

Lyric Rainbow

Edited by Walter Evans Kidd

God in His World

The moon, the pretty, pretty moon,
Wears a darling, darling shoon
As she tripeeth 'cross the night—
The lovely night—in dreadful flight
From the awful, sinful earth
Where men make a jazzy mirth.
Oh, God, I kneel in prayer to Thee
And I could weep a salty sea
O' tears—o' scalding tears tragic—
Oh, I do wish I had a power magic
To fill men's hearts with kindly God
To make them more than wicked sod.
Oh, God, take mine trembling hand
And leadeth me unto Thine Land.

—MARTHA HENNLEY

Sunset

Between the breasts of hill
The flame-gold sunset
reached its fingers
toward me—
feeling across the purpled soft-
ness—
it called—
I stood—awed—inebriated by
its wondrousness—
I could not grasp its meaning
with my little mind
(made for little things)
Between the breasts of hill
it called—
and, hesitant, I saw it burn—
die—
(felt the cool night wind
draw its robe across my face
—around me)

'Neath my moon what doest
thou,
With a somewhat paler brow
Than she giveth to the ocean?
He, without a pulse or motion,
Muttering low before her
stands,

Lifting his invoking hands
Like a seer before a sprite,
To catch her oracles of light;
But thy soul out-trembles now
Many pulses on thy brow.
Where be all the laughers
clear,

Others laughed alone to hear!
Why they quaint jests, said for
fame!

Where they dances mixed with
game?

Where thy festive companies,
Mooed o'er with ladies' eyes
All more bright for thee, I
trow!

'Neath mine moon, what doest
thou?

Poems to You

I.
You are my dream
Of a Manchu princess;
Hair of jet,
Skin of pearl,
Cunningly painted mocking lips—
Eyes of a hundred dancing flames.
You sit in a garden
By the lacquer gates
And watch the peacocks strut lazily up and down
You throw cake to the gold and silver fish
Gliding about in the lapis pool.
Do you wait
For a lover,
Oh dream of mine?

II.
You are a shadow on a still pool,
Shadow of a silver birch,
Shadow quivering as the fishes pass,
The amber fish with lazy fins,
Shadow darkening as the twilight comes,
And still
The amber fish swim to and fro.

—MARY FITCH.

Resurgence
Down from the sombre heights
they come
The mighty blasts which sweep
all life before them,
And thru the crumbling wall of
old resistance
Creeps the red-blue flame of
death.
Strange yearnings come
Death—night—and the stars—
And with the keen curved scim-
iter of pain
I fight my way into the world
again.

Cherry Blossoms
A cherry tree in bloom
Overhangs the old millrace,
Its snow white blossoms misty,
Like a veil of rare old lace.
And all her filmy splendor
From the earth she must ob-
tain
And like a million mortals,
This gift has made her vain.

—ETHA JEANNE CLARK, '28

Failure
And if I fail today, what of tomorrow?
Will anyone but me remember long?
Why should I let my failure bring me sorrow
When no one even knew I had a song—
When no one ever dreamed I had within me
A coal of anything, a smouldering spark,
And so could never guess that I had fanned it
To stir its warmth and fire to light my dark?
So, if I fail today how can it matter
That I have striven long—no one will see.
There will remain no trace—no scar of failure—
But only my remembrance—haunting me.

—MERLE OLIVER.

Buttercup Dawn
The buttercups hold
The lyric of truth
In silence of gold
For first of their youth.
A calico girl
With eden-blue eyes,
Heard larks uncurl
Their souls in the skies.
An overall boy
With freckle-tan nose,
Felt crystal joy
Through dew on his toes.
They both now are gone—
In one pause of time
Life sang the dawn
To buttercup rhyme.

—WALTER EVANS KIDD.
(From "The Harp Magazine")

Communications

(Continued from page two)

laine could not sanction realism in art; nor could Wordsworth. Bar-
bey d'Aureville, Swinburne, and Os-
car Wilde all follow Baudelaire in
the attempt to produce sensual ap-
peal. Anyone familiar with J.-K.
Huysmans will remember his de-
scription of Gustave Moreau's work
in which Huysmans strives to rival
the painter in richness of colour.

As will be seen in the above, the
opinions on Poetry are so diverse
that there can be no one truth in
the matter. However, I feel just-
ified in asserting that although the
pattern or form in which Poetry
may be embodied differs, still all
Poetry must possess That Some-
thing which carries an aesthetic ap-
peal.—That Something may be
simply defined as Beauty.

That which the ordinary reader
realizes in some way in a human
personality. But what does he de-
mand of the poet? The explana-
tion of the age? No! He demands
Beauty. It matters little to him
if the work be useless from the
social point of view: the import-
ant question is, has the artist pro-
duced a beautiful work?

Yours truly,
FREDERICK SCHLICK.

POET AGREES WITH SCHLICK

To the Editor:

In view of the fact that a con-
troversy has arisen over the so-
called poetry of our little news-
paper, I feel it necessary that my
attitude and opinion toward the
matter be known along with those
already expressed, not only because
I am one of the attacked, but be-
cause I too enjoy a bit of excite-
ment occasionally and feel a thrill
of joy at contributing to the mele.

In the first place I agree with
Mr. Schlick in everything. I
truthfully believe that our poetry
isn't much good, and that like most
of the things on this campus has
loads of room for improvement. It
is purely the ravings of enthus-
iastic minds yearning to express
themselves, and it is fine and
splendid of our campus paper to al-
low us to air our little impressions

in its Thursday column.

After all, college is to encourage
and bring out all that which is
striving toward an attempt at cre-
ating, and the "poets" of the Uni-
versity don't pretend. I am sure,
to be geniuses. They are only
working toward perfection, and, I
agree with Mr. Schlick, they are
very far from it. In spite of all
our apparent braggadocio, we real-
ize that, but criticism, when of-
fered in the manner in which he
gave it, is not accepted willingly
by amateurs. We are only too
aware of our faults—they are too
near the surface, and consequently,
are a sore spot with us.

Our sarcastic replies were
prompted by the same note in the
letter of Mr. Schlick. I'm sure
that if he had attempted to criti-
cize us in tone less harsh, and with
a motive of helping to correct our
faults, we should have paid heed to
his letter and respected his criti-
cism.

I welcome any criticism, myself,
if it is given in a spirit of kind-
ness, for I realize that my work
is inferior in a great many respects,
and could largely benefit by the
right type of correction. If Mr.
Schlick, who has had so many ad-
vantages and so much experience
before coming to the University of
Oregon, could have offered his
knowledge to us in the right spirit,
we should have accepted it gladly.

I hope this controversy, which
has become childish personal, will
be forgotten, and that we neophytes

may enjoy, in a sane and unpreju-
diced way, the criticism and help
of those who are willing to offer
it.

PHILIPPA SHERMAN.

MATHEMATICIAN SPEAKS

To the Editor:
And I have heard several Ore-
gon editors and many alumni praise
the Lyric Rainbow column. I hope

Mr. Woodward will give more space
to poetry.

A MATHEMATICIAN.

Dr. Royal Gick

Specialist in First National
Bank
313 Willamette St., Eugene



Carol the Coed
Comments on
Eugene Shops

ANNE DEAR:
Never was so busy—the Stu-
dent Union drive is taking every
minute, hence the short letter.
It's going over big I feel sure.
Every pledge is registered on the
huge thermometer in front of the
drive headquarters—and the
mark is climbing fast.

Because every moment is so
precious these days I went down
to the Rose La Vogue Shop and
had my hair marcelled—and now
I don't have to think of it. It
gives one such a sure feeling to
know that one looks one's best.
Hurrying about on these crowd-
ed days one has not time to fuss
about misplaced locks. The Rose
La Vogue marcel is excellent
and stay in for a remarkably
long time.

What could be more suggestive
of spring than tulips? At Raup's
Floral Shop, we bought some
wax-like tulips in bright yellows
and contrasting shades. They
add a touch of color to an other-
wise drab room. They have dif-
ferent sized tulips, and in a great
variety of colors.

Clever slips are needed with
the bright flannel and tub silk
dresses which are so popular this
spring. At the Art and Needle-
craft Shop, which is on West
Ninth street, next to the First
National Bank, I got a charming
silk crepe, shadow-proof slip, to
match my coral dress. They also
have these slips in other colors,
as well as many styles. The ra-
dium slips are adorable also.

We had a delicious salad this
noon that was made with Heinz
beans, combined with celery and
cucumbers. They were bought at
Underwood and Elliott's Grocery,
where a Heinz 57 demonstrator
is preparing appetizing dishes to
show housewives how to use the
various products. The demon-
strator will be there on Saturday
also.

Hazel and several of the other
girls who have been allowing
their hair to grow all winter
went to the Co-ed Barber Shop
yesterday, and had their hair
bobbed again. With signs of
spring, the fever for bobbed hair
seems to grasp even those who
were apparently the most enthu-
siastic for long hair.

For the after-graduation bride
—a lovely chest of Community
silver with a fifty year guaran-
tee! I would almost be willing
to get married just to receive one
of these fine chests. Skete's
are showing the Bird of Paradise
pattern which is unusual in shape
and distinctive in design. One
may start with six each of the
necessary pieces and then build
it up as circumstances permit.

I must away—and after more
prospects for the Student Union.
I tell you, Anne, we're going to
get that community center yet—
just watch!

CAROL.

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