

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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Key Item in Budget: Academic Salaries

Reprinted from The Oregonian

The key item in the "shock" budget the State Board of Higher Education has proposed for the next biennium is the \$1,465,229 asked for the first year, 1957-58, to bring the academic pay scale to a "more nearly competitive level." The budget will be a shock, all right, to legislators already insured of more than a single session's share of financial worries. It proposes a state operating appropriation for higher education of \$47,569,395, a husky 44 per cent more than that for the current biennium.

Just one-tenth of the increase is devoted to the major adjustment in teaching salaries which the board feels is "unavoidable if the Oregon institutions are to obtain and retain competent teachers in competition with neighboring states and with other states, particularly in the Midwest." But this is no measure of the significance of the salary item.

A few statistics tell the story: When the 1955-57 budget was presented to the legislature, Oregon academic pay scales ranked ninth on a list of 20 representative schools tabulated by the chancellor's office. In two years, the Oregon system has slipped to 14th, substantially below any other comparable system on the Pacific Coast. The proposed adjustment — approximately 15 per cent upward — is expected to bring the Oregon system up to 12th place, still below the median, providing increases in other states are no more than 10 per cent. They may well be much more than this. Chancellor John R. Richards told a gathering of legislators and other officials this week that these recommendations for faculty pay boosts have been made in other western states: Washington, 20 per cent; California,

even higher; Arizona, 30 per cent; Nevada, 45 per cent.

Oregon's comparative position has suffered partly because the 1955 legislature authorized no new funds at all for an increase in the general level of faculty compensation. The State Emergency board a few months ago authorized a limited amount for such an increase, but most of this sum was drawn from board funds which, in effect, will have to be replaced in the next two years.

The state system now has 228 professors earning an average annual salary of \$8072, 263 associate professors averaging \$6473, 358 assistant professors averaging \$5297, and 275 instructors averaging \$4474. The system average is \$6898, well down the scale even when compared only with systems no larger than that of Oregon and quite out of the range of effective competition with private employment open to men of faculty caliber. It is proposed to add 274 staff members in 1957-59 to keep up with enrollments.

The recommended 15 per cent increase would not be applied across the board, but on a selective merit basis.

There is a heartening sign across the nation that the public is beginning to appreciate the need for special attention to academic salaries. No other profession has suffered such a decline in comparative earnings during the past half century and particularly in the past two decades. Ironically, corrective action in other states merely serves to complicate the Oregon problem; for it cannot but increase the flow of able men and women to better-paid systems, if Oregon continues to postpone such action.

Thus the salary item is the keystone of the quality of Oregon higher education.

How About You?



Gulliver's Trifles

The Citadel of Culture Besieged by a Barbarian

By KEN KESEY
Emerald Columnist

A tall, hep-eyed boy walked into the office of the music school. The moustached, cherubic face across the desk smiled up at this boy.

"Hello," the moustache said, "what can I do for you?"

"Hi, dad. I want to blow. I sit a wicked sax, ya know."

"You what?"

"Plant me in the combo, pop. Leave me bleat. List me on the score sheet and let me wail."

"You wish to enroll?"

"You go 32 thousand, man, you want to go for 64."

"Fine. How much music have you had?" He took up a pencil and smiled up at the sleepy face.

"Plenty, pop. I got all the

flat circles rolling around the house."

"Well, what type do you like — Bach?"

"That's nowhere, dad. All the cats come on now with Elvis. They stoned that bob noise centuries ago."

"What about Heifetz?"

"It's swingin' if you can afford the speakers."

"And Debussy?"

"He's cut out, man — choked on his harp two weeks ago."

"One more thing, just a formality. See if you can identify the composer of this record." He placed a piano concerto on the turntable and the boy cocked his ear to it.

"Yeah," he said, "I bug the boy. A Russian cat. Rock 'n Roll Maninoff."

"Splendid! I'll sign you up for Keyboard and Theory."

"Keyboard? The black 'n white teeth are all right, dad, but I'm a sax man. Me an' Desmond all the way . . ."

"And then you might like band. We have a wonderful bandmaster, a very nice chap. What instrument do you play?"

"The golden pipe! The droopy megaphone! I been tellin' ya, Jazzbo . . ."

"Well, that's too bad. Perhaps after a few years we can teach you . . ."

"Teach me! I jammed with Barney at the Lighthouse for two weeks. I know which end fits the mouth. I just wanna blow, dad, ya know what I mean? I can keep from fallin' outta the chair. Gimme three cats to back me up and stand clear."

A frown passed over the cherubic face. "You mean — you mean you want to play on your own? Without supervision?"

"Bingo — 64 thousand!"

"Well, I'm sorry, but we cannot tolerate that here in the music school. However, if you should come to your senses . . ." The slamming door cut his speech.

Occasionally the cherubic moustache hears of the boy, packing houses with his group, making money, and he shivers to think how close he came to admitting the young primitive to the citadel of culture.

+ + Letters to the Editor + +

Emerald Editor:

I'd like to give three cheers for a hard-working group of people—who thus far have received nothing but brickbats for their efforts this year! I refer to the UO Rally Board, the Yell Dukes, the Yell Belles and the Freshman Rally Squad.

In the face of adversity they have constantly striven to promote the type spirit at Oregon that both the students and the alumnae could be proud of. This, of course, should go without any special commendation because it was their job, one they took on with their eyes open. But—

And here are some of the things these groups have had to battle this year also:

(1) Lack of money. All the Rally Royalty (dukes and belles), with the exception of the king, paid half the cost of their sweaters, and all paid the cost of the rest of their outfits—including the rental of special outfits for Homecoming, OSC and other times. The girls' outfits came to about \$50 each, the boys' less. On top of these costs add cleaning bills for girls' skirts after nearly every game, same for boys' trousers, and \$2.25 per cleaning for the sweat-

ers. Then take up the matter of travel expenses. The entire group is expected to attend all the games away from home where a large group of the students are expected to attend—Seattle, Berkeley, Portland, Corvallis. Each person on the rally squad (king included) received only \$25 for travel, lodging and meals for all those trips. Train tickets to California alone cost more than that.

The frosh group had the same troubles. The first frosh game was at Coos Bay on the night of the Whiskerino. All the girls broke dates for it, traveled the 100 miles to the game and back at night in a blinding rainstorm, yelled while they were there in the rain and mud and had only townspeople and high school students to lead. Yet they did a very creditable job. All this is beside the fact that they had only two days to get together some sort of uniform outfits and work up some routines. They got no remuneration of any kind for this trip.

(2) Lack of time. The first three weeks of the term were rushing activities. The rally board couldn't get a half-hour meeting sandwiched into the ac-

tivities. Thus the rest of the football season had to be planned on a week-by-week basis, rather than being planned out in advance. In overcoming such a detriment they have done extremely well. True, mistakes have been made—but it is also true that the committee that makes no mistakes just isn't doing anything.

Once underway they put in many, many hours in planning sessions and in making sure all petitioners received the same consideration and plenty of time to present themselves before balloting (for dukes, belles and frosh squad). It took something like 15 hours to pick the frosh squad alone.

(3) Lack of spirit. This is admitted, but the entire rally team has tried sincerely to help . . . and I think they have made a change for the better throughout the entire school. I know that there have been many comments, both written and oral, from alumni at the Cal game and the Homecoming game who were favorably impressed with the rally group and the "school spirit." That in itself shows an advance in the right direction.

Of course, all the change in

school spirit is not due to this one organization. They realize that better than anyone. It took the help of the alumni organization, the band, the Drakes, the Homecoming committee, the Emerald, and many other persons and groups too numerous to mention, plus (naturally) you, the student. But it did have to start somewhere, and it does take a brave group to stick their necks out and start anything.

And these are the reasons I give three cheers for the board, royalty and frosh rally groups. And I'd like to name them, too:

Yell Dukes — Dick Stables, Dave De Chaine and Bruce Traf-ton.

Yell's Belles—Judy Ecklund, Karen Moke, Dottie Quinn, Laurie Scott, Ann Lathrop, Diane Oldham and Nancy Payne.

Rally Board—Lorrie Whitten, Ann Petterson, Mary Jo Fourier, Bobbye Harris, Nancy Shaw, Nancy Taylor, Mike Smith, Carol Boyd, Pete Lamoureux, Betty Herrman, Bob Prall, Fred Nunn and Clayre Carter.

Frosh dukes—Garland Thompson, Dick Bader, Rob Elliot and Steve Woodyard.

Frosh rally girls — Carol
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