

The Oregon Statesman

Favor stays us; No Fear Shall Aton' From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President

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'42 Models and Defense

"Millions for defense," as some paragraph has remarked, is just a drop in the bucket nowadays. Billions are the only figures that mean anything or get anything done.

Just a year ago this country's automotive industry, in a joint statement by company executives, announced that defense production would be "for the duration" its No. 1 job.

To the present these companies have delivered about a half billion dollars worth of armaments but this last quarter of 1941 alone will see 350 millions worth turned out; for all of 1942 it will be over two billion on contracts now existing.

At the other end of the normal automotive panorama stands John Q. Public, "consumer" of automobiles. Where does he stand now? Sales of new cars in the 1941 model year broke all records.

What about the '42 models? From this year's peak, purchases will drop to less than one-half. There will be no more than 200,000 new cars and trucks available for coast customers; perhaps even less if the priority pressure gets heavier.

But what about these '42 models, if you can get them? Just now they are making their appearance, and prospective purchasers are somewhat surprised at their completeness and particularly the amount of "brightwork."

Supposing you are not one of the perhaps 22,000 persons in Oregon who will be able to get their hands on a '42 model, what are you going to do? Take a peek behind the scenes in any Salem garage that goes in for repairs, and you'll get a rough idea.

Mesohippus Misplaced?

Range warfare after the manner of the Old West vanished from Oregon almost half a century ago. It was in the '90s, as we recall it, that the Crook County Sheep Shooters association held sway and no more recent instance comes to mind.

The John Day fossil beds, which are easily reached from the John Day highway, are the mecca for geologists from all over the world. These deposits form the last resting place of the fossilized bones of the fleet-footed mesohippus, which roamed in countless numbers over the grassy plains of Central Oregon in eocene times.

To state the issue briefly, Brogan insists that the "range" of mesohippus was the miocene period, not the eocene. Mesohippus, you know, was a three-toed ancestor of the horse; and this matter is not, as you may be tempted to presume, one to be treated lightly; for mesohippus is one of the rarer fossil discoveries, one which particularly attracts geologists from a distance to Oregon and the John Day.

Compromise is not, we recognize, one of the accepted devices of geology. If it were, we would suggest placing mesohippus in the oligocene epoch, which separates eocene from miocene. And we might not be so far wrong at that. Not that we know a thimble-full of geology, but—well, supposing we quote Dr. Warren D. Smith, University of Oregon geologist. We could get the meat of what he has to say into less space, but here is his entire reference to the John Day fossil beds in "Physical and Economic Geography of Oregon:

After leaving the little town of Dayville, speeding westward along the magnificent John Day highway (No. 28), the traveler passes through Picture Gorge, an exceedingly narrow defile through 23 flows of basalt of Miocene age, a part of the great Columbia River lavas series. This gorge, with its multi-colored spires, castles, and cathedrals of stone, received its name from the picture writings left by Indians on the rocks near the south end. Some of these writings (pictographs) are figures painted in ochre, while others (petroglyphs) are engravings in the rocks.

Leaving the gorge, the traveler comes, into the ancient lair of the Aredoutis, a vast amphitheatre of almost treeless hills presenting a varied grouping of colors and outlines—great splashes of green interspersed among brown, buff, mauve, and red ochre, with the distant,

forest-covered Blue Mountains a towering background.

This is the tomb of hundreds of prehistoric animals, the famous John Day fossil beds, first made known to the world by the late Dr. Thomas Condon, Oregon's pioneer geologist. Here are some of the earliest historic records of Oregon—Oregon's Oligocene.

Millions of years ago, there were lakes here bordered with fan palms, luxuriantly banked with ferns and reeds. A little higher on the slopes were yewlike tree sand oaks. Beside the quiet lake shores lived the rhinoceros; the Oreodon, distant relative of the camel; the tapirlike animal, Lophiodon; the giant and savage peccary; the elephant; and perhaps more famous than all the others, the diminutive three-toed "dawn horse."

Now if that doesn't settle the argument—well, why try? Controversy, as politicians know though other advertisers haven't made much use of it, is one of the most effective devices of advertising. We suspect Brogan raised the issue in the Bend Bulletin just to publicize one of Oregon's worthwhile attractions; and for the same purpose we deliberately "fell for it."

For a final word, perhaps mesohippus lived in the late oligocene age and was fossilized in the early miocene, during which more of North America was under water. That's a point because—and this is useful knowledge, in case you ever want to be a fossil—you practically have to drown in order to become one.

The Italian press has practically written our Columbus day editorial for us. It has expressed regret that Columbus discovered America. Our regret is that Columbus went back and told the rest of Europe about it.

Stewart Views Washington Scene

By CHARLES P. STEWART

Due to Paul Mallon's illness, the Washington column of Charles P. Stewart, widely recognized news analyst, is being substituted temporarily. The Statesman is pleased to offer Mr. Stewart's authoritative observations to its readers, but hopes soon to be able to announce resumption of the Mallon column.

Morning newspapers of a few Sunday ago published an evidently syndicated, excellently written, handsomely illustrated, full page article, obviously prepared under auspices of Nelson Rockefeller's organization of solidification of our New World republic's all-around friendships, dealing with the transformed South America now in process of creation by the war elsewhere.

This is the right kind of publicity, and we Yankees need it more than our Latin neighbors need it concerning us. They already are a vast deal better informed as to the United States than we are as to them.

It's true that a good many of our neighbors dislike us somewhat out of proportion to our just deserts. We have mannerisms that grate on their sensibilities, and it's up to us to convince 'em that we're doing our best to overcome such brusqueness in our style. That's a form of missionary work to be conducted through THEIR press. The fact remains, however, that they do have some sort of a concept of US, and we haven't a bit of it as to THEM. Our job's to placate 'em. To do it we've got to educate OURSELVES, and articles like the one I've referred to in our Yankee papers are highly educational.

One thing we ought to learn is that a Latin is suave and he expects it from others. Our northern abruptness makes him sore.

Another thing we should discover is that a Latin's word is better than his bond. If he gives an oral promise, he considers himself bound in honor to strain quite a few points to keep it. If he's required to sign on a dotted line, he feels himself entitled to stand pat for exactly what's specified in the contract, even if it can be twisted to his own advantage.

Several of the southern republics have voting systems that the average visiting Yankee doesn't comprehend, if he happens to be in one of 'em on an election day. Voting's compulsory, under penalty for failure to comply. "If a citizen's so indifferent as not to exercise his franchise right voluntarily, why compel him to do it?" queries the puzzled Yankee. That isn't the idea at all. In olden days it was customary for employers to tell their workers how to vote, firing 'em if they didn't do it as per orders. To stop this, secret balloting was legislated. It did prevent employers from making certain that their instructions were complied with. If a boss was suspicious of some worker, though, he still could forbid him to cast any ballot whatever. It was to end that, too, that compulsion was adopted. The motive was thoroughly democratic.

A lot of these peculiar-looking wrinkles are worth Yankee investigation. The article I've mentioned devotes much attention to South America's progressing industrialization. The continent's enormously rich in raw materials, but it hasn't processed 'em, with the exception of meat, to any extent hitherto. It's exported 'em, still raw, and subsequently they've come back, industrialized. Now the war's shut off this source of factory-handled supplies from Europe and greatly limited 'em from the United States. The last war did it also, but the Latins squirmed through the best they could. This time they're developing their own plants locally, to work over their own minerals and hides and fibers and grains into edible and wearable and structural forms for their own utility.

Of course, this can't be done in a hurry, due to a lack of skilled industrial technicians. They'll have to be trained, and experts from the United States already are being called for from the northern continent in increasing numbers to do the educating. Self-sufficient Hemisphere It's a nice thing for the Yankee technicians. Later on, when the war's over, Yankee manufacturers may let out a howl, upon discovery that the Latins no longer are dependent upon 'em, being able to process their own stuff in their own plants. Nevertheless, it'll make this hemisphere as self-sufficient as it never has been before.

Besides, if locally industrialized, the Latins will need a lot of our Yankee skilled labor, for they're underpopulated. That may take up a deal of our possible post-emergency unemployment slack.

It likewise, by mixing us up, will get us mutually much better acquainted — which is essential, to make us harmonize.



This Could Easily Be Entitled "Men Higher Up"

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Columbus Day: greatest 10-16-41 poem ever written on the discovery of America, that of Joaquin Miller of Oregon:

Last Sunday was Columbus Day, because it was the 449th anniversary of the discovery of America, on the very early morning of October 12, 1492, by Cristoforo Colombo (titled Christopher Columbus); really land was first sighted by Rodrigo de Triana, one of the sailors with Columbus.

The day was celebrated in Oregon, because it is one of our legal holidays, which, in this state, when falling on a Sunday, is celebrated on the Monday next following—so the legal holiday of last Monday.

Columbus was the son of a Spanish weaver, and himself learned something of that then very honorable trade; and the young man married Felipa Moniz Perestrello, daughter of a distinguished navigator; so the son-in-law had access to his charts and maps.

He made up his mind that there was land on the other side of the globe; the thought obsessing him, he pursued it long; and almost to his death by the mob violence of his starving and mutinous crew, as they inched toward the sight of land. Pinzon, one of the sailors, was helpful in saving his captain from violence.

Joaquin Miller, his boyhood and early (and some of his later) manhood spent in Oregon, lawyer, mystic, poet, wrote one of the great poems in the English language on the Columbus discovery; the first sight having been of one of the smallest sand dunes of the West Indies, but reaching Cuba Oct. 28, same month, and Haiti Dec. 6. This is the version in the Oregon History by J. B. Horner of that immortal poem:

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

BUDGETS AND DEMOCRACY

To the Editor: The newspapers continually publish articles quoting "Stop Hitler and Save the Democracies." "Stop Hitler" is sound logic. But after Hitler is stopped democracy is not saved anywhere in the world. Every democracy on the globe is so deeply in debt they can never legitimately balance their budgets again. The USA is more than \$50,000,000,000 in debt today and looking forward to a much larger indebtedness in the future.

Continuing the mounting deficit we have already laid the plans for a \$120,000,000,000 defense program for this country, together with financing the war costs of all the belligerent countries now fighting the axis powers. If the present war ended today, our defense expenditures will go on for several years longer. No form of business or government is saved until their budgets are balanced. It's obvious that the democracy form of government is out everywhere in the world. I challenge any man to soundly explain how and when England and the USA, the largest democracies in the world, can ever balance their budgets again.

R.D. TURPIN, Mill City, Ore.

The words leapt like a leaping sword:

"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

"Behind him lay the gray Azores, Behind the gates of Hercules; Before him not the ghost of shores; Before him only shoreless seas. The good mate said: "Now must we pray, For lo! the very stars are gone. Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"

"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!"

"My men grow mutinous day by day; My men grow ghastly wan and weak." The stout mate thought of home; a spray Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.

"What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say at break of day: 'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow, Until at last the blanched mate said: "Why, now, not even God would know Should I and all my men fall dead. These very winds forget their way, For God from these dread seas is gone. Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say—"

He said: "Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

"They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate: "This mad sea shows his teeth tonight. He curls his lip, he lies in wait; With lifted teeth as if to bite! Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word: What shall we do when hope is gone?"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck, And peered through darkness. Ah, that night Of all dark nights; and then a speck— A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled! It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.

He gained a world; he gave the world Its greatest lesson: "On! Sail on!"

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

H.P.L. asks if he should prune his roses down in preparation for winter bloom. He wants to know which of the following are most free from mildew, Madame Butterfly, Hoover, Comtesse, Daily Mail Scented, Vanday, Sunburst, Eternal Youth.

Answer: I am a little vague as to what he means by "pruning down for winter bloom"—anyway, just keep the dead blooms off. Do the severe pruning in February—and don't look for too much winter bloom.

Daily Mail Scented has been rather bad for mildew in my garden. None of the others have mildewed badly. Most roses do best with some spraying or dusting for mildew. Eternal Youth has shown no indication of mildew, but neither has it shown much indication of bloom. I have meant to investigate elsewhere as to its propensity for blooming.

I'd appreciate hearing from others who have Eternal Youth in the rosebed. My bush has produced only a half-dozen blooms during the season—lovely ones, I'll admit, but not sufficiently lovely to permit so little production.

Nazi Infantry Attacks by Boat



German infantry troops cross a Soviet river in rubber boats during an attack on the central front, according to Berlin, which released this radiophoto.

BARRED SEVENS

By MARYSE RUTLEDGE

Chapter 35 Continued

Breanu rose like a man on borrowed time, and went to the piano at which Carlie had so often sat, playing and singing in her low rich voice. His short fingers touched the notes delicately, lingeringly. He didn't hear the doorbell.

Kurt Helm came in, unannounced. He had pushed Dorena aside. But for a second he paused, seeing that stocky figure on the piano bench, outlined in the big room crowded by antiques. Breanu's music was limp in melancholy, broken by ancient themes of folk dances.

Helm, swift and blond, stood in a shadow, listening. These airs that Breanu improvised, clicked in his mind. The ageless beauty of them moved him strangely. He felt a sense of triumph. Mat Breanu was giving away a secret, without knowing it. The single clue—that bar of music Carlie had scribbled on top of an empty page in the dummy bulk of the envelope, now pointed to this place.

"Sorry to interrupt," Helm presently advanced on Breanu who, startled, crashed a minor chord, and swung around.

"How did you get in, Helm?" His voice was harsh.

The telephone whirred on a small gilt-table. Breanu went to answer and Kurt Helm followed him, smiling.

It was Attorney Garrison. "Are you alone, Mat?" "No," Breanu snapped. "Well, this can't wait," Garrison said sharply, as if his patience was exhausted. "We haven't caught the Sweitzer man yet. We assume he killed his wife. As for Jane, Bill tells me that he left her at her at her friend Madge's apartment, after a round of the night spots. Now he's worried. And when he telephoned at nine this morning the girl friend said Jane had taken a train for Haverstraw."

Helm moved nearer, cocking his ear toward the receiver. Breanu tried to push him away. Garrison went on urgently, "The Rider girl told Bill a few things which bring other angles into the case. D'you know anything about this writer chap, Helm, who lives opposite the Riders? Jane told Bill he'd get her a job with some people called Givens, living near Haverstraw."

Breanu's hand covered the mouthpiece, and he turned strangely. Helm's jade green eyes were intent. If Breanu told on him, then he would tell on Breanu.

Mat answered Garrison's question with, "No, I don't know a thing, Dick. Not worried about the Rider girl, are you?" "Maybe," Garrison rang off. "So?" Kurt Helm said softly to himself. "So?"

"What do you want with the Jane Reid?" Breanu's dark face was convulsed. "If I thought—"

Helm shrugged and laughed. "Nothing she isn't willing to give. She is a sweet child. I wouldn't hurt her. At present, she is of enormous help. The good people around that part of the county will come to my lectures, subscribe to my little magazine, and contribute to my great cause." He paused to light a cigarette.

(To be continued)

Radio Programs

KSLM—THURSDAY—1200 Kc.

- 6:30—Sunrise Salute. 6:30—News in Brief. 7:00—Old Favorites. 7:00—News. 7:45—Henry King's Orchestra. 8:30—News. 8:45—Mid-Morning Matinee. 9:00—Pastor's Call. 9:15—Popular Music. 9:45—Melody Mart. 10:15—The World This Morning. 10:15—Prescription for Happiness. 10:30—Women in the News. 10:45—Tommy Tucker's Orchestra. 11:00—Melodic Moods. 11:30—Willamette U Chapel. 11:45—Latin and Jazz. 12:00—Ivan Ditmars, Organist. 12:15—Noontime News. 12:30—Civilly Serenade. 12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions. 12:45—The Song Shop. 1:00—Salute to Heroes. 1:30—Western Serenade. 2:00—News in Brief. 2:00—Musical Miniatures. 2:15—US Army. 2:30—Will Bradley's Orchestra. 2:45—Katie Smith, Soprano. 3:00—Concert Gems. 4:00—Popular Music. 4:15—News. 4:45—Castro Tunes. 5:00—Popularity Row. 5:30—Dinner Hour Melodies. 6:00—Tonight's Headlines. 6:15—War Commentary. 6:30—String Serenade. 7:00—News Briefing. 7:30—Interesting Facts. 7:45—Shep Fields Orchestra. 7:50—Jimmy Allen. 7:55—Talk of the Town. 8:00—World Headlines. 8:00—Eurovision. 8:45—Broadway Bandwagon. 9:00—News Tabloid. 9:15—Special Broadcast. 9:30—Marion County Defense. 9:45—Oldtime Music. 10:00—Let's Joy Ride. 10:30—Tomorrow's News Tonight. 10:45—Music to Remember.

KGW—NBC—THURSDAY—420 Kc.

- 6:00—Sunrise Serenade. 6:30—Early Birds. 7:00—News Headlines and Highlights. 7:15—Music of Vienna. 7:45—Stars of Today. 8:30—Fine Miniature Melody Time. 8:45—David Harum. 9:00—Woman's World. 9:15—The Bride Julia. 9:30—News. 9:45—Sketch Henderson. 10:00—Beverly Mahr, Singer. 10:15—Bess Johnson. 10:30—Becher's Children. 10:45—Dr. Kate. 11:00—Light of the World. 11:15—The Mystery Man. 11:30—Valiant Grimm's Daughter. 11:45—Against the Storm. 12:15—Ma Perkins. 12:30—The Guiding Light. 12:45—Vic and Sage. 1:00—Backstage. 1:15—Stella Dallas. 1:30—Loretta Jones. 1:45—Young Widows Brown. 2:00—When a Girl Marries. 2:15—Fortis Faces Life. 2:30—We, the Abbotts. 2:45—Story of Mary Martin. 3:00—Pepper Young's Family. 3:15—Love Journeys. 3:30—Phil Irwin. 3:45—Paul Douglas, Sports. 4:00—Johnny Johnston, Singer. 4:15—Richard Brooks. 4:30—Dinner Music. 4:45—H. V. Hensborn. 5:00—Stars of Today. 5:15—Floyd Wright, Organist. 5:30—Les Sweetland. 5:45—Castle Trio. 6:00—Music Hall. 6:30—Cugat Rhumba Revue. 7:00—Good Neighbors. 8:00—Fred Waring in Pleasure Time. 8:15—Lynn Annen. 8:30—Coffee Time. 9:00—Aldrich Family. 9:30—Tommy Flanagan and Betty Lou. 10:00—News Flashies. 10:15—Your Home Town News. 10:30—Ed Siskin's Music. 10:45—Out of This World. 11:00—Sketches in Brass. 11:30—Orca's Rhythms. 11:45—News.

KEX—THURSDAY—1100 Kc.

- 6:30—Quack of the Dewdrops. 7:00—Western Agriculture. 7:15—Ann Corner. 7:30—Breakfast Club. 8:15—Viennese Ensemble. 8:30—What's News. 8:45—Keep Fit with Patty Jean. 9:00—Hollywood Headlines. 9:15—Christian Science. 9:30—National Farm and Home. 10:15—Toley and Glenn. 10:30—News. 10:45—Charmingly We Live. 11:00—Current Events. 11:45—Stars of Today. 12:00—Orphan of Drivers. 12:15—Amanda of Honeymoon Hill. 12:30—John's Other Wife. 12:45—Just Plain Bill. 1:00—Your Livestock Reporter. 1:15—News Headlines and Highlights. 1:30—Market Reports. 1:45—Household Hints. 1:55—Rose City Calendar. 2:00—Household Hints. 2:15—Keep Fit with Patty Jean. 2:30—Curbside Quiz. 2:45—The Quiet Hour. 3:00—Between the Bookends. 3:15—News. 3:30—Francott Presents. 3:45—Count Your Blessings. 4:15—Mr. Keen, Tracer. 4:30—Adventure Stories. 4:45—Frying Pan. 5:00—News of the World. 5:45—Tom Mix, Straight Shooter. 6:00—Hulman & Chappin. 6:15—The Bartons. 6:30—Rhythms by Ricardo. 7:00—Body Value Show.

KOAC—THURSDAY—550 Kc.

- 10:00—Weather Forecast. 10:15—News. 10:30—Townemaker's Hour. 11:00—School of the Air. 11:30—Music of the Masters. 12:00—News. 12:15—Farm Hour. 12:30—Home Garden, Hour. 12:45—Afternoon Review. 1:15—U. S. Army. 1:30—News. 1:45—Prayer Concert. 2:00—Stories for Boys and Girls. 2:30—On the Campus. 2:45—Wild B. Old Masters. 3:00—Evening Concert Services. 3:15—News. 3:30—Prayer Concert. 4:00—Stories for Boys and Girls. 4:30—On the Campus. 4:45—Wild B. Old Masters. 5:00—Evening Concert Services. 5:15—News. 5:30—Farm Hour. 5:45—University Radio Workshop. 6:00—Rube Royce Speaks. 6:30—Foster in Action. 6:45—10:30—Music of the Masters.

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.

- 7:30—Tales of the Oregon Country. 7:45—News Headlines and Highlights. 8:00—March of Time. 8:30—Flowers for the Living. 8:45—Symphony of Melody. 9:00—Easy Aces. 9:30—Moonlight Sonata. 10:00—Hotel Sir Francis Drake Orch. 10:30—Bal Tabarin Cafe Orchestra. 11:00—The Bluebird. 11:15—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra. 11:30—War News Roundup.

KOIN—THURSDAY—490 Kc.

- 6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter. 6:15—Breakfast Bulletin. 6:30—Knox Klock. 7:15—Headlines. 7:30—Bob Garrod Reporting. 7:45—Comedian. 8:30—Hymns of all Churches. 8:45—Stories America Loves. 9:00—Kate Smith, Soprano. 9:15—Big Sister. 9:30—Romance of Helen Trent. 9:45—Cur Gal Sunday. 10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful. 10:15—Woman in White. 10:30—Right to Happiness. 10:45—Mary Lee Taylor. 11:00—Bright Horizon. 11:15—Aunt Jenny. 11:30—Fletcher Wray. 11:45—Kate Hopkins. 12:00—Man I Married. 12:15—Knox Klock, News. 12:30—Singing Sam. 12:45—Woman of Courage. 1:00—Symphony. 1:15—Myrt and Marge. 1:30—American School of the Air. 1:45—Hello Against. 2:30—The O'Neill. 2:45—Ben Bernie. 3:00—Joyce Johnston. 3:15—William Shirer, News. 3:30—Newspaper of the Air. 3:45—Young Dr. News. 4:30—Newspaper of the Air. 4:30—News of the World. 5:00—Leon F. Drews. 5:45—Bob Garrod, News. 6:00—Knox Klock, News. 6:00—Major Bowes. 7:00—Glenn Miller. 7:30—Whodun? News. 7:30—Whodun? News. 8:00—Aimie's Andy. 8:30—Lanny Ross. 8:30—Maudie's Diary. 9:00—Duffy's Tavern. 9:30—Death Valley Days. 10:00—Five Star Final. 10:15—Air-Flie. 10:30—Dover Time. 10:30—The World Today. 10:40—Defense Today. 11:00—Lud Gluskin Orch. 11:20—Madame Strand Orch. 11:30—News.

KALB—THURSDAY—1230 Kc.

- 6:30—Memory Timekeeper. 7:00—News. 7:15—RFD. 7:30—Memory Timekeeper. 7:35—Miniature Melody. 8:00—Buyer's Guide. 8:15—Breakfast Club. 8:30—News. 8:45—As the Twig Is Bent. 9:00—John B. Hughes. 9:15—The Woman's Side of the News. 9:30—This & That. 9:30—News. 10:15—Helen Holden. 10:30—Front Page Farrell. 10:45—I'll Find My Way. 11:00—Standard School. 11:30—Concert Gems. 11:45—Luncheon Concert. 12:00—News. 12:15—Bob Chester Orchestra. 12:30—The Bookworm. 1:15—Gallus Fox Headings. 1:30—Johnson Family. 1:45—Music Depreciation. 2:00—Voice of American Women. 2:30—Hugh Brundage. 2:45—90th Century Serenade. 3:00—Fort Bragg Station. 3:30—Society for Public Propagation. 3:45—Musical Express. 4:15—Jimmie's Old. 4:30—Casey Jones, Jr. 4:45—Orphan Annie. 5:00—News. 5:15—Shafter Parker's Circus. 5:30—Captain Midnight. 5:45—Jack Armstrong. 6:00—Diminutive Classics. 6:30—Home Edition. 6:45—Movie Flashies. 7:00—News & Views. 7:15—Jerry Sears Presents. 7:30—Weather Report. 7:35—The Green Hornet. 8:00—Standard Symphony. 8:00—News. 9:15—Gift of the Orient. 9:30—Pulkin Lewis, Jr. 9:45—Phil Slesman. 10:00—Shumbar Beat. 10:30—News. 10:45—Henry King Orchestra. 11:00—Leon Moller Orchestra. 11:30—Clyde McCoy Orchestra. 11:45—News.

KOAC—THURSDAY—550 Kc.

- 10:00—Weather Forecast. 10:15—News. 10:30—Townemaker's Hour. 11:00—School of the Air. 11:30—Music of the Masters. 12:00—News. 12:15—Farm Hour. 12:30—Home Garden, Hour. 12:45—Afternoon Review. 1:15—U. S. Army. 1:30—News. 1:45—Prayer Concert. 2:00—Stories for Boys and Girls. 2:30—On the Campus. 2:45—Wild B. Old Masters. 3:00—Evening Concert Services. 3:15—News. 3:30—Prayer Concert. 4:00—Stories for Boys and Girls. 4:30—On the Campus. 4:45—Wild B. Old Masters. 5:00—Evening Concert Services. 5:15—News. 5:30—Farm Hour. 5:45—University Radio Workshop. 6:00—Rube Royce Speaks. 6:30—Foster in Action. 6:45—10:30—Music of the Masters.