

THE ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART, (Inc.)

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PRINCIPAL

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Clair Stewart

# THE TANGENT

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AN ANNUAL

APRIL, 1933

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UNEASY lies the head that wears the proverbial green eyeshade of an editor, particularly a *Tangent* editor! The first thing that the word suggested was someone in a tilted chair, with a pipe and a blue pencil, going through proofs in a leisurely manner. This is the impression given by most pictures of editors. It is quite wrong. By the time several weeks had passed, this was obvious. Being an editor means detecting the spark of genius behind the blush of diffidence and coaxing it and wheedling it and bullying it and threatening it into the light of day.

In spite of this apparent reluctance on the part of the school to contribute, as the closing date drew near, more work came in, until on the last day we were literally snowed in with sheets of paper flung at us by eager contributors, while on the day after the last day we had more than on all the other days put together! (How lucky that we counted on this!)

Last year's idea of illustrating the magazine entirely with linoleum cuts seems to have found great favour, for this year we have even more of them.

We wish to extend our thanks to all those who, by their interest and help, have assisted in the production of the magazine.

S.H.



J. E. H. MACDONALD

S. STEIN.

# J. E. H. MacDonald, R. C. A.

The School feels very keenly the death of Mr. MacDonald this year.

When, at the first of the season, he returned to us after his long absence, owing to illness, we were so glad to have him back again, and his death was a great shock to us, coming, as it did, when we all believed him to be quite well and strong again. We miss his kindly presence in the halls, the humorous twinkle of his blue eyes.

The following article by Mr. Lismer gives a comprehensive account of Mr. MacDonald's work.

J. E. H. MacDONALD was neither modern nor academic. He had little use for new "aesthetics"—nor was he sufficiently servile to have absorbed the limitations and timidities of the academics. He looked upon the world and found its charm, its changing seasons, blossoms and fruits, skies and placid waters, a spectacle for contemplation.

He was a fundamentalist in his use of design as an origin of creation and in the sense that the created world was sufficiently engrossing to occupy any artist a life-time of experience. This is manifested in his powerful use of mobile line and color, arising, not out of any new philosophy or "modernistic'isms", but rather from his own sense of order. He loved to create in his pictures the feeling of unity between land, water, and sky. All his work has the semblance of praise, and devotion to the task of interpretation of rhythmic harmonies of line and color.

He belongs to the order of nature-poets, those who declare the beauty of the visible world. His painting is an epitome of this idea and of his life devoted to working it out. Whether it is the silvery light on the river Humber, the sun glowing on the Laurentian hill, the solemn calm of Algoma, or the serene aloofness of a mountain lake, this attitude of the poet and seer shines through in orderly calm. He had the magic touch of St. Francis and something of his simple mysticism. He had the monastic habit of supreme craftsmanship, illuminating common words with whimsical forms in his lettering and book decoration.

He is related to Fra Angelico for his lyricism and his expression of Paradise as a garden of beautiful forms and flowers. He had the Constable touch in his devotion to "every stiek and stone of his native heath." Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman were his philosophic mentors. He loved carols, sagas and symphonies, but had no theories about the things he loved. He believed that art could be manifested in everything, the printed poster, and in simple lettered words, as well as in great buildings, monumental sculpture and sumptuous paintings.

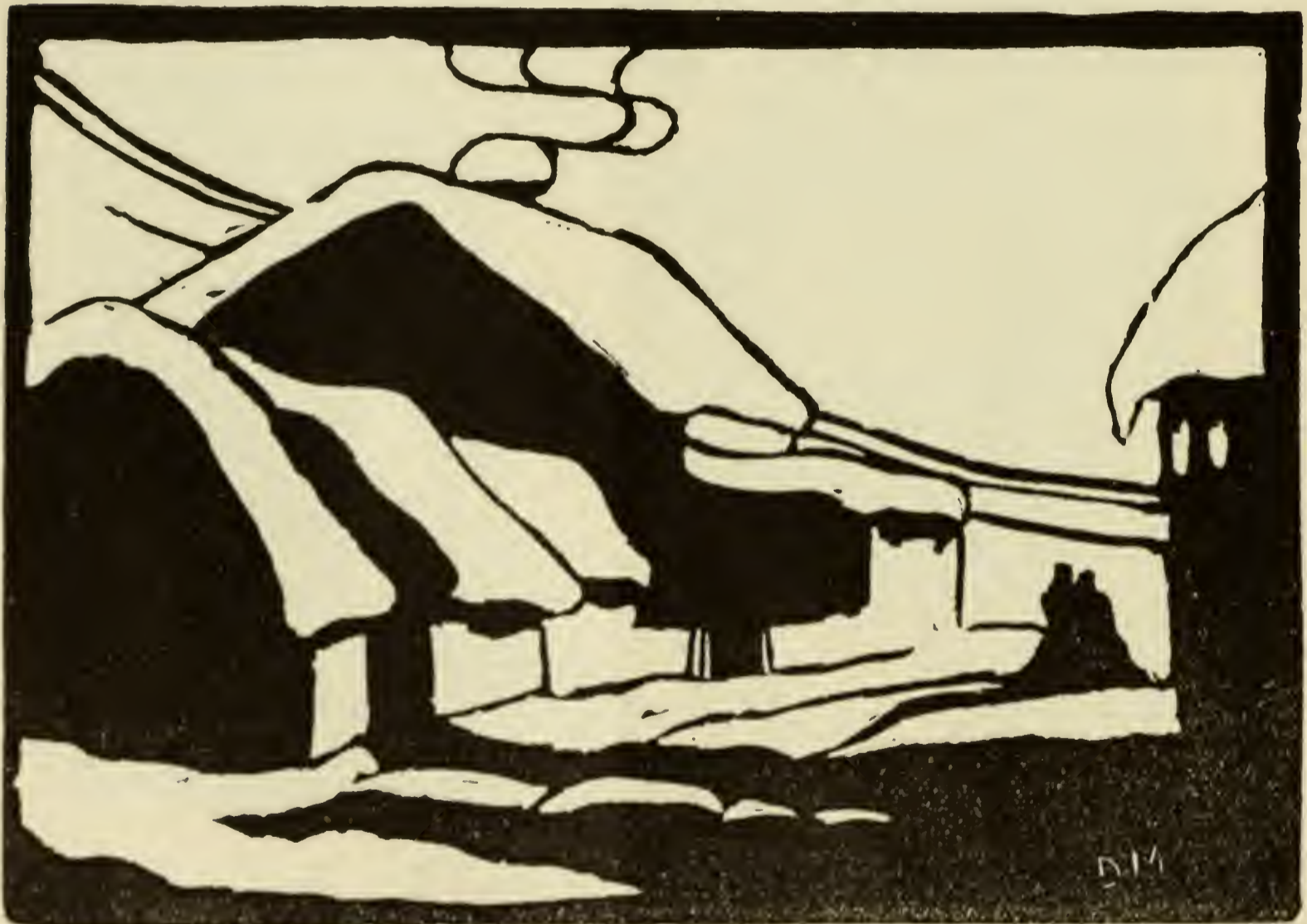
He has designed war memorials, mural decorations, mosaics and books. He has decorated churches and Christmas cards. In all of these he gives the impression of a mind richly endowed with imagination and a love for the natural forms of plants, birds, flowers and trees that make up the

jewelled tapestry of the Canadian scene. He wove them into his designs with the same communal affection as did the Gothic designer of old.

MacDonald belongs to the beginnings of a new chapter in Canadian Art. He early saw that no mere arts of verisimilitude could interpret the character of this country in terms of paint and canvas. It needed an adventurous nature and bold design. He possessed both and a sturdy spirit of championship of any other who would take the trail along with him. MacDonald's canvasses in the period from 1916, when he exhibited "The Tangled Garden", to 1922 when he painted "The Solemn Land", are expressive of this new powerful contribution to the art of Canada. His later canvasses, especially his mountain pictures, are expressive of his serenity and firmer convictions. MacDonald was a founder member of the "Group of Seven", a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, and a member-elect of the R.C.A.

But this is not a history of the artist. That is written in his pictures for all with the inner eye to see. He is poet, artist, craftsman—a rare combination of all those qualities that have enriched our national life.

*Arthur Lismer in "Saturday Night"*



D. MOORE.

## Mr. Fred S. Haines

**T**HIS year the School welcomes a new Principal, Mr. Fred S. Haines. Mr. Haines came to us from the Art Gallery of Toronto where he has been Curator for the past five years.

Born in Ontario, he is best known to us by his paintings of Ontario landscape. He is also one of Canada's foremost etchers.

It was Mr. Haines who started the exhibitions of young Canadian artists in the Print Room of the Art Gallery.

His unfailing kindness and helpfulness to the students has made us all think that we are very lucky to have him here with us.

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### THE BALLAD OF PIE-OUS PETE

Of women men have dreamed about  
And vowed for them they'd die,  
The one who earns a diadem  
Is she who makes good pie.

Of those with face and form most fair  
Let weaklings mope and sigh,  
But strong men worship at the feet  
Of her who makes good pie.

Sing not of moonbeams stealing,  
Sing not of glam'rous eye;  
Sing anthems of the woman  
Who makes a darn good pie.

O hungry human mortals,  
Who shrivel up and die,  
May heaven's pantry hold for you  
A piece of her good pie.

When all my earthly chores are done  
I'll spread my wings and fly  
To realms celestial where, I'm told,  
They only make good pie.

I'll stroll thro' fields elysian,  
In that happy "bye and bye",  
Singing sweetly songs of gladness,  
Telling of HER "serumptious" pie.

*W. G. Hay.*

Dedicated to Mrs. Merrill.

## DE SCHOOL OF BEAUX ARTS

I see many school, as I pass on de worl'  
From Kebeek to —— some place far away,  
But dere's none, I am shure, got such fine boy an' girl  
As de wan dey was call O. C. A.

It's fonny de way dey was dress on dat school,  
Wit' som't'ing lak long chemise gown—  
Was cover wit' paint off de brush,—mak' me t'ink  
Mus' be coat los' by Joseph was foun'.

De Boss of de school was beeg artis' man—  
Dey call heem by name Fred S. Haines—  
He lak paint on de farm w'ere dere's horse an' som' sheep,  
No matter sun shines or it rains.

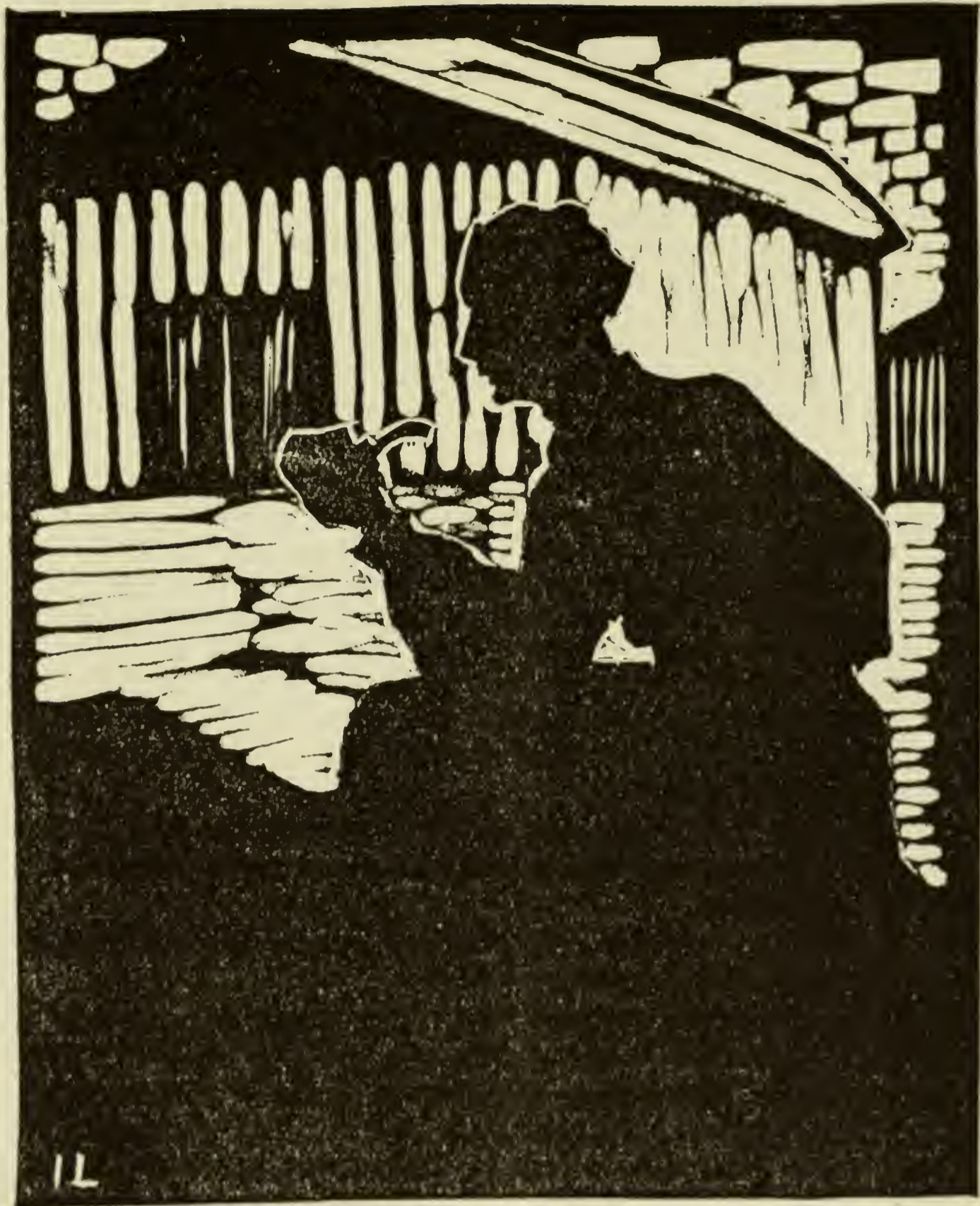
He paint picture of cow—was stan' on de fiel'—  
Wit' couple of tree near de fence,  
An' chicken near barn scratchin' groun' wit' hees heel—  
Lak hens always do—got no sense.

Dey tell me he sell dat—Five hunder doll-ar,  
Maudit! I can't help but laff;  
I sell heem real cow for—jus' seventy-five,—  
An' mebbe on Spring she have calf.

*W. G. Hay.*



PAULINE REDSELL.



ISABEL LYON.

# Parties

ONCE again we find the familiar Bohemian party being the first event of the social season of this school. How fitting the temperament of the students of the college! Once again the exhilarating preparations, the pots, the paints, the posters, and then—the party. The party—our old friends the Pierres, the Pedros, and Barnacle Bills, the Trilbys, Tessies and Carmencitas. Unusually good was the skit put on at this party by the first-year students—something in the nature of a parody on Carmen! It was admirably executed, with much *éclat*, and received with much gusto. The decorations—the usual posters, describing incidents of the gay Parisian life, advertising famous people and famous places; the posters just a little better than usual—shall we add, just a little more artistic? A good crowd, a good orchestra, a good spirit and a good time. Need we say more?

We skip a few months, the snow comes, and also Santa Claus, to the children's party where are gathered the more youthful-minded of the college. They dance around the Christmas tree whose tip reaches the ceiling; they bump into other youngsters with kiddy cars, they skip, sing and dance, and give humorous skits, humorously received. Some of the children arrive in perambulators. They, too, want to join in the fun. Good old Santa gives out the presents to the awaiting children, who dash off and enjoy themselves with a spirit that only the approach of a joyous season can give. Truly the most carefree informal party of the year and really the most enjoyable.

Not in years had there been so much preparation and forethought spent in the planning of a party, and as a result there emerged a rather successful masquerade.

NEO-AEON — a name a bit puzzling to most, but different enough to make it appreciably interesting and new.

The decorations and settings were highly successful, not only in the ballroom but also in the halls, the entrance, and the first year room.

No haphazard undertaking this, but a carefully planned and carefully executed problem. For the first time in some years, the student body as a whole were able to help in the preparations for the party.

Again, the few last items to be taken care of before one could say, "Voilà! and now for the dance."

A few words about the decorations. The orchestra stand was transformed into a machine consisting of several huge cog-wheels and one revolving wheel that glinted as it revolved in the spot light. The members of the band were placed on different levels, adding to the originality of the design. The walls of the ball room were decorated with a design that suited to perfection the idea associated with the ball—huge "Neo-Aeonistic" heads and pattern. An indirect lighting system was installed along the top of the walls which shed an eerie light on walls and revellers.

The upstairs hall was romantically dark, lighted by Saturn at one end and by a corona of the sun at the other. What a delightful place it was to sit out or rest between dances.

The entrance to the College was an achievement embodying successfully the spirit of the party expressed in a fitting motif. In rhythmic array were patterned figures of the new era—a suitable prelude to what met the eye later.

Camera men were everywhere, taking pictures of everything and everyone, and there were countless reporters asking strange questions.

The outstanding achievement of this year's masquerade was the broadcasting of the event to an awaiting, or maybe unsuspecting, world. CFCA described at length the costumes, people, decorations, tit-bits of interest, and the grand march. What a triumph for the Ontario College of Art!

Have we mentioned the costumes? Some of the costumes were very good and some very original; but, for an art school, should they have been just a little more interesting and variegated?

To sum up, it appears that a greater individual interest was shown in the social events of this year than in the parties of the last few years, and it leads one to hope that this healthy interest will be maintained by the student body.

*John Kopacsi.*



E. FURNESS.



SYLVIA HAHN.



FRANCES NEIL.

## AFTER THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW

Ah! when Polichinelle is dead,  
His antics stopped by tightened wire,  
Then no one sobs, for all eyes sear  
The florid candied-apple man;

And some stroll off a bit ahead  
To watch the corn pop on the fire  
And gaze at sugar tinted pink  
And lemon syrup for to drink.

So Punch and I are left alone  
After a dozen curtain-calls;  
I with a fist of sullen strings,  
And boxes full of wooden things.

The chairs pushed back, the crowd is gone,  
And all my merry little dolls  
Have staggered back with aching head  
And crumpled on the floorboards, dead.

*Elizabeth Holland.*

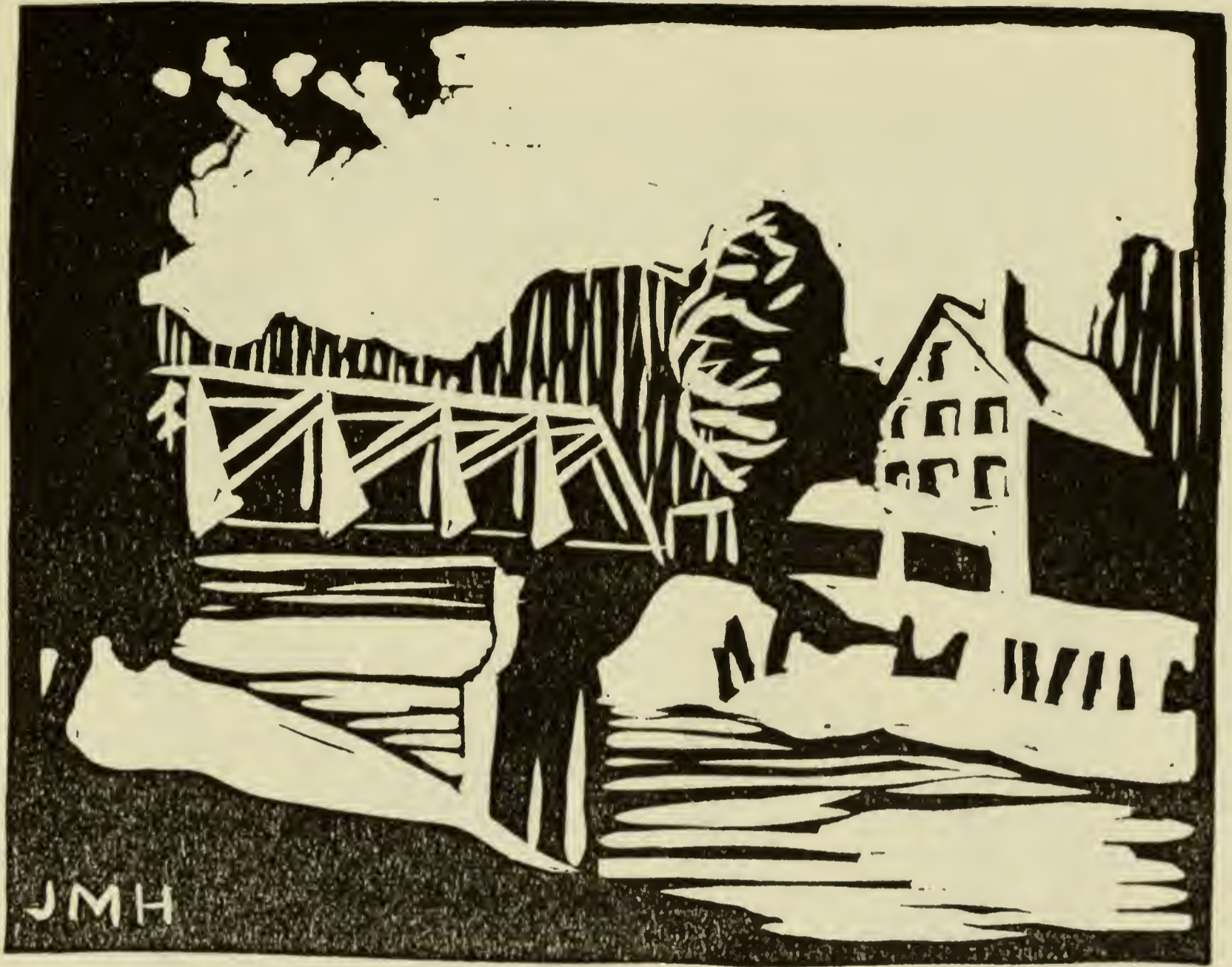
## PAINT RAG

*(With apologies to whoever it was that wrote the original)*

I once had a beautiful rag, dears,  
The only one I had in the world,  
Though its colour was not very white, dears,  
And the edges were much frayed and curled.  
But I lost my dear little rag, dears,  
As I painted the heath one day.  
I looked for it more than a week, dears,  
But I never could find where it lay.

I found my dear little rag, dears,  
As I painted the heath one day.  
Folks says it is terribly changed, dears,  
And the paint is all washed away,  
And it's half eaten up by the cows, dears,  
And the ends aren't the least bit curled,  
But for old sake's sake it is still, dears,  
The usefulest rag in the world.

*Frances B. Neil.*



JOICEY HORNE.

# Antics

A play in one act.

Time—Monday morning on any Sunday in 1933.

Place—Antique room.

## SCENE I.

*A faint glimmer of daylight oozes through the high north windows and trickles down the ticklish side of the white casts that stand shivering gloomily in hectic disorder—and very little else. A patter of feet is heard in the hall. Enter on the left a Dashing Virginian with thunder. He wanders amid the casts and finally settles with his drawing-board in front of The Slave. He draws three lines dreamily, then strikes the same pose as his model.*

Curtain slowly.

## SCENE II.

*One hour later.*

*Same as Sc. 1 but lighter.*

*Curtain rises revealing the Dashing Virginian and Slave still doing the mirror act.*

*A sound of kicking on the door. Bell rings. Kicking increases until the door bursts open.*

*Enter suddenly Freda Johnston and Doris Gillespie.*

*Doris Gillespie—Hello, Freda.*

*Freda—Oh, Doris, I had such a lovely Sunday. (She hums an Ave Maria while she sets directly to work). What Group are you doing?*

*Doris—This Madonna. I think I've got the Movement quite well. (Enter right Mr. Murphy). Oh, Mr. Murphy, do you think . . . . (They go into consultation, and the monotone of Mr. Murphy's criticism continues in the background throughout the play).*

*Mr. Murphy—Well, there's an edge there that would be rather pleasant to find . . . .*

## SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter Ernie Hunt in his shirt sleeves. He moves quickly around the room, tosses all the chairs in one corner, hangs all the casts on the ceiling, then puts the pole-sitters on their pedestals. Returns and gathers three feet, one hand, two skulls, three noses, one eye and a frown together. In a mournful voice:*

*Only God can make a tree.*

*Enter Herb Black.*

*Herb—C'mon Ernie. Exeunt for a cigarette.*



FRANK FOG.

SCENE IV.

*The same.*

*Enter other members of the class in a Monday morning fog. They all start hunting their casts.*

*Mary Beemer and Connie Dalton both grab the Discobolus.*

*Mary Beemer—(pulling his head) I started it last Friday.*

*Connie Dalton—(pulling his leg) I started it three weeks ago.*

*Enter from Fire Exit Ralph Blaber on the run. He gathers three skulls together with a purpose and starts immediately to draw them with knit brows.*

*Betty Gurd—(swinging Hercules by the ear)—Come here, Here. What are you doing, Dora?*

*Dora Snell—Horse's neck. Come on and work over here . . . . Did you hear the Rabbi yesterday?*

*Betty Gurd—Yes. He spoke on the brotherhood of man for humanity's sake.*

*Dora Snell—That's a sound idea. Why drag a Deity into it?*

*Two Oxford Groupers—(In one voice)—But Betty—But Dora—*

*Mr. Murphy—Not quite so full . . . . some very usable stuff . . . .*

*One O. G.—You don't do it for man's sake. You'd be so much happier if you'd work for God's sake, and live for God's sake, and do everything for God's sake.*

*Mr. Murphy—Stop talking—for God's sake.*

*(An awed expression on every face, an odd silence on every tongue. Venus hides her face in her hands. All resume work).*

*Enter Peggy Neale for comic relief. Taking Caesar's bust out of her pocket:*

*Peggy Neale—I took my cast home with me so I'd be sure to get it because an apple a day is worth two in the bush.*

*Enter on horseback Montie Webster with the monocle and the gout.*

*Montie—Where's Nora? Where's Nero? (Trots around saying hello to everybody and sets to work on the Boy with the Scandal.)*

*Mr. Murphy—. . . . don't lose anything you've got there . . . .*

*Montie—Well, if there is a war, I'm going to the North Pole on a toboggan.*

*Dott Sweezy—Don't forget to take a book from the Owl Drug Store and May West.*

*Eileen Bickford—I can just picture you on a toboggan with May West and a can of beans.*

*Mr. Murphy—. . . . stay in the same position . . . .*

SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Front stage, Dashing Virginian asleep by the radiator. Enter Nora Bowie.*

*Nora Bowie—(perching on the Victory) Wake up, John. It's time to go to the Imperial. (Leaving the Victory and passing an arm around the Dying Gaul with undying gall) Montie, darling, the dogs ate your orchids.*



GRACE BRYMNER.

*Exeunt Nora and the Dashing Virginian.*

*The hum of conversation continues with the criticism intermittently audible.*

*Margaret Raw*—What time is it, Terry?

*Mr. Murphy*— . . . . it's worth taking a run down to New York to see sometime . . . .

Conversation— . . . Who broke my charcoal? . . . Oh, the smell of that Fixatif . . . Open the window . . . Close the window . . . What time is it? . . . Hey, Granny, what makes your hair so red? . . . This is a mess . . . Simply gorgeous, my dear . . . What time is it? . . . usable stuff . . . What time is it?

(Curtain)

### WOULD YOU?

She's sketching at Port Hope.

She would.

He drives by.

He would.

She drops her palette.

She would.

He notices her plight.

He would.

They stroll through Archer's woods.

They would.

He puts his arm around her.

He would.

She snuggles closer.

She would.

They sit by the old dam.

They would.

She likes old dams.

She would.

They neck.

They would.

Mr. Beatty catches them.

He would.

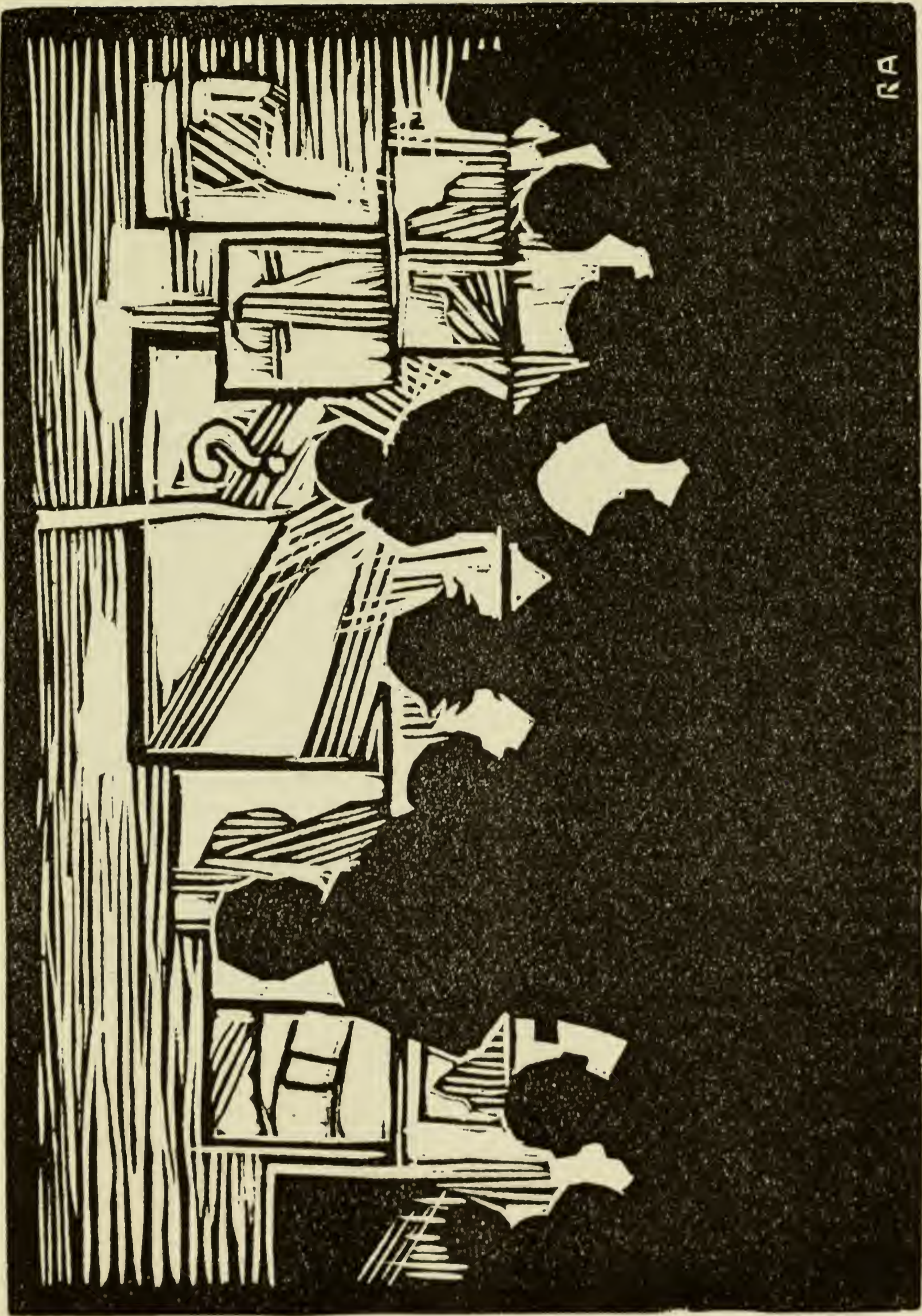
Do you want to know the rest?

You would.

*A.E.C.H.*

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Tossing still-life to and fro,  
Active, agile, Joe and Gio.



RA

ROY AUSTIN.

## Aspirations

WHEN I'm the editor of the *Tangent* I'm going to print all the stories on cellophane so the people can see through them and I'm going to put blank pages in the middle for the people who can't read and I'm going to put all the poetry at the end because it says in the Good Book that "the last shall be versed"—and it's always a good policy to go "from bad to versed." I'm going to put the pictures where the reading is and the reading where the pictures are because it's much easier to make cutting remarks than cutting pictures. I'm going to put the cover in the middle so the people who boast about reading a book from cover to cover will be fooled and I'm not going to have any advertisements because they're only about paints and brushes and Colliers and Cavallos, but I'll put a little microphone in each so we can hear all about interesting things like tooth-paste and cigars and a nickel back on every glass.

I'm going to have continued stories so you'll all have to buy a copy next year and at the end I'm going to write "finis" because that always looks so final. I think I'll print the same thing on both sides of the page for the convenience of people reading in street cars and print some of the pages upside down for the people who have to stand up (but perhaps I won't print anything at all so that people can draw their own conclusions). I'm going to print it with great big spaces so you can read between the lines and put a period at the beginning of a sentence instead of the end, because that looks so subtle. I'm not going to put anything in by the Interior Decorators because they're in a class by themselves, but I'll let Mr. Haines do all he likes for the principal of the thing.

When I'm the principal of the school, I'm going to pay everybody to come to school and I'm going to build it outside instead of inside because the air seems so much fresher. I'm not going to have any perspective because I never could see eye to eye with anybody but I'm going to make everybody lecture-conscious because I was always fond of that quotation, "Lecture conscience be your guide." I'm going to put the teachers and pupils in separate rooms so they won't interfere and I'm going to have everybody register when they're not here so I won't have such long lists to read.

I'm going to make my brother the president because he's so good-looking—but on second thought, I think I'll give myself the job, and I'm going to make everybody else the vice-president because everyone wants to run the school their own way anyway. I'm going to have the Friday night suppers on Thursday because that's so different and I'm not going to ask any speakers—I'm going to let the suppers speak for themselves.

*Grace S. Brymner.*

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Gay and cheerful, never lax,  
Jaunty Monty, christened Max.



CLEEVE HORNE.

## MR. SHIRLEY

He's a funny sort of lad; he is neither good nor bad:  
There are many such, in life's great Hurly Burly.  
But I think, upon the whole, he's a really good old soul.  
"Lets be 'appy" is the role—OF MISTER SHIRLEY.

He is not afraid of work; and we never see him shirk,  
For he's always on the job, both late and early.  
He has quite a lot to do, but he always sees it through;  
Makes us feel like working too,—DOES MISTER SHIRLEY.

First he has to start the fire, and perhaps to fix a wire,  
Then he brushes down his hair so thick and curly  
And goes out to shovel snow, and to shine the brass just so;  
He's particular, you know,—IS MISTER SHIRLEY.

Then he goes and gets his broom, and he cleans up every room  
And tidies them for every boy and girlie;  
For he seems to know just where to put every desk and chair;  
Oh, I tell you folks, he's there,—OUR MISTER SHIRLEY.

Next he mixes up the clay, in the middle of the day;  
—A job that takes a fellow strong and burly.  
In the afternoon, I think that he cleans the stove and sink;  
Then he brings us tea to drink,—GOOD MISTER SHIRLEY.

When he isn't cleaning schools, he's a handy lad with tools,  
And he likes to work among the shavings curly.  
But he never makes a muss when he does a job for us;  
He's a very careful cuss,— THIS MISTER SHIRLEY.

There are things that might annoy, but he is a tactful boy,  
And we never find him cranky, mean or churly.  
He does nobody a wrong, as he plugs his way along.  
Life's a very cheerful song—TO MISTER SHIRLEY.

And when I come to die, I will drift up to the sky  
And I'll *wangle* through the Gates so bright and pearly.  
There, among the Heavenly Host, with his back against a post,  
I shall surely find the ghost—OF MISTER SHIRLEY.

*W. M. Mounfield.*

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Whistling soft, singing low,  
Husky-voiced, crooning Jo.



MARAZ.



AL COLLIER.



BRUNO CAVALLO.



GEORGE DALY.

A pun on her tongue, a smile on her face,  
A laugh in the corridor—echoes of Grace.

Reputed fiddler is our Ed.  
Boy, oh boy, is my face red?

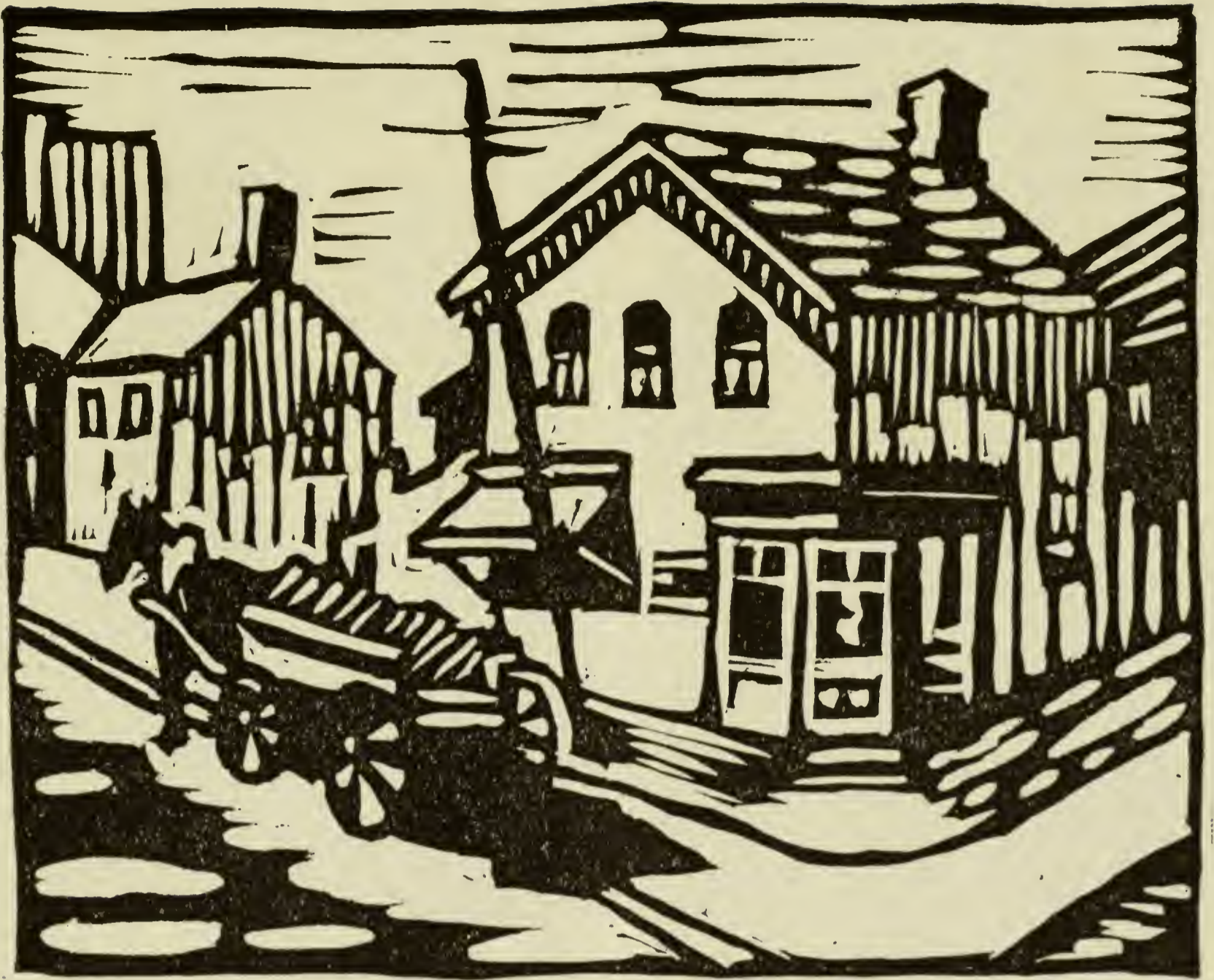
Golden hair and comely mug.  
Debonair, athletic Doug.

There's one name I'd like to forge  
On all my drawings. It is George.

#### AN ATOMY

When it's dark on the deltoid,  
O soleus meo!  
With parlour-maid's patella  
To my lady I will go.  
I'll offer my trapezius  
To shoulder all the blame,  
With contracted sterno-mastoid  
I shall utter forth her name.  
I'll buccinator masseter  
And bite her little ear,  
I'll make an awful ass of her  
With a zygomatic sneer—  
I'll hit her on the cranium  
And knock her for a row—  
I'll say "I've had enough of you,  
You little so-and-so."

*Brymner and Snell.*



BARBAR CRUICSHANK.

# The Dolls That Wanted to Play

*(The following lines were suggested by one of the Ontario College of Art Masquerades)*

ONCE upon a time, in the corner of a deserted castle's high walled room, there lay the two most beautiful dolls in the world, with tears in their painted eyes. Years earlier, soldiers had vanquished the people who had lived there, and now, by a crumbling wall the dolls lay outstretched and forlorn. They were forever wanting to play with children of men. In this way many days passed.

Later, on an afternoon, a crash was heard: a section of the wall, weakened by Time which destroys all things of the earth, had given way and toppled to the deep moat far below. The sun in a stream of light and the warm breeze came in, both wishing to dry the tears in the dolls' eyes. As they gently brushed away the dust that had formed upon them, an adventurous spider poked its head through a cleft in the wall. It watched the dolls for a moment and saw how sad they were. Impulsively it decided to stay with them. The spider then spun a fine silken home above them. Through all this kindness, the dolls kept sobbing bitterly. How unhappy they were!





One bright and early morning the wise spider had an idea. It stopped the breeze as it went out of the room and said:

“Dear kind Breeze. I grieve to see how lonesome our two little comrades are, these long, long days. Surely, O wondrous cool Wind that carries the fragrance of flowers with kindlier thoughts to the houses of the people of the earth, you could ask the all-wise Rish, the mountain that looks over the world, to help them. Are you not the one who cools his brow when the hot sun beats upon it, and brings him tidings of things that happen? I, so late as yesterday, heard one of the dolls say: “How wonderful ’t would be to walk like the most fair prince that once made us. Then we could go away and play with children. As you know, that is what we are for.”

“So the dolls want to play, and wish to walk . . . I’ll try. Good day to you.” And away the Breeze went whistling out of the room. It darted across many miles of the world, and after crossing many countries, hurried up the side of lofty Rish. The Breeze then whirled around him as he saw the smile of welcome. It was very warm, and on a hot day it is pleasant to feel the wind on one’s face.

Softly the Breeze whispered the story of the two dolls, and asked him to help them. And Rish nodded and murmured:

“That is a problem. Let me think . . . .” The Mountain bent its head and pondered for a moment. Huge boulders and rocks came rolling down its side, which made the people of the land wonder. Seeing this it quickly raised its head, and continued to say: “Take a few grains of the deep red sand from the top of my left shoulder and sprinkle it upon the dolls. That will make them happy, and they will be able to walk. But remember to tell them that they will again become dolls with the dawn of the morning.”

The Breeze thanked him, then picked up the sands, and away it went, back to the forgotten castle with its crumbling walls. In its hurry the trees bent over and big waves roared over the ocean to greet the wind.

Then it came into the room. It sprinkled the red sand upon the two dolls, and behold! They moved. The Spider and the Breeze laughed and were happy as they watched the dolls walk and dance around the room. How wonderously dressed and beautiful they were! So much gold and blue and red.

They were warned by the breeze that they would be able to walk but until the dawn, and that one wish was granted them. The doll-boy wished to make children happy, but being polite as he should be, turned to the pretty doll beside him saying:

“Lovely doll, you wish.”

And the doll-girl, knowing how pretty she was, answered: “We have been sad for such a long time: I wish to be among the happiest people in the whole world.”

Then the lights went out. The wind shrieked and moaned. The walls shook. And then silence. The two dolls clung to each other and hid their faces in fear.

The air suddenly grew warm. A tinkle of music was heard. The dolls opened their eyes, and found themselves in a room where many people in most fantastic costumes were dancing. The dolls were dressed like the people, in their colored clothes of the times gone by.

They looked at the couples about them, and thought how happy they were. But such queer-mannered folk! So unlike those they had known.

The bright-eyed doll-girl was swept happily away with the dancers. She listened to their flattery and kind words and smiled. When she did, it was beautiful to see.

The boy doll was also drawn into the dance, but everything he saw seemed as if in a dream. Everything had come upon him so suddenly. He marveled at the people about him, at the riot of color, at all the smiling faces, and at all the graceful and lovely girls who danced with him. “How happy the people of the world must be”, he thought. It made him a bit sad for he wanted to make the people happy himself.

To the dancers it was a time-remembered affair. But like most glorious happenings, it soon came to an end. The people began to leave. The dolls wondered why.

Slowly they wandered hand in hand, through the deserted hall and into the street. Into an old street with gray houses.

In the dimly illuminated darkness before dawn no one saw two peculiarly costumed figures slowly walking through the section of a city where many houses stood. And many houses mean children. The dolls talked, and wondered, and dreamt, as humans might. Everything was adventure.

A ray of light then fell over their faces and a strange uneasiness came over them. They stopped below some tall trees and looked at each other for a moment, and then kissed as they had seen other people do . . .

Early that morning, in a part of the city where many children play, lay two dolls, beautifully dressed, in the grass. Their eyes were wide open as they gazed at the playful sun.

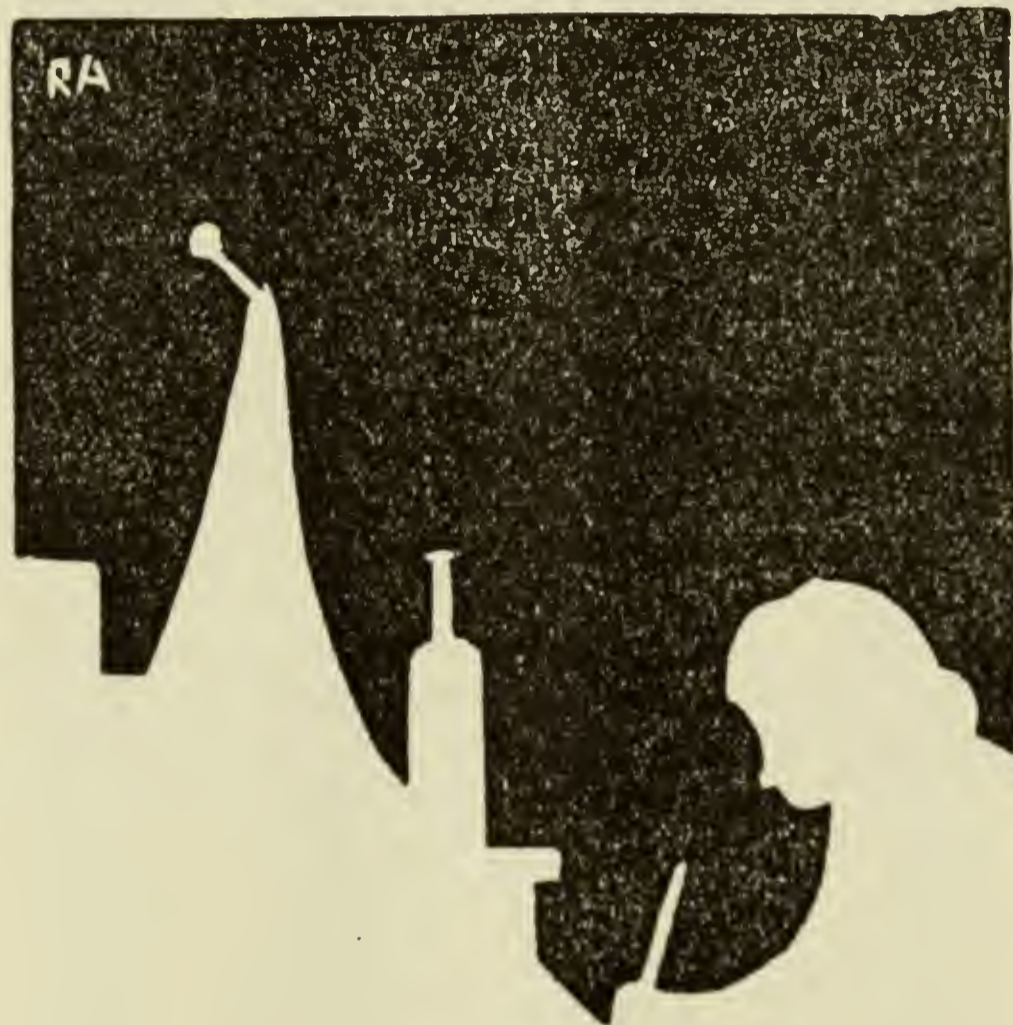
And later children began to play there. Soon a little girl came upon them, and cried out to her friends:

“Oh girls! See what I’ve found.”

What a merry scramble! And the dolls lived happily, afterwards.

THE END.

*N. Pelletier, 1927.*



ROY AUSTIN.

## A Serenade

SOMEHOW, when I hear the word, I think of a plump cook in a pink kimona, standing on the balcony; and, over the tom-cat's war-cry, a swooping tenor solo is going on. The cook is very pleased about it all. Her first husband didn't court so fine. 'He jest ups and says, "Mary, will yuh?"', and she, very much admiring his pun, collapsed on his shoulder. This one has been gardener, though, for a man who taught singing and, as such, who could be better expected to show talent in genteel matters? He has found a one-stringed mandolin, and swallowed a cough-drop whole, and now the moon and the warrior cats stand still and round-faced in wonder.

And oh, the heart that makes the pink kimona tremble, and the rosy hands damp with emotion! And oh, the annoyance to all, when the master's limousine crackles home over the grand drive-way and serenader and lady disappear!

*Elizabeth Holland.*

The bones of my cottage are clacking together;  
It sighs and it chokes in the mid-winter wind.  
It is old, and it cringes from inclement weather—  
And the gale from the ocean has never been kind.

But oh, for the ships with their endless night-creaking!  
And oh, for the fog one can scoop with a spoon,  
And the salt and the fish in the murky air reeking  
And the roar of the waves in their own frantic tune!

Tonight on the sand of the land-below-water  
The castle is throbbing with voices inside  
At the wedding tonight of the king's only daughter  
And the warriors are shouting and cheering the bride.

So the wind comes and screams like a guest uninvited  
And joggles my rafters and beats on my door  
Like a silly old man, full of malice and slighted,  
But the bride hears the song of the waves—nothing more.

*Elizabeth Holland.*

---

Paint on her face, murmurs of "Hell"—  
Still life goes on—murdered by Snell.



ELIZABETH WILKES.

## NUNG

Blood-shot eyes has he  
And moss upon his tongue,  
Not what he used to be  
When he was yongue.

Aged in the wood is he  
And leathery of lung,  
Enjoying to the full is he  
Some good, clean fung.

*Grace S. Brymner.*

Dark brown hair and checked brown sleeve,  
Where he can't Horne in, he'll Cleeve.

Bold and blustery, scarcely coy,  
Horsepower, Baby Austin Roy.

## Vignettes from Northern Ontario

**B**LUE, blue water, irridescent with gold, sways, whirls and plays tag with the rocks. It pounds and piles high against the rugged pink cliffs and leaves the blue-green pines dripping with topaz glitter. The wind whips the spray into a sparkling mist of jewels through which the gulls, screaming with excitement, dive and swoop and pirouette in utter abandon. And I, a mere mortal, race to the cliff top, throw myself face down, dive my hands deep into the crisp grey moss, crunching it between my fingers. I press my burning cheeks against the cool, moist rock, all relaxed, drunk with happiness.

\* \* \* \*

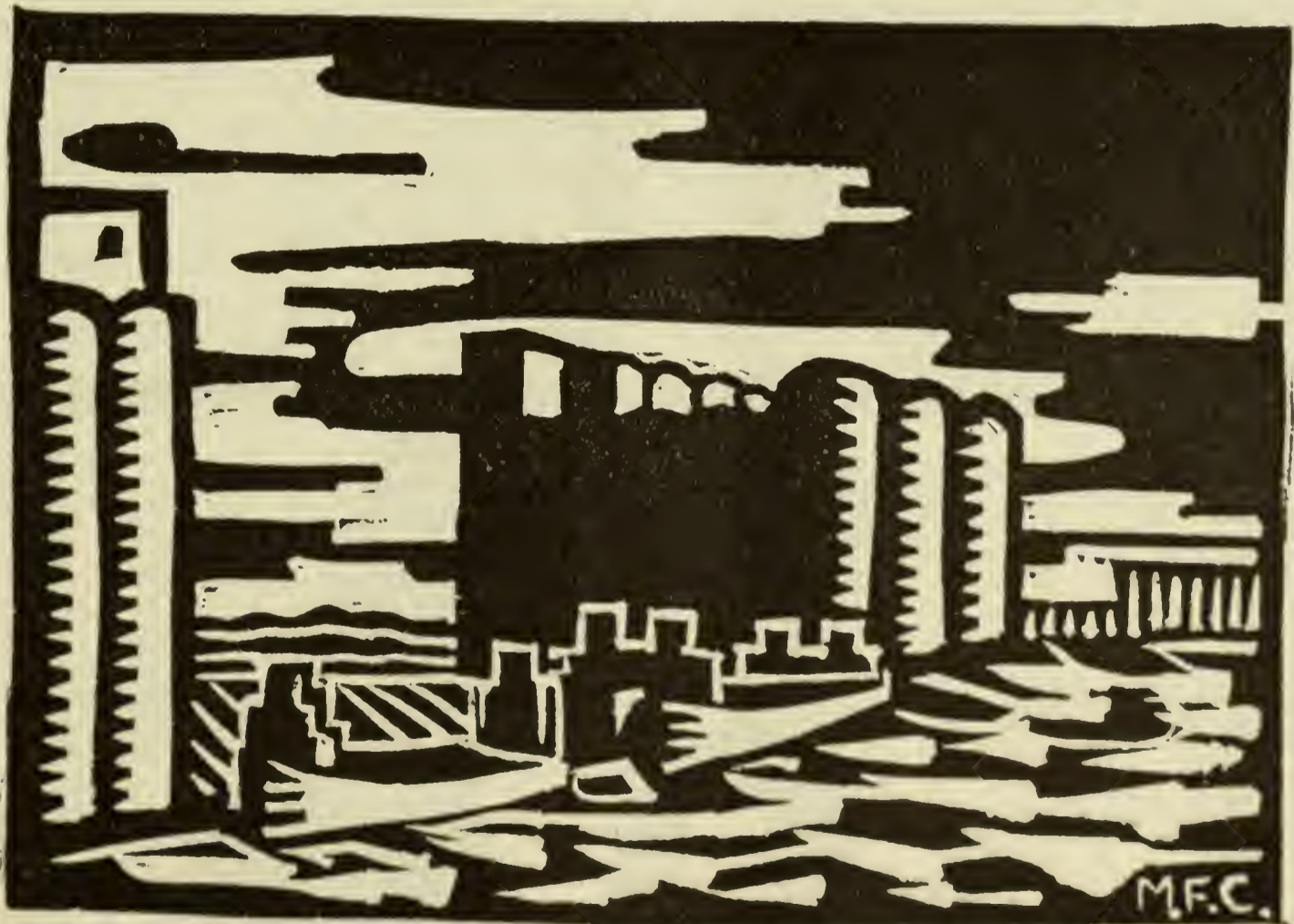
Till the sun goes down he sits in front of his weather-beaten house, his captain's hat in his hands, his white hair gently ruffled in the wind. Complete contentment makes the corners of his mouth twinkle and his blue eyes caress the world about him. For sixty years he has lived in that spot of northland. He came there at the time of the big silver rush, he guarded the company's property when his comrades were gone, lighted passing ships in safety at night, watched the temperamental old lake in all its moods and saw it swallow up the buildings too near its hungry edge. Now he is old and cuddles a dear little grandchild to his side. Once they inveigled him into taking a trip to California but soon he was back. "Ther' wasn't nothing to see there."

“Let’s call on Lizzie.” Here she comes in her starched blue cotton dress, her hair in a tight bun at the back of her head. “Well, well,—did I never! Come in! Come in! Now you’ll have some buttermilk. Yes’m, I churn. My new blue curtains and, yes’m, I just calsomined them walls myself to match. Come and see where we built on a room for me boy. Have some cake—a big one! My men will eat it all up to-night. Come and see my little ’ot ’ouse. Yes’m, I am growing a cactus and a rooster’s comb and do see my cucumber. Down this way—my two pigs. They is nice but my lazy men won’t carry the feed for ’em. And here is my own little cow. I raised her meself—see, Daisy knows me. Now don’t you think I should be happy, Ma’m—with a home, enough ’to eat, my two men, my pigs, my ’ot ’ouse, and my cow? You must go? Come again! How you kids do grow! Well—here’s a pail of fresh absolutely cow milk. Yes Ma’m.” So we drive merrily on, up and down the hills—the milk slopping at every bump. “Don’t you think Lizzie is terribly funny?” “Yes, but after the first thousand years.”

\* \* \* \*

Early morning—God’s gorgeous stage is ready to present the day. The storm clouds are broken. They hang all purple and feathery above. The red-gold sun has streaked the east and tipped every wave. To the west tall elevators guard the sleeping town in quiet dignity. Light-footed deck hands are running back and forth, quietly placing ropes. “Wake up—wake up! We’re nearly home!”

*Mary F. Cameron.*



MARY F. CAMERON.

## Pro Colliero

Al Al Collier Collier alias Simon Legree  
Broke this news to his mother when he was only three.  
Al Al said to his mother, 'Mother', he said, said he,  
'I must depart for the College of Art and be a celebrity.'

He crept upstairs to his father's dresser, penitent tears in his eyes,  
And took therefrom armful and armful of lovely majenta ties.  
'Aha', said he gaily—wicked young Alan—'won't Daddy get a surprise?'  
Then he packed up his suit-ease, and left his dear mother, trembling with  
tearful sighs.

There was much rejoicing in Toronto when Al arrived from the west.  
The mayor and aldermen gave him a party, dressed in their Sunday best.  
The governor-general sent his excuses—a cold on his knightly chest.  
Poor Al—all those speeches in his honour—said 'Pooh! fame's becoming  
a pest.'

Four years rolled by, with occasional oilings, over the hero's head  
And near drew the time when this tender young blossom must dally at  
earning his bread.  
As a sideline the college then humbly offered to make him its honoured head  
But with modest blushes he asked to make speeches at Friday suppers  
instead.

Oh! great were the deeds of the noble Alan and much were the poets paid  
To tell the mere mortals of his doings, lest time should his glory fade,  
And cut thousands of pictures of Alan our darling—alas! they were all  
mislaid,  
And so we will end with a cut of the skit from 'Bohemian Masquerade.'

*W. Jackson Fog.*





! WHERE  
THERE'S ART  
THERE'S  
! STILL-LIFE !

LANGLEY DONGES.

## A Merry Howell

ONCE upon a time, to the great metropolis of HAMILTON, there descended like a FALCON, a shy SCOTT by the name of ALFSEN CARMICHAEL O'LEARY. Poor fellow, he was very GREEN, being newly out from HOLLAND, and his knowledge of the LAW was limited.

One day, becoming lost in a BLACK FOG, he ran into one of the GUARD, and blowing LOWDEN CLAIRE on his tin HORNE, he landed him one on the BEEMER.

"HAY, HAY," said the GUARD, "I KINNEAR you. Stop that noise or I'll HARRON officer after you and he will FRYER or BOYLE you in OILLE!"

"You are LYON," said the ARMSTRONG SCOTT, "and I'll SHIRLEY CHALLONER to a duel if you do, and TERRY to pieces."

"Oh, let's be friends and CLEEVE together," said the GUARD.

"Pooh, I think you have had a STEIN or two," said the SCOTT. "I can SNELL it on your BRETT."

DOT MARKS the end of part one.

### PART II

Now there was a young art student whom our BONNISTEEL SCOTT visited DALY, but he wanted to be SUTTON how SHEFFIELD herself before AUSTIN for her HAHN. At last he gathered his courage in his HAINES and set out to NEIL at her CRUICKSHANK. He BEATTY 'bout the bush awhile and finally said, "LUCAS in the eye, darling; let me COLLIER sweetheart? WILKES MURRAY me?"

"Oh, my DEWAR," said she, "DINSMORE sudden than I expected. Oh! what tangled WEBSTER unravel. IDA HELLER time back there for a while. I was nearly had up for em-BASIL-ment and then I'd have had to give you the AIRD."

But she finally straightened things out and consented on condition that they LIVESAY in MOUNFIELD or WINFIELD so they could BRYMNER family up properly.

So the poor man goes and MARAZ her and now he has to fix the FURNESS every morning and you should hear him NASH his teeth as his temper grows MOORE and MOORE PEPPER-y.

All of which COOMBES of marrying an artist.

LLOYD have MURPHY on them.

*Frances B. Neil.*



PAULINE REDSELL.



### CHILDREN OF THE SUNRISE

When the four short years are ended and the school has cast us forth  
And we are scattered far apart, to east and west and north  
And south, where Fate shall call us, till no two friends remain,  
Children of the Sunrise, shall we ever meet again?

Shall hands firm clasped in friendship, and eye that smiled to eye,  
And youth and love and beauty that pass away and die—  
Shall all these be forgotten, and the rapture and the pain?  
Children of the Sunrise, they will not return again.

The years will pass forever, but their memory will live,  
And the faith and inspiration and the knowledge that they give.  
And the beauty of the dawning and the glory of the day,  
Children of the Sunrise, they will never pass away.

*Sylvia Hahn.*



KENNETH BRANSTON.

They asked for an article  
To publish in the *Tangent*  
On Pottery, the Library,  
On anything!—'twas urgent.

So I sat down with furrowed brow,  
And tried to get together  
Some hefty thoughts on subject deep,  
On something else than weather.

But weather fills my thoughts—and shoes!  
I shiver, shake, and growl;  
I cuddle up close to the rad;  
Uh-huh, it's me: just Merry Howl!

*Mary Howell.*

## Grange Park for Children

GRANGE PARK has long been known as a cultural centre but it is only in the last two or three years that it has become the centre of a children's movement. The Art Gallery conducts classes in drawing for children of public school age every Saturday morning, with a special summer school, while at the University Settlement House the children of this neighbourhood have the opportunity of joining the Dramatics, Music, Pottery and Eurythmics classes.

Originality and freedom is the keynote of the work done at the Gallery under the direction of Mr. Arthur Lismer. About 600 children are enrolled and a large percentage of these turn up every Saturday. The teachers at the schools recommend the best pupils and, after passing an examination, they are accepted. These classes are completely free as are also the supplies used, so that the poorest boy or girl has a chance. The ages range from the younger ones of seven or eight, to the thirteen or fourteen year olds who do the more ambitious work. There are instructors in each class who criticize the drawings, rather than actually teach the children. The purpose of these classes is to set the child thinking, so that he may work out his own ideas.

The subject matter and medium are constantly changing, so that the boy or girl will not lose interest and will become acquainted with many materials and processes.

The work varies from drawing, water-colour, tempera, oil-paints to making lino cuts and printing fabrics. The children learn to model in clay and to carve in soap; they make posters of industrial subjects and they attempt large murals; they go to the Museum and make drawings of dinosaurs or Chinese gods.

Some are enthusiastic, some would rather be doing something else. But it is the way they go ahead with an idea without bothering to figure out detail that is most impressive. No slow dawdling and waiting at each step for the teacher to see it! In the summer classes held three mornings a week, the children are taken out-doors to draw trees and flowers, street scenes of the ancient houses in the 'Ward', industrial scenes from the tops of bridges; they go to the Zoo to draw polar bears and monkeys, cockatoos



and tigers. Then they make compositions of animals and trees in brilliant colour. There are special trips to commercial art firms and through printing presses, to become acquainted with the various processes.

Most of the children will not become artists, but they will have learned an appreciation of art and an interest in colour and composition which will be of great benefit to them as they grow older.

At the Settlement House the arts are more various. Madame Laserre has classes in Dalcroze Eurythmics and Solfège, which train the children in musical understanding through actual bodily expression and co-ordination, and in the development of musical sensitivity.

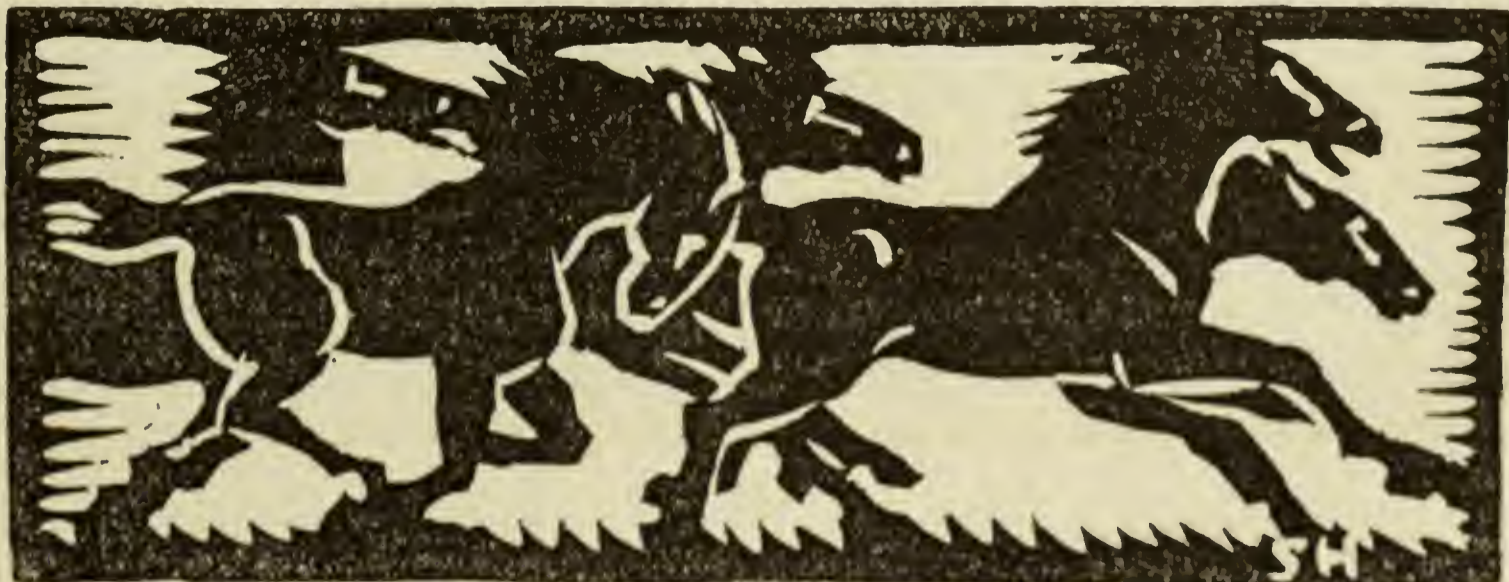
Miss Eugenia Berlin conducts a class in pottery in which the children make useful things such as ash-trays, book-ends and also imaginative pieces. These are afterwards glazed.

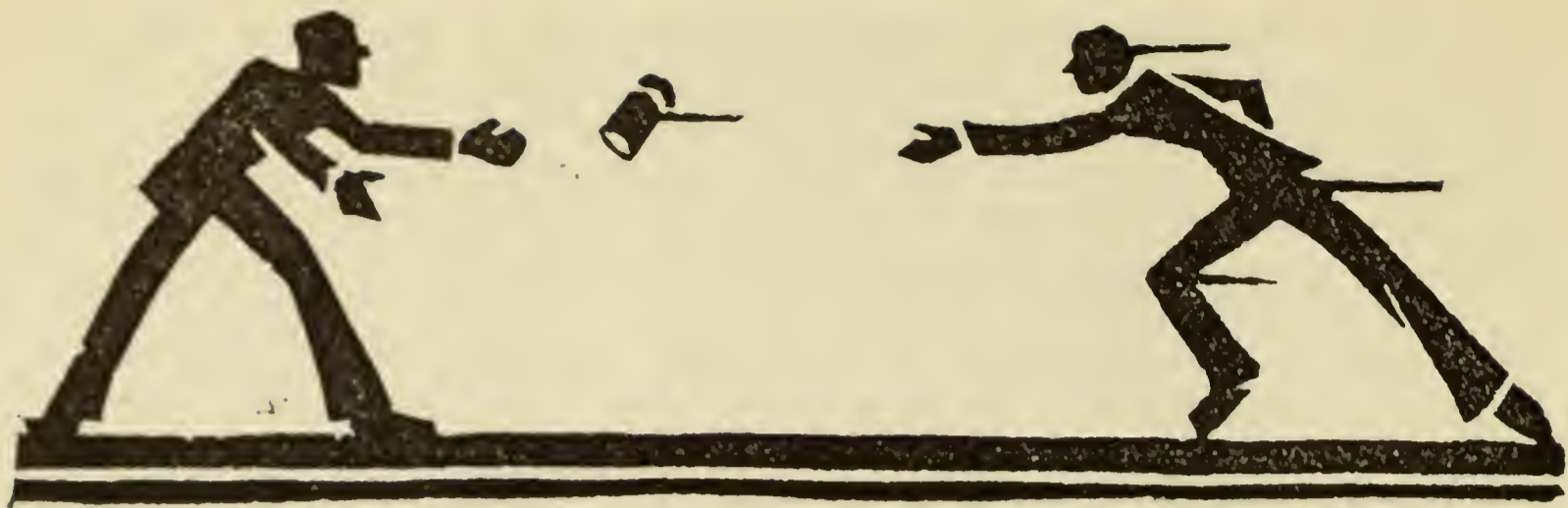
There are special teachers for music and singing. The children pay slight fees for piano lessons, and there are singing and dancing classes which join with the dramatic group in putting on concerts. They have a concert once a month, and, so far, these have included German, Old French, and the next one will be Early English, with costumes designed by the children. They also put on a play from the life of Handel, aided by the Senior Dramatic Group.

It is through the Little Theatre that the Settlement House is best known. Conducted by Miss Berlin and Miss Muriel Boyle, this work improves every year. There are rehearsals every Saturday, and the major production of the year is played at Hart House, one Saturday afternoon and evening.

This year 'Rumpelstiltskin', the play chosen, was surprising in its spontaneity and finish of the acting. The costumes were delightfully decorative, the stage sets in accordance with the whole. The leading part, the Miller's Daughter, was played by a girl with an extraordinarily beautiful and strong voice, and with fascinating facial expression. There was a complete lack of self-consciousness in the children's acting, and they seemed to get as much enjoyment out of the play as the audience felt artistic satisfaction.

This work, which is carried on by the Settlement, gives the children a chance for self-expression and an occupation for their Saturday afternoons far better than going to the movies. The club acts as a stimulus for aesthetic appreciation, and as a starting-point for any child of exceptional talent.





GEORGE DALY.

## Life

'TIS eight-thirty. Not a mouse is stirring in the halls. (It couldn't find a spoon, that's why.) All is quiet, when suddenly, shush! What is that? A click. 'Tis only Shirley opening the doors to let in the ambitious art students who do not throng outside, pushing and clamouring to get in. Poor Shirley! For the past thirty years he has been hoping and praying that some poor benighted heathen—'scuse me, I mean some fool art student—will be there waiting to welcome him as he swings back the majestic portals of O.C.A. Rah! rah!

Fifteen minutes have elapsed and that fool mouse hasn't found a spoon yet. When lo! hark ye! and any other modern expression! A shadow darkens the stoop. Again you are disappointed, or was it the mouse? I have it. It was Shirley. It is not an art student, but Mr. Beatty, and his thoughts are somewhat the same as those of the gentleman in the white coat. But no, there isn't one, no, not even half a one, not an art student in sight. Heaving a sigh, our instructor in the ways of life passes on.

On several occasions our hopes are raised only to be dashed down and tramped upon as some one enters who, we hope, is an art student, but 'tis only one of the staff. At last a personage does arrive. The Model. Good old Model! what would we do without you? Nothing, of course. The bewitching hour of nine arrives. About time it arrived. Just too bad if it was late. Some optimistic person rings a bell, calling all good students to work. Sorry, there aren't any, Mr. Hay.

Well, this fervor and excitement continues till, say nine-thirty, when actually there are half a dozen ambitious, extremely ambitious, art students at work. During this time, the model has had a rest, scratched himself twice, and shut a window. The room is beginning to fill up. In fact, about fifteen have signed '9—'. Activities are now beginning in earnest and that commotion peculiar to the Life class is in evidence.

"Hey! who has a sheet of charcoal paper?—Come on, you big stiff, give me a sheet—Jo-o-oe! give me a squeeze of white—Hey you! you're sitting on my palette—Get out of the way—Why don't you get here on

time?—Do *you*?—Carry him out, somebody—Damn your hips, I can't draw them—Let's go to China—Who posed this model, anyway?—Hey! open a window, it's enough to asphixiate a cat—Eddy, quit teasing me—I'll put red paint on your hair—What ya trying to do, Furness, imitate a Canadian sunset?—Is his face red?—Sorry Cleve, I haven't got any fixatif—Gee, that's nice, Sylvia—Where's its tail, Stewart?—Now that's a problem—Take a rest—Yes, sir, that bear was fully fifteen feet wide—I saw the duckiest hat at Eaton's—Pose, please—Get more form into it—No light on the dark side can be as light as the dark on the light side and vice versa. A dark in the light is lighter than a light in the dark, but then a light is better than no light at all, understand?—Oh yes, Mr. Beatty, it's quite plain that where I have lights I should be dark, and that blue isn't a colour—Open a window—Close the window, please—Take a rest—How do you make an arm hitch on to the shoulder?—Drive nails in it—That's a nice line—Yeah! Hang clothes on it—My girl likes me to draw for her when I go to see her—What do you draw?—Her closer—Throw him out—Who was that lady I saw you with last night?—Will somebody please strangle Grace?—Has everybody registered?—Pose, please—I hope you're learning something this morning, Langley—Oh yes, that I should be a butcher—Do you think I'm improving, Mr. Beatty?—Grrr!"

And so far into the morning, almost as far as eleven-thirty. The model is getting squirmy and wishes that that one persistent embyro artist would quit mussing paint around. At last the bell rings, and Clair stops and impatiently waits for one-thirty. And what of the other brush pushers? Oh, Mrs. Merrill is expertly taking care of them.

*R. Austin.*

Toast her beauty, have a shot,  
Raise your Stein and drink to Dot.

For this portrait, what's your bid?  
It's signed with the Marks of Sid.



FRANK FOG.

Art?  
What is art  
But Something within Man  
Which is a part  
Of God Himself:  
A clear light breaking  
Through the gloom  
Of mortal blindness;  
A yearning for a higher sphere  
Than of the world;  
That nameless sense  
Of pain-filled joy,  
Which makes feverish  
Each hour's delay?  
Stars of night, let your beams  
Of utter purity  
Inspire the soul of man to shine  
Through dark obscurity!  
Winds of heaven, fan the flames  
Of deep Desire,  
That they may burn within  
Like living fire!  
And, low-voiced whisper of the dark,  
When shadows fall  
Make clear the gropings of the mind  
To grasp It All.  
For art—  
What is art  
But Something within Man  
Which is a part  
Of God Himself.

*Zilla Detlor.*



LLOYD SCOTT.



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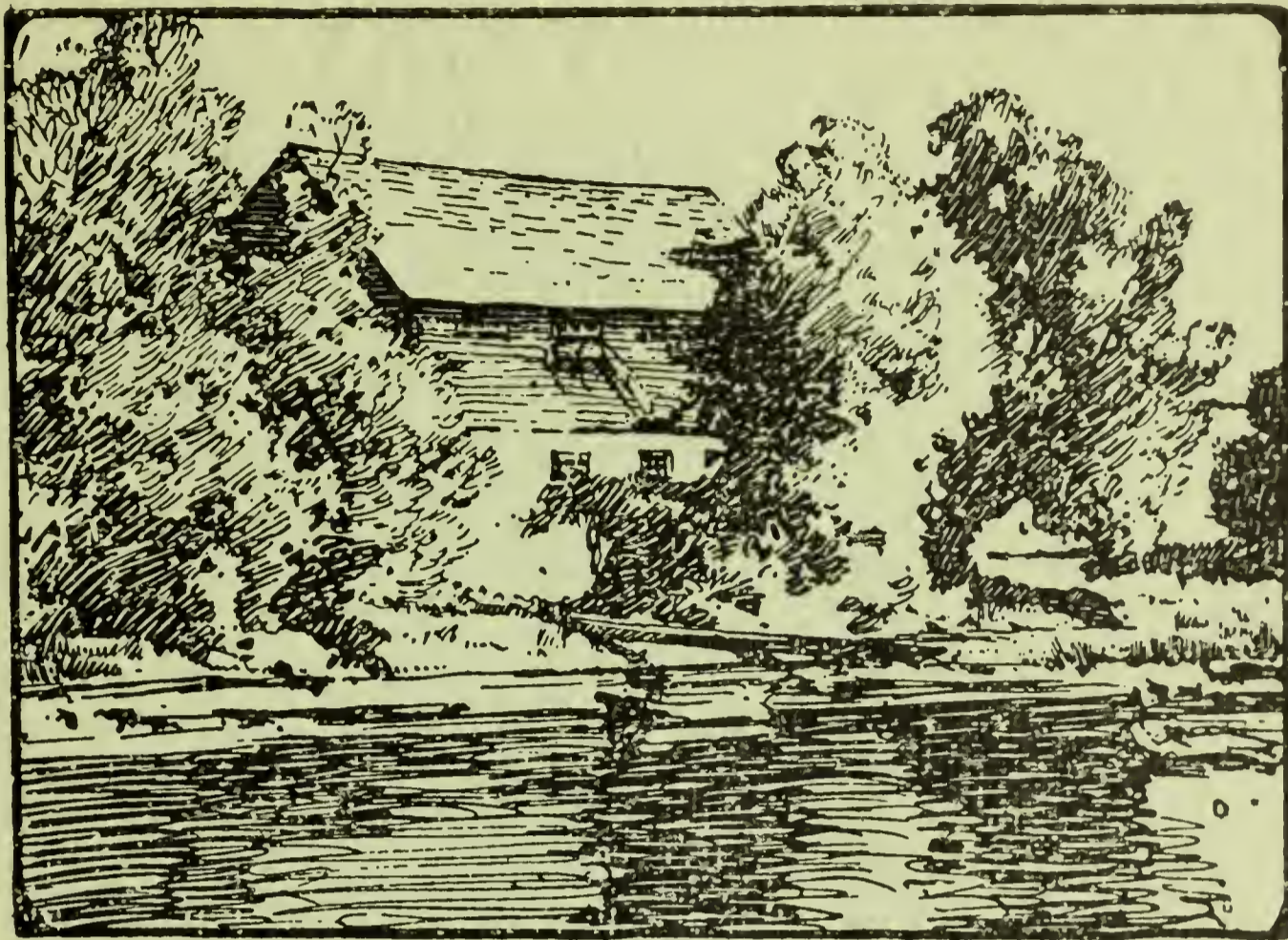
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