

THE NATION BACK OF US, THE WORLD IN FRONT

OUT WEST

A MAGAZINE OF THE OLD PACIFIC AND THE NEW



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY ANTHOLOGY

REGIONAL POETS AND PLACE-POEMS

1902-1917

BRIAN KIM STEFANS, EDITOR

TEXT/TECH JOURNALS

Editor's Note

This anthology separates the *Out West* component of the combined Southern California poetry anthology. It uses the same eight-county boundary and the same distinction between documented regional writers and poems that qualify through explicit geographic evidence.

The corrected poem pages, source citations, meaningful indentation, and regional notes are preserved from the combined edition. New author dividers identify the Out West-only counts represented here.

Contents

The Indian Basket-Maker - Anna Ball (Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 197; physical source PDF p. 44)

Southern California Winter - Anna Ball (Vol. 18, March 1903; magazine p. 344; physical source PDF p. 511)

A Throne Land - Anna Ball (Vol. 21, October 1904; magazine p. 371; physical source PDF p. 528)

To Eulalia - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 16, April 1902; magazine p. 523; physical source PDF p. 58)

Unto the Hills - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 19, October 1903; magazine p. 399; physical source PDF p. 582)

The Little Highbinder Ham - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 20, January 1904; magazine p. 60; physical source PDF p. 77)

"Toro-o-o!" - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 436; physical source PDF p. 659)

The Daughters of Mapastepec - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 20, June 1904; magazine p. 518; physical source PDF p. 797)

In a Land Still Unmapped - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 37; physical source PDF p. 54)

The Cowboy's Sanctuary - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 21, August 1904; magazine p. 155; physical source PDF p. 216)

Lat. 23 N. - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 21, December 1904; magazine p. 534; physical source PDF p. 795)

Magnificat - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 22, January 1905; magazine p. 56; physical source PDF p. 73)

Yatai - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 206; physical source PDF p. 327)

The Wilderness - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 22, April 1905; magazine p. 317; physical source PDF p. 482)

Susurro - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 74; physical source PDF p. 97)

To the Mexican Immigrant - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 25, August 1906; magazine p. 156; physical source PDF p. 258)

Pioneer - Arthur B. Bennett (Vol. 26, April 1907; magazine p. 364; physical source PDF p. 613)

Catalina Fog - Blanche Trask (Vol. 20, February 1904; magazine p. 161; physical source PDF p. 232)

The Pines - Blanche Trask (Vol. 20, March 1904; magazine p. 222; physical source PDF p. 345)

How Can It Be? - Blanche Trask (Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 465; physical source PDF p. 674)

The Dream of the Pine - Blanche Trask (Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 119; physical source PDF p. 188)

John Charles Frémont - Charles F. Lummis (Vol. 18, February 1903; magazine p. 186; physical source PDF p. 291)

Jim - Charles F. Lummis (Vol. 28, April 1908; magazine p. 314; physical source PDF p. 447)

The Sidewinder - Charles F. Lummis (Vol. 29, August 1908; magazine p. 127; physical source PDF p. 180)

- 5:59** - Charles F. Lummis (Vol. 30, January 1909; magazine p. 82; physical source PDF p. 99)
- Sartor Resartus** - Charles F. Lummis (Vol. 31, August 1909; magazine p. 738; physical source PDF p. 153)
- Building the Road** - Charlton Lawrence Edholm (Vol. 28, April 1908; magazine p. 303; physical source PDF p. 436)
- Hills of Sunland** - Charlton Lawrence Edholm (Vol. 30, February-March 1909; magazine p. 108; physical source PDF p. 151)
- Then and Now** - Charlton Lawrence Edholm (Vol. 30, February-March 1909; magazine p. 129; physical source PDF p. 172)
- Wings** - Charlton Lawrence Edholm (Vol. 32, January 1910; physical source PDF p. 18)
- Trail's End** - Cruse Carriel (Vol. 44, July 1916; physical source PDF p. 47)
- But Not Platonic** - Cruse Carriel (Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 47)
- One Above Others** - Cruse Carriel (Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 42)
- The Garden** - Edward Salisbury Field (Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 215; physical source PDF p. 62)
- The Wind Seems Kind Today** - Edward Salisbury Field (Vol. 16, May 1902; magazine p. 654; physical source PDF p. 67)
- 'Tis Very Trying to be Poor** - Edward Salisbury Field (Vol. 16, June 1902; magazine p. 796; physical source PDF p. 53)
- Sir Insolence** - Edward Salisbury Field (Vol. 17, October 1902; magazine p. 662; physical source PDF p. 97)
- Wild Animals** - Edward Salisbury Field (Vol. 17, November 1902; magazine p. 811; physical source PDF p. 58)
- The Kangaroo** - Edward Salisbury Field (Vol. 17, December 1902; magazine p. 1007; physical source PDF p. 58)
- I've Never Seen a Single Thing** - Edward Salisbury Field (Vol. 18, February 1903; unnumbered illustrated page following magazine p. 195; physical source PDF p. 301)
- Was It the Sea?** - Edward Salisbury Field (Vol. 18, June 1903; magazine p. 721; physical source PDF p. 1074)
- At Catalina** - Eleanor F. Lewis (Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 471; physical source PDF p. 680)
- The City's Voice** - Eleanor F. Lewis (Vol. 27, July 1907; magazine p. 56; physical source PDF p. 73)
- At Dusk** - Ethel Griffith (Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 147; physical source PDF p. 216)
- A Loafin' on the Shore** - Ethel Griffith (Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine pp. 228-229; physical source PDF pp. 349-350)
- The Prayer of the Bound** - Ethel Griffith (Vol. 23, December 1905; magazine p. 538; physical source PDF p. 821)
- The Landward Call o' the Sea** - Ethel Griffith (Vol. 27, August 1907; magazine pp. 125-126; physical source PDF pp. 184, 186)
- Sunset on the Palatine** - Grace Ellery Channing (Vol. 18, May 1903; magazine p. 623; physical source PDF p. 912)
- The Cactus Hedge** - Ina Coolbrith (Vol. 17, October 1902; magazine p. 616; physical source PDF p. 51)
- William Keith** - Ina Coolbrith (Vol. 18, April 1903; magazine p. 432; physical source PDF p. 677)
- San Francisco** - Ina Coolbrith (Vol. 6 New Series, July-August 1913; physical source PDF p. 3)
- Among the White Sands** - Isabel Darling (Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 453; physical source PDF p. 676)

- Upspringing Waters** - Isabel Darling (Vol. 21, November 1904; magazine p. 438; physical source PDF p. 647)
- Modern Scythians** - Isabel Darling (Vol. 22, February 1905; magazine p. 135; physical source PDF p. 204)
- Buckthorn** - J. C. Davis (Vol. 28, June 1908; magazine p. 482; physical source PDF p. 695)
- The Poppies of Devore** - J. C. Davis (Vol. 28, June 1908; magazine p. 451; physical source PDF p. 664)
- Coyote Goes the Sun Road** - John Vance Cheney (Vol. 26, January 1907; magazine p. 49; physical source PDF p. 76)
- Where Would I Be?** - John Vance Cheney (Vol. 26, February 1907; magazine p. 170; physical source PDF p. 273)
- Matilija Poppies** - Julia Boynton Green (Vol. 16, February 1902; magazine p. 204; physical source PDF p. 51)
- Dodder** - Julia Boynton Green (Vol. 16, March 1902; magazine p. 361; physical source PDF p. 52)
- The Pale Blue Larkspur** - Julia Boynton Green (Vol. 17, August 1902; magazine p. 254; physical source PDF p. 53)
- Mañana** - Julia Boynton Green (Vol. 17, November 1902; magazine p. 883; physical source PDF p. 130)
- Elysian Fields** - Juliette Estelle Mathis (Vol. 18, April 1903; magazine p. 465; physical source PDF p. 710)
- Without You** - Juliette Estelle Mathis (Vol. 19, November 1903; magazine p. 513; physical source PDF p. 752)
- At Miramar** - Juliette Estelle Mathis (Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 458; physical source PDF p. 681)
- The Call of the Surf** - Juliette Estelle Mathis (Vol. 21, September 1904; magazine p. 261; physical source PDF p. 366)
- The Immutable God** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 3 New Series, March 1912; physical source PDF p. 3)
- April** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 3 New Series, April 1912; physical source PDF p. 2)
- Vox Maris** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 3 New Series, April 1912; physical source PDF p. 36)
- A Cycle of Smile** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 3 New Series, June 1912; physical source PDF p. 35)
- Reincarnation** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 5 New Series, March-April 1913; physical source PDF p. 62)
- God at the Cabaret** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 44, August 1916; physical source PDF p. 23)
- Transmutation** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 44, August 1916; physical source PDF p. 7)
- To Mexico** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 44, September 1916; physical source PDF p. 39)
- Labor to Churchman** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 44, November 1916; physical source PDF p. 28)
- The Variant** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 44, November 1916; physical source PDF p. 4)
- Verses: Inadequacy; Freedom** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 44, December 1916; physical source PDF p. 26)
- Battle Cry** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 44, February 1917; physical source PDF p. 41)
- Progress** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 44, February 1917; physical source PDF p. 13)
- April** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 45, April 1917; physical source PDF p. 2)
- Preparedness** - Lannie Haynes Martin (Vol. 45, April 1917; physical source PDF p. 25)
- Thoughts in the Campagna** - Nancy K. Foster (Vol. 16, June 1902; magazine p. 864; physical source PDF p. 121)
- My Trail** - Nancy K. Foster (Vol. 25, November 1906; magazine p. 424; physical source PDF p. 709)
- Fog** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 180; physical source PDF p. 301)
- An Adobe Ruin** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 40; physical source PDF p. 63)
- The Faithless One** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 24, April 1906; magazine p. 289; physical source PDF p. 542)
- Poinsettias** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 26, January 1907; magazine p. 22; physical source PDF p. 49)

- April Baptism** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 26, April 1907; magazine p. 326; physical source PDF p. 575)
- Youth in Spring** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 26, June 1907; magazine p. 536; physical source PDF p. 879)
- Night-Fall** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 27, August 1907; magazine p. 175; physical source PDF p. 234)
- To a Gold-of-Ophir Rose** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 28, May 1908; magazine p. 366; physical source PDF p. 537)
- A Memory** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 31, November 1909; magazine p. 876; physical source PDF p. 287)
- November Poplars** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 32, February 1910; physical source PDF p. 44)
- Joy** - Neeta Marquis (Vol. 32, March 1910; physical source PDF p. 8)
- The Desert of the Colorado** - Nellie Suydam (Vol. 17, December 1902; magazine p. 1032; physical source PDF p. 83)
- By the Superstition Mountain** - Nellie Suydam (Vol. 24, January 1906; magazine p. 54; physical source PDF p. 81)
- The Lone Trail** - Nellie Suydam (Vol. 24, March 1906; magazine p. 207; physical source PDF p. 380)
- On the Road to Nogales** - Nellie Suydam (Vol. 27, December 1907; magazine p. 507; physical source PDF p. 772)
- Mist** - Nora May French (Vol. 19, October 1903; magazine p. 395; physical source PDF p. 578)
- Two Songs** - Nora May French (Vol. 19, November 1903; magazine p. 530; physical source PDF p. 769)
- One Day** - Nora May French (Vol. 20, February 1904; magazine p. 155; physical source PDF p. 226)
- Along the Track** - Nora May French (Vol. 20, March 1904; magazine p. 247; physical source PDF p. 370)
- Down the Trail** - Nora May French (Vol. 20, May 1904; magazine p. 412; physical source PDF p. 635)
- By the Hospital** - Nora May French (Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 53; physical source PDF p. 70)
- Rain** - Nora May French (Vol. 22, March 1905; magazine p. 212; physical source PDF p. 333)
- Noon** - Nora May French (Vol. 23, July 1905; magazine p. 58; physical source PDF p. 81)
- The Constant Ones** - Nora May French (Vol. 23, October 1905; magazine p. 357; physical source PDF p. 532)
- The Feast** - Ruby Baughman (Vol. 27, September 1907; magazine p. 223; physical source PDF p. 340)
- The Challenge** - Ruby Baughman (Vol. 28, February 1908; magazine p. 143; physical source PDF p. 200)
- To My Brass Buddha** - Ruby Baughman (Vol. 32, March 1910; physical source PDF p. 94)
- Daybreak on Mount Wilson** - Addison Howard Gibson (Vol. 3 New Series, June 1912; physical source PDF p. 50)
- The "Camino Real"--The King's Highway** - Ella M. Sexton (Vol. 21, July 1904; magazine p. 19; physical source PDF p. 36)
- My Bobolink Field** - Laura Mackay (Vol. 29, August 1908; magazine p. 148; physical source PDF p. 201)
- In De Longpre's Garden** - Margaret Hobson (Vol. 3 New Series, February 1912; physical source PDF p. 29)
- Morningside Park** - Margaret Jeanette Gates (Vol. 3 New Series, January 1912; physical source PDF p. 51)
- The Contrast** - Washington Matthews (Vol. 22, April 1905; magazine pp. 304-305; physical source PDF pp. 469-470)

Anna Ball

3 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

14 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

4 Out West poems

Southern California poet; explicit regional poem

Regional basis. Title names Santa Catalina Island.

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 the 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.

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

5 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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
Where to 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.

Charlton Lawrence Edholm

4 Out West poems

Southern California poet; explicit regional poem

Regional basis. Signed Elsinore, California.

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 the 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.

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

3 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

8 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

2 Out West poems

Southern California poet; explicit regional poem

Regional basis. Title names Santa Catalina Island.

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 the 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.

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

4 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

1 Out West poem

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

3 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

3 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

2 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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.

John Vance Cheney

2 Out West poems

Southern California poet

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

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 the 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.

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

4 Out West poems

Southern California poet; explicit regional poem

Regional basis. Title names the Matilija region of Ventura County.

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 the 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.

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

4 Out West poems

Southern California poet

Regional basis. Associated through signed poems and prose with Santa Barbara before moving north.

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 the 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.

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!

Lannie Haynes Martin

15 Out West poems

Southern California poet

Regional basis. Journalist, editor, and writer in Altadena and Los Angeles.

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 the 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.

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

2 Out West poems

Southern California poet

Regional basis. Signed and situated poems in the San Bernardino Mountains and Mojave region.

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 the 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.

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,
Broider'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

11 Out West poems

Southern California poet

Regional basis. Los Angeles poet, journalist, historian, and literary organizer.

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 the 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.

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

4 Out West poems

Southern California poet

Regional basis. Documented resident and diarist of Glendora, Los Angeles County.

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 the 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.

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

9 Out West poems

Southern California poet

Regional basis. Began her California literary career in Los Angeles and the Arroyo Seco circle.

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 the 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.

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

3 Out West poems

Southern California poet

Regional basis. Los Angeles poet and city-school supervisor of immigrant and adult education.

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 the 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.

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

1 Out West poem

Explicit Southern California poem

Regional basis. Title names Mount Wilson, Los Angeles County.

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.

Ella M. Sexton

1 Out West poem

Explicit Southern California poem

Regional basis. Poem follows California's mission road, including its Southern California chain.

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 the 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.

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.

Laura Mackay

1 Out West poem

Explicit Southern California poem

Regional basis. Signed San Jacinto, California.

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 the 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.

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

1 Out West poem

Explicit Southern California poem

Regional basis. Title names Paul de Longpre's Hollywood garden.

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 the 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.

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

1 Out West poem

Explicit Southern California poem

Regional basis. Poem concerns the Los Angeles park and neighborhood.

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."

Washington Matthews

1 Out West poem

Explicit Southern California poem

Regional basis. Signed San Diego, California.

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 the 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.

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.