

# Closed Sources

A story appeared on the front page of Thursday's Emerald. It was a good story, but it wasn't complete. The facts of the case simply weren't available.

This illustrates a big problem of the press—freedom of information. It isn't a perfect example. Considering the short lives and inactivity of many organizations, it may not be too important, whether the NAACP is granted permission to organize on campus. We don't aim to grind an axe for the group.

What we're complaining about are the barriers to further information. Student Affairs committee meetings are closed. A press representative may attend, but he can't "cover" the sessions. Most of the people who are in a position to know what is happening in the NAACP case won't talk. Those who will want to remain "off the record." We feel we should respect their requests—in this case. Others were "unavailable for comment."

It is impossible to withhold information and escape the stigma of having something to hide. This is true whether it's a New York vice trial, a political caucus, or a U of O committee meeting. Even if the press knows—but can't print the whole story, the public doesn't.

We want to make it clear that we're sure there is nothing lurking in the shadows in this case. We don't even think it's worth the secrecy.

But we object to the violation of the principle of the free press, which necessitates free access to the news.

In all fairness we should state that those who want to keep this matter quiet are also following a principle. One professor explains, "the press seldom has full coverage of both sides of an issue. Tempers flare because the story is incomplete, and a sketchy report does more damage than good."

When people refuse to talk, or are afraid to talk, how does one get a complete report? To resort to the always present devious methods of garnering information is to leave the press open to charges of gutter journalism.—H.J.

# Waldo, the Defender

It was a great relief to us when we discovered, early this week, that the purpose of those curious square holes which dotted the campus was for such an innocent thing as to support building signs. We'd heard a lot of rumors about them (before they were filled, naturally)—not the least disturbing of which was that they were for our old friend Waldo and his pals.

We got this report from our advertising manager, Ron Brown, who, in a moment of dark despair, suggested that the mysterious square opening by the SU flagpole would be a neat fit for the carcass of our black and white (and occasionally purple) protector.

We put Mr. Brown in our high dudgeon classification for his thoughts—but worried about the suggestion, nevertheless. So it was nice to see the holes filled up, even if the signs for which they serve as a base seem overly rustic, quite Forest Service-like in appearance. One would almost expect to find the one by the flagpole stating, "Water—300 feet—□" or "Skyline Trail—elevation 4,769 feet" or something like that.

Waldo, to us, has a much more important purpose in life than to substitute for a few cubic feet of cement, even though he does have an addiction to statuesque poses. He is, in a sense, the special (and self-appointed) defender of the Emerald shack against a pack of marauding squirrels that hang out in the pin oak trees outside our door.

They're as rough and rowdy a bunch of squirrels as we've ever come across, but no match for the patient, purposeful defender. We've known him to spend entire afternoons seated motionless beneath a tree trunk, head tilted toward the sky.

We'll admit he's not the prettiest dog in the world, or the most intelligent—but for raw courage, find another to match this two-toned guardian of freedom of the press.



The OREGON DAILY EMERALD published Monday through Friday during the college year except Jan. 5; Feb. 23; Mar. 2, 3, 5, 9, 10 and 11; Mar. 13 through 30; June 1, 2 and 3 by the Student Publications Board of the University of Oregon. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Eugene, Oregon. Subscription rates: \$5 per school year; \$2 per term. Opinions expressed on the editorial page are those of the writer and do not pretend to represent the opinions of the ASUO or of the University. Editorials are written by the editor and the members of the editorial staff.

JIM HAYCOX, Editor SALLY THURSTON, Business Manager  
HELEN JONES, LARRY HOBART, AL KARR, Associate Editors  
BILL GURNEY, Managing Editor  
JACKIE WARDELL, News Editor SAM VAHEY, Sports Editor

# AT THE WINDOW, BEAUTY

# Serenades Are THE Thing!

by bob funk

It was two o'clock in the morning and she was lying somewhat northeast of center on the Lambda Pu sorority sleeping porch. She was a thing of beauty, duplicated on every side by the sleeping forms of her sorority sisters. Her luxuriant hair, unencumbered by pins or other machinery streamed luxuriantly over her pillow. Her slender figure was swathed in a frothy negligee (we got this part out of a book). By the pale light of the moon you could see the breath curling delicately from her nostrils.

From somewhere down the street came the sound of a coarse laugh and the drop of a beer can. Almost instantly, the form of the Saturday Night Sophomore Serenade Apprehending Committee chairman, which had been motionless beside the window, tensed; and with its tensing fourteen beautiful sophomore committee members sprang from their beds with hoarse cries.

"Serenade! Serenade!" the voice of the committee chairman wailed, siren-like. Another member was poking sleeping Lambda Pu's in vulnerable places with a hairpin.

"Remember ladies, ten dollar fine for not getting up for serenades," another voice rasped. "Ten dollar fine and dead nights all spring term!"

The Thing of Beauty cleverly put her pillow over her face and her luxuriant hair and attempted to sink into her mattress. This worked for approximately three minutes, after which time the pillow was snatched up, a flashlight pushed near her face, and a mellow voice broke the night with "All right, ladies, everybody wants to show their House Spirit, doesn't everybody?"

They stood, imbued with House Spirit, at the windows, and they were lovely to behold. The committee chairman was peering near-sightedly down onto the lawn. The committee for Rendering a Beautiful Song of Reply was neighing nervously off to side.

Down on the lawn one member of the Triple Greek-letter-we-have-forgotten fraternity leaned against his brother in the bond, who leaned against still a third, who found a resting place against a tree. They mumbled aimlessly for a time, could not agree upon a song, and left. There was a general feeling on the sleeping porch that this had possibly been an Unregistered Serenade, and everyone went back to bed. The committee chairman was severely disappointed.

It was two-thirty o'clock the

same morning when the committee chairman again raised the hue and cry, and the Sisterhood again gathered expectantly at the windows. Below on the lawn five hundred members of the Phi, Phi fraternity were gathered into five parts. Members holding torches formed an Omega in the center; a line of men in front were holding roman candles. The members refreshed themselves with last gulps of Coca Cola, and then began roughly as follows:

"Take, O Take those lips away:  
Should I not live another day  
I should expire surfeited, replete,  
With love of you, who are so neat;  
With love of you, who are so fair,  
For whom you know I really care;  
With love of you, who would not go  
With any other blackguard, schmo  
But me, (but I) of frat Phi, Phi.  
In summary, even should I die  
You'd still possess my Phi,  
Phi pin  
Which, on this campus, means  
You're In."

The song of reply was all about the beautiful, gorgeous, and redundantly charming members of Lambda Pu being the people ev-

erybody wanted to pin, even the cross-eyed ones, and so this serenade was no surprise.

The girl serenaded was receiving her eighth serenade in as many weeks, and was hoping to break the existing record and receive the Serenade Cup on Founders' Day. On the sixth serenade a small group of disgruntled sisters had attempted to thrust her bodily from the sleeping porch onto the blazing torches of the serenading fraternity. This plan had been frustrated from fruition only by the fact that the lady in question lodged on a first-floor awning.

Since then she had kept herself chained to the house president on the rather naive assumption that no one would throw the house president out of the window too.

As the Song of Reply ended there was ecstatic breathing on all sides and the Most Serenaded cut another notch in the bedpost. "Beautiful," the committee chairman sighed.

Down on the street a beer can clinked. The committee chairman tensed expectantly. And by the dim, romantic illumination of the moon, a member of the senior class of Lambda Pu sorority, Alpha of Oregon, shot herself with a small revolver.

# Sophomore Honors Program?



"Don't you worry about how they'll make a living—just stress the importance of a college education."

# A Special Report on: Germany

Bayerisch-Gnaim was probably never in the news. It is just a small Bavarian village in the mountains on the German-Austrian border about twenty miles southwest of Salzburg. It took several bursts of machine gun fire to concentrate the interest of reporters and news agencies on the hamlet.

Theodor Birkel, 48-year-old mayor of the village, was shot to death while walking by the house of Martin Jacobi, a former Nazi official. At nine o'clock in the morning Jacobi set up an old German army machine gun in a third-floor window of his house and mowed down Birkel as he walked by.

A passerby ran to aid the mayor and was grazed by a bullet. Two other men on the

Written for the Emerald by Gunther Barth, German newsman who attended the University last year. street escaped death, though they were fired at.

After the killing, Jacobi set his house on fire and jumped out of a second-floor window. The firemen were paralyzed for hours in their attempt to control the blaze by explosion of small arms ammunition and hand grenades stored in the house.

At nine o'clock in the evening Jacobi died in the hospital of Bad Reichenhall from self-inflicted injuries.

The investigation showed that Jacobi was dismissed as village secretary after the war when he was convicted as a major Nazi

offender. Officers said he apparently intended to take revenge on the community by killing its mayor.

The news about Bayerisch-Gnaim reached the Germans two days after German police had arrested, by special order of Chancellor Adenauer, a group of former officers and Nazi sympathizers in Hamburg. They planned to overthrow the democratic government by what they called "legal" methods.

In this connection the Bayerisch-Gnaim story bears a certain grim irony on the real political chances of such groups. For the only former Nazi who started an armed action against a representative of the new established order was a single, insane man.