The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Real Preparedness

While the French were hibernating, the Germans were familiarizing themselves with every inch of ground leading up to the Maginot fortifications. They were incessantly practicing grenade hurling, fortifications storming, flame throwing, ducking enemy fire. . . . pilots were putting together the picture-puzzle-like material that gave the German staff perfect orientation concerning every strategic road, every industrial plant, railway junction, military harbor, airdrome, gasoline supply tank. . . its intelligence staff was working well; the sector between Sedan and Longwy was not only the "Achilles heel" in the western powers' fortifications system, it was also defended by the weakest of French armies, the ninth. . . how unequal the battle becomes if even the most formidable of moving fortresses, the famous 33-ton French tanks, have to go it alone against equally good German competitors powerfully reinforced by hell-raising Stukas. . . infantry units, equipped with thermite bombs, followed after and hid behind the tanks, then, at some unexpected moment, jumped out of their ambush just far enough to hurl "potato mashers" at the mechanism of the enemy tank, thereby throwing it out of commission. . . every one knowing he was lost if he failed to hit his mark. But winter-long practice had made them perfect.

Those are some highlights of Louis P. Lochner's explanation of the German victory in the battle of France. Graphic and convincing as it is, Lochner's story which appeared recently in The Statesman is not complete in that it merely takes into account the preparations made by the military forces. Lochner takes it for granted that the reader knows the workers behind the lines, in the factories, in the cities and on the farms, were all part of the machine, working to the limit of human endurance to provide the essentials of warfare.

One gets the impression that the French were doing much less preparing, both at the front line and behind the lines. One gets the further disquieting impression that the entire German nation is working just as intently and intelligently upon whatever plan is afoot for the conquest of Britain—and that the British, though now thoroughly aroused, may possibly be doing somewhat less. One hopes not.

Now "everyone" is telling the people of the United States that they too are menaced, and frantic efforts are being made to get a defense program going—without much success, according to what "everyone" is saying. And one major obstacle is that obviously, Americans do not have the German idea of what real preparedness means.

Well, you can't blame Americans too much for that. For two decades "everyone" has been telling them that war is foolish and wasteful and that preparation for fighting is demoralizing, beutalizing and dangerous to democracy—and up to yesterday, members of the United States senate were still saying those things. "Everyone" forgot, until recently, that it takes two to make a peace.

No, you can't blame Americans too much for failing to understand and to put into operation a real defense program. It's an elementary principle that people do well that which interests them, and do poorly that which does not interest them. Schoolboys are "smart" on the baseball diamond and ':dumb" in the classroom. Baseball may be just as complicated as algebra; but the boys are interested in baseball, so they master it. They aren't interested in algebra, so they flunk out.

Now, some of the boys in the National Guard, in the army and in the navy are beginning to develop some interest in the business of fighting. Let's not do anything to discourage them, repugnant as the idea may be. And fortunately, American youth is tremendously interested in flying. There is a ray of hope. Supposing we never can hope to match the Germans in scientific perfection of land fighting, maybe it won't be necessary if we have enough interest in the sea to develop a superior navy, and such intense and enthusiastic interest in flying that we may create a matchless air force. As for the industrial army behind the army, we can enthuse about that too, when we get around to realizing the necessity—if that isn't too late.

The War in the Balkans

It is hard to grow excited over the prospect of war in the Balkans, between Hungary and Rumania and perhaps Russia. The lands are distant, though not so distant as the African theatre of the western European war; the people are foreign, in the fullest sense of the word, though Queen Marie of Rumania once visited Oregon, and many thousands of Magyars have sought new life in America. The causes of the war, if there are any, are obscure, however, and the conflict has nothing, on either side, of high motive or sincere belief.

Wars in the Balkans, indeed, have always seemed to have a peculiarly comic-opera air, in which protagonists move against a background of melodramatic, but not very significant or very searching, plot and counter plot. Balkan wars, too, have something of the tradition of the famous struggles of the Italian *condottiere* of the renaissance, when there was much negotiating, much talk, but little fighting.

What makes the announcement of serious conflict in the Transylvanian region seem most unreal, however, is the certain knowledge that whatever the motives or the intentions of the opponents, however sincere or insincere they may be, their activities will be the immediate subject of vigorous censorship on the part of Germany and Italy.

Of this one can be sure: the two axis powers can no more stand lasting disharmony in the Balkans this fall than they can stand the permanently crushing weight of the British fleet. There, in Rumania and the wheat fields of Hungary, are the only reliable food storehouses on which they, hungry peoples both, may depend; there too are the only European oil wells which lie close to the oil-starved provinces of the reich and the fascist state. Above all, in the Balkans in 1940 as in 1879 and 1912 lie the tremendously seminal germs of disharmony between the axis states and Russia.

The solution of the conflict is in keeping with its underlying artificiality. Today, like truant schoolboys, the foreign ministers of the two would-be belligerent nations have been summoned to Vienna by Messrs Von Ribbentrop and Ciano. Their discord will doubtless be resolved by the healing solicitude of the two axis powers, and the dogs of war may again be put on leash in the lands along the lower Danube. But whatever happens, the affair will still be far-distant, unreal, bloodless, though on its outcome may depend the whole of the struggle for Britain and for the western world as in the past it was known.

Having missed the news story and read only an editorial in the Coos Bay Times commenting upon the fact that at Marshfield a postmaster has been appointed, we are a bit vague as to just how long that considerable community has been without one. To our knowledge it has been several years. When the vacancy occurred the usual examinations were held; and was the new deal embarrassed when a republican, a former resident of Salem, stood so far above the rest that he could not be ignored. He wasn't ignored; the office was just left vacant until he got tired of waiting and left town. Then more examinations were conducted until finally a democrat stood at the head of the list, and he was duly nominated. There is no moral to the story; only a chuckle, for postmasterships are patronage jobs, civil service to the contrary notwithstanding.

Faith in the movie stars—especially Jimmy Cagney—expressed in this column the other day when several of them were accused of communistic affiliation has been vindicated. Martin Dies has given Cagney, Fredric March and several others who were on the list a clean bill of health; and if Dies says a man isn't a communist that settles it. The only remaining question involves the propriety of releasing the list, upon such slight evidence that it has been possible to disprove it with such promptness.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

A teacher wants a history of Salem for seventh and eighth grade pupils; why Salem? 8-29-40

(Continuing from yesterday:) This brings us to the matter of the floods. The Willamette river was high in February, 1843. Rev. Gustavus Hines of the Lee mission, then living in "the parsonage," now located att 1325 Ferry street, Salem, was at the site of Champoeg on Feb. 15, that year, and wrote in his book, "Oregon," published in 1857, these words:

"The river . . . was higher than it had been known for 30 years." He said William Canning, who worked at Capt. Tom McKay's grist mill, and slept in the second story of the mill, was, on the morning of the 15th, found "perched upon a high box in one corner of the mill, awaiting some one to rescue him from his danger." He was rescued, and the mill was not seriously damaged, "but several hundred bushels of wheat were lost." That mill was located just below the bridge that crosses the stream next below Champoeg Park, on the main highway. Capt. McKay also had a saw mill there. Their sites should be marked, partly on account of the important place Capt. Tom McKay had in the earliest days of Oregon, in pre-pioneer and pioneer times.

Indications are found of frequent high water periods in the Willamette in the days before white men came, and soon thereafter. The highest water of which we have figures was in the winter of 1861-2, when the mark at Salem, by U. S. records, showed 39 feet above low water. During that flood boats ran to the Marion county court house—the first court house, built in 1851-2. But when white men first came a creek ran there, and the court house grounds were several feet lower then than now. They were afterward, a long time afterward, filled up, at an expense of several thousands of dollars. But great damage was done all over the Willamette valley, by the 1861-2 flood; the last days of 1861 and the first days fo 1862. Many houses went down stream. Every house of the old town of Champoeg was washed away; some records say 300 houses, some 200.

The next highest flood was that of 1890, which washed away the first Salem bridge. The official reading was 37.1 feet. In 1923 the water went to 33 feet, same reading; in 1927, same place, 32.2 feet. There is a dispute as to the third highest, here. River men were saying in 1890 that it was 36.5 at Salem in 1882. If they were correct, that was the third highest. (The official gauge at low water on the Salem side of the Willamette shows 113.59 feet. The Southern Pacific shows a higher elevation at Salem, or 164 feet. Any way, we are rather safely above tide water.

We may be sure that we will never have 39 feet, or 37.1 feet, above the low water mark at Salem again, unless an uncommonly deep snow shall be followed by a number of days of very warm, hard rain—and not even then, after the Willamette river conservation project gets a little further along—and, after it is finished, never. But a moderate stage the whole year through, giving possible irrigation water for every thirsty acre in dry seasons, freedom always from destructive floods, and a boating stage at all seasons joining every acre of the valley by water with all ports on and connecting with the seven seas.

Oregon had no asylum for the insane for a long period. In the early days it was like Shakespeare's time and country, when a "balmy" individual was called a "Poor Tom," and lived largely on the charity of sympathetic people. But in 1860 Dr. J. C. Hawthorne made a contract with the state to keep the insane in East Portland. He started with 23 patients, and his contracts were renewed for 23 years, and he took in a partner, A. M. Loryea. Dr. Hawthorne grew rich, and there was scandal at each session of the legislature over the renewal of his contract. Tilmon Ford, prominent Salem lawyer, became a member of the legislature, and made it his business to get a law for a state asylum for the insane, and succeeded.

On Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1883, 274 patients, 168 men and 106 women, were brought to Salem and turned over to the state asylum for the insane. They came on an Oregon & California (present Southern Pacific) railroad train, and their coming, and getting settled at the institution at the east end of Center street, made quite an event. It is now, very much enlarged, called the state hospital, and there is a branch at Pendleton.

The Oregon territorial penitentiary was at Portland, west side, present southern suburban district. A new state penitentiary plant was made ready near Salem, present location, then away out beyond the eastern city limits. In the week ending Saturday, May 19, 1866, either on that day or the day before, or on Thursday, the prisoners were brought from the old territorial prison to the new state prison, then a plant small and crude and cheap, compared with the present one. They were brought on a boat—two boats, for the locks were not then built at Oregon City, and one came that far and the prisoners were portaged to the one above.

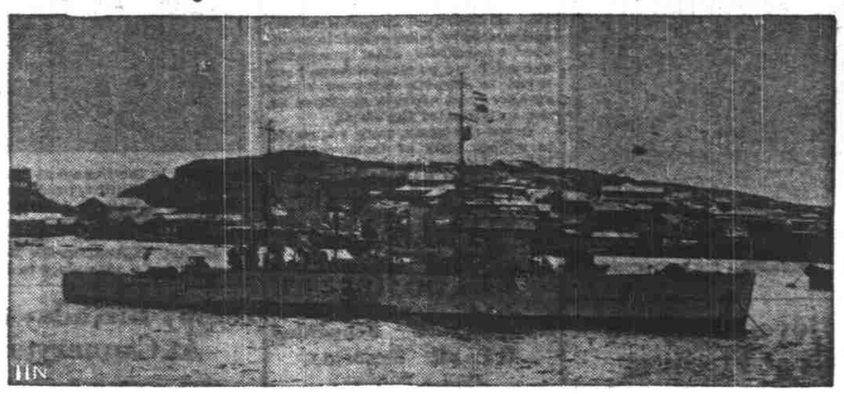
Some 50 or 60 or more men were thus transferred, and it was the wish of the warden that the people of Salem should not know the hour of arrival of the strange passengers, so that in the transfer no crowd would watch their passage from the foot of State street to their destination at the end of that street two miles away. So it was ordered that the engineer should not blow his whistle, as usual, announcing the arrival—for in that period all the people knew the whistle of every river boat, because no two were exactly alike, nor the method of two engineers sounding them. But in that day all prisoners wore stripes, and it was not long, after the arrival of the boat at the foot of State street, till a crowd gathered, and grew larger each block and stretch of the whole two-mile march.

(Continued tomorrow.)

Newest US Submarine Makes a Social Call

The Tambor, one of Uncle Sam's newest of undersea craft, makes a "social" call at Morehead City, N. C., during the third annual coastal festival at the resort.

Aden May Be Scene of Next Italian Offensive



Great Britain's citadel of armed strength atop the hills of Aden, overlooking the southern approach to the Suez canal, is reported by observers to be Italy's next probable objective. This strategic stronghold protects England's lifeline to her African colonies. Cameras are restricted in this area but an enterprising photographer snapped this picture showing a British gunboat riding at anchor inside the Gulf of Aden apparently ready for any hostilities.

"Flying Blind" by VERA BROWN

Chapter 17

Judith turned out the lights when the dishes were finished and curled up on the davenport. She lay there a long time shivering. She wondered if she walked out of the apartment to stay what Tex would do. But she had to face the fact that she no longer dared try that experiment. It was too dangerous. She remembered her father's words when she told him she and Tex were to be married:

"Always remember this, my girl. Matrimony is a give-and-take game. But never leave your husband—unless you mean it."

Finally she ended up crying herself to sleep in complete futility. It was getting daylight when Judith awoke. She could not remember for a moment where she was. Then she got up quietly, slipped into the bedroom. Tex appeared to be sleeping when she finally got into her bed.

Tex was up before Judith next morning. She could hear him clattering around in the kitchen. Then she smelled coffee. She lay there wondering just how to face him. But it had to be done.

"Breakfast is ready," Tex yelled.

She came out into the kitchenette as he was struggling with the toast. "I burned one batch. How the dickens do you manage?"

"Here, I'll do it," she said.

He'd set the table, cut the grapefruit.

"Do you want eggs?" she asked.

"No, thanks."

Tex did not meet her eyes as they sat down. She handed him his coffee but he was deep in the morning paper.

"I've got to go out to the field this morning to see Dudley again," Tex said. "I'll be back early though."

"Do you want dinner here?"

"Don't think so. May push off early." Then he added with elaborate carelessness:

"Might just as well get going. Today is booked fairly light to Chicago. I may have to wait over there to get to the coast."

Judith made one last effort. "I wish I could go with you."

Tex went back to his paper, but his voice was conciliatory. "It's pretty short notice for you. We may get out there in the Spring."

Judith did not comment.

"Better pack my bag while I'm gone. You can drive me over." Before he left, he kissed her. "Now be a good girl. I'd like to take you, kid, but the way things are it's impossible. Besides, Doc thinks I should get awey. I don't want to go in for anything social."

Judith sent him away with a smile. There wasn't anything else to do. When the apartment was straightened, she went into the bedroom, began sorting shirts and handkerchiefs. She got out Tex's large airplane bag, and packed it.

The day seemed endless. She had no will to go any place. Besides she was not sure when he'd get back.

Judith went over the bills and her check book. While she was at the desk, Tex came back. He was in a great hurry.

"I want to get the four o'clock," he said. "How much money will you need?"

"There are some bills—and the rent."

Tex counted out some money, a generous amount.

"You better get you winter clothes while I'm away. Have a good time." Then as an afterthought he added, "Why don't you go out to Detroit?"

Judith hesitated an instant. "Not this time, Tex."

On the way to the airport, Aimes tried his best to be pleasant. His conscience hurt him. When Tex was doing something he shouldn't, he was always especially nice.

"I'll be at the Ambassador. Dudley fixed that up. I can get in some swimming, too."

"Not with your head the way it is," Judith protested.

"Oh, I won't try any diving."

At the airport, Tex told Judith not to wait. "I might not get out on the four o'clock if she's full. You might just as well run along. Then you can go to a show."

As Tex was getting his bag out, Judith saw Dudley's car drive up. Tex seemed suddenly in a great hurry. But in spite of his haste, Dudley came up to speak to them.

"On your way?" he asked. Tex nodded. He shook hands with Judith. "Haven't seen you since our dinner." He turned to his chauffeur:

"Get Mrs. Aimes' bag out of the car, Clark."

It was Judith who finally spoke. "I'm not going, Mr. Dudley."

Tex's face was crimson under the tan. Dudley nodded curtly, sent his chauffeur on.

"Take care of yourself, Tex. Report to our west coast doctor when you land." He shook hands with Judith. "I'll 'phone you and we'll have dinner one night while Tex is away."

Then Dudley left them together. Tex kissed Judith goodbye hurriedly. He found it unfomfortable to bear the reproach in her eyes.

"I'll write, honey. Wire me if you need anything."

Then he disappeared into the waiting room.

(To Be Continued)

Ex-Baroness Weds Watchman

As plain Mrs. John Davenport, wife of a night watchman at San Francisco's exposition, the former Baroness Jeanette de Chavannes, ex-wife of a French art critic killed in the war, waits on a customer at an exposition market. The former baroness was back at her job day after her wedding to Davenport, who helped her get a job after she arrived penniless from France.—HN photo.

Couldn't Take a Raise—Fainted

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 28.—(AP)—Myron W. Cox, 41, has been working as a clerk at the city hall.

Today he was appointed commissioner of water collections at a salary more than double his old one.

Cox fainted. The doctor prescribed two days of rest at a hospital.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28—The way the administration has suddenly turned from protecting to pursuing the obstreperous west coast labor leader, Harry Bridges, has confused even the congressmen who have been on the inside of the long and bitterly fought case.

A new deal commission, headed by orthodox Dean James Landis of the Harvard law school, reported against deportation. Labor Secretary Perkins cancelled a warrant for deportation. Attorney General Jackson told the senate immigration committee the exclusion of Bridges would be "un-American." But now the same Mr. Jackson has announced he is sending J. Edgar Hoover out to California to see if this "un-American" thing should be done.

News gleaners have been able to find two explanations for the turnabout on the Bridges front. It seems Mr. Bridges and certain other CIO officials have been severely criticizing the administration foreign policy and opposing the draft bill. Bridges' agitation against the defense program has caused fear in some administration quarters that troublesome strikes may develop among his followers.

Then too a bill is pending in the senate (adversely reported by the immigration committee) recommending a congressional investigation or deportation—a matter which will probably have to be held in abeyance until after the election now that Mr. Jackson is reopening the case he had closed so forcefully.

If the new deal can hold the deportation noose around Mr. Bridges' neck until the necessity for keeping him quiet has passed, it may never need to draw the rope taut.

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Mr. Roosevelt was fully assured in private before he left town that the draft bill would skim through the house without serious trouble. Floor Leader Rayburn reported to him that he had sufficient votes to adopt the senate form of the bill without further quibbling.

The southern congressmen who have been in and out of White House favor every other week were counted on to save this measure for the president as they saved the Hull reciprocal trade agreement program. Constituent mail, at first sharply disapproving the draft, has swerved the past ten days around to approval.

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Catcalls which new deal congressmen are emitting at Mr. Jackson for having delayed an oil anti-trust suit, were prompted loftily. Among those who definitely do not like the delay is Mr. Jackson's own Assistant Attorney General, Thurman Arnold, in charge of anti-trust prosecutions. Mr. Arnold has many friends in congress who are able to get the facts regarding delays from his division when they ask for them.

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Congressmen who thought they exempted themselves from the draft may have left themselves liable legally through a loophole no larger than a gunsight.

Their new law exempts executive, judicial and "legislative officers." Legal authorities in the war department, if asked, will hold that the legal definition of "legislative officers" includes only the speaker, the sergeant-at-arms, and officials in charge of administering the senate and house, thus excluding the rest of congress.

No one has told them about it yet.

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Jesse Jones may be able to handle the commerce and lending departments, but he is the only man in government who could do it. Jones has a peculiar personal management system. He has established himself as the only bottleneck in departments he controls. By careful organization he allows subordinates to complete the details of every case before it is brought to him. No one else makes decisions. He reaches them swiftly and conclusively. Even all publicity in the RFC and later the lending administration must trickle through the top.

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The defense commissioners have half an idea that their rosy defense statements are being used too enthusiastically by the administration for political campaign purposes, are mumbling and grumbling, but do not know what to do about it yet.

There seems to be practically no one happy in Washington today. Maybe that is why Mr. Roosevelt left.

School Enrollment Is High for Date

EUGENE, Aug. 28—(AP)—Enrollment in schools under the state system of higher education will show a 12 per cent increase over 1939, officials predicted today.

Total applications to date number 2818 compared with 2520 a year ago. Oregon State reported applications up 23 per cent, University of Oregon up 10 per cent, and University of Oregon Medical school, Portland, up 4 per cent.

Three other institutions did not report percentage increases.

Total cumulative enrollment last year was 11,513, compared with the 6810 low of 1933-34.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

T.C.—Your rose bushes are attacked by black spot. This begins with black spots on the foliage. The leaves later turn yellow and drop off. Pick up all of those that have fallen and burn these. Also pick off all other yellow leaves on the rose bushes. Then spray or dust with an all purpose material. Triogen will control both the disease and the insects. Use your spray or dust each 10 days.

Remember that the under surface of the leaf is fully as important as the top surface. To spray or dust the upper side only is simply a waste of material. If you set to work at once to renovate your rose garden there is no reason why you shouldn't have some nice roses yet this fall. Soak the bed thoroughly. It is the better method to take off the sprinkler and simply let the water run at the base of the plants.

After you have removed all seed pods and diseased foliage, you might wash off the other foliage and then put on your spray or dust. Give the bed a feeding of balanced fertilizer. Keep it well cultivated until winter sets in. I appreciate your desire to come to the Willamette valley to grow roses "for fun." I certainly wish you success. Rose growing may be quite a bit of work but the flowers are well worth the extra effort—and any kind of gardening is work if you look at it that way, and fun if you look at it that way.

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 Kc.
6:30—Milkman Melodies.
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.
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—Friendly Neighbors.
11:15—Popular Music.
11:30—Ace Brigode Orchestra.
12:00—Value Parade.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
12:50—Harold Turner, Pianist.
1:00—Louis Prima Orchestra.
1:15—Interesting Facts.
1:30—Dave Dennis Orchestra.
1:45—Popular Music.
2:00—US Army.
2:15—Hits and Encores.
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—Song Spinners.
4:30—Musical Interlude.
4:40—Old Fashioned Melodies.
5:00—Popular Music.
5:30—Shafter Parker.
5:45—Bible Beatis.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing.
6:15—Local News.
6:20—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:30—News and Views—John B. Hughes.
6:45—Paging the Past.
7:00—Talk: Hythe Williams.
7:15—Popular Music.
7:30—Talk of the Town.
8:00—News.
8:15—Chicago Tonight.
8:30—Plantationaires.
8:45—Twilight Trails.
9:00—Newspaper of the Air.
9:15—Serpico Orchestra.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, jr.
9:45—George Hamilton Orchestra.
10:00—Gene Arnheim Orchestra.
10:30—Vocal Varieties.
10:45—Ray Pearl Orchestra.
11:00—News.
11:15—Marvin Dale Orchestra.
11:30—Rhythm Rascals.
11:45—Melody Lane.

KGW—THURSDAY—620 Kc.
6:30—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—News.
7:15—Home Folks Frolic.
7:30—Wife Savers.
7:45—Sam Hayes.
8:00—Women in White.
8:15—The O'Neill's.
8:30—Stars of Today.
8:30—By Kathleen Norris.
8:45—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.
1:00—Girl Alone.
1:15—Stars of Today.
1:30—Midstream.
1:45—The O'Neills.
2:00—Siesta in Swing.
2:15—Associated Press News.
2:30—Against the Storm.
2:45—The Guiding Light.
3:00—Three Romeos.
3:15—News.
3:30—Ho, Hum!
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—Ches Paree Orchestra.
8:00—The Aldrich 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 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.
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—Secretary Wallace.
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—Henny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.

KEX—THURSDAY—1190 Kc.
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.
8:15—Between the Bookends.
8:30—Home Institute.
8:45—Masters of Melody.
10:00—News.
10:15—Our Half Hour.
10:30—US Marine 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 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—Jantzen Orchestra.
10:30—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
11:00—This Moving World.
11:15—Man With a Pipe.
12:00—War News Roundup.

KOAC—THURSDAY—550 Kc.
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—Travel With Safety.
11:00—Music of the Masters.
12:00—News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
5:15—News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:30—Music of the Masters.
8:30—For Scandinavians.
9:00—Oregon on Parade.

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