

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sweeps Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Amateur Lobbyists Score

The two biggest and cleverest professional lobbies active at the 1943 legislative session were the truck and wine lobbies. It is not necessary at this time to mention that they got nowhere. Definitely and in full view of the gallery, each took one on the chin.

Amateur lobbies were more fortunate. There was at the opening of the session strong sentiment for removing some of Oregon's too-numerous property tax exemptions. The movement was dramatized by Rep. Giles French's tongue-in-cheek proposal that all such exemptions be wiped off the books. Praiseworthy as the motives were, that bill appears to have done the cause more harm than good. It brought reaction which clearly informed the members that any exemptions would be removed over the dead bodies of the exemptees.

A house committee labored sincerely and devotedly to bring about some reform but in the end—having polled both houses and learned of the task's futility—it shelved the entire program. The amateur lobbyists scored a victory. Legislation requiring municipally-owned power utilities to pay property taxes was a part of the program. Substitute legislation on that subject was enacted—but it was of such nature that no real reform was accomplished. Those utilities must pay a portion of their gross receipts in lieu of taxes—to the cities which own them. That is little more than taking money from one pocket and putting it in another.

This movement emanated from Lane county. Lane citizens outside of Eugene were not hoodwinked, though they now aver that the legislature was. Resentment there is aimed at the Eugene water board and Supt. J. W. McArthur of the municipal utility. McArthur was busy around the legislature, and he is an experienced lobbyist if not a professional.

It might interest indignant Lane taxpayers to learn, however, that the more effective opposition appeared to come from the smaller cities affected. Some Eugene citizens favored the ad valorem, county-wide tax proposal; citizens of other cities had not been "educated" up to that point. It will require a few more years of evolution—and agitation—to bring about a real reform. It requires strong public opinion to overcome the amateur lobbyists' effectiveness.

Jay Franklin, "liberal" columnist, has been converted to the free enterprise system. He saw the "great white light" when he tried to send a birthday telegram to his daughter and discovered it was among the things now forbidden. Not that he objected to the wartime ruling—but he saw that if government supplies these services, rather than private enterprise reasonably free to do whatever is profitable, government may refuse to supply them any time it sees fit. Some of us, less brilliant, saw the point sooner.

Grants Pass Courier got out a seven-page paper the other day. More accurately it was a six and two-halves page paper. After the first four regular eight-column pages there was a four-column extension, one side numbered "5A" and the other "5B". An ingenious method of saving paper in these days when it has to be done.

## News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, March 15—Gov. Bricker of Ohio today seems to have the best chance of being the 1944 presidential nominee of the republican party. He is not yet a familiar national figure. Few people know him beyond his record as a good three-term governor who has made some sense out of a bewildered state government. But he is already getting promises of a substantial bloc of delegates. He has inherited the Taft organization throughout the south and that section is confidently counted for him, except possibly Georgia where a rattlesnake situation exists. Add to these the votes of Ohio and possibly New York, and you have the beginning of a formidable candidacy.

Mr. Willkie has been getting all the publicity, but the question is where he will get the votes. He is working on Indiana and some of the northwest states like Washington and Oregon are counted at this advance date as being "probable" for him. Obviously New England and the middle west have not proved especially fertile fields for his viewpoint. He will also certainly not get California, Iowa or Illinois. So where is his delegate strength to come from?

Most of the republican leaders seem to be taking New York's Gov. Dewey at his declining word. He would, of course, have New York, if he ran and could build up a strong candidacy elsewhere. But to get into the race at all, over the barrier of his official declination, he would have to be drafted, and no draft movement has been started or seems to be contemplated.

This makes the pre-convention race stand today as a contest between Bricker and Willkie with the edge on Bricker's side.

No doubt many favorite son candidacies will develop, Stassen in Minnesota, MacNider in Iowa, Saltston in Massachusetts, etc., but most of these seem likely in the end to become allied with the major candidacies (Stassen for Willkie for instance).

The democratic situation is still running loose. The best blackout of politics for a fourth term, as staged the past few weeks, looked good to some Rooseveltian followers, poor to others. No one came out except those you would expect—Guffey, Sabath, Mead, etc. Nothing very encouraging was heard from the great bulk of the party leaders in congress whose voices would have sounded bigger.

True, the mere mention of such a hideous thought (to republicans) discouraged some of the opposition political figures. The Gallup poll (incidentally it did not contain detailed state figures which would have been more convincing) suggested Mr. Roosevelt would have a fourth term popular majority of 52 or 53 per cent "if the war was still on" a year from next November.

No one knows when the war will be over. The ideal time for it to end from a new deal political standpoint (if it could be ended by political desire and it can't) would be along about next summer. The campaign would then catch FDR in the midst of peace negotiations. He would then have the prestige of having won and could get not to be interrupted in the peace.

Usually after wars, however, a natural popular spirit of nationalism has developed among the people. In all, it is impossible to tell what the feeling of the country will be 15 months hence, as to Mr. Roosevelt and his conduct of the war and peace, and anyone who tries to do it is playing with fantasies.

As of today, the tactical situation of the fourth term campaign is far weaker than the average non-political person assumes it to be. The south is strong anti-newdeal territory, looking for a place to go. Mr. Roosevelt will have to win it back, if he can, before his renomination is assured. If it, and the other loose ends of anti-newdealism in the democratic party are organized by Jim Farley or anyone else for senator Byrd or Senator George—or if the opposition just agrees on a course of anti-Roosevelt political action—the only thing left in the democratic convention will be the federal office holding groups, the Kelly-Nash machine, the Hague machine and other smaller machines working in cooperation with Harry Hopkins and Ickes.

Don't forget that the republicans now control most of the large state governments even down to the counties. If these various state machines are tied together with national leadership, the republicans this time will have the first real working organization in 25 years.



Monday Morning 'Hangover'

## Today's Radio Programs

- Here are extra radio programs, for the benefit of mail subscribers to The Statesman. Each day the current day's programs will be published as usual and, in addition, the first half of the next day's schedule will appear on the comics page.
- 7:00—News.
  - 7:05—Rise 'n' Shine.
  - 7:15—Morning Moods.
  - 7:45—Morning Moods.
  - 8:00—Bert Hirsch Novelty Band.
  - 8:00—Newspapers.
  - 8:25—Tango Time.
  - 9:00—Pastor's Call.
  - 9:00—Kokkon's Melody Mustangs.
  - 9:30—Farm Home Programs.
  - 9:45—Uncle Sam.
  - 10:00—World in Review.
  - 10:05—A Song and A Dance.
  - 10:30—Victor Arden's Orchestra.
  - 11:00—KSLM Presents.
  - 11:30—Willamette U Chapel.
  - 11:30—Organist.
  - 12:15—News.
  - 12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
  - 12:30—Williams Valley Opinions.
  - 1:00—Lum 'n' Abner.
  - 1:15—Johnny Long's Orch.
  - 1:30—Melody Mart.
  - 2:00—Isle of Paradise.
  - 2:15—Announcer's Choice.
  - 2:30—Victory March.
  - 2:45—Broadway Band Wagon.
  - 3:00—KSLM Concert Hour.
  - 4:00—Newspapers.
  - 4:15—News.
  - 4:30—Teatime Tunes.
  - 5:00—Homeopony Trio.
  - 5:15—Let's Reminisce.
  - 5:30—Four Novelty.
  - 6:15—War News Commentary.
  - 6:30—Evening Serenade.
  - 6:30—Soldiers' Valley Opinions.
  - 7:00—News.
  - 7:30—Texas Jim Lewis.
  - 7:45—Soldiers' Valley Opinions.
  - 7:50—Mischia Russell.
  - 8:00—War Fronts in Review.
  - 8:30—Henderson.
  - 8:45—This Is My Story.
  - 9:00—News.
  - 9:15—Do Allen and His Orch.
  - 9:30—Guest Night.
  - 9:30—Let's Dance.
  - 10:30—News.
- MONDAY—TUESDAY—1230 Kc.
- 7:00—News.
  - 7:05—Rise 'n' Shine.
  - 7:15—Morning Moods.
  - 7:45—Morning Moods.
  - 8:00—Bert Hirsch Novelty Band.
  - 8:00—Newspapers.
  - 8:25—Tango Time.
  - 9:00—Pastor's Call.
  - 9:00—Kokkon's Melody Mustangs.
  - 9:30—Farm Home Programs.
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  - 2:00—Isle of Paradise.
  - 2:15—Announcer's Choice.
  - 2:30—Victory March.
  - 2:45—Broadway Band Wagon.
  - 3:00—KSLM Concert Hour.
  - 4:00—Newspapers.
  - 4:15—News.
  - 4:30—Teatime Tunes.
  - 5:00—Homeopony Trio.
  - 5:15—Let's Reminisce.
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  - 8:00—War Fronts in Review.
  - 8:30—Henderson.
  - 8:45—This Is My Story.
  - 9:00—News.
  - 9:15—Do Allen and His Orch.
  - 9:30—Guest Night.
  - 9:30—Let's Dance.
  - 10:30—News.
- KGW—NBC—TUESDAY—620 Kc.
- 4:00—Dawn Patrol.
  - 4:45—News.
  - 5:00—Labor News.
  - 5:30—Sunrise Serenade.
  - 6:00—Labor News.
  - 7:15—News Headlines & Highlights.
  - 7:45—Sam Hayes.
  - 8:30—Stars of Today.
  - 8:45—James Abbe Covers the News.
  - 9:00—House Divided.
  - 9:15—David Hamilton.
  - 9:30—The O'Neills.
  - 9:45—Everything Goes.
  - 9:50—Mary Lee Taylor.
  - 9:55—Kneass With the News.
  - 10:00—Funny Money Man.
  - 10:30—Homekeeper's Calendar.
  - 10:45—Dr. Kate.
  - 11:00—Light of the World.
  - 11:15—Lonely Women.
  - 11:30—The Guiding Light.
  - 11:45—Hymns of All Churches.
  - 12:00—Story of Mary Marlin.
  - 12:15—Ma Perkins.
  - 12:30—Pepper Young's Family.
  - 12:45—Right to Happiness.
  - 1:00—Backstage Wife.
  - 1:15—Stella Dallas.
  - 1:30—Lorenzo Jones.
  - 1:45—Young Wilder Brown.
  - 2:00—Snow Village.
  - 2:15—Portia Faces Life.
  - 2:30—Just Plain Bill.
  - 2:45—Neighborhood Call.
  - 3:00—Road of Life.
  - 3:15—Vic and Sade.
  - 3:30—H. V. K. Presents.
  - 3:45—Judy and Jane.
  - 4:00—Frank Hemingway.
  - 4:15—The Personality Hour.
  - 4:30—H. V. K. Presents.
  - 4:45—Horace Heidt Treasure Chest.
  - 5:00—Battle of the Sexes.
  - 5:15—Fibber McGee and Molly.
  - 5:30—Bob Hope.
  - 5:45—Red Skelton.
  - 6:00—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time.
  - 6:15—Fleetwood Lawton.
  - 6:30—Johnny Presents.
  - 6:45—Mr. and Mrs. North.
  - 7:00—Quiz of Two Cities.
  - 7:15—News Flashes.
  - 7:30—Labor News.
  - 7:45—Moonlight Sonata.
  - 8:00—Uncle Sam.
  - 8:15—Your Home Town News.
  - 8:30—Musical Interlude.
  - 8:45—Billboard Hotel Orch.
  - 9:00—War News Roundup.
  - 9:15—2 a. m.—Swing Shift.
- KOKC—TUESDAY—550 Kc.
- 10:00—News.
  - 10:15—The Homemakers' Hour.
  - 11:00—School of the Air.
  - 11:30—Music of the Masters.
  - 12:30—News.
  - 12:45—Noon Farm Hour.
  - 1:30—Neighborhood Leaders Question Box.
  - 1:45—War Commentary.
  - 2:00—Variety Hour.
  - 2:15—Victory Time.
  - 2:30—AAUW Half Hour.
  - 2:45—Memory Book of Music.
  - 3:00—News.
  - 3:15—Adventures in Research.
  - 3:30—The Concert Hall.
  - 3:45—Neighborhood Call.
  - 4:00—Echoes of Walkin.
  - 4:15—Stories for Boys and Girls.
  - 4:30—Private Pea Presents.
  - 4:45—On the Campuses.
  - 5:00—News.
  - 5:15—104th Orientation Course.
  - 5:30—News.
  - 5:45—Evening Farm Hour.
  - 6:00—Learn to Speak Spanish.
  - 6:15—Latin American Melodies.
  - 6:30—The World in Review.
  - 6:45—School of Music.
  - 7:00—Spring Time.
  - 7:15—Pan-American Melodies.
  - 7:30—News.
  - 7:45—Uncle Sam.

## Interpreting the War News

By GLENN BABB  
Wide World War Analyst for The Statesman

For the second time this month General MacArthur's communique calls attention to a growing concentration of Japanese air and sea power in the islands about Australia. Evidently this tenacious foe intends to keep coming on in spite of the unbroken series of disasters he has suffered on land and sea and in the air in the southwest Pacific theatre in the last six months.

## Heads Planning

The American commander's first alarm of the month was followed quickly by the battle of the Bismarck sea. Obviously even that blow, in which the Japanese lost every ship of a 22-vehicle convoy and nearly all the 15,000 men aboard, has not ended the threat to Australia.

But apparently the enemy does not care to brave again the deadly striking power of the land-based American, Australian, British and Dutch planes that wiped out his convoy as he tried to slip it down New Guinea's northeast coast with reinforcements for his garrisons in the Lae-Salamaua area. He is looking for softer spots elsewhere.

The new concentration is some 1800 miles west of the Bismarck sea area. Monday's communique mentioned especially transports and cargo ships in the Amboln-Dobo area, 500 to 600 miles above Darwin, the chief port of northern Australia. The setup suggests strongly that a Japanese descent on Australia's sparsely populated northwest coast, out of range of the bases from which the battle of the Bismarck sea was won, is in the making.

MacArthur's airmen have been keeping close watch on this man-

## 'Curiosity Killed a Cat'

By ANNE ROWE  
Chapter 21 Continued

"You're the damndest fool with the most lurid imagination," I broke out angrily. "How can you think of such horrors! The Inspector doesn't dream of accusing you. What if you bet he knows who the murderer is and is only waiting for the right moment to catch him?"

"Do you mean, he's waiting for another murder?" she asked ironically.

The words sent a shiver down my back. And the fact that they affected me to that extent made me furious with myself. "I mean, you're cuckoo! I mean—take one of the pills you didn't take the other night and sleep yourself out of your—your neuroathetic dementia," I raged. "God knows, it's bad enough thinking of the murders that have happened, without you hinting at another to come."

I left shortly after that outburst. Our talk just wouldn't be natural and unrestrained after it, no matter how much each of us tried to make light of what had been said. But I walked upstairs again the moment I arrived downstairs. To phone Dad from the privacy of my room.

And then I sat in front of the instrument, not daring to lift the mouthpiece.

Finally, I dialed the shipyard number. "Don't worry about Gala," I told him on the wire. "Aggy's been telling the truth. She's in bed with an awful case of the sniffles. She'll see you, all right, the moment she looks human again."

Then I hung up, quickly.

I was still sitting before the telephone, deep in thought, when Nettie came to the door.

"The Inspector's been asking for you two or three times, ma'am," she informed me. "Miss Wentworth too. She says she's stuck with Mr. Avery and is getting lockjaw from yawning, and please for you to come and take him over. There's her own words, Miss Kay."

In the library I found Aunt Millie and Curtis Avery facing each other mutely before the fireplace, she profoundly bored, he distinctly jittery and with one ear cocked in the direction of the drawing room.

The charming Stella was undergoing one of Inspector Felting's smiling third degrees in there. Not of her free will either. She had been summoned officially. I found out after Aunt Millie had vanished with unprecedented alacrity.

"I came along in case she needed me," Avery explained nervously, and then pulled himself together sufficiently to insert a perfunctory speech of condolence into the recital of his own troubles.

His attitude was a relief—especially as he addressed me as "Miss Wentworth," without the hesitation and smirking I had come to dread—and suited my purpose besides. I was more than willing to have him discuss his wife, in the hope of learning something that might shed light on our murders. Also, her renewed questioning puzzled me.

"Why did the Inspector call her?" I asked curiously.

"Because you recognized her voice—in the Burton house, that evening. It's all I can think of," he said dejectedly.

"I'm sorry," I told him, without much conviction.

"So'm I. I wish you hadn't said it," he shrugged my lame apology aside. "After all, one scream sounds pretty much like another and you couldn't be sure. It's played havoc with Stella's nerves. They were bad before. But now!"

"Again I'm sorry, but—I did recognize her voice. Your wife's screams are different from any others," I insisted.

"Perhaps they are," he agreed unhappily. "Forgive me if I've been rude. But—I'm at my wit's end, Miss Wentworth. Stella is in a state. Nothing I do is right. Nothing the servants do pleases her. The house is an inferno ever since the unfortunate scene here in your garden last Sunday. It's all based on her senseless jealousy of Gala Burton. If—if only Bruce hadn't been killed! If only I could have brought them together, so that he could have explained how it was! And this police questioning!"

He jumped up and walked to the hall door, listening, as Stella's voice rose shrilly in the closed drawing room.

Chapter 22

"Bruce knew you were driving Gala to him?" I asked Curtis Avery. "I thought Gala had asked you."

He came from the back door. "No. It was Bruce's idea. He'd called me up about it long distance, at my office. I have an office, you know. I'm supposed to handle all my wife's properties, under the supervision of her trustees. In other words, I'm her errand boy. And, to be honest with you, I did elope. Not with any woman. Away from Stella. Bruce had come into his mother's money and—well—I hoped he'd find an opening for me in one of the enterprises he controlled, but—"

He broke off with a helpless gesture. And I murmured "I'm sure he would," not because I believed it, but to say something in answer to his unsought confidences.

"And he didn't tell you he was coming back? You didn't know he was here?" I asked.

He shook his head. "If only I had known! I could have made him help me, if I'd had a chance to talk with him. He would have placed me, now that he had his whole inheritance. He paused again, as if debating something, and then burst out desperately: "Miss Wentworth—please! I have to presume. I know I have no right. You scarcely know me. But—I knew all along you and Bruce were married, and—I've kept your secret. Won't you help me in Bruce's place? I'd take any job, do anything, go anywhere! So long as it takes me away from here—makes me free!"

It was very embarrassing, and rather terrible, seeing a man go so utterly to pieces, but in Curtis Avery's case I could understand it. No one could endure Stella Avery forever, not for all the money in the world.

And yet, something in me rebelled against being drawn deeper into the hidden life of Curtis Avery. I was greatly relieved when Sergeant Hitch appeared in the door at this crucial moment, announcing: "The Inspector asks if you come in, Mr. Avery. You too, Miss Wentworth, he said. If I could find you."

"We'll talk about it later, when all this murder business is over," I quickly assured the unfortunate Avery. "I preceded him across the hall."

In the drawing room an infuriated Stella—trying hard, and in vain, to copy her aunt's imperious dignity—was facing a placid Inspector, teetering comfortably in his chair behind the desk.

"It's a lie! I've told you a hundred times it's a lie!" she was saying sharply when we came in. "Get that dirty liar and I'll tell her so to her face."

She swung round at the sound of the door opening, saw her wish fulfilled and gasped for a second. Then her fury poured forth—in a torrent.

"So here you are at last, you liar!" she apostrophized me venomously. "Seeing I was in the Burton house Friday night, when I was home and in bed with a sick headache and can't prove it! Tell them I was home, Curt!" she ordered her husband, and then turned on the Inspector again. "Why do you believe her, and not me? What right have you to doubt my word? It's an outrage, and I promise you it won't be overlooked when the next promotions are given out. I'll have you demoted. I'll have you pound the pavement again, down by the wharves. I'll—"

The Inspector stopped teetering and leaned his arms on the table. "I'll have you put in the hoosegow, if you don't stop yavering," he assured her amiably.

It cut off her breath. She turned purple, gasping with the shock of it. And the Inspector used the momentary hiatus to address her husband.

"Mrs. Avery says she was to home the time Miss Kay heard her scream in the Burton house. Was she?"

Curtis Avery had calmed down remarkably in the last minutes. "To exactly what time do you refer?" he asked politely.

"Half past eight to nine."

(To be continued)