Globally Speaking

By BILL SINNOTT

There is an old story of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, and a Pole who went to India to hunt elephants. On their return to Europe each wrote a book about his trip.

The Englishman's book was called, "How I Shot My First Elephant," the Frenchman's concerned, "The Amours of an

Elephant," the German wrote about "The Elephant's Life, History, Customs, and Habits," while the Pole prepared a document on "The Elephant and the Polish Question."

We have had the Polish question before us for the past 150 years.

Previous to the partition of the 18th century, Poland was one of the larger powers of Europe. Her territory extended at one time from the Baltic to the Black sea. She suffered, however, from two weaknesses of government: an elective monarchy and the power of any single noble in the Diet to veto the bill.

Poland was so weakened by internal dissensions that she fell easy prey to Prussia, Russia, and Austria in the Third Partition. Russian rule was repressive in the extreme after the revolts of 1830 and 1863. The Czarist regime tried to Russianize the Poles in every possible manner. The Polish language was forbidden and attempts were made to convert them forcibly to the Orthodox church.

The German Poles fared better until the advent of the Empire of 1871. The Imperial government tried to Germanize them and by 1914 the German Poles were in almost open revolt against the Berlin government.

The Austrian Poles, on the other hand, were favored by Vienna. The Germans and Poles of Austria formed a partnership to keep the Czechs down. The Galicians or Austrian-Poles, had both the power to rule and experience in government, and for this reason many of Poland's post-World War leaders came from Galicia.

Marshal Jan Pilsudski formed a Polish legion to fight for Austria during the last war. He believed Russian defeat meant a "Polonia Restituta." Pilsudski fell out eventually with the Austrians, however, and was imprisoned until the armistice.

The Paris Peace Conference drew up the so-called Curzon line in 1919 on the eastern boundary of Poland. Pilsudski refused to accept this, and backed by France, invaded the Soviet Union. The Poles advanced as far as Kiev, where they were defeated and forced to retreat to the gates of Warsaw, the Russians under the late "purged" Marshal Tukhachev-

The French sent Weygand to rally the Poles and a fierce campaign ensued around the Vistula. The Russians retreated and the Polish boundary was pushed 200 miles beyond the Curzon line by the Treaty of Riga, in 1921.

The new boundary included some four million Ruthenians and a million and a half White Russians in the Polish nation.

Poland was ruled by Pilsudski

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and his clique of colonels for some time after this. Thus Poland became literally a feudal state, an anachronism for the 20th century. The nation was run purely for the benefit of the great landowners.

Eastern Poland formed the domain of the great Polish aristocrats such as the Ralziwells and the Potockis. These nobles exploited their peasantry and lived an 18th century life of feudal magnificence.

Galicia, on the other hand, is the fortress of the Uniste church. The Unister recognize the Pope as their head, but their priest marry, and they use a Slavic, or Orthodox liturgy. Great discontent was caused when the government attempted to force the Unister to embrace pure Catholicism.

In September, 1939 the Polish state fell after the combined Russo-German invasion. The Fourth Partition resulted.

Russia now claims all of eastern Poland up to the Ribbentrop line

Canis Lupus Collegicus

ten to one he isn't? Besides, who'd want to be a canis lupus (wolf to

Let's analyze the situation from a logical and purely scientific point of view. Now here we have, Coe Jollege, a common, ordinary, and quite typical fellow, who likes to have a good time. He is seen frequently at the various campus activities and, probably for no other good reason than the man shortage (sometimes I wonder about that to), seems to be, putting it rather crudely, "knocking 'em dead.'

For this, he is immediately dubbed "lady killer," or a "what do they see in him" man. Now perhaps our '44 version of a '39 BTO (Big Time Operator) goes to a certain campus frolic with Jinny, dances all night with Clare, makes eyes at Helen over Clares shoulder, sits the intermission out with Mabel and takes Mary home. and just for a simple thing like that is promptly called a "Wolf..'

Or maybe on arriving home with Jessie the night before, there was an audience of other "good night sayers" already on the front porch (this always seems to be the case) and our streamlined Casanova, not wanting to appear bashful, grabs the "whats he want on" Jessie, and plants a "solid smack, straight from California, upon her "Cupid's bow." And to cover up possible embar-

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Quiet Canteen ...

Someone said the other day, "The trouble with this campus is that there isn't much real relaxation, there isn't any chance to feel peaceful and contented." Many soldier and civilian students have objected to the mixer-dance-Saturday-night-at-the-Mac routine which makes weekends tense and boring.

The person whose temperament does not "take" to the usual amusements, who wants to read, and talk, and play records just hasn't been counted into the general campus social scheme -until now.

It is the Emerald's great pleasure to announce (and this is the first and only detailed announcement which will be made) that Saturday night Canteen will open regularly beginning Saturday, January 22.

The third floor lounge in Gerlinger hall and the adjoining little dance floor has been obtained by the ASUO executive council. The Canteen will open at 7 and close at 12 every Saturday evening.

At this Canteen, soldier-students and civilian students may read the current magazines or browse in a revolving library which will be furnished from the main University library. They may bring their own records and play them (no phonographhoggers, though, please) they can dance, and talk, and play bridge. Cokes will be available.

In the lounge there is a fireplace and lots of comfortable chairs and davenports. Guests may even pull an Abe Lincoln and read on the floor by the fire if they want to.

This is not a "talk it up" editorial. There will be no strain to get a big crowd. This Canteen isn't for a big crowd, as a matter of fact. It's a place where anyone, with or without a date, can go. Where he or she can get off in a corner or perhaps whip up a bull session. Where no one is under obligation to do anything but enjoy the facilities offered.

War nerves, heavy assignments, and the hankering to just go somewhere and relax from an unpleasant routine: A Saturday night Canteen is the quiet answer.

Their Sacrifice ·

Despite the fluster and hurly-burly of war in England, it is said that students of Oxford, Cambridge, and the other English universities hold their own little homecomings whereever a few of them can get together. In violent contrast, the University of Oregon grads will be actually returning to their "foster mother." They will find the "old school" unchanged by bomb or shell—the gray, stained walls of Fenton, the crisp, rusty red, burnt brown brick walls of the art museum, the fine gravel that sticks to one's shoes on the walks around and behind the library, and the smoothness of the gray, wet streets during the moisture of the fogs and their slipperiness during the rains—all these things were part and parcel of our lives at Old Oregon long before World War II was ever talked of, and will be long after all but the scars have healed.

But in other places this will not be entirely so. Some countries-China, Poland, Russia-have had all or part of their universities blown into scattered heaps or rubble. Others, such as France, Norway, Czechoslovakia, have suffered the perhaps worse fate of being coerced into teaching lies and pap in order to serve the ends of the conqueror. Instead of being fountainheads of truth, the universities of these nations have been made dispensers of falsehood. Or else closed down alto-

But the University of Oregon holds its annual Homecoming celebration almost as usual. Not quite. Fathers are not asked to come if their presence would take them away from essential war work, or clutter up the transportation facilities needlessly. Nevertheless, the celebration will actually take place. What a marvel, the occupied and more severely pressed countries at war might think!

Consequently our welcome of the old grads, as well as their joy at returning, should be touched with thoughtful sobriety. For after all, the flower of Oregon's alumni are the ones who cannot get back. They are huddling and sweltering in foxholes on the New Guinea coast, churning with heavy feet and dripping helmets through the seas of mud that are the roads of western Italy, or standing watch on the fog-wrapped bridges of rolling, pitching ships. Some of these boys will never come back. They are lying in shallow, sand-heaped desert graves, or beneath the floors of jungle clearings. Or beneath the stormtossed waves of the gloomy Atlantic. Or collected with the bones of many others in nameless pit graves in enemy-held lands.

These are the boys who, most of all, deserve the fun of celebrating Homecoming. It is almost trite to point out that they will never do so. But as the grads gather round the tables and sing the old songs, and as we students stand admiringly without and listen to the strains of reminiscence as they are wafted through the windows, let us turn our thoughts once again to the lads who cannot come home, and let us make a vow to try to prove-for it is a hopeless task-one hundred per cent worthy of their sacrifice.



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