

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

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Flax Industry: Oregon's Opportunity

Attention of Governor Sprague's Oregon Economic council and of the various chamber of commerce and other civic bodies in the Willamette valley is hereby respectfully called to a modest little item from Mt. Angel on The Statesman's valley news page for Tuesday, in which it is pointed out that Senator Charles L. McNary has announced plans for doubling the Oregon flax acreage for 1941. Capitalizing on this announcement for the purpose of promoting its annual show August 9, 10 and 11 at Mt. Angel, the festival committee remarks:

This scheduled increase in flax production is a partial fulfillment of the vision of the pioneers in flax industry, who have labored toward a goal of Oregon linen for the nation for many years. Oregon citizens are reminded that what has been considered a sideline may soon become one of the leading industries with the necessity for producing an increasingly large supply of linen goods to care for the additional demand brought about by the unsettled conditions in Europe.

Back of this optimistic forecast there is much more. Holland and Belgium, now "blackened out" by the conquering hordes of Hitler, have constituted the principal source of fibre for the American linen industry. They have been conquered but at present they are bases for that same war machine's attacks upon England. Under present conditions they can export no linen fibre to the United States; even in case of an early peace, their production must suffer for some time to come. Some fibre comes from Russia; this source may or may not continue to be available.

At the same time there is a marked increase in the American linen demand, incidental to the defense program: the army and navy are beginning to be concerned about it. They must look to an American supply.

The Willamette valley and a portion of southwest Washington constitute the only successful long-fibre flax growing area in the United States.

So the acreage devoted to flax production in this area is to be doubled for 1941; but even this expansion will not fulfill the anticipated demand.

There is, however, a bottleneck aside from the acreage devoted to flax. It would be possible to divert unlimited acreage here to flax production and, secure in their monopoly, valley farmers would readily make the shift.

But, despite the establishment within the last four years of a number of processing plants, at Mt. Angel, Springfield and elsewhere, these plants do not yet have the capacity to process much more flax than is now being produced.

More such plants, and the expansion of present plants, are in order. The present plants were financed with government assistance. In view of the needs of the army and navy, more government money could logically be expended in the promotion of this industry. The development might come without local encouragement—but it will pay every Willamette community to be alert to this opportunity, to promote it through correspondence with our representatives in the national capital, to provide local cooperation. An important expansion seems, under the conditions, inevitable. What are we waiting for?

Mort de la Republique

Like the citizens of ancient Troy, who time and again re-erected their city on the same spot, the people of France during the last century and a half of their history have rebuilt their political constitution time after time, on each occasion erecting the new fabric on the ruins of the old, outworn and discarded form.

Their political course has been ruffled by many and tumultuous storms. Out of the intricacies of the classic French revolution of 1789, which Napoleon claimed to bring to fruition and Hugo and Lamartine eulogized in prose and poetry, came the Charter of 1814 under which the restoration and July monarchies wound out their depressing lives.

Then came the militancy of 1848, with its short-lived Second Republic, its July days, its "speech at Bordeaux" of the future Napoleon III, and its fateful conclusion on December 2, 1851, when the Second Empire was decreed on the 52nd birthday of Napoleon I's coup d'etat. The papier mache empire of the second Bonaparte in turn wound its tinsel course through the 'fifties and 'sixties, until its liberal period ended in the debacle of 1870-71 when once before the German heel crushed on the streets of Paris.

From that defeat grew the France which has been so long familiar, the France of the Third Republic, erected in the turmoil of the early 'seventies, at a time when republicanism was still considered radicalism. Anemic at first, it contributed to weather the storms of Boulanger in 1888, of Dreyfus during the next two decades, and finally the supreme test of Verdun and the March drive of 1918. Its future, despite the tendency of its officials toward laxity and speculation, of its military establishment toward a hardening of caste relationships, and of its people toward selfish, ungenerous living, seemed assured.

But it was not assured. The downfall, for a second time in the memory of men now living, of a proud France, has been accomplished by methods which are all too fresh in the minds of all mankind. And now the Third Republic is to be superseded by a new government by decree, to be erected on the ruins of so many previous governments.

The Petain government has given notice, and a servile Chamber of Deputies has agreed, that France will hereafter forget its republicanism in favor of a "corporative state" resembling the model of Francisco Franco's Spain, and Mussolini's Italy. What this means to the world which knew and valued the virtues of the republic now dead is no less so. For one thing only can one hope: that this craven constitution, like so many others in French history, will be of short duration and will end in the complete debacle which it, far more than that of the Third Republic, so royally deserves.

FDR and the War of Movement

Write it down as Willie-Republican propaganda if you like, but the unanimity of basic observation by various political commentators points to the fact that even before formally launching his campaign, Wendell Willkie's mere presence in the race has forced the "war of movement" upon the democratic ranks—a war for which they are poorly prepared.

Let Roosevelt equal the Maginot line, supposedly impregnable—and if the republicans break through it, what have the democrats left to fall back upon? No swift-moving tanks which are sufficiently well armored to stand up under the Willkie shock appear to be available. Nothing to do but pull Roosevelt out of the fortifications where he was expected to perform so capably, and ask him to fight in the open field where his effectiveness is open to question.

Now his widely-advertised reluctance is a handicap, calling attention to his probable physical incapacity to endure four more strenuous years in the White House. And the third term "draft" movement, which a few months ago could have been pictured as a tribute to a hero, becomes a pathetic clamor from the faithful insiders—a cry for rescue from a foundering craft addressed not to the most powerful liner afloat, but to the only vessel within reach, regardless of its seaworthiness.

One might feel a little sorry for Roosevelt and his inner circle—but they have brought it upon themselves, and have taken advantage of the world crisis in order to perpetuate the "Roosevelt or Ruin" psychology which now becomes a boom-

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Reporting on T-10-40
the Indian affairs
of Oregon in year 1858;
the skookum house at Siletz:

(Continuing from yesterday.)
The old guard house, the "skookum" house of the Indians, at Siletz, must have stood for more than 50 years; more than 60, perhaps more than 70 years. It must have been erected in 1858, or very soon thereafter.

It was certainly needed more in the early years of the Coast reservation, beginning with the beginning of 1858, if not in the latter part of 1855.

In it may have been confined Enos (Eness) the halfbreed hater of the white race, who stirred the jealous heart of Chetooze Jennie, employed by Indian Agent Ben Wright at \$500 a year of government money as his Indian interpreter, to betray him (Wright) to his red butchers, who, with the Jesuitical help of the heart of Wright, to make them strong; for Enos was captured on the Coast reservation and sent in chains to Fort Oxford, where he was given a quick though fair trial and hanged on the famous Battle Rock there, Sunday, April 12, 1857. He had roamed in freedom for over a year. Wright was butchered February 12, 1856.

That skookum house may have had within its sturdy walls for a time old Chief John and his son Adam, who were so unruly on the Coast reservation that Captain C. C. Augur, then in charge at Fort Hoskins, sent them to Fort Vancouver on night; to Alcatraz prison, in April, 1858, and they (father and son) attempted and almost succeeded in capturing the steamship Columbia on their way to that famous island prison and fortress, as the vessel neared the coast of the southwestern tip of Oregon, hoping to reach their ancestral haunts. Adam was wounded and died in prison from his wounds, and the doughty old John, last of his exact type and force ability, became so softened that he was allowed to return to the reservation, where his "wife and daughters might tend him and comb his hair," and was allowed to live out his days and die there.

All this is being written with a view to saying here that the skookum house at Siletz should not have been torn down, nor the one at Newport, nor the one at Umpqua, nor the one at Fort Hoskins. The one at Fort Yamhill was moved twice, the second and last time to Dayton, Yamhill county—a most appropriate place if it were to be moved at all, for there was the donation land claim and there the platted town of General Joel Palmer, who, as superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory of Oregon, made some 20 of the treaties with the Indians, those of the most important tribes west of the Cascades. And General Palmer was one of the outstanding leaders of the early Oregon pioneers. He crossed the plains over the Old Oregon Trail three times in succession, the first in 1845, when he was one of the three main leaders in opening the famous Barlow route; in 1846, when he returned for his family, and in 1847, when he came with the "big" wagon of 4500 or 5000 that doubled the population of Oregon. In one of the companies of that immigration the son of Wm. Graham became sick. All wagons stopped. The second day, the boy's condition not improving, the boy's mother went on, excepting those of General Palmer. Written history reveals: "He said he would not leave a fellow traveler on the way whose child was unable to travel. Ralph C. Geer and a companion named Abra Post turned back—and found the boy had died. But the little company with the father of the dead boy never caught up with the main company that went on, the second day Geer became county clerk of Marion county. His daughter became the mother of Homer Davenport, in his time the world's greatest cartoonist. The name of the family in Oregon is now almost legion, and prominent.

This is written to show the manner of man General Joel Palmer was. When the Cayuse war was at its height, after the Whitman massacre, when the Oregon provisional government legislature had a balance of only \$43.72 in its treasury, and no credit, General Palmer and Jesse Applegate, on their own spoken and written words, on their guarantees as honest men, virtually financed that war, which cost about \$100,000.

This is written to show that the town General Palmer owned and that was and is worthy of having the Fort Yamhill skookum house in its public park, though it had been government (United States) property.

But all the other four skookum houses on the Coast reservation, which Indian Agent Palmer established, ought to be either razed or their sites plainly marked, before it is too late. In one case (the Umpqua) it may be too late already.

Let's take up the report of the United States commissioner of Indian Affairs, George W. May, dated, for 1858, to the secretary of the Interior, R. McClelland, under President Franklin Pierce, and examine some of the references to the Indian affairs of Oregon, under the superintendency of General Joel Palmer. We will take, first, General Palmer's letter, No. 91, page 211, in the book dated Dayton, Oregon Territory, June 23, 1852 (written at Portland). It is addressed "Office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs and begins in the official style of the day: "Sir:

(Continued tomorrow.)

At ten minutes to eleven North entered the Hotel du Nil, giving positive instructions that any and all callers must be announced. Back in his room, he prepared to pack—continued residence in a hotel so evidently under M. Philipides' influence was not to be thought of longer. He laid out his suitcase and Schlager brief case, refreshed his memory with a few price lists, then, when, under a pair of radiograms, there also was a pair of radiograms addressed to Follenbush. They were in code and he was thus able to read a convincing picture of an empty hard at work when, despite his orders to the management, a knock sounded at the door.

"Who's there?" he called. "Mr. Stag. Lemme in, Skipper, everything's okay."

When North complied, Mel-

erang. Two years ago when the "purge" failed, it was generally agreed that there could be no third term. The war reversed the picture and now things have gotten around to the point that a third term attempt is practically the only hope for the democrats—and a slim one at that.

"Japanese Screen"



"The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

CHAPTER 30
At last Clive said, "I say, North, I wish you'd let us bring in Melhorne. After all, a chap must know something and—"

Said North quietly, "If you'll let me handle Melhorne my way, you'll be wise to wire the printer to get a picture of the one at Newport, nor the one at Umpqua, nor the one at Fort Hoskins. The one at Fort Yamhill was moved twice, the second and last time to Dayton, Yamhill county—a most appropriate place if it were to be moved at all, for there was the donation land claim and there the platted town of General Joel Palmer, who, as superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory of Oregon, made some 20 of the treaties with the Indians, those of the most important tribes west of the Cascades. And General Palmer was one of the outstanding leaders of the early Oregon pioneers. He crossed the plains over the Old Oregon Trail three times in succession, the first in 1845, when he was one of the three main leaders in opening the famous Barlow route; in 1846, when he returned for his family, and in 1847, when he came with the "big" wagon of 4500 or 5000 that doubled the population of Oregon. In one of the companies of that immigration the son of Wm. Graham became sick. All wagons stopped. The second day, the boy's condition not improving, the boy's mother went on, excepting those of General Palmer. Written history reveals: "He said he would not leave a fellow traveler on the way whose child was unable to travel. Ralph C. Geer and a companion named Abra Post turned back—and found the boy had died. But the little company with the father of the dead boy never caught up with the main company that went on, the second day Geer became county clerk of Marion county. His daughter became the mother of Homer Davenport, in his time the world's greatest cartoonist. The name of the family in Oregon is now almost legion, and prominent.

"What are you going to do?" "Suggest that you photograph this thumbprint signature. If it doesn't mean anything here, you'll be wise to wire the printer to get a picture of the one at Newport, nor the one at Umpqua, nor the one at Fort Hoskins. The one at Fort Yamhill was moved twice, the second and last time to Dayton, Yamhill county—a most appropriate place if it were to be moved at all, for there was the donation land claim and there the platted town of General Joel Palmer, who, as superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory of Oregon, made some 20 of the treaties with the Indians, those of the most important tribes west of the Cascades. And General Palmer was one of the outstanding leaders of the early Oregon pioneers. He crossed the plains over the Old Oregon Trail three times in succession, the first in 1845, when he was one of the three main leaders in opening the famous Barlow route; in 1846, when he returned for his family, and in 1847, when he came with the "big" wagon of 4500 or 5000 that doubled the population of Oregon. In one of the companies of that immigration the son of Wm. Graham became sick. All wagons stopped. The second day, the boy's condition not improving, the boy's mother went on, excepting those of General Palmer. Written history reveals: "He said he would not leave a fellow traveler on the way whose child was unable to travel. Ralph C. Geer and a companion named Abra Post turned back—and found the boy had died. But the little company with the father of the dead boy never caught up with the main company that went on, the second day Geer became county clerk of Marion county. His daughter became the mother of Homer Davenport, in his time the world's greatest cartoonist. The name of the family in Oregon is now almost legion, and prominent.

North gave Melhorne's cheque to a young chemist who appeared in answer to a push button on Clive's desk. "Heat this, please, not above 90 degrees F.," he directed. A succession of wags in the print, then bring the cheque back as quickly as you can." He held up a hand and added Melhorne's powder compact. "A moment—please get a basic analysis of this cosmetic, and remember we're in a big conversation on events aboard the Hial until the cheque was brought back, then North nodded and caught up his hat.

At the Bank of Assouan, a small tangle was in his fingertips when he asked for the manager on duty. "This way, please, sir," Mr. Flournoy will take care of you."

When North presented the cheque, Mr. Flournoy turned out a hair as he read the amount, fifty thousand pounds—or a quarter of a million dollars. "Ah, yes, precisely. And how do you wish the money to be paid?"

North blinked a little. "Why—why, I hadn't thought. But before I endorse this cheque I must ask what seem a curious question. Who issued that cheque?"

"On that point," Mr. Flournoy murmured, "I'm afraid I cannot satisfy your curiosity because we ourselves do not know."

"No sir. The original deposit and all deposits for this account, for that matter, have been made by messenger. A letter was forwarded requesting us to honor any cheque drawn and signed with the thumbprint such as was affixed to your cheque."

"How much remains in the account after this cheque is honored?"

Mr. Flournoy sighed, made deprecatory gestures. "Dear me, sir, it would constitute a breach of confidence to answer that."

And this, despite all his blandishments, was all North could learn.

At ten minutes to eleven North entered the Hotel du Nil, giving positive instructions that any and all callers must be announced. Back in his room, he prepared to pack—continued residence in a hotel so evidently under M. Philipides' influence was not to be thought of longer. He laid out his suitcase and Schlager brief case, refreshed his memory with a few price lists, then, when, under a pair of radiograms, there also was a pair of radiograms addressed to Follenbush. They were in code and he was thus able to read a convincing picture of an empty hard at work when, despite his orders to the management, a knock sounded at the door.

"Who's there?" he called. "Mr. Stag. Lemme in, Skipper, everything's okay."

When North complied, Mel-

horne entered with a genial "Hello, Skipper!" but the soldier of fortune advanced warily, his pale eyes flickering from side to side.

North frowned. "You've got your nerve coming here after the other night?" "Shucker! Skipper, I did you a good turn! Mind? Without waiting for an answer, the burly figure turned the door key.

"Leave that key in the lock," North warned.

A grin widening on his powder-buried countenance, Melhorne turned. "Okay, say you sure beat it off the Hial! my pronto this morning!" Gravely the intruder wagged his head. Oughtn't to do things like that. Your fade-out gave old Phillip-eye-dees quite a turn. He was pretty mad, they say. By the way, that Ladd doll is plumb jittery over you, in case you don't know it."

North saw Melhorne's eyes linger on the half-decayed radiogram.

"Mind if I take a look at this?" Lips moving, Melhorne read the beginning of a plea for instructions from the Lyda's master. He glanced at a couple of price lists, picked them up.

"Well, I reckon you are on the level, Skipper." He advanced with hand outstretched. "Congrats! When you told me you'd quit the intelligence racket to make some money for yourself, I figured you were lying. But now . . . You're riding on the gravy train, too!"

Relaxed, unsuspecting at last, Melhorne flung his bulk into an armchair. "Well, Skipper, you did a smart thing when you decided to let Melhorne talk you into throwing in with the balbuses—the big boss."

"Maybe," North passed a doubtful hand over his chin. "By the way, Melhorne forgot to mention the gaiter for me."

"Did she?" Melhorne grinned. He was patently reveling in the sensation of knowing more of the situation than North. "You'll know in plenty of time."

Stag looked up suddenly. "Yep, I thought you were up to funny games till you cashed the cheque."

Faith for Cure

Sitting on the hands by a copperhead snake which he handled before his congregation, Jesse Pack, 53, a Holiness preacher of Knoxville, Tenn., will not accept medical attention although his hands and arms are swollen with venom. Pack will rely on faith to cure him.

"I desire to go on living." North declared firmly. "It's lots of fun sometimes. No, I'm not looking for any dose such as that British major got."

A marked change came over Stag's manner; the foot he had been gently swinging abruptly stopped in mid-motion.

"What British major?" North uttered a short laugh. "Oh, don't try to kid me. Name of Kilmore or something like it."

"Say, how did you learn about that?" Melhorne gained his feet, an ugly set to his thin lips. (To be continued)

Detective Is Held, Kidnaping Charge

EUGENE, July 9 (AP)—W. J. Herrmann, Oakland, Calif., private detective, was held for trial Monday after pleading innocent to charges of kidnaping and assault with a deadly weapon.

He had been indicted on a charge of kidnaping and assaulting Edward Campbell, Eugene, who was wanted as a witness in a Redding, Calif., murder case. Herrmann was held on \$5000 bail.

Fall From Tree Fatal

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 9 (AP)—A fall from a walnut tree in his front yard Monday cost Jack Egan, 65, manager of the local state liquor store, his life. His skull was fractured.

Egan was trimming the tree.

Radio Programs

WEDNESDAY—1300 Ks.
6:30—Milkmaid Melodies.
7:00—Farm Talk—Harry Riches.
7:15—Popular Varieties.
7:30—News.
8:00—Breakfast Club.
8:30—News.
8:45—Currier of Elm Street.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Milkmaid Melodies.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music.
10:00—News.
10:15—We're Back.
10:30—Hits of Season's Past.
10:45—Bachelor's Children.
11:00—Folklore Folgers.
11:15—World Pair Symphony.
11:30—Milkmaid Melodies.
11:45—Early Melodies.
12:00—Valve Parade.
12:15—News.
12:30—Milkmaid Melodies.
12:45—Willamette Valley Opinions.
1:00—Hits and Knowers.
1:15—Milkmaid Melodies.
1:30—Interesting Facts.
1:45—Johnson Family.
2:00—Early Melodies.
2:15—Popular Music.
2:30—We're Back.
2:45—Sing Song Time.
3:00—Grandma's Travels.
3:15—Milkmaid Melodies and Rose.
3:30—Your Neighbor.
3:45—Carol's Nightingale, Ballads.
4:00—News.
4:15—Musical Memories.
4:30—Milkmaid Melodies.
4:45—Columbia Orchestra.
5:00—Pre-Convention Roundup.
5:15—Raymond Gram Swing.
5:30—Local News.
5:45—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:00—News and Views—John B. Hughes.
6:15—Oregon National Forests.
6:30—Work Wanted.
6:45—Winnipeg Symphony.
7:00—Portia and the Faces Life.
7:15—News.
7:30—Exposition Fantasy.
7:45—One Archer's Orchestra.
8:00—Newspaper of the Air.
8:15—Jimmy Joy Orchestra.
8:30—Old Melodies.
8:45—Parade of Melody.
9:00—Hal Howard Orchestra.
9:15—Jimmy Joy Orchestra.
9:30—Rhythm Rascals.
9:45—Milkmaid Melodies.
10:00—News.
10:15—Market Reports.
10:30—KOIN Melodies.
10:45—Headlines.
11:00—The Gilded Reporting.
11:15—Consumer News.
11:30—Kate Smith Songs.
11:45—When a Girl Marries.
12:00—Remembrance of Glen Grant.
12:15—Our Gal Sunday.
12:30—Milkmaid Melodies.
12:45—Life Can Be Beautiful.
1:00—Right to Happiness.
1:15—My Son and Daughter.
1:30—Anna Jenny.
1:45—Fluster Will.
1:55—My Son and Daughter.
2:00—Society Girl.
2:15—Merry Melodies.
2:30—Life Begins.
2:45—News.
3:00—Pretty Pretty Kelly.
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2:45—News.
3:00—Pretty Pretty Kelly.
3:15—Kirk and Marge.
3:30—Milkmaid Melodies.
3:45—Stargazer.
4:00—By Kathleen Norris.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, July 9.—While General Farley is handling the surface arrangements for the straw convention in Chicago, the real negotiations are being managed by Harry Hopkins, the secretary of commerce.

Mr. Hopkins is Mr. Roosevelt's inside man. He has succeeded in a way to the 1932 job of the late Louis Howe, except that Mr. Hopkins' personal and official relationship with the new Roosevelt that is growing up out of the changed war situation, gives him a far greater status. In fact the commerce secretary has during the past few weeks become the alter ego of the president, operating not only in political directions but in guiding the entire new national defense setup.

These are some nearby the White House who expect that the expansion of Mr. Hopkins' activities will lead him to no less a position than chairman of the national committee to succeed Farley, or personal director of the third term campaign in case Mr. Roosevelt goes after it. In conjunction with his new duties, Hopkins went to Chicago quietly last week. As this column went to press, it had not yet been decided whether he would function next week on the convention spot or from Hyde Park, but the word was reaching all the party leaders out in the country that he was the man to see.

This is a new role for the former director of the work projects administration, and some of the politicians have considered the president's choice a surprise, although not those who are closest to FDR.

While Hopkins has had no previous official political experience he knows all the local party leaders by their first names and likewise fully knows and favors the change that has taken place in the direction of the government since the serious aspect of the war developed in Europe.

In this he is distinct from his old reform colleagues at the ex-

trems left of the new deal, who neither favor nor approve the recent turn. I mean Thomas Corcoran who has