

# 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  
Member of The Associated Press

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

## Machine Tools and History

Men have interpreted the history of western Europe and the civilization which has sprung therefrom in terms of Mediterranean trade winds, swamp drainage, the flight of the herring from the Baltic, the failure of the grain fields on the plain of Latium, and the disease-bearing characteristics of rats, but as yet they have not sought to find the key to changes in western culture in terms of the machine tool.

This implement, or series of implements, is perhaps too humble for the far seeking eye of the social historian, who is concerned primarily with the sweep of men's minds through the abstract spaces of the universe, or of the political historian, who knows that the needle guns worked at Koenigsraetz, but not why. It inspires no lyric poetry, and appears in literature mainly in the gaunt stanzas of individuals who find a peculiar sort of romantic release in the great blacksmith shops of modern industry.

This is not, however, to the point. The fact is, and it is a fact which should be noted by the people of this nation with great care, that the secretary of state has within a few days past declared a virtual embargo on export of machine tools from this country as a measure designed to promote the national defense. In the halcyon days of the past, when commerce was commerce and not a department of defense economy, this would evoke little comment except from exporters and machine makers; in the present day, however, when machines of war are much more important than the men who run them, it is an event of the first rank.

Machine tools make machines; press, stamp, shape, measure, test their parts; without them the problem of building a thing as relatively simple as a printing press becomes a tedious, expensive, inaccurate work, of a magnitude exceeded only by the expenses which would finally result from the project. Machine tools, in consequence, are a categorical necessity for production of any modern war materials, from rifle ammunition to 90-ton tanks. A shortage of machine tools means more than a shortage in defensive military equipment; it may mean an absolute lack. And when an absolute lack prevents the exercise of one of the great forces which has previously upheld the political status quo, history is often made.

So much for their relation to history, both past and present. Until two weeks ago America was shipping great quantities of machine tools abroad, mainly to Japan, where they might be used in girding up the defensive structure, both with respect to arms and a militant peacetime economy. All this is now over, however, with the secretary's action asking that their shipment be ceased, and it is with some relief that one may express confidence that American tool-making machinery will be used to make American tools and American machines, and not those of other nations.

More than this it is hardly necessary to say to underscore the extreme importance of the dull, unglamorous, yet vitally significant machine tool. On such devices empires, victories, world dominions may well depend; and it is wise, perhaps wiser than we are now able to guess, that our stock of them is not depleted in time of approaching trouble.

## "Wait Till You See Our Suburbs"

Klamath Falls has suffered a cruel blow. Its population in 1920 was 4801. In the following decade it climbed 16,093 and gained the reputation of being Oregon's fastest-growing city. Now the preliminary figure for 1940 is out; it is 16,359! The Klamath Herald, taking the same view as The Statesman, admits that the public outside of Klamath Falls will remember only the round numbers; Klamath Falls is still "a city of 16,000." Even adding the odd ciphers is no particular consolation, for they show a gain of only 266.

But, says the Herald, "You have to see our suburbs to appreciate them." Klamath Falls actually is a city of 25,000, it adds; and we, who insist that Salem actually is a city of more than 40,000, can find no fault with that.

Yet Klamath Falls in the decade since 1930 has had nearly two million dollars worth of residence construction inside the city limits and, the Herald points out, that's a lot of housing to take care of 266 additional people. It concludes that the real solution—aside from additional names which the census bureau may now dig up—is that 1930 was an abnormal year in Klamath Falls. The depression was beginning to make itself felt elsewhere in the northwest whereas Klamath Falls was booming right along, so a lot of families settled there just in time to be counted in the census. That year the school enrollment climbed from 2321 to 2747; the next year it dropped back to 2478. School enrollment this year, incidentally, was not as great as in 1930.

It might be remarked that Klamath Falls was in no dither, back in 1930, to disclaim the probable 2000 of floating population. But then neither does the golfing duffer who gets that amazing 38 explain to all the world those six miracle putts that made it possible. And after all, as the Oregon City Enterprise remarked in 1930 when its ten-year gain turned out to be 75 living souls, there have been a lot of gains in other respects and "we like our town."

## "Look What Might Happen"

One of those cities saturated with the go-get-em chamber of commerce super-booster spirit is Long Beach, Calif. There one expects to hear "civic duty" and "community spirit," and "our beloved home city" on every lip. Just let someone propose something or other with a "booster" angle and no one dares raise an objection—that is, it had never happened until now.

But when Mayor Francis H. Gentry proposed a "look what might happen" demonstration, a one-minute blackout to the accompaniment of roaring army and navy planes from nearby bases, it seems that some of the boys got to thinking—which in itself is something remarkable in such an atmosphere.

Yes, someone took Mayor Gentry at his word and began speculating on "what might happen" and decided it had better not. It was remembered that an ace American correspondent who had survived half a dozen wars was killed in a black-out accident in England; that more people have been hurt because of the darkness than by enemy bombs in London; that darkness is favorable for romance but that Long Beach, so near the movie capital, has enough of that already; that numerous persons inclined to be nervous or excitable, or who weren't properly advised about the whole matter, might surmise that terrible things actually were happening.

So the mayor was persuaded to call the whole thing off, and we are able only through imagination to speculate on "what might have happened."

In the first June issue of the Corvallis Gazette-Times, the society page quite properly depicts a couple of brides. But in one of the pictures the bridegroom also appears, and that's rank heresy. What has a bridegroom got to do with a wedding, anyway?

Junior brought home his report card showing that he was promoted from the first to the second grade. "I knew you could do it," said his mother. "Yes," said Junior. "I knew I could too. All it takes is a little cooperation and doing what the teacher tells you to."

## Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Narcissa Whitman 6-4-40  
visited the Methodist mission people of the Willamette valley in 1843:  
(Continuing from yesterday.)  
Quoting further Mrs. Whitman's letter to Mrs. Olley: "But the Lord has mercifully spared my life and restored my health to comfortable degree, and I am now able to attend to my domestic duties as usual."

"I often think of you and of the few seasons of social intercourse we enjoyed together, and desire that they might be more frequent, but we are now situated it can not be. How is your sister Judson and family? I have heard nothing definite from her for a long time. She is, indeed, afflicted. I thought of her last winter when I was sick and felt that her situation was far more trying than my own. I hope she daily experiences the cheering presence of her Redeemer, never forgetting her affliction, and truly happy is she if she can say from her heart these light afflictions which are but for a moment shall work out for her far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"And is it indeed so that Sarah Leslie has flown to her rest? Surely what a privileged father to have so great a share of his family in heaven. But how trying to the natural feelings. Did she not meet her beloved sisters and brother whom she left in this land almost before she had heard of their departure? Write me, sister, I want very much to know all about you. I am much interested to know how the cause of Christ prospers in the Willamette."  
"Mr. Gilpin, who has spent the winter below, brought us considerable news. Poor man, he has gone to the states without the prospect of a single companion, all whom he expected from below having failed to appear. Great changes in the Willamette since I left."

"I hear my friend Moss has at last found a wife. I should like to know how he wears as a Christian, and others that professed to come to a Christian life when I was there."

"From what I learn, I suppose I am no more to address you as my friend Mrs. Olley, but as Mrs. Leslie. Had you changed your name, but I wish you to please give my love to your brother and sister and family and remember me kindly to your worthy husband, and believe me, as ever your affectionate sister in Christ, R. J. WHITMAN."

Nine months less eight days later, Narcissa Whitman wrote a second letter to Mrs. David Leslie, in the words that follow:  
"Wallailla, Feb. 20th, 1845.  
My dear Mrs. Leslie: I have so many times had it in my heart to answer your kind letter that I am now at a loss to know if I have done so."

"May 30th. When you see this you will surely believe that I have had good intentions for writing you even if I have not done so. I wish very much to receive letters from you, but I know that I can not reasonably expect them unless I write you in turn. My dear husband is by his letter prospered at Wallailla, and I wish to have the opportunity of a visit from them. Oh that I could be with them in presence! I know they will enjoy themselves much. My little orphan children would not permit of my leaving them for such enjoyment—much as I could wish it, if it were otherwise."

"I have simply heard that Sister Judson was no more, but no particulars."  
"The Doctor will tell you all the news about us here. I wished to write by him but could not—for just before he left we had a snow storm and he was on his mission at this place. My health is poor; I can neither endure much labor or excitement without feeling it materially."  
"My dear Mrs. Leslie, I wish to write you very great news, along with the care of 12 children. It is as much as I can endure, and more, too, sometimes."  
(The 11 were all orphan or half-orphaned children, seven of them the Sister's children, two boys and five little girls; left there a few months before by the famous Shaw family of the 1844 immigration.)

"You are situated, I believe, near Sister Willson and Sister Raymond, and where is Sister Campbell? Please give my love to them. I should like to write much to them, but I can not. My health and care will not admit of it. It would do me good to receive letters from them—then doubtless I should answer them some time."  
"I learn that Mr. Ford is in your neighborhood, and what other society have you? I should like to know what the state of religion is now among Christians in the lower country. Do write often and not wait for me to answer. I will do the best I can. It would cheer my solitary heart to hear often from you. Please give my love to your husband, and wherever he, dear sister, yours in Christian love, NARCISSA WHITMAN."

The reader has gathered that Mrs. Olley and Mrs. Leslie, to whom Narcissa Whitman sent her two letters, were (or rather was) the same woman, and a very fine woman, as remembered by not a few living Salemites.

Sarah Adella Judson was her maiden name. Her first husband was Robert Judson. They had some time before the sailing of the Lausanne in 1839. She was afterward married to Rev. James Olley, who was a carpenter as well as a minister, and they planned to go with the Lausanne party, which was being made up in New York City under the direction of Jason Lee. But there was a child from the first marriage, and the

## In London After Retreat From Flanders



French soldiers of the Allied divisions who escaped across the English channel under heavy German aerial fire are shown arriving at a London railway terminal.—H.N. radiophoto.

## "The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

Chapter 15 continued  
The unknown struggled furiously, brilliant lips writhing; color, welling into her face, rendered it not the least attractive. All once she looked pitiless. "Please, please let me go. I can explain everything you are interfering in a matter of vital importance. Thousands of people may die if you interfere," she was vibrant with earnestness.  
"What do you mean?"  
"Hasid is not what you think. He's a menace."  
"I see, and you were going to be judge, jury and executioner?" She stared down into a pointed, faintly elfin face set with eyes of a midnight blue. "I don't believe a word of it. Besides, that's no excuse for you to go gunning for him."  
"But, but I wasn't going to

shoot him!" she panted desperately. "I was only trying to get something out of his office."  
While North did not credit her explanation, he said, "I might let you go—on one condition."  
"What is it?" she begged. "I must get back to the party. I—I'll be missed."  
"Show me your garters."  
"What?" Her eyes flew wide open and she flamed scarlet. "Really, you must be mad!"  
"I'm not," said he ominously. "I never was more serious in my misapprehension. If you don't show me, young lady, I'm going to see for myself."  
"Why, I never— Well, I—" She bent, caught her skirt just above the knees and lifted it an inch or two, then ducked under North's arm and went flying down the passage ere the man from G-2 could half turn. Apparently familiar with this great building, the girl quickly became lost to sight. Half amused, half alarmed, he made his way back to that sitting room in which the butler had left him.  
"Ah, Captain, how good of you to wait," Hasid Pasha sauntered in, but, noting North's heated vigilance, he became markedly reticent.  
"What has happened, my friend?" he demanded in succinct accents.  
When North, with certain reservations, told him, the Egyptian listened without a reaction visible on his copper countenance.  
"So? An odd little mystery, is it not? Not the sort of welcome home I had expected, but it makes a deadly accurate description, but inexplicably decided against confidence, though his odd seemed very far from a sinister person."  
"Sorry, I'd only a blurred impression. She got away too quickly," was all he said.  
"I'm greatly indebted to you nevertheless," Hasid declared. "Perhaps sometime I shall be permitted to express my appreciation. And now, shall we join my guests? Miss Ladd and her father are looking forward so much to meeting you again, and, of course, there is Miss Black—a girl most charming, no?"

"Hi, Captain! How's my fellow venturer into mysterious Egypt?" North felt a warming uprush of pleasure; the voice was so essentially and thoroughly American.  
"Fine! How's yourself?" And his teeth gleamed in a wide grin when Lolita Ladd rushed up, eyes very round and excited.  
"Mercy, but I'm glad to see you! Among all these celebs I feel like a poor little kitten dumped out of a sack after a trip."  
"Well, you don't look it. You look more like a salad just out of the icebox—all crisp and fresh," he assured her.  
Eyes dancing, Lolita scanned the brilliant company. "Quite a few of the people off the ship, aren't there? Have you seen Monsieur Phillipides?"  
North confessed he hadn't.  
"Natika Black's here, too. Isn't she the loveliest thing? And such poise—well, I had some of it. You're all right as you are," North replied firmly.  
She wrinkled her nose at him. "Very well, sir, we'll remain the sweet girl graduate a little longer, all full of trust and enthusiasm. Just for your kind words I'll tell you what I'm going to do," she confided over the edge of a dainty glass. "I'm going to have Dad invite you and Miss Black out to the college this week end. Maybe we can get that

## Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Mrs. J. P.—Good drainage is one of the essentials in ridding your lawn of the toadstool. Sprinkle your sod thoroughly before applying a mercuric solution. Special lawn dressings, put up to control this fungus growth, is now on the market. Lawn experts advise the use of these dressings rather than of common fertilizers. Lime added to the soil, will also help, we are told. Pull up all I am now at a loss to know if I have done so.

"May 30th. When you see this you will surely believe that I have had good intentions for writing you even if I have not done so. I wish very much to receive letters from you, but I know that I can not reasonably expect them unless I write you in turn. My dear husband is by his letter prospered at Wallailla, and I wish to have the opportunity of a visit from them. Oh that I could be with them in presence! I know they will enjoy themselves much. My little orphan children would not permit of my leaving them for such enjoyment—much as I could wish it, if it were otherwise."

"I have simply heard that Sister Judson was no more, but no particulars."  
"The Doctor will tell you all the news about us here. I wished to write by him but could not—for just before he left we had a snow storm and he was on his mission at this place. My health is poor; I can neither endure much labor or excitement without feeling it materially."  
"My dear Mrs. Leslie, I wish to write you very great news, along with the care of 12 children. It is as much as I can endure, and more, too, sometimes."  
(The 11 were all orphan or half-orphaned children, seven of them the Sister's children, two boys and five little girls; left there a few months before by the famous Shaw family of the 1844 immigration.)

"You are situated, I believe, near Sister Willson and Sister Raymond, and where is Sister Campbell? Please give my love to them. I should like to write much to them, but I can not. My health and care will not admit of it. It would do me good to receive letters from them—then doubtless I should answer them some time."  
"I learn that Mr. Ford is in your neighborhood, and what other society have you? I should like to know what the state of religion is now among Christians in the lower country. Do write often and not wait for me to answer. I will do the best I can. It would cheer my solitary heart to hear often from you. Please give my love to your husband, and wherever he, dear sister, yours in Christian love, NARCISSA WHITMAN."

The reader has gathered that Mrs. Olley and Mrs. Leslie, to whom Narcissa Whitman sent her two letters, were (or rather was) the same woman, and a very fine woman, as remembered by not a few living Salemites.

Sarah Adella Judson was her maiden name. Her first husband was Robert Judson. They had some time before the sailing of the Lausanne in 1839. She was afterward married to Rev. James Olley, who was a carpenter as well as a minister, and they planned to go with the Lausanne party, which was being made up in New York City under the direction of Jason Lee. But there was a child from the first marriage, and the

## War Has Taken Their Homes Away From Them



Women and children, young and old, join the fast-growing army of refugees now on the march out of war-shattered Belgium. This News of the Day Newscast shot shows the scene in a Belgian village as this group joins the "big parade" of refugees to nowhere.

## News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, June 5.—The congressional directors in Mr. Roosevelt's confidence have been trooping out of the White House lately with saddened countenances. They passed the word along the Roosevelt line here that Mr. Mussolini were unsatisfactory. The Italian leader seemed to give some assurance he might do nothing before June 15, but considered himself bound to enter the war. His position was that he had a contract obligation with Hitler which must be fulfilled.

The president's advice also confirmed one important bit of allied news which has sounded like propaganda. The Germans lost very heavily in the final stages of the Dunkerque engagement, especially in flooded areas where they were forced to abandon their tanks and meet the French and British on an equal footing, sometimes two feet deep in water and mud. That is why the British escaped.

The news raised some hopes that Germany might require a breathing spell for reorganization.

The attempt of the new dealers to get a fresh \$800,000,000 appropriation for housing fell like a feather upon the floor of the house banking committee—softly but surely. The committee invited the committee into calling a meeting now that the budget is shot anyway, and the committeemen dutifully assembled to start the vast spending project on its way toward enactment. But as they entered the committee room, a congressman handed each member a May 21 copy of "Public Housing," the weekly newspaper of the United States housing authority. Therein textually published was an address by the assistant USA, administrator, Robert C. Weaver, on the subject of the negro as a tenant. The following were the final two paragraphs relating to government projects for mixed racial occupancy:

"In addition to the six USHAs, Dick Follonsbee to come also." A gray cloud of memory fell across the brightness of the moment. "I'm sure Follonsbee would like to come," he murmured, "but I doubt if he can get away."  
"Oh, dear, I thought he was simply sweet, but I suppose he must be frightfully busy. Where are you staying?"  
He told her.  
"Good. Zara will either phone you or send you a note and do please come out. You're so—so sort of reassuring." She gave his hand a little squeeze and darted off before he could reply. (To be continued.)

aided projects in which both negro and white tenants are now living, there are 14 projects for mixed occupancy developed by the housing division of FWA. This mixed occupancy has in no instance occasioned any serious and lasting difficulties.  
"What effect the government's public housing program will have on the problem of residential segregation only time will tell. However, the program has already made in initial demonstration of two important factors involved in this problem: first, that negro occupancy need not result in depreciation of property, that the negro is a responsible tenant in a decent home; and, second, that the two races can live harmoniously together in the same project, and the negro can be a good neighbor as well as a good tenant."  
The chairman of the committee comes from Alabama and other democratic members represent other southern communities. The meeting thereupon was silently adjourned.

A smooth loophole large enough to put small government credits through to the allies may have been formed in a section of the new reconstruction finance bill pending in congress.  
The loop is not evident to anyone who would read the legislation. It merely allows the RFC to grant money advances on purchases from abroad.  
But the agriculture department has confidentially made a recommendation to RFC which would enlarge the crevice. It suggests the arrangement be applied to our purchases of such strategic war products as rubber and tin, so that Britain, for example, could get money from the RFC for the purchase of planes at least 60 days before its tin or rubber was delivered here.

The administration is indirectly scattering seeds of assurance that Mr. Roosevelt will not run. The activities will not gain general circulation now for two mighty good reasons. His prestige in handling the foreign situation would be damaged seriously. He could not expect to swing much weight here or abroad if it were known his authority would expire in a few months. Likewise the hand-picked delegates he has chosen for the democratic convention might be encouraged to become unmanageable if cast loose before the Chicago convention. The game must be kept up for a while. (Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.)

## Radio Programs

- 11:15—Ed Fitzpatrick Orchestra.
- 11:30—Town House Trio.
- 11:45—Midnight Melodies.
- 12:00—Blue Song Time.
- 12:00—Neighbors of Woodcraft.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:00—Pastor of Elm Street.
- 12:00—Westminsters.
- 12:00—Let's Dance.
- 12:00—Keep Fit to Music.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:00—Ma Perkins.
- 12:00—Hits of Seasons Past.
- 12:00—Bacharach Family and Friends.
- 12:00—Our Friendly Neighbors.
- 12:00—Women in the News.
- 12:00—Henry Clayson Orchestra.
- 12:00—Melody Lane.
- 12:00—Charles Agnew Orchestra.
- 12:00—Valse Parade.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:00—Hillbilly Serenade.
- 12:00—Willamette Valley Opinions.
- 12:00—Melody Bouquet.
- 12:00—McFarland Twins Orchestra.
- 12:00—Interesting Facts.
- 12:00—McFarland Twins Orchestra.
- 12:00—The O'Neil Orchestra.
- 12:00—The Master Singers.
- 12:00—Malcolm Clairs.
- 12:00—Associated Press News.
- 12:00—Against the Storm.
- 12:00—The Guiding Light.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:00—Southwestern Serenade.
- 12:00—H. V. Kallenborn.
- 12:00—Mr. Durkin's Story.
- 12:00—Singing and Swinging.
- 12:00—Good News of 1940.
- 12:00—Public Affairs.
- 12:00—Cocktail Hour.
- 12:00—Music Hall.
- 12:00—Fred Farrington in Pleasure Time.
- 12:00—Rustic Cabin Orchestra.
- 12:00—Neighbor Reynolds.
- 12:00—Gang on Parade.
- 12:00—Symphony Hour.
- 12:00—The O'Neil Orchestra.
- 12:00—News Flashes.
- 12:00—Beverly Wilshire Orchestra.
- 12:00—Cliff Hester Orchestra.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:00—St. Francis Orchestra.
- 12:00—Orating Gardens Orchestra.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:00—The Quiet Storm.
- 12:00—Wife Saver.
- 12:00—Joseph Gallioche Orchestra.
- 12:00—Carleton Quiz.
- 12:00—Associated Press News.
- 12:00—Love Traps.
- 12:00—Times Square.
- 12:00—European News.
- 12:00—Harry Kogan Orchestra.
- 12:00—Frank Watasabe and Archie.
- 12:00—Portland on Review.
- 12:00—Irene Walker.
- 12:00—Bud Barton.
- 12:00—Kathleen Connolly Presents.
- 12:00—Fred Collins Radio Workshop.
- 12:00—Fishing Time.
- 12:00—Easy Aces.
- 12:00—Ken Tracer.
- 12:00—Rose Festival Salute.
- 12:00—Musical Americans.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:00—Diamond Dust.
- 12:00—Baseball.
- 12:00—Harry Bradley Varieties.
- 12:00—Bal Tabarin Orchestra.
- 12:00—The Morning World.
- 12:00—Portland Police Reports.
- 12:00—Paul Carson, Organist.

11:15—Ed Fitzpatrick Orchestra.

11:30—Town House Trio.

11:45—Midnight Melodies.

12:00—Blue Song Time.

12:00—Neighbors of Woodcraft.

12:00—News.

12:00—Pastor of Elm Street.

12:00—Westminsters.

12:00—Let's Dance.

12:00—Keep Fit to Music.

12:00—News.

12:00—Ma Perkins.

12:00—Hits of Seasons Past.

12:00—Bacharach Family and Friends.

12:00—Our Friendly Neighbors.

12:00—Women in the News.

12:00—Henry Clayson Orchestra.

12:00—Melody Lane.

12:00—Charles Agnew Orchestra.

12:00—Valse Parade.

12:00—News.

12:00—Hillbilly Serenade.

12:00—Willamette Valley Opinions.

12:00—Melody Bouquet.

12:00—McFarland Twins Orchestra.

12:00—Interesting Facts.

12:00—McFarland Twins Orchestra.

12:00—The O'Neil Orchestra.

12:00—The Master Singers.

12:00—Malcolm Clairs.

12:00—Associated Press News.

12:00—Against the Storm.

12:00—The Guiding Light.

12:00—News.

12:00—Southwestern Serenade.

12:00—H. V. Kallenborn.

12:00—Mr. Durkin's Story.

12:00—Singing and Swinging.

12:00—Good News of 1940.

12:00—Public Affairs.

12:00—Cocktail Hour.

12:00—Music Hall.

12:00—Fred Farrington in Pleasure Time.

12:00—Rustic Cabin Orchestra.

12:00—Neighbor Reynolds.

12:00—Gang on Parade.

12:00—Symphony Hour.

12:00—The O'Neil Orchestra.

12:00—News Flashes.

12:00—Beverly Wilshire Orchestra.

12:00—Cliff Hester Orchestra.

12:00—News.

12:00—St. Francis Orchestra.

12:00—Orating Gardens Orchestra.

12:00—News.

12:00—The Quiet Storm.

12:00—Wife Saver.

12:00—Joseph Gallioche Orchestra.

12:00—Carleton Quiz.

12:00—Associated Press News.

12:00—Love Traps.

12:00—Times Square.

12:00—European News.

12:00—Harry Kogan Orchestra.

12:00—Frank Watasabe and Archie.

12:00—Portland on Review.

12:00—Irene Walker.

12:00—Bud Barton.

12:00—Kathleen Connolly Presents.

12:00—Fred Collins Radio Workshop.

12:00—Fishing Time.

12:00—Easy Aces.

12:00—Ken Tracer.

12:00—Rose Festival Salute.

12:00—Musical Americans.

12:00—News.

12:00—Diamond Dust.

12:00—Baseball.

12:00—Harry Bradley Varieties.

12:00—Bal Tabarin Orchestra.

12:00—The Morning World.

12:00—Portland Police Reports.

12:00—Paul Carson, Organist.

12:00—Market Reports.

12:00—Consumer News.

12:00—Headlines.

12:00—Bob Garrod Reporting.

12:00—Consumer News.

12:00—Kate Smith Speaks.

12:00—When a Girl Marries.

12:00—Romance of Helen Trent.

12:00—Our Gal Sunday.

12:00—The Goldberg.

12:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.

12:00—Night to Happiness.

12:00—Mary Lee Taylor.

12:00—Big Stage.

901

Printing

Promply Done

STATSMAN PUBLISHING CO.