



THOMAS J. MCGONIGLE

*Dark Donegal
and Other Poems*

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

Dark Donegal and Other Poems

Thomas J. McGonigle

A Critical Reading Edition

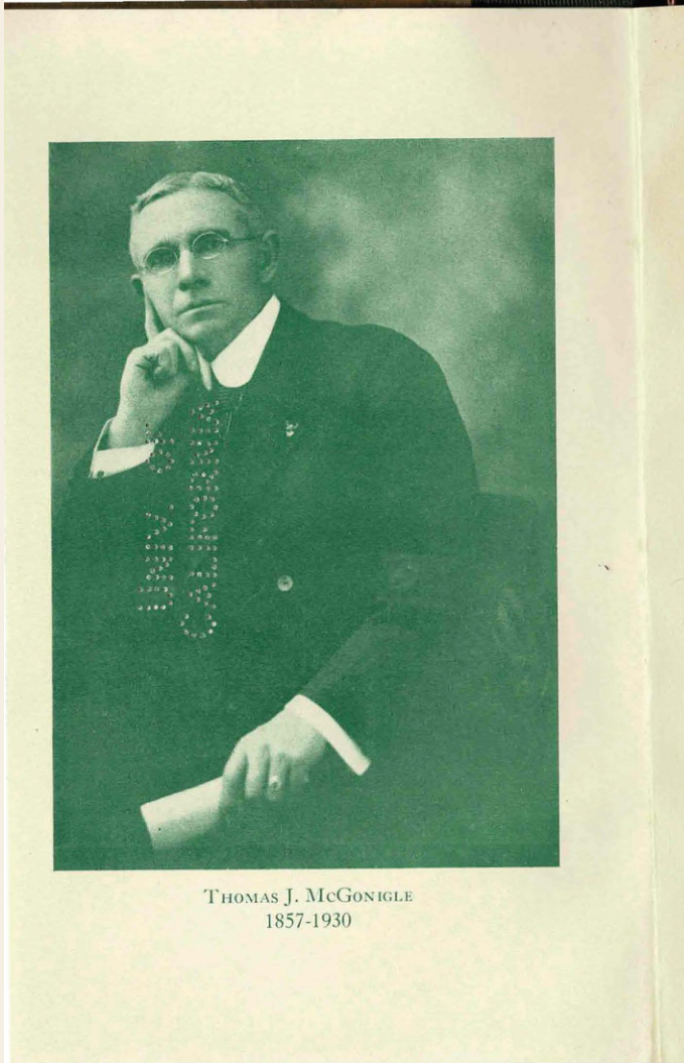
Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers

Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

Archival Images

A short selection from the source record



THOMAS J. MCGONIGLE
1857-1930

Thomas J. McGonigle, frontispiece to Dark Donegal and Other Poems (1930).

Editorial Note

This is a reset reading edition, not a facsimile. The poems were transcribed from the original book and periodical scans in the local archive rather than from earlier reader PDFs. Narrow source-page wraps have been rejoined; stanza divisions, purposeful line indents, subtitles, epigraphs, and internal section headings have been retained. Unavoidable display wraps use a hanging indent. Obvious scanning debris was removed without silently modernizing diction or punctuation. Book and periodical titles are italicized in editorial matter, and every poem begins on a new page and ends with a source note. Teal brackets in “Dark Donegal” identify wording reconstructed from a physically damaged line in the scan.

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Introduction

Thomas J. McGonigle carried Donegal with him from the Atlantic edge of Ireland to Pittsburgh steel mills and then to Los Angeles, where he worked for the Southern Pacific, the Whittier State School, and the city's Board of Education. He wrote poems for banquets, friends, children, journeys, political arguments, and private grief, rarely imagining them as a book. After his death in a traffic accident in 1930, his children gathered every poem they could find into *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. The result is sprawling, uneven, vivid, and deeply local: Ireland and California keep answering one another across exile. This complete reading edition preserves the family's six-part arrangement, the acrostics and dedications, and the lineation of the original posthumous volume.

Biography

Thomas John McGonigle was born on February 2, 1857, at Rinmore near Fanad Head in County Donegal, the third of five sons of John McGonigle and Bridget Callaghan McGonigle. Gaelic was the language of his home, and he did not begin speaking English until about eight. His daughter's account describes clandestine or improvised schooling, early ability in scholarship and athletics, and a lasting attachment to Donegal's coast and Irish independence.

At about twenty McGonigle went to Scotland and worked for two years in shipyards on the Clyde. He then emigrated to the United States, settling first in Pittsburgh, where he worked in steel mills, sold books, and studied accounting at night. There he met and married Rose Anne Dunne, an Irish immigrant from Enniskillen.

The couple moved to Los Angeles in 1886. McGonigle became a store manager for the Southern Pacific Railroad and joined the city's early Irish Catholic civic life, including the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He built a house on Alpine Street and became known as a forceful political speaker. Rose Anne died after the birth of their daughter Rose, leaving him to raise Rose and their son John.

McGonigle later worked as commissary clerk at the Whittier State School, entered real estate during the 1907 boom, and developed property at Vernon and Vermont Avenues. He then served for twelve years as purchasing agent for

the Los Angeles Board of Education, where his daughter credited him with business systems copied elsewhere. He helped his children through Stanford University and the University of Southern California before returning to the Southern Pacific.

Travel became a central pleasure in his later life. He revisited Ireland in 1902 and later traveled with his daughter through national parks, Alaska, the United States, Europe, and Mexico. The journeys produced many of the poems in his only book, while Ireland remained a political and imaginative homeland.

On January 28, 1930, McGonigle was struck by an automobile on his way to work and died three hours later, five days before his seventy-third birthday. His daughter Rose V. McGonigle prepared the posthumous *Dark Donegal and Other Poems* with her brother. She emphasized that most early poems had been destroyed by their self-critical author and that the book preserved virtually everything the family could find from his final decade.

The collection records an immigrant working and civic life rarely preserved at book length. Its formal habits are traditional, but its subjects range widely: Irish nationalism, California scenery, public squares, travel, family, acrostic friendship poems, labor, peace, political satire, and Los Angeles institutions. Its documentary density is inseparable from its literary interest.

Dark Donegal and Other Poems

The complete posthumous collection, 1930

The complete posthumous collection prepared by McGonigle's children, arranged in its six original sections.

Poems on Ireland

Dark Donegal

Farewell, the scenes where my [childhood wandered]—

The verdant vales and the emerald hills,
The sylvan scenes where in youth I pondered
O'er the magic beauty of lakes and rills;
Adieu, the voice of the warbler singing
In woodland, ringing thru tower and hall
Where chieftains live in tradition's story—
The ancient glory of Donegal.

Farewell, the cliffs and the wild waves breaking—
The splashing spray and the billows' foam;
The circling sea fowl's shrill cry awak'ning
Resounding echoes from her cavern home;
Adieu, the heath where torrents roaring
Their pure flood pouring in cascade and fall,
The salmon leaping, the eagle soaring—
The scenic grandeur of Donegal.

I've seen the banks of the sluggish Ganges,
The snow-capped summits of the Himalayas,
The towering peaks of the Cascade ranges,
The Columbia rolling to the Western seas;
I've heard the roar of Niagara swelling,
The Bridal Veil and the Yosemite fall;
Yet childhood scenes in fond memory dwelling
Call back my heart to Dark Donegal.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 19.

A Hibernian's Toast

Far from our own loved Innishfail
 In fraternal ties tonight,
We scattered children of the Gael
 In festive cheer unite;
With true accord around this board
 Each man in manhood's place
Toasts dear old Erin's emerald plains,
 The cradle of our race.

The creeping wildflowers on her hills,
 Bright streams and verdant vales,
Her laughing, sparkling mountain rills,
 Her fields and woodland dales;
Each rugged strand and mountain grand,
 Each river and each lake
Nourished by Erin's generous breast
 We toast for Erin's sake.

We pledge our Order, true as steel,
 To country and to creed,
Responsive to each just appeal
 Of brother when in need.
And Friendship good through fire and flood,
With Unity shall be
The golden chain that will maintain
 Our Christian Charity.

We toast Erin's daughters by our side,
 Each charming Sthore Ma Chree
In bond fraternal here allied,
 Our loyal auxiliary;
In cot or hall, by lake or fall,
 'Long Bann or Shannon's wave—
Our Celtic fawn, our Colleen Bawn
 Ne'er bred a crawling slave.

We toast the memory of our dead,—
 Martyrs to Erin's cause,—
Brave men who struggled, fought and bled
 'Gainst brutal Saxon laws!

Our honor bright, we pledge this night
By the eyes of those we love
A nation free our land shall be,
God helping from above.

Brothers, we drink a rising toast:
"Columbia the free,"
The proudest land that earth can boast,
Our adopted loved country!
May her flag unfurl'd lead the world
In peace, in art, in war,
And freedom's sun pour its rays upon
Its every Stripe and Star.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 20. Source note: Dedicated to Division No. 1, A. O. H., Los Angeles, California, and read at their banquet, December 18, 1910.

Propaganda

They say that you bartered your soul, Kathleen,
For pleasure, power and place;
Embraced the creed of the foul shawneen
With a placid, blushless face.
They smile and boast that your spirit's broke,
That now you're a nameless thing,
Enjoying the chains of the tyrant's yoke
In the thrall of a foreign king,
They say that you're proud of your state, Kathleen,
And sing by your native wave,
Adorned in your robe of emerald green,
A Saxon sovereign's slave.
That your life's absorbed in the social whirl
Revolving around a throne
Whose standard of right in this aching world
Is the standard of might alone.

They say that you chant a prayer, Kathleen,
To the King of kings above
With fervent zeal, both morn and e'en,
For your treasured, chosen love,
That He may pour His blessings down
And shield from evil's fates
Britannia's imperial power and crown,
Her servile serfs and states.

They lie! They know that they lie, Kathleen;
We've heard their song of yore.
Their venomous tongue and factious spleen
Have served their kings before.
They prostitute their lives for gold,
Scourged by ambition's rod;
Their friends and country they have sold,
Their heritage and their God!

I've seen your bleeding form, Kathleen,
In agony's writhing pain.
Your eyes, your lips, your brow, fair Queen,
Showing pride and cold disdain.

Pride in your sons whose manly souls
On freedom's altar stood,
Disdain for those accepting doles,
Who coin their kindred's blood.

**Kathleen is, of course, Ireland.*

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 22.

The Road to Rossnakill

Where the briar bushes blooming
With their fragrance scent the way,
And the warbling lark is tuning
The blue heavens with her lay,
On the boareen, skirting Mourein,
Thru the heather o'er the hill,—
I met a blue-eyed colleen,
On the Road to Rossnakill.

CHORUS

There's music in the laugh of her,
And wit pervades the chaff of her
That sparkles, bounds and bubbles
Like the chiming mountain rill;
There's neatness in the style of her
And sweetness in the smile of her,
No guile within a mile of her—
On the Road to Rossnakill.

“To my Fairy Queen, Good morning,”
With a flut'ring heart I said.
“Good morning to my loyal knight,”
With a toss of her stately head.
“You take my market basket, sir—
Queens exact small tributes still
As they climb the crest of Fanad
On the Road to Rossnakill.”

To me she looked more charming
Than the lily in its bloom,
As we trod the purple heather
With its blossom and perfume.
She rang the changes on each scene
With a native pride and will;
She stole my heart; I sought her hand
On the Road to Rossnakill.

“Come, love, come, to a golden land
“Where fortune's wooed and won—

To a land where fruits and flowers
Bask in God's eternal sun;
Where a mansion 'mong the palm trees
With the orange and the vine
Keep calling for your coming—Come,
Just say that you'll be mine."

"Sir Knight, a white-walled cottage
And a brown-haired, blushing boy
With a heart of gold is waiting
'Tween the Suli and Mulroy,
In a glen among the mountains
While, it pleases heaven's will,
We will pass life's span together
By the Road to Rossnakill."

In memory's dream I visualize
From the hills of Ballylar
Great gorgeous cliffs and headland
And Tory's tower and star;
'Mong many a scene entrancing
There is one that grips me still
Where a blushing, trusting colleen
Winds her way to Rossnakill.

CHORUS

There's music in the laugh of her
And wit pervades the chaff of her,
That sparkles, bounds and bubbles
Like the chiming mountain rill;
There's neatness in the style of her
And sweetness in the smile of her—
No guile within a mile of her,
On the Road to Rossnakill.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 24. Source note: To the young folks of my native Fanad do I dedicate this little verse April 26, 1928.

Harmonious Britain

John Bull:

H'i say, h'old piper, what's this tune
H'i 'ear from h'over the border;
H'a blawsted low, discordant croon
Foreboding grave dish'order?
You bloomin' h'ingrates north the Tweed,
Now rollin' in your riches,
H'i civilized h'and clothed h'indeed
H'in 'at, h'and Christian breeches.

Sandy:

Hoot, mon, ease up the unctuous stuff,
An' blathering peroration.
Your patronizing air and bluff
Arouse my indignation.
In art an' science—war or civil,
Our record's gran' and glorious.
Wi' Marshal Haig we'll face the devil;
Wi' "PAISLEY" we're victorious.

Aye, mon, on mony a bleeding field
Our clansmen saved yer hidie;
Their serried ranks wi' Scottish steel
Looked stalward in their plaidie;
We build yer ships and mon yer guns
While you look unca sleekie;
Our northern chiel's just penning puns,
And solving Bolsheviki.

John Bull:

H'and Pat, h'old chap! What means this 'owl,
Disturbing friends h'and neighbors?
Your black, rebellious, h'ugly scowl
Disdains my laws h'and labors;
H'i gave you freedom, frank h'and free,
H'all 'onors h'in my realm;
Your French commanded h'over sea,
Your Beattie 'olds my 'elm.

Pat:

Be gorra, John, you believe the Lord
 Ordained you His physician
To cure man's ills, to quell discord
 And humour our musician.
This buck who butters barley scones,
 And boasts about his gunning,
Should know who saved your guns at Mons,
 When folks were busy running.

And, John, me friend, I've heard your song;
 Its notes are old and hoary;
Your culture of good will is strong,
 While the fruit means British glory;
You gave us a partitioned land,
 Your Craig and Healy ruling,
Mulcahey war-lord in command,
 And Campbell for the "stooling."

Your Frenches, Beatties, Goughs and Mauds
 Have trampled honest people
Who dared expose your gilded frauds
 From rostrum, stage and steeple.
Old Erin glories not that breed
 Who thrive on blood and plunder;
She honors him whose valiant deed
 Rends tyrant's chains asunder.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 27. Source note: October 10, 1925.

The Dawn of Erin's Freedom

The resplendent rays of Freedom's Sun
Over Erin's hills are streaming—
And the spirit of Right, which now has won
'Gainst fraud and might
In a nation's fight,
In triumphant smiles is beaming.

That spirit Nourished a nation's life
Which fostered feuds have wasted,
And quenched the flame of fraternal strife
That holds control
O'er the nation's soul
Which the dregs of disunion has tasted.

The flood of ascendancy; the soul of greed
Before Reason's Light is receding
And the rider of bigotry's foaming steed
On his downward path,
'Mid a nation's wrath,
To oblivion's shades is speeding.

The trail of oppression—footprints of wrong,
With passion and malice blended,
Are the monuments left of the soulless throng
Who scourged their land
With a ruthless hand,
And whose scourging at last is ended!

Arise, dear land, from thy bed of tears!
The cloud of thy sorrow is rended;
Thy Sunburst of Freedom in future years
Shall not flutter or wave
Over serf or slave
When by Freedom's strong arm defended!

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 30.

Evyleen's Eyes of Blue

There's a cottage by the brookside
With a rose and ivy thatch,
And a fond heart in a flutter
When I raise the rusty latch;
There's a face suffused with blushes
And a step like falling dew,
A voice that's sweet, and a waist that's neat,
And sparkling eyes of blue.

Her form divine, her lips like wine,
Her cheeks of the rose's hue
My fancy's flight is watching the light
In her Irish eyes of blue,
Those Irish eyes of blue!
Confiding, smiling, true;
Oh, the amber tinge
Of the silken fringe
Of my Evyleen's eyes of blue!

There's a bower in the woodland
Where blossoms bloom and blow;
And the fragrance of the roses
Scents the purling stream below
Where we weave our web of fancy,
Where we pledge our vows anew,
Where the Heavens above reflect the love
In my Evyleen's eyes of blue.

Her form divine, her lips like wine,
Her cheeks of the rose's hue;
My fancy's flight is watching the light
In her Irish eyes of blue,
Those Irish eyes of blue!

Confiding, smiling, true;
Oh, the amber tinge
Of the silken fringe
Of my Evyleen's eyes of blue!

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 32.

My Cottage Far Away

Oft at e'en when sunset glowing
 Floods the mountain, hill and dale—
When the gentle kine come lowing
 Homeward th ru the peaceful vale—
Here, in dream-like retrospection,
 Gazing thru the roseate ray,
Mem'ry brings fond recollection
 Of a cottage far away.

There, beside the foaming ocean,
 Dashing white, hard by the door,
Where the seagulls in commotion
 Circling, scream along the shore—
There, mid smiling gardens blooming,
 Built with walls of granite gray,
With the heath-clad mountains looming,
 Stood my cottage far away.

Hear the lark at dawn of morning
 In her warbling serenade;
See the daffodils adorning
 Smiling field and leafy shade;
There the sea-breeze softly sweeping
 Brought the fragrance of the May;
There the matted ivy creeping
 Deck'd my cottage far away.

I can see the turf-fire blazing
 With the aged 'round the hearth;
And the youth, their fellows hazing
 'Midst an atmosphere of mirth;
There was Faith in Christ appealing
 When the household knelt to pray,
And God's Holy Spirit stealing
 Bless'd that cottage far away.

After manhood's strength was squander'd
 In the city, camp, and plain,
In the gloam of life I wander'd
 To my boyhood haunts again:

But my haunts and habitation,
 Like the old folks, passed away—
There's the trail of desecration
 But no cottage there to-day.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 34.

Dingle Bay

In a smiling arbor blooming
 With the Loune *in murmur nigh*,
And the Kerry mountains looming
 Cutting contours in the sky—
There, 'mid scenes of native grandeur,
 Let me spend life's natal day,
While nature flaunts the splendor
 Of her scheme at Dingle Bay.
 Streamlets leaping, flora creeping,
 Warbling songsters in their lay
 Sing in chorus, winging o'er us,
 Heaven's songs at Dingle Bay!

I see jovial neighbor meetings
 Of the old folks and the young;
I hear soulful, kindly greetings
 In the sweet old Gaelic tongue.
While the hazing and the dancing—
 Chasing care and time away—
Lend a magic charm, entrancing
 To life's stream at Dingle Bay.
 There is neatness, soul, and sweetness,
 Where the joy in life holds sway
 'Mong the merry hearts of Kerry
 By my own dear Dingle Bay.

I hear peals of laughter, ringing
 As they trip the jig and reel,
While the blushing cheek goes swinging
 In the swish of the quadrille;
And the dart of Cupid flying
 Speeds unerring on its way,
As the night wind softly sighing
 Sweeps the shore at Dingle Bay.
 True hearts beating, vows repeating,
 Swain and colleen, fair and gay,
 Love's lamp burning, falsehood spurning,
 Lights life's dream at Dingle Bay.

I see ruins, old in story,
 In their robes of ivy green,
Where the day's declining glory
 Spreads a gorgeous, roseate sheen;
And the billows, onward rushing
 With their foaming crests of gray
Start a thousand thoughts a-gushing
 Of the past at Dingle Bay.
 Blue eyes beaming, pennants streaming,
 Lines advancing to the fray;
 Chargers bounding, clarion sounding;
 Erin's hope at Dingle Bay.

**Pronounced Lown.*

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 36. Source note: November 29, 1927.

My Homeland

My thoughts at e'en oft' ranging free
A-down the vale of memory
On golden wings bring back to me
 Boerean and waterfall.
Bring back the blossom'd field and wood,
The sacred mound, the Holy Rood,
The smiling hill, the laughing flood
 Adorning Donegal.

I see Lough Suli, foaming gray,
Whose sighing surge and splashing spray
Thru cavern arch in magic play
 With swirling dance enthrall!
And yonder, looming Innishowen
To Erin true, to guile unknown
Where Royal Aileach from her throne
 Smiles over Donegal.

Again I wander thru Rinmore—
Her bent-clad dunes, her pebbly shore,
Where giant waves roll, break and roar
 'Gainst rock and granite wall.
There, Nature's circling curtains rest
On headland, cliff and mountain crest—
Those glorious ramparts to the west
 Protecting Donegal.

Where heath-clad hills along the way
And elfin furze with blazing spray
Join with the fragrant, blooming May
 To scent both field and hall;
I hear the warbling lark and thrush;
The mountain streamlets sing and gush
Where fairies dancing 'neath their bush
 Enjoy my Donegal.

I hear the tales of Banshee's croon
Thru halls of Doe, by Rock of Doon;
Where McSwine's axe in war's red noon
On Saxon foe did fall;

Where proud O'Donnell in the van
Led on Tir Connell's bounding clan,
When Clifford's cohorts broke and ran
 From Royal Donegal.

My heart, my soul abideth still
Among the glens where Columbkille
From cloister cell with holy will
 Sent forth the Master's Call;
Where clasp of friendship's hand is found—
Where virtue walks on hallow'd ground—
Where honor guards, with faith profound,
 My own dear Donegal.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 38. Source note: May 24, 1927.

Cromwell

I choose no character from fiction's page
Nor conception born of the fecund brain
That fumes, struts and grovels on fancy's stage
To move emotion or curb passion's rein;
I choose a dissembler that's culled from life
A canting hypocrite labelled—good
Who appeals to heaven, fomenting strife,
And rides to power thru his fellows' blood.

Nurtured on the spoils of his great-grandsire,
Chief of King Henry's monk-murdering band
Who, hounding, tortured the nun and friar
And desecrated with a ruthless hand
His forbear's cloister and convent fired,—
Their lands sequestered to a titled ring,
While he with trader and hind conspired
To rob church and earl and his liege—the king.

“For the saints, the earth '—a war-cry for pelf
By pious plunderer and knave designed,
“Who wabeth a war at a cost to self?”
Reveals the cunning in a sordid mind.
His schemes conceived 'neath a godly mask,
His pawns,—ambition, bigotry and greed,—
Each group assigned an especial task—
Spoil and patronage to reward each deed.

False to his sovereign—he deceived the state,
Leagued with the agents of discontent;
He used the army to intimidate
And wrest each privilege from parliament.
Honor and loyalty he would deride;
No code held sacred save deceit and cant;
A traitor, perjurer and regicide
To king, the parliament and covenant.

A Christian zealot who thrived on brew,
Seasoning sanctity with tavern brawls—
Who'd sell for synagogue to friendly Jew
Wren's Christian edifice—sublime St. Paul's;

Weeping, cajoling, affirming, preaching,
Exhorting, swearing, he planned with skill;
Then Scripture-quoting and God-beseeching,
He maims and massacres to force his will.

His hordes triumphant and spoils divided,
With England's liberty ground 'neath his heel,
The "saints" with sinews of war provided
Descend on Erin with fanatic zeal,
To tear that suffering land asunder
Thru royal perfidy and penal laws
No force united, no guns to thunder
Their belch of death in a righteous cause.

Drogheda's portals with cannon riven
The defense, overwhelmed, dying yields;
The carnage deepens, no quarter given—
The babe as buckler, the grim butcher shields;
The aged, the innocent resigned to fate
Ask human mercy in God's holy fane
But mercy's dead in the fiend incarnate—
The maidens ravished—the helpless slain.

Wexford by Stafford his trust betrayed,
The "saints" their orgy in blood renew
And Judas Fennell by briber swayed,
Sells the West and Limerick at Killaloe;
Erin endures a heartrending strain
From foe without and sycophant within;
A foul triumvirate props royal reign—
Clanrikard, Ormond and black Inchequin.

Famine and pestilence stalk thru the land;
Disunion's rampant where concord reigned;
Culture's sanctuaries in ruin stand;
The vulture battens where the arts obtain'd:
The preying Puritan blights nature's smile;
The church is pillaged—the roof-trees fall—
The hall is silent, the chief, in exile—
And "H—I or Connought" is the slogan call.

The Priest with teacher shares the secret cave,
One holding classes while one tends the fold;

They with the wolf, chased by hound and slave
For five pounds head-money in gory gold;
Bloodhound and fanatic in vain may scour
The deep recesses of the mountain trail;
A hand omnipotent, in darkest hour,
Veils the cavern refuge of the hunted Gael.

The Celt in London spends an idle hour
In the ancient precincts of Connought Square,
Musing that somewhere sans respect or power,
The “Lord Protector” lies unhonored there.
His “saints” with Cromwell have passed away—
Their acts recorded, passed on before;
No unctuous hypocrite in mortal clay
Can change one item in that awful score.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 40.

Rejection

Away you feudal-towered walls
 Where pomp and power obtains;
Your terraced lawns and castle halls
 Where fawning folly reigns;
Away your gorgeous gloss and glow,
 Your minion, subtle knaves;
Away your hollow, saffron show
 And servile, tinselled slaves.

Away your garlands—spoils of war
 And titles kings create—
The jewelled crown, the lordlings' star,
 The pomp and strut of state,
The crawling serfs—trained to deceive
 With gospel, hymn and song
Barter your heritage and receive
 The plaudits of the throng.

Away, you profiteers, who thrive
 Where carrion vultures sweep,
Pilfer and rob the toiler's hive
 “While Law and Justice sleep;
Your soul's engrossed in rich estates,
 Your shrine a treasury
Where parasites guard your gilded gates
 And flattery holds the key.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 44. Source note: June 8, 1923.

Poems on California

In California

(Dedicated to my son)

I will sing a song in praise
Of California

Where seductive beauty sways
In California

Where the warbling tribes prolong
The enchantment of the throng
With the sweetness of their song
In California

There are scenes that thrill and cheer
In California

And grandeur lingers near
In California

Where Nature's beaming smile
Lights Sierra's towering pile
Where the rivers fall a mile
In California

Our Sons are firm and true
In California

A sterling, sovereign crew
In California

Where our Daughters, sweet and fair
Have a grace beyond compare
With a stately, cultured air
In California

Let me live life's golden dream
In California

By some flower-kissing stream
In California

Where the orange-laden trees
Lend aroma to the breeze
Sighing softly from the seas
In California

Tradition fondly clings

In California
Around mem'ry's golden springs
In California
Our glorious sacred sod
Where hero's footsteps trod
In the service of their God

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 47.

Lake Tahoe

Let me stray thru the aisles of thy forest wilds
And join in the song of thy laughing brooks,
Know the tales that entwine with each sighing pine,
Ever guarding the shades of thy sylvan nooks;

Thy wild flowers sweep along chasms deep
And grandeur breathes thru her veil of snow.
Heaven spreads a sheen of blue and green
Over sky and wood and flood below,
Every charm embellished in the magic show.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 49. Source note: McKinney's Lake Tahoe. July 4, 1920.

Pershing Square

You may sing of the attractions
And the styles of gay Par-ee,
You may dream fond recollections
Of the Champs Elysees,
The sporting tout and capper
With their soul-mates over there,
But give me the smiling flapper
On the walks of Pershing Square.

She is stunning, neat and pretty,
Charming, versatile and witty,
And captivates our city
With her bobbed, peroxide hair.
Every sheik in admiration
Views with pent-up adulation
The artist's last creation
On the walks of Pershing Square.
How they stare
On the square
To ensnare
The nation's crowning glory
On the walks of Pershing Square.

Would you hear a grand oration
On old Egypt, Rome, or Greece
Or a learned dissertation
On science, war, or peace?
Would you delve into theosophy
Or in occult wisdom share?
Get schooled up in philosophy?
Take a walk in Pershing Square!
There the ranters, in their glory,
Painting pictures, crude and gory,
Stress and emphasize their story
 With a weird, prophetic air.
There, launch their execration
Against church and legislation
As they regulate creation
 On the walks of Pershing Square.

How they tear
On the square
Over there
Every shred of law and reason
On the walks of Pershing Square!

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 50.

Santa Cruz

Like a Reigning Queen reclining
 Rests my own dear Santa Cruz,
And the sun's soft beams declining,
 Pour a glow o'er Santa Cruz;
Where the blossom blooms its whitest,
Where the twinkling star shines brightest,
And the cares of life weigh lightest,—
 In my own dear Santa Cruz.

The sequoia guards the highways
 To my own dear Santa Cruz;
And the cypress shades the by-ways
 Around quaint old Santa Cruz;
Where honey-laden flowers,
And fragrant woodbine bowers
Lend joy to lingering hours
 Spent in dear old Santa Cruz.

The blue ocean billows, dancing,
 Spray the shore at Santa Cruz;
Where historic scenes entrancing
 Swayed the soul at Santa Cruz.
The sandalled Padre kneeling—
To the FATHER GOD appealing
For the forest child,-revealing
 Christian faith at Santa Cruz.

A fond flame in memory dwelling
 Lights my way to Santa Cruz;
Where sylvan scenes excelling
 Skirt the bay at Santa Cruz.
The vine to cottage clinging,
The golden poppy springing,
And the warbling woodland ringing,
 Call my heart to Santa Cruz.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 52.

Monterey

I have sailed the seas where the spicy breeze

Wafts over the Indian Main;

Have quaffed my wine by the scenic Rhine

And roved thru the groves of Spain:

I've climbed the steeps where the Tagus sweeps

And torrents foam and spray;

Yet I long and sigh for the bright, blue sky

Smiling over Monterey.

For my thoughts abide by the rolling tide

Of that opalescent bay

Where the vibrant swell of the Mission bell

Thrills the soul of Monterey.

I have seen a glow over Alpine snow

Suffuse the waving pines;

And chiming brooks thru shady nooks

Dance down the Apennines.

Yet memory dwells 'mong cliffs and dells

Where the palm and cypress sway

O'er the teeming breast of the Golden West

Around old Monterey.

I dream of the song of the martial throng,

The drum and the trumpet's bray,

And the flaming gold of the Mariner bold

Standing guard o'er Monterey.

Fond Nature smiles thru Ægean isles

Adorning field and fane;

And music rings thru the halls of kings

Where pomp and pleasure reign:

More dear to me is the laughing sea,

The woods and the flowering way,

The sacred sod where our heroes trod,

Historic Monterey.

There's a magic gleam in the sun's soft beam
Streaming over a wall of gray,
Whose voice from afar, thru each Stripe and Star
Calls me back to Monterey.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 54.

Merced River

When driving storms Sierras lashed,
When Pluvius poured and lightning flashed,
When nature groaned and thunders crashed
 I had my birth.

Where precipice awes and boulders frown,
Where snow flakes fall like silken down
And granite walls the ridges crown,
 I have my mirth.

Down thru ravines where winters rest
In stainless robes on summer's breast;
Where snow plants deck the mountain crest,
 I take my course.

I gather volume, purl and flow
From dizzy heights thru melting snow
Where fleeting clouds lowering low
 Supply my source.

I sweep, I swirl and eddy past
The rock-ribbed ridge and giant fast,
Where fissured cliffs their shadows cast
 And threaten high.

I frisk and leap 'round crag and rock
Where stunted pines in sullen mock
Bend low to meet the tempest shock
 'Tween sea and sky.

Where convulsion, cleft and glacier tore
With restless force my flood I pour
O'er abysmal depths with mighty roar—
 "Nevada Falls."

Then breaker-like, from foaming main
Or herd stampeded on prairie plain
I rush, bound and plunge in my train—
 Laughs "Vernal Falls."

"Illiloutte," dancing with magic gleam,
The "Bridal Veil," a heavenly dream
Where sun beams thru the rainbow stream—
Charming to see.

The ribbon, breaking in white cascades,
Yosemite, bounding, her charm parades
From stupendous heights to sylvan shades—
All wed with me.

Assembling near as wild geese fly
Come fleeting clouds across the sky
On fairy wing and flutter nigh
As if to rest.
Where rampart-like, sublime and grand
The terraced peaks in splendor stand
Proclaiming God's omniscient hand
With silent zest.

Celestial, city-like where God's display
Of fabrics rich-blue, gold and gray
Radiate the Sierras in bright array;
And resting by,
Crowning the splendor of scenes around,
Stands the "Cathedral" on hallowed ground,
Where nature's elements with choral sound
Praise Him on high.
Sculptured glacier, Sierra's queen,
Riven "Half Dome" in stately mien
And "Cathedral Rock" adorn the scene
With many others.

With storied eloquence and lines of grace—
Eternal monuments to a noble race,
Denouncing crime to its sordid face—
Stand Three Brothers.

Thru gorgeous scenes of shade and bower,
Where blossoms bloom and brambles flower,
Where rocks o'erhead and mountains tower,
I wind and rush.

Where prattling brooks my bosom swell
From the twisted, tangled chaparral,
Where azaleas in efflorescence dwell
Waist-deep in brush.

With richest foliage and gentle sway
The hemlock guards and shades my way,
And with her drooping, flowery spray

Cheers me along.
The stately, glorious sugar pine,
Our forest lord, whose boughs entwine
To form a canopy and a shrine,
Croons me a song.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 56.

To Stanford

Shrine of Noble Science, where the learned impart
The treasured knowledge of each Cultured Art,
And staid Philosophy, with Law combined,
Nourish bounteously the absorbing mind—
Fair Tower of Truth, where flame and power
Of reason animate each thoughtful hour,
Reign thou supreme! Queen of lore and light,
Directing intellect and conserving Right.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 59.

The Golden West for Me

Let poets dream of other lands
 Where fields are fresh and fair,
And painters picture coral strands
 With angels lingering there;
Let Eastern climes their charms display,
 Their shrines, their mystery,
But oh! the West in God's array,
 The Golden West for me!

 The purling rills
 And pine-clad hills
 The chiming West for me!

Softly the aroma-laden breeze
 Sighs from the boundless main,
Thru landscapes rich in fruited trees
 And vines of sunny Spain,
Where noble temples raised to God,
 In silent majesty,
Adorn the scenes the Padres trod,
 And endear the West to me.

 The Golden Gate,
 The Golden State,
 The gorgeous West for me!

Mine be the vaulted azure skies
 And roseate sunset glow,
Mine be the peaks that heavenward rise
 Enrobed in stainless snow,
The region where Sierras stand,
 And falls Yosemite:
The West! The West! Sublime and grand!
 The Golden West for me!
 Where eagles soar
 And torrents roar,
 The glorious West for me!

The Mission Bell

The bell, the bell, the Mission bell!
Heaven breathes in its vibrant swell,
 Peeling, peeling;
 Hope revealing;
Soothing souls with its magic swell,
 Clear, compelling—
 Strong, excelling—
Roll its notes on the morning air;
 Ringing, ringing—
 Swinging, swinging—
Calling, calling men to prayer.

The bell, the bell, the Mission bell!
Thrills with its song the woodland dell;
 Hearts enthralling—
 Youth recalling—
Waking the dream in mem'ry's cell!
 Christian feeling
 In its peeling
Floods my life with Heavenly love,
 Ring more glorious—
 Christ victorious—
Light my soul to the throne above.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 62. Source note: May, 1926.

Tia Juana

There's a mud-walled gray pueblo
Just across the border line
Where our draughty, towering Gringo
Cuts a transitory shine:
Where the sporting clans are homing
And the roulette is running free—
Where the pewter mugs a-foaming
Keep calling you and me.
Here's a bumper with a sigh
To each languid, rolling eye
Whether she hails from New York town or Santa Ana;
To each dashing, flashing queen
In her gorgeous, silken sheen
Who makes life one thrilling scream at Tia Juana.

There's a magic, cindered circle
Where the voice of thousands rings
As the ponies pass the quarter
In the royal sport of kings;
Where the manly heart is throbbing
And the betting's fast and free
With the poltroon sadly sobbing
O'er his ten-spot gone aglee.
Then raise your glasses high
In a fervent, fond good-by
To each blooming and bewitching fair Diana;
To the social hours divine
And the florid, flowing wine,
To the freedom, love and life of Tia Juana.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 63.

Poems on Travel

Vacation Song

Vacation time is coming
With the suitcase lines a-humming,
Spreading pep and animation by the mile:
If for change of scene you're looking,
Yet have not done your booking,
Just try your Camp-fire cooking
On the Old Blue Nile.

The fuel bills will come light
And the sirloin's out of sight,
From the amphibious, carnivorous crocodile;
And the hunter's cunning schemes,
Along the tributary streams,
Will inspire culinary dreams
On the Old Blue Nile.

There's a chance to meet, I ween,
Some Dahomeyan touring Queen,
Whose dowry is a cowrie and a smile;
Or some Abu Shoka thief
Who stewed a mission Chief
To absorb his Christian belief
On the Old Blue Nile.

The fashion plates of Coomassie
Will come up from Ashantee,
And Karaba girls shimmie single file.
Abyssinis will be there
Dolled up and debonair,
With a patronizing glare
On the Old Blue Nile.

You will meet the native Flapper
With an escort sleek and dapper,
Attired in a collar and a tile
Loaned by an Evangelizing preacher,
An exhorting, glum beseecher,
A spiritual guide and teacher

On the Old Blue Nile.

See where Gordon faced his doom
In the Citadel of Khartoum
Where El Mahdi drew the spotlight for a while;
Till one Kitchener from afar,
In the flaming fire of war
Forged a coronet and a star

On the Old Blue Nile.

There shall be no relyin'
On grape juice a la Bryan,
The medicine man will function there in style;
If he fails or makes a bungle
His old soul he sure must pungle,
And we'll plant him in the jungle
On the Old Blue Nile.

You may ogle, tease and squeeze
The seductive Soudanese,
They'll enjoy the conflagration of your pile;
So mail down your reservation
Without halt or hesitation,
For a season's recreation
On the Old Blue Nile.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 67.

At Sea

Alice and Rose in soft repose
 Adorn our sumptuous table;
And Leontine hands me a wine
 Extolled in song and fable;
Nina's glance proclaims fair France
 The Queen of God's creation
While little I, both dry and shy
 Am lord of the situation.

Fair flowers bloom and breathe perfume
O'er our International Union
While we dine and quaff our wine and laugh
 In social, sweet communion.
Roses may shed their glorious red
 And die with the carnations,
But the souls divine of flowers and wine
 Will cement our loves and nations.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 69. Source note: Written on board S.S. Paris, July 19, 1923.

Columbia

Fair Freedom's spirit rules our land,
 Gorgeous and resplendent,
Enthroned by God's omniscient hand
 With Peace for chief attendant;
With Heaven's stars He decks her shield;
 Gives Golden Rule for scepter;
A bounteous land, each fruit to yield;
 And Virtue for Preceptor.

Reign, fair Spirit, gloriously;—
 Thy voice to man appealing
Re-echoes over land and sea
 The might of Right revealing;
Thy Laws confound the servile slave,
 The pawn of foul aggression,
And animate the patriot-brave
 'Gainst tyrants and oppression.

Build, Columbia, broad and strong
 Thy grand and glorious Mansion!
Let Science guide the work along
 And Love insure expansion.
Let Justice the foundation be
 With Truth, her wisdom lending,
The keystone, Human Liberty,
 And God the whole subtending.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 70.

Alaska Unseen

I visioned a dreary, cheerless waste
Forbidding—unfit for man—
Where nature slipped, thru design or haste,
A cog in creation's plan;
A gloomy region, barren and cold,
With a chilling, biting breath—
Where ambition stalks the glint of gold
That lures thru the teeth of death.

Where wraith-like giants, hoary and bare,
Grin down 'neath their hoods of snow
On monsters that creep from their icy lair
Thru gulches that stretch below;
A storm-swept land—this land of my dream—
Whose frozen, flowerless sod
Reveals no trace of that heavenly gleam
That streams thru the schemes of God.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 71.

Alaska Seen

We glide in the shade of isle and wood,
 Thru maritime corridors;
Where bounding streams in foaming flood
 Cascade to the algæ shores.
Beyond, the mountains towering stand
 In sublime solemnity,
Like majestic giants in command
 Of the grand immensity!

The sombrous water, rippling, laves
 The base of the spruce-clad wall,
And sloping heights in emerald waves
 Like celestial scenes enthrall;
The dogwood, rubus and alderhide,
 The brooks in laughing glee
Join the plashing salmon in the tide
 To break the tranquillity.

We strayed thru spongy, sylvan shades
 Where artistic totems stood;
We culled the blue-bell in the shade
 Of the dense primeval wood;
The luscious berry freights the bush,
 The clustering cone, the tree
And meadow-larks tune the hazy hush
 With the soul of melody!

The midnight sun's deep florid glow
 Reflects in the somber sky
And the graceful deer track stainless snow
 To sheltering woodlands nigh;
The glaciers throb with shimmering lights,
 Grinding on incessantly
'Tween granite walls from misty heights
 Like slaves in captivity.

I've treasured scenes where globes of gold
 Gild trees in the storied West;
I've seen Columbia's charm unfold
From the Dalles to Astor crest;

I prize Seattle's glorious hills,
Lakes, woods and land-lock'd sea;
But Alaska's gorgeous grandeur thrills,
Overawes, overwhelms me.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 72.

My Sitka's Calling Me

There's a voice chimes forth from the far, far North,
With a swelling, vibrant ring
Re-echoing, thru the ethereal blue,
Like a sprite on wanton wing;
It wafts on the breeze over placid seas
With a range both broad and free,
Its resonant roll thrills my pensive soul
For that voice is calling me.

My northern Queen,
From her throne at e'en
Keeps calling, calling me.
My Sitka's calling me!

Her radiant smile lights Baranof's isle—
The seat of her fair domain,
And enchants the seas where Juan Perez
Led the mariners of Spain;
She surveys with pride on Verstovia's side
The emblem of Christian'ty;
And the gleaming glow of that cross of snow
Cheers the voice that's calling me.

The voice of my Queen,
In her robes of green
That calls, keeps calling, me.
My Sitka's calling me!

There's a winding trail thru many a vale
That leads to the forests wild,
Where the Christian trod, inspired by God,
To save the Indian child;
Their monuments stand thru that fairyland
That smiles on the sighing sea
And each cross and fane in a soft refrain,

Joins the voice that's calling me.
The voice that dwells
In memory's cells
That calls, keeps calling, me.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 74.

Piazza Colonna

We strayed thru aisles of the ages,
Among august scenes sublime
Where the past's imbellish'd pages
Are traced thru the dust of time;
Each aisle has its sacred story
In mouldering arch and stair—
The culture of vanished glory
Is enshrined in ruins there.

We wander thru haU and forum,
The pride of the past decayed;
Where the mob and Council quorum
By eloquent tongues were swayed.
There's no mob with passion raging—
No Senate to awe or thrill,
The law giver's voice presaging
With logic and force is still.

Piazza Colonna's Column
Calderini in art profound,
Like a giant, silent and solemn
Looks over the wreck around.
Aurelius in marble graced it
At Senate and people's call,
Till Sextus in bronze replac'd it
With the great Apostle Paul.

A saddening surge steals o'er us
As we walk this ancient square,
While ghosts of the past before us
Parade with imperious air.
Aurelius, Julius and Trajan
Spring forth from their honor'd graves;
The conquering Roman legion
Swings past with its captive slaves.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 76. Source note: March 28, 1928.

Pagan

FROM THE PALATINE

Down from the hoary Palatine,
 We viewed the plain below
Where wreck and devastation mark
 The shrines of long ago—
The seat of Law and Rhetoric
 Where Culture made its home
When nations grovelled at thy feet,
 Imperious, Pagan Rome!

See the sanctuary of Saturn,
 Where Emperor and slave
The god of pleasure worshipped—
 Now a debris-cover'd grave!
Gone are the halls that echoed
 With song and ribaldry,
The pensive columns only sigh
 Over tombs of revelry.

The Basilica of Julius,
 Where Justice had her hour—
The Temple arch and monument
 To deity and power,—
All mouldered and forgotten!
 There, bat and lizard dwell,
Nor arch nor pillar grace the spot
 Where Cæsar, bleeding, fell.

In gilded halls of memory,
 My treasury and store,
I wander thru the classic scenes
 Where legions trod of yore.
The legions—gone, the Forum mute;
 The temples—ghost-like, stare
And glory's sighing spirit soars
 O'er grandeur buried there.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 78.

The Pantheon

Majestic, silent sentinel,
 Artistic and sublime;
Where Agrippa's power bridges
 The flowing flood of Time;
The memory of the ages
 To niche and column clings—
Mausoleum of pagan gods
 And sepulchre of Kings.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 80.

Foro Triano

The Trajan Forum's column stands
Mid ruin's cold decay;
Both pedestal and pillar boast
 Departed power and sway!
The sculptor's art, in bas-relief,
 With ornate line records
Campaigns and Trajan triumphs
 Over crude barbarian hordes.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 80.

Tempio di Vesta

I've seen the shrine of Vesta
 Where Vestal Virgins came
With Pagan rite and reverence,
 To tend the Holy Flame.
The temple shrine's deserted.—
 The goddess spirit's fled—
The vestal virgins vanished—
 The Holy Flame is dead.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 80. Source note: April, 1924.

The Colosseum

Stupendous in magnitude
 And gorgeous in design,
The Roman Colosseum stands
 Ornate in arc and line,
With galleries and podium
 Where Rome, applauding, stood
While famished captive, lions lap'd
 The Christian martyrs' blood.

The galleries are silent now,
 The corridors are still.
No slave or vestal maid awaits
 The Pagan tyrant's will.
Thru aisles where cheers re-echoed
 The heedless zephyrs sigh;
No Emperor, mid frenzied shout,
 Sees a gladiator die.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 81.

The Arch of Titus

The triumphal arch of Titus
 Jerusalem's fall records;
Her children bear their temple's spoils
 Enchain'd by Roman hordes;
The vault, in chisel'd art, portrays
 Titus on eagle's wings
Being borne off to Paradise
 To meet the King of kings.

Fleeting the dream of earthly pow'r
 And swift the tableaux change,
When sterling men in righteous laws
 For God the acts arrange:
The Roman conqueror is dust;
 In dust his standards furl'd,
The Jew reigns in Jerusalem;
 His genius guides the world.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 82.

At Vera Cruz

I stood on a mound of magic mould
That verged a glistening strand
Where Campeches' waters, foaming, rolled
To the shore of a fruitful land;
San Juan Ulua's turrets of gray
Guard the lanes of the sombre main
When in years of yore they served the sway
And pomp of imperious Spain.

The silken web of vanished years,
Shuttled close by the loom of Time
Dissolves, and a Knight with staunch compeers
Marshals men in their youthful prime;
I vision ghosts of the mighty past
Patrolling a hallowed ground
And many a galleon's gun and mast
From the crest of my sandy mound.

I see royal pennants, streaming there,
Over a tranquil, smiling sea;
I feel the thrill of the trumpets' blare
In the song of the reveille;
I hear the captain's clear command
Ringing over the surging wave:
"Sailors, guns and munitions on land,
Each ship to a galleon's grave."

The galleons rest in Neptune's keep,
Their warriors, murmuring, come
With giant stride in converging sweep
To the call of the rolling drum;
The chief reviews his assembling force—
Their equipment, mounts and train.
To his right aloft, glows the Christian cross,
On his left flaunts the flag of Spain.

Holding the cross with reverent hand
In the rays of the tropic sun:
"Our efforts," he said, "to gain this land
To the emblem of Christ's begun;

For aid from the Throne beyond the skies
Let each heart in prayer appeal—
The pagan's soul for God is your prize
And the honor's for fair Castile.”

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 83. Source note: This Poem, begun at Vera Cruz in July, 1929, was the last written by the author. Another, also on Mexico. was just begun, but not enough of it was finished to warrant including it in this volume.

The Old Caribbean Sea

The sails are set, the anchor's weighed
And our ship on an even keel
Glides down the stream, clears the harbor bar
For the port of Gay Seville;
We hear the peal of the vesper bell
Whose notes to Heaven arise
In fervent prayer to the Throne above
From my own beloved Belize.

CHORUS

We roll along with a mar'ner's song
And a full sail swelling free,"
Good barque and crew o'er the azure blue
On the Old Caribbean Sea.

The halo'd moon lights the placid Main
Where Spaniards swayed with pride;
And a million stars from the vaulted dome
Look down on the heaving tide;
The radiant beam of the morning's eye
Thru the Leeward Passage steals
As we steer our course thru Magic Isles,
The gems of the proud Antilles.

CHORUS

We roll along with a mar'ner's song
And a full sail swelling free,
Good barque and crew o'er the azure blue
Of the Old Caribbean Sea.

The charm and glow of a thousand years
May allure to classic scenes
Where embellish'd art in royal pride
Marks the haunts of kings and queens;
But my soul abides with those I love
And a fond face smiles at me
From a cottage home neath a spangled sky
By the Old Caribbean Sea.

CHORUS

Let's roll along with a mar'ner's song
And a full sail swelling free,
Good barque and crew for the azure blue
Of the Old Caribbean Sea.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 85.

Our Pullman Car

I dined last night in a dreamlike way
 On memory's symptuous fare—
The plans and schemes for a holiday
 And the joys that clustered there.
We parted with friends, our best on earth,
 Whose friendship no power can jar,
To secure an upper and lower berth
 For a trip in a Pullman car.

The station hums with a motley crowd,
There's the cop and the "man in gray,"
A stentorious voice, both raw and loud,
 Calling trains in a sing-song way;
Conductor, "brakie," baggage and din,
 A Red Cap—in his line a star,
And a big black man with a cheerful grin
 Who is boss on that Pullman car.

The passengers come—there's Willie and Ma
 With golf clubs, baseball and bat,
A prattling miss who, while kissing Pa,
 Strangles a purring, passive cat;
There's a tall, gaunt man, one hand in a glove,
 Of martinet mien, with a scar
Who lifts his chosen lump of love
 Up the steps of our Pullman car.

I see the lantern's circling gleam,
 The signal—all ready and clear;
With a short "toot-toot" and hissing steam
 Responds the waiting engineer
Who, into the dark drives calm and straight
 Pulling hard on his good cigar,
Guarding the lives of his human freight
 As they sleep in their Pullman car.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 87. Source note: On the way, to Mexico, July, 1929.

Poems to My Friends

Retrospection

(To J. H. Crawford, Air Foreman, Los Angeles)

Fond memory dwells on the days gone by,
 When you and I were free
From care and woe, in the long ago,
 ‘Mong the boys of the old S. P.
Some blazed a trail in early days,
 By the force of ambition driven,
And some floated in on the trail of the boom
 In eighteen eighty-seven.

You remember Gregg, our stern M. M.,
 Who ruled with an iron rod,
And Belcher, Bradley, Biddle and Wilde,
 McKenna, Markey and Todd,
Victorson, Segar, Jeshke and Quinn,
 A sterling, loyal crew,
And Riley, Rushton, Ritchie and Lisle,
 All shopmates tried and true.

There were Bennett, Phillips, Higgins and Scott,
 Opal, LaGrange and Spear,
Sweitzer, Murphy, Bunker and Brown,
 All toiling and moiling here;
Flannery, Williams, Sanborn, Leach,
 Weaver, Timmons, Malone,
Hathaway, Pfeifer, Russell and Sholts,
 Each staunch as a wall of stone.

We had Harrington, Levy, Burns, Wilson and Strum,
 Conratty, Humphrey and Shiel,
Lawler, Darcy, Bigler, and Best,
 Connor, Corbett and Neale:
Crowley, Travers, Ankey and Gibbs,
 Carter, Campbell, Gabriel
And Capro, who led a Salvation corps,
 Which showed a Christian’s zeal.

I see a few of the good old guard

In the ranks of their crafts today,
While some are exploring other fields
But the many have passed away.
May those who are gone have eternal bliss,
While their memory we revere,
And those who remain tread a joyous path
Amid pleasure, peace and cheer.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 91. Source note: October 21, 1921.

Bullslinging

(Acrostic to J. Masterman)

Jovial and free, with a heart most full—
Mirthful and jolly, he peddles his “Bull”—
Airing each measure with a soulful air—
Soothingly soft as a maiden’s prayer—
Tuning his voice for another song—
Eternally slushing the stuff along—
Ringing its praise with an oral charm—
Mixing it up and applying it warm—
Always charged with a full supply—
Never exhausted and never says die!

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 93.

Acrostic: Wm. B. Tudor

Wise are they who morals teach;
More wise who practice what they preach;
Beauteous deeds reflect and gleam
Thru our lives like a crystal stream
Use the intellect freely given
Designed to lead from earth to heaven.
Oppose the lure of gain; be just;—
Remember, friend, thou art but dust.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 93.

Acrostic: E. Bunnell

Ever busy all day long,
Blending labor with a song;
Utilizing Heaven's store,
Nursing science, seeking more;
Nature-wooing by the hour,
Extracting force, directing power;
Lending light that we may see,
Lighting life with mystery.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 94.

Acrostic: Nora Tracey

No, never bloomed in vale or bower,
On hill, in dale or wooded lawn:
Resplendent, sweet, so fair a flower,
As my modest, gentle, Colleen Bawn.

Thy smile is like the morning beam,
Refreshing, pleasing as the dawn,
A form divine, the artist's dream,
Calm, gentle, graceful as the fawn,
Eternal truth reigns in thine eyes,
You're Queen of Hearts, Sweet Colleen Bawn.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 94. Source note: Fair Girl.

To C. F. L.

Received your card to-day,
 Mr.———
Introducing Mrs.———
 Charley———
With her catching, dreamy eye
With her fetching, seamy sigh
And her languid soft Good-by,
 Brother———

She is pleasing, fair and sweet,
Mr.———
Seems a friendly soul to meet,
 Charley———
I advise you to beware
Of peroxide golden hair;
She may use it as a snare
 Brother———

There's a ripple in her laugh,
 Mr.———
Affectation in her chaff,
 Charley———
As a Beauty Doctor she
May be fine as fine can be,
But no powder-puffs for me,
 Brother———

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 95.

Acrostic: F. Moore

Fortune smiles on those who strive;
Many envy those who thrive;
Official duties carry care
Often heavy; hard to bear.
Resolve to meet each stormy blast;
Eternal peace will dawn at last.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 96.

Pat Sheedy

I see, through the misty veil of years,
 An adventurous, ardent youth,
A sterling heart and a smile that cheers,
 A cultured mind and a soul of truth
Severing the filial bonds of blood,
 Breaking the links of boyhood's chains,
For the towering peaks and foaming flood
 That guard the virgin western plains.

His course is o'er the Atlantic wave,
Where many a good ship reels,
And where Caribbean waters lave
 The shores of the fair Antilles.
He traced the paths where legions trod
 Led by Balboa and Cortez
In the service of their King and God,
 Through Panama's jungle maze.

I see him again, where strong men strive,
 Directing a well-trained force,
Enabling commercial life to thrive,
 Through the aid of the iron horse.
And the aid of human brain and brawn,
 In wilderness, village and camp,
By evening dusk, in the early dawn,
 And the oil in the midnight lamp.

He retires now to a well-earned rest;
 Quits the shops and his engine toys,
With the love of those who knew him best,
 His faithful friends, the railroad boys.
Catering sycophants, he had none,
 He leaves with no wrongs to redress,
Loaded with the honors worth has won
 The reward of a life's success.

Success, the fruit of honor and zeal,
 Self-reliance, pluck and skill,
A brain to conceive, a grip of steel,
 Intellect, poise and an iron will.

A faculty trained to teach other men,
In weakness, affliction or fight,
The strength of soul to listen when
They appeal to your sense of right.

Nature, deft in the modeling art,
Mixed her choicest clay with gold;
Justice and wisdom played their part,
Giving ornate strength to the mold,
Then God, His omniscient aid did lend,
Gave life, with a soul, to the plan,
Presents the world with Sheedy, our friend,
Manager, mechanic and man.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 97.

To E. J. Bates

("S. P." Hospital, San Francisco)

Old Father Time on fleeting wings
 Rounds up another year;
Sunshine and joy to some he brings,
 To others, trials severe.
To you he's ordained for your lot
 A trail both steep and hard;
You've stood the test of crutch and cot,
 Of thorn and grit, "Old Pard."

Misfortune sometimes brings its joys;
 Its acid test reveals
The frauds, the drosses and alloys
 That tinselled gaud conceals,
And shows the friends of years gone by
 In friendship's roll today,
When thanks ascend to Him on High
 To Whom we kneel and pray.

Cheer up, Old Pal, just pass your plate
 For a drum-stick or a wing,
The vintage bowl is out of date,
 And grape juice is the thing;
But sub rosa here, 'tween me and you,
 A few pints still remain
Of good, old-fashioned "Mountain Dew"
 To quaff when we meet again.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 99. Source note: November 30, 1922.

To a Friend (J. R. Dwyer)

(On his wedding day)

Friend Dick, your heart
 Had felt the smart
 Of Cupid's playful glee;
You have signed the roll
 With another soul
 To sail down life's deep sea.

May your voyage be replete
 With joys most sweet,
 May your sea be of honey-dew,
And Cupid's smarts
 Never quit the hearts
 Of your winsome bride and you.

And when in the fort
 Of some friendly port
 With the vintage flowing free,
With a merry troll
 Quaff a brimful bowl
 To the boys of the old "S. P."

And we pledge to smile,
 Good U. S. Style
 Over our cups of Adam's brew,
As with hearts sincere
 We rise to cheer
 Your winsome bride and you.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 100. Source note: J. R. Dwyer—Foreman S. P. shops.

Acrostic: J. C. McMullen

Joyous as the Christmas bell,
Chiming, tingling thru the dell.
Merry as a children's song
Carolled by a lisping throng.
Meeting trials with a smile,
Unknown to cant—a foe to guile.
Lighting a path trod by the few,
Living a life to ideals true;
Eternal peace with love be thine,
No sorrow yours—A wish of mine.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 101. Source note: Christmas, 1923.

To an Old Friend

The Sweets of thought herein are thine,
The Sweets in thoughts within are mine
Those—to be cherished while they last
These—cherished bon-bons of the past.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 101. Source signature: “From an Old Friend.”

To Mother

Merry Christmas and good cheer,
A Happy, prosperous, bright, New Year,
I wish to her I hold most dear,
My Mother.

Earthly peace and Heavenly joy,
Contentment sweet without alloy,
The prayer of an absent boy
For Mother.

I dream tonight of long ago
When careless, free, in childhood's glow
I trod the stainless virgin snow
With Mother.

And oft since then whene'er I be
'Neath Heaven's stars on land or sea,
My spirit wings its flight to thee,
Dear Mother.

Accept this lamp and may its light
Increase thy joy this festive night;
The sending fills me with delight,
Dear Mother.

And on some future Christmas day,
When I, a longed-for visit pay,
Its cheerful flame will guide my way

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 102. Source note: Written at the request of a young man sending a lamp to his mother as a Christmas present. Christmas, 1926.

“Us” Boys

We meet tonight ‘mid festive cheer
 In friendship’s hour sublime
As the clock records our social year
 On the wrinkled front of Time;
We’re here to laugh, to joke and chaff,
 Forgetting care and strife,
Which we meet as men every now and then
 As we play on the stage of life.

Here’s Thompson our Chief, who murders “Grief,”
With twenty smiles to a frown,
And the stores they yield from Bakersfield
 Congenial Joseph Brown;
Store Number Two augments our crew
 With thoughtful Charley Burke;
Dick Dyer too (between me and you)
 A fiendish hog for work.

There’s Murray who fares at his desk upstairs
 And sharpens his pencil fine;
And Martin as well, who raised h—l
 With our requisition line;
We have Neph, who can pull his “Bit of Bull”
 And Stocker—Oh, jovial joy!
How that man can sling that scented thing
 Full fifty percent alloy.

There’s R. C. Pierce, with an aspect fierce
 And noted for cultured noise;
And Decker—how swell—our Beau Brummel
 And a favorite among the Boys.
In Constructing cars, George Huber stars
 And a utility man is he,
And Nolan Carr in peace and war
 Reports from Number Three.

We have Emmett Cregan, an airship man
 Who enjoys the aerial wing,
And Mockenhupt’s song cheers the world along

For that “Mockenbird” sure can sing;
You see the clan is here to a man
 With light hearts and spirits too,
They’re craving a “Smile” in the good old style
 In exchange for Adam’s brew.

But, steady here! There’s a time for cheer
 And a time when the mournful breath
Proclaims a pall o’er field and hall
 At the passing shade of death.
For, over there, is a vacant chair
 Where sat Nickle, a comrade true,
And W. K. has gone away
 To explore the trail for you.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 103.

Poems to My Family

My Rose

Where Monongahela's silv'ry flood
Rolls down from her mountain chains
Thru a landscape rich in lawn and wood
Where exuberant grandeur reigns,
When Nature, blooming in sweet repose,
Breathed peace thru this vale below,
I chose me a Rose—a blushing Rose
In the spring of life-long ago.

I brought my Rose to a far-off land
By the surge of the western sea
Where towering peaks, sublimely grand,
Guard the plains and the poppiéd lea;
My flower bloomed 'mong blossoms rare
Calming life with a soulful breath
Till a cold, cold blast of blighting air
Brought my Rose a lingering death.

I oft times stray in my lonesome hours
When life's scenes are hushed around—
To drop a fragrant, breathing flower
On the sod of my hallow'd mound,
Where the voice of my soul in silent song
Sends its notes to the throne above,
While honor and truth those notes prolong
Thru the dream of eternal love.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 107. Source note: May 30, 1926.

My Birthday

Three Score and Ten, winging along,
 Has touched me gently in its flight
And, dropping flowers, speeding on,
 Adorns my path this festive night.
Flowers—friendships true that last,
 Whose breath is pure, whose presence cheers;
Who, smiling, come to see me past
 The span of man's allotted years.

Three Score and Ten of welded rings!
 The gold of love, and dross of gain,
Each added link the nearer brings
 The ends of the encircling chain.
And here tonight, 'mong kin and friends,
 I have another link begun,
To forge, extend and join the ends,
 Till God ordains my chain as done.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 108. Source note: February 2, 1928.

A Check Comes In

Here's a message delivered sure as you're born:
Our good ship has taken her old signal horn
With announcement of checks for you and for me
For investments in Cédulas 'way down in Chile.
The story unravelled reveals itself thus:
Two checks have arrived, each bringing me bliss—
One looks fat and prosperous—its face value cheers,
It covers a period running over two years;
The other, a tourist gone way off astray,
Appeared with bells on—at my shack here today;
I have it corralled and lassoed right here,
Being interest received for just one-half year.
Yours for the six months, if my figures, I see
Is just forty-five dollars and cents twenty-three,
And the income for your two years, I ween
As two hundred twenty-one and in cents thirteen,
A check for which herewith you will find
Will pay your tooth bill and ease up your mind.
And believe me, fair daughter, I'm proud, aye, and glad,
To mail you this check and subscribe myself—Dad.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 109. Source note: November 11, 1925.

Love's Labor's Lost

Where life is blest in the boundless West
With a current broad and free,
With herds and flocks lived old Bill Knox
On his range at Dun-ga-lea.
Bill took a pride in his acres wide,
His flocks and his domicile;
His joy in life was a darling wife
And his daughter, Melodile.

Melo was neat, blithe, and petite
With hair of an auburn brown;
Her eyes of blue had a violet hue
And their fringes match'd her crown.
Her beaming smile knew no earthly guile,
Her voice was the lute in tune;
Her cheeks, 'tis said, excelled in red
The blush of the rose in June.

The suitors came with their holy flame;
The village sheik and swain,
Professor Spry of the Union High
Pleads undying love in vain.
Colonel Ford with burnished sword
Smote the banker of the town,
And Blackstone Beach, with honeyed speech,
Non-suited Brimstone Brown.

The son of Mars, with scars and stars,
Pressed his siege on his name and fame,
But Blackstone Beach moved to impeach
The Colonel's martial claim:
It looked a draw between war and law
When Melo, the referee,
Deemed it wise to award the prize
At her home in Dun-ga-lea.

Each pleads his case with a forceful grace,
The prize of his heart to gain,
When Melodile, with a blush and smile,
Thus addressed the rival twain:

“A sister true I must be to you—
I have answered a call,” quoth she,
“A Stanford call from old Roble Hall
For my Bachelor’s Degree.”

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 110. Source note: March 21, 1928.

My Domicile

My domicile is an old disgrace,
 A rambling, straggling shack;
An evergreen-vine creeps over the front,
 And a pepper tree shades the back;
A street-car rattles around the curve
 With an alternate creak and bump,
And I'm lulled at night in Morpheus' arms
 By the squeak of an oil-well pump.

A rickety, paintless, rustic porch
 Groans under my hurrying feet,
A magnolia tree nods its flowery boughs
 Over the pockmarked slumpy street.
There's a pining rose on a strangled bush
 With the rank woods sucking its breath,
That will moulder soon, and sleep the sleep
 Of all Nature's flowers in death.

The antique exterior, rugged and rough,
 Looking raw and repulsive as sin
Contrasts with the joys and affections of life,
 Lighting the souls of the tenants within.
Laughter and music, raillery and song,
 Strike a chord in my innermost core,
And prattling children greet me at night
 With a peek-a-boo stunt at the door.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 112. Source note: December 1, 1923.

To My Daughter

An Acrostic to Madeline

On the occasion of her marriage to my son.

May John's life be like the strong oak tree
And thine be the ivy clinging,
Disdaining life's storms with souls most free,
Every joy to each other bringing.
Let your loves be sweet as the evening breeze
In the garden of roses sighing,
Neath the spreading boughs of the dewy trees,
Eternal, true, undying.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 113.

Christmas Card

(To John and Madeline)

May Angels from the throne above
Inspire thy Christmas Cheer
And health, Goodwill with peace and Love
Make thine a bright New Year.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 113.

Bobbie and I

Bobbie, my dog, is a brindled bull,
 Of Irish lineage, through and through;
Frisky and frolicsome-fond of a fight,
 A dependable friend when the world looks blue.
When the world looks blue, with a scowling front
 And lowering clouds roll heavy and dark,
When adversity stalks, he's at my side.
 With a wagging tail and a friendly bark.

Bobbie, my dog, is no fair-weather friend
 Of the fawning breed when your larder's full,
That enjoys your board and quits you dead
 When the strain gets hard in an uphill pull.
When the road gets rocky and the larder lean
 And the thunder's crash rends the sullen sky
The flash of the lightning fork reveals
 Two friends on the grade-my dog and I!

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 114. Source note: September 4, 1924.

New Year Greeting

(To My Daughter)

I wish you Peace
I wish you Pleasure
I wish you Love
I wish you Treasure
And sweet contentment without measure
Throughout the coming year.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 114.

Miscellaneous

Life

My daily task is done—the air is still
And peace exultant pervades the earth:
The red sun is buried behind the hill
The blazing turf-fire illumines my hearth;
My pipe is loaded with soothing weed
Handmaid of pleasure and foe of care,
The match applied—my earthly woes recede
Before the cloud that embalms the air.

With thought abstracted, I review my lot
And prospects looming for man's estate
To choose 'tween life in a straw-thatched cot
And foreign fields, seeking fortune's fate.
My faithful companion, his vigil keeps,
With head reclining between his paws
Fretting and whining, he towards me creeps—
My thoughts divining thru instinct laws.

The encircling cloud in its network moulds
A lake and river with water falls—
A primeval wood, where the scene unfolds
A lordly castle with turret walls,
The portal sculptured in Greek design
And Grecian statues, their aid impart
'Mid flowering lawn and drooping vine
To tone and embellish Nature's art.

My soul absorbed in the gorgeous scene,
The foaming river and fertile plain
Where bounteous Nature, with smile serene
Presides with pride o'er her rich domain.
Ambition spurs imagination's flight
In triumph soaring on wanton wings
Suggest a great castle—mine by right
Of just endeavor—and fit for kings.

I schemed and planned with erudite brain
A noble mansion with marble hall,

Landscapes and fountains where my queen might reign,
 All in response to ambition's call.
Frescoes, painting, and mosaics graced
 My ceiling, study and ornate stair!
What a convulsion! All effaced!
 Naught but my pipe and turf-embers there!

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 117. Source note: May 22, 1926.

The Pessimist

He comes with haggard, graven face,
 A knitted brow and gloomy air,
Foreboding sorrow for the race
 And painting pictures of despair.
He sees no beauty in the flowers
 Nor scents he essence in their breath;
He seeks the shade of fragrant bowers
 To weep o'er branches dried in death.

He reads disaster in the sky
With crumbling planets falling thence;
He sees the sun, contracting, die,
 A million, billion ages hence.
With hollow pride and mien austere,
 He rails and scoffs at Nature's plan,
And swears each pleasure meted here
 Is destined for the doom of man.

His soul is dead—No choral song,
 No maiden's smile—no mother's prayer,
Nor warbling voice in arbor throng
 Awakes a tuneful echo there;
His presence blights the bud in thought,
 His passing, like a freezing wind,
Blights and blisters, leaving naught
 Save cheerless hearts and gloom behind.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 119. Source note: April 7, 1927.

The Optimist

He comes! He radiates with cheer
 And passing, greets you on his stroll.
His smile is broad; his eye is clear,
 His ringing laughter thrills your soul.
He loves the beam of early morn
 And drinks of Nature's gifts profound;
He plucks the rose from off the thorn
 To pass the petal sweets around.

He loves the song in human life
 And greets the minstrel with applause.
He hates both selfishness and strife
 And lights the trail for humane laws.
He sees a sunbeam in each cloud,
 The trace of gold in life's rough rock;
And like the mar'ner in the shroud,
 He smiles and meets the tempest's shock.

To stimulate the drooping heart,
 He sets examples that inspire;
To help the laggard play his part
 He fans ambition's smolder'd fire.
His soul within rebels at care
 Tho' skies above be overcast;
He knows, since showers clear the air,
 That human trials cannot last.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 120. Source note: April 7. 1927.

Santa Claus

A coy little maid stands down our street,
The snowflakes her rags concealing;
With a soft, sweet smile and shoeless feet
To Santa Claus thus appealing.
“Please, Santa, bring Ma a Sunday hat,
And Tommy a drum and rifle,
Bring Jamie a nice baseball and bat—
They’ll cost you but just a trifle.

“I need some ribbon to tie my hair,
A horsie, a cloak and dolly,
And other nice things that will compare
With those worn by Jane and Polly.
Be sure to bring John a railroad train,
And Rose a big box of candy;
Bring Dad his sigh’d-for castle in Spain—
And break his bottle of brandy.

“Oh, Santa, remember the folks next door,
Their life is cold and dreary,
Their Daddy is sick; sleeps on the floor,
Their Ma is working and weary.
Bring Willie a suit of clothes to wear,
A doggie and doll for Carrie,
Be sure that you drop a turkey there
And shoes for Grace and Mary.”

Santa is coming thru frozen snow
Over the hilltops sweeping,
Into the valleys that smile below
Where children are sweetly sleeping.
Down thru the chimney, loaded with toys,

Into the kitchen stealing,
Bringing gifts for girls and gifts for boys
And the world a Christian feeling,
FOR SANTA IS CHRISTIAN FEELING.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 121.

Patrio-Cans

The ship of state drifts fast of late;
Her insurance rating's risky;
Her doughty crew their rations stew
Well seasoned with oil and whisky.
The night looks dark for the shifting bark
As the storm breaks loud and louder;
A blazing match thru her oily hatch
May ignite her campaign powder.

Dougherty knew this "stand pat" crew,
Their weakness for loot and plunder;
Built Brother Stone a boot-leg throne
In a fog of Volstead thunder.
The scheme was rich-Stone knew too much
Of Volstead and boot-leg blended;
He got a lot in a shady spot—
His reign in the Trade is ended.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 122.

Acrostic: C. T. Hughes

Calmly meeting gathering troubles
That skeeter-like annoy and sting;
Hearing 'plaints and bursting bubbles;
Using care in everything:
Gathering threads, arranging matters;
Helping him who blindly delves;
Ever pleasant, never flatters;
Supporting those who help themselves.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 123.

De Ku Klux Klan

Lucilia, lock de chicken coop,
 An' take de clothesline down—
For strange folks on a rampage
 Am assemblin' in de town;
Dey come both clean an' ragged
 Lookin' pike-ish to a man—
De good ole town's invaded
 By de Ku Klux Klan.

De Gran' Dragon's up from Georgia,
 Astride his foamin' steed,
Wid' his Cyclops and his Kleagles
 To review their putrid breed;
De "patriots" hab no Nighties
 An' will hook some if dey can,
For de ten spots am dark strangers
 To de Ku Klux Klan.

So, Lu, you lock dat chicken coop,
 An' take de clothesline down;
Or dis darkey's sheets an' pillow-slips
 Will perambulate de town;
An' yo' chickens, fat an' juicy,
 Will augment de dinin' plan
Ob de Dragon-'Klops and Kleagles
 Ob de Ku Klux Klan.

When Pershin' led his soldiers
O'er de poppied hills ob France
No creed nor color counted
 In dat glorious advance;
De soldiers' mounds am scattered
 From de Marne cl'ar to Sedan
An' no mound enshrines de Nightie
 Ob a Ku Klux Klan.

REFRAIN:

De Ku Klux Klan
De Ku Klux Klan

Wid pillowslip an' Nightie come,
Fraternal strife to fan;
A fezed Bassora Turk
Would abhor, recoil an' shirk
From de sordid, slimy work
Ob de Ku Klux Klan.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 124.

The Spirit of the Drama

I am the child of Human Progress,
Breathing the air of Culture,
Nourished by Thought and Reason
And inspired by the Soul of Song;
My hand-maids are Grace and Beauty,
I weave garlands from Flowers of Fancy,
Lend embellishment to Action
And enchantment to the Dart of Cupid
As it quivers from the Bow of Love.
I explore the caverns of Oblivion;
Dust the corridors of Sanctuaries,
Re-kindle the torches of Antiquity
To illuminate the Temples of the Gods.
My shrine's in the tower of Justice,
I extract the venom from Intolerance,
Paint the Hideousness of Hypocrisy
And flash the picture on the Screen of Life.
I AM THE SPIRIT OF THE DRAMA!

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 126.

Madame Mundane

Tho' Madame Mundane's hoary gray
 She still retains her youthful notions.
Whispering gossips call her gay,
 And subject to extreme emotions;
They swear that thru long years gone by,
 When kings were fond and peasants civil,
The gleam in her hypnotic eye
 With prince and peasant raised the devil.

When Macedonia's chieftain led
His phalanx 'gainst Darius' masses,
And vultures soar'd o'er Persian dead
 From Ida's slope to Taurus' passes,
From Gaza's gate to Afghan plain,
 Old Madame cheered his work of slaughter;
But when the wine-god closed his reign,
 Her giddy soul convulsed with laughter.

When Egypt's flapper Cæsar met,
 Her right to reign she sweetly presses,
Then rolls him in her magic net,
 And binds the captive with caresses.
When Brutus staged his tragedy,
 And Tony, Cæsar's friend, befriended,
Old Madame fairly danced with glee
 As dirk and asp the romance ended.

Old Madame, frowning, shook her head
 When Warren, Boston patriots rallied,
And decked Breed's Hill with scarlet dead,
 The Hessian with the Briton allied;
When Washington's sharp bugle call
 Cleared Sleepy George's royal noodle,
And Freedom led a Freeman's ball—
 Old Madame jigged to Yankee Doodle.

She cheered as Reds of Ninety-three
 Profanely seized Marie and Louis—
And guillotined the twain to see
 If royal blood was red-or blue-y.

When “Nap” the sword with swiftess drew,
 She smiled as kings thru Europe trembled,
And, as he fails at Waterloo,
 She toasts the fossil’d crew assembled.

’Tis said that at a Rhineland dance
 When Bismarck was Germania’s skipper,
Her coquetry caused La Belle France
 To lose her prized Alsatian slipper.
Ambition beckoned Kaiser Bill,
 Who, scenting danger, swiftly vanished—
Now Madame toasts great Fouche’s skill—
 Germania Free! All Highness banished!

To bask in Madame’s fickle smile;
 To languish in her soft embraces,
And gather garlands rich the while
 Heights must be won to gain her graces.
Some reach her shrine thru iron will
 A steady “strive” with honor in it,
While others face the sacred hill
 And, using sordid methods, win it.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 127. Source note: November 28, 1927.

Creation

THE UNIVERSE

Almighty Father, eternal and supreme,
 Creation's architect whose grand design
Embraces All in one glorious scheme—
 Suns, stars and planets—the conception Thine!
A million ornaments Thy temple grace,
 Revolve and scintillate thru the unknown
While constellations in the lap of space
 Send forth hosannas to Thy sacred throne.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM

Sublime in grandeur with its orb of light,
 Where beauteous Venus and ruddy Mars
Join kindred planets in concentric flight
 Around their centre in celestial cars—
That luminous centre—the eye of day
 Whose powers display the Creator's hand;
Controlling worlds with unerring sway
 Obedient to order and divine command.

THE EARTH

Thru the blue ethereal around the sun
 On her axis moving, careens the Earth,
Leading her satellite, the dreamy moon,
 In hypnotic chains since Creation's birth.
Her bounteous beauty she to Man unfolds,
 Gives life sustenance in her onward roll;
Donates the elements which Nature moulds
 Into the temple that enshrines the soul.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 130.

Championship Fight

The pugman gang's in motion
For the great, big fistic show;
They join in their devotion
From the Lakes to Mexico.
The betting's four to one
On the Irish-Indian,
And takers at the odds are keen,
For the lads from overseas
Fling Old Glory to the breeze—
They will die, sir, if you please
For their Devil-dog Marine.

Old Quaker town is humming
As in war-time days of yore;
The touts their lutes are strumming
As they ne'er strummed before.
They are dreaming in their sleep
Of their shorn, human sheep
While Wall-Street gets the suckers for a clean;
They fleeced both lamb and ram
And care not one single damn
For our Jack or Uncle Sam
Or his Devil-dog Marine.

The rushing mob is pushing
For a front seat in the shrine
And gushing souls are crushing
For the sight of human wine;
There is Myrtle and Louise
Who expose their dainty knees
With Dottie sporting a Boticelli bob;
Hear Violet's laughter ringing,
Fast to her lip-stick clinging
While Cora's shots are winging
A poor weather-beaten "gob."

In line of introduction
The preliminaries stood
Then rules and terse instruction

Help'd to whet the thirst of blood;
The close of the haranguing
Was signal for the banging—
Counters and hooks were taken with a smile!
There is a swap of punches
Where people stow their lunches,
Both singly and in bunches
In Scientific style.

Dempsey, swinging and slamming,
Catches Tunney on the head
And Tunney, Dempsey lamming,
Starts a trickling stream of red;
There's a counter and a biff
More red claret and a sniff;
Then Dempsey tries the button for a rap—
While Tunney's short jabs smother
His pugilistic brother
And one jab follows another
On his potato trap.

There's joy and exultation
As Dempsey's eye is banded
And shouts of admiration
As his nasal piece is whanged;
He is pasted on the nut With a left-hand uppercut,
A right-hand jolt and counter of the chin—
Tunney Wins—He's a dandy
My Rose has lost her candy—
Cigars come mighty handy
When your greenback roll is thin.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 131. Source note: Philadelphia, September 3, 1926.

Peace

There's a sheltered, shady nook
Where a little, laughing brook
 Prattles, leaps and rushes on its way;
Where a blanket of red roses
Over fern-fronds reposes
And the violets' smile discloses
 Floral meekness all the day.

Here I sit in peaceful bliss,
Watch the rose and fuchsia kiss
 The flaunting morning-glory blooming gay.
Far removed from care and madness
Of commercial life and sadness,
I enjoy the soulful gladness
 Of the meadow-lark's sweet lay.

Linnets twitter in the bush
Cooing doves with wooing gush
 Share in life's golden treasures as they play.
Mockers mimicking thru the night
Their arboreal friends affright,
While their notes at dawn unite
 With the robin's roundelay.

Let me linger, float and dream
Down that little, laughing stream
 Under the spreading hemlock's drooping spray.
Where the lordly pine-tree towers
Let me breathe the soul of flowers,
As my bark glides thru these bowers
 Towards Heaven's tranquil bay.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 134.

Peace and Mars

PEACE TO MARS:

“Thou, god, whose altars flaming gird the world
Where ambition worships with flag unfurled
And hearts pulsating to thy rolling drum
Answer the reveille and, cheering, come;
Where doting mothers and adoring sires
Feed loving sons to sulphurous fires,
And genius, hypnotized, forsakes her art,
Kneels in adoration—performs her part;

“The Christian parson, unctuous of mien,
Professed a follower of the Nazarene,
Exhorts his people in the Master’s name
To pay thee homage, die and live in ‘fame,’
And hoarding miser, covetousness for creed,
A soul of envy and a heart of greed
Enthused, transmuted by carnal strife,
Pours forth his treasure—consecrates his life.

“We’ve seen the impress of thy hideous hand
On ruined city and in wasted land,
In floating wreckage, where Neptune’s groan
Drowns sob of orphan and widow’s moan,
The Christian neighbor in thirst for blood
Tracks Christian brother to Christian rood.
Scholars and sages espouse thy cause,
Why this blind obedience to thy brutal laws?”

MARS TO PEACE:

“Thou, gentle patroness of sane pursuits,
Allaying rancor and world disputes,
Preaching forbearance, creating cheer,
Uplifting mankind to a higher sphere,
Comforting the aged, encouraging youth,
Assisting science in search for truth
That she may enlighten the mute and blind,
Unchain the soul and develop mind.

“We trace the touch of thy fostering hand
Where peasants labor—where kings command,
On the boundless ocean, ’neath Heaven’s dome,
Where commerce, flourishing, presides at home;
Thy spirit breathing through forge and field
Insures to industry an abundant yield
To sustain the toiler in health and love,
Man’s greatest blessings from Him above.

“Thy spirit inspires the souls of men,
The sculptor’s chisel and the poet’s pen;
The painter’s pencil, whose heavenly flame
’Mong stars and planets inscribes thy name,
Presents thy portrait with artistic grace,
Thy mission mirrored in placid face,
Thy question answered—I do succeed
Through Power, Ignorance and Human Greed!”

The War God’s glance searched the scene around—
The shell-carved hill and the corpse-strewn ground,
The pillaged village, sacked church and school,
Where culture perished that power might rule.
Then, with curled lip, in contemptuous smile,
Addressed he Peace in sarcastic style:

“Why call me brutal? I am but the slave
Of plundering ‘patriot’ and gouging Knave!”

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 135.

The Boot-Leg Man

There's a question of importance
 Revolving in my mind,
A problem whose solution is
 Impossible to find.
That problem is the Volstead Act
 And how to save its plan
From that wonderful magician—
 The boot-leg man.

CHORUS:

The boot-leg man,
The boot-leg man!
 With his limousine and bottle
And a full, tin can!
 His goods are rich and mellow
 He's a hale and hearty fellow—
 There is nothing mean or yellow
In the boot-leg man.

The plan is sane and workable,
 The Volstead people say,
It has won the World War and then
 Led sinning man to pray;
Rescued the drunkard's children
 And shod their aching feet;
Sealed each leaking barrel bung
 And made the world sweet.

CHORUS:

You boot-leg man,
You boot-leg man,
 You have undermined our morals,
We'll get you if we can,
 Our agents softly creeping
 Will take your hootch in keeping—
 They will nab you while you're sleeping!
Mr. Boot-leg man!

Our boot-leg man's the welcome guest

Of sheik and billionaire,
Wears a million-dollar smile
And sports a solitaire;
The Parson, Judge and Senator
Horizons for him scan
While constable and agent seek
The boot-leg man.

CHORUS:

The boot-leg man,
The boot-leg man!
He is prospecting our cities
With his gold-dust pan
But, babies, they are crying,
The reformer, she is sighing;
And Chicago's crooks are dying
For the boot-leg man.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 138. Source note: May 27, 1926.

The Changing “Tied”

With a matrimonial barque adrift.

Dan Cupid wears a quizzical grin
Of an elfish mould, when he speeds his darts
That fades to a smile—He is sad within
When he spears not in pairs poor, pining hearts;
He thrills with joy as his barbs strike true,
While the parson’s wound-healing balm applied
Starts a bark of love on a sea of blue
With a dove-like coo in the smiling “tied.”

The sails are spread to the evening breeze,
With the sinking headlands fading fast;
There’s a silver crest on the laughing seas
With a steady strain on the stately mast.
The master calls, “A reef in the main!
A keen eye for reefs to the starboard side!”
The mate replies, “You’ve reefs on the brain.”
There’s a deep refrain in the sighing “tied.”

The cook, being servant, cook and mate,
Brought delicious dishes—fruit, cake and wine.
There being no charm, for averting fate,
In appealing to man like the words, “We dine.”
“Your beer,” said the master “is weak and stale;
And the chicken flavorless—over-fried.”
“You dunce,” said the mate, “your chicken’s quail!”
There’s a caustic rail in the surging “tied.”

The Dove of Peace soared o’er the bark
And, spreading her wings on the troubled sea,
Dissolves the clouds that hovered dark—
Infusing the spirit of harmony.
“There are rocks ahead and shoals to your lee;
Hold her hard to port,” the master cried.
“What port?” asked the mate. “Your head’s aglee.”
There’s an angry sea and a ripping “tied.”

Confidence, faith and a governing hand
Guide the fragile bark clear of rock and shoal.

When the master demands supreme command
To have and to hold, protect and control:
“You rave!” said the mate. “Our laws are clear.
By their essence and force thou shalt abide;
This craft is ours, not yours, my dear!”
There are breakers near in the foaming “tied.”

The derelict ship drifts fast and free
Thru a treacherous sea, with dangers rife,
With a sullen crew, too blind to see
The flotsam and jetsam of human life;
Their compass lost, their spirits low,
With no hand at the helm nor brain to guide,
They end their cruise submerged in woe
In the undertow of the breaking “tied.”

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 140.

To Cecelia

May your days be a song
As they glide along,
And your nights a blissful dream;
May your cheerful laugh,
Greet thy neighbor's chaff
Sailing down life's golden stream,
And when at last
The anchor's cast,
And your deck no more is trod,
May angels bright
Thy spirit light
On thy flight to the Throne of God.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 142.

Taken from Life

A queenly dream adorns the scene
 In Parisian creation,
With grace and beauty breathing thru
 The scant abbreviation.

A mere, mere man stands hypnotiz'd,
 Winged hard-yet didn't feel it,
"Gosh! What a gorgeous gown!" he cried,
 "I'm tempted, sure, to steal it."

"Hould on," a bould Melisian shouts,
 "Just rein yer horse a minit,
The dhress is yours wid her consint,
 I reserve the dhrame within it."

The blushing queen her tresses toss'd
 And marshalling all her charms
Exclaim'd, "I'd freeze." "Ye won't," said Pat,
 "Ye'll be shnug within me arms.

"This spalpeen craves yer silken gown
 That never weighed two ounces,
I crave yer shmile an' throbbin' love—
 The devil take the flounces."

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 143. Source note: The Rambling Rhymster. January 24, 1929.

Trade and Toil

Thoughtful and silent in the city square,
Heedless of fashion and of vulgar stare,
A lone stranger rests—his life's work nigh done;
With thought absorbed in the setting sun,
Wrenched and distorted by the toll of years;
He views that sunset—his own sunset nears,
His toil rejected in his age of need,
A human symbol of commercial greed.

His withered cheek, furrowed and wan,
Health's glowing picture, when life's toil began,
Bleached in the storm of industrial strife,
Worn thin and wasted in sustaining life—
That life an asset in trade and spoil,
Where power and parasite thrive on toil,
Spin golden cobwebs with consummate skill;
Entangle ignorance and force their will.

Down the hoary river of flowing years,
The slaving toiler to his task adheres.
Trade issues orders with compressed lip,
White-grinning necessity cracks the whip;
He propels rude galleys in foaming floods
And blazes highways thru primeval woods;
Builds teeming cities, where trade succeeds,
And buzzards fatten on the people's needs.

While toil is delving with calloused hands,
Assiduous commerce her sphere expands,
And extends her lines till her schemes embrace
The inherent rights of the human race.
In forum and senate her tools intrench,
Bribe nation's cabinets, pollute the bench,
Suborning governments to serve her cause
Thru the roar of cannon and of canon laws.

Competing syndicates of kindred ken
With wheels revolving in the sweat of men
Send forth their minions to secure the land.
Bays, fields, and rivers, whose banks command

Oils, woods and waters and bright precious ores,
Designed by nature for her children's stores,—
All gone, pilfered thru intrigue or stealth,
And traders prosper on the people's wealth.

Toil builds the monuments that grace the street,
The halls and palaces where councils meet,
Plans gorgeous mansions where wealth abides,
Erects the temples where power presides,
Constructs yon limousine with flaming crest
Where roué and indolence recline and rest,
Thus toil and talent create and cower,
While trade triumphantly flaunts her power.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 144.

The New Year

I'm here alone with stainless face,
 The welcomed guest of every clime,
A virgin page where man may trace
 And chart the steps of Father Time:
I'm greeted by the strumming lute,
 The choral chant, the ribald song,
The siren's voice, the whistle's toot,
 The shout and hoister of the throng.

My spirit leads the human soul
 To check the errors of the past;
Resolve to conquer and control
 Life's surging passions to the last;
But deep resolve and solemn vow,
 Like flowers culled 'neath tropic sky,
In bloom last night—withered now,
 Tomorrow's sun will see them die.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 146. Source note: January 1, 1926.

The Royal Cafeteria Acrostic

Sally, May, Lucile, Winnie

Should you crave a cup of coffee
And a plate of wheatcakes—hot;
Long to order eggs and bacon
Like you prized at Mother's cot,
You may fancy some cereal—

Many are the brands—and good,
And the cream is fresh in flavor,
You will surely like the food!

Lettuce, salads, peas and turnips,
Used by dietaries wise;
Cake and biscuit—palate tempting;
Ice cream, fruit and apple pies.
Laughing, pleasant, soulful girls,
Each attentive in her place,

Waiting patiently your order,
Intent and keen, with courtly grace.
Neat and sweet is charming Sally,
Nymph-like May and fair Lucile,
Idealistic, winsome Winnie,
Each has charms that do appeal.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 147. Source note: A Rambling Rhymster. January 13, 1929.

To-Morrow

Grasp an oar with an iron hand
 And pull in the berth assigned you;
And think not in the promised land
 Of those failures left behind you.
Life's golden game is yours to play;
Play fair—Do not lend or borrow!
Tho' Fortune's prude and frowns to-day
 She may smile and pet to-morrow.

When angry seas rage foaming white,
 And your good ship is leaking fast—
When the sails that idly hung last night
 Stream in shreds from your quiv'ring mast-
Tho' your horizon lowers dark
 With the sky's foreboding sorrow,
A mighty hand can guide your bark
 To a tranquil port to-morrow.

Remember that in joy and gloom
 There's a keen eye watcheth o'er us;
That flowers in eternal bloom
 Spring from good works gone before us;
That the Recorder on his way,
 In a survey close and thorough,
Will audit your account some day,
 And that day may dawn to-morrow.

Publication. First published in *Dark Donegal and Other Poems*. Los Angeles: Wetzel Publishing Co., 1930, p. 148. Source note: April 20, 1927.

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Colophon

Publication and production notes

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.