

+ EMERALD EDITORIALS +

Too Much to Expect?

The newspapers and radio stations told the shocking news.

Governor Paul Patterson is dead.

The impact of his death has been great on his family, friends and fellow Oregonians. But it must have hit one man doubly hard.

We are thinking in particular of the President of the United States himself. He suffered just this type of heart attack last year. President Eisenhower recovered. Paul Patterson did not.

How will this affect the president in his ultimate decision on whether or not to run for a second term? He has said a number of times that he has not yet made up his mind and will not do so until after a medical examination this month.

The burden must be heavy on the man who has been told time and again that he owes it to his country to seek reelection; the man who feels a responsibility and yet realizes that he might never see the end of another term in office.

If the president is declared physically able to run again, then he will be faced with a decision few men would care to make. He must weigh his life against what many consider the best interests of party and country.

Can the nation expect so much of one man?—(J.C.R.)

Shared Weekend

This weekend is unique in the entire year in that it does something we usually take for granted—honors our fathers.

It is fitting, indeed, that we should show some appreciation for our dads because in many cases we would not be attending this institution without their help. True, we may only write our dads when something has gone wrong and/or we need more money, but that does not mean we have no gratitude toward them for the things they have done.

So this weekend has been set aside to entertain fathers in various ways — luncheon, a barbershop quartet contest and two basketball games. Although these things will help us show our dads we are glad they came, they can't show our entire feeling of welcome. Only the individual student can truly welcome his father by sharing this weekend with him.—(A.H.)

'Un-American' Criticism

Add another "un-American activity to the long list. This is one that should apply to almost everyone, American and otherwise. It is "criticism."

Adlai E. Stevenson (in the February issue of Harper's) says that this is the manner in which some people have come to regard what he terms "democracy's greatest safeguard."

The 1956 presidential candidate doesn't say who these people are, but you can bet 10 donkeys to an elephant that they belong to a political party of which he is not a member.

"Criticism," says Adlai, "in its fairest and most honest form, is the attempt to test whether what is, might not be better."

To which Benjamin Disraeli might have replied:

"It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

But Adlai is also critical of some criticism. He declares that as an instrument of power, it quickly degenerates into "the techniques of deceit and smear."

At this point the titular head of the Demo party remembers it is election year and deplores the "long campaign in this country of some Republicans to discredit the intelligence, the honesty, even the loyalty, of Democratic leaders in order to capture or keep public office."

Undoubtedly some of these gentlemen are inclined to question the value of much of

the criticism directed at them. However, Stevenson can hardly be questioned when he calls it a bulwark of democracy—if it is used right. We turn to Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"Criticism should not be querulous and wasting, all knife and root puller, but guiding, instructive, inspiring, a south wind, not an east wind."—(J.C.R.)

Campus Photographers

Tuesday's announcement of a campus photography contest by the Student Union art gallery committee may not have been deemed worthy of note by very many of the campus community, but we hope, even at the risk of drumming up competition for our own entries, that it was so noted by enough.

February 20 seems a bit soon and an entry deadline with such a crowded calendar topped by midterms, but we trust that those who can offer real contributions will not let the limited time factor keep them from submitting their best work. In addition to prizes and guaranteed exhibition in the SU art gallery, winners' entries will be submitted to an international college union photo contest.

The competition can be good; we know there are good photographers on the campus and we hope the final judging will be plenty difficult. And we're glad that the art gallery committee finally has presented the opportunity—a function which it should have recognized before now.—(C.H.M.)

Quartets and Quartettes

Quartets are fine institutions—nice, comfortable traditions. But quartettes are something else again. And that's where the trouble comes in. The tickets for tonight's contest "after the basketball game" say Barbershop Quartette contest. Now usually this is not a matter for the Emerald to worry about in much more than "Footnote" form. But this year it's different.

This year the Emerald has entered a quartet, and the Emerald's entry has made the finals—but the tickets say Quartette contest, and the Emerald entered a Quartet. The fact that this is a Quartette contest is going to come as somewhat of a surprise to the quartets that are entered, we are sure.

We have a solution, however. Let the five other quartets uphold the honor of quartets by withdrawing — the Emerald quartet will turn its back on honor (this once) and enter as a Quartette (in name only). Thus the Barbershop Quartet(te) committee will save face and the other five Quartets will maintain their honor.

Just in case the other five competing four-somes cannot see the logic of such a move, we still have an answer: the Emerald Quartet(te) is the only group with official editorial support.—(C.H.M.)

Broadening Experience

Saturday a very colorful event will take place on the Oregon campus involving representatives from approximately 35 countries. The event is an annual one—the International Fun Fest.

It is just as its name sounds—international because foreign students from several neighboring colleges, besides our own, are being invited; fun because entertainment and a dance will be given; and fest because it is a time of celebration and revelry.

The Fest will have another aspect rather than just amusement. Foreign students will present a more serious side in speeches and a panel discussion on international relations.

Color will be added by the various costumes from different countries.

Sharing in these different cultures and becoming acquainted with some of the international students could be a memorable and broadening experience to American students also if they would take advantage of this opportunity.—(A.H.)

Missing Study Aids



THE LOOKING GLASS

Hollywood Airs Old Problems in 'Bottom'

By Bob Davis
Emerald Columnist

Van Johnson gets a chance to act and Hollywood airs some old sociological problems in Twentieth Century Fox's, "Bottom of the Bottle." The setting is the Southwest ranchland and the principles are products of the new aristocracy that have invaded the area and called themselves ranchers.

A psychologist might term the main problem sibling rivalry. The Martin brothers, Pat and Donald, were destitute boys in a small town in Iowa. Pat, the eldest, escaped his environment and became a highly successful lawyer. Donald was not quite as lucky and wound up in Joliet penitentiary on a manslaughter conviction.

Young Donald, played by Van Johnson, foists himself on his brother after a prison break and asks help from the respectable Pat, whom most will recognize as Joseph Cotton. The question boils down to whether blood is thicker than water. Will Pat give up his respectability and freedom to save his errant brother?

Naturally a situation like this paves the way for a lot of movie corn, but beneath these great corn kernels lies a husky interior that is often revealing. The wealth which has centered on the Southwestern desert is extremely selfish and not used to responsibility. They know

Donald drank but tried to help him in such a superficial manner that he quickly climbed off the wagon and provided his hosts with a lively topic of conversation. He went berserk and the landed gentry, as deputy sheriffs, went riding after him with all the ceremony and revelry that precedes an English fox hunt.

As the fox, Mr. Johnson leaves something to be desired. He has stepped out of the bobby-sox idol class but still hasn't quite got the talent to claim company with the Bogarts and Tracys. Joseph Cotton gives the impression he is not altogether sold on his role which is a pity since he gets so few lately.

Voluptuous Ruth Roman seems to be one of the few in the cast who gets her characterization across the broad expanse of the Cinemascope screen. She is quite effective as the childless wife of the position conscious Pat Martin. Jack Carson again turns in a good job as a man with a million dollar bank account and a five dollar brain.

"Bottom of the Bottle" cannot be classed as the bottom in entertainment even with its obvious flaws. There is enough substance to keep up substantial interest. Don't expect, however, that its minor theme of alcoholism will diminish the crowd which gathers nightly a few blocks west of the campus on Thirteenth Street.



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