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NO. 6

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Mary Caroline Davies | Margaret Tod Ritter

Lilian Barrett | Henri Faust

R. T. T. and others

MINOR POETS

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The Lyric West

Vol. IV, No. 6

A Magazine Of Verse

March, 1925

Edited by Roy Towner Thompson and Grace Atherton Dennen

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The Lyric West for March, 1925

Editors: Roy Towner Thompson, Grace Atherton Dennen

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Mary Caroline Davies

The Terrible Gift

I cried to Life to wake me.

“Now, you see!”

I cried to Life, “O, take me,

Shake me,

Break me!”

Eagerly

I cried to Life, “Oh, give me love,

With all its pain. I am brave enough!”

Life smiled and answered me:

“They who beg are not wise, you see.

Never, never ask for love;

No soul that lives is brave enough.”

Now I beg, as I weep,

Once again to sleep, sleep!

But that is a boon Life cannot give

The dead who have risen must live, live!

How did it feel to be dead, how?

I cannot remember now.

It is a dangerous thing to pray.

Terrible gifts are had that way.

Roberta Holloway

A Song to Spirit Thala, Who Is But Half Mortal, Away from Her Home in a Fragrant Cavern

Thala, come where the waves die,
And the moon-marks lie chilling the sand.
Come where a blue, forlorn wilderness of evening
Is fallen from the moon in fleecy, frozen light.

Thala, come where the pale fingers of the sea
Whitely caress the shadowy bosom of the shore;
Come where the fragrant winds are stilled,
Where the night-winged, darkling birds are hushed.
Come to me Thala, on smooth white feet
That touch the dim earth sleep-silently.

Frank Mitvalsky

Two Poems

THE TRAIN WHISTLE

It came with that weak, melancholy
Sunset-colored tone,
Clear, out of a cloud formed in the far-off.
I dropped my hoe and felt alone.
The boss had a distant look in his eye.
Then someone said: “It makes me think . . .”
And that was all.

After that mournful call
We took to work again
Strangers then
Behind a wall.

CLOUD CITIES

I have been thinking of a home
Somewhere within that thunder-dome
With pearly balcony
Over the land and sea.

And all the earth to glow
Fairy-floored below;
By shores of sunset I could wade
With fire in my face — unafraid.

It must be fun to stay
In cities that blow away.

Joan Dareth Prosper

Inland

He used to talk of ships, and I remember

Oh, I remember

Tall spars clustered in a drowsy, evening bay,
Clean winds calling, at white noon today;
Salt on the taffrail, foam at the bow,
And a singing at the windlass . . . how it all comes
back now!

(Though I never saw the sea.)

I sweep the rooms, half dreaming

Of tides

Slow breathing, languid giants sucking at the
sands,
Surging to the harbors of brilliant, tropic lands;
An old black brig headed for the sunset's gold,
Bringing back the red dawn stuffed in her hold
(His words!)

The six-year maple on his grave is sturdy,

Yet . . . yet . . .

Night, all drenched with stars, and still we're
outward bound.
Oh, the creaking of the canvas is an erie sort of
sound,
And I hear the tramping watch as I lie
warm-bunked below,

Where the yellow slush lamp swings to and fro, to
and fro.

(Like that, his talk.)

I scour the kettles and hang up the wash,

But these pictures won't go out of my head:

Full, white sails on a level twilight sea,

A tired bark trailing to some port of mystery;

Green waves a-glitter, . . . ships, ships, ships,

And a laughing sailor man with red, remembered
lips.

(God! How I'm still missing him!)

Margaret Tod Ritter

Motif

Be thou the wind and I will be
The scarlet pomegranate tree
That yields its utmost leaf to thee.

Be thou the troubadour and I
Will be the aching flute whereby
A star is set against the sky.

Be thou a silent garden-close
Where silver-footed water goes
And I will be thy climbing rose.

Tonio

The Secret Knowledge

It was our heart's delight to walk that way —
There on the ancient hill, feeling the swift wind, the
tinted twilight —
And we were sad — it took so many years to make that
day.
And so entranced with what we'd known and said on
other hills, on quiet nights, in the silence,
And the breath of sage coming up to us, so still, so fain,
We stood tilted to the wind, straining for the secret, the
pulse of Why, and heard
Sound as of distant frogs and felt an echo ache along
our brain;
Yet stayed it out. How could we know — who were so
young, so eager for the quest —
That it was all we had, we two beneath a light that
lighted both and troubled each,
And when it walked with us, slowly, in the silences, on
the broken mother hills,
The very earth gripped softly at our feet. We were so
young, so hard to reach.

S. Bert Cooksley

Tom

Tom and I were silly quite
 Always walking alley ways;
But then he did not care for light
 Set bolder than a candle's gaze.

And when we'd pass a wistful pane,
 He'd always say that love was there,
And I'd agree, for Tom was lame
 And took to heart the broad street's stare.

He could not bear their sympathy;
 And when my heart is near the sod,
It makes me almost cry to see
 Poor Tom go limping up to God.

Sheila O'Neil

Old Pain

All bits of beauty
Renew old pain —
An orange tree
Dances in the rain.

My heart no more is numb
But all athrill
To the mysterious charm
Of sky and hill;

And agony is better
Than hearts asleep —
That one is better dead
Who cannot weep!

All bits of beauty
Renew old pain —
An orange tree
Dances in the rain.

Cross Indicates Spot . . .

It's a mouldering house standing darkly aloof
From the foot and the eye and the voice.
There is gangrenous moss on the side of the roof
Where the sun never shines,
And down from the eaves of the rat-ridden attic
A rusty, rheumatic tin water-pipe twines
To the lips of a well.
As it drips, you can smell
Dead winds, dead flowers, and little dead birds.
The black lips glisten at the dripping fall.
They speak no words,
But if you listen you can hear the call
Of long-dead voices in the well's dark womb;
Pale hands beat vainly
Their land-locked tomb,
While weeping and laughing are mingled insanely,
Bubbling into silence. . .
The echo lingers
Deep in the heart of the mouldering house,
And doddering fungus-fingers
Grove on the stones of the door-step,
Pressing them gently, caressing them,
Making them pliant with poison. . . .
There's a fragrance of death in the cold, wet breath
That blows through the broken door.
There's a stain on the floor.

*Of this they will tell you as soon as you come;
They will tell it again as you're going away.
But a house and a hill and a hole in the ground
Have nothing to say.*

Lilian Barrett

The City of Destiny

Los Angeles is a witch:
All day her long arms reach toward the sea;
All night her eyes scintillate under their overhanging
brows, the foothills.
She mutters incantations around her seething
cauldron,
Throwing in bits of life from the East, the South, the
North,
And from the Great Outside.

With her green eyes and the sapphire jewels in her
ears
She is the vamp among cities;
“Not so marvelous to look at,” you say;
“Why all these Travelers’ Tales?”
“I have seen more beautiful women.”
You criticize her irregular features, and brush by her
skirts, carelessly.
And behold! — Next week she has you in her toils
forever!

Here the Mild and the Wild meet together, —
(And the Lord is the maker of them all —
Though each thinks the other of Satanic origin.)
The Mild — mostly from the Middle West — hasten to
build themselves expensive churches,

So as to keep God in storage for private use.
The Wild hasten unendingly towards life, liberty, and
the pursuit of happiness
On beaches, in cabarets, Hollywood, and Hell generally.
They imagine they have shut God out;
But the shutting-out is as much a delusion as the
shutting-in.

Meantime, the city is Ophelia in her craziest mood,
Pirouetting among tragedies with her gay, meaningless
song;
Tearing up all the things that ought to be left down,
And clamping down all those that ought to be torn up.
And while you are glaring at her, like Hamlet, in
moody despair, —
Lo! her very face and form change;
Her tattered hair braids itself smoothly;
She puts on her bungalow apron,
And becomes sweet, simple, domestic.

And then, again,
She is only the careless gipsy,
Laughing at you as she shakes her cheap gilt earrings;
You have to cross her palm with much gold before she
will promise you a golden future.
And even then you don't believe a word of it —
Why not?
Because she is a gipsy;
Because she is a wild Ophelia,
A sweet siren, a vamp, a witch: in other words
She is a Woman.

Mary Louise Rankin

Cloistered Mood

CLOISTER

That part of my mind
Which loves you
Is a cloister, —
So quiet
That your presence
Sets a thousand bells
Singing.
I look out of my grating,
And your eyes pray to me
For alms.

Bénédicté!

The bread I give you
Is holy bread.

VIGIL

When I am old,
I will burn candles
At your shrine.
And smile,
And nod,
And forget
Why, through many years,
I have burned candles
At your shrine.

INFINITUDE

The petals of my prayer unfold
With the warmth of God,
Who is at once
Fragrance and flower,
Who is seed and fruit,
Who is life and death,
Who is eternity,
And my prayer.

Challiss Silvey

Segments

WIND

The wind!
The wind is a capricious child
Who whispers mountains
Out of heavy slumber,
A child who ruffles
The dresses of many trees,
A young magician
Who races the beach
And marcel's the sand's fine hair! . . .

FOG

Who, then,
Is this wandering widow of heaven
Who so knowingly envelopes
The earth's infirmities
With her trailing scarves
Of ethereal mystery?

Mary Louise Mabie

The Tall Gods Pass

And be assured, the tall gods pass
To hold a magnifying glass
Over the cities in the grass.

Aloof and blue, the tall gods view
Out of the millions, just a few.
(Be still. They will not look at you.)

The tall gods wait upon the great
And give them lordliness and hate,
With clever eyes dispassionate.

Cover your home with a curling smoke;
Cover your gold with a somber cloak;
And so, beware, ye little folk!

Geraldine Seelemire

Scarlet Heart

The end of the road — and a star.
Rest — and a road's end — while far
Down the valley, wind-footed winds
A knight on a blood-bronze mare.
A scarlet heart is his emblem —
It burns in the white of his shield —
His plumes flash white, and his armor
Gleams in the starlight, steeled
With meshes of glinting silver —
And a heart flames red on his shield.

He came on a wind-swept highway
Riding his blood-bronze mare;
I came on a lonely by-way
With a hawthorne bloom in my hair.
We met — and he lifted his visor;
His face and his plumes flared white.
His sword was a wonder of beauty;
His arm was a marvel of might;
His shield shone clean as the morning,
And, as I paused to stare,
He stooped and asked for the hawthorne,
For the hawthorne bloom in my hair.

He passed down the windswept highway,
Swift, on his blood-bronze mare;

I turned to my lonely by-way
With the hawthorne still in my hair.
The end of the road — and a star.
Rest — and a road's end — but far
Down the valley, armored and steeled,
Rides a knight with a scarlet heart on his shield.

Henri Faust

Voyagers

It was part of the lore of the sea-coast town
That a strange white ship once appeared in the bay,
And it was ordered by a captain whose frown
But obscured the mad yearning of eyes sea-grey.

The old tars marveled at the vessel's whiteness,
And old wives whispered at the captain's face;
The white sails floated with a cloudy lightness,
The captain moved with a melancholy grace.

Townfolk had gathered in a holiday throng
To greet the sailor-boys as they came ashore,
But they turned moth-pale when the boats swung
 along,
For the men were strange like sailor-men of lore.

Granite as sea-cliffs, greyer than stormy sea,
They filed in solemn ranks through a place grown still,
And the townfolk marveled at some ecstasy
That haunted their eyes and bound them to its will.

Expectancy was the baton of their paces,
And eagerness was dominant in their eyes;
They moved like spectres through the town's quiet
 places,
And they hummed like trees when the south wind dies.

Their march was the sigh of a tired Hosanna,
Their lips were clean and their eyes without guile;
The old wives say they sang of Holy Manna,
The old wives say they spoke of a vanished isle.

But the sunset burned them with disappointment,
And an old despair blurred their eyes haunted-grey;
They knelt by the water and it was ointment
Bread and honey for their keeping, old wives say.

Spectrally they passed in the sudden twilight
That lifted up like fog from a troubled sea;
Townfolk were white-faced like moths by candle-light,
But their eyes were dark-jeweled with ecstasy.

An unreal melody arose from the bay
Where the vessel panted like a snowy flame,
As swift as a coursing star it shot away,
(That it vanished without moving, old wives claim.)

Just a part of the lore of a sea-coast town,

But I sometimes start at the sweep of a bay,
And I know I have tutored my brows to frown
To obscure the mad yearning of eyes of sea-grey;

Though I laugh at the thought of songs on manna,
And this tale of sailors without guilt or guile,
There are times I must sigh a tired Hosanna,
Ay, wearied with questing for the the vanished isle.

A Lincoln Incident

[In 1830, Abraham Lincoln agreed to split for Mrs. Nancy Miller four hundred rails for every yard of brown jean dyed with walnut bark that would be required to make him a pair of trousers.]

The sunlight through the hickory-trees lay gold
On Nancy Miller's ash-clean oaken floor.
Across the worn threshold a patterned web
Of rhythmic elfin weaving seemed to play
A game of hide-and-seek, a dappled path
Half out the door, across the rough hewn bench
That held a wooden pail, and long-necked gourd
New wet and dripping from the spring below.

Across the wood-lot came a well-knit youth,
And slacked his lounging stride to gaze about,
And dipped a gleaming draught from out the pail

Then leaned against the jamb and whistled low
To the lean hound that sniffed about his feet,
And peered again into the sunlit room
And wrapped with horny knuckles on the wall.

The music of the whirling loom-wheel ceased,
And hurried steps within approached the door —
And then a low voice said, in glad surprise,
“Why Abe, I hadn't thought to see you yet,
I reckon's how ye'll have to wait a bit;

And 'pears to me it ain't a mite too soon
That you should hev yer dark brown jeans to
wear.

Now yander on the line hangs t'other bit
As brown as beech-nuts be in fall of year —
Beats all how walnut bark will dye good jeans,
And if this other piece hangs to the shade,
Ye'll hev a bran-new pair of jeans I 'low
That's well-nigh fitten' fer a President."

The youth bowed low, and something of the grace
Of sires who walked in courtly tribunals
Looked out beneath the heavy brows, from eyes
That burned a lambent flame of strong intent.
They saw the breathless peace transcendent there,
The glory of a place well kept by hands
And reigned by hearts as staunch and true and fine
As those same virgin oaks and hickory-trees
That brooded God-like peace upon their own.

"The rails are split, twelve hundred, all in all,
And then perhaps a hundred more beside,
I 'low you hav'n't cut me short in jeans."
And so a-down the wooded hill he trudged,
Three yards of walnut jeans upon his arm,
And in his soul a flame unquenchable.

Sydney King Russell

Ministry

Those barren lives which beauty touches not
And joy may seldom reach, are the unblest,
The pitiful, whom loveliness has left
All desolate, devoid of sheltering grace;
Like barren roots that wither in the sun
And curl to dust, these lives would rot away
In emptiness, the suicides of scorn,
But for the hand outstretched, the pitying eye
The benediction of a tender word,
The blessing of a smile, an eager glance
Exchanged, and living made the lovelier
For small communion, simple, unafraid;
These are the lives that, leaning on our own,
Cry out for ministry of hand and heart.

Lilian White Spencer

Westerners

(In Memoriam)

CHIEF OURAY

A Moses of the Utes led tawny braves
Out of free ages to captivity:
“They come as mighty waters, sons,” cried he,
“And desert sands are less. All men are slaves
To fate, that buries us in rising waves
Of these pale tribes. So, let their chieftain be
Our great white father too. What matter? We
Are dead and strangers trample on our graves.”

The disinherited abode in peace
Henseforward with fair brethren and yet, when
That fettered eagle’s spirit sought release
He would lie free among his own again. . .
Now, they have passed who bore him to high snows
And where he sleeps nor red nor white man knows.

BUCKEY O'NEIL

Hail to the first Rough Rider! His appeal
For Cuba, through her night like chanticleer's
Cried a new day. First of the volunteers
Who raced to rescue, singing; first to feel
Her kiss beneath his broncho and to seal
Faith with his far state's flag and carbineers —
He gave her life, a cigarette and cheers!
The west still mourns that centaur, Buckey O'Neil.

Prescott in moonlight and his statue there
By the pale courthouse with its grim jail crown!
Behind high bars a prisoner looks down
(His griefs lost in old dreams) upon the square —
Back with Troop A and Arizona's son
Who said: "I gamble for a star!" and won.

FRAY SERRA

Heavy with years and far, he heard the call
Of dusky need and from his cloister came
Shod with fresh youth and in his heart a flame
That leaped across the infinite sea wall
To light new altars with old fire. All
The sweet ways he has hallowed wear his name
Like a white rose and on his memory, Fame
Lovingly casts her great resplendent pall.

Adobe cenotaphs to Monterey
Are stations of his pilgrimage that tell
How holy feet trudged on the king's highway.
Flowers still seek his trail and ocean's swell
But he rests in his mission of Carmel.
Runs up the beach to cool his step with spray. . .

Minor Poets

One frequently hears the verse magazines spoken of indifferently as being the medium of expression for minor poets. The implication is, obviously, that only the major poets are worth while.

Under certain conditions this may, perhaps, be true. If a young person in the pursuit of his education — perhaps of his professional training — who is endowed with foresight sufficiently to plan out his whole course of study, clearly sees that life is too short to study everything, that he is going to have only a limited amount of time to spend on cultural subjects outside his chosen field, it is certainly advisable that he spend such time as he may devote to literature on the major writers (if indeed, he is happily able to distinguish them). Or if there be an adult who, among numberless duties, can spend only a limited amount of time on cultural pursuits, let him read only the great classics. This is assuming, however, that the individuals above named can best “find themselves” in the great writers. For, after all, the reading of literature involves self-expression as well as the writing of literature. One expresses himself very definitely through what he chooses to read. The assumption is, of course, a large one.

Aside, however, from the case of the person who has only a limited amount of time, there are several other considerations involved which would seem to give the minor poet a more important place than his present designation would indicate.

In the first place, how can the contemporaries of a given writer distinguish the great from the near-great? The history of literature furnishes so many examples of faulty contemporary judgment that it has become an axiom with critics. One of the most pretentious monuments in the Poets’ Corner of Westminster Abbey is that of William Mason, a poet whose name is seldom, if ever, heard today even among the

teachers of literature. Even the great Samuel Johnson, in his monumental *Lives of the Poets*, exhibits the malady of contemporary blindness. He included among his "chosen" the names of Richard Savage and Edmund Smith, perhaps because he knew these men personally and, in the case of the latter at least, had spent many "cheerful and instructive hours" at his table. Of Thomas Gray, whose *Elegy* is well known even today, he said, with a wave of the hand: "We have had enough of Gray." In our own day we have witnessed the complete upsetting of the literary dicta of the generation just past in American literature. We have seen Longfellow and the New England poets who, to our parents and grandparents were supreme, thrust out of first place by Whitman, Poe, and Lanier.

Another consideration which should encourage sympathy toward *all* poets is this: That literature which has been judged by the critics of all time to be the finest has been produced during periods when enthusiasm for the arts ran high. The Elizabethan period produced Shakespeare; the Augustan Age produced Virgil; the Periclean Age produced Sophocles. Nothing that has happened in America in this generation is more important or more promising than the renaissance of interest in the arts which became so conspicuous just before the war. All the arts experienced new life, new impetus. We listened to the "new music," puzzled over cubistic paintings and *vers libre*. Whether these new artistic products are lasting contributions to culture is a minor question. The great fact remains that they have poured new and invigorating life into the arts — a life which is steadily growing and increasing today. With such an increase in interest in the arts there is hope for great achievement.

Not only will such an atmosphere of friendliness and enthusiasm tend to create great art and great artists. (Incidentally these artists will not find it imperative to leave

their own country for that fine spiritual encouragement which has always been so lacking.) To have great numbers of people engaging in artistic expression will improve the very texture of our life, will add cubits to our artistic stature. This growth of artistic sense is already visible in our public buildings; many of the libraries and schools being built today are veritable artistic triumphs. If great numbers of people are interested today in writing poetry, is this not a hopeful sign for the development of an indigenous culture? And while this poetry may not be great (contemporaries can pronounce only imperfect judgment) it is surely an encouraging sign of a sweeping artistic renaissance and a growth toward no one knows what artistic triumphs. Let contemporary poets speak their full measure, and in their own way. The future will take care of itself.

That there is a widespread interest in poetry is beyond question. It would be difficult to state the number of verse magazines being published in America today, for they are springing up everywhere. Any editor can bear witness to the flood of manuscripts which come daily to his desk. There is a point, perhaps, of “diminishing returns” for verse magazines. Their number should not be allowed to increase to such a point that mediocre and cheap jingles will be published. On the other hand, one or two or three verse magazines would not seem to be enough for the proper encouragement of our growing, our “minor” poets. The creator of beauty deserves all possible encouragement. Most of us will agree that John Richard Moreland has, in the following poem, created a bit of beauty which deserves preservation:

A MINOR POET

The sun is a fire
Of liquid gold,
The moon is a beacon

And silver cold.

The planets burn
With a flaming light,
The stars are the topaz
Eyes of night.

But I am only
A glow-worm's spark
Revealing the rose
When the moon is dark.

R. T. T.

Between Editor and Reader

Vital Statistics

During the last few months five new magazines have been born, one has died, and one has announced its coming end. If verse magazines continue to fluctuate at this rate we predict that the movement they represent will soon become a matter for study on the part of sociologists!

To begin chronologically, we note that *The Buccaneer* began its existence in September, 1924, at Dallas, Texas, edited by William Russell Clark, Isaac W. Wade, and Dawson Powell. It is devoted to verse, reviews, and comment. Next in order is *Fantasia*, published in our neighboring city, Pasadena, by George Hill Hodel and G. Bishop Pulsifer. We hasten to add that *Fantasia* is not an all-poetry magazine, but is "devoted to the portrayal of bizarre beauty in the arts." Much of its space, however, is given to verse; and it is enlivened with an occasional wood-block cut. Also from a neighboring city, Anaheim, there comes *Sea Foam*, a magazine "for the verse writer as well as the verse reader." This magazine, edited by J. Donald Atkins, made its initial bow to the verse reading public in January. From Colorado Springs comes a message which is self-explanatory: "The Editor and Associate Editors of *The Mesa*, A Quarterly Magazine of Poetry, wish to make a triumphal entry into all the citadels of North America bearing before them this youngest heir of the Muses on which they have conferred the flesh of printer's ink and the soul of hope." The above-mentioned editors are Albert Hartman Daehler, Alfred Cowles, and Edward A. Thurber. Just as we go to press comes the announcement of *The Gypsy*, "a new poetry magazine to be published in Cincinnati, Ohio. It will interest bibliophiles as well as poets and poetry lovers, for it will feature from issue to issue hitherto unpublished poems by

Walter Savage Landor, Robert Louis Stevenson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Lionel Johnson, Charles Dickens, and Emily Bronte." Also it announces poems by John Drinkwater and John Masefield. The announcement is signed by H. H. Conley Joslin, Halley Groesbeck, and George Elliston.

To offset this increase in the magazine population of America there is one death — that of *The Wanderer*, published in San Francisco. This we record with genuine regret, for *The Wanderer* was a real asset to the fraternity of poetry readers and writers. San Francisco, a city noted for its devotion to the arts, should have taken better care of its single poetry magazine, for the latter well deserved it.

An announcement of a somewhat different nature is made by Charles Wharton Stork in the *Contemporary Verse* for February. With the December, 1925 number, this estimable magazine will have completed its tenth year. The editor feels that he has "measurably realized his hopes" in giving "to lovers of beauty who are non-faddists and non-specialists a varied selection of the best types now being written in America," and that he will bring the magazine to a close while it is, perhaps, still at its best. All friends of poetry who have kept in touch with the progress of the art during the past ten years will agree that *Contemporary Verse* has not only given real encouragement to the best poetry but has made, because of its high standards, a valuable contribution to contemporary American literature.

Contributors

That verse can fittingly be employed for the commemoration of great deeds and deeds of the great is well attested by Leetha Journey Probst's Lincoln story in this issue. She has tried to make an otherwise commonplace incident memorable by telling it in blank verse. Lilian White Spencer, well known to readers of the LYRIC WEST, has taken three lesser known figures in American history for her subjects. Chief Ouray was a well-known figure in Colorado history. A lover of peace, trusted by both the Whites and the Indians, he is credited with having averted many a bloody struggle in the early history of that state. Buckey O'Neil, sheriff of Yavapi County, Arizona, assembled the Rough Riders, and, although not forty years of age, died at San Juan Hill. He is described as being "a Christian gentleman, college graduate, and the terror of desperadoes." Fray Junipero Serra is too well known, at least to Californians, to need comment. Of the month's contributors, eleven are appearing for the first time in the LYRIC WEST. Geographically, they are distributed as follows: California, nine; Colorado, three; Iowa, two; Arizona, Arkansas, New York, Oregon, and Washington, one each.

Three poems in our last issue aroused considerable comment. Charles Wharton Stork's "The New Dimension" was praised very highly by many readers. One said it was the best poem published in our present volume. Others praised its strength, its exaltation, its success in expressing artistically what we have all, perhaps, felt. Several praised the line:

My soul returning touched my body's shore

and the figure of which it is a part. And one reader said that the poem was "horrible." Our own feeling is that it is an excellent piece of blank verse descriptive of a genuinely poetical experience, and that, among the poems we have

printed in the current volume, it takes high rank.

“Bill Harper” was praised because of its vivid characterization of a retired sailor, and attacked because “sailors do not talk that way.” Several who liked the poem as a whole, as well as others who didn’t, condemned the last section, entitled “A Sailor’s God,” as being artificial and untrue to type.

“Faggots,” by Joan Dareth Prosper, received high and unqualified praise from many sources.

Our supply of certain numbers is completely exhausted. We are unable to fill orders from libraries for the following numbers: April, May, 1921; April, 1922; November, December, 1923; April, 1924. If any of our old subscribers can supply us with these copies, we will gladly remunerate them.

A Communication

The editor was recently made to realize his sins by the receipt of the following:

Cecil E. C. Hodgson

The Swatted Spirit

An Editor was bothered by a fly
That time and time again was wont to try
To settle. And although its work was crude,
And all its flights were easy to elude
By merely dashing at it with a pen,
And lashing it from pillory to post,
The pest persisted and returned again —
As though it even had a chance's ghost! —
Till damned and double damned it flew and flew
Though all its varied souls were scored with blue.

“You fly! You fly in circles; don't you know
That you should mark the spot to which you go?
And tell me first; and lead me by a string?
I cannot swat a mad fly on the wing!
Awkward! Archaic!” (Sic, that Editor —
Swat — swat —) — and yet the fly returned once
more.

“Ah, had I but one last destroying curse! —
I have it: — *“There are others almost worse!”*”

Announcement of Prizes

THE LYRIC WEST announces the following prizes:

The Sarah Bixby Smith Prize of fifty dollars will be given for the best lyric poem published in the fourth volume of the magazine, *i. e.*, from October, 1924, to September, 1925, inclusive.

The Ben Field Prize of fifty dollars will be given for the best narrative poem published in the fourth volume of the magazine.

The judges for the above two prizes will be announced in a later issue.

The Charles Granger Blanden Prize of fifty dollars will be given for the best poem in blank verse published in the magazine during the year 1925. The judges for this prize will be Charles Granger Blanden, the donor; Samuel Travers Clover, editor of the *Argonaut*; and Roy Towner Thompson.

Toward Improvement

THE LYRIC WEST is achieving month by month more and more recognition from sources that count. In order to become a real factor in the artistic life of the community a magazine of this kind must build up by a long, slow process a body of readers who have faith in its aims and its standards. Judging from the response we have already had, the LYRIC WEST has made a good impression, a good start. But if it is going to succeed, it needs more readers and more resources. Without these it cannot improve. If you believe that the West should have a poetry magazine of the highest possible type, and have faith in the present aims of this magazine, will you not do one of the following things at once:

1. Send us the names of persons who would be interested in order that we may send them sample copies.
2. Send us a subscription for a friend, for a library, or for a club.
3. Send us five subscriptions for friends, libraries, or clubs at the special club rate of \$1.50 each (when ordered in groups of five).