





71
CIL 20 1/2" x 15"

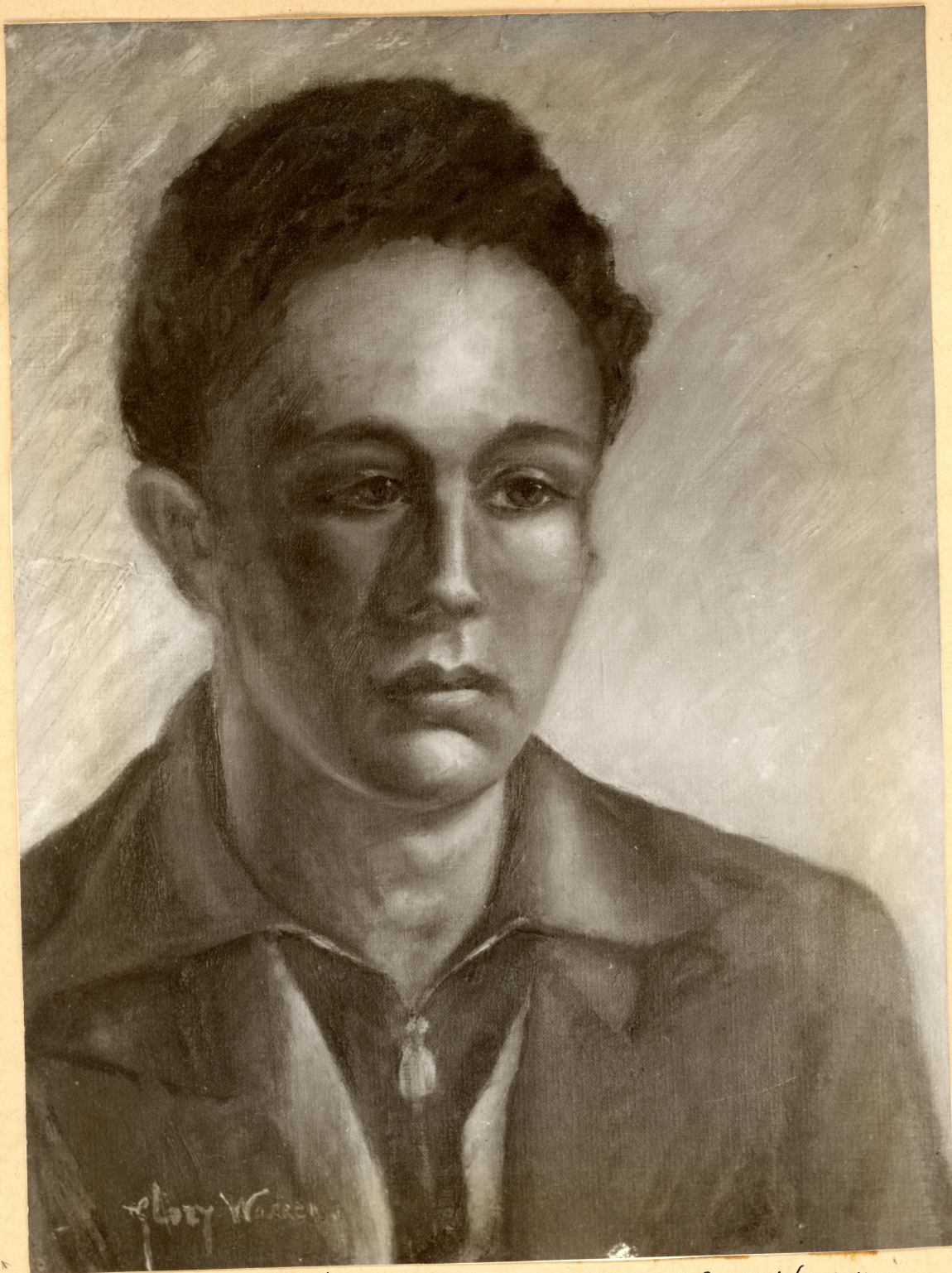
MRS WANG YUN, SHANGHAI.



OIL 29" x 20 1/2"

GLADIOLI

GLORY WARREN.



OIL MONOCHROME 17" x 13 1/2"

GLORY WARREN.

"BROWN STUDY"

Professional.

ALICE CARR-TIBBITS

*Late Lady Editor and "Dolores" of N.Z. Observer
Literary Staff "Sun Newspapers" Free Lance Contributor
to Local and Overseas Papers and Magazines*

Member of League of N.Z. Penwomen.

*Member of Musical and Dramatic Committee of IYA Broadcasting
Studio.*

Working Member of Auckland Art Society.

*Late student of Elam School of Fine Arts
and*

Member of the Rutland Group of Painters.

STUDIO and RESIDENCE

216 Remuera Rd.,
Remuera S.E.2.,
AUCKLAND, N.Z.

POCKET PROVERBS

Bread of deceit is sweet to a man. If his wife does not find him out.
A false balance is an abomination to the Lord; but a source of delight and riches to the grocer.
Labour not to be rich. Buy a book of lottery tickets.
A soft answer turneth away wrath. It also encourages a bully.
Whoso keepeth the law is a wise person. But he who can break it and avoid arrest is a genius.
Stolen waters are sweet. Unless you drown in them.
He that covereth his sins shall not prosper. Yet he who advertises them will promptly be ostracised.
Evil pursueth sinners. But even the righteous can get a blow-out.
The way of the slothful man is as a hedge of thorns; But the tired wife gets the scratches.
A prudent man concealeth knowledge. Yet ignorance is the label of fools.
The just man walketh in his integrity. But the unjust rides in his limousine.
Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he may return to it.

A. CARR-TIBBITS in "Otago Witness".

THE BACHELOR'S PRAYER

An Ode to Leap Year.

by Alice Carr-Tibbits

A shy and simple gentleman
As shy as man can be;
My heart beset with dreadful fears
Of what may happen me.
Oh years of manly reticence!
This blessed single life!
Now here is Leap Year chanting forth
In praise of wedded strife.
I oft have read — the best of men,
Though rational at heart;
Through women sometimes lose their head
And with their cheques do part.
O save me from this foolish sin;
This snare, this bright allure.
Leave me unwanted . . . on the shelf . . .
Still unhooked, sane and pure.
I'm told that man should have a pet;
His old age to repair;
But not these wraiths of skin and bone
And hanks of blonded hair!
Those blackened eyes and scarlet lips
Those blood-red claws for nails!
And nylon hose a pound a pair!
My manly courage fails.
Gin-slinging would my cheque book strip.
They're always puffing "fags"
Lip-sticking fresh with every nip,
As lauded in their "mags"
Their figures "built" with modiste's care,
Their mannish "trews" or "slacks";
And "Beehive" hair-do's, "Buzz" and "Fuzz"
Their hope? Fools' heart attacks.

And they who do eschew the worst
And don short "shorts" for style;
Display such knock-kneed, nobbly bones
Of bottled "SUN TAN" guile.
Those frightful heels . . . that tow-like hair!
These things of sticky paint!
Oh, keep me from their cunning snare;
A wary, prudent saint.

I dread this year, when women leap
And wantonly propose.
Triumphant bear me to the church
In spite of all my "No's".
And I might get a "Gimmee Cat"
With purring, witching wiles;
With her "gimmee this" and "gimmee that"
In payment for her smiles.

EPILOGUE

But if alone I may not live . . .
A pet! What shall it be?
For Nature seems to have decreed
That one and one make **three**
And cats drink milk, but won't eat rats;
Dogs eat meat but don't eat cats.
Fish are gentle . . . so are rabbits;
Simple, once you know their habits.
So fish and rabbit, lamb and dove,
Assert **your** glamour — claim my love.
If blondes are all that men desire,
To better things may I aspire.

THE MOONFLOWER TREE

by Alice Carr-Tibbits

Once she was lovely as a flower of Spring;
Sweet as a rose to whom in shadow light
The moths paid court, white as a jasmine bud
That palely gleamed upon the breast of night.

So was she loved, and with her love would wed;
But she was rich, and he had nought but love.
"Tomorrow you shall wed" her father said,
"But with another; rich with things of gold,
For gold will shine when love is grey and old".

"The Moonflower tree will bloom upon my grave", she said,
"Its petals open only to the night. Thus like
My love they ne'er shall see the sun;
"Tomorrow I shall die", she said.

And with tomorrow's noon they found her dead;
Beneath the Moonflower's scented tree she lay.
And every night new petals open wide
To die with greying dawn; For love is dead.

PEKIN. The Legend.

"South China Morning Post"

L MONOCHRO

"BROWN STUDY"

THE STORY

by Alice Carr-Tibbits

This was the tale as it was told to me by Govind Das sitting among his money-bags. Govind Das, the bunnia, grown fat on usury and greasy with the rich stuffs of the East.

"Mistress, you like the scent of the moghra flower; it is the flower of love, and if your highness will listen, I will sing you a song my mother used to sing to us children many and many a year ago. We were happy then, and loved such things."

"The rose said to the moghra, 'You are beautiful golden one, and the sunlight loves your flowers, but surely it is shameful that the honey-bees come to us all and never to you?'

The moghra laughed in the wind. "Nay, fair sister" she said, "No shame that the bees come never to me, for you and all other of my sisters give freely of your sweetness to all comers, but I keep my treasures for my Lord, the Sun."

Memories of Burma.

EXPLANATORY

Why Alice Carr-Tibbits **and** Glory Warren? Well, they are the same person. I have had Three Loves in my life (vocational — not personal) so, to Genesis.

Youngest child of a family of eight in a rambling three storied home eighteen miles from London. Big gap between myself and nearest brother. All musical, I was lulled to sleep mid sounds of violin, piano, singing etc; and only awoke when it stopped, when I would go bare-foot and in my nightdress along the corridors and down the stairs to demand a fresh start. They found it the easiest way to get rid of me, and I was only smacked once, when — half awake, I fell down the lower flight of stairs with nothing spectacular to show for it. For me it was the loveliest childhood imaginable, and when old enough to appreciate such things, the family would take me to the London theatres, with midnight supper at dear old Frascatti's Winter Garden. Then began my individual life, singing and acting — (No. 1 Love). I was the youngest member of Madame Newsham's Light Opera Co; England. Later — pupil of Herr Hopfh and H. Winsloe Hall at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, S. Australia. (Love No. 2) Writing. Mostly Short Stories and Articles for English and Australian magazines. (Love No 3) Painting. This dawned with my second marriage, when I became Mrs Warren; As I wrote, colour intruded, making me want to express thought and feelings not only in words but in colour; so, for my own happiness I began to daub. One could not call it anything else as I had no previous training. Now the reason for signing my paintings "Glory Warren". At this period I took part in a play written by a fellow Penwoman in which the principal offender was a "Gloria" . . . myself. The name stuck. I have never been called anything else since that night.

Thus my "Three Loves". Music, Writing, Painting.

Gloria Warren.

OIL MONOCHROM

"BROWN STUDY"



OIL 20" X 17"

ROSES

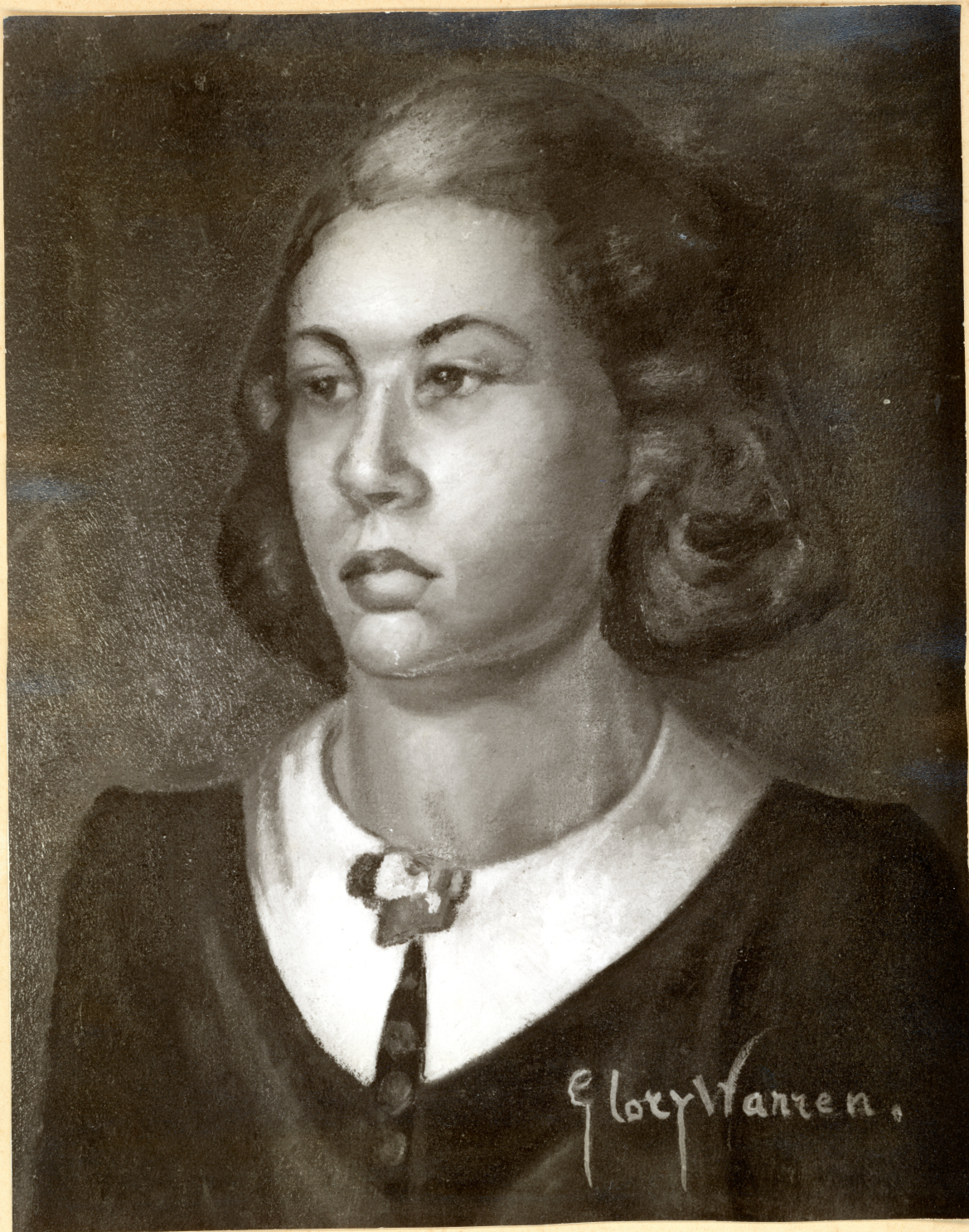
GLORY WARREN.



OIL 15" x 15"

"CHINESE LACQUER."

SELECTED BECAUSE THEY HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED IN AUCKLAND & ABROAD
THESE PHOTOGRAPHS OF MY PAINTINGS WERE TAKEN
BY
JOHN TUDHOPE . REMUERA .



OIL 19"x15"

HEAD of A YOUNG AUCKLAND GIRL.



OIL 11" X 13

JAVANESE TEASPOON SELLER.



9 1/2" x 13"

BALINESE GIRL

