The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Wallace vs. McNary

One week ago it was remarked here that the democratic national convention would be in several respects a "second place" convention, chiefly in the circumstance that its principal task would be the selection of a vice-presidential candidate. The delegates, no doubt, were of the impression that this choice was to be their free prerogative. They were gently disabused of this brash notion. Mr. Roosevelt, who insisted that he would not lift a finger to further his own renomination, was nevertheless sufficiently interested in the proceedings to dictate the vice-presidential choice. Resentment at this discovery was plainly apparent even as the delegates proceeded to do his bidding.

The nomination of Henry Wallace for this office was a tribute to the farm belt prestige of Oregon's Senator Charles L. McNary. Wallace was deliberately chosen with the single motive of offsetting this advantage of the republican ticket. It remains to be observed that if the inner democratic command did succeed in this purpose, it did so at a sacrifice, the measure of which is not limited to the alienation of numerous delegates and various important democrats who had other ideas on the subject.

Though the vice-presidency is in normal times a thankless job, it is an important job. In normal times the vice-president presides over the senate, which is despite occasional appearance to the contrary a rather intelligent and politically-wise body of men. The vice-president is expected to wield the gavel with fine impartiality; nevertheless it is helpful if he is able to exert a degree of leadership among the membership of this "most exclusive club." Such leadership, beyond question, Charles L. McNary will be able to exercise if he becomes vice-president.

Primarily, the office of vice-president exists in order to provide for the succession to the presidency in case of the death or disability of the elected president. The fact that the vice-president must be a man capable of taking the reins in such a case, places upon the voters an obligation to scan carefully the qualifications of each party's vice-presidential nominee, to determine if he has the capacity to serve as president should the call come.

There is no question about Senator McNary's capacity in this regard. What of Henry Wallace?

The present secretary of agriculture is the son of another Henry Wallace who was also secretary of agriculture under a republican administration—Harding's. He is the grandson of still another Henry Wallace who was on President Theodore Roosevelt's "country life commission." This present, third Henry Wallace attended Iowa State (agricultural) college, joined the staff of the family agricultural publication, Wallace's Farmer, and eventually became its editor. He gained prominence through research in agriculture, the devising of agricultural charts, the accurate prediction of agricultural trends. Every mark to his credit has relation to agriculture.

In other words Henry Wallace is a specialist in agriculture; there is no evidence anywhere that his interests and abilities extend beyond that field. Agriculture is important; but the problems of the presidency, it is needless to point out, embrace much more. Has Henry Wallace the knowledge, capacity and understanding necessary to solve them? Has he the quality of leadership necessary to inspire national confidence in the course he might set in these critical times? The democratic party doesn't seem to think so; for it is on record to the effect that only one democrat possesses these necessary qualifications.

If Charles L. McNary and Henry A. Wallace were the opposing candidates for the presidency in this troubled year 1940, in which of the two would the American people be most likely to place its confidence? There is no need to supply the answer.

Rain in Harvest

That rare phenomenon in these parts, rain in grain harvest, occurred last week, ending a long drought. Rain we often get in haying here, plenty of it, so much at times that the clover turns dark and sour and lies in mouldy lumps until it is scattered or plowed under in the fall. But when the wheat turns to tawny gold and the oats to bright whiteness then the rains uniformly desist until the harvest is past save for the shiftless farmer who would leave his ripe crop in the field to go fishing or start repairing his binder when his neighbors are well along with their cutting. And in the great interior behind the mountains it is this long security from rain which permits long harvesting over the vast fields.

There are places though where rain does come in harvest, where the grower scans the sky with sharp anxiety as he starts for his yellow grain field. In the Mississippi valley and on to the eastern seaboard the harvest season is frequently punctuated with showery weather, thunder showers, most of them, which zoom up in stark blackness and break in lightning and thunder to drench fields and barnyards and roads.

Those transplanted midwesterners with farm experience remember with fond nostalgia rain in harvest. It comes as welcome interlude in the long days of strenuous toil in the hot sun. Many city-dwellers in the air-conditioned northwest recall summers on the farm in Nebraska or Minnesota or Kansas. They recall trailing the binder to shock oats, following it from the glaring heat of the level field "down into the humid sultriness of the draw." They recall too the pauses that refreshed, when one would pull from some shady cover the water jug, its brown top glistening from its dew-drops, and let its cooling contents gurgle down his throat, the jug draped skillfully over his forearm. And next morning when the hired hand awoke at the usual hour for rising it might be not to the throaty summons of the farmer but to the soothing patter of rain on the roof just overhead. With what sublime satisfaction he could stretch his still-weary limbs and turn over in the knowledge that, with harvest delayed, he could snatch another hour of sleep.

But only for an hour, because a rainy day is the time to catch up on neglected chores,—trimming the osage hedge with the heavy hedge-knife, mowing with a scythe the weeds grown tall in the garden and on the fringes of the driveway. Only if the rain drives hard all day is there a chance for loafing out around the barn, swapping stories with other hands or listening to the tall yarns of some neighbor.

Rain in harvest. One who has smelled the sweet odor of rain on new cut grain, who has tasted the delight of a brief interval of rest from labor in the field can never forget it. Even the faithful horses, sweaty and suffering from collar sores, relish rain in harvest.

The Days of Conscience

Thursday and Friday were the days of human conscience. President Roosevelt at midnight on Thursday declared as justification for his decision to enter the race for the presidency of the republic for a third time, that his conscience would not permit him to draft others and retire himself at a time of great national emergency. A few hours later the conscience of Adolf Hitler, him of the clean heart and noble mind, bade him appeal "once more" to England's "common sense," lest the British empire and all its works fall victim to the onslaught of the armed forces of Great Germany.

That this should be the case is one of the continuing ironies of our times. Roosevelt, one presumes, desired to do the right thing; or he was at least able to argue himself into the position that he wished to do the right thing, and that it was his conscience which was telling him the course of action to take. It has already been remarked that ego in such circumstances is often mistaken for conscience; but for the time being this is neither here nor there.

On the other side, Hitler's conscience means an entirely different thing; and it is impossible not to identify his still, small voice with the stentorian call of nazi conquest, which bleats with fog-horn voice over a little-resisting world. Hitler's conscience is only a pose before the world, a bow taken before the multitude for propaganda purposes, like a politician kissing a constituent's not-too-fresh baby. The remarkable thing, if one credits Roosevelt with at least apparent sincerity, is that both the American president and the German state-leader should adopt the same form of moral justification on the same day, for taking paths which have the common characteristic of departing radically from the accepted procedure of domestic and international politics respectively for generations back.

It is a commonplace of history that all sudden, spasmodic movements in society or politics, which for a time violently alter previous adjustments, appeal to some form of "higher" justice, which is presumed to exempt them from standards and judgments generally approved in the era immediately prior to the time of their occurrence. The Protestant movement of the sixteenth century is perhaps the most obvious example of this sort of thing; and the French revolution, with its liberty, equality and fraternity fetishes was supposed to offer a more highly developed sense of human values than the *ancien regime*. All revolutionaries, from Spartacus and Cola da Rienzi to Karl Marx, have adopted a similar attitude of appeal to a higher, more personal truth.

What is to be said, then, of such moral justification in general, and that of Roosevelt and Hitler in particular? Only this: that if in the future their decisions prove to be to the advantage of the race, they will be approved and lauded as just and sensible; if they lead to darkness and evil they will be roundly and generally condemned. Nor are these necessarily permanent judgments; some ages in the future may approve Hitler's actions implicitly; the same people a little later may condemn them just as utterly. Actual judgment by history is more pragmatic than absolute, more relative than eternal. But for the time being one can only comment that the still, small voice for once has spoken both plenteously and loudly.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Lee mission site deserves high honors; "it should be well known," says Barry: 7-21-40

* * *

(Continuing from yesterday:) Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay company, visited at the Gervais house, as he did at the site of Salem while the Lee mission headquarters and Indian manual labor school were in process of removal to their new home—on what had been Chemeketa prairie. Some persons yet living know the exact spot where stood the Gervais house; know the route of the trail down to the spring; know the historic spring. But not many living people know these things accurately.

* * *

Those historic spots should be marked, NOW, or SOON. Also, a right of way for a public road, from the main river highway, should be secured, and a road constructed to the site of the historic house. That would be a short road; not many rods long. It would eventually increase the value of the property more than its cost for fencing and building.

The road leading from the main river highway near the old A. M. LaFollett big red house has not been marked. It should be. The neglect has been partly on account of the project of the United States government to restore the Lee mission buildings. If the scheduled project were carried out, a different sign might be needed.

* * *

But there is promised, now, soon, a marker at that point near the old A. M. LaFollett house, directing persons seeking it to the LEE MISSION. N. C. Hubbs, Marion county road engineer, has taken up the matter of the needed sign with the state highway department, and the promise has been made that it shall have attention. When done, the matter will have deserved publicity.

It is to be presumed that the sign will be ready before the first day of the Salem Centennial celebration.

* * *

The county road leading to the site of the Lee mission ought in time to have due attention—and, eventually, it should be extended to a junction with the county road leading to the Wheatland ferry on the Marion county side.

All these matters have been in abeyance, looking to the fulfillment of the terms of the government project.

* * *

A few more items might be mentioned proving that the real site of the mother mission headed by Jason Lee, called then the Willamette mission, is fenced, and marked, and belongs to all the people of the state of Oregon.

For many years, persons looking for keepsakes gathered pieces of iron that were found on the site of hte mission blacksmith shop. When they found nails, they all had square heads, of course. The modern wire nail was not invented. When they found pieces of window glass, even when they were whole, they were small. You have perhaps heard of houses that were shipped "around the horn," or that their materials were shipped around Cape Horn. Don't you believe those stories. Window panes were shipped "around the horn," but they were small panes; all of them.

* * *

The missions had carpenters and furniture makers. They got the cedar and other lumber here. Rev. James Olley, carpenter, was, December 8, 1842, with a companion, Richard H. Ekin, rafting cedar logs down the Willamette river, when he (Olley) was drowned at a point not far above the present West Salem. The logs were being taken to the mission mill, where the south Larmer warehouse, Broadway, now is, to be made into stock for furniture for the second residence for whites erected on the site of Salem, in what became the middle of the block surrounded by State, Liberty, Chemeketa and Commercial streets, later moved up to the alley on State street where the Dairy Lunch is now.

Olley's widow was married to Rev. David Leslie, then a widow-

(Continued on page 8)

The Marijuana Smoker

"The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

(Chapter 35 (Continued)

The man before him slowly raised a face utterly demoniac in its malevolence.

"Get up!" North repeated more sharply. "On your feet, Hart!"

"Can't. Your punks drilled me through the hips a while back." Dr. Ladd's secretary bit off a whistling gasp. "O-o-o! how it hurts! But I plugged one of 'em anyhow." Hart spat viciously at a short figure lying on its back and half lost in shadows across the old tower's top.

"That you, North?"

First picking up the useless gun North hurried over to the speaker as Clive, Richardson and the plainclothes man came running up from below.

"Great grief!" Clive cried when he saw the pale drawn face over which North was bending. "This—why, this is impossible! An awful mistake has been made! This is Doctor Ladd."

"It is Doctor Ladd," North corrected grimly, "but there is no mistake except that you've been calling him Mr. Armstrong for some time."

With his pistol barrel North indicated the fallen scholar. "There, Inspector, lies the cleverest criminal I've had the misfortune to come across—only he was just a trifle too clever. He shouldn't have had all students—or messengers I suspect—at Lawrence hall from seacoast towns and villages along his gun-running routes. He shouldn't have used a rare hieroglyphic in that jargon he sent Melhorn. He should have ordered at least one or two garter murders during the period he was out of Egypt. He shouldn't have lost that scarab off his watch chain and then give it a bad translation when it was shown him. Honest scholars don't do that. He shouldn't have killed a British police inspector. Oh, there were a lot of other things he did wrong." Suddenly he checked himself, bent, touching the limp body's shoulders. "Where's the woman you brought here?"

Feebly, Larkin Ladd turned his almost hairless head, uttered a jeering little laugh. "She's behind—broken arch. Quite dead. She got hit in the car."

"Why did you do all this—all these horrible things?"

A fanatical light flickered in the sunken eyes. "I started up from nowhere, the gutter—swore I'd die a world figure. Fame was what I wanted—craved! Was going to build greatest collection of Egyptian relics in world." Ladd's voice grew shrill, hard. "Never went—college, high school even, but I was going to make all the stiff-necked snobs beg, be glad for a few words with one of the world's great scholars. But research—excavation takes money—lots of money——"

The fallen figure coughed a racking, tearing cough and he began talking faster, against time. "Backers are scarce—put limitations. Zara said there was big money—arms trade. Knew almost all native dialects. Ambitious, too. Ha! Ha! What a joke—we made over a million—nearly my goal—and now—Hart said—'get tough, trademark your killings and you'll scare off competition.' Hasid wouldn't scare, though—we nearly got him the night he got Natika to fetch you to the Temple of Anubis. Wrecked his car, but he got away—Natika didn't. Beats me how quick he got that wreck out of sight—a clever man all right. Hope you'll hang Hart, though—he's a mad dog—just a killer—a mad dog—but an efficient mad dog. Zara was a she-wolf—with the Kurds too long—a barbaric type—an atavist—"

Hart reared himself up on one elbow. "Ah-h, shut up, you rat! Good job I plugged you. It's all up now—but, if we'd had more time, Zara and me would have wound up your clock for keeps!"

Hart emitted a croak of laughter. "Yes, suppose it is my turn, but . . . Me and Zara had fun, plenty of it! Ladd got his kick out of planning things; we got ours in turning on the heat." His sweaty features peared up into North's dusty ones. "Some of the jobs were tough, too. Zara said she could forgive herself for bein' a dame after knocking off a man. Always she ends by pulling off one o' those garters she wore on her bare legs . . . she liked to label our jobs. Zara was no cream puff."

Leaving Richardson busy over the wounded men, North led Clive around a broken archway. In a puddle of moonlight Zara Ladd lay, her face strongly modeled, paradoxically peaceful and with the hand of Fatima tattooed on her forehead showing up black against the excessive pallor of her skin.

Her muscular legs were exposed. As usual they were devoid of stockings, but above both knees the dead woman wore garters of a too-familiar design.

"What's that on her forehead?" Clive whispered.

"Tattooing. At first I took it for a five-branched candlestick—later I learned it's the lucky hand of Fatima—poor Follonsbee's blue hand, too."

"My word, who could have dreamed of such a thing?"

"Guess she'd an Amazon complex." North continued. "Odd, but I've never come across one before—didn't tumble to her till we got the toilet-powder analysis. You see, even I know a rice-powder base isn't used any longer by Occidental cosmeticians. What clinched my suspicions were those weaver's knots on the garters. Neither Moira, Natika nor Lolita knew how to weave. Ever see those things Zara made?"

Clive, struck by a sudden thought, was staring horror-stricken at his companion. "Did you say Moira?"

"Yes. I got the pointer to Berak through her. I'm afraid she played you a bad turn."

The CID man swallowed hard, looked utterly bewildered, then very angry. "So that's why we could never catch Armstrong unloading!"

Do you mind telling me what gave you the first tip-off?" inquired the Englishman.

North answered promptly. "You see, Clive, the way these garter murders were carried out had all the earmarks of American gangster technique. Take the use of adhesive tape, for instance, the taking of victims for 'rides,' shooting prisoners in the stomach, and above all the machine-gun massacre car at Port Said.

"Everything indicated the implication of an American, so when I began looking around, the only Americans figuring in the case were Ladd, his daughter, Hart, Melborne and myself." He smiled. "I was fairly sure that I hadn't done it, but for a long time Stag had me worried—up a tree for fair. In fact, I wasn't sure he couldn't be Armstrong until I saw that message in hieroglyphics. They weren't his style, any more than committing a deliverate murder."

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

CHICAGO, July 21—This coming election is highly in doubt today, it seems to me.

Defeat of the Roosevelt-Wallace ticket was so widely predicted in hoarse stage-whispers by numerous democratic delegates here after the convention that no reporter could have failed to have heard the suggestion. But these came while the spell of personal disappointment was fresh. They came not only from those few who were dismayed at Mr. Roosevelt's decision to perpetuate his administration in his own person, but from the many—the very great many—who lost their pep for the ticket when the president chose a political stranger to them, Mr. Wallace, as his companion.

Delegates from Indiana told me in all seriousness for instance that their state would be lost by 100,000 or more due to the lack of enthusiasm among McNutt's friends for the way he has been treated. A Texas democrat actually insisted a miracle would occur in Texas and a republican would carry the state. There were other such suggestions. One publicity man attached to a candidate started seeking a job with Willkie before the convention was over.

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This first evidence is too hot and prejudiced to be considered anything near conclusive. It does clearly suggest that symptoms of another Al Smith campaign have arisen out of this convention. In that campaign, the leaders went through the motions of support for their candidate, but their energy was not equal to their words. They said, "Al is a great man, we are for him," but when the votes were counted, no Smith votes could be found, including theirs.

This country still has the secret Australian ballot system. If those local political leaders who attended this convention feel a surpassing principle is at stake or that a wrong has been done to them or their friends, they can devote most of their campaign energies to saving their local tickets in which their initial personal interest lies anyway. They can cut the national ticket, as cold as Al's was cut in a campaign which established the all time low in silent political frigity.

As I say, only the initial suggestions of such a technique were evident here. The campaign will develop how it will work out. No one may know the answer until the votes are counted on election day.

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Certainly no one now expects Mr. Roosevelt to poll more than 75 per cent of the vote he drew in 1936. The most ardent Roosevelt partisan does not expect more as of today.

(Continued on page 8)

Radio Program

KEX—SUNDAY—1280 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 Paseo 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.

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KEX—SUNDAY—1180 Kc.
7:15—Sunday Song Service.
7:30—I. r. 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—Vincente 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 Real.
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.
13:00—Gateway to Musical Highways.
12:45—News.
1:00—The World Is Yours.
1:30—Stars of Today.
2:00—Catholic Hour.
2:30—Beat 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 Editon.
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 Sand 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—Jantzen Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.

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KSLM—MONDAY—1360 Kc.
6:30—Milkman's Melodies.
7:30—News.
7:45—Melody Lane—Resquests.
8:00—Breakfast Club.
8:30—News.
8:40—Beau Bye.
8:45—Pegeen Fitzgerald.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Melodic Moods.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music.
10:00—News.
10:15—Ma Perkins.
10:30—Hints of Seasons Past.
10:45—Bachelor's Children.
11:00—Friendly Neighbors.
11:30—Kibert Lachella, Organist.
11:45—Value Parade.
12:00—Viscount Halifax From England.
12:20—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
1:00—Bob Nichols' Hawaiians.
1:15—Interesting Facts.
1:30—Johnson Family.
1:45—To Be Announced.
2:30—Five Men of Fate.
2:45—Grandma Travels.
3:00—Maddox Family.
3:30—Your Neighbor.
3:45—Carol Leighton.
4:00—News.
4:15—Goldman Band Concert.
4:30—Organalities.
4:45—Clem Williams' Orchestra.
5:00—Mystery Hall.
5:30—Shafter Parker.
5:45—To Be Announced.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing.
6:15—Local News.
6:30—John B. Hughes.
6:45—Melody Lane.
7:00—Paging the Past.
7:15—Elliott Roosevelt.
7:30—Lone Ranger.
8:00—News.
8:15—Let's Dance.
8:30—Laugh and Swing Club.
9:00—Newspaper of the Air.
9:15—Jack McLean's Orchestra.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, jr.
9:45—McFarland Twins.
10:00—Lew Diamond's Orchestra.
10:30—Ray Pearl's Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—Vagabond's Trail.
11:45—Midnight Melodies.

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KGW—MONDAY—620 Kc.
6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—News.
7:15—Home Folks Frolic.
7:30—Wife Saver.
7:45—Sam Hayes.
8:00—Woman in White.
8:15—The O'Neills.
8:30—Stars of Today.
8:30—By Kathleen Norris.
9:45—Dr. Kate.
10:00—Light of the World.
10:15—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
10:30—Valiant Lady.
10:45—Hymns of All Churches.
11:00—Story of Mary Marlin.
11:15—Ma Perkins.
11:30—Pepper Young's Family.
11:45—Vic and Sade.
12:00—Portia Blake Faces Life.
12:15—Stella Dallas.
12:30—Lorenzo Jones.
12:45—Your Trust.
1:00—Girl Alone.
1:15—Stars of Today.
1:30—Midstream.
1:45—The O'Neills.
2:00—Hollywood News Flashes.
2:15—Kitty to Cherish.
2:30—Against the Storm.
2:45—The Guiding Light.
3:00—Stars of Today.
3:15—News.
3:30—Black Velvet.
4:00—Telephone Hour.
4:30—Pair Facts and Fancy.
5:00—Dr. I. Q.
5:45—Cocktail Hour.
6:00—Contented Hour.
6:30—Burns and Allen.
7:00—Fred Waring Pleasure Time.
7:15—Faithful Stradivari.
7:30—Where and When.
8:00—Arthur Godfrey.
8:15—Armchair Cruises.
8:30—Hawthorne House.
9:00—Classics for Today.
9:30—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
10:00—News Flashes.
10:15—Blue Moonlight.
10:30—Uptown Ballroom Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.
11:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.

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KEX—MONDAY—1180 Kc.
6:30—Musical Clock.
7:15—Financial Service.
7:30—Dr. Brock.
8:15—Breakfast Club.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
9:15—Between the Bookends.
9:45—News.
10:15—It's a Woman's World.
10:30—US Navy Band.
11:00—Orphans of Divorce.
11:15—Amanda of Honeymoon Hill.
11:30—John's Other Wife.
11:45—Just Plain Bill.
12:00—US Department of Agriculture.
12:30—News.
12:45—Market Reports.
1:00—The Quiet Hour.
1:30—Frank Watanabe and Archie.
1:45—Charles Sears, Singer.
2:00—Curbstone Quiz.
2:15—Harold Curtis, Organist.
2:25—Associated Press News.
2:45—Sports Column.
4:00—Bud Barton.
4:15—Portland on Review.
4:30—Ireene Wicker.
4:45—Malcolm Claire.
5:00—Green Hornet.
5:45—Sam Gordon, Kibitzer.
6:00—European News.
6:30—Adventures in Reading.
7:30—Washington Merry-Go-Round.
8:00—News.
8:15—Improving Your Lawn.
8:20—Hotel Lincoln Orchestra.
8:30—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
9:00—Little Ol' Hollywood.
10:00—Paul Martin's Music.
10:30—Hotel Ambassador Orchestra.
11:00—Paul Carson, Organist.
12:00—War News Reundup.

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KOIN—MONDAY—940 Kc.
6:00—Market Reports.
6:05—KOIN Klock.
7:15—Headliners.
7:30—Bob Garred Reporting.
7:45—Consumer News.
8:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
8:15—When a Girl Marries.
8:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
8:45—Our Gal Sunday.
9:00—The Goldbergs.
9:15—Life Can Be Beautiful.
9:30—Right to Happiness.
10:00—Big Sister.
10:15—Aunt Jenny.
10:30—Fletcher Wiley.
10:45—My Son and I.
11:00—Society Girl.
11:30—Life Begins.
11:45—News.
12:00—Pretty Kitty Kelly.
12:15—Myrt and Marge.
12:30—Hillbilly House.
12:45—Stepmother.
1:00—By Kathleen Norris.
1:15—My Children.
1:30—Singin' Sam.
1:45—Scattergood Baines.
2:00—Young Dr. Malone.
2:15—Hedda Hopper's Hollywood.
2:30—Joyce Jordan.
2:45—The World Today.
3:00—Hello Again.
3:30—Newspaper of the Air.
4:20—Novelette.
4:30—Shadows.
4:45—News.
5:00—Forecasts.
6:00—Guy Lombardo Orchestra.
6:30—Blondie.
7:00—Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15—Lanny Ross.
7:30—Pipe Smoking Time.
7:55—News.
8:00—Raymond Scott Orchestra.
8:30—News.
9:30—Jantzen Orchestra.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—Interview—Marine.
10:30—Camera Club.
10:45—Larry Kent Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.

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KOAC—MONDAY—550 Kc.
9:00—Today's Programs.
9:03—The Homemakers' Hour.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
10:15—Monitor Views the News.
10:45—Seeing the Americas.
11:00—Music of the Masters.
12:00—News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:15—News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:45—Music of the Masters.
9:00—Oregon on Parade.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

SHALL WE ESCAPE?

There is much to consider in the excellent editorial "Escape" in our Statesman not long ago.

It was occasioned by an item in "Time" concerning the late President Wilson's daughter, Margaret, who had sought refuge or escape in a Brahman retreat in India.

Astonishing indeed was her act when one stops to think of the belief and life of the Brahman and all that is involved.

Doubly strange in face of the fact that she must have been trained to know and believe the Holy Scriptures in which the only true escape from the present deplorable world chaos or from inner frustration is so clearly revealed.

Miss Wilson's act must have come as a great shock to those clergymen who may have had opportunities to reveal to her the wonderful escape that is promised to the heirs of the kingdom. One is led to ask if these did not perhaps evade or escape from some responsibility pertaining to her spiritual welfare.

Did no one bring to her the words of the Christ, "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." John 16:33.

Jesus, who knew what should be the destiny of a rebellious old world because of the rejection of the King of Glory, promised to send to his own the blessed Comforter, "the Spirit of Truth" whom the world can not receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; and He said, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also." John 14:18.

Then, knowing that His way home led by the way of the cross, he did not turn back or look for an escape but set his face to go to Jerusalem.

In his prayer of John 17, he lifted his eyes to Heaven and said, "Father the hour is come; glory thy Son that thy Son may glorify thee." And he prayed for his little flock, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

Then, when the mob came to take him, he, "knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth, and said unto them, 'Whom seek ye?'"

And, when the little flock to whom He had said: "Fear not . . . for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," were left to carry on, in the power of that Spirit of Truth that was given them, they spoke the Word with boldness even tho' cruel persecutions and death awaited them.

Over and over the Christian martyrs were urged to avail themselves of a way of escape by the least act of homage to the gods of their persecutors and be released. Yet, rarely did their

(Continued on page 8)