The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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He Started It a Century Ago—I

Salem's century of progress, rather than the single event of its founding in 1840, is the theme of the Centennial observance which is scheduled for week after next. Yet the founding itself is the outstanding event of the series. Due prominence will be accorded, in the pageant and in the historical forums, to Salem's modest beginning—and to the men and women who participated therein. Yet there are psychological reasons why the one man who is entitled to be pointed out as Salem's founder, may not receive all of the recognition due him—despite everyone's best intentions.

Jason Lee selected the site of Salem and superintended the activities which brought it into existence as a settlement. He should not receive sole credit; the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church provided the funds which made possible the establishment of the mission settlement here, and for purchase and transportation of the sawmill and grist mill machinery—though Lee collected a large proportion of those funds on his speaking tours, and inspired the raising of much more. Likewise J. L. Parrish and other members of the Oregon Mission party all played their part in the realization of Lee's plan. But his was the plan, and his was the guiding hand.

There are two reasons why Jason Lee may not receive full recognition. First, Salem people have in times past heard a lot about Jason Lee; to Salem and to Oregon he stands now somewhat in the position of George Washington or Abraham Lincoln to the nation as a whole; people have the feeling that they know all about Jason Lee and can afford to pass him by for some of the less prominent figures.

The second reason is that they don't really know Jason Lee, despite the familiarity of his name and of the central facts about his influence upon the region. Test it out; ask your neighbor what he knows about Jason Lee. Or, more conveniently and simply, ask yourself. The answer will be something like this: "Jason Lee was a Methodist missionary to the Indians who set up his mission where Salem is now situated. He built an Indian school which later became Willamette university."

Linked up with this reason are the present-day comparative disrepute of missionary endeavors—at least in certain quarters—and with respect to public recognition, a certain diffidence about according too much of it to the Methodist church, lest the observance be diverted too much into sectarian lines.

A better knowledge of Jason Lee, the man, such as may be obtained from a reading of Dr. Cornelius J. Brosnan's "Jason Lee, the Prophet of the New Oregon," may serve both to humanize Salem's founder and thus enrich the reader's appreciation of the Centennial, and to remove these subtle reasons for minimizing his share in Salem's and Oregon's history.

Yes, Jason Lee was a missionary to the Indians, who devoted his life unswervingly and sacrificed his life unflinchingly to the task which he had set for himself. But, as shall be shown in one or two succeeding editorials, he was much more than that. He was, as the title of Dr. Brosnan's book suggests, the prophet of Oregon's development and eventual importance, the statesman who most effectually aroused national attention to the Oregon question. He was preacher and educator; but he was also community builder and empire builder, and he was Salem's first chamber of commerce booster. And—if it be any comfort to those who shy away from according the missionary endeavor and the Methodist church too much recognition—the mission to the Indians was at one time accounted a total, dismal failure, and Jason Lee was "fired" from his job.

Franco States the Future

As the Russians yearn for the Straits of the Bosphorus, so now are we to believe that the Spanish soul grows warm at the mention of Gibraltar, and its bondage since 1704 in the hands of the British. General Franco has decided, and General Franco has told the world; we are now to believe without the most hazy doubt that Spanish national integrity is to be restored, and the stigma of defeat in the ancient war of the Spanish succession wiped out by the return of The Rock to the domain of her geographical claimants, the Spaniards. Malplaquet and "the most glorious victory" were not enough.

Thus runs another chapter in the tale of the "young," "revitalized" nations, conscious of their manifest destinies, and scornful of the old proud states of the past in the shadows of whose political history they seem like weeds sprung up overnight, steely and ungenerous. Franco has announced that Spain is to have Gibraltar back, and he has spoken somewhat vaguely of the "500,000 heroes" who lost their lives fighting for the Falangist movement, and of their 2,000,000 living comrades "ready to face anyone and to support Spanish rights." Being Spanish, and especially Franco Spanish, it is a poor copy of the dictators at their worst; but it still has significance in the present state of world affairs.

Its chief significance, let it be said, is that it reveals the Spanish general as the Hitlerian stooge which he has been since the time when he crossed his Moors across the straits to the Spanish mainland and set out to destroy the Loyalist government, which was neither so red nor so democratically spotless as has been made out. This announcement shows that the Germans have decided on weak Spanish hegemony at the entrance to the Mediterranean, rather than potentially firm Italian control, or open dominion by themselves. And their decision, so the reports are, has been borne out by the sending of fully armed and equipped German troops into Spain, where they stand on the Portuguese border and on the land approaches to Gibraltar.

Nor is Gibraltar all. Already whisperings come up from south of the border to the effect that the fracture of Chilean-Spanish relations represented an unsuccessful attempt of Franco to shatter harmony at the Havana Pan-American conference, soon to be convened. Other evidences of Spanish interference in the new world are also visible, each a separate proof that perhaps a grain of rancor for San Juan Hill and Manila Bay still lingers in imperialist Spanish breasts. What has happened in one place may happen elsewhere.

So it goes. Franco seeks Gibraltar and the revival of Spanish influence in the new world. Behind him, leering over his shoulder, Hitler seeks the capitulation of British power on land and sea. Neither has heard of give as well as take; neither has respect for the struggles of the past or the justice of the future. On such ignorance is the new world order based.

The "Pity Me" Campaign

In conceding that he will accept the presidency if the people draft him, President Roosevelt has flatly stated that he does not want it. That declaration practically estops him from making any campaign. To remain logical, he must continue to say: "Here I am. Take me or leave me." The pose will lose its appearance of authenticity the moment he makes the slightest beckoning gesture in the direction of a voter or a vote.

That leaves him the alternative of a "pity me" campaign. The groundwork has already been laid. Attention will be invited to the spectacle of the poor, hard-working president, too busy with the cares of state to go places and make speeches, too preoccupied with the presidential burden to write speeches if he dared leave Washington to deliver them. It will be made out as somewhat unfair that his opponent is free to go about meeting the public and building up support.

Such a campaign has been conducted heretofore often enough, by members of congress whose duties quite obviously detained them in Washington; and many times with success. Such a campaign may be effective, even for the presidency. Some considerable number of voters may react just as Mr. Roosevelt and his leading adherents hope they will, by picturing the president as a sort of martyr.

But it is merely a posed picture. The president may not be able to travel but he still has the radio; and the weight of international crisis was not so great but that he had the time and the energy to pull hidden wires controlling the democratic convention down to the last detail. The "pity me" campaign, if such it is to be, will lack authenticity to the same degree as his excuse for failing to announce, far in advance, his disinclination to run again. That excuse was the alleged necessity for maintaining the prestige of the administration abroad.

How could that prestige have been weakened by adherence to the well-established two-term principle, when it would have been so simple to designate a preferred candidate known to agree with the president on foreign policy?

The reluctance to run, the "crisis-born" necessity to run, and the inability to campaign actively, are all cut from the same cloth. They are phoneys.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Lee Mission site deserves high honors; it should be well known," says Barry: 7-20-40

(Continuing from yesterday:) It is easy to understand how J. Neilson Barry became confused when he attempted to make the original surveys, along the east bank of the "old" Willamette river, tally with the present lines of the Willamette river at that point.

The distance is considerable at the site of the Lee mission; but it is much greater two miles below, at the historic Joseph Gervais place. The "old" river there (at the Gervais place) was right at the foot of the high hill, up which Indian slaves carried water from the wonderful spring at its base, before the line in the trees was arranged, up which to pull the buckets of water by a string, to the historic house. The path worn by the feet of the Indian slaves is still plain.

Now the Willamette river is a long distance west of the historic spring at the foot of the hill—looks like two miles.

At the site of the first mission houses, the distance to the "new" river is not as great; but, between the course of the "old" river and the present main stream there is enough space to accommodate the 200-acre tract owned by the National Hospital Association, with Oregon headquarters at Portland, above the road running to the Marion county end of the Wheatland ferry.

The first licensed ferry at that point belonged to William Matheny. But the Lee mission had boats that played the parts of ferries, before there was any county government to license ferries.

The reader who is familiar with early Oregon history knows about the case of the eight men in the summer of 1835 who attempted to reach the Willamette valley overland from California, when they were attacked and four of them were killed by the Rogue River Indians, the others with difficulty escaping.

The names of three of the four escaping were Dr. William J. Bailey, George Gay and John Turner. Dr. Bailey was badly wounded, and carried ugly face scars to his grave. He married Margaret J. Smith, teacher at the Lee mission, the first white woman to live on lower French Prairie; she was the author of "Ruth Rover," the third book written in Oregon. Dr. Bailey became a member of the second and last executive committee of the provisional government, and the leading doctor of the old town of Champoeg, and died well to do. Gay was a prominent pioneer character; he erected the first brick house in Oregon, near the Willamette river; its south wall the boundary line between Yamhill and Polk counties, when the latter was created from the former. Gay was at one time the richest man in Oregon. His third and last wife was a daughter of the famous Dorion Woman. Turner was with Jedidiah Smith when on July 14, 1828, all of his party but four were killed by the Umpqua Indians. Turner, a very large, strong man, there saved his life by grabbing a burning log from the camp fire and laying about himself most effectively; and he did the same when the party was attacked by the Rogue Rivers, with equal success. Turner had an Indian wife, and lived out his days in Oregon. The name of the fourth man to escape in 1835 was never recorded in history. He made his way to Fort William, near Fort Vancouver.

"Ten Years in Oregon," the book of Daniel Lee and J. H. Frost, tells of the arrival at the Lee mission of three of the escaped men from the massacre of the Rogue River Indians, and of one woman. The book says: "This summer (1835) Turner . . . and his native wife . . . came to the river. . . . Forming a rude raft, they committed themselves to the current, and at length landed at the mission. Here they were gladly received and supplied with food; and Turner's story of their disastrous journey was heard with deep interest.

"The rest of the party, who had pursued their way by land, had not yet arrived. . . . After some days of painful anxiety, two others reached the mission, almost in a state of starvation. Their food had been little more than a few berries, . . . as they dragged along their husky forms, where miles seemed leagues, till they struck the trail, the Indian path which led them to the river. The sight of cattle on the other side assured them that relief was not distant. One of them attempted to swim over, but was too weak to proceed far, and returned again to the shore, which he was only able to regain by the help of his companion . . . They were discovered, and A CANOE WAS SENT TO THEIR RESCUE." (It was Gay who saved Dr. Bailey from drowning.)

Thus George Gay and Dr. W. J. Bailey were rescued, and cared for at the Lee mission. But when the mission boat was sent across the river for them, they were on land that now belongs to the National Hospital association, which was then on the west bank of the "old" Willamette river, and is now between the slough that was the old river, and the new river, as it flows down to the Wheatland ferry crossing, not far distant.

The general public, the world public, ought to know that the Joseph Gervais place, that was two miles by trail below the Lee mission, is yet unmarked — and the trail leading from the wonderful spring is unmarked, and the spring itself is unmarked, though its crystal water is as sparkling as it was 106 years ago, when barefooted or moccasined Indian slaves carried vessels filled with it to the historic house on the hill.

At that house, on Sunday, October 19, 1834, was preached the first Christian sermon ever delivered in the confines of our present Oregon.

Joseph Gervais was a historic character. That was a house of high history. It should be marked; so should the trail; so should the spring.

(Continued tomorrow.)

The Antique Collector

"The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

Chapter 85

The young Arab ran toward a narrow passage between two masses of rock uptilted by some prehistoric earthquake.

"There, Effendi! Through there! Through to hills. Automobile out there."

"Come along, Clive, looks like we'd better get a wiggle on."

Not a moment longer did North hesitate but with Clive and Major Richardson, commandant of the PDR detachment, at his heels, sprinted through the gorge and over to a light staff car.

Bracing himself, the desert patrol officer sent his staff car lurching, bounding along a rough track which presently led out onto a rolling desert stretching away beyond those hills which lined the seacoast.

"There they go!" North grasped the major's wrist, pointed. "They have taken the left fork, turned off the main track!"

Far out on the desert, the pursuers glimpsed an attenuated comet's tail of silvery dust hanging in the motionless air.

The chase had lasted barely twenty minutes and the staff car had not gained appreciably when, to Captain North's vast satisfaction, car lights blinked on the road some miles ahead.

"Allahu Akbar!" Clive cried, clinging tight to his sun helmet. "That should be a squad car from Rumani! Told 'em to patrol this road."

Suddenly the fugitives' lights wavered, then veered to the left off the road racing toward a forbidding line of barren hills. The goal was a ruin of some sort crowning a little hill.

"Suppose we fire a few shots?" North suggested; Clive nodded and whipped out a heavy police automatic.

At his third shot the fugitives gathered speed, evidently unaware that a third car had also swung off the road and was tearing in from another angle.

Major Richardson's staff car proved a most capable machine over rough country, for it continued to close in. Numbers on the other car's license plate were just becoming distinguishable when a spurt of orange-red flame showered bullets on the pursuers. "Get ugly, will you?" Clive snapped. "I'll give them a high burst with this." Stooping, the chief inspector lifted a submachine gun as the staff car skidded to a dusty halt. "This one's for their tires," grunted Christopher Clive.

At first North thought the chief inspector had missed, but presently the roadster yawed wildly and ground to a stop in the shadow of a ruinous tower. As the staff car gathered speed once more, all three officers saw a pair of figures leap out, dragging a third after them.

"You've winged one of the swine," Richardson cried as he brought the staff car to a halt again.

North was reconnoitering the tower somewhat in advance of the rest when the second car came up to discharge a quartet of uniformed police and a vaguely familiar-looking figure in plain clothes.

North, on the extreme right of line, waited, watched a police sergeant deploy his men to Richardson's satisfaction, and saw the fifth man go circling off to the left, a rifle in the bend of his arm. Who the devil was he?

A shot rang out. By the clear moonlight North saw a constable fall.

Without thinking, North fired at a second flash from the tower's summit . . . During the next hour matters remained brisk because, foot by foot and yard by yard, the besiegers closed in, now crawling, now dodging from rock to block of masonry . . .

Quite as unconcerned as if stalking deer, Clive and Richardson directed an inexorable advance, though another constable had been hit in the hand. From the other side of the refuge the plain-clothes man was maintaining a slow, methodical fire.

"I saw up there!" Richardson called. "You'd better surrender. We've got you now."

"All right," a voice called. "We will."

"Then come down with hands up."

"Come and get us, you rats!" cut in a second speaker.

The first fugitive, however, sounded desperately frightened. "No! No! Don't shoot! We're out of ammunition! See, I—I surrender. Here's my gun.

Crouched in the lee of a rubble pile North distinctly saw the weapon flash as it was flung from a ruined window.

A report made the ghostly black tower resound and was followed by one of the most dreadful cries North had ever heard. Guessing what had happened, he leaped to his feet and dashed at the entrance.

Aware of Clive and Richardson but a few yards behind, he hesitated, peering up a stair which was badly choked with drifted sand and rubble. To group their way upward proved a slow, perilous and painful task, but at last a glimmer of sky proved that the tower top was just above.

A ticklish moment this, North decided; up above lay at least one thoroughly desperate man very ready to blow holes through anyone climbing higher on the stair. If many bubbling sobs and groans meant anything, he had with him a badly wounded companion.

However, North bounded up the cracked and weather-beaten staircase. There was a sudden movement. North anticipated the impact of a rock against his shoulder. He swung violently about, .32 leveled, but at the last instant the squeeze of his hand about butt and trigger relaxed.

The moon revealed before him the black outline of a man sprawled like a huge, crushed spider against the lighter colored stonework. Beside the apparition lay an abandoned pistol—he was tugging to free another bit of masonry.

"Really were out of ammunition, eh? Well, you can forget the caveman stuff and stand up," commanded North.

(To Be Continued)

Three UO Pilots Make First Solos

EUGENE, July 19—(AP)—Three youths of the University of Oregon's class of 60 civilian pilots made solo flights today—the first by members of the class.

The soloists were Kay Baker, Philip Gilmore and Bruce Bates.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

CHICAGO, July 19 — The inside story of this democratic convention is simply told:

Mr. Roosevelt was unable to unify the democratic party behind the third term so he took over its machinery to form what can only be called the Roosevelt third term party.

Hull refused to take the vice-presidency. The president refused to take Garner again. FDR found that such a party stranger as Douglas would be too much for the convention to accept. The Garner people did not want their friend Jesse Jones in it. So there was no one left but the agricultural member of the cabinet, Henry Wallace.

Farley, the party man, was crowded out by his principles. All his friends, noting the handwriting on the wall, practically stopped work at the convention. No fully adequate replacement for him could be found. So FDR had to make the second best of that, too. He had to rely solely upon his most devoted friends, to whom there is no principle except Roosevelt, and the opportunities among the politicians who were more anxious for national protection and favors than anything else.

The strict democratic party men (not alone the conservatives) sat down.

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In some ways it looks like a new farmer-labor party, a national uprising vaguely suggestive of the labor party's rise in England. It might grow into that, if successful. Certainly, there would be no reason for Mr. Roosevelt to consider any other viewpoint than his own in a third term. He has left no one in his party with whom he would have to compromise, or even consult. He has shed himself of restraints.

The farmer-labor strain does NOT however run either deep or wholly true in the new regime. Wallace does not bring into the organization any farm influence that Roosevelt did not have before (American farm bureau federation particularly). It does not imply any new farm action. The president may have acquired John Lewis by platform bargaining at this convention, but he already had Lewis' CIO organization with him all along (Murray, Kennedy, Hillman, and the rank and file). What will come out of that in the way of future stronger labor action by the government cannot even be guessed now.

So, in the last analysis, while the Wallace and Lewis viewpoints have been pushed further up front to the chairs vacated by the democratic leaders, they are not bringing him any fresh political strength. There are no more new chairs in the board of management.

Actually, Roosevelt has, therefore, come out of the convention with less strength than he had when he went in. He has only made his new party exclusive.

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Wallace, a former republican, is highly respected everywhere in politics for his honesty and sincerity, but not for his political judgment or his ability to handle congress (the job Garner did well for Roosevelt). Wallace's experience has been in other lines, and if he becomes president some day, he will be a wholly new type. His selection as the next best one to Hull was apparently predicated on the hope of offsetting the grim political visages of Hague and Kelly and the choice of Farmer Charles McNary by the republicans.

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News-men who pass their estimates of public men on to you are apt to become cynical occasionally. They see so much political insincerity they may sometimes see it where it does not exist. But I have never covered a national convention in the past twenty years where they were so unanimous in their cynicism as here.

From a technical standpoint it may be true the Hopkins-Kelly-Byrnes control managed the routine here fairly well for newcomers. They had excellent direction from Washington. They minimized their losses as much as possible by steaming up that sincere majority portion of the convention which worships Roosevelt as a bread and butter god.

But if there was a news-man who was NOT dismayed and discouraged by the calloused indifference to facts and common fairness, I did not meet him. Reporters generally do not ask that politicians be candid, but false spectacles such as Mr. Roosevelt saying he did not wish to run in such a way that he would be drafted, was a little too much for most of them to enjoy.

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Money Saved for Vacation Burned

GRANTS PASS, July 19—(AP)—William M. Quigley, Jr., Stockton, Calif., saw his "first vacation in 11 years" go up in smoke here.

A cigarette which missed an ash receptacle started a fire which destroyed his automobile and burned $225 in currency which he had hidden in the cloth-covered seat. He was enroute with his wife to visit his father at Seattle.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

K. W.—Order your Christmas roses now. If you send me a self-addressed envelope I'll mail you the addresses of houses where you can purchase them.

The leaves you sent me are suffering from mildew. Dust with sulphur, or spray with Bordeaux, or use one of the all-purpose dusts or sprays. Spraying and dusting must be done regularly to be effective. Do not sprinkle the foliage of your roses at night. This encourages mildew.

G.B.—Yes, the native maiden hair fern does very well in gardens if given proper location and care. I have seen some beautiful beds of maiden hair and lily-of-the-valley. They also do well with tuberous rooted begonias.

The fern needs a shady, moist place. Violets are also a good combination with maiden hair.

The runners of your violet may be planted out now if they have set roots.

F.S.—If your hollyhocks are suffering very severely from rust, cut them off and burn. Start new hollyhock plants this month from seed. Discard the old ones. In the case of the one plant you say you wish particularly to save, suggest cutting off and burning all effected leaves. Spray the plant thoroughly and the ground about it with Bordeaux. Pick up and burn all diseased leaves.

Radio Programs

KSLM—SATURDAY—1360 Kc.
6:30—Milkman's Melodies.
7:30—News.
8:00—George Duffy's Orchestra.
8:30—News.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Melodic Moods.
9:30—McFarland Twins.
10:00—News.
10:30—Hits of Seasons Past.
10:45—Leighton Noble's Orchestra.
11:00—Elinor Sherry Blues.
11:15—Hits of the Day.
11:30—Melody Lane.
11:45—Value Parade.
12:00—News.
12:15—Buck Rogers.
12:45—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:50—Willamette Valley Opinions.
1:15—Interesting Facts.
1:30—Hollywood Buckaroos.
1:45—Classic Handicap.
2:15—Auction Sale.
2:30—Dramas of Youth.
3:00—Palmer House Orchestra.
3:30—Buddy Maleville's Orchestra.
4:00—News.
4:15—Tommy Tucker's Orchestra.
4:30—Organalities.
4:45—Billy Bissett's Orchestra.
5:00—Hawaii Calls.
5:30—American Choral Festival.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:30—John B. Hughes.
6:45—Al Donahue's Orchestra.
7:00—Leonard Keller's Orchestra.
7:15—Let's Dance.
7:45—Jack Teagarden's Orchestra.
8:00—News.
8:15—Buddy Maleville's Orchestra.
8:30—Billy McDonald's Orchestra.
9:00—News.
9:15—Saturday Night Party.
12:00—News.

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KGW—SATURDAY—620 Kc.
6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—News.
7:15—Home Folks Frolic.
7:45—Sam Hayes.
8:15—Nature Sketches.
8:30—Call to Youth.
9:00—Lincoln Highway.
9:45—News Summary.
10:00—I Am an American.
10:05—Stars of Tomorrow.
10:30—Boy, Girl and Band.
2:00—Spanish Revue.
2:25—Associated Press News.
2:30—Religion in the News.
2:45—Paul Douglas Sports Column.
3:00—Kindergarten Kapers.
3:15—News.
3:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
4:30—Listeners Playhouse.
5:30—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.
6:00—Caravan.
6:30—Edgewater Hotel Orchestra.
7:00—National Barn Dance.
8:00—Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra.
8:30—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.
9:00—Jantzen Orchestra.
9:30—Hotel St. Francis Orchestra.
10:00—Rainbow Pandemonium Orchestra.
10:30—Uptown Ballroom Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—Bal Tabarin Orchestra.
11:30—Olympic Hotel Orchestra.

KEX—SATURDAY—1190 Kc.
6:30—Musical Clock.
7:00—The Charioteers.
7:30—Dr. Brock.
8:15—Breakfast Club.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
9:30—Luncheon at the Waldorf.
10:00—News.
10:15—Its a Woman's World.
10:30—Home Institute.
10:45—The Rollickers.
12:00—Club Matinee.
12:30—News.
12:45—Market Reports.
1:30—Rhythm by Ricardo.
2:00—Curbstone Quiz.
2:25—Associated Press News.
2:30—Rendezvous of the Mounted.
3:00—Message of Israel.
3:30—Meadowbrook Club Orchestra.
4:00—Radio Guild.
4:30—St. Francis Hotel Orchestra.
5:00—Gordon Jenkins Music.
5:30—Grant Park Concert.
6:00—European News.
6:30—Melody in the Night.
7:00—Dancing Campus Orchestra.
7:30—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
8:00—News.
8:15—Improving Your Lawn.
8:30—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
8:30—Baseball.
10:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
10:30—The Quiet Hour.
11:05—Paul Carson, Organist.
12:00—Midnight War News Roundup.

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KOIN—SATURDAY—940 Kc.
6:00—Market Reports.
6:05—KOIN Klock.
7:15—Headliners.
7:45—Consumer News.
8:00—Country Journal.
8:30—Let's Pretend.
9:15—Highways to Health.
10:00—Hello Again.
11:00—US Marine Band.
11:45—News.
12:00—Shell Session
1:00—Buffalo Presents.
2:00—News
2:45—The World Today.
3:00—People's Platform.
4:30—Gay Nineties.
4:45—News.
5:00—Kid's Quiznoz.
5:45—Saturday Night Serenade
6:15—Public Affairs.
6:30—News.
6:45—Sports Huddle.
6:55—News.
7:00—Skyliners.
7:45—Benny Goodman Orchestra.
8:00—Hit Parade.
8:45—Leighton Noble Orchestra.
9:00—Henry Busse Orchestra.
10:00—Five Star Final
10:15—Benny Goodman Orchestra.
10:30—Jan Garber Orchestra.
11:00—Jackson Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.

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KOAC—SATURDAY—550 Kc.
9:00—Today's Programs.
9:05—Homemakers' Hour.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
10:15—Monitor Views the News.
10:45—Keys at Hollywood.
11:00—Music of the Masters.
12:00—News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
8:15—News.
8:30—Farm Hour.
7:45—Science News.
8:00—Music of the Masters.
9:00—Oregon on Parade.

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KSLM—SUNDAY—1360 Kc.
8:00—St. Paul's Choir.
8:30—Streams of Grace.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—McFarland Twins.
9:30—American Wildlife.
9:45—Benny Krueger's Orchestra.
10:00—The Hymn Singer.
10:15—Romance of the Highway.
10:30—Palmer House Orchestra.
11:00—American Lutheran Church.
12:00—El Paso Troubadours.
12:30—Nobody's Children.
1:00—Young People's Church.
1:30—Jack Teagarden's Orchestra.
2:00—Tropical Serenade.
2:30—Lang Thompson's Orchestra.
3:00—Rendezvous.
3:30—Sigrid Schultz, Germany.
3:45—Terry Shand's Orchestra.
4:00—American Forum of Air.
5:00—Old Fashioned Revival Hour.
6:00—News.
6:15—WGN Symphonic Hour.
7:15—Dave Dennis' Orchestra.
7:30—Hancock Ensemble.
8:00—News.
8:15—Bach Music Festival.
9:00—News.
9:30—Back Home Hour.
10:00—Gus Arnheim's Orchestra.
10:30—Hal Howard's Orchestra.

KEX—SUNDAY—1190 Kc.
7:15—Sunday Song Service.
7:30—Dr. Brock.
8:00—Radio City Music Hall.
9:00—The Quiet Hour.
9:30—Lost and Found Items.
9:33—Al and Lee Reiser Orchestra.
10:00—Treasure Trails of Song.
10:30—Salon Silhouettes.
11:00—Vincenta Gomez, Guitarist.
11:15—Foreign Policy Association.
11:30—Tapestry Musical.
12:00—Sunday Vespers.
12:30—Basin Street Chamber Music.
1:00—Family Altar Hour.
1:30—Baseball.
5:30—Paul Carson, Organist.
6:00—Good Will Hour.
7:00—Chansonette.
7:30—Everybody Sing.
8:00—News.
8:15—Hotel St Francis Orchestra.
8:30—Bill Stern Sports News Reel.
8:45—A Bookman's Notebook.
9:00—Dr. Brock.
9:30—Sanctuary.
10:00—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
10:30—Family Altar Hour.
11:00—Portland Police Reports.
12:00—War News Roundup.

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KGW—SUNDAY—620 Kc.
8:00—Sunday Sunrise Program.
8:30—Wings Over America.
9:00—Red Cross.
9:15—Music for Moderns.
9:30—Silver Strings.
10:00—Southwestern Serenade.
10:30—Chicago Round Table.
11:00—Stars of Today.
11:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
12:00—Gateway to Musical Highways.
12:45—News.
1:00—The World Is Yours.
1:30—Stars of Today.
2:00—Catholic Hour.
2:30—Meet the Band.
3:00—Professor Puzzlewit.
3:30—Band Wagon.
4:00—Bishop and the Gargoyle.
4:30—One Man's Family.
5:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
5:30—Album of Familiar Music.
6:00—Hour of Charm.
6:30—Carnival.
7:00—Associated Press News.
7:05—Rustic Cabin Orchestra.
7:15—Irene Rich.
8:00—Walter Winchell.
8:15—Parker Family.
9:00—Night Edition.
9:15—Faithful Stradivari.
9:30—Colony Club Orchestra.
10:00—News Flashes.
10:15—Bridge to Dreamland.
11:00—Bal Tabarin Orchestra.
11:30—Kentucky Band Man.

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KOIN—SUNDAY—940 Kc.
8:00—West Coast Church.
8:30—Salt Lake Tabernacle.
9:00—Church of the Air.
9:30—March of Games.
10:00—Brazilian Exchange.
10:30—News.
11:00—Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
12:30—Invitation to Learning.
1:30—News.
2:00—Old Songs of the Church.
2:30—Melody Ranch.
3:00—News of the World.
3:30—William Wallace in Recital.
4:30—News.
5:00—Summer Hour.
6:00—Take It or Leave It.
6:30—Public Affairs.
7:00—Rhyme O.
7:30—Leon F. Drews, Organ.
8:00—Henry Busse Orchestra.
8:30—News.
9:00—Song Souvenirs.
9:15—Jan Garber Orchestra.
9:45—East of the Sun.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:30—Henry Busse Orchestra.
11:00—Jackson Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.