

**WHO'S WHO  
AMONG  
PRAIRIE POETS**

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**Centennial Edition  
1838 - 1938**



**Edited By  
LOU MALLORY LUKE**

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**E. L. KUHNE, PUBLISHER  
DES MOINES**



# STATE OF IOWA

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

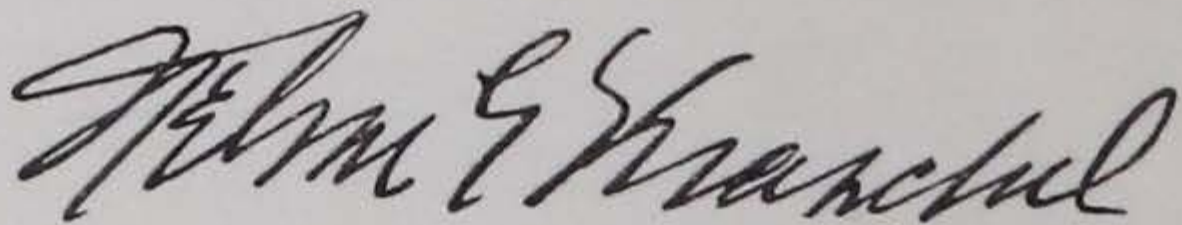
DES MOINES

I am very happy to add my word of endorsement for Mrs. Lou Mallory Luke's volume on the prairie poets.

As Mrs. Luke has indicated in her dedication, it is appropriate that such a volume should appear in Iowa's centennial year, while we are calling particular attention to our achievements in many fields of activity, including literature.

In a pioneer society there is little leisure and less wealth to be lavished upon any pursuit that is not directly connected with the economic conquest of the frontier. However, as Iowa grows into maturity, it becomes increasingly important as a center of middle western cultural activity.

This volume indicates that more and more Iowa citizens are expressing in poetic form the human values and natural beauty of our state. No longer can it be said that we export only corn and hogs, for our richest crop comes from the fertile field of new ideas and concepts of beauty.



GOVERNOR OF IOWA.



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## PREFACE

Because I sat at an editorial desk and watched the inception and development of this project designed to advance the appreciation of middle western literature and give recognition to our prairie poets, I am privileged to supply this brief preface.

Much of the subject matter presented in this compilation—most of it, in fact—was first offered to the public in the columns of the Mason City, Iowa, Globe-Gazette, in the form of a weekly editorial page feature, titled "Prairie Poets." The widespread interest elicited among readers prompted this assembling and more formal preservation.

This volume will speak for itself. It needs neither explanation nor amplification. My only hope to add even a little to the reader's satisfaction lies in passing along a brief appraisal of the assembler, Lou Mallory Luke. She has been and is my very good friend.

First, let it be said that her own writings, both verse and prose, would merit inclusion in any compilation of literature representative of our prairie states. But her interest and her talent do not end there. They transcend such a limitation.

With an earnestness and zeal—it amounts almost to a religion—Lou Mallory Luke has sought to bring the joy and inspiration of good verse to the rank and file of us. A deeply grounded conviction in her that beauty resides all about us has actuated her in her "one woman crusade" for literature.

The aspiration of most creative artists ends with giving expression to their own ideas and ideals. But the compiler of the material which went into this book has been moved by a consideration with broader base. She has wanted to open the eyes and the ears and the soul of those in all walks of life.

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5/8/40, Kubus Pub. Co. #153



Discovery of a person newly caught by whatever it is in good books that catches one, pleases her almost as much as the uncovering of a new genius in the creative side of literature. And, after all, there's some logic to this. What does it avail to have an abundance of inspired writing and only a few to appreciate it and profit by it?

If this bit of background information concerning the kindly and altogether human person who has given countless hours to this work adds even a mite of pleasure for you who read it, I shall be pleased.

EARL HALL.

## INTRODUCTION

A comprehensive WHO'S WHO of Iowa literati has been a particularly difficult book to compile. The "First Hundred Years" were prolific, and an alarming number of these prairie-born children have dabbled in poetry, either as a serious undertaking or simply to amuse themselves. Any one who studies any art is likely to be well paid for his pains by his better understanding of it. The rest furnish intelligent and appreciative audiences for the imported poet-lecturer who comes for a four hundred dollar fee to tell us who is who and what is what east of the Hudson.

So well have our authors listened, so faithfully served their apprenticeship, that many Iowans have become "tellers" themselves, functioning as editors of magazines of enormous circulation where they, too, can talk of regionalism in literature, whether of the New York variety or the inland, provincial brand that some extol, and some condemn.

At last the author is allowed to write out of the specific world of ideas and intellectual vistas that bound his universe. No longer do we demand a pent-house setting for tales of New York, no more do we think that the southern novelist must be bounded by cotton, the colored folk, the Mississippi overflow and Sanctuary or Tobacco Roads. The mid-western author wears no man's brand. He is a maverick, gathered in on the last round-up, or breaking through the barbed-fence of convention to explore his own tastes and inclinations. At last the writer is more and more concerned with "*that portion of his surroundings of which he is conscious*", without taking into account his *geographical boundaries*. His interests, not his locale, constitute his environment. The physical world has been explored and charted. There are no more frontiers except those that lie in the mind. The stage setting is no longer of first importance. It has given way to the vastly more important contemplation of an idea.



The fundamental differences between east and west, north and south, are but skin deep. The editor of this volume of *Prairie Poets* would have sung of fertile fields, unfolding hills and glowing sunsets, if she had been buffeted by Sahara's sands. They are in her blood, her imagining, they mark her mental horizon as well as her environment. The essence of her life is fragrant with the beauty of Iowa, and no one responds to that beauty when others discover it, more quickly than Lou Mallory Luke.

Iowa writers are indebted to Mrs. Luke for this massing of their accomplishments through the years, here in this biographical dictionary of Iowa poets. They are indebted to Editor Earl Hall for the columns he has put at Mrs. Luke's disposal for furthering the interest in our verse makers. They are indebted to the business and educational institutions for their many prizes, for the college magazines and scholarships, their writing fraternities, and to all Iowa radio stations, private and commercial, that have opened the sky-ways for Pegasus. The winged-horse has kicked up his heels over a longer period of poetry broadcasts here in Iowa than any place else on earth, and Gardner Cowles, Jr., continues to keep a listening ear to our entreaties where the arts are concerned.

We speak of these two men because they were pioneers in the constant dissemination of poetry and news about poets. Mention of all would necessitate another *Who's Who*, and so the editor has compromised with a condensed list of *Author's Aids*, in the back of the book. If you are acquainted with your librarians, the editors of the 560 newspapers in the state, or have ever thumbed through the 360 pages of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs Blue Book, you will know why Mrs. Luke must include them all in her sincere but sweeping dedication: "TO IOWA AND HER FIRST ONE HUNDRED YEARS".



There is another small but important group to whom every poet is indebted, the publishers of our compilations. No longer do we have to pay for publication, indeed we are now in a position to "shop around" and choose between as high as three bids. May the publishers never lose faith in our selling possibilities. At present we are looked upon as fair prospects, while five years ago not more than three poets in the United States could publish their poems without underwriting the publisher. Today there are twice three Iowa poets recorded in this book who are frequently invited to publish at another's expense. If an Iowa poet delivers the pertinent and imaginative word, dresses it in sweetly flowing garments, and rhymes it with wings . . . he is bound to be talked about. He will be a good risk. Publishers have been quick to see this. You will find their names at the head of the lists of contributors to some recent Iowa anthologies farther along in this book.

You will find no biographical material about the editor of this compilation in the Who's Who section of it. If I were not forbid I could speak of some of Mrs. Luke's accomplishments that other countries have enjoyed with us. I could tell of fresh honors that are on the way . . . but since I am not permitted to speak intimately of the editor of WHO'S WHO AMONG PRAIRIE POETS, I am extending, for her, her particular thanks to Earl Hall of the Mason City Globe Gazette (godfather to most of the poems collected here), and to Ilda Drier and Don Farran for their painstaking help in sorting and condensing the wealth of material that came to hand for inclusion in this *Who's Who Among Prairie Poets, Centennial Edition*.

January 1st, 1938.      MRS. L. WORTHINGTON SMITH.



Dedicated to  
Iowa and her  
First One Hundred Years

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am happy to acknowledge the courtesies of various periodicals and publishers for permission to reprint poems from American Women Poets, Ave Maria, American Poetry, Better Verse, Better Homes and Gardens, Blue Moon, Country Bard, Catholic Daily (Dubuque), Chicago Daily Journal, Davenport Democrat, Des Moines Register, Flame on the Hills, Galleon Press, Harp, Household, Hinterland, Hill Solitude, Kaleidograph, KSO Poets, Line o' Type, Mason City Globe-Gazette, Music Club Year Book, Muse,, New York Times, One More Bend, PEO Record, Poetry Promenade, Plow on the Hills, Poetry, Prairie Gold, Portrait Darkly, Rockford Register, St. Paul Pioneer Press, Selected Poems, Saturday Review of Literature, Silk of the Corn, Stepladder, Women's Poetry Today, and Zion's Herald.

LOU MALLORY LUKE.

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January 1st, 1938

# POEMS



## THE HAPPIEST MAN IN I-O-WAY

Jes' down the road a piece, 'ith dust so deep  
 It teched the bay mare's fetlocks; an' the sun  
 So b'ilin' hot, the peewees dassn't peep . . .  
 Seems like midsummer 'fore the spring's begun!  
 An' me plumb beat an' good-fe-nothin'-like  
 An' awful lonesome fer a sight o' you . . .  
 I come to that big locus' by the pike,  
 An' she was all in bloom, an' trembly, too.,  
 With breezes like drug-store perfumery.  
 I stood up in my stirrups, with my head  
 So deep in flowers they almost smothered me.  
 I kind o' liked to think that I was dead . . .  
 An' if I had 'a' died like tha today,  
 I'd 'a' be'n the happiest man in I-o-way.

For whut's the us't o' goin' on like this?  
 Your pa not 'lowin' me around the place! . . .  
 Well, fust I knowed, I'd give the blooms a kiss;  
 They tasted like Good-Night on your white face.  
 I reached my arms out wide, an' hugged 'em—say,  
 I dreamp' your little heart was hammerin' me!  
 I broke this branch off for a love-boquet;  
 'F I'd be'n a giant, I'd 'a' plucked the tree!  
 The blooms is kind o' dusty from the road,  
 But you won't mind. And, as the feller said,  
 "When this you see remember me"—I knowed  
 Another poem; but I've lost my head  
 From seein' you! 'Bout all that I kin say  
 Is—"I'm the hapiest man in I-o-way."

Well, comin' 'long the road I seen your ma  
Drive by to town—she didn't speak to me!  
An' in the farthest field I seen your pa  
At his spring-plowin', like I'd ought to be.  
But, knowin' you'd be here all by yourself,  
I hed to come—for now's our livin' chance!  
Take off yer apern, leave things on the shelf—  
Our preacher needs what the feller calls "romance."  
Ain't got no red-wheeled buggy; but the mare  
Will carry double, like we've trained her to.  
Jes' put a locus'-blossom in your hair  
An' let's ride straight to heaven—me an' you!  
I'll build y' a little house, an' folks'll say:  
"There lives the happiest pair in I-o-way."



## PRAYER OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

I ask Thee, Lord, Thy kind release  
From Thy rich gift of rustic peace.  
I am unworthy of the Grace  
That showers about me in this place.  
O Lord, upon some calmer soul  
Confer this bounty of Thy dole!

Contemn me, Lord! contemn me wholly  
As one unwise, unsound, unworthy —  
A creature who could never know Thee,  
A man Thou madest too unearthy.

I wander homesick in Thy woods;  
I fear Thy mountain-solititudes;  
Thy beasts that on each other prey  
Haunt me with anguish night and day;  
I shun Thy great and gracious lawns;  
Nor do Thy sunsets and Thy dawns  
Rouse me to silent ecstasies,  
Nor Thy cloud-castles, nor Thy trees.

Dismiss me from Thy sunlit skies,  
From larks that with the morning rise;  
Absolve me from the whippoorwills;  
Forbid me Thy green stately hills:  
Inflict on me, in my unworth,  
Complete divorcement from the earth;  
And hurl me, Lord, in Thy stern pity,  
Back to the horrors of the city.

*Saturday Review of Literature*

## RAIN AFTER MIDNIGHT

Sword-bright flash of lightning silvers dark walls;  
Thunder drums startle the heart's toneless beating;  
Pizzicato plucks the rain on broad maple leaves;  
Through the leafy darkness a ripe apple falls.

Heavily the clouds give up the roaring downpour,  
Beating on the roof and singing at the eaves,  
Volleying and streaming in the wind's wild clamor.  
Can the thirsty earth drink yet more?

Appassionata shifts to a mood in minor key;  
Stretching out the thought to far-flung cornfields  
Where overtones of rain sing past the power of hearing  
In Appanoose, Winneshiek, Pottawattamie.



## QUEST FOR THE YOUNG WITCH, AUTUMN

I searched for autumn everywhere:  
On the misty river road, along the smoky ridge,  
Among the bright redhaws, under a bridge  
Where startled mallards rose in the copper-colored air.

Hot as a hound I ran among the corn  
Where pumpkins lay in orange-red profusion.  
Her tracks ran here, ran there; in confusion  
I plunged after her into a thicket of thorn.  
I heard her mockery in the yellow noon.  
Bewitched, I shouted her name at echoing rocks.  
Beneath lemon-colored maples and maples red as a fox  
I sought her, and in valleys haunted by the moon.

I said: She is nothing—wind in the empty husk  
She is dead. She never lived. She is evaporated water.  
Then, on my own street, I saw her (or her daughter)  
Carrying a Jack-o'-lantern in the bonfire dusk.

*Household Magazine.*

DUST STORM

Spring holds one able flower—  
sepals of dark wind,  
stamens of dry cloud,  
petals of dust.

Kansas, lay down your restlessness,  
and the obedient soil will follow you.  
Give up your plowing,  
and plant green pastures  
Under the darkened atmosphere.

You must—  
for the earth of your foundations  
is limited.

You must—  
for the earth of your foundations  
is shifting overhead.

You must—  
for dust is of the dead.



QUOMODO SEDET SOLA CIVITAS PLENA  
POPULO

How desolate the city is!  
Though through the streets the hurrying folk  
Go up and down, go up and down!  
How desolate the city is,  
Though humankind the sidewalks choke  
And tramp the cobbles of the town.  
How desolate the city is!  
And though I feel their shoulders press  
And sense their breathing on my face,  
How desolate the city  
When neither jostle nor caress  
May win me to a moment's grace.  
How desolate the city is!  
And though they think my self-same thought,  
Tread on my heart or yet more near,  
How desolate the city is!  
Busses or blows, it matters not—  
She is not here—she is not here—  
How desolate the city is!

*Mason City Globe Gazette (Prairie Poets).*

## WINDS AND WATERS

Give me a wind through the tree tops roaring.  
I love quiet, but after death,  
Far and far though my soul goes soaring,  
This spent body will draw no breath.

Give me the tumble of foaming water.  
I love peace, but the moments fly—  
Swift, so swift—I may not have caught her,  
Ease of My Heart, before I die.

Give me the high and the hot endeavor.  
I love dreams, but I cannot stay  
Little I have to pledge forever,  
A fleeting hour in a fleeting day.

Give me the road my feet may follow.  
I love rest; when the quest is done,  
One look back over height and hollow,  
Purple and gold in the setting sun.

*New York Times.*



## TRAIL-TALK

The hunter in forbidden land,  
When darkness fell,  
Won the wood-folk promise  
They would never tell.

He silenced leg and belly and wing,  
The new leaf and the old;  
Forgot to caution ashes—  
Ashes told.

## HILLS

Hills, Jewel studded by the morning sun;  
Hills, tree-encrusted, that fold  
Shadowed, one upon another, shrouding  
Mysteries in deep curtained  
Scintillating lush haze.

Hills swept by mood enticing winds;  
Hills, cloud-crowned, that draw  
Heaven and earth together in a sea  
Where nature strives to rive the storm  
Into lilting music for the soul.

Hills, latticed, casement bound;  
Hills, time-fingered where moonlight  
Casts aside impassioned fate  
And sapphire silvered skies of night  
Reveal the source of Orphic dreams.



## WOMEN CRY

There is a coldness  
Where your heart may be  
When winds bring the scent  
Of spring on the sea.

There is a terror  
Which stiffens your lips  
When you hear men talk  
Of the sailing ships.

But all that is past,  
And you may forget  
The sea's a lover  
Whose cool lips are wet.

A man grows lonely  
When the tall black spars  
Thrust through the low clouds  
Beneath the low stars.

A man grows lonely  
And his heart stands still  
For the curve at dusk  
Of a distant hill.

The sea's a mistress  
With seductive ways . . .  
But I want harbor  
The rest of my days!

## IOWA IN APRIL

Give me an Iowa April when the rounded hills are  
greening,  
And the cattle stand in silhouette upon a distant crest;  
When clouds hang low and lavender with moisture in  
their meaning  
And opal mists the ploughed fields on the skyline of  
the west.  
A quiet day and restful, when no wind is in the branches,  
While bare twigs stretch grey fingers to the moonstone  
of the sky;  
When tasseling box-elders and the swelling buds of  
poplars  
And the tender green of hedges show that April passes  
by.  
When the chalk of birch and maple gleams against the  
darker pine-boughs  
And the little ponds are quicksilver in ebony and jade,  
With pussy willows fringing every little creek and inlet  
Where the youngsters love to paddle and to loiter and  
to wade.  
Where the crocus tufts the southern slope of every little  
hillock  
With wraps of gray fox-fur and gowns of heliotrope and  
blue;  
Where the grubby wee child fingers pick them, short  
of stem, for mother  
As each returning April brings their wonderment anew.



## CHRISTMAS 1919

Dear Friends:

Believe, I never tire  
Of sitting by my open fire  
Because the friendly ruddy blaze  
Recalls those other wondrous days  
When we four made a happy band  
And looked on, musing, hand in hand.

Last night I sat here all alone  
While winter winds did sigh and moan,  
Dreaming I watched the roaring flame  
And lo! a curious vision came;  
The great fire, sparks and flame and wood  
Took on the semblance of my mood:

The dancing flames that upward flew  
Were messengers in search of you.  
The back-log seasoned, sound and strong  
Was like our love, abiding long.  
The sparks that popped out o'er the screen  
Were kisses friends, that's what they mean,  
Were hungry to be nearer you—  
That's just the way I'm feeling, too.

And when the fire died down again  
And only ashes did remain  
Be sure that what you now might see  
Was nothing but the shell of me,  
Only the clothes I had to wear,  
Once good, now lying gray and sere.  
But that in me which so loves you  
Why that went racing up the flue—  
Off on the whistling winds to ride  
Searching the spot where you abide.  
And when at twelve on Christmas night  
You hear outside some window tight  
A tender, wistful kind of sigh,  
Please let it in—for it is I.

## FAILURE

*(For R. I.)*

Sometimes when I come in, I try to keep  
My heart and mind submerged, as in a sleep,  
Entering with light word and heedless air

As if I did not mark your absence there:  
I never quite succeed, do as I will;  
Something always—flowers at the sill,  
A hassock, or the way the sun falls clear—  
Unfailingly repeats, “. . . not here . . . not here . . .”



## LOW HILLS

*(For Robert S. Hillyer)*

I want low hills. I do not want the sea;  
The sea is full of sorrow, noise and fright;  
The sea is like a thousand women weeping,  
While hills are like a whisper in the night.

I want low hills. I do not want the sea.  
The sorrows of the sea have no release.  
But hills are hushed by twilight—hills are sleeping . . .  
Low hills are weakness strong enough for peace.

*"Hill Solitudes."*

## THE MOTHER OF SORROWS

Lovely are all the starry-eyed Madonnas,  
The Sistine, Della Scala—not a few,  
With smooth, unshadowed brows and tender curving  
Of young arms to this charge, so deeply new.

But Dolorosa's eyes are pools of sorrow;  
The tragedy of life is on her lips.  
Her arms remember the small, yielding body;  
The misty hair beneath her finger tips.

*The Ave Maria.*

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## EXPERIENCE

Daughter, little daughter with the wide gray eyes,  
Harken to the prudent folk, the cautious ones and wise:  
"Straight well-trodden ways are best for small white  
feet."

(Ah, the little thorny paths so wild and sweet!)  
Daughter, little daughter with the trusting hand,  
Harken to the wise old years, and understand:  
"Guard your love with wisdom lest your heart should  
lack."

Daughter, little daughter with the untried soul,  
Make the wise old words your guide, and peace your  
goal.

"Foolish hearts learn all too soon to sigh and ache!"  
(Oh, the rainbow dreams they have before they break!)

*Women's Poetry Today*

## TO CARL SANDBERG

Now and then a man comes by  
Who loves America—  
Smoke of her cities, wind on her prairies,  
Her songs and her sorrows;  
Who knows the thoughts of workers  
In cornfields, in factories and railroads;  
Who knows the curve of a child's proud chin  
On a sleepy pillow,  
Blue pigeons and gray mist.  
A Giant, hurling thunderbolts,  
A Child, wondering about the moon,  
Tempestuous as storm, and still as midnight stars—  
Now and then a man comes by,  
Working and singing.

*Mason City Globe Gazette (Prairie Poets).*



## MAPLE BLOOD

The hills along the river,  
White and cold in the snow,  
Are bodies through which the blood  
Has ceased to flow.  
And every hilltop scowls  
As only the dead scowl.  
(With death there is no thought.)  
But even now  
Where the beast of death prowls  
As only the beasts of death prowl,  
A miracle is wrought.

In the bloodless brain  
There is no thought, or reason,  
But the head of every hill  
Knows the year and its season.  
And a red mist  
Deep in the valleys  
Where the river lies frozen and dead  
Brings thought to senseless hills,  
A thought of warm wind kissed,  
That rallies  
Through the frozen winter mind  
From the blood of young maples, tender and red.

*Poetry (Chicago).*

## TREES

I think I shall not mind the abysmal night  
When the last sun shall kiss the maple's tips  
Lingering, like farewells on lover's lips  
Since God has granted these for my delight:

Poplars in a drowsy dawn swaying shadow-slim,  
Along a hill that overlooks a pool;  
Or watching tip-toe, mist-green . . . silver-cool . . .  
While the sun dips behind the world's red rim.

See, ebon-etched against the primrose sky  
Where the dark cypress lifts a lofty head—  
Near some such loveliness, when I am dead  
I think this restless heart will quiet lie.

I could be happy without streets of gold  
Or chalcedony walls, without all these  
That God has promised, but my heart will hold  
A yearning ache if Heaven should have no trees.



## AGE

I may not care when I am old for things  
That thrill me now. Oh! it may be that I  
Shall fail to note the crimson in the sky;  
Be deaf to notes the throaty red bird sings  
Nor heed the color in his feathered wings;  
Not grieve to see the meanest insect die  
Through plan or accident, nor justify  
The poignant beauty every season brings.

But now I pause with bated breath, and gaze  
In speechless awe upon a world replete  
With loveliness. I know the purple haze  
That comes before the frost, the rhythmic beat  
Of rain, the rugged strength of hills, and ways  
Of wind and surf. Will age all this defeat?

## THE LAND OF PLENTY

Tell me a tale of the tall corn state,  
Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great  
And the story of life is a joy to relate—  
    Out in the land of plenty.

Sing me a song of the rippling grain  
Where the thirsty ground is kissed by the rain  
And life flows on like a sweet refrain —  
    Out in the land of plenty.

Drink me a toast to the Hawkeye Land  
Where the soil is black and the climate grand  
And the pork produced is the perfect brand—  
    Out in the land of plenty.

Write me a poem of the great midwest  
Where of all that is good we afford but the best  
And each day is greeted with heartfelt zest—  
    Out in the land of plenty.

Pray me a prayer of the promised place  
And the garden spot of the human race  
Where a happy smile lights up each face—  
    Out in the land of plenty.

*Mason City Globe Gazette.*



## LITTLE TOWN

Have you ever felt the longing  
For a little town at night,  
With its tired people homing  
To their cottages alight,  
Where the smell of kitchen supper  
Permeates the air  
And the ringing of the church bell  
Calls the faithful ones to prayer?

I have.

Do you ever dream of lilacs  
Clumped beside a garden gate  
Or a brave round Robin Redbreast  
Singing love songs to his mate?  
Do you crave the odd acquaintance  
Of a purring fireside cat,  
Or the joy of friendly neighbors  
Dropping in a bit to chat?

I do.

Will you ever turn your footsteps  
From the city's noise and heat  
To seek peace of simple living  
On a quiet village street,  
Where the sun comes up by morning  
In a bowl of matchless blue  
And the clover fields are silvered  
In the evening's quiet dew?

I will.

*Silk of the Corn.*

## JOHN-A-DREAMS

Precariously clinging  
To the ragged edge of care,  
He still is ever singing  
Of a beauty lost somewhere;

A girl he knew in Shanghai,  
A painting seen in Rome,  
A reach of silver river  
That guards the gates to home;

A freighter in the tropics  
With gray gulls wheeling by,  
A drunken brawl in Texas  
With bottles flying high;

A hedge of purple lilacs  
In England in the rain,  
A transient urge to settle,  
Then back to sea again;

An ever-present aching  
For lands beyond the rim!  
He's romance in the making,  
For dreams are life to him!

*New York Times.*



## TO MY FATHER

I hope God grants a holiday  
When spring comes 'round this year,  
And you come back to England  
While England's spring is here.

To see the white-thorn hedges,  
To see the daffodils,  
To see the young lambs frisking  
Upon the Devon hills.

And when the angels ask you where  
You spent your holiday—  
Just tell them of the heaven  
That is England when it's May.

I hope God grants a holiday  
When spring comes back this year,  
And that you come to England,  
While England's spring is here.

## GREEN BRANCHES

Like mountain peaks against a granite sky  
These dead trees rise. Then somber days go by  
And young Spring kisses beds of bluest squills,  
And breathes on trees and golden daffodils.

Winter drops a shrouding hood of gray  
Cloud over me when you are far away—  
But you, returning, with your radiant sheen,  
Make my heart's lifeless branches green!

*Chicago Daily Journal.*



## FOR JOHNSON BRIGHAM'S 90th BIRTHDAY

By the window in that upper room  
He sits; the gray world of March  
Without—the hazy sun, the drear  
And dingy landscape.  
Within, the cheerful room, bright flowers,  
Pictures, books, the things he's loved  
And cherished through the years.  
His writing pad he fingers lovingly—  
His solace as the evening shadows fall  
And sounds grow dim.  
And he has loved  
The life about him; the gay throng,  
Music, and art, and beauty  
Of gardens and the sunset,  
The quiet nook, with books,  
The inner circle, home and children.  
Now, serene and calm he sits  
In the late afternoon. His gentle strength  
Draws close the hearts of myriad friends,  
And who shall say  
Their spirits are not with him in that upper room,  
Crowding and pressing close, this day in March?

*Silk of the Corn.*

## AUTHOR'S LAMENT 1933

Most editors, it seems to me,  
Will always buy a recipe,  
But when it comes to lit'ry stuff  
Write back to say they have enough.

To write for mags called "quality"  
Will hardly buy you coffee, tea,  
Or other little things of life  
That make a home or keep a wife.

Authors who sell their stuff to "pulp"  
And quite ignore Will Lyon Phulps,  
Despite their trite and moral twaddle,  
In Paris gowns, their wives can swaddle.

And those who write but for the "smooths"  
Of current deals or time-worn truths  
Can generally find a nickel  
To buy a hot dog with a pickle.

Novels of length, long tales in verse  
Like John Brown's corpse, or Tom Perverse,  
Bring royalties, I'm told, quite fat,  
But who can starve and wait for that?

Good poetry, essays, and the rest  
Will hardly keep the family dressed  
While Spicy Stories, True Confesses  
Will buy swell pants and swanky dresses.

In times like these, what good is fame?  
To sell, and live, is now my aim.  
It's tough, but I have had to choose.  
Goodbye Ambition! Farewell Muse!



## BREVIA ET TRISTIA

## 1.

Too late to love no more,  
To turn your lips away  
And quit my door.

Forevermore  
The song you kissed upon my lips  
Shall wing and soar.

## 2.

I visit the dead to forget the living,  
I who am weary of thankless giving.  
Flowers that slipped through your finger tips  
The dead shall cherish with silent lips.

## 3.

Loved ones of my lovers,  
You who follow after,  
Drink with me to happy years,  
Drink to joy, and drink to laughter.  
I have drained the tears.

## REMINISCENCE

Love came in deep valleys of orange scented grass.  
Love came like the flush of wine.

The vine  
Of love was twined in green tendrils  
And aching shoots  
And blossoms reeling drunkenly  
In the singing South wind  
And the valleys—

Love came in the solemn gaze of starry nights—  
In the breathless hush  
Of a strange wild music.

*The Rectangle.*



## GOOD FRIEND

Wherever I go,  
Whatever I do,  
My days have a happier sequence  
Because of you.

If there are many,  
Or only a few,  
True friends bring happier memories  
Because of you.

## ONE MORE BEND

The rude disporting nighthawk takes to air,  
Attains the heights and makes his power dive.  
With backward look the woodchuck seeks his lair;  
Reluctant bees go straightway to the hive.

It's time to go, and yet, I love to feel  
The singing river's grip about my knees,  
To hear the clamor of the hard stripped reel,  
To loop a cast beneath the leaning trees.

I'll fish just one more bend; there ought to be  
A good one there; perhaps a Grizzly King  
Would suit this failing light, cast daintily.  
Let dinner wait on this important thing.

So it may be when, making my last stand,  
I face the Gaunt Dark Angler, and the end,  
I'll take a five ounce Granger in my Hand  
And simply say: "Let's try just one more bend."

*"One More Bend," published by Kaleidograph Press*



## STRENGTH

If an adverse fate shall lay me low—  
Sackcloth, ashes and dust—  
Shall I meekly lie like a broken tool,  
Left in a furrow to rust?

Shall my voice be muted to minor strains—  
Jeremiad and dirge—  
While I dig my grave with the spade of fear  
And bury my spirit's urge?

But what are blows to a man well-armed—  
Vision and faith and hope—  
The silver heights rise, fair in the sun,  
Beyond the fog-wrapped slope.

Past many a fall I shall clamber on—  
Courage, labor and mirth—  
When I look back from the shining towers  
What price the sorrows of earth?

*Country Bard.*

## SEVEN NOTES

Today upon a hill  
Are seven sheep  
That wander up and back.  
I sit and weep.

Yet they are seven notes  
Within the scale  
Of which our songs are made—  
If song prevail.

The seven tender tones  
Upon my tongue  
Could weave a perfect song—  
If they were sung.

*Better Verse, June, 1937.*

*Poetry Promenade, August 14, 1937.*



## DREAMS ARE SO LOVELY

A dream is loveliest  
Because it is a dream . . . .  
Beware fulfilment  
Or reality will seem  
More ordinary  
Than the dullest dream.

Known things are dearest  
Lived with day by day;  
Dreams are only lovely  
Kept always at bay . . . .  
Wise men well remember  
To push dear dreams away . . . .

## EVERY DAY

Make the golden minutes count  
Every day.  
Every one is fraught with promise,  
In some way.  
It may mean a living earned,  
Or a great temptation spurned,  
Or perhaps a lesson learned,  
Every day.

Give a thought of love to something,  
Every day.  
Love can grow to rule your life,  
In that way.  
It can make your features shine  
Or your soul a living shrine,  
And bring closer the Divine,  
Every day.

Let your soul seek things Eternal,  
Every day.  
It will aid to give you help,  
Along the way.  
It will lift your eyes from dew-drops  
To the radiance of the hill-tops,  
And may clear away the tear-drops,  
Every day.

## PLAINSFOLK

For every man who died  
To civilize the West,  
A woman's heart and pride  
Were numbed to win the quest.

The golden fields of wheat  
And rolling hills of corn  
Were once a battle-seat  
Where Reds and Whites were torn.

Today the reapers hum  
On farms for mile on mile;  
At dusk the plainsfolk come—  
As ghosts—who view and smile.



VIGIL

Long vigil, through the empty night,  
Alone, my heart shall keep.  
My dreams flee with each minute's flight,  
I watch a world asleep.

The wind drives surging clouds across  
A bleak and bitter moon.  
The weary trees their branches toss,  
To winter's somber tune.

But, as the night is sped along,  
A melody divine  
Awakes my heart to joyous song;  
And happiness is mine.

## SUCH IS LIFE

Man's life is like a winter's run—  
A season—something that must be;  
Some days replete with warming sun,  
Filled with love's immensity.  
Some days are hard with snowy crust,  
When trembling winds are shaken free  
They try in vain to find the dust  
That covers immortality.

*Kaleidograph.*

## AIR CASTLES

A silhouette against the sky,  
On the top of a wind-swept hill,  
Looks like a castle towering high,  
Dignified, beautiful, still.

The flame of the sunset allures me  
To follow the glow far away;  
Across the river and up the hill  
I shall go seeking some day.

But now the sunset is fading,  
The stars are dim in the tarn;  
The thing I thought was a castle  
Is a silo and old red barn.

*Silk of the Corn.*



## BROKEN BOW

Above the stairs, on a rough-hewn rafter,  
Is hanging a broken hickory bow,  
That was new at a time when childhood laughter  
Was heard in this home of the long ago.

The marks of the Barlow knife are on it,  
And tied thereto is some broken twine;  
On a nearby nail is an old sunbonnet  
That once was worn by that mother of mine.

The broomstick trapeze is sturdily swinging  
From the beam above the brown leathern chest;  
Though tenantless now, but tenaciously clinging  
To the pine window still, is a mud dauber's nest.

There's joy in possessing some excellent treasure,  
And man oft aspires to celestial things;  
But none can measure the sorrow and pleasure  
That an hour in this memory-filled attic brings.

That old broken bow is a sign and a token  
Of a youthful monarch deprived of his throne;  
Of castles crumbled and pledges broken;  
Of deeds for which he can never atone.

It may seem idle to stand here dreaming  
The dreams I dreamed when the bow was new,  
But those boyhood dreams may warrant redeeming  
My soul in the land where dreams come true.

## PIGS ARE SACRED

"Pigs are sacred!" Little Bomba  
Heard the cry in early childhood.  
"Pigs are sacred!" said his father.  
Said his mother, "Pigs are sacred!"  
"Pigs are sacred!" said his brother.  
Said his sister, "Pigs are sacred!"

Little Bomba saw the chieftain.  
Said the chieftain, "Pigs are sacred!"  
Little Bomba saw the priestman.  
Said the priest-man, "Pigs are sacred!"

Father, mother, sister, brother,  
Chieftain, priest-man, every other!  
So said little Bomba also,  
"Pigs are sacred!"

Little Bomba grew to manhood,  
Saying always, "Pigs are sacred!"  
But his brother got to doubting  
And one day he said, "I wonder,  
After all, if pigs are sacred."

Then and there in godlike anger  
Bomba rose and grabbed a warclub  
And in righteous indignation  
Did he club to death his brother.  
Pigs are sacred!



## THE PRAIRIE POET

Who would say  
that songs are ever lost,  
would measure the lark's note  
with a metronome,  
and curb its high excesses  
as being too prodigal, too this or that;  
having no thought  
for the aching throat.

Who would rhyme  
platitudes, for gain,  
would go forth crying  
in the public gaze,  
and gather in his hat  
the sympathy, the praises;  
setting his pride  
high, for the buying.

But the prairie winds,  
with no answer from Gotham,  
go on whispering.

*Hinterland.*



## PURITAN'S SPRING THAW

Yesterday my step was light and gay,  
Amok with roller skates and marbles  
And the romping breezes  
Heralding the beauty toward which each tree  
Sends for the rations for its buds.

Today the sap in trees and me has chilled  
To sluggishness,  
With lapse in weather and a colder wind  
Imprisoning the life in me, though not for long,  
That through the winter crawled beneath the icy surface  
And with the rising temperatures begins to move,  
To snap its fetters and outspread its bounds . . .  
Life in flood with spring's release.

Now I resent returning bonds  
Of heavy clothes and hurried, chill-bound paths,  
Restraining yet my new-born urges;  
Enraptured with the new, I battle angry at the old.  
Yet did the strength in me not feed on struggle with  
the cold,  
Like trees and streams renewed by winter snows,  
And does not my babbling whistled tune  
Owe practice to defying winter moon?

How could I feel the glow of spring  
Without the ache of winter?

*Davenport Democrat.*

## VILLAGE STREET

Arched trees above a dusty village street,  
The houses, unpretentious, straggling down  
Its length—each place suggestive of the town,  
Its small futilities. The march of feet  
In routine task, or cars along the way;  
The bloom of dooryard flowers in motley show,  
With all the varied tastes a street may know;  
Where village gossip makes its round each day.

And yet, there's much of worth to recommend,  
The cities' ruthless hordes sweep ruthless by  
No word or smile to give; but here's a friend  
Who cares—and there is beauty in the sky  
And trees. There must be here, so it would seem,  
Enough of grace to last for one frail dream.

## AS POISONED GRAIN

Three lone crows  
Winging east.  
One thin crow  
*Scents a feast*

Over rye,  
Over wheat,  
Three lone crows  
Scenting meat.

Above a patch  
Of rank wild rice,  
Three lone crows  
Circle twice.

Three lone crows  
Tearing apart  
A once firm breast,  
To find a heart.

How she died  
No one knows,  
Nor why her heart  
Killed three young crows.

*Stepladder.*



## WHEN I AM DEAD

I want no marble slab—when I am dead—  
To mark my last repose. But in its stead  
Some spray of lilac or a wild rose tree  
Which whispers soft in its serenity  
Of that sweet void and peace to which I'm gone.  
And as my soul relentless urges on,  
There let me take my rest. There let me lie  
Out where the swaying pines caress the sky;  
Or on some wooded slope where poplars fling  
Their silver banners to the sun, and sing  
With all the woodland host their hymn of praise.  
There let me lie throughout the countless days,  
And listening, hear the voices of the hills,  
An ever sounding symphony that fills  
The spaces of the land and sea; and hear  
Such psalms as never entered mortal's ear,  
And hearing, laugh to scorn within my grot  
The fool that still contends that God is not,  
For then I'll know!

So let me lie through years,  
Until this mortal temple of my fears  
And hopes and joys, and all my earthly frame  
Shall mingle with the dust from whence it came

In God's own garden fair, there let me lie  
And be again as one with earth and sky.  
When I am dead.

## AUTUMN

Once I thought—  
Must Autumn come with mournful feet  
To crush the beauty of green earth and tree,  
To dash the leaves in dying ember's flame  
In one mad fling before eternity?

Bitterness! The vivid crimson brings an ache—  
So gay they are in russet, red, and yellow gown,  
To flame with beauty but one instant, then  
To Burn to withered and unsightly brown.

But this morning—  
God let me walk a little way with Him,  
I saw *His* autumn; henceforth I will softly go.  
He reaped my red and glowing things of earth  
To bring to autumn leaves that crimson glow.

The first wild strawberries' ambrosia sweet,  
A cluster of wild cherries in my son's small hand,  
A red geranium in a soiled and musty mart,  
A glass of currant jelly on the stand;

A scarlet saucer on a bit of rotted wood,  
A poppy that defied the garden's trim,  
Iced red tomato on a crystal plate,  
A ruby stone in waters at Koronis' rim.

And as I looked—  
He washed them in a gold red of the sunset  
And hung them up to dry on every tree,  
A harvest of all scarlet summer beauty  
Flung out in His creative ecstasy.

He'll take them down when Indian summer dries them  
And wrap them up and mark them for the Spring,  
As I will wrap my memory of their beauty.  
I—I wouldn't shed a tear for anything.



## MY SILVER BRIDGE

A crystal river flows between  
Two worlds that I adore.  
I live in one; I dream of one:  
I labor more and more  
To build the spans of a silver bridge  
from one to the other shore.

I stand on a long-unfinished span  
That brings a clearer view  
Of that celestial city, where  
The angels wait with you  
My silver bridge is poetry;  
It makes all dreaming true.



## LIFE'S SUNSET

Early my soul and I agreed upon  
A zestful and a full life all the way,  
Not unmindful that such days when gone  
Reflect a sundown glory . . . No dull gray  
Passing with averted eyes for us,  
But spirit freed in flames of funeral pyre  
Would find the starry heavens wondrous,  
A continuity of life—but higher.

My soul and I view as exemplary  
Day's end with flying colors, And acceptance  
Of life beyond earth-bound. Happily  
We see our astral pattern's far brilliance  
Piercing approaching dusk. And, uplifted,  
We are with evening and morning star gifted.

*America Singing (Anthology), 1934.*

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND  
(For Briggs)

. . . . Long time ago, the phlox were sweet  
In the cool grass which knew your feet;  
Lavendar angels wove your dreams,  
Lavendar hands were soft. It seems  
This blackest rain can never end,  
Tonight a feller needs a friend.

She knew the pain about your heart,  
She saw the hunted anguish dart  
Behind your pen to drive it far,  
Cartooning beauty of a star.  
She knew it all—Oh, lucky lad,  
What a sweet and loyal friend you had!

Hers was a riven, breaking joy  
In the great journey of her boy;  
Hers was the grandest mantle worn,  
Proud from the day when you were born.  
She heard applauding cries—and smiled  
Quaintly . . . . for you were but her child.

. . . . Long time ago, the world was wide,  
All but this thought you've lain aside:  
Peace to her path, and may her seat  
In the far place be flowered neat,  
Fairied with phlox, where daisies bend . . . .  
. . . . But now a feller needs a friend.

*Mason City Globe Gazette (Prairie Poets)*

## SEARCHER OF STARS

He roams among the labyrinth of stars—  
Like twinkling lamps hung in the Zenith blue—  
And through the misty nebula that bars  
He marks Aldebaran's radiant hue  
And gives it place. "Star of first magnitude".  
The mystery of Taurus' lambent flame,  
The luminous vapors of the Pleiades  
To him are old familiar friends, and these  
He passes by. His work, unsung by fame,  
The searching of uncharted fields to find  
New worlds . . . new dreams come true to serve mankind . . .  
A soul that dwells apart in solitude,  
Unfettered by the mundane thing that mars . . .  
Lone watcher, keeping vigil with the stars.



## WINTER SUNSET

The bare-branch tracteries of winter  
Are stenciled in black  
Against the sunset, like a legend  
On a Chinese plaque.

Is it reproof for derelictions  
Of the day now past?  
Or only evidence that Beauty  
Will always last?

*Blue Moon.*

## WORDS

The brotherhood of man has failed to reach  
Perfection through the arts of print and speech . . .  
There have been phrases, which, as they were said,  
Turned water into wine and stones to bread.

## THE RIDER

I saw Death ride, today!  
He did not gallop into town  
And sweep his victim to his side;  
But he came cantering gaily by  
And paused to help a frail girl mount . . . .  
Drew her so gently to the saddle,  
And bade her turn to wave at us who watched.

In a breath he wheeled the steed around,  
And they were off  
So swift the horse's hoofs scarce touched the ground.

I saw Death ride away!  
And when he rode,  
He bore my love away.



## MY LITTLE HOME

My little home, so full of love!  
My thoughts return to thee;  
There did I store my treasure house,  
And all God's beauties see.

My little home was hid away  
Among the leafy trees;  
There robins sang their merry songs,  
And joy was in the breeze.

My little home was white as snow,  
And built so quaint and queer;  
The Bluebird dwelt within its walls  
And filled the house with cheer.

My little home! My Heaven Home!  
I speak the names as one;  
Both come to me as gifts from God,  
As Love and Light and Sun.

*Song poem set to music by William Schulthes.*

## IN FLANDERS FIELDS

Spring has come and gone in Flanders;  
Summer's balmy breezes blow  
Waving gently all the grasses  
Where the poppies love to grow.

There our soldier boys lie sleeping  
Beneath those mounds so green and low:  
Songbirds sing a tender requiem  
While poppies wave and blow.

Sunbeams kiss the snow-white crosses  
Symbol of their lives so pure,  
Given early for their country,  
That our land remain secure.

When the pale and silvery moonbeams  
Bathe the earth in tender light,—  
When the drooping, nodding poppies  
Bid our heroes—all—good—night—

Then, I think, a mother's weeping,  
And—a father's head bends low,  
As in fancy, now, and ever,  
They will watch the poppies blow.

*Iowa State Issue American Poetry Magazine*

FOUR WAYS OF PRONOUNCING  
P-A-P-E-E-T-E

"Arthur, you're crazy!" I exclaimed,  
Giving him reasons weighty  
Why he should not so much as think  
Of leaving Papeete.

I spoke of peace and simple life . . .  
In vain was all entreaty.  
He shook his head. "No, No," he sobbed  
"I must leave Papeete."

It wasn't that he wished to go;  
Hard and cruel fate  
Took him from his island home  
And the beauty of Papeete.

With mannish Sullivanish tears  
The dust in every street  
Was laid, with which I mingled mine  
The day he left Papeete.

*Mason City Globe-Gazette.*



## MY LEGACY

If I can leave behind me when I'm gone  
Something of beauty or of worth;  
A thought, a truth, a poem, or a song,  
To give someone a happier day on earth  
Then I shall be content.

Oh! if my loved ones find when I am gone  
My love for them is guardian of the way,  
To help them ever when they need be strong  
My going hence will be a peaceful day  
And life as God has meant.

OH BLOW ME SPRING

Oh wanton breath, the chills of winter shake me—  
I never used to be afraid to die.  
Oh blow me spring and let me cling, or make me  
Ice for a heart, supine in ice to lie.

*Harp.*

## VALUES

In spite of Man's incessant toil,  
His power, his wealth, ambition, aims and creed,  
He fails his goal because of selfish greed,  
Since living just for gaining is a foil.  
What profit are the gains that bring a soil?  
When man grows ruthless trying to succeed,  
He's wholly blinded to his brother's need.  
Sans love, he finds no virtue in his spoil.

Because of boundless love God gave his Son,  
That man might overcome his selfish way—  
Might master self, and give till life was done,  
In service finding nothing to dismay.  
Who lives for gain alone will be outrun  
By him who gives for love, but not for pay.



## ATTAINMENT

A slowing sun and shadow-flocks  
That turn a magic key  
To waken drowsy four o'clocks  
For butterflies—and tea!

The moonlight curls around the bed  
And dusts, with magic scent, the room  
Of roses, pink and white, and red  
That rise above the thorns—and bloom!

*Flame on the Hills.*

## DAYBREAK

I walked against the morning sun  
Through dew, to reach the highest hill;  
And from its peak, I looked below  
To find my town asleep, and still.  
I marveled that a world so old  
Could be so new again each day;  
Untarnished gold to rim the sky,  
Fresh winds to brush the dust away.

My sleepy town can never know  
The beauty of the dawn, or thrill  
To mating birds whose early calls  
Ring clear, then hush, then softly trill,  
Or stand on top the world as I  
And bid good morning to the sky.

## THE POET

*"You may grind their souls in the self-same mill,  
You may bind them, heart and brow,  
But the poet will chase the rainbow, still,  
And his brother will follow the plow."*

—Anon.

—  
But if the poet did not chase  
The rainbow over the hill.  
We never would know the sunset's glow  
Or the force of the human will.

Plow each furrow to end of day,  
Plant every seed you find,  
Your fields will die and fallow lie  
If no one plows the mind.

'Tis the grace of God on the trembling sod  
Reflects the crimson rose,  
'Tis the poet's song, the whole day long,  
That makes us glad it grows,

Till worlds lie dead and time is not  
And the wheel of doom shall roll,  
Plow, brother, plow, with sweat-steamed brow,  
And I'll sing for the good of your soul.

*Catholic Daily Tribune, Dubuque.*



## MISNOMER

To call a human derelict,  
With all his dissipation,  
'A dog', insults intelligence.  
It's poor discrimination.  
A dog won't double-cross, defraud,  
Won't gossip, lie, pretend.  
Knows neither how to drink nor swear,  
Knows only to befriend.

As judge of human character,  
(Perhaps from inspiration)  
He knows if friends are genuine,  
Or merely imitation.  
Hypocrisy wins his contempt,  
And cowardice his ire,  
Yet he's a bounding, genial slave  
When kindness is his hire.

His friendship stands the test of time,  
Misfortune and disaster.  
He gives the greatest gift of love—  
His life—to save his master.  
Before a man is called 'a dog',  
(Oh, may each one observe it),  
Make sure the compliment is earned.  
A few men may deserve it.

## OCTOBER MADNESS

He walked abroad when noon was high  
(He should have eaten lunch, he knew),  
But there were leaves against the sky,  
Flame yellow where the sun glowed through.  
And who could think of bread and meat  
With soft, damp gold beneath his feet?  
The town's folk think him queer, but I  
Have wandered, too, when noon was high.

*Mason City Globe-Gazette.*  
*(Prairie Poets of LML)*

## FOR A GARDEN IN WINTER

Under the arm of winter air  
The sheltering snow lies gently where  
Lately the harebell stood alone  
Against the moss, against the stone.

Delicate thoughts of hyacinth  
Are safely folded in their inch  
Of bulb I set squarely under  
Smoothing the soil with sudden wonder.

Life must be lovely in the ground  
When days pass by without a sound;  
White peonies like swans in feather  
Nesting in roots against the weather.

*Mason City Globe Gazette (Prairie Poets).  
Better Homes and Gardens.*



MIRACLE

Once Moses saw a burning bush  
And turned his steps aside to see:  
He heard God's voice, the Bible says;  
A miracle that seemed to be.

And yet, today, in Autumn woods  
I heard God's voice. It spoke to me  
From every golden leaf that fell;  
From every scarlet maple tree.

## THE HIRED MAN

Always the days wearing slowly now,  
The long morning shadows slanting westward,  
the horses leaning forward with the plow,  
and grease-winged blackbirds settling for worms.  
Always the noon quiet drifting in,  
the horses gulping water from the creek,  
the horses snapping loudly at green flies,  
the sour sweat-smell from the horses' backs.  
Always supper of fried Cobblers and ham,  
old Ullum straining coffee through red beard,  
the white hound dozing on the kitchen floor,  
and flames of dusk across the level land.  
Always the old nights coming back,  
her head on his chest in the moonlight,  
but only the sob of the prairie wind;  
always the days wearing slowly now.

*Muse.*

THE THINGS I LOVE

The sprawling sycamores in Spring,  
The apple-scented wind,  
Cool breezes from the woods at night,  
And voices low and kind.

So many things there are to love,  
So near to Death is Birth,  
Ten thousand lives are not enough  
On this enchanted earth!

*Zion's Herald.*



## THISTLE DOWN

The summer love is light, they say,  
And leaves you with the fall;  
But love that flies with autumn skies  
Was never love at all.

And mine is not the fretful dream  
That fades out with the dawn  
Of fairer day, or meaner way,  
But strengthens on and on.

It asks no part of recompense,  
It seeks no selfish end,  
But seems to be a part of me  
To cherish and defend;

A part of me that's always young,  
That cannot age or die;  
That will not fade at even-shade  
When shadow dims my eye.

And though my love seem light as down  
That gossamers the fall,  
It lilts to me, in ecstasy—  
A faith transcending all.

*St. Paul Sunday Pioneer Press*

A PLEA FOR PEACE

For peace we sing, for peace we pray;  
O give us peace—our cry today.  
We want our fathers, brothers, sons  
To make our homes—not food for guns.

O Father God, to Thee we cry,  
Let devastating war pass by;  
No roaring plane or bullets whine;  
We want the joy of peace divine.  
This slogan shout—"Peace Patriots we  
For God and home and liberty."

## THE SHADOW MINUET

In the olden days of long ago  
They danced the minuet, just so,  
And lord and lady, beau and belle,  
Danced the minuet so well  
That none did e'er excel  
Their stately grace and mien:  
And even yet at times are seen  
Their graceful shadows bow and bend  
Lest we forget  
The dancers of the minuet.

When lights are low they come and go,  
The Shadow Dancers of the Minuet;  
With harp and lute, in picture mute,  
I watch the movements of a gay coquette;  
With regal pride they turn and glide,  
A rose, an ivory fan, a lithe brunette;  
The candle gleams, how real she seems,  
I love the dancer in the minuet.

The years may come and the years may go,  
And dances change, but this I know,  
That stately dance of old, the minuet,  
Will never change and none forget  
The merry phantoms and their tread,  
The shadows of the years long dead;  
And this I know, I love though ne'er have met  
The dancer in the minuet.



## I LIKE THESE BEST

Forgetfulness that brings rare peace;  
The call of birds across the night;  
The patina of rare old wood,  
Glowing in translucent light.  
A fragile cup of amber tea;  
My son's uplifted face to kiss;  
A curve of light in morning sky;  
The memory of flowers to miss.  
The wonder of an opening rose;  
The beauty of a falling leaf;  
Pink hollyhocks in columned row,  
And wisdom won from searing grief.  
I like these best.

## MARY

My Mary is a bonnie Lass,  
With eyes of deepest, bluest ,blue:  
Her hair's as gold as the edge of the clouds  
At even, where the sun shines through.

I guard her very tenderly,  
She's such a precious little mite;  
For fear some one will do her harm,  
I scarce can bear her out of sight.

Her features are so delicate,  
My Mary's form is so divine;  
It frightens me, almost, sometimes,  
To think that I can call her mine.

She never looks at another man,  
I'm sure she loves me through and through.  
My Mary is a China doll,  
The only woman constant, true.

*Mason City Globe Gazette (Prairie Poets).*

## LONGING

Have you ever held a longing  
In your heart—and called it pain  
A longing for some lovely thing  
You'll never see again?

Have you ever wished for tenderness  
In some beloved face  
Or dreamed of dazzling sunsets  
In a dear and distant place?

Have you never washed away the ache  
With blinding, stinging tears  
Then sent your lonely heart far down  
The trail of heedless years?

Ah! then you wouldn't understand  
The thorns of bitter loss;  
The road that leads triumphant  
To a Hill—and to a Cross!



## AN IOWA ROAD AT SUNSET

Low on the hills the sunset's last glow lingers  
As if the dear, glad day had turned once more  
To smile good-bye to those who watch her slipping—  
A tired child—through Night's half-opened door.  
And as we watch, the long, gray shadows gather,  
Blotting the far horizon from our sight;  
Woodlands grow dim, until they melt and mingle  
With that old mystery, the blessed night.

Beyond the hedge that lies in deeper shadows  
The fireflies rise and fall, and homeward bound  
The happy martins call, sweet-voiced, insistent,  
For home is home, wherever Love is found.  
O, blessed dusk, the hour of sweet forgetting  
When all the little cares that vex the day  
Dissolve and mingle with those other shadows,  
Leaving but peace and hope, and Love always.

## YOUR FRIENDSHIP

Your friendship is a path to me, my friend,  
Throughout the world, a path that knows no end.  
I have sped swift o'er pavement; city street  
I have trudged often, and with weary feet,  
And walked in empty pastures all alone;  
But since I have found you for my very own,  
Where e'er I journey, or how dark my view,  
The golden path of friendship holds me true.

Your friendship is a rock.  
From all the bitter shock  
Of days of grief and nights of grey remorse,  
I come to you, and find matter-of-course  
Comfort and strength, courage I did not dare  
To dream of; and again sunshine and air  
Are all about me, and I rest secure,  
Because your wisdom taught me to endure.

Your friendship is a lovely perfect thing,  
Like wild crab-apple tree abloom in Spring!



## AN AFTER THOUGHT

When I am all alone and when  
From all life's joys love seems to sever  
My heart, and make for it a den;  
And to fulfill it's keen endeavor.  
Then, from the fatal, darkened sea  
A form comes to the wave-dashed shore  
And seems to speak, again to be  
The voice I knew in days of yore.

Yet, from his wet and dripping brow,  
I read and understand his story,  
And know I have no reason now  
To slay with wrath his tempered glory.  
All life's sweet herbs, he got and gave  
For wealth—the love of every soul;  
(Till now folk know him as a knave)  
For this alone, he sought his goal.

And as I see him standing there,  
I weep and sigh and moan, then kneeling,  
My heart leaps up that I might share  
The hurt and ache he must be feeling!  
And God, I say, "What cruel fate  
Ruled o'er his life; what fatal blow  
Brought back his vision—much too late.'  
But God,—Be kind—I love him so!"

*"Selected Poems,"*  
*The Frazer Press, N. Topeka, Kansas)*



PSYCHOLOGICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN  
OF DREAMS

The veiled woman of the mountains said to me  
On a moon-stenciled night when spirits walk  
Less charily: "So much of chatter-talk!  
Pedantic circling—seeking to be free—  
of *what?* Know you what even fools must see!  
Eve's fiery daughters sheathed in ice to balk  
Desire and unconforming ghosts who stalk  
A woman's life. Cry, girl, beneath your tree.

"Are stairs less steep because you count each tread?  
Are nights alone more honest than your fears?  
What altar-price a conscience and a dread  
Of self-betrayal? Grant no shame in tears  
For Paleolithic dreams grown rank with years."  
This, the veiled woman of the mountains said.

*American Women Poets, 1937.*

ST. MARY ON THE MOUNTAIN  
(Glacier Park)

I looked for her at early dawn and high upon the  
mountain,  
I saw her lying there serene, the spraying mist her  
fountain.  
Her face is carved in mightly rock by God's own  
sculptor's hand,  
The stars serve as her candles in this high and silent  
land.  
Her mirror is the silver lake where she can look below;  
But nun-like she has turned aside from vanity and woe.

Her calm clear eyes are lifted up, she knows no earthly  
strain;  
Just priestly fir trees praying there, the sweet lips of  
the rain;  
Her nostrils are distended wide, she scents the mountain  
pine,  
The tang of Balsalm fir and flowers that bloom in  
lofty clime.  
She seemed so very wise up there in her celestial bower,  
I found both quietude and peace in that exalted hour.

## LOVE SONG

Oh lover mine, would that my soul could speak with  
yours,  
For these alone know all the unsung words;  
And this my heart will never still its aching voice,  
Until you know how deeply you are loved.  
Thou one with me, this song is but an empty shell,  
For us to fill the melody with dreams,  
The words are still, their music whispers silently.  
This song that's in our hearts, we two must sing alone.

*From Portrait Darkly*



## MEMENTO MORI

You, who pursue dissonance as pleasure,  
Remember, Styx is waiting and dark.  
Within your grasp lies immortal treasure,  
You yet must pay the price, as does the lark  
Who skims the sky with eager, restless pace.  
Rejects the lees and think—behind the veil  
Lies chasm, death, with neither tact nor grace  
To signal you—however strong or frail  
The soul—love cannot pay the boatman's fare.  
It matters not how many candles burn,  
How many chants and flowers and friendly prayer.  
Even the scientist and pundit learn:  
"Not earth nor tears may save the chainless wraith,  
Wings to eternity are simply faith."

*The Galleon Press*

## TWO THOUSAND MILES

Two thousand miles across the plains  
Beneath the bedded snow,  
A multitude of bloodroot sleep,  
Their pulses cold and slow.

Two thousand miles across the plain's  
Thick coverlet of white  
Pass footsteps whose familiar sound  
Pursue me day and night.

I have a heart for Beauty's ways  
Wherever I may be,  
—Why should a drifted plain-land make  
Such difference to me?

## BEYOND THE DOORS

I thought I could forget our love—  
The vivid coloring of days,  
The age-old, beaten path that leads  
No more along familiar ways.

I laid the vibrant flame away  
With day-dreams in a holy place  
And closed the door of Paradise—  
Foolish to think I could erase

The memories from our book of life.  
You would not stay beyond the door—  
The fragrance of a thousand flowers  
Breathes of our love now as before.

I thought in time it would not hurt,  
I thought I could forget your smile—  
Rebuild my life in tranquil ways  
And ease the poignant ache awhile;

But love is such a constant flame,  
It leaps beyond confining walls;  
Foolish to think I could forget—  
Beyond the door it calls—and calls.



## MAESTRO

Rushing winds, whistling through the tree-tops;  
Babbling brooks, tinkling o'er the moor;  
Warbling birds; beating, drumming rain-drops;  
Singing flute, trilling through the door;  
Sobbing child; lulling voice of mother;  
Laughing youth; sighing age-encore . . . . .  
Stirring tunes, deftly played together:  
Living songs . . . Wisdom's perfect score!

*Music Club Year Book 1937-38*

## THE WAGE

I put a band of linen soft about my eyes  
And with my hands extended awaited a surprise.  
The gift was slow in coming, I pondered, much harassed.  
I heard soft laughter tinkling, one mocked me as he  
passed.

Indignantly expectant I took my stubborn stand,  
Though naught of joy or substance fell to my waiting  
hand,

Until with inward vision I saw a finger write:  
"Only he who struggles receives the gift of might."

*Mason City Globe Gazette (Prairie Poets).*

## SURE GUARDIAN

Tall, kind and benevolent,  
He stalked across a nation's stage  
And held a banner in his hand.

He knew cold and hardships,  
Hunger for words and deep yearnings  
He listened to the scorn on many lips,  
And stooped not to avenge.  
Humble he was in mighty places,  
And grave before responsibility.  
Government, he said should be,  
For and of and by the people,  
And prayed it should not perish,  
From the earth.

Tall, kind and shadowy,  
He stalks across a nation's thought today,  
And holds that banner in the sky.

*P. E. O. Record, June, 1937.*



## SILHOUETTE IN GRAY

Pale gray smoke, hanging low,  
Undecided where to go;  
It's November!  
Evening skies of copper hues  
Turn to gray by some strange ruse,  
Like an ember;  
Cries of flying geese I hear,  
Gray sounds tremble on my ear,  
That I'll remember.

## APPOINTMENT

The Drive is cool tonight, the wind so slow  
Between the darkened, placid trees  
It hardly murmurs to the lights that glow  
Upon the Hudson. On such nights as these  
The cars and buses stop and start and go  
In endless, rhythmic whir. Crowds saunter on,  
A blur of color, voices vague and low,  
A moment in my sight and they're gone.

Our eight o'clock. I glance beneath the hat  
You liked so well.. Is this you striding up at last?  
I pull my shabby glove and smile up at  
An empty space. The crowds move calmly past.  
Why did I come tonight to meet you here  
When you've been dead this long, dim, aching year?

## PEACE HYMN OF NATIONS

I love the land I live in,  
It is always dear to me.  
I love the land I came from  
No matter what it be.  
I love the world I live in  
And want to make it free;  
The world is moving on.

We'll play the game with all the world  
And play it on the square;  
We'll deal with every nation  
And our deals will all be fair;  
We'll treat our brothers honestly  
If they be here or there;  
The world is moving on.

We'll go to every people  
And we'll take them by the hand;  
Against the awful curse of war  
We'll make a mighty stand;  
A rule of law and peace we'll bring  
To every happy land;  
The world is moving on.



## ZEPHYR

Speed, oh Zephyr,  
The West Wind, gleefully defying  
The wind itself, a jealous rival  
of your flight!

Behold, oh ancient hills  
In autumn velvet mantles lying,  
Another epoch  
In man's conquest of world forces  
Greets the light!

From dawn to dusk  
A streak of silver flying  
Into the sun!  
From dusk to dawn  
A dream of progress crying  
That speed's last word  
Is won!

But you, oh wise hills—  
Like the Mona Lisa smiling  
At this, our latest conquest  
Over time and space—  
Do you look on, indulgently decrying  
Our boastful halting progress?  
Do the brown grasses stir  
Upon your molded bosoms  
With the passing of your whispered  
"Next!"?

## I WONDER

O lovely ladies! Down the centuries  
Your loveliness is theme for song and story;  
Fair Helen, Beatrice and Heloise,  
Immortalized in time's repository.  
And the rare lady of the Taj Mahal,  
Enshrined forever in its mystic glory;  
Crown of the palace, jewel of them all,  
Like fairy princess in an allegory.

Were you so fair, so more than mortal sweet  
That the long years your praises still repeat?  
Or were you over-fortunate to find  
A lover faithful beyond humankind,  
Whose never-waning adoration forms  
A magnifying mirror for your charms?

## ENTREATY

Dear Love, cleave fast; be kind; nor leave me yet  
Whole bloom is full and fragrance still doth cling;  
While blood flows warm with sweet caress.  
'Tis time enough when icy wind shall whet  
His brittle breath, and smite the faded thing  
Which, barren then, shall feel it less.

*Flame on the Hills.*



## ADVENT

I have no more gold,  
I spent it all on laughter.  
Little did I know  
Sorrow would come after.

Incense, too, I burned,  
To the idols of chance.  
And now I come alone  
Without a backward glance.

I have no more youth  
I spent it all in sowing  
Oats to foreign gods  
That make no showing.

I have only myself to give  
A wasted wreck at best,  
But now I feel no pain—  
I have at least confessed.

## ASSUAGEMENT

The damask rose, that gave me joy  
Embellishing my hair,  
Dropped off, but left its exquisite  
Alluring fragrance there.

A friend gave more. Deep in my heart  
Her amity-seed fell  
To germinate and flower like  
The fadeless asphodel.

She passed away. To soothe my grief  
Those blessed blooms remain  
Diffusing new-born fragrancy—  
Glad glory of her gain.

## SHERIFF'S SALE

This season of the year one moves or stays,  
The ridge road people say; but here is one  
Who leaves these hills with nothing; landlord's ways  
This man has learned thrice over; he is done  
With plowing and with planting; auctioneers  
Are not the sentimental kind; not they,  
And those who rent out acres heed no tears,  
The rent is due; not paid; the flesh must pay.

"This spotted pony; how much do you say?"  
Look at that wee face pressed against the pane.  
Oh, come, don't let your softer self hold sway!  
This may be drama, but it's all in vain  
To try and change such things; they're far too old.  
A debt is ruthless and a landlord cold.

*Chicago Tribune.*



## HE STANDS ALONE

He stands alone, stark silhouette  
Against a sweep of country sky,  
Head lifted, arms aloft. Though winds sigh  
Through his battered hat, and rains fret  
Their moisture on him, and the sun its heat, no sweat  
Has ever trickled down his brow. No lie  
Or truth has passed his lips. Mute, immobile, high  
In green fields he waits, a threat  
To winged enemies of sprouting corn—  
Black legions wheeling low above the meadow  
And cawing raucously at stiff blue arms which warn  
Them to begone. In draggled overalls a foe  
To frighten raven hearts; at once apart, forlorn,  
He's neither man nor beast—the scarecrow!

*Mason City Globe Gazette (Prairie Poets)*

## AFTER TWENTY YEARS

We've seen the wraiths that walk at night  
Where dead cathedrals lie;—  
Across the smoking countryside  
Their shadows whispered by  
When we went trooping out to France  
From deck and desk and plow,  
And each of us could tell the tale—  
But who would listen now?

We've seen the dead men marching down,  
We've heard their sighing feet,  
When they went up to Fort Troyon  
To lie in broken wheat;  
We've seen, above the crimson mist,  
The lights of Paris shine  
Where once we dipped our biscuits  
In the dark-red Flemish wine.

And still the bugle's silver song  
Beats back from yesterday,  
And still, from Meuse to Montfaucon  
White crosses mark the way,  
For these were young, who marched with us,  
Their graves lie over there,  
And any man could tell the tale—  
But—who the hell would care?

*From Chicago Tribune*

## FOG

On every silken, foggy day,  
I want to sing—and run away  
Within the swirling, milky damp;  
—Roving like some care-free tramp.

And, slipping through deep folds of fog,  
To sit obscure on stone or log;  
To feel the moisty soft caress  
Of phantom fingers through my dress.

To me, the fog is placid, kind;  
Its very grayness heals the mind;  
I love the feather-light embrace—  
The touch of mist upon my face.

PUBLIC LIBRARY,  
CHARITON, IOWA.



# BIOGRAPHIES

**STONG, PHIL**; b. Keosauqua, Ia.; s. Benjamin J. and Ada (Duffield) S.; e. Grad. Drake Univ. 1919, Columbia (New York), 1921, Univ. of Kan., 1924; m. Virginia Swain; mem: Screen Writers Guild, Coffee House, Authors Club, New York, Iowa Authors; author of: State Fair, 1932; Stranger's Return, 1935; Village Tale, 1934; Farm Boy, 1934; Farmer in the Dell, 1935; Honk the Moose, Buckskin Breeches, High Water, Rebellion of Linnie Barlow; formerly extensive newspaper work, editorial writer, wire ed. Associated Press, N. Y. City; copy ed. North Amer. Newspaper Ass'n. Int. in: his 4 corner cross-roads farm house in Conn., built in 1700. Home: Washington, Conn.

**FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON**; b. Davenport, Ia.; s. Mr. and Mrs. August Ficke; e. Harvard; m. first-Evelyn Bethune Blunt, second-Gladys Brown; one son; collector and student of Japanese prints; author; poems: From the Isles, 1907; The Happy Princess, 1907; The Earth Passion, 1908; The Breaking of Bond, 1910; Twelve Japanese Painters, 1913; Mr. Faust, 1914; Sonnets of a Portrait Painter, 1914; The Man on the Hilltop, 1915; Chats on Japanese Prints, 1915; An April Elegy, 1917; Spectra (with Witter Bymer), 1917; Sonnets of a Portrait Painter, 1922; Out of Silence, 1924; Selected Poems, 1926; Mountain Against Mountain, 1929; The Secret and Other poems, 1936; at present work and interests entirely cosmopolitan. Int. in: poetry, painting. Home: Hillsdale, N. Y.

**HUGHES, RUPERT**; b. Lancaster, Mo.; early life spent in Keokuk, Ia.; s. midwest pioneers; e. A. B. Adelbert Col. (Western Reserve Univ.), A. M., Yale, widely traveled; m. Elizabeth Patterson Dial; writer of short stories, biographies, novels; musical authority and playwright; ed. American Composers, 1900. Home 4751 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

**VROOMAN, VERNON**; b. Middleburgh, N. Y.; s. Thompson B. and Lettie Gernsey Vrooman; e. B. A. Univ. of Nevada; L. L. B., and L. L. M., Albany Law School (Union Univ.); J. D., Stanford Univ.; m. Gertrude Streeter (dd. 1922); Loretta Rudolph; 4 children. Instructor, Univ. of Nevada, 1922; Asst. Prof. St. Louis Univ. of Law, 1924-25; Prof. Drake Univ. School of Law, 1926 to date. Capt. 311th Inf., A. E. F., D. S. C. Now Major Inf., Re-The Amiable Cynic, 1932. Anthol: Selected Magazine serve. Brochures: Sageflowers and Golden Poppies, 1930; Verse, 1931; Iowa Poets, KSO Poets, Contemporary Amer. Men Poets.



**PIPER, EDWIN FORD**; b. Auburn, Nebr.; s. Joseph and Lucinda (Ford) P.; e. Univ. of Nebr., Harvard; m. Janet Pressley; 1 child; mem: Poetry Soc. of Amer., Midland Authors, Nebr. Writers Guild, Amer. Folklore Soc., Phi Beta Kappa. Author: *Barbed Wire And Other Poems*, 1917, *Barbed Wire and Wayfarers*, 1923; *Paint-rock Road*, 1927, various art. and poems in mags. Instr. of English Univ. of Nebr. 1899-1903-1904-05. With State Univ. of Iowa since 1905, asso. prof of Eng. 1917-1923. Prof. since 1923. Int. in: collecting old ballads dealing with lives of cowboys, lumberjacks and rivermen, quadrille calls; leaving poetry for future generations picturing the transition period from the sweep of the plains to arrival of barbed wire. Home: Iowa City, Iowa, S. U. I.

**BLISS, MARION LOUISE**; b. Washta, Ia.; d. Mrs. S. Louise Bliss; e. Univ. of Iowa, Washington Univ. St. Louis, Mo., Iowa State Teachers Col.; unmarried; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Poetry Soc. of Iowa; pub. in: *Poetry*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Contemporary Iowa Poets*, *Iowa Poets*, *KSO Poets*, *University Review*, other anthologies. Int. in: life everywhere. Home: Washta, Iowa .

**SMITH, LEWIS WORTHINGTON**; b. Malta, Ill. Nov. 22; ed. Beloit Col., Cotner, Fairfield and Univ. of Nebr.; Ph. B. A. M.; mem. Am. Bd. Yenching Univ., Peiping, China; Bd. Edmundson Memorial Foundation; Iowa Authors' Club, Authors' Club, London, Prairie Club, chm. Nat. advisory cabinet, Sigma Tau Delta; Theta Alpha Phi, Phi Mu Gamma; Dean graduate depart. Drake Univ.; critic on the Dial staff for years; contr. to *Critic*, *Scribners*, *Atlantic*, *Reader*, *Forum*, *Putnam's*, *Appleton's*, *Bellman*, *Reedy's Mirror*, *Youth's comp.*, *North Am. Rev.*, *N. Y. Eve. Post*, *N. Y. Sun*, *N. Y. Times*, *Chr. Sci. Monitor*, and others; Anthologies: *Poems of the Eng. Race*, *Poems of the Dance*, *Iowa Poets*, *Hon. Ed.* (with Mrs. Smith and E. F. Piper) Ia. sec. *MUSE*, *America Speaking*, *Crown*, *Iowa Authors by Iowa Authors*, *Women's Poetry Today*, six issues, *Davis Anthol.* and many others; volumes of verse and prose, twenty or more books, include, *IN THE FURROW*, *THE ENGLISH TONGUE*, *IN SUNDAY'S TENT*, *SHIPS IN PORT* and others, published under the imprint of the Oxford Univ. Press, Henry Holt, D. Appleton, D. C. Heath, Putnam's, Sully, Lippincott, Longmans, Green & Co.; Play, *The Art of Life*, leading comedy, Donald Robertson Co., Chicago Art Museum and throughout Middle West, 1909-10. Home 4023 Cottage Grove, Des Moines.



**KANTOR, MCKINLAY**; b. Webster City, Ia.; s. John Martin and Effie Rachel (McKinlay) K.; e. high schls. Webster City, Des Moines, Ia., and Chgo.; m. Florence Irene Layne; 2 children; mem: Nat'l Ass'n Civil War Musicians; Sons of Union Vets.; author: *Diversey*, 1928; *El Goes South*, 1930; *The Jaybird*, 1932; *Long Remember*, 1931; *Turkey in the Straw* (verse), 1935; *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, 1935; *Romance of Rosy Ridge*, 1937; at 17 won first prize in Des Moines Register short story contest; columnist Des Moines Tribune, 1930-1931; scenario writer Paramount Pro., 1934. Int. in: out-of-doors. Home: Westfield, N. J.

**AHERN, L. DALE**; b. Des Moines, Ia.; s. Michael Ahern; e. B. A. Drake Univ. 1932; m. Doris Milligan; 2 children; English instructor Leon high sch.; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Nat'l Council Teachers of Eng., Sigma Tau Delta; anthol: *Tony's Scrapbook*, *Paebur*, *Bright Excalibur* KSO Poets, *Contemporary Iowa Poets*, others; won 1st prize *Gypsy Mag.*, judged by Robert Frost. Int. in: collecting notes for his writing, outdoors. Home: Leon, Iowa.

**DUNCAN, THOMAS WILLIAM**; b. Casey Ia.; s. William T. (M. D.) and Irene Valentine Duncan; e. high sch. Casey, Drake Univ. M. A., Harvard Univ. B. A.; unmarried; mem: Iowa Authors Club, Harvard Club of Des Moines; since 1934 Prof. Eng. and Pub. Speaking, D. M., Ia., Col. Pharmacy. Novels: *O, Chautauqua*, 1935; *We Pluck This Flower*, 1937. Plays: *Flotsam*, 1931, *Way-Station*, 1934. Books of poetry: *Hours from a Life*, 1927; *From a Harvard Notebook*, 1929; *Elephants at War*, 1935. Short stories, novelettes, poems, articles in: *Liberty*, *Redbook*, *Household*, *Chatelaine*, *Successful Farming*, *Woman's Fair* (London), *Clues*, *Black Mask*, *Detective Fiction Weekly*, *Blue Book*, *Writers Digest*, *The Writer*, *Quill*, *Top-Notch*, *Poetry*, *N. Y. Times*, *N. Y. Amer.*, *Argosy*, *Midland*, *Amer. Prefaces*, *Hinterland*, *Winner*, Lloyd McKim Garrison prize, *Harvard Col. Poetry*, 1929. Int. in: dancing, fox hunting, first editions, drama. Home: 1050 33rd St., Des Moines, Iowa.

**TOWNER, ELIZABETH HAWLEY**; b. Fort Dodge, Ia., d. Theodore Hawley; e. Fort Dodge high sch., Art Students' League, N. Y.; m. H. St. J. Towner; 3 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club, D. A. R.; won 1st prize KSO Nat. Poetry contest, 1936; anthol. *KSO Poets*; pub. in: *Blue Moon*, *Oregonian Verse*, *Bozart*, *The Ave Maria*, *Kansas City Star*, etc. Int. in: art, history, poetry. Home: 4847 Harwood Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.



**HUNTER, GERNIE**; b. farm near Valley Junction, Ia.; d. S. P. and Katherine Hunter; e. Waukee high sch., Perry Normal Col.; m. Tom Rellihan, 1910; anthol.: Bookfellow, Silk of the Corn, Davis, 1933-34-35, Poetry Salon, Galaxy, Contemporary Iowa Poets, Flame on the Hills, KSO Poets, Contemporary Amer. Women Poets, Merry-Go-Round; Mags.: Poets, Pegasus, Expression, Blue Moon, Sonnet Sequences, Versecraft, The Bard, Kaleidograph, others. Int. in: horseback riding, swimming, reading. Home: Perry, Iowa.

**ROSENBAUM, BENJAMIN**; b. Des Moines, Ia.; graduated Harvard University, 1923; the University of Oxford (England), 1926; wrote 2 books of poems, "Hill Solitudes" and "Green Nakedness"; newspaper and advertising field ten years; unmarried. Home: Des Moines, Iowa.

**KRESENSKY, RAYMOND**; b. Algona Ia., s. Julius C. and Helene Ohm Kresensky; e. high sch. Algona, B. A., Coe College; B. D. McCormick Seminary; unmarried; mem: Iowa Authors Club, Poetry Soc. of Iowa, Minn. League of Poets (honorary), editorial board Hinterland Mag., St. Director Fed. Writers Project, WPA, Ia.; Poetry ed. Christian Century, 1934. Author: Emmaus, 1931. Anthol: Davis, Iowa Poets, First Iowa Poets, Contemporary Iowa Poets, KSO Poets, West of the Great Water, etc.; pub. in: Christian Century, New Republic, Hinterland, Christian Advocate, The Christian, Blast, Anvil, Dubuque Dial, Wallaces' Farmer, Frontier and Midland, Poetry, Forge, Gypsy, New York Times, New York Sun, Household, Better Homes and Gardens, Love Story, Frontier, Successful Farming, Better Verse. Home: Algona, Iowa.

**FLANNERY, AGNES V.**; b. Des Moines, Ia.; d. John Francis and Mary Elizabeth (Higgins) F.; e. D. M. Parochial schls., Drake Univ.; Musical Conservatory, St. Paul, Minn.; affiliated with Sherwood Music Sch., Chgo., teacher; published 15 songs, won 4 prizes in words and music contests; concert and lyceum work 3 yrs. st. chrm. Amer. Music, 2 yrs. Ia. Music; Mem. Catholic Poetry Soc. of Amer., Friends of Music, Washington, D. C., Iowa Authors Club, Midwest Literary League, League of Amer. Pen Women, Poetry Soc. of Iowa, anthol: Silk of the Corn, KSO Poets, Poetry Salon, Iowa Poets, Flame on the Hills, Prairie Flowers, Poetry Soc. of Iowa, Cornwall House, American States, Contemporary Amer. Women Poets. Int. in: music, poetry, life in general. Home: 1227 25th St. Studio No. 3, Des Moines, Iowa



**\*SIGMUND, JAY G.**; b. Waubeek, Ia.; s. Herman R. and Sarah J. Sigmund, e. country schls., Central City, Ia., high sch.; m. Louise B. Heins; 3 children; vice-pres. Cedar Rapids Life Ins. Co.; mem. Midland Authors Soc., Cedar Rapids Art Assn., Iowa Authors Club (treas). Author: Frescoes, 1921; Pinions, 1923; Land O' Maize Folk, 1924; Drowsy Ones, 1925; Ridge Road, 1933; Burroak and Sumac, 1935; Heron at Sunset, 1937; Altar Panels, 1933. Books of short stories: Wapsipinicon Tales, 1925; Merged Blood, 1929; The Least of These, 1935. One-act plays: Trees of His Father, 1937; The Saints Get Together, 1937; Common Ground, 1937; Vine Leaves, 1937; Folk Stuff, 1937; anthol: Moults, Kreymbourg's, Davis, American Caravan I and II. Int. in drama, art, literature. Home 2429 Fourth Ave. S. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

\*Oct. 11, 1885—Oct. 19, 1937.

**SEAGRAVE, SADIE**; b. Faribault, Minn.; d. Ida and Howard Fuller; e. Univ. of Iowa; business coll. graduate; m. widow; daughter, deceased; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Poetry Soc. of Iowa; anthol: Iowa Poets, KSO Poets, Contemporary Iowa Poets, Davis, others; pub. in: Poetry World, Stepladder, American Boy, Kaleidograph, Stratford, Blue Moon, American Poetry, Chgo. Tribune, Chgo. Daily News, N. Y. Sun, etc. Books: Cross My Palm, Saint's Rest. Int. in: everything—except mathematics and kindred subjects. Home: Oakdale, Iowa.

**WEAVER, JAMES B.**; b. Bloomfield, Ia.; s. Gen'l James B. and Clara V. Weaver; e. Southern Ia. Normal and Scientific Inst., Bloomfield; Univ. of Iowa, law dept. 1882; m. Fay M. Atkins, deceased; 2 children; mem: Amer. and Iowa State Bar Ass'n, State Historical Soc., curator 1917-20, Des Moines Chamber of Commerce; Ia. Ho. of Rep. 3 terms, 1917-21, authored Iowa vocational educ., housing, fraudulent advertising law; assisted drafting Iowa Good Roads Law; formerly st. director Amer. Red Cross, pres. D. M. Library, trustee Ass'n Fine Arts; Iowa Authors Club, Grant, Prairie, Des Moines Univ.; pub. in: World's Work, Review of Reviews, mags. Int. in: the whole panorama of life. Home: 331 28th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

**HADLEY, FLORENCE JONES**; b. Hampton, Ia.; d. John and Abby Jones; married, husband deceased; 1 son; mem: clubs in Little Rock, Ark., Piggott, Ark., Des Moines, Ia.; pub. in: many newspapers and magazines. Poet Laureate of Arkansas for many years. Int. in: writing, reading, music. Home: 710 Court St., Piggott, Arkansas.



**SPAULDING, E. LESLIE**; b. McGregor, Ia.; e. Northwestern Law Schl.; has lived in New York, New Orleans, London, Paris, Mexico, South Amer.; has written more than 900 poems: pub. in many anthologies, Saturday Evening Post, Adventure, Munsey's, New Yorker, College Humor, Sea Stories, Overland Monthly, N. Y. Sun, N. Y. Times, Hearst papers, Grand magazine, Novel Mag. in England. Int. in: music, painting, flowers, cats, chess, churches, ships. Home: McGregor, Iowa.

**CAIN, MAUD LUDINGTON**; b. Fayette County, Ia.; d. Rev. I. N. and Mary Mutch Cain, missionaries to Africa; ed. Minneapolis, Minn., Pub. Schls., McElroy, Wis., high sch., Whitewater, Wis., Teachers College, Leander Clark Music Conservatory, Northwestern U. and Univ. of Iowa; m. Frank Burt; 4 children; mem: Iowa Authors Club, Chrm. Poet. Div. Iowa Fed. Club; winner many poetry prizes; pub. in anthologies, magazines, newspapers. Int. in: friendship, and life in general. Home: 203 North Tenth St., Marshalltown, Iowa.

**WEITZ, ALICE WILSON**; b. Jacksonville, Ill.; e. Drake Univ.; m. Frederick W. Weitz, 1898, deceased; 4 children; mem. Prof. Women's League, Des Moines, Poet. Soc. of Amer., Sec. Ia. Authors Club; began newspaper career on D. M. Daily Capital, later associate ed. Sat. Review; estab. News Serv. Bureau in Washington, D. C., 1926, Gen'l Fed. Women's Clubs, edited Gen'l Fed. News; assoc. ed. of Prairie Gold; co-ed. with Lewis Worthington Smith, Women's Poetry of Today, 1929; ed. Iowa Club Woman; plays, mag. articles, contr. to current press, speaker lit. subjects, current affairs. Int. in: the writing and reading of poetry. Home: 403 42d. St., Des Moines, Iowa.

**SPAULDING, FORREST BRISBANE**; librarian, b. Nashua, N. H.; s. Hollon Curtis and Lucile (Brisbane) S.; e. Phillips Exeter Acad.; Williston Sem.; diploma Library Sch.; m. Genevieve Anderson Pierson, St. Louis, Mo.; two children; with Free Pub. Library, Newark, N. J., 1911-12, New York Pub. Library, 1912-17; organized library, Camp Dodge, Ia., 1917; in charge Merchant Marine Dept. A.L.A., 1920; dir. de Bibliotecas y Museos Escolares, Peru, 1921; cor. Associated Press, Peru and Bolivia, 1921; editor, Gaylord Bros. Inc., Syracuse, N. Y., 1922-1927; librarian Des Moines, Ia., Pub. Library, 1917-1919 and 1927—. Mem. A.L.A., Iowa Library Assn., Iowa Authors Club (president), Poetry Society of America. Republican. Episcopalian. Mason (32°). Clubs: Hermit, Rotary, Prairie, Pow Wow, Wakonda Country. Office: City Library, Des Moines.



**SCHMIDT, G. PERLE;** b. Waterloo, Ia.; d. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Wilson; e. high sch. Waterloo, Ia.; m. Dr. Louis Bernard Schmidt; 2 sons; mem. Gen'l Soc. Mayflower, D. A. R., Iowa Authors Club, League Amer. Pen Women, Nat'l Board Nat'l Fed. Music Clubs, advisor Fed. Writers Project, also Fed. Art and Historical Comm., 10 years on staff of news syndicate, chautauqua and platform work, conservation work, Pres. Ia. Fed. Music clubs; plays: over 100,000 copies conservation play sold; pub. in Iowa Poets, KSO Poets, papers, mags. Int. in: antique collecting. Home: 2802 Leek St., Ames, Iowa.

**FARRAN, DON;** b. Rowan, Ia.; s. John S. and Charlotte F. Duncan; e. Rowan high sch., Univ of Iowa; unmarried; state director Historical Records Survey; mem: Iowa Authors Club, Calif. Writers Club, Gypsy Lore Soc. of Great Britain. Books: Ballad of Silver Ring, 1935; And What Of It (Life of Richard Bennett); Anthol: Braithwaite, Davis, KSO Poets, Iowa Poets, Contemporary Iowa Poets, Calif. Writers Club. Pub. in: mags., newspapers, Liberty, College Humor, Adventure, Golden Book, Literary Digest, Chgo. Tribune, Correia de Manha, Rio de Janeiro. Int. in: all phases of writing and drama. Home: Rowan, Iowa.

**HUFFMAN, NORA E.;** b. Iowa Falls, Ia.; d. Lewis and Nancy Pratt; widow; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Iowa Poetry Soc., D. M. Woman's City Club, IFWC, O. E. S.; pub. in: anthologies, mags., newspapers. Int. in: history of literature, poetry. Home: 709 Fremont St., Des Moines, Iowa.

**TULL, JEWELL BOTHWELL;** b. Yates Center, Kan.; e. Weiser, Ida., where she won distinction in language, lit., creative writing; Academy Dramatic Arts, N. Y.; one year in Europe; m. Prof. Clyde Tull; contr. A Magazine of Verse, Braithwaite's Anthol., Thomas Moul's Anthol., Women in Poetry, Iowa Poets, Woman's World, many others; plays appeared as Christmas features in well-known mags. Home: Mount Vernon, Iowa.

**KLINKNER, ANTHONY F.;** b. Cascade, Ia.; s. John H. and Margaret Knippling Klinkner; e. St. Mary's high sch.; m. Marguerite Wallace; 2 children; state ed. Catholic Daily Tribune; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Poetry Soc. of Ia., Catholic Poetry Soc. of Amer., Poet Laureate League of Amer., United Press; anthol: Once Upon a Time, Davis, Spring, London, KSO Poets, Iowa Poets, Poetry Salon, Book of Amer. Verse, Contemp. Men Poets of Amer.; pub. in: 300 Catholic newspaper and mags. Int. in: art, literature. Home: 521 Rhomberg Ave., Dubuque, Iowa.



**VAN LANINGHAM, MARION M.;** b. Perry, Ia.; s. M. E. Van Laningham; e. Drake Univ., Univ. of Ia., Curtis Institute Music (Phil.); unmarried; English teacher D. M. pub. schls.; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Midwest Lit. League; track championships Iowa, Mo. Valley; anthol: Contemporary Iowa Poets, Merry-Go-Round, Contemporary Men Poets of Amer., Paebur; pub. in: Kaleidograph, Rectangle, American Poetry, Hinterland. Int. in education, athletics, music, literature. Home: Des Moines, Iowa.

**FIELD, IDUNA BERTEL;** b. Page, Neb., d. Andrew and Mathilda Bertel; e. Univ of Ia.; m. H. P. Field, 1927; 2 children; mem. League Amer. Pen Women, Iowa Authors Club, P. E. O., I. F. W. C.; pub. in: Silk of the Corn, Homespun, American Short-Short Story, daily newspapers. Int. in: feature, short story writing. Home, Decorah, Iowa.

**PARKER, EDWARD STUART;** b. Ida Grove, Ia.; s. Edward Warren Parker; married; practicing physician, late Major U. S. Army, formerly pres. Izaak Walton League of Ia. Books pub.: One More Bend. Int. in medicine, books, travel, horses, sport, wildlife. Home: Ida Grove, Iowa.

**HUNTER, GRACE EVA;** d. M. Hunter; e. Grinnell Coll., Iowa State Univ., Ph. B., A. M.; prof. English, Grinnell College; vice-president Iowa Authors Club, 1936-38; mem. board of Govs., Poetry Society of Iowa; pub. in Midland Mag. Nov. 1921, first poem, THE DROWNING, many reprints; poems in First Book of Iowa Poets, Contemporary Iowa Poets, Prairie Poets, among them. Home: 1131 Park St., Grinnell, Iowa.

**THOMPSON, BERYL V.;** b. Lehigh, Ia.; d. John and Alice (Van Wormer) Tuel; e. Lehigh pub. sch., private study; m. E. C. Thompson, 1902; 5 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Iowa Poetry Soc.; song lyrics used by Witmark Music Pub., D. W. Webster, Carrie Jacobs Bond; co-winner with Ralph Cheyney, Stratford Journal (Boston) award: anthol: Silk of the Corn, Tributes to Mothers, America Singing, Iowa Poets, KSO Poets, Tony Wons' Scrapbook, Flame on the Hills, Contemporary Amer. Women Poets, Muse, Christmas Lyrics, Davis, Homespun, Prairie Flowers, The Year's at the Spring; pub. in: N. Y. Times, N. Y. Eve. Journal, N. Y. Daily Mirror, Chgo. Tribune; columns: Over the Coffee, K's Sobol's Broadway, Walter Winchell's, Line o' Type or Two; mags: Designer, Oracle, Harp, Will o' the Wisp, Lantern, Verse-craft, etc. Int. in: poetry, painting, genealogy. Home: 3939 Second Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.



**DYE KATHRYN;** b. Des Moines, Ia.; d. Thomas A. Dye, Sr.; e. Drake Univ., Northwestern Univ.; unmarried; mem: Iowa Authors Club, English Club; pub. in: KSO Poets, Flame on the Hills, Paebur, Muse, periodicals. Int. in: drama, piano, sketching, rocks. Home: 1142 Thirty-ninth Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

**BLOOM, CLIFFORD;** b. Des Moines, Ia.; e. grad. and post grad. Drake Univ. Bachelor of Music degree; while Drake student was awarded "Columbia-Ia. State Scholarship"—368 contestants; during war was Army Camp song leader at Camp MacArthur, Tex.; music ed. 4 yrs. for Better Homes and Gardens; music critic Des Moines Register since 1930; directed: Ass'n Glee Club, Glee Club D. M. Chamber of Commerce, Central Broadcasting Chorus Station WHO, D. M.; D. M. Appollo Club, D. M. Community Drama Ass'n. Awarded grad. fellowship under Julliard Musical Foundation, N. Y. City, soloist St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia Univ. Recording artist for Columbia Phonograph Co., composer of 20 to 30 songs, honor pupil in Master class of late David Bispham, studied privately with William Shakespear (the elder) of London. At present director of D. M. Philharmonic Choir. Former pres. D. M. Civic Music Ass'n, at present vice-pres. D. M. Rotary Club. Mem: Fine Arts faculty Drake Univ., Iowa Authors Club, 4 fraternities. Home: Des Moines, Iowa.

**GODE, MARGUERITE;** e. Grinell Col. and Drake Univ.; unmarried; six years contributing ed. children's page, Better Homes and Gardens, contributed poems, stories, illustrations to Better Homes and Gardens, Midland, Poetry, American Poetry, Successful Farming, People's Popular Monthly, Hygeia, Midland Schools, Our Dumb Animals, anthol: Silk of the Corn, Paebur, Golden Flute, KSO Poets, Contemporary Women Poets, Flame on the Hills. Mem. Des Moines City Women's Club, Amer. Poetry, Order of Bookfellow, Iowa Authors Club. Int. in: gypsying through the country in fair weather, good books, cozy fire indoors on stormy nights. Home: Des Moines, Iowa.

**CONWAY, CAPTAIN BILL;** b. Illinois farm; s. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Conway; e. through adventuring in Mexico, Philippines, China, Canal Zone, Siberia; in Villa raid at Columbus, N. M.; married; Mem. of American Legion, served in World war as Captain of cavalry; pub. in Chicago Tribune, Air Service, Adventure, many poetry mags; newspaper work in Iowa, at present waterfront reporter at San Pedro, Cal., for the Long Beach Press-Telegram. Int. in: being a newspaper man, and everything. Home: 4005 Carolina Street, San Pedro, California.



**FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER;** b. Southeastern Ia.; e. private schls.; unmarried; mem: Iowa Authors Club; representative McMurray School for Girls, Jacksonville, Ill.; writes plays; gives talks, poetry recitals; pub. in many anthologies, Contemporary Verse, Midland, Voices, Women's Poetry of Today, other mags. Int. in: marionettes, writing sonnets. Home: 2256 Bever, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

**HOLTON, GENEVIEVE McDERMOTT;** b. farm near Anita, Ia.; d. Ella May Van Slyke and Geo. E. McDermott; e. Anita high sch., Cornell Col., Drake Univ.; m. Earl S. Holton; mem: Iowa Authors Club, Iowa Mss. Club, D. A. R.; pub. in: Flame on the Hills, Muse, mags. Int. in: drama, short story, poetry. Home: Anita, Iowa.

**WADHAMS, NEVA McFARLAND;** b. West Bend, Ia.; e. Sioux City high sch.; m. John Fridolph Wadhams; 1 daughter; mem: Iowa Authors Club; formerly poetry chrm. 9th Dist.; leader of newly organized class in creative writing; has 10 year gold stripe service award Girl Scout work; anthol: Silk of the Corn, Iowa Poets, Flame on the Hills, KSO Poets, Home Spun, Eminent American Poets, Year Book of Contemporary Poetry; mags. and newspapers; written 35 songs; plays, pageants. Int. in: youth, writing lyrics, pageantry work. Home: 2100 Heights, Sioux City, Iowa.

**WESTCOTT, GWENDOLYN;** b. Hampton, Ia.; d. Roy Wescott and Geneva Moolick; e. B. A., ISTC, Columbia Univ. N. Y. C.; mem: Sigma Tau Delta (Eng. frat.), Kappa Delta Pi (Scholastic frat.), Poetry Society of Iowa; editor College Eye 1936-37. Pub. in: Purple Pen, Christmas Lyrics, Crown anthols. 1936-37, various newspapers. Int. in: newspapers, New York City, Middle-West, cats. outdoors, writing of all kinds. At present teaching at Elk Horn, Iowa. Home: Hampton, Iowa.

**MURRAY, RAY;** b. Buffalo Center, Ia.; s. John and Elizabeth Murray; e. Cissna Park, Ill.; m. Viola Wise, 1918; 3 children; mem: American Legion, formerly State vice commander; Des Moines Service Club; Iowa Historical Society; formerly Ia. State Fair Board. Books pub.: Iowa The Unbelievable, 1936; The Eighth Wonder of the World, 1936; edited Ia. Dept. of Agriculture Year Book, 1932-33-34-35; daily poem in Mason City, Ia., Globe-Gazette titled "Barnyard Ballads", daily poem Davenport Democrat; State Sec'y of Agriculture 1932-37, Administrative Assistant Ia. WPA; brought 1st 19 CCC camps to Iowa; many agric. positions. Int. in: everything. Home 3315 Crescent Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.



**RIEPE, NORMA W.;** b. Osceola, Ia., d. U. S. Wilson; e. Drake Conservatory, Chgo. Musical Col.; m. E. J. Riepe; 4 children; mem. P. E. O., Research Study Club; anthol.: Flame on the Hills, KSO Poets. Int. in: singing, creative. Home: 312 E. Washington St., Center-ville, Iowa.

**HAMMAND, ESTHER B.;** b. Minneapolis, Minn., d. Howard and Minnie E. Barstow; e. Minneapolis high sch., Univ. of Minn.; studied law; m. Orville A. Hammand; 3 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club; arthol.: KSO Poets, Silk of the Corn, Muse; pub. in: D. M. Register, Midland Schools, The Christian, Unity. Int. in: literature, history, genealogy. Home: 405 Flynn Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

**WALTON, GERTRUDE HOCKETT;** b. Earlham, Ia., d. Stephen Hockett; e. Earlham Academy, Penn Col., Highland Park Col.; m. Jesse E. Walton; 2 sons; mem. Iowa Authors Club, IFWC, Poetry Soc. of Ia.; ed. W. C. T. U. Champion; anthol: Contemporary Women Poets, Flame on the Hills, KSO Poets, Paebur, Prairie Flowers, Muse; Pub. in: Chgo. Daily News, Christian Science Monitor, Youth's Companion, John Martin's Book, Farmer's Wife, Farm and Home, Christian Herald, Pictorial Review, others. Int. in: child welfare, lit. work, juveniles plays, poems. Home: 1169 27th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

**GEE, MARION L.;** b. Shelton, Neb.; d. John A. Gee; e. B. A., Univ. of Nebraska; world tour 1936-'37; unmarried; instructor in Amer. Sch. at Lovitch, Bulgaria, and elsewhere; mem. Order of Bookfellows, Poetry Soc. of Iowa, Amer. Ass'n of Univ. Women; anthol: Prairie Flowers, Poetry Salon, Silk of the Corn. Int. in: Bulgarian folk lore. Home: West Union, Iowa.

**LEWIS, FAYE CASHATT;** b. Dedham, Ia.; d. O. T. Cashatt and Lona Corwin; e. Univ. of S. Dak., M. D., Washington U., St. Louis; m. Dr. W. B. Lewis; 3 children; mem. Quill Club, Travel Club, P. E. O.; int. in: gardening, writing. Home: Webster City, Iowa.

**BRETZ, BLYTHE CLEAVE;** b. Farmington, Ia.; d. Charles and Eva Cleave; e. Farmington high sch., Iowa State Teach. Col., Parsons; m. Dean Bretz, 1934, deceased; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Delphian Soc., P. E. O.; pub. in: Versecraft, The Circle, Expression, Galley Three, Sidelights; anthol: Iowa Poets, Contemporary Amer. Women Poets; p. voca. teacher. Int. in: primary educ., psychology, old books. Home: Farmington, Iowa.



**LIFFRING, CARRIE TATE;** b. Portland, Ind.; d. Sergeant Charles Thomas Tate and Thetis Headington; e. private tutors, pub. schls.; m. Dr. F. C. Liffring; 2 sons; mem. of: Federated Music Clubs, D. A. R., IFWC, Who is Who in Genealogy, Iowa Author's Club, Quill Club. Pub. for 14 yrs. articles, poems in leading newspapers, religious, secular and educ. mags. Copyrighted and pub. lyrics and music for sacred and and secular songs; instrumental, Poems—KSO Poets, Flame On The Hills, Panorama of Singing Verse. positions held: past regent Mary Melrose chap. D. A. R., state chrm. humane educ. P. T. A., pres. Waterloo City Council P. T. A., pres. Quill club, organizer Waterloo Choral Union of P. T. A., Co-organizer Waterloo Audubon Society, Pres. B. Natural Music Club, Chrm. Poetry Third district IFWC. Int. in: creative arts, child welfare, conservation, genealogy. Home: 307 Alta Vista Ave., Waterloo, Ia.

**McMILLAN, ORPHA MORROW;** b. Henry Co., Ia.; d. Mary S. Farmer and John Morrow; m. T. W. McMillan, 1924; mem; Scribblers, Fortnightly Club. Pub. in: Junior Catholic Messenger, Cont. American Women Poets, Paebur anthol., Muse, Blue Moon, Poetry and Music. Int. in: writing short stories, poetry, traveling. Home: Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

**STEWART, RUTH;** b. Des Moines, Ia.; e. Univ. of Iowa, Drake Univ., Columbia Univ., N. Y. C.; unmarried; pub. in: Delineator, Hinterland, Matrix, New Outlook, N. Y. Evening Post, Scientific American, Stratford Mag., KSO Poets, other publications; author, Capital City (Sears, New York, 1933), a novel. Former sec'y Iowa Authors Club. Feature writer, managing ed. People's Popular Monthly, editorial ass't Cecil De Mille Picture Corporation, Hollywood. Toured Europe, interviewing David Lloyd George, Lord Robert Cecil, Lady Astor, and other political and literary leaders. Home: 346 42nd St., Des Moines, Iowa.

**PENNINGROTH, ETHEL BLYTHE;** b. Williamsburg, Ia.; d. John J. and Jane Gilmore Blythe; e. B. A., Univ. of Iowa, 1918; graduate work Columbia U. and U. T. S.; M. Rev. Louis P. Penningroth, 1919; 4 children; mem. Davenport Woman's Club, Iowa Authors Club, O. E. S.; anthol: Iowa Poets, Flame on the Hills, Hey-Day in Ioway, 150 pub. poems in: Chgo. Daily Drovers Journal, Davenport Democrat, Cedar Rapids Gazette, Mason City Globe-Gazette, The Farmer's Wife; feature writing; gives poetry programs. Int. in: dramatics, world peace. Home: 1319 East Twelfth St., Davenport, Iowa.



**WALLACE, MARY D.;** b. St. Charles, Ia.; d. Samuel M. Wallace and Caroline Gensimore Wallace; e. Univ. of Neb.; unmarried; mem: Iowa Authors Club, Poetry Soc. of Iowa; teacher, pub. schls. Council Bluffs, Ia., pub. in: newspapers, Silk of the Corn. Int. In: motoring, camping in mts. of West Coast, summering at her western ranch on Rogue River. Home: 714 7th Ave., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

**BROWN, ALTA WRENWICK;** b. Glenwood, Ia.; d. George Lock Wrenwick and Elizabeth Burton Evans; e. pub. sch. Glenwood, Tabor Col.; m. Walter Scott Brown; 2 daughters; mem: Waterloo Women's Club, Amer. Poetry Asso. Inc., The American Poethy Circle, Poetry Society of Iowa. Pub. in: Omaha Bee and World Herald, Chicago Tribune, Woman's Home Companion, National, American Poetry, the Circle, religious pubs., many anthols. Int. in: literature, church and woman's club work. Home: 219 Kingbard Ave., Waterloo, Iowa.

**LOWN, R. GERALDINE;** b. farm in Taylor County; d. Lewis and Carrie Lown; e. Clearfield pub. schls.; unmarried; mem. Iowa Authors Club; anthol.: Crown, Flame on the Hills, Silk of the Corn, Christmas Lyrics, Anita Brown's, Poe's Memorial Edition; written 2000 poems. Int. in: books, poetry, nature, travel. Home, Lenox, Iowa.

**WALLACE, ZELLA;** b. Des Moines, Ia.; d. James L. and Rosamone Green; e. Grinnell College; m. M. E. Wallace; 1 child; mem: Des Moines Woman's Club. Pub. in Muse, 1937, American Women Poets, 1937; Iowa Poets, Flame on the Hills, KSO Poets, Portland Oregonian, Mason City, Ia., Globe-Gazette, Des Moines Register, Los Angeles Saturday night, Rocky Mountain News, Iowa Parent-Teacher, P. E. O. Record. Int. in: reviews books for many audiences. Home: 5828 Waterbury Circle, Des Moines, Iowa.

**HAUSER, E. BEULAH;** b. Gowrie, Ia.; d. Geo. W. and Martha Ann Morgan; e. Gowrie high sch., Drake Univ., American Col. Chgo.; unmarried; formerly poetry ed. Moods; formerly associate ed. The Spinners; newspaper work; anthol: KSO Poets, Flame on the Hills, Prairie Flowers, Flue Dust, Beacon; pub. in: Muse, Blue Moon, Radio Digest, Christian Century, The Spinners, Moods. Prose: Capper's Weekly, Des Moines Register, Chgo. Drivers Journal, Physical Culture. Int. in: music, art, flowers, feature writing, juvenile stories, poetry. Home: 2900 Rutland, Des Moines, Iowa.



**HAMMAND, O. A.**; b. O'Brien County, Ia.; s. Hiram G. and Lizzie A. Hammand; e. Univ. of Minn, Kent Col. of Law, Chgo.; m. Esther Barstow; 3 children; mem: Des Moines Peace Council, University, and Iowa Authors Club; pub. in: N. Y. Times, Plain Talk, Collier's, Farm and Fireside, Christian Century, Unity; writes reviews, radio speeches; 1914 spent 3 wks. studying League of Nations at Geneva, visited World Court. Int. in: world peace and international cooperation. Home: 405 Flynn Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa.

**LEE, PAULINE**; b. Mt. Pleasant, Ia.; d. Mr. and Mrs. I. E. Lee; e. college 1½ yrs.; unmarried; mem: Scribblers Club; pub. in: American Lyric Poetry, 1935. Callioué's Gifts, 1936, Crown anthol., 1937, Frazer Press. Int. in: writing, social service, art, music. Home: 405 North Adams St., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

**FENTON, EDWYNA PAYTON**; b. Lancaster, Mo.; d. Edwin Franklin Payton and Glorena Sizemore (Payton); e. Trenton, Mo., high sch.; Sec. course Gem City Bus. Col., Quincy, Ill.; m. Albert Bissett Fenton, Jr., 1929; 1 child; mem: P. E. O., United Guild Book Reviewers. Pub. in: anthols: KSO Poets, Contemporary Women Poets, Flame on the Hills, newspapers, conducts column, "Chits and Chatter." Int. in: writing, antiques, cooking. Home: 111 West Maple Street, Centerville, Iowa.

**HALL, JAMES NORMAN**; b. Colfax, Ia.; s. Arthur Wright Hall and Ella Annette (Young) H.; e. Ph. B. Grinnell Coll., 1910; Married; author: Kitchener's Mob, 1916; High Adventure, 1918; Faery Lands of the South Seas (with Charles Nordhoff), 1921; On the Stream of Travel, 1926; Mid-Pacific, 1928; Falcons of France (with C. Nordhoff), 1929; Flying with Chaucer, 1930; Mutiny on the Bounty (with Nordhoff), 1933; Men Against the Sea (with same), 1934; Pitcairn's Island (with same), 1934; The Tale of a Shipwreck, 1935; The Hurricane (with C. Nordhoff), 1936. This poem was sent to the editor of this book.

It was written by Mr. Hall as a farewell message to a friend of his named Arthur Sullivan, who had been sojourning in the South Seas. Home: Papeete, Tahiti, South Sea Islands.

**WHITE, ROLAND**; b. Sparks, Nev.; s. Mrs. Grace E. Crenshaw; e. Univ. of Iowa; m. Leona Rotter; mem. Iowa Authors Club; occu. critic, Iowa City Press Citizen; anthol: Contemporary Iowa Poets, Iowa Poets, Heyday in Iowa. Int. in: historical, sociological material. Home: Marengo, Iowa.



**DURANT, MARGARET**; b. Algona, Ia.; d. Anthony Durant and Caroline Harriet Worster, e. high sch. Algona, Univ. of Chicago; unmarried; mem. Iowa Authors Club, League of Amer. Pen Women; advisory board Blue Moon; anthol.: Silk of the Corn, KSO Poets, Flame on the Hills; Contemporary Iowa Poets, Paebur, Davis, Prairie Flowers; pub. in Blue Moon, Moods, Driftwind, Sonnet Sequences, Christian Science Monitor; winner nat. prize Dr. Russell Rondeau award, 1937. Int. in: dogs, plays, concert jazz, outdoors. Home: Algona, Iowa.

**LOCKE, ROSCOE JANVRIN**; b. Dover, N. H.; s. E. F. and Julia E. Locke; e. L. L. B., Univ. of Nebraska; m. Laura Ewoldt; 2 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club; formerly County Att'y O'Brien County; books: Strangers and Other Poems; pub. in: KSO Poets; int. in: everything. Home: Primghar, Iowa.

**DYALL MARTHA THOMAS**; b. Oxford, Ill.; d. William L. Thomas and Mary Cox; e. country sch., Amity Col., College Springs, Ia.; m. T. William Dyall, 1896; 1 child; mem. D. A. R., Iowa Authors Club, Poetry Soc. of Ia.; pub.: travel stories, historical sketches in newspapers; 12 anthologies. Home: Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

**LAMBERT, MADELINE**; b. Eldon, Ia.; d. W. H. Stauffer; e. Univ. of Ia., Ia. State Col., B. A., Univ of Utah; m. Guy Lambert; 4 children; mem: Iowa Authors Club, IFWC, P. E. O.; anthol: Silk of the Corn, Flame on the Hills; poetry in The Christian, others. Int. in: everything. Home: 611 First Ave. E., Newton, Iowa.

**PEARSON, JOCILE WEBB**; b. Story County, Ia.; d. J. D. Webb; e. county schls., normal course at Nevada, Ia.; m. J. P. Pearson; 3 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Browning Club, Iowa Manuscript; pub. in: Field and Stream, Kaleidograph, Chgo. Daily News, Los Angeles Times, Oregon Journal, Northwestern Christian Advocate, 4 anthologies; Int. in: all literature, poetry especially. Home: 822 W. Euclid Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

**WHITE, ELINORE LEE**; b. Iowa City, Ia.; d. Mary Mead and Isaac B. Lee; e. U. of Ia., and Mich.; m. Don C. White; 2 children; mem: Univ. Club, Ia. City, Iowa Authors Club; Anthol: Silk of the Corn, Flame on the Hills, Prairie Flowers, Book of Trees; pub. in: Bozart, Moods, Better Verse, All-Story, Caravan, Line Book, Chgo. Trib., Verse Craft. Int. in: life, people, things, places, living, youth. Home: 115 S. Governor St., Iowa City, Iowa.



**SHANNON, GAYLEN (Mrs. Frank V. Swanson);** b. Rock Springs, Tex.; d. Charles and Kate S. Annis; m. Frank V. Swanson; mem: Poetry Society of Iowa, Amer. Poetry Ass'n, Inc., Dallas, Tex. Pub. in: Kaleidograph, Quest, Avon, Flame on the Hills, Moon in the Steeple, Prairie Flowers, Amer. Women Poets, 1937, Muse, Chicago Tribune, Des Moines Register, Omaha World Herald, Rocky Mountain News. Int. in: people, poetry, psychology. Home: 612½ Mulberry Street, Waterloo, Iowa.

**SMITH, DONALD W.;** b. Riceville, Ia.; s. Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Smith; e. college two yrs.; unmarried; mem. of; Iowa Authors Club, Masonic Lodge, district lecturer for A. F. & A. M.; pub. Grinnell's Malteaser, newspaper columns, poetry, satire, etc., his own pub.; Hystography, school texts; int. in: education, theatre, "tinkering" in workshop, woods, fields. Home: Riceville, Iowa.

**FLEETWOOD, OLIVE WHEAT;** b. Belle Plaine, Ia.; d. Rev. C. M. Wheat; e. musical study in east and abroad; m. Willis I. Fleetwood; mem: Siaux City Woman's Club, Choral Director S. C. Woman's Club; poem "To Music" won a Federation prize. Int. in: books, friends, music, poetry. Home: 421 8th St., Fleetwood Vocal Studios, Sioux City, Iowa.

**PECK, MARGARET;** b. Des Moines, Ia.; e. Drake Univ. and Univ. of Washington; unmarried; mem: Iowa Authors Club; pub. in: anthols., mags. Int. in: just about everything, philosophy, her work at Univ. of Wash. Home: 4158 21st Ave. S. W., Seattle, Washington.

**KLOPFENSTEIN, FRANCES R.;** b. Bromberg, Germany; d. John Radtke and Maria von Kacmareck; e. Berlin Academy, Germany; m. Daniel B. Klopfenstein; mem: Iowa Authors Club, Scribblers, Iowa Wesleyan Guild; pub. in: nine anthols., Literary Digest, Washington Journal, Cappers Weekly. Int. in: writing articles, shorts, poems, gardening, home. Home: Poplar St. 309, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

**HICKMAN, MAUDE HICKS;** b. Appanoose County, Ia.; d. Wm. Hicks; e. Cornell Col.; m. Dr. Charles Stephen Hickman; 2 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club, League of Amer. Pen Women, IFWC.; plays: Soup, sand and Sagebrush, A Southern Tonic, The Cotton Goat, Free Silver, winner 1st prize Ia. play-writing contest; anthol: Silk of the Corn, KSO Poets, Iowa Poets, Flame on the Hills, Christmas Lyrics, Muse, Homespun. Int. in: home-making, writing, church, politics. Home: 418 E. Washington St., Centerville, Iowa.



**McELROY, I. IRWIN;** b. Muscatine County, Ia.; e. high schl. Wilton, Ia., Univ. of Ia., law degree, 1903. Has been a lawyer, teacher, farmer, aviation instructor, chauffeur, newspaper man, inventor, side show barker. At present operates a consulting engineer's office in St. Paul, Minn. Winner of poetry prizes in Iowa. Home: 5127 27th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

**ROBERTS, ROSALIE ACKLEY;** b. Ottumwa, Ia.; d. P. C. Ackley; e. B. A. Parsons College, Univ. of Ia.; m. Rex Roberts, mem; 3 honorary fraternities, English, dramatics and scholastic. Pub. in: Silk of the Corn and other anthols. Int. in: playwriting, esp. poetic drama. Home: Fairfield, Iowa.

**COLBERT, NELLE J.;** b. Sidney, Ia.; d. John Hiatt and Augusta Irwin (Hiatt); e. high schl; m. Charles Chandler Colbert; writer of verse, song, public reader, both instrumental and song. Mem: D. A. R., O. E. S., Amer. Poetry Soc. Int. in: collecting for scrap albums. Home: Glenwood, Iowa.

**REYNOLDS, MARIE SIMS;** b. Sioux City, Ia.; d. Howard F. and Daisy B. Sims; e. Grinnell Coll.; unmarried; mem: Iowa Authors Club, D. A. R. Pub. in: Iowa Poets, Cont. Women Poets, Poets-on-Parade, America Singing, Tribute to Mothers, Modern Troubadours, North West Poets, Christmas Lyrics, Expression, Circle, Driftwood, L'Alouette, Sioux City Journal, Patterson, N. J., Morning Call, others. Pen name, Fay Willoughby. Home: Whiting, Iowa.

**LEUI, JENNI ORR;** b. Postville, Ia.; d. James and Margaret Orr; m. Williom Leui; 2 children; mem: Nat'l Order of Bookfellows, League of Amer. Pen Women, Iowa Authors Club. Pub. in: Boston Beacon, American Poetry, Chicago Tribune, Flame on the Hills, Silk of the Corn, Bookfellows Anthol. Int. in: conservation, outdoor life, study of wild flowers. Home, Postville, Iowa.

**FLANAGAN DR. WM. LYLE;** b. Clinton Ia.; s. John and Marian Dickinson Flanagan; e. high sch. Clinton, D. D. S., Univ. of Iowa; unmarried; mem. Knights of Columbus, Amer. Legion, 40 & 8, Ex-Service Men's Club, Reserve Officers Assn., D. M. Poetry Circle, Poetry Soc. of Ia.; pub. in: The Measure, The Forge, Chgo. Journal, Dental trade journals. Int. in: studying things literary, horseback riding, gardening, Amer. Legion. Home: 914 Walnut St., WHO, Des Moines, Ia.



**GEARHART, SUSAN MERRIAM;** b. Hopkinton, Ia.; d. Charles and Margaret Kirkwood Merriam; e. Lenox College; m. Dr. G. W. Gearhart; 4 children; anthol: Silk of the Corn, KSO Poets, Contemporary Iowa Poets, Muse, Women Poets, 1937. Author: Plow on the Hills, 1936; pub. in: Better Verse, Poetry Promenade, Versecraft, Poetry World. Home; Springville, Iowa.

**BENTLEY, ELIZABETH;** b. Sanborn, Ia.; d. Harriet A. and Morton Wilbur; e. Iowa State Teach. College, Grinnell College; m. Geo. E. Bentley; 1 son; mem. Iowa Authors Club, P. E. O., D. A. R.; pub: songs, poems, short stories. Int. in: song writing. Home: Charles City, Iowa.

**GEIGER, VELMA SPRIGG;** b. Silver Lake, Ind.; d. A. S. and Effie J. Sprigg; e. Silver Lake high sch., Coe Col.; m. C. Harve Geiger; mem. College Club, Reviewers Club, Coe Col. Faculty Wives club, P. E. O.; pub. in: Better Homes and Gardens, American Cookery, Queen's Gardens, The Bard, Pirate's Gold; anthol: Paebar, Blue River, Prairie Flowers, Cornell Chap Book. Int. in: writing; hobby, collecting. Home: 502 Forest Drive, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

**SATER, ELSYE TASH;** b. Mount Pleasant, Ia.; d. N. F. Tash; e. Univ. of Ill., Augustana Col., M. A. Univ. of Va.; m. Edgar R. Sater, deceased; mem. Nat'l League of Amer. Pen Women, Amer. Assn. Univ. Women, Women's Press Assn., Quill Club of London, Iowa Authors Club. Former head depts. English and journalism, Virginia College; anthol: KSO Poets, Flame on the Hills, Amer. Voices, Amer. States Poets, Paebar, Sidney Lanier Mem. Edition Tree Poems. Pub. in: Physical Culture, Woman's Home Companion, Christian Herald, Sports Afield, Bozart, Contemporary Verse, Bookman, Literary Digest, Amer. Poetry, others. Columnist on Argus; member MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, N. H. Int. in: creative writing and teaching, the quest for truth and beauty. Home: 410 Jackson St., Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

**LUICK, ELLA LOUISE;** b. farm near Belmond, Ia.; d. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Furseth; e. high sch. Belmond, Iowa State Teach Col.; m. Harold F. Luick, deceased; 2 children; mem. I. F. W. C., Iowa Authors Club; pub. in: Literary Digest, Des Moines Register, Detroit News, Moods, Blue Moon, Kaleidograph, Cycle, Amer. Poetry; anthol: KSO Poets, Flame on the Hills, Muse, American Lyric Poetry, Amer. Women Poets. Int. in: play writing, short stories. Home: Belmond, Iowa.



**DRAHEIM, MELVENE MARGARET**; b. Clarion, Ia.; d. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Draheim; unmarried; e. B. A. Ia. State Teach. Col., M. A. Columbia Univ. N. Y. City; awarded Lydia Roberts Fellowship, 1936; occu. teaching; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Poetry Soc. Iowa, Natl. Assn. Teachers of Speech; pub. in: Purple Pen, ISTC Book of Student Verse; one-act play, humorous reading for high sch. contests. Int. in: creative writing, drama, journalism, music. Home, Clarion, Iowa.

**BROGUE, ROSLYN CLARA**; b. Chicago, Ill; d. Ellen Boothroyd and Arthur Brogue; unmarried; e- A. B. Univ. of Chicago, 1937; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Quill and Scroll, Women's Athletic Assn.; anthol: Spring Winds, Iowa Poets, Paebur, Muse, Contemporary Amer. Women Poets; mags.. Blue Moon, Attic Salt, L'Alouette, The Husk, others. Int. in: literature, music, art, philosophy, sports. Home: 6133 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**NORTON, LILLIAN STRAUSER**; b. farm near Plainfield, Ia.; d. John Ross Strauser; e. Iowa State Teach. Col.; m. Chas. M. J. Norton, 1926; occu. teacher piano, violin; mem. Iowa Authors Club; pub. 84 short stories, 25 articles in Etude, New Writers and other mags. Int. in: friends, children, birds, dogs, horses, woods. Home, La Porte City, Iowa.

**NELSON, IRMA JEFFERS**: b. Cresco, Ia.; d. Henry and Minnie Jeffers; e. Fort Dodge pub. sch. and bus. col.; m. Frank A. Nelson, 1913; 3 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club, D. A. R., IFWC; anthol: Anita Brown's, Paebur, KSO Poets, Silk of the Corn, Flame on the Hills. Int. in: history of America, antiques, art, Home: 1112 Oneida Ave., Davenport, Iowa.

**LOVEJOY, HELEN**; b. Galva, Ill.; d. Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Riddle; e. D. M. high sch., Grinnell Col.; m. J. E. Lovejoy; 3 children; mem. Unity Circle, Poetry Soc. of Ia.; anthol: Flame on the Hills, Paebur, Beacon Pub. Int. in: gardening, music, teaching. Home: 1805 Arlington Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

**KOPP, CLARA BIRD**; b. Mt. Pleasant, Ia.; d. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Bird; e. A. B., and W. F. Kopp, 1894; mem: Iowa Legislative League, Congressional Club, Washington, D. C., National League of Amer. Pen Women, D. A. R., P. E. O. Pub. in: Central Christian Advocate, National Republic, Northwestern Christian Advocate; has also written songs. Int. in: Sunday sch. work as teacher. Home: 308 W. Main St., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.



**BAXTER LILLIAN RASMUSSEN**; b. Davenport, Ia.; d. Niels and Signe Rasmussen; m. C. H. Baxter; 3 children; mem: IFWC, P. E. O., vice-chairman of poetry, IFWC; page on Democrat Club Woman, poetry promoter; pub. in: Flame on the Hills, other pubs. Int. in: books, pictures, pitchers. Home: 2007 E. Elm St., Davenport, Iowa.

**MALLORY, ROBERT ALLEN**; b. farm near Hampton, Ia.; s. A. E. Mallory and Roxie Wolf; e. Iowa State Teach. Col.; unmarried; mem. Iowa Authors Club; pub. in: Stepladder, Poetry World, Harp, Gypsy, Carillon, Interludes, Blue Moon, Unity, Silhouette. Int. in: writing, cooking, dancing, bridge. Home: 2818 S. Orchard Ave., Los Angeles, California.

**WELDEN, KATHERINE**; b. Iowa Falls, Ia.; d. Lou O. and John L. Welden; e. Ellsworth Col. Ia. Falls, I. S. T. C., grad. Morningside Col. 1925; mem: Iowa Poetry Society, P. E. O., Progress Club. Pub. in: The Anthology of Salon Poetry, Flame On The Hills, Muse, Paebar, Christmas Lyrics, Crown Anthol., Prairie Flowers, American Women Poets. Int. in: books, babies, elephants. Home: 616 Hickory St., Iowa Falls, Iowa.

**LE CRON, HELEN COWLES**; b. Algona, Ia.; d. Gardner and Florence (Call) Cowles; e. Northwestern Univ; m. James D. LeCron; 2 daughters; literary editor Des Moines (Ia.) Register, also of Better Homes and Gardens; mem. Poetry Soc. of Amer., Soc. of Midland Authors; Iowa Authors Club; Gamma Phi Beta; Author: Animal Etiquette Book, 1926. Co-Author: Bettina Series of cook books; Pictures Tales for Tiny Tots, 1924, Picture Story Book for Tiny Tots, 1925. Home: 3401 Lincoln Pl. Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

**JACOBS, GRACE**; b. Brooklyn, Ia.; d. George and Sarah Satchell; e. grade sch. Huron S. Dak.; m. W. F. Jacobs; 3 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club; pub. in: Blue Moon, Bozart, Country Bard, Versecraft, Poetry World, Muse; anthol: Paebar, Crown. Int. in: many things, especially books. Home: 1011 N. Fourth Ave. East, Newton, Iowa.

**DICKSON, MARGARETTE BALL**, b. soldier's homestead, northwest Iowa; Minnesota poet laureate, pres. League Minn. Poets; ed. in chief of Country Bard; poetry ed. Brainerd, Minn., Daily Dispatch, and Minn. Farmer's Poetry of Northwest, poetry critic, judge. Author of: books, poetry in many publications. Home: Staples, Minnesota.



**CHAPLER, ELINOR GROH;** b. Tulsa Okla.; d. N. W. Groh; e. Little Rock, Ark., junior col., Col. of the Ozarks, Univ. of Arkansas; mem. Western Poetry League, P. E. O.; m. Keith M. Chapler, M. D.; assoc. ed. Horizons, Pasadena, Cal.; anthol: Christmas Lyrics 1937; Muse, America Singing, Contemporary American Women Poets, Home on the Hills, Cornwall House Poetry, Paebur, Stardust and Dreams. Books: Growing Heritage, 1937. Pub. in: American Weave, Adamant, Blue Moon, The Circle, Cycle, Expression, Poetry World, Versecraft, Vignettes. Int. in: books writing, libraries, music. Home: Dexter, Iowa.

**HOFFMAN, MARGUERITE F.;** b. Rockford, Ia.; d. Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Hoffman; e. Ia State Teach. Col.; unmarried; mem. Iowa Authors Club, Poetry Soc. of Iowa, League of Amer. Pen Women, I. F. W. C.; anthol.: Amer. Women Poets, Davis, Muse, Best College Verse, Harpers; Amer. Col. Verse, Poetry Salon, KSO Poets. Flame on the Hills, others; pub. in: Literary Digest, N. Y. Sun, Bazaar, Poetry World, Blue Moon, Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, Author and Journalist, Kaleidograph. Int. in: poetry, people, music, reading, art, theatre, travel, history. Home: Rockford, Iowa.

**SMITH, MRS. L. WORTHINGTON;** b. Indianola, Nebr.; e. privately and in Western Conservatory, Emporia, Kan.; 1 child; books, *Lamp of Heaven*, Chinese play initiating Little Theatre Movement, D. M. 1919, pub. Cont. Series, Boston; Ed. anthologies, *Silk of the Corn*, Fed. Coll., '33 (Harrison), *KSO Poets*, radio, '36 (Kuhne Press), *Flame on the Hills*, '36 (Harrison), Hon. editor with Piper and Smith, Iowa Section, *Muse* (Carlyle Straub), Iowa editor *Inter-Nat. Anthol.*, '38, (Harrison); ed. Iowa Poets Corner, broadcast 228 weeks, IBC; Book Page column, D. M. Register, 5 years; contr. to *Iowa Authors by Iowa Authors*; *Women's Poetry Today*; *Iowa Poets*; *Contemp. Iowa Poets*; *Muse*; *Contemp. Women Poets*, 1936 and 1937; *Davis*; *Prairie Gold*; *Crown*, *Beacon*; *Bride's Primer*, (Gd. Hsk.); *America Speaking*; and others; poetry or prose in *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, *Better Homes and G.s.*, *Poetry World*, *Criterion*, *International Digest*, *Mus. Am.*, *Craftsman*, *Am. Poetry*, *N. Y. Times*, *N. Y. Sun*, *Boston Transcript*, *Curtis Pubs.*, *Street and Smith*, *Stratford Jrnl.* among them Biogs. in *Nat. and Inter Nat. Who's Who*; *First Families in Am.*; *Coronation Edition Burke's Landed Gentry*, London; Hon. guest, Inter-Nat. Poetry Congress, *Century of Progress*, '33; poetry chm. IFWC six years; poet laureate, IFWC, '33 to date; mem. Ia. Authors, Phi Mu Gamma, Theta Alpha Phi. Home: 4023 Cottage Grove Avenue, Des Moines.



**BICKLEY, BEULAH VICK;** b. Vicksburg, Miss.; e. St. Louis, Mo.; d. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dickin Bickley; m. Dr. William Henry Bickley, 1902; 2 children; mem. Iowa Authors Club, League of Amer. Pen Women; pres. Poetry Soc. of Ia., IFWC, D. A. R. Books: Love's Tapestry, The Grail of Spring, Poetry Salon; anthol: Prairie Flowers, The Flowering Rod; pub. in: Blue Moon, many poetry mags. Int. in: clubs, gardens, music, letters, Poetry Soc. of Iowa. Home, 2625 West Fourth St., Waterloo, Iowa.



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## FLAME ON THE HILLS

*Edited by Mrs. L. Worthington Smith and dedicated to Mrs. Hiram Cole Houghton, Jr. Preface by Pearl Bennet Broxam. Iowa Federation of Women's Club Fine Arts Map-end-papers by Harriet Macy. Painting of FLAME ON THE HILLS by Mildred Pelzer. Published by Henry Harrison, N. Y.*

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## EARLY COLLECTIONS OF IOWANA

The first anthology of poetry and prose, PRAIRIE GOLD, was edited by a Board from the Iowa Authors Club membership, consisting of the late Johnson Brigham, Lewis Worthington Smith, Harvey Ingham, and Helen Cowles LeCron, with Alice C. Weitz acting as associate editor. Officers of the club at this date, 1917-1918, were Hamlin Garland, Honorary President; Alice C. Weitz, President; J. Edward Kirbye, First Vice President, Nellie Gregg Tomlinson, Second Vice President; Esse V. Hathaway, Secretary; and Reuben Place, Treasurer. The book was illustrated by J. N. Darling, Harriet Macy, Louise Orwig, Frank Wing, Orson Lowell, and C. L. Bartholomew. Forty-eight Iowa Authors contributed verse or prose. The book was published by Reilly & Britton. Proceeds from the sale went to the Red Cross.

FIRST BOOK OF IOWA POETS  
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 WEST OF THE GREAT WATERS  
 edited by *Harold Cooper* and *Paul Engle*

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These lists were compiled by Mrs. L. Worthington Smith, editor of the Iowa Authors' Club Bulletin, for this Centennial Edition of Iowa Authors, WHO'S WHO among PRAIRIE POETS, by Lou Mallory Luke.



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