

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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In the time of darkness, men look up. The following prayer, spoken by Leslie Weatherhead of the City Temple in London, bespeaks, on Good Friday, the soul of a people suffering but unbroken, and still intent on the good life, and a just peace:

O God, who dost understand the dreadful path which now our feet must tread, have mercy on all who serve and suffer, that the reign of cruelty and terror and persecution may be ended. Grant that soon men may see the ghastly folly of war and learn a new way; that soon may dawn a new day when the people of all lands shall be free and happy and share as brothers the good things of this lovely earth. Forgive us our share in all the world which has brought to so many the fruit of these terrible days. Keep us from the bitterness of hatred, the temptation to revenge, the pessimism of despair. Make us sensitive to any possibility of ending the conflict and building a just and righteous peace of victory is vouchsafed to us. Give us generosity of heart and mind quickly to restore the broken fellowship of nations, and to think not only of what we see to be wrong and unjust, but to look with sympathy and readiness to make concessions on the injustice of which our enemies complain. If victory cannot be or must not be, then in the secret place of our hearts make us calm and trustful, knowing that thou still dost reign, and that at last thy kingdom of love and brotherhood must have dominion and every dark problem be illuminated by the rays of this eternal light. Through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

ever, for the cheese was eventually returned to Salem, where it very nearly precipitated domestic difficulties of a very serious sort in a kitchen which had until that day been wholly free from foreign odors. Goat cheese was a little too much, and there was no reticence in stating the fact.

From this experience, however, it is easy to join with the Coos Bay paper in commenting favorably on the development of a cheese-without-bouquet industry in the southwestern corner of the state. From previous experience as stated above, indeed, it would almost seem a right and a prerogative so to join.

Indeed, in all seriousness, and with all due respect to the succulent quality of the cheeses of Tillamook, there is a pleasure to be found nowhere else in a plate of varied cheeses, both tart and cream. This is a benediction long since discovered by the Europeans, as the origin of the original Roquefort in a backwater town in the province of Garonne would indicate. Nor is there any reason why a native cheese, prepared with the same care lavished on fine cheeses in other countries, and compounded from the best of native milk, should not command a wide and lucrative market. Particularly if the cheese already has the accolade of "the real McCoy."

There is much favor for cheese. But not in a kitchen, loose, on a summer day.

Antagonist

Well, who could stop 'em? After you think about it, you wonder. The Greeks seemed to have enough men, what with British assistance. The Yugoslavs were talking about a million men in their army, and they must have had 400,000 or so who could bear rifles, and shoot them to boot. The country's about as bad as any in Europe, between bad roads, precipitous terrain, no bridges and sign posts written in Greek, which isn't generally current in the streets of Berlin and Dresden. Three days ago war in the Balkans, even for the super-efficient Germans, looked like a risky gamble as any bank-breaking scheme at Monte Carlo. Yet Wednesday the Germans were biting into the Greeks and the South Slavs, and Thursday they arrived in Salonika, though not like so many tourists.

The question still isn't answered. Speaking in hypothetical terms—and terms which one profoundly hopes will remain as hypothetical as anything in Euclid—you begin to wonder if the fellows you know up at Camp Murray, say, would have much chance against a full-fledged onslaught of cross-marked tanks and fire-spitting dive bombers. You don't like to think about it, but when you do think of the almost super-human power those Germans seem to have, you involuntarily wonder whether they can ever, by anyone, be licked at their own game.

It's a little shaky, yet it's nothing to get shaky about, for obvious reasons. Even if you do get shaky, though, it's impossible to believe that the grandsons and the great-grandsons of the men who made Pickett's charge—and who withstood it behind the stone wall on Cemetery ridge—and of the men who strove for four long years along the Potomac and the Tennessee and the Mississippi couldn't stand up to a bunch of those fellows. The identical thing, of course, can be said for the sons of the men who were in the Argonne, given the equipment they needed. That's the rub: equipment.

And, speaking of equipment, that's undoubtedly the reason for the quick nazi slice—through to the Aegean, though to say so at this juncture in the world's study of German fighting methods is to elaborate on the obvious.

The Greeks and the Yugoslavs, in fact, have been trying to fight the Germans with rifles and machine guns and relatively few field guns. They have few tanks, and few more armored cars. On the other side, the German regiments claim the largest fire power in the world per man, and their strategy is based as a matter of course on the large quantities of armored, mechanized equipment which they have available, and which they have used without stint in the Balkan hill country.

Against the German tanks and armored cars, shooting with rifles and machine guns is like throwing rocks, except that you don't do it for very long. Even having superiority in men, as the Greeks, British and Yugoslavs have undoubtedly had against the 25 German divisions, doesn't mean victory unless you can place them all at the point of the attacker's impact. If you can't, the going, for the enemy, is like cutting through soft butter, withal lethal butter.

In the British now lies the only hope to retrieve the situation, and that a slim one. They have men, perhaps 100,000, perhaps more; they have the material, tanks, etc., they used well in Africa; they have nerve and ability and a good general. But against them they have the might of the whole German van, and behind them they have only the precarious protection of their convoys on the blue Aegean. They have come to Hellas, and now the fear is permissible that they may never leave it.

Well, who can stop the Germans? The question is still a question.

Cheese

It is noted with a certain measure of interest that the Coos Bay Times has hailed a new "Roquefort-type" cheese, produced at Langlois, south of Marshfield, as "the real McCoy," whatever that may mean in the cheese business. The comment summons up memories.

The particular memories involved are of a pat of goat's cheese purchased at a place in Curry county, south of Marshfield, one day last June when the weather was not exactly suited for the best preservation of cheese. The pat in question was placed in a paper sack, untouched, and proceeded to get . . . well like soft cheese gets on a warm day. It was shortly repositioned in the baggage compartment of the automobile. The saga failed to end exactly there, how-

Matsuoka, the weary traveling-man, is returning home. No invasion Britain, no goes southee, so solly, please, thankee you.

"Eugene is going horsey."—Topic sentence of "Eugene News" editorial. Well, well.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, April 10.—The Frankfurter boys have short-circuited their trust-busting dynamo in the new deal, Mr. Thurman Arnold, so quietly no one heard the fuse blow.

His wires were cut in such a complicated legal way by the supreme court that no notice has appeared and outsiders are generally unaware of it. The last 3 decisions voiding his indictments against labor unions were rendered under a peculiar court custom which denied Arnold the right to present his case. Only a related jurisdictional question could be debated. As some old time new dealers now are saying: "The old Hoover-Collidge-Wilson supreme court might knock down all new interpretations of law, but at least they would hear the arguments."

As a result, Arnold's associates say that he, an assistant attorney general of the United States, is reduced to writing magazine articles to draw attention to the way in which local unions are defying their own Wagner act, levying tribute prices upon industries and erecting embargoes against commerce.

Arnold's case is simply this: Local union leaders in both AFL and CIO have refused to abide by labor board elections and have called strikes. They have refused to handle goods coming from competitive union workers. They have fixed prices to consumers through their walls, levying taxes, and fixing prices. He has cited hundreds of cases, and has filed numerous indictments. There is no dispute about these facts.

You would think the national labor organizations would want to break up this local union dictatorship. It deprives the national leaders of any real authority over their locals, which are becoming autonomous dictatorships.

But in all the test cases which have reached the supreme court, the group led by Justice Frankfurter has rendered majority opinions completely breaking down Arnold's theory and setting up the law that the government has no power to lay a civil hand upon a union—no matter what it wants to do. In three decisions last Monday, the court set the labor unions alone, among all other people in the United States, as immune to the anti-trust law.

Arnold will take his fight to congress but there is not much more hope for him there than in the supreme court unless Mr. Roosevelt speaks out. This congress has been noted solely for its timidity. Nothing that Mr. Roosevelt has failed to mention has passed so far.

If a bill is introduced to throw a few more words into the anti-trust law and make clear the will of congress to have the law apply to all the people, the bill will no doubt be consigned to the massive congressional mausoleum of things to be forgotten.

Mr. Arnold has been called the "Pavlova" of the new deal, a suggestion that he prouettes a step ahead of the new deal parade.

The bitter truth is the Frankfurter boys are becoming the reactionaries of government. They seem to have learned their liberalism from books rather than from any intuitive sense of justice. When the books were written many years ago and labor was downtrodden, any boost from labor was scored for liberalism. But now that labor has established itself the equal if not the superior of management and is indulging in the excesses which all powerful political groups naturally affect after success, the Frankfurter group has neglected to keep up with the times. It no longer is inspired by an urge to accomplish the greater good for the greater numbers. The consumers who are the great bulk of the people are neglected.

In deepest reaction, the majority of new dealers who still think of themselves as liberals are clinging to the principles of an obsolete primer of the past.

It can't be heresy to say these things publicly because the new deal has always maintained the supreme court is not above criticism.



Key to Victory—Ships and More Ships

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Once more, inquiry 4-11-41 answered concerning original location of the school that is W. U.:

(Concluding from yesterday.) McClane said: "There I found at the parsonage Gustavus Hines and his lady (wife) and the Rev. Jason Lee, superintendent of the mission, boarded with them; and I likewise boarded there during the winter" (of 1843-4).

The parsonage itself deserves a series in this column, some matter for which would take a good deal of time for investigation and study.

When the Jason Lee mission was being dissolved, by Rev.

Editorial Comments

From Other Papers

Remember the riot in Salem that occurred after the late basketball tournament? The Astoria coach and team were attacked in a restaurant and had to have police protection to get out of town. Astoria had won the state championship from Salem. Well an investigation was ordered by the Salem city council and the Salem boys were acquitted on the ground that the Astoria boys had previously thrown rotten fish into the Salem rooting section! It is now up to Astoria to have its city council place its boys on trial and give them the same kind of a whitewash.—Corvallis Gazette-Times.

HOPE ETERNAL

Wars may rage, death and destruction may prevail on land and sea, strikes and labor eruptions may disturb our peace and disrupt our defense programs, financial problems may break up our sleep, but in spite of all these disorders and distresses, we still have baseball as "assurance after grief."

Our Wenatchee Chiefs, surviving the vicissitudes and hazards of four stormy seasons, are assembling for the fifth spring training period. The Chiefs have been the subject, or the object, of much controversy and league politics during the past winter, but as Shakespeare once wrote: "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer, . . . and all the clouds that lowered on our house-tops, in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

So what care we for winter, war, crop production loans, politics, jurisdictional walk outs or what have you, as long as we have baseball. In this connection we might mention the fact that the local high school baseball team is now beginning its third season undefeated, a record that may or may not be continued for the third year.

No other sport can brighten up the horizon, relax the mind, loosen up the disposition and restore the youth of the spectator as can the great American national game—baseball. Nowhere else but in the grandstand or bleachers of a baseball park can the spectators take such an active, belligerent and vocal part in the game, from the initial cry of "batter up" till the last man is out in the final inning. They enjoy the great American privilege of abusing the umpire, insulting the visiting players and razzing the home team while consuming tons of popcorn, peanuts, candy bars and washing these delicacies down with oceans of pop.

—Wenatchee World.

George Gary, on the authority of the seat-warming figure-heads of the Methodist missionary society in New York, there arose danger of the land claims of Chemeketa, making up the site of what became Salem, being "jumped," and thus the claim of what became the Oregon Institute and by change of name Willamette University being lost.

So four former members of the mission, or rather members of the former mission, were picked to file donation land claims, thus: W. H. Willson, the central portion that is now largely down town Salem, J. L. Parrish the northeastern portion, L. H. Judson the northwestern part, and Rev. David Leslie the southern part.

The arrangement was that each one of the four upon getting his land claim of 640 acres for himself and wife was to give up a fourth to the Oregon Institute, thus giving the school 640 acres, in the central portion.

A contract was entered into, with Dr. W. H. Willson, who was to carry out the terms of the arrangement. Result, the Oregon Institute finally got about 18 acres, its present campus, instead of 640 acres. Mrs. Willson would not sign deeds to her portion, which was the north portion, or the 320 acres next north of State street.

The matter got into the courts. The story takes up a good sized portion of the 1874 Salem Directory, under the heading, "Salem Titles," by J. Quinn Thornton.

Willamette University finally got the land claim that made up University addition; but it was platted and all sold off at low prices, and did not do the institution much good.

This column, in a series of some months ago, gave the history of that land claim and its disposition.



George de Ghitka

Hungary's new minister to the U. S., George de Ghitka, is shown at the White House after presenting his credentials to President Roosevelt. He succeeds John Palanyi.

It went with the "parsonage," now standing at 1325 Ferry street, second or third residence for whites erected on the site of Salem.

There are a number of things concerning that house that are interesting. When it was finished, in 1842, it was the only building of any kind on the site of Salem east of where the Indian manual labor school building stood, that became the Oregon Institute and, by change of name when chartered in its own building by the territorial legislature of 1852-3, Willamette University. (Spittoons had been added in that building for the convenience of members of that legislature who "chawed" tobacco. That was long before the advent of lady clerks.)

There are a lot of built-in conveniences of cedar on the first floor of that house; cedar trees at the time being numerous along the west side of the Willamette river above where West Salem now stands.

The large front room on the second floor of that house, in the southeast corner, now facing Ferry street, was not finished. Why? In order to accommodate travelers on horseback with their horses, always carrying their blankets—and, of course, welcome in the "parsonage." That was before the day of tramps in Oregon. Also, to leave room for a stock of dried venison, hanging above the sleepers in their blankets on the floor. That room still remains as it was originally; never finished. In other words, finished for its particular purposes—for the essential dried venison room, and for the necessary place for travelers with their blankets.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

D. J. J.—Says her carnations are growing in soil which turns green on the top and that the plants grow very slowly. She wants to know how to correct the condition.

Scratch surface of soil as it is probably packed too hard. Give it a sprinkling of lime. Sounds like soil is acid. Carnations do best in soil that has had some lime. Use hydrated lime as that becomes available more quickly.

W. C.—Wants to know how soon she can move her daffodils without harming their growth.

If the space is needed for other things, lift them carefully and replant in spot where they may remain until they are through growing for the season. When the foliage yellows down then they may be transplanted into permanent position or stored until September. Daffodils do best if in the ground by the middle of September or not later than October.

D. B. R.—Asks what to do with grass clippings. Should he leave them on the lawn? Put them on his roses? Or on the perennial border?

I would suggest putting them into a compost pile.

Mrs. A. R. asks what she could plant in a warm place in the garden which is sunny all the time. She wants an annual and prefers one that has fragrance, but has found that stock do not grow so well there.

Why not try heliotrope? That does best in a sunny location if it has plenty of water. Do not set it out yet. Wait until all danger of even a small night frost is gone. It has a lovely fragrance and blooms well in plenty of sun.

Wotan's Wedge

By FRANCIS GERARD

Chapter 41, Continued

"Take an example from the army. In my time I have commanded every type of troops from all over the empire. The South Africans are dour and dogged; the Canadians have extraordinary dash; the Australians behave as though they do not care a hoot who is in front of them and that usually takes them through, but the ordinary English line regiment—and particularly a cockney regiment—is the one I would choose for a tight place. The cockney, and his counterpart in the county regiments, grumbles the whole time so long as everything is going right, but if things go wrong, if there's no food or water, if the weather conditions are as bad as they can be, if there's little or no hope of support—in other words, if everything is just as hopeless as it can be then Tommy comes out at his very best. That quality is not a military one, as you continental soldiers understand it, it is national. Deep down in the English, with their confessed ignorance of political matters, their almost absurd obsession with sport—who's won the cup—the or the winner of the three-hundred—lies that quality of which I have spoken and, when it is applied to military matters, I truly believe it renders them unbeatable. I am a Scotsman and, in a sense, almost as much a foreigner as you are yourself, but I tell you, General, that I believe that England is quite truly invincible.

"I wonder," remarked von Wallenfels, thinking of Munich, perhaps, or Spain, or some even more sinister situations in the future.

"I am sure of it," replied Sir Hector McAllister. At that moment the searchlights lit up the bay, their vivid pencils of light clearly revealing the hull and conning tower of the U-boat.

"It is time to go," said the German general. A whaler from the Harpy ground on the shelving beach and McAllister, Meredith and the armed posse of Calthness police escorted their nazi prisoners to the water's edge. Thus Colonel Weimar, Erich Stutz, Lieutenant Ernst Rotz and the various sailors who had been at the farm were being sent back to Germany with von Wallenfels.

The man called Siegfried Klotter was being held to stand trial in England for the murder

of the Grafen Adelheid von Reinhold.

At the last moment there came an unpleasant interlude. Weimar, alias Levinsky, had already stepped into the whaler, Rotz had been carried aboard, his broken knee-cap making it impossible for him to walk, and von Wallenfels stood watching with an expressionless face when Stutz broke into voluble, if inaccurate English. He was begging not to be sent back to Germany. He appealed to McAllister and Meredith, cringing and slobbering in cowardly fashion.

"I will to the block be sent!" Stutz screamed as he fell upon his knees before McAllister. "Gracious sir, will you not pity show? I am informed with secrets of the nazi party and will the same to you reveal."

McAllister's eyes met those of Prince Max and asked a question. Von Wallenfels made a slight gesture of the head towards the boat, and Sir Hector ordered, "Put him aboard!" Then it was von Wallenfels' turn to step into the boat. He hesitated a moment as though about to address himself to McAllister, apparently changed his mind and bowed stiffly. McAllister and Meredith bowed in return. Ten minutes later, the U-boat was moving out of the bay on the surface. On either side of her went the lean, dark shapes of the destroyers which had instructions to escort her as far as German waters.

On the shore, Meredith and McAllister stood side by side watching the departure of the under cover invaders. They spoke little, their thoughts concentrated on that towering figure which now stood upon the tiny bridge of the U-boat which was moving out to sea.

So Prince Max had failed! Failure as far as he was concerned meant the end. The Norms had spun the completed web of his destiny. The wheel had turned full circle. . . . As he leaned on the rail his eyes staring ahead, they saw nothing of the dark sea nor noted the fairy phosphorescence of the bow wave for they were staring not towards the future but deep into the past.

(To be concluded)

Radio Programs

KSLM—FRIDAY—1300 Kc. 6:30—Sunrise Salute. 7:00—News Highlights in Brief. 7:05—Old Time Music. 7:30—News. 7:45—Henry King's Orchestra. 8:30—News. 8:45—Tune Tabloid. 9:00—Pastor's Call. 9:15—Popular Music. 9:45—Four Notes. 10:00—The World This Morning. 10:15—Today's Tribute. 10:30—Women in the News. 10:35—News American. 11:10—Melodic Moods. 11:30—Value Parade. 11:45—Market Bulletin. 12:00—Market Reports. 12:05—Ivan Dittmar at the Organ. 12:15—News. 12:30—Hillbilly Serenade. 12:45—Wintertime Valley Opinions. 1:30—The Song Shop. 1:40—Singing Strings. 1:45—Patrol. 1:50—Western Serenade. 2:30—News. 2:15—US Navy. 2:30—Jerry Sears Orchestra. 2:35—Crossroad Troubadour. 2:45—Concert Grand. 4:15—News. 4:30—Testime Tunes. 4:45—Mildred Melody. 5:00—Popularity Row. 5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies. 6:00—Toujours Beaux. 6:15—War Commentary. 6:30—The Requires. 6:45—Kenny Allen Orchestra. 7:00—World News in Brief. 7:05—The World Tonight. 7:15—Sterling Young's Orchestra. 7:30—Henry King's Orchestra. 7:45—The World Tonight. 8:15—Vocal Varieties. 8:45—Wes McWain at the Piano. 9:00—News. 9:15—Tango Time. 9:30—Lud Gluskin's Orchestra. 10:30—Hits of the Day. 11:30—News. 11:45—Dream Tune.

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

9:15—Lone Journey. 2:30—The Guiding Light. 2:45—Life Can Be Beautiful. 3:00—News. 4:15—Stars of Today. 5:30—Cocktail Hour. 6:30—News. 6:30—Information Please. 6:30—Waltz Time. 6:30—Wings of Destiny. 7:30—Alec Templeton Time. 8:30—Fred Waring Playhouse Time. 8:30—Crosby's Cruises. 8:30—Death Valley Days. 9:00—University Explorer. 9:15—Palladium Ballroom Orchestra. 9:30—News Flashes. 10:30—Patrol. 11:30—News. 11:45—Bal Tabarin Orchestra.

KEK—NBC—FRIDAY—1150 Kc. 6:30—Musical Clock. 7:00—Western Agriculture. 7:15—Financial Service. 7:30—Breakfast Club. 7:30—Amen Corner. 8:30—National Farm and Home. 8:30—News. 10:10—Charangly We Live. 10:45—Associated Press News. 11:00—Music Appreciation. 11:00—Crosby's Cruises. 12:15—Amanda of Honey-moon Hill. 12:45—John's Other Wife. 1:00—Mother of Mine. 1:30—Market Reports. 1:30—News. 1:45—Curtaine Quiz. 2:00—The Quiet Hour. 3:00—Sam Gordon's Chit-chat. 3:15—The Bartons. 3:30—Musical. 4:15—European News. 4:30—America Sings. 4:30—News. 4:45—Tom Mix. 6:00—When Evening Comes. 6:30—John R. Hughes. 6:30—Your Happy Birthday. 7:00—Fight. 7:30—News. 8:00—Hotel Edison Orchestra. 8:30—Unlimited Horizons. 8:30—Harvey of Rest. 9:30—Fishing Time. 10:30—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. 11:00—This Music Is Good. 11:15—Portland Police Reports. 11:15—Florence Gardens Orchestra. 11:30—War Roundup.

KALE—NBC—FRIDAY—1300 Kc. 6:30—Memory Timekeeper. 7:00—News. 8:00—Harvey of Rest. 8:30—News. 8:45—Buyer's Parade. 9:00—This Music Is Good. 9:30—The Woman's Side of the News. 10:45—Keep Fit to Music. 10:45—John R. Hughes. 10:30—Helen Holden. 11:00—Friendly Neighbors. 11:30—News. 12:45—News. 1:30—Johnson Family. 2:30—News. 3:30—Your Portland. 3:30—Down the Mississippi. 4:30—Castles in the Air. 5:15—News. 5:30—Shaffer Parker Circus. 6:15—Fulton Lewis, Jr. 6:30—News. 7:30—Ray Grant Band. 7:45—Jimmy Allen. 7:45—News. 8:30—McKinley and Company. 8:30—I Want a Divorce. 9:30—Shumler Beat. 10:30—Henry King Orchestra. 12:30—News. 11:00—Leon Mofia Orchestra.

KOAC—FRIDAY—850 Kc. 6:30—The Homemakers' Hour. 10:30—The Homemakers' Hour. 10:45—Traffic Safety Quiz. 11:30—Music of the Masters. 12:15—Farm Hour. 12:30—The Woman's Hall News. 2:45—Monitor Views the News. 3:15—Home on the Land. 3:30—News. 4:30—Stand for Boys and Girls. 5:30—News. 6:15—News. 6:30—Farm Hour. 6:30—Let Freedom Ring. 7:30—Excursions in the Concert. 9:30—OBC Round Table. 9:30—School of Home Economy.

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