

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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It Opens Today

This afternoon on Hayward field the University of Oregon football team plays Montana State college in the opening game of the 1947 season. This game is much more than just another opening game of another football season.

Today marks the official opening of a new era in Oregon football. Even to the layman it was quite evident that last season there was a glaring lack of what the sports staff calls "spirit." And the experts say the lack of "spirit" was one of the reasons that Oregon's football team didn't fare as well as might have been expected. But that is all in the past.

Today Oregon goes on the field with a new spirit. Again, even to the layman, it is quite evident that the squad and the coaching staff are together in the pursuit of a successful season.

The work has been strenuous, the hours long, since the squad reported September 1. Coach Jim Aiken is a hard taskmaster. He is a firm believer that only by hard work can a team prepare for a tough season. The squad has worked hard, learned to like it and has earned the right to expect the support of the student body.

Not even the most rabid fan has the right to expect an unbeaten season. The period of rebuilding is necessarily a long one in modern football. But at the same time it appears that the 1947 Oregon football team will be a fighting team, ready to do its best in the struggle for gridiron triumphs. That is all anyone has the right to expect.

Football is still a game. There must be a winner and there must be a loser. And in the final analysis it isn't a life and death matter. There is a saying about "it isn't whether you won or lost, but how you played the game" in sports and although it seems to have been overworked, it still holds a worthy thought.

So, let's give this Oregon team the support it richly deserves by its hard work in preparation for the season which opens today.

How Big Can We Get?

This had better be said before all the enrollment figures are in. Indications are that the student body will top the 6000 mark to break another record.

We're getting pretty big. It does not necessarily follow that we get good as we get big. The philosophy that "We gotta beat State" is a little out of place when applied to registration figures. Huey P. Long, the Louisiana "Kingfish" had a different idea about it when he said he was going to build "The biggest damn university in the U.S.A."

Well. The problem is discussed at some length in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post. The Post takes the University of California with its eight campuses as the prime example of "How big can we get?"

The article deplores the fact that "Hundreds must spend hours daily commuting to classes. Social contacts are difficult in these teeming halls of learning, so that many younger students are lonely and frustrated. Some lectures are actually attended by more than 1000 boys and girls, with the professor holding forth through a loud-speaker."

While admitting that much of the more recent growth in college education can be laid at the door of the G.I. Bill of Rights, the Post refutes the idea that it is entirely responsible. Rather, says the Post, the growth in education, is the result of the generally improved living standard of the nation, and of the large number of state schools where residents can get college educations for small outlays of cash.

There are, of course, advantages to this great size. Who ever went to a 500-student lecture where the professor was unprepared? the Post asks. It also quotes the San Francisco Chronicle as saying that it is better for a student to sit within 50 feet of a great man than five feet away from a mediocre one.

The Chronicle was assuming, of course, that colleges become more affluent as they get larger. Unfortunately that isn't exactly so, and it won't be so until legislatures stop regarding state schools as marginal luxuries to be carried as cheaply as possible.

Clearly future generations are going to have to draw the line somewhere. In the Broadway play "Barefoot Boy with

Cheek" a sociology professor remarks "Well, it's a state university. Anybody can go."

If this is the theory that future generations are going to follow, we are headed for the day when everybody will be a bachelor of something, and the degree will mean as much as a high school diploma means today.

They will have to draw the line somewhere. There would appear to be two avenues open. One would be to limit admission through tests or "boards." That offers obstacles, too, since, as the Post says, "There is the innate conviction of parents that their own offsprings are obviously the ones fit to become university men and women."

The other avenue would open the bachelors degree to younger students, perhaps upon graduation from junior colleges. If these lower division institutions were open to all, it might then be more feasible to limit enrollment in the universities.

Crisis Averted

Besides wondering about the outlook for Oregon's football squad, married veterans and their wives have been haunted by the thought that they will not be able to sit together during the games. Companionship is somehow lost when the husband is sitting in the rooters section frantically trying to wave to his wife across the field in a general admission seat.

Smile again, men, the problem has been solved. The wife, armed with a general admission ticket, can enter the field through Gate 17, just past the new north-side ticket booths. The husband checks through the next gate, about 20 feet away, and, upon entering the field, the couple may sit together either in the east grandstand or in the rooters section.

Anse Cornell pointed out that separate gates are necessary so that student tickets may be counted later without being mixed with general admission stubs. Also if both groups used the same gates, the rooters section would resolve into a jumble of townspeople and students. The rally squad has enough trouble as it is.

A \$9 ASUO card for married veterans and their wives was considered, Cornell said, but the wives were inelligible because of their non-registered student classification so the idea had to be thrown out.

The present plan should keep everyone happy. Married couples can sit together and the husband will have the joy of explaining the 6-2-2-1 defense to his loving frau.

M.E.T

Little Miss Fashion Slave

She paddled past us like some overworked centipede, her now invisible legs moving like the parts of a machine which had become sadly out of control. With mincing little movements, she pitter-pattered by, taking steps that would have seemed decorous indeed to the most conservative dowager of Manchu China.

But there she was—Little Miss Fashion Slave of 1947—hurrying off to the Row in what she undoubtedly thought was a very becoming creation of M. Christian Dior and his confreres. We didn't know the young lady in question, so we didn't speak, but even if we had, we wouldn't have had the heart to say what we really thought about her extra-long skirt and her New Look.

We just wouldn't have had the courage to be sincere and to tell her that she looked just exactly like a little girl dressed up in her mother's party dress and picture hat, shuffling off the play house with her little friends down the street. Nor could we have told her that she was eliciting snickers from males—and, we're happy to add, many females—all along University avenue.

We have a friend who dabbles in politics and who swears, his plump jowls quivering with anger as he does so, that the New Look is part

You can take that with a grain of the best table salt, of course, but it does set one to thinking. It certainly would seem that the next logical step in the progression of women's fashions would seem to be a return to the quaint custom of binding the feet. It might put the quietus on dancing for a few years, but think how different it would be. And it would serve the same excellent and admitted purpose for shoes the New Look is supposed to accomplish for dresses: force women to throw away all their old of a reactionary plot to recreate the atmosphere of the past.

models and buy new stocks of the latest thing.

What to do with the new skirts? Why not just forget about the darn things and let the Frenchmen who designed them try to wear them. From what we've seen of them, we think they could do so without much trouble.—USC Daily Trojan.

Fellowship to Meet

The UO fellowship will play host to freshmen and new students Tuesday at their initial meeting in the dining room of John Straub hall. The program, highlighted by student participation and a "sing-spiration," will begin promptly at 7 p.m.

Freshmen are especially urged to attend, so they may be tendered their official welcome for the 1947-48 school year.

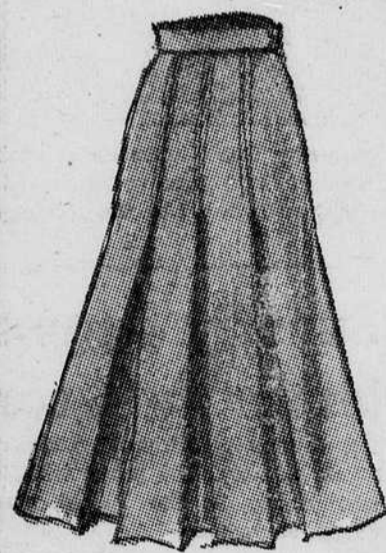
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