

**Arthur Orison
Dillon**
Selected Poems



Arthur Orison Dillon

July 7, 1873 [Lexington, Minnesota] –

January 24, 1958 [Ontario, California]

[TEMP: We was son of Peter Orison Dillon and Belle Anne (Cottingham) Dillon was born at eight o'clock A. M. Monday, July 7, 1873, in Lexington, LeSueur County, Minnesota. Attended the public schools. Student at State Normal Schools at St. Cloud and Mankato, Minnesota. Deputy United States Marshal in Washington, 1894. Taught school for several years. Graduated with the degree of L.L. B. at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana, 1906. Be@an the practice of law at Seattle, Washington, 1906. Removed to Upland, California, 1911. He held the office of City Judge of Chino from 1916 to 1920. Was acting editor of The Chino Champion in January and February, 1919. He was Secretary-Director of the Chino Chamber of Commerce for seven years. Contrtbuted verse to following newspapers: School Education, The Tribune, Minneapolis, Minnesota; The Times, Los Angeles, California; The Tribune, Los Angeles, California ; The Bulletin, Pomona, California; The Champion, Chino, California; the Report, Ontario, California, and He removed to Ontario, California in July, 1922 .]

The Master Nation and other poems. Pomona: The Progress-Bulletin Publication Co., 1928.

The River of Music, and other poems. Pomona: The Progress-Bulletin Publication Co., 1929.

Collected Poems. Los Angeles: The Foster Company, Inc., 1931.

Medley of Life Poems. Los Angeles: The Foster Company, Inc., 1935.

Strangers, and other poems. Ann Arbor: Edward Brothers Inc. , 1939.

Rosebuds and Song. Upland: n/a, 1947.

The American Race

Our fathers ' work so well begun
Shall onward lead us to the sun ,
If we fulfill the noble plan
Which makes a god of every man .
The signs along life's winding way
Will guide us right if we obey
The higher call of heart and brain ;
Dominion o'er the world we'll gain .

Dominion o'er the world we'll hold ,
While we are young , when we are old,
If we shall train to highest skill
Our heart and brain and hand , and will
To crush the low, weak traits of mind ,
To only give strength to our kind,
To only build with God -like might ,
To only live the life of right .

No reason why we should not be
The master race ; we all are free
To think and act and to perceive
The things we need and can achieve .
Let us become the iron race .
And take and hold the foremost place
Among mankind forevermore ,
And send the light the broad world o'er .

In Solitude

I wandered in a virgin wood, one day,
 Alone: the haunt of man I fain forsook:
 I traveled onward reading Nature's book,
Far from a beaten path or blazed way :
And here and there the flowers wild and gay
 Were dancing in the zephyr, keeping time
 To the music of the birds: the sun sublime
Spread glory on the flowers at play .
There in the forest I read His command,
 In Nature, to obey the law of right,
To live the thought like blossoms of the vale;
And then I felt my inner life expand
 Perchance like Paul's when he beheld the light,
Long years ago, from the lonely Syrian trail.

California

In years gone by, in many pleasant dreams,
 When roaming o'er the hills among the elms,
 I saw the loveliness of sunny realms,
And Nature's handiwork, the starry schemes,
The forest, mead and field, the poet's themes,
 The moonlight glow, the crimson sky of morn,
 The wondrous beauty that is ever born
In mount and plain and grove and lake and streams.
Yet never did I see earth's paradise
 Till I saw, through the Golden Gate, the bold
 And rugged mountains in the land of gold,
Her sunny clime and stretch of azure skies;
 Then I knew, at last, 'twas my happy fate
 To reach the blessed realm, the ideal state.

Pomona. California

Pomona's kissed by the gentle gale

Which, bird-like, wings along from the western sea

Surcharg'd with music of the lark and bee,

And bearing sweetness of the floral dale;

She is adorn'd with orange blossoms pale,

And deck'd with sunshine like a happy bride;

She dwells in beauty by the mountain's side,

The virgin city of a fruitful vale.

Amid the fields and groves by Nature blest,

Where golden mornings spread their rosy glow

O'er hill and park and home and streamlet's flow,

Pomona shines like a star in the west;

There church and college banish moral night;

There heart and brain are molded to the right.

The San Bernardino Girl

She came here from the foothill town,
Down from San Bernardino;
She was a new girl in this part,
Here in the vale of Chino.
I saw her at a rancher's house,
She was eating bread and butter ;
She gayly smiled and winked at me,
My heart was all a-flutter.

I gave her a knowing grin,
But not a word did utter,
While she was busy as a bear
Eating bread and butter.
When she was through she spoke to me;
Oh, my, how she did sputter I
My heart it nearly ceased to beat,
And no word could I utter.

At last I dared this question ask:
"Is your home in Berdoo ?"
She grew red, stuttered and she said:
N-no no, it ain't, d-darn you!
N-no such a p-place is on the map;
W-won't you f-folks here in Chino
Learn to p-pronounce the n-name right I
Sir, 'tis San B-Bernardino."

The Close Of Day

A cloudless evening closed the April day
In colors as lovely as a roundelay;
The setting sun, like some great ball of fire,
Shone, like a noble eye in animat'ed ire,
And redder grew than scarlet pennant furled,
As it fell o'er the dark edge of the world.

As glowing beauty flooded the Chino Vale,
Immersing orchards, ranches and the trail,
I leapt into my flivver car and rode
Out through the farms; I saw a horned toad
Run o'er the road, and a jack rabbit bound
Across the pasture swifter than a hound.
Out of the field came the song of a lark
In happy contrast with an Airedale's bark.

My auto rolled on passed green-leaved trees,
Where often in mid-day swarmed honey bees,
But at that hour the noisy linnets were there,
Quarreling and fighting and giving the dare .

And on and on I rode, pass'd field after field,
Where everything grows with a heavy yield,
A stretch of green, of beets, of grain and vine,
A drove of hogs, a herd of dairy kine,
A poultry yard where the industrious hens
Were scratching dirt for food inside their pens.
Good orchards, rich in bloom, and walnut groves
Confront'd my eye. The cooing of the doves,
Quaint notes, and children screaming at their play
Were like encores to a perfect day .

Off in the distance beyond the avenue,
Within the range of vision met my view
The great frame derricks on the shrubby hills
Where crews of men were using rotary drills,

And sinking holes down deep through earth's hard soil
In search of arteries of crude black oil.

Within the vale the proof of thrift was seen
In bungalows, orchards and the fields of green;
The spirit of good will seemed to pervade
The hearts of father, mother, youth and maid,
And neighbors met neighbors on the square,
And peace and harmony commingled there.

The don't care purpose which is all the rage,
Which wrecks the soul and home in this new age,
May be at work to unwoman and unman
Those who now live up to the moral plan;
But still among these tillers of the ground,
True homes and real living may be found,
Some of the virtues that made life sublime
In happy periods of a former time.

When night drew her veil o'er the sun's last ray
And hid the rosy face of April's day,
From out of shadowy dusk above my car
Low down in heaven came the evening star.

The Acacia Tree

The acacia stands in my front yard,
A graceful tree of lordly mien;
It stands there like a friend on guard
In uniform of velvet green .

My acacia tree is tall and fair.
And wears a crown of grayish flowers;
It lifts its arms to God in prayer
Like Druids in the woody bowers.

The acacia to me is dear,
For it was mother's favorite tree;
It brings to me a sigh and tear
For her my sweetest memory.

And when the stars in heaven gleam,
And o'er the world their splendor fling,
I sit beside my tree and dream,
And hear the whirl of an angel's wing.

The Loved And Lost

She loved the out of doors,
The gold of day,
The orchard, field and lawn,
The mountains gray.

She walked among the flowers,
The larkspurs blue,
Caressed the lilies and loved
The roses too.

Oft she sat on our porch
In her rocking chair,
And in her brown eyes shone
A heavenly prayer.

One day they carried her out,
Broken lika an um,
And bore her to God's acre
To never return.

I think in some new world
She surely waits
My homeward coming at
The sunset gates.

The Thunder Storm

One evening I stood beside the sea
Upon the green slope of a lofty mount
Whose head was diademed with crystal snow;
The icy gems adorn'd that noble peak,
As jewels deck a tall and queenly bride .
The silvery candles of the azure sky
Were hid behind the drifting clouds which frown'd
On heaven like bleak hills on a blooming vale.

The sable clouds pour'd out a lucid stream
Flooding the vale along that grand sea shore;
Red flames leapt from the bosom of the clouds,
Like kings from chariots making day of night.
Vast sea waves storm'd the tall," white cliffs and sang
With cannon-like voices, mingling their hoarse tunes -
With deep majestic tones made by the wind,
As it swept o'er the rocks and through the trees.
The thunder roared like a Niagara
Beneath the dome of the evening sky; the earth
And humid heavens trembl'd. My heart beat time
To Nature's music, music wild and mad
Which flow' d from ocean's organ, played by
The Master's hand. The splendor of that storm
Awoke my sense of Nature's majesty,
Making me love the weird and wild and grand.

The Will to Win

I live in a God ruled universe,
And am an atom of the whole;
I came to earth no better nor no worse
Than many children of the Soul.
These days, I'm not, a blinded heart adrift
Upon the ocean waves of time;
I float not like some cloud through azure rift,
Nor crawl on like some worm through slime.

If I have gone the straight and honest way,
I owe it to a spiritual view,
Which made my inner life bright as noon day,
Which points the path I should pursue.
I built the mind that seeks the living goal,
From choice I grew the deep desire
That breeds the thought which vitalizes the soul,
And makes my life a blazing fire.

No longer am I fill'd with evil dread,
The port of life now looms in sight;
The goal I hope to win is near ahead, :
Upon the shore I see the light.
My spiritual nature, active and awake,
Is pilot'd down life's rocky stream
By Him, and it will never sink nor break
As I materialize the dream.

The Adventure

I went to a big city not long ago,
I had some filthy lucre I want'd to blow;
I fell in with a real estate shark,
And went out with him for a little lark,
But I soon learn'd, and I heav'd a sigh,
I was his goat as he began to cry
About the good buys, in land, he had for sale ;
I got disgust'd and wished he was in jail.

He showed me houses and lots, kept blowing air
As though he thought I was some millionaire ;
And he kept right on peddling bunk and chin,
Until I felt like cussing but had to grin.
At last I had to tell this chirping guy
To beat it quickly that I would not buy.

And when I got back to a down town street
I met young Johnny Brown and had to treat.
He said, "Come with me to a cockeyed hall
Over on Fourth street in the dancing hall."
What could I say? he took me by the arm
And led me to the hall where lassies charm.
It was an awful scene that met my sight
In that big dancing hall on Friday night.
I thought all the cockeyes in town were there
With muts and flappers, gosh how they did stare.
They all insist' d that I must learn to dance ;
"We '11 teach you how, this is your one big chance."
I was introduced to a Jane and Jimmy
Who tried to teach me how to dance the shimmy;
I pranced around the hall till half past nine,
And learn'd that dancing was not in my line .

I went to my room and got into bed,
And soon was sleeping like one of the dead.
I dreamed I was dancing the bonny hug,

On wakening found I had caught a bed bug.
For two or three weeks when I clos'd my eyes,
I dream'd of cockeyes, realtors and good buys;
I had night mares and dream'd of Jane and Jimmy,
Thought I was dancing the bonny hug and shimmy.
Since then when I go on a lark to town
I shun the realtor and Johnny Brown.

All Kinds Of Verse

We have all kinds of poetry to suit
All kinds of taste and those who have no taste,
All kinds of stuff, hack verse , barbaric yawp,
Verse libre phrases , distilled rhymes and songs
Of melody . Art is a game ; the stage
Is set for few, but many run upon
The stage to gain the plaudits of the world
With divers words without a worth while thought .Bunk
The political speaker makes harangues,
Lifts high his voice, the table bangs;
He chins in shifty, shallow talks,
Never runs down, never balks.
And from the airy space ia flung
The word from some sarcastic tongue,

Bunk!

Bunk!

The priest reproves the worldly sinner,
Condemns him as a bad beginner;
He rambles on in zealous ire,
Preaching brimstone and hell fire.
A tear stands in the sinner's eye,
But still he whispers with a sigh,
Bunk!

The lawyer quibbles in the Court ;
Hot air and precedent is his forte;
He talks and gestures, struts and stares,
Distorts his face and rips and rans.
And from the cobwebs hanging there,
A voice yells through the heated air,
Bunk!

Your stomach aches, the doctor comes,
Looks at your tongue, your pulse he thumbs ;
He gravely says, "You've many ills,
You need my services and my pills."
A tom-cat's voice out by the gate
Proclaims this awful word of fate,
Bunk!

The merchant puts on a large sale,
Great bargains at his store prevail
So advertisements in the papers say
In startling headlines day by day.
The voice of some old guy is heard
Repeating again that dreadful word,
Bunk!

A rumor flies about the street,
'Tis whispered to all we meet;
The newspaper gets the idle tale,

And prints a story which makes one pale.
A dog goes lolling to his own,
And yelps a long and solemn moan,
Bunk!

And so we find in life's bright day
Deceit and sham along the way;
A waste of energy to be sure
That only efficiency can cure.
Quite likely down the years shall go
The word which nearly all men know,
Bunk!

