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HARRIS KILSWORTH, Editor

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We MUST Keep Oregon Green

WITHIN a very short time a great many men, women and children will be wearing little button emblems carrying the legend "Keep Oregon Green." Many of the cars and trucks on the streets and highways—in fact most of them—will shortly be carrying a similar legend on a neat metal plate fastened above the car or truck license plate.

These buttons and license plates indicate membership in the gigantic statewide fight to keep forest fires out of Oregon. There is, in fact, no more important national defense effort that the people of Oregon might undertake. Forests, cool green, producing forests, are vital to the defense of this country.

This year membership in the "Keep Oregon Green" campaign is most important. Always we have been conscious of the forest fire menace but during the last several years there has been comparative safety from bad fire damage by reason of the availability of CCC boys camped at strategic points over the entire timbered area. But due to army and navy enrollments and the need for help in defense and other industries the ranks of the CCC have thinned to a point where the program is being virtually abandoned. Even though the United States senate only yesterday approved an appropriation of a million dollars for forest protection this summer there will be a grave problem. Dollars will not put out a fire—that work requires men, and easily and readily available men.

Lines About the "Hut Sut" Song

THE silly season opened up a little earlier this year than in other days. It was duly inaugurated by the advent of that string of gibberish set to music known as "The Hut Sut" song. Don't say you haven't heard it and don't know what we are talking about. We prove that you HAVE heard it. You listen to radio at least once in a while. Then you have heard this musical stuff and nonsense. You have heard it because you could not escape it every orchestra band, to some plays the "Hut Sut" song at least once on every quarter hour program.

The whole thing started when a young lawyer by the name of Leo V. Killian, who never wrote a song before in his life, dreamed up a bunch of meaningless syllables and took them to a musically minded friend and suggested that they be set to music. The musician, Ted McMichael, thought there was something catchy about the lyric, although he could not understand a single word of it. Killian, the writer of them, admitted he was in the same boat. Another gentleman by the name of Jack Owens was consulted. He thought it was screwy, too, but it caught his fancy. So the three of them put together what is now called the "Hut Sut" song. They meant no harm, they said.

But the payoff is the follow-

ing quoted from the bulletin of the National Association of Broadcasters: "... As for the phrases being Swedish, about the only resemblance they have to Swedish is this—the 'Killerah' is a stream that runs through some Swedish colony in a town in the middle west—the boys think it's Minnesota. From there on, the gibberish is on its own—and doing mighty well!"

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

ties to go by.

AMID the clatter of the type writers (in this preliminary phase of the fighting) keep these highly probable Hitler objectives in mind:

1. Defeat and destruction of Russian military power, so that there will be no threat in his rear when he gets ready to tackle England for blood.

2. Taking over of European Russia's resources for use in the long and worldwide war he foresees if he can't make peace after (or if) he smashes Russia.

A THOUGHT, however, at this point:

Review in your mind the progress of the war so far.

You will be impressed by the fact that in his previous campaigns Hitler has done his fighting FIRST and his talking afterward.

In Poland, in France and in the Balkans, German claims in the early days of the fighting were restrained almost to the point of modesty. Optimistic stories came generally from the other side.

The Germans seemed invariably willing to let final results speak for themselves.

Now, suddenly, they are BOASTING AT THE START.

WHY?

This writer doesn't know—and doubts if anybody outside the German high command knows.

This sudden change of technique strikes one as a trifle odd.

THE point is that this sudden Russian onslaught, which is wholly contrary to the assurances that have been given to them, must strike the German people also as a trifle odd.

That may explain the loud beating of the propaganda drums.

Tragedy Cruiser Had Jinx Record

HARPSWELL, Me., July 2.—(AP)—The 44-foot motorboat Don was pictured today by State Fisheries Warden John Stevens as a jinx ship that was "overcrowded" when it exploded and sent 37 men and women picnickers to death on Sunday.

Declaring the Don had "sunk three times in the past decade" only to be raised, Stevens told newsmen the craft was "top heavy" and that it carried 150 gallons of gasoline, some in cans on deck, when it set out on its last voyage to Monhegan island, 40 miles away.

He added that it was inadequately equipped with life preservers for the party of Rumford and Mexico, Me., residents.

None of the first nine recovered bodies, two men and seven women bore life preservers when they were picked up yesterday in the waters or along the shores of Casco bay. Two other bodies were held aboard for bound search craft overnight.

Search continued today as federal and state authorities pressed an investigation of the accident.

With every indication that there were no survivors of the trip that started so gaily, the disaster took the highest toll of life in New England waters since 47 perished in the Mackinac tragedy in Narragansett Bay, R. I., 16 years ago.

Defense Quiz

Q. Can I buy defense bonds by mail?

A. Yes, by writing to the treasurer of the United States, Washington, D. C., for a descriptive circular and order form.

Q. Is there any price advantage in buying defense bonds and stamps by mail?

A. There is not. The post offices and banks which issue defense bonds and stamps do so without being paid any profit for their services. All are working together, without compensation, for the common good.

Note: To purchase defense bonds and stamps, go to the nearest post office or bank, or write for information to the treasurer of the United States, Washington, D. C.

SERIAL STORY

LOVE POWER

BY OREN ARNOLD

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NEA SERVICE, INC.

YESTERDAY, Spud Delaney, driver of the truck carrying Hale's precious cargo, stops for a beer. Then, curious to know more about his unusual load, he opens the box as a saloonkeeper watches. A hit of but cigar ash falls. Carolyn, at home, suddenly hears a terrifying roar.

X-999 ON A RAMPAGE

CHAPTER VI

FEAR seized Carolyn, held her motionless.

"Carolyn," her mother called again. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes, mother!" It was a raspy sort of ascent.

Her mother came in, clad in nightgown. Together they went to a window, but even after snapping off their light they could see nothing. This city was large, and while exceedingly loud, the explosion might have been far away.

"I've got to go see what happened!" Carolyn breathed, tense.

Her mother turned to her. "Where, dear? What is it?"

Where, indeed! She didn't answer. She just stared into the night. She could almost hear her own heart now, she suddenly realized. Where could she go?

She was thinking back frantically, trying to remember some phrase through the fatigue of the past day and night's work at the laboratory that might help. If Robert had only been more specific! Or even if she were sure the explosion was due to what she feared!

She ran to their living room and lighted it, then opened the telephone directory. H—Ha—Ha—Hale—Hale—Hale—Hale—it offered three inches of Hales including R. J. Robert W., and plain Robert. The addresses didn't help. She had no idea where her employer resided, or even if he had a home telephone. But he signed all his letters plain Robert Hale so maybe—

She called the Robert Hale number and almost at once hung up again. Dr. Hale wouldn't be there! Of course he wouldn't, she reminded herself; he had left her to go to the farmhouse and receive the shipment of X-999. And of course she must not talk about it at all to his servants or even his family.

She was suddenly frantic again with indecision and inaction.

"Did you learn anything honey?"

"No. No, mother. Please go on to bed. I'm sure it's nothing—nothing so important." Her voice lacked conviction and she knew it. "I'm going out again. Just to see. You go to bed."

"But Carolyn, it's dreadfully late!"

"Just a little past midnight. Bob said—"

"Bob who?"

"Dr. Hale. My boss. I—well, frankly, mother, I am anxious to learn what happened. I am sure—"

She called the Robert Hale number and almost at once hung up again. Dr. Hale wouldn't be there! Of course he wouldn't, she reminded herself; he had left her to go to the farmhouse and receive the shipment of X-999. And of course she must not talk about it at all to his servants or even his family.

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"I mean I hope he isn't—Look, I'll telephone you the moment I know anything! You go to bed now, there's a dear."

CAROLYN talked jerkily as she literally snatched off pajamas and dressed again, gently commanding her mother as if she herself were the older of the two. She paused only to telephone for a taxi and was on the sidewalk when it came.

"The explosion—to the Schoenfeld Laboratory, driver. Please rush! I am so—"

"That's east, miss. The explosion was south west. You know what it was? Gee, it knocked me outa my—"

"Was it? Oh! Oh dear! . . . I—look, driver, do you know a farmhouse out 30 miles? A—deserted—a place with land around—"

She stopped, realizing how inadequate that was, how silly really. Distress in her voice made him stare at her.

"Then let's go there!" she suddenly ordered. "Southwest, I mean. Until we learn—"

"Okay!" murmured the driver, roaring off.

Two minutes later the taxicab was positively crawling; but no she glared over at the speedometer—hardly crawling, at 48 The streets weren't crowded. The man mancreed and skidded his tires on sudden turns.

"Thisaway, I'm positive!" he shouted back to her. Then because he was highly interested himself, he added, "Don't you worry about the fare, miss."

She hadn't even thought of that but she felt a flash of gratitude. He was a gentlemanly driver, and skilled.

They passed several other taxicabs going southwest, and then a police car with siren shrilling passed them. They had to pull over to let fire trucks go by. They knew now they had the right direction. If fire trucks were coming from this distance, and this long after the explosion, it must mean a second or even general alarm fire somewhere, the driver said. But no blaze was visible. Ambulances streaked by them twice.

"Oh-h-h!" That was involuntary, from Carolyn.

"What was it, miss? What busted?"

"I—I don't know!"

He let it go at that. And 20 minutes later they had the answer before them.

THEY had left the main business district, passed miles of outlying groceries, small farms and dwellings and were in the suburban industrial area when the matter became more plain.

"Gee!" murmured the driver, appalled. He slowed down because he had to, now. In a moment the traffic stopped him entirely. "Come on, miss! On foot, eh?" He was excited.

Efficiently he escorted her up a railroad embankment. He asked questions of everybody. He climbed part way up a power pole ladder the better to see, then boosted Carolyn up. He learned what they wanted to know.

"—all the big furniture factory, a florist's greenhouse covering two acres, an old warehouse four stories high, a half mile of rail-

road track—!" Thus the awed driver summarized what they had learned from looking and listening. "Spies, huh? You think spies, miss? They oughta—"

"Oh-o-h!"

Carolyn was inarticulate now. Devastation before them was overwhelming. From her point six feet up the power pole she could see limitless wreckage. Twisted girders. Piles of brick and stone. Flames. Smoke. Every kind of debris.

It was as if the whole area had been run through a grinder, so small were the pieces. She wasn't familiar with this section of town and so couldn't tell what structures had actually gone down, but the whole lurid landscape here was a scene from Europe's hell.

She looked around to sides and rear. She couldn't even pick out her taxi now in the sea of cars that had crowded up behind. Honkings and shoutings, police whistles, wailing, sirens, all added to the general hysteria.

She felt more and more impelled to do something, but what?

Nothing before had ever struck her city like this. People and vehicles were packed around by the thousands and doubtless were still coming. Whatever could she do?

"I've got to!" she whispered desperately to herself. "I've got to find him!"

(To Be Continued)

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(To Be Continued)

THURSDAY, JULY 3

6:45—Eye Opener.