

# Round 'n About....

WITH WEN BROOKS

Certainly are a lot of folks who go through life fooling themselves. As long as they can get away with it, OK... but sometimes these people are brought down to earth with a bang and the subsequent disillusionment is hard to take.

I suppose all of us fool ourselves, are living an act, part of the time... makes for variety... but too much of it makes for falseness and instability of character.

After all, what is a person as far as the world is concerned but a name? Your name stands for what you have or haven't done. You are recognized and known by your name. You may have wonderful ideas, ambitions... but if you keep them to yourself and never try to realize any of these you'll never be known for any of them. Ask yourself: what am I to date? Analyze your actions once in a while. Doing this while you are still in college may make a lot of difference in the final outcome... what you are when you're through school.

Enough of that for now. As a prognosticator I'm a failure. I said that one dog, the Chi Psi dog, wouldn't be on the campus after Sunday. Baron's still around. Ken Miller, who came up from California last weekend to get Baron, returned Sunday without his dog. Baron was nowhere to be found when Ken had to leave. Innocent brothers knew nothing of the dog's whereabouts. Now that Ken's back in California you might ask Fred Miller where Baron was Sunday night.

This 'n that: Frank Meek stranded in San Francisco last weekend after missing his train. Rumors have him seeking a personal attendant before he takes another trip south... Jens Hansen maybe is and maybe isn't. Even has cupid wondering... And the Kappa Sigs had some trouble with the Chi O door Sunday night, knocking it right out of its casing. The Pomeroy pin-planting was being celebrated rather late, I'd say... And Bob "Smoky" Whitfield with a "racket" complex... And rinse your eyes sometime on the Emerald city editor's technique as he corners some unsuspecting coed in the shack and proceeds to close in, slowly unfolding all the glamor of the news game. And do the girls go for it! Well, ask Bud "Wolf" Jermain.

Students kick at times about the Emerald with such remarks as, "There's not a thing in it but advertising," which fact is occasionally almost true. It might be well to understand a little more about the set-up.

This year, under the efficient managing of Hal Haener, the paper is in a better way financially than it's been for some time. The business staff is well-organized and doing a good job... hence all the advertising. The advertising is what makes possible the publication of the paper. Any extra money goes into a general fund for the ASUO, helping promote other student activities... programs for us, the students. Who's kicking?

Did you know that Mrs. Fleming, president Erb's secretary, has served in the capacity of president's secretary for nine years? That President Erb, as well as other members of the administration and faculty, prefer to be addressed as "Mister" though many of them have their doctor's degrees... an old custom on the campus? That construction on Deady hall began in May of 1873?

OSC SCORES AGAIN! Students at Corvallis have won out in their fight for a drum majorette and once again the question has arisen on this campus: why not a coed leading the band at Oregon? Might make

some of the boys march with more snap if a high-stepping girl were at the front!

Friday night Oregon students will have a chance to mix with "staters" in Portland at a dance at Jantzen beach. Binford playing.

Latest news from the love front has Henry Camp at last pinning Nancy Gardner. A week-end in Portland seems to have done the trick. And truth, like many a football coach, will out if just given time. Phi Psi learned just last night that Irving Johnson had pinned Chi O's Lois Hogan over two weeks ago.

When fellows at the Chi Psi lodge heard the phone ring eight times—finally to be answered by a sophomore, they were suspicious... and rightly. Freshmen walked out yesterday afternoon, leaving very unostentatiously. Haven't been heard from since.

W. A. Dahlberg, professor of personality in the speech department, should never have trouble filling his classes... not after coming out with a statement favoring apple-polishing such as he has in today's paper!

## Wie geht's

By V. GATES

With the traffic cops holding out their arms in a Nazi-like salute, the WPA projects displaying red flags, we're sure King George will get the wrong political idea of this country.

The Emerald tells us Mr. Sprague is a "cordial supporter" of the two state schools. This is too much of a political statement; does he mean he'll bet on both teams in the Oregon-Oregon State football game?

We're told personality is the right kind of character in the right kind of wrapper. Transparent cellophane, no doubt.

Diogenes, looking for an honest man, was born too soon. He should have had a radio so he could hear a candidate for an office telling about himself.

# Colorful Dictator Horthy of Hungary Seems More Impressive, Picturesque Than Rivals, Emerald Scribe Says

By HOWARD KESSLER

Mussolini entered Rome in the be cushioned comfort of a Pullman sleeper.

Hitler led his march of triumph down Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse in a sleek limousine.

Place alongside these singularly unimpressive tactics of all-conquering dictators the showmanship of Nicolas Horthy de Nagybanya. Resplendent in his admiral's uniform of the Austro-Hungarian navy, Horthy came riding into Budapest on a prancing white charger, leading his troops as a commander should. Barely twenty-four hours had elapsed since the last Rumanian soldiers had departed the Magyar capital. It was November, 1919, as Admiral Horthy took over the magnificent Danubian palace which he occupies to this day. A handsome and dashing figure, the naval chief of a land that no longer had so much as a yard of coastline knew how to impress the crowds at the outset of his long career in demagoguery.

Keep Your Eye on Horthy Today Admiral Horthy comes into new prominence. The success of Hitler's "drang nach osten," his drive toward the east, will depend in large measure on Hungary's friendship. To reach the fabulously rich oil fields of Rumania, Der Fuehrer will be forced to march through Czechoslovakia or Hungary, and it is reasonable to believe that he will take the easier route through the latter country. Thus the good will of Dictator Horthy is highly to be desired by Hitler and company.

To pave the road to an understanding, Horthy visited the third reich last August, and was most royally entertained. It must have done his old heart good to revive the German fleet at Kiel, to have his charming wife christen a new German cruiser "Prinz Eugen," after his own flagship, and to watch a stupendous parade of armament in his honor. It certainly did the Nazis no harm to lavish affection on Horthy, and it may lead the way to a Mitteleuropa such as Bismarck and Kaiser Wilhelm never dared hope for.

Meet the New Champ Nicolas Horthy now holds the modern long distance championship of the dictatorship league, by virtue of Kemal Ataturk's recent withdrawal from the race. He is seventy now, and cannot last many more years, which may be an incentive for Hitler to speed up his plans. Nicolas cooperated with Adolf as long ago as 1922 and until the futile pitch of 1923. As a dictator he has always

been anti-Semitic, and in the early years of his regime he sponsored a reign of terror which compares favorably with Hitler's own. This makes for a community of interest which a succeeding ruler of Hungary may not have with Der Fuehrer.

During the early '20's it was taken for granted that Admiral Horthy intended to set himself up as King of the Magyars. Yet Horthy remains the elected regent for a monarch who has never been named. He is not of noble birth. Dozens of families have more hereditary right to the throne of Hungary than he, and someday one of them may be chosen. But for nearly two decades the son of a fairly prosperous Magyar squire has cracked the whip over an assembly elected by open ballot.

He Played the Fiddle for the Emperor The admiral had a brilliant career in the Austro-Hungarian navy before and during the war. He was aide de camp to the Emperor Francis Joseph for several years. As a naval officer he had to speak German, and it is interesting to note that he still uses Hungarian with a German dialect.

In 1900 Horthy became a naval lieutenant, and the next year he married the daughter of a wealthy farmer. Her beauty, intellectual qualities, and simple nature, it is said, have contributed greatly to his popularity.

At the start of the World War Nicolas Horthy commanded a cruiser. For nearly three years he frittered away his days without coming to grips with the enemy. Then, on May 15, 1917, our brave commander went into action. He broke through the Allied blockade with three cruisers and two destroyers, and attacked the enemy fleets in a terrific sea encounter near Otranto.

A Horthy Never Retreats, Sir! For seven hours Horthy battled five British battleships and eight Italian and French vessels. His flagship was crippled, but Horthy fought on. Shells were screaming and falling on all sides of him, but Horthy fought on. His cruisers were capsizing to the right of him and to the left of him, but did Horthy run away? Not Horthy! Our hero fought on and on.

Suddenly a sliver of steel was thrown up at the commander. Too late he saw it and ducked. Too late to avoid the messenger of death.

"I'm shot!" he gasped, (in German, of course), and clutched at his breast.

(To be continued.)

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## Victorianism—Get Thee Behind Us

THE QUESTION has again been raised. Once again the campus vibrates to whispers, conversations and shouts of "Why don't we have a drum majorette?"

Back of the revival of interest in Oregon's drum majorette problem has been an interesting little drama in Corvallis. Last week the Beavers were mourning their loss of two drum majorettes who were banned from appearing in short dresses and bare legs. The moans grew into a roar of student disapproval until just before the Homecoming game the official edict was rescinded and the girl baton-twirlers appeared.

Oregon backers of the drum majorette proposal watched events with interest. When the Beavers came out victorious their whispers grew louder, until last night they were loud enough for all to hear.

BANNING OF the Oregon majorette last year revolved around an opinion that by permitting a girl to march before the band the campus was indulging in the "exploitation of womanhood." Exploitation is the "selfish or unfair utilization" of an object or person, usually with the idea of gaining thereby. The drum majorette who was deposed last year was willing and eager to perform. The gain of her performance was improved appearance of the band, added pep and color, which today would fit excellently in the theme that "Oregon is Going places."

If this action is selfish, if it is unfair, if the gain from it is not a general gain to the University—then logic and reasoning have no place in this institution of higher learning.

A LETTER WRITER to the Barometer editor, joining in the general protest at Corvallis, raised another point which should be of interest to Webfoots. In his plea for the return of the OSC majorettes he said: "We want to show the Oregon band a thing or two when our fine band meets them on Multnomah field at the Oregon game, and our girl drum majors plus superior marching and playing ability are just the things that can do it..."

Such an expression should not remain unchallenged. If

Oregon State can have two bare-legged drum majorettes, can there is no reason why Oregon cannot rise to the occasion with a fitting reply.

THE AGE when "knees were always covered and referred to in a hushed voice as limbs" is gone. The age when young ladies dropped handkerchiefs and fainted on appropriate occasion left with handle-bar mustaches. The age when women were restricted to their "proper" activities in the drawing room and kitchen passed with the livery stable.

Women have been emancipated. Their capabilities have been recognized and accepted. There is no need for a continuation of Victorianism on the Oregon campus.

## A Joint Reputation Grows

REPUTATION is an elusive character. It grows and changes; is added to and detracted from. Reputation is an important thing for an individual—no less important for an institution.

Therefore the plaudits just received by the Oregon chapter of Sigma Delta Chi are important to the University. The men of the journalism honorary may be congratulated not only because of their personal success but success of their contribution to the fame and honor of Oregon.

Behind the announcement that the local chapter placed highest among the 43 chapters of the society with the record-breaking score of 96 points in the efficiency contest is a long story. It is a story of service to Oregon and journalism. It contains a list of achievements that have been going on quietly under the direction of able leaders.

SIGMA DELTA Chi has had a long and colorful career on the campus. It has aided in high school and state press conferences, it has managed contests for the betterment of journalism, it has improved the abilities of its members through contacts with noted men in the newspaper profession.

The men of Oregon chapter of Sigma Delta Chi have exemplified their creed. They have truly evidenced talent, have utilized it with energy, and have guided their activities with the light of truth. Journalism in Oregon stands improved and honored by their activities.

## In the Mail

### NO JOKING

To the Editor:

Having recently regained personal contact with my Alma Mater I have had an opportunity to make mental note of a number of things—good and bad alike—and the letter column of November 9th's Emerald seems to indicate that others have similar thoughts.

It occurs to me that there is a noticeable lack of cooperation of the latent power and strength of the great mass of former Oregon students. Is it possible that we have a small group who form alumni policies without asking for comment or suggestion or who disregard them when offered, or is it a case of everyone not giving a whoop—except the small minority who prefer a "status quo" for some reason or other? If it is the latter then we have no one to blame but ourselves for not exercising our prerogative—alumni voting.

I attended class reunion and homecoming this year and since have been forced to make comparisons. If the several examples of alumni organizing which I have seen recently are typical of other work, then I believe there is a bad case of "dry rot" in the timber struc-

ture of the good ship "Old Oregon" and it is about time we do some dry-docking and see what is wrong.

To assist in bettering our organization I recommend this: 1. Ask and allow constructive criticism through Old Oregon and the Oregon Emerald. 2. See that the paid secretariat organizes and follows up on local alumni chapters. (If such is being done I find no comment on it either in the alumni publication or from inquiries.)

Let's quit "joking" and hear what others have to say—we might get a few surprises that have been long delayed and badly needed.

Del Monte, Ex-class of '28.

### MORRIS SPEAKS ON KOAC

Dr. Victor P. Morris, dean of the BA school, spoke last night over station KOAC on "The Jews." His talk mainly concerned the Jews of Germany and their present situation in that nation.

### DUKE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE DURHAM, N. C.

Four terms of eleven weeks are given each year. These may be taken consecutively (graduation in three and one-quarter years) or three terms may be taken each year (graduation in four years). The entrance requirements are intelligence, character and three years of college work, including the subjects specified for Class A medical schools. Catalogues and application forms may be obtained from the Admission Committee.

What shirt lives happily with all your suits? An ARROW White IS Always Right SEE THIS WEEK'S POST page 39

ENJOY THE POST TONIGHT DONALD BUDGE for the first time tells the reasons WHY I'M TURNING "PRO" see page 8 of this week's Post NOTE TO SCOTLAND YARD 1 Amy Gibbs - "took poison by mistake?" 2 Tommy Pierce - "fell out of window?" 3 Harry Carter - "slipped off footbridge?" 4 Dr. Humbleby - "blood poisoning?" 5 Miss Fullerton - "accidentally run over?" ... or were these 5 victims just EASY TO KILL? ONLY ONE WOMAN in this quiet, innocent English village scented murder—cold-blooded, cunning murder. "It's very easy to kill," she told Luke Fitzwilliam, "if no one suspects you." But before she could name the killer, she, too, was struck down. And Luke, just back from police duty in the Straits Settlements, found himself facing a new kind of menace—"accidental" death... You'll find the first installment of this mystery thriller on page 5 of your Post. Begin "EASY TO KILL"... A New Mystery Novel by AGATHA CHRISTIE CHALLENGE TO ANY COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM IN AMERICA "The (Washington) Redskins offer to go anywhere and play any single college team in the country a sixty-minute game under any rules, behind closed gates, without benefit of box office, to prove they can beat a college team any day in the week." (Signed) George Preston Marshall, Pres. Washington Redskins, author of PRO FOOTBALL IS BETTER FOOTBALL on page 20 of this week's Post ALSO... "WHACKY BLONDES BELONG IN THE BRIG!" Captain Martin was thinking of Laura and Dorrit, who memorized sea laws and used them to advantage. Read about one they overlooked, in Moon of Esmerillada, by Frank Buntz. ALSO & KINTNER'S LATEST CHAPTER ON NEW DEALERS IN ACTION. In We Shall Make America Over, they show you how laws really get born today, from brain-trust meeting to final fireside chat. COLOR PICTURES OF HENRY FORD'S 19TH CENTURY VILLAGE. At Dearborn, Henry Ford has recaptured early America, preserves it as national parks do buffalo and grizzly. Grandpa Town, illustrated with natural-color photographs, shows you what it's like. AND... A new short story by FANNIE HURST, Mamma and Papa... HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST HEADACHE. See Copyright, 1933, by... Short stories, serials, editorials, fun and cartoons. All in this week's Post. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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