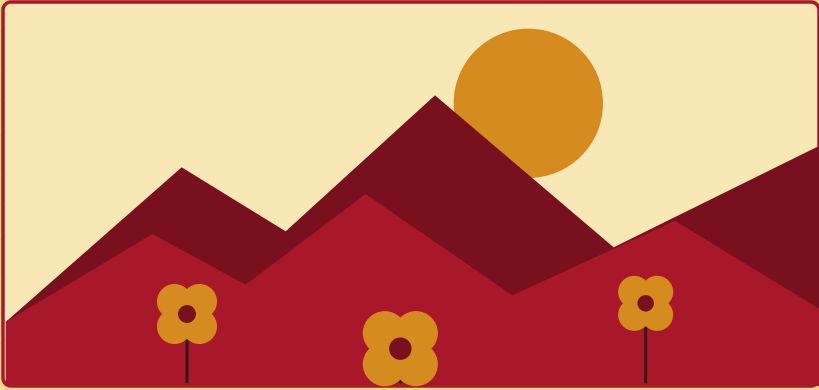


LOS PAISES DEL SOL DILATAN EL ALMA

THE LAND OF
SUNSHINE
& OUT WEST



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
POETRY ANTHOLOGY

REGIONAL POETS AND PLACE-POEMS

1894-1917

BRIAN KIM STEFANS, EDITOR

TEXT/TECH JOURNALS

Editor's Note

This anthology uses a strict Southern California boundary: Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, Orange, San Bernardino, Riverside, San Diego, and Imperial counties. Part I gathers every indexed poem by writers with documented residence or sustained literary work in that region. Part II adds poems by visitors, writers living elsewhere, and unidentified contributors when a title, subject, or surviving signature provides a high-confidence regional place link.

The distinction prevents two opposite errors: treating every California writer as Southern Californian, and omitting a clearly regional poem because its author lived elsewhere. Biographical notes distinguish firm documentation from inference. Where research has not recovered a secure identity, the note gives the limits of the record rather than inventing one.

Texts follow the corrected issue-level masters. Typographic opening small capitals are rendered in ordinary case. Original stanza spacing and intentional line indents are retained; wrapped continuations use a pronounced hanging indent. Author profiles, poem titles, and source citations are hyperlinked.

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PART I

Documented Southern California Poets

Complete journal corpora for writers with documented regional residence or sustained work.

Anna Ball

Documented Southern California poet | 3 poems

Location. Colton, San Bernardino County, California, in the signature to 'Southern California Winter.'

Biographical note. Ball was a periodical poet represented in *Out West* between 1902 and 1904. No sufficiently specific external record has been found to expand the name or establish dates; the Colton signature is the secure biographical fact.

Work in these journals. Her poems treat basket making, Southern California winter, and California as a figurative throne land. Formal rhyme and emblematic regional imagery link craft, climate, and civic praise.

Southern California basis. Signed 'Southern California Winter' from Colton, San Bernardino County.

The Indian Basket-Maker — *Out West*, Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 197; physical source PDF p. 44

Southern California Winter — *Out West*, Vol. 18, March 1903; magazine p. 344; physical source PDF p. 511

A Throne Land — *Out West*, Vol. 21, October 1904; magazine p. 371; physical source PDF p. 528

The Indian Basket-Maker

by Anna Ball

Out West, Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 197; physical source PDF p. 44

Regional basis. Signed 'Southern California Winter' from Colton, San Bernardino County.

Pen, brush, nor chisel, needle, nay, nor tongue
But what can prove a fetter to the mind?
Here are my ivory grasses; once they clung
To mountain ledges where the great clouds hung.
And these slim jetty ferns their stems unwind,
And here are weeds and limber roots upstrung.

I weave my baskets; all the high and low
Of my wild life in these wild stems I snare.
The jagged lightning and the star I show,
The spider and the trailing snake are there.
And many a mystic thought doth shape and flow,
Setting itself in picture firm and fair.

Colton, Cal.

Southern California Winter

by Anna Ball

Out West, Vol. 18, March 1903; magazine p. 344; physical source PDF p. 511

Regional basis. Title names the region; signed Colton, California.

O winter, it is grand to see thee there,
Camped like a threat'ning Fabian, on the height
Of every purple mountain, when the night,
Thine ancient ally, forced to seek his lair,
Leaves thee full-panoplied and fit to dare
The rosy ramparts, far below, of light
And warmth and perfume, where the summer bright
In sunny trenches guards possessions fair.
But she smiles on and bids the lilies sprout,
And turns to where the golden orange glows,
Sets starry bloom, and orders brown bees out.
That he will threaten only, well she knows;
For here's the tyrant Timrod writes about—
If he comes down, she'll "brain him with a rose."

Colton, Cal.

A Throne Land

by Anna Ball

Out West, Vol. 21, October 1904; magazine p. 371; physical source PDF p. 528

Regional basis. Signed 'Southern California Winter' from Colton, San Bernardino County.

"Give me a throne-land where that I may rest;
And let the purple shadows deepen there
Of rainless clouds that, passing east or west,
Move ever in a dream along the air.

For I am weary of the wind and rain,
The hurricane, the whirling waterspout,
The fell bolt of the lightning flung amain,
And human love forevermore in doubt
If I be friend or foe.

Build me a land where I may lean
And reign a Mother-Queen;
Where all my children, clinging to my hand,
May look up fearless in my face serene."

So ordered Nature. Purple height on height,
The land of California rose in light.

Colton, Cal.

Arthur B. Bennett

Documented Southern California poet | 14 poems

Location. Ensenada, Baja California, in 1903-05; San Diego in 1905-06; Berkeley in 1907, according to signed poem datelines.

Biographical note. Bennett was a borderlands periodical poet active in Out West from 1903 through 1907. A stable modern biographical account was not located, so the journal's repeated signatures provide the most secure outline of his movements and literary activity.

Work in these journals. His poems favor cowboy speech, Mexican and Baja California settings, immigrant and pioneer subjects, and narrative or ballad structures. They range from comic monologue to hymnal landscape verse.

Southern California basis. Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.

To Eulalia — *Out West*, Vol. 16, April 1902; magazine p. 523; physical source PDF p. 58

Unto the Hills — *Out West*, Vol. 19, October 1903; magazine p. 399; physical source PDF p. 582

The Little Highbinder Ham — *Out West*, Vol. 20, January 1904; magazine p. 60; physical source PDF p. 77

"Toro-o-o!" — *Out West*, Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 436; physical source PDF p. 659

The Daughters of Mapastepec — *Out West*, Vol. 20, June 1904; magazine p. 518; physical source PDF p. 797

In a Land Still Unmapped — *Out West*, Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 37; physical source PDF p. 54

The Cowboy's Sanctuary — *Out West*, Vol. 21, August 1904; magazine p. 155; physical source PDF p. 216

Lat. 23 N. — *Out West*, Vol. 21, December 1904; magazine p. 534; physical source PDF p. 795

Magnificat — *Out West*, Vol. 22, January 1905; magazine p. 56; physical source PDF p. 73

Yatai — *Out West*, Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 206; physical source PDF p. 327

The Wilderness — *Out West*, Vol. 22, April 1905; magazine p. 317; physical source PDF p. 482

Susurro — *Out West*, Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 74; physical source PDF p. 97

To the Mexican Immigrant — *Out West*, Vol. 25, August 1906; magazine p. 156; physical source PDF p. 258

Pioneer — *Out West*, Vol. 26, April 1907; magazine p. 364; physical source PDF p. 613

To Eulalia

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 16, April 1902; magazine p. 523; physical source PDF p. 58

Regional basis. Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.

Sing the dew-kissed figs of Calendú,
The drowsy morn is smiling down the vale;
The purple hills are nodding in the shadows of the dawn,
The cotton-tails are frisking to the warning of the quail:

"Cuidado!" cry the quails of Calendú;
Yea, heed, I beg, the warning, both in moonlight and in morning,
For Eulalia is the love of Calendú!

Sand and cacti grimly guard this Calendú
In wastes of burning desert either side;
And foothills, grim as death-heads, roast in quiet, intense quiet,
And buzzards croak and mumble at your stumbles as you ride:

"Cuidado!" cry the voices of the valley;
Heed the hut behind the grove, for it holds the valley's love,
For Eulalia is the life of Calendú!

There a stream all cool and quiet in the valley
A grove of grotesque fig-trees wanders through;
Which was planted on a morning such as this is, round-returning,
By a priest who owned the valley and the folk of Calendú:

"Cuidado!" cry the busy quail at morning;
Yea, heed, O Sir, the warning, both in moonlight and in morning,
For Eulalia is the love of Calendú!

God rest you little valley, Calendú!
In your wrinkle in the long-drawn wilderness,
And Eulalia gathering brevas in the dew:
I return ye what ye gave me, for I bless.

Ensenada, Mex.

Unto the Hills

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 19, October 1903; magazine p. 399; physical source PDF p. 582

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

Come, oh, come, and let us hit the trails we knew,
For the north-gods touch the dayspring with the frost;
Call the days of joy, and balmy nights and dew—
Let us follow, follow, follow that we lost.

For our health is somewhere waiting on the hills
Where the yucca-blossom scents the lonely wide:
Youth-renewal in the wine the hoar-god chills
Drink we deeply to forget man's bitter pride.

It is down a pearl-mist cañon and its trees—
It is somewhere, still and solemn, in its air—
There—our love, and youth and strength, upon the hills,
Let us look, new-eyed, and stand and worship there.

Let us go and seek that something we have lost,
For together, on a sabbath of the soul,
Gods of winters of our childhood sent their frost—
Called from slumber, and we felt our spirits whole.

Ensenada, Mex.

The Little Highbinder Ham

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 20, January 1904; magazine p. 60; physical source PDF p. 77

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

He has no soul in his yellow hide, but still has fair excuse,
For his hands are trained like a Christian cook's—not showy, but lots of use.
You sling his plunder atop the freight, on top of that, a calm
Little toddling, round-eyed mannikin—the little highbinder Ham.

The sun, who blisters the freighters raw—the dust and hungry road—
These rasp up the Christian temper some by time you come to unload;
But, before the horses are all unhitched, and watered, and chawing hay,
Little Ham has unlimbered his cuisine, and his camp-fire burns away.

Coffee, begum! and griddle cakes, and steaks now scent the air;
The bilious eye that cursed the eve now sees it passing fair;
Repenting the jars that occur on the way, repenting superfluous d—
That occasionally flew at the unmoved face of little highbinder Ham.

Surveying the stars that bedeck our roof, we peacefully pull a pipe,
And genially banter the cares of day, for casual discussion ripe;
We brush on the questions appropriate, the arts, the policies, strife
Of civilized man, and explain to Ham that he springs from a heathen life.

Ensenada, Lower California.

"Toro-o-o!"

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 436; physical source PDF p. 659

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

Proud is the actor whose prompter is Death;
("Toro, toro, toro bonito!")
Spangles and color, his name on each breath;
Fanfare, and flutter of thousands of hands—
The roar like the sea, and the music of bands.

The wine of the sunshine upon the red cape,
("Toro, toro, toro bonito!")
As deep as the scarlet on wound fresh agape;
A sound of a trumpet, flies open a gate,
Bounds out the huge brute, mad with torture and hate.

"Cuidado, Triqueno!" A charge like a shot!
("Toro, toro, toro bonito!")
The benches are frenzied—Triqueno is not.
Just a side-step well timed, the beast hurtles by;
Dolores hears cheering, too spell-bound to cry.

And thus and continuing, passes and plunge,
("Toro, toro, toro bonito!")
The doubling and daring, the race and the lunge.
Eyeing the sun, choosing stand it is meet to,
Triqueno, all silence, cries "Toro—bonito!"

A challenge aside from his Race to the Brute;
("Toro—toro—toro bonito!")
From a man on the plain to the bulk he disputes;
The umpire is Death—of these, and the crowd—
To win's to wear spangles, to lose is a shroud.

Do I ring in this manikin, part of the Past,
(Chulo, afuera con toro bonito!)
To touch the brute-string that the heart should beat fast?
Nay, I bow to the Future, but its page being white
Only conjure past contests, man victor at night.

Ensenada, Mex.

The Daughters of Mapastepec

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 20, June 1904; magazine p. 518; physical source PDF p. 797

Regional basis. Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.

Passing on a morning when the tropic dawn's adorning
Leafy tips of matted forest and the smooth caoba's tower,
At the river of Suchatle, there the brown-eyed daughters met me,
Proud-eyed naiads bearing water I remember to this hour.

"Aiya! loros in the forest winging always two and two!
Aiya! doves that flit at evening on the trail we follow through!"

So followed I a-mourning, many eves and many mornings
For the graces of the daughters of the village far away;
For the proud-eyed, brown-skinned daughters who eye strangers by the waters
Of the limpid stream Suchatle, or who did so on a day.

Ensenada, Mexico.

In a Land Still Unmapped

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 37; physical source PDF p. 54

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

If you once have worn the buckskin, you must love it till you die;
By some heathen goddess' spell, be it ill or be it well,
It is cast upon your spirit that you find your living sweet,
When a moccasin yields smoothly to your mountain-loving feet.

Then the charms, to curse or bless you, spring before the inner eyes;
"Hola, tu!" you cry the mountains, careless outlines on the skies,
Where the trees refresh the spirit sick of angles, sphere and square;
Every mundane worships plumbline, but the law is softened there.

Where the children first created walk the dust that gave them birth,
Where they love their careless mother, and are loved of careless earth
Who casts winters on their dwellings and a thirst upon their corn,
Still receiving careless worship from the hardy first men born.

All their early loves and troubles are an open book to read,
When your feet have felt the buckskin, and, forgetting other breed,
You have tracked a tireless journey from horizon peak to peak
In the company of brown men and have learned the speech they speak;
For the tale is in the daybreak and the stars and sun and moon—
And we listen, listen, listen when we lie and drowse at noon.

Los Angeles.

The Cowboy's Sanctuary

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 21, August 1904; magazine p. 155; physical source PDF p. 216

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

The thing I like about them purple hills
Is this—no man has made them what they are.
They was, before they built this big hotel;
They look out high beyond it, looking far.

And they have handsome shades you never see,
A smiling in the morning through the haze;
At noontime, like a lion when he sleeps;
At sundown, watch the west with wishful gaze.

No, Pardner, churches never catches me.
I've seen the starchy crowds drill out in town,
And shunned them looming steeples when I passed;
But here, like these, I pray as sun goes down.

I see them miles and miles of firelit clouds—
The canons and the ridges standing clear—
Big swaths of purple shadows lit with rose,
And think of things so deep they fetch a tear.

Ensenada, Lower Cal.

Lat. 23 N.

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 21, December 1904; magazine p. 534; physical source PDF p. 795

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

If this life were the only one, could sceptic prove that true,
I'd seek the swaying cane that grows in quiet Comundú.
For lethal wind comes gently there from far out, spangled sea;
To dream alway a life away, what happiness! Ah me!
What girls they grow in Comundú, as graceful as the palm
That sways, and whispers soothing things, when ruffled from its calm;
And dreamy breakers mutter far some vague, sleep-talkers' speech,
That seems to hint of far Cathay which forms its other beach.
There dark-eyed, deerlike cattle peer right gently from the brake,
Since no one hastes to slaughter them for pelf their flesh will make;
There ghosts haunt lanes at even (though lovers haunt them most)—
I'd give a year of pleasure here to see that lane and ghost.
The moon's your entertainer! resplendent through the air
That, cooled by gulf and ocean, is like no other anywhere—
Beseeching to be peaceful, to love your nearest best;
Where neighbors all are gentle folk, your nearest, loveliest
So far as trusting eyes pertain; so far as gentle grace
To charm the leering foreigner from sin that woofs his race.
If this life were the only one, had I to live it through,
I'd seek the swaying cane that grows in quiet Comundú.

Ensenada, Lower Cal.

Magnificat

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 22, January 1905; magazine p. 56; physical source PDF p. 73

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

I'd rather hear the mocking-bird at dawn, the mother-quail a-chuckling "choo-wat,"
The little chicks a-cheeping as they feed, right here, on any morning, in my hut,
Than hear a double-breasted brassy band—than pay to hear a maestro and be bored—
Or hear a choir of high-priced singers sing, pretending that they're singing to the Lord;

I'd rather hear these children laugh and call, and watch the little skeezicks run around,
Independent, and innocent and all, just careless of who thinks he owns the ground,
Than hear some hoary sacerdote intone to bless his country's banner and its sword,
Or hear a congregation's surf-like sound that thinks it's praying to the Lord.

The canticle He loves these children sing; the way He loves they follow, two and two,
As, hand-in-hand, they wander down the road to bring the mail and see the stage go through;
They stand and watch the sunlight on the leaves—as thus a passing angel had adored—
And, speechless, bless the lovely world awhile—for that is how they pray unto the Lord.

Ensenada, Lower Cal.

Yatai

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 206; physical source PDF p. 327

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

Ho, thou, in a niche in that cañon, where the human tide eddies below—
Whose sides were performed of the mason, where the trolley cars clang to and fro;
Where the minutes are masters of iron, begrudging to live or to die—
Ho hither, dear soul of the days that are not, let us take the trail down to Yatai!

Remember, I pray, in your city, where your waiter detachedly waits
To proffer you nothing for hunger, nor to drink, that a thirsty soul sates,
That we fed on the fishes of Egypt (do its cucumbers come to the eye?)
Or rather, dear soul of the days that are not, on the feed that they have in Yatai.

And what? 'Tis a niche of a cañon where the sycamore blinks to that sun,
Who times one in rising and setting to beguilement of days as they run;
There the meals are the masters of iron, the deciders to live or to die—
There living, we lived, in the days that are not, in a hut by a spring in Yatai.

By voices that call in that cañon, by the echoes that halted our hearts,
By vistas that pray to be gazed on for their charms from the Master of arts:
By the dews and the brush-scent at even, clear stars, and coyotes far cry,
I conjure, dear soul of the days that are not, let us take the trail down to Yatai!

San Diego, Cal.

The Wilderness

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 22, April 1905; magazine p. 317; physical source PDF p. 482

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

Come away! the hills are calling where streams of people meet,
Where the clanging, jangling rattle jeers constant on the street.
From these thousand new inventions, the thousand white man's ills,
Come away, O weary dreamer, to the comfort of the hills.

Beware of modern devils—here comes one from behind!
Here is noise to kill the hearing, kaleidoscope to blind;
Here is drilling, milling, swirling of devil-driven stream.
Come away, O weary dreamer, there is no place here to dream.

Here are scooting, shooting pleasures, each giving greatest thrill;
Here five hundred million pleasures with each its one own ill.
Did my Moses seek these follies? It was not where traffic's most,
But the Wilderness that Jesus sought, baptized with Holy Ghost:

Did my Homer rave inventions, or seek a city's din?
For its glitter all is passing, its sin a lasting sin.
Come away! the stars are calling in quiet peace and dew,
For the breathing earth is waiting, as patient mothers do,

Well secure that wayward footsteps will trend to her again,
For her health and smiling countenance, her breast the wide, wide plain.

San Diego, Cal.

Susurro

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 74; physical source PDF p. 97

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

The rabbit gets his cotton tail from cotton on the trees
That's blown to him on purpose by the sudden summer breeze;
The breeze it went a-playing with a ripple on the lake
Which, wriggling and shimmering, swam off a pretty snake.
The turtle dove's so shy a one he hardly ever sings,
So breeze he does it for him by a whistle in his wings;
The owl is such a slayer he should be slain by rights,
So mourns by day the wickedness he perpetrates of nights;
The quail he is a saucy one and not afraid to shout,
When anyone is going by, "I spy a man—look out!"
The thousand stars are in the grass when Winter rain is kind,
The Spirit brushes each of them—the Spirit is the Wind.
Hush! List the Wind a-going up atop the lofty leaves,
Because they saw a battle once—because the Spirit grieves;
Hush! Watch, my little warrior, thine eyes thus ever bright!
Grow strong, my little warrior, for hunting and the fight!

San Diego, Cal.

To the Mexican Immigrant

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 25, August 1906; magazine p. 156; physical source PDF p. 258

Regional basis. Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.

Since first I knew the joy of Life beneath this balmy sky,
And touch of gentle com'radrie toward what is still this I—
The songs I sing within myself for comfort on the way
Are what he sings sometimes o' nights, whate'er his jest by day.

For ah, the eyes he loved for long, those self-same eyes I knew;
The word I know to stir his soul, times past has stirred me, too;
The vales, the plains, the hills he loves, sweet breaths from outer sea,
Have borne alike the breath of Life, as unto him, to me.

So who like I can know the heart that throbs within his breast?
However skilled he think himself to hide that heart by jest,
When clanks the great machinery of gods of land afar,
Where, bent to unfamiliar task, my dark-eyed brothers are.

For ah, the stranger's heart I had, long, long in his own land,
But tender word they ever spake, with gentle look and hand;
So served they God who made them. Send some kindred spell
Be on our race, on mine own race, to deal with stranger well.

San Diego, Cal.

Pioneer

by Arthur B. Bennett

Out West, Vol. 26, April 1907; magazine p. 364; physical source PDF p. 613

Regional basis. *Signed journal poems from San Diego in 1905-06 after work in Ensenada.*

No graven image was there to his eyes,
Nor set he up fantastic thing of stone;
He looked unto the hills beneath the skies,
And learned thereby to serve one God alone;
No Levite there to chant unto his ear,
Nor any priest to tell him what to do;
Yet lo, he some way learned the God to fear;
And lo, he some way learned His law to do.
Ah, ye who lean on men to teach you how,
Oh, ye who never knew the life apart,
Would you bear an equal burden for the prize that he bears now—
To beat the perfect rhythm with a human beating heart?

Berkeley, Cal.

Blanche Trask

Documented Southern California poet | 9 poems

Location. Avalon and Fisherman's Cove, Santa Catalina Island, California, from 1893 to 1912; later Colfax, California.

Biographical note. Luella Blanche Trask (1865-1916) was a poet, naturalist, botanist, and explorer of California's Channel Islands. She collected extensively on the islands, and several plant taxa were named for her.

Work in these journals. Her verse is an island naturalist's poetry: pines, fog, silence, longing, and changing weather become vehicles for mystical and elegiac reflection. The poems share the attentive field sense of her natural-history writing.

Southern California basis. Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.

Biographical sources: [Islapedia biographical record](#) | [Blanche Trask chronology](#)

Masking — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 1, June 1896, p. 28; source PDF p. 47

Longing — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 2, July 1896, p. 69; source PDF p. 112

The Dead Past — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 6, No. 1, December 1896, p. 11; source PDF p. 28

A Song — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 9, No. 3, August 1898, p. 153; source PDF p. 222

The Coming of the Silence — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 10, No. 6, May 1899; magazine p. 309; source PDF p. 500

Catalina Fog — *Out West*, Vol. 20, February 1904; magazine p. 161; physical source PDF p. 232

The Pines — *Out West*, Vol. 20, March 1904; magazine p. 222; physical source PDF p. 345

How Can It Be? — *Out West*, Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 465; physical source PDF p. 674

The Dream of the Pine — *Out West*, Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 119; physical source PDF p. 188

Masking

by *Blanche Trask*

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 1, June 1896, p. 28; source PDF p. 47

Regional basis. *Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.*

Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.—Longfellow.

The hills, I think, are cold!
They wrap themselves in mist,
And peep between a fold,
As to the rain they list.

Like creatures wan and strange,
The hills go trooping by,
Masking, for a change—
My green hills in the sky.

Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

Longing

by Blanche Trask

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 2, July 1896, p. 69; source PDF p. 112

Regional basis. *Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.*

O, wind from o'er the sea!
From days that used to be,
Blow back my dream to me.

O, sea-gull! floating free
Over the great, wide sea,
Seek, seek my dream for me.

'Twas not a merry dream;
You'll know it by its grace,
And by the tears which seem
A veil before its face.

Avalon, Catalina Island, Cal.

The Dead Past

by *Blanche Trask*

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 6, No. 1, December 1896, p. 11; source PDF p. 28

Regional basis. *Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.*

The wind blows wild and free;
My eucalyptus tree
Lends all its boughs for strings;
The wild wind turns and plays
A tune of other days;
The dead Past comes and sings.

The wind sobs as it plays
That tune of other days;
The dead Past sings, nor sighs;
It hath endured so much,
It cares not for the touch
That loosens older ties.

Avalon, Cal.

A Song

by *Blanche Trask*

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 9, No. 3, August 1898, p. 153; source PDF p. 222

Regional basis. *Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.*

Ah! What is better than this, my dear,
What is better than this?—
The thought of a night which has lost its way
Between tomorrow and yesterday;
The full of the tide and the gray of the sea,
And a gull that circleth endlessly;
The breath from a wind which bloweth well;
A sail that hasteth new ports to tell;
If ought is better than this, my dear,
I find it not here, I find it not here.

Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

The Coming of the Silence

by Blanche Trask

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 10, No. 6, May 1899; magazine p. 309; source PDF p. 500

Regional basis. *Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.*

(After The Summer Tide.)

She doth not walk the village street,
Lest ways too smooth should harm her feet;

She waits until the tide is low,
And there 'mid old rocks, see her go

(The rocks which long must buried be,
Till winter's low tide sets them free).

She loiters on the long wet sand,
A trailing seaweed in her hand.

The gulls which loud, discordant cry,
Fly seaward as she passes by;

The fog which long for her doth wait
Enthrones and mantles her in state.

The winds that pray her slaves to be,
As scepters holds she o'er the sea.

The low, low tides yet lower creep,
'Till all the world is lost in sleep.

* * *

The mantled fog she throws aside,
The sceptred wind she scatters wide,

And thro' long days she dares to be
What she meant—eternity.

Avalon, Catalina.

Catalina Fog

by *Blanche Trask*

Out West, Vol. 20, February 1904; magazine p. 161; physical source PDF p. 232

Regional basis. Title names Santa Catalina Island.

Round about the highest peak,
A mighty fog is furled—
He leans to look into the sea,
And shuts out all the world.

And I, who walk this mountain trail,
Have doubts of heaven above,
And listen to the hidden sea
Like voice of one I love.

E'en while I list, this mighty fog
Has torn himself in two,
To show me still that endlessness
Which 'bideth i' the blue!

Avalon, Cal.

The Pines

by *Blanche Trask*

Out West, Vol. 20, March 1904; magazine p. 222; physical source PDF p. 345

Regional basis. *Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.*

Oh! that strange solemn line
Of the pines on the hill!
Where the wind at his will,
Where the wind at his will—

Be he tender and kind,
Or wild and o'erbold;
At one with the sun,
Or in league with the cold—

I climbed the long ridge
Which leads to the hill,
And I saw the great trees there
Bend to his will!

Tall, stately and grand—
I saw the tears shine,
As they drank his fresh breath
Like the rarest of wine.

The sun, a burnt ship,
Sank at last in the West;
And then for a moment
Each pine seemed at rest.

I ran down the wild ridge,
And I thought—can it be
That the heart of a woman
Lies in the pine tree?

How Can It Be?

by Blanche Trask

Out West, Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 465; physical source PDF p. 674

Regional basis. *Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.*

"You cannot rob a man of anything which he will miss."—Thoreau.

How can it be
That the land I love
Is lost to me?

*

*In the mimic cliff
The sunlight falls,
The sea entreats,
The curlew calls!*

*And I think—if I went
Down the old rock stair
The children would still
Be waiting me there,*

*In the snowy tent,
'Neath the greenest of trees,
Ever a-flutter
In the breeze.*

*And the camp-fire coals!
Can they be cold,
Where so many a happy
Tale was told?*

*

Yet the children—I know—
Are grown today.
And the land that I love
Is a Land's-stretch away,

Set i' the mist!
And the trails of the Past
Left to the wind
And the sea—at last!

Avalon, Catalina Island.

The Dream of the Pine

by *Blanche Trask*

Out West, Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 119; physical source PDF p. 188

Regional basis. *Lived and worked on Santa Catalina Island from 1893 to 1912.*

In the alpine meadow, dull and brown,
The gold of the oak comes shimmering down!

The scent of the fern on the withered stem
Clings to the garment's sleeve and hem.

While a sound as deep as the song of the sea
Is borne from the heart of the pine—to me!

For ships still "plough the furrowed main"
But if it be joy or if it be pain

We dwell so high that we may not know
How the white sails fill, or the great winds blow!

For the stars are a gleam in the taper trees,
Which bear in their hearts this dream of the seas!

Idyllwild, San Jacinto Mts.

Charles F. Lummis

Documented Southern California poet | 11 poems

Location. Los Angeles, especially El Alisal in Highland Park.

Biographical note. Lummis (1859-1928) was a journalist, editor, poet, photographer, preservationist, librarian, and museum founder. He shaped *Land of Sunshine* and *Out West* and used the magazines to define a public culture of the Southwest, while also advancing projects now understood within the complicated histories of collecting and representation.

Work in these journals. His poems include vernacular cowboy pieces, comic narrative, historical commemoration, and tightly observed Southwestern scenes. Humor, oral cadence, and editorial occasion matter as much as conventional lyric polish.

Southern California basis. Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.

Biographical sources: [Autry Museum of the American West](#) | [Los Angeles Public Library profile](#)

The Cowboy's Valentine — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 2, No. 3, February 1895; magazine p. 50; physical source PDF p. 239

The Old Mestizo — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 2, No. 3, February 1895; frontispiece; physical source PDF p. 230

San Juan's Day at Dolores — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 1, June 1895, p. 2; source PDF pp. 18-19

The Transplanting — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 1, June 1895, p. 34; source PDF p. 51

At Long Beach — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 2, July 1895, p. 73; source PDF p. 124

John Charles Frémont — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1895, p. 18; source PDF p. 33

John Charles Frémont — *Out West*, Vol. 18, February 1903; magazine p. 186; physical source PDF p. 291

Jim — *Out West*, Vol. 28, April 1908; magazine p. 314; physical source PDF p. 447

The Sidewinder — *Out West*, Vol. 29, August 1908; magazine p. 127; physical source PDF p. 180

5:59 — *Out West*, Vol. 30, January 1909; magazine p. 82; physical source PDF p. 99

Sartor Resartus — *Out West*, Vol. 31, August 1909; magazine p. 738; physical source PDF p. 153

The Cowboy's Valentine

by Charles F. Lummis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 2, No. 3, February 1895; magazine p. 50; physical source PDF p. 239

Regional basis. Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.

Reprinted from Munsey's.

Say, Moll, now don't yo' 'llow to quit
A-playin' maverick?
Sech stock shud be corralled a bit,
'N' hev a mark 't 'll stick!

Old Val's a-roundin' up today,
Upon the Sweetheart Range;
'N' me a-helpin', so to say,
Though this yere herd is strange

To me—'n' yit, ef I c'd rope
Jes' one to wear my brand,
I'd strike f'r Home Ranch on a lope,
The happiest in the land!

Yo' savvy who I'm runnin' so,
Yo' savvy who I be;
Now cain't yo' take that brand—yo' know.
The HEART MINE

The Old Mestizo

by Charles F. Lummis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 2, No. 3, February 1895; frontispiece; physical source PDF p. 230

Regional basis. *Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.*

Todos dicen que soy un viejo,

Yo no sé en que se puede fundar.

Old Folk-Song.

God give you good evening, paisano and yet unknowing
This land that you were born in, your land that has ceased to be!
Where is it gone—come tell us, you who have seen its going—
That slow, good, patriarchal world that was by the Western Sea?

Where? Quien sabe? But somewhere gone, and beyond our sifting;
Lost as the years behind you and the faces long unseen.
Under your feet you felt it—the very landscape shifting,
Ever the Olden withering, ever the New grown green.

Let, if he will, disprize you, the lofty latter comer
(Neither will learn from the other the thing that God knows best).
He, so much the wiser—shall he in his hundredth summer
Turn more steady and even-eyed his face to the shadowy west?

San Juan's Day at Dolores

by Charles F. Lummis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 1, June 1895, p. 2; source PDF pp. 18-19

Regional basis. *Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.*

Ay! Never was fiesta fair as good San Juan's today—
A thousand souls at mass this morn, and what a glory when
They ran the chicken-races! How Felipe swept away
The squawking prize—first cavalier among a hundred men!

How like a rock from off the cliff he thundered down the plain!
And how the chase behind him roared in a tumultuous flood!
And how he beat the grapplers off, with feathered blows amain!
And how his white teeth laughed thro' bronze besplashed with manly blood!

Ah, tall Felipe of my soul—Felipe of the vow!—
The princeliest and proudest and the bravest everywhere!
There in Don Pedro's portico they make the baile now—
Ay! how my heart is dancing, for Felipe will be there!

The candles, how they flutter on the snowy-whitened wall—
Coquetting with the shadows in the rafters dark above!
And yonder hobbles Crooked Juan, best musico of all;
And old Jose, with his guitar that knows the songs of love.
And now they come by twos and fours along the darkening street—
The señoritas all in white; in decent black, the men.
Ah, what a pretty, when with weaving arms and twinkling feet
We'll swing the sinuous cuna down the porch and back again!

And now the music kindles, and the 'dobe floor's awake
To pulse with eager feet—and still Felipe no 'st' aqui!
Ungrateful!—And I sit me here a laughed-at for his sake
Who swore to waltz the cradle-waltz with me—with none but me!

Ay, Holiest Mother! Here! With her?—Perdita on his arm!
So, perjurer and unashamed, ye know me? Stand apart!
Tu, little fool, run blameless, who couldst not withstand his charm.
But he—I love him—love him—and with this I claim his heart!

The Transplanting

by Charles F. Lummis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 1, June 1895, p. 34; source PDF p. 51

Regional basis. *Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.*

A thousand years against the North the Saxon oak has wrenched
A livelihood from grudging soil; against a hostile sky
Uplifting its undaunted head, and mighty branches clenched—
Too storm-beleaguered half to live, too stubborn yet to die.

Impassively and stern it faced the bullying icy blast,
Half-mockingly smiled back when sham of sunshine smirked about—
The winter-thief that stripped it stark and froze it hard and fast;
The summer-cheat that coaxed it fight another winter out.

Slow circles counted up its years; the centuries were told
By inch and inch of rugged girth—and scars for every year.
For every year a deeper crop of wrinkles manifold,
And less of sap to stir its heart or give its leaflets cheer.

Aye! Strength is noble everywhere—but even it may wrong
The strenuous arms, the iron hearts, it bids forever strive.
For strength is meant for something more than merely to be strong;
And life is not a lifetime spent in strain to keep alive!

Bethink you—nay, but let it rest. For what was not, shall be.
The unbreakable grain of oak was wrought, in that embittered past,
Against the far, unreckoned day when Southern skies should see
The stern old giant's saplings set to kindlier soil at last!

Where Mother Nature smiles: "They called you oaks, at home, forsooth!
But wait—I fain would show you, now, my notion of a tree;
And what an oak was meant to be, that shall fulfill in truth
Its own potential, and the scope of acorns yet to be!

The where it shall expand at will, unvexed and undeformed;
Nor curse the earth for miserly, nor count the sky a foe.
Shall set its leaves in certainty, and feel its pulses warmed
To joy of life and grace—and strength—its sires could never know."

'Twere well we let the mother-heart work out the mother-will—
Her face is sweet with fruitful years, with conscious mastery calm.
It may be she shall teach us here to keep the staunchness, still,
Of oak—the while we learn as well the evergreen of the palm!

At Long Beach

by Charles F. Lummis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 2, July 1895, p. 73; source PDF p. 124

Regional basis. Title names *Long Beach*, *Los Angeles County*.

I love the surf-beat down the shore,
The rhythmic, deep, recurrent roar
That lulls the weary evermore—
The echoing, cadent sea.

I love the tumbling breakers' play,
That leap and clap their hands alway
And laugh their joy as giants may—
The white-lipped, shouting sea.

I love the farther headland's light
That twinkles now, now fades from sight;
A memory in the heart of Night—
Of Night, that loves the sea.

I love the beckoning moon that paves
A path to heaven across its waves,
Of hope to bridge a million graves—
The moonlit, midnight sea.

I love the darkness on the deep;
For so, when I (and all) shall sleep,
That stout heart still its throb will keep—
The grave, eternal sea.

John Charles Frémont

by Charles F. Lummis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1895, p. 18; source PDF p. 33

Regional basis. *Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.*

Pathfinder—and Path-clincher! Who blazed the way, indeed,
But more—who made the eternal Fact whereto a path had need;
Who, while our Websters set at nought the thing that was to be,
Whipped-out our halting, half-way map full to the Other Sea!

'Twas well that there were some could read the logic of the West!
A Kansas-edged geography, of provinces confessed,
Became potential Union and took a Nation's span
When God sent Opportunity and Benton found the Man!

Los Angeles, Nov. 14.

John Charles Frémont

by Charles F. Lummis

Out West, Vol. 18, February 1903; magazine p. 186; physical source PDF p. 291

Regional basis. *Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.*

Pathfinder—and Path-clincher!

Who blazed the way, indeed,

But more—who made the eternal Fact

Whereto a path had need;

Who, while our Websters set at naught

The thing that Was to Be,

Whipped-out our halting, half-way map

Full to the Other Sea!

'Twas well that there were some could read

The logic of the West!

A Kansas-edged geography,

Of provinces confessed,

Became potential Union

And took a Nation's span

When God sent Opportunity

And Benton found the Man!

Chas. F. Lummis, 1895.

Jim

by Charles F. Lummis

Out West, Vol. 28, April 1908; magazine p. 314; physical source PDF p. 447

Regional basis. *Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.*

Climbin' the Mesa Grande,
And the broncos fit to drap,
With the sand hub-high, and the white-het sky
Like the breath o' hell! Git ap!

Nary a pasagéro—
Jes' me and the stage; and in't
Thet Fargo box from the Point of Rocks
With dust for the Frisco mint.

Ten Thousand cool, I reckon,
Ten thousand ef ther's a nick—
And me on the drive at sixty-five,
And the po'r ol' wife gone sick—

Yo' Bill Green! Wot yo' thinkin'?
Be yo' locoed, or wot? I 'llow
Et's a purty bust, ef the Line cain't trust
Ol' Bill for a white man now!

Trust me? Bet yo' que si, now!
We're po'r ez the ribs o' grief,
But the Boy and Sue—'twould kill the two,
If Dad wuz to turn to thief!

If Jim wuz only yer, now,
For to sorter ease the road
With his han'some phiz, an' thet laff o' his—
And to help to guard the load!

Po'r Jim! Et galls him awful,
This rustle for daily bread—
With his mammy down, an' no work in town,
And nuthin' to hope ahead.

He says to me this mornin'—
Thet quiet an' despart-like—
"Dad, I'm a-goin' to the Cabezon,
And I'll die but I'll make a strike!"

"I cain't stan' this no longer,
For 'tain't nuther jest nor right!"

And out he lit—Jim's wild, a bit,
But yo' bet his heart is white!

The Sidewinder

by Charles F. Lummis

Out West, Vol. 29, August 1908; magazine p. 127; physical source PDF p. 180

Regional basis. *Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.*

A lazy loop of lozened grey,
I stretch amid the sand and sun;
Or writhe a sullen yard away,
The greasewood's creeping shade to shun.

The hot earth nestles to my chin;
My lidless eyes outface the sky
All unabashed; and dry and thin
My unawakened rattles lie.

The desert glare that does to death
The blind un-lovers of the sun—
Poor fools, that court a colder breath,
Nor know that heat and life are one.

It filters through my scaly still,
It simmers to one drop of Fate—
The mother-tincture of To Kill,
Quintessence of a whole world's hate.

Content I dream;—content is deep,
For whom three mortal joys there be—
My own white sun, my ardent sleep,
And sleep for him that wakens me!

Belford's Magazine, May, 1891.

Crotalus cerastes; the horned rattlesnake of the Southwest.

5:59

by Charles F. Lummis

Out West, Vol. 30, January 1909; magazine p. 82; physical source PDF p. 99

Regional basis. *Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.*

Reprinted by request.

Aha! There whistles Number One!
And down the tingling grade she grows,
Tossing her cloud of tresses dun
Back on the twilight's fading rose.

A mile—a moment—and my Kate
From years, and half a world, apart.
But now we'll snap our thumbs at Fate
And keep our Kingdom of the Heart.

And—eh? The world is drowned in steam—
A volleying, billowing, deafening cloud—
And men there run as in a dream,
And through the thunderous fog they crowd.

"An open switch," I heard one say:
An op—But that's a wreck! And she
A half a hundred yards away!
Oh, God! How ill from Fate we flee!

How cursed leaden drag my feet—
And yet the rest are far behind—
On thro' the misty winding-sheet,
My—Heaven! I know not what—to find.

Ugh! That I trod on moved and cried!
Ah! There she is! My Kate! My Kate!
Unscratched! Nor any soul beside
Is lost, of all that living freight.

But while the grumbling travelers hie
To crowd the station with their fret,
Here, Sweetheart, step a little by
To thank the savior they forget.

Nay, not in words—that dull ear cranes
Not even to your music, Sweet;
For that poor chap in greasy jeans
There come the stretcher and the sheet.

But of your pure heart's purest give

To him the hungry Death that spied
Timely himself to leap and live,
But stayed—and stopped the train—and died!

And yon dumb clinger to the dead—
Aye, weep for her who cannot! She
Upon the morrow should have wed
With him that brought you safe to me.

Scribner's Magazine, October, 1890.

Sartor Resartus

by Charles F. Lummis

Out West, Vol. 31, August 1909; magazine p. 738; physical source PDF p. 153

Regional basis. Longtime Los Angeles resident, editor, librarian, and museum founder.

Republished by request. While the train stops at Albuquerque.

The Pretty Widow:

"Ah, what a quaint and interesting place!
Are you quite certain that the train won't start?"

The Professor:

"Ten minutes yet. 'Tis pleasant thus to pace
The platform—and with such a kindred heart!"

The Pretty Widow:

"Such striking types one sees on every hand!
Here the intrusive Yankee, there the Don—
The lord and the usurper of the land—
And furtive peons smoking on and on!"

The Professor:

"Ah, by your side—"

The Pretty Widow:

"Ooh! What a sweet papoose
Slung on its tawny mother's back! And there
That stalwart brave—great Cooper! What a use!
The Noble Red Man peddling pottery-ware!"

The Professor:

"Would I might ever stray—"

The Pretty Widow:

"Ah, what a Man!
I mean yon cowboy—what embodied force!
What chest and neck, and what a lovely tan!
And such queer leathern—overalls, of course!"

"I love a Man—"

The Professor:

"I think we'd best go back."

The Pretty Widow:

"He looks so out-of-doors! So brave, so—hard!"

The Professor:

"But hear his speech! How cultureless and slack!
'Hello, old maverick! How they comin', pard?'"

The Pretty Widow:

"Well, I don't care! He's lovely! And I hate—"

The Professor (savagely):

"Those who do not so ignorantly speak
As your Eureka?"
The Cowboy:
"Sir, the aspirate!
You'll find the word's Heureka in the Greek!"
The Professor (quite losing himself):
"Were you at Squantum University,
I'd beat some information into you!"
The Cowboy (blandly):
"Thanks, awfully! I collared one degree,
Summa cum laude, Harvard '82!"
Chas. F. Lummis, in Puck.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Documented Southern California poet | 6 poems

Location. Pasadena and Oakland, California, during the period represented here; later New York and Connecticut, returning to Pasadena in 1934.

Biographical note. Charlotte Perkins Gilman (1860-1935), published in these journals under her first married name, Charlotte Perkins Stetson, was a writer, lecturer, editor, and major feminist social critic. Poetry was an important early vehicle for her reform arguments.

Work in these journals. These California poems are bright, ironic celebrations of climate, mobility, health, and social possibility. Their plain diction and rhetorical snap connect regional booster language to Gilman's wider critique of inherited conventions.

Southern California basis. Lived and lectured in Pasadena during the period represented.

Biographical sources: [Academy of American Poets](#) | [Poetry Foundation](#)

It Is Good to Be Alive — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 3, August 1895, p. 116; source PDF p. 192

California Car Windows — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 2, January 1896, p. 59; source PDF p. 104

An Invitation — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 3, August 1896, p. 120; source PDF p. 177

Our Sky — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 6, No. 1, December 1896, p. 22; source PDF p. 39

Their Grass — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 64; source PDF p. 107

Our Tomorrow — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 8, No. 6, May 1898, p. 251; source PDF p. 432

It Is Good to Be Alive

by Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 3, August 1895, p. 116; source PDF p. 192

Regional basis. *Lived and lectured in Pasadena during the period represented.*

It is good to be alive when the trees shine green
And the steep red hills stand up against the sky;
Big sky, blue sky, with flying clouds between—
It is good to be alive and see the clouds drive by.

It is good to be alive when the strong winds blow,
The strong sweet winds blowing straight off the sea,
Great sea, green sea, with swinging ebb and flow—
It is good to be alive and see the waves roll free.

California Car Windows

by Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 2, January 1896, p. 59; source PDF p. 104

Regional basis. *Lived and lectured in Pasadena during the period represented.*

Lark-songs ringing to heaven—
Earth-light clear as the sky—
Air like the breath of a greenhouse
With the greenhouse roof on high.

Flowers to see till you're weary—
To travel in hours and hours—
Ranches of gold and purple—
Counties covered with flowers!

A rainbow, a running rainbow,
That flies at our side for hours!
A ribbon, a brodered ribbon,
A rainbow ribbon of flowers!

Hull House, Chicago.

An Invitation

by Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 3, August 1896, p. 120; source PDF p. 177

Regional basis. *Lived and lectured in Pasadena during the period represented.*

Aren't you tired of protection from the weather?
Of defense guards and shield?
Aren't you tired of the worry as to whether
This year the farm land yield?

Aren't you tired of the wetness and the dryness,
The dampness and the hotness and the cold?
Of waiting on the weatherman with shyness
To see if the last plans hold?

Aren't you tired of the doctoring and the nursing,
Of the “sickly winter” and the pocket pills?
Tired of sorrowing and burying and cursing
At Providence and undertaker's bills?

Aren't you tired of all the threatening and doubting—
The “weather-breeder” with its lovely lie—
The dubiety of any sort of outing—
The chip upon the shoulder of the sky?

Like a beaten horse who dodges your caresses,
Like a child abused who ducks before your frown—
Is a Northerner in our warm air that blesses—
O come and live and take your elbow down!

Don't be afraid! You do not need defenses—
This heavenly day breeds not a stormy end—
Lay down your arms—cut off your war expenses—
This weather is your friend!

A friendliness from earth, a joy from heaven,
A peace that wins your frightened soul at length—
A place where rest as well as work is given—
Rest is the food of strength.

Our Sky

by Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 6, No. 1, December 1896, p. 22; source PDF p. 39

Regional basis. *Lived and lectured in Pasadena during the period represented.*

They have a sky in Albion—
At least they tell me so;
But she will wear a veil so thick,
And she does have the sulks so quick,
And weeps so long and slow—
That one can hardly know.

Yes, there's a sky in Albion!
She showed herself of late;
And where it wasn't white or grey
It was quite bluish in a way—
But near, and full of weight,
Like an overarching plate.

Our sky of California!
Such light the angels knew
When the strong, tender smile of God
Kindled the spaces where they trod
And made all life come true—
Deep, soundless burning blue!

London, Eng.

Their Grass

by Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 64; source PDF p. 107

Regional basis. *Lived and lectured in Pasadena during the period represented.*

They say we have no grass!
To hear them talk
You'd think that grass could walk,
And was their bosom friend—no day to pass
Between them and their grass!

No grass! they say, who live
Where hot bricks give
The hot stones all their heat and back again—
A baking hell for men.

“Oh but,” they haste to say, “we have our parks”—
Where fat policemen check the children's larks,
And sign to sign repeats as in a glass
“Keep off the grass!”

“We have our city parks and grass, you see—”
Well—so have we!

But 'tis the country that they sing of most. “Alas!”
They sing, “for our wide acres of soft grass!
To please us living and to hide us dead!”—

You'd think Walt Whitman's first was all they read!
You'd think they all went out upon the quiet
Nebuchadnezzar to outdo in diet!

You'd think they found no other green thing fair—
Even its seed an honor in their hair!
You'd think they had this bliss the whole year 'round—
Evergreen grass!—and we, plowed ground!

But come now! How does earth's pet plumage grow
Under your snow?
Is your beloved grass as softly nice
When packed in ice?
For six long months you live beneath a blight—
No grass in sight.

You bear up bravely. And not only that,
But leave your grass and travel. And thereat
We marvel deeply, with slow Western mind,

Wondering within us what these people find
Among our common oranges and palms
To tear them from the well-remembered charms
Of their dear vegetable. But still they come,
Frost-bitten invalids, to our bright home,
And chide our grasslessness, until we say—
But if you hate it so—why come? why stay?
Just go away!
Go to—your grass!

Our Tomorrow

by Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 8, No. 6, May 1898, p. 251; source PDF p. 432

Regional basis. *Lived and lectured in Pasadena during the period represented.*

Back of our wide world-curving waste of land;
Back of the questioning unanswered sea;
The home of Memory, whose heavy hand
Still drags the past with each slow step to be;
Tradition, with its load of pride and shame,
Holding each timid century the same;
Moving in dreams, forgotten, far away,
Lies yesterday—the land of yesterday!

On our first coast where still the ships pour in
Blood of all nations, here in one to flow;
In swift transitions where each soul may win
Only a moment's chance to strike a blow;
The past still clinging to their country's hem,
The future stirring strangely under them;
Nor back they look, nor forward, nor away—
Here is today—the land of sharp today.

But we? Our land lies large. The sunlight stays
Behind us nothing and before us all.
Here without haste we enter the wide ways
Where the clear voices of the future call.
No dead hand holds us; we are not shut in
By brooding memories of what has been;
We are not hurried; here the years roll free;
Nature has peace, and so, at last, have we.

Rich with the past in all its storied length;
Proud in the present, glorying in its strength;
Most blessed of all times, all men, all lands—
We hold the world's tomorrow in our hands!

Charlton Lawrence Edholm

Documented Southern California poet | 4 poems

Location. Los Angeles and Elsinore, California, during his Out West years; later Washington, D.C., New York City, and Dobbs Ferry, New York.

Biographical note. Edholm (1879-1945) was an artist, illustrator, poet, fiction writer, and editor. He studied art in Germany, lived for a time in Los Angeles, and edited Out West near the end of the magazine's run before continuing a varied publishing and art career in the East.

Work in these journals. His poems celebrate road building, flight, remembered California landscapes, and the contrast between old and modern social life. They show an illustrator's eye for movement, silhouette, and engineered space.

Southern California basis. Lived and edited in Los Angeles; also signed a poem from Elsinore.

Biographical sources: [Biographical sketch](#) | [Out West](#), January 1910

Building the Road — *Out West*, Vol. 28, April 1908; magazine p. 303; physical source PDF p. 436

Hills of Sunland — *Out West*, Vol. 30, February-March 1909; magazine p. 108; physical source PDF p. 151

Then and Now — *Out West*, Vol. 30, February-March 1909; magazine p. 129; physical source PDF p. 172

Wings — *Out West*, Vol. 32, January 1910; physical source PDF p. 18

Building the Road

by *Charlton Lawrence Edholm*

Out West, Vol. 28, April 1908; magazine p. 303; physical source PDF p. 436

Regional basis. *Signed Elsinore, California.*

"Dreams are foam," yet dreams come true, though dreams are mist and moonlight pale,
This dream in heat of noon I dreamed beside the ancient cañon trail.

Along this trail, in bygone days, the sandaled foot of Padre trod;
Where cavaliers of Spain sought gold, he sought for souls to render God.

Along this trail Geronimo his naked braves in war-paint led;
Apache here and Navajo in savage tribal warfare bled.

Along this trail once Fremont rode—from yonder peak a banner flung,
Whose stripes were white and red of dawn, whose stars, the heav'nly lights among,
Were morning stars for this dark land. Along this trail the pioneer,
With patient burro, picked his way, and tapped the rocks for riches here—
And found! Of all the prints of foot, that o'er this trail wove warp and woof,
The print that outlined Fate's design was that of unshod burro-hoof.
The cowboys reined their "broncs" to laugh at him who delved with toil-bent spine,
Nor heard the doom of their free life in his glad cry, "A mine! A mine!"

Hills of Sunland

by *Charlton Lawrence Edholm*

Out West, Vol. 30, February-March 1909; magazine p. 108; physical source PDF p. 151

Regional basis. *Title names Sunland in Los Angeles.*

This land, the well-beloved of the sun,
Is garbed in flowers mirroring his rays,
When Dormidera wakes in spring, a blaze
Of gold her breast! No queen in Babylon,
Not Sheba's Queen or Egypt's, nay not one
Of these was veiled like her on lordly days
In gauze of gold and light enmeshed, in haze
Like net of sun-silk by her lover spun.

With flaming kiss are sun and sunland wed.
Reluctant falls the bride-robe: from their place
Fall trinkets, yellow gold and golden red.
And, oh, her tawny nakedness! I trace
Her source to Danaë, in bridal bed
All gold-beshowered in the god's embrace.

There are many 'cups of gold' among the California flowers, but this is characteristic—Dormidera, the sleeper, from its familiar habit of closing at sundown. For history, for euphony and for scientific aptness this is the preferable name of all. But, as I remarked before, anything is better than Eschscholtzia. Let us take that serial curio respectfully but firmly by the back of the neck, lead it to the door of our vocabulary and kick it forever forth.'—Chas. F. Lummis.

Long Beach, Cal.

Then and Now

by *Charlton Lawrence Edholm*

Out West, Vol. 30, February-March 1909; magazine p. 129; physical source PDF p. 172

Regional basis. *Lived and edited in Los Angeles; also signed a poem from Elsinore.*

The days of strife are done. The dominance
Of bearded giants, drunk with wealth of ore,
In sport, like centaurs, told of nights before
The brush-fire, seeing not hist'ry but romance,
Although this land is the inheritance
Of son and grandson of the narrator.

To us this golden-breasted land gives more
Than once could wrench by force or win by chance
Her eager lovers. We her children are,
To whom her breasts of gold give nourishment
In golden floods. Below us far and far
Surge waves of wheat with sun-kiss radiant;
Brood groves of night, each fruit a golden star;
Blend vines with olives—gold with silver blent.

Los Angeles.

Wings

by *Charlton Lawrence Edholm*

Out West, Vol. 32, January 1910; physical source PDF p. 18

Regional basis. *Lived and edited in Los Angeles; also signed a poem from Elsinore.*

The hand of man, emerging from the mist
Of primal ages, was a hairy fist,
All blood-bedabbled; for the hand had killed
Before it learned to sow and reap and build.
So each new tool was but a weapon, fit
To add new terrors to the blow of it;
The first rude axe was formed for bloody deed,
Split skulls before it served the builder's need.
And thus through ages runs the tale; by worst
Of uses is the new-found tool accurst,
Yet we believe what prophet's words record,
That into plowshares men shall beat the sword.

For centuries we stood upon the edge
Of space and yearned, while sparrows from the hedge
Took flight and taunted us. "O that I had wings!"
'Mid stormy music, thus the Psalmist sings,
"Then would I fly away and be at rest."
And lo, the wings are ours, a gift, the best
The genius of our race has forged; a tool
Fit for our eager age. What says the fool,
The War-brute? "This is mine, for brawls and strife,
As hawk-wings are the hawk's—for taking life!"

Well, claim them, War-god! Use them till the race
Will kill for you no more. What narrow space
Holds man today apart from brother man,
A range of rock, a river or a span
Of channel; and our wings shall overleap
These dwarfish landmarks. Then what king shall keep
His folk from merging with humanity
As waters intermingle in the sea?

Sail forth, winged Argonauts of trackless air,
And as upon your homeward course you fare
Bring heav'nly treasure. Neither gold nor steel,
Nor gross and earthy wealth weigh your light keel;
Man's Brotherhood, bring that as Golden Fleece
On sun-blest wings, bright harbingers of peace.
—From Popular Mechanics.

Reprinted by Request

Cruse Carriel

Documented Southern California poet | 3 poems

Location. Los Angeles, California, in 1916 and again after work in Chicago, Honolulu, and Tokyo.

Biographical note. Carriel was a journalist, editor, advertising executive, and labor-relations publicist. Copyright records place him in Los Angeles as publisher of *Out West* in 1916; later trade reporting traces work in Honolulu, Tokyo, and a return to Los Angeles.

Work in these journals. The three late poems are terse and epigrammatic, treating trail's end and varieties of love. Their short forms match the compressed editorial character of the magazine's final phase.

Southern California basis. Published *Out West* from Los Angeles and later operated a Los Angeles agency.

Biographical sources: [U.S. copyright catalog](#) | [Editor & Publisher record](#)

Trail's End — *Out West*, Vol. 44, July 1916; physical source PDF p. 47

But Not Platonic — *Out West*, Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 47

One Above Others — *Out West*, Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 42

Trail's End

by Cruse Carriel

Out West, Vol. 44, July 1916; physical source PDF p. 47

Regional basis. *Published Out West from Los Angeles and later operated a Los Angeles agency.*

To fall and to fail
At the foot of the trail
With the level land stretching so near,
With a beckoning gleam
From a smooth meadow stream
And the lark's echoes still in your ear,
Is a stop in the start
Before you depart,
Betokening sacrifice small;
Nothing lost, nothing won,
With the race yet to run,
And the glistening peaks still may call.

But to fail and to fall
When you've left behind all
And see just beyond you the goal,
When the deeds you have done
And the race that you've run
Is graven and seared in your soul;
And the path to the past,
When the last die is cast,
Is winding and steep, but is clean;
Then the failure that seems
Dissolves into dreams—
In defeat is your victory seen.

But Not Platonic

by Cruse Carriel

Out West, Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 47

Regional basis. *Published Out West from Los Angeles and later operated a Los Angeles agency.*

Oh, Friendship's ties are binding ties,

Nor lovers' vows so true,

So search ye not for lovers' knot...

An' do ye'll surely rue.

As strange it is, so true it is:

The love that seeks for nought

Is friendliness. Who would have less?

The other kind is bought.

One Above Others

by Cruse Carriel

Out West, Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 42

Regional basis. *Published Out West from Los Angeles and later operated a Los Angeles agency.*

Do ye search without finding?
Do ye seek without end
For the one above others
Who can be more than friend?

Would ye find dear ties binding
That will weary hearts mend
With surcease from sorrow? Then
Be ye friend of a friend;

For in stress of Life's straining
Ye may search to world's end,
But there's none above others
Who can be more than friend.

Edward Salisbury Field

Documented Southern California poet | 8 poems

Location. Los Angeles and later Zaca Lake near Los Olivos, Santa Barbara County, California.

Biographical note. Field (1878-1936) was a poet, journalist, illustrator, playwright, novelist, screenwriter, and real-estate developer. He worked for William Randolph Hearst and signed humorous drawings and verse 'Childe Harold'; the journal's four poems under that pen name are therefore consolidated with his signed work.

Work in these journals. The eight poems divide between delicate garden, wind, sea, and courtship lyrics under his own name and comic animal or social verse as Childe Harold. The paired signatures reveal a contributor deliberately maintaining lyrical and humorous personae.

Southern California basis. Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.

Biographical sources: [Los Angeles County family profile](#) | [Authority record](#)

The Garden — *Out West*, Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 215; physical source PDF p. 62

The Wind Seems Kind Today — *Out West*, Vol. 16, May 1902; magazine p. 654; physical source PDF p. 67

'Tis Very Trying to be Poor — *Out West*, Vol. 16, June 1902; magazine p. 796; physical source PDF p. 53

Sir Insolence — *Out West*, Vol. 17, October 1902; magazine p. 662; physical source PDF p. 97

Wild Animals — *Out West*, Vol. 17, November 1902; magazine p. 811; physical source PDF p. 58

The Kangaroo — *Out West*, Vol. 17, December 1902; magazine p. 1007; physical source PDF p. 58

I've Never Seen a Single Thing — *Out West*, Vol. 18, February 1903; unnumbered illustrated page following magazine p. 195; physical source PDF p. 301

Was It the Sea? — *Out West*, Vol. 18, June 1903; magazine p. 721; physical source PDF p. 1074

The Garden

by Edward Salisbury Field

Out West, Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 215; physical source PDF p. 62

Regional basis. Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.

Larkspur and eglantine,
Heartsease and heather,
Holly hocks, four-o'clocks,
Poppies, mignonette and phlox
Growing wild together.
What a dear, old-fashioned nook,
And how few would heed it.
What a place to take a book—
And never read it!

The Wind Seems Kind Today

by Edward Salisbury Field

Out West, Vol. 16, May 1902; magazine p. 654; physical source PDF p. 67

Regional basis. *Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.*

The trees nod east, the trees nod west;
The wind seems kind today, most kind;
It lulls the little leaves to rest.
The trees nod east, the trees nod west;
Do you suppose it has a quest?
Has something definite to find?
The trees nod east, the trees nod west;
The wind seems kind today, most kind.

'Tis Very Trying to be Poor

by Edward Salisbury Field

Out West, Vol. 16, June 1902; magazine p. 796; physical source PDF p. 53

Regional basis. Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.

'Tis very trying to be poor:
To have to drive a fish
and snail
When one would rather
drive a whale!

Sir Insolence

by Edward Salisbury Field

Out West, Vol. 17, October 1902; magazine p. 662; physical source PDF p. 97

Regional basis. Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.

Self-satisfied and jauntily at ease,
Well groomed and rakish, daring—debonair—
(A veritable Lovelace, if you please)
The blackbird swaggers in the garden there.
Just hear him scold! 'Tis evident he sees
Me coming. Hear him clamor and declare
That they are his—my lawn and flow'rs, and trees;
And that 'twere best that I should have a care.

Altho' I should not wish to have him know,
I like his scoldings and his lordly ways;
I like to see him strutting to and fro
Across my lawn. I miss him on the days
When he indulges me with a pretense
Of having made a change of residence.

Los Angeles.

Wild Animals

by Edward Salisbury Field

Out West, Vol. 17, November 1902; magazine p. 811; physical source PDF p. 58

Regional basis. *Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.*

I think I'll write a book about
A few wild animals I've known
That Seton-Thompson hasn't shown.
I wonder why he left these out!

The Kangaroo

by Edward Salisbury Field

Out West, Vol. 17, December 1902; magazine p. 1007; physical source PDF p. 58

Regional basis. Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.

You may, and doubtless do,
Reject much that is told as true;
Believe me, one has never lived
Who has not seen a Kangaroo.

I've Never Seen a Single Thing

by Edward Salisbury Field

Out West, Vol. 18, February 1903; unnumbered illustrated page following magazine p. 195; physical source PDF p. 301

Regional basis. *Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.*

I've never seen a single thing
That ever frightened me.
The only things I'm 'fraid of
Are the things that I can't see.

And as to losing sleep at night:
If one could only find it
By looking for it with a light,
I'm sure one wouldn't mind it.

Was It the Sea?

by Edward Salisbury Field

Out West, Vol. 18, June 1903; magazine p. 721; physical source PDF p. 1074

Regional basis. *Raised and worked in Los Angeles; later lived at Zaca Lake in Santa Barbara County.*

The song of the sea is in my ears—
The song of the sea, the song of the sea!
Souls that have lived in the bygone years,
Singing to me, singing to me!
Off to the west the dark sky clears;
A sea-gull circles, and wheels, and peers.
The cloud fleets sail to the southward—Hist!
Was it a voice that called to me—
A voice that I have not heard in years—
Or was it the sea?

My cheek is wet with a dash of spray—
A dash of spray, a dash of spray!
And into my heart come, creeping, fears;
And I look away, I look away!
And into my eyes there comes a mist,
A mist of spray—or is it tears?

Los Angeles, Cal.

Eleanor F. Lewis

Documented Southern California poet | 4 poems

Location. Los Angeles in 1895; later San Francisco, according to signed poems in the journals.

Biographical note. Lewis was a California periodical poet active in *Land of Sunshine* and *Out West* from 1895 through 1907. A dependable external life history has not been located; the journal signatures securely place her in Los Angeles and later San Francisco.

Work in these journals. Her four poems map California through Death Valley, the Sierra, Catalina Island, and the modern city. They move from controlled landscape description toward a more dramatic civic voice.

Southern California basis. Signed 'Death Valley' from Los Angeles in 1895.

Death Valley — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 6, November 1895, p. 261; source PDF p. 394

In the Sierra — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 4, September 1896, p. 151; source PDF p. 228

At Catalina — *Out West*, Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 471; physical source PDF p. 680

The City's Voice — *Out West*, Vol. 27, July 1907; magazine p. 56; physical source PDF p. 73

Death Valley

by Eleanor F. Lewis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 6, November 1895, p. 261; source PDF p. 394

Regional basis. Signed 'Death Valley' from Los Angeles in 1895.

It is a space of silence, strange and deep;
The sun-burnt mountains, near its ashen side,
Look down impassive on its death-like sleep.
Under its "skeleton plant" the rattlers glide,
Among its painted rocks the lizards creep.
Across the brazen madness of the sky
A flock of wild geese wing their faltering way,
With weary pinions, and with echoing cry.
Below, in desert sands that shine and shift,
Lie the unburied dead; the heat-waves drift
Over the loneliness of graves; by torrid day
Or torrid night, breathless and gleaming, lie
Its barren reaches where no shadows hide;
And over all, its silence, strange and deep.

Los Angeles.

In the Sierra

by Eleanor F. Lewis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 4, September 1896, p. 151; source PDF p. 228

Regional basis. Signed 'Death Valley' from Los Angeles in 1895.

The gaunt pines rise above the lower trees,
And spreading buckeyes, with their cone-shaped bloom,
While from amongst their moon-lit, leafy gloom—
The pale, sweet elder-blossoms scent the breeze.

Deep in the woods, where wraith-like shadows shift,
With the soft motion of the oak-leaves' drift,
Come the weird cries of whirring owls that seem
To play at hide-and-seek where moon-beams sift.

In the pale light, I cannot see the gleam—
Of wild forget-me-nots that star the grass;
Yet feel their presence in the winds that pass.
Then, like the changing phases of a dream,
Or startling discords in some slumber tune,
I hear the coyotes laughing at the moon.

Los Angeles, Cal.

At Catalina

by Eleanor F. Lewis

Out West, Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 471; physical source PDF p. 680

Regional basis. Title names Santa Catalina Island.

It lies upon the ocean's heaving breast,
Its misty hills are silent in the sun,
As though their world-work was already done,
And they had gained their time of peace and rest.
Far out at sea the great waves form, and creep
Landward, with gleam of sails and swelling might,
Yet in the island's sea-worn, dreamy sight,
Feel its sweet quiet, and grow calm as sleep.
So in my life, the tide that nears its goal,
Yet in the incompleteness of its prime,
Feels the grim pressure of fate's iron clutch;
The waves that form deep in my restless soul,
That now might swell, and break before their time,
Will know your love, and slumber at your touch!

Los Angeles, Cal.

The City's Voice

by Eleanor F. Lewis

Out West, Vol. 27, July 1907; magazine p. 56; physical source PDF p. 73

Regional basis. Signed 'Death Valley' from Los Angeles in 1895.

From far-off verdant heights you gaze on me—
My ruins, with their hue of tragic age.
Ay, look you well!—for slow, insistently,
I cover up all trace of Nature's rage.

Deep in the night you hear the distant beat
Of mighty pulse that knows not sleep nor rest
Sounding—in clang of hammers, tramp of feet—
The heart that throbs unconquered in my breast
Though seven times seven the fiery holocaust
Consumeth all the sordid world holds great,
I rise—nor counting what is gone and lost—
Fling my defiance in the teeth of Fate!

San Francisco.

Ethel Griffith

Documented Southern California poet | 4 poems

Location. National City in San Diego County, California, in a signed 1905 poem; broader residence history unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Griffith was a poet and California nature writer whose work appeared repeatedly in *Out West* in 1905 and 1907. Beyond the magazine record and the National City signature, a stable biographical account has not been found.

Work in these journals. Her poems turn shore, dusk, confinement, and the lure of open travel into strongly cadenced lyrics. 'The Landward Call o' the Sea' is the most expansive, using long, rolling lines to stage the conflict between settled life and wandering.

Southern California basis. Signed a 1905 poem from National City, San Diego County.

Biographical sources: [Arizona Memory Project issue record](#)

At Dusk — *Out West*, Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 147; physical source PDF p. 216

A Loafin' on the Shore — *Out West*, Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine pp. 228-229; physical source PDF pp. 349-350

The Prayer of the Bound — *Out West*, Vol. 23, December 1905; magazine p. 538; physical source PDF p. 821

The Landward Call o' the Sea — *Out West*, Vol. 27, August 1907; magazine pp. 125-126; physical source PDF pp. 184, 186

At Dusk

by *Ethel Griffith*

Out West, Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 147; physical source PDF p. 216

Regional basis. *Signed a 1905 poem from National City, San Diego County.*

Twilight, then dusk, long silences and thoughts of you;
The little waves low plashing on the pebbly shore,
The distant ocean's muffled drowsy roar,
And soft, low, trailing mist the earth's brown bosom o'er,
Wild birds call home their nestlings to their breast,
I, only, yearning—vague—with deep unrest.
Home from the ocean's endless voyage wide,
The slow, dark, ever-murmuring, restless tide
Breaks in swift kisses on the warm beach-side.
Only my heart's great empty call
Echoes the deep night's solemn fall.
Silent my heart, as some deserted nest
Wherein the fledgelings never more shall rest.
Then lo, you come! Swift tender radiance falls around;
I only know of peace, supreme, profound.
Glad silence fills the night's great star-lit dome,
For thou art home!

National City, Cal.

A Loafin' on the Shore

by Ethel Griffith

Out West, Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine pp. 228-229; physical source PDF pp. 349-350

Regional basis. Signed a 1905 poem from National City, San Diego County.

Love to lay along the shore,
On an ole gray rock;
See the breakers rollin' in,
Feel the jar and shock.

Ocean hits the shore a biff,
Knocks hisself in spray,
Then goes slidin' back agin',
Meanin' jess hoss-play.

Love the salt smell in the air,
An' the gray gulls' call;
Love the little homely crabs,
An' grass an' mud an' all.

Sun pours down so warm-like,
Soaks y'u through an' through,
Sky bends clost an' frien'ly,
Like it jes love you!

Waves come whisperin' up to me,
Layin' on the sand;
Leaves some sea moss, likely,
Er a wet kiss in my hand.

Breeze a-tricklin' through my hair
Tender an' caressin',
Makes a feller almost feel
It's his gal confessin'.

Close my eyes an' drift away
In memories vague an' sweet,
Hearin' still the little waves
Singin' at my feet.

Little fishes swimmin' by,
All so gay and free,
'F I keep still, they don't keer,
Jes wink back at me!

An' hear the loon a laughin',
Dismal-like an' wild,

Er cryin' in the salt marsh
Like a long-lost child.

Love ole Ocean smooth an' green,
Sleepin' 'neath the moon.
Purrs an' murmurs to hisself
Drowsy little tune.

Then the gray clouds gathers,
Wind comes mutterin' by,
Ocean whispers sunthin',
Wakens with a sigh,

Rolls an' tumbles round a bit,
Then flings his covers high!
All his waters darken
'Neath the wild dark sky.

Feel the salt spray on my cheek,
Wind howls lonesome-like,
Makes a feller shiver
'Lone there—in the night!

Waves toss high an' higher
An' moan along the sand,
Mutterin' sunthin' landward,
I can't understand!

Hush my breath an' listen,
Almost catch the call;
Some old secret likely,
In the waves' sad fall.

Lonesomer an' sadder,
Never heard the beat!
Jes the waves a talkin'—
Breakin' at my feet.

Feel so dumb an' foolish,
Settin' there all still,
Can't make out the meanin',
Listen as I will.

Seems like I'd remember it,
Song I'd heard before,
Long ago an' far away,
Heart mem'ries turnin' o'er.

Only know the feelin',

Half of hope, half fears,
On the wet sand kneelin',
Eyes a rainin' tears.

Feel s' weak an' silly,
Feel s' mean an' small,
Can't make out the meanin'
In the waves' wild call!

National City, Cal.

The Prayer of the Bound

by *Ethel Griffith*

Out West, Vol. 23, December 1905; magazine p. 538; physical source PDF p. 821

Regional basis. *Signed a 1905 poem from National City, San Diego County.*

Father of All, grant me this single plea:
God of the Open Sky,
Let me go free!
As wide as mighty winds Thy earth around,
O Lord, the loosened throat;
The soul unbound!
To me the rugged heart of mountains bare;
The hoar strength of Thy hills,
God of the Open Air!
Unchecked and wild Thy mighty waves drive free;
Grant me my course as they,
Lord of the Untamed Sea!
Father of All, grant me this single plea:
God of the Open Sky,
Let me go free!

The Landward Call o' the Sea

by Ethel Griffith

Out West, Vol. 27, August 1907; magazine pp. 125-126; physical source PDF pp. 184, 186

Regional basis. Signed a 1905 poem from National City, San Diego County.

The swinging flank of a marching Sea;
The strong command of the tide;
And borne on the night's great symphony,
Like cavalry hosts to a martial air,
The storm-flung breakers ride.
The strong attack! The swift retreat!
The stinging breath of the Sea—
And over the salt brine, bitter-sweet,
Comes the call o' thy Love to thee!
The call o' thy Love to Ye-o'-the-Land,
For he hath sought ye long;
To you the kiss of the salt-wet sand,
And the Sea's brave marching song!

"Captain and Lord-of-Myself am I,
With none to say me nay:
Master of Fate and the Iron Gate
That swings for my Destiny.
Czar and King of mine own brave Soul,
Strong in a warrior's right."
To hearts that be free, "Reveille!" chants the Sea,
"Awake and arise in thy Soul's great might!"
But heavy of sleep ye have drowsed ye long,
The dull, deep swoon o' the Land,
And hardly ye dared to dream ye heard
The call of His Marching Song.

The strong attack! The swift retreat!
The stinging breath of the Sea—
And over the salt brine, bitter-sweet,
Comes the call o' thy Love to thee!
The call o' thy Love to Ye-o'-the-Land,
For he hath sought ye long;
To you the kiss of the salt-wet sand,
And the Sea's brave marching song!

National City, Cal.

Grace Ellery Channing

Documented Southern California poet | 6 poems

Location. Pasadena, California, from the mid-1880s; later extended periods in Italy and New York.

Biographical note. Channing (1862-1937) was a poet, fiction writer, journalist, and war correspondent. She moved from Rhode Island to Southern California for her health and became part of Pasadena's literary community before living and traveling extensively abroad.

Work in these journals. Her poems move between California flowers and mountains, Italian landscapes, memory, and intimate occasion. Formal stanza and cosmopolitan reference give the lyrics an ease that crosses regional and transatlantic settings.

Southern California basis. Member of Pasadena's literary community from the mid-1880s.

Biographical sources: [Walt Whitman Quarterly Review study](#) | [Grace Ellery Channing overview](#)

California — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1895, p. 18; source PDF p. 33

With Orange Blossoms at Christmas — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 2, January 1896, p. 70; source PDF p. 115

In the Rose Garden — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 4, September 1896, p. 161; source PDF p. 238

Memory — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 43; source PDF p. 86

Near the Carraras — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 8, No. 3, February 1898, p. 123; source PDF p. 206

Sunset on the Palatine — *Out West*, Vol. 18, May 1903; magazine p. 623; physical source PDF p. 912

California

by Grace Ellery Channing

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1895, p. 18; source PDF p. 33

Regional basis. Member of Pasadena's literary community from the mid-1880s.

Quick birds pour out the exulting strain;
The sun was ne'er so bold;
Spring lays a green upon the plain,
And summer makes it gold;
When Earth hath all it can contain,
What joy more can Earth hold?

Pasadena.

With Orange Blossoms at Christmas

by Grace Ellery Channing

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 2, January 1896, p. 70; source PDF p. 115

Regional basis. *Southern California citrus and winter setting.*

Thou'lt never know: I sent thee blossoms white
And perfect as an earthly tree may bear,
Wet with fresh dews, and odorous as fair;
So pure, so fresh, they need not dread the light
Of thine eyes on them. Happier than I,
I sent my flowers where I may not go;
And close beneath the petals' perfumed snow
And sheltering leaves, safe-hid, my heart doth lie—
Thou'lt never know!

Poor heart! I laid it there wet through with tears,
Trampled and torn and stained, unfit for thee;
Unfit—and yet—poor heart!—so filled with prayers
For pardon, passionate grief, and purer love,
I dared to send: wilt thou receive? Ah me!
I heaped the heavy flowers so close above
Thou'lt never know!

Pasadena.

In the Rose Garden

by Grace Ellery Channing

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 4, September 1896, p. 161; source PDF p. 238

Regional basis. *Member of Pasadena's literary community from the mid-1880s.*

I stroll my garden through, where blaze
Rose myriads such as Persia knows;
Lingering, I pause and dream and gaze—
In this rose-world, by rosy ways,
My life first blossomed to its rose.

And amorous of the great glow
And perfume of this rose-filled space,
I loiter, linger, come and go,
And lean and breathe and bend me low
Above each tropical flushed face.

These austral skies, these austral airs
Have taught the Rose and me to bloom;
And who for any other cares
When once the Flower of Life he wears,
And breathes the Flower of Life's perfume?

Yet, grateful lover, while I bless
The land wherein such flower grows,
Dear land! I love thee not the less
That where thy rose-ranks wave and press,
Amid a million, I caress
This lowly white old-fashioned rose.

Such, rooted in New England's rock,
Her humble dooryards used to frame;
And I am of New England stock,
Out of her steadfast granite block
Sinew and blood and brain I came.

Though austral suns more richly wake
Mine and the Rose's blood to start,
Yet where these nodding millions take
The eye with splendor,—here I break
This white rose for New England's sake
And give it room upon my heart.

Pasadena, Cal.

Memory

by Grace Ellery Channing

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 43; source PDF p. 86

Regional basis. *Member of Pasadena's literary community from the mid-1880s.*

I watched the almond blossoms blow
And whiten the warm earth below:
“Even so,” I said, “they used to fall—
The slow, white petals of the snow,
In my first, earliest home of all,
And I, a child, would watch them fall
In my New England, long ago.”

I watched the petals of the snow
Cover New England's breast; and “So,”
I said, “I've seen my almond trees
Snow down their blossoms when the breeze
Blew soft as breezes used to blow
In that sweet season long ago,
In the dear Land of Sundown Seas.”

A dweller in a distant star,
Watching the worlds fade and arise
Down the long vistas of the skies,
Shall I still yearn with eyes afar
And mists of memory in those eyes—
“In my old earthly paradise
Where all my lost beloveds are,
Even so I watched earth's fireflies.”

Pasadena, Cal.

Near the Carraras

by Grace Ellery Channing

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 8, No. 3, February 1898, p. 123; source PDF p. 206

Regional basis. *Member of Pasadena's literary community from the mid-1880s.*

The violets of mountains! Such they seem;
Pale purple dreams within a purple dream;
Faint, fading noonday blossoms; or again,
Wet violets after rain,
Blooming above the stone pine's lofty stem
Whose forest is but greensward unto them;
And the Ligurian sea breaks here alone
To feed the roots of the eternal stone.

A few years past I thought our earth had not
On her broad breast (that breast so thickly sown
With graves of hearts) a more memorial spot,
Remembering how these purple waters bore
The Prince of Song and laid him on the shore
With sob of wave and the slow breakers' moan.
I deemed the marbles—white when Angelo came
Seeking his prisoned Titans—caught the flame
Out of that Heart of hearts laid at their feet,
And blossomed into all these purples sweet,
To be his deathless chaplet evermore.

God is our witness—if a God there be—
How he hath fashioned us all mystery.
Not less today is Shelley's song to me,
But Life, the Poem, is more than poesy.
Far have I fared, much seen with these eyes' sight;
The white Alps flashing back their awful light,—
Soft shadow of the Apennines' piney light,
And skiey needle of the Dolomite.
How little of itself the eye can see!
How less than nothing all these things can be!
For I have learned, unto each human heart
How greater than the whole its own small part,
Its little human portion, though that be
Sorrow or joy, passion or misery.
Have I not learned? who look with longing eyes
Across two worlds to where their summits rise—
The Mother Mountains* of the golden West;
Earth's highest heights, dearest and loveliest,—

The Mother Mountains, in whose shadows deep
No poet, but a mother, fell asleep.

The Sierra Madre.

Sunset on the Palatine

by Grace Ellery Channing

Out West, Vol. 18, May 1903; magazine p. 623; physical source PDF p. 912

Regional basis. Member of Pasadena's literary community from the mid-1880s.

Caesar, O Caesar, the purple folding down,
With the fading gold above—but not, Caesar, of thy gown,
Neither gold for thy forehead nor purple of thy gown!
With the travertine, the marble, the lapis-lazuli,
The pavonsetto, verde-antique, the polished porphyry,
With the climbing walls that rose of a thousand gems encrust,
The purple and the Purple-Born, they crumbled and are dust.
And the cohorts! the cohorts!—the golden Eagle's crest,
The Pride that gleamed before, while behind the legions pressed
Through shining spans of arches to the Arx, the mighty nest,
To citadel and temple at the golden Emperor's nod—
Where builds the Bird his eyrie?—where is Caesar?—where the god?
Fluent fluting of a column, broken wreckage of a wall,
Formless dust of things forgotten—mighty Caesar, is this all?

O Caesar, O Caesar, the eagle comes again,
Flapping grimly from a Flag unfurled of seventy million men!
The eagle—not the golden, but the hoary, bald of crest;
And these legions, O Caesar, are they legions of the West?
The legions! the legions! the faces keen and brown,
The level-fronted lids never made for drooping down,
And the knotted hands of toilers bearing what new battle-brand,
To rear fresh walls for Caesar?—Nay, the walls these rear shall stand.
Corinth and Ionia, the pillar and the wall,
The western rock shall rise where the elder rock shall fall;
And the rock itself shall blossom—yea, that flower fixed in stone
Shall bloom infinitely upward where the western Stars have shone;
Built with book and forge and lever, by the measured line and square,
By the dreaming eye, the poet-heart, the brains and hands that dare,
By the formidable millions of the armed fields of peace—
Yea, Caesar, what strange weapons, warfare, conquests, trophies—these!
Hear the trembling of the earth
With the feet that press to birth,
O Caesar, O Caesar—the trembling of the earth!
The shouting, the shouting, as the silent ranks sweep past,
O Caesar—the Triumph, the Triumph comes at last!

Rome, Italy.

Ina Coolbrith

Documented Southern California poet | 4 poems

Location. Los Angeles in youth; chiefly San Francisco and Oakland during her mature literary and library career.

Biographical note. Coolbrith (1841-1928) was a poet, editor, and pioneering public librarian. A central figure in the San Francisco literary world and a mentor to younger writers, she was honored as California's first poet laureate.

Work in these journals. Her four poems condense California seasons, cactus, painting, and San Francisco into poised public lyrics. Even at their most commemorative, they retain her characteristic clarity and controlled musical line.

Southern California basis. Spent her adolescence in Los Angeles and began publishing there before moving north.

Biographical sources: [California Museum](#) | [Bancroft Library finding aid](#)

The California Year — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 10, No. 1, December 1898, p. 3; source PDF p. 32

The Cactus Hedge — *Out West*, Vol. 17, October 1902; magazine p. 616; physical source PDF p. 51

William Keith — *Out West*, Vol. 18, April 1903; magazine p. 432; physical source PDF p. 677

San Francisco — *Out West*, Vol. 6 New Series, July-August 1913; physical source PDF p. 3

The California Year

by Ina Coolbrith

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 10, No. 1, December 1898, p. 3; source PDF p. 32

Regional basis. *Spent her adolescence in Los Angeles and began publishing there before moving north.*

All the long summer hill and valley wide,
Crimson with roses, gold with poppies glow;
But when the days draw near the Christmas-tide
They clothe themselves with lilies, as with snow.

San Francisco, Cal.

The Cactus Hedge

by Ina Coolbrith

Out West, Vol. 17, October 1902; magazine p. 616; physical source PDF p. 51

Regional basis. *Spent her adolescence in Los Angeles and began publishing there before moving north.*

Sharp are the thorns of the cactus path—
Ay, Felipe!
But sharper still is the madre's wrath!
The cactus-hedge is a blossomed flame—
Red star-blooms of the heart untame.
Listen! I hear the mock-bird's song.
Felipe, Felipe,
The day is long,
Is long!

The doors are fast, and the gates are barred,
Ay, Felipe!
The sky with a thousand lamps is starred.
Under the rose at the vineyard edge,
But a step to the thick of the cactus-hedge!
Listen, the ring-dove's cooing sweet!
Felipe, Felipe,
The night is fleet,
Is fleet!

The old California vineyards were frequently hedged with the "prickly-pear" cactus. See page 427.

San Francisco, Cal.

William Keith

by Ina Coolbrith

Out West, Vol. 18, April 1903; magazine p. 432; physical source PDF p. 677

Regional basis. *Spent her adolescence in Los Angeles and began publishing there before moving north.*

Suggested by Lillie V. O’Ryan’s miniature portrait of the famous artist.

We read that under the far Indian skies,
The dusk magician with his mystic wand
Calls from the arid and unseeded sand,
Whereon the shadowless sun’s white fervor lies,
A perfect tree before our wondering eyes.
First its green shoot uplifts a tender hand;
Then trunk and spreading foliage expand
To flower and fruit; and then it droops and dies.
But he—our wizard of the tinted brush—
In God’s diviner necromancy skilled,
Gives to our vision Earth, in grandeur free!
Rose-gold of dawn and evening’s purple hush,
The Druid-woods with Nature’s worship filled,
The mountains and the everlasting sea.

This highly satisfactory miniature has just been completed by Miss O’Ryan, and is here reproduced for the first time.

San Francisco

by Ina Coolbrith

Out West, Vol. 6 New Series, July-August 1913; physical source PDF p. 3

Regional basis. *Spent her adolescence in Los Angeles and began publishing there before moving north.*

In ended days, a child, I trod thy sands,
THE SANDS UNBUILDED, RANK WITH BRUSH AND BRIER
AND BLOSSOM—CHASED THE SEA-FOAM ON THY STRANDS,
YOUNG CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE!

I SAW THY BARREN HILLS AGAINST THE SKIES,
I SAW THEM TOPPED WITH MINARET AND SPIRE,
ON PLAIN AND SLOPE THY MYRIAD WALLS ARISE,
FAIR CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE.

WITH THEE THE ORIENT TOUCHED HEART AND HANDS;
THE WORLD'S RICH ARGOSIES LAY AT THY FEET;
QUEEN OF THE FAIREST LAND OF ALL THE LANDS—
OUR SUNSET-GLORY, PROUD AND STRONG AND SWEET!

I SAW THEE IN THINE ANGUISH! TORTURED, PRONE,
RENT WITH EARTH-THROES, GARMENTED IN FIRE!
EACH WOUND UPON THY BREAST UPON MY OWN,
SAD CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE.

GRAY WIND-BLOWN ASHES, BROKEN, TOPPLING WALL
AND RUINED HEARTH—ARE THESE THY FUNERAL PYRE?
BLACK DESOLATION COVERING AS A PALL—
IS THIS THE END, MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE?

NAY, STRONG, UNDAUNTED, THOUGHTLESS OF DESPAIR,
THE WILL THAT BUILDED THEE SHALL BUILD AGAIN,
AND ALL THY BROKEN PROMISE SPRING MORE FAIR,
THOU MIGHTY MOTHER OF AS MIGHTY MEN.

THOU WILT ARISE INVINCIBLE, SUPREME!
THE EARTH TO VOICE THY GLORY NEVER TIRE,
AND SONG, UNBORN, SHALL CHANT NO NOBLER THEME,
PROUD CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE.

BUT I SHALL SEE THEE EVER AS OF OLD!
THY WRAITH OF PEARL, WALL, MINARET AND SPIRE,
FRAMED IN THE MISTS THAT VEIL THY GATE OF GOLD,
LOST CITY OF MY LOVE AND MY DESIRE.

Isabel Darling

Documented Southern California poet | 3 poems

Location. National City, San Diego County, California, in the signature to 'Modern Scythians.'

Biographical note. Darling was a poet of Southwestern landscape represented in three 1904-05 issues of *Out West*. No stable external biography has been located; the National City signature provides the firm geographic association.

Work in these journals. White Sands, desert springs, and mobile modern life shape the three poems. The work combines precise Southwestern terrain with a romantic language of wandering and return.

Southern California basis. Signed 'Modern Scythians' from National City, San Diego County.

Among the White Sands — *Out West*, Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 453; physical source PDF p. 676

Upspringing Waters — *Out West*, Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 438; physical source PDF p. 647

Modern Scythians — *Out West*, Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 135; physical source PDF p. 204

Among the White Sands

by Isabel Darling

Out West, Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 453; physical source PDF p. 676

Regional basis. Signed 'Modern Scythians' from National City, San Diego County.

Here lay an inland sea, heavy with bitterness,
Gnawing and clutching at its farther bounds,
Unreconciled, unshaded, fettered, dumb and lone.
The centuries, slow passing on their rounds,
Crept softly near and, in its fierce, defiant breath
Shriveled to moments, shrank affrighted by,
Dropping no token of their tenderness or late regret,
Weaving no mist to veil the burning sky.

In some unknown, uncounted past it had been one
With all the seas, for each remembering wave,
With helpless longing tortured, beat in rippling rage
Against its fellows; yet at length a cave,
With here and there a salty hollow on the plain,
Held scattered pools that, turning slowly gray,
Despairing, clinging, glaring hatred to the last,
Sank in the sands and they, too, passed away.

Waters to waters, dust to dust, each to its own!
As, through its long probation time of woe,
The sea was man's unconscious servant, grain by grain
Assorting, cleansing, tossing to and fro
The sullen, heavy sands, through age on patient age,
So swept the winds, with strong, uplifting grace,
Where neither tomb nor monument gave stony hope,
And lo! white peace shone on the desert's face.

Though Time, perchance, remember not that inland sea
Once pulsing with the ocean's throbbing heart,
And but these caustic crystals, dry as leprous grief,
Give token of its bitter life apart,
Here some crude Eden grew or some rank Sodom raged,
Here waits a Paradise; for, more and more,
The spade of industry is lifting dust from dust
Where lies the seed upon God's ancient threshing floor.

Dimond, Cal.

Upspringing Waters

by Isabel Darling

Out West, Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 438; physical source PDF p. 647

Regional basis. Signed 'Modern Scythians' from National City, San Diego County.

Long have I groped in the heart of the earth,
Strong with desire!
Open, ye mountain, all hoary with years!
Wide-reaching skies, ever barren of tears,
Show me the lands that are wasting with dearth!
Hear me, O Man, for I laugh at your fears;
Guide me to valleys that yearn to produce,
Teach me the joy of upspringing for use!

Who shall deny me as, higher and higher,
I leap in the fury of freedom from chains
And foam at a touch of the world and its pains,
Liquidized fire!

Lead, I command, lest I sear as I sweep
Over the plain, when deep calls unto deep!
Hearing, I answer, and, mad with desire
Unsatisfied, rush to the sea with my pain—
Then creep to the heart of the earth yet again,
Liquidized fire.

Lead to the Edens unpeopled, unknown!
These be the widowed, the childless and lone;
These shall be mine, the unformed shall have breath.
Yea, though I wander through valleys of death
Seeking my own, I shall find, and again
Eden shall bloom for the children of men.

Dimond, Cal.

Modern Scythians

by Isabel Darling

Out West, Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 135; physical source PDF p. 204

Regional basis. Signed National City, California.

These are they who come with their sharpened blades
To strike at our cherished best,
With a flash of steel and a whirr of wheels
And never a pause to rest.

O, a daring horde are these keen-eyed men
Defying a nation's wrath,
With a careless greed or a hint of need
Invading each forest path;

And the ranks that wait are a noble race,
More grand than the hosts of Gaul;
With a forward leap and a strong, wide sweep
These strike and the giants fall.

O, men of the ax and the rending saws
And ye of the laden ships,
Give masterful heed to the future's need!
For fetters and chains and whips

May pass with the hour but the slave of thirst
And hungering want must die
When the burning drouth from the torrid south
Shall stifle his fainting cry.

When the floods break loose and the fields are bare
And herds seek in vain for shade,
O, who would be then of these Scythian men
Who carry the sharpened blade?

Dimond, Cal.

J. C. Davis

Documented Southern California poet | 5 poems

Location. Devore, California, in the two 1908 poem signatures; earlier residence is unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Davis was a recurring journal poet in 1895 and 1908. The initials have not been expanded securely, and no stable external biography was found; the index therefore preserves the published form rather than assigning a speculative identity.

Work in these journals. The poems range across cowboy race, Spanish song, cliff-dweller narrative, and the flowers and shrubs of Devore. Together they show a contributor moving between Western genre scenes and exact local botany.

Southern California basis. Signed two 1908 poems from Devore, San Bernardino County.

Biographical sources: [Google Books](#), [Land of Sunshine volume 28](#)

Hearing a Spanish Song — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 2, July 1895, p. 57; source PDF p. 108

A Cow-Boy Race — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 3, August 1895, p. 109; source PDF p. 184

The Cliff-Dwellers — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 6, November 1895, p. 264; source PDF p. 397

Buckthorn — *Out West*, Vol. 28, June 1908; magazine p. 482; physical source PDF p. 695

The Poppies of Devore — *Out West*, Vol. 28, June 1908; magazine p. 451; physical source PDF p. 664

Hearing a Spanish Song

by J. C. Davis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 2, July 1895, p. 57; source PDF p. 108

Regional basis. Signed two 1908 poems from Devore, San Bernardino County.

Pathos and pain of the soul of singing,
Melody mingled of love and tears;
Sorrow's song, that for aye goes ringing
Down through the long and the lonely years;
My lips athirst and my heart that hungers,
My empty arms that are reached in vain,
Thrill responsive and throb and quiver
Unto the chords of thy weird refrain.

Carry me back, O waves of music—
Back to the palms where my lost hopes lie—
Dead Love out of the dead past calls me;
Carry me back—and let me die!

Highland, Cal.

A Cow-Boy Race

by J. C. Davis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 3, August 1895, p. 109; source PDF p. 184

Regional basis. Signed two 1908 poems from Devore, San Bernardino County.

A pattering rush like the rattle of hail
When the storm king's wild coursers are out on the trail,
A long-roll of hoofs—and the earth is a drum!
The Centaurs! See! Over the prairie they come!

A rollicking, clattering, battering beat;
A rhythmical thunder of galloping feet;
A swift swirling dust-cloud—a mad hurricane
Of swarthy grim faces and tossing black mane.

Hurrah! In the face of the steeds of the sun
The gauntlet is flung and the race is begun!

Highland, Cal.

The Cliff-Dwellers

by J. C. Davis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 6, November 1895, p. 264; source PDF p. 397

Regional basis. Signed two 1908 poems from Devore, San Bernardino County.

Small, dainty woven sandals, worn and pressed
By busy feet, forever now at rest!
"One touch of nature"—and a mist of tears
Spans the dim chasm of unnumbered years
And makes these gentle folk, before unknown,
In one short hour my own—my very own.

Life's tide runs backward to their vanished days;
With them I thread the sheer, precarious ways
That up the dizzy cliff's precipitous face
Give perilous passage to their dwelling place.
A peaceful people, neither rude nor bold,
Like "feeble conies" in their rocky hold
Securely hidden from the wide world's ken,
They lived, loved, toiled and perished! How, and when?

Silent those chambered sanctuaries now;
Save by defiant Nature's frowning brow
Unchallenged the intruder, foe or friend,
Pries in their dusty cells to guess their end.

But oh! these little sandals of the dead!
Worn by their rugged pathways to a thread—
Lead me away—Upon my heart they tread!

Highland.

Buckthorn

by J. C. Davis

Out West, Vol. 28, June 1908; magazine p. 482; physical source PDF p. 695

Regional basis. Signed two 1908 poems from Devore, San Bernardino County.

Oh, is it a wisp of camp-fire smoke,
Adrift on the hill-side brown?
Or is it a mist by dawn-light kissed?
Or a bit of the sky dropped down?

Oh, Poppy-gold and the purples bold
Of the Lupin are fine and rare;
But the Buckthorn bloom that veils my hills
Is fairest of all things fair.

Devore, Cal.

The Poppies of Devore

by J. C. Davis

Out West, Vol. 28, June 1908; magazine p. 451; physical source PDF p. 664

Regional basis. Title names Devore, San Bernardino County.

Past chaparral and vineyard, higher still, and higher,
Just below the foot-hills burns a line of fire—
Of living flame, a ribbon, adown the slope unrolled;
A long rent in the verdure, patched with cloth of gold.
Gold of California! Minted by the sun!
Days and days of glory melted into one!

* * *

"Californy poppies; that's what they be!
Ain't they the purtiest ever you see?
'Most put your eye out, so all-fired bright;
Curl up an' go to sleep along toward night."

Devore, Cal.

Jeanie Peet

Documented Southern California poet | 3 poems

Location. Los Angeles from 1874, with a period in San Francisco during the 1890s, then Los Angeles again by 1899.

Biographical note. Jeanie Spring Peet (1843-1921) was a sculptor, painter, teacher, journalist, and poet. She traveled overland to Los Angeles as a newspaper correspondent, taught clay modeling, and helped found the Artists League of Southern California.

Work in these journals. Her poems stage cloud spectacle, Soledad Pass, and the disappearing antelope. Visual composition and sculptural attention to contour make landscape and animal life unusually concrete.

Southern California basis. Lived, taught, and made art in Los Angeles from 1874, with a northern interval.

Biographical sources: [Jeanie Spring Peet biography](#) | [Herbert Heron collection guide](#)

The Cloud Play — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 3, February 1896, p. 125; source PDF p. 196

Down in the Pass of the Soledad — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 5, October 1896, pp. 183-184; source PDF pp. 268-269

The Last Antelope — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 6, No. 3, February 1897, p. 112; source PDF p. 183

The Cloud Play

by Jeanie Peet

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 3, February 1896, p. 125; source PDF p. 196

Regional basis. *Lived, taught, and made art in Los Angeles from 1874, with a northern interval.*

'Twas a representation superb, dramatic;
The west was full of their saffron forms.
I gazed entranced, from my "box" in the attic,
At this act from the tragic drama of storms.

Then, sudden and strong, did a fancy seize me—
I'd sketch three furies who chased the sun.
But ere my colors were mixed to please me,
The curtain was down, and the play was done.

Harold, Cal.

Down in the Pass of the Soledad

by Jeanie Peet

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 5, October 1896, pp. 183-184; source PDF pp. 268-269

Regional basis. Title names Soledad Pass in Los Angeles County.

Down in the pass of the Soledad, a hundred years ago,
The trees held court, in an open glade, by a murmuring river's flow.
The judge was there in his robes of state; the witnesses were seen;
The jury stood up like forms of fate, all in their waving green.

The herald winds, on the mountain wall, summoned the court; and then
Was heard the echoing clash and call of the discord made by men.
Gifted with powers that gods might wield, cursed with a cruel pride,
A band of Indians swept the field; and man had come to be tried.

With softly solemn, relentless voice, the judge, when all was heard,
In charging the jury, left no choice. "Guilty," the foreman's word.
The sentence spoken was exile swift; done was the Indians' day.
The wind came down through the mighty rift, and swept their traces away.

The years convene, and the court is there. Over the lonely scene
Vasty fleeces, the shepherd's care, wander, the hills between.
They, too, vanish; a mirage strange—come and gone like a thought.
And nature waits for a further change, where an eden lies unsought.

"Oyez! Oyez!" The swift winds roam. "Come into court!" they cry.
"The tiny homestead cabins have come, under the cloudless sky."
The green trees wave with a murmur deep, granting to man their shade.
Man shall be helped to sow and reap, till his heavens of home are made.

Still on the changing scene they gaze. Still in their robes they'll stand
When even our children's children's days are done in the pleasant land.
All must pass into Time's exile; but—if the court may please—
Let us tarry, one summer's while, under Ravenna's trees!

Harold, Cal.

The Last Antelope

by Jeanie Peet

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 6, No. 3, February 1897, p. 112; source PDF p. 183

Regional basis. *Lived, taught, and made art in Los Angeles from 1874, with a northern interval.*

He stood upon the valley's edge, the last of all his race,
And looked, from off the flowery ledge, upon Earth's changing face.
Where were the groves of yucca palm, his tribe, at noon, to shield?
Where was the wild waste's endless charm? Turned into grove and field.
Gone was the shimmering, sandy plain, which once before him rolled:
He looked about, but hope was vain. His little heart grew cold.
Before him, to the right and left, loomed horses, headers, men.
He turned and fled, like one bereft, into the hills again.
Break, timid heart! Your day is done. You leave us but your name.
The power that this your wild has won, the whole wide earth can tame.
This "Valley of the Antelope," where you and yours could rove,
Now fills with human toil and hope, and human joy and love.

Harold, Cal.

John Vance Cheney

Documented Southern California poet | 8 poems

Location. San Francisco; Chicago while librarian of the Newberry Library; San Diego after retirement in 1909.

Biographical note. Cheney (1848-1922) was a poet, essayist, musician, and librarian. He directed the San Francisco Free Public Library, then the Newberry Library in Chicago, and published several volumes of poems and essays on poetry.

Work in these journals. His contributions combine brief nature lyric, songlike cadence, Western animals and landscapes, and literary adaptations of Indigenous narratives. The work is concise and musical, often built around a single image or legend.

Southern California basis. Retired to San Diego in 1909 and lived there until his death.

Biographical sources: [Library of Congress finding aid](#) | [New York State Literary Tree](#)

Wachita — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 2, January 1896, p. 59; source PDF p. 104

A Dance in Old San Diego — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 5, April 1896, p. 203; source PDF p. 344

Coyote — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 3, August 1896, p. 95; source PDF p. 152

Night on the Range — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 8, No. 5, April 1898, p. 205; source PDF p. 356

The Way of Woman — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 10, No. 3, February 1899, pp. 111-112; source PDF pp. 212-213

Leaves from the Popol-Vuh — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 11, No. 1, June 1899; magazine p. 3; source PDF p. 20

Coyote Goes the Sun Road — *Out West*, Vol. 26, January 1907; magazine p. 49; physical source PDF p. 76

Where Would I Be? — *Out West*, Vol. 26, February 1907; magazine p. 170; physical source PDF p. 273

Wachita

by John Vance Cheney

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 2, January 1896, p. 59; source PDF p. 104

Regional basis. Retired to San Diego in 1909 and lived there until his death.

Here's to Wachita, out in the West,
Bright as the poppy-blow at her breast;

Here's to the girl of the gold sunshine,
Up in the hills where the winds are wine;

Here's to gold-robin, out in the nest
Molded and warmed by her own bird-breast:

Over the Rockies, hey, heart, we go
Where the great stars drop, and the poppies blow.

Newberry Library, Chicago.

A Dance in Old San Diego

by John Vance Cheney

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 5, April 1896, p. 203; source PDF p. 344

Regional basis. Title names San Diego.

It is on the bough-roofed dancing-floor,
'Way back in the brave days now no more:
It is among the cavaliers,
A-tripping with the lissome dears
That bared those famous ankles, down
In gay old San Diego town.

The viols strike up and the guitar,
And yonder, as comes the evening star,
Her piney skirt a little lifted—
A curling cloud afloat, wind-shifted,
Blown now to left, and now to right—
Glides Josefita into sight.

Yon rider, he to every dear
The boldest, gayest cavalier,
Is rocking, rocking in his seat,
Keeping the motion of her feet.
He turns his horse, he runs him round
The circuit of the dancing-ground.
The earth is heaving like the ocean,
Witched with Josefita's motion.

He comes again, he comes a-riding,
And comes, too, Josefita gliding.
The bamba! brighter shines the star;
He claps his spurs, he leaps the bar.
Dancing! Sweet heavens, look on her now!
Not so light are the leaves that dance on the bough.
The brimming glass upon her head
Dreams like a lily upon its bed!
See! something she whispers in his ear
That you would give the world to hear.
Aha! somebody will go down,
To-night, in San Diego town;
But where's the shape that he could fear,
He, Josefita's cavalier!

Newberry Library, Chicago.

Coyote

by John Vance Cheney

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 3, August 1896, p. 95; source PDF p. 152

Regional basis. Retired to San Diego in 1909 and lived there until his death.

A dim, pale shape moves over the mesa,
Roves with the night wind up and down;
The light-foot ghost, the wild dog of the shadow,
Howls on the levels beyond the town;
Cry, cry, Coyote!

No fellow has he, with leg or wing,
No mate has that spectre, in fur or feather;
In the sagebrush is whelped a fuzzy thing,
And mischief itself helps lick him together—
Up, cub Coyote!

The winds come blowing over and over,
The great white moon is looking down;
In the throat of the dog is devils' laughter;
Is he baying the moon or baying the town?
Howl, howl, Coyote!

The shadow-dog on the windy mesa,
He sits and he laughs in his devil's way;
Look to the roost and lock up the lambkin—
A deal may happen 'twixt now and the day:
Ha, ha! Coyote!

Newberry Library, Chicago, Ill.

Night on the Range

by John Vance Cheney

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 8, No. 5, April 1898, p. 205; source PDF p. 356

Regional basis. Retired to San Diego in 1909 and lived there until his death.

'T is ho, 't is ho, for the wind and the rain!
The trees on the ridges hiss and strain,
Over the heads of the cattle
The stript limbs whistle, they wrench and rattle.
Hark, hark!
The thin wolves bark,
They whimper and whine
For the mild moonshine,
They snap at the flapping wings o' the dark.

It's ho for the bleat of the wedging sheep,
For the shout of the owl on the howling steep;
The hale old gods of the hill,
They clash the tankards, they take their fill.
Howl, howl!
The great gray owl,
His eyeballs blaze
Down the windy ways;
Scamper, wolves, by the eyes of the owl!

Newberry Library, Chicago.

The Way of Woman

by John Vance Cheney

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 10, No. 3, February 1899, pp. 111-112; source PDF pp. 212-213

Regional basis. Retired to San Diego in 1909 and lived there until his death.

The Red Folk of Los Angeles town
Believe all things from heel to crown
Were made by two good brother-gods.
The last touch put to clouds and clods,
And all between 'em—well he might—
The older brother slipt from sight.

The younger now left quite alone,
Contrived some comrades of his own,
The sort to find and count on when
In trouble; they—of course—were men.
He had just finished off a friend,
And set him nicely up on end,
When who appeared, chemised in white,
But she The Lady of the Night,
The fair, much-travelled Mistress Moon!
She came, perhaps, a bit too soon;
The god felt twingeings in his pate,
But she was meek, at any rate,
And maybe she would help him love
His friends. She proved a very dove
For meekness; sweet and, oh, so white
When she stood looking in the door,
Guarding the wigwams in the night,
It was all silver on the floor,
And over and over fairy gleams
Went dancing through the sleepers' dreams.
The men-folk flourished—red or white,
We thrive when everything is bright—
Until the gleams forgot to play,
And all the shining died away.
What ailed their darling foster-mother?

They didn't fly into a passion,
But kept their eyes out, Indian fashion;
They watched her and the younger brother.
One night—the clouds had come and gone—
They found out what was going on:
The two were loving one another!

'T was habit, now, to look around,
 And soon they something further found—
 The dearest little creature, either
 Moonshine or Indian; no, 'twas neither.
 They guessed and guessed till, by and by,
 One with a patient, gracious eye—
 A poet, seer, prophet, may be—
 Declared 'twas some sort of a baby;
 Declared, too, while the afflatus tarried,
 That Papa and Miss Moon had long been married.
 The little shining, sweet half-sister,
 The poet blest her, almost kissed her,
 Then softly gave her to their arms,
 A bunch of graces and of charms,
 Ere long so like her fickle mother
 They could not tell the one from t'other.
 Long, long they waited at the door,
 Foster-Mamma came nevermore;
 And own Papa no more came he:
 Why had they gone, where could they be!
 The truth was slow in leaking out,
 But now we know beyond a doubt.

Papa took wings, flew up and on,
 Beyond the wigwam of the dawn;
 And that she might be ever nigh,
 Ensconced his sweetheart in the sky,
 Where now she is, and aye shall be,
 For all the envious world to see.

Your paleface mystery may not down
 The Red Folk of Los Angeles town.

'Tis plain, they say, while love will change,
 Plain why the woman's heart will range,
 One place today, another tomorrow,
 Swinging the world 'twixt joy and sorrow.
 Baby, the first of womankind,
 Had her mother's beauty and her mind,
 Had all her loveliness, her art
 To play upon the human heart:
 Woman, moon-born, love's heaven must range,
 As the moon changes she must change.

Newberry Library, Chicago.

Leaves from the Popol-Vuh

by John Vance Cheney

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 11, No. 1, June 1899; magazine p. 3; source PDF p. 20

Regional basis. Retired to San Diego in 1909 and lived there until his death.

The First Dawn

He that engenders had called forth the world;
The mist, ingathered from the vast of space,
Together drawn, had fashioned a great face
Of vale and mountain, tree, and river curled.
Of all the leaves and flowers was none unfurled,
No bird had song, no voice the giant race
Of beasts; for darkness held her ancient place,
The day-god's bolt glowed in his hand, unhurled.
But eastward, now, dream colors, faint and far
Foretold to those first lives the end of night,
And from the sea and land all rose as one;
The mother-dark, with neither moon nor star,
Was thick with wild eyes looking for the light,
And throats of thunder for the coming sun.

The Death of the Fathers Four

Strange tremor seized and shook them, hoar and old,
The Fathers Four, the Sires, of mighty frame;
Down on their clear gods'-eyes a dimness came,
As when the rain-wings on the mountains fold.
While to their hearts crept up the numbing cold,
And flickered, as in wind, the spirit's flame.
Calling their sons and weeping wives by name,
Thus said they, of all men the font and mold:—
"Once more the Shadow Chief across the sky
We follow, with Him who brought us we return;
'Twill fall to you as first to us it fell.
The days and nights come hither, and go by,
The fire within will sink, no longer burn
But, as with us, with you it shall be well."

The folklore of the ancient Central Americans.

Newberry Library, Chicago.

Coyote Goes the Sun Road

by John Vance Cheney

Out West, Vol. 26, January 1907; magazine p. 49; physical source PDF p. 76

Regional basis. Retired to San Diego in 1909 and lived there until his death.

A Legend of the Klamath River Indians.

Coyote, like some other folk we know,
Had whims. Nothing would do but he must go
The sun-road. Loping up an eastern hill,
He camped under a redwood, tall and still,
And spent the night. He knew—the cunning rover—
It was the very one the sun rolled over;
And there, at daybreak, stiff, with lifted hat,
Plump in the middle of the road he sat.
Up came the sun. "Ho, there," he cried, "make way!
Ho, there, one side! good gentleman in gray."
Coyote didn't budge. "Come, ho, there, you!
Run over me," he howled, "and cook me, too!"
On came the jolly sun, his face as red
As fire. "You see I can't turn out," he said;
"Pray you, don't be so foolish as to block
My path; get on the top of that old rock,
And jump into my lap. Cook you! not I.
It's cool and lovely, higher up the sky."
Stupid old sun! Coyote now would learn
His golden road, yes, every crook and turn;
And he would know just what the day-god did
When every night he slipt away and hid.
Coyote chuckled all that day and night,
And once more came the happy morning light.
"What! What!"—he scarcely could believe his eyes—
"The red-nosed rascal! Round and round the skies,
And, none the wiser, back here where I started!"
The sun kinked his big eye; and so they parted.

Newberry Library, Chicago.

Where Would I Be?

by John Vance Cheney

Out West, Vol. 26, February 1907; magazine p. 170; physical source PDF p. 273

Regional basis. *Retired to San Diego in 1909 and lived there until his death.*

Where would I be?
Where the black pine sighs between the boulders,
Where I can watch the sea-birds,
Where I can smell the sea;

Where, with the day,
The deer get up, and sniff the hill-wind,
Where the quail scratch in the open,
And bobbing rabbits play;

Where, growing gold,
The gray dawn shivers on the ledge-rocks,
And shadow sprawls, at noontide,
Round brown boles old and old;

Where peaks, at morn,
Put on wild yellow of the light;
Where the stars, on blowy midnights,
Swing like the tasseled corn.

Newberry Library, Chicago.

Julia Boynton Green

Documented Southern California poet | 17 poems

Location. Redlands, California, from 1893; later Palo Alto, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles.

Biographical note. Green (1861-1957) was a New York-born poet and writer who moved to Southern California with her husband, author and citrus grower Levi Worthington Green. She published three books of verse and contributed widely to literary periodicals.

Work in these journals. Her journal poems are formal, observant lyrics of California plants, seasons, mountains, missions, and domestic life. Botanical specificity and measured rhyme give the work the character of a regional calendar.

Southern California basis. Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

Biographical sources: [Huntington Library finding aid](#) | [New York State Literary Tree](#)

The Voyage — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 5, October 1895, pp. 213-214; source PDF pp. 322-323

Heredity — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1895, p. 37; source PDF p. 52

The Pepper Tree — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 4, March 1896, p. 160; source PDF p. 267

My Nursery — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 2, July 1896, p. 69; source PDF p. 113

Our November — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 6, November 1896, p. 242; source PDF p. 345

Slowly the Rains Abate — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 6, No. 5, April 1897, p. 181; source PDF p. 314

At San Juan — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 58; source PDF p. 101

Painted Cup — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 8, No. 3, February 1898, p. 118; source PDF p. 201

The Mother Mountain — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 9, No. 3, August 1898, p. 138; source PDF p. 207

In the Sierra Madre — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 9, No. 5, October 1898, p. 255; source PDF p. 394

Sun and Orange — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 9, No. 6, November 1898, p. 300; source PDF p. 482

The Judgment of Paris — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 12, No. 6, May 1900; magazine p. 377; source PDF p. 644

An Instance — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 14, No. 2, February 1901; magazine pp. 134-135; source PDF pp. 177-178

Matilija Poppies — *Out West*, Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 204; physical source PDF p. 51

Dodder — *Out West*, Vol. 16, March 1902; magazine p. 361; physical source PDF p. 52

The Pale Blue Larkspur — *Out West*, Vol. 17, August 1902; magazine p. 254; physical source PDF p. 53

Mañana — *Out West*, Vol. 17, November 1902; magazine p. 883; physical source PDF p. 130

The Voyage

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 5, October 1895, pp. 213-214; source PDF pp. 322-323

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

First Day

Little green waves, little gray-green waves of the sea
I sit at your feet by the hour, and I watch you frolic and play,
Thinking (ah, foolish thought!) the sea is the same today,
As soft and gentle and kind a thousand leagues away
Where the gallant ship sets sail that will bring my dear one to me.
Hoping (ah, foolish hope!) by this prayerful breath of mine
I can soothe and smooth all this turbulent waste, and make it fair and fine,
I can soothe and smooth for one little week all this deep tempestuous brine.

Second Day

Emerald waves, O emerald waves of the sea,
White as a eucharist lily your foam, and green as its leaves
Your cool and translucent hollows. O happy shore that receives
This lovely largess for aye! O sorrowing shore that grieves
When the tidal transport slowly ebbs, and the beautiful glee
Of ripple and wavelet and billow and breaker is spent at last;
When the clamor dies and the great sea lies like a lover, his passion past;
When the final embrace is over, the uttermost garland cast.

Third Day

Snowy surf, O radiant snowy surf,
The land she leaves is all snowed over in early spring
With a glory of jasmine bloom, the whitest and sweetest thing!
Sung over by rapturous birds and worshipped by bees a-wing.
O surf you are white as Hawaii's bloom, and green as her turf
Are the waves you crown. O sea be safe as their island sward
To her pilgrim feet! O spray be sweet as the jasmine's fragrant hoard!
O ocean birds, sing blithesome words and o'er my ship keep guard!

Fourth Day

Ravenous waves, O fierce and ravenous waves,
How can I think today of her who is far from home!
Far toward the sky-line, trouble and danger and inky gloom;
Throbs of fury, hither, and mountainous shocks that come
And hiss and shriek on the sand in a pallid passion of foam.
Cruel swells that shape in a merciless mock of graves;
They scoop the bed, then swiftly spread a mound like a new-made tomb,

Then scatter it o'er as a last scoff more with a white profusion of bloom.

Fifth Day

Riotous gales, O riotous gales of the sea,
I will have none of your kisses softened to suit my cheek!
Here will I walk alone, where I meet you, bold and bleak;
Where you sting my face with your bitter spray, and whistle and shriek
As you whistle and shriek in the sails of the struggling Belle Marie.
Boisterous gales, where'er in your giant games you go,
As you sweep your strength down the mighty length of the continents, and strow
Like careless boys, your cast-off toys, oh spare one ship I know!

Sixth Day

Sunny calm, O breathless calm of the sea,
Sleep of the weary sea, the minion meek of the moon,
More than a sleep meseems, rather a sudden swoon;
After the mighty gales, oh how can you drop so soon
With heavy wings on the deep, delaying the Belle Marie!
Out in the hot still space float slothful shallop and smack,
Dogged by their silent nether ghosts, cordage and canvas slack,
Never a breeze their sails to seize and favor the journey back.

Seventh Day

Pitiless fog, O ghostly white sea-fog,
You have blurred the sky-line out, you have blinded the world with a pale
Impalpable curtain of surging mist. Oh, what can avail
Powerful screw, and steam and compass and mast and sail,
What can they all avail with this on all like a clog?
Impotent now the skill and wisdom of master and mate,
What, oh, what can the swiftest ship do more than wait and wait,
Or speed ahead through the present dread and hazard a fearsome fate?

Arrival

Little green waves of the sea, O billows and winds and calm,
Listen to this my joy—you have known my dolor and dread—
Welcome the Belle Marie, she has safely and swiftly sped,
The one I waited has come and the greeting words are said.
Here on the beach I come to sing my jubilant psalm;
Her brow and her small white hands are white as your whitest foam;
Her cheeks like your faintest rosebud pink, when you mirror the sunrise bloom;
Her eyes the hue of your deepest blue, O sea she has come! she has come!

Los Angeles.

Heredity

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 1, December 1895, p. 37; source PDF p. 52

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

This virgin soil, when first the plow doth wound,
Blazes with sunflowers; leagues on leagues of gold.
Small wonder, sooth, when countless cycles round
Her royal lord hath wrapped this land from cold,
Loved her and cherished her so tenderly
With all a husband's faith, a lover's fire—
Small wonder then if her firstborn should be
A perfect little image of its sire.

Los Angeles.

The Pepper Tree

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 4, March 1896, p. 160; source PDF p. 267

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

I was a mermaid once, and otherwhere.
Have you divined it in the winter rain,
With all my branches in the gale astrain
And blown to utmost length my sea-green hair?

Great Neptune, vexed—let me forget the ground!—
Devised my exile, drave me shingle-ward;
And here I fled, irked by the rosy hoard
Of corals wherewithal my braids were bound.

Los Angeles, Cal.

My Nursery

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 2, July 1896, p. 69; source PDF p. 113

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

My wee ones have a nursery wide;
The ceiling's blue as Marjorie's eyes,
And all the fluttering draperies
With buds and flowers are thickly pied.

The carpet's changed full twice a year;
Sometimes it is a russet brown,
Then there are soft green rugs laid down,
And later, for the childrens' cheer,

Their nursery floor is covered close
With marvelous webs of rainbow bloom.
O happy bairns with such a room,
Their light feet treading rose on rose!

Playthings they have, not such as were
Our treasures in the days gone by,
For Juliet has a butterfly
And Don a bird and grasshopper.

My wee ones have the sweetest nurse,
She keeps their room so bright and warm,
She has so many ways to charm,
Such songs and stories to rehearse.

She is the same is wont to rock
The oriole's cradle, and keep guard
O'er many a furred and feathered ward;
My babes are Nature's foster-flock.

Rollicking, rosy, plump and tanned,
Taking all good the sky outpours—
Their nursery is "all outdoors."
My babies' home is Sunshine Land.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Our November

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 6, November 1896, p. 242; source PDF p. 345

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

The little nomads of the air
On Autumn's pilgrimage set forth;
Out of the rigors of the North
They come to find our meadows fair.
We, newly alien from the East,
Mark quickly the access of song,
Happy to have by this new throng
The Summer's merry choirs increased.

We watch the coming of the showers
And see the first faint emerald stain
Grow deeper in the lush young grain,
And see the tapestries of flowers
Spread quickly on the sunny slopes.
Strange lessons these! Unlearn the past!
Winter is here, is here at last,
A time of blossoming, birds and hopes!

Los Angeles.

Slowly the Rains Abate

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 6, No. 5, April 1897, p. 181; source PDF p. 314

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

Slowly the rains abate and very slowly
The foothills weave their garb of maiden green—
Velvet of grass and fern and all things lowly,
With bright brocade of blossoms thick between.

The clambering vetch with pale pink clusters heavy,
The slim brodiaea with its violet brush,
The golden pansies in a nodding bevy,
With myriad lilac lupines, tall and lush.

Over yon aged cactus, grim and hoary,
Festoons of fairy leafage lightly lie;
It is the tiny wild white morning-glory
Its baby trumpets flaring to the sky.

And up, up in the spaces wide and sunny
A gleaming splendor thrills the heart of me;
Fit for Titania's dew or Hebe's honey
The poppy's polished chalices I see!

Redlands, Cal.

At San Juan

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 58; source PDF p. 101

Regional basis. Poem concerns San Juan Capistrano in Orange County.

The tawny hills lie sleeping in the sun,
Their shapely flanks hirsute with grasses. Blue,
Ah, blue as Eve's eyes when the world was new,
Paler than sapphire, tenderer than any one
Terrestrial pigment, lifts the sky, as spun
A peerless tissue in aërial looms.
These for the setting. Here are cloistral glooms,
Pensive and cool. The agile lizards run,
Oddly exempt by those four nimble feet
From that antipathy as old as man.
Around the ruined apse the swallows flit—
Small mission mothers they, in service fleet.
The quaint gray nests follow each moulding's span
And in the doorways round the fledglings sit.

Redlands, Cal.

Painted Cup

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 8, No. 3, February 1898, p. 118; source PDF p. 201

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

I think that Nature in her wide care-taking
Forgot this little wildling of the West,
And left her tiny heart all hurt and aching
To have no lovely blossom like the rest.

I think from very potency of yearning,
Out of the throbbing fervor of desire
Was wrought the boon for which her soul was burning—
Her very leaves burst into scarlet fire.

The Castilleia, a California wildflower.

Redlands, Cal.

The Mother Mountain

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 9, No. 3, August 1898, p. 138; source PDF p. 207

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

She is well named the Madre: at her feet,
Upon her skirts and in her lap they lie
Her helpless ones, she hears their hunger-cry,
And in her breast are welling, full and sweet,
The vital streams those thirsty lips to meet.

In the Sierra Madre

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 9, No. 5, October 1898, p. 255; source PDF p. 394

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

Four nights we twain have lain at rest
Far up upon the Madre's breast.

We thought we saw her wondrous eyes
Look down upon us, deep and wise,
And full of witching mystery—
It might have been the stars, maybe.

We felt her balmy breath, we thought—
It may have been the fragrance brought
From mountain blooms. We heard her sigh,
We heard her sing; such melody,
We told ourselves, no ear divines
In simple wind in mountain pines.

We plucked her gown's rich garniture,
The snowy styrax, heavenly pure,
Unearthly sweet; the dogwood stars;
Vetch, rosy as the shield of Mars.
And round her throat like laces broke
Soft lilacs with the blue of smoke.

We heard her laughter, too, so clear,
So musical, so limpid! near
Where we held breath to hark, a rill
Frolicked and romped or took long naps
'Neath brooding boulders; this perhaps
Was what we heard; more sweet by half
To think we caught the Madre's laugh.

O, it is much of good and grace
To sit at foot and see her face,
To hold her garments' hem and feel
The vital influences that heal;
But up, up where those currents start
How sweet to know the Madre's heart!

Redlands, Cal.

Sun and Orange

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 9, No. 6, November 1898, p. 300; source PDF p. 482

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

Charged with the memory of a royal folly
The sands of Pactolus still shine, they say.
The end of avarice is melancholy,
Content lies hid in gifts of every day.

But here the Kingly Touch is full of blessing.
Our faithful Midas fingers these green spheres,
Gentle and warm, persuasive and caressing,
And lo! at last the precious gold appears.

Redlands, Cal.

The Judgment of Paris

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 12, No. 6, May 1900; magazine p. 377; source PDF p. 644

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

I please my fancy thinking, moons ago,
The lands played here the old Hellenic tale.
Came one with earnest face and cheek o'er pale,
With eyes lore-laden. And another one
Whose regal front owed vassalage to none,
High browed and haughty. Then her azure veil
The third one loosed, and clothed in dazzling mail
Of perfect beauty, met the morning sun.

Holding the golden fruit, the arbiter
Advanced to judge between the three who sued;
He gazed, he paused a breath's incertitude,
Then reached the prize, afraid of no demur,
And yielding to her beauty great and calm,
Redlands. Cal.

Laid it in California's rosy palm.

An Instance

by Julia Boynton Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 14, No. 2, February 1901; magazine pp. 134-135; source PDF pp. 177-178

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

When Mother Eve through Eden's store
On that first shopping trip went forth,
To find what fabric was best worth
To make her famous pinafore,

She thought her task with moment big;
She must weigh color, texture, shape;
She passed the fern, the gourd, the grape,
And settled on the historic fig.

Honor to her inspired likes!
What leaf so smooth, so strong, so clean?
Colored to such a perfect green,
And ready cut in sweet Vandykes!

And as she fastened in her bower
The emerald peplum round her waist,
She shadowed forth that finer taste,
From then till now the woman's dower.

Redlands, Cal.

Matilija Poppies

by Julia Boynton Green

Out West, Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 204; physical source PDF p. 51

Regional basis. Title names the Matilija region of Ventura County.

Men blithely hazard life and all, I hear;
They give good years, foregoing home and friend,
Those over-bold adventurers who wend
Northward beyond the lands of sun and cheer.

Where Father Yukon pours his stately flood
Frenzied for wealth they fare, through fatal cold,
Peril, privation, hardship, all for gold;
To pay for this how small a price is blood!

Yet here these bloom and guarded by no law,
Each with her proffer of resplendent dust
Yellow as ever lit the eye of lust;
The peerless poppies of Matilija.

The fairy tissue of their fluted dress
Might tire Titania fitly; 'twere allowed
Love dying to implore so pure a shroud,
Or shriven souls to crave such spotlessness.

Redlands, Cal.

Dodder

by Julia Boynton Green

Out West, Vol. 16, March 1902; magazine p. 361; physical source PDF p. 52

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

Beauty to spare! this desert parasite,
The common dodder, sets the wastes alight;
Out, far out, where all other color wanes
The shrubs are splendid with the tawny skeins.

Jason, no dragon here, unless it be
The armored cactus; and the prize you see,
Hung low in the wild garden, every crease
And fold as yellow as the famous fleece.

It may be Clotho wearied of her task;
"I'll spin no more, it is too much to ask."
And flung life's tangled web, a shining mass,
Upon these wayside brambles where we pass.

Or else Titania's robes of cloth of gold
Must needs be aired; so, full as they can hold,
These desert bushes, stiff and briery,
Present the shimmering glory to the sky.

Redlands, Cal.

The Pale Blue Larkspur

by Julia Boynton Green

Out West, Vol. 17, August 1902; magazine p. 254; physical source PDF p. 53

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

One after one they climb the fragile stalk,
Clothed in a hue so heavenly one essays
In vain to fit their beauty with a phrase.
Mutely they listen and they mutely mock.

Blue are our skies, but not so blue as this;
Astarte's eyes were not so blue I wis.
This blossom's dye in pale intensity
Shames turquoise, sapphire, lapis lazuli.

The color brooks no likeness and no name;
Still in the moveless morning air they stand,
The regnant spring might choose such for her wand,
Or dying April for her altar flame.

Redlands, Cal.

Mañana

by Julia Boynton Green

Out West, Vol. 17, November 1902; magazine p. 883; physical source PDF p. 130

Regional basis. *Lived in Redlands from 1893 and later in San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

Though with light laugh we quote your word,
O dark-eyed brothers of the South,
We should be meek, we too have erred,
Your phrase is often in our mouth,
"Mañana."

Mañana! ah, the opulent hour!
Enriched with all heroic deeds,
And clothed upon with all the power
Today refuses to our needs,
Mañana.

Tomorrow we will start the book,
Will pay the debt; reform our ways;
We will seek pardon for the look
The word that gloomed a dear one's days,
Mañana.

Tomorrow comes, and is today;
Old habit's strong; our funds are low;
The muse is shy; the friends away;
The voice still whispers, soothing, slow,
Mañana.

Redlands, Cal.

Juliette Estelle Mathis

Documented Southern California poet | 7 poems

Location. Santa Barbara and later San Francisco, California, as indicated by her essays and signed poems.

Biographical note. Mathis was a California poet and regional writer active in periodicals from at least the mid-1890s through 1904. The surviving record is chiefly her magazine work, including writing on Santa Barbara's roses, California flowers, old Spanish sites, and coastal scenery.

Work in these journals. Her poems are lush, image-rich lyrics of desert light, surf, flowers, love, and classical afterlives. They bring a decorative fin-de-siecle vocabulary to distinctly Californian settings.

Southern California basis. Associated through signed poems and prose with Santa Barbara before moving north.

Biographical sources: [UC Berkeley source volume](#) | [British Association for American Studies article](#)

In the Desert — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 10, No. 5, April 1899; magazine p. 273; source PDF p. 428

Out of the South — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 13, No. 5, November 1900; magazine pp. 331-332; source PDF pp. 558-559

April Bloom — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 14, No. 4, April 1901; magazine p. 305; source PDF p. 398

Elysian Fields — *Out West*, Vol. 18, April 1903; magazine p. 465; physical source PDF p. 710

Without You — *Out West*, Vol. 19, November 1903; magazine p. 513; physical source PDF p. 752

At Miramar — *Out West*, Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 458; physical source PDF p. 681

The Call of the Surf — *Out West*, Vol. 21, September 1904; magazine p. 261; physical source PDF p. 366

In the Desert

by Juliette Estelle Mathis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 10, No. 5, April 1899; magazine p. 273; source PDF p. 428

Regional basis. Associated through signed poems and prose with Santa Barbara before moving north.

A dream of Egypt thou, whose mountains lift
Their time-carved pyramids to brazen skies,
Where fiercest flame in scarlet silence dies.

Mysterious ruins scarred with storm and rift,
Half buried by long centuries of drift,
In eloquence pro found majestic rise.
Thy desert sphinx with apathetic eyes
Sees unappalled the shifting sand-waves sift,
Maintains inviolate her watch and ward
O'er secrets safely sepultured, nor shows
For prayers or tears where lost love found repose;
In desolation infinite doth guard
Thy drear domain, a land of many woes
Where men must sicken for the sweet green sward.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Out of the South

by Juliette Estelle Mathis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 13, No. 5, November 1900; magazine pp. 331-332; source PDF pp. 558-559

Regional basis. *Associated through signed poems and prose with Santa Barbara before moving north.*

The south wind through my open casement swept,
Its phantom feet with tender silence shod,
Across my yearning face its kisses crept—
I dreamed of tawny slopes and sun-browned sod.

From distant silver olive groves it came,
This burdened wanderer with priceless balm;
I turned from Slumber's arms with mouth aflame
To drink with deep content its cup of calm.

From altars wide of glowing yucca bloom,
From cañon niches red with cactus fire,
Along sierras' purple heights of gloom
Blew warm and sweet the breath of my desire.

Aërial wings from mist-enshrouded crest
Through star-lit paths familiar fragrance brought;
Invisible the lips mine fondly pressed,
Which voiced anew Love's long unuttered thought.

Athwart the aloe-fields this sprite had sped,
Above the languid, whispering lagoon,
By craters dead and dim, had fastly fled
And borne the longed-for message none too soon—

Between the oak and manzanita trees
The haunting scent of chaparral had caught,
Wild sage and honeyed herbs, where birds and bees
Through golden days their amber nectar sought.

It brought the sound of breakers on the beach,
That unforgotten, sad, yet wild refrain
To shores beloved my steps may never reach,
To isles of rest I may no more attain.

San Francisco.

April Bloom

by Juliette Estelle Mathis

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 14, No. 4, April 1901; magazine p. 305; source PDF p. 398

Regional basis. *Associated through signed poems and prose with Santa Barbara before moving north.*

'Tis April in the South, and well, how well, I know
How lush and sweet the long, green grasses grow!
How close the poppies arabesque the hills
With living, rippling gold the magic rain distills!

I know the cañon nooks where pink, wild roses blow
Through all the happy year, but now they thickly glow
In hedge and garden, bank and row, of every hue,
On roof and wall and eaves, that ever roses grew.

In the fair land I love, this is the gala time
When color, light and odor riot into rhyme,
The nesting birds and western winds are keeping pace
With all the Southern summer's warm and winsome grace.

Elsewhere she doth coquette and hint of bloom to be,
Of budding bough and burdened branch and forest minstrels,
But in these sheltered valleys of the setting sun,
Eons of eastern Junes are by each April won.

San Francisco, Cal.

Elysian Fields

by Juliette Estelle Mathis

Out West, Vol. 18, April 1903; magazine p. 465; physical source PDF p. 710

Regional basis. Associated through signed poems and prose with Santa Barbara before moving north.

Between the cañon-cloven mountains and the shore
Of iridescent, isle-encircling waves they rest,
Those fair, immortal meadows, mine forevermore—
Those undulating reaches vanished feet have prest.

Unrivalled was the verdure of their gracious slopes
Beheld by glamoured eyes in Love's fond ecstasy—
What colors vie with those of Life's alluring hopes
Before the years transmute to stars of Memory?

How light the joyous laughter! Sweet, oh sweet, the song
Of honeyed voice, bird-notes and falling water's play!—
What recollections through those scented thickets throng!
O minstrels of the morning!—Music of Yesterday!

Bright paths, all petal-spread, through golden, poppied leas,
Where happy silences were tenderer than speech—
Environed by enchanted hills and lulling seas—
Return, O vision past!—my longing eyes beseech!

San Francisco, Cal.

Without You

by Juliette Estelle Mathis

Out West, Vol. 19, November 1903; magazine p. 513; physical source PDF p. 752

Regional basis. *Associated through signed poems and prose with Santa Barbara before moving north.*

“No more, no more!” the surging waters hoarsely cried
When after years of grieving absence I returned
To fair, familiar paths my long loved sea beside—
My radiant sea—where opal memories burned.

“No more, no more!” the wind-swept branches swayed and sighed
When once again I sought their spice-filled, trysting shade
And listened, pierced with silence, for the songs that died
In sweetest cadences—that called, and I obeyed.

Vain pilgrimage! Better for me the freighted bark
Of priceless recollections moored in alien bays
Than going home to empty harbors, which but mark
Irreparable loss, deserted, lonely ways.

The light supernal darkens, shines for me no more;
The mounded, purple isles are graves of violets;
Through mists of tears I watch the breakers beat the shore
And strike the moaning strings of infinite regrets.

How strongly was I lured by restless, lying dreams,
Which promised happiness in wonted haunts anew!
Enraptured sped I to my goal—and now it seems
The saddest of all earthly places without you!

San Francisco.

At Miramar

by Juliette Estelle Mathis

Out West, Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 458; physical source PDF p. 681

Regional basis. Title names Miramar in Santa Barbara.

My spirit leaps with laughing, shouting waves,
Ascends on soaring sea-bird's wings away
To isles afar, enveiled in mist and spray;
With clear, divining eyes I know their caves
Are shelters sweet, the rippling water laves
Their wide mosaic floors, the tides that stay
An instant only in their measured play,
Conduct the drifting guest who idly braves
Mysterious echoes in the voiceful gloom.
Yet dearer, sweeter this immortal bloom
Upon the seaward slope, whose verdure keeps
Eternally aglow, where never sleeps
Glad summer's vigil. Blest indeed is he
Who bides between these mountains and this sea.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

The Call of the Surf

by Juliette Estelle Mathis

Out West, Vol. 21, September 1904; magazine p. 261; physical source PDF p. 366

Regional basis. *Associated through signed poems and prose with Santa Barbara before moving north.*

Last night I longed for mountain trails
Through chaparral, where scented gales
Would touch my face with tenderness—
Renew the dream of Love's caress!

I thought the brown-eyed canon pool,
The whispered rushing of the cool
Swift rivulet as downward sent,
Would banish my hot discontent.

Today I thirst for ocean-spray,
Its foam and surge that cannot stay,
But, restless ever, comes and goes—
To kiss my mouth and give repose.

The sea's wild wooing calls to me,
Its voice is rife with witchery,
It offers peace—its broad, blue breast
Invites with promises of rest!

O bliss to be! The sweet, salt wave
My fevered eyes and limbs shall lave—
Such ecstasy as thrills the Sea
Shall bound, and beat, and throb in me!

L. Worthington Green

Documented Southern California poet | 6 poems

Location. Redlands, California, from 1893; later Palo Alto, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles.

Biographical note. Levi Worthington Green (born 1858) was an author, Southern California citrus grower, and husband of poet Julia Boynton Green. His surviving papers include poetry, stories, and two unpublished novels; he later published juvenile adventure fiction.

Work in these journals. His poems use formal rhyme for plazas, bullfights, vaqueros, Spanish song, wind, and leaves. They are compact examples of the journals' early romantic local-color mode.

Southern California basis. Citrus grower and writer in Redlands, later San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

Biographical sources: [Huntington Library finding aid](#) | [Project Gutenberg book record](#)

When Juan Goes By — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 2, No. 4, March 1895; magazine p. 60; physical source PDF p. 260

The Paseo — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1895, p. 153; source PDF p. 246

The Bull Fight — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 4, September 1896, p. 145; source PDF p. 222

Winds and Leaves — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 6, No. 4, March 1897, p. 152; source PDF p. 257

The Plaza — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 6, No. 5, April 1897, p. 192; source PDF p. 325

The Vaquero's Tryst — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 8, No. 2, January 1898, p. 59; source PDF p. 114

When Juan Goes By

by L. Worthington Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 2, No. 4, March 1895; magazine p. 60; physical source PDF p. 260

Regional basis. *Citrus grower and writer in Redlands, later San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

Behind the lattice, in straight wall of white,
Glances, like astral gleams from dusky night,
Change iron bars to rods of golden light
 When Juan goes by.

With dimpled chin in hand, Josefa sits;
The shy demureness of her eyes acquits
The tempting smile o'er olive cheek that flits
 When Juan goes by.

The scent of roses subtly fills the space,
The air stirs softly to the fluttering lace
That screens the rich red rising in her face
 When Juan goes by.

When Juan goes by, with gaily tasseled quirt,
Bright silver spurs, and waist by faja girt
Whose gleaming colors all their charms assert
 When Juan goes by.

The fan-defended eyes find depths as deep,
Pools guarded by the broad sombrero's sweep,
With mirrored Love, who never is asleep,
 When Juan goes by.

The Paseo

by L. Worthington Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1895, p. 153; source PDF p. 246

Regional basis. *Citrus grower and writer in Redlands, later San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

The wavering heat is broken by long rows
Of slim acacias, palms and alamos;
In brave attire there walk, between,
José, Andres and Agustin.

Andres, José and Agustin
Stroll down the alameda slow
Neath spreading boughs with plats between
Where rose and belled granada grow.
Tall gray sombreros, silver-trimmed,
Bedecked with spangles, ample-brimmed,
Shade from bright rays by clouds undimmed
The eyes of all.

They loiter on with airy grace;
A turn of head this way and that,
While sparkling smiles light up the face;
Accenting gay, theatric chat.
Their jaunty jackets reach the waist
With rows of buttons closely placed;
And braided trousers, tightly laced,
Costumes complete.

A greater charm is found by far
Than shade, bright flowers and tropic weather
In Juana, Inez and Leonor
All pretty maids who drive together.
Clear olive faces, lips of red—
But back of them the warder's head;
The dueña, aye accredited
For watchful eyes.

The wavering heat is broken by long rows
Of slim acacias, palms and alamos;
In brave attire there walk, between,
José, Andres and Agustin.

The Bull Fight

by L. Worthington Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 4, September 1896, p. 145; source PDF p. 222

Regional basis. *Citrus grower and writer in Redlands, later San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

The couriers that from Chihuahua go
To distant Cúsi and to Satevó
Announce the feast of all the year the crown—
Se corren los toros!
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

The rancherias on the mountain side,
The haciendas of the llano wide,
Are quickened by the matador's renown.
Se corren los toros!
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

The women that on ambling burros ride,
The men that trudge behind or close beside
Make groups of dazzling white and blue and brown.
Se corren los toros!
And Juan brings his Pepita in to town.

Winds and Leaves

by *L. Worthington Green*

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 6, No. 4, March 1897, p. 152; source PDF p. 257

Regional basis. *Citrus grower and writer in Redlands, later San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

Wet winds that flap the sodden leaves!
Wet leaves that drop and fall!
Unhappy leafless trees the wind bereaves—
Poor trees and small!

All of a color, solemn in your green!
All of a color, sombre in your brown!
All of a color, dripping grey between
When leaves are down!

O for the bronze-green eucalyptus spires
Far flashing up against the changeless blue!
Shifting and glancing in the steady fires
Of sun and moonlight too!
Deep orange groves! Pomegranate hedges bright!
And varnished fringes of the pepper trees!
And Ah! that wind of sunshine! Wind of light!
Wind of Pacific seas!

New York City.

The Plaza

by L. Worthington Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 6, No. 5, April 1897, p. 192; source PDF p. 325

Regional basis. *Citrus grower and writer in Redlands, later San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

The first soft light o'er mountains stealing
Eclipses bright Lucero's charm;
The matin call from belfry pealing
Rouses the echoes' quick alarm.
And hark! the voices, shrill or sweet,
Of wandering vendors of the street—
Leche de vaca! Leche!

Sombre figures stilly gliding
To the Cathedral's lamp-lit gloom,
Tapalos the faces hiding
Leave conjecture ample room.
And far and faint from where he fares
The strolling merchant calls his wares,
Agua miel! Agua miel!

Mozas to the fountain tripping
For the household's daily need,
Ollas balance, brimming, dripping,
With a marvelous skill indeed,
And sounds from morn till vesper bell
The brief refrain of those who sell,
Dulces! Hay dulces!

The caballero waits the doña
Coming from the droning mass,
The hurrying mozo greets his niña
Seeking glances as they pass—
'Thwart, perchance, this ardent bliss
Floats the cool antithesis,
Helados! Helados!

Redlands, Cal.

The Vaquero's Tryst

by L. Worthington Green

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 8, No. 2, January 1898, p. 59; source PDF p. 114

Regional basis. *Citrus grower and writer in Redlands, later San Bernardino and Los Angeles.*

What heed the twenty leagues of way,
The rounded hills and shimmering plain,
That lie before San Bernabé
And Lola's eyes that call again!

Before the earliest flush of day
Into the saddle lightly spring,
And with the morning speed away
With gay hurrah and song and swing.

To breakfast with Bartolomé
A joyous dash of forty miles,
And then how near San Bernabé,
And that dear glance the way beguiles!

In all the throng of San Juan's day
That make the streets and plaza bright,
None other in San Bernabé
Has eyes that dull the stars at night.

Then scorn the twenty leagues of way
If Lola's eyes but call again,
And gallop to San Bernabé
O'er rounded hills and shimmering plain!

Redlands, Cal.

Lannie Haynes Martin

Documented Southern California poet | 15 poems

Location. Altadena and Los Angeles, California.

Biographical note. Martin (1874-1938), born in Tennessee, was a poet, fiction writer, journalist, and editor. She worked for Los Angeles newspapers and later edited or co-edited *Out West*, making her both a contributor to and a custodian of the journal's late run.

Work in these journals. Her verse moves between devotional meditation, social criticism, wartime argument, sea and seasonal lyrics, and crisp satirical pieces. The late poems often compress public questions into direct, epigrammatic stanzas.

Southern California basis. Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.

Biographical sources: [Biographical overview and bibliography](#) | [California Birthday Book record](#)

The Immutable God — *Out West*, Vol. 3 New Series, March 1912; physical source PDF p. 3

April — *Out West*, Vol. 3 New Series, April 1912; physical source PDF p. 2

Vox Maris — *Out West*, Vol. 3 New Series, April 1912; physical source PDF p. 36

A Cycle of Smile — *Out West*, Vol. 3 New Series, June 1912; physical source PDF p. 35

Reincarnation — *Out West*, Vol. 5 New Series, March-April 1913; physical source PDF p. 62

God at the Cabaret — *Out West*, Vol. 44, August 1916; physical source PDF p. 23

Transmutation — *Out West*, Vol. 44, August 1916; physical source PDF p. 7

To Mexico — *Out West*, Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 39

Labor to Churchman — *Out West*, Vol. 44, November 1916; physical source PDF p. 28

The Variant — *Out West*, Vol. 44, November 1916; physical source PDF p. 4

Verses: Inadequacy; Freedom — *Out West*, Vol. 44, December 1916; physical source PDF p. 26

Battle Cry — *Out West*, Vol. 44, February 1917; physical source PDF p. 41

Progress — *Out West*, Vol. 44, February 1917; physical source PDF p. 13

April — *Out West*, Vol. 45, April 1917; physical source PDF p. 2

Preparedness — *Out West*, Vol. 45, April 1917; physical source PDF p. 25

The Immutable God

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 3 New Series, March 1912; physical source PDF p. 3

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

The Great God is not falling. He stands sure. The parallax
Is man's general resurrection from the sepulcher of creeds.
The renaissance, strong re-ligioning of humanity to
God,
Breaking hideous, graven image of oblique theology;
Pointing from tradition's idol to a self-revealing Power;
Teaching Love with Love's own impulse, not with
Fear's debasing force;
Teaching joyousness in labor and in prayer, humility;
Ending sacrilegious promptings we, presumptuous, made to God;
Ending caviling dissensions over forms, inconsequent;—
This, the coming of the spirit which makes perfect, which sets free!
This the coming of the kingdom—works and will made one on earth.
And “that in part shall pass away,” the fulness of His power
Shall manifest unto His own this never-changing Truth:
Love abides, abounds, forever, Love creates and Love is
God.

April

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 3 New Series, April 1912; physical source PDF p. 2

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

Grow old, did you say? I shall never grow old,
As long as the green buds of April unfold;
As long as the stony, brown fields change to gold,
Of poppy and mustard my heart still shall hold
That the last scroll of youth is never unrolled.
This morning the meadow-lark sang as I went
To the hills, and my heart in the same rapture blent,
Sent a song of its own, sent a song far and free
With the lilt of young life in its full ecstasy,
And the echoing hills sent the song back to me.

Vox Maris

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 3 New Series, April 1912; physical source PDF p. 36

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

I stood upon the shore and gazed out on
The Heaven-horizoned surface of the sea.
And never unto man will symbol speak
More perfectly of God's infinity.
There I sought, but vainly as before,
From finite parts to build infinite whole
And there I heard the deep and vocal roar
Of many waters speaking to my soul.
"Thou see'st but surface can'st thy mind conceive
My depth and breadth and power, three in one?
Or canst thine Arabic compute the drops
Drawn from me by the kisses of the sun?
Or hast thou sound or gauge to measure me
If all Time's length and all of Space were thine?
How separate the known from the unknown?
In what couldst thou the measured part confine?
First yield to me the tribute from the cloud
The dew from flower, the sap from plant and tree;
E'en from Sahara's breast the moisture wring;
Let man his fluid body render back to me.
For these are mine. The life in veins of earth
To me pulsates with unreceding flow;
The gift of fertile field is mine;
The granite mountains from my womb did go;
And dust heap left would once again dissolve
Unto my breast, its primal resting place;
Here in solution first earth's atoms slept
Ere spirit movings wooed from my embrace.
Think'st thou by searching then to find out God?
Can drop be circumambient to the sea?
Or dost thou doubt thine immortality?
From Him thou came'st and to Him shall return
His love shall sweep thy soul to Him as sure
As now I draw all waters from earth's urn."

A Cycle of Smile

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 3 New Series, June 1912; physical source PDF p. 35

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

I look at dawn in the face of a child
And smile in his eyes as I look;
The child coos love to the bird in its nest
From his own little nest-built nook;
The bird sings a song of love to the flower;
The flower bares its heart to the sun;
The sun makes salute to the Lords of Light;
And the Lords of Light bow to One
Ineffable, joyous, smiling God
Who sees all—sun, flower, child, me.
And if we reflect His smile round and round,
We are arcs in a circle of smile, don't you see?—
Part of a smiling Eternity.

Reincarnation

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 5 New Series, March-April 1913; physical source PDF p. 62

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

I strayed at eve adown a verdant mountain,
Watching the sun's swift sinking to the sea.
What profit me to bend my footsteps upward
When over all the darkness soon would be?
Far, far the shimmering summit gleamed above me—
In Heaven's upper air it seemed to float—
Could e'er I pass those amethystine cloud-gates,
And reach that crystal ether so remote?
Because I could not reach it in one day-span
I hasted down the mountain in despair;
And whereunto my errant footsteps led me,
I little knew, nor gave I thought or care.
But there were unseen fairies in the mountain—
And yet with voices audible to men—
And unto me one whispered as I wandered:
"Dost not thou know the day will come again?
"Thou needs must spend the night upon this mountain,
"The morn will find thee on the pathway still;
"And knowest not that shadows of the valley
"May fright thee sore, or strive to do thee ill?"
Then paused I in mine aimless journey downward
And thought once more of that far, radiant height;
A faint, sweet hope rekindled in my bosom
And grew until it filled me with delight.
And in this rhythmic ecstasy vibrating—
Responding to the magnet of the goal—
I straightway turned and journeyed up the pathway
Nor doubted now the prophet in my soul
Which in the dawn had promised sure achievement,
When joyously I first essayed to climb.
What said that psychic prophecy of distance?
Had it said aught of such a thing as Time?
It only said "thou'lt surely reach the summit
That glorious height where thou so long'st to be."
Why had I doubted? why descended?
What if the fairy had not come to me?
Ah, ye who are discouraged and go downward
And know not that the goal's gained through rebirth,

Look up to God's great symbol in the Heavens
It uttereth His Wisdom through the earth,
Day unto day the ascendant sun's face showeth
That darkness is succeeded by the dawn;
Night unto night the unfolding star-scroll gloweth
With God's own thoughts imprinted thereupon.

As from the stars and silent, mystic night-time
Sublimest inspirations fill the soul
So in the night called Death the Self is quickened
By viewing the unchanged, all-perfect whole.

God at the Cabaret

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 44, August 1916; physical source PDF p. 23

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

The sad God standing by the door went in;
He heard the sobbing violin that wailed
The “Humoresque”; He saw the tired eyes
Of painted girls whose wan and wistful smiles
Kept sorry measure with their dancing feet ;
He saw the women gulp Martinis down
To medicine the misery of their souls;
He heard their piteous, high-pitched, rasping laugh
That echoed all their aching loneliness;
He saw men’s roving eyes that longed and sought
For comradeship; then bowed His head and wept.
A passing churchman stopped, looked in and gasped :
“You look respectable! What brings you here?”
“You teach that I am everywhere,” God said,
“But fear and hate have barred me from that place
You call my ‘House’.
I, too, am desolate
And long, like these, for fellowship with men.
They knew my face as Love before your creeds
Distorted all their vision; now they seek
Through revelry—a magic they can buy—
The half-remembered God you never knew!”

Transmutation

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 44, August 1916; physical source PDF p. 7

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

When I was a child, I thought as a child;
I thought: "If ever I get hold of
'Skinny' Ford
I'll punch his face and kick his shins and—well"
And I thought too, "The Lord he'd do me just like that
If he got a chance."
And when old ladies jumped up in prayer-meeting
And shouted "He's here! He's here!"
I wasn't par-tic-u-lar-ly happy.
But when I became a freshman
"Skinny" Ford and I were chums
And we didn't believe God went to prayer-meeting anyway
And we liked him a lot better for it.
When I was a child
I differed not at all
From other biped pests.
I told the teacher I saw Mary Jones
A reading "Dora Thorne" behind
Her physical geography.
But when I became a traveling-man
And saw Jack Brown at Coney Island
With Abner Johnson's wife
I remembered where I was myself one
Saturday night
And kept my own counsel:
Likewise my reputation.
When I was a child I ate as a child
And never did my sandwich taste so good
As when I gulped it down between the gasps
Of joy and wonder at the organ grinder's tune
But when I became a business man
I liked to get away
From everything that jingled, clicked, buzzed, hummed or sung
And I knew full well the meaning of friend Solomon's remark
Better a little dinner in the suburbs
Where it is quiet
Than broiled lobster at a cabaret.
When I was a child I understood as a child

And believed that red tomatoes grew
As big as illustrations in seed catalogues.
But when I became a married man
I put away all lurid picture books
And read the Forum and the Atlantic monthly
Because they are not illustrated.

P.S. There's some German doctor fellow
That says there is a disease called
“Infantility”
When he finds a serum for it
I wonder what will become of
Pianolas, Charlie Chaplin,
Harold Bell Wright, grape juice, and
Chautauqua lecturers?

To Mexico

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 39

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

Can you see them to the southward,
Pearl-capped peaks of amethyst?
Do you know it, realm of romance,
Waiting like a maid unkissed
Waits the coming of her lover,
Waits the quickening of his hand—
Can you guess the wild adventure
That awaits you in the land?
Then let us go
 To Mexico!
To learn, to love, to live or die!
To find the things that you and I
 Dreamed long ago—
In Mexico!

Can you hear them to the southward,
Lilting songs and whisperings?
Do the echoes of the music
Waken Fancy's magic wings?
Know you not then there is hidden
Greater good than gain or gold
In the poetry and passion
Stored in legend's last strong-hold!
Then let us go
 To Mexico!
To learn, to love, to live or die!
To find the things that you and I
 Dreamed long ago—
In Mexico!

Labor to Churchman

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 44, November 1916; physical source PDF p. 28

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

Your God, you say, is not a citizen—
His kingdom not of earth but of the skies—
And yet for Him you build a splendid house
With dimes and dollars that you beg from us
Or wheedle through our natural desire
For being duped which sends us to bazaars
And suppers from which come one-oyster jokes.
And only in this house, you say, He dwells;
I may not claim acquaintance save I too
Go there, join trust that holds itself apart.
He then, not neighbor and not citizen,
Holds property exempted from all tax—
A husband, wishing to evade the law
Sometimes transfers his holdings to his wife,
If you without His knowledge or consent
Have done this thing, then He is not to blame
But just suppose that He were German born,
Or alien, from whatever land you will—
And came and lived here scorning all but those
Who fawned upon Him, cheated in His name:
And He grown rich with landed, vast estates
Did then refuse to pay the lawful tax ?
What would you call Him? Or what love expect
From us who work to get our little homes
And then pay taxes to a government
Which claims to stand for justice: equity?

The Variant

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 44, November 1916; physical source PDF p. 4

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

Some days I see men come and go
Like marionettes in puppet show
And all they do, or seem to feel,
Is but some grotesque dream, unreal;
Ah! then the whole of life to me
Is one great, cruel comedy!
Some days it seems that only I
Am shadow-creature floating by
A place where every one I see
Possesses Life's reality:
And then existence is for me
Grim, diabolic tragedy.
But there are times when I have been
Sojourner for a day within
The very heart of Life and knew
I lived and loved as all men do!
And this was given me to see:
I stand in balanced harmony
With Life when I can know I send
Conviction to the heart of friend
That I am true—then Heav'n *with me*—
And earth breathes lyric poetry!

Verses: Inadequacy; Freedom

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 44, December 1916; physical source PDF p. 26

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

Freedom

No slave is he who labors long and hard
With hand or brain, if, working, he project
His inner vision, crystallized in form;
No slave is he, though fetters bind his hands
If he his thought in freedom can express;
But he whose mind is gyved by Force or Fear—
However subtly gilded be the chains
By creed, convention or commodity—
Is bond-slave to a monster. Freedom cries:
“Defiance or dependence!” “Crush or cringe!”

Inadequacy

O mighty Bards, with all thy potent spell
Of word-enchantment, why didst not thou tell
How Love would speak when first she came to me?
That I might know this wide infinity
Of anguish as her voice! That I might bring
To her some worthy offering!
Thine epic chant, thy lyrical refrain,
Thy thunder-song of music all one vain
And stammering attempt to put in speech
That which the lips of God alone can teach!

Battle Cry

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 44, February 1917; physical source PDF p. 41

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

Awake, O West! and dream of peace no longer!
The God of Battles cries aloud to thee;
Thy strength of heart shall make the whole world stronger
When men thy single-handed combat see.

Awake, O West! Like Athens left deserted
At Marathon—that womb of mighty men—
Thy danger into triumph thus converted
Shall bring the age of Pericles again.

Awake, O West! The circling stars thy destiny decree:
A torch for Glory's pathway thou art lighting,
When self-defense shall flame in victory!
The hour is near for fighting.

Progress

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 44, February 1917; physical source PDF p. 13

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

All the past is but a portal
Leading out on widening ways;
They who linger in its shadow
Looking back to by-gone days,
Clinging to its mouldering lintels,
Seeing not its crumbling arch,
Are but ghosts and have no being
In the mighty moving march
Of the centuries. The maker—
Who despised the things found made—
Left old tenets and traditions.
Free his heart, and unafraid,
When he builded his great structure.
So, Today, with hands more skilled
Makes the cradle for the future
Knowing future, too, shall build.

April

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 45, April 1917; physical source PDF p. 2

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

At dawn's break the meadow-lark sang as I went
To the hills, and my heart, in the same rapture blent,
Sent a song of its own, sent a song far and free,
With the lilt of young life in a gay rhapsody,
As the echoing hills sent this song back to me:
"The heart that holds April shall never grow old
As long as the lavender lilacs unfold;
As long as the brown fields of earth turn to gold
Of poppy and mustard, the world still shall hold
One song never sung, one tale yet untold
Of beauty and gladness and romance to be."
Ah, this is the song that the hills sang to me!
As my heart and the lark and the whole minstrelsy
Of earth and the sky joined the full harmony,
While the weeds by the wayside danced wild with the glee
Of living! Ah! Love, give but April to me,
And a day in the hills, and forever shall be,
As an aura about me, the glad memory
Of the wind in the grass and the bird in the tree,
The warm, fragrant air and the sweet mystery
Of the kiss of my lover—Ah! mad ecstasy
Of April, my pulses are vibrant with thee!

Preparedness

by Lannie Haynes Martin

Out West, Vol. 45, April 1917; physical source PDF p. 25

Regional basis. *Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.*

God of the Universe! We stretch our hands to thee!
Vainly we've held on high our sign of liberty,
Purblind in arrogance and mock democracy;
Tied to the fetish "Peace" in fond fatuity;
Steeped in a stagnant ease we called "Security,"
Thinking the freedom won meant for eternity—
God of the Universe! O teach us now to see
Only in strength of defense is a man or a nation free!

Nancy K. Foster

Documented Southern California poet | 5 poems

Location. Associated in signed poems with the San Bernardino Mountains and with Rome; a permanent residence has not been securely identified.

Biographical note. Foster was a periodical poet active in *Land of Sunshine* and *Out West* between 1895 and 1906. No dependable modern biographical profile was located, so the publication record and signed localities are retained as the limits of the present evidence.

Work in these journals. Her poems move from sage-land and Mojave trails to cultivated roses and the Roman Campagna. They are reflective travel and landscape lyrics, attentive to distance, memory, and the contrast between arid and gardened ground.

Southern California basis. Signed and situated poems in the San Bernardino Mountains and Mojave region.

Lyrics from Sage-Land — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1895, p. 164; source PDF p. 257

A Hedge of La France Roses — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 4, No. 4, March 1896, p. 172; source PDF p. 279

The Mojave — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 13, No. 5, November 1900; magazine p. 322; source PDF p. 549

Thoughts in the Campagna — *Out West*, Vol. 16, June 1902; magazine p. 864; physical source PDF p. 121

My Trail — *Out West*, Vol. 25, November 1906; magazine p. 424; physical source PDF p. 709

Lyrics from Sage-Land

by Nancy K. Foster

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1895, p. 164; source PDF p. 257

Regional basis. *Signed and situated poems in the San Bernardino Mountains and Mojave region.*

When from mountain-base rises in soft waves of light,
The mist-silvered sage with its long fingers white,
And the honey-bee revels in seas of new sweet,—
To fall thinking of you, it is meet, it is meet!

When the quail leaves his ambush with flutter and stir,
And the humming-bird circles and darts with low whirr,
When the butterfly pauses to rest her long mile,—
To fall thinking of you is worth while, is worth while!

When the mimulus bell grows in clusters apace,
And the yucca's tall taper burns white in one's face,
When the scents from the foot-hills blow balsam and rest
To fall thinking of you is the best, is the best!

Los Angeles.

A Hedge of La France Roses

by Nancy K. Foster

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 4, No. 4, March 1896, p. 172; source PDF p. 279

Regional basis. *Signed and situated poems in the San Bernardino Mountains and Mojave region.*

Roses of France, how beautiful you are!
Warm is your color as the glowing cheeks
Of my belovéd. Vainly would I seek
'Mongst India's webs your texture to compare.
Opulent hearts, large, generous and rare—
Radiant La France!—not fragile, slender, sleek
As Gold of Ophir or Safrana meek—
Perchance of long ago Love's chosen flower!
Gazing on you, old days of war and might,
Of prowess, chivalry in sunny France,
Of Courts of Love, gay tournament and dance
Return once more, Chansons and virelay
To lady sung by troubadour or knight,
Are in your honied scent breathed forth alway!

Los Angeles, Cal.

The Mojave

by Nancy K. Foster

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 13, No. 5, November 1900; magazine p. 322; source PDF p. 549

Regional basis. Title names the Mojave; the poem is tied to the Southern California desert corridor.

Great Desert, mighty brother to the Sea!
Thy burning sands in silver waves unrolled,
Thy distances ablaze with red and gold.
Huge solitude! Lone Western mystery!
For comrade the wide sky bends lovingly,—
By day encircling thee with azure fold—
A flawless blue or flaming tints more bold:
By night lending her stars for company.
Unmeasured, vast, sublime, thou surely art!
What healing in thy pure mesmeric air!
Yet desolate as some large human heart,
That still unclaimed, unsought, is waste and bare,
Impervious to joy or grief's deep smart,
Waiting the touch of Love, thou liest there!

Los Angeles.

Thoughts in the Campagna

by Nancy K. Foster

Out West, Vol. 16, June 1902; magazine p. 864; physical source PDF p. 121

Regional basis. *Signed and situated poems in the San Bernardino Mountains and Mojave region.*

Along the Appian road we went today,
Strewn with the precious fragments of the past—
Fragments of Rome! that time and storm outlast;
Mile after mile the campaign stretched away,
Broder'd with daisies springing 'midst decay;
The Alban hills long wistful shadows cast;
Spectres of glory, vanquished, tragic, vast,
Loomed in old archways and tall towers gray.

Dreaming I fall, and other mountains see,
Nobler than any Italy may show;
Fold upon fold upcrowd in majesty,
Pale amber lights, deep purples all aglow!
And in my ears an ageless melody—
The broad Pacific eloquently slow!

Rome.

My Trail

by Nancy K. Foster

Out West, Vol. 25, November 1906; magazine p. 424; physical source PDF p. 709

Regional basis. *Signed and situated poems in the San Bernardino Mountains and Mojave region.*

Your trail may carry you far away,
To the line of the snowy peak;
You may follow the wake of the fir-tree's song
But farther, oh farther I seek.

You may wander the forests primeval,
Lured by the eagle's call,
Or wait for the desert's wooing—
My trail out-reaches them all.

I doubt if you find it by searching,
However so far you climb;
The inn at the end is a constant heart,
The path is a man's life-time.

San Bernardino Mountains.

Neeta Marquis

Documented Southern California poet | 11 poems

Location. Los Angeles, California, as recorded in nearly all of her journal signatures and later newspaper work.

Biographical note. Marquis was a Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer. Her surviving papers at the Huntington document a long writing career that included poetry, journalism, California history, and the 1938 history Immanuel and the Fifty Years.

Work in these journals. Her Out West poems are polished lyrics of fog, flowers, adobe ruins, memory, and the Southern California seasons. They repeatedly test cosmopolitan poetic language against close observation of Los Angeles and its surroundings.

Southern California basis. Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.

Biographical sources: [Huntington Library](#), [Neeta Marquis papers](#) | [Southern California Quarterly record](#)

Fog — *Out West*, Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 180; physical source PDF p. 301

An Adobe Ruin — *Out West*, Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 40; physical source PDF p. 63

The Faithless One — *Out West*, Vol. 24, April 1906; magazine p. 289; physical source PDF p. 542

Poinsettias — *Out West*, Vol. 26, January 1907; magazine p. 22; physical source PDF p. 49

April Baptism — *Out West*, Vol. 26, April 1907; magazine p. 326; physical source PDF p. 575

Youth in Spring — *Out West*, Vol. 26, June 1907; magazine p. 536; physical source PDF p. 879

Night-Fall — *Out West*, Vol. 27, August 1907; magazine p. 175; physical source PDF p. 234

To a Gold-of-Ophir Rose — *Out West*, Vol. 28, May 1908; magazine p. 366; physical source PDF p. 537

A Memory — *Out West*, Vol. 31, November 1909; magazine p. 876; physical source PDF p. 287

November Poplars — *Out West*, Vol. 32, February 1910; physical source PDF p. 44

Joy — *Out West*, Vol. 32, March 1910; physical source PDF p. 8

Fog

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 180; physical source PDF p. 301

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

Cool and gray and spirit-soft,
To sick flowers tossed in fever-heat,
I come, a night-nurse from the sea
With quiet treading feet.

I lay calm fingers on each pulse;
I gently wet the parched lips,
And give them drink from mist distilled
That off the palm-tree drips.

To poppy, rose and heliotrope,
Each in her little garden bed,
I glide refreshingly in turn
And ease each aching head.

What time the breeze of day must rest,
I thus my healing vigil keep,
And when she stirs again at morn,
I steal away to sleep.

Los Angeles.

An Adobe Ruin

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 40; physical source PDF p. 63

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

Dead labor of the brown untutored hands
That reared thy walk of day against a night,
Unlike the toilers swart who spent their night
To mass the quarried pile on Egypt's sands,

Linking their labor to eternity
With bonds unbroke by tempest-blasts amain,
Whilst thou, rude shelter from the wind and rain,
Unknown to art, dost perish wretchedly.

How like unto that other house of earth
Wherein thy builder's spirit dwelt and yearned
For beauty unattained; like thee, returned
So soon unto the dust that gave it birth.

Los Angeles.

The Faithless One

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 24, April 1906; magazine p. 289; physical source PDF p. 542

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

The night-blooming cereus opened her eyes,
And dreamily cleared them of dew.
'Twas the hour for her bold lover-moon to arise,
That rover, so fond—so untrue.

"Love's trysting is sweet," said the moon when he came,
And the flower, to her petals' pale tips,
Was suffused with the flush of a maidenly shame
At the touch of his amorous lips.

She bloomed in his love with a virgin delight,
Till a pallid star told them of dawn,
Then, faithfully folding her face from the light,
She prayed while her lover was gone.

But the moon sought the land where a lotus flower waked
For his kiss in a passion of pain;
Deep she drank from his lips, yet her thirst was unslaked,
And she died when he left her again.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Poinsettias

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 26, January 1907; magazine p. 22; physical source PDF p. 49

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

Flores de la noche buena burn against the southern wall
In a blaze of splendid color—radiant lamps on standards tall,
Lighted by December's fingers for the Christmas festival.

When the holy feast is over, still their tapers red will glow
High upon the season's altar, while the days are chanting slow
Masses for the passing spirit of the old year lying low.

Flores de la noche buena—once again their torches clear
Swing in welcome, when the mourning yields its place to coming cheer,
For with gorgeous, proud parading they will hail the new-crowned year.

Los Angeles.

"Flores de la noche buena"—"Flowers of the Holy Night," so called in Mexico because they bloom at Christmas time.

April Baptism

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 26, April 1907; magazine p. 326; physical source PDF p. 575

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

The mustard's yellow tapers cast a glow
Of soft, religious clearness as I wend
The quiet cañon way; pale alders bend
To add their luminance, while poppies show
Like gold communion cups as on I go
Adown the aisle. Sage-odors pungent blend
With breaking earth, and incense-like ascend.
An altar lifts here where the live oaks grow.
Young grasses hush my reverent-treading feet;
The chanting wind calls flower and weed to prayer.
To worship in God's April is so sweet,
With every choiring bird I fain would sing!
Kneel, soul, beside this pool of maiden-hair—
It is the hour to be immersed in Spring.

Los Angeles.

Youth in Spring

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 26, June 1907; magazine p. 536; physical source PDF p. 879

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

Oh the pain of the passing of blossom-time!
Oh, the aching wish that the hour swing slow,
When the peach-blush pales on the orchard's cheek
And a thaw begins of the plum-tree snow!

It is little we reck that a time of fruit
Will follow the flower—that the ardored sun
Will claim fulfillment, in season due,
Of the fragrant promise the Spring has won.

Our blind hearts cling to the blossom-time,
Nor welcome the Summer of ripened truth.
Oh, the parting with beauty in bud and bloom—
How it sharpens the pain of passing youth!

Los Angeles.

Night-Fall

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 27, August 1907; magazine p. 175; physical source PDF p. 234

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

Misty gray has quenched the smoldering west
Like sprinkled ashes, and the deeper sky
Is yet unwarmed with stars. The clouds, once high,
Have lowered to the tree-tops, where they rest.

A ghost-wind gasps and starts, as one oppressed
With guilty burden, one that may not die
And let the vexed world pass unnoted by,
But must live on by memory obsessed.

Now is the lonesome hour of all the day
When cheerful toil is over. From the street
That quick last sound of homeward-hasting feet
Within some fire-lit hush has died away.

The lonesome hour—day past, the night to come—
God guide his steps who has no waiting home!

Los Angeles.

To a Gold-of-Ophir Rose

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 28, May 1908; magazine p. 366; physical source PDF p. 537

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

You come one only time,
Into the heart of each young, singing year
Like Love florescent, radiantly dear,
Tinged with the glory of some golden clime.

Your loose-hung petals glow
Like bits of sunset clustered on a stem;
Such splendrous light streams from the heart of them
Would warm the paleness from a flower of snow.

My eager glances seek
Your color, as sick lips a cordial rare—
Clear, flame-soft yellow of a goddess' hair
Commingled with the carmine of her cheek.

Your strange, brief stay
Is madd'ning sweet—so sweet my senses ache
Those frail, bright blooms within my hands to take
And crush them—tear them—blot them from the day!

* * *

Gone, rose?—So swiftly gone!
Spring loiters yet and mocks with careless grace.—
Ay, me! So Youth still lingers; but Love's face,
Like to the fair, flushed flower, has been withdrawn.

Los Angeles.

A Memory

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 31, November 1909; magazine p. 876; physical source PDF p. 287

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

White with dust the road we traveled—do you not remember well?—
To that sleepy bit of yesterday named Old San Gabriel,
With its brown adobe ruins, with its orange-scented air,
And the roses, roses, roses running riot everywhere.

Can you name those swinging roses?—Gold-of-Ophir brimmed with fire,
White La Marque in honeyed clusters, Henriette, the bees' desire.
Do you see the quaint old gardens in their prickly cactus frame,
And the flashing scarlet splendor of the Spanish poppy's flame?

Facing narrow ways and winding, were those casas ever new?
Yonder rears the ancient Mission's mellow tint against the blue,
With its pepper-shaded stairway, worn where dusky feet have trod;
With its high-embrasured windows, and the cross that points to God.

Floods of sunlight, clear and yellow, splashing gold on wall and tree;
Drowsy skies of shining azure like a deep warm summer sea;
Colors strong and half-barbaric burning on the ravished sight,
And the perfume of the orange steeping all in rich delight.

Does the picture fill your vision? Does its glow disturb your heart
With a strange love for the Westland from your other loves apart?
Do you sometimes catch the echo through a nearer music's swell
Of those old bells' broken voices calling in San Gabriel?

Los Angeles.

November Poplars

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 32, February 1910; physical source PDF p. 44

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

Erect brown poplars, slender and unleafed,
Like tall masts rise against the evening gray,
As if a company of wind-spent ships
Had come to anchor in a friendly bay.

When March returns, their rustling sails will spread
With eager swell and buoyant fluttering
To catch the breeze of earth's new wonderment
And ride the blue, aerial deeps of Spring.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Joy

by Neeta Marquis

Out West, Vol. 32, March 1910; physical source PDF p. 8

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.*

This young sweet life that stirs the heart of things
With waking memories of elder springs
As filled with joy; the blooming almond trees
White in immortal vestment,—lo, all these
Are symbols, as the butterfly's new wings,
Of soul, and youth, and every faith that sings
Of that first heaven which broods beyond the seas
Of mortal consciousness. For me there lurks
A keener joy in yonder grass's sheen,
In dappling shades beneath the blowing bough,
Than all the maze of artful human works.
Ah, how it stills my needless tumults now
And rests my heart,—this sunlight through the green.

Los Angeles.

Nellie Suydam

Documented Southern California poet | 4 poems

Location. Glendora, California; later Douglas, Arizona, according to surviving family papers.

Biographical note. Suydam was a Southern California diarist and poet whose life in Glendora has been the subject of historical study. Later correspondence places her in Douglas, Arizona, during the Mexican Revolution era.

Work in these journals. Her four poems follow desert roads through the Colorado Desert, Superstition Mountain, open trail, and Nogales. Their documentary place names and steady travel rhythms give them the character of a regional itinerary.

Southern California basis. Documented resident and diarist of Glendora, Los Angeles County.

Biographical sources: [Southern California Quarterly](#) | [University of Kentucky archive note](#)

The Desert of the Colorado — *Out West*, Vol. 17, December 1902; magazine p. 1032; physical source PDF p. 83

By the Superstition Mountain — *Out West*, Vol. 24, January 1906; magazine p. 54; physical source PDF p. 81

The Lone Trail — *Out West*, Vol. 24, March 1906; magazine p. 207; physical source PDF p. 380

On the Road to Nogales — *Out West*, Vol. 27, December 1907; magazine p. 507; physical source PDF p. 772

The Desert of the Colorado

by Nellie Suydam

Out West, Vol. 17, December 1902; magazine p. 1032; physical source PDF p. 83

Regional basis. Documented resident and diarist of Glendora, Los Angeles County.

Level wastes of gray, where once was flashing sea;
Stark, pale arrow-weed, where swaying sea plants grew;
Heaps of sullen sand, where wild surf called the dawn,
Hot, white glare of sun, where dim, green light slipped through.

From up the evil hills the frightened sea has fled;
Crumbling lie her shells where lizards come and go;
Burnt by desert suns, the gaunt-ribbed reefs each moon
Long for dashing spray, and the salt tide's ebb and flow.

Still the sun-beat shores dream that some night the sea,
Uprising from a feast with storm and hurricane,
Up her ancient paths shall hurl her white-plumed waves,
Led by shouting blasts, and win her own again.

Glendora, Cal.

By the Superstition Mountain

by Nellie Suydam

Out West, Vol. 24, January 1906; magazine p. 54; physical source PDF p. 81

Regional basis. Documented resident and diarist of Glendora, Los Angeles County.

We cursed the sun, that day we rode
From Desert Wells to gray Pinal —
The sun, the cactus, the mesquite,
The long, long road, the mountain wall.

Now o'er the terrace rose-leaves drift,
The dim, sweet garden lies below,
And on the hill-clasped valley's slopes,
The peach and plum and almond below.

And yet we see—a naked plain
That fades to distances of gray,
Tall cactus pillars, sparse mesquite,
Rough mountains and a lonely way.

Glendora, Cal.

The Lone Trail

by Nellie Suydam

Out West, Vol. 24, March 1906; magazine p. 207; physical source PDF p. 380

Regional basis. Documented resident and diarist of Glendora, Los Angeles County.

He knew the round-up trails that swing
O'er sunny plains where faint winds drift,
Up through the cañon's dusky rift
To some hill-meadow's moss-rimmed spring;

The trails that plod through wind-smoothed sands,
When lips are black and canteens clank,
From bitter spring and dust-filled tank,
Toward dim sky lines of lonely lands;

Trails drifted deep with snows that fall,
When the last daylight flickers out,
And, on the peaks, the storm-winds shout
Among the pines: we knew them all.

O Love, the trail today you ride
Too fearful is for me to tread—
The Lonely Pathway of the Dead,
It leads across the Great Divine.

Martinez, Arizona.

On the Road to Nogales

by Nellie Suydam

Out West, Vol. 27, December 1907; magazine p. 507; physical source PDF p. 772

Regional basis. Documented resident and diarist of Glendora, Los Angeles County.

From the road's wind-swept niche,
High up the mountain range,
We peer into the depths
Of valleys lone and strange;
Of valleys strange as those
Which shadow the wan moon—
A land whose silence chills
At flood-tide of the noon,
Across the dark'ning gulf
Pale, flame-scarred mountains stand—
The forge on which were shaped
The vast beams of this land.

Beyond those distant peaks
Of ashen blue and red,
Nor lamp nor fire is lit,
Nor candle for the dead.

No cowboys ride the range;
There is no camping place—
Only the starless depths
Of chill, eternal space.

Glendora, Cal.

Nora May French

Documented Southern California poet | 14 poems

Location. Los Angeles, then San Francisco and Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

Biographical note. French (1881-1907) was a California poet and journalist associated with the Los Angeles Arroyo Seco circle and, after the 1906 earthquake, the bohemian literary community at Carmel. Her career was brief, and most of her poems were collected only after her death.

Work in these journals. The poems are spare, musical lyrics of rain, dusk, moonlight, railway travel, love, illness, and mortality. Their restraint and emotional compression distinguish them from much of the journals' more expansive local-color verse.

Southern California basis. Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.

Biographical sources: [Nora May French archive page](#) | [Monterey History bulletin](#)

By Moonlight — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 10, No. 5, April 1899; magazine p. 229; source PDF p. 384

Summer Dusk — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 11, No. 4, September 1899; magazine p. 195; source PDF p. 324

The Mission Graves — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 12, No. 2, January 1900; magazine p. 71; source PDF p. 134

The Old Garden — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 12, No. 4, March 1900; magazine p. 205; source PDF p. 370

Answered — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 12, No. 6, May 1900; magazine p. 331; source PDF p. 598

Mist — *Out West*, Vol. 19, October 1903; magazine p. 395; physical source PDF p. 578

Two Songs — *Out West*, Vol. 19, November 1903; magazine p. 530; physical source PDF p. 769

One Day — *Out West*, Vol. 20, February 1904; magazine p. 155; physical source PDF p. 226

Along the Track — *Out West*, Vol. 20, March 1904; magazine p. 247; physical source PDF p. 370

Down the Trail — *Out West*, Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 412; physical source PDF p. 635

By the Hospital — *Out West*, Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 53; physical source PDF p. 70

Rain — *Out West*, Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 212; physical source PDF p. 333

Noon — *Out West*, Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 58; physical source PDF p. 81

The Constant Ones — *Out West*, Vol. 23, October 1905; magazine p. 357; physical source PDF p. 532

By Moonlight

by Nora May French

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 10, No. 5, April 1899; magazine p. 229; source PDF p. 384

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

Is this the world I know? Beneath the Day
It glowed with golden heat, with vivid hues;
Mountains and sky that merged in melting blues,
And hazy air that shimmered far away.

This world is white, 'neath amethystine sky,
White with pale brightness, luminously chill;
The moon reigns queen, but faintly shining still
The dim stars glimmer o'er the hill-tops high.

Here, where long grasses touch across the stream
That threads with babbling laugh its narrow way,
My face turned upward to pale gleams, that stray
Through whispering willow boughs... I dream and dream.

La Canada, Cal

Summer Dusk

by Nora May French

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 11, No. 4, September 1899; magazine p. 195; source PDF p. 324

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

Earth's parched lips
Drink coolness once again, for daylight dies,
The young moon dips
A threaded gleam where sunset languid lies,
And slowly twilight opens starry eyes.

Low in the west
Day's fading embers cast a last faint glow
Behind a crest
Where curving hills on primrose paleness show
Sharp-lined in jet. Dusk stillness broods below.

A first long sigh
Stirs from the broad and dew-wet breast of night;
The leaves reply
With soft small rustlings; moths take ghostly flight,
And waking crickets shrill long-drawn delight.

La Canada, Cal

The Mission Graves

by Nora May French

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 12, No. 2, January 1900; magazine p. 71; source PDF p. 134

Regional basis. Poem concerns the Southern California mission landscape.

Nature remembers with her fitful tears:

The wooden slabs lose name and date with years,
And crumble, rotten.

The Father, there,
One Saint's Day from an evening mass returning,
Set for each unknown soul a candle burning,
With muttered prayer.

Glow-worms, they shone—
Strange, spectral-gleaming through the lonely dark.
Whose nameless dust did each faint glimmer mark?
Skull, crumbling bone?

Ah! the Dead knew—
Each to his taper drawn through voids of space,
Each on his grave (eyes, in a formless face!)
Watched—the night through.

La Cañada, Cal.

The Old Garden

by Nora May French

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 12, No. 4, March 1900; magazine p. 205; source PDF p. 370

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

The garden of Dolores! Here she walked,
When, fretted on the twilight's pallid space,
The trees were black and delicate as lace,
And palms were etchings, sharp and slender-stalked.

Now riots summer in these magic closes,
And life is rounded in the frailest spray.

Dolores, cold, and buried yesterday,
Is it thy spirit here among the roses?

For restless murmurs thro' the garden seek,
To shadowy caress the flowers unclose,
A blossom in the dark magnolia glows—
Or leaning pallor of an oval cheek?

Upon the dark is borne a strange long cry;
And one quick sob of wind the air has moved.
Ah! perfect garden that Dolores loved,
Her soul has called to thee... a last good-by.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Answered

by Nora May French

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 12, No. 6, May 1900; magazine p. 331; source PDF p. 598

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

The morn crept in and found her dead,
The morn crept in upon our tears;
“O life of idle days!” we said,
“O short young life of wasted years!
That Death should close the laughing eyes,
And still the lips before we knew
If through her girlhood's mysteries
Shone aught of purpose strong and true.”

The Spring came to her where she slept—
“In flowers her nature blooms,” we thought;
For slender daisies round her crept,
Gay, with her careless beauty fraught.
But strange! we saw them with a start,
We saw, and as we looked, we knew—
For there above the girlish heart,
With upturned faces, Pansies grew.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Mist

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 19, October 1903; magazine p. 395; physical source PDF p. 578

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

Low-arched above me, as I moved, the hollowed air was clear;
Beyond was whiteness, dim and strange, and spectral shapes drew near.
Upon the little shore of brown that touched the misty sea,
Upon the shadowy borderland one paused and looked at me;
Then hurried on with greeting smile and sudden vivid face!
A friend had started into life within my magic space.
Into the world of ghosts again I watched him fade away—
First black he was, then dim he was, then merged in formless gray.

Los Angeles.

Two Songs

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 19, November 1903; magazine p. 530; physical source PDF p. 769

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

You love the chant of green,
The low-voiced trees, the meadow's monotone.
Oh! friend of mine, it is for these you pray,
This alien land must call unheard, unseen,
While one beloved note your heart has known,
To hunger for it, half a world away.

Come with me to my height,
And stand at sunset when the winds are still,
Watching the hollow valleys brim with light,
The red and brown and yellow hills—they shout
And on the shoulders of the marching host
The bayonets are gleaming points of white.

Pressing beyond to deep and gradual blues,
Their lessening voices die in distance pale;
Ineffably dissolved in opal hues,
Against the sky the last sweet echoes fail
While all the West is quivering, fold on fold
To one great voice—one vibrant peal of gold.

Los Angeles, Cal.

One Day

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 20, February 1904; magazine p. 155; physical source PDF p. 226

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

The levels where the trail began
Were sown with silver gray.
We bruised the leaves with hurrying feet
To wafts of strong and tarry sweet,
A moment's pleasure as we ran,
Forgotten on our way.

Above, along the farthest crest,
In every brief and breathless rest
The spice of sage was ours;
Crushed from the dull and slender leaves,
The tiny yellow flowers,
When day was done
No more remembered than the wind and sun.

Los Angeles.

Along the Track

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 20, March 1904; magazine p. 247; physical source PDF p. 370

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

The track has led me out beyond the town
To follow day across the waning fields;
The crisping weeds and wastes of tender brown.

On either side the feathered tops are high,
A tracery of broken arabesques
Upon the sullen crimson of the sky.

Into the west the narrowing rails are sped.
They cut the crayon softness of the dusk
With thin converging gleams of bloody red.

Los Angeles.

Down the Trail

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 412; physical source PDF p. 635

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

Break camp, the dawn is here,
A sea has swept beneath us in the night—
Poured outward in a wrinkled floor of white
And left our eyrie clear.
Wave after wave creeps upward to the pines,
Hangs in the ragged boughs and blurs them dim;
Melts from the sharp dark lines—
Each smallest limb
Cut like a cameo on a ground of light.

There in the deeps our little trail is curled,
We plunge like divers to the under-world.

The manzanita stirs.
Look, in that little thicket just ahead!
Down, down the covey whirrs—
Mocking us, careful, led,
Slow-slipping beads along a slender thread.

Here the stream flows;
Here we tread yellow leaves
(Sun on the sycamores,
Sun on the granite walls.)
All is so still,
Never wind blows,
Only the singing stream
Shouts little waterfalls.

We round the mighty shoulder of a hill—
O, sweet airs damp with ferns!
The day grows old, the lengthening shadows chill—
The wanderer returns.

*

*Traffic, and wakeful eyes of little lights;
The black crowd passing near; and far away
A last clear pink, translucent as a pearl,
Above the roofs of indigo and grey.*

Los Angeles.

By the Hospital

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 53; physical source PDF p. 70

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

Who goes to meet the windy night
With unseen comrades shouting by,
Who grips a bough in swift delight
To let it dip and loose and fly;

Who runs for rest that running gives,
Runs till his throbbing muscles speak;
Who bends to feel how keenly lives
The joyous grass beneath his cheek—

With sudden tears his eyes shall fill,
With quick-drawn breath he sees them plain—
Those bodies that must lie so still,
So tired—in the House of Pain.

Los Angeles.

Rain

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 212; physical source PDF p. 333

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

The rain was grey before it fell,
And through a world where light had died,
There ran a mournful little wind
That shook the trees and cried.

The rain was brown upon the earth,
In turbid stream and tiny seas;
In swift and slender shafts that beat
The flowers to their knees.

The rain is mirror to the sky—
Oh, passing words, a blue so dear!
And drifting in the shining pools
The clouds are white and near.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Noon

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 58; physical source PDF p. 81

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

The brook flowed through a bending arch of leaves—
Flowed through an arch of leaves into the sun;
But all was shadow where it left my feet—
A shade with netted ripples overrun,
A brook that flowed in coolness to the sun.

Beyond the arch of shadow, color lay—
Vivid to narrowed eyelids, fiercely bright,
And bright the happy water slipped away
In gleaming pools and broken lines of light.

Los Angeles.

The Constant Ones

by Nora May French

Out West, Vol. 23, October 1905; magazine p. 357; physical source PDF p. 532

Regional basis. *Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.*

The tossing trees had every flag unfurled
To hail their chief, but now the sun is set,
And in this sweet new quiet on the world
The king is dead, the fickle leaves forget.

A placid earth, an air serene and still,
In misty blue the gradual smoke is thinned—
Only the grasses, leaning to his will,
The grasses hold a memory of wind.

Los Angeles

Ruby Baughman

Documented Southern California poet | 3 poems

Location. Los Angeles, California.

Biographical note. Baughman was a poet, educator, and Los Angeles school administrator. She became supervisor of immigrant education and elementary evening schools and published on adult education and Americanization, work that must be read within the coercive as well as reformist history of that movement.

Work in these journals. Her three poems address ritual, challenge, and an imported brass Buddha. They combine symbolist objects and direct moral address with the cosmopolitan material culture of early twentieth-century Los Angeles.

Southern California basis. Los Angeles poet and city-school supervisor of immigrant and adult education.

Biographical sources: [Annals of the American Academy](#) | [Americanization pamphlet](#)

The Feast — *Out West*, Vol. 27, September 1907; magazine p. 223; physical source PDF p. 340

The Challenge — *Out West*, Vol. 28, February 1908; magazine p. 143; physical source PDF p. 200

To My Brass Buddha — *Out West*, Vol. 32, March 1910; physical source PDF p. 94

The Feast

by Ruby Baughman

Out West, Vol. 27, September 1907; magazine p. 223; physical source PDF p. 340

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet and city-school supervisor of immigrant and adult education.*

Two leafen cups, with prickly pear
Spines pinned, the clear brook-water bear
To thirsty lips; on boulder dark,
Two plates, of fresh-cut aspen bark;
White slices of new country-bread
With yellow coat of richness spread;
And for the happy luncheon's crown,
The new-caught trout. crisped dainty brown
Between two thin flat stones—a rare
White altar in the coal's red glare.
Then, stretched beside the quiet stream,
Two silent comrades smoke and dream.

Helena, Montana.

The Challenge

by Ruby Baughman

Out West, Vol. 28, February 1908; magazine p. 143; physical source PDF p. 200

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet and city-school supervisor of immigrant and adult education.*

Before my vagrant feet the mountain flings
Its huge, brown gauntlet of defiance grim,
Flaunting from base to distant hazy rim,
A challenge to the joy that battle brings,
Leaving the sloping foot-trail's wanderings,
I struggle past the ridge of pine-trees prim,
Of tall rocks where the gray cloud softly clings.
At length, upon the lofty summit's face,
Where lichen-gray stone forms a couch uncouth,
Breath-spent, of victory wanting every trace,
Heart throbbing as with bounding blood of youth,
My triumph over weariness wins place,
As when one toils his own way to the truth.

Butte, Montana.

To My Brass Buddha

by Ruby Baughman

Out West, Vol. 32, March 1910; physical source PDF p. 94

Regional basis. *Los Angeles poet and city-school supervisor of immigrant and adult education.*

Thy broad, benignant brow and smile serene
Have ages long o'er pagan pilgrims bent;
World-sorrows to thine eyes have pity lent,
World-sinnings added sadness to thy mien;
Thou god of heathen hordes, no hope I glean
From worship at thy feet, my faith forespent;
Chill comfort finds my Christian discontent
On blazonment of power in bronze to lean.
No ministry of miracle is thine,
But love unending woven on life's loom,
Teaching a calm content well nigh divine,
Placid through grim exchange from perfumed gloom
Of homage in an ancient Nippon shrine
To glaring bleakness in my rented room.

Butte, Montana.

PART II

**Additional Poems With Explicit Regional
Place-Links**

Poems admitted by explicit Southern California title, subject, or signature; no broader residence claim is implied.

Addison Howard Gibson

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. American residence history not securely established in the surviving record.

Biographical note. Addison Howard Gibson (1858-1929) was an American teacher and writer who published short fiction, juvenile work, and verse in national periodicals.

Work in these journals. His single poem here, 'In the Mojave,' enters through its explicit Southern California desert setting.

Southern California basis. Title names Mount Wilson, Los Angeles County.

Biographical sources: [Wikisource author record](#)

Daybreak on Mount Wilson — *Out West*, Vol. 3 New Series, June 1912; physical source PDF p. 50

Daybreak on Mount Wilson

by Addison Howard Gibson

Out West, Vol. 3 New Series, June 1912; physical source PDF p. 50

Regional basis. Title names Mount Wilson, Los Angeles County.

Fawn-like, Witch Night soft steals away
With all her train of shadows gay;
A mocking-bird breaks into praise—
Thrills drowsy pines and mountain ways.
Fair flowers awake from vestal sleep
And from their slumbers fern beds peep.
Intense the silence; clouds float low
To be the first to catch the glow
Of dawn, ere hills and wooded crest
In cloth of gold are newly dressed.
Dim cliffs their wonted forms assume,
As through weird wraith-like mists they loom,
And tower above a shadowy land
Where sleeping towns and orchards stand.
A breath of incense—cool delight—
Comes with the first faint streaks of light;
A flash on distant summits tall
Dyes crimson deep the mountain wall,
Quick kindling night's vast funeral pyre,
Baptising all with radiant fire.

Anonymous

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Unknown.

Biographical note. Seven poems are explicitly unattributed or credited as anonymous. Because these are not demonstrably the work of one person, the count is a catalog category rather than a reconstructed authorial identity.

Work in these journals. The group ranges from an early Mojave lyric to short moral, comic, and experimental pieces in the 1916 issues of Out West.

Southern California basis. Title names the Mojave region; included where the poem's context is Southern California.

In the Mojave — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 2, No. 3, February 1895; magazine p. 42; physical source PDF p. 231

In the Mojave

by *Anonymous*

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 2, No. 3, February 1895; magazine p. 42; physical source PDF p. 231

Regional basis. Title names the Mojave region; included where the poem's context is Southern California.

The pale and parching desert
Stares wistful to the sky—
"Oh, smile not so forever, love,
With lids forever dry!

"In tears and not in laughter
Love oft shall dearest be,
And I am thirsty for your tears
To fall—and fall for me."

I know the desert's longing,
With glaring skies above;
Ah, rain them down upon my heart—
The soft, cool tears of love!

Arthur Fowler

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Residence unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Fowler is represented in the indexed corpus by one regional poem. No sufficiently specific authority record has been found to distinguish him securely from other writers of the same name.

Work in these journals. 'To My Southland' addresses Southern California directly through the period vocabulary of regional praise.

Southern California basis. The poem's journal context identifies Southern California as its Southland.

To My Southland — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 13, No. 6, December 1900; magazine p. 391; source PDF p. 662

To My Southland

by Arthur Fowler

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 13, No. 6, December 1900; magazine p. 391; source PDF p. 662

Regional basis. *The poem's journal context identifies Southern California as its Southland.*

Grain, wine and honey, luscious fruits, bright gold,
And cattle grazing on a thousand hills.

Full plenteous vales, and peaks in sunshine rolled—
Land where fond Nature never doth with old
That which is good, and more than promise fills.

Orange and palm, where filtered sunlight streams,
Smooth, even days, round full of soothing dreams.
Air like the breath of virgins, and above
Skies like the eyes of Beauty lit with love.

Though fortune dole me poverty or gain,
'Neath some fig tree of thine my wrinkled years shall wane.
And o'er the whited wastes and weary leagues of sea,
I, lover aye, give one fond kiss to thee.

Lake Tagish. Northwest Territory.

Arthur Wellington Wayne

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. California association documented by periodical publication; permanent residence unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Wayne was a California periodical poet whose surviving journal appearances include coastal and desert subjects. A stable modern biography has not been located.

Work in these journals. 'The Mojave' is included for its explicit Southern California desert geography.

Southern California basis. Title names Santa Catalina Island.

Catalina — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 5, No. 1, June 1896, p. 25; source PDF p. 44

Catalina

by Arthur Wellington Wayne

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 5, No. 1, June 1896, p. 25; source PDF p. 44

Regional basis. Title names Santa Catalina Island.

Where the green of the gulf is aglisten,
And the bending crags are low;
The warm wave leaps
From the shrubless steeps,
And the foam-fern lowers to listen
To the love song sung below,
Where the gray-green gulf is aglisten,
And the bending crags are low.

In the depths of the crags are the mosses,
And the salt sea-blooms above;
The glad surf flows,
As a gallant goes,
With the silvery gifts he tosses,
And the song he sings of love,
To the clefts of the crags and the mosses,
And the salt sea-blooms above.

San Francisco, Cal.

B. C. Cory

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Residence unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Cory is represented by a single poem in the present corpus. The initials have not been expanded securely, and no dependable modern authority record has been found.

Work in these journals. 'San Luis Rey' treats the mission and Oceanside landscape as a historical and devotional site.

Southern California basis. Title names Mission San Luis Rey in Oceanside.

San Luis Rey — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 5, October 1895, p. 211; source PDF p. 320

San Luis Rey

by B. C. Cory

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 5, October 1895, p. 211; source PDF p. 320

Regional basis. Title names Mission San Luis Rey in Oceanside.

Two leagues away from Oceanside, upon the mesa steep,
Where wailing winds of winter time fall whispering asleep;
Where the dying river creepeth to its grave beneath the sand,
And solemn silence sleepeth o'er the dun deserted land;
Where sunsets, weird and wonderful, roll waves of mystic light
Across the frowning forehead of the swift advancing Night;
Still stands this cloistered mystery, whose wasted walls enfold
Vast stores of hidden history unwritten or untold.

Its solemn stately arches, and its sadly silent bells,
Its crude and crumbling capitals like drowsy sentinels—
They are ghosts of vanished grandeur, when, through these arches wide,
Flowed high and haughty life, whose dust sleeps in the dust beside.
Some noble names of sunny Spain upon these graves are writ;
They sought for power, they wrought for gain—and all is gone of it.
But other dust sleeps by their side, whose spirit, once elate,
Hoped here to lay foundations for a mighty Christian State.
'Mid sorrow, toil and loneliness they taught the Name of Love
And sought to see in dusky eyes the love-light from above.
Sleep, Brothers of Junipero; your strange, sad task is done!
The passion of your saintly lives immortal power hath won—
Among the south Sierras, and o'er their mesas wide,
The dusky children of the sun adore the Crucified!

Pomona.

Blanche M. Burbank

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. California; precise residence unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Burbank was a California poet and the author of the verse collection *Reed Notes*, noticed by *Out West* in 1905. The available record does not yet support firm life dates or a fuller identification.

Work in these journals. 'Eagle Rock' is a compact place poem about the Los Angeles landmark and neighborhood.

Southern California basis. Title names the Los Angeles neighborhood and landmark.

Eagle Rock — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 14, No. 1, January 1901; magazine p. 38; source PDF p. 55

Eagle Rock

by *Blanche M. Burbank*

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 14, No. 1, January 1901; magazine p. 38; source PDF p. 55

Regional basis. Title names the Los Angeles neighborhood and landmark.

I know a charmed valley where expands
The rose in bright perennial blossoming,
Where mocking-birds melodious magic sing,
And orchards lift white, fragrant, happy hands.
And in the midst of these Arcadian lands,
As poised for flight, yet vainly lingering
Against its will, like some enchanted thing
Long turned to stone, a huge gray eagle stands.
Perchance old Perseus with the Gorgon's head
Surprised this bird with giant wings outspread,
And so, forever, by these Western seas,
A prisoner of the gods, no more he roves;
Guarding new treasures of Hesperides,
Hung mid the verdurous glooms of orange groves.

Los Angeles.

C. R. Pattee, D.D.

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Residence unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Pattee contributed to the opening number of *Land of Sunshine* under a clerical title. The initials and denomination have not been expanded securely.

Work in these journals. 'The Land of Sunshine' is included as an early poetic definition of the Los Angeles magazine's home region.

Southern California basis. Early title poem for the Los Angeles-based magazine and its region.

The Land of Sunshine — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 1, No. 1, June 1894; magazine p. 13; physical source PDF p. 24

The Land of Sunshine

by C. R. Pattee, D.D.

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 1, No. 1, June 1894; magazine p. 13; physical source PDF p. 24

Regional basis. Early title poem for the Los Angeles-based magazine and its region.

From where the broad Pacific leaves the shore—
Where stands the City of the Angels—comes
A timely messenger to every door,
And cries: "Ho! ye, who long for health and homes,
In some fair clime where every human need
May be supplied,—give ear! and hearing, heed!"

List to that voice, commissioned thus to say:
"Come ye! to this fair land of fruits and flowers;
Where balmy ocean breezes ever play;
And all the year the birds sing in the bowers;
Where autumn winds ne'er sadden with their moan;
And sudden chilling changes are unknown."

"No winter's icy scepter reaches here;
It lies beyond the frozen realm of snow;—
A country yielding happiness and cheer;
Where pleasure, toil, and rest, alike bestow—
On mind and body—vigor, strength, and health;
And rich in boundless resources of wealth."

Who is this messenger?—dost wish to know?—
Who thus this welcome message doth proclaim?
Look ye! and see inscribed upon his brow:
"THE LAND OF SUNSHINE!"—read ye there the name,
And bid it welcome; then, without delay,
Come to this land where it doth point the way.

Ella M. Sexton

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. California; a more precise residence has not been established from reliable sources.

Biographical note. Sexton was a California poet and the author of *Stories of California* (1902), a school-oriented collection of historical and natural-history sketches. Modern biographical documentation is sparse despite the book's wide circulation.

Work in these journals. Her poems move from Arcadian garden lyric to the mission road of El Camino Real. The group shares her prose book's aim of turning California scenery and history into accessible regional culture.

Southern California basis. Poem follows California's mission road, including its Southern California chain.

Biographical sources: [Project Gutenberg edition](#) | [Literary California record](#)

The "Camino Real"--The King's Highway — *Out West*, Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 19; physical source PDF p. 36

The "Camino Real"--The King's Highway

by Ella M. Sexton

Out West, Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 19; physical source PDF p. 36

Regional basis. *Poem follows California's mission road, including its Southern California chain.*

Build ye the King's Road over
To serve our latter days?

That path of the Spanish rover
And gentle Serra's ways,
Where the Padre walked, upbearing
The blessed cross of God,
And his brethren meekly faring
With sandalled footsteps trod?

Build ye the Highway, dreaming
Of pageants it has known—
That silver chain, where gleaming
Like pearls the Missions shone—
Of stately hosts, surveying
The New World's wondrous lands:
Of dauntless knights, obeying
A glorious Fate's commands?

Build ye the King's Road, knowing
Its ancient course and true
On wind-swept mesas, going
Deep, rugged canons through;
Wild trail by Indians charted—
The north star's gleam for guide—
Rough trail those lion-hearted
Franciscans glorified.

Build ye the Highway bravely,
To link those Missions famed,
Where steadfast souls once gravely
Their news of Peace proclaimed:
In crumbling arch and tower
A century's romance dwells:
Both past and present hour
Ring out their Angelus bells.

Build then the King's Road, sharing
Both North and South its bond;
From palm to redwoods faring,
Or trackless pines beyond:

Long leagues its course thus winding,
Proud Road of Destiny,
A score of Missions binding
Within its rosary.

San Francisco.

Francis F. Browne

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Chicago, with repeated stays in Southern California; died in Santa Barbara in 1913.

Biographical note. Francis Fisher Browne (1843-1913) was a poet, critic, editor, and founder of the Chicago literary review *The Dial*, which he directed for more than three decades.

Work in these journals. His poem 'Santa Barbara' brings a nationally prominent literary editor's formal verse to a specific Southern California city.

Southern California basis. Title names Santa Barbara.

Biographical sources: [Francis Fisher Browne papers](#), [Newberry Library](#)

Santa Barbara — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1895, p. 161; source PDF p. 254

Santa Barbara

by Francis F. Browne

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 4, September 1895, p. 161; source PDF p. 254

Regional basis. Title names Santa Barbara.

Between the mountains and the sea,
Walled by the rock, fringed by the foam,
A valley stretches fair and free
Beneath the blue of heaven's dome.

At rest in that fair valley lies
Saint Barbara, the beauteous maid;
Above her head the cloudless skies
Smile down upon her charms displayed.

The sunlit mountains o'er her shed
The splendor of their purple tinge,
While round her like a mantle spread
The blue seas with their silver fringe.

Enfolded in that soothing calm,
The earth seems fair and heaven near;
The flowers bloom free, the air is balm,
And summer rules the radiant year.

Editor The Dial, Chicago.

J. G. Rowland

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Residence unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Rowland is represented by one poem in Land of Sunshine. No sufficiently specific archival or authority record has been found.

Work in these journals. 'At Point Duma' preserves the journal's spelling of Point Dume and treats the Malibu coast as a lyric scene.

Southern California basis. Title preserves the journal's form of Point Dume, Malibu coast.

At Point Duma — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 66; source PDF p. 109

At Point Duma

by J. G. Rowland

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 7, No. 2, July 1897, p. 66; source PDF p. 109

Regional basis. Title preserves the journal's form of Point Dume, Malibu coast.

I stroll along the ocean shore:
A whispered language comes to me,
Sighing in rhythm evermore,
Between the sea shells and the sea.

Tales of the wondrous long ago,
The muttered murmurs seem to be,
Which pass in cadence to and fro,
Between the sea-rocks and the sea.

And thunderous sounds are heard afar,
Attack—repulse—eternally;
The unvarying echoes of the war,
Between the sea cliffs and the sea.

The sea gull floating on the wave,
Beneath, the sea-fish, swift and free,
Destroy to live: consume to save—
The very story of the sea.

Soldiers' Home, Santa Monica, Cal.

J. Torrey Connor

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Los Angeles, California, in contemporary journal notices.

Biographical note. Connor was a Los Angeles writer and recurring contributor whose short fiction received a Midland Monthly prize. She also published the mission souvenir *In the Footsteps of the Franciscans*.

Work in these journals. 'At San Gabriel' is a mission-place lyric grounded in the San Gabriel Valley.

Southern California basis. Title names San Gabriel, Los Angeles County.

At San Gabriel — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 6, November 1895, p. 269; source PDF p. 402

At San Gabriel

by J. Torrey Connor

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 6, November 1895, p. 269; source PDF p. 402

Regional basis. Title names *San Gabriel*, *Los Angeles County*.

Narrow windows pierce the walls,
In the nave no sunlight falls—
Shadows mock the tapers pale.
Ah, but love is quick to see,
Shadows may not hide from me
Pancha at the altar rail.

Pancha, with an air demure,
Tells her beads; those lips would lure
Gabriel himself from rest.
Veiled her eyes, but well she knows
I have found the crimson rose
Worn an hour upon her breast.

Los Angeles.

Jennie Kruckeberg

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Alhambra, California, in the poem's signature.

Biographical note. Kruckeberg is represented by one signed poem. No secure life dates or fuller authority record have been located.

Work in these journals. 'Under the Love-Vine' qualifies through its Alhambra signature and intimate garden setting.

Southern California basis. Signed Alhambra, California.

Under the Love-Vine — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 6, November 1895, pp. 263-264; source PDF pp. 396-397

Under the Love-Vine

by Jennie Kruckeberg

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 6, November 1895, pp. 263-264; source PDF pp. 396-397

Regional basis. Signed *Alhambra, California*.

Come where the love-vine hangs in the willow and quails go coupled to drink;
Where marks in the sand have doubled the story of many a mischievous mink.

Come where wild blackberries bramble and clamber to reach to the loftier shade—
To fruit where the wild birds need them most and myriad nests have made;
Where clematis hangs from over and wavers to dip in the fondling stream,
As the balm-of-Gilead gives and quavers in the love of a summer dream,
Come where the love-vine loops in the willow and quail go coupled to drink;
Where cresses huddle in green forever and gilies get their pink;
Where river sand is washed and warming, sunnily white and mellow,
Where the phacelia gets its blue, and the mimulus its yellow;
Where bubbling springs with cheer emboweled are fain to break and flow,
And love's responses livingly quiver in breezes soft and low.

Come where the vines loop yellow in willows—and quails go drinking in pairs,
And give to the driving driftwood waters life's importunate cares!

Alhambra.

Laura Mackay

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Chicago, Illinois; San Jacinto, California; and St. Huberts, New York, in the three poem signatures.

Biographical note. Mackay was a traveling periodical poet whose three Out West signatures trace a route from Chicago to Southern California and the Adirondacks. The name has not been linked securely to a fuller authority record.

Work in these journals. Mountain summit, bobolink field, and gypsy memory form a small geography of desired places. The poems are musical and pastoral, with remembered sound serving as a link across distance.

Southern California basis. Signed San Jacinto, California.

My Bobolink Field — *Out West*, Vol. 29, August 1908; magazine p. 148; physical source PDF p. 201

My Bobolink Field

by Laura Mackay

Out West, Vol. 29, August 1908; magazine p. 148; physical source PDF p. 201

Regional basis. Signed San Jacinto, California.

My bobolink field—it stretched away
From the dune where climbed the rose and bay—
Where the sun in its tangle burned so bright
Over the edge of the dune at night
When the day was done, to the dune in the east,
Where the sun came up when he was released;
And all that wide green field was mine,
From the great sweet Giver of summer-time.

My bobolink field! There never grew
Grasses more misty and deep, I knew;
And every flower on the grassy lea
Belonged to my bobolinks and me.
I thought I knew where lightly hung
Every nest that the grasses swung,
And every nest that was built so low
That surely none but a child could know!

The sky above was just for me,
And mine the sound of the beating sea;
And mine the sun, when I stood alone
Stretching my hands to him going down,
Smiling to him a wordless prayer
For the child who played in the beauty there.

Then, with my sun-bonnet off, I turned
From the rose and bay where the sun had burned,
To the shadowy gray of the distant sea,
Where the day would soon come back for me;
And throwing a kiss in the shadowy light,
I bid my bobolink field good night.

My bobolink field—they came from town
And burned the roses and wild bay down.
They sold it in house-lots fenced and small,
And ruined the great sweet peace of all.
They must not have known how daisies shine,
Nor have guessed that the bobolink field was mine!

Oh, my bobolinks! through my tears
I searched for you in those far-off years,

And now when I hear you sing I know
Some of the sweetness of long ago;
And once again my heart is free
In a wide green field by the sunlit sea.

Cambridge, Mass.

Margaret Hobson

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Southern California association through her poem on the Hollywood garden of painter Paul de Longpre; permanent residence unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Hobson was a periodical poet represented in Out West in 1912-13. Research has not produced a sufficiently specific external biography, so the Hollywood subject and magazine record are kept distinct from any claim of permanent residence.

Work in these journals. Her poems move from de Longpre's flower garden to inspiration and maternal grief. Floral art, creativity, and intimate loss form a coherent sequence despite the small sample.

Southern California basis. Title names Paul de Longpre's Hollywood garden.

Biographical sources: [Out West volume index](#)

In De Longpre's Garden — *Out West*, Vol. 3 New Series, February 1912; physical source PDF p. 29

In De Longpre's Garden

by Margaret Hobson

Out West, Vol. 3 New Series, February 1912; physical source PDF p. 29

Regional basis. Title names Paul de Longpre's Hollywood garden.

Here, amid the lush of waving grasses
Where sways the vine in languid southern grace,
The breeze of morning lingers as it passes,
To gather perfume from so sweet a place.
The butterfly in all his black and yellow,
The humming bird with green of trembling wing,
The mocker dumbly seeks its silent fellow,
All in a doubt and voiceless questioning.
And I, within the tangled wildernesses
Of wanton bloom and pathways overgrown,
Wait, while the lonely, empty calm oppresses.
For something in the garden that has flown.
Till lo! From out the sunlight's rosy flushes,
From where the stately rose stands tall and fair,
An unheard voice comes through the perfumed hushes,
And bids begone the loneliness and care.
And says: "Fear not, O bird, O lonely brother!
Look in the rose and you shall see my face,
I am still here, although perchance another
Gives you his care and takes my wonted place.
"I am the soul, dear heart, of all the roses,
I am the odor lingering far and near;
Think not on where my human dust reposes,
Come to my garden—I am always here!"

Margaret Jeanette Gates

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Los Angeles association through Out West; permanent residence unconfirmed.

Biographical note. Gates published poetry in the late Out West. The magazine prints both 'Julia' and 'Morningside Park,' but modern biographical documentation remains sparse.

Work in these journals. 'Morningside Park' is included for its explicit Los Angeles park and neighborhood setting.

Southern California basis. Poem concerns the Los Angeles park and neighborhood.

Biographical sources: [Out West, January 1912](#)

Morningside Park — *Out West*, Vol. 3 New Series, January 1912; physical source PDF p. 51

Morningside Park

by Margaret Jeanette Gates

Out West, Vol. 3 New Series, January 1912; physical source PDF p. 51

Regional basis. *Poem concerns the Los Angeles park and neighborhood.*

I can not tell why the poplars
Reminded me of her hair,
Except that the bright sun burnished them
In the sparkling winter air.

But some endeared reminder,
Some loveliness lingering high
Upon the Winter parkway
Where the sun's great Eastern eye

Was shining in November,
Made me catch my breath and say,
"Lord send thy sun upon her
Wherever she is this day."

Mrs. Carl Schutze

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Association with Chula Vista, San Diego County, through the poem's subject.

Biographical note. The contributor is identified only by her married name in the journal, and research has not securely recovered her given name or life dates.

Work in these journals. 'Chula Vista' is a direct civic and landscape poem about the South Bay community.

Southern California basis. Title names Chula Vista, San Diego County.

Chula Vista — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 13, No. 6, December 1900; magazine p. 391; source PDF p. 662

Chula Vista

by Mrs. Carl Schutze

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 13, No. 6, December 1900; magazine p. 391; source PDF p. 662

Regional basis. Title names Chula Vista, San Diego County.

All day I watch the white sails come and go.

The hungry tide comes lapping on the sands
Like some strange human thing that understands,
With prescience sure, its time of ebb and flow.
Mid fadeless green I see the orange glow,
The paler gold of lemons flecks the trees,
And roses rioting with honey bees.

From Loma to the peaks of Mexico
The charmed vision hath unbroken sweep.

And when the wan night draws her curtains down,
The sweet-faced moon with her slow grace doth creep
From purple mountain depths, mysterious grown.
Long lines of fire that tremble in the deep
Reflect the lights in the far distant town.

Los Angeles.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. San Diego from 1886 until her death in 1939.

Biographical note. Rose Hartwick Thorpe (1850-1939) was a poet, novelist, editor, and clubwoman, nationally known for the narrative poem 'Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight.' She continued publishing after settling in San Diego.

Work in these journals. 'La Jolla' belongs to her sustained poetic engagement with the San Diego coast.

Southern California basis. Title names La Jolla, San Diego.

Biographical sources: [San Diego History Center](#)

La Jolla — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 3, No. 2, July 1895, p. 78; source PDF p. 129

La Jolla

by Rose Hartwick Thorpe

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 3, No. 2, July 1895, p. 78; source PDF p. 129

Regional basis. Title names *La Jolla*, *San Diego*.

The land's-end here, of rugged mould,
Fronts grim and grand the tossing sea.
The rock-strewn ledges, fold on fold,
Withstand the water's battery.

The caverns where the waves make moan
Are spiked with columns carved from stone.
Those caves, dark-mouthed, mysterious,
Ingulf the eddying, swirling tide,
And beat their prey delirious,
With dash and lash from side to side
Through corridor and vaulted dome,
Then hurl it forth in froth and foam.

Behold this rock's storm-chiseled face:
His giant arms that sea-ward reach
To bar its progress. See the grace
Of yonder crescent-curving beach
Where bathers sport and children play
From June to June the year's long day.

Sharlot M. Hall

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Dewey and Prescott, Arizona Territory; later the Territorial Governor's Mansion in Prescott.

Biographical note. Hall (1870-1943) came to Arizona with her family in 1882, grew up on a ranch near Dewey, and became a poet, journalist, historian, and preservationist. She served as Arizona's territorial historian and founded the museum that bears her name.

Work in these journals. Her poems turn ranch life, mining camps, desert weather, trails, and Arizona history into ballads, narratives, and compact lyrics. The strongest pieces combine documentary detail with an elegiac sense of a rapidly changing frontier.

Southern California basis. Title names Ventura.

Biographical sources: [Sharlot Hall Museum](#) | [Arizona Women's Hall of Fame](#)

Daybreak in Ventura — *Land of Sunshine*, Vol. 6, No. 1, December 1896, p. 27; source PDF p. 44

Daybreak in Ventura

by Sharlot M. Hall

Land of Sunshine, Vol. 6, No. 1, December 1896, p. 27; source PDF p. 44

Regional basis. Title names *Ventura*.

The sunrise drifted in across the sea,
And lay in rosy light upon the palms
That stretched their green leaf-fingers down to me
Like beggars asking alms.

I tossed them each a coin of memory
From out her garnered store;
Some pictured dream of olden Araby
Or Tunis' white-walled shore.

The dawn-wind waked the pepper trees again,
And whispering music made;
And on the Mission's Moorish turrets then
The early sunbeams played.

Along the wharf the little wavelets sped,
Playing at hide and seek;
And on the sea-line Anacapa's head
Rose up all bare and bleak.

Behind the sleeping town the sea-mist's lace
Veiled hill and mountain dome;
I heard a step, a word, and raised my face—
Morning and Love had come.

Prescott, Arizona.

Washington Matthews

Explicit Southern California place-link | 1 poem

Location. Army posts across the American West, especially Fort Wingate, New Mexico; later Washington, D.C.

Biographical note. Matthews (1843-1905) was an army surgeon, ethnographer, linguist, and student of Navajo culture. His long field experience in the Southwest produced major works on Navajo ceremony, language, and oral literature.

Work in these journals. The four poems range from bird song and plains nostalgia to biblical reflection and epigram. They show the literary side of a scholar better known for ethnography, with travel and translation shaping his imagery.

Southern California basis. Signed San Diego, California.

Biographical sources: [Smithsonian Libraries record](#)

The Contrast — *Out West*, Vol. 22, April 1905; magazine pp. 304-305; physical source PDF pp. 469-470

The Contrast

by Washington Matthews

Out West, Vol. 22, April 1905; magazine pp. 304-305; physical source PDF pp. 469-470

Regional basis. Signed *San Diego, California*.

Dark days around the Gloucester moors
Have come again,
With winds that wail and mists that trail
O'er land and sea;
But darker days are in my soul,
Sad is my lot,
Despair and pain are with me here—
Alice is not.

Bright days around the Gloucester moors
Are now with me;
Clear is the sky and fair the land
And calm the sea.
The days within my soul are bright,
And life is dear;
For, shining like the sun's own light,
Alice is here.

Dark days around the Gloucester moors
Have come again,
With northeast gales and slanting sails,
And drifting rain.
Sad are the echoes in my soul
As breakers' moan,
And like the rain my teardrops fall—
Alice is gone.

Washington, D. C.