

From where I SIT

By CLARE IGOE

As fine an example of feminine logic as we've ever heard came to our old ears the other day when we were walking by the shack. The two children who live across the street each had hold of one end of a bat, and there seemed to be no small amount of hard feeling as to who was to end up its proud possessor. The little boy was tugging furiously and determinedly, while his small sister was patiently trying to explain, between pulls, that it was still her turn to bat, because when she hit the ball she won, and when she didn't hit it, she got another turn!

Could she lose?

Speaking of women, and who doesn't, we liked a little comment overheard by Secret Operative No. 8 the other day. It seems two coeds were heard agreeing, "You've got to have a car to keep a man on this campus."

Yoicks, what is the fairer sex coming to? Or, more grammatically, to what is the fairer sex coming?

Take that little article in the paper the other day about how to get a fraternity pin. All we have to say is, if we gals have to use these despicable methods to get our man, what insane impulse compels us to spread the disgusting fact all over the printed page? How can we expect anyone to have illusions about the sweetness and light of womanhood if these underhanded, but all-to-commonly-used schemes are aired, and, what is infinitely worse, bragged about?

Ideally, we should draw ourselves up to our full height, as the saying goes, and haughtily declare that we wouldn't stoop to such methods to get a pin. We might even sniff. Except that probably some skeptical soul would probably scoff "Nyah, probably she never had the chance to get one anyway, the dope."

In the face of such rank skepticism, haughtiness is futile.

It is just as useless to try to justify the sort of thing of which Miss Hamilton writes. No matter how you slice it, it still sounds like treachery. To mutter things about Eve and the serpent only makes the situation worse.

But at least we can keep quiet! Bad as it is, it sounds so darn much worse in print!

P.S. One of our critics, reading this over our shoulder, declares the whole column is one of the finest examples of feminine logic, or illogic, that HE has ever seen. He says, if it sounds so bad in print, what are you printing it again for?

He's got us there.

The BANDWAGON

By BILL CUMMINGS

It may sound like the old voice crying in the wilderness again, but since the question of honoraries has been dragged out of the mothballs anyway, there is some excuse for asking this: How much honor is there in campus honoraries?

Some of them may actually be "rackets"; some of them are unquestionably valuable, and many of them are absolutely worthless because they are dominated by politics. Some of them are not honoraries at all, but service groups more deserving by far, for instance, of the name "Order of the Broom" than Skull and Dagger. Of course many of the professional fraternities are commonly misnamed honoraries, and should be eliminated from the consideration of honoraries altogether. But there is still plenty of room for criticism.

When a person is chosen to an honorary, it is ostensibly as a result of certain outstanding achievement in some line or another. But as a matter of fact the system works just the opposite. Persons are pledged seemingly because they are well-meaning stooges who will be able to do outstanding service for the club after becoming members.

Honoraries compete against each other for prestige on the campus just like other Greek letter organizations. Here would be an ideal, but far-fetched solution: When a person shines in some line of scholastic work or student leadership, pledge him to an honorary, give him a badge which is emblematic of outstanding achievement, let him bathe in the glory of his success, and then forget it. No committees, no meetings, no plans to put on a better dance than some rival "honorary." And above all, no politics, because nobody would give a hoot whether so-and-so was a good Joe; it would be a question of whether he deserved the honor—the pure honor—of being picked.

Professional fraternities have their shortcomings, too. Politics enters the scene and spoils an otherwise worthwhile setup nine times out of ten. And politics isn't limited to men's organizations; it is as bad in women's groups, or perhaps worse. But on the whole, professional fraternities generally have a purpose which overcomes the influence of the members—generally poor ones—who get in through politics.

Oregon Cindermen

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wind-up his day's work, Robinson will team with Bob Fitchard in the broadjump.

New Weakness

A new weak spot in Hayward's ranks has developed since last Saturday. Clyde Walker, letterman shotputter who led the Duck team against the Beavers last

Saturday, has been forced to give up track and school because of poor eyesight. His departure leaves the shot put department in the hands of Len Holland, Willie Harris, and Bill Rach. These three will also throw the platter in today's meet. Holland is Pacific coast conference discus title-holder.

George Varoff, Oregon's pole-vault champion, is to have a teammate today when he has his first

TODAY, after the parade is over and the "first" ball has been thrown, Coach Howard Hobson will send his 1938 ball team onto the diamond and the northern division baseball season will be underway.

As is the custom, the Ducks open here against Oregon State college Friday, then return the compliment at Corvallis for Saturday's opener there.

Always Oregon and Oregon State games are marked with hard playing, plenty of rivalry, and a mad scramble for runs. This year's first will be no exception. State, beaten four times straight last year, comes to Eugene under a new coaching regime but with an experienced man in charge. Coach Ralph Coleman is an old hand in the coast conference and has had plenty of baseball experience otherwise. He replaces Mentor Slats Gill.

Oregon's Webfoots open the series not only as conquerors of OSC four times in 1937 but also as division champions. By virtue of a clean sweep on the road trip and a home stretch drive, almost the same aggregation as will start today took last year's pennant in a blazing finish.

THE ceremonies and "firsts" prizes offered today put a fitting touch on the University's version of the game which is still the American national sport. Baseball, renewing its hold on the public's interest in the past five years, has built up the first day tradition as has no other sport. Every one of the school, bush, and professional leagues has its big first days—each team celebrating its initial home game with some local, state, or national figure tossing the first ball.

Mother Deserves It

SONGS have been written to mother, poems have been recited to her, stories have been told about her, but at Oregon we dedicate Junior weekend to her.

In spite of a well-established tradition of preparing events especially for mothers during the three-day festivities, Oregon students seem prone not to tell their feminine parents about the weekend dedicated to them.

And so the committees begin their work. They plant little stickers around, demanding that you "Write Home to Mother." They make announcements at assemblies, they send out stories in the newspapers, they make speeches over the radio—and they ask The Emerald to write editorials.

THE facts of the situation are simple. A three-day program crammed with teas,

Despite the increased interest in college football and the recent birth of pro grid leagues, baseball is still the best-attended American sport. Last year 10,000,000 people paid admissions to see 16 major league teams in two circuits do battle. An estimated 14,000,000 others saw other teams play organized ball. These 24,000,000 do not include those people who paid to see college, high school, town team, city league, American Legion, and other sandlot games. Only two leagues on the coast, the coast circuit and the Western International, are organized professional leagues, whose attendance swells this figure.

The growth of interest in baseball in the past six years may be said to have almost surpassed that of football. In 1932 the national pastime struck its all-time low when only 11 insolvent minor leagues finished the season. Last season saw more than 40 minor circuits successfully negotiate the turbulent financial waters to end the season intact.

Baseball, too, pays the highest salaries of any professional sport. It is undeniably backed by the greatest mass of tradition attending any American sports contest. The jinxes, history-making plays, and the "greats" of the game are known, spoken of reverently, and remembered wherever sports fans gather.

THE team Coach Hobson fields this afternoon is capable of upholding the college version of a national sports institution. Clad in new suits, the Ducks will be ready to show the fans something when the umpire yells—"Batteries for today's game—Play Ball."

business sessions, tours, the canoe fete, campus luncheon, the annual banquet, and many other affairs that have been and will be itemized a dozen times in the next two weeks, await visiting mothers May 6, 7, and 8.

There should certainly be no good reason why mother should not come down to the campus for the weekend. As one can readily see, there are a host of good ones why she should. The logical thing to do is sit down quietly for a few minutes, and in that next letter requesting funds or telling about the past week, add a few lines about the wonders of the University of Oregon's Junior weekend.

As some wit once remarked—"College sure is peachy." If anyone deserves to see it at its "peachiest," during the annual spring term fete, it is certainly Mother.

chance to better 14 feet out-of-doors. His mate will be Rod Hansen, a sophomore.

Highjumpers are Johnny Lindblom, Bob Fitchard, and Stan Short.

'If Diz Can Do

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"Sure I'll pitch the whole game," said Warren, "didn't Whitey Hilcher go 12 innings for the Portland Beavers the other day, and I'm a bigger man than he is."

The managers will pitch Laddie Gale and Pete Mitchell, in case the frosh do get to bat, which manager supporters say is very unlikely, that is, if the managers get to bat first.

Warren has the last laugh so

far. To the managers' boast that they would knock his offerings in every gopher hole in the park, Coach John had this to say: "Somebody's got to take John Pink's place as the Astoria Assasin since he went home, so I'm elected. I won't throw nuthin' but bean balls . . . and more bean balls."

Oregon Coeds

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tween the schools, but to enable the girls of the different colleges to meet each other and spend a day at sports.

All those wishing to go and desiring transportation please meet in front of Gerlinger hall at 8:30 Saturday morning. A small charge will be made.

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