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No Happy Family, This

Most University faculties strive, but seldom are able, to be "one big happy family." The University of Oregon has been no exception. The ideal state has not been reached, and now it is too late, for the state board of higher education is on the march to stamp out "nepotism." Nepotism is a nasty word meaning "favoritism extended toward nephews or other relatives."

University employees this week are signing affidavits showing that they are not related to the other employees who have the same names. Does Associate Professor So-and-so of the University English department have a brother, Assistant Professor So-and-so, who teaches animal husbandry at the state college? That's tough. One of them has got to go. We can't have any nepotism in this, our educational system. Are both of them good instructors? Does each support his own family? That's tough, too. One of them must go back to selling insurance or join the regular army. No nepotism, remember?

Does the head of the campusty department have a bright young son who has been employed to teach history? Tut. Either junior or the old man must look elsewhere. This nepotism is bigger than just father and son.

We pray that the powers will look kindly upon "distant relationships." We have in mind a bright young University employee who has no near relatives on the payroll. He signed his affidavit in good order, but added a note that "I think we are both descended from the same ape."

The Wrong Direction

The Daily Bruin of UCLA suggests a grading scheme of some merit. Recognize the plus and minus grades, says the Bruin, in computing GPAs. In our case a "B plus" would be worth 3.25, and a "B minus" maybe 2.75, while the ordinary garden-variety "B" would retain its present value of 3.

Now this is a fine scheme in its direction, but we have a hunch that the direction is wrong. It would appear that the wiser course would be to make grades more general instead of more specific. The idea of measuring comprehension of English literature by the decimal system is questionable enough under the present system. If we make the ratings even more exact, there is even more cause for complaint. How about the student who doesn't quite qualify for a "plus" on his "B"? Is he to be allowed to figure the grade 3.25? It gets ridiculous.

On The Tax Dollar

Comes now Frank C. Butterfield of Chicago, managing director of "Tax Payers, Inc.," to file suit in federal district court, asking an injunction against execution of the European Recovery plan.

Ostensibly Mr. Butterfield heads a group of people who want lower taxes, a very human want. We quarrel not with his ultimate goal. But we do feel he is being extremely short-sighted if he sees the "Marshall plan" only as a drain on the American purse, and not as "spending a little money to save a lot of money."

The European recovery program is a \$6,000,000,000 project, and \$6,000,000,000 even in these times is a lot of money. But it is a piddling amount when you stack it up against the cost of a war, or the cost of a Europe in despair, or the cost of living on an island in a totalitarian world.

Mr. Butterfield and his Chicago tax payers would be serving their cause better if they stumped the country urging more and better support for this altogether reasonable expenditure.

Erase the Blackboard Professor

By MARVIN MYERS

In almost all classrooms today, university students are being subjected to a situation which is unfair and dangerous: the ordeal of trying to pay attention to a professor while the blackboard behind him is cluttered with left-over information from previous classes.

This difficulty is increased when the information is only partially erased. Unfinished statements on the board present a challenge to the students and they sometimes strain themselves imagining all sorts of conclusions. It becomes dangerous when the information left on the board concerns a subject about which the students know nothing. Take the left-overs from a chemistry class, for example. Not long ago a group of students in an eastern university became intensely curious about a lengthy formula followed by five exclamation marks which was left on the board.

They shopped around in drugstores and finally obtained the ingredients called for in the formula. Unfortunately, while they were taking the stuff home in a wheelbarrow for investigation, a passing motorist flipped away a burning cigarette which lit in the middle of the chemicals. It took a 10-man crew of street cleaners all night to tidy up the mess, and a black, evil-smelling cloud hung over the spot for a week.

Students are not the only ones who suffer from cluttered blackboards. The tragic case of Professor P——— clearly illustrates

this: One morning his reader appeared in class and scrawled this message on the board, "Professor P——— had his skull fractured during a bridge game last night and is in no condition to go around holding classes today."

The students cheered lustily for 10 or 15 minutes and then marched out singing, "We'll be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You."

The professor's skull eventually closed sufficiently and he returned to his class. However, the announcement of his earlier condition was still on the board. Every morning the students would glance in see the announcement, and leave immediately. When the professor arrived he would spend the hour sitting in the empty classroom and wondering what had happened to his scholars.

This went on for two years, and it began to bother the professor. He worried about it until he became more absent-minded than is considered healthy for a person. One day, in this condition, he walked out of the library carrying one of its periodicals, an act strictly forbidden by all respectable libraries. The librarian on guard-duty, perched atop the building and armed with a deer rifle, spotted the professor before he had gone five paces and dropped him in his tracks. His death can be blamed directly on un-erased blackboards.

Will your professor be next?

Eager Beaver No Meager Beaver

By BILL WASMANN

Apparently the cost of living is higher in Corvallis than in Eugene, or at least so the two scales of payments to graduate students, research assistants and teaching fellowships at the University and the College seem to indicate.

According to the latest scales, if you are a graduate or a research assistant at the Ag school your salary is going to fall somewhere between \$720 and \$980, but for the same work at the University you are going to have to tighten your belt a bit because your year's pay will fall somewhere between \$660 and \$810. Likewise, if you have a teaching or research fellowship at state, you can command from \$900 to \$1200, while for the same job at the University, you'll have to gear your appetite to run on an income that will fall between \$900 and \$1020.

The reasons for this situation aren't ex-

actly clear, not any clearer than the reason for the addition of BA courses at State, and besides reasons can't remedy the situation, current announcements are out. This year's horse has disappeared from the barn. The best we can hope to do is to get the barn door closed before the critter gets loose again next year. For the present we'll have to be content with the idea that the difference can be explained by the idea that perhaps the boys up the road a piece do a higher class of country clubbing than meets the ear.

The sad part of the situation is that students aren't much different from workers, and who can deny the economic principle that workers swarm to that labor market which pays the highest price? Our only hope here seems to be another economic concept, that of psychic income. One thing is certain, the eager beaver is not a meager beaver.

Stan Kenton Waxes a Purple Label

By FRED YOUNG

Virtuoso Kenton's latest record release is now available at all of your favorite music stores. The likable side is titled "The Peanut Vendor." The reverse is termed "Thermopolae." The abstract ideas expressed by the respective arrangers, Pete Rugulo and Bob Graettinger, cause equally abstract speculations as to Stanley's whereabouts. He has left the dear old Balboa Bash era among the more authentic antiques, and with "Thermo-" he reaches a point which might well preceed the complete evolution back to dixieland or merely a ban on musical instruments.

Kenton's frantic trends have hardly won the approval of all those who do approving. The music he has played in the past like "Southern Scandal," "Intermission Riff," and "Unison Riff" has sold him to the ranks. But by adopting this psuedo-impressionistic style which neglects melody and rhythm, Kenton might as well be trying Greek on the Fourth of July. So, allow "Thermopolae" several whirls—



give this meaningless melodrama a chance to appeal to you, and if you need a purple label in your collection—this fills the bill.

Johnny Mercer has a new record. The greatest thing he's ever done. Haven't heard it, but for us all it need is a name. So catch "Goofus."

With a little diligent searching, practically all of the Boyd Raeburn records ever pressed will be found in the downtown music shops. The last two Jewel records "Duck Waddle" and "Soft and Warm," besides other Jewel and Musicraft editions, including his album.

New albums about town have been made by Nellie Lutcher, Lena Horne, and Peggy Lee. I don't think Dizzy plays in any of these so they might not be to good.

Sometime, if you don't have a date at the library and consequently have nothing to do, mosey into the music room and hear the excerpts from "Wozzeck" by Alban Berg. You'll want to hear it more often. And it might convince you that Kenton should keep his stand nearer the great American audience and the peanut vendor should keep the change.