

UNL wages don't stack up

Too often the college professor loses the battle for the bucks—a situation especially common at UNL.

For the 1973-74 academic year, the UNL faculty's average total compensations (salaries plus fringe benefits) were: professor, \$20,900; associate professor, \$16,000; assistant professor, \$14,400; and instructor \$10,700.

Nationally, a professor's average total compensation for 1973-74 was estimated at \$25,500, or \$4,100 more than at UNL, according to the American Association of University Professors.

UNL stacks up badly even when compared to other Big 8 universities. In 1972-73, it ranked fifth in the conference for average total compensation of faculty. A Big 8 study for 1973-74 now is being done by the Nebraska state government.

The saddest effect of mediocre salaries is that they result in mediocre education.

Already, some of UNL's finest faculty members have left for higher paying jobs at other schools. More

probably will join them if the market for faculty in higher education improves, as is predicted, said Richard Gilbert, president of the UNL Faculty Senate.

Money does speak. And if salaries are increased, the quality of professor who joins or stays on the UNL faculty should increase as well.

The Board of Regents will present its 1975-76 budget recommendations, including those on faculty salaries, to the Unicameral in January.

UNL Chancellor James Zumberge has said arguments presented to the Legislature for increased salaries must be "saleable" and not based on "arbitrary studies," especially because the Nebraska economy has suffered from last summer's drought.

Hopefully, state senators will recognize the importance of paying adequate salaries to the UNL faculty. Otherwise, the state might suffer a drought of another kind in the area of higher education.

Jane Owens

to the editor

Dear Editor,

There was a feeling of pessimism emitting from your editorial "Student Regent Necessary" (Daily Nebraskan, Sept. 27).

Your opinion was that it would be no better than the advisory board that meets with the regents before their monthly meeting. I can understand that opinion, but I am slightly more optimistic the student regent could have "clout" and be "effective mouthpiece."

The regents meet more than once a month concerning University business. And when they do, the students will have three people there to speak for them. I agree that it is not a very large step, but it is the initial step that is always the hardest to make.

What has to be done now, as you said, is to work with the ASUN Concerned Students for Better Higher Education Committee, to get all students registered and then to make them knowledgeable of Amendment No. 1.

There should be at least 25,000 students from NU voting for Amendment No. 1 in November. And each of those 25,000 should be getting their parents, relatives and friends to vote for it also. There are only six weeks left before election day!

Tim Evensen
ASUN Senator

Inflation strikes it rich

arthur hoppe
innocent bystander

"Count your blessings, Maude," called out Jud Joad as he shuffled up the path to his ramshackle cabin down the road a piece from Appalachia Corners.

Maude pushed through the rusting screen door, wiping her thin hands on her flour-sack apron. "Oh, Jud," she said, her old eyes sparkling. "You ordered them gingham curtains I been hankering for so long! My stars, it was worth all the scrimping to put away that \$4 out of my egg money."

"Well, truth is, I didn't," Jud said frowning. "Seems like they gone up to \$4.95."

Maude's shoulders sagged. "What other blessings ought I to count?" she said, without much interest.

"First off," Jud said brightening. "I saw this high-up government man on the tee-vee down to the store. And he said them rich Wal' street fellers got it a sight worse with inflation than us'n. The money those poor men are losing would make your hair stand on end."

"On account of the prices of everything going up so high?" Maude asked.

"No, on account of the prices of stocks going down so low," said

Jud. "You take Mr. Rockefeller, Maude. Two weeks ago the papers was saying how he was worth \$5 billion, and just t'other day he tells them senators how he's now down to his last \$62 million. Compared to a licking like that, a pair of curtains ain't worth a hill of beans."

"I reckon you're right, Jud," Maude said reluctantly.

"Right as rain" Jud said firmly. "What with this here inflation, we ain't worth a penny less, maybe even a couple of pennies more. But Mr. Rockefeller, he's not only lost more'n \$4 billion some place, he's got to pay millions more for what he buys, like paintings and yachts and things."

"What's the poor man going to do, Jud?"

"Reckon he's got to start giving up things, like buying more paintings and yachts. But all we got to give up is an old pair of \$4.95 curtains. There's a blessing. Then he's going to have to cut back on expenses, like, say, entertaining."

"That's one thing we won't have to give up," Maude said.

"There's another blessing," Jud said. "And the way he's lost all them billions in a couple of weeks, pretty soon he's going to have to

start selling off things. Wouldn't surprise me none if'n any day now he has a garage sale."

"We could have one, too, Jud, if'n only we had a garage." Maude said, scratching her elbow thoughtfully. "Reckon we could get \$4.95 for that old outhouse?"

"Now, Maude, some things we need worse'n others. Stop your fretting. Think of all them wonderful things Mr. Rockefeller's got to give up and here we don't have to give up hardly nothing."

"Don't appear rightly fair," Maude agreed. "But I suppose folks like us can't give up more'n they got."

"Yep," Jud said beaming. "It's like the government man said. We can count our lucky stars we ain't rich."

Maude was silent a moment, staring down the dirt trail to the dusty road beyond. Jud came closer and put an arm around her bone-hard back.

"Well, now, old girl," he said comfortingly, "you understand this here inflation thing?"

She nodded slowly. "I ain't never going to get them gingham curtains, am I, Jud?"

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