



KEP TAGGART

Bacon

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers | Los Angeles, 2026

Bacon

Kep Taggart

A Critical Reading Edition

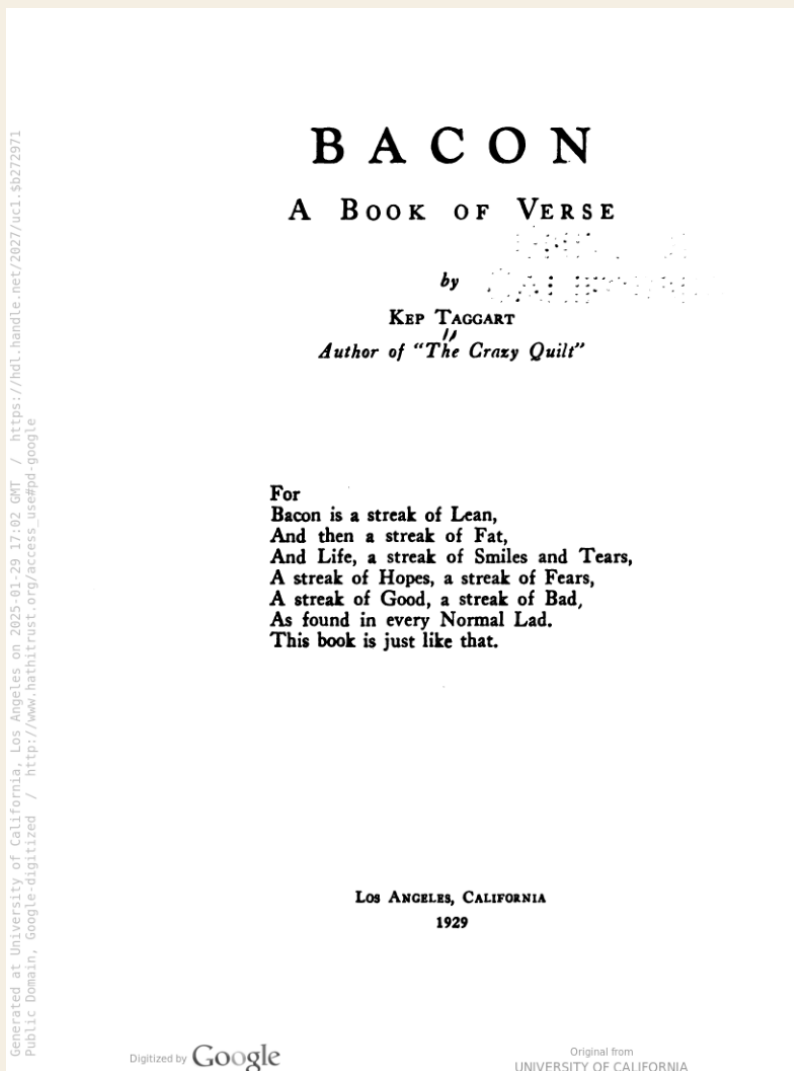
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Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Archival Images

A short selection from the source record



Title page of Bacon (1929).

Editorial Note

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. The text was transcribed from the source page images in the local archive and collated against available embedded text. Source-page wraps were rejoined only when the page image showed that they were typographic continuations; stanza breaks, meaningful indentation, epigraphs, subtitles, and section headings were retained. Obvious scanning debris was removed without silently modernizing diction, spelling, or punctuation. Each poem ends with a source note in the established Green-volume form.

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Introduction

Kep Taggart called her book *Bacon* because life, as she saw it, came in alternating streaks: lean and fat, tears and laughter, good and bad. The poems follow that rule with gusto. Hollywood, taxis, cars, relatives, cold remedies, psychics, friendship, suicide, birthdays, pets, parties, and spiritual speculation all pass through a comic voice alert to the absurdity of ordinary life. Taggart could turn suddenly serious, but she distrusted solemnity that could not survive a joke. This edition resets all seventy-nine poems from the 1929 source book, restores multi-page poems to continuous form, and keeps subtitles and occasional dedications with their poems. The surviving biography is thin; the work, at least, is now available to speak at full length.

Biography

Library cataloging identifies Kep Taggart as Kathrine Eugenia Payne Taggart, born in 1865. The initials K. E. P. supplied the pen name printed on her books. A death date and secure birthplace have not yet been verified.

By 1929 Taggart lived at 225 South Lafayette Park Place in Los Angeles, the address printed in *Bacon*. The book names an earlier title, *The Crazy Quilt*, and a 1933 review confirms that both books were sold directly by the author. Her choice of self-publication placed distribution in the home rather than with a commercial house.

Bacon presents Taggart as poet, philosopher, and humorist. The opening explanation compares life to alternating streaks of lean and fat. Many poems use light verse, anecdote, comic dialogue, parody, and domestic observation; others turn toward grief, metaphysics, aging, and spiritualism.

A review in the *Forum of Psychic and Scientific Research* called her an original modern poet and emphasized the “free and restful cadence” of her work. The same notice describes *The Crazy Quilt* as a patchwork in which each piece records an experience, confirming the conceptual link between the two books.

The book’s presentation contains several clues for future research: a gift inscription, the address, the name R. E. P. Taggart, and the dedication “To a Phantom / The Person without Streaks.” Los Angeles directories, voter registrations, newspapers, and spiritualist periodicals may establish her family

relationships and later life.

Until those records are matched securely, the biography should not manufacture a conventional chronology. Taggart's own seventy-nine-poem book remains the strongest evidence of her social world, humor, reading, religious curiosity, and independent authorship.

Bacon

Stage 1 | 1929

The complete recoverable poetry text of the 1929 collection, reset from the source page images.

What Is a Friend?

Why should you call a friend the one
Who comes when skies are clear,
And shares naught but your happiness,
Your home, and all that's dear?
Why call him friend if, when he's near,
You feel a slight constraint,
For fear you might disclose to him
That you are not a saint?
Is he your friend who makes you feel
You should apologize,
As though your heartaches were not his
And he might criticise?
What friend is he, when shadows fall,
Who other tasks must do,
And is so very sorry he
Has no more time for you?

Call your friend only him who comes
Amidst a driving storm,
When life is cold and desolate,
And tries your heart to warm;
Who fans the dying spark of Hope
Till embers glow anew,
And slays the dragon of Despair
That's tried to conquer you;
Who values as a privilege
Your every grief to share,
Responding to your changing moods
With tender love and care;
Who laughs and mourns and helps you bear
Your burden to the end.
When such you find, then you may know
That you have found a friend.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 16.

The Rose

Out in the garden a rose is blooming,
Its fragrant petals perfume the air,
While over it all a breeze is blowing,
And scatters the blossoms everywhere.

Deep in my heart a song is growing,
Of love and beauty and life that's true,
But the Breeze of Ridicule starts to blowing,
And kills the thought as it comes in view.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 17.

Hollywood

The sun arose 'midst a purple haze,
O'er hill and valley it shed its rays,
Illuminating both bad and good,
Including the city of Hollywood.

By noon it had shone on each type of man,
From every country and every clan,
And beautiful women who understood
The freedom of living in Hollywood.

The sun went down 'midst a burst of flame,
The hills outlined as the twilight came,
Enchanting, inspiring, alluring it stood,
Seductive city of Hollywood.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 18.

Poppies

There are golden poppies growing,
In the field within my view.

They are growing 'midst the grasses, and the weeds are growing too,
But they send their glowing message of encouragement to you,
And open when the sun shines every morning.

Though the weeds are stronger far than they, and stoutly interweave,
With the tall and waving grasses that you everywhere perceive,
They cannot deter the poppy in its effort to achieve,
The beauty that delights you every morning.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 20.

Life's Duel

Did I need money? Indeed I did,
Wherever I happened to be,
Should I sell my soul to reach that goal,
As I traveled on Life's Great Sea?
Should I begin at the Port of Sin
To win for the long rainy day,
And smirch my name with acts of shame,
For the gold I might bring away?

With an anguished wail, I set my sail,
And steered for the far open sea,
If I stayed near shore I would yield before
The good had control over me.
The waves rose high and the angry sky,
Warned of the fierce coming storm,
Midst the lightning's flash, I heard a crash,
And saw devils around me swarm.

I fought for hours the Unknown Powers,
That encompass The Sea of Life,
But when it was done, the good had won,
Though it was a terrible strife.
Then I sailed back on the homeward track,
I was tranquil and firm and true,
And money came, as well as fame,
From the struggle I had been through.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 22.

Question

When the Ship of our Life has sailed round
On its visits to ports new and old,
And the scenes once beheld with delight
Have begun to offend or grow cold;

When the aims held supreme in our youth,
Have been reached and their thought left behind;
When success has rewarded the strife
And we hold what we scarce hoped to find;

Why the sadness that comes at sundown
As we sit on the deck looking West?
Why, with friends and possessions secure,
Do we feel so forlorn and depressed?

Is it not that we never can still
The low whisper of Voices that ask,
“What new work lies beyond the sunset,
And will you be prepared for the task?”

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 24.

The Urge

The urge of some is to create,
Of others to control,
While still another urge we know
Has money for its goal.

Another urge is all for fame,
Adventure claims one more,
And many others we could name,
Until we reach a score.

Psychologists claim they can tell
Just what each one should do,
But are we nearer to success
When they have searched us through?

All systems that omit great faith,
And substitute the will,
May in some instances succeed,
But leave us hungry still.

The urge we all in common have,
Is to be understood,
And that is why we love and work,
For one another's good.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 26.

Salad Dressing

In early spring the youth came home,
With appetite distressing,
And in the icebox he soon found,
A jar of salad dressing.

Crisp lettuce, celery, and shrimp,
He found, and these he shredded,
And lots of dressing he put on,
As hard boiled eggs he added.

Then hied he to the breakfast-nook,
When there with look appalling,
His mother said something to him,
Which seemed to be quite galling.

“You did not think it mayonnaise?”
She laughed and wiped her glasses,
He said, “Of course, how did I know
'T was sulphur and molasses!”

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 28.

The Birthday Greeting

Each birthday finds us just a little older,
May this one be the happiest one you've had,
And though your love for me is growing colder,
I wish that you may be forever glad.

I wish that Health, that very greatest blessing,
May travel with you wheresoe'er you go,
That Love may come again, this time possessing,
The power to bring the happiness you did not know.

I wish that Wealth may be your close companion,
That you may gratify your heart's desire,
That Disappointment be forever absent,
May you achieve that to which you aspire.

May many happy birthdays fill the future,
So happy they obliterate the past,
And more Good Luck than you can ever conjure,
The kind that stays and will forever last.

Not only when a special day comes creeping,
From out the future to the present time,
But all the time—my love is never sleeping,
There's something in that love for you sublime.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 30.

His Car

When Malcom Montmorenci Green,
Had reached that thrilling age—fourteen,
He made demands upon his Dad,
That made that parent very mad.

“I want a car that I may go,
“With other fellows that I know.”
“I’m so afraid he will be killed”
His mother moaned, “he’s so self-willed.”

“I’d rather have a Ford one day
And die the next, than live this way.”
“Well if you want a Ford, young man,
Go earn the money, if you can.”

“You took my car the other night,
And smashed the door and broke the light,
And all I did the whole next day,
Was pay—and pay—and pay—and pay.”

His father’s words showed him quite plain,
That his request had been in vain.
He’d not admit his cause was lost,
He’d have that car at any cost.

He sold newspapers on the street,
To anyone whom he should meet,
And next as errand boy he went,
To any place where he was sent.

He stood outside a movie door,
On Vine Street, till his feet were sore.
As “Extra” one day he was hired
And learned next day he had been fired.

They sent for him, one day again,
Those conscientious (?) movie men,
He took the “double” in a wreck,
He stood in fires they could not check,

He signed releasing them from blame,
What that boy did, was just a shame.

He fought till he was black and blue,
But they paid well when he was through.

At a garage he then applied,
And got some work to do inside,
Until at last he had the cash,
And for that Ford he made a dash,

His father coming home one night,
Looked down the street and saw a light,
It wobbled so from side to side
He knew the driver could not guide.

An instant more, the lights were out,
There'd been a wreck, there was no doubt.
"The steering wheel had broke" they said,
They thought the driver must be dead.

He grabbed his son from out the pile,
"I'll buy a car for you worth while,
If you had had a real good car,
You would not now be where you are!"

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 32.

Mystery

I think when I behold the myriad stars at night,
So large and bright,
How marvelous the intellect that planned it all!
And we, so small,
Dare ask, "Is there a God at all?"

And when I see the tide obey the silver moon,
In perfect tune,
I wonder—do I play the part assigned to me
In harmony,
With God's plan for eternity?

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 34.

His Heaven

A soul wandered out of the body one day,
With not a regret for the shell thrown away,
Life had been cruel and pleasures were few,
It took all it could from each that it knew,
In fierce competition it prospered and grew,
Ere it passed to the Great Beyond.

It then became one of a great motley crowd,
And sat at table with those that were proud,
Quite costly the raiment of those that were there,
But becoming disgusted he pushed back his chair.
“Is this all of Heaven?” he asked in despair,
Of the servant who waited on him.

“You are not in Heaven, my friend, but in Hell,
You came here to GET, not to GIVE, you know well
You must go back to earth and learn how to give,
And practice the lesson of ‘Live and let Live,’
Then when you return, I am quite positive,
You will then find it Heaven for you.”

So he came back to earth in the form of a child,
He was lowly and meek, he was patient and mild,
He gave of himself to relieve every care,
An encouraging word to the ones in despair,
And rich blessings bestowed to all everywhere,
So great was the change Love had wrought.

Each day was too short for the good he would do,
When night came his giving was never quite through,
His soul now re-born, again entered space,
His first thought was to help every one every place.
Of his old selfishness there was not a trace,
For he gave of whatever he had.

Again at a Banquet with a motley throng,
Each calling for something as he came along.
Their demands being great, he a servant became,
In order to give them whatever they’d name,
He was happy, for giving was now his great aim,

And he then met the man seen before.

“What are you doing here, you said this was Hell,
I find it like Heaven, I like it quite well,
But when here before ’twas a horrid old place.”
As he looked the old servant smiled into his face,
Then turning his head he looked into space,
And a moment of silence elapsed.

The old servant spoke: “The last time you were here,
You came here for conquest, to GET things, my dear,
The place is the same, but men find what they bring,
Be it Heaven or Hell to them it will cling,
Last time you brought Hell, you brought Heaven this spring,
The viewpoint is different, you see.

“If you want to find Heaven, bring Heaven with you,
For then you will find it in all that you do,
Men’s hearts differ greatly, some large and some small,
Unless he brings Heaven he’ll find none at all.”
As they looked at each other, they heard a loud call,
And they rushed to help those who’d brought Hell.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 36.

The Parting

A fleeting moment—soon a memory,
For I am going now, far out to sea.
For many years on the same barque of life,
We've pulled together, throughout every strife,
But now you'll be alone because, you see,
That you, my darling, cannot go with me.
I hear them say, "He is unconscious now,"
Yet on my hand I feel your own somehow.
Goodbye—I'm drifting—Oh, so far away!
But somewhere, Sweetheart, we shall meet—some day.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 38.

Suspense

Just as my yellow taxi pulled up beside the curb,
An over-zealous Red-cap, did my baggage disturb.
I looked just for a moment and then said, very plain,
“I’ve lower six, in car fourteen on the three-fifteen train.”

I went to eat my luncheon (the worst I ever ate)
Then hurried to the Pullman, as it was getting late.
I found there no umbrella, no suitcase could I see,
They held the train and hunted for Red-cap Forty-three,
That darkey said, when he appeared, so scared that he was white,
“Ah put it on de other train for El Paso tonight.”
The train soon left the station, left for another town,
While I had not a thing for night, no tooth brush or nightgown.

An old woman who had a seat direct across from me,
Remarked, “She’s never traveled, that you can plainly see.”
The porter came and said, “They’ll wire and try to get it there.”
I thought not of my clothing, but my books were packed with care.

The porter brought a telegram, it was then half past five;
“Go see the Station Master as soon as you arrive.”
When I got off to hunt that man I found “No office here,”
But I found a Baggage Master who spoke both loud and clear:

“Now One-O-One will be here at nine-thirty tonight,
And you be sure to hang around to claim your things, if right.”
At nine-thirty I got a cab, and camped right on that track,
In hopes that number One-O-One would bring my luggage back.

My efforts were rewarded, as I saw from afar,
My suitcase and umbrella pitched from that baggage car.
“Hey! Now you got your parasol, this release must be signed.”
I wrote my signature, and had once more my peace of mind.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 40.

His Wish

He wanted his freedom, he craved it,
 And drew the vibrations of death;
Then Saturn came in the arena,
 And claimed, from his loved one, her breath.

He wanted the joys of young manhood,
 He hated paternity's cares,
The vows made in youth he resented,
 Death's angel then came unawares.

He would now give his life for that bondage;
 The past we can never recall.
He wanted his freedom—he got it,
 And found it as bitter as gall.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 42.

Devotion

There's a fellow I love, but he's younger than I,
So I try to conceal my emotion,
My heart goes a-flutter whene'er he is nigh,
For it's quickened by deepest devotion.

When he enters my parlor, I have such a thrill,
As I watch close his minutest gesture,
While his seeming indifference produces a chill,
That is colder than any ice mixture.

Oh what would I give for just one look of love,
But I cannot control all his actions,
With a whoop and a run, he gives me a shove,
This GRANDSON that's not yet in fractions.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 44.

His Gift

The grasping man and the man who gave,
Each crossed my path one day,
And left an impression indelible,
When each had gone his way.

The grasping man, as in Shakespeare's time,
Like Cassius, was tall and lean,
You seldom find a man that is fat
Is stingy, selfish or mean.

So the other man, the one who gave,
Is generous through and through,
As he laughed and chuckled and coughed and sneezed
He gave me the prevalent Flu.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 46.

Extremes

The sun had set—the purple afterglow,
Spread its soft mantle on the world below,
And silently the stars came into view,
As good religious people sought their pew.
On Wednesday evening they all went to pray,
Pauline went also, she was raised that way.
She chose a seat which was quite near the door,
But she could hear the minister implore.
The more intense the views the preacher stressed,
The more rebellion grew in Pauline's breast,
Until she calmly rose and went outside,
Where God's great universe extended wide.

At midnight, on a busy city street,
There lived, in a Bohemian retreat,
A woman tall, most beautiful and fair,
With deep blue eyes and curly golden hair.
She stepped from cab, but she was not alone,
The house she entered was, in front, brown stone.
Her God was Pleasure, unrepressed Desire,
And that warm love that, wooed, becomes Hell-fire.
From modern viewpoint, she was a success,
She never tried emotion to repress,
Believed all trouble came from self-control,
Always denied existence of a soul.

Into a village, came with set of sun,
A lonely woman disguised as a nun,
She had found no contentment, nowhere peace,
From even memory she sought release.
What would she give for her dear mother's kiss!
A thing she used to feel she'd like to miss.
She'd lived her life, and lived it just her way,
But night will follow e'en the brightest day.

And o'er the town came the same afterglow,
The church bells rang the same as long ago.
They found her body in her father's pew.
Result of what extremes in thought can do.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 48.

Peggy and Henry

Tonight I'm looking backward to many years ago,
And I remember Peggy, and Henry you all know,
Then Peggy got the dinner, and Peggy stayed at home,
If anyone went gadding, it was Henry who would roam.

Then Peggy joined the Women's Club, and church society,
And rose to be the president, with great propriety,
And Henry swelled to twice his size, with her success in life,
And pointed to her proudly, as he said, "She is my wife."

We hear today an awful lot, about a women's realm,
And direful things that happen, if she ever takes the helm,
So years have passed and things have changed, and Peggy likes to roam,
While Henry scrapes the carrots and shells the peas at home.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 50.

Noche

You bunch of black impertinence,
 Perfection of your breed,
I wonder what would happen
 If your bark I did not heed.

You think because you're beautiful,
 And guard your owner well,
That no one else should speak to him,
 And if they do—you tell.

You eat with him at dinner time,
 You watch him through the night,
Protecting him from danger,
 Until the morning light.

You're truer than the staunchest friend,
 Your thoughts no one may know,
You stay close beside your master,
 Wherever he may go.

May you live long to comfort him,
 And keep him in good health,
For such intense devotion,
 Is not procured by wealth.

Perhaps in eons that are past,
 You two were pals before,
And in the life that is to come,
 You'll be again, once more.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 52.

Friends

A friend is something that you make,
 By something that you do,
Nobody else in all this world
 Can make a friend for you.

When someone has a host of friends,
 Observe and you will find,
For every friend that he has made
 Some act he did was kind.

If you think only of yourself,
 And criticise and scold,
Yourself is all that you will have,
 When you get cross and old.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 54.

The Retreat

The rippling pearls of the water,
The emerald green of the leaves,
The maiden-hair fern on the edge of the pool,
And the sycamore trees which keep the air cool,
Over all; as the path interweaves.

The path wide enough for two only,
With a little bench placed here and there,
While the soft clinging moss, as it kisses the stone,
Removes all the harshness, wherever it's grown,
As love softens trouble and care.

But the one single fish in the water,
Will keep us from soaring too high,
As he searches the edges, the lilies, the ferns,
I am sure there is something for which his heart yearns,
He is lonesome, as you, or as I.

When we tread this circuitous pathway,
And pause near the moss-covered well,
Away from the city, the noise, and the strife,
It mellows our viewpoint, our feeling toward life,
And our sorrows it seems to dispel.

We adore this seclusion and beauty,
The leaves trembling in the soft air,
We know and we feel, that the still voice within,
Is stronger than any "original sin,"
And regret we have duties elsewhere.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 56.

The Intellectual

I went with this friend to “The Village,”
And met many prominent men,
As well as some notable women,
Who are famous because of their pen.

These subjects discussed were appalling,
“The Growth of the Mind when you Roam,”
“Competition, or Working for Money,”
“The Folly of Owning a Home.”

“The Expression of all One’s Emotions,”
“The Larger Life—Never the Small,”
“The Curse of Life Monogamistic,”
“The Curse of Suppression at all.”

“The Use of All Objects in Common,”
To me it would be just like Hell,
I want my own personal toothbrush,
And my personal wife, too, as well.

I could not grasp this rotten viewpoint,
Of people who conversed with me,
Though my friend was a jolly good fellow,
With him I could never agree.

For he cussed the shrill noise of the street car,
And he cussed the small newsboys, too,
No American custom missed cussing,
By the time that this comrade was through.
When the foolhardy spasm had ended,
And the boiling hot blood had cooled down,
I went with this blatant young convert,
Back to a civilized town.

Where American business had flourished,
And American systems prevail,
He accepts good American money,
In spite of his Bolshevik wail.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 58.

Amalgamation

As I profess the Episcopal faith,
 And it was the end of the week,
I hastened to church in the early dawn,
 In hopes that the Bishop would speak.

He stressed the point of true brotherhood love,
 How each of us always should aim,
To weld together the various types,
 Regardless of each kind of name.

I went to play in the mild afternoon,
 Where a benefit game held sway,
For The Altar Guild of The Catholic Church,
 And a fine cake I brought away.

I thought of the Bishop and what he said,
 When his talk was nearing the end,
So I took a piece of my Catholic cake,
 To my dear Christian Science friend.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 60.

Ebbing Tide

The quiet stillness of the ebbing tide,
 Appeals to me today,
For in it youthful aspirations hide,
 That now are borne away.

When it came in with youth, and strength and power,
 Upon the Shore of Life,
It did not realize how short the hour,
 How great would be the strife.

And now it's passing out, to whence it came,
 And I shall soon pass, too,
The little ripple on the sand the same,
 Till others build anew.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 62.

Our Banner

Oh, say, have you seen by the dawn's early light,
The Federal Inspector so silently sneaking,
To purloin that wine that was made in the night,
To take when your stomach was aching and reeking?
The noise at the door, he has made it before,
Gave proof he intended to search the place o'er.
Oh, say, can The Star Spangled Banner still wave
O'er a man who is free, yet is outside his grave?

If you have not seen him, perhaps you will know,
Another sweet angel, you help pay his wages,
The Income Tax Man, for wherever you go,
He will scrutinize all of your books and their pages
He will deduct and add, till he finds that you had
A nice yellow dog that you failed to include.
Oh, why does The Star Spangled Banner do this,
And remove from our lives all our freedom and bliss?

Then there is one more that you never can fight,
He is known as the Head of the Planning Commission,
He says that your houses and streets are not right.
If you do not agree, you have "obsolete vision,"
He will cut and will fill, and condemn where he will,
And levy assessments you never can pay.
Oh, what can The Star Spangled Banner expect,
From those whose small homes it has failed to protect?

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 64.

Sally

Sally was a city girl,
 With many city beaux,
She though she hated city life,
 And city furbeloughs.
She did not like the standard
 That the cities now create,
So she took a country fellow
 To be her lifelong mate.

She loved the man she married,
 But not his rural ways,
She missed the little courtesies,
 The little words of praise
That come from constant contact
 With those who are refined,
But culture does not always come,
 With nobleness of mind.

You wed the individual,
 But surely breed the stock,
And Sally's boys and girls were just
 As country as a rock.
And when she tried to train them,
 By some inborn city rule,
She found herself to always be
 Held up to ridicule.

The new highway came through their place,
 'Twas early in the Spring,
And Sally answered quickly
 When she heard the doorbell ring,
And there stood Jim who loved her
 And no one else was near,
He drew her close and kissed her
 But she could not hide the tear.

As tears are signs of weakness,
 Jim thought he understood,
"O come with me, my Sally,
 "We'd be happy if you would,"

For just one instant Sally thought,
Then looked straight in his eyes,
“I could not leave my husband
And all my girls and boys.”

“The love of youth has passed away
It’s turned to duty now,
But life here will seem brighter
Because you came, somehow.”

“O Sally, dear, forgive me,
“I must no longer stay,”
He kissed her on the forehead
Then slowly turned away.

You must grit your teeth, my Sally,
For your lips must show a smile,
Though your heart is stabbed and bleeding,
You must hide it all the while.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 66.

The Strata

O quiet Strata, that I now behold,
You once were vibrant life, the same as I,
What mysteries within you dormant lie
Of eons that are past, and customs old!
The elements which you do now enfold
Perhaps were men, before their breath had fled,
And they became a part of all the dead.
So we, who are alive, cannot withhold
The call of Earth, which always claims its own.
Regardless of opinions that are rife,
We shall be strata, too, when life has flown.
There is no life existent without strife.
There are vibrations even in a stone.
Are you the "Peace" we call "Eternal Life"?

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 68.

Arbutus

Oh, do you remember the Trailing Arbutus,
The Trailing Arbutus just under the snow,
With its fuzzy brown leaves, and its tendrils protective
And fragrance surpassing all flowers that you know?

The blossoms with color from shell-pink to coral,
With silvery sheen on their petals so fair,
They are covered with snow, near the path through the woodland,
But if you dig deep, you will find them down there.

So just like the miner with his pick and shovel,
Who digs through the earth, for the treasures below,
We have the same faith in our Trailing Arbutus,
And know we will find it just under the snow.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 70.

The Perfect Cold

With Apologies to Carrie Jacobs Bond

When you come to the end of a perfect cold,
And you sit alone with your cough,
Encased all in blankets so warm and old,
But you can't take a darned thing off;

Do you think what the end of a cold might be,
Might do to a tired heart?
Then in comes the nurse with a cup of tea,
And you and your fears will part.

Well, you've come to the end of a perfect cold,
And it has run true to form,
You've made resolutions both strong and bold,
That you will always keep warm.

But memory and pleasure will still hold sway,
Until our life here is o'er,
You will be at the party, in decollette,
In front of the open door.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 72.

The Thinker

The thinker in our body,
 Is never idle once,
It's active in the scientist,
 It's active in the dunce.

It sometimes goes ahead, and sometimes
 Back of what we do,
But as long as we are living,
 The thinker is not through.

And do you think the thinker stops,
 When we have passed away?
It takes twelve hundred years to
 Re-incarnate, so they say.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 74.

Fairies

Oh the beauty of the morning
 Of another glorious day!
When night's phantoms have had warning,
 They must swiftly flee away,

And the gentle breeze that's blowing
 Rings the Canterbury bells
As they call the fairies knowing
 Just where each who needs them dwells.

One will bring me strength to labor,
 One will bring me faith and love,
One teach how to aid my neighbor,
 These dear fairies from above!

If I only would just listen,
 To the fairies that I hear,
Would dark objects shine and glisten?
 Would I ever shed a tear?

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 76.

The Remedy

The Grandmother was asked to go,
And view the things at the school show,
Exhibits little ones had made,
Who had not yet reached the fifth grade.
She asked if she should “change her dress?”
Her daughter sneered, “What foolishness!”

When they had gone a block or more,
Grandma, ashamed of what she wore,
The folks she met were all well dressed,
And she did not look like the rest,
“I wish I’d changed my dress,” said she,
“What to do now I do not see.”

Her granddaughter then looked her o’er,
As they approached the schoolhouse door,
This modern maid of twelve replied:
“Go by yourself when you’re inside,
’Twill save an awful lot of fuss,
No one need know you came with US.”

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 78.

The Inventory

I know a room that might perhaps ensnare,
Were it not for the things that are in there.
A thistle in a milk bottle is thrust,
Near a French marble clock, o'er spread with dust,
And from the wall some paintings glare at you,
One really good Madonna hangs there, too.
In one corner, a ragged Turkish chair,
While on the floor, an antique rug quite rare.
Then thrust between the looking glass and frame,
Are various verses—mottoes—with no name.
A table on which newspapers are piled,
An old school-bell long used to call the child.
A box and basket underneath the bed,
On top the dresser, everything is spread.

Some rocking-chairs are also in this room,
And nowhere ever any sign of gloom.
Four sunny windows let in the pure air,
A growing fern stands near an old oak chair.
An old-time gilded Vernis-Martin bed,
Its side against the wall, and o'er its head
Hangs an old-fashioned double blanket shawl,
Worn sixty years ago by nearly all.
And on the bed is usually a bag,
That's crammed so full it makes the bottom sag,
And, to relieve the strain, it's opened wide,
I cannot tell you all it has inside.
The latest newspaper spreads itself out,
Midst sewing, books and verses all about,
Until you scarce can see the white bedspread
That's used upon this heavy laden bed.
A writing desk is also in that room,
And on the dresser there is some perfume.
I've also known incense to burn there, too,
Musk, sandalwood, wisteria or yew.
A Bible, some philosophy to read,
In spite of which you cannot tell what creed
Or whether it is great or it is small.

Controls the fitful owner of it all,
And though this room is always such a mess,
I like to loiter there, I must confess,
And feel the owner has some love for me,
As in an old chair I sit silently.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 80.

Suicide

To do—or not to do—this damned thing!
In hopes that surcease from this ache 'twould bring.
I crave to grow, to learn, to realize
Some satisfaction or to gain some prize.

If all I write or can produce down here,
Has something wrong or something men call “queer,”
That keeps from me success, my life's desire,
Brings dross and ashes, though I've been through fire,

May I not crush this body through my grief,
And give to this great longing some relief?
If I should start to re-incarnate now,
Would someone in the Great Beyond teach how?

The mystic Great Beyond, where each will go,
Has many versions in the mind below,
Did I not fear just what the act might bring,
I think that I could do this damned thing.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 82.

The Tempter

You may talk about powder and lipstick and rouge,
And short-skirted dresses, what else you may choose,
But there's nothing I know that one's morals will wreck,
Like the man with the shirt that's turned in at the neck,

I know that nice necks are exceedingly rare,
But many a man has a neck that is fair,
The ones that allure you, the ones made to kiss,
Believe me, I know many necks just like this.

He stands there so guileless and looks in your face,
While you strain every muscle to keep it in place,
And that innocent neckband with end just tucked in,
Displays to perfection the curve of his chin.

There's many a battle not fought with a gun,
There's many a victory that's silently won,
If you want to reform and temptation you'd check,
You must "Blue Law" the shirt that's turned in at the neck.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 84.

The Junkass

You have heard of the Jackass, now listen to me,
And you'll hear of the Junkass, quite different, you see,
Though they never attended the same grammar school,
They're alike in one thing, in each there's some mule.

The Jackass starts out with a big heavy load,
While the Junkass collects his along every road,
It's not worth the storage it takes, as a rule,
But if you say that, he says: "You're a dampfool."

So he fills up the box till it reaches the top,
Then brings one that's larger from some little shop,
The closets, garage, and all spare room is filled,
If one thing is destroyed, you would surely be killed.

In great haste, you hear him announcing one day,
He wants that special bolt, that he has put away,
When through all those boxes he then has to hunt,
And wastes hours of time in performing that stunt.

It's just about then, the mule in him shows,
That collection holds nothing of which he'll dispose,
The Jackass is paid for the load that he brings,
While the Junkass pays others to cart 'round his things.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 86.

Daddy's Reformation

It was Christmas night, in a beautiful home,
Where Santa had left a big tree;
And Mother was tired from numerous tasks,
As mothers are so apt to be.

And Daddy, who didn't like Christmas at all,
But considered the day a great bore,
Had taken the auto and gone for a ride,
As soon as the dinner was o'er.

Now the bright little cherub with golden curls,
Had put the new dolly to bed,
When all of a sudden the child turned so white,
With a terrible pain in her head.

The poor frantic mother was there all alone,
When her little girl had a chill;
And Daddy, returning, was frightened to see
His idol alarmingly ill,

She looked in his eyes, big and blue just like hers,
Looked through them, clear down to his heart,
And opened the door that his money had closed,
Then said, as she drew him apart:

"I'm going away to a big fairy land,
Where Daddies and Mamas will play,
And where little children with all of their toys
Are never in anyone's way.

"If I like it out there, I think I will stay,
But now don't you think, Daddy, dear,
With my toys all put up and everything still,
You sometimes will feel sort of queer?"

A big lump came in the throat of the man,
And a moisture came in the eye,
And he said to her, "I'll play with you here,
I think I can if I try."

She clapped hard her two little feverish hands,
Exclaimed, "Daddy will play with me!"

And soon slept so soundly that when she awoke,
She was from fever quite free.

A new era dawned in that beautiful home,
When New Year's day morning had come,
The child had a horn and was marching around,
While Daddy was playing the drum.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 88.

Advice

When things go wrong along your path
Remember it is YOU,
So do not blame another for
The foolish things you do.

The aura that surrounds ourselves,
Will draw or will repel,
It follows closely what we think,
Although we may not tell.

Increase your optimistic thoughts,
And let the others die,
It may be very hard at first,
But it will pay to try.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 90.

The Reason

The bank was looking for funds,
And she had funds to spare,
A great many times she was asked
To make her deposit there.

Letters and cards and calls,
Brought only a courteous reply,
Till the president said "I'll go,
I can get those funds, if I try."

With confidence born of success,
He boldly ventured in,
And returned in much distress,
Without his accustomed grin.

Principles seldom change,
When young fellows get to be men,
And many things that seem strange,
Will bob up now and then.

She had been a little girl,
While he was tall and fair,
When at the same summer resort,
He was handsome and debonnair.

She had heard what those men said,
When the girls went in to tea,
As she shook her curly head,
"They'll never say that about me."

His hair was curly, too,
And now he was tall and gray,
But he never could undo,
The impression he made that day.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 92.

His Views

I don't want no old New Thoughter to philosophize fer me,
I've lived a year or two myself, and I knowed what I see,
These pious ones, that's tellin' you just what you ort to do,
When they was young, I bet that they was silly through and through.

I bet they went a-ridin' in a phaeton at night,
I bet they did not get back home till it was most daylight,
I bet that all the boys in town was sendin' them bouquets,
You can't fool me about the things that happened in those days.

They did not have the Charleston, but the Raquet was not slow,
They did not smoke—in public—that's another thing I know,
So when they psycho-analyze, and do themselves exalt,
I listen, but I take it with a "Leetle grain of salt."

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 94.

The Fate of Thought

An embryonic Thought pervades the mass
 Of gross humanity, until it's born,
And then it forms itself into a class,
 Where "Each for All" shall work from early morn.

In infancy it thrives from constant care,
 But soon the jealousies of Youth will grow,
And form an entering wedge, in which all share,
 The subtle flattery that each does know.

Before this Thought has reached maturity,
 Each one imagines that HE is the "All,"
And in the struggle for supremacy,
 The stifled Thought receives the fatal fall.

And "Each for All" now bows, as "Dust to Dust,"
 The Thought, with others, goes to whence it came,
And Selfishness, and Greed, and common Lust
 Is all that's left of a once noble name.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 96.

A Reverie

As I sat in my room tonight,
 My lips and cheeks with fever red,
While all the rest was blue and white,
 I wondered what I'd do, if dead.

I'd find the Fates that govern you,
 And make them bring you great success,
It makes me sad, that I can do
 Nothing to aid you in distress.

I'd make the part of life that's bright,
 Surround you with its loveliness,
I'd take from you all care and night,
 Make each day filled with happiness.

I'd purge your soul from every thought,
 That hampered you in any way,
But I can't go and plead for you,
 All I can do is watch and pray.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 98.

Your Portrait

Each day that comes and goes, you know,
 Creates a Past for you,
None other can create it, for
 It's made by what you do.

So make it clean and make it strong,
 And make it bright and cheery,
That when you're old and sit alone,
 Your days may not be weary.

The shadow of the things you do,
 You cannot chase away,
Sometimes it's bright, sometimes it's dim,
 But it will always stay.

And when you're through with life, you've left
 Just one thing here behind,
It is the image you have made,
 Upon another's mind.

You leave a picture everywhere,
 With every one you meet,
Some more enduring than the rest,
 As you go down Life's street.

So as each act that you perform
 Will help to paint a Past,
Select your colors carefully,
 With harmonies that last.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 100.

Beyond Recall

She stood by the door in the twilight,
Defiant, rebellious and bold,
Her mother was standing beside her
With heartache the future she told.

She scorned all the pitiful pleadings,
So strong was the spring-call of youth,
She rushed from the arms, never heeding,
The warnings she knew were the truth.

She stands by the door in the twilight,
One month after she went away,
A white wreath now hangs on the knocker,
It is HER heart that is aching today.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 102.

Warning

The viper disguised as a beautiful dove
Is worse than the devil himself;
It enters the realm of the most sacred love,
And claims 'tis an impulse that comes from above,
When in truth it's the devil's own self.

Its feathers are smooth, and so soft is its coo,
As it lures and leads on to hell,
That many a man not intending to woo,
Has done many things that he never should do,
And things that he never will tell.

So beware of the lonely, the innocent one,
Who through sympathy tries to appeal,
Who says that in nothing can you be outdone,
And persistently flatters until you are won,
Making wounds that nothing can heal.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 104.

Little Things

The things that are said, and the things that are told.

And the things that we do when we part,
Are only a little adventure to one,
But it's breaking the other one's heart.

And the other one's heart bears the shock at first,
Then weakens and shrivels away,
Till there's nothing left of the warmth and the love,
That adventure poisoned that day.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 106.

Retrospection

I am sitting in my bedroom,
By the window
In the twilight,
And my thoughts are floating backward
To a town, in
Massachusetts,
Where I passed the early eighties,
And, like others, planned my future.

Oh! The elm trees and the poplars,
That grew there
To such perfection,
And the fuzzy chestnut standing
By the stone wall
Near the river,
And the goldenrod that nodded
To the buckwheat
In the meadow.
Do they now attract the young folks
As they did when life was simpler?

“Where is now the merry party,”
Lute and Nettie,
Fred and Annie,
“Skip” and Bessie, Bob and Nellie,
Omnipresent
“Bump” and Julie
All went to skate at “Nash’s Mills,”
Don’t forget the box of chocolates
That “Tick” always brought to someone.

In the calmness of the evening,
I sent out my
Thoughts, to gather

Sheaves of wheat, for Memory's harvest,
They returned soon,
Empty-handed,
Telling of the friends disbanded.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 108.

Vitalization

I went to the beach for some solace,
 From sand and the ocean and air,
Though strength from Above may be gathered
 In silence, from most anywhere.

No object was seen on the shore-line,
 'Twas quiet and peaceful and still,
Not a ripple appeared on the ocean,
 Not a breeze from the brow of the hill.

He healed my lame back with His sunshine,
 He warmed my sad heart with His love,
He gave to my mind peace and quiet,
 As only can come from Above.

With the sun sinking back from the foothills,
 And the tide coming in from the sea,
I arose and returned to life's duties,
 But with strength and great tranquility.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 110.

My Lesson

Teach me to do Right,
For Right will bring
No harm
To person, place or thing.

Teach me to be True,
For "Truth will win,"
I ask:
"Just where shall I begin?"

Teach me to Forgive.
Forgiveness brings
Great strength
To understand great things.

Teach me then to Pray,
For prayer brings hope
And those
Who pray no longer grope.

Teach me to have Faith.
Faith will succeed
If strong
Bring everything I need.

Teach me then to Love.
Love never dies,
Creates,
And is God's greatest prize.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 112.

The Widow's Soliloquy

Where art thou, My Belovéd,
O thou of noble mind,
All that is great in manhood,
In thee God had combined.
Integrity and intellect,
Honor and self-control,
Love, patience, charity and strength
Flourished within thy soul.

Where art thou, My Beloved,
None KNOW thou art not here,
And I can feel thy presence,
And hear thy voice so clear,
So clear and low, consoling me
As thou didst for many years,
And feel thine arms around me
Regardless of my tears.

"I'm just around the corner, dear,
In the sunshine free from pain,
Thou couldst not wish me to return,
And in agony remain,
And each evening, just at twilight,
I've a tryst I'll keep with thee,
When thou art "In The Silence,"
Thou shalt know thou art with me.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 114.

Trouble

I don't think that I like trouble,
Yet when troubled ones prefer me,
There's a feeling comes a-stealing
Like the dawn before the day,
And I'm glad these friends can trust me,
Glad they find some consolation,
They are nearer, they are dearer,
When the masks are torn away.

For without any exception,
Be they men or be they women,
There's an aching, there's a breaking
In the heart revealed to me,
There are those who ought to cheer them,
There are those who should be near them,
They are only sad and lonely
From a lack of sympathy.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 116.

First Aid

What are you doing to help ease the load
Of some weary traveler out on Life's road,
Did you smile when you met him down town today
Or were you impatient and hurried away?

Did you grasp the hand he extended to you
With a firm warm clasp and with sympathy too,
Or did you just grab it and thought "what a bore"
With a feeling of duty and glad it was o'er?

A smile, a handclasp, an expression of love,
Helps make this world more like the Heaven above,
And each day as it closes with setting of sun,
Be sure you have lightened the load for someone.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 118.

Used-to-be

Oh I've been out upon Life's Sea,
To that far land of Used-To-Be,
And I have stood with you out there
Quite free from any earthly care,
Then you were what you seemed to be
In that fair land of Used-To-Be.

On distant planets where I roam,
When I forsake this mortal home,
Are many others just like me,
Who live for what life used to be.
We all must work our Karma out,
And faith be stronger than the doubt.

Then everything that we shall see,
Is like the land of Used-To-Be,
Before we learned to lie and cheat,
And sell our souls for clothes and meat.
Each day helps make Eternity,
Let's make it TRUE as Used-To-Be.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 120.

The Love Letter

In jest to an old gentleman

In a house that's in the canyon, midst the lemons and the poppies,
There you dwell, O Sweetheart Lover, of a year or so ago,
And your eyes are black and snappy, and you seem supremely happy,
As you trim the trees and roses, and you sometimes wield the hoe.

You have traveled this world over, "From Pike's Peak to Straits of Dover,"
And I love to hear you tell us of the things that you have seen,
Your rich mind is stored with treasures, in your youth you'd many pleasures,
But I don't think that you tell us all, because you're so serene,

I'm so lonely when I leave you, it is cruel to deceive you,
But your wife is always hanging 'round, with great cordiality,
And I know from things I see there, it is well I cannot be there,
So with hidden tears and sorrow, leave, with much formality.
In my mind I see you standing, on the porch above the landing,
And your tall and stately figure makes a picture quite worth while,
So it is with pain and sorrow, I am going home tomorrow,
For I will not stay here longer if I cannot see you smile.

So the house that's in the canyon, midst the lemons and the poppies,
Is a memory I will hold dear, wherever I may go,
Though I travel this world over, from "Pike's Peak to Straits of Dover,"
I will never find a lover that can equal you, I know.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 122.

His Answer

“Your letter came to me, dear, and found me most forlorn,
But it changed a day of darkness into the radiance of morn,
And left me thinking sadly of the days that are no more,
When your little Deauville Sandals came pattering on the floor.

“My wife is in the kitchen, where she had ought to be,
For she could never understand the thoughts of you and me,
And when you come again, dear, you’ll find beside the door,
A flying plane to take us out, to joys forevermore.”

Ran C——(Now deceased)

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 123.

The Soul

When we came in, we nothing brought along,
Except our soul, to help us sing Life's song,
May we possess it always, and ne'er yield
It to the devil, lest it may go wrong.

When we go out that soul is all we take,
And it will be the kind of soul we make,
And clinging to us throughout eternity
And of our every action will partake.

And if we re-incarnate, that same soul,
Is sure to be a part of that new whole,
If not desirable it's our own fault,
Because its progress was in our control.

And, if we let it shrivel and decay,
We'll have to take it with us anyway,
Because it is immortal—never dies,
So let us meditate, and watch and pray.

And if we pray, that yearning on our part,
Must come from strong desire within the heart,
May that desire be just what it should be,
To purify that soul ere we depart.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 124.

The Rock of Happiness

The heart-shaped Rock of Happiness,
Is made of Give and Take,
The little hollow in the top,
Holds the mistakes we make.

For these create Love's Pool of Tears,
And always floating there,
Is found the wedge we call "Deceit,"
And near it lurks "Despair."

This wedge is made of little lies.
It scintillates and shines,
And if we choose to play with it,
True happiness declines.

May it float always on the pool,
And never entrance gain,
Because if it is driven in,
The rock will fall in twain.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 126.

The Daughter-in-law's Lament

When we were first married, we took an apartment,
In its way, an apartment is all very well,
But when people on one side cook onions for dinner,
The ones on the other begin raising H—l.
You're right in between them, you cannot help knowing
Just what is transpiring, in spite of the wall,
When you burn the potatoes and "Dear" gets to swearing,
You're bitterly conscious they're hearing it all.

So when in a few months the weather got warmer,
We started to look for a house that was small,
And after inspecting one-half of a hundred,
We ended by calmly rejecting them all.
'T was just about this time his mother called on us,
We sure were too handy, we must get away,
So out in the country we found a small cottage,
And thither we flew on the first pleasant day.

We there had our rabbits, our dogs and our chickens,
The house it was old and it would not keep clean,
I cooked and I swept and I scrubbed and I laundried,
And when night came I never was fit to be seen.
When thunderstorms came in the house no one knew it,
And my husband worked hard fixing things up for me.
'T was our first little home and I now look back to it,
And think we were happy as happy could be.

We did not just like it but still we kept staying,
And would not have moved, but the landlord that's old,
Arrived there one day with a real estate agent,
Who serenely informed me the place had been sold.
We then were all ready to take our vacation.
Our grips were all packed, so we went for ten days,
And while we were gone the "Old Girl" got to thinking,
About what to do and the means and the ways.

So when we came home we all went house hunting
And found one way out where the fresh breezes blew,
And moved all our rabbits, our dogs and our chickens,
And everything else that we had we brought too.

We're tickled to death with our latest possession,
Though we came in on Saturday, we hope to stay,
But if someone would give us two thousand for moving,
I think we would try to get out right away.

The house it just suits us in style and in finish,
It only possesses what's really one flaw,
And that we can't help, so we must grin and bear it,
The owner of it is—MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 128.

Undaunted

I walked through the meadow aglow with wild flowers,
While each one appealed in its own special way,
And ere I had known it I'd been there for hours,
Ignoring the night that must follow the day.
I plucked some fair blossoms out of the great mass,
Forgetting the snake that was coiled in the grass.

While out in Life's Meadow, both early and late,
I gather my friendships as I pass along,
I know there is malice and envy and hate,
But I will ignore them—I will be strong,
For when we're successful there always is seen,
The Jealousy Monster, with eyes that are green.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 130.

The Little Lot Upon the Hill

A little lot upon the hill,
That overlooks the ocean's blue,
A clump of trees—a shady rill,
And soft green moss that it runs through.

A restful stillness o'er the range,
That in the distance looms afar,
While over all the colors change,
As comes in view the evening star.

A timid maiden stands alone,
Scans well the bridle path below,
Not even to herself will own,
She loves a man she does not know.

A horseman in the twilight's gleam,
With bridle, martingale and spurs,
Rides nightly as far as the stream,
She does not know his heart is hers.

She sees him pass—she hears a shot
Her thought is only of the man,
Though danger lurks she heeds it not,
And runs as quickly as she can.

The prancing steed had wheeled around
And pawed the grass on which he stood,
The man was nowhere to be found,
Another rider seeks the wood.

The slowly rising summer moon,
Sheds its soft rays beneath the trees,
The horseman lay, as in a swoon,
She quickly fell upon her knees.

She prayed: "O God, please spare this life
This life that meant so much to me,
I hoped someday to be his wife,
But now I know it cannot be."

She paused, and lo the stranger smiled,
Her secret she could not recall,

He said, "I've waited long, my child,
For you I'd give my life—my all."

The horse, the rider and the maid,
Walked slowly in the moonlight's glow,
And love was there, that would not fade,
A love that falsehood cannot know.

The little lot upon the hill,
Looks down upon the ocean's blue,
And lovers roam the pathway still,
But none more happy than these two.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 132.

Prayers

God of the races of all mankind,
Help me to choose the faith suited for me,
Show me the good in whatever I find,
Keep me from slander and hypocrisy.
Give me great strength and conviction and zeal
Give me the power to relieve those in pain,
Give inspiration, and thy love reveal,
That when life's over, I've not lived in vain.

God grant I may do some good service today,
A thoughtful action in a kindly way,
May I no confidence ever betray,
Hurt no one's feelings by what I may say,
Increase my power to do good more and more,
Let me do nothing that I will deplore
When darkness encircles and the day is o'er,
And I see in silence the far Unknown Shore.

When I arise from my bed this morn,
Help me to choose the right,
May new ambitions in me be born,
That are realized by night.
Help me to share in another's woe,
That their burden may be less,
Give me the physical strength to go
And aid others in distress.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 134.

To Mrs. A. on Her Birthday

In days that are gone, before hearing' this song,
A beautiful woman was walking along
The Motherhood Path, and with short hurried breath,
She bravely strode on to the dark Gate of Death.
All mothers have had this same thing to do,
Sometimes they turn back and sometimes they go through.

An angel stood close by that mother that day,
And gave her a bundle, and sent her away,
And no one could tell that that bundle would be
Such a wonderful friend both to you and to me.
For bundles are rather uncertain, you know,
You find them wherever you happen to go.

But this one was planted right out in the sand,
In the great western country, with God to command.
It turned to a woman most lovely and fair,
When a man came along and married her there.
As a charming, adorable, little girl wife,
I am sure that her mischief enlivened his life.

May this birthday bring joy to this girl of the West,
And many more birthdays, each one be more blessed,
May health, wealth and happiness also be found,
When the Twilight of Life is lurking around,
I hope she may always be facing the light,
So no shadows appear, and the days are all bright.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 136.

Compensation

When I go out into the Great Unknown,
What shall I find? The fruits of seeds I've sown.
If I find love and happiness and rest,
Twas nurtured by the thoughts of those I've blessed,
If I've been cold and cruel and unkind,
That is the sort of world that I shall find.

God grant that every hour that I spend here,
Shall help to fit me for that future sphere,
It may be Heaven or it may be Hell,
Whate'er I make it, that I know too well,
And when at dusk I hear the final call,
Life's day here closed, I know this is not all.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 138.

In-laws

When sister Sue came over, and sister Carrie too,
I then was very certain I'd have a lot to do,
For Carrie is an in-law, an older one than I,
But Sue is Jack's own sister, more perfect than the sky.

I kept the conversation in the straight and narrow way,
And as long as I was present they hadn't much to say,
But when I had to leave the room so I could make the tea,
I heard them start to whisper, they were criticising me.

They did not like my powder, and they did not like my paint,
And each of them was certain that I was not any saint.
"Poor Jack, it was a pity that he had been so roped in,
By a girl that all she thought of was how to get his tin."

I listened quite intently, then I made up my mind
I'd put something in those teacups, that they would never find.
I had some little tablets upon the kitchen shelf.
There was no taste at all to them, I'd taken one myself.

In each Limoges teacup, I dropped a tablet white,
To keep those girls too busy to slander me that night,
And early in the morning, Jack's mother called to say,
That as the girls were ailing she was taking them away!

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 140.

In the City

The soft rain is falling and night-lights
Reflect in the wet glassy street,
You are not quite sure of your bearings,
And neither are those that you meet.

The Inner Voice then gives you courage,
Gives strength to your wavering hand,
With prayers and with firm affirmations,
The steering-wheel you must command.

Two bright lights shoot out from the corner,
And pass you at ninety per hour,
A terrible crash roars behind you,
That auto had gigantic power!

The ambulance siren is blowing,
The cop soon returns to his beat,
The crowd moves away, and the night-lights
Still shine in the wet glassy street.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 142.

The Aftermath

The silver sheen of the early dawn,
Was lighting the eastern sky,
The lilac hazes caressed the hills,
Before the sun was high,
The dim light shone on the valley below,
And entered the door of a bungalow.

It fell on the form of a beautiful girl
In a stupor, on rugs so rare,
Her dimpled white arms encircled her head,
Crowned with chestnut curley hair;
Her disheveled clothing exposed to view
The charm of her throat, and her bosom too,

The cool morning breeze was reviving the man,
Sprawled on a divan near,
Apollo-like form and fine shapely hands,
And intellect now quite clear.
Bottles and glasses and ashes were there,
And cigarette stubs scattered everywhere.

He arose and gazed at the poor blackened eye,
Of "The Woman God Gave Him"—his wife
A blow had been struck—she held in her hand,
The glittering blade of a knife,
"My God! We must have been having a fight,
What a terrible price for A Glorious Night!"

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 144.

The Simoon

The simoon comes up from the desert,
And over the earth casts a gloom,
Embracing the beautiful bushes,
And kissing the flowers in bloom.

The heat of the kiss blights the blossom,
The Simoon then goes on its way,
The poor little flowerlets are withered,
As nothing is left but decay.

The Simoon of life is so hectic,
That it will soon ruin our lives,
T will sap all the strength of our manhood,
On beauty and weakness it thrives.

Not long at its shrine can we linger,
'Twill age us although we have youth,
Some fair morning we will awaken,
And realize then the whole truth.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 146.

Vacation

A little Angel spirit and a little Devil too,
Were standing on the threshold of the year,
And each of them was thinking of the work he had to do,
The Devil laughed—the Angel shed a tear.

Then said: “You use the summer to undo—what I have done
In Lent and Easter and throughout the spring,
The Sunday school then closes, for vacation has begun,
It makes me sad; I have no heart to sing.”

Vacation time is something that the Devil never knows,
But if he did, a deputy would stand
To keep his place wide open, not one door would be close,
The Church with like alertness would expand.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 148.

The Storm

The sunrise as seen from the steamer,
Was brilliant with gold and with red,
The swell on the ocean was heavy,
There were little white specks overhead,
Soon the wind rose in all of its fury,
Black clouds kissed the foam of the sea,
The ship rocked and plunged in its struggle
To keep from eternity.

The Devil was King of the Ocean,
And God was King of the Air,
And down in the heart of each sailor,
Was an honest and fervent prayer.
You feel closer to God in mid ocean,
Than you ever feel on the land,
And one who has been through a tempest,
Thereafter can understand,

I stood on the deck in the evening,
And all was so quiet and still,
I thought how the elements ruled us,
Regardless of any man's will.
The terrible battle was over,
The stars shone clear in the sky,
The rising moon made a pathway
Direct to God's throne on high.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 150.

A Voice

Out in the atmosphere there is a voice,
A voice that is waiting for me to hear,
But I am surrounded by mortal thoughts
And spiritual visions do not seem clear.

The radio taught us no sound is lost,
Had we but the knowledge to tune in right,
Could I get in touch with that long lost voice,
All earthly darkness would be turned to light.

In sad meditation I sit and wait,
In hopes that within me some power may dwell,
To draw the vibration held in the air,
And contact the voice that I love so well.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 152.

That Something

We all are seeking something,
What is that something's name?
To some it stands for money,
To others it is fame.
And some are seeking pardon,
And some are seeking rest,
But very few among us
Are seeking what is best.
If we but felt that service
Would bring the sought-for joy,
Give from our own more freely,
With no strings to annoy,
Give love and smiles and greetings,
Give faith and hope and cheer,
We'd find that sought-for something,
Not far away from here.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 154.

Silence

When the sun is slowly setting,
And the azure tints are spread,
That is when we should be getting,
Thoughts that come from overhead.

Thoughts that in the busy rustle
Of the day's intensive work,
Have no place amidst the tussle
As we labor, think, or shirk.

There's a something that comes o'er us.
As we meditate alone,
And we wonder what's before us,
What we were in days unknown.

While we think of Christ and Buddha,
Zoroaster and the rest,
Let our inner conscience tell us,
Which of these for us is best.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 156.

Unknown

Ignore not the dynamic force,
Of power unknown within,
Do nothing that will cause remorse,
And keep away from sin.

Power to do wrong develops too,
As well as to do right,
An “evil spirit” may lead you
Into the darkest night.

Some whose vibrations may “tune in,”
While “static” others find,
Have had through faith much discipline,
Perhaps not growth of mind.

While those who reason all things out,
That power cannot attain,
And never will while still they doubt,
“Unknown” it shall remain,

Call it subconscious, psychic, fake,
Or anything you will,
This unknown power, you can’t mistake,
Will come when you are still.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 158.

Despair

Once more with love and sorrow I send flowers,
In hopes that happiness it may bring thee,
But oh! the sad, regretful lonely hours,
I spend in thinking of what used to be.

Could I turn back the chilling hands of Time,
To where they stood a few short years ago,
I wonder, would the bells more sweetly chime?
Or is it Fate that naught but grief I know?

I miss thee more and more as time goes on,
Oh, dost thou think of me once in awhile?
And dost thou ever weigh the pro and con,
Of what 'twould mean to me to see thee smile?

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 160.

Progress

In the heart of a lovely pueblo,
 Midway 'twixt the Mission and sea,
An hombre dug deep in the warm Mother Earth,
 And planted a small live oak tree.

The pueblo grew into a city,
 With Jail and a Court House and Square,
And people who came from all over the world,
 Enjoyed the cool shade they found there.

Convulsions of nature, which followed,
 Made a wreck of the Court House and Jail,
But the tree with its beauty, and God-given charm,
 Had weathered the shock of the gale.

In the heart of the lovely pueblo,
 Midway 'twixt the Mission and sea,
Stands a spacious building, that near covers the square,
 But many will weep for the tree.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 162.

Hope

A brilliant, warm, life-giving ray of light,
Shone in an atmosphere of deepest gloom,
In which an aged woman sat alone,
And waited for a call from out the tomb.

The fascination of this radiancy
Impelled, and drew her nearer with its power,
And with its penetration of her heart,
It gave to her once more a happy hour.

And now the light has gone—again 'tis dark,
Oh, will it ever shine as on that day?
Or will it only be in memory,
That she beholds that bright illumined ray?

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 164.

Easter

The whole earth was troubled with sorrow,
Each creature was vibrant with greed,
Each labored only for most selfish ends,
 An eye for an eye,
 A tooth for a tooth,
A nation indulging in follies of youth.

A change was then seen in a portion,
A strange man had come in their midst,
He taught forgiveness and love, so they said:
 "We'll tear limb from limb
 And crucify Him,"
They did, the earth shuddered, the sun became dim.

But the leaves from the Mount of Olives,
Kissed the waves on the Galilee,
Great love then came from this brooding, and lived,
 It's dried many tears,
 For hundreds of years,
And given us Easter with love, and not fears.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 166.

Adieu

I'm going out to the Great Beyond,
 To a place we never see,
If it's good enough for those gone before,
 It is good enough for me.

I hope I may go with a smile on my face
 Before my strength has waned,
That the sorrowing time may be quick and short,
 For those that have remained.

Publication. First published in *Bacon*. Los Angeles: privately printed, 1929, p. 168.

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Book and periodical titles are italicized throughout.

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Works About the Author

Review of *Bacon* and *The Crazy Quilt*. *Forum of Psychic and Scientific Research* 4.10, January 1933.

Colophon

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This critical reading edition was edited by Brian Kim Stefans for The Text-Tech Papers, Los Angeles, in 2026, as part of *Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry*. The poems were reset from the source pages identified in the publication notes and datasheet. The book was composed in EB Garamond on a cream field at 6 × 9 inches. The cover uses original abstract artwork prepared for this edition.