

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Justice Frank G. Murphy

Supposing that you, for instance, had just taken office as governor. Just 48 hours previously the first big "sitdown" strike had burst into the headlines in your state. Under pressure from the one side to do something—which would have to be something drastic, involving perhaps physical harm to strikers and others—and pressure from the other side to do nothing, would you have the mental balance to sit down and look at the situation intently enough and deliberately enough to see it in a light that was practically new and unique?

Seemingly it was while Frank G. Murphy was in that difficult spot that he observed, relative to the strike in the abstract, that it was "the reassertion of personality; the dignity of the offended human reasserting itself after the frightening experience of the depression."

Currently it is our duty to evaluate Frank Murphy, not in the "new deal glamour boy" role he unwillingly assumed while being pushed forward as the antidote to Tom Dewey in the presidential picture, and came to be designated as "Frank Murphywell," but as to his fitness for the supreme bench. The incident cited above clearly classifies him as a liberal, which is unnecessary anyway, but with careful analysis it also characterizes him as a man with the judicious viewpoint which is good raw material for judicial service.

Murphy started his public career as a federal prosecutor, convicting war profiteers in the '20s and serving through a three-year period in which he did not lose a case. Presently he was elected mayor of Detroit in a recall election on a "dew and sunshine" platform that was pure hokum. "What this town needs is the dawn of a new day, the dew and sunshine of a new morning," he said. That and his red hair put him over. He turns up next as governor-general of the Philippines, reforming the islands' legal system and others of their governmental faults and making them like it. Then the governorship of Michigan. He lost out in his campaign for reelection in 1938, principally because of his friendly attitude toward the CIO, of which the electorate seems to have wearied. That defeat is a black mark that cannot be erased. But to offset it, as a "consolidation" appointee as attorney general he has made an excellent record; 97.1 per cent of convictions, including Tom Pendergast, the Kansas City boss, and Judge Manton—both democrats—and the ringleaders in the Huey Long machine in Louisiana. No hint of partisanship in his prosecution record.

So now he comes to the supreme bench, with a pretty fair record. But the appointment must be considered in relation to the supreme court situation in general; to be specific, as President Roosevelt's fifth appointment, signaling domination of the court by new dealers, not merely by liberals, which was accomplished some months ago. There's no denying that this is a serious situation and one likely to endure for a considerable period, since most of these appointees are youngish men. Of the five—Black, Reed, Frankfurter, Douglas and Murphy—the latter three are the best qualified, by mature rather than by training for none of the five is overburdened with previous judicial experience.

But supposing that the present conflict between liberal and conservative political thought should some day go into eclipse and other issues and other divisions arise, then Justice Murphy—for his confirmation is a foregone conclusion—equipped for the role mentally and in the way of integrity, not to mention physically with his red hair and striking features, may come to grace the supreme bench to an outstanding degree and win recognition as a famed and revered jurist—who knows?

Taft Tells FDR About Budget Balancing

Disregarding the warnings of his politically astute friends, Senator Robert Taft has risen to the bait of President Roosevelt's challenge and told FDR how the budget can be balanced. According to all the prognostications, Brother Taft is now *spiritus veniens*, politically speaking, because in itemizing the points at which savings are possible—or some of them—he is assumed to have alienated all those persons who are interested in keeping those items in the budget or increasing them.

Actually though, Senator Taft has merely stated what most everyone knows and this can hardly be treason. One must disagree with him right at the outset on the first requisite. It is as he says necessary that the president must "wish and be determined" to balance the budget. But it is the president's duty merely to outline a budget and then, after congress has worked its will upon it, to manage his gigantic executive department with its million employees, within that budget. The greater responsibility rests with congress which, in the last analysis, means that it rests with the citizens.

So the budget will never be balanced until a majority of the citizens realize, and let it be known that they realize, that Uncle Sam is not Santa Claus; that every federal expenditure comes out of their own pockets; and that when they demand bulky expenditures in their own districts they are helping to make economy impossible.

Since it is much easier to block a huge new expenditure than to eliminate an expensive governmental activity already established, we think that Senator Taft should have placed greater emphasis than he did upon re-examination of the necessity for the projected huge outlay for "national defense." General Johnson and others who are presumed to know, have been telling us that this two-ocean fleet and the other items of naval and military expansion, are by no means necessary. If so, their authorization should be blocked, and there is still time to do it. Whatever the truth of this matter, congress must be made to feel its heavy responsibility in the premises—must be challenged to vote expenditures only when their necessity is proven.

Business and Industrial Census

Though in the main the business and industrial census is getting a satisfactory start in the Salem district, enumerators report that in a few cases business men exhibit lack of cooperation, lack of interest or, in even rarer instances, hostility or suspicion.

Enumerators have been wondering if some business men may not be under the erroneous impression that the census is just another new deal scheme. If such is the feeling in any individual case, it should be pointed out that the census was established as a function of government before the Christian era, and was first undertaken by the United States in 1790. Though a business census does not always coincide with the decennial national census, these have been taken from time to time for many years.

Fundamentally the census takes on some of the attributes of the "cosmic bookkeeping" this column has been talking about; and the business and industrial census is taken primarily for the benefit and convenience of business men themselves, even though normally they get back the general information it produces, indirectly through the library, the chamber of commerce—or by calling up the newspapers.

Architect Appraises Oregon Capitol

Though we do not recall that the event was properly heralded at the time, Henry H. Saylor, architecture critic and columnist for the national magazine *Architectural Forum*, visited Salem in September and carefully inspected the state capitol which has attracted so much nationwide attention

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The historic Luelling family of our state was outstanding and useful, too, but did not found Salem, Oregon: The January number of "Sunset," San Francisco, prominent magazine of this coast, is a special western garden issue.

One of the prominently placed articles in this issue gives the historic Luelling family of Oregon special attention. That article reads:

"We are planting 3 cherry trees this month—A Black Republican, a Bing and a Lambert. Undoubtedly there are better combinations of varieties but we couldn't resist these three after hearing the story of Henderson Llewelling.

"Bent on planting an orchard in the Oregon territory, Mr. Llewelling in 1847 loaded a covered wagon with 700 fruit cuttings and seedlings, undeterred by jeering friends and kinfolks.

"He must have been a strange mixture of a man. Traveling west, he stopped long enough to help found and name 5 towns: Salem, N.C.; Salem, Ohio; Salem, Ind.; Salem, Iowa, and finally, Salem, Ore."

"Yet when Mr. Llewelling was mocked for his solid support of the Republican party's efforts to end slavery and for befriending the Negro cause, he met his opponents with brilliance and imagination, naming a new cherry seedling 'Black Republican'."

The "Black Republican" is a popular cherry to this day, as is the "Bing," named for Llewelling's loyal Chinese servant, and the "Lambert," honoring Jack Lambert, his nursery assistant.

"How, the scoffers asked Llewelling as he loaded the prairie schooner with buckets of soil and slips, did he intend to water and care for his precious plants on the hard overland journey?"

"Somehow, this pioneer pomologist did manage to preserve his plants on the long trek to the Pacific, for when his ox team reached Oregon in October, 1847, nearly all the 700 were alive. Even the native plants which he had collected along the way were growing well.

"At the present city of Milwaukie, Ore., he planted his many varieties of eastern fruit trees. They thrived in the fresh Oregon earth.

"When Llewelling realized that unless he could secure seed or stock plants on which to graft the scions of his trees, it would be impossible to create a productive orchard. Up and down the coast he traveled, spreading word of his need, but for two seasons neither word nor grafts arrived. Finally, in the third year, a sailor put into the Columbia, with two sacks of apple seed and one sack of pear.

"That season, Henderson Llewelling grew and grafted 16,000 fruit trees which he sold the following year for \$1.50 apiece. In 1850 his brother, Seth, came west to join him and the following year found the pair selling fruit in San Francisco for \$1 a pound!

"We expect no such profit from our adventure with Llewelling's cherry trees but we do anticipate a tasteful chuckle with his spirit when we first bite into a Black Republican."

That's a good story, worth telling—and the Bing, Lambert and Black Republican cherry trees are worth planting and tending, in any country with proper soil and climate.

But Henderson Luelling (that is the way he spelled the name of what later, alas, was not found Salem, Oregon, or assistant in its founding, and it is scarcely possible that he had much if anything to do in founding the Salems of North Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa—surely he could not have helped in founding those towns and naming them while "traveling west" toward Oregon. On that trek he had no time whatever to do anything but travel, travel, travel, else he would have perished on the trail. That part of the "Sunset" story is all moonshine, falderal, foolishness, hogwash.

Henderson Luelling did not arrive in the Oregon country until more than seven long years after Salem, Oregon, was founded, and the place was not named Salem till 13 years after he arrived— (Turn to Page 6)

among the craft. In this column in the November issue he comments as follows:

"Dropped off to have a look at Oregon's new capitol, and see whether a statohouse without the traditional Renaissance dome really looks like a statehouse. Recalling the flood of words spoken and printed, at the time Trowbridge & Livingston and Francis Kealy of New York won the competition, I was the more anxious to see what Oregon had got for her money.

"It's a grand job, and now that the smoke has all cleared away, Oregon knows it. Leo Friedlander's massive sculptured groups have just been unveiled. Ulrich Ellerhausen's heroic figure of a pioneer has just been gilded—and will, I trust, not be too long in toning down. The rotunda murals by Frank Schwartz and Barry Faulkner, though showing each artist's individuality, are marvellously blended into a unit.

"In front of the capitol a large sunken garden is being planted, and one of the two buildings that are to complete an open-square composition is now finished—the Library designed by Whitehouse & Church. So all is well in Salem."

We Know Just how You Feel

Wilma Leiter and Dortha Muscott who have been publishing the Aurora Observer in exceptionally able manner for the last several months, sing their swan song in last week's issue, under the heading "Dash It All" and the sub-heading "It's Hard to Say Goodbye," in part as follows:

"You've probably heard—but in case you haven't, we're telling you—we had to give up! But we aren't too ashamed because we feel that we did pretty well, considering. (Yes, our right arm hurt, but we somehow tried from putting ourselves on the back.) It takes a lot to complement ourselves in the face of failure. The whole story lies in the fact that neither of us could operate a linotype. What is the old adage that 'when you dance you must sooner or later pay the musicians.' Well, we had to pay the printer!"

So they sold out to a printer; but the young ex-publishers are absolutely right. They have done a good job and, if they have failed, they should have the consolation of a lot of excellent company. More than 50 daily newspapers, many of them large ones, suspended or were wiped out by mergers in 1939 and in almost every case the problem was virtually identical with that at Aurora—paying the printer became too much of a struggle.

"Zone of Quiet"



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

Chapter 19
A few minutes took them to where the raiders had passed through, and with absorbed attention the girl examined the severed wires.

"Raiders," Her voice was low with anger. "They're making for the canyons. It might be worth while to follow."

Straight south the tracks led them, to the lower boundary of the girl's ranch, and here again the barbed-wire fence had been severed. A mile further the band turned sharply toward the nearest canyon, and at the point of their turning three horses had separated from the main group and galloped west. Another half mile, and four more horses had detached themselves, this time riding in the opposite direction.

Warily the girl nodded. "This ends our chase. Always they disappeared like mist. Where did you first find them?"

"On the way from the reservoir, Paxton has been up there on guard for a week. Do you suppose he could have fallen foul of this band?"

Instead of replying, Allison asked, "Your aunt has been very kind to Ed Paxton, hasn't she?"

"Paxton says she is his best friend. When he was thrown beneath his horse my aunt nursed him for weeks. She has trusted his judgment in everything."

The girl meditated, then with a gesture of decision picked up the reins. "Did he want to show you something?" And without waiting for an answer she spurred her horse toward that winding gulch in the foothills where the mining town of Coble lay.

Arriving in Coble, Allison pointed at the shattered structure that bore the sign, "Ashby's Dance Hall—Open All Night."

"Our search lies inside there," she said.

Before the door a dozen horses were tethered to the hitching post, and from within the muffled sound of many voices floated out to them. As the girl dismounted the door moved slowly open, and the huge figure of Allison's Chiricahua came out, standing on the threshold. Silently he regarded Douglas, then without a word turned back into the room.

Not without misgiving, Douglas tied his horse besides hers.

The low voice shook with anger, and the muscles of his jaw tightened, then thrusting him suddenly back, Douglas pointed toward the door.

"Get out!" His voice was dangerously quiet.

Staggering backward, Paxton raised both hands to his bull-like throat, where the white marks of Douglas' fingers still stood out. His little eyes had grown red with conflict, and for an instant he seemed to be gathering his slow wits, then lowering his head, he started forward with clenched hands.

"Listen, you," he bellowed, "you're picking a poor place to get rough in."

Paxton had drawn back his fist, and ever so slightly Douglas shifted his weight to meet that threatening attack, but before the two men could come within arm's length Allison stepped between them, and at sight of her Paxton halted, the fire dying from his eyes.

"Better go, Ed." Her voice had not raised above its normal tone, yet the effect was immediate. With a visible effort the man straightened, picked up his hat and stalked across the room. A second later the door closed behind him.

(To Be Continued)
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"Are you wondering why I brought you here?" she asked, a trace of malice in her eyes.

"When a beautiful woman invites, I never question." And smiling, he followed her through the door.

Just inside they stood motionless for a moment, while their eyes grew accustomed to the smoke-filled dusk of the room. All about them rose the deep voices of men, and from the far end came the sharp click of poker chips, but as Douglas' vision cleared he saw a long bar stretched across the room, where a number of men stood drinking. Most were dressed in the rough garb of miners, but dotted among them Douglas saw swaggering vaqueros.

Allison touched Douglas' arm. "Look!" She nodded to where, in an alcove, six men were playing cards.

Curiously Douglas' eyes turned toward the players hunched in the alcove, throwing out their chips, reaching from time to time for the whiskey glasses at their sides.

Suddenly he started, for there among the players sat Ed Paxton. A flood of rage sent the blood darkly to Douglas' face. With gathering anger he remembered his anxiety for this man's safety, remembered his aunt's confidence that under Paxton's care the reservoir would be secure. This, then, was the one man his aunt could trust!

Even in the obscurity of the room Douglas knew his eyes were betraying the anger that burned within him, and deliberately he took two long steps forward until he stood just behind Paxton's chair.

The player to the left was shuffling the cards. "It's your lucky day, Ed," he growled. "You'll be packin' all our money back to the ranch tonight."

Fondling the tall pile of chips before him, Paxton drained his glass. "Devil with the ranch while this luck holds. I got my bosses trained. A couple of old women, male and female."

That sentence was never finished. Two hands closed about the man's neck, raised him bodily from the chair, then whirled him about until Douglas' angry eyes were thrust close to Paxton's face. For a moment he held the man at arm's length.

"You dirty ungrateful dog!" The low voice shook with anger, and the muscles of his jaw tightened, then thrusting him suddenly back, Douglas pointed toward the door.

"Get out!" His voice was dangerously quiet.

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News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The president prepared his message to congress differently. He had three complete final speeches on his desk when he sat down to write—one a broad defense of the spending policy with a national twist, prepared for him by his money ghost, Laughlin Currie; the second an analysis of the international situation by a ghost, Adolf Berle, and the third on business conditions, boasting a little about the results from his spending efforts. Who wrote this last one is not quite clear yet but it may have come from the Currie typewriter under Corcoran-Cohen auspices, or from the commerce department. The point may not be cleared until these ghosts start writing their memoirs and telling all.

But the significance of the preparation was the single school of no deal thought monopolized the presidential ear, as in the past, and even Mr. Roosevelt seemed a little in doubt as to what might be best to use. He called in his congressional leaders as soon as they arrived in town and tried the three drafts out on them.

Not a word did he set down on paper for the final form until he had the opportunity of varied available advice.

GIANT EAGLE—An incredible new airship—twice the size of the new fighting fortresses—is hidden somewhere in these new national defense appropriations. The imagination of Julius Verne would have been stretched beyond the breaking point by this giant bomber of 70,000 pounds, powered with four engines.

It is not a vision, but already a reality. The army has one experimental ship already completed, labeled with the uninspiring blue-print title—"The XB-15." These ships may change the Monroe doctrine from an established theory to an indisputable fact. They can cover the coastline of the two Americas like you cover the countryside in your automobile. Army wanted a big fleet of these, will probably get 5 or 6 in the immediate future.

FIXING—Let not your heart bleed for the navy because it seems to be getting less than its share of the defense outlay. The admirals are not moping. They understand that when the pretty picture of the budget has faded a few weeks hence, and the time comes for the naval appropriation bill to be considered, they will get more than the president saw fit to allow them now. The deal is that the building program will then be speeded up much faster to allow laying down all the keels they can handle this coming fiscal year.

HULL—Spurge of official talk

about State Secretary Hull for 1940 apparently had a hidden tap root in a three to four hour unreported conference which democratic national Chairman Farley held with the Tennesseean several days ago. As Hull has nothing to do with the matter, the insiders assumed Farley called on the state secretary, concerning the only other subject on his mind. If he did, he found Hull is not withdrawing from the race, and likewise is not actively entering into it.

Nevertheless, Hull for the past few weeks, has been privately considering the '40 situation from his own angle and has talked frankly about it with his friends. The official statement which has been put out, indicating that he would not allow political thought to enter his wise head is just the usual diplomatic denial, designed to keep his candidacy out of his coming trade agreement tussle with the senate.

CONCENTRATION—Trade agreement resistance in congress has taken a new turn. Leaders in it have decided privately to base their opposition on a demand for senate ratification of all trade treaties—and abrogation of existing treaties subject to senatorial approval. The first opposition position is likely to be sustained, the second is in doubt. It seems to have been adopted mainly for strategic effect.

But the idea of senate ratification of future treaties is so widely approved that even house republicans—jealous of senatorial power though they always have been—will abandon their traditional rivalry with the senate to stand for it.

HELP—The Edison appointment is being scored at the top as a hit for Farley and Assistant War Secretary, Louis Johnson. They were working ardently for the son of the greatest inventor of all time to be navy secretary. Apparently Mr. Roosevelt delayed the choice so long because he liked to run that department himself.

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Tagless Cars Sought

PORTLAND, Jan. 6.—(AP)—Motorists without 1940 license plates were sought by police today. Municipal Judge Julius Cohen said violators would be fined \$1 this week, \$3 next week and \$5 all following weeks.

Insomniacs Bears

KLAMATH FALLS, Jan. 6.—(AP)—Sleep holds no lure for three of the Crater lake national park's 50 bears. The unorthodox brulins, ignoring the urge to hibernate, are frolicking in spring-like weather and growing fat on the garbage dump.

Radio Programs

8:00—Sunday Sunrise Program. 8:30—Music and American Youth. 8:59—Arlington Time Signal. 9:00—Bernie Crane Story Book. 9:15—Julio Martinez, Guitarist. 9:30—On Your Job. 9:45—Musical Interlude for Moderns. 10:00—The Goodbye Tune. 10:15—Piano Quiz. 10:30—Music and America. 10:45—Women in the News. 11:00—Value Parade. 11:15—News from Europe. 11:30—Hillbilly Serenade. 11:45—Williams Valley Opinions. 12:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra. 12:15—Log Chats. 12:30—News. 12:45—Campus Alumni Reporter. 1:00—Musical Workshop. 1:15—Radio Comments. 1:30—The Grinch Club. 1:45—Professor Puzzlewit. 2:00—Band Wagon. 2:15—Don Ameche. 2:30—One Man's Family. 2:45—Marquette Merry-go-round. 3:00—American Album. 3:15—News from London. 3:30—Armchair Cruise. 3:45—Carnival. 4:00—Night Editor. 4:15—Dick Henry. 4:30—Walter Winchell. 4:45—Frank Bennett. 5:00—I Want a Divorce. 5:15—News Flashes. 5:30—Bridge to Tomorrow. 5:45—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra. 6:00—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.	9:30—Ma Perkins. 9:45—Toronto Times. 10:00—Popular Tunes. 10:15—News. 10:30—Enoch Light Orchestra. 10:45—Erwin Voe Organ. 11:00—Symphonies Home. 11:15—Musical Interlude. 11:30—Piano Quiz. 11:45—Music and America. 12:00—Women in the News. 12:15—Value Parade. 12:30—News from Europe. 12:45—Hillbilly Serenade. 12:55—Williams Valley Opinions. 1:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra. 1:15—Log Chats. 1:30—News. 1:45—Campus Alumni Reporter. 1:55—Radio Comments. 2:10—The Grinch Club. 2:25—Professor Puzzlewit. 2:40—Band Wagon. 2:55—Don Ameche. 3:10—One Man's Family. 3:25—Marquette Merry-go-round. 3:40—American Album. 3:55—News from London. 4:10—Armchair Cruise. 4:25—Carnival. 4:40—Night Editor. 4:55—Dick Henry. 5:10—Walter Winchell. 5:25—Frank Bennett. 5:40—I Want a Divorce. 5:55—News Flashes. 6:10—Bridge to Tomorrow. 6:25—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra. 6:40—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.	9:30—Ma Perkins. 9:45—Toronto Times. 10:00—Popular Tunes. 10:15—News. 10:30—Enoch Light Orchestra. 10:45—Erwin Voe Organ. 11:00—Symphonies Home. 11:15—Musical Interlude. 11:30—Piano Quiz. 11:45—Music and America. 12:00—Women in the News. 12:15—Value Parade. 12:30—News from Europe. 12:45—Hillbilly Serenade. 12:55—Williams Valley Opinions. 1:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra. 1:15—Log Chats. 1:30—News. 1:45—Campus Alumni Reporter. 1:55—Radio Comments. 2:10—The Grinch Club. 2:25—Professor Puzzlewit. 2:40—Band Wagon. 2:55—Don Ameche. 3:10—One Man's Family. 3:25—Marquette Merry-go-round. 3:40—American Album. 3:55—News from London. 4:10—Armchair Cruise. 4:25—Carnival. 4:40—Night Editor. 4:55—Dick Henry. 5:10—Walter Winchell. 5:25—Frank Bennett. 5:40—I Want a Divorce. 5:55—News Flashes. 6:10—Bridge to Tomorrow. 6:25—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra. 6:40—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.	10:15—Ellen Randolph. 10:30—News. 10:45—Dr. Kate. 11:00—Betty & Bob. 11:15—Broadway's Daughter. 11:30—Valiant Lady. 11:45—Hymns of All Churches. 12:00—Musical Interlude. 12:15—Ma Perkins. 12:30—Music and America. 12:45—Women in the News. 12:55—Value Parade. 1:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra. 1:15—Log Chats. 1:30—News. 1:45—Campus Alumni Reporter. 1:55—Radio Comments. 2:10—The Grinch Club. 2:25—Professor Puzzlewit. 2:40—Band Wagon. 2:55—Don Ameche. 3:10—One Man's Family. 3:25—Marquette Merry-go-round. 3:40—American Album. 3:55—News from London. 4:10—Armchair Cruise. 4:25—Carnival. 4:40—Night Editor. 4:55—Dick Henry. 5:10—Walter Winchell. 5:25—Frank Bennett. 5:40—I Want a Divorce. 5:55—News Flashes. 6:10—Bridge to Tomorrow. 6:25—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra. 6:40—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.	10:15—Ellen Randolph. 10:30—News. 10:45—Dr. Kate. 11:00—Betty & Bob. 11:15—Broadway's Daughter. 11:30—Valiant Lady. 11:45—Hymns of All Churches. 12:00—Musical Interlude. 12:15—Ma Perkins. 12:30—Music and America. 12:45—Women in the News. 12:55—Value Parade. 1:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra. 1:15—Log Chats. 1:30—News. 1:45—Campus Alumni Reporter. 1:55—Radio Comments. 2:10—The Grinch Club. 2:25—Professor Puzzlewit. 2:40—Band Wagon. 2:55—Don Ameche. 3:10—One Man's Family. 3:25—Marquette Merry-go-round. 3:40—American Album. 3:55—News from London. 4:10—Armchair Cruise. 4:25—Carnival. 4:40—Night Editor. 4:55—Dick Henry. 5:10—Walter Winchell. 5:25—Frank Bennett. 5:40—I Want a Divorce. 5:55—News Flashes. 6:10—Bridge to Tomorrow. 6:25—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra. 6:40—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
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Ballard to Confer On Extension Work

CORVALLIS, Jan. 6.—(AP)—F. L. Ballard, Oregon State college's president-elect, left for Salt Lake City Friday to confer with western extension service chiefs on cooperative projects with the department of agriculture.

Cecil W. Creel, former president of the Land Grant College association, also will confer with Ballard on land grant college legislative matters.