

The Oregon Statesman

"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

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this newspaper.

Oil for the Lamps of . . .

Inability of the "man in the street" to qualify as an expert critic of foreign policy is illustrated by those letters to the editor in which the threat of "gasless Sundays" is contrasted with the continued delivery of petroleum products to the Japanese. Curtailment of needless gasoline consumption may not be in order, especially on the west coast; and the sale of gasoline and oil to Japan probably is shortsighted policy but it is less shortsighted than the linking of the two issues, for they have no valid connection.

Quite adequate supplies of petroleum are coming out of the ground in the United States and other supplies are being hoarded underground for the future. If needed, they could be tapped immediately without greatly hastening the day when an actual shortage will occur. The present problem of supply—or rather the one that is foreseen some months hence—has to do solely with distribution.

This elementary point merely serves to illustrate that we have to look beyond our noses in order to see the really pertinent argument for and against prompt curtailment of the release of petroleum products to the Japanese. Yet in view of the obvious fact that gasoline we sell to them now may some day propel bombing planes carrying destruction in our direction—at least as far as the Philippines and our other island strongholds in the Pacific—there is only one basis upon which the continuation of such a policy may be defended, and its validity is obscure.

Continued sale of such products to Japan, in brief, is justified only if the alternative is less desirable. Imposition of a ban at this moment quite conceivably might hasten a showdown in the Dutch East Indies. If Japan is able to grab now, getting rubber, tin and the other things which it and the United States both need; and if our government is moving toward a condition in which Japan's grabbing power would be curtailed—something which could be going on and if so, without publicity—then a brief continuation of the present policy might be justified.

For the last several years our policy toward Japan has been less severe than it might have been and this has been the usual explanation; that we didn't want to crowd Tokyo into rash acts of desperation. In view of the clamor against the sale of oil "for the lamps of" the oriental aggressor, if the government has a valid reason for permitting it, there should be some way to give the public a hint as to its nature. In the absence of such a hint, the public is not to be blamed for concluding that the state department is bungling again.

Airport Prospects

The benefits—adulterated somewhat by obligations—of the actual establishment of defense training centers as distinguished from the distribution of defense contracts, are already being realized by Portland, Pendleton and the Astoria-Seaside area. Similar benefits are anticipated by Medford and Eugene though there are hints that they may have to share them, if their expectations actually develop, by Grants Pass and Albany, respectively.

Salem may expect to be similarly favored only from one direction—defense aviation. Because Salem had the foresight to provide a commodious airport, the wisdom of which was in doubt for most of a decade, there are prospects, no one may say how substantial, that some of the functions of the army aviation training program may be allocated here.

Observing the experiences of these other cities, one may conclude that the community's attitude and activity may have important bearing upon whether or not this possibility becomes an actuality. The city has already expended a reasonable sum upon expansion of the airport, and is reaping the benefit in a large federal expenditure. From this point on the outlook is based principally on conjecture.

Having made such an investment, the government might be expected to make some practical use of it. There are some hints that it so plans and that the city would profit from obtaining ownership of still more land in the airport vicinity in the furtherance of those plans. One could wish for something more substantial, but that apparently is not the army's way of doing things.

This matter will be before the city council Monday night. The proposed expenditure is not great; neither is it inconsiderable. There are some fine points relative to the degree of probability that the rumored program will develop, on which we are not yet adequately informed. If the prospects are well substantiated the city should take whatever steps are necessary to cooperate. A defense aviation development of reasonable proportions would be more nearly an unmixed blessing than a large military cantonment.

Textbooks

Though the manner in which it was side-tracked was not perhaps ideal, the great majority of Oregon citizens will have signs of relief that the "free textbook" measure will not be on the referendum ballot next year. Quite properly the state supreme court has held that the original ballot title referring to "private elementary schools" was inaccurate and misleading, in as much as the measure was designed to eliminate inequity as between pupils, rather than between schools, by authorizing the loan of publicly-owned textbooks to all pupils in standard elementary schools.

In view of the limited time within which an entirely new set of petitions would have to be circulated, the groups promoting the referendum have given up the struggle. New stories quoted them as claiming to have obtained 25,000 signatures, but leaders in the movement who were in Salem for argument of the ballot title case claimed only some 9000, seriously short of the legal requirement. It is extremely doubtful that a sufficient number of legal signatures could have been turned in by this coming Friday.

The referendum machinery is faulty in that

a ballot title may be challenged so late in the game that if the challenge is successful, the measure becomes law by default no matter how meritorious the opposition nor how numerous the petitions.

But in this particular case, regardless of the technicality, it is well that in this time when national unity is so essential the people of Oregon be spared the agitation of an issue which will divide them principally, since most of the private schools are sectarian, upon religious grounds—grounds so fertile, as history records, of bitter strife and acrimony.

The Statesman is convinced that the textbook measure is sound and just, but it is grateful for being spared the task of arguing the point throughout the coming 16 months.

Editorial Influence

It took three years, more than three years, of editorial hammering month by month to bring about the difficult project of opening the Seventh street crossing—Grants Pass Courier. If he finally accomplished it, the editor should kick. Some people are saying the editorial column has no influence at all these days; but in this case it looks as though the typewriter is mightier than the bulldozer.

Some months ago this column had occasion to mention an "orphan street" which was in danger of neglect because its center comprised the city boundary. In somewhat similar situations are the streets which lie just outside the city and which may seem unimportant because they don't "go anywhere," yet carry heavy traffic because those areas are heavily populated. An example is Judson street just south of Salem, residents along which were scheduled to appear before the county court Saturday to request inclusion in the oiling program. Judson street is traversed twice or more daily by 51 automobiles belonging to families which have no other route to Salem, and there are 20 more which use it as one of two alternate routes. The street was improved as a part of a district which no longer exists, at no cost to the county; now its users contend that oiling is decidedly "in order."

Dr. J. Read Bain, Willamette commencement speaker on Saturday, had a theme ready-made by history. He obtained his sheepskin at Willamette in 1916, a few weeks after the United States entered World War I. The graduates of '41 whom he addressed appear to be in a position decidedly similar.

Note how the athletes competing under the colors of the armed services are beginning to dominate the sport page space allotted to amateur contests. By next fall the service eleven will be crowding the colleges out of the big football headlines.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc., reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.)
WASHINGTON, June 7.—The government's warning of prospects for gasless Sundays and restricted heating next winter has aroused the inquisitiveness of congressmen as to why this should be so.

The first smitch of inquisitiveness will disclose that the oil companies transferred 32 tankers of 200,000 tons to Panama and Venezuela registry immediately after the outbreak of the war. The current shortage of tankers, which is supposed to be the cause of the prospective trouble, is estimated at only 139,000 tons for the third quarter of this year beginning July 1. The suggestion will soon come from congress that the dire shortage could be cured by a recovery of these ships.

No one seems to know exactly what the ships are doing under their fake registry, but the charge that they are carrying oil and gas to the nether end of the axis in Japan and Russia is being investigated.

Assistant State Secretary Dean Acheson put an administration clamp upon the house resolution proposing to air the little ways in which this government is inadvertently aiding the axis. He told a secret session of the house rules committee such material could only furnish embarrassing publicity and accomplish no good.

Much of the information has long been available—such things as gold purchases from Russia at the premium price and the shipment of oil to Japan. The Japanese are supposed to be operating 16 tankers a day out of the west coast. In January the Japanese took about one-third of our gasoline exports and in February more than one-half. Oil company manufacturers rightly say there is nothing they can do as long as the state department declines to embargo such shipments. The situation will shortly be corrected.

The Fort Riley commandant, Brigadier General Rodgers, reviewed mechanized troops there and said they were pitiful—no anti-aircraft or machine guns, not even rifles. They had better not let General Rodgers see the other mechanized troops (outside of Fort Knox where the school is reputed to be efficiently equipped).

Do you know how many medium (usable) tanks will be obtained by the army in June? Exactly four. Not until the end of August will they be getting 25 to 30 a month. By August 1 the defense program will have produced 550 light tanks (usable against Nazi tanks), of which 164 will have gone to the British.

But the question is how good are the new mediums. Their main gun is on the side, which limits their field of fire. Neither in speed nor armor do they measure up to the best of the Germans.

These are the M-3's. An excellent M-4 model is on the way, but so far has not progressed beyond the plastic model stage.

The fact that Brigadier General Riley and the other commanders realize these deficiencies is the best possible indication that they will be corrected.



"Random Harvest"—And Where Will the Scythe Swing Next?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

An inquiry concerning 8-8-41
Jesse Quinn Thornton
and Mrs. Eliza Thornton
Ware, who were Salemites:

(Continuing from yesterday):
Still quoting Bancroft: "Notwithstanding the length of the road, which should have warned the travellers not to lose time, a week was wasted in unnecessary delay before commencing the crossing of the Cascade mountains. . . . Teams had to be doubled until 18 or 20 yokes (according to Thornton) were put to a wagon to drag it up. . . .

"Two months from the time the southern immigration left Thousand Springs, the last companies entered the Rogue River valley. . . . Being extremely weary, and their teams well-nigh exhausted, the last of the families unfortunately lingered too long in this beautiful country. . . . when one day of rain might be productive of disaster by raising the streams, and chilling the thin blood of the worn-out oxen. And ah! they tarried in the valley until the rains began; were subjected to a thousand discomforts before they came to the pass through the Canon (Umpqua) mountains. . . . filled with water for three miles, the stream cold and swift."

Says Bancroft further: "Thornton mentions a man falling dead near the entrance to the canon; that a Mr. Brisbane and a child died at this place; . . . a Miss Leland Croley, who had long been ill, also died, and was buried on Grave Creek—whence the name. . . . While she

miserable men, women and children were making their way through this defile, their condition was pitiable, a number having abandoned their wagons, and some, like Thornton and his wife, being compelled to wade the stream, not only through the three-mile gorge, but over and over again at its numerous crossings."

Quoting Bancroft again: "From the journal of Thomas Holt, who with a French Canadian and five half-breeds went to the assistance of the belated immigrants, after receiving word from Thornton and others: 'The 20th of January, 1847, all started once more for the Willamette, the natives refusing to grant the use of a canoe to cross the families over the north fork of the Umpqua which was too high to be forded (it would be even in summer), unless they were paid a gun belonging to DeLoar (that would be a son of Baptiste DeLoar, of the Lewis and Clark party, who was the first white settler as high up as the Bush farm just inside the present Salem city limits; Bancroft calls the son Q. DeLoar; only Bancroft says DeLoar); the 22d it snowed all day; . . . Christmas day the snow was a foot deep; . . . the 1st of January the snow was three feet deep in places on the Calapooia mountains (next north of Shoestring valley); not till the 21st of January, 1847, did these storm-beaten pilgrims reach the friendly shelter of the settlers' homes in the central portion of the Willamette valley.'"

J. Quinn Thornton was a

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

OIL AND GASOLINE

To the Editor: We have an oil dictator. There is talk of rationing gasoline, gasless Sundays, etc. No mention is made however of the fact that government statistics show that we sold Japan in February 1,279,000 barrels; in March, 1,553,000 barrels. Presumably corresponding increases in April and May.

American and British oil companies in Dutch East Indies have a new contract with Japan agreeing to allow her 1,800,000 tons per year. Last year it was only 494,000 tons. Much of this goes to the axis powers, the rest used to bomb the helpless Chinese women and children. If Ickes would divert that oil to United States and stop the shipping oil from United States to Japan there could be no shortage here, but Hitler, Mussolini and Japan would have that much less. Will he do it?

We are still as we have done for years, supplying Japan with war materials to murder and mutilate the inoffensive Chinese. Then we send all possible help to China and loan her millions. "Consistent!"

J. E. PUTNAM

NOBILITY

To the Editor: There is a sprinkling of nobility throughout the nation and the world. There is a sprinkling of nobility in Salem. We are rubbing elbows with nobility without knowing it. Many varieties of nobility are in evidence, such as the nobility of style, the nobility of wealth, the nobility of blood, the nobility of mind and the nobility of heart. Of all these, that of the nobility of style is of smallest value, and

yet, how much money do the people of this nation spend annually for that nobility.

Miss Style sets herself in public places and caps the climax of her brilliancy with a cigarette on fire. But the nobility of heart is the heart of nobility. Find them. They are not floating on top of society, rather the higher their nobility is, the deeper is their humanity, ever struggling upward against the gulfdream of corruption and unrighteousness all around them. Paul put it this way:

"We are pressed on every side, yet not straitened; perplexed yet not to despair, pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed." So long as the gulfdream of affairs runs smooth they are hard pressed, but when national and international collisions set in, when the forces of good and evil come out in open conflict, then concentration camps are set up, and the Niemollers will be classified with criminals, not for any wrong done, but because they "testify to the world that their deeds are evil."

Evidences of open conflict between good and evil are now approaching us with very heavy steps. The masses are seeing the doings of the masses, until the dictators "take charge of the masses, starting 'a new order,' defying the laws and order of God. They might as well try to defy gravitation, or cohesion, or magnetism, and a thousand other invisible and eternal forces. They only produce extreme tribulation, break down civilization, and reduce the human race. God is on the throne. AUGUST MICKELSON

scholarly writer, and in many cases he tipped his pen in the gall of bitterness. This shows up throughout his book of two volumes, "Oregon and California in 1848," published by the Harpers, New York, in 1864. He abused Jesse Applegate, in many ways the greatest American of his time living in Oregon during its early days when it stood in need of such a leader; Thornton abused Jesse Applegate, accusing him of selfishness in laying out and commending the so-called "southern route," from Fort Hall by way of northern California and southern Oregon; claiming that Jesse Applegate, having cattle for sale at his Yoncalla (Douglas county) farm, wished to thus secure a better market for them.

The fact is that few more unselfish men have ever lived, since the Man of Galilee looked down from the Cross. Jesse Applegate was once wealthy in this world's goods. He made himself poor in helping others; in some cases was victimized by selfish neighbors.

The fault was not with the southern (so-called "Applegate") route. It was with the 1848 immigration coming that way, with which were the Thorntons, by dallying till the fall rains came.

Bancroft's History of Oregon (page 566 of volume 1) says: "In May, 1847, Levi Scott (among the early day leaders and statesmen of Oregon after whom Scotts Valley (between the Yoncalla and Shoestring valleys) was named, led a company of 20 men destined to the (Eastern) States over the southern route, and also guided a portion of the IMMIGRATION OF THE FOLLOWING AUTUMN into the Willamette valley by this road, arriving in good season and good condition, while the main immigration by the Dalles route (down the Columbia), partly on account of its number, suffered severely."

This established the reputation of the Klamath Lake road; and the legislature of that year passed an act for its improvement, making Levi Scott commissioner, and allowing him to collect a small toll as compensation for his services. The troubles with the Cayuses, which broke out in the winter of 1847, and which but for the Oregon volunteers would have closed the Snake route, demonstrated the wisdom of its explorers in providing the mountain-walled valleys of western Oregon with another means of ingress or egress than the Columbia river.

Their road today being incorporated for nearly its whole length with some of the most important highways of the country. (Continued on Tuesday.)

Children's Day Program Today

Children's day will be observed at Knight Memorial Congregational church, 19th and Ferry streets, today, with a program by the Sunday school pupils at 11 o'clock instead of the regular morning service. Rev. Howard C. Stover, pastor, and 40 of the young people are to be in Newkown today, where Rev. Stover will conduct a morning service on the beach and in the evening a campfire Christian Endeavor service.

"Lover Come Back"

By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

Chapter 22 continued

The Captain was sitting very still, his bushy white brows drawn together in an eagle look of concentration. When he spoke, it was calmly, thoughtfully. "Look, now. Suppose we admit the validity of that bloody Bates contract. Suppose we offer our fish to Reynald and he's unable to take 'em because—well, because he's just had a bit of hard luck with his plant?" He paused significantly.

"By Gosh!" Chris' face lighted hopefully. "Then we could deliver them to Starbuck, or whoever could take 'em!" "Eggs-actly." The Captain screwed one eye shut and twisted his pursed lips in a wry smile. During a moment's silence a volley of wind-driven rain hit the windows. Chris cocked a listening ear. "A nor'easter blowing up strong, Captain," he said, with seeming irrelevance. "And tonight's the highest tide of the month. . . . Wouldn't it be awful, now, if that floating cannery of Reynald's should slip her moorings and go aground tonight. Yes, it would. She'd be stuck, careened over on her beam for thirty days until the next big tide. . . . Thirty days. And unable to can a fish or take a delivery." He fixed an innocent, bland look on Captain O'Moore, who stared back at him, saying nothing.

The atmosphere grew tense. Finally the Captain shook his head. "No, Chris. 'Tis the Glory, remember, I 'd better not take chances on anything happening to the Glory. We'll have to think up something else. Go down now, lad, to the boats. Have the men pack their fish in ice for twenty-four hours. Then come back and we'll scheme a bit."

Chapter 23

As darkness deepened, the storm increased. Sonda, following her custom, turned on the cupola light before she went up to her room. Although she had not slept the night before, she lay awake in her ivory-and-gold bed, a victim of her troubled thoughts.

Liane had sent word that she wouldn't be back. Her mother needed her, and would Sonda please pack her things and send them over.

Sonda wondered about that as she lay tossing. Affection for her mother was something new in Liane. . . . Was her sudden thoughtfulness a result of her visit to Miss Jacqueline? Or had Jean. . . . To break this line of thought she sprang out of bed and went to the window. Outside, the gray, windtorn world was emerging in the leaden light that precedes dawn. It had stopped raining, but the wind came shrieking down off the

wooded mountains, battering at the window, tramping trees in the garden, and roaring on to tear the bay into a smother of flying pumpe. The highest tide of the month was creaking almost on a level with the string-pieces of the shadowy wharves. The O'Moore trawlers, to escape the full force of the blow, had moved up to join Kemp's smaller vessels on the anchorage above the American Packers' float.

The Baltic was riding to a sloop on the sheltered side of the Bates dock. No lights were showing. No one was visible anywhere on the gray water-front. Reynald must have returned sometime ago, because his quarters aboard the Glory showed no illumination, either. Naturally—since it was past three in the morning. But—were her eyes playing her tricks again, or was the Glory no longer moored across the face of the wharf? . . . and that strip of water showing between the hull and the piling. . . . It looked as if it was widening. . . .

She suddenly threw up the window and leaned out into the wind to see better. A low cry broke from her. The Glory was free of her moorings—and moving. With everyone aboard her asleep. Unguided, helpless in the dual grip of wind and tide, the old ship was drifting down and across the channel toward the maze of rocks and islands where the breakers were beating white. Sonda's first impulse was to rouse her grandfather and acquaint him with the Glory's danger. But even as she wheeled toward the door, a disquieting memory halted her. Only a few hours ago Chris Sandvik had said, "Tonight. . . the highest tide of the month. . . wouldn't it be awful now if that floating cannery should slip her moorings and go aground. . . ." True, her grandfather had vetoed Chris' suggestion at the time. She went back to the window.

During her brief absence someone had turned on the Glory's cargo lights, making the deck bright as day. She saw Reynald dart out, naked to the waist, black hair blowing. He shaded his eyes with a hand for an instant's appraisal of his ship's position; then leaped to the scuttle that led down to the crew's quarters. Faintly on the wind came his shout: "A-a-l hands on deck! Lively, men!" The old ship's bell set up a clangor of alarm. Men boiled up out of the scuttle. Light flashed on aboard the Baltic, and through hand-cupped mouths, Reynald shouted something to Shady Lane, whose huge shoulders blocked the lighted doorway of the tug's wheelhouse. (To be continued)

Radio Programs

KSLM—SUNDAY—1130 Kc.

8:30—Melodic Moods.
9:30—Flowing Rhythm.
10:30—The World of the Air.
11:30—Popular Concert.
12:30—Sunday Reveries.
1:30—American Lutheran Church.
2:30—Singing Strings.
3:30—News Highlights.
4:30—United Front on the Air.
5:30—The Song Shop.
6:30—Young People's Church.
7:30—Hawaiian Serenade.
8:30—Wentworth-Salem Baseball.
9:30—Gypsy Orchestra.
10:30—Concert Society Party.
11:30—Variety Hall.
12:30—Tonight's Headlines.
1:30—Sacred Music.
2:30—Operatic Arias.
3:30—Johnson Negro Choir.
4:30—String Serenade.
5:30—The World Tonight.
6:30—The Quintones.
7:30—Tango Time.
8:30—News.
9:30—Rhapsody of the Reeds.
10:30—This Is the Day.
11:30—Dream Time.

KGW—NBC—SUNDAY—430 Kc.

8:30—Sunday Sunrise Program.
9:30—Down South.
10:30—Swedish Baptist Temple.
11:30—On Your Job.
12:30—Stars of Today.
1:30—Chicago Round Table.
2:30—H. V. Kallenborn.
3:30—Levi Scott's Orchestra.
4:30—Upton Close.
5:30—Charles Dan's Orchestra.
6:30—Some Fires.
7:30—Stars of Today.
8:30—Cathedral Music.
9:30—Dr. J. Q. Junior.
10:30—Professor Puzzlewit.
11:30—Band Wagon.
12:30—Charlie McCarthy.
1:30—One Man's Family.
2:30—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
3:30—Album of Familiar Music.
4:30—Hour of Charm.
5:30—Deadly Drama.
6:30—Hotel Malpica Orchestra.
7:30—Dear John.
8:30—Bellevue Orchestra.
9:30—Walter Winchell.
10:30—Parker Family.
11:30—Night Editor.
12:30—Armchair Cruises.
1:30—Francis Hotel Orchestra.
2:30—News.
3:30—Bridge to Dreamland.
4:30—Lester Cade Orchestra.
5:30—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.

KEX—NBC—SUNDAY—1130 Kc.

8:30—Ames Corner.
9:30—Radio City Music Hall.
10:30—Hidden History.
11:30—Foreign Policy Association.
12:30—African Trek.
1:30—Summer Serenade.
2:30—Lester Cade Orchestra.
3:30—Behind the Mike.
4:30—Edgewater Beach Orchestra.
5:30—Christian Science Program.
6:30—Portland Baseball.
7:30—Franklin School Program.
8:30—Parson News.
9:30—Parker Family.
10:30—Star Spangled Theatre.
11:30—Song of the Strings.
12:30—Charles Dan's Music.
1:30—Bill Storer's Harmonica.
2:30—Good Will Hour.
3:30—Inner Sanctum Mysteries.
4:30—Bill Lexington Orchestra.
5:30—News.
6:30—Hawthorne Temple Service.
7:30—News.
8:30—Book Chat.
9:30—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
10:30—Portland Police Reports.
11:30—Wildfire Bowl Orchestra.
12:30—War News Roundup.

KOIN—CBS—SUNDAY—970 Kc.

8:30—West Coast Church.
9:30—The Peace That Passes All Understanding.
10:30—Church of the Air.
11:30—News.
12:30—Songs of the Church.
1:30—Maidy Ranch.
2:30—Dear Mom.
3:15—News.

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.

3:45—Dr. Knowledge.
4:30—Columbia Workshop.
4:45—John G. Grier.
5:00—Summer Hour.
5:30—Take It or Leave It.
6:00—Jelen H. Jones.
7:00—Crime Doctor.
7:25—News.
7:30—Romance Party.
8:00—Leon F. Drews.
8:30—Don't Be Personal.
9:00—W. J. West.
9:30—Northwest Round Table.
10:00—Five Star Final.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.

KALE—NBC—SUNDAY—1230 Kc.

8:30—Mel Marvin Orchestra.
9:30—Central Church of Christ.
10:30—This Is the Day.
11:30—Voice of Prophecy Choir.
12:30—News.
1:30—Romance of the Highway.
2:30—Canary Chorus.
3:30—News.
4:30—Swedish Baptist Temple.
5:30—Musical Steelmakers.
6:30—Building Drummond.
7:30—Bible Class.
8:30—News.
9:30—The Williams, Commentator.
10:30—American Forum.
11:30—Old Fashioned Revival.
12:30—Nobody's Children.
1:30—For Your Information.
2:30—Gabriel Heister.
3:30—Chicago Big Band Concert.
4:30—Hinson Memorial Church.
5:30—News.
6:30—Music for Sunday.
7:30—Freddie Martin Orchestra.
8:30—News.
9:30—Morton Gould Orchestra.

KSLM—MONDAY 1230 Kc.

8:30—Sunrise Salute.
9:30—News in Brief.
10:30—Offshore Music.
11:30—The Blue Blazers.
12:30—News.
1:30—The Blue Blazers.
2:30—News.
3:30—Pop Music.
4:30—Four Notes.
5:30—World This Morning.
6:30—Prescription for Happiness.
7:30—Women in the News.
8:30—Sunday Quartet.
9:30—Medic Moods.
10:30—The Blue Blazers.
11:30—Ivan Dittmars at the Organ.
12:30—Newsline News.
1:30—The Blue Blazers.
2:30—Williamette Valley Optimism.
3:30—The Song Shop.
4:30—The Blue Blazers.
5:30—Isle of Paradise.
6:30—Western Serenade.
7:30—News.
8:30—Vocal Varieties.
9:30—The Blue Blazers.
10:30—The Blue Blazers.
11:30—The Blue Blazers.
12:30—The Blue Blazers.
1:30—The Blue Blazers.
2:30—The Blue Blazers.
3:30—The Blue Blazers.
4:30—The Blue Blazers.
5:30—The Blue Blazers.
6:30—The Blue Blazers.
7:30—The Blue Blazers.
8:30—The Blue Blazers.
9:30—The Blue Blazers.
10:30—The Blue Blazers.
11:30—The Blue Blazers.
12:30—The Blue Blazers.

Other Monday Radio Programs Page 6, Sec. 2