

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Speed

NEW LONDON, Jan. 15.—(Special)—A horde of motorized raiders attacked many cities, villages and rural areas in the United States today, killing 92 persons and injuring thousands.

That "war bulletin" did not come by leased wire but the principal reason it didn't was the lack of facilities for compiling statistics promptly. In the absence of such facilities it is not possible to say definitely that 92 persons were killed by motor vehicles on Wednesday but that was the number if it was an average day. For 92 was the daily average for the first 11 months of 1940.

And if such a bulletin had flashed over the wires and had appeared on the front page with appropriate headlines, would the people of the United States have been duly shocked? Change New London to London, motorized raiders to bombers, and let the British ministry of information announce 92 civilian fatalities; there you have "the horrors of war."

But death by bomb is not, so far as we know, any more horrible than death under an automobile. At any rate the victims are just as dead.

The point we are trying to make is that Americans are accustomed to the human devastation that results from motor traffic. Because it developed gradually, we have gradually accepted it until we have built up an attitude which we recognize as amazing on the few occasions when we really stop to analyze it.

It is heartening to observe that Senate Bill No. 1 in the current legislative session is the bill designed to correct Oregon's traffic law to the end that its 322 traffic victims in the first 11 months of 1940 will not be joined by an equal number in 1941. There are indications that the bill will be amended or that other bills of similar intent will be introduced, but one is permitted to hope that the measure finally approved will still be called Senate Bill No. 1. There is involved a recognition that human life is important, even though a good many people act as though it were not.

Already there is evidence of objection that this bill is too drastic, based in part upon misunderstanding by persons who have not read it. It should be understood that the basic speed limits of 45 miles an hour on open highways, 25 in cities, 20 in business districts and 15 past schools, are subject to modifications where conditions permit. Otherwise the objection is just another evidence of the amazing attitude, the callousness with which the public views the motor vehicle menace.

Yet this callousness does exist and cannot be ignored. Speed limits outlined in the bill would, if generally observed, stop the killing. And that would be worthwhile; worth much more than the time lost in observing them.

But—setting speed limits which vary too much from the general concept of prudent speeds would be useless, just as prohibiting the sale of liquor was useless. The law must conform more or less to the public will.

The question of prudent speeds is complicated. There is a great variety of modifying factors. It would seem wise for the legislature to set, as this bill proposes, a general standard subject to modification for specific areas and conditions, by the authority responsible for each thoroughfare whether it be the highway commission, county court or city council, with the advice of the state speed control board which the bill creates.

Motorists' ideas of prudent speeds differ more or less in accordance with their own driving practices. To the present writer the speeds designated in the bill seem about right for night driving, the highway speed a little slow for day-time driving. It is gratifying to note that provision is made for recognizing in cities, the difference in hazard between streets with open intersections and "through" streets. Enforcement of a 25-mile limit on Salem's through streets is one of the irritations which cause motorists to resent, and as a next step to ignore, traffic laws.

Watch out for March

It is worth while noting, as the winter wears away, that the idea of March are not far distant; sixty days, as a matter of fact. In most years this is hardly a matter for comment, though the first spring flowers may by that time be in full adornment, and the primal urges to perform mighty things in the neighborhood of the family garden may have begun to stir. Since the coming of Hitler to the reichchancellery, however, and particularly in the more recent years of his tenure there, mid-March has meant a good deal more than flowers and flower-gardening.

In 1938, of course, it meant the inglorious stifling of the Austria erected astride the eastern Alps by the Versailles treaty; it meant the first great flower-strewn triumph for the fuhrer. The next March saw a repetition, albeit a rather disharmonious and lop-sided repetition, of the same triumph; there were scowls when the reichswehr moved into Prague and occupied the remainder of Moravia, leaving Slovakia a rump state, but there was the same made-to-order festival in the streets of Berlin.

Last March, there was nothing, at least nothing to speak about openly. Had it been known, there was the assembling of troops and ships in the harbors along the Baltic and the North Sea; there was much practice with parachutes, and with the technique of beach landings; there was much darkly-concealed planning, and there was an air of great portent from Stettin westward to the marsh-rimmed estuaries of the Elbe and the Weser.

Not in March, but as early as the 10th of April, the field-grey battalions began their march through the dales of Norway, and by mid-May they were the masters in Scandinavia. After that, they were the masters of the low countries by mid-May, and of France by mid-June. By July they stood on the beaches of the Channel and looked across at the ancient citadel of England, their next booty.

Here they have since stood, angry, waiting, with planes ever aloft seeking out the crevices in the British armor. Now, with the approach of March, the situation of the two armies, the besieged and the besiegers, becomes more strained than for months past.

The British, it has recently been said, have gained new power in the air; their factories, relatively unscathed after months of intensive bombing, are turning out planes in sufficient number to allow the RAF to harass the channel ports and the occupied countries of the continent by daylight as well as in nighttime. This may be true; but it is also equally true that losses at sea are still serious, the fleet is stretched between the Orkneys and Egypt, and determining American aid, for all the president's emissaries, is still months away.

Meanwhile Elre has closed her eyes to the world as it is, and has taken refuge in spite and even tremors of fear rather than in clear good sense. She offers the German air force another opportunity such as it had in Norway, though more difficult, to occupy a virtual bridgehead on the British shore. German fliers, meanwhile, have entered the Mediterranean combat zone, with evil results for the fleet.

Again, indeed, the portents of danger are in the air; the balanced strife of mid-winter is on the verge of great flux with the change of the seasons. And as winter wears along, one cannot forget that the gods have ordained for Hitler's enemies, as for Caesar, to beware the Ides of March.

Grangers believe in patronizing home industry. That's why the Oregon State Grange has moved its printing business to Seattle.

Wonder if the dog control board has as many lives as a cat?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Col. Nesmith delivered 1-18-41 funeral oration of General Lane; great friends, bitter enemies, firm friends at last.

(Concluding from yesterday:) Nesmith's last words in tribute to General Lane were: "General Lane was exceedingly scrupulous about the large sums of public funds at different times entrusted to his care for disbursement, and no complaint was ever made of his appropriating to his private use a dollar not his own."

"Kings, lobbyists and jobbers never had his aid, while he dispensed every form of peculation and frequently denounced the speculators. He sincerely believed that all moneys wrung from the hands of the toiling people in the form of taxes should be honestly appropriated to public use. I never knew of his being engaged in litigation, and he would as soon have thought of compromising his honor as an honest debt."

"In danger or in battle he was always cool, discriminating and alert, and as brave as a lion. I do not think the man knew what fear was when he had a duty to perform."

"I speak of his dauntless courage by the light of experience. I had to stand by his side under the frowning shadows of Table Rock on the 10th of September, 1853, when our little party of 11 men, unarmed, and the General badly wounded, were surrounded by 700 hostile and well armed savages who threatened our lives in retaliation for the death of one of their tribe."

"It was then that the eyes now closed in death seemed to emit sparks of fire, and the now paralyzed tongue poured forth words of natural eloquence, mingled with a haughty and dignified defiance that seemed to inspire our enemies with an awe and admiration due to some superior being."

"But for the coolness, the defiant courage evinced by our commander, I believe our little party would have furnished another illustration of the barbarous instincts of the savages for the treacherous shedding of blood."

"During our final illness, he had all the loving sympathy, kind care and attention that most devoted filial affection could bestow, and sank to rest surrounded by three generations of sorrowing descendants."

"Our friend had departed to that country from whose bourne no traveler returns, and we are admitting that 'the paths of glory lead but to the grave.' His good deeds will survive and his memory will be cherished. As we review his long and honorable career his friends will have no occasion to invoke protection from this charitable maxim, 'de mortuis nil nisi bonum.' (Of the dead let nothing but good be said.)"

"Whatever of enmity has ever existed between him and others, on account of ephemeral political differences, are silenced, however, in the solemn presence of death. 'How easy is it to be contemptible would those transients asperities appear if paraded at the portals of the tomb.'"

"And for my own part I contemplate their past existence with emotions of sorrow and regret."

"Farewell! good, brave and generous old friend. With heavy heart we consign your honored remains to their last, long home. May they rest in peace."

The average reader will admit that Col. Nesmith's tribute was a fine and generous one.

He or she will have noted that Col. Nesmith said: "In 1848, Congress having passed an act organizing territorial government for Oregon, General Lane was appointed the first governor. He crossed the plains with a small escort by the way of New Mexico and Arizona, arriving in San Francisco in February, 1849, WHERE I MADE HIS ACQUAINTANCE, and was his fellow passenger ON BOARD THE OLD FAST INDIA BRIG JANET."

"On his arrival at Oregon City, March 24, he issued a proclamation, and at once assumed the duties of the office, which he discharged until August, 1850. (Mrs. McArthur, mother of Congressman 'Pat' McArthur and daughter of Col. Nesmith, wrote that the trip from San Francisco on the 'fast' brig or barge Janet took 18 days, to the mouth of the Columbia.)"

(General Lane was anxious to reach Oregon City, capital of the Oregon Country under the Provisional Government," during the administration of President Polk.) (He got "under the wire," as this columnist believes, by arriving very late on Saturday, March 2, and hunting up George L. Curry, then editor of The Pacific Coast, and getting Mr. Curry (afterward governor) to his office to set in type the proclamation. It is the understanding that it was mighty near (if not already past) the 4th, when the proclamation was on the press. But it was dated March 2, and Polk, who appointed Lane governor of Oregon Territory, was President till Zachary Taylor ("Old Rough and Ready") was inaugurated on March 5, 1849.)

As to the "fast" Janet, Eva Emery Dye wrote one of the prettiest and most pathetic true love stories she ever penned around that vessel and her owner and skipper, Captain Dring and his daughter Trottie and David McLoughlin.

This columnist intends, very soon, perhaps in the next two issues, to refer again to that story—having done so once before, but without the knowledge that the Janet carried General Lane on the last lap of his first trip to Oregon.

They've Even Killed the Cow



Wotan's Wedge By Francis Gerard

A Prelude to Blitzkrieg

SYNOPSIS

A duel that was to have alarming repercussions off the coast of U-boat is about to be fought. The time is December 31, 1940, shortly after dawn. The place is East Frisia. The principals are Prince Max von Willemsen and his former friend, Count Ulrich von Tarnheim. The weapons are heavy swords.

Chapter
"Herr Graf," said Ulrich's second sharply, "please to be so good as to place yourself on guard."

Still Ulrich never moved. Suddenly he spoke.
"Max," said Ulrich quietly, "I would like to speak to you before this affair goes any further."

Captain Muller looked horrified. "I beg the Herr Graf to place himself on guard. This is most irregular."

Ulrich's glance never wavered. He ignored his second's observation. "Send these people away, Max. I wish to talk to you."

Von Riesehauser's lip curled in a half sneer and Captain Muller of the Grenadiers, feeling it, went white with mortification at the manner in which his principal was conducting himself. It was Max who broke the silence this time.

"On guard," von Tarnheim said coldly. "Or would you number 'craven' among the things which men will call you?"

Captain Muller showed clearly by his expression that he wished he were anywhere but in this present embarrassing position. If something did not happen soon, he would strike the felloes! Somebody would have to show those cavalrymen that an infantry officer could use a sword. Blood and fury, it was as much as a good Grenadier could stand!

As brutal words fell from Max's lips at the back of Ulrich's eyes a little light which was a danger signal. But it never blazed. Had he wanted to, the chances were that he could have killed Max in a real fight, but it could not be a real fight because... because of Elizabeth being Max's sister.

Ulrich's lips twisted in a faint bitter smile, his shoulders gave a half shrug as his sword swept up to meet and cross the others. There was a little tinkle as the four swords formed a cross in the thin morning sun; then seconds Muller and von Riesehauser stepped back, and steel ground on steel as Max instantly drove forward from the shoulder.

(It is not my purpose to describe this duel in detail, for its end was a foregone conclusion. As young Tarnheim observed to the doctor at his side, "The fellow is not fighting. What is the matter with him? Look at that!")

During a sudden flurry of blades Graf von Tarnheim quite deliberately dropped his point. Instantly his sword was caught by the other's lightning blade, the next moment Ulrich stood disarmed.

For a small fraction of time, which seemed like many minutes to the onlookers, he stood facing his adversary defenceless, looking strangely at ease, a tiny smile upon his lips, his eyes quiet and fearless.

The next moment Ulrich was crumpling, transfixed from breast to back by the other's sword. So force was that savage lunge that, strong man as he was, Max had great difficulty in withdrawing his blade before the other fell. Then Max exchanged salutes with the seconds. As he put out a hand for his shirt, a groom bent to kiss the wedge-shaped scar upon the inside of the princely forearm.

"High thanks to the Wedge, Highness!" the groom murmured. "Though none of us feared greatly for your safety."

"A cigarette," commanded Max. As it was placed between his lips and a match held to it, he glanced up at the glory of the morning sky. "It will be a fine day, gentlemen, predicted the Prince."

The vast room high up in the old castle was cold despite the big fire which blazed in the fireplace. Before it a little old woman sat huddled in a great chair, her wrinkled face turned to the dancing flames, her gnarled hands resting in her lap, motionless save for an occasional flick of the fingers as she passed the rosary beads through them. She was clad in black save for a white wimple-like hood which gave her something of the air of a nun. Every now and then she would turn her head slowly to cast a glance of infinite compassion towards the shadows of the room where stood the great four poster bed.

(To Be Continued)

"WOTAN'S WEDGE"

WOTAN—A pagan god of war and victory from Nordic mythology, even said since the rise of Hitler as an inspiration of the new Germany. WEDGE—A flight of geese in V-shaped formation. "WOTAN'S WEDGE"—The heavenly insignia of Wotan, and the symbol of the famous Wehrmacht family in this novel; the wedge was tattooed on the forearms of all its males.

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

PRaises BOYS HOME

To the Editor:
On Friday afternoon, January 10, 1941, I had the pleasure of interviewing the secretary-treasurer, Zola Kirkpatrick and the house mother, Grace Gibbard, of Lentz of Mother's Boys Home, 1535 South Liberty street, Salem, Oregon, and if you are interested in "Our Way of Life" you may find it there.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick, friendly and gracious, told me that Mother's Boys Home was run strictly on business principles. The financing of this home was done wholly through miscellaneous donations, that a checking account was kept at a Salem bank and a record made of all expenditures and income.

From Mrs. Kirkpatrick's office, I visited the mother of the home, Mrs. Lentz, who took me from room to room. I found the home inviting and unpretentious, the living room comfortable, having a library filled with good books, which had been selected and approved by a young Methodist minister, Maurice Persons, who is living at the home while attending Willamette university; who says grace at meals and is chaplain and adviser for the nine young boys who find this home their domicile.

Mrs. Lentz, formerly of Monmouth, where she was house mother at the Oregon College of Education for seven years, has a mother in her own right and has two splendid grown-up children. The son, Elmon Lentz, who graduated from the Oregon College of Education on earnings saved from months of service in our regular army and who employed the same means in helping his mother, she might also graduate from the same school, is now visiting his mother and will return to regular duty in the army next month. The daughter, Miss Ellen Lentz, a junior-high school teacher at Dallas in her second year of service. In speaking of her service rendered to the college students, Mrs. Lentz said, "I feel those seven years fitted me for the position I hold in this home. I studied foods and their preparation, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am preparing nourishing and wholesome meals for my boys."

As we visited kitchen, dining

room and dormitories, I could not help thinking how truly rich these young boys had become in gaining such a mother, one who considered their well-being and happiness, even said since the rise of Hitler as an inspiration of the new Germany. On a beautifully-made bed, I saw an airplane in the making, awaiting the touch of (maybe) a future aviator, who was then in our public school with other normal children of the neighborhood. Two of the boys had made the bookshelves that held their library. One of the little boys had placed an American flag, that he had made at school, on the wall in the dining room. The children are taught good sportsmanship and to "win" and on viewing these things, I thought again of "Our Way of Life."

To you, who are fortunate in that you have your home, your children and their love, I make this wish: that you may always have them near you and I trust, and pray that you may see the good that Mother's Boys Home is doing for the underprivileged boys in your midst; and that you will help sustain it for the good it does to "The least of these, My Children."

MRS. H. D. STONE,
Salem, Ore.

AMERICA FIRST AND LAST

To the Editor: People of America, every one of you. The 77th congress has just convened and while it is "still young" get your wants and wishes before this congress. Do it now before it is too late. Get a penny postcard, address it to "The United States Congress, Washington, DC" or to your representative, James W. Mott.

(Continued on page 5.)

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.—The secret of all war secrets is the desperate effort to develop a defense against a night bombing. The Germans are working on it as hard as the British, although only the British have admitted it.

Prime Minister Churchill's bare promise of an answer soon, it is impossible referred to a radio device designed to pick up the sound of an invading motor and least British pursuit ships right to it through the darkness. This involves a lot of extraneous problems, such as identifying foe from friends, providing accurate firing range, avoiding collisions.

German bombers are perfectly camouflaged a dull gray. Their engines are cross-muffled so that no exhaust flames can be discerned. As matters stand now the best of British planes could not find a German in any given spot on a dark night if he knew the German was there. But even when you can see them, it is impossible to gauge distances accurately for firing or pursuit.

The unguiled truth is both nations are practically defenseless against this type of attack today. Anti-aircraft guns make a lot of noise, but bring down few assailants. Balloon barrages may catch a plane a week. The British have even ceased to claim that they have shot down any appreciable number of night attackers lately. Actually the only limitations on this type of un-military destruction so far have been the consciences, if any, of the belligerents, and the number of bombers available.

Daylight bombing has practically ceased. Winter weather over England may have held this type of attack down, but the defense provided by fast pursuit ships has made daylight raiding very dangerous and impractical in any weather.

Never has there been an attacking weapon conceived, for which there was no adequate defense. Night defense is just a tougher nut to crack than this thing else developed so far in this war, and it may take some months more.

No doubt the ultimate answer will be an efficient night fighter plane, just as the answer to daylight raiding was the fast pursuit ship. If the radio device is used, however, it will have to include at lot of supplementary supplementary instruments before it can be considered the solution.

Stories out of London lately have been casting some aspersions at American planes. They are supposed to be inferior not only to the German but the British. One story recounted that only the British were the first American plane put into action with the result that a German pursuit ship was shot down.

While such matters involve information that might be of help to the Germans and therefore cannot be talked about in the open, there is another side to the stories more important than the one which has been presented. Most of the planes sent to Britain until recently were the old army types which were considered obsolete for military purposes a year ago. They were mostly planes contracted by the French and later turned over to the British (where they are not obsolete) and as training planes. These and others were deficient in only one point or two, mostly firing power.

armor, leak proof gas tanks. All of them were superior to the Germans in maneuverability, which is what the French needed.

The new production now being delivered in the British is the equal in nearly any line and the superior in some lines to anything now in European skies. The plane reported as the first in combat may have been the first of a certain new type, but the fact is American planes have been in the fight from the start of the war.

Straight-line reports from the Balkans suggest to officials here the Germans have put far fewer men into Rumania than the 500,000 reported. However, they have been accompanied with mechanized equipment, indicating they are going somewhere and are not just there to live off the land.

Operations before spring or summer would, however, be extremely difficult in view of the well known condition of the terrain before the sun dries out the roads.

Payment Ordered To Flax Growers

Another Advance on 1940 Crop Set February 1; Prices Are Higher

The board of control, meeting here Wednesday, authorized final payments to growers covering the 1939 flax crop purchased by the state.

No. 1 flax brought \$35 a ton while No. 2 flax brought \$30 a ton.

Another advance payment to growers on the 1940 crop, including \$10 for No. 1 flax and \$12 for No. 2 flax, will be made February 1. These growers previously received similar advances which indicates that No. 1 flax of the 1940 crop will bring the producers at least \$4 a ton.

No. 2 flax of the 1940 crop will return the growers not less than \$32 a ton.

State flax industry officials said the present flax prices were considerably higher than those in previous years.

Board Petitioner Succumbs Before Appearance Time

Word of the death of Jesse H. Merryman, 57, reached the Salem school board Tuesday night when Coroner L. E. Barrick was called to the phone at a time when the board was awaiting Merryman's appearance before it.

A inquest on Merryman was found dead in bed in his room at 156 South 14th street by his landlady. It was believed he died Tuesday afternoon.

Survivors are the widow, Mrs. Metora Merryman of Corvallis; daughters, Mrs. Eva Ford of Corvallis and Mrs. Margaret Gilmore of Portland; sons, Frank and Carl of Corvallis, Howard of Buffalo, N.Y., Harold of Grand Coulee, Wash., and Arthur of Hood River; four grandchildren.

Services will be Saturday at 1:30 p.m. from the Clough-Barrick chapel. Rev. A. B. Henderson will officiate. Burial will be in Mt. Union cemetery, Corvallis.

Transferred to Clatsop

FAIRVIEW—Murphy Shasson of the Camp Clatsop commissary department, recently transferred from Camp Lewis, was a guest of his mother, Mrs. John Thein and other relatives in the Unionvale district from Thursday until Sunday.

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 news page.

10:00—News Flash.
10:30—Music by Woodbury.
11:00—The World Today.
11:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.

KEX—THURSDAY—1160 Ks.
6:00—Musical Clock.
7:00—Western Agriculture.
7:30—News Service.
8:00—Breakfast Club.
8:30—Just Between Friends.
9:00—Dr. Brock.
9:30—National Science Program.
10:00—National Farm and Home.
10:30—Charming My Life.
10:45—Associated Press News.
11:00—Current Events.
11:15—Our Half Hour.
11:30—Orphans of Silence.
11:45—Amateur of Rhythmic Hill.
12:30—John's Other Wife.
12:45—Just Plain Bill.
1:00—Music of Music.
1:15—News.
1:30—Market Reports.
1:45—Eugene Service.
2:00—The Quiet Hour.
2:30—Portland on Review.
3:00—Savannah.
3:15—Irene Wicker.
3:30—Associated Press News.
4:00—Sport Page.
4:15—European News.
4:30—The Golden State.
4:45—Tom Mix.
5:00—Bud Barton.
5:15—Tom Mix.
5:30—Sings and Swings.
6:00—John B. Kennedy.
6:30—Town Meeting.
7:00—News.
8:00—American Challenge.
8:30—Home and Fortnight.
9:00—Easy Aces.
9:15—Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons.
9:30—The Golden State.
9:45—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra.
10:00—This Moving World.
10:15—The Golden State.
10:30—War News Roundup.

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6:00—Market Reports.
6:30—Eugene Service.
7:00—News.
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