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Justifiable Raise . . .

University of Oregon professors have long complained about their low salaries. Many of them have been loyal enough to stay on the job, but others have given in to the temptations of higher pay at other schools and in government and business positions.

Those who left, however, cannot be blamed, for certainly he has no time for "walnut-picking," which an Emerald headline writer implied had been done by some of the Emerald. The professor's life may seem easy on the surface, but behind those few hours of lectures are years of training, and hours of immediate preparation. Few of them have substantial help in correcting papers.

Despite additions to the staff, the increased enrollment has added to the teaching load, both in number of classes and number of students.

This increased enrollment, however, is the key to the situation. "Over-realization" of tuition may amount to \$500,000 in the coming year, and the state board of higher education is in favor of giving priority to salary increases. Some of these extra funds probably would go for additional faculty members.

A faculty committee which appeared before the board asked for an increase of 20 percent in salaries. President Newburn proposed raising the median salary from \$3970 to \$4500, which is less than 20 percent.

In all probability as substantial an increase as funds will allow will be approved at the monthly meeting of the state board in Portland next Tuesday.

It is only fair that higher salaries go to the present staff, rather than only to faculty members who replace underpaid members who have gone elsewhere for better pay.

Keeping Oregon Green . . .

Figuratively, letting the grass grow under your feet is a weakness. Literally, it is an impossibility, according to the University gardeners.

The gardeners have the job of keeping the lawns trim and green. As long as students damage the lawns with heavy use (bicycling, playing baseball, etc.), the gardeners can't keep the campus at its spring term best. As long as there are athletic fields and vacant lots nearby, students need not turn campus lawns into muddy arenas.

The \$17,000 spent annually on upkeep of grounds can be used to more advantage on improvements and routine caretaking than on repairing damage caused by student thoughtlessness.

Face-Lifting a Landmark

Oregon's expansion to the north is effectively blocked by the landmark and eyesore known as the "old Odd Fellows' cemetery," but the graveyard can become a beauty spot adjoining the campus.

Eugene townspeople and University students have tolerated the weed-grown cemetery for years, but they have continually talked about doing something about it. Now the talk has materialized into a campaign for funds to be used in a quick, immediate clean-up. If enough money is collected, it will be put into a sum for long-range remodeling of the site.

To those students who regard the old cemetery as a sentimental tradition, the campaign offers the boon for clearing off the poison oak growing strategically among the headstones.

The success of the campaign this month will be a stepping-stone to the movement to turn the graveyard into a park. Its success is as interesting to University groups and individuals as the start of campus improvements.

Notes On Record

On the Classical Side . . .

By Betty Bennett Cramer

The magazine "Record Retailing," which ought to know, reports the following: "The flood of musical films, scheduled for production in the coming season, will include pictures on the lives of Liszt, Beethoven, and Tchaikovsky. Ronald Coleman, Paul Henreid, and Charles Boyer are being considered for the lead in the Beethoven picture. Conductor Leonard Bernstein was conducting with the idea of portraying Tchaikovsky, but his recent appointment as conductor of the New York City Center symphony orchestra may put a kink into plans . . . Another picture to be produced shortly is a fictional story about a young composer. The picture will utilize Rachmaninoff's music to the greatest part . . ."

Past Recall

My only comment is that if said movie is done as "A Song to Remember," Rachmaninoff probably wouldn't like it. We can all hope that Jose won't be dubbing again.

Speaking of Rachmaninoff, we hear that during a performance of his stunning "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" by young William Kapell in New York, the audience applauded so vigorously that a local pianist had to cancel a concert because of injuries done to his hands while clapping. For other good Rachmaninoff, hear Horowitz with the London Symphony playing the "Concerto No. 3 in D Minor."

Duo-Piano Artistry

The duo-piano artistry of Luboshutz and Nemenoff excels itself (Please turn to page six)

A Duck at the Dial

By PAT KING

If a sales manager for a phonograph recording company hadn't missed his train to Long Island one night in 1930, the most-listened-to woman in radio might have remained in obscurity. Deciding to kill time, he went to see "Flying High," a musical on Broadway. One of the comedy leads was a woman with an exceptional voice, but because of her size her singing was dimmed as she became the butt of gags.

The man was Ted Collins, and the singer was Kate Smith. Realizing her potentialities as a singer and helping her to overcome her inferiority complex, Collins built "that fat Smith girl" into the biggest money maker in radio. She has sung before the king and queen of England, at the White House, and appeared with Leopold Stowkowski and the Philadelphia orchestra.

To Commentator

Seven years after she made her debut on radio in 1938, Ted Collins announced, to the grave misgivings of radio sages, that Kate was going to take on added duties as a daytime commentator.

Aimed for the "plain, ordinary folk," the program has been successful, although her pose on a pedestal is a little repellent to me.

Today Kate celebrates her fifteenth anniversary as a radio star with an astronomical income—which isn't too bad for a gal who has never taken a singing lesson, and who originally set out to be a nurse.

Coogan's 'Ernest'

Jackie Coogan, who has never regained the pinnacle of success he achieved as the ragamuffin in "The Kid" with Charlie Chaplin, is now out of the army and burlesquing his kid roles in a nightclub act. His latest venture is a radio pro-

gram, "Forever Ernest," in which he stars as a humbling gsdoda jerk. If you like Henry Aldrich you'll probably like this. The program is heard every Monday night at 8:30 on CBS.

OFF MIKES: Eddie Cantor says he prefers radio to the movies—in radio he can sleep late in the morning. His preference is probably forced by the movie public, and nobody would care if he never got up for his radio program.

Bob Hope received an oil painting of himself from the father of the piano player in Skinnay Ennis' orchestra. Remarkable Hope, "Your father's a real artist, son. Look at that nose—he's captured every bit of its charm and beauty."

Mailroom To Star

The latest glass slipper belongs to the mailroom girl in NBC in Hollywood. She was added to the cast of "Dr. Paul" in a featured role. She is a former UCLA student.

Believe it or not, Mark Warnow, dubious leader of the noise on Hit Parade, referred to as an orchestra conductor a concert of the American Society of Music Arrangers at Town Hall in New York last Sunday. Wonder if he used some of those zippy arrangements from the Hit Parade.

A change in pace on the Bride and Groom program was set when a divorced couple decided it was a mistake and so remarried at the expense of the sponsor of B and G.

ABC is going to offer a substantial number of shares for public subscription soon so that it can expand for the development of frequency modulation and television broadcasting.

Dollars for Years

A milestone has been passed by money-mad women who are baring their souls on morning programs for the good old yankee dollar. Old maids are knocking each other down to tell how old they are in order to win the Oldest Old Maid contest on Houseparty. Isn't there some kind of universal significance when a woman begins to tell her age?

Replacements for the big network shows are beginning to take over for the summer. Edward Everett Horton and Eddy Duchin will fill in on Kraft Music Hall, Frank Morgan will return to the air in a comedy-dramatic program for Jack Benny, and Ann Jamison and Bob Shanley will co-star in place of Nelson Eddy on the Electric Hour.

Best Bets

Tonight Bob Hope guest on the Bob Crosby show is 5:30, KOIN.

Thursday Lanny Ross will sing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" on Kostelantze's program at 5, KOIN. . . . Joseph Cotten stars on Suspense. Cotton, appearing as an attorney involved with a chorine, strikes the girl during a heated argument and leaves her for dead.

In order to cover his tracks he commits a second murder and then, satisfied with his cunning, he visits the chorine's night club to see the supposedly dead girl walk towards him! . . . F. H. LaGuardia is one of the speakers to discuss "What Can We As Individuals Do to Help Prevent the World Famine?" on America's Town Meeting over KEX at 8:30.

Friday "It Pays to Be Ignorant" returns to CBS at 5 . . . The Andrew Sisters visit Danny Kaye at 6 over KNX . . . "Melody Tours," a pleasant musical half hour over KORE at 8.

Browsing . . . With Joe Young

"As full of spirit as the month of May" . . . But in a quiet sort of way. . . For as a Schopenhauer named Arthur once wrote in an essay on noise. . . "The most impertinent of all forms of interruption. It is not only an interruption, but also a disruption of thought." . . . And now we are in the silence of a Noise Abatement Week. . . So I have to tune down the KORE-ech on the little four-tuber, treat tinkling ice cubes as an acoustical problem, carrying out a bowl of milk as appeasement strategy on that stray cat . . . and transcribe and transmit these few notes crammed between mid-terms. . .

A backward glance to April . . . the height of optimism in this metamorphic spring weather—wearing a rain coat and carrying a tennis racket . . . or perhaps this sporting age has achieved a climatic duality of aquatennis and/or solortennis. . .

An atmosphere of a literary past, beginning with the Danish poet, Johannes Ewald, clings with the ivy on an old house between Copenhagen and Kronborg Castle. . . and after 17 years on a 6,000 acre African coffee plantation, the Baroness Blixen returned to this house. . . Here she looks over the road to the distant Swedish coast and under the pen name Isak Dinesen, writes her true and imagined tales. . .

Eleven of these slim, elegant, nonchalant, casual fables, fairy tales, and stories formed the collection in a manuscript smuggled out from Nazi Denmark. . . "The Sailor-Boy's Tale" . . . of a lad who killed a man, and of the yellow-eyed old Lap woman who befriended

him even as he had once befriended a trapped bird whose eyes also had been yellow . . . "Sorrow-Acre" . . . of an old lord who essayed the role of a cruel god, and of how he was defeated by his victim and her son. . . "Peter and Rosa" . . . of a season when the spring came late, and of two young dreamers adrift on an ice-floe, who found a practical way of plucking ecstasy from death . . . and eight other tales of fancy cited by Christopher Morley as "Hans Andersen writing with the pen of Maupassant" . . . For a reading pause that's refreshing it's "Winter's Tales" by Isak Dinesen. . .

Cemetery clean-up is making the R-G's front page. . . Even a most indifferent student can visualize the old graveyard as a better campus "backyard" when the conglomeration of weeds, bushes, stones, and roads get some active attention.

Mingled with the masses browsing through the Odeon originals . . . wasn't eyeing any frame in particular—but this splurge of talent from the local art colony finally crystallized an old yearning to replace the practical function of that old Rexall calendar over the fireplace with something more decorative. . .

But before discarding the old monthly chronometry, a note here page must be ripped off . . . and the spring-ultima greeted with the words of Chaucer. . . "May, with alle thy floures and thy grene, Wel-come be thou, fair fresshe May."