

VOL. IV

JUNE-JULY 1925

NO. 9

The
LYRIC WEST

A Magazine of American Verse



IN THIS ISSUE

Edward Ballard | Wilson O. Clough

Winifred Gray Stewart | Jane Morrill

R. T. T. and others

AMY LOWELL

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR

SINGLE COPIES 20c

The Lyric West

Vol. IV, No. 9

A Magazine Of Verse

June-July, 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>The Challenge</u>	<i>Edward Ballard</i>	259
<u>The Anchorite</u>	<i>Beatrice Harmon</i>	260
<u>Earthquake</u>	<i>Richard A. Summers</i>	261
<u>Pages from Beauty's Diary</u>	<i>Snow Longley</i>	262
<u>Three Poems</u>	<i>Maud Elfrid Uschold</i>	267
<u>Two Poems — Vintage of 1918</u>	<i>Wilson O. Clough</i>	268
<u>Color of Dust</u>	<i>Ted Olson</i>	269
<u>Country-born</u>	<i>Molly Anderson Haley</i>	271
<u>Songs in a Garden above the</u>		
<u>Palisades</u>	<i>Geraldine Seelemire</i>	272
<u>The Derelict</u>	<i>Annice Calland</i>	274
<u>Serenade</u>	<i>Winifred Gray Stewart</i>	275
<u>Make Believe</u>	<i>Jessie Eberly Thompson</i>	276
<u>Winter Night</u>	<i>Sallie Kinsman</i>	277
<u>Fleeting</u>	<i>Edna Alice Keogh</i>	278
<u>Lyric</u>	<i>Joan Dareth Prosper</i>	279
<u>Evening Gray</u>	<i>Jane Morrill</i>	280
<u>This Poet's Dream</u>	<i>Tonio</i>	281
<u>Paulo Majora Canamus</u>	<i>Paul Tanaquil</i>	282
<u>The Tower Clock</u>	<i>Ethel Romig Fuller</i>	283
<u>Gipsy</u>	<i>George H. Dillon</i>	284
<u>Amy Lowell</u>	<i>R. T. T.</i>	285

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.

Edward Ballard

The Challenge

I hear the raucous, tantalizing cry of a coyote pack on a
distant knoll,
Maybe a bitch with four half-grown pups that rend the
stillness of these parched plains.
High-pitched, tremulous in strange harmony; rising in
piercing, chill-inspiring crescendo,
Now growing faint only to rise again — more like the
voice of some weird instrument
Than the several yelps of a wild-dog litter gathered to
bay the moon
And rob our night of security and peace.

Or is there something more sinister in that strange,
shifting, hacking melody?
Is that the yelping of a sneaking pack, or the sardonic,
racking, mirthless laughter
Of these same baked wastes cackling at the futility of
our efforts to claim the naked prairies for the plow?
Is this the challenge of our desert West? Is this the
echo of that ringing call
Out of a wilderness of untamed lands that roused the
fighting spirit of our sires?
That steeled the arm of early pioneer?

I do not know that these bare lands have speech, that
they would mock our unrequited toil,

But this I do know that no fighting man — hearing the
defiance of this wilful plain, accepting the challenge
of this hinterland
Can turn tail from the fight and keep his peace.

Beatrice Harmon

The Anchorite

I said: if my light love should come again,
Tender and sure and smiling, seeking me
In this gray clapboard cloister by the sea,
I will be dumb while he implores in vain.
I said: I have made peace with cruel pain,
I will grow old in this austerity,
This chaste conventual quiet; I will be
In this sweet cell an old nun without stain.
My light love came, alas, or seemed to come
With the dim hour that drops the web of night;
My wretched lips that swore they would be dumb
Fashioned unseemly kisses of delight;
I opened wide the door in heedless sin,
But only cruel pain did enter in!

Richard A. Summers

Earthquake

Ogawa forever is flooding his rice,
 Flooding his rice and his field is green.
He is flooding his rice, and the days grow short,
 Yet the crop is lean.

Ogawa forever is flooding his rice.
 Fourteen hours he works a day.
He is flooding his rice, and the years pass by
 No longer gay.

Ogawa forever is flooding his rice.
 Today is the same as yesterday.
Tomorrow — forever, flooding his rice.
 The sea is grey.

Ogawa no longer is flooding his rice.
 The field is brown. The blades are dead.
Ogawa no longer is flooding his rice.
 The sea is red.

Snow Longley

Pages from Beauty's Diary

I

I think these summer noons are made of life.
Below the hush I hear the busy tune
Of honey bees, the stir of countless wings;
And now across the green a dragon-fly
Makes a swift stab of color, like the blare
Of horns before the music dies away.
Life crowds on life. There is no room for death —
And yet,
From twig to twig the spider spins his net;
A skeleton leaf hangs idly in the wind,
Crumbed from the fuzzy caterpillar's feast;
Poised in mid-air the phoebe snaps his prey;
And in the arbor where the roses fall
I hear the padded footsteps of the Beast.

I made my story in a song last night,
Whiling away the hours nearest to dawn,
When life ebbs low, and all the isles of hope
Are inundated by the tides of fear.
Again I sing it while my rhythmic heart
Beats out the tune against my sinking breast.

The Beast is a monster grim and gray;
I hear his footsteps turn my way;

Softly he comes, nor will he stay.
Oh, how my heart is repining!

My father slept in the empty room;
Rashly he gathered the rose tree's bloom,
And brought on our house the living doom
That left his heart repining.

My sisters have lovers and silk attire,
Nor would they prove the monster's ire;
Hither I came of mine own desire.
Why is my heart repining?

He watches the panting of my breath.
"O Beauty," with his eyes he saith,
"Alas, that you are marked for death!"
Is his heart too repining?

II

Last night I sat at supper all alone —
Oh! I am lonely at the close of day
When birds nest, and about the beaconing hearth
The households gather in against the night —
When down the echoing hall I heard his step;
And there he stood within the circling glow
The candle spread, a shambling shape, and said —
His speech was human, and his eyes were mild —
“Fair lady, may I share your board tonight?”
Though I was all afraid, — a human voice
Is like a hand reached out across the dark,
Nor in the shadow is he all a Beast.
We talked of many things, the summer bloom,
The frosty airs, the palace and its sights,
My pleasures — for he gives me all his will —
And when the candles guttered to the wick,
Across the hush of gloom we talked of love.

“Beauty, have you known love?” he said. “No, sire,”
I answered him. Then heedless of my doom,
“No, sire, not yet,” I spake. Anon the span
Of life the Beast allows me seemed to stretch
To golden years wherein I should taste love,
Wifehood, and motherhood, and at the close
Should see Death come, not conqueror, but friend.
“Beauty, will you marry me?” The low voice came
Across far leagues, yet thundered in my ears.
One shaggy paw was almost on my arm.

“No, Beast,” I told him, and I sought my room.
There in the firelight, when I could not sleep,
I sang myself this little, foolish song:

They say Love’s eyes are darkened from the sight
 He may not bear;
For if he saw the whole of love, he might
 Find life too fair.

I too have found life sweet, but not to me
 Has Love been kind.
O eyeless god who makes the world to see,
 Let me be blind.

III

With springtide blossoms comes the welcome word
At moon of May my sisters will be wed,
And I am bidden to the marriage feast.
I shall put on my opal-tinted gown,
The one I wear at supper, that the Beast
Calls hope of springtide singing in the heart.
He has an eye for color, and such words!
I wonder if my sisters' suitors speak
In poesy, but then, alackaday!
There is the bonnet too that caught the sheen
Of humming birds that flash across the sun,
And silvered slippers where the candle's gleam
Is prisoned. Wondrous fine shall I appear,
And wondrous merry shall we be —and yet
I wonder if the Beast will miss me too.
Last night he put these verses in my hand,
Words light as gossamer that float across
The deep abyss between his heart and mine.

Spirit of Beauty, on the wing,
You flit about the steps of Spring.

The apple blossom's flush is yours,
The white of waves on curving shores.

You breathe on June, and lo! the rose
With a deeper crimson glows.

Your spell is cast on summer's haze;
You mint the gold of autumn days,

And myriad crystals of the snow
The recurring pulse of Beauty know.

I feel your touch, nor see your face.
Where is Beauty's dwelling place?

Not in mortal tenement biding,
Where, O Beauty, are you hiding?

Roses wither in a day,
Autumn's gold is turned to clay;

Only in the heart of man
Live the hunger and the pain,

Trust that Beauty come again,
Faith that dreams the rhythmic plan.

Spirit of Beauty, on the wing,
Nearer now, now vanishing,

Where my clumsy feet may follow
Let me tread. All else is hollow.

IV

I scarce can guide my errant pen tonight.
Since Love sang at the portals of my heart,
And I have opened wide to let him in,
All seems a dream to me, the wasted days
Of feasts and finery and wedding pomp.
For when I saw my sisters and the choice
That they called love, I knew the truth at last.
As in a trance passed by the laggard hours,
While with the clearer vision born of love
I saw my prince, lord of my heart's desire,
No longer Beast, but moulded like a god.
The meeting in the garden was not strange.
I knew the Beast would pass, and in his stead
Would rise the prince, freed from enchantment's spell
Through Love, that works all wonders by his might.
But O ye ruling powers! it is too much
That my poor self should set the prisoner free.

*

I put the page aside, for what are books
Beside the unlettered wisdom of the heart?
So I, whose hand and heart will find new tasks
To fill my days to floodtide of content,
Sing this, the swan song of my girlhood dreams.

Love came to me in secret guise;
He tested me to make me wise;
I knew when he unsealed my eyes.
Join, my heart, in singing.

I saw the fleshly veil he wore;
I felt the spirit hovering o'er
His uncouth shape. I asked no more.
 Share, O heart, my singing.

But when Love cast on me his spell,
He worked, unseen, a miracle.
To him, who doeth all things well,
 I dedicate my singing.

For Love, endowed with inner sight,
Brings his vision into light.
To his glory and his might,
 Join, O world, in singing.

Maud Elfrid Uschold

Three Poems

WILL-O'-THE WISP

Your swinging lantern
Across fields of sharp white flowers
I followed in the starlight.
I would have touched you
But suddenly
The flame was phoenix-fire
On cold gravestones.

TRAGEDY

Rain-eroded dunes
And wind-rowelled water;
Through the mist the curious
Pitiless stare
Of the moon as a cold
Rush of wind marks the passing
Of the basilisk owl
And the egg-eyed hare.

EPHEMERA

Can you gather the ripples on water,
Or take up a shadow?
Can you capture an echo;
Overtake a mirage?
Does the smoke return to the ember,
Or the image stay
When the substance is taken?
Then go, bind your hair;
Have done with your weeping.
What would you, fool, of a dream?

Issue p. 268 · Scan p. 14

Wilson O. Clough

Two Poems

Vintage of 1918

AFTER ST. MIHIEL

A listless light crept up the East.

 The moans of tortured men,
Beaten down by pounding rain,
 Groped up to heaven again.

But when the sun looked 'round a cloud —

 See! Heaven's neutrality —
A rainbow, bridged from La Belle France
 To yon gray Germany.

ON GUARD

The midnight clouds swung lower and dripped, dripped
Their misty tears. They smothered. They blanketed
The stark-ribbed horses, the cannons' sullen throats,
The mud-caked fourgons, the men too tired for fear.
They hushed the creeping stream, the moaning
 branches
Of that accursed Forêt de Puvenelle.
They smudged the stroke of gray that was his path.

"Wot was't that "Y" man said? That Christ would lead
Us into battle against the Hun? Why, bunk!
What! Christ know how to use the steel — plunk! —
Like tappin' a watermelon to see if it's ripe?
What! Christ know how to give the proper twist
To make a Jerry clutch his guts and stare
To see 'em slippin' through his bloody fingers?
Bah! Leave such ideas to the preachers
Or them ladies' magazines. Now, me,
I sorta picture Christ a-hoverin' up in
Them clouds, a-weepin' to see th— What th— ?"

A roar, a flash, and curses. Then pattering fragments
Of iron and dirt, snipping the leaves and hailing
To the ground. "Jerry's got our range!" —

The midnight clouds dripped, dripped their misty tears.

Ted Olson

Color of Dust

I

Now I have learned this much at twenty-five:
That one may ring this world as does the sun
And find no land, nor any word of one,
Where there is wit or worth in being alive.
Well though he paln, and cunningly contrive,
The broth was brewed long since, the web was spun,
And he will have, until his days be done,
Sorrow to nurse him, bitterness to wive.

So it is here, and so in Samarkand.
Troy knew it so, and he is mad or blind
Who dreams it otherwise in any place.
I sought romance on many an alien strand.
One truth I found burns bitterly in my mind —
That man is a mean and crippled misfit race.

II

There is a glory in Northumbrian hills.
There is a charm on Macedonian lakes.
Yet, in a flicker of breath the chalice breaks
And the tart amber ichor of beauty spills
Into the dust. A passionate hour distills
Life's wine to one rich draft. The dreamer slakes
His need — quaffs of oblivion — and awakes
To the dark travail of his own warring wills.

This is the curse — that ever a man must come
Back to himself — himself — past love, past vision
That are but phantoms woven by the sun
In a barred room.

It is not Byzantium
I crave, but some far place where the shrill derision
Of self will follow no more. And there is none.

III

So it is wiser to live as others do —
Straitly, with temperate tread and cunning eye;
Loving no thing too much, for loved things die;
Building no temples that the years may hew
Asunder. Toil will get you gold, and you
Can buy with gold full many a glowing lie
To warm you — music — pictures — and the shy
Sweet madness of poetry, loveliest, most untrue!

All lovely things are lies, in mockery fashioned —
Brave falsehoods — immortality, and God,
And rhythm, and pattern, and sacrifice, and song.
Treasure them craftily, that, duly rationed,
They may eke out this wearisome period
Before the dark — and may it not be long.

Molly Anderson Haley

Country-born

They dread the darkness who have never known
 A world outside the flare of man-made light,
 Who have not learned to read the chart of night
And walk unfaltering by the stars alone;
And they distrust the silence who have grown
 Where human sound, attesting human might
 So weaves its spell, their need and their delight
Is in the city's ceaseless undertone.

But to my heart the darkness is a friend
 I would not spare — denied, must sorely miss;
 The stillness is a mantle to be worn
With deep contentment at the long day's end.
 How shall I voice my gratitude for this,
 My heritage, that I was country-born!

Geraldine Seelemire

Songs in a Garden above the Palisades

GARDEN SONGS

Garden songs are lonely, delicate things.
The love song of the white acacia —
Of the White Bride of Sorrow —
Drifts with the new moon through the sky,
And with the last notes are blended
The “sorrow, sorrow, sorrow” of grey reeds.

NARCISSUS

Lift your sweet face, Narcissus,
To the moon,
That she may lave herself in incense,
And pour cool drifts of fragrance
On the mossy meadows
Where my loved one bathes.

BLACKBIRDS

We will be two greeny blackbirds, poised
With little claws upon a wire.
We will dip our feet in foam of pepper trees
We will peck at two red berries,
And then fly high and high and high . . .

JAPANESE TREE

The Japanese tree in my garden
Prickles the morning sky
Like little cat claws
On a blue silk pillow.

BLUE HERON

Jardinière, half hid beneath grey vines in a corner of
the wall,
You are a blue heron sunning your slender throat in
the mottled warmth of noon.
I can hear the murmur of a river in the leaves.

BENDING EUCALYPTUS TREES

Slip now the fingers of the wind along the sky,
And they are gone.

Still bend the trees.

Ghosts of the ensnaring hands remain.

SONG ON THE WIND

Song on the wind tonight.
The fog has gone.
Laughter runs down the shore
With a fine scarf blown across her shoulders
Sea-light is on her face,
Thin with memory.

MIDNIGHT WIND

Softly the footfalls of the wind
Have touched the rocks along the canyon floor,
And she has gathered up her gown
About her flying form.
More like mist than wind
She stands above the darkened sea
With wild hair streaming.

MOTH

A moth dips through the shadow,
Touches the petals of a dreaming flower,
And flutters through the moon.
The bamboos sway in the wind,
But their fingers do not touch me.

IT HAS GROWN LATE

It has grown late,
Too late for the moon,
And the morning wind is gathering her veils.
The beaches are asleep . . . but soon
A gull will cry, and sails
Will go toward dim horizons.
Yet you have not come.

Annice Calland

The Derelict

An old man walked on an old wharf
As aimlessly as though
He had no hope in all the world,
Nor any place to go.

He passed, I saw that he was dead,
Had died, yet did not know.
Dear God, may I not be as he
When my last dream shall go.

Winifred Gray Stewart

Serenade

Lois has little warm breasts like magnolia buds
Rose-tipped with flush o' dawn;
Her limbs are lithe as a pawpaw tree
And soft as a young faun.

All the deep night I lie awake
Desiring her;
For I know her breath in the hollow of my throat
Is like the swift whirr
Of a low wind scattering the pawpaw leaves;
Her honey-bright hair
Better than scent of heather and sandalwood
Sweetens the air.

Her words are winged grace notes
In a song
That lingers in the tall dim chambers of my heart
Long . . . and long.

Jessie Eberly Thompson

Make Believe

She sat, the while the Stranger told his tale
Of journeys to the far-off rims of earth
Her heart elate and bursting with a joy
That felt like pain, so starved was she to see
The beauty that he to her mind portrayed.
And of the crowd that listened to his voice
None gave response as this brown prairie lass
Nor understood the rapture that he drew
To charm them. So she stole away
And played the game she knew, the keener now
Because of all the Stranger has revealed.
The rivulets in Spring mud, made by wheels
Along the road, she called them waterfalls
And thrilled to hear their elfin, tinkling flow.
The prairie pond, lashed by the April wind
Until its tiny waves bore crests of foam
Became the ocean she had never seen.
The thunder-heads, those stately cumulus-clouds
That rise to dim the torrid afternoon
Were mystic mountains, snow-topped ranges, high
Above the level of the countryside.
And from the treasured groves of cottonwoods
The notes of mourning doves were great Pan's reeds
Piping the muted songs of Arcady. . . .
At last she came, a woman, to the West
And lived amidst the beauty that she craved

And saw such glories as the Stranger told
That filled her thirsty longing to the brim —
Mountains and ocean and tall waterfalls
That dwarfed the avid visions in her dream.
But sometimes when the level mists of night
Lie shimmering along the fragrant fields
Obliterating all the distant hills
And ranks of sentinel fir trees, she can see
Once more the prairie as it sleeping lay
Beneath the silver moonlight, and her heart
Quickens and warms as it did long ago
At unexpected beauty, and the tears
Spring to her eyes, and the old prairie child
Plays her sweet game of make-believe again.

Issue p. 277 · Scan p. 23

Sallie Kinsman

Winter Night

The world is a dull blue bowl
Holding the frozen starshine of the air.
The stars are glittering bubbles —
See! One just now winked out against the brim.

Edna Alice Keogh

Fleeting

Birch trees —
With your slender, boy figures —
You look like
Fair-haired lads
Running
Naked —
But for the sunlight
That paints freckles
On their white shoulders!

Joan Dareth Prosper

Lyric

If I have ever wished to set my brand
Upon you, deathless, I am satisfied.
You go — but never any jealous land
Shall own you quite, nor circling years divide
You from this moment's height; *some things there are*

—

I know full well — that leave a fadeless scar.

So deeply have you drunk of me, it seems
I am grown portion of your breath and bone;
My shadow is the color of the dreams
You feed upon. You go, but not alone;
And though you fling your laughter to the wind,
It will find echo in a sigh — behind.

Far, yellow noons shall burn your days to gold,
But when comes twilight and her slim stars rise,
You will hear footsteps curiously old,
You will be looking into ghostly eyes.
Some things can never be outworn, — I know,
Because I had a lover, long ago . . .

Jane Morrill

Evening Gray

Gray in the alley walks a man
And gray in the gutters the running rain;
The house-ends jut and pour a shower
And catch it back to their hearths again,

To their gray hearths; and the mud
Is deep for a man to plod,
Walking, walking the gray ground,
Deep in a dream of God.

Tonio

This Poet's Dream

Times when she is like a phantom,
Ethereally dense; and with a gesture,
Not so close, but a faint figment of star-dust
Across the dim border of my flat gaze
As, when turning a sudden corner in the wood,
The quick whizz of startled quail.
Oh she is ephemeral
As sun-shot early dew
That tingles to the touch
And disappears; but leaves a trace.

If you are careful, if you have the care,
You might hold her — tight — so . . .
And she is warm with the breath of earth
As any hill-raised rose.

How you would ache to see her — Cupid,
You with your Psyche!
How it would gladden your eyeballs
To see her quick-lifted heels
And, close-knit form in summer twilight.
No curious kitten in her — poor Cupid,
You would be out like Hercules
Or one of those encumbered louts
'Knight-erranting' for her smiles.

Paul Tanaquil

Paulo Majora Canamus

Man boasts scant room for songs of fabled hell,
What matter that the human soul is cowed?
Let freemen languish in a prison-cell,
Because they dared proclaim their meaning loud!
Leave negroes dangle over a righteous crowd
Whose clamor even gibbets cannot quell,
Suffer this drab to weep who cannot sell
Her tragic flesh to buy her starved child's shroud.
What careless fools are these who go to fish
Death for reward because rich harlots wish
Pearls for a bauble. Where mankind has trod
Ashes and dust were ever a wage to earn.
Paulo majora canamus. Let us turn
To praise the mercies infinite of God!

Ethel Romig Fuller

The Tower-Clock

From the tower-clock
A faery chime
At mystic mid-hour
Shakes down time.

Shakes down time
As winds in May
Toss twelve petals
Of cherry spray.

Shakes down time
As Heaven jars
From their moorings
Twelve gold stars.

George H. Dillon

Gipsy

If I should like a lad to love
 I'd steal no other one
Than the brown bright-haired
 Emperor's son.

Not for any ransom, nor
 For gold beguiled
I'd crimp the lithe glowing
 Queen's child:

But for that he's the Queen's and the
 Emperor's child.

All day in wild ways
 Together we'd be going
With the dark rain singing
 And the weeds blowing.

At night I'd tell him stories by the fire
And he'd forget his sumptuous dam and sire.

Amy Lowell

THE DEATH of Amy Lowell deprives America of one of her most important literary figures. The critics violently disagree as to the value of her creative work. This is quite natural since contemporaries cannot avail themselves of the perspective which time alone gives. Yet, in reinvigorating the literary pulse, and, in a measure, overthrowing certain old prejudices which were beginning to act as straight-jackets to creative work, she performed a real service to American letters. Whatever our judgment of her poetry, we must give her high praise for her invigorating influence. Wordsworth exerted a similar influence on English letters at the close of the eighteenth century; Whitman performed much the same service to American letters in the nineteenth. The historians of American literature cannot fail to recognize her influence upon what may be called the poetic renaissance in America in the second decade of the present century. Whatever else she was, she was *stimulating*. Her activity provoked many word battles, much formulating of opinion, much interest in poetry, and much creative work. Any such stimulating force in art should be welcomed; our ability to appraise it immediately is of secondary importance.

It is too early fairly to criticize her poetry. Lest the defamers of her art go too far, however, we remind them of an opinion pronounced upon Wordsworth by his contemporary, Lord Jeffrey. The latter, as editor of the powerful *Edinburgh Review*, was frequently referred to as the literary dictator of the period. Referring to the young Wordsworth, he said, "In some of his odes and ethic exhortations, he was exposed to the public in a state of incoherent rapture and glorious delirium. . . . In the Lyrical Ballads, he was exhibited, on the whole, in a vein of very pretty deliration; but in the poem before us, ["[The White Doe of Rylstone](#)"] he appears in a state of low and

maudlin imbecility.”

R. T. T.

Contributors

The first seven contributors named herewith are appearing in the LYRIC WEST for the first time. Edward Ballard writes from Goodnight, Texas, that he has been “baching” alone on an isolated stock-farm for five years. Beatrice Harmon sends her sonnet from the busy, oil producing centre of Montebello, California. Richard A. Summers is a student at the University of Arizona. Molly Anderson Haley of Ozone Park, Long Island, has appeared in several Eastern verse magazines among which is *Contemporary Verse*. Jessie Eberly Thompson writes from Vancouver, Washington; Jane Morrill from Spokane, Washington, and Edna Alice Keogh from Berkeley, California. Snow Longley, a member of the English Department of the Los Angeles High School, was among the contributors to Vol. I, No. 1 of the LYRIC WEST. Maud Elfrid Uschold of Lacon, Illinois, appeared for the first time in our pages last January. Wilson O. Clough, a member of the English Department of the University of Wyoming, served in an artillery unit overseas in the recent war. Ted Olson, of Laramie, Wyoming, has been a frequent contributor. His “We Shall Go Laughing” published last October, has received a large volume of praise. Geraldine Seelemire has been finding her way quite frequently into the magazines this winter. She is a member of the Verse Writers Club of Southern California. Mrs. Annice Calland has recently had the good fortune of spending some length of time in the West Indies. She has contributed an article on Haiti to a late number of the *Overland Monthly*. Winifred Gray Stewart sends her contribution from the college town of Pullman, Washington. Sallie Kinsman sent her first contribution to the LYRIC WEST in January of this year. She is a student at the Fullerton, California, Junior College. Those who read the LYRIC WEST regularly have become well acquainted with the poetry of Joan Dareth Prosper. Her “Inland” was reprinted in

the *Literary Digest* from our March number. "Tonio" who has kept his or her identity hidden from us writes: "Within a short time I shall be flagging myself around this most very big earth on a little nerve and much foolhardiness." Paul Tanaquil has contributed poems to most of the verse magazines of America. Ethel Romig Fuller, of Portland, Oregon, has appeared in most of the Western verse magazines. George H. Dillon, of Chicago, is well known to LYRIC WEST readers.

ON NO poem we have printed has there been such a volume of enthusiastic comment as on Lew Sarett's "Angelique." Readers appreciated its "loveliness of phrase," its "sheer beauty," its perfection of blank verse." We are glad to hear that "Angelique" is to be used as the final poem in a new volume, *Slow Smoke*, which Mr. Sarett hopes to have out in the autumn. "A Marriage Ceremony," by Velma Byers Hutchinson, and "Portrait," by Clifford Gessler received favorable comment and several reprints. In the May number Lilian White Spencer's "Apple Tree," and Mary Carolyn Davies' "Eden Was a Prison" have received most comment.

Books Received

Autumn or Four Days and Anacaona, by Herbert Emery Manville.
The Torch Press.

Sonnets of a Simpleton, by A. M. Sullivan. D. S. Colyer.

When We Were Very Young, by A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Company.

A Wind Blowing Over, by Clara Platt Meadowcroft. Harold Vinal.

Eleven Poets, Vol. I, by Elizabeth Shaw Montgomery, Paul Tanaquil, Margaret Loring Thomas, Gordon Malherbe Hillman, Elizabeth Morrow, Ruth Mason Rice, Alice Fay, May Folwell Hoisington, Grace Hoffman White, Leighton Rollins, and Mary Atwater Taylor. Harold Vinal.

Songs for Men, by Jamees Stuart Montgomery. Dorrance & Company.

Who Lightly Sips, by John T. Troth. Dorrance & Co.

Jupiter's Moons, by Gertrude Nason Carver. Dorrance & Company.

The Banquet, by Frances Fletcher. Dorrance & Company.

Cosmen — Exiles, by John G. Jury. Published by the author, Berkeley, Calif.

It Was His Birthday, by Alice Wilson Oldroyd. The Bookfellows.

Windows in Dragon Town, by John Oscar Beck. B. J. Brimmer Company.

Eight Poems, by Vernon Patterson. Lederer, Street & Zeus Press, Berkeley, Calif.

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.

The Lyric West

THE LYRIC WEST is now in its fourth year. It was founded, primarily, for the purpose of fostering the interests of poetry on the Pacific Coast. Since art cannot be localized, however, the magazine has grown to have a nation-wide circulation. With increased circulation and increased opportunities it will strive ever to grow artistically and to become a recognized means of expression for sincere, vital poetry.

Will you not help to encourage the best in the art of poetry, as well as, we hope, contribute to your own pleasure, by filling in the following blanks?

THE LYRIC WEST, 3551 University Avenue, Los Angeles, California

For the enclosed two dollars please send me the LYRIC WEST for one year, beginning with the number.

Name

Street

City

State