

Arnold, Master Of The Scud: There's a schooner out from Kingsport, Through the morning's dazzle-gleam, Snoring down the Bay of Fundy With a norther on her beam.

In response to this invasion, US-led coalition forces consisting of 35 nations including the United Kingdom issued Iraq with a formal deadline to withdraw its troops from Kuwait; midnight of 15 January, Iraq did not comply, resulting in conflict. Set during Operation Desert Storm, the story follows the covert operations carried out by one of these coalition special forces patrols. The four original members Bradley , Foley , Connors and Jones return under a new operational call sign: Arnold orders the team to locate and link up with the Delta squad the next morning, who are trapped in the city behind enemy lines. After rendezvousing with the Delta sergeant, two Delta Force operators are killed in an incoming mortar strike as Alpha-One escorts the squad to an extraction point " a communications bunker. At the communications bunker, Alpha-One set up a defensive position while three Deltas place C4 plastic explosives on communication towers. The team must protect the operators from Iraqi forces before they and the sergeant are evacuated via helicopter extraction. The squad then desperately escapes with Sgt. Arnold in open-top desert patrol vehicles after being informed of a large presence of Iraqi forces approaching their location. After learning Delta-Two is safe in Riyadh the capital city of Saudi Arabia , the squad is sent on a covert operation codenamed Operation Victor-Two to infiltrate and destroy a key Iraqi communications site and fuel depot. The team succeed in destroying the designated targets, completing their objective. Alpha-One Delta Force leader Sgt. However, the special forces operators are captured after their patrol vehicle breaks down and they are surrounded. With little choice, Bradley reluctantly orders his men to surrender. Inside the Iraqi POW base, the team is brutally interrogated due to concerns they are not conventional forces. Despite the hardships the squad endured, their captors failed to get them to reveal any operational details, further proving they have the mental and physical strength required to operate as special forces soldiers. While Bradley is being interrogated, coalition stealth fighters drop smart bombs over the complex, allowing the sergeant to search for the remainder of Alpha-One and coordinate an escape. The game then ends with the Liberation of Kuwait and a Kuwaiti television news broadcast showing Emir Jaber III thanking the coalition forces for their military assistance. The team Delta Force watch the Kuwaiti television broadcast after Kuwait has been liberated by coalition forces.

Chapter 2 : Bush Is Gone; Saddam Remains; Is There a Lesson to Be Learned?

When the tide is on the flood! And between them stands young daringâ€” Arnold, master of the Scud. He is only "Martin's youngster,".

Biography[edit] Van Everdingen was born at Alkmaar , the son of a government clerk. Allaert moved in to Haarlem , where he studied under Pieter de Molijn , and finally settled about in Amsterdam , where he died in Savery inherited the brilliant style of the Brueghels , which he carried into the 17th century; whilst Everdingen realized the large and effective system of coloured and powerfully shaded landscape which characterises the precursors of Rembrandt. According to his biographer Arnold Houbraken , his visit to Norway was unscheduled, but occurred when his ship, en route to the Baltic Sea , ran into a heavy storm and moored there for shelter. In the manner of Frans Post , Everdingen took advantage of this mishap by making sketches of the Norwegian landscape, which would have seemed very exotic to his Dutch countrymen. These sketches, which he later painted in his studio, became very popular, and though now scarce, exhibit a broad and sweeping mode of execution, differing but slightly from that transmitted at the dawn of the 17th century from Jan van Goyen to Salomon van Ruysdael. He died in Amsterdam. Haarlem school of landscape artists[edit] Molijn wielded his own influence on his gifted disciple, but the school of landscape painters in Haarlem brought forth many young, talented artists who incorporated the tonal qualities of van Goyen. This can be seen in the development of Isaac van Ostade , who abandoned the genre techniques of his brother Adriaen van Ostade for the broader landscapes of the Ruisdael family. Accordingly, we find Allaert at first a painter of coast scenery. But on one of his expeditions he is said to have been cast ashore in Norway, and during the repairs of his ship he visited the inland valleys, and thus gave a new course to his art. Their general intonation is strong and brown, and effects are rendered in a powerful key, but the execution is much more uniform than that of Jacob van Ruisdael. A dark scud lowering on a rolling sea near the walls of Flushing characterizes Everdingens Mouth of the Schelde in the Hermitage at St Petersburg. Storm is the marked feature of sea-pieces in the Staedel or Robartes collections; and a strand with wreckers at the foot of a cliff in the Munich Pinakothek may be a reminiscence of personal adventure in Norway. But the Norwegian coast was studied in calms as well as in gales; and a fine canvas at Munich shows fishermen on a still and sunny day taking herrings to a smoking hut at the foot of a Norwegian crag. After we meet with nothing but representations of inland scenery, and particularly of Norwegian valleys, remarkable alike for wildness and a decisive depth of tone. The masters favorite theme is a fall in a glen, with mournful fringes of pines interspersed with birch, and log-huts at the base of rocks and craggy slopes. The water tumbles over the foreground, so as to entitle the painter to the name of inventor of cascades. It gives Everdingen his character as a precursor of Jacob van Ruisdael in a certain form of landscape composition; but though very skillful in arrangement and clever in effects, Everdingen remains much more simple in execution; he is much less subtle in feeling or varied in touch than his great and incomparable countryman. In the Hermitage at St Petersburg is a fine example of ; another in the Pinakothek at Munich was finished in One of his best-known masterpieces is the Norwegian glen belonging to Lord Listowel. Of his etchings and drawings there are much larger and more numerous specimens in England than elsewhere. Being a collector as well as an engraver and painter, he brought together a large number of works of all kinds and masters; and the sale of these by his heirs at Amsterdam on 11 March gives an approximate clue to the date of the painters death.

Chapter 3 : Ballads of Lost Haven: A Book of the Sea by Bliss Carman - Free at Loyal Books

There's a schooner out from Kingsport, Through the morning's dazzle-gleam, Snoring down the Bay of Fundy With a norther on her beam. How the tough wind springs to wrestle.

Part I[edit] Ch. They must speak their mind about it, annoying all easy-going folk; and spend their time and money in having a tinker at it, however hopeless the job. It is an impossibility to a Brown to leave the most disreputable lame dog on the other side of a stile. There he is forever in the distance, your friend and companion; you never lose him as you do in hilly districts. I have been credibly informed, and am inclined to believe, that the various boards of directors of railway companies, those gigantic jobbers and bribers, while quarrelling about everything else, agreed together some ten years back to buy up the learned profession of medicine, body and soul. To this end they set apart several millions of money, which they continually distribute judiciously among the doctors, stipulating only this one thing, that they shall prescribe change of air to every patient who can pay, or borrow money to pay, a railway fare, and see their prescription carried out. If it be not for this, why is it that none of us can be well at home for a year together? Brown kept her on longer than usual, that she might expend her awkwardness and forgetfulness upon those who would not judge and punish her too strictly for them. Class amusements, be they for dukes or plough-boys, always become nuisances and curses to a country. Only I have just got this to say before I quit the text. It was another affair altogether, a dark ride on the top of the Tally-ho, I can tell you, in a tight Petersham coat, and your feet dangling six inches from the floor. Then you knew what cold was, and what it was to be without legs, for not a bit of feeling had you in them after the first half-hour. But it had its pleasures, the old dark ride. First there was the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman of standing out against something, and not giving in. Guard emerges from the tap, where he prefers breakfasting, licking round a tough-looking, doubtful cheroot, which you might tie round your finger, and three whiffs of which would knock any one else out of time. His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his array, but full of pluck and hope, the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight. My dear sir, a battle would look much the same to you, except that the boys would be men and the balls iron; but a battle would be worth your looking at for all that, and so is a football-match. This is worth living for; the whole sum of school-boy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour, a half-hour worth a year of common life. There are few pleasanter pieces of life. After which time the stupid, obtrusive, wakeful entity which we call "I," as impatient as he is stiff-necked, spite of our teeth will force himself back again and take possession of us down to our very toes. Two or three years, more or less, and then the steadily advancing, blessed wave will pass over your names as it has passed over ours. It was this quality above all others which moved such boys as our hero, who had nothing whatever remarkable about him except excess of boyishness; by which I mean animal life in its fullest measure, good nature and honest impulses, hatred of injustice and meanness, and thoughtlessness enough to sink a three-decker. As full of tricks as monkeys, and of excuses as Irishwomen, making fun of their master, one another, and their lessons, Argus himself would have been puzzled to keep an eye on them; and as for making them steady or serious for half an hour together, it was simply hopeless. And he regarded them, as a matter of course, as his natural enemies. In no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a public school. Remember this, I beseech you, all you boys who are getting into the upper forms. Now is the time in all your lives, probably, when you may have more wide influence for good or evil on the society you live in than you ever can have again. Quit yourselves like men, then; speak up, and strike out if necessary, for whatsoever is true, and manly, and lovely, and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty and help others to do theirs, and you may leave the tone of feeling in the school higher than you found it, and so be doing good, which no living soul can measure, to generations of your countrymen yet unborn. For boys follow one another in herds like sheep, for good or evil; they hate thinking, and have rarely any settled principles. Every school, indeed, has its own traditionary standard of right and wrong, which cannot be transgressed with impunity, marking certain things as low and blackguard, and certain others as lawful and right. This standard is ever varying, though it changes only slowly, and little by little; and, subject only to such

standard, it is the leading boys for the time being who give the tone to all the rest, and make the School either a noble institution for the training of Christian Englishmen, or a place where a young boy will get more evil than he would if he were turned out to make his way in London streets, or anything between these two extremes. Gambling makes boys selfish and cruel as well as men. Thoughtlessness in the first place. They had done with Flashman in one sense, for he never laid finger on either of them again; but whatever harm a spiteful heart and venomous tongue could do them he took care should be done. Only throw dirt enough, and some of it is sure to stick; and so it was with the fifth form and the bigger boys in general, with whom he associated more or less, and they not at all. The evil that men and boys, too, do, lives after them: Flashman was gone, but our boys, as hinted above, still felt the effects of his hate. So it is, and must be always, my dear boys. If the Angel Gabriel were to come down from heaven, and head a successful rise against the most abominable and unrighteous vested interest, which this poor old world groans under, he would most certainly lose his character for many years, probably for centuries, not only with upholders of said vested interest, but with the respectable mass of the people whom he had delivered. What can we expect, then, when we have only poor, gallant, blundering men like Kossuth, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and righteous causes which do not triumph in their hands; men who have holes enough in their armor, God knows, easy to be hit by respectabilities sitting in their lounging-chairs, and having large balances at their bankers? But you are brave, gallant boys who hate easy-chairs, and have no balances or bankers. You only want to have your heads set straight to take the right side: Part II[edit] Ch. The kind mother and sisters, who sewed that delicate stitching with aching hearts, little thought of the trouble they might be bringing on the young head for which they were meant. The little matron was wiser, and snatched the caps from East before he could look at the name on them. Hang it, I wish I could take things as you doâ€”but I never can get higher than a joke. So he and she went quietly among the folk, talking to and treating them just as they would have done people of their own rank. The spirit of his father was in him, and the Friend to whom his father had left him did not neglect the trust. I hate half measures and compromises. Must have the whole animal, hair and teeth, claws and tail," laughed East. And never was such a fellow for getting all sorts of rum things about him. Now, to persons of moderate invention this was a considerable task, and human nature being prone to repeat itself, it will not be wondered that the masters gave the same subjects sometimes over again after a certain lapse of time. To meet and rebuke this bad habit of the masters, the school-boy mind, with its accustomed ingenuity, had invented an elaborate system of tradition. Almost every boy kept his own vulgus written out in a book, and these books were duly handed down from boy to boy, till if the tradition has gone on till now I suppose the popular boys, in whose hands bequeathed vulgus-books have accumulated, are prepared with three or four vulguses on any subject in heaven or earth, or in "more worlds than one," which an unfortunate master can pitch upon. At any rate, such lucky fellows had generally one for themselves and one for a friend in my time. The only objection to the traditionary method of doing your vulguses was the risk that the successions might have become confused, and so that you and another follower of traditions should show up the same identical vulgus some fine morning; in which case, when it happened, considerable grief was the resultâ€”but when did such risk hinder boys or men from short cuts and pleasant paths? A fourth method, indeed, was used in the school, but of too simple a kind to require a comment. It may be called the vicarious method, obtained among big boys of lazy or bullying habits, and consisted simply in making clever boys whom they could thrash do their whole vulgus for them, and construe it to them afterward; which latter is a method not to be encouraged, and which I strongly advise you all not to practise. I hope it is so. I wish our morals were sounder in such matters. I believe it was good for him and for many others in like case; who had to learn by that loss, that the soul of man cannot stand or lean upon any human prop, however strong, and wise, and good; but that He upon whom alone it can stand and lean will knock away all such props in His own wise and merciful way, until there is no ground or stay left but Himself, the Rock of Ages, upon whom alone a sure foundation for every soul of man is laid. For it is only through our mysterious human relationships, through the love and tenderness and purity of mothers, and sisters, and wives, through the strength and courage and wisdom of fathers, and brothers, and teachers, that we can come to the knowledge of Him, in whom alone the love, and the tenderness, and the purity, and the strength, and the courage, and the wisdom of all these dwell for ever and ever in perfect fulness. It is obvious that part one and

part two were written by different people. You admit that, I suppose?

Chapter 4 : Variety now available via Baseline – Variety

Entitled "Arnold, Master of the Scud", it featured in many Canadian poetry textbooks. [14] Kingsport features prominently in the book Blomidon Rose, a nostalgic look at the life and landscape of s Annapolis Valley by Esther Clark Wright.

They were exact replicas of the REs obtained from Egypt. The first test flights occurred in April , but the first version saw only limited production, and no operational deployment, as its purpose was only to validate the production process. Production of the definitive version began at a slow rate in . The type incorporated several minor improvements over the original Soviet design. The range was increased by 10 to 15 percent and it could carry High Explosive HE or cluster chemical warheads. Throughout the production cycle, until it was phased out in favour of the Hwasong-6 in , the DPRK manufacturers are thought to have carried out small enhancements, in particular to the guidance system. A production line was also established in Iran, where the Hwasong-5 was produced as the Shahab A second test was carried out in May successfully. The rapidity with which the Rodong was designed and exported after just two tests came as a surprise for many Western observers, and led to some speculation that it was in fact based on a cancelled Soviet project from the Cold War period, but this has not been proven. While the first prototypes may have been acquired as early as , production began only in , with assistance from Russia. The Rodong has also been exported to Egypt and Libya. Its range allows the North Korean military to strike anywhere on the Korean peninsula and threaten areas of Japan. Deployment began in , intelligence imagery first observed it in , and it was only first revealed publicly in . Reports suggest Syria received Scud-ER missiles in , giving them the ability to target all of Israel and southeastern Turkey, including Ankara ; Syria reportedly converted its own Hwasong-6 production line in order to make the longer-range Hwasong . The shape can also increase the terminal velocity of the warhead, making it harder to intercept. Pictures indicate a "baby bottle" re-entry vehicle , like the Shahab-3 and Qiam 1 missiles. The first recorded combat use of the Scud was at the end of the Yom Kippur War in , when three missiles were fired by Egypt against the Israeli Arish and bridgehead on the western bank of the Suez canal. Coast Guard navigation station on the nearby Italian island of Lampedusa , which missed their target. Scud missiles were used in several regional conflicts that included use by Soviet and Afghan Communist forces in Afghanistan, and Iranians and Iraqis against one another in the so-called "War of the cities" during the Iran–Iraq War. More than a dozen Scuds were fired from Afghanistan at targets in Pakistan in . There was also a small number of Scud missiles used in the civil war in Yemen, as well as by Russian forces in Chechnya in and onwards. They have reportedly been used recently in the ongoing Syrian civil war by the Syrian Army. Scud strikes continued during the following years, intensifying sharply in , with more than missiles falling inside Iran. These weapons were assigned to a special unit, the Khatam Al-Anbya force, attached to the Pasdaran. The strikes infuriated Saddam Hussein , but the Iraqi response was limited by the range of their Scuds, that could not reach Tehran. In the meantime, both sides quickly ran out of missiles, and had to contact their international partners for resupply. In , Iraq ordered Scud-Bs from the Soviet Union, while Iran turned to North Korea for missile deliveries, and for assistance in developing an indigenous missile industry. In , the fighting along the border had reached a stalemate, and both belligerents began employing terror tactics, in order to break the deadlock. Lasting from 29 February to 20 April, this conflict became known as the war of the cities , and saw an intensive use of Scud missiles in what became known as the "Scud duel". In all, Iraq fired missiles, mostly of the Al-Hussein type, of which landed in Tehran, 23 in Qom , 22 in Isfahan , four in Tabriz , three in Shiraz and two in Karaj. Every Scud battery was composed of three TELs, three reloading vehicles, a mobile meteorological unit, one tanker and several command and control trucks. Due to its imprecision, the Scud was used as an area bombing weapon, and its effect was psychological as well as physical: At the time, reports indicated that Scud attacks had devastating consequences on the morale of the Afghan rebels, who eventually learned that by applying guerilla tactics, and keeping their forces dispersed and hidden, they could minimize casualties from Scud attacks. In March , shortly after the town of Khost was captured, it was hit by a Scud attack. On 20 April , the marketplace of Asadabad was hit by two Scuds, that killed and wounded inhabitants. Though the exact toll is unknown, these attacks resulted in heavy civilian

casualties. As the communist government collapsed, the few remaining Scuds and their TELs were divided among the rival factions fighting for power. However, the lack of trained personnel prevented a sustained use of such weapons, and, between April and , only 44 Scuds were fired in Afghanistan. When the Taliban arrived in power in , they captured a few of the remaining Scuds, but lack of maintenance had reduced the state of the missile force to such an extent that there were only five Scud firings, until Besides the original Scud-B, several local variants had been developed. Scuds were responsible for most of the coalition deaths outside Iraq and Kuwait. Of a total 88 Scud missiles, 46 were fired into Saudi Arabia and 42 into Israel. However, the infrared signatures and radar signatures of the Iraqi TELs were almost impossible to distinguish from ordinary trucks and from the surrounding electromagnetic clutter. During the war, while patrolling, strike aircraft managed to sight mobile TELs on 42 occasions, but only eight times the aircraft were able to locate the targets well enough to release their ordnance. They also practiced "shoot-and-scoot" tactics, withdrawing the launcher to a hidden location immediately after it had fired, while the launch sequence that usually took 90 minutes was reduced to half an hour. This enabled them to preserve their forces, despite optimistic claims by the coalition. A post-war Pentagon study concluded that relatively few launchers had been destroyed by coalition aircraft. This patrol resulted in the death or capture of all but one of its members, "Chris Ryan". The missile struck the desert near Ajdabiya , causing no casualties. On 23 August, opposition forces in Misrata reported that four Scud-B missiles were fired against the city from Sirte, but had caused no damage. According to NATO officials, "allied intelligence, surveillance and reconnaissance assets" had detected the launch of a number later reports said at least 6 of unguided, short-range ballistic missiles inside Syria. The trajectory and distance travelled indicated that they were Scud-type missiles, although no information on the type of Scud being used was provided at the time. Human Rights Watch inspector Ole Solvang toured the areas supposedly targeted by SCUDs on 25 February, saying that he "has never seen such destruction" during his past visits to the country. According to the New York-based organization at least people were killed in the attacks, including 71 children. The statement added that there was no sign of rebel presence in the areas hit, meaning that the attacks were unlawful. Syrian Information Minister Omran al-Zoabi denied the government was using ballistic weapons, even as opposition activists claimed more than 30 had been launched since December An opposing force Scud launcher in the United States. The current operators of Scuds or Scud derivatives are:

Chapter 5 : Public Domain Poetry - Arnold, Master Of The Scud by Bliss Carman (William)

The Digby Gut is a narrow channel connecting the Bay of Fundy with the Annapolis Basin. The town of Digby, Nova Scotia is located on the inner portion of the western side of the Gut. The eastern entrance is marked by the Point Prim Lighthouse.

More than half a dozen years after hundreds of billions of U. By Andrew Arnold According to a pair of influential mainstream policy makers. Abe Rosenthal the former managing editor of the Yew York Times, opined in one of his influential columns last month like this: Saddam Hussein returned to Mideast political glory on Oct. Washington has demanded, on numerous occasions over the years, for Iraq to give up its sovereignty and give UN inspectors free rein of what the UN suspects are chemical and nuclear weapons hiding places. For the past half-dozen years, international inspectors have had pretty much a dominion over Iraqi locales. The problem is, inspectors almost always walk away empty handed. Still, the State Department is sure Saddam is hiding the equipment the Pentagon allegedly sold him. So, evidence or not, bureaucrats at Foggy Bottom want the UN to keep looking. Then, contracts in hand, they can rush to the Iraqi trough, just as in good old days before Saddam started the gulf war. As an editorial in this newspaper, dated February 4, , declared in bold point type: It will be fought to win. But because it is impossible to win this war, we will inevitably lose it. Thus, This is another no-win war and our defeat will be far, far greater than that in Vietnam. And Iraqi analysts expected Bush to ben in power four more years at the time. While critics like to point out the Persian gulf War was a smashing success for America, they fail to take the effects of gulf War Syndrome into account. Critics also conveniently forget the billions of dollars spent to keep U. Hussein, on the other hand, is firmly in power. The Iraqis and Iranians reportedly "laughed" at the Pentagon when it rushed ships into the gulf recently to threaten Iran. The economic sanctions Washington insisted the UN apply to punish Iraq are falling apart. A story in the December 17, issue pointed out George Bush had jumped in bed with the devil, actually devils, to build an alliance against his bogeyman. Some fingers pointed to Syrian involvement. However, once Assad jumped in bed with Bush, all "evidence" pointed to a pair of Libyans. Although a trial has never convicted the Libyans, Libya has faced international sanctions since for its alleged involvement in terrorism. So long as military tension exists between Syria and Israel, both countries can "secure profits. Israeli military intelligence suspected that it might have been a primitive biological warhead. Colin Powell, in a quandary. In the meantime, tens of thousands of U. Western propaganda provided the spark for the war. One of the lies was the threat posed to Israel. For example, the May 6, issue of this newspaper reported on claims by Dr. Bruno Gollnisch, a member of the European Parliament, that ", apartments were not, as some have claimed destroyed in Israel. In selling the war. Saddam Was Bush-Wacked on Invasion. The story pointed out that U. This newspaper was honored by Project Censored for uncovering one of the most repressed stories of with the scoop. But the mother of all lies was the performance by the Kuwaiti girl before congress and a national television audience. Warmongers called on a young Kuwaiti victim to explain to Congress, and America, how Iraqi monsters threw babies out of incubators after they moved in to Kuwait.

Chapter 6 : Full text of "Ballads of Lost Haven [microform] : a book of the sea"

Ballads and Lyrics. Arnold, Master of the Scud: The Ships of St. John The Master of the Isles: The Last Watch.

I was sired among the surges; I was cubbed beside the foam; All my heart is in its verges, And the sea wind is my home. All my boyhood, from far veraal Bourns of being, came to me Dream-like, plangent, and eternal Memories of the plunging sea. With an equal grave for lord and knave, He buries them every one. Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip. And shoulder them in to shore, "Shoulder them in, shoulder them in, Shoulder them in to shore. He followed the ships of England far, As the ships of long ago; And the ships of France they led him a dance, But he laid them all arow. Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him Is the sexton of the town; For sure and swift, with a guiding lift, He shovels the dead men down. But though he delves so fierce and grim. His honest graves are wide. As well they know who sleep below The dredge of the deepest tide. The Gravedigger Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip, And loud is the chorus skirled; With the burly rote of his rumbling throat He batters it down the world. That she could bide at his gruesome side When the first red dawn came in. The goblins of the hearthstone, Who teach the wind to sing, Who dance the frozen Nile away And usher back the spring; The goblins of the Northland, Who teach the gulls to scream. Who dance the autumn into dust. The ages into dream. Child of the low-voiced people Who dwell among the hills, She had the lonely calm and poise. Of life that waits and wills. Only to-night a little With grave regard she smiled. Remembering the mom she woke And ceased to be a child. Outside, the ghostly rampikes. Those armies of the moon. Stood while the ranks of stars drew on To that more spacious noon, "13 The YuU Guest While over them in silence Waved on the dusk afar The gold flags of the Northern light Streaming with ancient war. The moon was white and high, Only the shifting snow awoke To hear the 3rule guest cry. For bitter is the trackless way And far that I have been! She trembles at the door-lock That he is come again, And frees the wooden bolt for one No barrier could detain. When I have watched so well? Where rides the Adrianna With my name on boat and bcll? With all my world in your white arms You gave yourself to me. The ports, and the new stars; Did the long rollers make green surf On the white reefs and bars? Sent out to search for me In the pale lands beneath the moon Along the troubling sea. The low wind-gates are clear. For when the dawn comes over dale I must put out to sea. Tender as April twilight He sang, and the song grew Vague as the dreams which roam about This world of dust and dew: Dear Life, come back to me! And smiles a moment in her sleep To hear the white gulls scream. Over the river reaches, over the wastes of snow, Halting at every doorway, the white drifts come and go. They scour upon the open, and mass along the wood, The burliest invaders that ever man withstood. All night upon the marshes you hear their tread go by. And all night long the streamers are dancing on the sky. She fancies them a people in saffron and in green, Dancing for her. For Malyn is only seventeen. Out there beyond her window, from frosty deep to deep. Her heart is dancing with them until she falls asleep. Then all night long through heaven, with stately to and fro. To music of no measure, the gorgeous dancers go. Yet for one golden Yule-tide their royal guest is she, Among the wintry mountains beside the Northern sea. The Master of the Snowflake, bound upward from the line. He smothers her with canvas along the crumbling brine. He crowds her till she buries and shudders from his hand, For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land; And he will brook no gainsay who goes to meet his bride. Make home, my bonny schooner! The sun goes down to light The gusty crimson wind-halls against the wedding night. She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and swings, Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings. It is the brooding April, haunted and sad and dear, When vanished things return not with the returning year. With sound of brooks and robins, by many a hidden trail, With stir of lulling rivers along the forest floor. The dusk is long and gracious, and far up in the sky You hear the chimney-swallows twitter and scurry by. The whitecaps froth and freshen; in squadrons of white surge They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the verge. The lift is black above them, the sea is mirk below. They sheet the flying schooner in foam from stem to stern. They revel with the Snowflake, and down the close of day Among the boisterous dancers she holds her dancing way; And then the dark has kindled the harbor light alee. With stars and wind and sea-room upon the gurdy sea. They love the Norland sailor who dares the rough sea play; Their arms are white and splendid to beckon him away. They

promise him, for kisses a moment at their lips. To make before the morning the port of missing ships, Where men put in for shelter, and dreams put forth again, And the great sea-winds follow the journey of the rain. A bridal with no morrow, no welling of old tears, For him, and no more tidings of the departed years! The borders of that country are slumberous and wide; And they are well who marry the fondlers of the tide. Within their arms immortal, no mortal fear can be; But Malyn of the mountains is fairer than the sea. And so the scudding Snowflake flies with the wind astern, And through the boding twilight are blown the shrill- ing tern. The light is on the headland, the harbor gate is wide; But rolling in with ruin the fog is on the tide. Fate like a muffled steersman sails with that Norland gloom; The Snowflake in the offing is neck and neck with doom. Ha, ha, my saucy cruiser, crowd up your helm and run! Her heart is dancing shoreward, but silently and pale The swift relentless phantom is hungering on her trail. They scour and fly together, until across the roar He signals for a pilot "and Death puts out from shore. Ah, Malyn, lay your forehead upon your folded arm, And hear the grim marauder shake out the reefs of storm! Loud laughs the surly Skipper to feel the fog drive in, Because a blue-eyed sailor shall wed his kith and kin. And the red dawn discover a rover spent for breath Among the merrymakers who fondle him to death. And all the snowy sisters are dancing wild and grand. For him whose broken beauty shall slacken to their hand. The gulls are driven inland; but on the dancing tide The master of the Snowflake is taken to his bride. And there when daybreak yellows along the far sea- plain. The fresh and buoyant morning comes down the wind again. The world is glad of April, the gulls are wild with glee. And Malyn on the headland alone looks out to sea. Once more diat gray Shipmaster smiles, for the night is done, And all his snow-white daughters are dancing in the sun. All day the windless heaven pavilions the sea-blue, Then twilight comes and drenches the sultry dells with dew. The lone white star of evening comes out among the hills. And in the darkling forest begin the whip-poor-wills. The fireflies that wander, the hawks that flit and scream. And all the wilding vagrants of summer dusk and drea-ti, 37 The Light on the Marsh Have all their will, and reck not of any after thing, Inheriting no sorrow and no foreshadowing. The wind forgets to whisper, the pines forget to moan. And Malyn of the mountains is there among her own. Malyn, whom grief nor wonder can trouble nevermore. Since that spring night the Snowflake was wrecked beside her door. And strange her cry went seaward once, and her soul thereon With the vast lonely sea-winds, a wanderer, was gone. But she, that patient beauty which is her body fair. Endures on earth still lovely, untenanted of care. The folk down at the harbor pity from day to day; With a "God save you, Malyn! She smiles, poor feckless Malyn, the knowing smile of those Whom the too sudden vision God sometimes may disclose 38 The Light on the Marsh Of his wild, lurid world-wreck, has blinded with its sheen. Then, with a fond insistence, pathetic and serene, They pass among their fellows for lost minds none can save. Bent on their single business, and marvel why men rave.

Chapter 7 : Allaert van Everdingen - Wikipedia

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How the tough wind springs to wrestle, When the tide is on the flood! And between them stands young daring-- Arnold, master of the Scud. So to-day the schooner carries Just these two whose will is one. Now the wind grows moody, shifting Point by point into the east. Wing and wing the Scud is flying With her scuppers full of yeast. In an instant Arnold, Master, there alone Sees a crushed corpse shot to seaward, With the gray doom in its face; And the climbing foam receives it To its everlasting place. What does Arnold, Master, think you? Whimper like a child for dread? Foulest weather Strongest sailors ever bred. And this slip of taut sea-faring Grows a man who throttles fear. Let the storm and dark in spite now Do their worst with valor here! Not a reef and not a shiver, While the wind jeers in her shrouds, And the flauts of foam and sea-fog Swarm upon her deck in crowds, Flies the Scud like a mad racer; And with iron in his frown, Holding hard by wrath and dreadnought, Arnold, Master, rides her down. Let the taffrail shriek through foam-heads! Let the licking seas go glut Elsewhere their old hunger, baffled! Cleft sheer down, the sea-wall mountains Give that one port on the coast; Made, the Basin lies in sunshine! Missed, the little Scud is lost! Come now, fog-horn, let your warning Rip the wind to starboard there! Suddenly that burly-throated Welcome ploughs the cumbered air. The young master hauls a little, Crowds her up and sheets her home, Heading for the narrow entry Whence the safety signals come. Like a bird in from the storm-beat, As the summer sun goes down, Slows the schooner to her moorings By the wharf at Digby town. All the world next morning wondered. Largest letters, there it stood, "Storm in Fundy. Arnold, Master of the Scud.

Chapter 8 : The Classic Fly Rod Forum – What is your preferred scud hook?

Description. Thirteen of Baxter's favorite and most requested recitations to a background of haunting melodies and cheerful tunes.

Paul Ciotti is a staff writer for this magazine. Most of the times I have seen him, he is with his mother. During a time when half the country is afraid to say what it really thinks, Schwarzenegger is refreshingly outspoken--he calls fools "low foreheads" and reportedly tells wicked Ted Kennedy jokes. He says what everyone else is thinking but is too embarrassed to say out loud. At his wedding, Schwarzenegger took it upon himself to defend Kurt Waldheim as the victim of a bad press, prompting old bodybuilding buddy and writer Rick Wayne to observe in the muscle magazine Flex that Hitler and Idi Amin no doubt had a bad press, too. What do you want me to do? Go cursing them out? But you are my friend. I did not expect that crack from you. When Wayne now newspaper publisher on the West Indian island of St. Lucia mentioned that he was thinking of writing a book about him, Schwarzenegger told him he would tie him up in court until he gave up. Schwarzenegger opposed the book because "Arnold is a control freak," Butler said at the time. He later offered to sit with a more conventional photographer. Growing up the son of an authoritarian-minded village police officer, "he had no control at all," she says. So what did he do? He used bodybuilding to create a body that would give him control over everybody else. Who needs so much control except someone who is out of control? If he does, says pollster Pat Caddell, he would make a formidable candidate. He likes public affairs. He is really down to earth. He relates well to people. He has a love affair with the country. He is smart, articulate. He has a good perspective, drive and sense of self. I just wish he were a Democrat. Although I found him to be a charming, personable, complex and powerful presence, I also saw a sharp edge just beneath the surface and a near-obsessive insistence on controlling his image the White House asks for his OK before releasing photos of him with President and Barbara Bush. But even people who find him a less than attractive personality find him impossible to overlook. Yet today Schwarzenegger speaks out for tolerance and respect. On the whole, Wayne says, "there is far more good to be said about Arnold than negative. He did what he had to do to achieve his goals. No American can appreciate what he has done without knowing where he started from in Europe. His climb to the top, as single-minded and sweaty as it might have been, was not really about money.

Chapter 9 : Tom Brown's School Days - Wikiquote

This collection of lyric poems evokes the sea in every line, from birth (A Son of the Sea) to death (Outbound). The smells, sights and sounds of the Canada's East Coast feature prominently.

Geography[edit] Kingsport, in the centre distance, and surrounding countryside as seen from the Lookoff Kingsport is located just northeast of the mouth of the Habitant River, on the west side of Minas Basin , a few miles east of Canning at the eastern end of Route It is bordered by a tidal marsh to the west and sandy beaches to the south and east. Red sedimentary cliffs carved by continuous erosion rise from the beaches to the east. The dramatic 12 metre tides produce very large sand and mud flats at low tide. The village is surrounded by large expanses of fertile farmland. An earlier name was Indian Point, later changed to Oak Point due to the number of oak trees that grew along the bank of the south side of the lower road, leading to the wharf. It was also part of the Acadian farming community which stretched along the Habitant River. After the expulsion of the Acadians in , Kingsport was settled by New England Planters One source indicates that Indian Point is mentioned as Lot 16, second division, Cornwallis township granted to Benjamin Newcomb in Another source says that Kingsport was founded in or by Isaac Bigelow who came from Connecticut and was given a grant of land called Oak Point, now Kingsport. Shipbuilding[edit] Shipbuilding emerged as a major industry in Kingsport beginning in with the launch of schooner Emerald. Most had names beginning with the letter "K" and began known as the "K Ships". The Kingsport yards reached their peak in with the launch of the four masted barque Kings County followed by the ship Canada in , two of the largest wooden ships ever built in Canada. Launch days for these vessels were the biggest events in the history of Kingsport, some of them attracting up to people from across the Annapolis Valley. The collapse of the wooden shipbuilding industry in Atlantic Canada in the late 19th century led to a decline in the yard with the last major launch being the barquentine Skoda in The final Kingsport built vessel was the schooner FBG built in , the last coastal schooner built in all of Nova Scotia. French, the largest three masted schooner ever built. Kingsport was the terminus for the eastern end of the line. A wye and engine shed were built to turn and service locomotives under the care for many years of Ephraim Hiltz. Trains ran eight times a day at the peak of the line. The railway rapidly developed the surrounding apple industry and two large apple warehouses were soon constructed in the village. The line also exploited the large wharf at Kingsport as a regional shipping point for schooners and ocean steamers. It was steadily extended to over feet by and received a lighthouse in Apples and potatoes were exported with coal and fertilizer being imported as well as various freight including on one occasion, horses from Sable Island. Kingsport also became a local holiday resort. People came during the summer months to spend time at their cottages along the bank and at the "bluff". First a hotel, and in later years an ice cream parlour and a dance hall were operated near the wharf area during the summer months. Population peaked by at people. A two-room elementary school was built in High school students commuted to the Kings County Academy in Kentville by school trains specially time to meet class times. The Dominion Atlantic Railway tried replacing passenger service with buses in but reverted to rail passenger service in Concerts, motion picture shows, pie socials, annual strawberry festivals, harvest suppers, card parties and Whist Club were among social functions. A drive-in operated in the s and s. An Congregational later United and Anglican church served Kingsport along with two story school which also served as a community hall. The people of the community can, and do, still hear the ringing of its church bells summoning them to worship, and they have their two churches, a part of the life of a community, which is not now as busy as it once was. The beautiful and picturesque Minas Basin which Kingsport overlooks can still be seen and enjoyed in this little community which is still a pretty spot beside the sea. The apple industry surrounding Kingsport faced a dramatic downturn with the loss of the British market after the war. This led to a steady decline in traffic on the Cornwallis Valley Railway which ended service to Kingsport in The growth of highways also bled local shoppers to bigger stores elsewhere. The school was closed in The massive wharf steadily fell into ruins and the village lost more than half its population in a few decades, declining from to by the s. In , the Kingsport Community Association was organized to improve life in Kingsport. Social events such as pie

socials and card parties were held to help bring the residents together and to raise funds to build a playground, clean up the beach and provide steps and picnic tables. In , the Kingsport Community Association began reconstruction of the ruins of the wharf. The outer portions were demolished and the inner portion was rebuilt into a boardwalk, boat ramp, and floats to encourage recreational boating. Montgomery used the name Kingsport in her novel *Anne of the Island* as a moniker for the fictional Nova Scotia town where Anne Shirley attends university after she leaves Avonlea. Entitled "Arnold, Master of the Scud", it featured in many Canadian poetry textbooks.