

OREGON EMERALD

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Wanted: One Nurse

WANTED: Ten infirmery beds by ailing students.
Wanted: One nurse by the University infirmery.
University health service has the ten beds, and if any one of 2500 students can raise an unemployed nurse, both want ads will immediately come down. Shortage of funds from decreased enrollment cut infirmery capacity of 26 beds to 14 in use this year. Infirmery and University officials last week raised necessary funds to operate 10 extra beds for protection of student health. The action was taken at a meeting of President Donald M. Erb, Business Manager J. O. Lindstrom, and Dr. Fred Miller. The step followed recognition of health problems for an infirmery jam-packed with winter term colds, flu, and other cases.

Just as money is of no value on a desert island, so are the extra funds temporarily counter-checked by the bottleneck of nurses. The one required nurse would work a split shift, 7 to 12 in the morning, and 4 to 7 in the afternoon. If such a person can be found despite war shortages, the 10 extra beds will go into immediate service.

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THE additions would remain in use "as long as conditions so justify" according to action taken by the administration. University officials recognize the need to take every possible step to protect student health, and that it is short-sighted policy to do otherwise.

The infirmery has not been faced by an excessive illness this year. It is no "epidemic threat" that forces the action. It is rather the usual run of winter term sickness which demands care lest a flu case should turn to pneumonia. Operating at half capacity (with 14 beds) the infirmery has been unable to accommodate many students who ordinarily deserve health service care. The 10 extra beds might still prove too few under some "rush" conditions. But at least it will mean that all possible steps are being taken to provide capacity quarters for illness.

Two extra student dishwashers have been lined up to handle the extra plates for 10 more patients. When the infirmery finds its nurse, students will find the 10 extra beds awaiting their call.

Business Man's Art

WHEN President Roosevelt of the U.S.A. paused long enough on his homeward flight from Africa last week to meet President Vargas of Brazil the reasons were plain. But when the president of International Business Machines corporation circulates an exhibit of Latin American art, the reasons aren't so clear.

It is a notable happenstance when art receives a boost from a man who sells typewriters, calculators, bookkeeping machines and like implements of the work-a-day world, but that notable happenstance may be witnessed now in the University of Oregon Little Art Gallery. There, until February 2, is displayed an exhibit of 75 Latin-American prints from eighteen South and Central American countries, seventy-five wood cuts, engravings, linoleum cuts, and copper plate prints from the hands of the most famous and gifted artists of the southern countries.

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TIME Magazine of December 8, 1941 gives a few details about Mr. Watson that add meaning to the exhibit. He possesses a large private collection of art works, which emphasizes American artists. In 1941 President Roosevelt named him National Director of Art Week. A number one salesman, himself, he organized a nation-wide business men's committee to "talk art up" throughout the country. They talked sales executives into advertising displaying and buying United States Art, says Time. And now, this typewriter salesman is showing the U. S. the art of its neighbors.

The term "Good Neighbor Policy" has given way to that of "Hemisphere Solidarity," and inter-American understanding is more important now than ever. The art of a people records their lives, customs, and ideals, and to understand people one must know their art.

President Roosevelt and Thomas J. Watson can only apply rubber cement to the neighborly, cooperative spirit, of the two hemispheres. The people must do the understanding. It is the business of each Oregon student to visit this exhibit.

—J. W.

Free for All . . .

To the Editor of the Emerald:

Your editorial inferences appearing last Saturday should be objected to by every self-respecting college student. The grossness of the fallacious comparison you offer is an insult to the intelligence of your readers, even though it is no great deviation from past policy. You remark that the student now struggling with 17 hours is actually picnicking in comparison to a future army school load of 46 hours of study plus 2 hours of drill. This entirely disregards the fact that a minimum of two outside study hours is required for every hour spent in class in this university. This adds up to 51 hours per

week for your contemporaneous college student taking "17 hours."

As for the technical study programs putting "any Phi Beta to shame," may I remark that there are Phi Betas in this institution who omit pipe courses and take undergraduate loads of up to 22 hours!

The existing inferiority complex that the Emerald editorial writers seem to demonstrate concerning the sincerity and academic perseverance of Oregon students adds nothing but criticism to the already unhealthy opinions of outsiders regarding the present actions of college students.

May I suggest that the editorial staff refrain from printing such superficial essays, reject its

editorial policy of mild sensationalism, and discontinue minimizing the work being done by the students here. Sincerely,
Frank King
Sigma hall

Mr. Frank King has a cumulative GPA of 3.8.

Mr. Frank King made 3.64 fall term.

Mr. Frank King has placed himself with the majority of Oregon men who through their scholastic endeavors have placed themselves above editorial criticism from the Emerald.

Mr. Frank King should read the editorial column more carefully.—Ed.

Ad Lib

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

Last week was a milestone in jazzdom.

Almost since the time that the threads of hot music began to form a tangible pattern and improvisation began to assume form, Edward Kennedy Ellington has been leading a band, and, while other figures have come to overshadow him, they have like shadows passed. As Time says, the real king of jazz is a duke. Last week marked Ellington's twentieth year as a band leader, an occasion celebrated officially (AFM proclaimed National Ellington Week) and popularly (the Beat had just rated the Duke's band the nation's favorite.)

The band itself celebrated with a sell-out concert in sacrosanct Carnegie hall.

Public Fancy

Much of the Duke's magnificence arises from his having no need to kowtow to the fickleness of public fancy: his forte is creation rather than conformance. Everyone knows that what he played in the twenties influenced others in the thirties, and what he played in the thirties we hear others beginning to play now. This fact of itself is nearly valueless, for any top-notch arranger could whip out a number that is over the layman's head, but the significance here is that the Ellington progressiveness is spontaneous with the men. They are experienced musicians who are revolted by triteness. If their work suffers now and again from over-ambitiousness, it is at least not shallow.

To the Duke himself much credit must go for drawing his men out. Unlike Goodman, who is a fierce taskmaster, Ellington is warmly sympathetic, an inspiring, heartening leader—exactly the type of man for his band. In fact, it is inconceivable to imagine one apart from the other. Reflecting this is the staggeringly slow rate of turnover in the Duke's personnel.

Symbolic of Music

Though volumes virtually write themselves about him, the Duke is, after all, a symbol of music and it is his music, not what is written about him or it, that will quicken pulses in the long tomorrows. So I suggest if you haven't done so for a while, spin a few of his records. Your Ellington craze will be revived, as lots of ours is about three times a year,

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I Cover the Campus

By FRED BECKWITH

Out of the potpourri of pressdom, out of a week-end of mad activity, out of a thousand mouths, out of telephones and written messages—these are the items of chatter and patter that roll before your correspondent as he assembles your morning breakfast of coffee and gossip:

In 30 seconds (special stopwatch time) SAE men Roy Stommel and Bill Peterson hung their pins on Chi Omegas Beverly Cameron and Bette Hoge . . . Back together again for several nights were Betty (my - arm's - out - of - the - sling) MacTavish and Theta Chi Joe Wicks who blew into town for the M.B. . . . And this is the story of why Ted Bush is drinking two chocolate ice cream sodas daily instead of the usual one . . . His date for saturday naht, one Miss Pat Ward of A-Chi-oh! fame, buzzed him via the phone to the effect that their social engagement was off, as her dear friend Bud Smith, Chi Psi kid, was leaving these fair parts for the University of California, and "Ted, deah boy, I've got to see him before he goes. Would you mind so terribly much?" . . . Bush gulped, popped two gum drops in his mouth and then said, "No—Pat—that is—" "Thank you, Ted. I'll see you around." Came the dawn, and early Sunday morning, and Bush phoned back—and Smith had dood it. Miss Ward had become engaged . . . Rawley, the aspirin, and another chocsody for T. Bush . . .

More Romance

CHAPTER 14 on the Herb (I play tenor sax and wear zoot suits) Widmer-Jean (I'm a cute Pi Phi) Barringer romance . . . After takin' Herb's pin (really wasn't his, one of the Theta Chi brothers) Jean backed out of the deal. Herb's own pin arrived from national headquarters, but a letter from Mrs. Barringer beat him to the punch, and mama said no! . . . Speaking of mysteries, wonder why Dunk Nesbitt, a steady-goin' fool for a year, hasn't planted his brass on that certain woman? . . .

. . . And still another communique on the Villaire-Davis deal; Another A-Dee-Pi freshman has followed Jean's example and is cool to a brother Theta Chi . . . Look out men, here comes Davis with a tommy-gun! . . . Add to the growing list of engagements: Bob Dow to Pi Phi Jean Bohnenkamp . . . Ray Dickson's brilliant new literary masterpiece is called "The Playwright and the Kid Johnny" . . . One of the cutest couples seen at the Military

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By BERNIECE DAVIDSON

Art for Art's Sake

Three romantic Stanford men with their guitars and mandolines went serenading one night. Their first selection was enthusiastically received, but the cops being notified of a disturbance confiscated two of the troubadours. The third member, after two hours of "sliding in muddy ditches, climbing through barbed wire, and brandishing his guitar at irritated watch-dogs" sneaked into his room a fugitive from injustice and from those who, he thinks, are using the war as an excuse to destroy arts and artists.

—The Stanford Daily

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Term's Work

A student at Texas Christian university has filled a 12-foot roll of wallpaper, 18 inches wide, with the solution of an advanced calculus problem. Depending on the worker's knowledge of underlying principles, it takes from six weeks to three months to solve the problem.

—The Skiff

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Dimes for Diplomas

Each person in a campus living organization at Stanford is asked to contribute 10 cents toward the Dimes for Diplomas campaign. This money will be used after the war to pay the tuition of senior men who left Stanford to enter the service.

—The Stanford Daily

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Women Volunteer

Women at the University of California are being mobilized for war activity through volunteer registration. The organization plans to work in the following fields: clerical, Red Cross, farm work, canning, entertainment for service men, and surgical dressing preparation.

—Daily Californian.