

P139 Fonds Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal

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V. 3. no 95 nov. 1895 -

(94)

A WOULD-BE VETERAN.

(a Comedy.)

THE VETERAN .

When I first met Kennedy he was not a Veteran, but a ~~young~~, full-chested, athletic young Englishman with bright eyes, perfect teeth, a hearty laugh and a famine-begetting appetite.

He had been born to Cricket & Foot-Ball rather than to Fortune, and Fate had landed him at 26 & Halifax. Here family influence had placed him in a Bank where he counted the hours and the money . He had the name of being honourable and hot-tempered - so far resembling both Brutus and Cassius.- and was unreservedly called a good fellow.

At the time of which I write we were thrown together in the chambers of a mutual friend called Grahame, and for several succeeding years renewed our intercourse in various places in the Lower Provinces where the Bank he served had Agencies. Acquaintance reopened into friendship, and the pleasure with which I began to look forward to meeting him was only forgotten in the ~~charm~~ charm of his wholesome company in long walks, drives, or fishing excursions when we got together.

Both of us were then young enough to understand what was amiss with the World and to be ready to prescribe remedies. We discussed many subjects - from trout-flies to Britains Foreign Policy - but perhaps we were most eloquent upon Matrimony. I remember that now.

Kennedy was ^{fond} ~~form~~ of life and movement, and delighted in Society and

dancing. He was a favourite in Halifax, where he 'went everywhere' as the saying goes, and in the smaller places to which the Bank sent him, knew everybody'. I owe many a pleasant evening to his friendly introductions.

There was one in particular - in Elderslie - where he took me to the house of the Presbyterian Minister, Mr Craigie, whose genial welcome and pretty daughter accounted for my friends intimacy with the Family - for Kennedy was a 'Churchman' as he called it, howbeit he swore like a trooper at times. And I remember that now.

A few years later my visits to the Lower Provinces became more like those of Angels 'few & far between', and, consequently, I saw less & less of my old chum.

" One morn I missed him on th' accustomed hill." In other words I ~~h~~ learned at the Bank that he had left Nova Scotia. Where had he gone? No one knew. Afterwards I enquired from mutual friends at the Club. He had disappeared without a word of warning or farewell. He was naturally suspected of being in trouble and perhaps of taking money. Examination showed his accounts to be correct. No reason for his conduct could be discovered. The 9 days wonder subsided, and Kennedy was seldom in the thoughts of any but his immediate friends.

It was with one of these that I sat smoking some two years later ~~who~~ when Kennedy's name came up. In deed it was Grahame. " O, by Jove "

he said," I can tell you something about him. He's gone into the Army. — Enlisted" he added seeing me about to question him. " You remember ~~Durnford~~ Durnford of the 94th dont you ?" I did not. " Well,he has just returned from leave. He saw Kennedy in Chatham. Was going into the barracks — sentry saluted — thought he knew him — and,by George it was Kennedy." " Private — Royal Artillery. Wasn't it rum?" " Did he speak to him?" I asked. " O,Yes ofcourse." Well,what came of it ?" " He's a devilish good sort ~~Kenn~~ Durnford, and as Kennedy would tell him nothing — indeed he pretended it was a case of mistaken identity — he wrote to his Family in Norfolk and they got his discharge somehow, and now Alfred's off to Austral-ia." " What to do there ?" I asked rather aimlessly. " Sheep farming. He got married before he went",he added reflectively.

He filled his glass absently and when I did the same for ~~myself~~ ^{my own} apologised profusely and resumed his story. " Did you know the Stinsons ?" he asked. Yes,I had dined there once or twice. " Do you remember their Governess Miss Cambray?" No. " A smart girl — not pretty but devilish good figure. Left here to go home to England soon after Kennedy bolted. Well,he married her." " That was sensible" I said," if she's a decent ~~girl~~ girl." " O,the girl's all right" he hastily interposed," but it was a rum start." How so ? " I enquired.

Grahame rose and stirred the fire for a moment, then stood poker in hand gazing unwinking at the answering tongues of flame. Turning ~~about~~ abruptly he looked across the room over my head - put down the poker - took a sip of whiskey & water and looking curiously at me said slowly -

" It was a damned rum start." I answered nothing and we smoked a while in silence. " You knew Alfred pretty well didn't you ?" I nodded.

" Better than most fellows ?" " Yes ", I said. " Why"?

" I'll tell you " he continued " only promise me that you'll never breathe a word of it. "

" You remember Miss Craigie of Elderslie ?" I did. Didn't she marry Peterson ? " Yes " said Grahame "she married Peterson - but - she married Kennedy first ." " What" I said, "Impossible."

" It's damned odd " continued Grahame grimly - " but she did." What do you mean?" I asked incredulously. " When Kennedy skipped out " continued he " The Bank people asked Andrews and me to go through his ~~thin~~ things to find a clue to his whereabouts. Develish decent of the Bank was n't it ? But they always liked Kennedy and knew that we were his ~~fine~~ friends. Well, we opened his Desk- there it is over there" (pointing ~~behind~~ behind me where he had glanced before) " that brass-bound thing. We found one of those secret drawers that every one knows how to open, and here was the marriage certificate- in proper form - signed and witnessed and all. "

" When was it dated ?" I asked. " Some time in '74 - while he was stationed in Elderslie." " Then he must have been married before he took me to the house ?" " Yes, they were." " And the Governor didn't know ?"

" O, Yes he did " said Grahame, " he married them. His name is on the document. " " Sainted Maria " I said - " were they ever divorced ? "

" No, not much." " And when did she marry Peterson ?" " Just before Kennedy disappeared. " " Good God." Is the old man dead then ? "

" No, quite the contrary. It was he who married her to Peterson. "

" Well, is SHE dead I asked hopefully. " No, " said Grahame, " I saw in the papers the other day that she had had a baby." There was a long pause. I looked at Grahame but could say nothing. He, as he refilled our glasses, only asked

" It was a damned rum start, wasn't it ?"

#

This happened long ago. My friend Grahame has gone behind the great curtain perhaps to meet Mrs Peterson who preceeded him. Their deaths and the dispersion of the other sharers in the comedy have at last loosened my tongue upon what has long been a secret subject of speculation.

Montreal 12th Nov. 1895.

THE WOULD-BE VETERAN.

Pen & Pencil Club. 25th May 1856Subject Hunger.24
47

When first a wailing infant opens its eyes
 The father shudders, and the mother cries,
 Cries at the pangs by Nature's value sent.
 Hears her babe cry and lies in weak content.
 Soon nestling down and tugging at her breast.
 The wail is hushed - the new-born is at rest.
 This primal cry that ushers into life
 Another struggler on this globe of strife
 Is the first herald of that mighty power
 Which rules us mortals, every sentient hour.
 The Power of Hunger - Nature's driving wheel
 Whose force resistless from our birth we feel,
 Which knows no time - youth - manhood or old age
 A deity we hate but must assuage -
 A cruel god, we blindly think whose sway
 Converts a garden to a den of prey.
 Peoples the deserts with a savage crew
 Kills off the many, keeps alive the few.
 Tears life from life and Love from Love apart.
 Hardens the softness of a woman's heart.
 Hardens its softness to the strength of steel.
 Until she sells her infant for a meal -
 This is fiend Hunger in his fiercest mood.
 Nothing is spared when he unsees him the brood,
 Nor man, nor beast, nor bird, nor insect small,
 No! his voracious maw, must take them all.

But when in Mulder joins the Desolate Comes,
 * We find his goodness met in humble homes -
 The hunger that is earned by honest toil
 Grieved cannot sicken, nor repletion spoil -
 See! where that teeming factory pours out,
 At noontide hour, a swarming noisy rout,
 Shouting they come, some jostling, some at play
 Some serious track, but all at heart are gay -
 * For the shrill whistle marking dinner hour
 It has more than Poets - more than Preachers Power.
 They know that Hunger kills
 * ~~For Hunger may destroy~~ but cannot cheat
 And to appease him they have but to eat -
 But see! mark!
~~Now~~ ~~traveller~~, a member of that noisy crew,
 Type of the many - rather than the few
 Slackens his pace; soon stops steps aside,
 A waif left stranded by that busy tide:
 Then on the curbstone takes his humble seat.
 And scans with anxious eye the neeph' bring sheet.
 Nor needs to scan it long, 'a little maid
 With careful haste that must not be delayed.
 Runs swiftly on, and as she comes the man
 Smiles at that joyful sight the Dinner Can!
 And what the fare? Cold Sausage Corn or Cheese
 Great chunks of bread? Imagine what you please -
 Of this be sure - Lucullus could not send
 A meal more grateful to our Curbstone friend -

Hunger and Love! The Bitter and the Sweet!
At every turn of life these forces meet -
But hostile? No! Twins of one Aupful Pair
And loving Twins! They open one true Desire!

749 Metcalf Street

The Mail of Aphrodite (51)

Insiden, uniquely trim and slender,
Appearing through the morning mist
In your dark serge an instant splendour
With sea-born poise of lace about the wrist!

Now gladly after turning paces
By Lalf's jaunty chin. I know
You in shite piths places
Gave me a dance not very long ago.

Now gladly then I hurry, tossing
Nine meditations from my soul
To mistake, when at - upon the crossing
One crooked ankle has undone the whole!

The Heel of Aphrodite

Maiden, uniquely trim + slender,
 Appearing through the morning mist,
 In your dark serge an instant splendour
 With sea-born froth of lace about the wrist!

How gladly after 20 paces,
 By half a ~~dainty~~ chin, I know
 You in still ~~daintier~~ frills & laces
 Save me a dance not very long ago.

How gladly then I hurry, tossing
 Mere meditations from my soul,
 To overtake, when ah - upon the crossing
 One crooked ankle has undone
 The whole!

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512 1024 2048 4096

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 150 140 320

18th May 1912

Present Sandwell, Dyonnet, Harris, Macpherson
Maxwell, Luce, Lapleur, ito are Chipman
Brynmor.

Dues — Dyonnet \$5.00

Contribution - Mr. W. F. Chipman reads a paper
"Opinion on a Title".

(m)

LETTER FROM GRENFELL

In my old-letter rendezvous tonight,
I meet Sir Wilfred Grenfell once again;
His firm pen mastering the envelope,
The Vermont postmark and the crooked stamp,
And all my mind, with loved autocracy.
And suddenly his urgent figure rises,
His hand outstretched to greet humanity,
A wealth of silver hair, a boyish smile,
His eyes aflame with singleness of heart.
I hear him speak with rich and free belief:
"The Kingdom of Heaven's on the Labrador,
And may be universay some great day,
With peace on earth - God grant it may be soon!"

And I have found his immortality
Graven on rocks, sung by the wind and sea.
Told in the strength and stubborn hope of men
and women in the outports of the world.
One August midnight I remember so,
Our ships discovered his St. Anthony;
As though on tiptoe to an altar-place,
I crept about the sleeping mission town.
The polar star breathed down a healing light,
The understanding mountains wrapped it 'round,
Comfort came streaming from the guardian sea,
And peace from Mother Earth. St. Anthony -
Saint of lost things - here I could find my soul!
Those handicrafts of wood and tusk and seal -
Rough miracles of craftsmanship displayed -
Were more than copies of a skilled design;
They were the pattern of new will and life;
The hospital a symbol of the soul
Reborn to struggle in the northern night;
The orphanage a cradle for the mind;
Workshops to bring new purpose and belief
To spirit more than to apprenticed hand -
The northern lights of toil and sacrifice.

How I remember that cruise pilgrimage
Along his sea-whipped coast! Leif Ericsson,
Cabot, Corte Real and Frobisher,
Cartier and Hudson, Davis and Jolliet,
John Knight and Captain Cook; Moravian saints,
And Grenfell, greatest humanist of all -

Each with his different path to truth,
 Compassed this grandeur in his own brief time.
 I saw the bright aurora of their dream
 Outlive all ships that ever hailed Belle Isle,
 Survive the rock and sand, the wind and tide,
 The earth itself, and all the sea of stars.

Now Labrador's a rock-bound league of heaven
 Because of Grenfell. Even the mind of sea,
 Heavy with iceberg thoughts, remembers him;
 The Pole Star burns the brighter, and the moon's
 More golden on the tickle and the stone;
 Summer's a greater miracle of flower;
 Greener the moss that knew his tireless feet;
 And Audubon repaints beyond the shades,
 More glorious dynasties of Arctic birds...

Grenfell's high soul is lord of Labrador -
 Holding in fief the folk of Forteau Bay,
 St. Mary's River, Battle Harbour way,
 Cartwright and Northwest River, Harrington...
 Their boats and huskies faithful to his hand.
 They follow channels to eternity
 Their rubber-booted, oilskinned Saviour knew;
 And on the snowy wastes of all their lives,
 They mush their lonely 'komatiks' of hope
 On timeless trails of a Christ-in-mocassins!

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1941

Poems read by R.H.Cardine, (H.Q., M.D.No.4)
when guest at Pen and Pencil Club,
Saturday, September 27th, '41.

CHICAGO STORY

Do you remember how in the firelight
We had taken tea, and how the hearth
Was a glowing island. All else was darkness.
We had been walking on the bleak avenue
As daylight faded and the snow
Lost pointed shadows in the merging grey,
While long streamers of night spread slowly
Over the lake.

Do you remember the warm welcome
Of the fireside, the mellowness
Of well-brewed tea, and the scones.
Do you remember we talked a little. Brief phrases
Tempered by silence, enriched by meditation;
And how, suddenly, this cameo was shattered
By noisy visitors prattling of art,
And scandal, and the war.

I shall always reverence
The memory of Sundays in Chicago.
Oh, I know there will be others in the years to be,
Even as others came before, each with it's own richness.
But these had their own quality; brought peace
And respite in a time of turmoil, and love
Where there had been none.

R.H. Cardine.

POST-BROADCAST INTERLUDE

How still the moment
After the air-voice ceases,
And minds absorbing the day's history
Pause wondering.
How quiet the body
When it feels the fierce heartache
Of a bombed homeland, knowing
That places remembered will be seen no more.

Quiet too, the moment
When the great speech, ending,
Leaves but a wordless void.
Stilled time;
Till new-gleaned thoughts and stumbling thoughts
Shatter the poised silence.

Voices come from England
In the quiet hour at the day's end,
Like music strained and softened, phrases
On muted strings,
And undertones of dull percussion
Mystic with pulsing power.
Drums insistent, muffled, urgent,
Charge yet the vibrant air.
Voices, always voices heaping
Word on word to build our house of cards,
The tale of war.

Reginald H. Cardine
Montreal 22.7.41

PORTRAIT OF MY WIFE

Seated appropriately
Before a background of growing leaves
In a very plant-filled window,
Your red-gold hair
Strikes the right note amid the green.
New-world Eve in a timeless eden.
Sunlight falls rightly, obliquely
Beside you,
Lighting, at a turn of your head
Your grey-blue eyes;
Making high-lights and shadows
On your cream-fair face.
Smoke from your cigarette rises like incense.

I stand before you
And proffer beer poised bottle, lamely,
Shamed that I have no heaven-fermented wine
To offer so much beauty.

You rearrange yourself;
Drape yourself anew against the setting,
And smile.
Your smile dances about the room,
Hovers in the air waiting
To break into myriad little smiles
Scattering shadow.

I feel I should say something electric,
Breathe tenderness brilliant, poetic.
Being overwhelmed I mouth platitudes
And recline awkwardly.
The scene settles leaving a crystalized moment,
And the sun sets.

I shall keep that crystal always
As a portrait of my wife
On a summer afternoon.

R.H. Cardine
Montreal July 1941

L O N D O N

We have known you
In all the scintillating glitter
Of cheap allure.
We have seen your suave insistent neon
Entice the unwary, and loved you,
Mundane courtesan of millions,
Even for this.

But not by this
Do we remember you, our London.
We your children
Feel you as an infant a lost mother.
We were your own and loved you;
You were our own.

The blue note of twilight
That is smoke over rooftops
Will always mean London,
And a crocus in springtime
Recall all your gardens and quiet squares,
Tea-time and firelight, and the friendly cheer
Of a favoured pub-bar.

When grey mist
Evanescent and lovelyveils the sunlight
We shall remember.
Remember autumn sunsets over the river;
Tall chimneys etched on fading daylight,
And the call of tug-boat sirens
In the deepening gloom.

R.H. Cardine
Montreal 6.9.41

101 - April 1946

A 1946 Proposal

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As Henry walked down the village street on that May morning in 1946, his mind was in a whirl with feelings, impressions, half-formed thoughts, that it had never known before. It was Spring, he was twenty; the processes of Nature are, comparatively speaking, eternal & immutable. Henry was going through the same identical stage of exaltation, necessary to the continuance of the species, through which his father had passed thirty years ago, & his grandfather before his father, & so on to the beginning of time. If any of them had omitted it, there would not have been any Henry.

In the ~~dazzling~~ soft & caressing twilight of the May morning the village street seemed unreal, clad in a glamor which strangely disassociated it from the prosaic days of the past. Henry wondered why it was that he had failed to notice the extreme softness, delicacy & filmy beauty of the upper boughs of the most ordinary elm-tree, when clad in half-unfolded leaf-buds & lit through by a misty morning sun. A yearning arose in him to express something of these new & exquisite sensations which were thronging to his mind; but he knew it was useless. He whistled energetically for a while, but there was nothing to whistle except the rag-time tunes that he had been fond of long before Nature, Spring & Twenty began their little transform-

ation in his brain-cells, & the rag-time did not seem adequate to meet his new requirements.

For a moment the thought flashed into his mind that it was a pity he had not learnt to talk — to use that copious vocabulary & fluent ~~gram~~ syntax of the old dictionaries & grammars, so long abandoned to lawyers & professional legislators; but he repelled the thought as unworthy of the enlightened age in which he was privileged to live. He had acquired in early ~~the~~ youth the 800 primary words which were essential to ordinary existence — the names of foods, clothes & the common objects of life, the numerals, a few verbs and adjectives; & after that his education, being carried on entirely by moving pictures, had left him with ~~not~~ a very dear ideas on a vast range of subjects, but no words in which to express them. He was familiar with all the facts of his own & correlated sciences; with all the great works of literature of the pre-pictorial period; with the doctrines of Christian Science & Prohibition, the official religions of the United States; but his knowledge was in the form of visual ideas, not of words.

As he passed the door of the village street-sweeper,

the rich harmonies of an automatic organ brought to his ear a strain which enhanced his longing, & his sense of something lacking in the culture of the age. It was an old, old tune, but it was one which no mother — she had never quite lost the ~~linguistic~~ ^{linguistic} verbosity & fluency of a school-teacher of the first decade of the century, even after language became unfashionable — had sung to him on just such mornings as these, with words which seemed to thrill her, & satisfy her, & make her one with the singing thunders, & the sighing trees & the rippling brook. If he could only remember just a line of those words! — But no; they would not come.

At this moment Nellie crossed the street towards him, only a dozen yards away. Nellie was eighteen, & just back from college, & Henry had not seen her for nearly a year. He was astonished to find how greatly she resembled the famous film star who had played the heroine in the previous night's picture show, & for whom he had formed that reverential regard which young men of 20 not infrequently form for ~~great~~ actresses whom they have never seen in flesh & blood. He need not have been so profoundly

astonished at the resemblance, for it so happened that all the girls at Nellie's college were engaged in trying to look as much as possible ~~like~~ like one moving-picture actress or another, & most of them were focussing their attention upon the famous Baby Trilby Presidder, the lady of Henry's adoration. Be that as it may, Henry instantly transferred to Nellie all the romantic glamor with which he had last night invested the fair Trilby, whose ~~coiffure~~ hairdressing, hat & eyebrows Nellie was copying.

An intense desire to spend a few moments in Nellie's society awoke in Henry's breast, but he had not the faintest idea how it was to be done.

"Good morning," he said, awkwardly. A few such words of salutation were included in his vocabulary, though he seldom used them. But he took off his hat & bowed with the grace of a lifelong student of the best moving-picture heroes.

"Good morning," said Nellie, extending her hand demurely in the manner of Trilby Presidder.

The conversation flagged, or rather stopped. Suddenly Henry found himself waving his right arm with a pointing gesture to the over-arching trees, the glorious

sun, the birds singing in the branches, & the beauties of Nature generally as outspread in an arc of some 300 degrees all round them, endeavoring at the same time to ~~convey~~ assume an expression of intense appreciation. He was trying to register the idea "Beautiful day!"

Do not laugh at Henry, gentle reader, you who have had the words "Beautiful day" at your disposal all your life long, & have used them a thousand times when all you meant was that you were glad it wasn't raining. You have quite possibly never needed those words as much as Henry needed them at that moment.

Nellie was at first distinctly puzzled; but she was a clever & sympathetic girl, & she had known Henry for years. It soon dawned upon her that Henry's system was full of poetry which had no outlet except in pantomime. So she smiled ecstatically also, & pointed out a few things that Henry's sweeping arm had overlooked. One of these, purely by accident, happened to be an ice-cream soda fountain.

Under the little table in the ice-cream soda store their hands met, & remained for a while entwined.

Henry did not feel so bad about the lack of language just then, especially as they were both very busy obtaining nutriment through a straw. But when they left the store he was again at a loss. He had quite decided to propose, but did not in the least know how.

Next door to the ice-cream parlor was a furniture store, & in the window was a ~~pair~~ beautiful pair of brass twin beds. Drawing Nellie towards the window, Henry dropped on one knee with a supplicating gesture & pointed to the twin beds, then to Nellie, then to himself, & finally, to make the point entirely clear, to a very small & grubby baby which was sitting in the doorway.

Nellie, with a show of indignation, turned away, but paused irresolutely & then, with a look of mute but searching inquiry, held out her left hand & made the gesture of putting on a ring.

With a violent blush Henry nodded his head repeatedly, & then turned & pointed vehemently to the church at the opposite end of the village square.

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Pulling out a little pocket diary, Nellie pointed to a date in June, & made sketchy gestures about her person suggestive of complicated clothes.

Henry dashed into the furniture store & paid a deposit on the iron beds.

"Movies", murmured Nellie as he emerged; & in the sombre shadow of the village picture show they sealed their betrothal with the first lovers kiss, which being carefully imitated from the work of the best cinematographic kissers was entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned.

Q

The inundations of the sea,
Caused by the tears you shed for me,
Have raised the tidal waves so high,
Beyond the oldest memory.

The bridges all away are swept,
Which show how much you must have ^{wept}
And Londoners are in commotion,
At such unusual rise of ocean,
And even the Queen has sent to know,
The cause of such unwanted flow,
But not a word she got from me,
That it was caused by sweet T. T.!

But, having such destructive power,
His plain T. T. must weep no more,

Or else she may arrested be,
 A loving warning which T. T.
 Must kindly take from under B,
 Who will be bail for dear T. T.

To the amount of millions, &c.,
 And millions more, he writes to say.

The perfect one, all else above,

The spirit of all peace & love,

The brightest face & purest mind

That ever dwelt in woman-kind,

So sunny, charming, & so gay,

I will come with her, & sorrow full away.

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CEMENT.

Ah, what a theme, great Portland, mighty silica!

Fresh as thy powder, weighty as thy sacks!

Historic, and prophetic, and idyllic, a

Poem on thy grim sire and son, Sir Max!

How the bright clerk (or was it the bright bank-cashier?)

By business methods, mergers, bonds, became

The millionaire, colossal Knight of Lancashire,

Now to promote great England's pool of fame.

Hope of a party weary of philosophers;

Longing to stride a free pragmatic range;

Hot for the tariffs that shall robe in glossy furs

The idols of the market and the 'Change.

Ah, what a theme for my Pegasean journeys,

Were I not of the Company's attorneys!

A Protest

on the occasion of the proposed election
of S-r -ndr-w M-cPh--l
M--r-c C-ll-n
-dm-nd Dy-nn-t and
J-hn H--r-
to office in the Pen & Pencil Club.

And who is Nobbs that he should come
To make the Pen & Pencil hum
And strike a worthy chairman dumb
With revolution?
A bloody man whose heart is set
On camouflage and bayonet
Till really he must quite forget
The constitution!

And who are those for whom he seeks
Through Sandwell and his shady cliques
All place and power for thirty weeks
of blind submission?
To sit at ease while you and I
Must drain our tubes and ink-pots dry,
Exhaust our clay, to gratify
Their mad ambition!

He asks you first to choose today
One who, for all his friends may say,
Bartered his very beard for pay;
And has no blushes
Who could not corner or combine
Cement, tobacco, banks or swine
Yet stands amid the knightly line
At all the crushes.

THE HAWK.

Up he leapes from the cedarn deeps
Of the rock of the mossy mould.
His heart is one with the heart of the Sun,
But his eye is clear and cold.
The dark hills take from the brake and the lake
The running mist and the dew,
But vainly they cover each feathered lover,
His eye can still pierce through
And the farthest bourne of the blinking morn
He reads like a spirit of light
As over the miles of the hills and the isles
He launches into the height.
And now he swings upon iron wings
And now like a golden bar
Back on the crest of the wind of the west
He sweeps and hangs like a star.
Lord of the sword that he warred on, Lord
Of the air and himself his throne,
The force of the blast is his at last,
And the heaven is his alone.
His delight is the scorn of might,
And the might of scorn his pleasure.
He hath a call for the hearts of all,
A silent mystic measure,
The soul of a song that pulls along
Each reigning soul to his ken
They awake, they assemble! the branches tremble!
He waits, and they tremble again!
Ah, frail and fair! from his vassal air
To where thy homage is,
With a laugh in his heart, like a breath, like a dart,
O tremulous one, thou art his!

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WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

I know a valley begirt

With shadow and silver of night;

I know a level alert

With dewy webs moon-bright,

That steeps in the cup of the hills

Whose pine tops ponder afar

The birth of indolent rills

And the green of the ancient star;

Where nothing labours alone,

But each of his travail tells,

The star to the trickling stone,

And the steeping fir to the wells

And the lilac-throated moon

Leans over and holds them all.....

And only the tremulous loon

From a lake they never recall

Never an answer awakes,

But only stirs in my heart

A cry as far as his lakes

As alone, unharboured, apart!

Sitting Fall.

The poor dead chief have ye slandered & written
 Him have ye shamed and have shamed his braves;
 Their fame with your loose-bowelled pen is be-shitten —
 But they lie in peace in their quiet graves.
 In office and club, on the lounges low-lying,
 Men stripling and boys are gasping for breath
 Wind-broken, sad-hearted, and wearily sighing
 At the fall of the youth who revere not Death

Whose is the pen diarrhetic that's written
 Who is the youth that's to blame for this
 Whose is the muse, all be-slobbered, be-shitten
 That talks the streets for the gamins to hiss?
 You have shamed him by baldersdash better unspeaken,
 You have raised but a sneer by the drivel you've writ;
 And if you are hurt by the joke I have spoken
 Don't tifle with words like "be-shitten" and "shit"

R. H. Alwear.

Within the tennis court he stood,
 A stout but wounded knight;
 His strong left arm displayed a bruise

Oh! 'twas a piteous sight;
 He held ^{no large} a ~~bottle~~ ^{but a broken large} in his hand
 And a rag that once was white.

"Oh! that the balm of some fair palm
 Would rub this bruise so & sore,
 The pain intense which numbs my sense
 Might trouble me no more;
 I cannot ^{stand} ~~use~~ my own right hand
 I tried it once before."

Three maidens heard ^{each} ~~the~~ plaintive words
 (They were not whispered low),
 Three little hearts set beating fast
 With sympathetic glow;
 Six little feet went bounding fleet
 Unto the bold hero.

One held the bottle by the neck,
And would it were another's;
A second gently rubbed the bruise
As though it were her brother's;
The third stood by with a melting eye,
That might have been his mother's.
What joy to see these maidens three
On such sweet mission bound;
The hero's heart felt keener smart
Than in the bruise was found;
And when he cried "Enough" they tied
The rag his arm around.

- The knight so bold in days of old
If wounded in the joust
Was carried by his squire brave
And in the castle housed,
And one fair maid was all the aid
He had while he was nursed.

But never ^{before in the} ~~in such~~ tales of ^{war} ~~we~~
Did ever maidens three.
Pity the plight of a wounded knight
With similar sympathy,
And the reason's dark, for pity's spark
Is hidden in mystery.

To the P. and P.

Dear Union, under whose control
Unrecognized but ever striking,
In gently to the bourgeois soul
Of me disliking.

Recent Republic, final nurse
Of your debate and unpaid interests
Whose budget ever the poorest purse
Hardly remembers.

Whose lofty does the curious soul
Of clamouring women hats to draught on
Whose resolutions some may flout
Except Macbraughton.

Whose single chamber was to none
And Dukes and Earls are now able
Though they may dine us one by one
To grace our table.

Dear P. P. you take the praise
Of such superior happy persons
Who mourning soon for Byron's
Achilles Macpherson's

P O T T E D P R E J U D I C E S.

A friend with a passion for defining explains a definition as putting salt on birds' tails. He despairs of ever touching the bird. The best of definitions, after all, is only a prejudice. Perhaps it is the better for being so, for I doubt if our most exact and scientific could help the Man from Mars. Take, for example, the latest definition of the STANDARD METRE as "a piece of metal whose length, at 0° centigrade is 1,553,164 times the wave length of the red line of the spectrum of cadmium, when the latter is observed in dry air at a temperature of 15° on the ordinary hydrogen scale at a pressure of 664 millimetres of mercury at 0° centigrade" (you will correct me, sir, if I am wrong.

What would the Martian know of centigrade, of mercury, of the ordinary hydrogen scale? Prejudice and all, or perhaps because of the prejudice, he, as a psychologist, might get more meaning from my friend's definition of the METRIC SYSTEM as a damnable contrivance to turn Anglo-Saxondom into a collection of cyphers.

You perceive that my friend has a bit of a temper, and a certain bias against science. It leads him to say of

A GUINEA-PIG

that it is a small laboratory pet, supposed to react like a tiger to experiments that are never made in the jungle:

and

and to gibe at

AN EXPERIMENT,

as an attempt to know nature by means that nature does not know:

He has the temerity to remark, apropos of

MENDEL'S LAW

Barring bees, and given a sufficient number of generation, you can generally find what you are looking for.

He is even more captious in describing

EUGENICS

as pessimism doing its best;, or how to improve everybody when you think nobody can be improved.

He has evidently some small experience of law. Perhaps he is waiting an unconscionable time for the distribution of an inheritance, which will account for this somewhat acid definition of

AN EXECUTOR

as one who is always in Europe.

He must, too, have seen a trial itself, for he remarks that

AN EXPERT WITNESS

is one whom it costs a considerable sum to contradict.

He has done, in his day, a useful amount of public service, for he sums up

A COMMITTEE

as talk; balk; walk.

There runs through much of his remarks a gentle irony of scepticism, as when he says of

OMNIPOTENCE

that it is the power to avoid the final test of one's limitations.

It

It is in a somewhat sterner mood that he calls

A HYPOCRITE

one whose preaching is superior to my practice.

Apparently he means qui accuse, s'excuse. In a similar spirit he confesses, with some beating of the breast, that

A BORE

is anybody who prevents ^{me} ~~someone else~~ from being a bore.

You may have made up your minds by this that he is a bachelor, and quite too critical to be tamed to domestic uses. But he must have some susceptibility, or he would never have paid his homage to

BEAUTY

as the presence of an exceptional quantity of something that isn't there.

You see that he can look on things under their aspect of eternity. Whether that is a marriageable virtue is another matter.

The next goes deeper into the things of this world.

CONSTANCY

I have heard him aver, is an authorised impertinence.

Is this bitterness, or only a playful perversion of logic, as thus:-
"An authorised constancy is not impertinent. An unauthorised constancy must be impertinent". Is this a divided heart, or only an undistributed middle?

And that you may be quite sure that there is a flame somewhere

where down in him, it is he who said of

TRAGEDY

that it was the indifference to one's indifference.

You will guess his attitude to some vexed questions by this:-

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

Men's duties.

He has studied his Kant, and instead of saying "Act so that the maxim of thy spirit may be capable of being a universal law", he puts it that

CRIMES

are what nobody could commit if everybody committed them.

But there is more of the sybarite than of the metaphysician about him when he asserts

HAPPINESS

to be more than you need to have for what you do not need to do.

Similarly, expressing his opinion of ascetism, he has called

SACKCLOTH

a rough material likely to scratch more backs than the wearer's.

But I would not have you think my friend a cynic. He has indeed laughed at cynicism as "Adam's apple in its first collar", and defined it as

a criticism of life by one who has not lived.

And while he has said of

DEMOCRACY

that it was government of the vulgar, by the vulgar, for the vulgar.

of

of

WISDOM

that it ~~was~~ the knowledge of how to re-ar-
range the past - of what to do when you
can no longer do it.

of

HOPE

that it ~~was~~ Faith with her clothes stolen.

Yet he has a sound creed of his own, which entitles him to declare of

PRAGMATISM

that it is a broad creed that is quite sat-
isfactory to only those whose creed is
still broader.

And you will admit that there is a deep philosophy and an
unshakeable optimism in his paraphrase of

HISTORY

as looking at a star in a well.

----- o O o -----

In so far as Pa. teaches
that not dog & system
but human will do the
work of the world
Welcome it, but

8 standards

What the instructed parts of the State
do if pragmatic (values & buyers)
Why do they not because of our idea
What the uninstructed do - Confusion
Engineering etc. They create
tyrannies - P? leads to conservation
this does any system that does
not think lead to the revision
to conservation, which is the
more powerful in not being
declared & so open to
attack

Keep the wants common,
live & remember ideas
create only subordinate
prices - have P? agree.

A MESSAGE FROM MARS

I had, the other night, a message, or intimation, or brain-wave, or whatever you may please to call it, from Mars. At least I suppose that it was from Mar's; for in these days, when we on earth have all become so interested in Mars, it stands to reason that Mars must be vastly interested in us. We may assume therefore that, if I receive any messages or intimations or illuminations of an unusual character, they must come from Mars, and must be concerned with the earth.

But this was the most extraordinary illumination that ever I had. I might even say that the whole affair was extremely irritating, even to me; and that the task of putting it into a form that might make it intelligible to you, was one of profound difficulty. You will gather some inkling of my situation if you should imagine, for example, an interview between two of you in which the medium of intercourse used was, let us say, colour and nothing else; in which, for instance, the notion which Mr. Cullen intended to convey by whatever that colour is that he uses when he paints one of those pictures that would have been white were they not whatever they are,-- in which that notion, I say, was quite different from the notion that the ~~same~~ colour, granting that it is a colour, might convey to Mr. Brymner. How in such a case would Mr. Brymner be able to tell us what Mr. Cullen meant? Or suppose that two others of us should be unable to converse save by throwing mud at each other, and that words, inflexions, tenses, all were left to be gathered from the thinness or thickness, the brownness or blackness of the mud. If you can imagine such a possibility you will have some faint conception of my confusion and embarrassment when confronted with, I might even say obsessed by, the phenomenon that I experienced the other night. I really can't waste any time in trying to tell you what that medium was; I only wish you to believe that in circumstances where I could not

really be sure who was speaking, or what he was speaking about, or whether he or it, if there were any he or it, was really speaking at all; and in any case where I never had previously been in touch with a similar means of communication:- I have done the best that I can, and have put into the most plausible shape possible, the ideas that seem to have exuded from Mars to this earth. They appear to have been part of an utterance by one of the Martians on the subject of this globe's inhabitability, under the curious title

IS THE PLANET π POLLYWOGGED?

"To any of us rational Martians, the vision began, this question must seem highly absurd in form. We know from personal experience that life is ^{sometimes all head} sometimes all tail, and only now and then that ideal composite of head and tail, each perfect, yet each in that delicate state of what might be called collusion, in that exquisite balance of separability and coherence, constituting the true pollywog. Why then should we use, and in particular how can we apply to external conditions, a term which even with us does not always possess the same denotation? Again, you may say, even supposing we were, for the purposes of this discussion, to fix upon only one of the possible shades of meaning belonging to our word, is it not conceivable that in the planet π there might be some further variation, some slight divergence from type, that might render pollywogging there a somewhat different operation from what it is here? In matters of this kind we cannot too carefully provide against pollywoggomorphism. We must be sure that we rest our considerations on absolute, not on relative terms; and that we are not looking at the matter with preconceptions due to our physical nature but, as one of our early Spinozoa has it, sub specie aeternitatis. To take an example: we all know that mud is blue, and that it never lies more than 99 wiggles deep. Is it not conceivable, I suggest this purely for the sake

of argument, is it not conceivable that circumstances might arise in which all mud might be auroral in tinge, and might grow no deeper than perhaps 96 wiggles? Or again, take the wellknown definition of the standard wiggle: that it is a piece of plasm whose length at 0 shivers decigrade is 1,553,164 times the wavelength of the red line of the spectrum of mudmium, when the latter is observed in dry air at a temperature of 16 shivers on the ordinary slinogen scale at a pressure of 660 milliwiggles of Hercules at 0 degrees decigrade. Again I ask, is it not remotely possible that if this canalisation of ours were suddenly to disappear, and to leave to the recovery of our successors nothing but this definition, there might be some who would not know what a wiggle was? The same would of course apply to the milliwiggle, to the shiver, to mudmium, to hercules, to that purely arbitrary system which we know as the decigrade, or to scales such as the slinogen. Hence it seems to me advisable that we should first of all examine our categories of thought, and remind ourselves of those axioms which alone are universal. Then we shall properly go on to a recapitulation of the various stages of our own pollywogging from the time when in the spring our tails elongate from the northern head, through the period at which they become rigidly rectilinear and spread themselves like a network over the surface of our globe, sucking the nourishing fluid from that head to the southern extremities of our tails, until in the autumn season all of us are gathered back into that northern whiteness which is our ever-recurring Nirvana. All this will be necessary before we can reasonably consider whether the planet π is, like ourselves, pollywogged; and only then can we go on to discuss whether a wiggle of sufficient bulk could not be choked in one of our vast pits so as produce during dissolution and decay a smell powerful enough to reach to the planet π , and thus to let the inhabitants there have some idea of our existence and aims. This, it is to be presumed, they would sincerely welcome, and at once answer in kind.

I shall, then, begin by reminding you of the fundamental law of our thought. It is this: whatever is ridiculous is true. Test by this axiom the hypothesis that the planet π is pollywogged, and I venture to affirm that our problem is solved. It is ludicrous to suppose that another planet with totally different conditions should evolve pollywogs of similar character and magnitude to ourselves. All the more reason then that creatures like ourselves should believe in the possibility of so odd an imitation. We believe because the thing is absurd.

But, you may object, is this sense of the ludicrous really an universal category? May it not be that all pollywogs have their sense of humour, and all monstrous pollywogs like ourselves their monstrous sense of humour, quite independently of the objects presented to them? Well, I admit that the main use of a head is for smiling, and that, where one head has so many tails as has the northern bulk to which we are so inseparably united, the concentration of smiling power must necessarily be immense; but the more I ponder the question, the more I am persuaded that we smile, or rather that our top smiles for us, so unremittingly for no other reason in the world than that everything is irresistibly funny. It is inconceivable that anything should not be funny. Look at ourselves. We are funny, very funny indeed. Who says so? We say so. Of whom do we say it? Of ourselves. That is to say that while the subject is considering the object funny, the object, which is the subject, must all the time be considering the subject funny. The object then is here supplying the category of funniness, mark it well; from which it follows that funniness must be objective. We have a further support for this line of argument in the fact that it is so absurd. Try as we may, neither we nor anything with which we have to do can help being absurd. Absurdity therefore is universal; and whatever is absurd must be true.

Once you admit that, you admit everything. What, for example, could be more ridiculous than to suppose that even if our categories are universal, they are the only categories there are, and that if everything in the planet π can't be described by our adjectives, can't fit in with our notions, it must necessarily to that extent fail of existing. All tails must lie: therefore everything in π lies. Otherwise it is not a tail, and, if not, what is it? If you could conceive anything more ridiculous than that ^{every} thing in π is a tail, then this other conception of yours would be true. But you can't. So that the categories of Mars must necessarily be equally applicable to π ; and, if you concern your thoughts with the things of that planet, you make π of them at once. So much for the validity of our reasoning.

Our next step, then, is to recapitulate for ourselves the main features of pollywogging. Bearing those in mind we can then examine π in the light of them. In the winter, of course, we as tails are embryonic: we are all head, lying over the northern pole, white, cold, pulpy and quiescent. With spring we begin to emerge, to produce ourselves, to elongate southwards. It is at this stage that a certain amount of wiggling is permissible and indeed advantageous. But with the advancing season we hang ever more straightly, and, as we stretch southwards, some of us twin-like, parallel and longitudinal, others on the bias and intersecting, we gradually assume that elaborate pattern which, if we could see it from without, must appear as so thoroughly the acme of pollywog enjoyment. Thus we continue until the tails of most of us meet at the southern pole. But we never sever our connexion with our head; and never drop off from our centre of humour. Thus while it would be repugnant to any law of gravity that we should move upwards as we inevitably must in surrounding the convex surface of our globe, yet as the only law that we recognise is the law not of gravity, but of levity, we are not put to any trouble in that accomplishment.

Here then we lie throughout the summer in a delicious warm mud until the contracting effect of winter causes us again to be withdrawn into our polar head. Mark above all the point already alluded to, that we never drop tail from head--we issue-- we return, we never separate. In this, I remark, lies my greatest difficulty in solving the problem before us.

Let us assume, however that the planet π is pollywogged, and then test this assumption by the facts. It may be in the end that we shall have to modify our views to a certain extent and may have to conclude that π is not pollywogged but wollywogged. But I think that in any case it will not be hard to shew that the difference is one of degree only, and that the *Titans*, who would naturally be at a higher stage of wogginess than we are, being so far away, are yet but a development of our own condition. What that implies we shall see in a moment.

Look at the ^{map} ~~map~~ ^{and at} of the hemipuddle called gemini. Notice that we are careful to use the ^{word} ~~north~~ puddle. To say hemipool or heminudbank might conceivably be to beg the question. We use therefore the word puddle as signifying something neither too wet nor yet too dry, but just that delicious cuddling compromise between wetness and dryness so fit for the enjoyment of superior creatures like ourselves. On this hemipuddle we see a monstrous creature stretching like ourselves from pole to pole, but bulged out most extraordinary^{ily} and of a twin-form that has caused it to be known as Pastor and Collects. Its outline is astonishingly irregular and straggling, and we can only say that the wiggling stage is excessively pronounced and persistent. So amazing a development of wiggling may indeed have accounted for much of the shape of this being; for the most remarkable thing about it is the tapering conformation of Pastor, the northern portion, at its lower extremity. So tenuous does it become that Collects seemsto be in danger of losing all connexion with Pastor in its modern form. What is the explanation of this phenomenon? Can it be that Pastor is the original polar cap or head and that by a

new process of wiggling and by the force of levity it has moved towards the lower regions? Are we to suppose that Collects is the caudal development of this head and that it might in process of time drop off and perish? To us it certainly seems impossible that the embryo should ever go beyond the embryonic stage with its constantly recurring phases. An embryo, one thinks, might be conditioned yet how could it cease to be an embryo? And what form might this new creature take when its tail had dropped off? It must, however, be admitted that when observations were last possible two spreading projections were noticed at the north-western and northeastern points of pastor. Could these web-like extremities be the early stages in the formation of a new means of propulsion? I am bound to mention the hypothesis, recently proposed, that the true object of this imminent separation between the two portions of Gemini is simply and expressly to attract our attention. The argument is advanced that we have here a case of voluntary strangulation leading to the death of Collects with the result that a stench of peculiar acuteness may be conveyed to us from the inert decaying pulp. If this be so we can only express our gratitude and admiration at so ingenious and heroic a contrivance. The superiority of these creatures to ourselves in spite of their inordinate wiggling, seems to be explained by this exalted readiness to sacrifice themselves to our need for knowledge.

But observe the result. On the other hemipuddle, the wiggling has caused almost the entire separation of a huge gelatinous spirilla to the south west, and the actual dropping of a broad but laterally disposed tail in the south east. What does this mean? Has the planet Π nearly exhausted itself in its efforts to gain our attention, so lamentably delayed?

Or are we finally to make up our minds that what occurs on its surface is really not pollywoggism but wollywoggism,-- a condition in which absolute independence of the polar centre of levity has set in? Such a condition, it is said, might be

caused by the shorter seasons in that planet. But mark the consequences. This would mean that π was subject to gravity, implying that on that planet our primal axiom would have to be modified, if not abandoned. For how can you have an universal state of levity such as our category demands together with a general subjection to gravity? The notion is altogether too serious in its results to be considered. Hence the hypothesis must be set aside.

This throws us back on the former conjecture which must now be considered as a theory--that we have in π pollywogs, differing in two or three respects from ourselves, yet in the main identical; that these creatures are, however, so highly developed that a process of curtailment, or rather of decapitation is taking place, due to morbid wiggling; that this process is a devolving and decadent one, leading to entire disintegration; but that, before complete dissolution, these highly canalized beings are endeavouring to put themselves on smelling terms with us.

But alas for the hopes of pollywogs! Within the last few months our observations have had to be discontinued owing to a thick black smoke that has obscured the whole planet. What that means is only too obvious. Dissolution has already taken place. At the very moment when they were signalling to us---it may even be by reason of their efforts--the long foreseen calamity has befallen them. The mud supply has failed, congestion has taken place, strangulation has come about. One or other of these suggestions is inevitable unless we are to presume a wholesale coetaneous immolation. In any case every miserable pollywog in π has perished, and we are the only pollywogs left in the universe. That this thought is ineffably majestic does not make it the less melancholy. Henceforth we smile and wiggle alone.

HONI SOIT

I keep telling myself
That there is nothing improper
About negligee garters.

But myself keeps asking me,
If there is nothing improper about negligee garters,
Why do all these women
Insist on wearing them --
For they do not seem to have any function
Save that of being improper!

THE BODY EMERGENT.

When I was young
A body was a thing that nobody talked about
Except when it was dead --
And then you have to talk about it
A bit
Until it is buried.

As I grew older
I surmised
That people had bodies
Even when they were alive.
It seemd that a body
Must be something
That fitted in between the clothes and the soul
-- Outside the soul
But inside the clothes.

But to-day
A soul is a thing that nobody talks about
(Even when it ~~is~~ alive),
And clothes
Are a thing that has almost ceased to exist.
And the body
Is everything.
But it hasn't anywhere to fit in.

JANUARY.

The frosted flowers upon the window grow
And through the branches of the avenue
The sun engraves upon the glittering snow
Its damascene of silver and of blue.

For the witch Winter lays her cool caress
On worlds of sunny skies and windless days,
While on the hearth we hear the kettle hiss
And dream our daydreams over logs ablaze.

Or, when she sweeps the stars into the night,
Wrapt in warm furs in a gay sleigh we break
The trance that holds the woods so still and white
Slumbering beside the ice-enchanted lake.

.....

FEBRUARY.

As in dreams
Once and again
The eager heart repels
Fears and impalpable phantasies,
So breathless
Upon the windblown, drifting trails,
Buffetted wayfarers
We struggle with snowswirls
Of February gales.

.....

MARCH.

Our gentle alchemist, the sun
Dissolves each snowfield to a silvery lagoon.

Sweet-running maple sap!
You sing of frosty night and balmy day,
And sweet is the wind
That brings the robin to our North
To chug-chug with his mate
Over a new home in bare branches.

So our hearts too
Must dare a new adventure.

.....

APRIL.

Bobolink and thrush,
Aerial pilgrims,
Chant in the orchard
Plainsong of spring.

Is there in the South
Altar more beautiful
Than apple branches
Twined in reredos
Of lilac and maroon?

And now the river
Bursting its cerements of ice
Reverberates
Gospel of resurrection.

Here, here
In April
Are the stairs of Heaven.

.....

M A Y.

Dawn of pearl and of mist
From the amethyst --
Morning stained with rays
Of chrysoprase --
Midday veiled with gauze
Spun from turquoise --
Afternoon sapphire
Skies to admire --
Eve a chalice full,
Crystal cool --
And as a moonstone, light
With dim lustre, Night.

.....

JUNE.

Bareheaded, barefoot, baresoul June
Rollicking in with a rosy bouquet,
Humming away at the cunningest tune,
Dances along on the heels of the May.

Tresses she shakes out of cinnabar spun,
Lips like a ripple of coral in cream,
Azure her eyes with a glint of the sun,
Voice like a laugh from the heart of a dream.

Orchards are blossoming, gardens abloom,
Roses and lilies and poppies in sheaves,
Bees honey-hunting in petal perfume,
Oriole flashing his gold in the leaves.

.....

J U L Y.

I will to the mountains
Along cool trails amid the glaciers
And Alpine meadows framed with larch
And the red Indian Paint Brush.

I will to the mountains
And to the lakes of melted jade
Where the dark forest
Broods in stained reflection
Under crystalline skies.

There overhead
Steep, jagged cliffs
Rear their defiant shields,
Aeons of snow,
Against the shafts of July suns.

.....

AUGUST

Now the great trajectory
Of blazing glory
Is shot by the sun
From the low horizon
Across the August blue,
Spraying the leagues of wheat
With golden hue
And shimmer of heat,
Until into the dark trenches
Of night it plunges.

.....

SEPTEMBER.

Bathing their wings in dew
The Winds of Far Away
Out of the Long Night flew
Here to the Early Day.

They called the world awake
And away the mists they rolled
From the fringe of the forest and lake
With its green and russet and gold.

Gold and russet and green!
They uncovered the gay Fall dress
And the silken red-gold sheen
Of the trees with their airy caress.

They brought a kiss from the Moon
As cool as their own cool lips,
As sweet as the rose in June
That the bee for its honey sips.

Kiss and away! But the Sun
Came up as a lover instead,
And never a maiden was won
That flushed to a rosier red
Than the fringe of the lake as they fled.

.....

OCTOBER.

Falling, falling leaves!

And indoors

Cellars sweet-smelling with apples,

Fair hands busy with canning and stores for the winter.

Morning in frosty apron,

Noon in a bonnet of blue,

Night with a cool dark cloak overtaking the day.

Once in a while a sky a-swirl with rain

And winds in wild cavalcades,

But always,

On the greensward,

Falling, falling leaves!

.....

OCTOBER.

Remain, falling lower!

and answers

Golfers sweet-smelling with a breeze

with hands and feet and faces for the silver.

ornate, narrow, shiny

floor is a board of floor

in a light with a cool, warm glow overhanging the sea.

one in a white, a white, with hair

and rings of white, a white, a white

by silver.

in the greenery

Remain, falling lower!

NOVEMBER.

Grey, gaunt and sere
Is the old year.
Flake upon flake
Falls the heartache,
Only for a while
The Indian Summer
Comes with a smile
A late-comer,
An afterthought,
So that naught
Of the old year
May lack good cheer,
And you remember
A sweet November.

.....

DECEMBER.

There is a window in a quiet room
Over an orchard now of apples bare
Though in September no more sweet perfume
Filled any wind with a more fragrant air.

And in that silence through the window-bars
Through the deep azure that pervades the sky
Prick'd only by innumerable stars
I see a world of phantom passers-by.

I see the fairies of a winter's night
Float from the tree-tops to the path below
And pattern laces with the clear moonlight
And shadows of the branches on the snow.

And where the icicles hang from the eaves
Dropping their crystal pillars to the ground
I see the throne that only he achieves
Who wins a queen by all the fairies crowned.

Was that a sleighbell or a magic note
Played in a dream to hearts that understand?
Surely I hear there with the dancers float
The clash of cymbals ~~ix~~ in an elfin band.

.....

FIVE P.M.

The typewriters
Go tap, tap, tap-a-tap tap,
Each in a pool of yellow light
That pours out of a green shade
Like water out of a watering-can.
Letters blossom in the pools.

Please cancel our order of yesterday's date
One thousand yards of green damask . . .

Terms for these goods
Thirty days five per cent. . . .
~~Minimum advance for silk stockings~~

New line of silk stockings,
Double reinforced heel and top. . . .

Will be placed in the hands
Of our lawyers for collection

Private and Confidential:
Our detective informs us
That the president of the Union
Can be squared for five thousand

Jim, I love you.
I want you, Jim.
Tomorrow night
Is Saturday night,
Dearest.

Letters blossom in the pools.
The blossoms will wither tomorrow
Or the day after,
And some will be dried
And put away in filing cabinets,
And some
Will just be torn up and thrown away.
Fresh letters
Will blossom on Monday.

XXX

The martyr suffers, the children of Moses
On Israel, known by splen, feet & hook noses.
Well never depart, from the ends of the mart
Give nothing for nothing, nor suffers the heart
To have snar over the head, once in "pessuers" they start

But this story would show, ~~that~~ most rules, as we know
Have got their exceptions, & that to go slow
In drawing conclusions, for mortals below
To honest conception is seldom a foe.

^{great}
Old Cities & Towns have one quarter, where those
Who out of Judea have come, to sell clothes
New & second hand, rags, bottles, bones, all that goes
Under title of "junk" keep their stores, mostly rows
Of humble down buildings, where Hygiene nose
Says, "tis here the worst microbe of pestilence grows"

Well I know the fact, not that one celebrity
For its rare men of yore, but the town & York state
Has its Bowery; perchance, on the good days they tell
Of, who wrote of Manhattan, this region did smell

2/1

Of moss & woodbine; it now stands like, well -
Let it pass - you all know, on the road we now dwell

This Boney is known as a place where the do
And say such queer things, if the chorus be true
Of that song, *Erst so famous*; well known to all you
Who frequent *Emancipator* & such places - On view

In this street one can find - shows of every kind.
Learned pig - scanty pig. & fat lady, O'pody,
Just landed from Cork, has set up as a Turk
From Constantinople - & labelled *The Cade*

But by as he well, the mupscallam still
Can smother his brogue, nor leave off his colloquy
With a lovely *Caracorum*, du sh, Irish rogue.

Bunches deeper so bold - welcome Road well out hoed
So Hooped from ⁴ Come out of the cold
My dear good old friend: Soon the watch of pure gold
Is produced & the Armyman nearly is sold

Then the "Dives" where the locker, then grooved lightning's game,
 To go to once heard - And one money goes shaker
 Show anywhere else - and the atmosphere's thicker,
 With "lives words" & smoke, - and the lights flure flure,
 And fair of aul fashonmen smud ogle & snicker,
 Shook a bump with the bookish for you tries to dicke,
 While for news of the ball-game, some crowd round the tickes,

But enough of these shymes. I must harken betimes
 To my toll, or before I get ~~through~~ further, the chimes
 Of midnight will knell. What I started to tell
 Was how Abramson, who a clothing store run,
 Had the work of their busiest day well begun

By selling, ^{at} "for under coat on a leor friend"
 Then Shoddier sent, to a ferryman boat
 On showing the boys in his village, what's meant
 By "style" a New York. They now are intent

On beginning an immigrant, landed shoddy day
 For a slop pair of breeches, two dollar to pay

if

The new landed one, is a son of a Jew
From the midlands - He gave him the sword
God's truth

That the pantaloon he, wants, a bargain would be
at double the price - that no pair worth so much
Sore one pair they'd sold, for four dollars a pair
So Society's pet, Ward Wallster, yet
Had been made - & no more of such cloth they
could get.

The lad swallows the bait - fine again, puts his foot.
But reflects at this rate - He soon in a state
Of brownness will be - "Now just let me see,
If I can't get 'em cheaper - they look about three
Or even two dollars - it must look, fellows
They're trying it on - I'll just offer them one.

On the pants was a card marked one seventh price
Which to keep him from seeing so for the embrace
And while alone the elder - that wild old Jew
On Aaron never call as his partner, if two
Or even three dollars, is not. S'elp me check

For such a fine pair, the young Jew, for a heap
 of paper tickets takes only marked three dollars - it
 In the place of the other he depts well yet.

Thence Abrahm the father says Abrahm the son
 By good means, I'd rather, I swear, that each one
 of the many fine lot of chosen garments we've got
 Should just rot - Ay for rot - on the shelves, than one rot

Less than two dollars like, for those pants - it could bring
 the strongest of forces - ay a ton of money, drive
 them, to sell such ~~fine~~ pants, Ay for one servant free

Then the father arose, stroked his beard, rubbed his nose -
 Ma son, against avarice sure we must strive
 And though at the marked price, we no profit derive
 From the sale - as in Heaven past Jehovah's alive
 We will give him those pants for one servant free

When Abraham offered ~~him~~ Isaac some gold
 Or was going to, as in the Scripture is told
 His raised knife was stopped, & a room or foot dropped
 In the bushes was found & the sleeping unbound

Yet because he was willing, God order fullfilling
 Is story his son Isaac; though stayed in the killing
 Of the Abrahams sacrifice brought him to flog
 The what should be thought of the Jew in my story
 Who in subterfuge found, on the soldiers all around

For those parts, ~~what he said~~, I hit the sound
 I am. I am even with Beersheba jump out
 And the tale of these heroes be heard round about

In the marshes down here, where to shoot men commence
 Or a Temple or Synagogue, keeping alive
 Their names, all has known, that though bred in the
 bone

Was the story best for good - they took some
 did dance

And those parts surprised for an seventy five.

It is done, the sales made, now is payment delayed
 For the God the one seventy five promptly paid
 On the head, all is good, save that ~~then~~ when out of bed
 And

V 3. n-85- n.d.
(83)
The Poet.

Descend, my muse, ~~and~~ from steep Parnassus' height
And teach me how to sing the hapless plight
Of him whose genius never comes to light
Till he be sped.
For Genius is a thing of little profit,
And no advantage to the owner of it
When he is dead.
Oh! teach me how to sing his funeral
Whose worth is never recognised at all,
E'en in the grave.
Oh! let me save
Some memory, in this vale of tears
Of those far off and half forgotten years.

The Muse.

Homeward the painter plods his weary way.
The glimmering landscape fades before his sight.
He hopes to come again another day,
Because he knows he has not got it right.

Let not Ambition mock his useless toils,
His turpentine joys, his fate unhung.
Nor proud stockbrokers flout his simple oils
Because he dies unknighthed and unhung.

For him indeed no feudal titles wait.
Chiaroscuro claims him for her own.
Contented he to sit and imitate
Chaste Evenings' changing and elusive tone.

He seeks no wealth, his canvas is unsold.
He flouts the passing honour of a day.
This simple fact is all his mind can hold,
The path to Glory is the R.C.A.

The Poet.

Stop! Muse. I could
Do that as well myself.
I wish you would
Get back upon the shelf.
Leave me alone
To groan
And tear
The scanty remnants of my hair,
With Roget and a rhyming dictionnaire.

Apollo! Send me down another Muse
Less overworked and with more modern views.

The Second Muse (Vers libre)

This Wide Domain
Is bang chock full of Genius, financial, military and otherwise.
Most of it,
Has not yet been appreciated.
The rest of it
Is in jail or in the House of Lords.

11
12
13

The first of the three
The second of the three
The third of the three
The fourth of the three
The fifth of the three
The sixth of the three
The seventh of the three
The eighth of the three
The ninth of the three
The tenth of the three

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The ninth of the three
The tenth of the three

Bonny Bird, bonny Bird,
Whither hides thy pleasure?
Never take a summons heard
Of so wild a measure.

Softer than the light through leaves
When thy song is fiercest
Ah, but sharp as autumn eves
Now the hills thou piercest!

And the memory-dreading deeps,
Where at last unspeaking,
One within my bosom sleeps
Wearied out with seeking.

Bonny Bird, bonny Bird,
As thou lov'st give over!
Twice may that proud hope be stirred,
Never twice recover!

Exhibit P.D.Q., being an open letter of
sorts addressed to His Lordship -

O dear Judge Lazure, "we're showing you now ...",
We're fed to the teeth with this trial - and how!

We're tired of the lawyers' ifs, ands, and buts;
If we get much more, we shall all go nuts.

We don't need to wait till the jury's harangued,
For all of us think the accused should be hanged.

We're sick of the case, it's getting us down,
Sick of Defence, and sick of the Crown.

The Prosecutor is betting his shirts
That the dozen of us succumb as he "flirts".

Old Barbasol sure will sink Anderson's ship,
And Baldy O'Donnell just gives us the pip.

We gather old Bertrand thinks he is so wise
That it will be pie with us easy guys.

And as for that war-horse, old fuzzy Monette,
He's full of old prunes, we think he's all wet.

O'Donnell and Bertrand, Fauteux and Monette,
And Barbrove too - we hate the quintette!

Their cutest remarks we think are all lousy,
Their bullying wisecracks make us all drowsy.

We're sick of the gloom and the smell of the Taft,
Suggest it be bombed to blow up the graft.

We're tired of meandering mile after mile
Through garbage and slums in slow double file.

We mustn't look here, we shouldn't look there -
We oughtn't to think, for that isn't fair!

We soon won't remember just which is which -
Accused or the jury - or the son of a bitch!

20p

Exhibit P. D. Q., being an open letter of
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24
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Accused or the jury - or the son of a bitch!

ICHTHYS

OR

The Predominant Influence of the Fishing Industry in the Foundation and Early Development of the Christian Religion.

(Synopsis of a Paper to be Read by Professor Jacob Hellschlager, Ph. D., of the University of Chicago, at the Annual meeting of the American Economic History Society, 1928.)

Historical research into the events constituting the foundation and early development of the Christian religion has inadequately concerned itself hitherto with the economic aspects of those events and of their setting. The purpose of this paper is to show that the Christian religion is in the main a by-product of ^a long and critical conflict between the fishing industry of Galilee and the financial interests of Jerusalem. By this line of research it will be found possible to clear up many perplexing questions concerning the character and motives of the founders. In the course of the exploration it may be necessary to clear away much sentimental and romantic debris which has accumulated in the course of eighteen centuries, a period during which the science of economic history has been completely neglected and the economic motive systematically allowed to pass out of sight.

Economic research has already radically transvalued ~~the~~ almost the whole of what used to be called secular history, in contradistinction to the particular area of history which we are now invading. Economic historians have shown that Brutus, for example, far from being the great protagonist and martyr of Roman democracy, was a rank political corruptionist, a rich party boss, a fine example of the type which was later to be labelled as "Malefactors of great wealth". I myself was able two years ago to show that Buddha, whom historians of the gullible and

sentimental class have inclined to regard as a holy man with an important and original religious philosophy, was ~~mainly~~ actually a real estate operator of the most unscrupulous kind, a sensual libertine, and in later life the founder of a vast religious trust society whose funds he maladministered. It has been evident for some time that the penetrating light of this new method of ~~historical~~ research was urgently needed in the neighborhood of the year one and in the land of Palestine.

It is not claimed that our task is as yet entirely completed. There are elements in the character of the chief Founder of the Christian religion which cannot ^{yet} be wholly accounted for by economic considerations. Even the character of St. John is at some points baffling to the purely realistic inquirer. But taking the movement as a whole, I feel entitled to say that the facts collected in the appendices to this paper establish that it was economic in its character, that it can be adequately accounted for on purely Marxian lines by the employment of the new American technique for economic research, and that no other kind of motivation can possibly explain the readiness with which the movement took root among so realistic and practical a people as the Jews.

In the present state of our investigation it would be useless to attempt to establish that the Founder Himself, like Brutus or Buddha, was in his own person a predatory financier of ~~or~~ even a trade-union exploiter. We shall ~~not~~ start from the assumption that He was person of very captivating character and great persuasive powers, who was employed by more obviously selfish individuals for their own ends. As the appendices will show, we "have the goods" (to use the language of modern economics) on at least eight of the Disciples and a large number of the Early

Fathers. The whole Christian movement, until Paul took hold of it and swamped the original membership by admitting Gentiles in order to obtain a controlling vote against the original insiders, was a purely economic undertaking, to which those of Mr. Aaron Sapiro in the American and Canadian West afford a close parallel.

It started as a revolt of the amalgamated fishing industry of Galilee against the Bank of Jerusalem group, who were putting up the rate of interest on nets and fishing equipment generally at a time when the fish were running very low. I have used the somewhat modern term "Bank of Jerusalem" to designate the group of financial insiders who held the money-changers' seats in the Temple, and who combined the characteristics of a bank and a stock exchange in our more specialised era. They were the rich financiers who contributed largely towards the operating costs of the Temple services, which were extremely high. As a reward they were allowed to put up their establishments in the very Temple ~~property~~ property itself, an obviously priceless real-estate privilege. The system is practiced to this very day; a reference in Appendix G gives particulars of a similar transaction a year or two ago in Montreal, Canada.

It is abundantly clear from the evidence (Appendix B) that there was a feud of some sort between the fisheries crowd, with the allied net-mending interest (who contributed all of the first four Disciples), and these financial men of the Jerusalem Wall Street. We do not yet know exactly what it was about. From the fact that there was a tax-collector associated with the Galilee Gang (as the financiers and priests called them), we incline to the view that there had probably been some grafting going on, and that the Jerusalem crowd were using these graft charges as a means of squeezing the Galileans out of their fish concessions.

The object of course would be to replace these traditional and somewhat incompetent workers with a more highly specialised and capitalised type of fishermen under Jerusalem management, so that Jerusalem would get all the profits and Galilee nothing but a sustenance wage. The incompetence of the Galileans is sufficiently indicated by the recorded case of their toiling all night and catching nothing when, as subsequent events proved, there was a vast school of fish within a few yards of their vessels.

Now the proper way to repel a graft charge is of course to bring a noisier graft charge against the people who are attacking you. That is precisely what the Galileans did. Declaring that the bankers were guilty of sacrilege and of stealing from the Temple, they undertook what would perhaps now be termed a "hike" to Jerusalem, and stirred up a tremendous amount of feeling and a very lively riot. The Temple Riot was a brilliant success, as far as it went. The bankers were driven out of their bank, and the dove business was temporarily suspended. But the clergy rallied to the support of their best parishioners, as was perfectly natural; and the riot had no permanent results, except that it led to the formation of a strong Temple Police to ensure that such things should not happen again.

attacking you. And that is what the Galileans did. Declaring that the bankers were guilty of sacrilege and of stealing from the Temple, they stirred up a tremendous amount of popular feeling against them, and if it had been an election year I think there is very little doubt that they would have put it across. The Temple Riot was a brilliant success. The bankers were temporarily driven out of their bank; but the clergy rallied to their support, as was perfectly natural, and the riot had no permanent results, except that it led to the organization of a good strong Temple police force to see that such ~~things should not happen again.~~

"And then, as near as we can figure it out, the Galileans changed their tactics in a very subtle and significant way. They began laying great emphasis on the idea of an impending and early and catastrophic End of the World.

"Now you can see at a glance how such a doctrine, if you can only get it accepted, works in favor of the fish business and against the banks. For people must have their daily food even if the world is going to end tomorrow, but if it is going to end tomorrow they certainly won't want to save money and put it in banks or buy mortgages. In effect the Nazarene preaching was just a direct attack on the credit system as it existed in Judea at the time, couched in the one form which would have a chance of striking the ^{Jewish} public mind, namely a prophetic warning that the saver of capital would never live to draw his interest and collect his principal back again.

"Unfortunately there are no statistics of the volume of bank deposits or stock exchange transactions in Jerusalem at that time. But there is plenty of evidence that the effect of the Nazarene teaching was beginning to be seriously felt both by the bankers and by their friends and collaborators the

Temple clergy. It included, as you will remember, the instruction to sell all that the believer possessed and give to the poor -- an entirely harmless instruction so long as it was addressed to a lot of journeymen-fishermen away off in Galilee, but one that was going to cause no end of trouble if it ever got to be generally practiced by the holders of mortgages and real estate in Jerusalem.

"So the bankers and the clergy and the politicians in power got together as they usually do when the established order of things is threatened, and took action. And as usual they went to extremes. Precisely what happened when the clash occurred between the Nazarenes and the police it is not for me to say; that would seem to be more in the province of the Higher Critics, and until they arrive at a little more unanimity about it we Economic Historians will stand aside. But I should like to draw ~~your~~ attention to the fact that when the mists ~~again~~ lift a little and we find ourselves ^{again} on solid historical ground with the documents and inscriptions of the early Christian Church, what do we discover? We find them drawing fish all over everything, and declaring that on one or two days in the week fish shall be ~~themselves~~ ~~various~~ ~~known~~ substituted for meat in the diet of all believers. ~~And after that you have the face to tell me that Christianity is not an economic revolt by the fish industry?"~~ And on the other hand

~~"Not at all", I said. "Have some grilled haddock; it's Friday."~~ We find them prohibiting interest as immoral. The day when Christianity lost sight of its economic origins & began lending money for interest & eating meat on fish days will doubtless be recognized by future historians as the date of the beginning of its downfall.

KINSMEN QUARTER CENTURY DINNER.

.....

"I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS"

I'm always chasing rainbows
Watching clouds drifting by
My schemes are just like all my dreams,
Ending in the sky
Some fellows look and find the sunshine,
I always look and find the rain,
Some fellows make a winning some time,
I never even make a gain
Believe me, I'm always chasing rainbows
Waiting to find a little blue bird in vain.

"TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE! GOOD-BYE"

Toot, - Toot, Tootsie, Good-bye!
Toot, Toot, Tootsie don't cry,
The choo choo train that takes me,
Away from you no words can tell
How said it makes me,
Kiss me, tootsie and then,
Do it over again,
Watch for the mail, I'll never fail
If you don't get a letter
You'll know I'm in jail,
Tut, Tut, tootsie don't cry
Toot, Toot, Tootsie Good-bye!

"THE DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL"

I'll be down to get you in a Taxi, Honey,
You better be ready about half past eight
Now dearie, don't be late,
I want to be there when the band starts playing
Remember when we get there, Honey,
The two-steps, I'm goin' to have 'em all,
Goin' to dance out both my shoes,
When they play the "Jelly Roll Blues",
Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.

"THE WEST, A NEST & YOU DEAR"

The West, a Nest and you dear,
Oh what a dream 'twould be -
A cozy little cottage
Beside the western sea
And who knows some day maybe
My dreams will all come true
A cradle and a baby
The West, a Nest and You.

See. 19 - 59

Holmes

Leaf

Tawson

+ Smil?

Young

Hébert

L. Smil?

P. May

P. Shannon

B. Taylor

KINGSLEY QUARTER CENTURY DINNER

WIM ALMA'S CHASTING FATHOMING

I'm always chasing rainbows

Watching clouds drifting by

My schemes are just like silly dreams

Some fellows look and find the sunshine

Some fellows look and find the rain

I always look and find the rain

Some fellows make a winning game of time

I never know when I'm chasing rain

Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

I never know when I'm chasing rain

Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

I never know when I'm chasing rain

Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

I never know when I'm chasing rain

Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

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Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

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Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

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Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

I never know when I'm chasing rain

Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

I never know when I'm chasing rain

Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

I never know when I'm chasing rain

Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

I never know when I'm chasing rain

Believe me I'm always chasing rainbows

Waiting for the little blue bird in vein

ON BOOKPLATES

An ideal bookplate flutters to the floor like an autumn leaf when the book it marks is lifted from the shelves. When the book is re-shelved the bookplate resumes its rightful place on the inside front cover, quietly and surreptitiously, ready for the next encounter.

This was found to be impracticable when I designed my own bookplate. Like U-2's, they refused to return to home base. So I was compelled to paste them down for good.

The man in my design was John Simms, inspector of weights and measures for Queen Victoria. He was a great-grandfather of my wife's. William Powell Frith (1819-1909) did the portrait in 1851, and in 1852, for other reasons, was elected to the Royal Academy. The picture is still in the possession of a member of the Simms family and hangs in a cottage in England where Sir Stephen Leacock, one-time member of the Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal, used to live, and where he wrote some of his books. A son of John Simms taught mathematics at Eton College.

The quotation is from G.G. Coulton, an authority on mediaeval England, and was gleaned from one of his books about the 14th Century. Because an inspector of weights and measures is interested in standards, not things - the picture seems to reveal an air of philosophical detachment and quizzical objectivity - I regard the quotation as peculiarly apt for my purpose.

It seems to me that mystical and astrological symbolism is permissible in my circumstances - it was the only way I could drag myself into the picture - and since Libra is the sign of the zodiac violated by the sun when I was born, I am pleased to imagine that the scales in the picture denote me. A book I used to read reminds me that money is a root of all evil, maybe also of some good, and libra is an interesting root in the things expressed by lb. and £, whether it attached itself to you as avoirdupois or sterling.

The sign of the zodiac under which my wife was born, Aries, remains unexpressed in the picture, but it is there by implication. Add these two signs together and you get an atrocious pun:

LIBR A RIES.

Peccavi; forgive me!

To Mr P. S. (Cald).

Fairer of Queens that row yet
England a coast uniquely clean
You does indeed in many ways
But you does more!

To the P. & P. (Cuddles)

Where once again you sit at ease
By rugs & cushions warm and cozy
Beautiful, despite the challenged C's
Of poor Don Don José.

Here landing equal can to each
Charle's rushes you soon of course,
You know our silence is our speech
Equally course.

You give our happy fellowship
A soul above the words that make it.
Don't hurt Dan if you are ~~that~~ (?) can say (?)
You give and state it.

Therefore for you the trophies shine
Therefore the incense shall not lack, O
Lady, as before your shrine
In light tobacco!

To the P. & P.

Dear Union, under whose central
Unceasing, but ever striking,
We gently tell the bourgeois soul
Of our disliking

Decent Republic, final nurse
Of free debate and unpaid members
Whose budget even the poorest purse
Hardly remembers

Whose lofty doors the envious rout
Of clamouring women beats to naught on
Whose resolutions none may flout
Except Macpherson

Whose single chamber bows to none
And Dukes & Ears are wear able
Though they may dine us one by one
To face our table

Dear P. & P. you take the praise
Of such superior happy persons
Who mourning sore for Symonds
achieved Macpherson's.

Where once again you sit at ease
By cups & curtains warm & cozy
Peaceful, despite the challenged C's
Of poor son Ise.

Opinion

Subject to the foregoing, we are of
the opinion that if the acquiree
should keep this property for
30 years, he will by that time
be alone in his enjoyment
of it.

These, bidding equal ear to each,
Chaste mistress of a score of looks,
Your mood on silence or on speech
Equally looks

You give me happy fellowship

A soul above the souls that make it
More thirst than any of you all can sip
You give, & stake it.

Therefore for you the torches shine
Therefore the incense shall not

lack, O
Lodges as before your shrine!
No light tobacco!

Fanest of Queens that we yet

Enslaved a court uniquely clear

One does indeed we may forget

But you does not!

Servitudes

Immunable lines affect the plot on all sides. All but one, are open & apparent.

Taxes.

Several fake taxes on the mining claim appear. Receipts for these are easily obtained.

Emancipation.

We note the following obligation which has not been discharged. The hero engages in a hammer-throwing contest with Blue Jim, who makes the two best throws to win. ~~Blue Jim's~~ The hero's throws are, 82, 87, & 102 feet. Blue Jim's 59, 120, & 98. While it may be contended that as Blue Jim's second best throw was not equal to the hero's best, ~~he cannot be held to have~~ ^{we cannot think} that such an interpretation of the contract was intended by the parties. The hero's word on this point is not supported by affidavit; & we ~~the consequence seriously of~~ cannot consider that this obligation has been discharged. As a consequence the contract ^{between} between the hero & Blue Jim is voidable.

189

120
98
218

* he cannot
be held to have
made the 2
best throws

Description

The property is described as The ~~same that~~
long long line published by Prints
& Binders bounded on all sides
by dark blue cloth. We have nothing
before us by which to check the
measure of applause accorded it.

Chain of Title

1. By act of theft passed at R. L.
Stevenson, Pepper, Nearditch
acquired this plot from Sir Walter
Scott.
2. We have not thought it necessary
to examine the titles of this antea
as we are assured that he derived
them by gift direct from heaven.

Veruse

The property may be held quite
easily in one hand.

Matrimonial Status

No matrimonial rights of any kind
appear to affect the hero in any
way. The matrimonial status of the
heroine's mother is unsatisfactory.

The ^{prospective} matrimonial status of both hero
& heroine may safely be left to the imagination.

Spring

When the tap no longer freezes, when we catch the first mild breezes
And he duds his fancy pleasures with the shortest Seymour coat: -
When the melting snow uncovers all those lanes not meant for lanes
And a crop of tins discovers toward the browsing goat: -
When those shapes or forms unsightly which the "fleece" covered ^{lightly}
'neath the warm sun show up brightly, while he rodden

clothes - lines swing: -

Then we sport the grass-green shutters, then the child spots in
the gutters
And our friend just snatches: "Thus is sentimental spring!"

Not the of course the spring of older days when everything was
golden

When the world had just unfolded & the day-stars waking
eyes -

All her virgin flowers springing, all her pattered choirs ringing
Some glad song they'd caught in winging through the
glades of Paradise

When the merry nymph and satyr kept their sylvan court in
state, or,

Coming down to times still later, & the days of good Queen
Bess,

Go to England that was "merry" & her maids whose lips were ^{very}
Frequently described as "cherry" - then was Spring in Japanese

Spring (contd.)

But alas! Our Spring is dreary, and the mildest man forsooth
Of the tax collector leans with his nose lengthening like
Of the sun-changing hatter who remarks "Tis no great matter,
But the trim is slightly flatter than it was last year: but
steth,

"If you like it you can wear it!" So you buy the hat & Susan it
Is a fraud but still you wear it - Thus the yearly changes run
Twixt the tradesman & the trader, till you really wonder
whether

In the Post hat's known as Vetter, "So the dwellers live, live?
Years for what we know as Spring?"

No. 5 - CANADIAN HISTORICAL THEME.

UNITED CHURCH RAILROAD TO HEAVEN.

1. The United Church train is come at last,
She is rumbling through the land,
I hear the bell and whistle,
She is coming close to hand.
2. I hear the car wheels rattle,
She is straining every nerve,
And as I look I see the light,
She is coming round the curve.
3. For after all it seems to me,
It is God's inspired plan
To spread abroad to the world at large,
His love to sinful man.
4. May no blind sidings hold her,
May she have right of way,
To prove to all the sons of men
That she has come to stay.
5. And as she travels forward,
May all men surely see,
That Jesus is their Saviour,
The sinners' Perfect Plea.
6. When to our Terminal Station
This train has pulled us through,
To the Eternal City
With all the good and true.
7. At home in Heaven with Jesus
Our Saviour and Our Friend,
We shall spend the eternal ages
In bliss that ne'er will end.

- - - - -

It has been observed, and will be observed by thousands of people that the first recorded instance of curiosity was that of Eve, in the matter of apples, — or was it serpents? But that we can be at all sure that Eve's motive was curiosity; it ~~might~~ just as might it, not just as well have been greed, or even mere hunger? And can't we be sure that her curiosity, — if it was curiosity, — was about apples and not about serpents? In point of fact is there not some sort of connection between serpents and curiosity? Are we not led to suppose so by the fact that the emblem of the medical profession, whose members are among the most curious of men, — is a rod with two serpents? Is any connection to be suspected between these Asclepiadian serpents and the one ~~rod with the~~ which corrupted Eve's morals? For, if these serpents are, like hers, of the apple bearing kind, would not the two of them be enough to keep a doctor away for two days, or two doctors away for one day? Or, am I, perhaps wrong in saying that the rod of Asclepius has two serpents instead of only one? And doesn't it really matter?

Since then we are discussing the apples, is it

not an astonishing fact that Canada, which is
 famous, or notorious, among apple producing
 countries, is particularly well supplied with
 doctors? Is there any evidence to show that
 doctors are scarcer, or less prosperous in places
 where apples are most abundant? Might not the
 enquiry into this question begin with a local
 example? In Montreal the ~~next~~ fruit market
 and the court house lie close to one another; has
 this proximity of ~~there~~ a centre of the
 apple trade any bearing on the difficulty,
 which recently occurred, of getting a doctor into
 the witness box when he was ~~wanted~~ wanted
 to satisfy the curiosity of lawyers? And arising
 out of this case one might ask, - Why should the
 convenience of lawyers be held more important
 than the health & or life of the doctor's
 patient? And one may further enquire, - would
 the legal position be changed if the patient
 happened to be a lawyer, or even a judge?
 Would the necessity of the ^{rule} ~~case~~ be relaxed ~~in this case~~
 for the benefit of a brother of the same profession,
 or would the dignity of the court be strictly
 upheld with a view to accelerating promotion
 in the legal ranks?

The subject imposed on us by the President is Curiosity. On reading through this note it is found to consist almost entirely of unanswered questions and to have no meaning at all whatever. If it should, in consequence, stimulate any curiosity as to the answers to the questions, or as to what it is all about, it must surely satisfy the President's demands.

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

- Alexander Pope.

"Literary members are to furnish verses for
the Annual Festival measuring 6" by 4" to be attached
to the menus."

- Minutes of the Pen & Pencil Club.

Here is a verselet six by four,
Nothing less and nothing more.
Within these bounds I've made it fit
Whichever way you measure it,
Top to bottom, side to side,
Not too tall and not too wide;
And, strange to say, it isn't hard
To write such verselets by the yard.

In point of fact, I've lots to state
To justify a six by eight.
I could make measures lightly trip
Right through an almost endless strip
And smugly contemplate the whole
Wound tightly in a mammoth roll.
(True, that might furnish an excuse
For some obscure improper use!)
But poets most enjoy themselves
In writing solid twelve by twelves,
For that provides them, all complete,
With what they feel they must have - feet.
For instance, Alexander Pope
(You've heard of him, I fondly hope?)
Never falters, never lumbers,
Just because he lisped in numbers.
Hence there grew his lasting fame
As the numbers came and came
Trailing like some vast wistaria
Over an enormous area
First in pairs and then in braces
Reaching to the highest places.
Every number sleek and prime
Up to every trick of rhyme.
Not for him the vulgar fraction,
Not for him the halting action.
Let him, then, be our example.
May I offer as a sample
Of the sort of thing I mean
Six by something like sixteen
(Which is this screed's present length)
Going on from strength to strength?

- - - - -

85

The House

Homeward the painter plods his way
The glimmering landscape fades upon his sight
He hopes to come again another day,
Because he knows he has not got the right.

Let not ambition mock his sudden toils,
His tempting joys, his fate unknown.
In proud stock brokers float his simple oils
Because he dies unknights unknown.

In him too indeed no prudent bidder wait.
Chiaroscuro claims him for his own.
Contented he to sit and smudge
Charte Principis changing elusion tone.

He seeks no wealth, his canvas is unsold.
He floats the passing honours of a day.
His simple past is all his mind can hold.
The path of Glory is the R.C.A.

For club album

Can Death have beckoned you, the youngest heart,
The staunchest member of our little band?
Can He have known be deemed ^{our noblest} such precious art
That soul at your command?

No doubt- He knew that honour, pride, success
Would leave dear vacant shades where you had dwelt,
That the broad valleys of your kindness
Would ~~turn~~ ^{mark} where sorrow knelt-

But had He seen the October studio
With pencilers and penmen waiting there,
Knowing - yet half expecting you to go
To your accustomed chair,

He surely would have stayed the sickle's fall,
Halted that fery for a sadder tale.
'Er one most loved, most honoured of us all,
Had laid his pen aside.

1 or 2 at below

Strangely unthankable! - ^{But} ~~that~~ yesterday
It seems you anointed Brynner, holding that
No ~~could~~ ^{girl} could pose in such a hazy way -
except an acrobat!

So, whether battling with 'Louise'
And opera, or telling some quaint tale,
You brought rich honour from the seven seas
To fill your bellowing sail.

5
These vigorous notes, kindly returned -
found heavy work for "fitz" - our club recorder,
no easy task less mine (your President!)
To keep you, Sir, "in order".

for with the burst of your bi-lingual bomb
far distant echoes awakened to rejoice
Times reawakening: As you said "Tous s'embrassent
les cards de Genevieve!"

Death might have garnered from a thousand men
yet left the generous wisdom of your face
To us, who know that when we meet again
Life cannot fill your place -

But no: like "Bill o' the Hill" Death's patience spent
Took you - to ease his pressing grievous load;
We know you laughed and chatted as you went;

{ ~~Arms linked, along that road.~~
~~Along the poplar road.~~
Together down the road.

Credit \$24.

12.50
36.50
122.22
36.50
85.92

And who's the second name that taints
Your ballot-paper? - Holy Saints!
A man who, judged by what he paints,
Is ice incarnate.
We should be flattered I suppose
While Cullen swabs the walls with snows
And frozen whisky turns the nose
To shining garnet.

As for the man that takes our cash
O for the courage to be rash
But I've not paid him, and the lash
Does seem a blunder.
And Yet I think it should be said
Our stock of Scotch is limited
Who has the keys while we're abed
I often wonder?

And last, the scribe to write our runes
I ask you, do you love lampoons?
His victims are not fed with spoons
On milk and honey.
Do we want rhymsters romping round
Racking our minutes to the sound
Of ribald rancour? I'll be bound
He thinks it funny.

Damn it, I say, but Nobbs is mad!
If architecture ails the lad
(Traquair, of course, is just as bad)
Damn architecture!
Down with reform! Down, down, says I,
With all this modern, hue and cry!
And down with beer! For I am dry
After my lecture!

TO WRITE A POEM
IS A DIFFICULT TASK
FOR A PAINTER OF PORTRAITS
IS MORE THAN ONE SHOULD ASK

HOWEVER, OCCASION DEMANDS
THAT ONE MUST
COMPOSE A FEW WORDS,
THAT WILL RYHM AND BE FAST.

I AM GLAD TO BE ONE
OF THE FELLOWS OF ARTS
ENJOYING THIS EVENING
THAT I HAVE MISSED IN THE PAST.

I HOPE TO CATCH UP WITH THE
GOSSIP AND FUN.

THAT KEEPS US ALIVE
AS FAR AS WE CAN

I WOULD LIKE TO CONTINUE
MY LITTLE CHAT IN RYHME
HOWEVER I REALIZE
THERE MUST BE LIMIT IN TIME

IT IS BORING TO LISTEN
WHEN ONE HAS LITTLE TO SAY
SO I WILL FORCLOSE
WITH A TOAST IF I MAY.

Cranberry pie and apricot -

We love them not, we hate them not.

Of all the victuals in pot or plate,

There's only one that we loathe and hate,

We love a hundred, we hate but one,

And that we'll hate till our race is run -

BREAD PUDDING!

You we hate with a lasting hate,

And never will we that hate abate.

Hate of the tooth and hate of the gum,

Hate of palate and hate of tum,

Hate of the millions who've choked you down,

In country kitchen or house in town.

We love a thousand, we hate but one,

With a hate more hot than the hate of the Hum -

BREAD PUDDING!

The Cane-bottomed Chair,
by Thackeray

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone -
I sit here alone, but yet we yet are a pair -
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

Dear Earle (or Mr President), your laudable activities
In stirring sluggish members into airing their proclivities

(By 'members', be it understood, I mean the human entity
And not the bits assembled for establishing identity

When Juggernaut has claimed another victim in the street
And turned Tom, Dick, or Harry into scattered chunks of meat

This rounding-up of men of parts (I slip back into metaphor)
Unnerves me; that is what I send this hasty, rambling letter for.

The Cockney rhyme is evidence of utter inability
To do the thing that should be done with orthodox facility,

But then my jaded Pegasus, he neither feeds nor romps on
The luscious mead that makes his steed bring higher flights to Thom(p)son

Whose fealty to the Muses will p'raps overlook the blame
Attaching to the adding of a letter to his name.

I cannot sing in accents sweet of bloom and silk and ribbon
The maiden vow and tender blush that mark the verse of Gibbon;

And all the things that bite and scratch and sting and tear and nip man
Can never spur me to the heights serenely paced by Chipman.

Nor can I plumb the deeps of thought explored by diver Cox
Perpending stately steamers leaving well-appointed docks.

Not mine the skill to saunter glist'ning, sleek and debonair
Through all the realms of learning like that doughty sage Traquair.

My modest penny candle pales and faints before the beacon
That gilds the acrobatics of the facile pen of Deacon.

And as I ponder fruitlessly the placing of a vowel
I hear the merry quip that spells consummate ease for Howell.

No; absent from my cradle was a fairy with a spell
To make the rapier that performs the fifth-rib thrusts of Bell.

And faced with your musicians, Mr. President, and artists,
I am as some poor grenadier among the Bonapartists.

But still I have some spark of pride that prompts me to assert
That under stress I can be sry, in fact, almost alert.

I rise to some occasions and can sometimes find solutions
To junior cross-word puzzles; could they rank as contributions ?

24
Dear Earle (or Mr President), your laudable activities
In stirring sluggish members into airing their proclivities

(By 'members', be it understood, I mean the human entity
And not the bits assembled for establishing identity

When Juggernaut has claimed another victim in the street
And turned Tom, Dick or Harry into scattered chunks of meat),

This rounding-up of men of parts (I slip back into metaphor)
Unnerves me; that is what I send this hasty, rambling letter for.

The Cockney rhyme is evidence of utter inability
To do the thing that should be done with orthodox facility,

But then my jaded Pegasus, he neither feeds nor romps on
The luscious mead that makes his steed bring higher flights to Thom(p)son

Whose fealty to the Muses will p'raps overlook the blame
Attaching to the adding of a letter to his name.

I cannot sing in accents sweet of bloom and silk and ribbon,
The maiden vow and tender blush that mark the verse of Gibbon;

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