The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1651

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Easter and Spring

Easter came late this year, on the calendar; but Spring came early, and here in this valley they have met. The annual miracle of earth's renewal that we call spring, coincides with the ancient festival of the resurrection which we call Easter. Easter in March may be chill and blustery; this year in April flowers are a-bloom, grass is green, and trees are leafing out.

Where indeed is there a lovelier country? Dogwoods stand in bridal white against the sober green of the fir trees at the edge of the clearing. Azaleas flame in dooryards, and tulips take the kiss of rain or of sun with equal welcome. Against the sky shimmers the light green of the new leaves on the cottonwoods and the alders as they march along the streams. The new grass on the flanking foothills and the evergreen backdrop of the mountains pierced as they are with the snowpeaks completes the picture of the valley in springtime. No wonder the dwellers are given to provincial pride and self-satisfaction; and no wonder visitors are charmed into enthusiastic praise.

It is out of this evidence of renewal of life from seeming death that man's hope of immortality springs. If nature effects survival of plant and flower will it be more ruthless of man who is lord of creation? If the bulb in the dark earth stirs with the returning warmth, sends shoots uward through the crust which burst into the golden glow of the daffodil or the delicate shades of the iris will the brain of man, that fine instrument of intelligence, moulder in eternal dust? Is it just the race which survives? Man clings to hope of personal immortality because that seems the sensible answer to the riddle of his existence, the natural ambition for an intelligent being whose earthly being is attended with so much of disappointment and frustration.

Tennyson echoed that assurance when he wrote:

"My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

Easter and Spring; returning beauty, returning hope.

Roll up That Map

In 1805 Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz over the Austrians and Russians crushed the spirit of William Pitt, prime minister of England, as illness had wracked his body. The waters of Bath having failed to effect a cure Pitt was brought back to London. Stopping at Putney a relative showed him to his room, and on the wall of the corridor they passed through hung a map of Europe. Pitt, who had become prime minister at the age of 24 and had held that office longer than any man before or since, looked at the map and remarked: "Roll up that map; it will not be wanted these ten years."

The words were prophetic. Pitt soon died, in his 47th year. Napoleon went on to crush Prussia at Jena and Auerstadt, Russia at Eylau and Friedland. He overthrew the shell of the Holy Roman Empire, reorganized Germany, set his brother on the throne of Spain. He crowned himself emperor, and ruled over the continent from the North sea to the borders of Turkey, and from Denmark to the Mediterranean. It was not until 1815, ten years after the fateful remark of the dying Pitt, that Napoleon was finally defeated at Waterloo and consigned to the last exile of St. Helena.

The parallel with the present is obvious. A new Napoleon reigns over virtually the same territory as his prototype of a century and a third ago. His armies smite with the same irresistible force; nations crumple in their path. Now as then Great Britain alone remains uninvaded; it alone defies the might of the German Hitler. And for Great Britain the prospects are as gloomy as they seemed for Pitt after Austerlitz.

There is a saying that history repeats itself. It is true; it is also false. History did not repeat itself at the Marne in 1940, nor at the channel ports. History did not repeat itself in the Balkans. Nelson's victory at Abukir Bay was repeated in Cunningham's late victory in the Ionian sea; but that may not suffice to preserve the British at Suez and Gibraltar.

The parallel does encourage us in taking a longer view than the victories of a single year or two. After ten years Pitt's map of Europe again was valid. The seeds of decay in Napoleon's empire grew in his conquered territories, in Spain and Portugal first; in Russia after the invasion and capture of Moscow; in Prussia under the leadership of vom Stein and Scharnhorst. And Napoleon came as something of a liberator, while Hitler invokes a primitive type of oppression which shall provoke an earlier rebellion.

The lesson then is that of the virtue of tenacity—tenacity and industry. Ample machinery of war in the hands of trained men directed by ruthless but brainy leaders is the secret of German success. The only way Hitler will be overcome is not by quietistic confidence in the "triumph of right", nor yet in the historical fact that most conquerors usually ride to a downfall, but in the cold reality of superior force, driven as it must be by men with superior fighting skill and courage.

Monuments

Knowing that the Guildhall is a shattered and charred ruin, that much of Sir Christopher Wren's noblest work has been consumed in the second Great Fire, and having an awareness that monuments in all of England and Scotland have felt the heavy hand of German "protection," it is with a great deal of equanimity that one learns of the gutting fire of the Berlin State Opera house, and the damaging of other palaces and public buildings.

It will probably mean, of course, retaliation. It will doubtless mean that Herr Minister-President-Colonel-General Goering will tell the luftwaffe boys in northern France and Belgium to aim for Buckingham palace, for the castle at Windsor Great Park, for Westminister and again St. Paul's, and not to call their shots. It will probably mean the ruin of many another stately monument which has meant as much to the world as it has to England herself and to untold generations of American tourists; but if it must be, it must be.

Monuments, after all, are the product of man, withal often of man's highest ingenuity. Moreover, much of their beauty and their greatness is derived from the gentle mass of associations and memories built up about them in the course of years and decades and centuries. This latter is the heart of any monument: and it is indistructible where granite and concrete and glass and precious metals are not.

So if the State Opera is a heap of ruins, a little like the Guildhall; and if the Bellevue is chipped, so soon after M. Matsuoka's visit, and if a couple of really big holes are found in the Wilhelmstrasse and down the Unter den Linden, even Germany may realize that war is war, and that even in the Third Reich, with its certain protection against air raids, things are bound to hapen. The Germans can comfort themselves with the blueprints of the bigger and better opera house, the bigger and better Bellevue, and the bigger and better signs saying "Sight of bomb crater, 1941: dedicated to our heroic airmen" the Reich can build.

But in London, such artifices will not serve.

Trout on the South Fork

By JULIAN WALLACE GRAHAM

He arrives with the spring rains, soft as whispering and just as sure. His hat askew and fly-filled he wades in restless boots. The type is not catalogued in any known compendium, is not listed; and the fact is he defies classification, does the early season trout fisherman. The creature lives in a world of salmon eggs and flies.

You might meet the species almost anywhere after the season opens, provided of course the "almost anywhere" be along a stream. But there are other provisos too. The stream must be from the ranges and possess a name such as Beaver creek or Buck creek; and having an addenda like the south fork only makes for mystery, and so much the better. "How's the chance to bum a match?—Mine are wet."

You'll meet him on the riffle of the next bend and about the deeper eddies. You'll find him where the water runs smooth over the sandbar, if the spring rains haven't silted the very stream. Chances are they may have, for the weather's willful as the wind, and you can only rationalize and say that you wanted it to rain anyhow. See the silver in the rain slanting the dark hemlocks, and feel the clean coolness of it and the far brush of the wind. If you aren't an early season trout fisherman, certainly you ought to be.

We did meet him around the next bend, down where the eddy swings in foam and where the otter track sneaks beneath the root. He was slogging along between potholes when we spied him, and intent. What does it matter if his boots did ooze water and if his clothes are wet as the swirling stream? He didn't see us till we hailed him, and then he looked up and kind of grinned. "Thought you were Bill at first," he said, and the rain began to blow, and the sweep of it spotted the smoothness of the eddy. "Any luck?" and though he was casualness incarnate, canniness crept into his eye; and you could tell he wondered if others had had better luck.

We said that our luck was pooly, because how can a man catch a fish with the stream hanging where it is? By common consent, then, we each picked a wet boulder and leaned back for the inevitable smoke. He said that it was damn funny how all last week and the week before it was nice spring weather and the creeks low, and then a couple of days prior to the season it just poured down. "Yes, sir," he said, "it was damn funny. Got a match that'll strike?"

Likely in an inner sanctum we had one or two, and we'd see. No, we hadn't met Bill and probably he'd taken the south fork. Ah, the magic of the title, the ineffable sweetness of it; it's on and on forever to the farthest ridges soft with rain. For may it be known that when a fisherman casts his line into the cold waters of the south fork, into that green swirl under the cutbank where the big ones lie, it is indeed the ultimate.

When you get back to town, and they're busy admiring the creel and exclaiming as they do, why, you can stand to one side. It'll not be backwardness nor modesty that prompts you to do so, for these traits of many are not in the soul of the one who's a true trout fisherman. But you may simulate an expression of utter boredom; and when they ask, "Oh, where'd you catch these beauties?" you'll look far away, far beyond the Jones' across the street and their red brick chimney, and wave your hand vaguely to the hills. You'll say, what will you say? You'll say that you caught them on the south fork.

It wasn't long till we were deep in the intricacies of fly and bait fishing, for such is how it is when you meet on a stream. We discussed at great length the merits of the Royal Coachman and the Parmachene Belle for summer fishing, you understand, and the rain came down. Frankly now ,would you use a Gray Hackle Peacock? And always there was the constant drip—drip—drip of the spring rain in the undergrowth and the wind soughing in the alders; and the midday sun you couldn't see, swinging behind banks of nimbus cloud. We thought that maybe a fire and a spot of lunch would make the world brighter.

We'd finally achieved the fire, with the coffee on to boil and the smoke hugging over persons, when in walked Bill. We'd been on the verge of taking Hitler apart and Mussolini, and unraveling the entire European situation, and such-like. We could do it there in the bend, with the eddy swinging slow at our feet and the rain slanting the hills. We could do it.

"Sufferin' cats!" said Bill, and he nodded to us in lieu of introduction. "Don't ever mention the word fishing to me again, for I swear I've walked twenty miles." No, we might have said, though we didn't. The coffee, becoming restless, began to murmur in its own quiet way; and our trousers steaming. Bill threw on another stick and the sparks showered; we made to eat lunch.

Later when we'd drunk the last bit of coffee, and the goodness of it still lingered, we gingerly asked Bill if maybe he'd had any better luck, with the stream high like it was. "Not much," allowed, and ambled to his creel. He displayed a pair of seven-inchers, a ten-; and I'll-be-John, if Bill didn't sport one that would beat sixteen inches!

In chorus we breathed, "Where did you catch them?" and surely there was awe in our voice. For some time he didn't answer and the eddy swung with its foam and the wind carried down the gorge. He looked away over the dark hemlocks, silver with rain, and waved his hand vaguely to the hills. He said, what did he say? Why, he said that he had caught them on the south fork.

He Preached Peace—"And They Crucified Him."

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Seeking information concerning John and Sebastian Ritner, early Oregon pioneers: an answer: 4-13-41

(Concluding from yesterday:)

"Lewis Ritner spent an uneventful youth on his father's farm, and was so thoroughly trained in the science of farming that he took charge of the whole property at the age of 18 years.

"This responsibility came to him because of the marriage of his brother and his removal to a farm of his own.

"In April, 1883, Mr. Ritner married Corinda, daughter of James Edelman, Mrs. Ritner being a native of Benton county, Oregon. The father was born in the state of Pennsylvania, and located on a farm in Benton county, where he died at the age of 62 years.

"Mr. Ritner is farming 500 acres of his father's claim, and has large numbers of fine stock, including thoroughbred horses, red and roan Shires, Cotswold sheep, and dairy cattle.

"An additional source of revenue is a logging business in which he engages for a portion of each year.

"He has also 16 acres under hops, and considerable fruit. He is very successful, and is regarded as one of the most scientific of practical farmers in the county.

"He is a Republican in politics, and with his wife is a member of the Evangelical church of Pedee, in which he is a steward and active worker.

"Mr. Rittner has the sterling and reliable traits of character which brought about his father's success, and which have brought him many stanch friends, as well as the esteem of the entire community. Unto Mr. and Mrs. Ritner have been born three children: Ella, wife of Frank Sheythe; Annie and Martin P. Ritner, at home."

So ends the sketch in the book, "Portrait and Biographical Record." Its author made a mistake when he said Sebastian Ritner "in 1847 went to the mines of California." Though members of the Bonney clan (of the families of Dr. Truman and Jairus Bonney) discovered gold in two places in 1845, near where the later famous discovery was made, news did not reach the outside world until the discovery in the Sutter mill race on Jan. 24, 1848, by three men from or from near Salem, Oregon, Capt. Charles Bennett, Stephen Staats and James W. Marshall.

In the meantime the members of the Bonney clan had in 1846 come on to and settled in Oregon, where Woodburn city and the state training school for boys and Hubbard city now are, but they gave out no news of their discovery, and, on account of the death on Jan. 24, 1846, of the physician, Dr. R. Gildea, who knew what they had discovered was gold, no news of their discovery reached the outside world.

The Jan. 24, 1848, discovery was soon flashed to the world—or rather spread to the world as fast as that slow going world could take it; before the cable or the radio or any other swift agency, compared with those named, was known.

Sebastian Ritner perhaps joined the gold rush of the forty-niners, which changed many things in every major section of the world.

"King's Valley" is not correct. It is Kings Valley, according to the US postoffice department and all other authoritative sources. It was named for Nahum King, the first settler, who was an Oregon pioneer of 1845. The site of historic Fort Hoskins is near there, built, and, this writer believes, its exact site selected, by the then 2nd Lieut. P. H. Sheridan, who became General Sheridan, the world's greatest cavalry leader. Kings Valley and the site of Fort Hoskins are in Benton county, Oregon.

Pedee is in Polk county, near the mouth of Pedee creek where it enters the Luckiamute river, about 20 miles southwest of Monmouth. Pedee owes its name to Colonel Cornelius Gilliam, who lost his life in the Cayuse war after the Whitman massacre. He was born in North Carolina; came to Oregon with the 1844 covered wagon immigration. Says McArthur's "Oregon Geographical Names," page 274: "Either he (Colonel Gilliam) or members of his family named Pedee creek." He was born in North Carolina. Says the McArthur book: "The name, of course, is from the famous river of North and South Carolina which was doubtless frequently in the minds of the Gilliams. The stream in the South is officially Peedee, but the postoffice in Oregon is spelled Pedee."

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

To the Editor:

A local boy whose plans for continuing his education had failed, in his youthful disappointment, turned to his mother with this thought provoking question, "Mother, why are we born?"

So do we, grown and young people alike, in our failures and losses ask in our grief, "What is the purpose of life? Why are we born?" Somehow we are likely to think our reason for living is to attain happiness on this earth and when some barrier confronts us, in our discontent we think of life with all its sorrows and disappointments.

If we must suffer so much, why then, are we born?

We have only to look between the pages of the world's best seller to learn the answer to all of life's problems—and the answer to life itself.

Here one of the first things we find is the striking overpowering truth that we are born to die. I am referring to the fact that we must die to self as related in John 12: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world—." Let us pause here without completing the verse and return to it later. Well, that had not been our idea of achieving happiness. We are very explicit and harbor few uncertainties in our own minds as to what we want of life. We have numerous desires and some times indeed our goals seem very worthy ones, an education to fit us for what we call our rightful place in the world is only one of many, but some times young people must lay aside their books and help support the other members of the family. Sometimes ill health seems an insurmountable obstacle to gaining our chosen goals. Whatever our hopes when we are hindered, we find it hard to meet the difficulties with patience and understanding.

But let us consider what Christ, the wisest man who ever walked among men, had to say about life, this one great truth as expressed by Him is that he deems the all important thing is to die to ones self. And here is the wonder of it all—those of us who have surrendered our lives have come to the realization that after all, this is the only true way to happiness. We find that having met this condition, a deep peace comes and beneath life's turmoil, there is a consciousness that to die for Him is truly of paramount importance and the patience we never before possessed comes to us, for we have the assurance in our own lives of the promise, John 14:21: Jesus answered and said unto him, "If a man loves me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." And when we have come to know His gracious presence, then life assumes a significance and beauty never known before, and with the light of Heaven shining on our earthly way, our days on earth are glorified.

Born to die to self, and then at last (unless we remain when He shall come again), born to give up this mortal body in death. But is this all, is this indeed the purpose of life:

Now let us return to the verse left unfinished, "and he that hateth his life in this world—" what then?—"shall keep it unto life eternal." Here at last is the answer—the final conclusion. We are born to die that we may live with Him who died and rose again—with Him whose resurrection we commemorate this Easter time. And what a glorious meaning that life holds as we come to realize that this, then, is its ultimate purpose, that we may dwell forever with the risen Lord, where there will be no disappointment, where there is only happiness far beyond earth's brightest dreams.

LEONE WHEELER
Salem, Oregon.

Easter

E ntombed Nature lifts her waking eyes,
A nd, at her wand, a winsome paradise
S prings into beauty 'neath the smiling skies.
T riumphant over Death, the risen Lord
E ndued the world with Hope's supreme reward;
R edeemed the promise of His Holy Word.

EDNA GARFIELD.

Wotan's Wedge

By FRANCIS GERARD

Chapter 42, Continued

Whatever the colour of our political creed our religious faith or any other personal bias, we were as one in according sanctuary to an unhappy people. Von Wallefels saw in this a Machiavelian opportunity.

"Germany would send us 'Jewish refugees' but they would not be Jews. In a training camp off the Baltic coast, men were taken who by their physical appearance and language might pass as Jews. There they were taught all those things which, as practicing Jews, they should know. They were the 'W' Brigade—hand picked to come to this country to bring about great chaos on the outbreak of war."

The chief of the imperial general staff leaned forward and saidd, "I gather that explosives were to be used for this purpose?" At Sir Hector's nod, he continued "I haven't seen those documents of yours but I presume that they would have gone for power stations, reservoirs, government offices, railway termini and so on, with the object of completely disorganizing the country and breaking down its vital transport services?"

"Exactly," nodded McAllister.

"Yes," nodded the CIGS. "I can see the objective clearly enough but not the means of reaching it."

Sir Rector grinned. "That, too, was really devilish clever," he said. "It's self-evident that a German Jewish refugee is not going to gain access to all the points of attack which had been marked out but that's where the Fellowship of the New Day came in.

"Under the name of Igor Levinsky and purporting to be a Russian, a Colonel Weimar had founded what announced itself as a communist society. The Fellowship of the New Day was, in fact, a communist organization. With the exception of Weimer himself and a few men at the top, every member was a genuine communist. It was no use for von Wallenfels & Co. to attempt to enroll Englishmen in a nazi organization. As you know there are a few fascist-minded English people, just a comparative few, but a communist movement was another matter. There are a number of political rebels in this country who might well be induced to become members of such an organization, the nazis knew this just as well as we do. These members were all carefully chosen for the jobs they held. Thus young Slatter who was murdered was doubly attractive to them them since he not only worked in a small arms factory an obvious point of attack, but was also a watchman at a big electric power station. He was a political hot-head of the type who might well be induced to sabotage the country's resources."

"In other words," said the First Sea Lord, "the nazis were hoodwinking their political opponents into working for them?" (Ed note: This was months before the nazi-soviet pact of 1939.)

"Precisely," said McAllister.

"Have the Special Branch dealt with the people on those lists of yours?" asked the foreign secretary.

"They have," replied Sir Hector. "Every man of them."

"But I understand," put in the secretary of state for war, "that a number of the W. Brigade had already been landed at Harwich?"

"And they've already been sent back from Harwich," the home secretary assured him.

"By the way," went on the man who had the war office, "what about that vast dump of explosives up in Caithness?"

McAllister smiled. "Sergeant Beef did his best to deprive you of it, but we managed to save it in time, and we thought we might make a present of it to the war department."

A general discussion then took place at which Sir John Meredith was congratulated on his share in C. I. G. S. to him, "what was the name of that fellow up at the farm?"

"Well, there were a number there, sir," said Meredith. "Which one?"

"The youngster from the East Surreys?"

"Conran."

"Oh, yes. I must remember

Ten minutes later Meredith and Beef left No. 10 Downing Street and turned into Whitehall. "Rum business, Sir John," commented Beef as he hopped several times on the same foot to get into step with Meredith. "Rum! What you might call odd."

"Odd?" echoed Meredith. "That's not the word I'd have used."

"I mean odd that all these chaps walking about here don't know about what happened to that Nazi brigade. Well, I guess it is best not to let such news pop out now."

As they walked on up Whitehall, Beef asked, "Did Sir Hector get that sealed package that that bloke Kloffer left with his solicitors?"

"He did. It was delivered personally at Grosvenor Square by a Mr. Rain, the senior clerk of Messrs. Fairweather Sons of Brighton."

"And it was the whole works, was it, Sir John?"

"The whole works, Beef."

They looked up at that proud building which housed the German embassy.

"We might have saved ourselves a lot of time and trouble, Beef, and you a lot of pain I'm afraid, old chap," said Meredith bitterly.

"Don't look at it that way sir," said Beef. He thought a moment or so and then added, "I suppose my poor nephew, Herbert, was murdered?"

"Not a doubt. He must have found out a bit more than was healthy for him to know."

"I'd like somebody to have swung for him, so I would," said Beef vindictively.

"Somebody will," observed Meredith. "And it will be Kloffer. Just wait and see."

"By the way," said Beef. "I suppose it was that there Captain Conran what slipped me the key when those Nazis had me."

"It was," nodded Meredith. "Our Intelligence Service certainly worked the business of putting him under cover excellently. The whole of that faked bombing of the police car was capitally done. Of course, all the fellows had got out of the car before they blew the wheel off it. If it had not been for Conran, we should not have known of von Wallenfels plans for his return to Germany and would not have been able to give them a spiritual kick in the pants with that destroyer escort."

(To be continued.)

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—SUNDAY—1390 Kc.
8:00—Melodic Moods.
8:30—Flowing Rhythm.
9:00—Waltz Time.
9:30—Popular Concert.
10:00—Sunday Reveries.
11:00—American Lutheran Church.
12:00—Singing Strings.
12:15—News Hilights.
12:30—United Press on the Air.
12:45—The Song Shop.
1:00—Young People's Church.
1:30—Hawaiian Paradise.
2:00—The Esquires.
2:30—Popularity Row.
3:00—Western Serenade.
3:30—Boys Town.
4:00—Song of the Week.
4:30—Symphonic Gems.
5:00—Variety Hall.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:15—Sacred Music.
6:30—Light Opera.
7:00—Hits and Encores.
7:30—String Serenade.
8:00—The World Tonight.
8:15—Vocal Varieties.
8:30—Tango Time.
9:00—News Tabloid.
9:15—Organalities.
9:30—Back Home Hour.
10:00—Dream Time.

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KGW—NBC—SUNDAY—620 Kc.
8:00—Sunday Sunrise.
8:30—Music and American Youth.
9:30—Pageant of Art.
10:00—Sammy Kaye Orchestra.
10:30—On Your Job.
11:30—Chicago Round Table.
12:00—Gateway to Musical Highways
12:30—Garden Talks.
12:45—News.
1:00—Home Fires.
1:15—News.
1:30—Stars of Tomorrow.
2:15—News.
2:30—Your Dream Has Come True.
3:00—Catholic Hour.
3:30—What's Your Idea.
4:00—Professor Puzzlewit.
4:30—Band Wagon.
5:00—Charley McCarthy.
5:30—One Man's Family.
6:00—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
6:30—Album of Familiar Music.
7:00—Hour of Charm.
7:30—Carnival.
8:00—Night Editor.
8:15—Dear John.
8:30—Jack Benny.
9:00—Walter Winchell.
9:15—The Parker Family.
10:00—News Flashes.
10:15—Bridge to Dreamland
11:00—Sal Tabarin Orchestra
11:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.

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KOIN—CBS—SUNDAY—970 Kc.
5:30—Glendale Easter Service.
6:30—Wings Over Jordan.
7:00—West Coast Church.
7:30—Major Bowes.
8:30—News.
8:45—Salt Lake Tabernacle.
10:00—Church of the Air.
11:00—The Free Company.
11:30—News.
12:00—New York Philharmonic.
1:00—The Pause That Refreshes
2:00—Old Songs of the Church.
2:30—Silver Theatre.
3:30—Melody Ranch.
3:55—Dear Mom.
4:15—News.
4:30—William Wallace in Recital
4:45—Dr. Knowledge.
5:30—Spelling Beeliner.
5:45—Elmer Davis, News.
6:00—Sunday Evening Hour.
7:00—Take It or Leave It.
7:30—Helen Hayes Theatre.
8:30—Crime Doctor.
8:55—News.
9:00—Smarty Party.
9:30—Dutch Uncles.
10:00—Don't Be Personal.
10:30—Five Star Final.
10:45—Northwest Round Table.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:45—News.

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KEX—NBC—SUNDAY—1180 Kc.
8:00—News.
8:05—Mount Hood Weather.
8:30—Sweet Land of Liberty.
9:00—Amen Corner.
9:30—Radio City Music Hall.
10:30—The Quiet Hour.
11:00—American Pilgrimage.
11:15—Foreign Policy Association.
12:00—Great Plays.
1:00—National Vespers.
1:30—Christian Science Program.
1:45—Portland Baseball.
4:30—News of the Americas.
4:45—Baseball.
6:00—Rhythms by Ricardo.
6:30—News.
6:45—Bill Stern Sports Newsreel.
7:00—Good Will Hour.
8:00—Inner Sanctum Mysteries.
8:30—Hawthorne Temple.
9:00—Everybody Sing.
9:30—Book Chat.
10:00—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
11:00—Portland Police Reports.
11:03—Wilshire Bowl Orchestra.
11:30—War News Round Up.

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KALE—MBS—SUNDAY—1220 Kc.
8:00—Hollywood Easter Services.
8:30—Boyhood Story of Jesus.
9:00—Army Sunrise Services.
9:45—Let There Be Light.
6:55—News.
9:00—Fishermen's Association.
10:00—News.
10:15—Romance of the Hiways.
11:00—All Soldier Talent Show.
11:55—News.
12:00—The Americas Speak.
12:30—Young People's Church.
1:00—Swedish Baptist Temple.
1:30—Lutheran Hour.

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2:30—The Shadow.
3:00—Bible Class.
3:30—Gene Krupa Orchestra.
4:00—American Forum.
4:55—Old Fashioned Revival.
6:00—Hinson Memorial Church.
6:00—News.
6:15—Music for Sunday.
10:00—Duke Ellington Orchestra.
10:25—News.
11:00—Phil Harris Orchestra.

Monday Radio Programs
On Page 6, Section 2