

The Oregon Statesman

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

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE - Editor and Publisher

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

Charles A. Sprague, Pres. Sheldon F. Beckett, Secy.
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Floods, North and South

Why did Southern California get floods while the Pacific northwest basked in sunshine borrowed from the orange belt?

The meteorologist explains the phenomenon by saying that air masses shifted position, the cyclonic low pressure area, which usually moves in these latitudes, shifting ten degrees south to traverse the usual high pressure area lane between Hawaii and the continental mass and into the interior.

Why were the rains so severe, coming down in torrents, whereas our northern rains are much lighter? There's a reason for that too. The moisture carrying capacity of warm air is greater than that of cold. In the northern latitudes the air is kept cool through currents flowing down from the north pole. So that it cannot carry the load of water vapor which the warm air currents of the latitude of southern California can. "If," says Thomas B. Reed, weather bureau man at San Francisco, "Washington and British Columbia had the same content of water vapor in the air that we find in southern California, there would be floods in the northwest regularly every year."

There are other factors which vary the amount of possible flood damage. We do not know how the gradient of the rivers is between southern California and the Willamette valley for example: that is, how steep the decline is from the mountain slope to sea level, which would of course affect the speed of the run-off. But we do know that there is much more vegetation and more humus on the slopes to retard the water flow. When heavy rains hit the bare hills of southern California they quickly wash out gulleys and roll gravel and boulders and silt down to the valley floor. That occurs less often here both because the storms are less severe and because the forest and shrub and grass cover and top soil humus slow down the runoff.

This explanation doesn't prove that "it can't happen here"; but it explains why it doesn't happen.

When the Japanese Came to Nanking

Atrocities stories are the usual accompaniment of warfare, and reports of violation of women. An apparently authentic dispatch to the New York Herald-Tribune, from missionary sources in China reveals the tragic situation in which many Chinese women and girls find themselves as a result of the invasion of the Japanese army. One missionary described the occupation of Soochow: "Practically speaking, every Chinese woman between the ages of 16 and 60 who encountered Japanese soldiers was raped."

At Nanking the hospital maintained by the American mission is reported crowded with females under treatment for venereal disease incurred in the "wholesale rapings" when the Japanese soldiers captured the city. Many Chinese women implore hospital authorities to perform abortion on their daughters. The doctors refuse to do this, so the Chinese try crude methods of their own.

Corroboration of such reports may be found in the announcement of the Japanese officials themselves that there had been a shakeup in command because the troops at Nanking got out of control. Previously the inference had been that they engaged in looting. Evidently lust drove them as well as loot.

This is not related to whip up emotionalism against Japan, but to show how thin the veneer of civilization is, and how much war does to destroy the moral standards of a people.

Whitney Firm Fails

The suspension of the Richard Whitney firm on the stock exchange and its passing into bankruptcy was quite a shock to Wall Street. Whitney's brother George is a Morgan partner. Richard was once president of the exchange; and is the broker who went out on the floor in 1929 with bids to buy great blocks of U. S. steel in an attempt to stem the decline. Now he is worse than busted: he took securities entrusted to him by clients and pledged them for security for his own debt.

The failure may be due to his own speculations or to the falling off in business which has hit brokerage concerns hard. The moral failure is something else again. He now makes the front of confessing his wrong-doing and promising to assist in the effort to remedy the situation, which may, however, have gone beyond remedy.

Wall street trading is pretty much of a braced game. Not only does one venture in fields where it is impossible to determine the shifts in prices and values, but he has a difficult time in being sure his brokerage house will stand up and be able to deliver. Fortunately new rules both of the exchange and of SEC give the trader more protection as far as his broker is concerned; but in stock speculation you just can't iron out all the risks. If you could it wouldn't be speculation, and for many wouldn't be interesting.

House Rebels Again

Once more the lower house of congress voted against the president's wishes. It defeated, 180 to 124, a section of the pending tax bill designed to hit hard at closely controlled corporations, the family type of corporations. In an attempt to save face and salvage some of the ideas behind the undistributed profits tax, the administration supporters had worked out a scheme to soak the corporations like Ford Motor company, whose stock is in a few hands. While the new dealers say they will demand another vote, the defeat suffered yesterday was a sharp blow at executive prestige. Coming as it does after other house revolts, such as that on the wages-hour bill, it is a revelation that the president's loss of control of the house is real.

It was predicted the senate would cut out the section anyway; but the house seems to have spared the senate the chore.

The president, it is true, has the last say. He can veto the bill if it flouts his wishes too greatly. In view of the general chorus which demands repeal or sharp modification of the unpopular tax, he will hesitate long before imposing a veto. How barren to the president to date have been the fruits of his victory of 1936.

Prayer has frequently been resorted to in an effort to obtain needed rain. In Kinsey, Kansas, the business men decided to go after rain, not by prayer, but by the usual methods of merchants: they inserted advertising in the local weekly paper. We have not learned whether the Weekly Graphic had more "drawing power" than the parson's prayers or not. We visited Kinsey, Kansas in the populist days of 1896; and recall it had a standpipe and one day water poured over the top, so we ran to tell the engine man to shut off his pump. Also there was a pond where they held a Sunday baptisms. Evidently moisture is scarcer there now.

At the Seaside aquarium, says a news story in the Astorian-Budget, a captive octopus has laid 50,000 eggs. The attendants stood around watching for the light-colored, rice-shaped eggs to hatch, thinking 30 days was the period for incubation. Then it was found that 50 days was the time. If the 50,000 eggs all hatch, what a leg show that will make.

Speaking of Portland's lumber mill troubles the Oregon City Enterprise says "The NLRB holds the key." Yes, but the key doesn't seem to fit the lock-out.

Speaking of current troubles, Maury Maverick, Texas democrat congressman, says of his party, "We're all out of white rabbits."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

2nd Lieut. Sheridan on 3-10-38 leaving Oregon gave his bedspread to a friend; it is treasured in a Salem home:

An esteemed friend knowing the bit man is a Sheridan fan, got word to him on the holding of an exhibit of historical and other interesting objects at the First Presbyterian church of Salem recently, that among them was a bedspread which once belonged to Second Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan.

Regular readers of this column will not be surprised at being told this welcome information was sufficient to induce a hurried visit to that church.

The bedspread was found to be of exhibition, as indicated. It belongs to Mrs. M. L. Chamberlin, who lives with her sister-in-law, Miss Elma Weller, music teacher, in the old Weller home, at 695 North Liberty street.

She was Rosalie W. Weller, known generally as Rose. When she was married to Martin L. Chamberlin, his parents gave to the newly wedded pair this bedspread. It has had little use from that day to this—in fact since 2nd Lieut. Sheridan, leaving, September 1, 1861, gave it to the parents of the groom.

Martin L. Chamberlin was county clerk of Marion county, two terms, in the eighties, and was afterward clerk of the state land board. For a generation, he was prominent in official, business and social life in Salem, as were (and are yet) members of the Weller family.

The parents of Martin L. Chamberlin were Joseph Chamberlin and wife. Joseph was a graduate of Albion college, Albion, Michigan, who after graduation became a member of the faculty. His wife was a descendant of Dr. Joseph Warren, who lost his life at the battle of Bunker Hill. She was a daughter of Abel Warren, who fought in the war of 1812, was wounded in the battle of Lundy's Lane, and died from the effects of the wounds a few years later.

Joseph Chamberlin and wife were living at the Grand Hotel, Indian reservation, he a missionary to the Indians, during the time when Capt. David A. Russell and 2nd Lieut. Philip H. Sheridan were in charge of Fort Yamhill, from 1856 to 1861.

Mrs. Chamberlin, who owns the precious bedspread, remembers her husband while living (he passed away in Salem several years ago) telling of visits by Sheridan at the Chamberlin home while he was on duty at Fort Yamhill.

The fort was two to three miles east of the Grand Ronde Indian agency, where the missionaries resided. The young second lieutenant was of a sociable temper, and he and the descendant of the soldier patriots who gave their lives to their country, and so was glad to pay a sociable call occasionally to such a refined and cultured lady.

And when his own call came in an order from general headquarters to join the Union forces and he was preparing to take his departure, perhaps to never return, he thought of his gracious hostess when disposing of his personal belongings. So she received the bedspread.

The precious relic is made of wool and cotton; an old fashioned style, woven with flowers and figures. Some old fashioned lady who reads this might see and describe it. This writer falls here.

What is to finally become of the relic? It would be an appropriate gift to the historical museum of Willamette university, which, made fire proof, is to be a part of the new library building of that institution, now nearing completion.

Mrs. Chamberlin, owner of the bedspread, is now deprived of her sight, though her hearing is good and her mind active. She is a fine, queenly woman.

Perhaps some way might be found to pay her what the relic would be worth, considered as a rare historical relic, in case the owner needs or shall need the price.

The house where Sheridan lived nearly all the time he was in Oregon still stands, the last and only building that belonged to him. The last of dozens if not scores of buildings that stood there up to the middle sixties.

It is called the "Sheridan house." It was not his personal property; not the property of any person. It was the building used for officers' quarters at the fort; belonged to the United States; U. S. Army department.

It stands much as it was when finished, about 31 years ago. It should be preserved. The site of that reservation ought by all means to be made a state park, or a government park. But more about this from time to time.

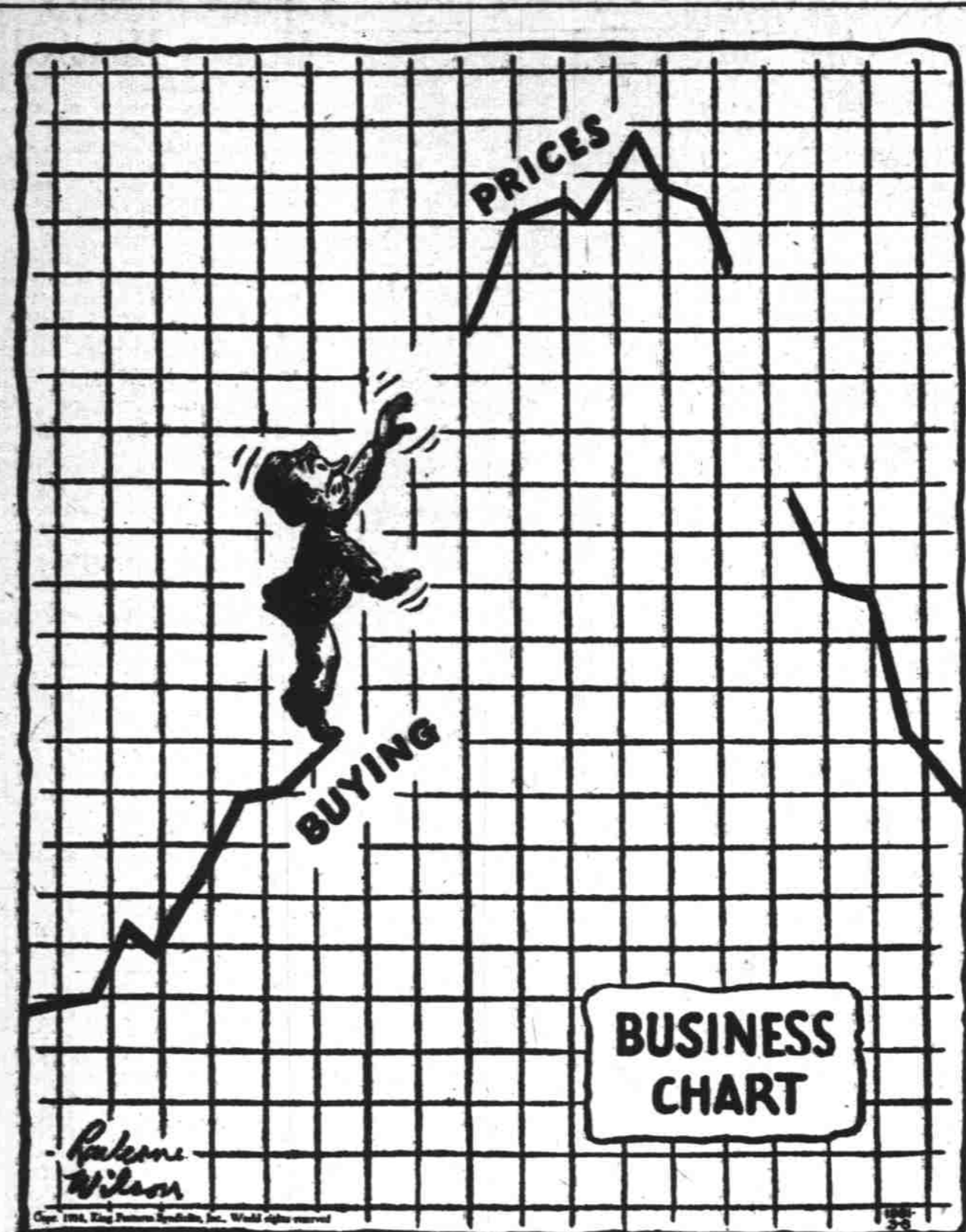
This column has had a good deal concerning the activities of Sheridan while he was in Oregon. With the risk of repeating parts of it, some words in his "Personal Memoirs," commencing at page 130, first volume, will be used here.

(Continuing tomorrow.)

Roberts School Board Has Teacher Election

ROBERTS—Raleigh Carothers was re-elected to teach the upper grades and Miss Mabel Schifferer to teach the lower grades. The intermediate grades of Roberts school next year.

There Seems to Be a Mistake Somewhere!



Sage of Salem Speculates

By D. H. TALMADGE

The Squeak that Squeak—No Joke
A careless workman ignored a squeak. Which warning gave of a bearing dry. And though it persisted for a week He said he would fix it by and by.

A wee small squeak in beginning 'twas. But all of a sudden the bearing broke. And then the machine stopped dead because It was in vain that the wee squeak spoke.

The moral is plain enough to see—Wise folks heed the warnings that nature speaks, And costly the penalty may be For paying no heed to wee small squeaks.

"There is no higher sentiment left in the world," says one of the characters in a late motion picture. This merely seems true in certain places and under certain conditions. A weather-beaten old chap who finds on his doorstep a bouquet of freshly-picked flowers when he returns at night is not disposed to admit the truth of the statement, at any rate. If the climbing of a long flight of stairs to leave a nossey-bearing no marks to identify the giver is not higher sentiment, what, pray, would it be called?

I like the suggestion that Harold Pruitt of Salem be made a member of the Marion county delegation in the house of representatives, Oregon state legislature. He is intelligent and honest and keenly interested in governmental affairs. He would, I am sure, fill the place with credit.

The Boise Capital News one day last month put this in three fine lines—"Simon Simon stricken with pneumonia pneumonia." In interesting if accidental, rotten if intended as humor.

Cute
Speaking of pickles, a Salem lass has said of one Jean Lafitte, Who ravaged the Caribbean sea, In a manner vile but neat, She thinks he was really awfully cute, And she made the statement flat, And who do you s'pose, if he had heard, Lafitte would have thought of that?

Conversational stopgaps: Carl Anderson, who does the "Henry" daily comic strip, is 73 years old, has been drawing for 46 years and has "just arrived." Joan Blondell, talented wisecracker, so far discovered as such by this paper only, says "Who's Who in Hollywood" huh! not nearly so interesting "ist as who's through in Hollywood." Certain weather prophets never prophesy but they prophesigh . . . An acquaintance complains of a buzzing sound in his head. Probably been listening to the old post office . . . Tuesday's papers carried news of the death of Mrs. Agnes Brown Moon has North Winter street. Yule to good friend and a good neighbor! . . . It may not be good manners to slam a door, but the slow door-closer interrupts more conversations . . . Imagine that! A man in these diggins gets chilblains from his electric fan . . . Artist Jennings is at San Francisco . . . The 20-30 club made close to \$50 from the Willard Bush lecture.

An Historic Murder

An acquaintance who has an encouraging nature has just told me that he thinks I should write more history. He says the little Balboa sketch in a recent issue was really interesting, which the most of history, to him, is not. Such is the friendly ribbing of a kindly heart.

History which confines itself to dry facts is not usually very entertaining. But there is to be found in many regions—perhaps in all regions—a something historical in part, but more largely made up from tradition, and this brings us much nearer to the lives of the people themselves, with their comings and goings.

All of 60 years ago I found in an Iowa newspaper office a little book, bound in paper, bearing the intriguing title, "The Murder of the Haggerty Family," a detailed account of a murder in a boat on the Mississippi river. I would have been glad to read it, but I did not do so. Wherefore I am able only to give the thrillingly shocking details of the Haggerty affair from memory and with extreme sketchiness.

The murderer's plan was evidently to leave the family in the Turkey river in the rowboat, having told them they were going to a new home in Wisconsin. Midway between the Iowa and Wisconsin shores he dropped anchor and killed every person in the boat except himself, and made the bodies into the river. Then he went on to wherever it was he was going.

It was a stupid piece of business. The killer was caught within a few days, and the bodies of his victims, two women and three or four children, as I recall, were removed from the river and taken to some point in Iowa, where they were buried. The murder was committed at some time in the '40s, midway of the current between Turkey River Junction, Iowa, and Cassville, Wis. For years the scene of the crime was pointed out to visitors.

It was first pointed out to me in the '70s. But it was somewhat further down the river than the book said, and I mentioned this to the man who showed me the place, the skin of whose face resembled that of a frozen apple. The man assured me he knew what he was talking about, and the subject was dropped.

Well, to come to the point of the story, I enquired of the natives at intervals during the following 30 years as to the place at which the murders were committed, and each indicated a place further downstream than the one before him had indicated.

I do not know where the scene of the Haggerty murders is, but I think, perhaps somewhere south of St. Louis. It may even have reached New Orleans. And, of course, some person wanting a "point of interest" may have taken it up St. Paul way. But when the Haggerty murders were being steadily southward.

Historical research is that way. And the authenticity of the average history is subject in its finer details to the trustful nature of its readers.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesmen Readers

Road Replaces "Memory Lane"
To the Editor:
Cemetery Lane below the Rose-dale church has at last submitted to being a road. Piles of dirt, grubbed-out hedgerows, WPA workers all over the place; no mistake about it, the lane is vanishing and becoming only a road.

When we were very young, the one-fourth mile of lane to the cemetery was our delight. It was crammed with Nature's best for us. We reddened our lips with the first wild strawberries found in the grasses, we crawled along rabbit runways in the hedge, we made tongues black by eating chitrid berries, we picked the first bird-bills and pinks in this wonderland. The iris called us to sit down and make a play lamp from her flower. Mole holes in the banks called us to dig and find where "the hole went to." The buttercups were our fortune-tellers as they were held under children's chins and reflected the sun, thus betraying fondness for butter on the part of the possessor of the chin. In prodigal abandon we gathered wild roses and filled buckets with them. Daisies were plucked for their petals which would tell us whether "he loves me or he loves me not." Gray-headed dandelions when blown always told us the correct time to return home to mother. We chewed "sour grass" as we lay in the grass looking up into clouds which made pictures for us. We listened to the whip-poor-will or the meadow-lark as we lay thus.

When a summer reluctantly abandoned our lane, we found rose haws and white "pop" berries to string for wonderful necklaces which in "pretend-land" were rubies and pearls. After the first rains of the fall we waded in mud, barefooted and unafraid. The mud came sucking up between our toes. What unalloyed bliss was ours! The men have sadly mutilated the big fir tree on the corner. No more play houses can be built in it. Almost twenty years ago, two little girls in gingham built a dream house up in its boughs. Rough planks lay in its boughs, a new line, one kitchen dressed in clothes, dishes and mud for pies—what more could one ask for his airy castle?

I can see many reasons for having just a common road; the funeral cortege was often mired down in mud or else everyone had to walk from the church to the cemetery for funerals; the single track did not accommodate itself to two-way traffic; the overgrown hedge viciously scratched the shiny paint on every car daring to trespass on the natural beauty of the lane.

But, where oh where will the boys and girls pick ocean spray and wild roses, and where will they ever find birds' nests, and where will they get the wild sweet patch and will the little wild daisies of our lane be hunted a new home? I wish the lane could stay—but I'm glad there is going to be a good road to the cemetery. Yes, paradoxical but true!

March Birthdays Dance Slated for Wheatland
WHEATLAND—A community March birthday dance will be held at the Wheatland hall Saturday night and the Mitchell orchestra of Salem will furnish the music. Everyone who has a birthday in March and their friends are cordially invited.

Brenner Critically III
SCIO—William Brenner, 78-year-old Scio native, has been seriously ill at his home here since Saturday afternoon. He is the father of Mrs. E. Phillips of Scio and Miss Vella Brenner of Salem. Little hope of recovery is held.

Methodists Slate Heavy Calendar

Brotherhood Meeting of District, six Women's Gatherings Coming

Six women's groups gathering, a district brotherhood meeting and other special events are on the next two months calendar for the Salem district Methodist Episcopal churches, announces Dr. Louis Magin, district superintendent.

The women's meetings include: March 29, Home Missionary society at McMinnville, Mrs. Nana Grinde of Silverton, president; April 5, Foreign Missionary society, Tillamook, Mrs. Louis Magin, Salem, president; April 19, Albany-Corvallis sub-district Ladies' Aid society, at Toledo, Mrs. E. O. Mack of Monroe, president; April 21, Salem sub-district Ladies' Aid society at Pratum, Mrs. Nana Grinde, president; May 4, tri-county Tillamook, Washington, Yamhill counties Ladies' Aid

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Felix Kordina, Bohemian tailor, heretofore located at 272 State leaves today for Portland where he will be employed in tailoring department of Lipman Wolfe Co.

Leaves for Kansas
ORCHARD HEIGHTS—Mrs. J. W. Simmons has gone to Leona, Kansas, where she was called by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. Streif.

Radio Programs

- 8:00—The Ranch Boys.
- 8:15—Let's Talk It Over.
- 8:30—Jot and Pat.
- 8:45—US Dept. of Agriculture.
- 9:00—Loni and Found Items.
- 9:15—Little Boy's Bios.
- 9:30—Dance Hour.
- 9:45—Hints to Housewives.
- 10:00—KXK Station.
- 10:15—Market Reports.
- 10:30—Kamman School of Music.
- 10:45—The Matinee.
- 11:00—The Four of Us.
- 11:15—Dean Foster, Organist.
- 11:30—Joa Winslow.
- 11:45—Financial and Grain Reports.
- 12:00—Radio Robes.
- 12:15—Star Radio Review.
- 12:30—Rakov's Orchestra.
- 12:45—Star Radio News.
- 1:00—Tune Twisters.
- 1:15—Dancer Concert.
- 1:30—KXK Orchestra.
- 1:45—Rainbow Room Orchestra.
- 2:00—March of Time.
- 2:15—Complete Yearbook.
- 2:30—Rochester Philharmonic Orch.
- 2:45—Star-Silent to KOL.
- 3:00—Land of the Whistler.
- 3:15—Eliza Schaller, Reviews.
- 3:30—Biltmore Hotel Orchestra.
- 3:45—Ice Hockey Game.
- 4:00—School of the Year.
- 4:15—Untown Ballroom Orchestra to NKS.
- 4:30—The Hubby Exchange—Arrow
- 4:45—Garden Club Program.
- 5:00—Your Health.
- 5:15—The Monitor Views the News.
- 5:30—The Synchronic Half Hour.
- 5:45—School Life and the New Curriculum—Miss Florence Beardsley—Social Studies and Social Science.
- 6:00—On the Campus.
- 6:15—Vespers—Dr. E. J. Harper.
- 6:30—Farm Hour.
- 6:45—Radio Shorthand Contest.
- 7:00—Taking the Year Out of Inferiority Feelings—Looking Backward—Dr. Howard R. Taylor.
- 7:15—Foresters in Oregon.
- 7:30—KOL—Thursday—940 Kc.
- 7:45—The World.
- 8:00—News.
- 8:15—This and That with Art Kirkham.
- 8:30—KOL News.
- 8:45—Edwin C. Hill.
- 9:00—Romance of Helen Treat.
- 9:15—Betty and Bob.
- 9:30—Hymns of All Churches.
- 9:45—Valiant Lady.
- 10:00—Betty and Bob.
- 10:15—Amst Jenny's Real Life Stories.
- 10:30—American School of the Air.
- 10:45—Milly's Mystery Suggestions.
- 11:00—KOL News Service.
- 11:15—CBS.
- 11:30—The New World.
- 11:45—Mrt and Marge.
- 12:00—Patty Kelly.
- 12:15—Judy and Her Gang.
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- 12:45—KOL News Service.
- 1:00—Speed, Inc.
- 1:15—Speed, Inc.
- 1:30—Studio.
- 1:45—Billie House.
- 2:00—Style Chat.
- 2:15—Let's Petted.
- 2:30—Newspaper of the Air.
- 2:45—Helen Magin, pianist.
- 3:00—String Trio.
- 3:15—Molly's Music, Organist.
- 3:30—Mauree Orchestra.
- 3:45—Grant and Ross.
- 4:00—Major Bowes Capital Theatre Family.
- 4:15—Man to Man Sports.
- 4:30—Little Show.
- 4:45—Hollywood Showcases.
- 5:00—Society Service.
- 5:15—Hollywood Showcases.
- 5:30—Kate Smith.
- 5:45—Billie House.
- 6:00—Five Star Final.
- 6:15—Art of Conversation.
- 6:30—Philly Harris Orchestra.
- 6:45—Larry Kent Orchestra.
- 7:00—Black Flag Orchestra.
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- 1:15—Speed, Inc.
- 1:30—Studio.
- 1:45—Billie House.
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