

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO. Charles A. Sprague, President

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in paper.

Efforts at Peace: Sumner Welles

The editor of the Eugene Register-Guard—who, unless we are mistaken, was contemporaneous with him at Harvard—recently summed up the character and background of Sumner Welles, the president's new emissary at large to Europe, in the following paragraphs:

There are some interesting but entirely normal differences of opinion to President Roosevelt's wisdom in sending Sumner Welles. He is a "cold fish," a career diplomat. He has been in the service ever since he graduated from Harvard 25 years ago.

Welles, we understand, is going to Europe with a well-elaborated peace plan which, while it omits to offer any proposal for a "you take this, and we'll give that to Joe" settlement, yet is based on plans for economic readjustment under the leadership of the United States which should satisfy every nation's yearning for Wirtschaftskraft if nothing else.

In the first place, it is fairly clear that the Allies have no intention of giving up the war at this point unless they can obtain convincing material concessions from Germany in the form of an opportunity for Hitler to go on his travels, and presumably a return to the status quo ante in some of the middle-European regions.

Therein lies the difficulty: if Welles cannot convince either the Allies or the Germans, is there perhaps not some danger that one or the other may convince Welles? In view of the description of Welles himself as something of a "cold fish," it is a little doubtful that the Germans would have much success; aside from the existing American tendency to favor the Allies, Welles may find himself in the position of Lord Halifax when he first interviewed the leading Nazis: they seemed to him parvenus of the worst sort, inhabitants of a world a thousand times removed from Oxford and Eton, from Harvard and Groton. On the other hand the English, in the Lord Grey-Hines Page tradition, have a notable record of bringing recalcitrant Americans around by dint of a gracious culture and the monuments of a common literary heritage.

Having sketched such possible implications of the Welles mission, there is little more to be said. The time may not be opportune; the emissary may be going amid too much fanfare for real accomplishments; his concrete proposals may prove to be less convincing than might be expected; he may find that Americans wholly misinterpret the nature of events in Europe. But if there is any remote possibility that his going may be a decisive movement for peace, no American will begrudge him the price of his steamship ticket.

They'd Rather Be Wrong

Distinctly in "what's the use" mood the other night, Walter Winchell remarked that no matter what attitude one took on public questions it would invite criticism. Assail the reds and you're a fascist, criticize the Dies committee and you're a communist, disagree with the president and you're an economic royalist, attack "all isms but Americanism" as Winchell does and you're a professional flag-waver.

President Roosevelt must have been in similar frame of mind when, after standing manfully before the delegates to the much-controverted American Youth Congress last Saturday and telling them the plain truth about communism as practiced by the Soviet Union, he met with a comparatively cool reception. It might have been merely the reflection of external conditions—the delegates stood amid a cold rain on the White House lawn—but the press recorded that there were a few "boos" and by no means such enthusiastic applause as met the subsequent address, largely devoted to criticism of the president, by John L. Lewis. Putting everything together, one gets the impression that Mr. Roosevelt was distinctly out of favor with these brazen young liberals—despite the courtesies showered upon them by Mrs. Roosevelt, who defended them against "red" charges and stayed up half the night Saturday finding places for them to sleep.

Other important sectors of the American public both without and within the democratic party who are cool toward the administration might have gained some comfort from this incident—except that it involved one of those actually frequent occasions when the president was dead right. His analysis of the Soviet regime was accurate and his stand in general was one to which the great majority of Americans might readily shout "amen."

The hostility with which his common-sense remarks were received does not, in sober truth, add to the credibility of the First Lady's repeated insistence that these Youth Congress boys and girls are just healthy young Americans sincerely trying to improve conditions in the American way. That there are communists, even of the Moscow stripe, in the organization is amply attested by the resolutions seeking to purge them which appeared before the assembly. But one does not need to infer that this deep pink complexion explains fully the coolness of the reception given the president.

The truth is, rather, that whereas John L. Lewis assumed somewhat the role of cheerleader for the group, telling the delegates things they would like to hear, the president adopted instead a rather schoolmasterly tone, telling them from the standpoint of mature judgment the things they needed to be told. And under all circumstances youth instinctively resents maturity—and puts up its guard against it. If what maturity has to say is incontrovertible, that only adds to youth's resentment.

For an example nearer home, there has recently been suggestion that a board of supervision be created to exercise some control over the Collegian, Willamette university newspaper. Such supervision would doubtless represent sound judgment—but some violent opposition has been expressed. Youth doesn't want maturity's guidance. It wants intellectual freedom. It would rather be wrong on its own than to be right under its elders' guidance.

But, that attitude being difficult to defend, youth conceals it behind a front of ostensible disrespect for maturity and speaks of "old fogies and their ideas" with a scorn that is actually not disbelief but the resentment already described. And that, rather than actual disagreement with what he had to say, explains why the Youth Congress members greeted with applause which was barely polite, President Roosevelt's words of wisdom.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Story and romance of 2-13-40 one who was perhaps the first white man to live on what is now Oregon soil:

(Continuing from Sunday:) "While trying to get the native names of streams and villages for this story," wrote Mr. Minto, "Mr. B. C. Kindred told me about the killing of a Tillamook (Indian) ruffian by Sheriff Thomas C. Owen in self defense.

"Mrs. Sarah D. Owen, the sheriff's wife, and her children were visiting at the residence of Mr. Kindred while Mr. Owen was plowing the potato crop of Lewis Taylor, who had married a native Clatsop woman. The Tillamook Indian was at the house, and by the aid of Taylor and his wife Mr. Owen was able to get his gun while she engaged him in talk.

"When the Indian saw that Owen had the gun, he ran to cover in the willows near by. The sheriff called him to surrender, and told him if he would pay for an ox which he had killed that he would not be hurt.

"The Indian evidently thought Mr. Owen was afraid to shoot, so he charged on him with his dagger, and in self defense Mr. Owen had to kill him with the Indian's own gun. The killing roused great excitement among the Clatsops, to ally which Cullaby rode night and day southwards from his residence on the lake.

"Among the Indians at their strongest village at Point Adams (at the mouth of the Columbia on the Oregon side), it was generally believed at the time that it was the influence of Mrs. Helen Smith, wife of Solomon H. Smith, that helped most to keep the peace, but Mrs. Smith disclaimed the credit of keeping her people quiet, and said all the credit was due her husband. To me this evidence of Cullaby and Solomon H. Smith, both actively exerting themselves to keep peace between the natives and an American pioneer, gives strength to the tradition of Cullaby's origin.

"There is an absolute lack of data in regard to this wreck from which the whole tradition has its foundation. The late Silas B. Smith (son of Solomon H. Smith and his Indian wife Helen, daughter of Chief Cobawoy, called Comowool by Lewis and Clark), in an address before the Oregon Historical Society, alludes to a ship that sailed from La Paz, Lower California, on June 18, 1769, with a cargo of missionary supplies for San Diego.

"I believe that this ship was the one wrecked on the Oregon coast, and that Cullaby's grandfather was the only one saved.

A party of Clatsops visited the camp of Lewis and Clark in January, 1806, but they never told, if they knew, of the origin of the light-skinned, freckle-faced, silent man who accompanied them. That they had located the wreck would be reason enough why they did not tell. The average native is not backward about claiming credit for any service rendered to the white race.

"From the time of the murder of all but three of the Smith party (Jedidiah Smith) at the mouth of the Umpqua in 1827 (it was 1828) and the hanging of the Indian murderer at Astoria in 1841, no one has ever heard from an Indian of any bad conduct of his race on the entire coast line. It was as natural for an Indian to appropriate all of value to his use as what was cast up from a shipwreck as it was for him to appropriate a stranded whale, and the interests and customs of the natives on the Oregon coast tended to blot out all remembrances of past events, even to family traditions and the names of the dead.

"Every Indian mother strictly forbade her children to mention the names of the dead, and this almost unknown custom makes Cullaby's tradition of his own origin the single exception of a native family history going back four generations becoming a matter of record, except as the knowledge of the whites has made them.

"I was 58 years a resident of

Thelma Spear, former concert soprano, dramatically halted Arthur Ludwig Lewisohn's marriage to Edna Manley in a New York temple by rushing in and claiming she was Lewisohn's common-law wife. Miss Spear had Lewisohn's six-year-old son in tow. After a delay, the wedding proceeded. Lewisohn, shown kissing his bride, announced he would seek custody of the boy.

A Little Push now Might Do It



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

Chapter 24—Continued

Only one chance now—to gain time. Crouching, keeping well back to the wall, Douglas ran to where the herd of pure-breds crowded in terror back within the rope-enclosed recess that served as a corral. With both arms he swept together a pile of dry hay.

Oregon with a fairly ready use of the Chinook trade jargon, before I knew that Indian mothers carefully cautioned their children against using names of the dead. I got my information in regard to this custom from the daughter of a Chinook mother whose husband, a neighbor of Kaiata, was offered a good compensation by that last chief of his race if he would have his name removed from the little steamer 'Katata' after his death.

"The name had been placed there by the rugged old Ben Holland (pioneer railroad builder) in honor of the equally rugged old chief, Thornton in his work on Oregon mentions the persistence with which the Indians of the lower Columbia refuse to answer questions relating to their dead. They pronounced a man a fool who persisted in asking such questions.

"Miss Agnes Laut, in her 'Vikings of the Pacific,' has a footnote saying: 'The Russian government was inclined to claim that the red-haired man, seen among the chinooks, was probably some one of Berling's lost crew.'

So ends the very interesting Minto story, worthy of index and preservation for the use of oncoming generations. Some explanations will be undertaken.

Beginning with Solomon H. Smith, mentioned several times in the Minto story. We will commence with the biographical sketch of Bancroft, Oregon History, volume 1, page 11.

Foot by foot the raiders forced their way forward, paying the cost with lives for every step. Almost they had gained the wall itself, but now they stopped, uncertain in the face of that steady fire, while down behind them, urging on the wavering men, towered the hulking figure of Ed Paxton.

Douglas saw him. Heedless of his vaqueros' warning shouts, indifferently to flying lead he stepped outside the sheltering door of the shack. Now far away a handful of his men had taken shelter in a corner of the stamp mill; others were firing from behind a line of empty ore-cars, and now more fiercely still the fight resumed.

Once, encouraged by their greater numbers, the raiders rushed, hoping to wipe out the remaining vaqueros in one overwhelming assault.

Foot by foot the raiders forced their way forward, paying the cost with lives for every step. Almost they had gained the wall itself, but now they stopped, uncertain in the face of that steady fire, while down behind them, urging on the wavering men, towered the hulking figure of Ed Paxton.

Douglas saw him. Heedless of his vaqueros' warning shouts, indifferently to flying lead he stepped outside the sheltering door of the shack. Now far away a handful of his men had taken shelter in a corner of the stamp mill; others were firing from behind a line of empty ore-cars, and now more fiercely still the fight resumed.

and in the center dropped a lighted match. Hungrily the flames caught, spreading in an ever-widening circle, while in mad haste Douglas scattered handfuls of blazing hay about him.

Panic-stricken, the herd surged forward, the rope enclosure snapped, and with a roar that drowned even the sound of rifle-fire, they headed for the entrance just as the returning raiders came crowding through. Like a resistless on-rushing wave that galloping mass of stampeded animals struck the vanguard of the Killer's band, checking them, forcing them back, jamming them helplessly against the rocky wall. Men fell, and before they could cry out heavy hoofs crushed them; horses reared in vain effort to escape that agonizing pressure as caught helplessly before the maddened herd the raiders were swept out of the tunnel and back down the slope. Douglas had secured his moment's respite.

Now the flames had reached the nearby stacks of hay, filling the place with bluish smoke, choking vaqueros and raiders alike. Clouds were billowing out through the entrance; it was no longer possible to distinguish friend from foe, and with one accord all made for the tunnel.

Douglas was among the last to fight his way outside. His first thought was to look toward Cobre, but down below the stamp mill the lower gulch stretched empty out to the desert. Would Allison and the ranchers never come? Already to the east the sky was brightening—a cold autumn dawn breaking over the foothills was taking away the last protection of darkness.

Down the gulch a sudden crash of rifles told him the battle had been renewed, and calling to the few vaqueros still about him, Douglas made for an abandoned shack. Now far away a handful of his men had taken shelter in a corner of the stamp mill; others were firing from behind a line of empty ore-cars, and now more fiercely still the fight resumed.

Once, encouraged by their greater numbers, the raiders rushed, hoping to wipe out the remaining vaqueros in one overwhelming assault.

Foot by foot the raiders forced their way forward, paying the cost with lives for every step. Almost they had gained the wall itself, but now they stopped, uncertain in the face of that steady fire, while down behind them, urging on the wavering men, towered the hulking figure of Ed Paxton.

Douglas saw him. Heedless of his vaqueros' warning shouts, indifferently to flying lead he stepped outside the sheltering door of the shack. Now far away a handful of his men had taken shelter in a corner of the stamp mill; others were firing from behind a line of empty ore-cars, and now more fiercely still the fight resumed.

Once, encouraged by their greater numbers, the raiders rushed, hoping to wipe out the remaining vaqueros in one overwhelming assault.

Foot by foot the raiders forced their way forward, paying the cost with lives for every step. Almost they had gained the wall itself, but now they stopped, uncertain in the face of that steady fire, while down behind them, urging on the wavering men, towered the hulking figure of Ed Paxton.

Douglas saw him. Heedless of his vaqueros' warning shouts, indifferently to flying lead he stepped outside the sheltering door of the shack. Now far away a handful of his men had taken shelter in a corner of the stamp mill; others were firing from behind a line of empty ore-cars, and now more fiercely still the fight resumed.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11—The political destiny of the country is being wrapped up inside the Welles-Taylor peace mission to Europe.

Mr. Roosevelt is believed in the loftiest possible quarter here to have cast the third term die along with his new peace program. If it comes up seven, if the peace move is successful and can be completed this year, Mr. Roosevelt, they now say, will not run again. If his peace effort fails, he will. Domestic issues would be sidetracked. His campaign would be based entirely on the theory that he alone can handle the international peace job. In view of the very slight hope for the peace venture, there is a growing impression here that it will work out in that alternative way. You may be sure at any time that this is the New White House game.

In case he rolls box cars in Europe the next democratic ticket might very well be—don't scoff—Roosevelt and Garner.

Mr. Garner has no intention of accepting such a place on the ticket. At Senator's Byrd's oyster feast the other day he privately made his purposes clear to all. He is throwing everything into a fight for the top spot. He entered the Illinois primary mainly because he wanted to make an open declaration of candidacy in a place where the Roosevelt forces have slipped in the president's name without such a declaration. The contrast was thus forcefully presented. Mr. Garner is against third terms and against nominations by stealth.

Nevertheless, if Mr. Roosevelt decides to act openly, tremendous pressure will descend upon the vice president to maintain the old ticket. A fissure that might be fatal could otherwise be opened in the party. Obviously the Roosevelt crowd must keep him if they can.

His associates suspect he would prefer to go back to Uvalde and run for his old seat in congress, but of course they refuse yet to look that far ahead. They expect him to be the next president.

Rumor has been spread in Wall street that Mr. Roosevelt's physician had moved into the White House and had decided the president's health would not permit him to go through the exertion of another campaign. Careful checking proved it false.

FDR's doctor, Ross McNetire, is still living at his own residence and maintains an office at the White House. The president's physical condition is that he tires somewhat more rapidly than formerly. He has cut down on exercise. Instead of swimming daily he now enters the pool two or at the most three times a week.

There is no indication that his health will be a factor in the political situation. The president intends to stifle—if he can—third term questions for the next 60 days. That is why he suddenly turned tough against inquiring newsmen. For several months before he had handled the subject as a joke. But his political advisers have recently become worried about his ability to stay off a commitment until he hears the outcome of the Welles-Taylor excursion. With his name being entered in primaries, there is ground for great doubt that he will be able to do it.

The labor peace dove, already short of feathers, lost some of its fuzz in a sparsely reported encounter at the AFL executive council meeting in Miami. Teamster Leader Dan Tobin squared away with Carpeny, Roy H. Hutcheson, and both boys had to be held. Hutcheson charged Tobin with playing democratic politics, after

Tobin reported that the AFL executive committee was "just a bunch of politicians—republican politicians."

Either Tobin or Hutcheson used a naughty word on the other, whereupon the rest of the conference physically restrained the belligerents.

Sharp amendments to the national labor relations act will be passed by the house. You can depend on it. Arrangements have been made. The amendments will be drawn by the Howard Smith investigating committee. The Norton labor committee will stand aside.

This session of congress has been a lark. Members are calling it the "honeymoon session." Few subjects will be disposed of except economy (this will undoubtedly fall short of its goal) and the Hull trade agreements legislation. Fate of NLRB amendments in the senate is not clear. The tax question has practically been dropped.

Not even many of the pressure groups are around lobbying as usual. The farm bloc has been only mildly active so far in seeking new appropriations, and Mr. Wallace's agricultural agents have not been seen at their lobbying stand as yet.

Two Eugene Men Victims of Crash

REDDING, Calif., Feb. 12—Two Oregon photographers were killed and a third was critically injured today in a head-on collision between their automobile and a heavy milk truck 12 miles south of here.

The dead were Elmo N. Gamrath, 21, driver of the automobile, and Joe Cobb, 23, both of Eugene, Ore.

Lawrence Miller, 21, of Portland, was critically hurt. He was removed to the Shasta county hospital.

Henry Agostini, driver of the truck, escaped injury.

Milk from five gallon cans, with which the truck was loaded, covered the highway and ran into adjacent ditches.

The photographers had worked here for several days and were en route to Red Bluff.

1813 Camp Scene Believed Located

NEWBERG, Feb. 12—(AP)—A group of Pacific college students believed today they had discovered the site of a northwest fur company hunting camp two miles from here, on the Marion county side of the Willamette river.

A clay pipe bowl, an iron ax head, broken crockery and hand-made nails were found. Oregon Historical society records disclosed a camp, the second white settlement in the state, had been located there, and Frank Osborn recalled tearing down a log cabin there many years ago. The camp was established in 1813.

Home Loan Bank Elects

PORTLAND, Feb. 12—(AP)—Frank Johnson, Portland, was reelected president of the Federal Home Loan bank of Portland today. Other officers reelected included Irving Borgmann, vice-president and treasurer, and Mrs. Elizabeth M. Jenness, assistant secretary-treasurer.

Radio Programs

- KSLM—TUESDAY—1360 Kc. 6:30—Mikman Melodies. 7:30—News. 8:00—Song Time. 8:30—Breakfast Club. 9:00—Keep Fit to Music. 9:30—News. 9:45—Pastor's Call. 10:00—Freshwater Cowboy Band. 10:30—Ma Perkins. 9:45—Carriers of Elm Street. 10:30—Let's Dance. 11:00—The Parade of Tomorrow. 10:45—Yesterday's Favorites. 11:00—Symphony Series. 11:05—Popular Variety. 11:30—Willamette Chapel. 12:15—News. 12:30—Hillbilly Serenade. 12:45—Willamette Valley Opinions. 12:50—Kiwani Club. 1:15—Interesting Facts. 1:30—Vaughan Trail. 1:45—Madrigal Singers. 2:00—Salem Art Center. 2:15—Hollywood Hi-tops. 2:30—Johnson Family. 2:45—News. 3:00—John Agnew Organ. 3:15—Bill McCune Orchestra. 3:30—Sands of Time. 4:00—Fulton. 4:15—Haven of Rest. 4:45—Ten Time Melodies. 5:00—Melody. 5:15—Sinfonietta. 5:30—Nundown Serenade. 5:45—Little Orphan Annie. 6:00—Tonight's Headlines. 6:15—Dinner Hour Melodies. 6:30—News and Views. 6:45—Paging the Post. 7:00—Covered Wagon Days. 7:30—Hits and Concerts. 7:45—American Family Robinson. 8:00—News. 8:15—Adventures in Rhythm. 8:30—Salem Y Glee-men. 8:45—Twilight. 9:00—Newspaper of the Air. 9:15—Wrestling Matches. 9:30—Gentlemen of the Trail. 10:00—Tomorrow's News Tonight. 11:15—Jim Walsh Orchestra. 11:45—Midnight Melodies.

- 1:30—Stars of Today. 1:45—Blue Plate Special. 2:00—Girl Alone. 2:15—Midnight Melodies. 2:30—Organ Concert. 2:45—The O'Neills. 3:00—News. 3:15—Malcolm Clair. 3:25—Associated Press News. 3:30—Woman of the Year. 4:00—Easy Aces. 4:15—Mr. Keen, Tracer. 4:30—Stars of Today. 4:45—Eyes of the World. 4:55—The Aldrich Family. 5:00—Pot of Gold. 6:00—Cavalcade of America. 6:30—Fred W. Wood and Molly. 7:00—Bob Hope. 7:30—Uncle Walter's Doghouse. 7:45—Fred W. Wood Pleasure Time. 8:15—I Love a Mystery. 8:30—Johnny Presents. 9:00—St. Francis Hotel Orchestra. 9:30—Battle of the Sexes. 10:00—News Flash. 10:15—Hotel Billmore Orchestra. 10:45—Florentine Grand Orchestra. 11:00—News. 11:15—Sir Francis Drake Hotel. 11:30—Reverly Willamette Orchestra.

- KEM—TUESDAY—1160 Kc. 6:50—Musical Clock. 7:00—Family A-lar Hour. 7:30—Originals. 7:45—Novelities. 8:00—Financial Review. 8:15—Y. M. C. A. 8:30—Portland Breakfast Club. 8:45—Arlington Time Signal. 9:00—Indiana Indigo. 9:15—Patty Jean Health Club. 9:30—National Farm and Home. 10:15—Home Institute. 10:30—News. 10:45—Geographic Travels. 11:00—Musical Chair. 11:15—The Arm Band. 11:30—Orphans of Divorce. 12:15—News. 12:30—U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. 12:45—Market Reports. 12:50—Home Folks Frolic. 1:00—The Orlans. 1:40—Club Matinee. 2:00—Durbstone Quiz. 2:15—The Great Grain Report. 2:30—Old Refrain. 2:45—Bank Water. 2:55—Affairs of Paradise. 3:00—Portland on Parade. 3:15—Washington Calling. 3:25—Associated Press News. 3:30—Rattle Caba Orchestra. 3:45—The Arm Band. 4:00—Between the Bookends. 4:15—Hotel Billmore Orchestra. 4:30—Kathleen Connally Presents. 4:35—Magnolia Blossoms. 5:00—Bud Barton. 5:15—Tom Mix. 5:30—Farlock noimes. 6:00—Time and Tempo. 6:15—Sports Final. 6:30—Meet Mr. Weeks. 6:45—Covered Wagon Days. 7:00—Lamont's Musical Varieties. 8:00—Information Please. 8:30—The Aud-Rock Family. 9:00—Beyond Reasonable Doubt. 9:15—News. 9:30—Hotel Lincoln Orchestra. 10:00—Melody Melodis. 10:30—Rainbow Bandwagons Orchestra. 11:00—The Great Grain Report. 11:15—Portland Folks Report.

- 11:18—Paul Carson, Organist. KOIN—TUESDAY—940 Kc. 6:00—Koin Reports. 6:05—KOIN Clock. 7:30—Bob Garred Reporting. 7:45—This and That. 8:15—Headlines. 8:30—Consumer News. 8:45—My Children. 9:00—Kate Smith Speaks. 9:15—When a Girl Marries. 9:30—Remnant of Helen Treat. 9:45—Our Gal Sunday. 10:00—Goldberg. 10:15—Life Can Be Beautiful. 10:30—Right to Happiness. 10:45—Mary Lee Taylor. 11:00—News. 11:15—Aunt Jenny. 11:30—Life Begins. 11:45—Remnant of Helen Treat. 12:00—Society Hour. 12:30—News. 12:45—Sing-a-Song. 1:00—Kitty Kelly. 1:15—Myrt and Marge. 1:30—Hilltop House. 1:45—Singspinner. 1:55—Remnant of Helen Treat. 2:15—Charles Paul, Organist. 2:30—It Happened in Hollywood. 2:45—Hollywood Hobbies. 3:00—Lanny Ross. 3:15—Newspaper. 3:30—Duke Jones. 3:45—Today in Europe. 4:00—Newspaper. 4:15—The Great Grain Report. 4:30—Hello Again. 4:45—Duster in Dreams. 5:00—Missing Bits. 5:35—News. 6:00—Leon F. Brown. 6:15—Concert in Strydom. 6:45—Little Show. 7:00—Dax Miller Orchestra. 7:15—Everyday Works. 7:30—Sports Huddle. 7:45—The Great Grain Report. 8:15—Jimmy Fiddle. 8:30—Big Town. 8:45—W. A. and the People. 9:00—Castiana. 10:00—Five Star Final. 10:15—Night and Day. 10:30—Vincent Lopez Orchestra. 10:45—News. 11:00—The Great Grain Report. 11:15—Dorothy Cordray, Songs. 11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra. KOAO—TUESDAY—560 Kc. 9:00—Today's Programs. 9:05—Homecoming. 9:10—Neighbor Raynolds. 9:15—The Great Grain Report. 10:15—Story Hour for Adults. 10:30—School of the Air. 11:30—Music of the Masters. 12:00—News. 12:15—Farm Hour. 1:15—Variety. 2:00—Personality Problems. 2:30—School of Music. 3:45—Views of the News. 4:00—Symphonie Rail Hour. 4:30—Elementary Education. 5:00—On the Campus. 5:45—Vapers. 6:00—Farm Hour. 7:30—Camp Arboretum. 7:50—The Great Grain Report. 7:55—WBC vs U of O Basketball at Eugene. 8:45—Water Loss From Plants.