

Dr. Barnett Sets Talk Thursday

Dr. H. G. Barnett, anthropology instructor, will speak to the University audience on "Our Local Race Problem—the American Indian," as the third lecture of the winter faculty lecture series, in Friendly hall faculty room, Thursday evening, February 11, at 7:30.

Dr. Barnett has been instructor in anthropology since 1939, when he first came to the University. He has also filled the position of assistant curator at the anthropology museum since '39. He commented that while he enjoys his work as curator, it is always subordinated to his work as instructor.

Dr. Barnett obtained his B.A. in Stanford in 1937 and his Ph.D. in 1938, in California, where he was also acting research assistant. He joined the faculty of New Mexico university in '39, and then came to Oregon, where he has been ever since.

During his years of teaching, he has varied public speaking experience before community clubs as well as classes. He has also appeared on two programs of the "Higher Education Speaks" over KOAC, speaking for the anthropological department.

Dr. Barnett has visited various Oregon and Washington Indian reservations pursuing his studies on American Indians, on which he has published numerous papers.

I Cover The Campus

(Continued from page two)
 . . . Patty Van Hoosear riding a bicycle around in the rain . . . Delt King Martin trying to curb the playful efforts of that black hound Baron, as the big fellow was trying to run wild in the library . . . Ziggy Elman almost falling off the train as the Tommy Dorsey special hit Eugene . . . Slidin' around on McArthur's waxed floor to the torrid tempos of George Carey's orchestras . . .

Questioning Jack

A question to Johnny Mathews: Who played the James-like trumpet in the "Trumpet Rhapsody" sequence in Republic's "Ice-capades"? . . . One more pin-hanging to add to the growing list: Chi Psi Dave Gowans' gift of a pin to Dee-Gee Betty Sturgeon . . . Helen Crawford, who makes every boy feel that he's the most important lad in her life . . . The pleasing hospitality of the DUs at their Hotel Osborn formal . . .

Leone LaDuke, who knows more about what's going on on this campus than a dozen columnists . . . RAIN . . . And the Slush Queen contest . . . Morgan, of "Here's Morgan" fame, now in the air corps . . . I'll remember . . . Odios, Jack . . .

Ad Lib

(Continued from page two)
 gan to tire, he'd make with a lovely bit of trumpet.

That was the band that cut eight sides after a 75-mile trip and no dinner, and then went on to kill the customers at a club job for another three hours. That was the band they wouldn't let off the stand down in southern Oregon: an old character with a three-days' beard went around the audience with a hat and collected three bones per man for every fifty minutes of overtime. And there wasn't a man in the sextet who wouldn't have given his salary each night just for the privilege of playing with the rest of the boys. No wonder Hal longs for the old days now and then.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Presents

RUTH MERRITT in RECITAL

Oh Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me?.....	G. F. Handel
(From the opera "Semele")	(1659-1725)
Rose, How Enchanting Art Thou.....	Louis Spohr
(From the opera "Zemire and Azor")	(1784-1859)
O del mio dolce ardor.....	Christofor Gluck
(O thou beloved)	(1714-1787)
Se Florindo e fedele.....	Alessandro Scarlatti
(Should Florindo be faithful)	(1659-1725)
Recitative—	
"And God said, Let the earth bring forth"	
Aria—	
"With Verdure Clad"	Joseph Haydn
(From the oratorio "The Creation")	
INTERMISSION	
Orpheus with His Lute.....	Arthur Sullivan
Nocturne.....	Michael Head
(From the song cycle "Over the Rim of the Moon")	
Lullaby.....	Cyril Scott
The Kerry Dance.....	James Malloy
The Last Hour.....	A. Walter Kramer
I Am Thy Harp.....	R. Huntington Woodman
A Spirit Flower.....	Campbell-Tipton
The Year's at the Spring.....	Mrs. H. H. Beach
8:15 P. M.	FEBRUARY 9, 1943

The Playwright and the Kid Johnny

(Continued from page six)
 of horn and arms as the note was born gloating fat.

"A bit of Bix there," said Kid Johnny.

McDonald shook his head, not understanding of formulating the Kid's words into sense. "Yes, Johnny, it's incredible . . . the emotion of the blues . . . simply incredible!" At least he sounded like a playwright.

Near a side door on the way out the hollow rattle of dice bit their eardrums like a rattlesnake warning. McDonald and the Kid gulped in the cool clean air outside. It was minutes later, however, that McDonald's ear stopped ringing with the slow shuffle-shuffle of many feet on the same rhythm . . . That lonely trumpet's whisper seemed to follow them down town.

"Was it worth it, Jack. Did you get youh ten skins worth?" "Yeah, Johnny, yeah," McDonald mumbled absently.

"Now you're talkin' like a cat.

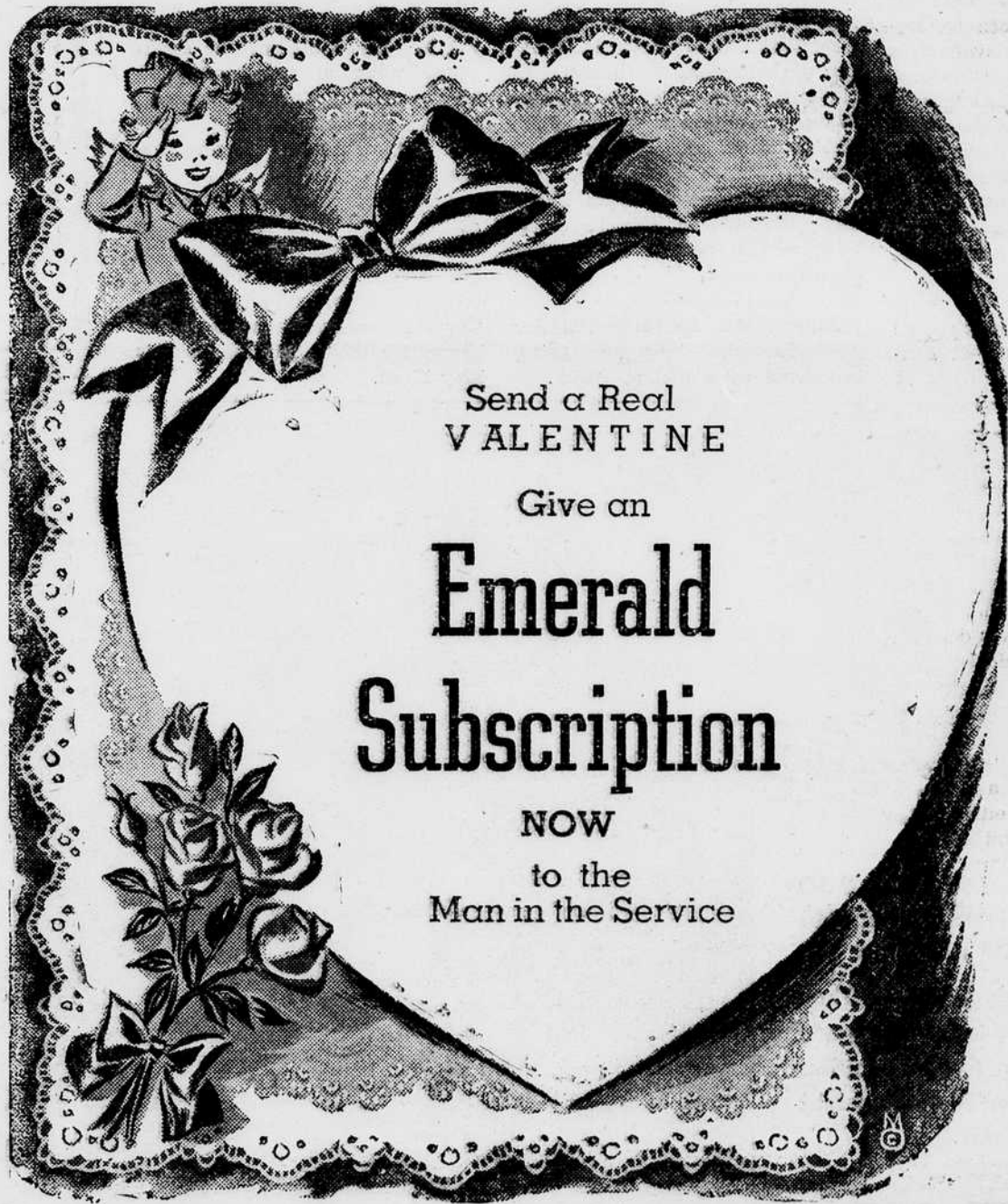
Solid MAN! Well, so long, fella. You'll see me around, Jack."

McDonald stared a Kid Johnny thinking a playwright's respectful thoughts.

Yes, Kid Johnny, I'll see you around. You musicians with your music from the soul. It might be the riugh pine boards of a Calolina dance shack or the Astor's mirror-smooth surface. But you'll be there, Kid Johnny, you'll be there.)

"Goodbye, Johnny."

Johnny disappeared into a poolroom down the block. Worth it? To McDonald the scene was priceless, an incredible performance, and somehow it pierced his heart with an infinite sorrow, a nameless pit and regret. Something precious had gone out of them when they played their music and he knew it. At last he understood the story behind the blues. Night was made for music. One night—and Lindsay Quinn McDonald III, playwright, had known them forever.



ONLY \$1.50 for Remainder of Year!

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD