

# IN MEMORIAM

"BLUENOSE"—1921-1946

J. H. PUGSLEY

No more for her the Banks will yield their harvest,  
No more will wives and maids wait her return,  
No more to her the storm winds offer challenge,  
Nor home lights burn.

No more will Captain Angus at the tiller  
Sail her to victory through the driving spray,  
Master and ship were one in her adventures,  
Tragic, prosaic, or gay.

She knew the Banker's unremitting labor,  
The freighter's patient toil, the racer's glee,  
She knew the joy of gale, and flying spindrift,  
And wild tumultuous sea.

She cheated Death by many a narrow margin,  
From Sable's Northwest Bar fought her grim way,  
Slipped from his clutches when the stark rocks held her  
In bleak Placentia Bay.

Then suddenly he reared in Haitian waters  
Where surf breaks on a reef in seething foam,  
Full gallantly she met his last great challenge,  
Crashed,—and went home.

Her spirit will not know the humiliation  
Of being discarded when her work was done,  
Beached, and forgot, to take disintegration  
And slow rot in the sun.

But o'er her rest the Pole Star watches, steadfast,  
Her comrade gulls in ceaseless questing wheel,  
And where she still may sense the storm's wild clamor  
Clean seas caress her keel.