

No Cause for Mourning

The Honor Code at the University of Oregon is dead! Dead, that is, if it ever lived.

Last Thursday, the ASUO senate overwhelmingly voted to abandon the three year drive to establish an Honor Code on campus. The drive was discontinued, because the committee found little or no student interest in an honor system at Oregon.

The Honor Code would have meant the elimination of proctoring and supervision in classroom examinations. Students were to be entrusted with the prevention of aberrations and apprehension of violators, who were to be prosecuted before an enlarged student court.

In the spring of 1952, the issue was brought before the student body for a vote after a six month study by a senate committee. A slim majority of 52.6 per cent of the 2027 students voting approved the system. But the vote was declared inconclusive, and the Honor Code was sent back to committee for further study.

Since 1952, the Honor Code has been one of the senate's prize hot potatoes, passed from committee to committee and from senator to senator. The only tangible evidence of the study being given the system was a rather noxious and maudlin pamphlet, published last fall by a second senate committee, entitled "The Oregon Way." The pamphlet sought, rather unsuccessfully, to present the Honor Code as a part of the University tradition, which it certainly was not.

The Honor Code, as far as we can determine, was never a part of anything at the University, unless it was a part of the senate's self-righteous manner of proving to others that it was really doing something creditable. An Honor Code just never existed in the minds of most students on campus.

The decision to abandon the Honor Code—taken by the senate last week upon the recommendation of a third senate committee, headed by Junior class Vice-president Gordon Rice—was all too slow in coming, in our opinion. The Honor Code has been hanging over our heads like an ethereal angel for three years. Saying anything against it was like denouncing motherhood.

And then came the decision of the senate to kill the Honor Code. Instead of raising a chorus of shocked protests over this sacrilege, the death blow brought only sighs of relief. Now that the Honor Code is dead, no one is left to mourn it.

Most individuals are admitting to themselves and others that there really never was too much sense in the system, because the plan was too impractical. We agree with those people who said the Honor Code would never have worked at Oregon.

Oh, we don't mean that Oregon students can't be trusted or that this campus is too hardened and cynical to accept such a challenge as implied in the Honor Code. On the contrary, we think that the University is too sensible, if anything, to ever take the Honor Code seriously.

There is something basically insincere and artificial about an Honor Code, we feel. Why make such a display of our trustworthiness? Why proclaim to the whole world that we are honest? Such a display, such a proclamation could well have the reverse effect of highlighting our other defects, making us appear insincere instead.

Yes, the Honor Code is dead, and we won't be among those—if there be any—who will approach the wailing wall to bemoan its untimely demise. It probably never would have worked here anyway, and Oregon students were willing to admit it.

Sandwich Slabs Part of Initiation

In case you were wondering what some University students were doing carrying sandwich advertising boards over homecoming, it was part of their initiation into Alpha Delta Sigma, national professional advertising fraternity.

Future ADS members include Dick Coleman, Trenton Hulls, Jack Dugan, Harry Lester, Bill Curnow, Phil Dixon, Dick Koe, Paul Hales, Veral Peterson, Don Brown and Charles Hunt. Coleman and Lester were awarded five dollar prizes for the best signs in art and originality.

Oregon's W. F. G. Thacher chapter of ADS was last year's winner of the double-A award in advertising, awarded by the Advertising Association of the West.

Formal initiation will take place later in the month, according to ADS president John Cary.

Oregana Gives Away 1954 Senior Pictures

Pictures of graduating seniors from last year's Oregana will be given away at the Co-op Tuesday through Thursday.

The free glossy prints will be distributed to those wanting them in connection with the picture sale which has been going on the past week.

Oregon Daily EMERALD

The Oregon Daily Emerald is published five days a week during the school year except examination and vacation periods, by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 a term.

Opinions expressed on the editorial pages are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Unsigned editorials are written by the editor; initialed editorials by the associate editors.

JOE GARDNER, Editor JEAN SANDINE, Business Manager
DICK LEWIS, JACKIE WARDELL, Associate Editors

PAUL KEEFE, Managing Editor DONNA RUNBERG, Advertising Manager
JERRY HARRELL, News Editor GORDON RICE, Sports Editor

Chief Desk Editor: Sally Ryan Office Manager: Bill Mainwaring
Chief Makeup Editor: Sam Vahey Nat'l. Adv. Mgr.: Mary Salazar
Feature Editor: Dorothy Iler Circulation Mgr.: Rick Hayden
Asst. Managing Editor: Anne Ritchey Asst. Office Mgr.: Marge Harmon
Asst. News Editors: Mary Alice Allen, Layout Manager: Dick Koe
Anne Hill, Bob Robinson Classified Adv.: Helen R. Johnson
Chief Night Editor: Valerie Hersh Morgue Editor: Kathleen Morrison
Asst. Sports Editor: Buzz Nelson Woman's Page Co-editors: Sally Jo Greig,
Marcia Mauney

Today's Staff
Make-up Editor: Sam Vahey. News Desk: Anne Hill, Mary Alice Allen.
Copy Desk: Dotty Griffith. Night Staff: Janet Kneeland.

Paid Advertisement

On Campus with Max Shulman
(Author of "Barefoot Boy With Check," etc.)

THE INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT OF NED FUTTY

Chloe McColgate was a beautiful coed who majored in psych and worked in the I.Q. testing department of the university. She did not work there because she needed money; she worked there because she loved and admired intelligence above all things. "I love and admire intelligence above all things," is the way she succinctly put it.

Ned Futty, on the other hand, was a man who could take intelligence or leave it alone. What he loved and admired above all things was girls. "What I love and admire above all things is girls," is the way he put it.

One day Ned saw Chloe walking by on the campus. "Holy Toledo!" he exclaimed. "How sweetly flows that liquefaction of her clothes!"

The following day he saw her walking past again. "Great balls of fire!" he exclaimed. "Next, when I cast mine eyes and see that brave vibration each way free, O, how that glittering taketh me!"

When he saw her again the next day, he could no longer contain himself. He ran up and blocked her way. "Excuse me," he said, tugging his forelock, "I am Ned Futty and I love you beyond the saying of it. Will you be mine?"

She looked at his quarter-inch haircut, his black rimmed glasses, his two-day beard, his gamy T-shirt, his tattered jeans, his decomposing tennis shoes. "You are not unattractive," she admitted, "but for me beauty is not enough. Intelligence is what I require in a man."

"I'm smart as a whip" said Ned with a modest blush. "Back home everybody always said, 'You got to get up pretty early in the morning to get ahead of old Ned Futty.'"

"Maybe so," said Chloe, "but if you don't mind, I'd like to make sure. Will you come into the I.Q. testing department with me?"

"With you I would go into a malted milk machine," cried Ned Futty and laughed and smote his thigh and bit Chloe's nape in an excess of passion and high spirits. Scampering goatlike, he followed her into the I.Q. testing department.

"First I will test your vocabulary," said Chloe.

"Shoot!" said Ned gaily and licked her palm.

"What does juxtaposition mean?"

"Beats me," he confessed cheerily.

"How about ineffable?"

"Never heard of it," smiled Ned, plunging his face into her clavicle.

"Furtive?"

"With fur on?" said Ned doubtfully.

Chloe sighed. "How are you on arithmetic?" she asked.

"A genius," he assured her.

"What's the difference between a numerator and a denominator?"

"My feeling exactly!" said Ned with an approving nod. "What's the difference?"

"If a man earns fifty dollars a month," said Chloe, "and saves 12% of his earnings, how long would it take him to save \$100?"

"Forever," said Ned. "Who can save anything on \$50 a month?"

"How do you find a square root?"

"How should I know?" replied Ned, giggling. "I'm no square."

"How are you on English?" asked Chloe.

"I speak it fluently," said Ned with quiet pride.

"What is the present tense of wrought?"

"Wreet," replied Ned, clutching Chloe to him and dancing 32 bars of the Maxixe.

"Next I will test you for manual dexterity," said Chloe. She handed him a board punched full of oddly shaped holes and a collection of oddly shaped pegs. "Fit the pegs in the holes," she instructed him.

"Let's neck instead," suggested Ned.

"Maybe later," said Chloe. "First the pegs."

He fumbled about for a longish interval. Finally he tired of it and reached for Chloe.

But she fended him off. "Ned Futty," she said, "you are dumb. You have the highest dumbness score of anybody I have ever tested. Consequently I cannot be your girl, for I love and admire intelligence above all things."

He hurled himself on the floor and clasped her about the knees.

"But I love you!" he cried in anguish. "Do not send me from you, or you will make my world a sunless place—full of dim and fearful shapes!"

"I am sorry," she answered, "but you are too dumb."

"Reconsider, madam," he begged, "else a miasm looms before me."

"Go," she said coldly.

Spent and speechless, he struggled to his feet. With leaden steps he made his painful way to the door. There he stopped and lit a cigarette. Then he opened the door and started away to his gray and grisly future.

"Stay!" called Chloe.

He turned.

"Was that," she asked, "a Philip Morris you just lit?"

"Yes," he said.

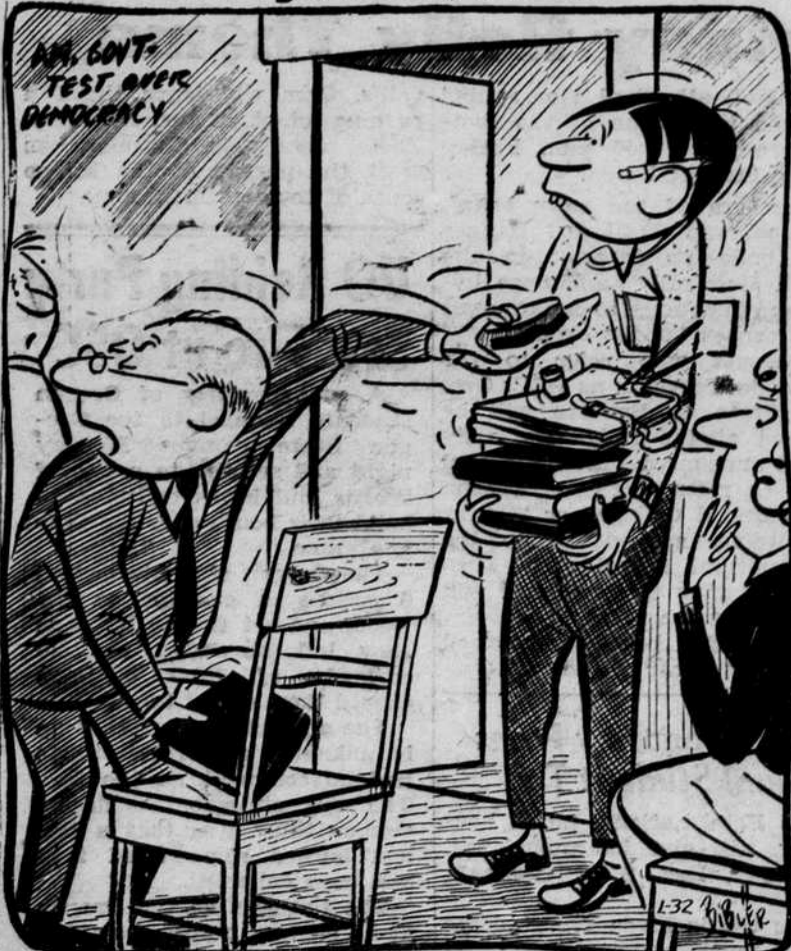
"Then come to me and be my love!" cried Chloe joyously. "For you are not dumb! You are smart! Anybody is smart to smoke Philip Morris with its fine vintage tobaccos, its cool relaxing mildness, its superior taste, its snap-open pack. Ned, lover, give me a cigarette and marry me!"

And they smoked happily ever after.

©Max Shulman, 1954

This column is brought to you by the makers of PHILIP MORRIS who think you would enjoy their cigarette.

No Arguments, Please



"Anyone else like to disagree on what the test should have covered?"

of all the pleasures



brings... only you

can give this gift!

YOUR PORTRAIT



Please Phone 4-3432 For an Early Appointment

THE FEHLY STUDIO

1214 Kincaid

On the Campus