



ROSALIE S. JACOBY

Kaleidoscope and Later Poems

THE 1926 BOOK AND LATER PERIODICAL POEMS

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

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

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers | Los Angeles, 2026

CONTENTS

Archival Images	4
Introduction	7
Editorial Note and Sources	10
Kaleidoscope	12
<i>Kaleidoscope</i>	12
<i>Builders</i>	13
<i>Cry of the Dispossessed</i>	14
<i>To a Sixteenth Century Engraver</i>	15
<i>To Jane Cowl</i>	16
<i>Los Angeles</i>	17
<i>Cloud Swans</i>	20
<i>The Poem I Never Wrote</i>	21
<i>Together</i>	22
<i>Grand Avenue</i>	23
<i>Flowers</i>	24
<i>She Sings</i>	25
<i>To an English Teacher</i>	26
<i>On Contemplating Rodin's 'Thinker'</i>	27
<i>My Lilac Bush</i>	28
<i>Criticism</i>	29
<i>Fragrance</i>	30
<i>The Test</i>	31
<i>Silent Drama</i>	32
<i>The Stranger</i>	33

Voices from the Nursery

36

<i>Introductory</i>	36
<i>My Nursery</i>	37
<i>Cockadoodledoo</i>	38
<i>Soap Bubbles</i>	39
<i>Chums</i>	40
<i>Front Yard and Back Yard</i>	41
<i>The Wind</i>	42
<i>Upside Down</i>	43
<i>A Plea</i>	44
<i>The Secret</i>	45
<i>Wading</i>	46
<i>The First Hair Cut</i>	47
<i>The Garden Hose</i>	48
<i>O Mr. Organ-Grinder</i>	49
<i>Sand Cities</i>	50
<i>At the Photographer's</i>	51
<i>Wild Flowers</i>	52
<i>A Child to a Violet</i>	53
<i>My Reflection</i>	54
<i>My Tea Party</i>	55
<i>The Hotel</i>	56
<i>The Post Box on the Corner</i>	57
<i>A Good Friend</i>	58
<i>Temptation</i>	59
<i>Ships at Sea</i>	60
<i>Treasures of the Sea</i>	61
<i>At Night</i>	62
<i>At Seven</i>	63
<i>Stairs</i>	64
<i>Playing Lady</i>	65
<i>I Wonder</i>	66
<i>My Refuge</i>	67
<i>Quatrains</i>	68

<i>Parrots on My Drapery-Tree</i>	70
Later Periodical Poems	71
<i>Spring Performance</i>	71
<i>At Sundown</i>	72
<i>Climbing Radiance</i>	73
<i>Beach Morning-Glory</i>	74
Afterword	75
Colophon	76

ARCHIVAL IMAGES

A short, selective record of the books and life



The Harris Newmark family in 1913. Rosalie Seligman Jacoby belongs to the Los Angeles family network documented in the photograph's archival caption.

My name is nothing,
 But I pray
 My book somewhat
 Of worth may say!

Rosalie S. Jacoby

A gift copy from the author
 to the University of California
 Library - Berkeley, California.

November 12, 1926. 701 S. Kingsley Dr.,
 Los Angeles, Cal.
 Digitized by Google

Rosalie Jacoby's Inheritance

That a granddaughter of the late Harris Newmark, pioneer of the Los Angeles of the early 50's and author of the invaluable "Sixty Years in Southern California," should express herself in prose and poetry is no surprise. Born in this city, on Grand avenue, half a block from the J. W. Robinson Company's store, Rosalie S. Jacoby, author of "Kaleidoscope Poems," attended the old Normal school as a child. In view of this I can better understand the deep feeling reflected in "Builders," a tribute to the school on the hill, where now stands the public library. As Mrs. Jacoby sings:

For scholars—books must be;
For books—there must be scholars.

In a similar spirit is Grand Avenue apostrophized, that once quiet residence street where I first made my home, thirty years ago, and now is transformed into a mighty thoroughfare. I do not remember its

—empty spaces, where wheat
and barley sprang, and weeds;

that was before my advent, but I like
to think, with the present poet, that—

Some pioneer

Stood silent there at night,
And gazing into galaxies of stars
And grandeur infinite,
Forgot his dusty shoes
And with uplifted finger wrote—
In stardust on the post—
Grand Avenue!

Within a Century

Three phases of Los Angeles are limned. The pueblo of 1850, which was the Los Angeles Harris Newmark first knew:

Stranded in dust and heat
The pueblo lies in summer;
In winter, mud-embedded,
The adobes stand.
A place of gambling halls,
Where stakes are high,
And pistols ready:

Opening page of a 1929 Saturday Night feature on Rosalie S. Jacoby and her Los Angeles literary life.

INTRODUCTION

Life, work, and the shape of this edition

A Los Angeles inheritance

Rosalie Seligman Jacoby—called Lottie in childhood—grew up inside one of early Los Angeles’s best-documented family networks. Her parents were Carl Seligman and Ella Newmark Seligman; her maternal grandparents were Harris and Sarah Newmark. Harris Newmark’s memoir became a foundational record of the city after 1853, while the wider family participated in commerce, real estate, education, philanthropy, and Jewish civic life. That inheritance gave Jacoby an unusually long view of Los Angeles, but also placed her within a prosperous settler society whose version of progress depended on displacement and unequal power.

The city remembered and imagined

The Los Angeles poems move between private memory and public history. ‘Grand Avenue’ remembers houses, wheat, children’s games, and empty lots before traffic and commercial excavation. ‘Los Angeles’ divides the city into 1850, 1900, and an imagined 1950, pairing those dates with larva, chrysalis, and metamorphosis. The poem’s speculative taxis and skyscraper landing fields are playful, but its racial categories and progress narrative are products of the 1920s. ‘Cry of the Dispossessed’ tries to recognize Indigenous injustice while speaking through a generalized persona that collapses distinct peoples and histories. The book’s civic sympathy and its limits need to be read together.

Marriage and the nursery world

Rosalie married Grover I. Jacoby in 1909. Their children were Eleanor or Elinor, Sally, and Grover I. Jacoby Jr. The family lived for years at 701 South Kingsley Drive. The poems in ‘Voices from the Nursery’ should not be treated as stenographic transcripts of three named children, but family life supplied their close material world: stairs, patterned walls, post boxes, haircuts, garden hoses, photographers, sea treasures, bedtime fears, private refuges, and the comic misunderstandings produced when children test adult language. The section is not an appendix; it is nearly half the book and has its own carefully varied poetics of scale and voice.

The shape of *Kaleidoscope*

Printed in Los Angeles in 1926, *Kaleidoscope* announces variety as its method. The first part moves through city history, theater, visual art, literary labor, love, flowers, schooling, and formal experiment. The second changes angle and scale without abandoning craft. Jacoby writes rhymed lyrics, free verse, sonnet-like poems, dramatic dialogue, nursery monologues, a cinquain, and short sequences. ‘The Stranger,’ dated about 1914, turns Sonnet, Lyric, Ballad, Blank Verse, and a stranger named Free Verse into dramatic characters. The title is therefore a program: older and newer forms become colored pieces that disclose different patterns when turned.

Publication, faith, and continued ownership

Five nursery poems had appeared in the *Christian Science Monitor*, and Jacoby’s prose piece ‘God Elects’ appeared in the *Christian Science Sentinel* in 1928. Christian Science helps explain her interest in perception, thought, spiritual testing, and the moral use of attention, though the poems cannot be reduced to doctrine. A 1929 *Saturday Night* feature confirms that she was recognized as a living Los Angeles writer rather than merely circulating a family keepsake. She personally renewed the copyright of *Kaleidoscope* in 1953, evidence that she still regarded the book as active literary property twenty-seven years after publication.

Grover Jacoby and the little magazines

Rosalie's son Grover I. Jacoby Jr. became a poet and the editor of two Los Angeles journals: *Variation: A Free Verse Quarterly* (1946–1959) and *Recurrence: A Quarterly of Rhyme* (1950–1959). The paired magazines made formal pluralism an editorial program, one journal for free verse and one for rhyme. That arrangement has an intriguing family resemblance to the many-form method of *Kaleidoscope* and to 'The Stranger,' though no direct influence should be claimed without correspondence or testimony. Grover's journals belong to an underremembered postwar Los Angeles network; *Variation* printed Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac before the publicity surrounding the Six Gallery reading and *Howl*, and Grover's correspondence with William Carlos Williams from 1947 to 1950 survives at Yale.

A family channel for the later poems

Grover's editorial career is directly relevant because Rosalie published in *Variation*. The four recovered poems printed here—'Spring Performance,' 'At Sundown,' 'Climbing Radiance,' and 'Beach Morning-Glory'—extend her known verse from 1926 to 1950. They are much shorter than most of *Kaleidoscope* and depend on a single transforming image: wind as a keyboard player, the ocean as a sequined body, cloud as avalanche, and a one-day flower as an emblem of lasting beauty. Grover's surviving files may still contain Rosalie's typescripts, correspondence, contributor records, photographs, or further poems, making the son's archive a possible survival route for the mother's missing papers.

How this edition reads

This edition prints the complete two-part *Kaleidoscope* followed by the four recovered *Variation* poems. It restores the book's opening dedication, formats the short epigraph to 'Builders,' distinguishes poem subtitles and the individual dedications in 'Quatrains,' and resets the three historical labels in 'Los Angeles' without reproducing their dot leaders. Stanza divisions and structural indents have been checked against the scan. Decorated folios, running heads, broken apostrophes, and scan noise are removed; repeated words that belong to the poems—including the final 'Grand Avenue'—are retained.

Editorial Note and Sources

This edition resets all of *Kaleidoscope* in its two original parts, followed by four later poems recovered from complete issues of *Variegation*. Every poem opens on a new page. Titles, logical lineation, stanzas, section order, dedications, epigraphs, subtitles, and the book's introductory nursery piece are retained; page furniture and obvious scan noise are removed.

The original book scan, not an earlier production PDF, controls the 1926 text. The four later poems were transcribed from the archived issue pages. The archival section is intentionally short: a family photograph, the book's gift inscription, and the 1929 feature.

The dot leaders in 'Los Angeles' join each date to a metamorphic stage; they are reset as '1850 | Larva,' '1900 | Chrysalis,' and '1950 | Metamorphosis.' The asterisk string after 'Cloud Swans' was the decorated source folio 20, not verse, and has been removed. Split apostrophes in 'To a Sixteenth Century Engraver,' damaged display type, and repeated-title false positives were corrected against the page images.

The copyright renewal is part of the historical record, but *Kaleidoscope*, first published in 1926, entered the United States public domain on 1 January 2022. The 1946–1950 periodical poems require title- and issue-level rights caution and are not assigned a blanket rights claim here.

1. Rosalie S. Jacoby, *Kaleidoscope*. Los Angeles: Neuner Corporation, 1926.
2. *Variegation*, nos. 1, 4, 8, and 18 (1946–1950), complete issue scans in the BKS Extremes Journals archive.
3. United States copyright renewal record for *Kaleidoscope* (1953), saved in the research assets.
4. Homestead Museum, 'Saturday Night' research article on the 1929 Jacoby feature, with saved page images.
5. Harris Newmark, *Sixty Years in Southern California, 1853–1913*, and the 1913 family photograph documentation.
6. Los Angeles State Normal School catalogue, 1894–1895, documenting 'Lottie Seligman' in the Training School first grade.

7. *Variegation: A Free Verse Quarterly* (1946–1959) and *Recurrence: A Quarterly of Rhyme* (1950–1959), edited by Grover I. Jacoby Jr.; Bill Mohr’s scholarship on the Los Angeles little-magazine network.
8. William Carlos Williams Papers, Yale University Library, Grover I. Jacoby Jr. correspondence, 1947–1950.

BOOK I | *KALEIDOSCOPE*

Part One: adult and civic poems, 1926

*Go, little poems,
Dedicate yourselves;
Erase a tear,
Inscribe a smile,
And find a heart
Whereon to write*

*Your dedication,
Or else remain
Undedicate.*

Kaleidoscope

Just bits
Of anything;
Another shake,
Another scheme,
No two the same;
Held to the light,
A color dream.

Kaleidoscope,
Just bits
Of anything,
Held to the light.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Builders

For scholars, books must be;

For books, there must be scholars.

There on the hill, where rises now
The library, stood once a school,
And streaming in and out,
Like brooks that babble

What later may be ocean's roar,
There poured the future educators
Of the young, from doorways
Of the learned, the pedagogical.

'Tis such as they who build
The library upon the hill.
(The superstructure rises only
When foundation work is deep
And cementation fixed.)

Men razed the old schoolhouse,
And bore away its red brick symbols,
And yet it stands inviolate,
Transformed: Behold

The library upon the hill!

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Cry of the Dispossessed

White man, my brother, memory must stir,
As winds bespeak the pine tree and the fir
On hilly slope, to challenge in your breast
Forgotten deeds, injustices which rest
In the long buried past. The red man's moan,
Cry of the dispossessed, has lastly grown
Into a mighty chorus. Listen, and fear
To turn away. White man, my brother, hear!

The land you now call yours was our domain,
The giant crags, the mighty wind swept plain,
The wealth of buffalo. Despoiled of these
We took your word, your governmental pleas
For time in which to settle, make amends;
And still we wait. Your government still lends
Unwilling ear, while restless tribes still seek
Your clemency. White man, my brother, speak.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

To a Sixteenth Century Engraver

Patient artist, line by line,
You have traced this print of mine
With your deft, incisive tool.
'Tis no print of modern school,
Dashing style, and drawn with ease,
Done with mere intent to please,
And its beauty was not born
In the flash of one bright morn,
But 'twas slowly brought to birth,
Each line adding to its worth.
There it hangs upon my wall;
Many see it not at all.
'Tis of modest color, size,
But in this its lesson lies,
That its value grew in part,
Master, from your patient heart.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

To Jane Cowl

Were I an artist, my Juliet should be
A lithesome, dark-haired maid, exceeding fair,
Verona's sweetest flower, beyond compare;
In her pure eyes no hint of tragedy,
But just the awakened reciprocity
Of newborn love, a love surpassing rare;
What Romeo could merit such deep care,
Such deathless love, its hope eternity?

And I have seen her like! She lived one night,
She moved and spoke, and hers a matchless voice
To speak love's words. Ah! Bard of Avon, might
Not this of all Juliets have been your choice?
Great is the debt the actress owes to you,
But you owe her a Juliet born anew.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Los Angeles

1850 | *Larva*

Prophetic of the butterfly
The larva crawls,
Sans wings, sans color,
Ugly worm,
And yet a promise.

Stranded in dust and heat
The pueblo lies in summer;
In winter, mud-imbedded
The adobes stand.
A place of gambling halls,
Where stakes are high,
And pistols ready;
Where saloons are plentiful
And liquor generous;
Where laws are few
And crimes are many;
Where Indians, Chinese mingle
With Mexicans and Whites;
Where candle lanterns, quickly snuffed,
Leave dark the alleys
Where dark deeds are done;
Where bold horse thieves
And desperados prey,
Where cheating, robbing, shooting
Are every day occurrences;
Yet even here, the promise.
Before adobe doorways
Children are playing,
All unconcerned.

1900 | *Chrysalis*

A stupid town, you say,
And drowsy.
Perhaps, and yet
The streets are lined with shady trees,

And homes are safe, and flowers thrive,
And women walk the streets
And greet their neighbors,
Smiling and unafraid;
And children trip to school
Lunch box and books replete
With nourishment;
And street cars carry men to town,
And stores are prosperous,
Though unambitious;
And horses amble up the street,
Content (they hardly know the whip)
And law and order smile.
The Courthouse sits in brick and stone
Authority substantial;
And churches flourish,
And Sunday is a day of rest.

The cocoon stirs but little,
And yet within
There works and works
Its promise.

1950 | *Metamorphosis*

It is the sound of a great city,
The hurry, the rush, the push,
The animated glory
Of the Metropolis of the West;
Where beauty suns itself
In parks and boulevards;
Where art can stretch itself,
Reaching for fame
In museums, theatres, opera houses;
Where aeroplanes swoop down
And land on skyscrapers
That vie to break the limit;
And taxis speeding through the air
Laugh at the crawling motor cars,
And circle round
Unnumbered glittering domes

Of churches.
And five million human kind
Are as the pollen
Coloring the brilliant wings
Of the great butterfly
That soars and soars.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Cloud Swans

Great cloud swans
Sail the blue lake
Of the sky.
At times they shake
The water
From their wings;
Again they shed
Their feathers,
Soft and white.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The Poem I Never Wrote

It was a weird and lovely thought,
But, like a butterfly,
It fluttered just beyond my reach,
And when I straining grasped its wing,
Some pollen on my finger tip rubbed off;
And so I loosed my hold.
I could not let it beat its wings
Against a prison house of words.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Together

I heard his voice when it said, "Come,"
(I might have failed to catch the word)
"I come," I said. My hand in his
We took the road together.

The way was strange. Beyond the turn
We could not see; yet we forged on
Through hidden snares. It mattered not;
Closer we walked together.

When steep the path, his strength he lent
Bearing my weakness for a stretch,
And in his need, I too was strong.
What vigor ours together!

New vistas offered visions grand,
The trees sweet intervals of peace;
We caught the message that the winds
Swept from the heights, together.

We do not always walk alone;
The way is wide, one hand is free;
O hands fast-locked, loose not the hold
That links two lives together!

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Grand Avenue

Grand Avenue, who named it so?
Some years ago, a quiet street
With formal wooden dwellings,
White and cream and gray,
And empty spaces, where wheat
And barley sprang, and weeds;
A dusty street, where children
Played at tag in safety.

To-day, a busy thoroughfare
With automobiles crowding out
Its peace, and excavators
Hewing at their noisy surgery,
And crowds of shoppers
Seeking petty things, not grand.

Grand Avenue, who named it so?
I think some pioneer
Stood silent there at night,
And gazing into galaxies of stars
And grandeur infinite,
Forgot his dusty shoes
And with uplifted finger wrote
In star dust on the post—
Grand Avenue.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Flowers

Velvet to touch,
Heaven to sight,
Humming birds' sweets,
Music at night,
Incense at altars
Of stellar light.

Be not deceived,
Poet, earth-shod,
Flowers are something
Nearer to God.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

She Sings

She sings. Her singing pierces walls;
They vanish. Gowns and jewels fade
And social whisperings cease. There falls
A peace, for one who loves is singing.

She sings. Beyond the realm of dreams
She lifts the weary listener;
Into his heart sweet comfort streams
To bless for one who loves is singing.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

To an English Teacher

I wad that Bobbie Burns were ge'en
To hear ye read his lines between
Sae fu' o' love. His Scottish lore
Was nair sae beautiful before.

An' aft I wish there listened here
Some ither poets far an' near
Whose words ye read, and aft gie oot
Mair love than aye they dreamt aboot.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

On Contemplating Rodin's 'Thinker'

The thinker is not static;
He does not sit in stone;
He is a part of all things,
He does not sit alone.

The man who thinks is active,
Flesh cannot hold him bound,
Subject to false conditions
Beneath him and around.

Mind is the power that moves him,
Responsive to His will,
And holds him calm in action,
Commanding, "Peace, be still."

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

My Lilac Bush

Oh, how I love my lilac bush
With gently tinted flower,
With fragrance delicately sweet
That perfumes every hour.

It builds its blossoms conical,
No structure half so fair
In color, form; no artistry
Combines such virtues rare.

In winter when its leaves are gone,
And all its beauty fled,
I never seem to see it thus,
But looking on ahead,

Through signs of sleep and barrenness,
Its outward coat of gloom,
I see prophetic visions of
A more abundant bloom.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Criticism

I wrote a poem;
What did you say?
I tore it up,
Threw it away.

The thought remained,
And year by year,
Its consummation
Grew more clear.

It will be written;
Nothing can stay
The voice of the poem
I threw away.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Fragrance

Rose, you have so much to give;
Cast your perfume on the air;
Gold-heart, bid your petals loose
Your aromatic message rare.

Friend, you have so much to give;
I have looked into your eyes;
Gold-heart, what is holding pent
Fragrant love that would arise?

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The Test

Behold the gentle poet with his song,
Child of a travail none but him may know,
Afraid, yet bold to sing his infant glow
Of music, see it judged or weak or strong,
Dreading the public eye may do it wrong,
And miss the grace that from his soul does flow,
For here he would his secret dreams bestow-
The thoughts that to his inmost self belong.

Poor poet, fame deluded, understand
That you alone are judge of what you sing,
And you alone can make its structure stand
Immortal, can its truthful message fling
Unchallenged down the years, or in the sand
Of shifting falsities bury its sting.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Silent Drama

A Cinquain

A sigh:
A snowflake leaves
A tear upon the earth;
A smile: a sunbeam dries the tear.
No sound.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The Stranger

Scene: Anywhere. Date: About 1914.

Cast of Characters

Nature

Sonnet

Lyric

Ballad

Blank Verse

A Stranger (Free Verse)

A background of mountains and trees, sunlight tinging the clouds with gold, flowers answering to the call of spring.

In the foreground is a tree through which the sunlight filters, resting upon the forms of two women, both reclining at the foot of the tree. They are evidently sleeping.

A voice from the background speaks:

I am Nature.

I feel the touch of spring.

Sonnet awakes and rises to her feet. She is stately and beautiful, and she wears a long flowing robe of blue. She touches Lyric, who also awakens.

Lyric is lithe and graceful. She wears bright yellow and has yellow flowers entwined in her hair.

They both survey the lovely background in silence for a moment.

Sonnet (deeply moved, her hand pressed against her heart):

Sad Winter's gone; his heavy dirge no more,
His cold and heavy song no more doth weigh
Upon my bosom. Lighter tunes now play
Provoked by budding trees and blossoms or
The sound of lover's lute—

Lyric (interrupting):

You but speak, I can sing.
Lovely Nature, I will fling
All my harmonies about,
Make your very mountains shout.
Yes, the song I shall sing
Will make music of the spring.

Enter Ballad, walking slowly, an older woman, and dignified. She is clad in purple.

Ballad (approaching Sonnet and Lyric):

I saw the doom of wintry snows e'er April showers fell;
I knew in gardens soon would sound the Canterbury bell.
Enter Blank Verse, a man of commanding presence. As he enters, Sonnet, Lyric,
and Ballad all bow deeply as to a superior.

Blank Verse:

Inspired tongue of Spring, speak to the hearts
Of men and bid them look beyond thy charms
To the great Gardener, who brought the least
Of violets to birth, and tenderly
Unfolds the petals' myriad hues in this,
His garden, called the world.

Nature (from the background):

He teaches me humility.

Enter a Stranger. She is clad in fire red, and has the appearance of a wild, free
creature.

Blank Verse approaches her. She does not return his bow. He places his hand
under her chin and lifting her face, looks into her eyes inquiringly.

She flings away. Sonnet, Lyric, and Ballad approach her. They examine her
gown, her long, wild hair, her bare feet.

The Stranger (with defiance):

I am wild,

I am free,

As I please

I sing;

I will dare

Where others faint,

Shock the very words I use

Into life.

I will tear

Prudery, formality;

I will show

Nature as she is

In the nude,

Mammoth thing

Of infinite moods.

Nature:

I rebel, and yet I am satisfied.

Sonnet (jealously):

Come, let us cast this creature out.

Lyric:

Cast her out, yes, cast her out;
She would flout us; cast her out.

Ballad:

To tolerate this shameless wench were far from dignity.

Blank Verse (with exalted expression):

No! No! Beware, we shall be judged for this,-

Sonnet (seizing her hand):

Hence, woman.

The Stranger resists. Lyric and Ballad pick up stones and cast them at her. She falls as they strike her, but she rises again, and drags herself off the stage.

Blank Verse:

She will return. Beneath her garish gown I saw-

Sonnet:

You saw?

Lyric and Ballad:

You saw?

Blank Verse:

I saw her wings!

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

VOICES FROM THE NURSERY

Part Two of Kaleidoscope, 1926

Introductory

“Old Mother Goose when she wanted to wander
Would ride through the air on a very fine gander.”
I wonder just what the old lady would say
Could she see how we ride when we “wander”

to-day;

Great trains and fast steamers and automobiles,
Aeroplanes, street cars, and what-not on wheels;
And think of our cities alight with strange fires,
Electricity harnessed and guided by wires.
Dear Mother Goose, I think, fearful of harm,
On her gander would jump and make off in alarm.

Let the centuries pass! In every child’s heart
The old-fashioned lady still plays leading part;
Little Miss Muffet, Bo-peep, Jack and Jill
Are the classics we lisp in our babyhood still.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

My Nursery

I have the prettiest designs
Upon my nursery wall,
With flowers and birds among the vines,
And in the green trees tall;

The ceiling is the clearest blue,
Just like the sky by day,
With wreaths of roses scattered through
And butterflies at play.

For other things I search about
That really are not there;
I lie in bed and trace them out:
Some time I'll show you where!

Fine queens, and knights, and even kings,
A castle on a steep:
I find so many lovely things,
I hate to go to sleep.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Cockadoodledoo

Cockadoodledoo!
Cockadoodledoo!
You wake me up so early,
I'd like to get up too,
If nurse would only dress me,
But no, she says she won't,
So Mr. Cockadoodledoo,
Please Cockadoodle-don't!

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Soap Bubbles

Soap bubbles! Soap bubbles!
Globules of light;
Here but a moment,
Transparent, bright.

Nothing, yet something
To children at play,
Who see in them fairy worlds
Floating away.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Chums

She borrowed my eraser;
I asked her for a pen;
We looked hard at each other,
Then turned away again.

I took my ball at recess
And bounced it on the floor;
Soon she approached and watched me,
I bounced it all the more.
“One-two-three-four,” I counted,
Soon she was counting too,
And now we are the dearest friends
Any one ever knew.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Front Yard and Back Yard

Front Yard says:
“How do you do?”
Stiffly nods
Its bow to you.

Back Yard cries:
“Come out and play;
Swing and romp
With me to-day.”

Front Yard greets
Callers of style:
“Ring the bell;
Then wait a while.”

Back Yard says,
“The door’s ajar;
Kitchen goodies
Are not far.”

You may like
The front yard best,
Formal garden
Facing west,

But when I
Desire to play,
I go out
The other way.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The Wind

I cannot see it,
But in the tall trees,
It whispers softly,
And flutters the leaves.

I cannot touch it,
But over the ground,
It chases the papers
Around and around.

If I could do it,
I'd catch it somewhere,
And make it behave,
For it musses my hair.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Upside Down

I stood on my head
Like a circus clown;
I looked, and the room
Was upside down.

The rug was above me,
The ceiling below;
The world would seem strange
If we always stood so.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

A Plea

I write such lovely letters
To everyone I know,
But I can't reach the mail-box,
And so they do not go.

I illustrate my letters
With pretty pictures, too;
Please, Mister, dropthem in for me,
And send them off, please do!

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The Secret

I have a little secret,
Which is right inside my ear;
My mother whispered it in there
So nobody would hear.
She told me to say nothing,
But I'll tell it all about,
For when I turn a somersault,
It surely will come out.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Wading

The ocean looks so cold and wet,
And yet how good it feels,
As it splashes up between my toes,
Recedes from round my heels.

My feet sink down into the brine
And snuggle in the sand;
Then with a thrill I realize
That rooted there I stand,

But I am different from a tree
With roots beneath the ground,
For soon I wriggle free again,
And, laughing, off I bound.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The First Hair Cut

Up into the barber's chair;
I must let him cut my hair,
Or the boys at school will tease,
"Mama's baby, if you please."

Now there's only one curl more;
All the rest lie on the floor.
Snip! It's gone and I am glad!
Why does mother look so sad?

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The Garden Hose

The garden hose is such a joy
To every little girl and boy.
It splashes water all around,
And finally it wets the ground;
Then grass and tiny flowers dear,
Refreshed and colorful appear.
I'm glad our family has one,
Because they are enormous fun.
You turn the nozzle, and the spray
Will shower forth in glittering play,
But do not press the end too tight,
Or it will turn and soak you quite.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

O Mr. Organ-Grinder

O Mr. Organ-grinder,
Please do not go away;
I'll give your monkey pennies,
If he will only stay.

I like to see him do his tricks,
As clever as can be;
Do take my penny savings bank
And leave him here with me.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Sand Cities

Bucket and shovel,
Wide stretch of sand,
Magical keys to
Miracle land;
Castles and towers,
Tunnels and moats,
Miniature lakes,
Tiny shell boats;
Brown seaweed people,
All in a row;
Up comes the ocean;
Away they go!

All through the winter,
I long to be
Building sand cities
Down by the sea.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

At the Photographer's

"Now lean your head
Just to the right,
And do not clench
Your hands so tight.
Yes, smile a bit;
That's it, Oh, no!
You'll spoil the picture
Grinning so.

Now watch my eyes
And keep the pose;
There, now you went
And scratched your nose.
Please this time try
Just so to sit,
Not even wink
Or move a bit."

Oh, dear, I do
Feel so forsaken,
When I must have
My picture taken,
But when the proofs
At last I see,
I'm rather glad
They look like me.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Wild Flowers

Little children in the fields,
Do not pick the flowers;
Leave them there that they may grow
In the sun and showers.

Then the tiny seeds will drop
Down upon the ground,
And the flowers appear again
When the spring comes 'round.

If you steal away the blossoms,
You may come some day,
And look in vain for pretty blooms
That make the country gay.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

A Child to a Violet

'Morning, little violet,
With your face all dewy-wet!
You must sleep well in your nook,
For how very fresh you look.

I must lie in bed alone;
There I hear the night winds moan,
And the heavy drops of rain
Knock against my window-pane.

All your little sister flowers,
Dreading neither winds nor showers,
Cuddle near. Who minds the weather,
Sleeping in one bed together?

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

My Reflection

Little stranger in the mirror,
What is that you say?
Wish you'd answer me sometime,
Wish you'd come and play.

When I have a pretty dress,
I run to look at you,
For you wear one just like mine
 Be it pink or blue.

Many times, though I am sad,
 To smile I really try,
For when my eyes are full of tears,
 You begin to cry.

So I smile; you smile back;
Then we laugh aloud,
And you've helped me, little friend,
To chase away a cloud.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

My Tea Party

I invited all the neighbors
And every child I met
To come and have a party
On my pretty new tea set.

A dainty cup and saucer,
I put at every place,
And mother lent a lovely cloth
All fringed with fancy lace.

The tiny china things I used
Were, oh, so dear and neat,
That no one even noticed
That we hadn't much to eat.

But when the day was over,
I took that tea set new,
And told my dolly daughters:
"I think these were made for you."

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The Hotel

There is a tree in the next yard,
We call it the Hotel,
Because it's all alive with birds
And houses them so well.

Its architecture is so grand,
Its pinnacles so fine,
I'm not surprised the birdies love
To nest in that old pine.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

The Post Box on the Corner

The post box on the corner
Is so interesting to me
With its letters that are going
Way off across the sea

To Russia, and to China,
To England, and to France;
If I saw their superscription,
I could tell you at a glance.

I tried to open up the box,
But somehow seemed to fail;
Just then the postman came and said,
“Don’t tamper with the mail.”

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

A Good Friend

Our motor car with whirring sound
And creeping noise, as wheels go round,
Is such a trusty friend to me,
The kindest sort of company.
It never seems to need a rest,
But goes wherever we request.
When it climbs up the steepest hill
And down again, I feel it thrill,
And I am glad our motor car
Enjoys adventures near and far.
When after busy hours of flight,
It settles down to spend the night
In our garage, I hear its prayer:
To take us safely everywhere.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Temptation

Dangling figs, tempting figs,
Hanging on the tree,
Luscious fruit, purple-skinned,
Ripe as ripe can be.

Longing eyes, gazing up
Into heavy boughs,
Swaying figs in the wind
All my hopes arouse,

And I sigh as I gaze:
Why is life so hard,
For that sweet, tempting fruit
Is in the neighbor's yard.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Ships at Sea

Ships at sea so far away,
Sometimes at sailor boy I play,
Climbing swiftly up the mast,
Drawing in the rigging fast,
Weathering storms and treacherous tide,
Lowering lifeboats at your side,
Going down then in my boat;
Saved! Upon a raft I float
Back to shore. O ships at sea,
Every boy has dreams like me.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Treasures of the Sea

The sea has many wondrous treasures
Deep down upon its floor;
How I should like to taste its pleasures,
Its curious depths explore.

I cannot see its fish and florals
Or crawling creatures know,
Its rocks and shells and brilliant corals,
And all its sparkling show.

My books tell of its wonders strange;
I, on the surface gaze,
And then my thoughts in wandering range
Down in its unseen maze.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

At Night

My mother keeps her closet neat;
Her shoes, when they are off her feet,
She stands in such an even row,
For everything must be just so.
She goes to bed, and then the fun,
I think, has only just begun.
A dainty slipper takes the floor,
As soon as she has shut the door,
“I am the Queen of Shoeland now,
And to my consort make a bow.”
Black satin pumps, with stately tread,
Each choose a partner clad in red,
And bowing deeply start the dance.
Ah! how those empty slippers prance!
The street shoes in their clumsy way,
And even hiking boots get gay;
They feel the spirit more and more
Till some one puts them off the floor.
The noise is getting loud, I fear,
But mother does not seem to hear.
One night, the comfys, ’neath her bed
I heard, and they in whispers said:
“I wish some night she’d leave us there;
To miss it all does not seem fair.”

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

At Seven

“Now practice your piano,”
I’d hear my mother say,
Those oft repeated dreaded words,
The saddest of the day.

I’d bang that old piano
Till every rafter shook,
While all the time my heart would say,
Why can’t I read a book?

The boys outside the window
Would shout, “Come on and play!”
But mother had her eye on me
And there I’d have to stay.

Just half an hour’s practice
At seven seemed a year,
And in rebellion on the keys
I’d sometimes drop a tear.

But now that old piano
Is the dearest friend I know,
Companion in my happiness
And comfort in my woe.

And everywhere I venture,
I’m welcome at a glance,
Because they know I bring with me
A hymn, a song, a dance.

Just half an hour’s practice
At seven seemed a bore,
But now I only can exclaim,
“I wish it had been more.”

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Stairs

1

The little boy walked down,
 walked down,
 walked down,
 walked down the stairs.

2

 climbed up the stairs.
 climbed up,
 climbed up,
The little boy climbed up,

3

The little boy jumped down,
 jumped down,
 jumped down,
 the stairs by pairs.

4

 the stairs by pairs,
 jumped up,
 jumped up,
The little boy jumped up,

5

And last, what do you think he did?
 He
 S
 l
 i
 d
 the banisters!

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Playing Lady

When I dress up in mother's clothes,
I feel just like a queen;
The skirt behind drags like a train
And sweeps the carpets clean.

I put my hair up on my head
Beneath her velvet hat,
But mother cries: "You little imp,
What next will you be at?"

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

I Wonder

Every week the seamstress comes;
There she sits and sews and hums,
But her eyes are gazing out.
Wonder what she thinks about!

Was she once a little girl?
Did her hair in ringlets curl?
Did they make her dresses long,
As she grew up tall and strong?

There she sits and hums and sews;
What she's thinking no one knows.
If you ask her, she replies,
"See the way my needle flies."

When my dresses touch the floor,
When I'm sixteen years or more,
Will she tell me of her dreams,
As she sits and bastes the seams?

Does she really love to sew?
I should so much like to know.
What she told me must be true,
"Busy folks are never blue."

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

My Refuge

I love to climb the mountains
Or dream beside the sea,
But near at hand I have a place
Where I most love to be.

Its mysteries allure me,
Its treasures old and new,
Its musty, dusty corners,
Its rugged rafters too,

A world of books and papers,
Of trunks whose locks will yield;
I am the lord of this domain,
And I the sceptre wield.

I forage for my booty;
 Then curl up in a chair,
An old romance upon my knees,
 And no one knows I'm there.

The attic is my kingdom;
I don't mind dust or heat,
For there no one can bother me,
And liberty is sweet.

I climb a flight of wooden stairs,
I turn a rusty key;
No schoolwork, chores, or duties here;
My attic dreams are free!

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Quatrains

For Grover

“Honk! Honk!” said the motor car,
“I’m here, look out, I say!”
“Choo-choo!” replied the engine,
“I have the right of way!”

For Eleanor

I’ve planted in my garden
Rose, marigold, and daisy;
The weeds grow so much faster,
I’m sure my plants are lazy.

For Sally

O Mr. Jack-o’-lantern
Don’t glare so with your eye,
For if I had not cut you thus,
You’d now be pumpkin pie!

For Ruth

Bread and cakes are made of flour;
Flour is made of wheat;
Who would think such prickly stuff
Would make good things to eat?

For Ella

The motor car is faster,
But street cars are more kind;
They stop at every corner
And leave no one behind.

For Beatrice

Oh, tell me, little stars that twinkle,
At eight o’clock at night,
Does mother moon put you to bed,
And then turn off her light?

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

Parrots on My Drapery-Tree

O parrots on my drapery-tree,
You're bright and gay as you can be,
But strange to say you cannot talk—
I have not even heard you squawk.

O parrots on my drapery-tree,
Your wings look very strong to me,
Yet I have never seen you fly,
But how I'd like to see you try!

O parrots on my drapery-tree,
How I would love to set you free,
But that can never, never be,
O parrots on my drapery-tree.

Publication. *Kaleidoscope* (Neuner Corporation, 1926), original scan.

Provenance. Reset directly from the scan; original stanza divisions, structural indents, subtitles, and internal labels retained, with decorated folios and OCR debris removed.

LATER PERIODICAL POEMS

Four recovered poems, 1946–1950

Spring Performance

The wind
Sweeps up the poplar's vast height
In chords and octaves,
In light and air harmonies.

Invisible fingers
Depress and relinquish,
Relinquish and depress,
The keys of foliage.

Publication. *Variegation*, no. 1 (January 1946), p. 9.

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue scan.

At Sundown

Beneath its silken robe
Trimmed with fiery sequins,
Has the ocean a heart,
A heart that is pounding
At the beauty of sundown?

Publication. *Variegation*, no. 4 (Autumn 1946), p. 15.

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue scan.

Climbing Radiance

A cloud avalanche
Has engulfed the moon.

The wind
Despatches a rescue party
To free her,
The pale but intrepid,
For her progress of light.

Publication. *Variegation*, no. 8 (Autumn 1947), p. 13.

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue scan.

Beach Morning-Glory

The sand lies pale and ageless
Marking the centuries.
Frail lavender sand flowers
Open inverted parasols
For a day
And close them forever—
One day that is the archetype
Of eternal loveliness.

Publication. *Variegation*, no. 18 (Spring 1950), p. 15.

Provenance. Transcribed from the complete local issue scan.

AFTERWORD

Biography, recovery, and limits of the present archive

What the book preserves

The volume is unusually useful as a record of interwar Los Angeles seen at several scales: boulevard and library, public art and theater, the history of Indigenous dispossession, a woman's literary work, a child's bedroom, a post box, the sea. Its tonal variety is the point promised by the title.

Religion and civic identity

By the late 1920s Jacoby was publicly associated with Christian Science and published the prose piece 'God Elects.' The devotional background helps explain some of the volume's confidence in thought, perception, and moral testing, but it does not reduce the poems to doctrine.

Evidence and uncertainty

Sources disagree whether she was born in 1888 or 1889; the datasheet retains that conflict. Her role in a 1934 planting-trowel patent was as a one-third assignee, not inventor. These distinctions matter because the thin online record easily turns association into biography.

The son's archive as unfinished work

Grover Jr.'s journals preserved the only later poems presently located. His editorial correspondence and magazine files are therefore among the highest-priority places to search for Rosalie's manuscripts and letters. The relationship is documented; claims of direct aesthetic influence remain hypotheses until family papers or correspondence can establish them.

Colophon

Compiled from the complete 1926 scan, four complete *Variagation* issues, the paired journals edited by Grover I. Jacoby Jr., and saved family, periodical, school, copyright, patent, and local-history sources, August 2026. Designed to match the Julia Boynton Green volume exactly in trim, typography, palette, cream stock, margins, folios, contents, archival placement, and poem openings.