

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS + A DAY AT THE ZOO

Congratulations, Bud...

... We're glad you won. And we're sure you'll do a good job, that's why we backed your candidacy.

It's going to be a big job, probably the biggest on the campus; bigger yet because of the sad state of disrepair into which student government has fallen.

As this is written, only the first returns are in—but it's safe to say that the vote was around 2000, or not quite half of the students on campus. And this poor showing was made despite good weather.

Part of your job—though we hope you'll devote less time to it than to the issues at hand—is to find out what makes it that way, and perhaps to remedy the situation so that it doesn't reoccur.

A major reason we voted for you was because you have the drive to carry out the things that were written in your platform. There will be times when you'll probably seem to be beating your head against a stone wall. We hope you won't quit, because if you keep at it, we think you can win, just as you did last night.

You had a good opponent—we had a heck of a time trying to make a choice. And he'll be a good vice-president. The 380 votes by which you won make up a good margin, but it's close enough so you know you had a battle.

This leads to another reason why we voted for you—at the coffee hour in the SU and again when you spoke to the Emerald editorial board, we got the subjective feeling that you would be more representative of a greater number of students—we hope you won't let us down.

Incorporate some of the UIS platform principles—they had some excellent ones.

But more of that later. Anyway, congratulations.

A Moment's Pause

Let us pause for a moment's silence. The Oregon Honor-Code is, for all practical purposes, dead.

The honor code and vestiges of it have been with us for about five years. It came before the students in the 1953 general election—and it won, but by a margin of roughly 51 per cent to 49 per cent, a margin not sufficient to justify adopting the code.

The last real attempt to give the University of Oregon an honor code came in the Fall of 1953 in the form of a little pamphlet called "The Oregon Way," trying to impress the students, especially the new ones, with the idea that an honor code

was a significant part of "The Oregon Way."

The Honor Code would have been quite a thing. It would have replaced what the booklet called a "police-state" system with what we think would have been a "thought police" system. That is, rather than have gruff, mean professors overseeing the testing of the slaves, we would all watch our neighbors, waiting to see one of them cheating.

When you saw someone cheating, you tapped a pencil to warn him. If he persisted in his nefarious practice, you called the incident to the attention of another person. Pretty soon the whole room would have apparently been tapping.

Presumably also, a person with the mentality of a cheater would have still been cheating. He might have been the good-guy type, however, and joined the tapping.

From this you proceeded in one of two ways. You could tell the violator that he was to report to the Honor Council within 24 hours, then report him if he had not done so; or you could report him yourself, in writing.

Something akin to the student traffic court, only having jurisdiction over honor code violators; would then try the person and pass on his guilt or innocence.

Not only did the court accompany the honor code, there were also the test files, about the last hangover of the honor code hassle.

These have been a problem because nobody wanted them. When the honor code committee was finally disbanded last fall, the senate had the test files on its hands.

A committee went to work to see if anybody would take charge of the orphan test files—nobody would.

The new senate will be asked to approve the abandonment of the test files. We hope they will approve the idea.

The files are the last hangover of something that wouldn't have worked. The honor code sounded nice, but under the surface, it didn't really mean much.

We're glad to see it gone, but we're pausing to commemorate it for a moment.

That pause to consider the thing will, we hope, prevent another attempt to bring the honor code to Oregon.

Footnotes

Guess we'll have to go back to complaining about the coffee and the service at the SU now that they've fixed our favorite door.

* * *

Today is a day to relish—it's May 5, 1955 or 5/5/55, a day that won't come along for another century.

Spring Is Still Spring; The Sleeper Sleepeth

By Bob Funk
Emerald Columnist

Spring is all things to all things. To birds, it is a time to go scrounging around on the ground trying to find worms to pull out by their hind ends, and then wondering if this is really the hind end or the other end, or if worms have two hind ends. For worms, it is a time to tunnel around in the ground aerating things; and on weekends, aid in the seduction of fish whose mammas never told them.

For people, spring is more complicated. For the philosopher it is time to think about My Problem; the Horrible Superficiality of it All; and When You



Really Think About It. For some persons, spring is a sort of big vitamin pill, and it does to them everything that a vitamin could do everything. The manufacturer says in the Saturday Evening Post. And for other people, of course, other things happen. Fun things and otherwise. The scene is

A RIVERBANK, in the far West Time: 3:30 p.m., Tuesday, May 3, 1955.

A group of people are sitting around getting somewhat damp on the bottom. As we approach we see that they are THE PURPLE-AND-SOMBER SHADES PHILOSOPHER; THE GIRL WITH THE OVERACTIVE THYROID; THE CONSTANT BLABBERER; and a fourth person who is asleep and never identified.

"I doubt if I'll even make Kwama," the Constant Blabberer is saying as we come up. "I was in lots of things, but half of them, you know, they never even took pictures for Oregon, and some of those old prune-faces they got in there wouldn't vote for me anyway, YOU know—"

"There are the thinkers and the non-thinkers," the philosopher interrupted, looking out over the river. "Sometimes I wonder how I can stand it, with all this insincerity. The farther you go from San Francisco, the more insincere everything becomes, seemingly. Kant said—"

"And then I said, kid, if you don't make it, I'll just about cry, all the activities you been in; and you know, she should really get in if they're really fair, only I've heard lots of things."

Meanwhile, the Overactive Thyroid girl was bouncing up and down like a basketball that couldn't get over the dribble habit after basketball season. "Let's all swim across the river, gang," she kept saying in a cheerleader voice. "It's not really cold. The first person back gets to be first up the tree in the tree-climbing race." She kicked the asleep person, but he or she only mumbled and turned over.

"Everything runs on, just like the river," the Philosopher said. "I don't know when I've been in such a terrible mood. It's that class; that professor; when I come out of there I am absolutely depressed. Any thinking person would be. Talk about intellectual honesty, there is no intellectual honesty north of San Francisco. Why, there are three Republicans on the faculty, and I hear they're hiring a fourth next year."

"Maybe for bridge," the Constant Blabberer said comfortingly.

The thyroid lady emerged dripping from the river and shook a fine spray all over everyone. "It's really great, gang," she said. "The water's really warm after you get used to it." They looked over at the water and smiled weakly. The thyroid lady was already racing herself up a tree, yelling athletic things all the way up.

"You can never tell," the blabberer said. "I might even get a date for the Junior things—the prom, I guess. There's this really cute boy, he sat next to me in comp the first term only I had to take that term over so that separated us, see, and so he started going out with this girl that's a room-mate of Beverly's, and I was always seeing him down stairs in Carson—"

"Gossip," he said. The philosopher said, that is. "I was just thinking, gossip and wine are alike in that they are both occasionally distilled from sour grapes, and improve with age. That's very true, don't you think?"

"Er, sure—but I was always seeing him downstairs, see, and once I— it was really funny—I walked up to him and said, you really come around here a lot, you must like the soft chairs or something, and you should have seen him blush. WELL, this was all while he was going out with Beverley, she flunked out last term and got married or maybe she's working in Portland, it was Ann that got married—"

Which dissertation upon the boyfriend of the late Beverley was rudely interrupted by Miss Thyroid, who came up and slapped the philosopher a good thump on the back. "You guys just gonna sit around all day and waste all this good sunlight? You ought to see the view from the top of that tree I was just up! Can see clear to Weyerhaeuser!"

This electrifying information fell upon more or less deaf ears. The philosopher was hoping that the tide would come in so that they would have to go home, or at least move; but then he remembered they weren't at the beach.

"I could use a hamburger," the blabberer said. The thyroid one mumbled something about working up an appetite; she was doing push-ups. The philosopher turned up his watch two hours, and they went home.

Probably the asleep person went home with them. I forgot to ask.

INTERPRETING THE NEWS

The Quemoy and Matsu Problem; Should the US Negotiate or Not?

BY J. M. ROBERTS
AP News Analyst

Nationalist China's reiteration that she will not evacuate Quemoy and Matsu and that she will "never" confer with the Chinese Reds is an important roadblock in the way of any American negotiations with Peiping.

To the casual observer it may appear that Taipei is merely producing big words, subject to change if the United States chooses to apply the screws. To a limited extent—limited by the reluctance of the United States to use coercion—that might be true.

The practical effect of the Nationalist stand, however, is on the attitude of the Reds themselves. There has been some thought the Reds, in the midst of a sweetness and light campaign to convince Asia that it

need not fear aggression from them, might make a cease-fire deal. This thinking has revolved around giving them enough to save face for them—perhaps giving them the small islands and promising to hold a conference on political settlements after the shooting was stopped, as was done in connection with the Korean truce.

The world Communist movement for its own purposes, is going all out for conferences these days. The promise of the islands might be less important to them than the promise of a political conference.

But if Chiang persists in refusing to meet the Reds, and the Reds persist in refusing to meet Chiang, a good part of the reason for U. S.-Peiping talks will have evaporated before arrangements for them can be made.

There is, of course, doubt that the Reds intend to follow up Chou En-Lai's Bandung suggestion for a conference. He may have been hoping only that the United States, eager for peace and anxious not to give the appearance of leaving any stone unturned, would appear as a supplicant. That would enhance the show of strength put on by tweaking a great power's nose in the matter of the imprisoned fliers.

If the United States wants to go ahead with negotiations with the Reds in the face of these uncertainties, the decision will have to be made whether the prospective results will warrant criticism of the Nationalists as the Rhee government was coerced in South Korea. That type of operation is always difficult for the United States to undertake.



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