

# The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"  
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## Three-Horse Hitch

"By harnessing the sturdy forces of agriculture, industry and science, we can make a three-horse team," points out Louis J. Taber, master of the national Grange, in an article entitled "The Three-Horse Team" in the current issue of the magazine *America's Future*. His article enlarges upon the chemurgic progress now under way and by no means at the end of its road.

Taber's article itself is worthy of discussion and right now, since we have mentioned it, would be the proper time to discuss it. In fact having brought up the subject, if we drop it now, chances are a hundred to one we never will discuss it. But, the editorial mind, being no different from other minds, we just have to follow where it leads.

At the head of the article was the picture of a three-horse team pulling a binder through a grain field—so familiar a picture that it drew the editorial mind away from the article and back to the farm where we used to hitch three horses to a 14-inch plow or a header box or any one of several other farm implements.

And how does a farmer hitch up a three-horse team? One way would be to hook three singletrees to a rigid drawbar; but one disadvantage, among others, would be inability of the driver to tell whether each horse was pulling his share of the load. So long as the rig was taut, one horse might be doing almost all the pulling and the others loafing.

So the farmer takes a hardwood two-by-six and bores a hole at each end, attaching two cleaves, from one of which he extends a singletree; from the other a doubletree. Then, one-third of the distance from the doubletree end, he bores a third hole and attaches a clevis that pulls the load. The horse out there on the singletree has twice the leverage of the other two, and thus each pulls an equal share of the load—or else his singletree drops back so the driver will notice it and crack the whip to remedy the situation.

Supposing we consider the three-horse team which pulls our national economy to be composed of labor, capital and government. If all three pulled equally, we might get the farm plowed and the crop harvested. But the trouble recently has been that we haven't had a properly-constructed three-horse hitch. Sometimes it has seemed that all three were hooked to the drawbar and at least two were balking—nobody could tell which two. Other times it has appeared that labor was on the long end of the hitch, capital on the short end forced to pull twice as hard—and government hooked to the rear end of the binder, pulling in the opposite direction.

## "Neutrality" in Scandinavia

Top honors for peace-mindedness among the nations of the world doubtless belong at the moment to the United States; yet when President Roosevelt said some months ago that if Canada were attacked by a European power this nation would have to go to her defense, no violent opposition to the idea developed.

Two months ago the Scandinavian countries might have disputed our claim to superlative pacifism. That was before the Russian Bear started pawing at the Finns. It goes without saying that Norway, Sweden and Denmark are just as anxious to live at peace as they ever were. But with one important difference, they are exactly in the position that the United States would be if Canada were attacked. They know that if the aggressor succeeds in his present objective, they'll be next.

The difference is that they are not first-rate military powers and are geographically vulnerable. If Canada were invaded, the United States would declare war. But when Finland is invaded, its neighbors are forced to the other alternative; unofficial aid to Finland.

Almost from the start there have been suspicions that the Finnish resistance to the Russian invaders had the benefit of some substantial foreign props. When Finland began striking back by air, these suspicions were elevated to the status of near-certainty, especially when coupled with stories that the Italian fliers who took war planes to Finland stayed to fly them. If fascist Italians are fighting for democratic Finland, what help must the defenders be receiving from the rest of Scandinavia, from England and France if they can spare it—from all the countries whose sympathy for the plucky little nation is backed up by self-interest? It isn't safe to deny even Germany a possible share in this program.

What this aid amounts to in sum total no one may yet estimate, but actually there is no limit to its possibilities; if the "Finns" with all their foreign recruits should counter-attack on land and lay siege to Moscow, there should be no real occasion for surprise.

## Sugar Quotas Restored

As evidence that sugar prices have receded to pre-war levels, the announcement that President Roosevelt will restore marketing quota provisions of the 1937 sugar control act, effective January 1, may be classed as good news. Its meaning to sugar beet producers in the United States is not so pleasant, even aside from the reduction in retail prices.

The news story of the announcement serves to spotlight the fact that the quota regulations allot only 23.19 per cent of all sugar marketed in this country to domestic producers; the remainder is parcelled out among our island possessions and protectorates. This not only prevents expansion of the domestic industry but limits sugar beet production areas to acreages and amounts which do not permit of economical operation. The eastern Oregon and southern Idaho industry which is just now hitting its stride, is seriously handicapped by these restrictions.

What is worse, the president and Secretaries Hull, Wallace and Ickes have all indicated lack of friendliness to the continental sugar industry, deeming it "expensive" whereas man-hour costs in this industry are lower than in the island industries, which can compete only because wages and standards of living are incomparably lower. Sugar is the outstanding example of the "good neighbor policy" projection to ludicrous lengths to the detriment of American industry.

## Smutty Books and Clean Movies

Why do the movies hire Will Hays as a censor, and big cities hire additional censors for the stage and screen, and all the top-flight magazines strive for clean literature—and then have the best sellers in books reeking with words and situations that one cannot discuss in polite society? Throw in the smut, publishers advise modern authors; the public demands it. And judging from sales records of several current favorites, the publishers are right.—The Dallas Chronicle.

Possibly so, if it can ever be said accurately that wrong is right. Theater operators, however, observe with pleasure that their most carefully laundered films are still packing in the cash customers.—The Bend Bulletin.

Reading a book, not reading it, or stopping when one doesn't like it, are choices that may be made in complete freedom and privacy. But if there is smut in a movie, some people who find it objectionable are going to attend unawares and are going to sit through it rather than face the greater embarrassment of walking out. In other words the same freedom and privacy do not obtain. Smut in movies and in otherwise reputable magazines is akin to the same thing in street advertising.

Americans take great pride in their particular brand of culture but, scanning the newsstands loaded down with magazines most of which wouldn't sell a dozen copies except that they offer a thrill closely akin to that of the strip tease, and taking into account the aforementioned books, one is bound to wonder if some other countries may not "have something on us."

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Illinois sold for \$60,000 12-28-39 in 1829, and large part of the Willamette valley went for \$42,000, in 1851, from Indians:

Came to this desk, some days ago, from Max Gehlar, Salem, then at the Morrison hotel, Chicago, on a business visit there, a letter reading:

"Please note enclosed. Is there any connection between this and the naming of our Willamette? In the early records of Marion county there is mention of a Frenchman named Oulmette, but the name did not contain the l as here at Chicago."

The "enclosed" was a clipping from the Chicago Sunday Tribune, one of the great newspapers of that metropolis, under the headline, "Illinois Sold for \$60,000 in 1829, Treaty Copies Show," and under the heading these paragraphs:

"Photostatic copies of two treaties between the government and Indian nations in the early 1800s, by which the land in Chicago and Cook county, now valued at more than \$5,000,000,000, was obtained from the tribes constitute a new exhibit of the West Side Historical Society in the Legler Branch Library.

"In a treaty between a commission of the United States and the United Nations of Chippewa, Ottawa and Pottawatome Indians at Prairie du Chien, July 29, 1839, practically the whole of northern Illinois was bought for a sum of \$16,000 annually, forever, in specie, to be paid in Chicago."

"This treaty, interpreted by J. C. Miller of Oak Park, first vice president of the society, further lists \$12,000 in goods as a gift to the chiefs, 50 barrels of salt annually and the unlimited use of a blacksmith shop in Chicago."

"Among the signers of this treaty were Antoine Oulmette, for whom the present town of Willamette is named; Alexander Wolcott, then Indian agent; Lt. Col. Zachary Taylor, later to become president (of the United States), and John H. Kinzie, for whom Kinzie street is named.

"The area purchased was bounded on the south by a line extending from the southernmost part of the lake to a point on Rock river 40 miles north of its mouth; on the west by the river, and on the north by a line from Oulmette's land on the lake to Rock river."

"The Black Hawk wars were fought in 1832 and in 1833 a second treaty was signed by the Indians which extended the land titles clear to the Mississippi river and at the same time removed the Indians from their 'forever' payments and their reservations in what is now Illinois to land west of the Mississippi.

"The most prominent name appearing on this treaty was that of Dr. G. Maxwell, army surgeon for whom, according to Mr. Miller, the present Maxwell street is named.

"According to Mr. Miller, from what information can be obtained about the payments to the Indians for the land, the government paid about \$60,000 for what is now north and central Illinois."

So ends the article clipped from the Chicago Tribune. It is evident, the careful reader will agree, that the head writer in the Tribune newspaper office put the matter too strong when he wrote "Illinois Sold for \$60,000 in 1829," when it was what is now north and central Illinois that was sold for that sum, after 1833. Also, the careful reader will note that the Tribune proof reader should have made the date of the first sale 1829 instead of 1839, as he left it.

Max Gehlar was county clerk of Marion county, so is familiar

## We Have Six Already, but We Have to Take it



## "Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

### Chapter 14 Continued

It was a few days later—a day in early summer—that Douglas, astride a sleepy little mare, reined in before the ranger station. Bespectacled, clasping his beloved camera to his breast, he presented a tableau that was rewarded by a burst of profane admiration from Record.

"I'll have to hand it to you, boy," tears of laughter were bright in the ranger's eyes, "you look like a cross between a traveling horse-doctor and the Verde undertaker. Why, even that mottled cayuse is ashamed to carry you."

As Record watched Douglas he felt the first real hope that beneath such a disguise Douglas might find at least temporary safety. So it was with a vast relief that Record regarded the inconspicuously pacific figure and his demurely patient mare.

"You're an actor, if I ever saw one."

Very punctiliously Douglas bowed low. "The senior forest ranger overcomes me with generous words." And Record grinned to himself at the hissing Latin accent, and hesitating fastidiousness of speech.

Throwing his leg over the saddle horn, Douglas rolled a cigarette.

with its records. It is more than possible that the Oulmette of Marion county was related to the Oulmette of the section around Chicago, and that they were both French Canadian hunters and trappers, or related to such.

Prairie du Chien is French for Dog Prairie, or Prairie of the Dog.

(Continued on page 5)

ette. "Is anyone inside the ranger station?"

"Not a soul. Shall we go in?"

"Better talk here." No trace of hesitation in the voice now. That veil of apathy and indifferent slouch were gone. The whole character of the man had changed and given place to instant alertness.

Record looked anxiously up. "What's new, Jack?"

"A great many things. Do you remember that old peon with the scared face I found outside the ranch? I've been on the look out for him ever since, hoping to make him talk."

"What luck?"

"None—except that one of my vaqueros remembers that just such a peon once worked on the Neale Ranch." Thoughtfully Douglas said, "I've never been seen since. Sam, I keep thinking of his terror that night. He cringed like a beaten dog—and he had reason to. There is a conspiracy against all human life here. It is like some crazy dream. I can't tell you yet what the purpose is, but I can tell you the effect it's having. Ranchers are leaving every week. You can't hire herders or riders—they're terrified of the raiders and of the killer. In two more years this valley, the most fertile spot on the border, will be abandoned. That's what we're coming to. Last week I tried to borrow money in Verde; the bankers are afraid to lend to anyone in the valley. We're being squeezed out. Our only chance is to run down the killer."

"What about Paxton? Has it ever occurred to you he comes nearer to being the size of the Yellow Killer than anyone else?"

"You mean that it might be an American masquerading as a Chinese?"

"Why not? It's been done."

"I've thought about that—I think Baker suspected Paxton of something. Certainly he has no spare love for me. At first he was wary of me, but now he is convinced I am only a negligible imbecile. No, Paxton might be quite capable of brutal violence, but never of the fiendish cruelty of the Yellow Killer. Besides, he owes everything to my aunt, and she swears by his loyalty. That reminds me. Tonight I am having a party for the vaqueros. I may even show some of these terrible motion pictures of mine. I want you to be there—it may be quite interesting." He was quietly smiling.

"What's it all about, Jack?"

"What you see to seem something. But there are other—"

With unbelievable swiftness Douglas' whole posture changed. Not a muscle seemed to move, but now he was slumping listlessly forward in the saddle and his voice had taken on its old fastidious mannerisms.

"You see there is always so much to be done on a ranch," the ranger heard him complain. "I do not get half enough time for my pictures. Fences break down, cattle stray—"

Record caught sight of a Mexican shepherd boy herding his flock through the pines, and behind him, seated astride a burro, rode a fantastic figure that sent a sudden electric shock through Douglas' body. Thick-set, great legs, lolling below the burro's belly, the man's face was obscured by a broad-brimmed sombrero of rough straw, but now as he raised his head Douglas found himself looking into the slanting eyes of a huge Chinaman. The yellow skin lay in long folds and the folds of his neck rippled loosely as the burro moved beneath him. A giant of a man with heavy shoulders and deep chest, but as his slanting eyes caught sight of Record his face beamed and he nodded his head rapidly in salutation.

"How's Lin Foo today?" the ranger called.

"Vellie good, oh vellie good."

The voice was high and liquid.

"Finding any gold?"

A vigorous shake of the head and an abashed laugh were the only answer, and turning, he rode down the trail.

The two men did not speak again until the Chinaman had disappeared. But now Douglas' eyes were bright with excitement.

"Who is this Lin Foo?" he asked as the sound of the burro's passing died away.

"That's Allison Neale's cook. He's not much for looks, is he? For the past year he's got the prospecting bug—wanders over the country for signs of gold. Once in a while he brings me up a pie."

"Would you say there is any possible connection between this fellow and the Yellow Killer?"

Record laughed outright. "Lin Foo is the most amiable chap in the world—he wouldn't kill a jack rabbit."

"Probably not—but would you be willing to swear the figure you saw in the moonlight wasn't Lin Foo?"

Record hesitated. "I'd say it was pretty unlikely," he answered at last. "Still," then he laughed again. "It just couldn't be old Lin Foo."

"Give me another month, Sam. One more month and I may know who is friend and who is enemy here." Abruptly he mounted. "You will be home tonight?"

"Count on me."

(To be continued)

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## News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27—(Continued)—Communism thought it had a working theory from Marx that was better than capitalism, but was compelled to discard it in application in Russia. A s k Trotsky, De Rivera, Krivitsky, or any one of the disillusioned Marxists.

Communism has gradually abandoned communism and today, like fascism and nazism, is making a desperate attempt to extemporize with economic poverty by remedies that conflict and contradict. It has no basic idea except to survive and expand by whatever means happens to be at hand at the moment.

Essentially the three European "isms" are negative. They are against many things, for very few things. They change, their doctrines in mid-stream. Their only constitution is whatever happens to occur in the mind of their leader at a given moment, and woe be unto the people if he happens to have a headache at the moment.

American capitalism springs from entirely different inspirations. The American constitution was not written by one man, or a group of men in the muddy slough of economic despair. The best minds of the colonies got together affirmatively in peace and hope for the future and worked out what they thought would be the best government for all the people. Mindful of the history of all governments for thousands of years, and particularly the Greek republics, they worked with ideals, not guns; compromises, not the strong arm; the Christian idea of justice was their guiding star.

Their work has been subjected to many severe tests, notably in the Civil war and lately a sort of economic civil war.

But the history of the systems shows that only inept leadership can break it down. The only problem, therefore, is to make it work better. If it can continue to furnish more and more good to the greater numbers, it has nothing to fear either from the European war or from the march of the European "isms."

The important news of the day and the coming year, therefore, should not concern the horrors and despairs of Europe—dramatic though these be—but the news of what is going to be done to make our democratic capitalism work more effectively.

The news which has been most important in that respect lately has been what young Tom Dewey, the prosecuting presidential aspirant has been saying.

Whether or not Mr. Dewey is the man to put his words into action, few around here so far have been able to find any flaws in his argument. His idea is not original. It has been frequently expressed in this column in different and sometimes more complete forms, notably in a column of last August 9. Others no doubt may have said it better elsewhere.

But the fundamental proposition of climbing out of this hole at the top by expansion with national benevolence and cooperation instead of tube-feeding the economic system from the treasury and trying to bolster the sides of the hole against collapse by admittedly temporary political devices, is one to which the country will pay increasing attention for the next six months.

Only a new way yet offered to Dewey and his challenge to defeatism is to ask another question—how? What is his formula? No doubt this inquiring response will make a big public impression, because people seem to be looking for a man with a formula. A great many citizens apparently believe prosperity can be reached by pushing economic buttons.

If push-button economics

## Princess Visits US



Pictured on arrival in New York, Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern-Waldenburg came to the U. S. for a rest. She recently lost a suit for breach of agreement against Viscount Rothermere, British newspaper publisher.

## Flies for Britain



Named as one of eight women pilots who will ferry new army planes from British factories to airbases and thus relieve male pilots for combat duty was Mona Friedlander, 25.

could lift this country out, the elevator experts in the government would no doubt have had us at the top floor long ago. The answer to this situation is more apt to be found in men's minds than in books on economic magic.

Mr. Roosevelt's administration has proved this. His most successful policy was purely psychological.

The strongest period of recovery he has produced came from the clear cool words without promises that he uttered from the steps of the capitol in the driving rain of his first inauguration day when the country was at the depths. He said everything was going to be all right and he convinced the country it would be solely from the inspiration of his self-confidence. No artificial device he concocted since that time has been so effective.

A few slight changes in existing policies and especially the tone of government might make a wide difference in national spirit.

Any man who can raise the national spirit like that again now, can sweep all statistics and prophecies of gloom off the table like dominos with one sweep of the hand. People would think differently, act differently. Money would again be invested, business men would take chances, a shortage of labor and credit could develop. The old spirit of America would return.

At least it is one thing that has not been tried. (Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.)

## Radio Programs

- |   |   |   |  |   |  |
|---|---|---|--|---|--|
| <p>11:00—This Moving World.<br/>11:15—Portland Police Reports.<br/>11:18—Bill Sabransky, Organist.</p> <p><b>KOIN—THURSDAY—940 Kc.</b></p> <p>6:00—Market Reports.<br/>6:05—Oiler's Klock.<br/>7:00—Bob Garrod Reporting.<br/>7:45—This and That.<br/>8:00—Headlines.<br/>8:30—Consumer.<br/>8:45—My Children.<br/>9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.<br/>9:15—When Sam's Here.<br/>9:30—Romance of Helen Trent.<br/>9:45—News Sunday.<br/>10:00—Goldberg.<br/>10:15—Life Can Be Beautiful.<br/>10:30—This Day.<br/>10:45—Mary Lee Taylor.<br/>11:00—Big Sister.<br/>11:15—The Star.<br/>11:30—Brenda Curtis.<br/>11:45—My Son, and I.<br/>12:00—News Girl.<br/>12:15—Singing Sam.<br/>12:45—Singing Sam.<br/>1:00—Kitty Kelly.<br/>2:00—Kathleen Norris.<br/>2:15—Dr. Susan.<br/>2:30—It Happened in Hollywood.<br/>2:45—Today's Soap.<br/>3:00—Varieties.<br/>3:30—H. V. Kaiterborn.<br/>3:45—Today's Europe.<br/>4:00—Speedy.<br/>4:45—News, Inc.<br/>5:15—Orange Bowl Preview.<br/>5:30—Bite Rhythm.<br/>5:30—Lowell F. Drews, Organist.<br/>5:45—News.<br/>6:00—Major Bowers Amateur Hour.<br/>6:00—The Soapshop.<br/>7:30—Sports Huddle.<br/>7:45—Lita Stodd.<br/>8:00—News.<br/>8:25—Talk, Gov. Charles A. Sprague.<br/>8:30—Ask It Basket.<br/>9:00—The Homecoming.<br/>9:25—Mitchell Ayres Opera.<br/>9:30—Modernized Light Opera.<br/>10:00—Nightcap for Adults.<br/>10:15—Emercy Deutsch Orchestra.<br/>10:30—Louis Prima Orchestra.<br/>10:45—Nightcap for Adults.<br/>11:00—Glen Gray Orchestra.<br/>11:30—Harry Owens Orchestra.</p> | <p><b>KELN—THURSDAY—1360 Kc.</b></p> <p>6:30—Milkman Melodies.<br/>7:00—The Day.<br/>7:45—Hills of the Day.<br/>8:00—Breakfast Club.<br/>8:30—Keep Fit to Music.<br/>9:00—News.<br/>9:00—Pastor's Call.<br/>9:15—The Pioneers.<br/>9:30—Ma Perkins.<br/>9:45—US Navy Band.<br/>10:00—Rhythmic.<br/>10:15—News.<br/>10:30—Morning Magazine.<br/>10:45—American Legion Orchestra.<br/>11:00—Symphonic Gems.<br/>11:05—Popular Melody.<br/>11:15—Lea's Orchestra.<br/>11:30—Hits and Encores.<br/>11:45—Women in the News.<br/>12:00—Value for the Week.<br/>12:15—News.<br/>12:30—Elmhurst Serenade.<br/>12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.<br/>12:45—Popular Salute.<br/>1:00—Command Performance.<br/>1:15—Interesting Facts.<br/>1:30—Maid and Men.<br/>1:45—Book a Week.<br/>2:00—Ensemble Modern.<br/>2:15—Johnson Family.<br/>2:30—The Gumps.<br/>2:45—Gus Lazaro Ensemble.<br/>3:00—Concert Melodies.<br/>3:05—American News Barrage.<br/>4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br/>4:15—Hayes of Rest.<br/>4:30—Salon Echoes.<br/>5:00—Old Heidelberg Orchestra.<br/>5:30—Concert Melodies.<br/>5:45—Tonight's Headlines.<br/>6:15—Dinner Hour Music.<br/>6:30—News and Views.<br/>6:45—Raymond Grant Swing.<br/>7:00—Tommy Dorsey Orchestra.<br/>7:15—Swingtime.<br/>7:30—The Show.<br/>8:00—News.<br/>8:15—Waterfront Employers.<br/>8:30—The Show.<br/>8:45—Willie Trill.<br/>9:00—Newspaper of the Air.<br/>9:15—Entertainment of the Week.<br/>9:45—Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br/>10:00—Phil Harris Orchestra.<br/>10:15—The Show.<br/>10:45—Leon Mojica Orchestra.<br/>11:00—Tomorrow's News Tonight.<br/>11:30—Six Hits and a Miss.<br/>11:45—Midnight Melodies.</p> | <p><b>KJW—THURSDAY—820 Kc.</b></p> <p>6:30—Sunrise Serenade.<br/>7:00—News.<br/>7:15—Paul Blazer.<br/>7:45—Sam Hayes.<br/>8:00—Viennese Ensemble.<br/>8:15—The Show.<br/>8:45—The Light.<br/>9:00—Arlington Time Signal.<br/>9:15—The O'Neill.<br/>9:30—Talk—Dr. C. J. McCombe.<br/>9:45—Tom Hayes.<br/>10:00—Benny Walker's Kitchen.<br/>10:15—Ellen Garrison.<br/>10:30—Keep Me Jolly.<br/>10:45—Dr. Kate.<br/>11:00—Betty and Bob.<br/>11:15—Arnold G. Smith's Daughter.<br/>11:30—Valliant Lady.<br/>11:45—Hymns of All Churches.<br/>12:00—Story of Mary Martha.</p> | <p>12:15—Ma Perkins.<br/>12:30—Pepper Young's Family.<br/>12:45—Tie and Sash.<br/>1:00—Florentine Opines.<br/>1:15—Stella Dallas.<br/>1:30—Oh, Mr. Dinwiddie.<br/>1:45—The Show Special.<br/>2:00—Girl Alone.<br/>2:15—The Show.<br/>2:30—Organ Concert.<br/>2:45—Stars of Today.<br/>3:00—News.<br/>3:15—Wendell Clair.<br/>3:30—News.<br/>3:45—Woman's Magazine of the Air.<br/>4:00—Easy Aces.<br/>4:15—Mr. Ace, Tracer.<br/>4:30—The Show.<br/>4:45—Hotel Statler Orchestra.<br/>5:00—Rayham Orchestra.<br/>5:15—The Show.<br/>6:00—Good News of 1940.<br/>6:00—Music Hall.<br/>6:00—Willing Pleasure Time.<br/>6:15—Love a Mystery.<br/>6:30—Symphony Hour.<br/>6:45—Home W. Love.<br/>7:00—News Flash.<br/>7:15—The Show.<br/>7:30—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.<br/>7:45—News.<br/>7:55—St. Francis Orchestra.<br/>8:00—Florentine Opines Orchestra.</p> | <p><b>KEZ—THURSDAY—1160 Kc.</b></p> <p>6:30—Musical Clock.<br/>7:00—Family Hour.<br/>7:30—Originalities.<br/>7:45—The Novelists.<br/>8:00—Financial Service.<br/>8:15—Young Dr. Wilson.<br/>8:30—Dr. Brock.<br/>8:45—Science Program.<br/>8:59—Arlington Time Signal.<br/>9:00—Eugene Olsen, Tenor.<br/>9:15—The Show.<br/>9:30—National Farm and Home.<br/>10:15—Home Institute.<br/>10:30—The Show.<br/>10:45—Hooper Hop.<br/>11:00—School Symphony.<br/>11:15—Musical Chase.<br/>12:15—News.<br/>12:30—Market Reports.<br/>12:45—The Show.<br/>12:45—US Dept. Agriculture.<br/>1:00—The Quiet Hour.<br/>1:15—The Show.<br/>1:30—Irene Galt, Organist.<br/>1:45—Caroline Quin.<br/>1:55—Financial and Grain Reports.<br/>2:30—Meadowbrook Orchestra.<br/>2:45—Affairs of Anthony.<br/>3:00—Dancing Sisters.<br/>3:05—Portland on Parade.<br/>3:15—Musical Bits.<br/>3:30—The Show.<br/>3:30—Donahue's Orchestra.<br/>4:00—Mr. Shady.<br/>4:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.<br/>4:30—The Show.<br/>4:35—Harry Kewer Orchestra.<br/>5:00—Frank Wainman.<br/>5:15—Tom Hayes.<br/>5:30—US Army Band.<br/>6:00—Byzant Reasonable Doubt.<br/>6:30—The Show.<br/>6:45—News.<br/>8:00—Southland Orchestra.<br/>8:30—Adventures in Geography.<br/>9:00—The Green Hornet.<br/>9:30—Hockey Game.<br/>9:15—Sports Flank.</p> | <p>11:00—This Moving World.<br/>11:15—Portland Police Reports.<br/>11:18—Bill Sabransky, Organist.</p> <p><b>KOIN—THURSDAY—940 Kc.</b></p> <p>6:00—Market Reports.<br/>6:05—Oiler's Klock.<br/>7:00—Bob Garrod Reporting.<br/>7:45—This and That.<br/>8:00—Headlines.<br/>8:30—Consumer.<br/>8:45—My Children.<br/>9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.<br/>9:15—When Sam's Here.<br/>9:30—Romance of Helen Trent.<br/>9:45—News Sunday.<br/>10:00—Goldberg.<br/>10:15—Life Can Be Beautiful.<br/>10:30—This Day.<br/>10:45—Mary Lee Taylor.<br/>11:00—Big Sister.<br/>11:15—The Star.<br/>11:30—Brenda Curtis.<br/>11:45—My Son, and I.<br/>12:00—News Girl.<br/>12:15—Singing Sam.<br/>12:45—Singing Sam.<br/>1:00—Kitty Kelly.<br/>2:00—Kathleen Norris.<br/>2:15—Dr. Susan.<br/>2:30—It Happened in Hollywood.<br/>2:45—Today's Soap.<br/>3:00—Varieties.<br/>3:30—H. 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