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Education or Obvion?

(Continued from Page One)

supported colleges and universities according to the level of salaries paid to full professors. The results of the tabulation are shown below:

1. Michigan, State University	\$5,117
2. Virginia, State University	5,100
3. Indiana, State University	4,375
4. Illinois, State University	4,350
5. Nevada, State University	4,330
6. Minnesota, State University	4,250
7. Missouri, State University	4,248
8. California, State University	4,160
9. Ohio, State University	4,092
10. Louisiana, State University	4,000
11. Rhode Island, State College	4,000
12. Michigan, College of Mining and Technology	3,870
13. Florida, State University	3,807
14. Oklahoma, State University	3,807
15. Michigan, State College of Agriculture and Applied Science	3,765
16. Colorado, State University	3,725
17. Washington, State University	3,713
18. Virginia, Virginia Polytechnic Institute	3,713
19. Pennsylvania, State College	3,700
20. Colorado, School of Mines	3,650
21. Connecticut, State College	3,600
22. New Hampshire, State University	3,600
23. North Carolina, State College	3,600
24. Ohio, Miami University	3,600
25. Tennessee, State University	3,591
26. District of Columbia, Gallaudet College	3,500
27. Massachusetts, State College	3,480
28. Alaska, Agricultural College	3,375
29. Iowa, State University	3,370
30. Texas, State University	3,325
31. Georgia, School of Technology	3,300
32. Alabama, State University	3,240
33. Nebraska, State University	3,200
34. Montana, State University	3,200
35. Idaho, State University	3,170
36. Colorado, Agricultural College	3,160
37. Delaware, State University	3,145
38. Kansas, State University	3,100
39. Montana, School of Mines	3,100
40. OREGON, University and State College	3,060
41. Maryland, State University	3,010
42. Georgia, State University	3,000
43. Montana, State College	3,000
44. Tennessee, Polytechnic Institute	3,000
45. Utah, State Agricultural College	3,000
46. New Mexico, State University	2,880
47. Kansas, State College of Agriculture and Applied Science	2,800
48. Wyoming, State University	2,800
49. Mississippi, State University	2,800
50. South Dakota, School of Mines	2,680
51. Oklahoma, Agricultural and Mechanical College	2,600
52. South Carolina, State University	2,588
53. Arkansas, Agricultural and Mechanical College	2,500
54. South Dakota, State College for Agriculture and Mechanical Arts	2,400
55. South Carolina, Clemson Agricultural College	2,250
56. North Dakota, State University	1,920

Full professors were chosen for comparison as they are representative of the teaching faculty. Other most common salaries for Oregon are as follows:

Deans	\$3,725
Associate Professors	2,370
Assistant Professors	2,100
Instructors	1,660

It will be noted that when an average is struck between salary of full professor at the Oregon State College and the University of Oregon State College and the University of \$3,060, the Oregon institutions are fourth in

rank so far as salary scale is concerned. This puts Oregon institutions in the lower one-third.

Moreover, the salary level for full professors is slightly lower at the University of Oregon than at Oregon State college. The most common full professor's salary at Eugene is \$3,000. There are only eleven out of the fifty-six state supported institutions with a salary scale lower than the University of Oregon. There is not a single first rate university with a salary scale that falls anywhere near as low as that of the University of Oregon. Competition for outstanding men on the University faculty opens up the possibility of losing the best men. If Oregon is to maintain an institution with prestige and capacity to serve the state, Oregon must watch the salary inducements offered by competing institutions in the same class and within the same area.

One Man's Opinion

By Stivers Vernon

WE have discovered with something of a shock, that spring is here. We can't be wrong. The itch in our pedal extremities is positively unmitigable.

In common with the rest of humanity, the coming of spring gives us a mighty urge to go somewhere. It doesn't make any difference where—anywhere—just to be going. From now on it is going to be most difficult to sit in classes and stare out the window. We will remember that the sap is rising in the trees. (Maybe the sap is arising in us as well.) We will recall other spring seasons when the McKenzie ran at flood as the winter snows in the high country melted down.

Then we will remember that we are living in Oregon where the springtime offers more beauties than anywhere else in the world and we will be darned glad we are alive and that we live in such a country.

Springtime comes again to a troubled world. We have been telling ourselves for five years now that "by spring, things will be a lot better." And when spring comes "things" are just as bad as ever. The only difference is that people can't be as cold and miserable during the warmer seasons. Nor as hungry, because many foods are cheaper. What we can't realize is that spring or no spring, the only thing that can improve conditions is a fuller realization of the responsibilities of being alive—of the responsibilities of every man toward his fellow man. Until we come to this realization there will always be depressions and wars and suffering.

"Aha," says someone. "You've been to church again." Don't be silly. The churches are as far from this ideal as anyone. And anyhow, what difference does it make if the idea is sponsored by churches or by the Inter-Fraternity Council? The principle is the same and we'll all have to come to it.

Yes, it's a troubled world. We have plenty of troubles of our own right here in the HOME OF THE BRAVE. We can't be bothered with the rest of the world. But we must!

Across the seas the other members of the family of nations are having their troubles too. Spring or no spring—it's all the same. Italy and little Abyssinia are still growing at each other across the wastes of Somoliland. They will probably keep on growling at each other. Germany likes it because it takes Italy's attention away from troubled Austria upon which she has designs. France doesn't care much. The fracas removes the strong hand of Mussolini to other fields. England "just sets" and says nothing but she's thinking plenty. She's no fool, is old England.

Japan and Russia are comparatively safe as long as the swamps of Siberia are open. Look for trouble there when the big freeze is on and armies can operate over the frozen terrain.

Down in South America Bolivia and Peru are still at it. They don't care what time it is—they still fight over that chunk of desolation known as the Gran Chaco. They remind us of two fighting cocks we once saw in a joint in Mexicali. Everybody waits till they are about exhausted and then goads them on with fresh shipments of supplies and munitions.

It's a troubled world all right. Just as long as newsies fight over columns on a street corner, just that long will the powers squabble between themselves in the world at large.

But after all, it's spring up the McKenzie. The government and the powers will just have to struggle along without us for a little while.

The Passing Show

THE RECRUITING EVIL IN CALIFORNIA

THE Association of American Colleges has joined the movement against the recruiting evil in collegiate athletics. Four college presidents are reported as having decided that a fullback is, after all, a student entitled to nothing more from his university than the flat chested youth majoring in Romance languages.

One of those forming the committee on recruiting which prepared the report, was the president of Knox College, "Dear Old Siwash," which does not recruit, and which has not won a football game in years. Being a martyr to the cause, Knox is well qualified to discuss the situation.

The recruiting evil grew to unprecedented proportions in 1934, says the report, agreeing with the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which recently laid down a Code of Fair Competition in an effort to check the practice.

Down in Los Angeles, the sports editor of the Times anticipates a recruiting scramble on the Pacific coast this year that will end in a major scandal. He declares: "We're going to have the maddest scramble in the history of the state this summer. Last year things were pretty quiet. . . so quiet that California grabbed practically all the good boys."

"This summer the big scramble will be between the Trojans and those noble Redskins from around Palo Alto. There were some pretty nasty things said about the Trojan proselytizers this past season. . . fat on ten successful seasons, they were accused of lying down on their jobs and letting the other schools grab all the athletes.

The Day's Parade

By Parks Hitchcock

A Soviet Suggestion

ONE of the most acute and important statements made in all the recent hallabaloo on the subject of disarmament is that of the Russian delegate to the new international disarmament conference, M. Ventzoff.

Private Supervision?

He claims that the mere presence of national representatives at disarmament conferences is insufficient; private armors should be represented and controlled. "We must know what is going on behind closed doors," he declares. "If war is to be dealt a mortal blow, the world must know everything about war industries—capital investments, new equipment, increase in workmen and maximum possible output."

Two-faced Policy

The Soviet representative further contends that nations which sign disarmament treaties and pacts similar to those of Locarno and Washington limit the official arming of governmental forces while they smile upon the preparation for war by private enterprises.

An Important Point

M. Ventzoff's distinction is a just enough one, and one which is properly advanced by his own country; Russia's business interests are so closely identified with the government that whatever military preparations are going on in that country would undoubtedly be those of the Soviet, and would constantly be represented by available figures. The capitalistic nations, however, allow of a dual path for militarization. Thus while the army and its direct adjuncts would be held under control, ostensibly giving a promise of peace, the munitions interests under the control of private capital would be laying up immense and unascertainable supplies.

An End to Hypocrisy!

It is indeed time that the nation's of the world should come out 'n the open. A frank denial of any intention to disarm would at least be more desirable than the constant dissembling and evasive acquiescence that characterizes practical every current disarmament conferences.

Our own senate investigations, although they have only scratched the surface, are eminently desirable and should receive the closest attention from that part of the public that is sincerely interested in putting a stop to war.

The Curious Cub

"Nice People in a Nice Way."

SCOTT T. GEORGE—Almost blonde, blue-eyed, was working hard on a journalism assignment when the Curious One came upon him. He is, he stated shyly, a journalism major and he was no more annoyed by the fact than was Young Bruin who has tried diligently to find someone who isn't!

Scott was born in Portland, February 29, 1916 (this is not a misprint; it seems every four years there is an extra day in February to compensate for a fluctuation of something or other astronomical).

Scott likes to read and enjoys very much biographies of ex-kings and queens. In addition, he said that, while it probably is frowned upon in the best circles, he DOES like almost any popular novel (a fact which makes him a really human person).

He has played baseball, won a letter at Jefferson high in Portland and enjoys ice-hockey. From this combination of sports abilities, it would seem Scott must be a brawny, aggressive individual, but on the contrary, he is quiet, self-contained, assured and very, likeable.

It's exceptional to find someone who doesn't manufacture a hobby for Young Bruin, but Scott said: "I don't know that I've got any (Please turn to page 3.)"

Answers

- (1) Amelia Earhart.
- (2) In Dayton, Ohio, in 1919, by Leslie Irvin.
- (3) In 1912 at San Diego.
- (4) Mrs. Phoebe F. Omie, 1927.
- (5) Atlantic City, 1931, by Wm. G. Swan.
- (6) Amelia Earhart.
- (7) Pangborn and Herndon, Japan to Wenatchee, 1931.
- (8) Coronado, Cal., 1923.
- (9) Capt. Bert Berry at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., 1912.
- (10) 1908.

Rhapsody In Ink

By the Octopus

(Sees nothing—knows all.)

Nothing ever happens around this dive, so what's the use of popping off . . . we've had our big ears to the ground and our gigantic snozzle underfoot for many a weary week now, and still no blood comes out of yon Oregon turpins . . . OWELL, here goes a blast or so anyway . . . take it or leave it . . . anybody who wastes any time reading this line of hot, unadulterated boloney should be tossed to the crows, pronto . . .

HERE AND THERE AND NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR

Who was the likely out-of-town wench, seen the other eve with Grant (I'm the cheese) Thuemmel, dragging the gigantic corsage around her ankles? . . . While they were imbibing of various & sundry refreshments at a local rendezvous, who should sail in but Thuemmel's real flame of the moment . . . yet while the gaping populace gasped with awe, their gaze never met, thanks to the fickle finger of fate, so all is still tranquil on the Eugene front . . . Overheard at the S.A.E. house, "WHAT, no hominy?" . . . SCOOP OF THE WEEK! Among those seen pearl-diving out on the Mill-race in the vicinity of the THREE TREES early Sat. morn was young barber-to-be Harlan Thompson, former S. J. C. flash (in the pan) . . . Thompson feeling frisky after tossing several root-beers (?) down the hatch, took up a bet of one stone with Paul (Gottalottarocks) Reichman, and plunged into yon briny deep with all his gladdrags still draped around his carcass . . . Ah! what these cute college boys won't do for an honest dollar . . . "No, that's not the new libe; that's the Am Delt barn" . . . Hank I am the King of Siam . . .

Robert, hung his Theta Chi metal on Pi Phi Carolyn (Idaho wonder-girl) Hand a day or so ago . . . now the wolf has got it back again, yet Hand & Hank still go hand in hand around the campus (Please turn to page three)

Ambitions Bruce Tenorizes Today

By George Bikman
Emerald Radio Editor

Bruce Martin, tenor, who has hitched his wagon to a star and seems to be becoming one, will hit more high notes on the Emerald Broadcast today at 4:45. Bob Thornton, pride of Sigma and the courts, both legal and tennis, will demonstrate his versatility by appearing not only in the role of accompaniment but also as composer. The pair will present two of Bob's latest songs.

Bernice Claire, musical comedy soprano, joins "Lavendar and Old Lace" to co-star with Frank Munn, tenor, at 5:00 today on CBS. At 6:30 Grace Hayes makes her third guest appearance with Isham Jones' orchestra. And an hour later "Captain Dobbie's Ship of Joy," long popular here on the coast, inaugurates a Tuesday - Thursday weekly series, coast to coast.

Five nationalities are to be represented in Grace Moore's program tonight over NBC at 6:00. Maestro Ben Bernie, who will soon have a chance to razz Winchell in person on one of his programs, will tonight have as guest star Adolphe Menjou. The well dressed dapper gandy will talk on clothes and what they can do for the man. It's at 9:00.

Musical Comedy Hit 'Good News' Billed

This is good news . . . Good News, that swellelegant romantic musical comedy of college life will be revived tonight on the NBC broadcast beginning at 7:00 p. m., with a fine cast headed by John Barclay, and Peg La Centra . . . "Good News" is just chuck full of snappy tunes still making the rounds after nearly ten years, including "The Best Things in Life Are Free," "Ye good olde Varsity Drag," "When You're Not Looking at Me," and "Just Imagine," (still our idea of the best dance tune ever put out) . . . Music composed by Ray Henderson, with lyrics by Schwab and DesSylva . . . Lena thine ears, it's a good deal . . . HEAR & THERE

. . . Orville Knapp's lovely theme song "Three Snads of Blue," was composed by Ferde Grofe, formerly with Paul Whiteman, and one of America's foremost composers, arranged by . . . (Please turn to page three)

Go It Huey! Go It Jim!



Again I See In Fancy

By Frederic S. Dunn

The First Triumvirate

On the Faculty

Save for the weekly sessions (or oftener) when they met to pass on excuses for absences, or to suspend some unlucky culprit, or to authorize "Sec'y Facy" to write an admonitory epistle to some fond parent, the members of the original faculty were not very enterprisingly inclined. Their individual inclinations were like radii from a common focus eccentric, not concentric. There were no pals in that first group.

It was quite noticeable, therefore, when the coming of Prof. Benj. J. Hawthorne in 1884 to the Campus introduced the first evidence of any real fellowship among members of the Faculty. Johnson and Hawthorne immediately became chummy.

The Causes are not at all mysterious, but readily recognizable.

These two found themselves companions through paths of similar tastes, both being members of the Democratic party, both highest officials in the same fraternal organization, both having a trend toward association with their fellow men instead of professional isolation, neither of them too greatly inclined to scholastic productivity, neither of them conspicuously religious. In all these respects, they found themselves distinctly differentiated from the rest of the faculty.

Doctor Hawthorne, as he long afterwards came to be, though we always cheerfully called him "Buck" or "B. J.," or even "Blue Jay," first lived in the east end of town, conveniently near the University, on Ferry

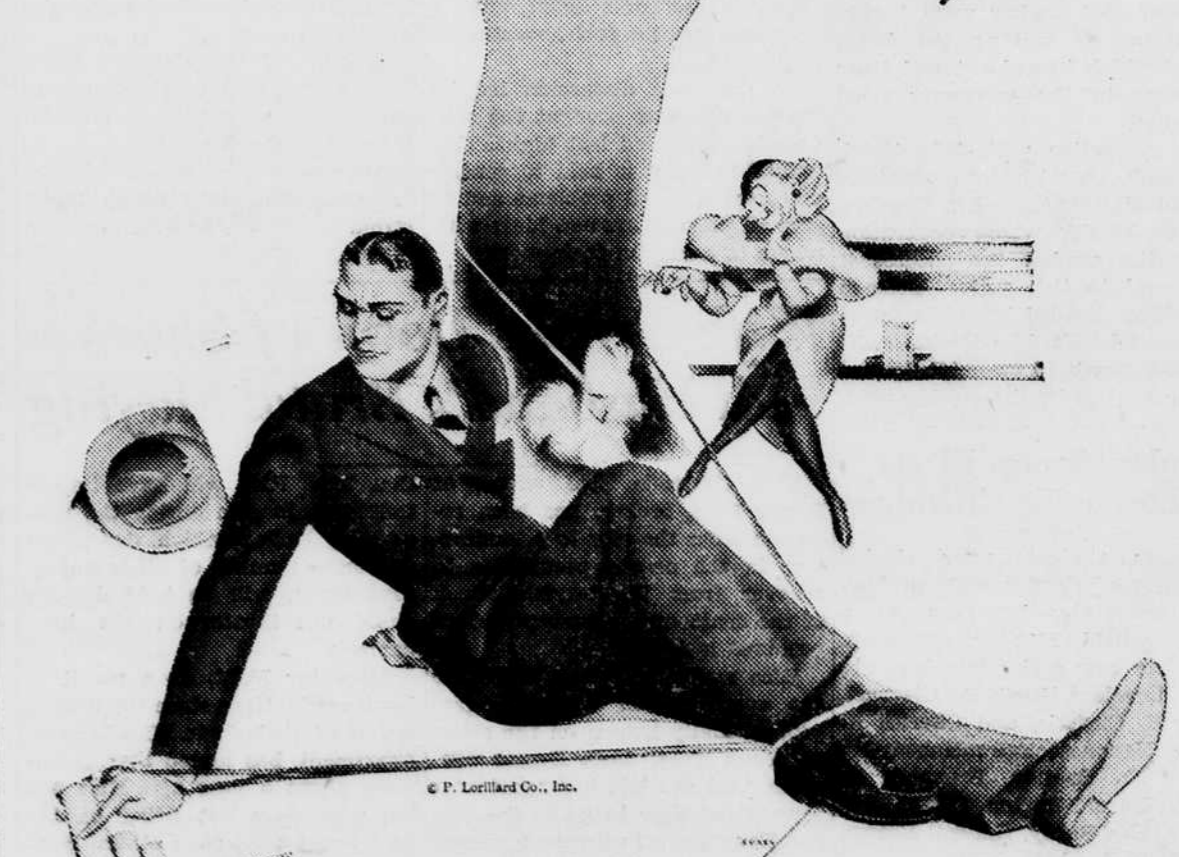
Street between 12th and 13th. But the President early induced him to purchase property near his own in the far west end of Eugene, on the corner of 4th and Lawrence. The Johnson home, conspicuous for its multitude of the old style "up and down" shutters, is still standing, though much in need of attention, but the Hawthorne house has been dismantled since the heirs have moved away. The lot is a lonesome vacancy.

The two would lak those two miles to the University every morning, J. W. with a lunch pail B. J. with a little basket on his arm and muffler slung about his neck. Someone on watch at one of the Deady windows would sing out, "Here come J. W. and Buck," and we would be models of studiousness on their arrival.

Faculty acquisition of E. B. McElroy, ex-State Superintendent of public instruction, tripped a third to form a compact triumvirate. As (Please turn to page three)

Plopped by a Playful Pooch?

... light an Old Gold



When the Girl Friend insists that you romp with Rollo before you have your tête-à-tête with her . . . don't let the Bow Wow bash your spirits. Brighten up by lightin' up an Old Gold. Its sunny-smoothness makes even dog-walking endurable. Durn clever . . . these O. Gs!

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A Smooth OLD GOLD