

VOL. IV

MAY 1925

NO. 8

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Lilian White Spencer | George Sterling

Frank Mitvalsky | Richard Warner Borst

R. T. T. and others

CONNOTATION

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR

SINGLE COPIES 20c

The Lyric West

Vol. IV, No. 8

A Magazine Of Verse

May, 1925

Edited by Roy Towner Thompson

This edition is set from a page-by-page transcription of a scan of the issue. The transcription makes no editorial decisions; the decisions are listed in the file that produced this book. The advertising is not reproduced.

Set by LyricText on 08 August 2026 at 04:47.

CONTENTS

<u>Apple Tree</u>	<i>Lilian White Spencer</i>	227
<u>Eden Was a Prison</u>	<i>Mary Carolyn Davies</i>	229
<u>For All Brothers in Youth</u>	<i>George H. Dillon</i>	230
<u>The Critic</u>	<i>Mavis Clare Barnett</i>	231
<u>The Oldest Book</u>	<i>George Sterling</i>	232
<u>Names</u>	<i>Joan Dareth Prosper</i>	234
<u>Poplars</u>	<i>Velma Byers Hutchinson</i>	235
<u>Giovanni Malatesta</u>	<i>Miriam Allen de Ford</i>	236
<u>Insomnia</u>	<i>Helen Emma Maring</i>	239
<u>Epigrams</u>	<i>Frank Mitvalsky</i>	240
<u>Evening Slippers</u>	<i>Winifred Davidson</i>	241
<u>In the Studio</u>	<i>Lawrence Foss Woolley</i>	242
<u>I Would Forget</u>	<i>Elizabeth D. Preston</i>	245
<u>The Cage</u>	<i>John Richard Moreland</i>	246
<u>Springs of Life</u>	<i>Richard Warner Borst</i>	247
<u>Foam</u>	<i>Alice Fay</i>	248
<u>And the Dreamers of Dreams</u>	<i>John Oscar Beck</i>	249
<u>Heritage</u>	<i>Borghild Lundberg Lee</i>	250
<u>Connotation</u>	<i>R. T. T.</i>	251

The Lyric West

Editor: Roy Towner Thompson

Yearly Subscription, \$2.00 Single Copies, 20 cents

Published Monthly by Roy Towner Thompson
3551 University Avenue, Los Angeles, California
All Rights Reserved

All manuscripts should be accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope. Otherwise The Lyric West cannot be responsible for their return

Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 26, 1924, at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California. Under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1925, Roy Towner Thompson

Lilian White Spencer

Apple Tree

I

May's northward flight of pallid butterflies
Descends on orchard nudity
With cool white joy that clothes spring in a guise
More beautiful than tropic glee. . . .
Here smiles no bride expectant and aware,
But dancing with bright wind is one
Lace garmented and gold bees in her hair
Not yet enamoured of the sun.
There is a silver night beside the moon —
A day of perfumed stars — then this
Fragility, like scented snow, too soon
Falls, ravished by a first hot kiss.

II

Maturity's light-dappled, thick green cloak
Folded about her droops to earth
And hidden so she bows beneath the yoke
Of fruitfulness that nears sweet birth.
The quiet hours guard her reverie
And warm suns do not reach her heart
As once. Cloistered in hush of summer, she
Has learned to dream, alone, apart
Of new and gentler loves. Above the grass
Stirs but a languid leaf. In May
She frolicked; now, unnoticed, breezes pass
One waiting for an autumn day.

III

Behold a tree Cornelia! Rosy cheeks
Are rubies of maternity
That jewel every limb. A bold son seeks
To crown her, perching loftily,
And weaker children tumble to the ground
Under her mantle though they still
Laugh up to her with bruises on their round
Red faces. Yet the windy chill
Of twilight brings, on its ill-omened breath,
To life triumphant, hint of grief.
It is a threat from the usurper, death —
Trembling, she drops a first sere leaf.

IV

A stark brown skeleton against the sky
She totters in a witches' dance.
Remembering, with creaking groan and sigh,
She hates the sun for his cold glance.
The storms tear at her like an angry pack;
The moon (that once lay lost and sweet
In her white clasp) lean arms can not keep back
From whiter winter at her feet.
What if she be bereft, forsaken, old —
The crone is too a sorceress:
Tales of her charming shall again be told
When spring returns, and loveliness.

Mary Carolyn Davies

Eden Was a Prison

Eden was a prison;
 And the key
That unlocked our prison
 Was the tree.

We'd be still in prison
 Held by bars;
Now we lie on green earth
 Under stars.

Now we toil and labor,
 Sweat, and then,
After sleep unresting
 Toil again.

Now we love and suffer,
 Hurt and heal;
We've new worlds to touch, see,
 Hear, taste, feel.

The buds were red in Eden,
 The ferns were tall;
But Eden was a prison
 After all!

George H. Dillon

For All Brothers in Youth

Someday we shall be wise — this is the fear
Most adequate to assail our breath and bind
Coldly our throats. Someday we shall be blind
To bitterness and beauty everywhere.
These frantic wings will not be throbbing long;
A space, and joy and terror will be dumb,
Sharing one silence — and the words that come
Out of a wonder, beating into song.

Now we go singing in the ways of men,
And now we stand amazed before a flower.
We shall not ever thus: A lonely hour
Of wisdom comes at length — an hour when
Our lips are firm and slow, and song is spent,
And wonder changes to bewilderment.

Mavis Clare Barnett

The Critic

Give me the ink-pot, I'll write his review,—
 Something of centaurs and the leaf-cooled wine.
 Who is this unknown boy who could divine
That beauty cannot alter if it's true?
Let me re-read that last strange poem through.
 Who taught him the glamour of the second line?
 Nine perfect words—and what if only nine
Are perfect if they tell us what he knew?

I like his book, this thin book bound in grey;
 I might have made such rimes, too, in my youth.
 It takes a lad to stumble on the truth.
Shelley and Keats, both striplings, had their say,
 And here is this lad, now, means to have his,
 So beauty lives . . . What next? Whose thick new
 novel's this?

George Sterling

The Oldest Book

Not seeking shall you find
The red-bound Book of Elves:
It is not on dusty shelves,
Whose books are for the blind.
It is found, sweet friend,
At a journey's start, not end.
It is nowhere and everywhere —
East, West, North, South.
Its leaves stir in the air
From the loved one's mouth,
As breath moves loosened hair.
When our breaths blend
How shall we read, O friend?
In the heart's need,
How shall we fail to read?

Vainly the scholar delves
In the red-bound Book of Elves:
It is not for his eyes —
The grey elves are too wise.
Blank as the snow each page
That opens to the sage.
He is troubled, for he sees
How we two scan those litanies;
He is angry, for he knows
There are gems beneath the snows.

We shall briefly pity him
Who are as seraphim,
Reading those words of flame,
Ever alike, but never found the same.

Not alone shall you read
The red-bound Book of Elves:
Two shall read, and not one,
And those two are ourselves.
But we shall find no need
For taper, lamp, or sun:
Shut eyes, and it is done!
Only the fall of lid
Reveals the tale there hid.
Then in amazing light
Words of iris leap to sight;
Then indeed that untaught art
Burns deeply in the heart.
Shut eyes and see!
Ah! Read with me!

Joan Dareth Prosper

Names

Names! . . . I hate the tyranny of names,
Harsh things, inflexible as wooden frames,
From which each timid spirit must peer out
Upon his fellows, through a gilded doubt,
And wonder, sometimes, what his gaze might see
Of loveliness — but for that pedigree.

I hope when I reach Heaven I shall meet
No pompous angel strutting down the street,
To introduce me to the other dead
With knowing words, much better left unsaid.
Such fragile things are souls, — they need to be
Left to explore each other silently.

I'll want to walk around and simply stare,
Until I find one ghost whose special air
Appeals to me. Then I shall dare to say,
“I think I saw your thoughts on earth one day;
Tree-shadow on a river was your smile;
I like your wings . . . shall we be friends awhile?”

Velma Byers Hutchinson

Poplars

Always I feared the poplar trees,
A bleak and brooding row
That filled the gulch in the back field
Where nothing else would grow.

Always I knew that through some slow night
In a place where I would be,
Poplar trees and I would mourn
Over something lost to me.

But I did not know it would be this night
Of strange and shaken fear,
Nor that while I watch and the poplars grieve,
You would lie silent here.

Miriam Allen de Ford

Giovanni Malatesta

Because my foot drags from me when I walk,
Am I a thing inhuman? I am old;
Grant that curse, too—an old man, and a lame—
And even so I have a man's desires,
Doubled, perhaps, because of impotence.
I, too, can love—even as Paolo,
My pretty Paolo, mouthing his amorous words
Under an orange thicket, in the dawn.

What was that book they read together there?
Some sickly legend of a merry jest
Two lovers played upon a Northern king.
Well, he was weak—he could forgive, and die—
And leave his wife, no doubt, to some new lover,
With the earth still soft on Lancelot's grave, and
Arthur's.

And that is virtue! That! To bear, to suffer,
To know one is not loved, and still to smile;
To nourish stifled hope; to hush one's moans
In lonely frenzy for a joy denied,
And then to see the love-glance in her eyes;
To hear the new tone in her voice; to watch
Her face grow bright at his step whom she loves—
And all this for another! Should I, then,
Cowering with the weight of patience, sigh, like Arthur,

And, tear in eye, say: "He is yours, Francesca;
He is whole, and young, and you are young and fair;
Youth go to youth, and I will brood alone
Until kind death take all my mem'ries from me?"
Should I speak thus? I am not yet a saint;
I have borne too long her silence, her contempt,—
God! worst of all, her pity!

Yesterday

My sniveling chaplain met me. It was here,
The antechamber to that fretted room
Where he says masses for poor coward souls
That dare not meet their God alone. He bowed,
And, with his meek eyes cast to earth, his voice
Choked with a slave's timidity, he yet
Took it upon himself to prate at me
Of "Christian patience," "charity," "forbearance."
I took within my hand the heavy cross
That hangs upon his girdle. "Hark," said I,
"He who lies bleeding and in suffering there,
Who wore the crown of thorns, and knew betrayal
At His friend's hand, why, He may understand me;
And He would say to me, as once to others,
'Giovanni, there are things one must not bear;
For them there is no peace but by the sword.' "

I chatter on at random, like a fool;
But what shall draw the pain from out my breast,
That lies there like a band around my heart?
I, who at prayer in the confessional
Groaned but "Francesca!" in the friar's ear,

And fled unshriven; I, who lie awake
When the gray owl in the oleander screams,
And watch the firelight shifting on the walls,
And groan, "Francesca!"

Then she sighs, and turns,
And, as if I were Paola, she lays
Her hand on mine in sleep, and draws me to her;
And for a blessed space I cheat myself
To fancy all is changed, and she I love
Has come to love me, and the world's reborn.
But in that ecstasy of peace the band
That clamps my heart grows tighter, and I laugh
And thrust her from me No, it is not I,
But my young brother, with his lustrous eyes,
His thick-grown hair, his straight young limbs, can say
"Francesca!" with a relish. But for me,
Giovanni, lame and old, there is no rest
Until I expiate my tears in blood,
And thrust them, kissing, in the mouth of Hell.

So I have sworn it: there will come a night
When I, who have borne so much, shall reach the end,
Seeing with mine own eyes the thing I know.
Each day I draw my finger on the edge
Of the sharp knife I have kept so long for them.
They will be lying, closely arm on arm,
Their faces flushed with sleeping, in the light
Of a pale new moon; and through the open casement
Will come the perfume of the myrtle-bush.

And then will be my hour.

Oh, I shall go
Joyful to Hell, as one who greets a bride,
So by that sacrifice I ease the pain
That binds and gnaws forever at my heart!

Ah, my Francesca,—mine but never mine—
When you toss a little in your bed tonight,
And reach your wandering hand for Paolo,
God pity me, Giovanni, old and lame—
Not He Himself can hold me then from taking
It to my lips, the moment I can dream;
And then, the waking pain at my poor heart,
Groaning aloud in agony: “Francesca!”

Helen Emma Maring

Insomnia

This earth is only a box, while I
Am a trinket the gods are keeping.
They open the lid of the box by night,
And they interrupt my sleeping.
From black above me, a thousand eyes
Of the gods, peer down and lure me.
If I only knew how the lid was made
I would fasten it shut securely.

Frank Mitvalsky

Epigrams

DAWN

Sky-line
Then band of gold
Then sun across the cold.

WALKING ALONE

Sometimes walking alone
I feel the rush of air
As a fear gallops by.

DIAGRAM

The arrangement of blackbirds as they fly
Is like a song spread out across the sky.

ALICE

A bit of color flashed
A bit of fancy flew —
And there stood you!

SUNSET

Sunset . . .
Now only glimmer . . .
Now memories.

Winifred Davidson

Evening Slippers

When down the marble steps girls ran tonight
Like brilliant birds were their slim shoes of green,
Of amber-rose, of mauve, of crimosin,
Shell-fluted with thread-silver . . . lazulite,
Dawn-gold, pale orchid-violet, silver, white!
Why, every girl was shod like some brave queen.
Nay, what famed royal foot has dancetime seen
So evening-slippered . . . blue and bronze and bright?

These graceful girls with feet in velvet shoon,
Those in mosaic doeskins soft encased,
Were flying fairies from the iris moon:
*Titania*s all — their feet by flowers embraced.
They danced . . . shoe petals blown upon a tune —
Shoe butterflies by shining musics chased.

Lawrence Foss Woolley

In the Studio

What stuff did I mold this one from? why, clay—
Just common clay, the same as all the rest
Of these that stand about here in array.
And so you say you think it is my best?
Well, so do I—
And yet I am at loss to tell you why.
I think I may have caught that magic touch
Which spans the gulf 'twixt nothingness and much,
Yet I am loth unto myself to claim
The credit, though perchance it find me fame.

Moreover, each of these which you now spurn
Seemed to me once the acme of my art—
Each was the object of my care in turn—
Each brought triumphant joy into my heart—
But one by one
I backed them 'gainst the wall when they were done.
Somehow they seemed at first transfused with light
Like moon-washed meadows on a frosty night.
I even thought, sometimes, the earthy mold
Had been transmuted, by my hand, to gold!

'Twas fancy's thrust to make more sharp the sting
When I'd return to find the lovely form
Turned back to clay—simply a muddy thing
Devoid of grace, and empty of all charm.

The fault to find,
Long days I puzzled over in my mind
Whether the hand betrayed a careful eye—
Whether the eye itself but gave the lie
To the imagination of the brain—
Or if the toiling mind itself were sane.

The fact is that the things we sculptors use
Are such as nature furnishes. Our task
To choose—perfect the good, the bad refuse,
Until there shows beneath the plastic mask
Not what we see,
But what our inspiration says should be.
Yet we depend on nature for each part
That goes to the completion; 'tis not art
Unless herself shows plainly at the end
In every phase of curvature and bend.

The inspiration strikes us from within,
We have good tools and clay, but we must find
A fitting model ere we can begin
Construction of the thing we have in mind.
We must, of course,
Choose from among the ones at hand, perforce.
No perfect model ever yet was found—
One's neck is thin, another's face too round—
But, all have some good points. We take, it seems,
The one with fewest faults to mar our dreams.

A case in point—here's my "Diana" now—
Despite some show of poise and grace

See how a shallow soul has spoiled her face!
The Goddess who's to hear a maiden's vow,
Depicted there
As if the apex of her thought and care
Was centered on how pretty she'd appear!
A Goddess with the model's soul, I fear.
I simply picked one from among the rest
Because the vigor of her lines seemed best.

Or here's a Cleopatra that I tried.
At first it showed no sign of crudity,
But changed, before the moist earth had dried,
To nothing, but a vulgar nudity.
The model's charm
Lay in a sensuous languor of her arm
And leg, soft skin, her breast's seductive curve;
And I too often from my work would swerve
To look at her, until my great ideal
Was smothered in the physical appeal.

I started once this small relief in gold.
'Twas to have been "Spring," crowned with daffodils —
The model was dispassionate and cold,
But beautiful as sun-kissed, snow-capped hills.
I toiled for hours
To harmonize her with the warmth of flowers
Required. She thawed out somewhat, but before
'Twas done she married, and would pose no more.
Another might do, but in an angry fit
I cursed, and swore I'd never finish it.

Perhaps I bore you with my tragedies? —
Let's turn to this one that you like again.
No, No! I would not sell my masterpiece —
Not for a thousand dollars — nor for ten!
Besides, you see,
Though this means more than all the rest to me
It may not necessarily be best —
And I'm afraid to put it to the test
Of close analysis, for fear it too
I'd find but dirty clay when I was through.

I Would Forget

Three scenes I would forget
If they would let me:

The hill path to the grove
Where all young lovers rove,
And where you met me;

The prim, white-steepled church
Hemmed with its hedge of birch,
The place you wed me;

The stone bridge o'er the brook,
Where last you paused to look
Back, as you left me.

It was your way . . .
Love, laugh, and forget;
My way is different,
And I remember yet!

John Richard Moreland

The Cage

I used to marvel at its length

But now I feel

Only the smallness of its space,

Its bars of steel.

I pace the floor from wall to wall

By night and day,

And like a caged beast I long

To break away.

There's only one way out, a door

Whose lock is death.

None but my Keeper knows the mystic

Shibboleth

Richard Warner Borst

Springs of Life

This morning I awoke to hear the song
Of larks that soared in ecstasy above
The dripping iridescence of the fields;
And, vividly aware of clean, blue skies,
And of the rainy freshness of all flowers,
My breast was pierced with beauty, and my heart
Felt sudden pain again to look upon
The emblazoned world that gleamed in the new sun.

And then I heard the voice of my unknown
Unrecognized and stifled deeper self,
That lay, a prisoner, behind the gates
Of coldness and denial. I felt again
The old, primordial promptings that arise
Out of the springs of life, and that declare:
Man — surely he is more than beast:
Man — surely he is more than man!

Alice Fay

Foam

I float upon the foam,
I do not look into the depths,
I look at the froth, the sparkle and the colored
 bubbles, —
When I look into the depths I shall sink.

John Oscar Beck

And the Dreamers of Dreams

Let us dream

*For wisdom is the folly of sages,
But dreaming, the wisdom of fools.*

A maiden there is
Who may never be seen by the peeper
But is playmate with children and fools and the
dreamers of dreams.

She knows that the savant is lustful and seeks to
betray her,
And will hold her up bare to the world,
But she trusts herself freely to children
And reveals her chaste beauty to fools and the
dreamers of dreams.

So science shall never find her, and the searchers shall
seek her in vain,
And her loveliness shall always
Be just for the children and fools and the dreamers of
dreams.

Borghild Lundberg Lee

Heritage

Fear of the slow fog rolling
In from the sea. . . .
Through my mother and her mother
It came to me.
Love of a vessel cleaving
The restless sea. . . .
From my father and his father
It came to me.

Connotation

For the artificer in words the study of connotation is fascinating. Each word has its weight and individuality, its color, music, and atmosphere. While some words possess a minimum of these qualities, others are so rich as to suggest to the mind of the reader or hearer far more than the author can possibly conceive.

One always desires to be accurate in the use of words, to choose direct hitting words. But there is something beyond mere accuracy. It is the indirect hitting or rebound of a word which most concerns the creative artist. To choose accurate words is, of course, difficult. But it is still more difficult to find words which effect the desired rebound. If striving for accuracy is like shooting a pool ball straight for a pocket, striving for connotation is like banking the shot. The comparison breaks down at this point, however, for the word, upon reaching its destination, is rather like an explosive bomb than a pool ball. If it is a word rich in connotative value it will stir up in the reader's mind literally hundreds of associations, ideas, colors, shapes, feelings, etc. This makes the control of connotation difficult. One can predict only in a general way what kind of an explosion a word is going to make in the reader's mind. But this is precisely what makes connotation fascinating.

Take a commonplace example: If I write on the board the well-known masculine appellation *John* I get little or no reaction from my class. No mental explosions, apparently, take place. But if I write *Algernon* on the board I tickle about nine-tenths of the class into smiles. Both are men's names, but one has more explosive or connotative power than the other. One brings with it fairly definite associations; the other, apart from the context, brings practically none. It is the business of the creative writer as best he may, to judge in advance the

explosive power and the explosive direction of his words. Among Dickens' literary effects was found a list of "available words" which that author had doubtless chosen for their suggestive power. Among them were such names as Chinkerble, Haggage, and Slyant. Any one of these alone furnishes almost sufficient material for a character sketch. When it comes to names, think of the literary gamut between *Antoinette* and *Aggie Twaddle*!

Outside the field of proper names, consider, for example, the relative value of each member of the following pairs: interminable, endless; home, residence; crone, old woman; casement, window; fiddle, violin; numberless, numerous; argosy, merchant-ship. The process of examining, weighing, and determining the probable force of words is the artist's constant occupation.

Two translations* of the Anglo-Saxon *Beowulf* afford, on the one hand, exceptionally rich, and on the other, almost humorously perverse word effects. The translation represented in the left-hand column below employs Anglo-Saxon words almost exclusively, while the second translation, represented in the right-hand column, employs many words of Latin origin. Aside from the fact that the first translation is in the original Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse form and the second in prose, the reader will find a distinct difference in the connotative power of the words themselves. The Anglo-Saxon words carry something of the abrupt, unpolished speech and rude life of the people who used them. They convey, by sheer connotative value, a very real sense of the Viking spirit of the Norsemen who faced on the sea and in battle the elemental hazards which developed them into a rugged, fearless race. So vivid and immediate are the images provoked that the reader unconsciously becomes a Norseman, feels the keen salt spray on his face, ridges his muscles in the wind, and sails on toward unknown adventures. The words of

Latin derivation, however, suggest a scholarly, highly-civilized, polished environment wholly out of keeping with the semi-barbarous Anglo-Saxons. The first three selections below are taken from the last chapter of *Beowulf*, descriptive of the funeral pyre of the great chief; the next two selections occur in the chapter immediately preceding, the last is taken from the early part of the epic.

* The first is that of Francis B. Gummere; the second is by an unnamed translator and is found in *Century Readings in English Literature*, a text widely used in colleges.

Wood smoke rose
black over blaze

Round brands of the pyre
a wall they built, the worthiest ever
that wit could prompt in their wisest men

of men he was mildest and most
beloved

so that marked with sin the man
should be

oft warriors many
sorrows must suffer

bold he bided the battle's issue

the wood-smoke mounted up
black over the combustive mass

they surrounded the ashes of the
conflagration with an embankment
in such wise as men of eminent skill
could contrive

the mildest and most affable

that the man who invaded the
ground should be criminally guilty

Often must many a brave man . . .
endure tribulation

he . . . awaited in full-fraught mood
the arbitrament of battle

While modern ears, played upon too obtrusively by newspaper headlines, may not care for the Anglo-Saxon alliteration, the mind and imagination back of them cannot help appreciating the vast difference in atmosphere-provoking power of the two sets of quotations.

R. T. T.

Contributors

Of the eighteen contributors this month, the first five named below are appearing in our pages for the first time. Mavis Clare Barnett sends her sonnet from the Knox School, Cooperstown, New York. The poems of Helen Emma Maring, editor of *Muse and Mirror*, have been widely published in Western periodicals. "In the Studio," by Lawrence Foss Woolley, of Salt Lake City, is especially interesting because of its unusual verse form. John Oscar Beck's "A Plea to Indiana" appeared in a recent issue of *Poetry*. Borghild Lundberg Lee, of Portland, Oregon, has appeared recently in a number of verse magazines.

We are glad to welcome George Sterling back to our pages. For many years he has done credit to California artistically by writing poetry of a high order. He was the winner of the LYRIC WEST prize for narrative poetry in 1923-1924. Mary Carolyn Davies is well known to poetry lovers. Her "The Terrible Gift," published in our March number, was reprinted in the *Literary Digest*. Lilian White Spencer has long been a valued contributor to LYRIC WEST. Her three sonnets on Chief Ouray, Buckley O'Neil, and Fray Serra in the March number were widely reprinted with enthusiastic comments throughout the West. George H. Dillon has recently appeared in the *New Republic*. Joan Dareth Prosper has only recently turned her attention to verse as a sort of avocation, being engaged, under another name, in short story writing. We feel that Mariam Allen De Ford's treatment of the Paolo and Francesca material deserves commendation for the excellent quality of its blank verse. Winifred Davidson, of Point Loma, has won deserved recognition of late through her appearance in several anthologies, both American and English. John R. Moreland, former editor of the *Lyric*, is a well known contributor to the verse magazines. Alice Fay, of New York City, is one of the

eleven poets represented in Vol. I of Harold Vinal's new series of poets entitled "Eleven Poets." Frank Mitvalsky, whom we introduced in January, has been appearing of late in many of the verse magazines. Elizabeth D. Preston, of Colorado Springs, and Richard Warner Borst, of Fullerton, California, have contributed one poem each to former issues of the LYRIC WEST. Velma Byers Hutchinson made her first appearance in our pages last month with "A Marriage Ceremony."

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.

**Statement of the Ownership,
Management, Circulation, Etc., Required
by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912**

Of THE LYRIC WEST published monthly at Los Angeles, California for April 1st, 1925. State of California
County of Los Angeles ss.

Before me, a Notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roy Towner Thompson, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of the LYRIC WEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher Roy Towner Thompson, 3551 University Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor Roy Towner Thompson, 3551 University Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.) Roy Towner Thompson, 3551 University Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total

amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROY TOWNER THOMPSON

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1925.

CURTIS F. HUSE

(My commission expires Jan. 12, 1926.)

[SEAL]