The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Strike up the Band for Charley

The men and boys will sing and shout
And the ladies they will all turn out
When Charley comes marching home.

Yes, there'll be a hot time in the old town next Tuesday night. Charles L. McNary, native son of Salem, comes home to be notified that he is the republican party's choice for vice-president. Fittingly, Salem is going to be all decked out in street decorations and McNary pictures and there's going to be a day-long celebration. Elwood, Indiana, isn't going to have anything on Salem, in this matter of paying honor to the home town boy who made good.

Some days prior to the Centennial this column posed the question whether Salem knew how to act on such an occasion, inasmuch as it had practically no previous experience. Well, as everyone agrees now, Salem rose to the emergency and fulfilled its role as celebration host to perfection. And now Salem is faced with a different sort of task, as different as is a firecracker from a flower pot; but this time we are not raising the question whether Salem is equal to it. An emergency is an emergency, and Salem has proven that when faced with one, it is able to meet the requirements, whatever they may be.

Some people equipped with typewriters have been complaining that Salem is to have no part in the celebration. There never was any justification for that complaint, because there is one part of the celebration in which every Salem citizen has always been assured the privilege of participation. We could all help cheer. But, it now develops, Salem is actually going to have the major role in the proceedings, aside from the actual speech of notification, a job reserved in the very nature of things for the republican national chairman.

Salem people are already arising to the occasion; business houses have agreed to close at 3 p.m., at something of a sacrifice in view of the unprecedented crowds that will be in the city; and a lot of already busy people are planning to devote a major share of their time, in the few days remaining, to completion of the many details that must be arranged.

So there's nothing left for the rest of us to worry about except that job that we have had from the beginning; we can all help cheer. It's as rare an occasion as the Centennial; it's the first time in a century that Salem has been privileged to arrange an ovation for a native son who is in line for a national office. From the standpoint of the national limelight, it's a bigger thing than the Centennial; Salem will be the nation's political capital for a day. It's up to Salem to make the most of it.

Death of a Revolutionist

To die with pickaxe holes in the base of one's skull is a peculiarly nasty way of making one's final exit. Yet Leon Trotsky, erstwhile war commissar of the first Russian Soviet, and more lately the founder of the fourth, as distinguished from the third, international, has died in that very way, as the last stormy chapter of a preeminently stormy career. His passing is the occasion of copious tears by a few; and wholly dry eyes for many others.

In other words, in death Trotsky is much as he lived—all out. He will be either a swine or a saint, either the personification of the devil and Antichrist, or the greatest apostle of the greatest deities who ever cracked a copy of Hegel's metaphysic, Marx and Engels. In Russia, officially, he will be stoned verbally and execrated with all the efficiency of a bumbling Soviet propaganda machine; in Mexico, among his cohorts of the fourth international, he will be canonized as the only True Believer of latter-day Marxianism.

But in America, except among the comrades of the party who will gather at the wailing wall to pray for the salvation of his economic soul in a classless heaven, he will still be regarded as he has been regarded during most of his life: as one of the more annoying of contemporary pests. His passing, if he passes, will be regretted in the vague sense that anyone's death, no matter who he may be, is regretted because death is common to all men; but of genuine, deep-felt despair there will be little except among the disciples in the Bronx.

This is because America has never been a fertile field for Marxian encroachment. The nature of the people, the form of their educational system in past years, the nature of their occupations, and above all the peculiar native pride of Americans, has given them little patience with the fine-wrought cliches, the endless argument and counter-argument of Marxian and Hegelian dialectic. America does rather than contemplates; for that she has been called simple and naive; but this has not prevented her from being one of the great realities of world history. America is; and there are many dreams.

Trotsky is dead: for not even Marx knew how to rationalize death out of men. What his monument will be, no man can say; but one will wager that the men of the after-world who look without passion on the shards and broken bridges of this civilization will probably say that he was neither so bad as he was painted, nor yet nearly so good. That is the heritage of all men.

The Story of America

There is a decidedly stimulating article in a last week's copy of PM, newly-founded New York daily devoted to the new deal and all its works, which bears comment in relation to the presidential campaign. Written by Kenneth Crawford, a staff correspondent of the publication, it attempts to paint Elwood, Indiana, Willkie's home town, as a "ghost city" in fancied contrast to Willkie's own assertion that Elwood is an epitome of "the story of America."

Why one should bother with Elwood at this point, the acceptance speech having been given, is not exactly clear; but the point is perhaps worth making that both writers are probably correct in their estimates of that municipality. Elwood doubtless is, as Crawford says, a ghost city; and if it is, it is more than ever what Willkie says it is—the story of America.

Crawford's article points out that Elwood saw its heyday during the McKinley administration, when high tariffs protected its tin-plating industry and its supply of natural gas remained available. There was prosperity for 10 years or so—republican years, it may be noted—and thereafter, when the gas supply failed, the town's prosperity slumped. And from there the writer jumps to the fact that now 1720 Elwoodians are on relief; township relief, incidentally, and not WPA, which the city and county have resolutely rejected during the years of the depression. There is, Crawford is at pains to point out, no employment in the town's major factories, and the only thriving local industry is the Willkie-for-president placard factory. He regards the story of Elwood as one of cupidity, exploitation and moronic leadership . . . and Willkie regards it as the story of America.

Nor is, one is convinced, Willkie far from wrong. Elwood, with its 1720 jobless and its closed, disheartened industries, and its undercurrents of discontent and unhappiness is a very fair picture of what most of the rest of the country shares during the trying years of the Roosevelt depression. There are no jobs in the factories—even after seven years of pump-priming; there is no confidence either among labor or employers, despite libraries of labor regulations and judicial decisions, and years of guerilla warfare against the employing "class;" there is unhappiness, discontent, a feeling of disheartened frustration for which the Marxians have a name, but which does not appear in the American vocabulary—and this after seven years of work on the "fuller life."

Life is fuller in Elwood and its brother-municipalities the country over—of distrust and hardship and irresolution.

Elwood is down at the heel; but so is America. And it will take more than sneering at township as opposed to WPA relief to restore it. It will, we submit, take Willkie.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A teacher wants a history of Salem for seventh and eighth grade pupils; why Salem? 8-22-40

(Continuing from yesterday:) Still quoting the report of Purser Slacum: "They commenced falling timber with their own hands, and by Christmas they erected the frame of their house and had it half closed in, and fenced 24 acres of land.

"In the spring they put in a crop, which produced the first year, 1835, 150 bushels of wheat, 35 of oats, 56 of barley, 87 of peas, and 250 of potatoes. In the second year, 1836, 500 bushels of wheat, 200 of peas, 40 of oats, 30 of barley, 4½ of corn, 3½ of beans, and 319 of potatoes, with a full supply of garden vegetables.

"They have built a good barn, added to their dwelling house, which now contains four large rooms, 18 by 20 feet, garret and cellar (note the cellar), have a good garden, and 150 acres of land enclosed under good fencing. With the exception of three months' hired labor of a carpenter, to finish the inside of the dwelling, and make tables, forms, etc., for the school room, the above is the work of these pious and industrious men, assisted by the Indian children of the school.

"The family now consists of 3 adults, 19 full-blooded and four half-breed children, 10 of whom are orphans; 7 girls and 15 boys attend the school; likewise 8 half-breed children of neighboring settlers. Several of them read perfectly well. They are all well clothed and fed, and are already very cleanly in their habits. The larger boys work on the farm in warm weather. . . . Some of them evince good mechanical genius. Mr. Lee assures me that most of the boys have earned their board, clothing and tuition, estimating their labor at the lowest rate of wages allowed by the Hudson's Bay company. . . . .

"The land on which the mission house is established is rich alluvial deposit, interspersed with good timber." . . . .

Purser Slacum aided Jason Lee in getting the distillery of Ewing Young and Lawrence Carmichael discontinued; so did Dr. McLoughlin, who regarded the sale of intoxicating liquor to the Indians as dangerous and degrading, to say nothing of its effect upon the class of whites generally engaged in hunting and trapping, not to mention all other whites and colors.

Jason Lee soon saw the early settlers of the Willamette valley must have cattle of their own, not merely loaned cattle from the Hudson's Bay company, their increase to go to that company.

Purser Slacum saw this, too, and a meeting was at once held at the old mission to form a company to send to California for cattle, which might be had at $3 each. Mr. Slacum offered free transportation to California on his hired brig Loriot, for men going after the cattle.

It was agreed that Ewing Young should manage the driving home from California of the cattle, and the purchasing of them in California, where he was acquainted. P. L. Edwards of the mission was to be treasurer of the enterprise. Jason Lee invested $400 in the enterprise for the mission; Dr. McLoughlin $900 for the Hudson's Bay company, Slacum $500 in his own name. Jason Lee accompanied the band of 11 men going after the cattle to the mouth of the Willamette, where the Loriot was anchored and on January 22, 1837, offered a farewell prayer on the quarter-deck for the success of their pioneering cattle venture. In California Young and Edwards bought 800 head of cattle, 300 from the Catholic mission at San Francisco and 500 from the San Jose mission of the same brotherhood. In mid-October, 1837, 630 of the original 800 were distributed to the stockholders at $7.67 a head. This start in cattle put many individuals on the way to wealth; did much for the whole Willamette valley.

The men who signed the agreement to go to California (and went) were Ewing Young, P. L. Edwards, James A. O'Neal, Webley J. Hauxhurst, Calvin Tibbetts, Lawrence Carmichael, George Gay, William J. Bailey, and John Turner, Pierre Depau and Emat Erquiette. The last three each signed with a cross; could not write.

Now came the period of active expansion, and to the Americanization of the Oregon Country, started, as "the first low wash of the wave that became a mighty sea," by the Lee mission.

In May, 1837, the "first reinforcement" of the Jason Lee mission arrived, including: Alanson Beers, blacksmith, wife and three children; Susan Downing, engaged to be married to Cyrus Shepard; Elvira Johnson, teacher, to later become the wife of H. K. W. Perkins; Anna Maria Pittman, whom Jason Lee took for wife in the first ceremony of marriage for a white couple west of the Rockies; Dr. Elijah White, wife and two children, and their adopted boy, and W. H. Willson, carpenter.

September 7, same year, came another reinforcement for the Lee mission: Rev. David Leslie, wife and three daughters; Rev. H. K. W. Perkins, who married Elvira Johnson, and Margaret J. Smith, teacher, who became the wife of Dr. W. J. Bailey. She wrote "Ruth Rover," the third book by an Oregon author. Her husband became a member of the second executive committee (governor) of the provisional government.

Now Jason Lee could plan for extensions of his missionary work among the Indians; for a branch at Wascopam (The Dalles), Nisqually, (present Tacoma suburb), Clatsop Plains, and other points. More important, he could plan for an American and a Christian civilization in the Oregon Country.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Shell Game

"Flying Blind" by VERA BROWN

Chapter 14

Later in the hotel lobby Judith ran into Mary Hartwig.

"Come on upstairs and we'll have lunch sent up to my room. We haven't had a chance for a visit during the whole meet," Judith said.

Mary came with her. Upstairs, Judith put in their order, and Mary talked. Once the telephone rang, but Judith did not answer it. It might be Mrs. Dutton.

"I'm so glad Tex wasn't hurt last night," Mary said. Judith knew that eventually the talk must get around to the automobile accident, and she braced herself for the worst, knowing Mary.

"I think it's disgusting the way people gossip. I was furious this morning with some of the girls, the things they say. The trouble is that people are jealous of Tex. He's so successful!"

"Of course." Judith's lips were stiff.

"The trouble with Sonny is that she loves publicity, any kind. She won't mind this, but Tex does."

Fortunately their luncheon came just then.

However, Mary was full of the subject. "I felt like shaking Sonny this morning,' 'she went on. "She just laughed when she saw the papers! She's irresponsible! That's her trouble."

Judith nodded in agreement although she could think of some other things wrong with Sonia.

Mary went to the train with Judith. At the last minute, Judith met one of her husband's friends who told her Dudley would be on the train. The weather grounded nearly everything east of Chicago. Judith bought a drawing room on the train. She felt she just had to be alone, away from everybody who knew her . . . even Dudley.

Regardless of the fine drawing room, Judith did not sleep much that night. Her thoughts were too troublesome. When the train pulled in early, she did not get up, but delayed in dressing so that she would miss any of her friends. She breakfasted in Grand Central, then went over to the Pennsylvania station to get the train for Newark.

Tex wouldn't be in Marvin's home town before late afternoon. He couldn't possibly return for at least three days from Oklahoma.

The apartment seemed empty and deserted. Judith viewed the day before her with trepidation. When she was in such a state of nerves, only one thing would help. She got into an apron and went to work.

She worked until dark and everything was spotless. But she had little heart for her lonely supper when she had prepared it. The apartment shone. It was a pleasant spot. Judith loved the room with its cool greens and yellows. It suited her. It was home. She loved it when Tex brought some of the gang home from the airport for late suppers.

She thought of going to a movie but hoped that Tex might telephone. So she waited. She wanted a report about his head, what the doctor thought. He did not call.

Next morning there was another day to face. She wrote letters, fussed about with her fall clothes. The hours seemed endless. In another 24 hours Tex should be back. Then everything would be all right. Tex did not call that night but Judith telephoned her mother in Detroit at 9:30.

As always her mother urged her to come west when she could. The family had been worried about Tex's accident. Now Judith was sorry she had not gone to Detroit after the races. But she had been too disturbed to face family scrutiny.

Then Judith asked the operator if she could locate Mrs. Marvin Stone in the little Oklahoma town where Marvin had been laid to rest so recently. After half an hour, Elsie's voice came over the wire. They talked for three minutes. But Tex was not there. He had gone on to Oklahoma City, Elsie said.

I can't stand another day like yesterday, Judith decided when she opened her eyes the next morning. She dressed carefully, went over to Manhattan and did some shopping. But she was back again at five. Still no word from Tex.

At six, Michael Dudley called. "Come on in to town and have dinner with me," he pleaded.

"I haven't heard from Tex," she protested. "Besides I just got back."

"That doesn't matter. We had a wire today, he'll be in in the morning. You've been staying too close to the house. I'll wait for you at the office. I won't take no for an answer."

Judith finally agreed because she so dreaded another evening alone. She put on the new hat she had bought that day and she had never looked prettier. Her smart suit was just right.

(To be continued)

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

D.A.—Very likely you have not fed your chrysanthemums heavily enough. Chrysanthemums are heavy feeders and should be fed and watered regularly throughout the summer. Start feeding them a balanced fertilizer now and you will note a difference soon. Stake them up at once also. The small bug you mention bothering them is likely a leaf hopper. Try dusting the plants with a poison dust such as rotenone or a lear arsenate. For the aphis you will have to use a contact spray or dust.

S.M.—Yes, you can renovate your peony bed this fall. Do so during the first part of September. A few things to remember are: Too deep planting results in failure to produce buds; lack of phosphorus and potash in the soil may cause failure of bloom. Incorporate some, being careful not to get it right next to the root. Do not mulch peonies with manure. Peonies must have sunshine to bloom well. Set the peonies only two or three inches below the surface of the soil. Buy good plants from reliable growers. In the early spring, just as the plants begin to show up, spray around the crowns of Bordeaux mixture. Continue to spray at intervals during the growing season.

Your phlox do not revert to magenta shades. Likely your purchased stock has died down and the seedlings have come up taking its place. After all six years is quite a time to neglect a phlox bed. Renovate your bed the last of this month or early in September. But as yours have stopped blooming now, I would take care of them at once. Those you have marked as still maintaining the old color, take out for replanting. Dig your bed deep and use a little well decayed barnyard fertilizer. If your phlox is kept vigorous they are not so subject to disease.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Aug. 21—A startling rumor in vague form, suggesting the recent lull in the nazi air attack was called for some inside peace dickering, brought startled officials here straight up in their chairs several days ago. The German terms were reported surprisingly (and suspiciously) moderate, calling for overthrow of Churchill, installation of Lord Beaverbrook as prime minister, a military, political and economic alliance against Japan and Russia which would bring also restoration of the German colonies and Hitler domination of the Dutch East Indies.

Paul Mallon

It was this suggestion which is supposed to have sent Mr. Roosevelt traipsing off post haste to the Canadian border for a stronger dual defensive understanding with Premier Mackenzie King. It is also assumed to have been at least partly an inspiration for his sudden move to get bases from the British for defensive positions in this hemisphere at once. Such a nazi-British rapprochement would, of course, leave the present American foreign policy high and dry.

The state department has been officially denying knowledge of any peace rumors, an attitude which naturally must be maintained toward such delicate feelers as these in their initial stage. Obviously any such offer would have to be made surreptitiously by Germany over Churchill's head to those of the former Chamberlain group, and therefore, it seemed highly questionable how much would come of it.

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Congressmen have seen photographs showing Britain has taken a much harder pounding from the air than the censors have let the world know. While these picture antedate the latest stages of the air blitz, they show the extent to which piers, docks and factories suffered greatly earlier.

Legislators have also learned privately that German espionage in England is so efficient, bombers repeatedly appeared over factories at crucial points in their operation (such as the occasions for pouring hot pig iron) disrupting production.

This evidence is what Navy Secretary Frank Knox must have had in mind when he recently publicly asserted that Britain was suffering more than the American people knew.

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There was a mackerel or a red herring somewhere on the peculiar course designated for the army transport American Legion and its approximate location can be fairly well-guessed. The course was selected by the navy from a map issued by the British government July 15 and published July 24, showing the route through the German mine fields. The more direct way, via Iceland, would have led through the British mine fields. Obviously someone here did not mind placing responsibility for the safe passage of the vessel on the Germans.

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So many impartial non-political hosannas were raised over Mr. Roosevelt's selection of the non-political Claude R. Wickard as secretary of agriculture that the simultaneous installation of Mr. Wallace's political expert, Paul Appleby, as undersecretary of agriculture was overlooked.

Appleby has been Wallace's political mentor and the head of the faction in the department which has been working for the last two years upon the assumption that no job would be too good for Mr. Wallace's talents. Wickard has been an administrator of the north central section corn-hog program and has wide contacts in the farm belt.

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The Duce's gr-r-reat victory in Somaliland was about as glorious as his conquest of Albania and equally unimportant. With a much larger army, better equipped with tanks, planes and trucks, he routed Punjabs, native Africans and a partially motorized camel corps. Berbera is of no strategic advantage except as another base to bombard the very important British base of Aden, and Mussolini already had bases closer to that citadel. He might try to land parachute troops behind Aden but hardly a military authority here believes such adventure holds much chance of success.

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Workers around democratic headquarters are beginning to believe Mr. Roosevelt will have to get out and speak for himself and may shortly counsel the White House to do so.

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Guard Camp Notes

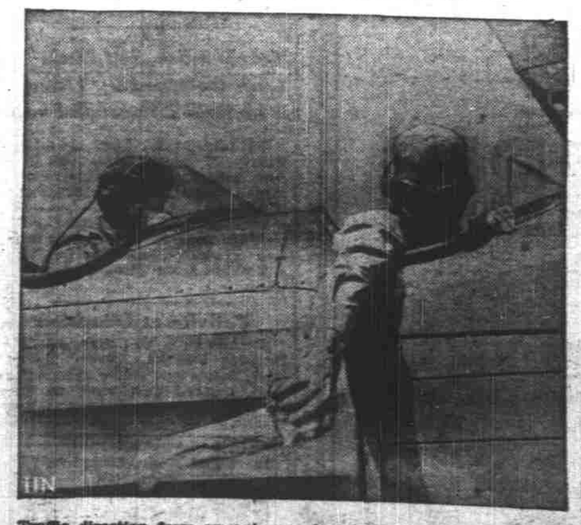
CAMP MURRAY, Aug. 21 — Private Jerry Kosse was removed from the anti-tank platoon company street to the hospital at Fort Lewis after being taken ill Sunday night.

A community sing was held for the 186th infantry Monday night when demonstration of a new public address system, purchased by the infantry, was given. It broadcast all over Camp Murray.

New members of the anti-tank platoon are no longer "rookies" after the initiation given them Monday night. All members who had not attended a camp before were sent through the line formed by older men in the platoon who folded their belts to apply them to the backs of the rookies.

Two new officers from the ROTC have been assigned to Woodburn's anti-tank platoon for the duration of camp. They are Second Lieutenant Ralph A. Morgan and Second Lieutenant Giles B. O'Callahan. Both men are from Portland.

Direct Army Traffic From Air



Traffic direction from an autogyro is tried out during the Second army maneuvers at Camp McCoy, Wis. Colonel Arthur B. Conard flies over the maneuver area when troop trains are on the move, spots potential traffic jams, directs military police by phone from the plane or by messages dropped to the ground.

Radio Programs

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners are due to changes made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.

KSLM—THURSDAY—1360 Ks
6:30—Milkman Melodies.
7:00—Ozark Double Cousins.
7:15—Hits and Encores.
7:30—News.
7:45—Melody Lane.
8:00—Neighbors of Woodcraft.
8:30—News.
8:45—Pastor's Call.
9:00—Here's Frank Luther Again.
9:15—Popular Music.
9:30—Johnson Family.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music.
10:00—News.
10:15—Ma Perkins.
10:30—Hits of Seasons Past.
10:45—Bachelor's Children.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors.
11:15—Popular Music.
11:30—Ace Brigods Orchestra.
12:00—Value Parade.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
12:50—Melody Bouquet.
1:00—Tommy Reynolds Orchestra.
1:15—Interesting Facts.
1:30—Dave Dennis Orchestra.
1:45—Popular Music.
2:00—US Army.
2:15—Hits of the Day.
2:30—Conservation Reporter.
2:45—Grandma Travels.
3:00—Maddox Family and Rose.
3:30—Your Neighbor.
3:45—Carol Leighton, Ballads.
4:00—News.
4:15—Bob Stanley Orchestra.
4:30—Musical Interlude.
4:40—Old Fashioned Melodies.
5:00—Popular Music.
5:15—First Army Maneuvers.
5:30—Shafter Parker.
5:45—Salon Echoes.
6:00—Raymnod Gram Swing.
6:15—Local News.
6:20—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:30—News and Views—John B. Hughes.
6:45—Grant Park Concert.
7:00—Paging the Past.
7:15—Popular Music.
7:30—Talk of the Town.
8:00—News.
8:15—Melody Mart.
8:30—Plantationaires.
8:45—Twilight Trails.
9:00—Newspaper of the Air.
9:15—Arthur Warren Orchestra.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, jr.
9:45—Joe Sudy Orchestra.
10:00—Gus Arnheim Orchestra.
10:30—Marvin Dale Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—Ray Pearl Orchestra.
11:30—Rhythm Rascals.
11:45—Melody Lane.

KGW—THURSDAY—620 Ks.
6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—News.
7:15—Home Folks Frolic.
7:30—Wife Savers.
7:45—Sam Hayes.
8:00—Woman in White.
8:15—The O'Neill's.
8:30—Stars of Today.
9:30—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—Girl Alone.
1:15—Stars of Today.
1:30—Midstream.
1:45—The O'Neills.
2:00—Siesta in Swing.
2:25—Associated Press News.
2:30—Against the Storm.
2:45—The Guiding Light.
3:00—Three Romeos.
3:15—News.
3:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
4:30—Stars of Today.
4:45—Cocktail Hour.
5:00—Music Hall.
6:00—Caravan.
7:00—Fred Waring Pleasure Time.
7:15—Melody Lane.
7:30—Chez Paree Orchestra.
8:00—The Allrich Family.
8:30—Symphony Hour.
9:30—Dress Rehearsal.
10:00—News.
10:15—Faithful Stradivari.
10:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
10:45—Sir Francis Drake Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:30—Hotel St. Francis Orchestra.

KOIN—THURSDAY—940 Ks.
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.
9:45—Mary Lee Taylor.
10:00—Big Sister.
10:15—Aunt Jenny.
10:30—Fletcher Wiley.
10:45—My Son and I.
11:00—Society Girl.
11:15—Martha Webster.
11:45—News.
12:00—Pretty Kitty Kelly.
12:15—Myrt and Marge.
12:30—Hilltop House.
12:45—Stepmother
1:00—By Kathleen Norris.
1:15—Beyond These Valleys.
1:30—Singin' Sam.
1:45—Scattergood Baines.
2:00—Young Doctor Malone.
2:15—Outdoors with Bob Edge.
2:30—Joyce Jordan.
2:45—The World Today.
3:00—Hello Again.
3:15—Chicagoans.
3:30—Newspaper of the Air.
4:15—Speed.
4:30—Novelette.
4:45—News.
5:00—Major Bowes.
6:00—Glenn Miller Orchestra.
6:15—Public Affairs.
6:30—News of the War.
6:45—Sports Huddle.
6:55—News
7:00—Amos 'n' Andy.
7:15—Lanny Ross.
7:30—Ask It Basket.
8:00—Strange As It Seems.
8:30—Answer Auction.
9:00—Sullivan Reviews the News.
9:30—Slumber Boat.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:30—Henry King Orchestra.
11:00—Henry Busse Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.

KEX—THURSDAY—1160 Ks.
6:30—Musical Clock.
7:15—Financial Service.
7:30—Dr. Brock.
8:00—Breakfast Club.
8:15—Christian Science Program.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
9:15—Between the Bookends.
9:30—Home Institute.
9:45—Masters of Melody.
10:00—News
10:15—Our Half Hour.
10:30—US Marine Band.
11:00—Orphans of Divorce.
11:15—Friends of Honeymoon Hill.
11:30—John's Other Wife.
11:45—Just Plain Bill.
12:00—US Department Agriculture.
12:30—News.
12:45—Market Reports.
1:00—The Quiet Hour.
1:30—Frank Watanabe and Archie.
2:00—Curbstone Quiz.
2:25—Associated Press News.
2:30—The Guest Book.
2:45—Sports Column.
3:00—It Looks From Here.
3:15—European News.
4:00—Bud Barton.
4:15—Portland on Review.
4:30—Pot of Gold.
5:00—Singing and Swinging.
5:55—Fishing Time.
6:00—European News.
6:30—Easy Aces.
6:45—Mr. Keen, Tracer.
7:00—The American Challenge.
7:30—Canadian Holiday.
8:00—News
8:25—Diamond Dust.
8:30—Baseball.
10:15—Janizen Orchestra.
10:30—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
11:00—This Moving World.
11:15—Man With a Pipe.
12:00—War News Roundup.

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9:00—Today's Programs.
9:15—Sally.
9:30—Home Garden Hour.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
10:15—Monitor Views the News.
10:45—Facts and Affairs.
11:00—Music of the Masters.
12:00—News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
6:15—News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:30—Music of the Masters.
8:30—For Scandinavians.
9:00—Oregon on Parade.

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