

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Delenda Est Carthago

No stary-eyed "liberal" was Cato the Elder, whose contributions to the modern age was the currently-accepted definition of "censor." Originally the Roman censor was just the chief census taker, tax-assessor and custodian of the sewers. But because the censor's duties brought him into close contact with the people—though naturally not into a close human relationship, considering the power he held—and because Cato was old zealot devoted to the stern old Roman virtues, he transformed his office into one regulating public and private morals strictly according to his own harsh, conservative views, and went down in history as Cato the Censor.

Growing crankier in his later years, Cato made a trip to Carthage and, disturbed by that city's greatness though it was then under Rome's ungentle thumb, became convinced that for Rome's safety, Carthage must be destroyed. Thereafter each time Cato rose in the senate to speak, no matter what the topic, he ended his remarks with the exclamation "Delenda est Carthago!"

Cato didn't quite live to see it but his was the inspiration for what occurred. Victorious in the third Punic war, the Romans in 146 BC laid siege to Carthage. The Carthaginians did not surrender; they were massacred or sold into slavery. And then the Romans methodically and ceremoniously razed every last stick of Carthage, and plowed up the site!

When the Romans spoke of "Africa" they didn't mean what we have come to know as the "dark continent." They meant Tunisia. And Tunisia, once the center of the Phoenician and later of the Carthaginian empire, is a country about half the area of Oregon with about twice the population, and in its more thickly inhabited portion is from the standpoint of physical geography perhaps the least typical region of the continent which took its old name.

The northerly coastal portion, west of Tunis and Bizerte, of this most northerly region in Africa is distinctly Mediterranean, much like southern Italy or Greece. The east coast, beyond Cape Bon where the Mediterranean bends southward, likewise is fertile and well-cultivated as far south as Sfax, where the visitor will see millions of olive trees—it's the center of a great olive oil industry.

It is into this fertile and ordinarily delightful land that American "second front" troops have been moving in recent days. Apart from the grimness of their mission, it will have been an interesting and pleasant journey. Indeed, in advancing through nearby Algeria they will have enjoyed, except when too hard-pressed by strafing enemy aircraft, a "tour" along one of the best-engineered and most beautiful highways in the Old World, the Jijelli-Corniche. Some perhaps were privileged to wander briefly in La Grotto Merveilleuse, a natural museum of stalactites and stalagmites amazing forms and shapes, brought to light by a blast of dynamite set off fifty four years ago when the French were building this ingenious highway. Yes, aside from the fighting our boys in North Africa are having a most interesting and educational trip, nothing like what you might suppose from the mere fact they are on that continent.

If our troops capture Tunis and set out from there toward Italy they may encounter, a few miles to the northeast along the Gulf of Tunis, the ruins of Carthage. Not the old Carthage which at the behest of Cato the Censor was razed and plowed under, but the Carthage rebuilt by the more constructive-minded Augustus more than a century later. Subsequently it served as capital of Genseric's Vandal kingdom of Africa, and still later it was destroyed by the Arabs; their job was notably thorough but they did leave a few remnants.

From Carthage, which was the Romans' chief rival for empire and whose destruction was the high point in their empire's creation, soon may come the blow which will destroy, politically at any rate, not only the modern Rome but the new empire which has been rising in Europe, built upon ideas of which Cato the Censor doubtless would approve. His Romans plowed it under but their job wasn't thorough enough, at that.

Cottage Grove Highway Case

The state highway department some years ago built what was designed to be a new fast highway, or at any rate one which would facilitate traffic, through Cottage Grove. The route parallels the railway and cuts diagonally across the ends of several city streets. The highway department sought to shut off access from these streets to the new highway, in order to realize its objective: The city brought action to prevent this and won a favorable circuit court ruling which has recently been sustained by the state supreme court, though on a divided opinion.

What the court has ruled must be presumed to be the law. On the other hand the Eugene Register-Guard in discussing the case has pointed out, and The Statesman agrees and has agreed for some years past, that Oregon has been regrettably dilatory in accepting new types of legislation designed to protect its highways from encroachment of a type which frequently defeats the purpose for which they were constructed.

There was a "freeway" bill before the legislature in 1941, proposing to empower the department to designate appropriate stretches of highway as "freeways" to be entered only at certain intersections widely spaced. One purpose was to expedite traffic, another was to discourage the establishment of roadside commercial stands. Though existing commercial enterprises would have been protected, there was strong opposition to the bill and it was not enacted.

Though discretion in the selection of highways for "freeway" designation is necessary, other states have found this sort of legislation profitable in terms of faster and safer traffic and their experience suggests that Oregon should give the plan a trial.

Vichyated

The commentators can't all be right all the time. Just the other day they were praising Petain, though with restraint in view of his recent record, for having apparently broken with Hitler and freed the French in Africa to fight against the axis. Now they are damning him again and recalling his reputed "defeatism" in the first World war. It's our guess that Petain did break with Hitler—and that now he is more definitely a prisoner than before, and the voice that speaks for him is another's.

Then again, just the other day the commentators were hailing the eclipse of Vichy; now they are aghast because Vichy has gone all-out for the axis. In a way of course, they may have been right both times. As a government Vichy is thorough—it never was much of a government anyway. Now Vichy is Laval, and Laval has been all-out for the axis from the beginning. Though Laval now is the "leader", it remains to be seen whether he has any followers.

News Behind the News

By PAUL MALLON

(Distribution by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.) WASHINGTON, Nov. 21—From the galleries, the senate filibuster may have appeared to some to be a great struggle over the voting rights of the negro minority, but on the floor, where the participating senators stood, it fell far short of that.

Many senators recognized the maneuvering as politics, and little else. No more than 60-odd senators were present the first six days, which means about 36 were not sufficiently interested to attend the spectacle.

Even those who gave lip-service to democratic floor leader Barkley's cause against the poll tax restrictions of eight southern states, knew in their hearts that probably not a single negro in those states would ever vote as a result of this bill, if it passed.

They just supported Barkley without enthusiasm, mainly because certain negro organizations in the north wanted the legislation, and, therefore, it was a wise thing for them politically to follow along.

In the first place, everyone knows the southern states have other laws (the Texas primary law) and other restrictions (educational qualifications) which can be used to keep negroes away from the democratic primaries more effectively than the \$1 or \$1.50 poll tax.

But even beyond those laws and restrictions (which this bill did not propose to touch) the bill itself was a federal directive against a state tax levied by state legislatures, and therefore of undetermined, if not doubtful constitutional validity.

Senators would see, for this reason, that passage of the bill would just make another court case. Any state could rebel and sue.

Thus the whole show was considerably less vital to negro voting than the tumult and shouting may have led the casual news reader to believe.

This does not mean the southern democratic filibusters were not bitter and angry. Typically, Senator McKeller called Barkley a "skunk" and meant it.

Others professed to see the democratic party riding two horses going in opposite directions, with the obvious result of such a disaster unavoidable in the future.

The southerners talked of getting a new party and a new senate leader (one actually wanted to elect the republican leader McNary, on the ground that he represented true democratic principles more adequately than Barkley).

The southerners preferred to believe the rumor that the only reason they were faced with this bill was because Mr. Roosevelt had promised CIO's Mr. Murray to bring it forward, and thus aid the drive to organize negro workers.

They rejected the similarly unconfirmed rumor that Mr. Roosevelt was dismayed at the spectacle and was getting his best political mechanic, the economic stabilizer Jimmy Byrnes, to stabilize the riot in the senate.

But there will be no new party and no new leader. No one really believed Barkley was doing anything but acting on orders. Furthermore, there were no important bills, not even a war bill, ready for senate consideration, except one about silver coins.

The time had been well chosen for staging a contest which will certainly do no personal political harm to northern democrats in their large negotiating home communities, nor, in fact, to the southern democrats in their white-voting home districts.

Party unity and working harmony, however, will no doubt suffer. Scars left by this fight will be added to wars raised on the same subject by other administration acts, and no doubt will be reopened from time to time hereafter, until the democratic presidential nomination is made in 1944.

As for the real issue of negro voting in the south, no solution appears imminent through any legislation.

One of the eight states, Tennessee, is about to repeal its poll tax restriction. Around the senate, they say—whether true or not—that this is because the Crump machine in Memphis is getting tired of paying the \$1 or \$1.50 for all the negroes it votes each election day, and that it is espousing repeal as an economy measure to cut campaign expenditures.

In all the debate, it has become clear that southern states are willing to repeal, but do not want to: federal government assuming their power to do so.

A direct way in which Barkley and the administration could have avoided this anti-states rights legislation, and the fight and filibuster, as well, would have been to pass a resolution "requesting" the state legislatures to repeal the poll tax.



The Seeing Eye

Radio Programs

KSLM—SUNDAY—1390 Kc.
8:00—Langworth Popsome Quartet.
8:30—Hoopla Broadcast.
9:00—News Briefs.
9:30—Organ, Violin, Harp Trio.
9:45—Organ Interlude.
9:50—Popular Salute.
10:00—World in Review.
10:15—Moonbeam Trio.
10:30—Tunes of Tomorrow.
11:00—American Lutheran Church.
12:00—Langworth Choristers.
12:30—War Commentary.
12:45—Estaban Graded.
1:00—Young People's Church.
1:30—Romanoff's String Ensemble.
2:00—New of Paradise.
2:15—Church of Christ.
2:30—Songs, Herb Jeffrey.
2:45—Miracles and Melodies.
3:00—KBS Sunday Symphony.
3:15—Four Square Gospel.
4:15—Modern Melody.
4:30—Alex. Kirilloff Trio.
5:00—Old Fashioned Revival.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:15—Antia Boyer & Tomboyers.
6:30—Langworth Gypsy Orchestra.
7:00—Shepherd of the Air.
7:30—Langworth Novelty Group.
7:45—American Folk Singers.
8:00—Devotions.
8:30—Leviow's Salon Orchestra.
9:00—News.
9:15—Balladettes.
9:30—Back Home Hour.
10:00—News.
10:15—Soldiers of the Press.

KGW—NBC—SUNDAY—620 Kc.
6:00—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—National Radio Pulpit.
7:30—Stories of America.
7:45—Commando Mary.
8:00—The Church in Your Home.
8:30—News.
8:45—The Dining Sisters.
9:00—Hospitality Time.
9:30—Emma Otero, Singer.
10:00—People.
10:30—Fact Finder.
10:45—Modern Music.
11:00—Stars of Today.
11:30—Chicago Round Table.
12:00—Music for Neighbors.
12:15—Upton Close Commentator.
12:30—The Army Hour.
12:45—We Believe.
2:30—News.
3:00—News for You.
3:30—Fleetwood Lawton.
3:45—Newsmakers.
4:00—Band Wagon.
4:30—Charlie McCarthy.
4:45—One Man's Family.
5:00—Mannhattan Merry-Go-Round.
6:30—American Album Familiar Music.
7:00—Hour of Charm.
7:30—Walter Winchell.
8:00—The Parker Family.
8:30—The Great Gildersleeve.
9:00—Dick McIntyre's Hawaiians.
9:30—Symphony Hour.
9:45—Organ Concert.
10:00—News Briefing.
10:15—Betty Martin, Singer.
10:30—When Evening Comes.
10:45—Franklyn's Vocal Orchestra.
11:30—War News Roundup.
12:30—A. m.—Swing Shift.

KSLM—MONDAY—1390 Kc.
6:45—Rise 'N' Shine.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:30—News.
7:45—Your Gospel Program.
8:00—News Briefs.
8:30—Romanoff's String Ensemble.
9:00—News.
9:15—Dick McIntyre's Hawaiians.
9:45—Al Kaveilin's Orchestra.
10:00—World in Review.
10:30—News Briefing.
10:45—Madison St. Baritone.
11:00—Women in the News.
11:30—Al Clausen's Olds, Outlaws.
11:45—Charles Brad's Military.
12:00—Hits of Yesteryear.
12:15—Organalities.
12:30—Hilbilly Serenade.
12:45—Lancheon Valley Opinions.
1:00—Lum and Abber.
1:15—Will Bradley's Orchestra.
1:30—Mildred's Melodies.
1:45—Spotlight on Rhythm.
2:00—Broadway Band Wagon.
2:15—Melodic Moods.
2:30—Tune Tabernacle.
2:45—Old Opera House.
3:00—Popular Music.
3:15—Neighborhood Call.
3:30—News.
3:45—Victor Arden's Orchestra.
4:00—Teddy Powell's Orchestra.
4:15—Treasure Star Parade.
4:30—Fats Waller, Piano.
4:45—News.
5:00—Neighborhood Call.
5:15—Dickson's Melody Mustangs.
5:30—Let's Dance.
5:45—News.
6:00—Hudson's Orchestra.
6:15—Howard Barlow's Orch.
6:30—Last Minute News.

"Golden Lady"

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Chapter Seven Continued
Darnley's eyes grew big. For the first time in her life she was sitting in the same room with men and women whose names she had read in magazines or newspapers, with individuals whose pictures had made their faces familiar. Naturally, she loved it.

"Oh," she said to Peter, "I never thought anything like this would happen to me. All these famous people."
"Don't be so unsophisticated," growled De Groot. "Mostly they are crums. . . . And there comes the biggest crumb of the lot." He jerked his head toward a young man who entered the room and stood looking about him. Darnley recognized him, and frowned.

He saw De Groot, and moved toward their table. "Hello, Orrick. How are you, De Groot? How's the scandal crop?"
"The name's Gorse," murmured De Groot as if to himself. "Lacey Gorse. I must make a note that I don't like that name."
Gorse said, apparently without taking offense, "Who is the lovely stranger?"
The columnist sneered, "You notice that I'm performing no introductions."

"If she's with you," said Gorse softly, his eyes narrowing, "introductions are probably unnecessary."
Darnley was suddenly bitterly embarrassed and furiously angry. But she neither moved nor spoke.
"Whence," asked De Groot placidly, "the discoloration on your chin?"
"Taxicab door bumped it."
"That's a new one. I'll remember it," De Groot remarked.

Gorse stared down at Darnley. "Haven't I seen you before?" he asked.
"Only briefly," Darnley said sweetly. "Just between the time Mr. Farrish hit you and you hit the floor."
"Now I know she's incredible!" explained De Groot loudly. A pause ensued.
"So Farrish pasted you?" asked the famous paragrapher in a conversational tone. "I needed something to head the column with. Um. . . . Something like this, say: 'Why did Clyde Farrish, young exponent of art for advertisers, sock Lacey Gorse,

the—' How shall I describe you, Gorse?"
"If you print that!" Gorse rasped.
"If I print it—what?" asked Adrian, beaming widely. "Now run away and tie a knot in your kerchief, Lacey, old dilettante. Um. . . . That's how I'll end my paragraph, 'Lacey Gorse, the old dilettante.'"
Gorse stared without blinking at Darnley. "I never forget anyone who does me a favor," he declared, and moved away quickly. "He made chills run up my back," Darnley said. "He spoke as if he hated me."
"He does," mused De Groot. "Hal! Why did Clyde Farrish, the well-known taxicab door, swing against the chin of—?"
"Shut up and order," said Peter Orrick.
"Who is Mr. Gorse?" asked Darnley.

"Love's own gift to the camera world. He's an art photographer. He pictures garbage cans through screens, and does contraptions to get weird camera angles."
"And," said Orrick dryly, "he peels and eats little girls. If you ever get summoned as a model to his studio, put a set of brass knuckles in your bag."
"I won't need brass knuckles," said Darnley.
"Another young woman who knows how to take care of herself," observed De Groot. "They build special hospital wards for them. Another model, are you? Left the old home town to live the lurid life of the studios."
"She left town," said Peter Orrick, "because the villagers chased her out after I had painted her picture in a bathing suit for fun and sold it to the Metropolis for money."

"And now," said De Groot in an odd voice, "she's dropped in to hold you responsible for her shame-shattered life?"
Chapter Eight

"The answer is no," said Orrick. "Until now she didn't know that I knew she had been flayed from a pulpit. She neglected to mention it. Briefly, Miss Carfax is a square shooter."
Darnley arose swiftly to her feet, and her face was flushed. "That's why you were so queer when I came in! You thought I had come to trade on that. You

(Continued on Page 6)

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Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Many changes have come to the Oregon Country, territory, state and views, habits, customs:

(Continuing from yesterday:) In yesterday's issue, this columnist said he would have something to say about how the Oregon state higher officials arranged to increase their starvation salaries they in the earliest days had to put up with.
The salary of the state treasurer of Oregon in the first days of the state was \$800 a year, and that of the governor and secretary of state was \$1500 a year, which meant \$125 a month each for the two last named of the three supposedly highest offices in the commonwealth.

But after we began to have state institutions like the state asylum for the insane, the state reform school, etc., it became the habit to put these institutions under boards which were made up of these three officials, or partly of the superintendent of public instruction, and allowing them additional pay for the extra work connected therewith.

After this method of governing the additional institutions was conceived, it was not long until these offices with starvation pay became lucrative positions, worth putting forth strong efforts to obtain—or comparatively lucrative positions.

If the system is justly amenable to criticism, one of its faults is the fact that perhaps the state officials have too much work to which their attention is entitled to be given, to do justice to all that it ought to have, for the general good.

Anyway, Oregon as a state is great and rich enough to provide well qualified public servants, paid decent salaries. And it is not wise, in the long run, to pay starvation salaries.

And it is not good to tempt men in public places to cheapen themselves by accepting salaries below the average paid in similar cases the country over.

An ideal way to organize the work of the institutions, in a state having a system like Oregon's is to give the chief voice on the board in the case of each institution to the one member more nearly a specialist in that particular field than the other two, bringing in all three (or four) members only on special cases.

In this series has been given some of the first locations of the publication offices of The Statesman. The first one, at Oregon City, was near where the post-office is now, close to the west end of the bridge across the Willamette river there.

11-22-42
building, that stood where is now the big Fry warehouse, corner Front and Trade streets—between Trade and Ferry. Note that the early business center hugged the river. Next corner below Ferry and Front was Front and State.

The 1850-51 territorial legislature, at Oregon City, on January 13, 1851, completed the passage of the law which made Salem the capital of the territory, and brought The Statesman and the state printing to Salem. Note as we go along how lucky is the number 13 for Salem. The first issue of the Statesman in Salem was dated June 21, 1853.

The territorial legislature of 1854-5, meeting in the partly finished territorial capitol, voted the capital to Corvallis. The Statesman outfit again followed the capital; first issue at Corvallis April 17, 1855. The legislature met at Corvallis the first Monday in December, 1855, and the only important thing done there was to vote the capital back to Salem. The Statesman followed, first issue in Salem after leaving Corvallis December 18, 1855.

The Statesman printing and newspaper outfit, after coming back from Corvallis, went into what was to become known as the Murphy building (later made over into a more modern one) southwest corner Commercial and State streets. That is still in the Murphy family—Mrs.

Giesy, Mrs. Clark, sisters, and Chester Murphy, all Murphy heirs.

The Statesman plant and office remained for years in the Murphy building; till long after Mr. Bush leased and then sold it. He had started his pioneer bank in his own building on the corner east, Commercial and State.

The first Daily Statesman was printed July 20, 1864. (The civil war was on in full blast.) Before that it had been a weekly, as had been the Portland Oregonian. They both published weeklies, too, and The Statesman at one time the weekly twice a week. Still later The Statesman established and published the Pacific Homestead, Northwest Poultry Journal, Oregon Teachers' Monthly, the first two with much larger circulations than that of The Statesman.

(Concluding on Tuesday.)
Not Holes Enough in Hell
Schickelgruber, son-of-a-sea-cook or whoever or whatever that creature from the pits of hell is, now seems stumped, with no notion of where next to turn. There are not enough corners this side of hell to furnish him the holes that would fit him to crawl into, for the nameless but millions of times numerous crimes duly chargeable to his lousy ambitions for which there are not years enough in eternity to serve the punishments he deserves.

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