



PEGASUS

A Magazine of Verse

VOLUME I, NUMBER I

January 1923

A NEW DIGITAL READING EDITION

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

Pegasus begins as a deliberately small San Diego magazine: W. H. Lench is named editor and publisher, and the opening roster balances local coastal imagery with a wider lyric register. Edwin Renold Lane's view of Loma and La Playa anchors the number in the harbor city, while poems by Dorothy Page, Katharine Howard, Ernest Walsh, Amy Seebree Smith, Fred Gronberg, and others move among dawns, ships, desert crossings, and intimate encounters. The closing comment asks for work from a literary public the editor plainly believed was present but dispersed.

This inaugural number is now documented not only by the surviving scan but by institutional traces: the University of Chicago's little-magazine finding aid lists San Diego Pegasus, Volume I, Nos. 1-2, and the federal copyright catalog records William H. Lench's San Diego periodical. Read together, those records and the issue itself reveal a modest, self-conscious attempt to make a place for verse on the Pacific coast.

SOURCES CONSULTED

- University of Chicago little-magazine finding aid
- U.S. copyright catalog, 1923 periodicals

TEXTUAL AND EDITORIAL NOTE

This edition is newly typeset from the supplied HathiTrust scan. Obvious OCR artifacts, broken words, duplicated drop capitals, and spacing errors have been corrected against the page images. Period spelling, capitalization, and unusual diction have otherwise been retained. Hyphens and em dashes have been checked against the printed pages rather than normalized into a single mark. Each poem begins on a new page, with its printed issue page and scan page identified, and every poet's name is placed immediately beneath the corresponding title.

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A SONNET TO THE DAWN

Katharine Howard

The dawn for ecstasy, for peace, the night.
Vigor of breath divine is in the air
As from florescence of the dawning light
All sentient things awake, and everywhere
Life breathes, evolves, and whirs and soars and sings.
It seems each morn that God has breathed anew
His breath of Life upon the world—and wings
Disperse a fragrance with the morning dew.

If wakening out of sleep to ecstasy
Is harbinger of joy that is to be,
If the processions of the night inclose
In mystic matrix, colours of the rose—
Then may not Death, as in a longer sleep
Celestial dawns within her bosom keep?

Issue p. 2 · Scan p. 4.

LIFE

Ernest Walsh

It is a meaningless repetition,
A surging forward,
Only to slip back
And return to the unsounded sea:
Or do we,
Like waves,
Sometimes break more inland than the rest
Upon indifferent shores,
Touching the foundations of an ancient growth
Until, in time, it falls,
And is drawn with us
Into the depths—

We, to rise,
And surge forward again,
Depositing new foundations,
On which new things grow
And thrust ascending life,
As a challenge,
Before spacious horizons of unreckoned distance?

I do not know,
I only know
That as I rise
High-crested on the upward impulse of a sea,
I glimpse,
For a moment,
The far-reaching goal before me.
And with a shout,
Hopefully,
And dizzily as one stirred by wine,
I leap...

Issue p. 3 · Scan p. 5.

THE CUP

Louisa Stabel

Over the rim of his briny cup
 The sun is dipping his red lips.
His hand is unsteady, his great arm shakes,
Splashing liquid over his face.
 Drink with him
From the churn of the frothy cup.
Drink with your eyes
The golden glow that sparkles,—
While the sun's red lips are dipping
In the sunset flow of his crystal cup.
Dripping over the rim of his bubbling cup.

Issue p. 3 · Scan p. 5.

THE SUN GOES DOWN

Edwin Renold Lane

The sun goes down. 'Gainst shadow, gold
Blent with the sunset's crimson skies,
The purple bulk of Loma lies
Above the bay. La Playa old
Half-hides in dusk. Fog-wreaths arise,
Wraith-like, their spectre hands unfold,
The sun goes down.

The clamor of the daytime dies—
While ebbs the tide, where anchors hold
Gray battleships whose outlines bold
Fade shapeless shadows 'neath my eyes.

The white-winged gulls their raucous cries
Have ceased, the brazen whistles told
Their message for the day; unrolled
Night's curtain falls, and daylight flies—
The sun goes down.

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

SONG

Dorothy Page

(For B **)

Oh give me a sail of hyacinth dusk
With riggings of frail star-beams,
The slim new moon for a phantom barque
And find me a sea of dreams,

Then set me afloat through a murmurous night
To drift till the last star dies,
And cry "God-speed!" if my barque and I
Are lost... in the next sun-rise!

Issue p. 4 · Scan p. 6.

ENCOUNTER

Dorothy Page

I followed all alone, one April day
The tender, upward gesture of a hill;
Prim-roses frolicked laughing, in my way
And lush grass shivered with a passing thrill.

And one wild plum tree caught me, like a lad
Of ancient Grecian beauty, white and gold,
And oh! the tree was exquisitely mad
With wine of late Spring wind, wine sweet and cold...

Cloud shadows trailed the fabric of their lace,
The tree-lad swayed until it touched my hair,
And drifted petals on my upturned face
Until they brushed my mouth and rested there.

Hot tears clung startled to my lashes tips...
Had not a wild plum tree just kissed my lips?

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

A LIGHTHOUSE

W. H. Lench

I would be a lighthouse
On angry nights
Flashing light to storm-tossed mariners.

I would be a lighthouse...

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

THE FISHING FLEET

W. H. Lench

From Signal Hill
I watch the fishing fleet,
In the windless bay,
Their gull-like pinions quivering.
They are like angels trying to fly...

Issue p. 5 · Scan p. 7.

SONNET

W. H. Lench

I love to watch the waves of the mad sea
In the spring moonlight playing on the shore—
I love to watch the waves, they play for me
Strange tunes, stranger than I have heard before.
I watch them rise as infantry and bound
Shoreward, ghost-like. They break with organ sound
And spread a shroud upon the lifeless sand,
Like the cool snow that early clothes the land.

I love to watch the waves of the mad sea
As they play on the lonely moonlit shore—
And wonder if they feel monotony
In their lives, as they chant their mystic lore.
I love to hear the waves; they play for me
Sweet endless tunes upon their lute, the shore.

Issue p. 6 · Scan p. 8.

COLUMBINE

Yetta Kay Stoddard

Chilled memories mingle in her blood
Like mellowing muscadine...
At dusk she stood in Hall's dimmed wood,
Where there grew columbine
Dewed timid columbine.

From red-gold cups of columbine
June's jewelled drops were spilled.
Her lips and thine had sipped such wine
Were promises fulfilled,
Old promises fulfilled.

Issue p. 6 · Scan p. 8.

CROSSING THE MOJAVE

Lila Serles

Look at the line of mountains
Crawl like a blue snake across the distance,
The trees far up in the hills
Like fountains
Splash in the sun.

Down here the sage-brush burns
Like a heart, thirsty for its Love.
Do not try to touch it...

Night steals over the world,
The desert sleeps languorously,
Embraced by the cool nodding stars.

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9.

NIGHT-SKIES

Amy Sebree Smith

I lifted my face to the night-skies,
As to the petals of a mysterious flower,
Blue-purple, velvety,
And cool with the dew of star-beams.

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9.

DAWN-SEA

Amy Se bree Smith

Out of the mists of night
Dawns the sea.
From the peace of dreams
 Under the stars
The sea rises, glowing,
Glinting with golden laughter,
 Ripples of sun-fire.

The waves of the dawn-sea
Are baptismal waters,
Washing my thought clean
 Of earth-dust.

Issue p. 7 · Scan p. 9.

FIRST LOVE

Fred Gronberg

First love—a pale ethereal flame,
That gently glows in awe subdued,
Lest fanning it might quickly tame
The ardour of young passion, nude
And innocent of world pretense.
First love—the heart's sweet frankincense.

Issue p. 8 · Scan p. 10.

BOMBAST

Fred Gronberg

When this migratory, labored sphere
In cooling, laid its crust,
It was that
I might firmly stand thereon
To ridicule
The Divine Designer's abortive handicraft.

And when the ancient, lumbering saurian
From the primordial ooze
Crawled out
Blinking insouciantly
At nimble-flitting dragon-flies,
Much comfort overwhelmed me
And I was filled
With felicitous jocosity.

And when
An hundred thousand sweating slaves
Went down to early rot
To rear a pyramid;
The sturdy Cheops
Benevolently stroked his paunch
And insolently
Poked a digit in my ribs
And in unison
We raucously guffawed.

And even today
Within my cloistered crypt,
Though maddened still
By man's embalmed stupidity—
Even today
I can sit aloof
And tolerantly smile.

EDITORIAL AND BACK MATTER

COMMENT

San Diego is a recognized cultural center.

The object of Pegasus is to give the poets of this community a medium through which they can express themselves.

There are many literary clubs in San Diego devoted to the Arts. It is on these clubs that this magazine will rely for help and co-operation.

The first number will give an idea of its liberal policy.

A poem accepted by Pegasus will be worth printing. The publishing of even a small magazine involves considerable expense and only the best verse submitted can be printed.

Pegasus will foster a love for poetry and will be of help to writers who are trying to faithfully express themselves.

Dorothy Page, a frequent contributor to Contemporary Verse and other poetry magazines, has lived in San Diego. She has given us two delightful lyrics. She is wholeheartedly for the success of Pegasus.

Katharine Howard is well known by her published work, "The Little God." She has assured Pegasus of a "successful first flight" with her sonnet, "To The Dawn."

To all others who have sent in poems for the first issue, Pegasus is grateful.

2372 First St.

The world is full of poetry,— The air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness.

Percival.