it, actually, my dear, just *driven* to it. Helen Staunton? Well, surely you can guess what *she's* doing! The Alumni elected her cheer leader the other day. My dear, she's a positive howl! And so cyclonic! Oh, I must tell you about Gilbert Sclater. I went up to see him the other day, and, my dear, I simply couldn't get *near* him! He's President of a Young Ladies' College in Ecclefechan. I think that smock of his did it. Couldn't you die! Kay Hilken? Why, darling, she's still trying to recuperate after getting up that nineteen thirty-one edition of the Tangent. They tell me she's still quite violent. What am I doing? My dear, I thought I told you! Why I'm still at the dear old school trying to get through my Life Course. Can you cope with it my dear?

Decoration by Claire Stewart

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