The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1851

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

Member of The Associated Press
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"Aid to the Axis"

"Vichy and Paris mean to behave toward Berlin in the same way as Washington is behaving toward London . . . to the fullest extent possible without entering into war against Britain." Such was the purported declaration from the French government on Wednesday morning. By Wednesday night there were strong indications that the nature of French aid to the nazis might be sharply out of line with the forecast. The British were taking "necessary precautions" in Syria.

The interesting point to watch now, assuming that British and French do clash in Syria, is the fervor with which the French enter the fray against their so recent allies. Vichy can lead them into war but it can't make them fight. Some will want to fight but it's a safe bet that a great many will not. An indefinite number had previously deserted to the DeGaulle camp.

If the Paris announcement of French government designs officially represented the Vichy regime, the peculiarity of the wording is explicable. It was a warning to the United States that France is the pawn to checkmake any American move; that however direct American aid to Britain may be, France will do its best to match it.

As for the French motivation, it may be read in the tone of recent statements by Darlan and Laval. In their labored explanations of the various steps taken to date, their logic is based uniformly upon the premise that Germany cannot fail, that Britain is doomed. Nowhere in England will you hear even a hint that such an outcome is possible, and if you venture to suggest it in the United States you invite the Laval-Quisling label.

It is permissible, though, to observe that "things look bad and to point out the difficulties that lie ahead of Britain and her all-but-active ally, the United States. Forgetting the geography of the Near East and the indecisive events there at the moment, we quote from a letter received by the editor of the Corvallis Gazette-Times from a man who was an Allied officer in the first World war and has been around a lot since; not to prove that Britain can't win but to show some reasons why axis-friendly Frenchmen may so believe:

The first World war had continued for four years before Germany began to collapse internally. She had fighting against her and her inefficient allies, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria, the following enemies:—Russia, England, France, Italy, Serbia, Rumania, Japan, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. These were against her from the beginning until the collapse of Russia, which country was replaced in 1917 by forces from the United States.

From the beginning of the war up to the United States' entry into it, Germany and her allies had already lost in prisoners 2,200,000 to Russia, 160,000 to France, 110,000 to England, a total of around two and a half million. She had lost in big guns to Russia over 3200, to France 900, to England 450, to Italy 150, or a total of 4700. In addition to which she had lost many thousands killed and wounded.

Thus up to the entry of the United States into the war, in a military sense, Germany was greatly weakened but continued still to fight over 18 months against the combined forces of France, Italy, the United States, England, Rumania, Servia, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

In addition to this, her chief ally, Austria, was of little help but was in fact required to be defended by the Germany army, against Russia. Of the 2,200,000 prisoners taken by Russia, 1,850,000 were Austrians. From the point of view of supplying her army and population, blockaded Germany then was in immeasurably more difficult condition than now.

In this war only England and France were her chief opponents in the beginning. She now has the resources of Belgium, Holland, Norway, Poland, Russia, Czechoslovakia, France and the Balkan states, while there is opposed to her only England.

Germany too, is much stronger in a military way than she was when that war began and so it seems impossible to believe that England and the United States, the latter over 3000 miles from the scene of conflict, can beat Germany. I also have reason to believe that conditions in England are worse than they are inside Germany.

More Presidential Powers

There was talk, you may remember, in the campaign of 1936, in the 1940 campaign and in between, of a danger that under the new deal the United States was heading toward dictatorship. Among newspapers consistently critical of the administration, The Statesman was one of the few which, while sharing those fears, never suggested that the dictator role was one consciously sought by the president. It did contend from the beginning that the socialization of various activities which were not previously governmental functions, and particularly their administration by the national government, amounted to national socialism and thus constituted a trend toward dictatorship regardless of the chief executive's ambitions. Proof of this thesis was seen in the influence of the relief vote in perpetuating the administration regardless of its various faults and failures.

In the 1940 campaign it was further contended here that the necessities of the defense effort and the economic upsets incident to the world revolution would thrust America further in the direction of dictatorship. It is too early to tally up the score, but the trend is unchanged.

We are becoming resigned to price controls and priorities, both limitations of freedom once taken for granted, and we are faced with the threat of "gasless Sundays" and a multitude of other restrictions dictated by government—all of which we will accept because they contribute to national defense. All this is dictation by the government; it is not dictatorship because it coincides with the will of the majority and because it is—we hope—temporary.

The president was given broad powers, "notwithstanding the provisions of any other law" under the lend-lease act. And now comes before congress a measure to grant him additional powers, including that of taking over, at a price, private property needed in the interests of national defense. It was drafted in the war department and there is little point at this time in going into detail, for both the scope and the purpose of its provisions are in dispute.

The measure's utility in resolving labor disputes has been cited by the president who thus took advantage of a trend of public opinion. It is true that "you can't strike against the government." Some of the very people who would most object to nationalization of private property, would most vigorously applaud this objective.

These are intended to be emergency powers. Their necessity will be debated fully in congress. It should be guided by two principles.

In wartime there is necessity for granting additional powers to government. Woodrow Wilson was virtually a dictator while the nation was at war; so was Abraham Lincoln. Liberties the people then surrendered were restored. They cannot now expect, either in wartime or in the "unlimited national emergency," to avoid a similar experience. Congress should grant whatever powers are necessary.

But congress should not grant any more powers than are necessary, and should carefully define those it does grant. At the very minimum, from the phrase "temporary or permanent" the last two words should be deleted. For the very reason that the private enterprise system has been under attack, greater care must and will be exercised to insure that this emergency shall not be the excuse for its death blow.

For the rest, we will have to trust the president. A lot of us didn't want him for another term, but majority rules. Lindbergh and some others are saying a dictatorship already exists. but they are wrong. When a dictator rules America, this newspaper will not criticize him—or at any rate, not more than once. Either it will refrain from criticism or it will refrain from publication.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, June 4—Some people have been putting 2 and 2 together and getting peace rumors. Their arithmetic is denied and denounced by every official authority. What the rumor circulators are putting together are: the arrival of Herr Hess in England, the quietness of the British about it of late, the subsequent Hitler meetings with Darlan, then with Mussolini, and now the flight home of our ambassador to London, Mr. Winant.

Paul Mallon

One minor government man who knows nothing about it has stimulated speculation here by wanting to bet there would be peace within 30 days. But the only bet that can be safely made is that peace now would mean a German victory. The British military situation, to all outward appearances at least, is nowhere near that surrender point.

Vague informal peace negotiations are nearly always being carried on directly in all wars. They rarely reach fruition until one side has clearly established a victory.

A negotiated peace now could not conceivably clarify our defense problem, but would only intensify it. For these several reasons officials interest in the subject is not yet evident here.

— —

The all-power bill (giving the president the right, theoretically at least, to take the shirt from your back or the gold from your teeth) was written in the war department last March. There, they say, they have nothing specific in mind for which the bill is designed . . . it was merely written with advices from the White House bundling up the wartime powers given Woodrow Wilson in 14 or 15 different bills . . . FDR sent it to congress now to implement further his defense action speech . . . It takes a long time to get such things through congress and the war department lawyers, as well as the White House, wanted to be prepared for any future requirements. . . .

This is a good story, and no doubt true except that it will be a long, long, long time before congress will pass that particular bill. Restrictions are expected. One, fixing a time limit on the powers, will be accepted by the war department, but congress will adopt other restrictions which may not be acceptable.

What the framers of the legislation have in mind, they say, are primarily patents and cross-license cases. The necessity of taking control of communications, railroads and possibly utilities in the future is likewise foreseen. The bill has nothing whatever to do with acquiring land. Some difficulties were encountered with land acquirement in Caroline county, Virginia and Camp Stewart, Georgia, but all these have been adjusted.

— —

A few readers have written expressing amazement at the recent disclosures in this column concerning army deficiencies and inefficiencies. They contend that the informing of the people on the deplorable state of their defense lends comfort to Hitler.

Their letters came simultaneously with news that the British air chief in the eastern Mediterranean had been kicked out and up to home defenses after the fall of Crete. If he had been subjected to enough criticism to have built some underground airports, Crete would be in British hands today.

This column is working on the conviction that the disclosure of defects will cause their correction. Any American who today says all is well with our defense is not fooling Hitler, but paving the way for him. Any reporter who conceals defense defects and thereby lets them continue, is serving the cause of this nation's enemies more effectively than a paid saboteur.

Today's criticism: All three of the tank factories now producing this most vital defense implement are unprotected, except by wire fencing, although dozens of private airfields from which planes can be rented are within a few miles.

The UNION or the Unions, Which?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

An inquiry concerning Jesse Quinn Thornton and Mrs. Eliza Thornton Ware, who were Salemites: 6-5-41

From Vincent McMullen, 500 Key building, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, who is evidently in the field service of the United States Department of the Interior, office of Indian Affairs, comes a letter to this desk.

The letter is dated May 27, 1941, and it contains the quoted paragraphs which follow:

"Judge Jesse Quinn Thornton, who was prominent in early Oregon history and who died in Salem on Feb. 5, 1888, was said to have been related to my grandmother Mary Thornton McMullen, who died at Winterset, Iowa, in the year 1900, at age of 83, and who came to Iowa in 1855 from Champaign County, Ohio.

"My father said Judge Thornton was her uncle. I have been trying to verify this, but so far have not been able to do so, as Judge Thornton's autobiography, now in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley, California, does not give the names of any members of his family, and I have been unable to find anything anywhere as to whose son he was or what the names of his brothers or sisters were if he had any.

"Thinking he might have left a will or some property which went to probate at his death, I wrote the office of the county clerk at Salem, but he says he has no record of an estate of Judge Thornton at all.

"Also, in one account it is stated he is buried in the Odd Fellows cemetery, but in another it says the Methodist cemetery.

"Miss Nellie B. Pipes, library of the Oregon Historical Society, says in a letter to me dated April 8: 'Mr. Thornton died in Salem, so his will (if there was one) would be filed there. The person most likely to know about that, as well as the burial place of Thornton, is Mr. R. J. Hendricks, Oregon Statesman, Salem, Oregon.'

"If you have any information on these two questions, or any other that would be of help to me, I would greatly appreciate your letting me know.

"My grandmother's sister, Mrs. Eliza Thornton Ware, and her husband (I think his name was William Ware, though am not certain about it) removed from Oskaloosa, Iowa, to Salem, Oregon, and died there; she died about 1890, I believe.

"I never heard as to whether she and Judge Thornton knew each other there at Salem or claimed relationship. If you were in Salem at that time, it is possible you may have known the Wares, as well as Judge Thornton. I enclose a stamped, addressed envolpe, and sheet of paper, for your convenience in replying, and will thank you for anything you can tell me."

So ends the McMullen letter.

Thanks to Miss Pipes for the compliment.

The inquiry concerning the place of burial is easily answered. It is in the Lee Mission cemetery. Yes; that cemetery is under the perpetual ownership and directorship of the First Methodist church of Salem, Oregon, under the terms of the gift of the land, by the Jason Lee missionaries, Rev. J. L. Parrish and wife.

The land was on the wife's part of the Parrish donation land claim. She had been Elizabeth Winn, a native of New York state, as was also Mr. Parrish.

If the inquiry which starts this series were pursued to all its interesting ends, the story would be a long one, making up a big book, perhaps several volumes.

This cannot be done here, but it will have some attention, and this columnist solicits help from old timers here or elsewhere, by personal contact, telephone, letter or other means.

(Continued tomorrow.)

U. S. Ambassador to Britain John G. Winant leaves the Clipper plane in New York after flying from London. His report too important to send by courier, he immediately went to Washington to inform President Roosevelt on the present state of the Battle of Britain.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Mrs. N. A. wants to know the name of some little book of herbs which will also give recipes. She writes that she recalls a small book of this nature but cannot remember its name.

Answer—Katherine van der Veer's "Herbs for Urbans and Suburbans" might do very nicely. However, its cultural directions are very sparce.

Question: Mrs. I. F. asks how to make a pot pourrri.

Answer—There are a number of recipes for pot pourrries in the old encyclopedias. Here is one: Gather your rose petals on a sunny day and spread out on a screen or flat surface to dry for about 24 hours. Do not leave them at night where dew will fall on them. Next place them in a jar, using a thin layer of salt to each layer of rose petals. A handful of lavender flowers, rosemary leaves and lemon verbena should be added. Then stir in three ounces of pulverized bay salt, one ounce of cinnamon, one of cloves and one of nutmeg. Keep the jar closely covered except when you want it for perfume in the room.

M. R. asks what is a fothergilla.

Answer—This is a shrub related to the witch-hazels. It grows about four feet tall. The foliage is shaped like alder and this turns red in autumn. The flowers are white with pink seamens and grow in dense spikes in very early spring.

"Lover Come Back"

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Chapter 21 Continued

Comin' here to rob me in old Ramps Raynall's uniform!" Then, to the astonishment of his listeners, the Captain threw back his head and laughed. "Burglary! Safe-blowin'! So that's what he had in mind when he boasted he'd collect on that contract." He rubbed his small, scarred hands together. "Sondy, send Alexander for the Commissioner and the Marshal."

"But I tell you he didn't—"

"No buts. To jail he goes, and—"

"Pardon me, Captain," Kemp put in hastily. "Reynall may be guilty, of course, but so far you really haven't a scrap of evidence on which to base a conviction in court."

"Conviction be hanged, Starbuck! All I want is to throw a monkey wrench into his business, and he's just after handin' me the weapon, himself. I'll stick him in the brig, and get his bail fixed so high he'll have to stay there till his trial comes up at the fall session of court. No one ever ran a herring business successfully from the inside of a hoosegow, and ye can lay to that."

"Dynamite!" Sondra put both hands on her grandfather's shoulders and shook him. "He hasn't possession of the contract. I took it out, myself—after the blow-up. I've got it now in—a—a—safe place. Nothing is missing. Not a single paper." She prayed silently that he wouldn't demand the document immediately.

"Why didn't ye say so in the first place! The Captain looked both outraged and deflated. "Humph! Well, if that's the case, I might as well get at my figuring. Get out my herring records, Sondy."

Glad to divert his mind from the contract, Sondra placed on the table the canvas-covered journals that contained herring data gathered from every source for the past fifteen years. The Captain rested his hand on the pile of books and looked up at Kemp.

"Reynall can play his luck and be hanged," he said. "These records are my ace in the hole. They cover every known thing that's a factor in the omvement of herring—dates, tides, winds, hours of rain and sunshine. The earlier logs record the presence of whales, too."

"Will the return of the whales affect your offshore fishing, sir?" Kemp inquired anxiously.

"Aye. Somewhat. But the whales can't be everywhere at one time; and with these records I can pretty well chart the course of any herring shoal that appears out there." He glanced up as Sondra began edging toward the door. "Where are you goin' Sondy? Hand me that pencil and some paper."

"Here you are, lamb. I—I left something aboard the Tanya. I'm going to run down and fetch it now, if there's nothing else you want, Dynamite."

Kemp came to his feet. "I'll go along, Sondra. Better put on a slicker. It's raining cats and dogs."

They were hurrying along the rain-drenched wharf, when Sondra happened to glance over at the Glory. She halted abruptly. "Oh, Kemp! Look!" The old figurehead under the stubby bowsprit was whole again, and white with a coat of priming paint. The laughing mermaid, with one arm gaily outflung, was pointing the way through the gray, slanting rain. "They've restored her!" breathed Sondra, feeling a little foolish because an emotional chill ran over her.

Then her gaze fell on the Glory's charthouse, and her mood changed. In the open door stood Liane, shaking rain from a yellow sou'wester. Inside, obviously welcoming her, was Miss Jacqueline. The door closed, with Liane inside.

Sondra grasped Kemp's hand, "Hurry, hurry," she said.

They found the Tanya deserted, except for Hardtack, the cook, in his galley, assembling a mulligan. "I'm going to look for something I left in Chris's cabin," Sondra told the old cook. "Perhaps you saw it when you dried my clothes this afternoon. Hardtack. A long, fat envelope?"

The leathery little man shook his head, "Divil an envelope," he said.

She left Kemp in the galley, and plunging into Chris's cabin, peeled off her slicker.

After a ten minute search she sank to the settee under the porthole with a sickening conviction of loss. "It's gone!" she gasped. "Lost!"

"What's lost?" Kemp stepped in, closing the door behind him.

"That Bates contract! I took it from the safe last night, and pinned in inside my sweater. I'm sure it was there when I fell overboard, but—"

"Great Scott! Was it the contract you had in your—" Kemp stopped, his face flushing with embarrassment. Sondra looked up inquiringly.

"I mean to say, I happened to notice you had something inside your—er—sweater front, just before you went overboard," he explained. "Could Reynall have snatched it when he went to your rescue there, under the water?"

Remembering Reynall's grasp on her sweater, the arms that had encircled her as she fought to clear her bracelet, she nodded. "Oh, Kemp! Whatever shall I do when Dynamite asks me for it?"

Kemp slipped off his slicker and tossed it into a corner. "Look here, Sondra," he said firmly. "Ever since that fellow Reynall landed, he's kept you in a turmoil. Forget this row between him and your grandfather. Let them fight it out in their own way. Dynamite has all the best of it, anyway; though I do think he's a bit screwy—picking a fight this way, when the season's just begun."

"Dynamite, screwy! What are you talking about, Kemp Starbuck? He didn't pick this fight. The Reynalls did. And if you think I'm going to stand by and do nothing while—"

"Oh, all right! All right." He threw up his hands; then laughed—an indulgent, amused laugh. "You adorable, loyal little thing, Sondra. No wonder I'm crazy about you. But please, p-l-e-a-s-e don't let your fighting interfere with you and me."

(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—THURSDAY—1390 Kc.
6:30—Sunrise Salute.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:05—Oldtime Music.
7:30—News.
7:45—Rollo Hudson's Orchestra.
8:30—News.
8:45—Tune Tabloid.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Popular Orchestras.
9:45—Four Notes.
10:00—The World This Morning.
10:15—Prescription for Happiness.
10:30—Women in the News.
10:35—Bert Hirsch's Violin.
11:00—Melodic Moods.
11:30—Value Parade.
12:00—Ivan Ditmars at the Organ.
12:15—Noontime News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
12:50—The Song Shop.
1:00—Chuck Foster's Orchestra.
1:15—Isle of Paradise.
1:30—Western Serenade.
2:00—News.
2:15—US Army.
2:30—Bert Hirsch's Orchestra.
3:00—Crossroad Troubador.
3:15—Concert Gems.
4:15—News.
4:30—Teatime Tunes.
4:45—The Four Belles.
5:00—Popularity Row.
5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:15—War Commentary.
6:20—String Serenade.
7:00—News in Brief.
7:05—The Rhythm Five.
7:30—Talk of the Town.
8:00—The World Tonight.
8:30—Waltz Time.
8:45—News Tabloid.
9:00—Spokane vs. Salem Baseball.
10:00—Hits of the Day.
10:30—News.
10:45—Let's Dance.
11:15—Dream Time.

KGW—NBC—THURSDAY—620 Kc.
6:00—Sunrise Serenade.
6:30—Trail Blazers.
7:00—News.
7:15—On the Mail.
7:45—David Harum.
8:00—Sam Hayes.
8:30—Stars of Today.
9:00—Jean Abbey.
9:15—Bess Johnson.
9:30—Ellen Randolph.
9:45—Dr. Kate.
10:00—Light of the World.
10:15—The Mystery Man.
10:30—Valiant Lady.
10:45—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
11:00—Against the Storm.
11:15—Ma Perkins.
11:30—The Guiding Light.
11:45—Vic and Sade.
12:00—Backstage Wife.
12:15—Stella Dallas.
12:30—Lorenzo Jones.
12:45—Young Widder Brown.
1:00—Home of the Brave.
1:15—Portia Faces Life.
1:45—Mary Marlin.
2:00—Pepper Young's Family.
2:15—Lone Journey.
2:30—Speaking of Liberty.
2:45—News.
3:00—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
3:15—News.
3:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
4:00—Stars of Today.
4:30—Sunset Symphony.
5:00—Music Hall.
6:00—Xavier Cugat.
6:30—Quiz of Two Cities.
7:00—Fred Waring Pleasure Time.
7:15—Lum and Abner.
7:30—Coffee Time.
8:00—Aldrich Family.
8:30—Tommy Riggs and Betty Lou.
9:00—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
9:30—Good Neighbors.
10:00—News.
10:30—Music by Woodbury.
11:00—News.
11:15—Wilshire Bowl Orchestra.
11:30—Florentine Gardens Orch.
11:55—News.

KEX—NBC—THURSDAY—1190 Kc.
6:00—Ed's Up.
7:00—Western Agriculture.
7:15—Breakfast Club.
8:00—Amen Corner.
8:30—National Farm and Home.
9:15—Between the Bookends.
9:30—Christian Science Program.
10:00—News.
10:30—Charmingly We Live.
11:00—Orphans of Divorce.
11:15—Amanda of Honeymoon Hill.
11:30—John's Other Wife.
11:45—Just Plain Bill.
12:00—Mother of Mine.
12:15—Market Reports.
12:30—News.
1:15—Dancing with Clancy.
1:45—Curbstone Quiz.
2:00—The Quiet Hour.
2:45—Gasoline Alley.
3:00—Count Your Blessings.
3:15—Mr. Keen, Tracer.
3:30—Intermezzo.
4:00—Pot of Gold
4:30—Irene Wicker
4:45—The Bartons.
5:00—Hotel Astor Orchestra.
6:00—Rudy Vallee Show.
6:45—News.
7:00—Hotel New Yorker Orchestra.
7:30—Roseland Ballroom Orchestra
8:00—Easy Aces.
8:15—Hotel Sherman Orchestra.
8:30—Portland Baseball.
10:00—America's Town Meeting.
11:00—This Moving World.
11:15—Portland Police Reports.
11:30—War News Roundup.

KOIN—CBS—THURSDAY—970 Kc.
6:00—NW Farm Reporter.
6:15—KOIN Klock
7:15—News.
7:45—Consumer News.
8:00—Kate Smith.
8:15—When A Girl Marries.
8:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
8:45—Our Gal Sunday.
9:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
9:15—Woman in White.
9:30—Right to Happiness.
9:45—Mary Lee Taylor.
10:00—Big Sister.
10:15—Aunt Jenny.
10:30—Fletcher Wiley.
10:45—Kate Hopkins.
11:00—Martha Webster.
11:30—Hello Again.
11:45—Woman of Courage.
12:00—News.
12:15—Myrt and Marge.
12:30—Bess Johnson.
12:45—Stepmother.
1:00—Hymns of All Churches.
1:15—Singin' Sam.
1:30—The O'Neills.
1:45—Scattergood Baines.
2:15—Sunshine Almanac.
2:30—Joyce Jordan.
2:45—The World Today.
3:00—The Second Mrs. Burton.
3:15—Young Dr. Malone.
3:30—Newspaper of the Air.
5:00—Major Bowes.
6:00—Glen Miller Orchestra.
6:15—Professor Quiz.
6:30—Leon F. Drews.
7:00—Amos 'N' Andy.
7:15—Lanny Ross.
7:30—Spotlight.
8:00—City Desk.
8:30—Answer Auction.
9:00—News.
9:15—Caesar Petrillo Orchestra.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—Ray Noble Orchestra.
10:30—State Traffic.
10:45—Reid Tanner Orchestra.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.

KALE—MBS—THURSDAY—1330 Kc.
6:30—Memory Timekeeper.
7:00—News.
8:00—Good Morning, Family.
8:30—News.
9:00—This and That.
9:30—Helen Holden.
9:45—I'll Find My Way.
10:00—News.
10:30—Woman's Side of the News.
10:45—Buyers' Parade.
11:45—Concert Gems.
12:30—Johnson Family.
12:45—News.
1:00—John B. Hughes.
1:30—We Are Always Young.
2:00—Captain Sally.
2:30—News.
3:15—Here's Morgan.
3:30—Mystery Hall.
4:00—Sunshine Express.
4:30—US Government Reports.
4:45—Journal Juniors.
5:15—News.
5:30—Shafter Parker's Circus.
5:45—Captain Midnight.
6:30—John B. Hughes.
7:00—Leland Stowe.
7:15—Jimmy Allen.
7:30—Wythe Williams.
8:00—Symphony Hour.
9:00—News.
9:15—Gift of the Orient.
9:45—Speaking of Sports.
10:00—Slumber Boat.
10:30—News.
10:45—Leighton Noble Orchestra.
11:30—Henry King Orchestra.

KOAC—THURSDAY—550 Kc.
9:30—News.
9:15—The Homemakers' Hour.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
11:30—Music of the Masters.
12:00—News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
2:00—Home Garden Hour.
3:45—Monitor Views the News.
3:15—Youth Speaks.
3:45—News.
4:30—Symphony Half Hour.
4:30—Stories for Boys and Girls.
5:00—On the Campuses.
5:45—Vespers.
6:15—News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:30—University Theatre.
8:00—Campus Interviews.
8:30—OSC Round Table.
9:30—School of Science.
9:45—Physical Education.

ATTENTION!
NEW STATION!
NEW TIME!

"WE, THE ABBOTTS"

the thrilling serial of American home life presented by the makers of BEST FOODS *Real* Mayonnaise.

Now! ➔ KGW
Now! ➔ 1:30 p.m.
Every Monday thru Friday

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