

OREGON *Daily* EMERALD

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It Isn't Glamor . . .

It isn't glamor that attracts a coed into becoming one of the white-stocking-clad nurses' aids. White stocking do not bespeak glamor. Neither do 80 hours per term of work—35 of them class hours, and 45 of supervised hospital work, which requires at least 12 hours per week of a busy co-ed's time.

Work? Yes. Christmas day found nurses aids on duty at Sacred Heart Hospital. Menial tasks are their lot, combined with the satisfaction of doing and the knowledge that an experienced nurse or doctor is being released for more vital cases, i.e., the wounded. It takes time, not a life and death struggle, to care for the small needs of a patient. Yet out of nearly 40 girls who graduated last term, only one dropped out of the two-hour course.

A compensation however, is the steady note of responsibility—of being entrusted with a small part of the knowing and protecting of the sick.

Opportunities for advancement are few. The top girls in each class may be given a chance for further service with the army, as in the Alaskan push, when a few nurses aids and doctors were flown in to help with the casualties.

No, it isn't glamor, being a nurse's aid. It's something we like better, because they have that "intestinal fortitude" with a capital "G" which gives quiet strength and reality to the unreality of war.

B.A.S.

'Land of the Free' . . .

Sorry, Dark Girl, there is no home for you in our house. There is room for you, yes, and all of us want you—all except a few. There are a few of us who say we are not yet ready for you, a few who do not know when we will be ready, but the time is not now. And because we like and respect these few, we cannot give you even room in our house. We are forced to a decision, and we take the easier way, the way in which our own interests go.

We all want you, Dark Girl, but even among us there are those who ask in which room you shall be placed. For you to live in our house would be nice, but there are those among us who could not have you in our room. There is nothing personal about this, it is only the Idea of it. What the Idea is is not clear, but it is there. Call it an Invisible Barrier if you will, but that is not it quite. We don't know what it is, and you can have no knowing of it, because by us it is held. It is an idea that holds us more firmly than the superstitions held your ancestors. For we, the descendants of those who began the idea, are still bound by it, while you join us in curiously looking at your ancestral superstitions.

Lincoln and blood and politics freed you, Dark Girl, but we who held you in chains are still entangled in them. You have not completely broken free, but it is we who are held the closer. Because the chains which held you were legal chains, made and broken by laws. But there is no law which can be made to free us. We must break these chains ourselves, and though we can be stronger than the chains, we choose not to. We choose instead the weaker way, hoping there are those among us who will break them, freeing the strong and the weak. But we are not among the strong, Dark Girl, so you must wander and we must wait.

* * * *

And you and your race are not alone, Dark Girl. There are others of you, who must wander strong and free, looking at us in our cobweb chains, wondering when we will emancipate ourselves from our self-slavery.

The tears of the earth are not for you and not for them, Dark One, They are for us, the Chosen Ones, who have decreed that we are to summon and that you are to kneel. And we who have meekly taken upon ourselves the burden of the earth, to use it and its people, both you and us, to make into something we can hold and call our own. The tears and the scorn of the earth are for us, because we have believed we can set ourselves apart and higher from something that is of the earth, as we are.

No, we cannot give you a home in our house, Dark Girl, because in our house we are only slaves. Wander, Dark Girl, and we will wait—how long?

M. Y.

Clips and Comments

By MARGUERITE WITTEW

An honor system is being voted on by the students of the University of Colorado. The proposed system requires that a man or woman shall act honorably in all relations and phases of student life. Lying, cheating, stealing, breaking one's word or honor under any circumstances are considered infringements of the honor system. Drinking, sexual immorality, failure to pay honest debts, offering worthless checks, and the transfer of athletic season tickets are some of the numerous examples of breaches of the system. Students will sign the pledge at registration and any offenders will be given trial before a student court. Penalties or disciplinary sentences will be recorded in the student's permanent record.

Japanese-Americans may now enroll in the University of Minnesota or be employed at the institution, according to a recent announcement by the vice-president of academic administration. The regulation made public by the seventh service command of the army and navy say that the Nisei may enroll if they obtain clearance from the office of the provost marshal general of the United States.

It is expected that the number of students of Japanese ancestry on the campus will remain small for some time but those who do enroll will be there with the full approval of the military authorities.

The Corn Is Green

By WILL LINDLEY

For a restful vacation, try our idea.

After rooming on the Theta sleeping porch for the holidays, we were finally forced to leave. Gets too noisy when they all come back. Besides, there are classes.

Ah yes, classes.

Just for fun we asked a young graduate assistant up at the Igloo whether he preferred to open closed class sections to blue-eyed women or brown-eyed women. . . .

"Now there's a question," he said, elapsing into a pensive mood.

About the only woman we didn't see there was Eleanor. Of course we expect she will drop in before the week is over.

And so as the golden sun dips into the horizon, and our boat back at the beautiful tropical island of Tahooey. And as the warm winds blow through the palm trees, and the natives strum their trombones, we see them standing on the beach saying "Goblotsch grafka rumbogie," which freely translated means: "Come back you shysters, and pay your income tax."

And now for today's chapter. But first a brief message from our sponsor:

"Friends, how would you like, absolutely free, a genuine oil-painted map of the world, as surveyed by the University of Oregon geography department? See the places in the news today. Duffy's Tavern, Joe's Place, Lana Turner's dressing room, and other spots of historic and educational interest. Simply send your radio set to the station to which you are listening, to prove you heard the program, and the map will be sent to you postage free."

And now we follow our heroine, Milesialia Botts, up the steps. What stark drama lies ahead when her sorority sisters discover that the eighth graders kept her out without late per? Let's go in-

Up From UO

By PEGGY OVERLAND

They make a team that has brought the University of Oregon, as their alma mater, into the national limelight more than once; they are, at present, two of her ablest representatives in the medical field—Oregon's Hocketts.

When Asahel J. Hockett, B.A. '26, M.D. '29, son of state legislator Clyde T. Hockett, M.D. '04, was appointed chairman of the American hospital association's committee on national defense in the summer of 1941, he said to a group of newspapermen: "Nowhere, in all my work throughout the nation, have I had reason not to be proud that I am a graduate of the University of Oregon medical school." He further commended the standards of the "school on the hill" and added that if all medical schools had standards equally high the profession would be greatly benefited.

The careers of father and son have been remarkably brilliant, neither outshining the other's work in his particular field, and neither basking in the reflected glory of the other. Asahel is "a chip off the old block", and he has in many ways followed in the footsteps of his father, but the senior Hockett is mainly concerned with politics and the junior with the medical field.

Representative Hockett, who received his M.D. from Willamette medical school shortly before it was incorporated with the Oregon medical school, and who is now considered a graduate of the latter, has an impressive list of service titles after his name. Some of them might read as follows: manager and principal owner of the Enterprise hospital, school director since 1930, past president of the Enterprise chamber of commerce, for many years county physician for Wallowa county, past president of the Eastern Oregon medical society, as well as a veteran lawmaker. He has acted as representative from Wallowa county since 1935. In addition, he has served in the Spanish-American war, in the Philippine insurrection, and in the medical corps of the United States army during the World War, when he held the rank of captain.

Both father and son were selected for government service in 1941—Hockett senior as a state lawmaker, and his son as chairman of one of the most important committees in the national defense program. This committee has the task of preparing a complete and uniform plan for expansion of hospitals in the event of an air raid or gas attack. Members study the facilities of all civilian hospitals and then present a plan to be followed in an emergency. A copy of the plan is then filed with the authorities in Washington.

Asahel Hockett has had a hard task set for him in following the example of his father. But he has fulfilled all expectations. He is now medical director of Touro, in New Orleans, one of the largest hospitals in the South, and also has offices established in Chicago, where he carries on his defense work.

Coming Events Foreshadowed By Campus Placard Maker

By BARBARA SCHMEER

At 1211 Alder street is the white-fronted office and studio in which are conceived the never-ending collection of posters and placards which herald coming campus events. It is owned and operated by Kay Loomis. Mr. Loomis, dark and mustachioed, who draws the advertising for these cards, is the originator of the "silk screen process" by which these cards are made.

The need of posters is usually announced to him by a streak which flashes in his office door and gasps that such and such an event is coming up and "May we please have the posters tomorrow morning, Mr. Loomis?" Mr. Loomis shakes his head sadly and says that he is sorry but that is impossible. Chairmen of publicity committees take notice—here's the reason why.

The customer usually has some idea of what he wants. A rough sketch is made and shown to the customer. If he likes it, the actual drawing is made. Then the drawing is exposed to sensitized film, which, when developed, is transferred to a silk screen. A screen is made for each color, and the colors are run on the posters from light to dark, one at a time. This process takes about four days, from customer's appearance to poster.

Under Mr. Loomis, the silk process has reached a high stage of perfection. His posters have been shipped as far east as Minnesota, although three-fourths of his business is on the Pacific coast.

Mr. Loomis has made everything from Red Cross armbands to a three-quarter inch reproduction of a club pin used by a boy's summer camp for a stationery letterhead. One of his most unusual posters was for a birth announcement for some theater people. The poster announced the

side and listen . . . oops, the house mother . . .

" . . . Hello . . . we were just going in and . . . no . . . 10:30, yes? . . . yes . . . all right, good night."

Tune in tomorrow at this same time for another thrilling chapter in "Night Life Can Be Beautiful," starring Eleanor in the role of the mean old housemother. Goodnight, kiddies.

presentation of a new production "Our Girl Friend." Name and date were below, showing where the production could be seen. The poster, done in pink and blue pastels, was about three by four feet.

The Oregon duck is one of his favorite drawings, because as he says, "you can never tell what they'll have him doing." Walt Disney has given the school clearance of the duck if not used commercially for advertising.

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