

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.

Nature's Air Raid

In the first place it was "very unusual" weather. No foolin'. It was the first real "silver thaw"—we can call it that and still comply with the weather censorship now that two days have elapsed—in a decade or thereabouts, one unmatched in severity in at least two decades. Here in the Willamette valley's salubrious climate, nature goes on a rampage so infrequently that the newest lesson of her devastating power always comes as a surprise.

Nature's blitzkrieg was at first so quiet and unspectacular—just raindrops falling and freezing as they fell. Yet if the bombers of our foreign enemy had flown over the valley and dropped any imaginable number of explosive missiles, the damage could not possibly have been so widespread and general. Oh, it would have been more severe in spots, but it couldn't have caused loss and inconvenience to so many persons.

Rubber tires—those precious rubber tires—spinning helplessly on sheet ice marked the initial effect of nature's onslaught. Like the war, it hit us first in the legs. Transportation suffered. But presently it struck in another extremely vital spot. Electric power. Though it was the transmission of power that was disrupted, not generation, the effect on most individuals was no less serious, temporarily, than would have been the bombing of Bonneville. Most Willamette valley residents experienced, for a few hours or for many, a lesson in their dependence upon that mysterious and elusive entity, electricity. Lights blacked out, cooking ranges that wouldn't cook, water systems that wouldn't work, clocks that wouldn't tick, radio silenced. Back half a century to the coal oil lamp and cooking on a wood fire—if you happened to have a lamp and a wood stove of some kind. Most people didn't. They had burned their "horse and buggy" bridges behind them.

Defense against a lethal air raid would inevitably produce its heroes—persons who had the stuff of heroes in them long before, lacking only the outlet. Well, nature's air raids also produced its heroes—the persons who, in line of duty, went out and repaired damage of one kind and another, at risk to life and limb in many cases, and those who carried on their regular duties in spite of unusual handicaps. Our carrier boys, we think, are entitled to some of the decorations if any are handed around.

"Poems (and telephone wires and roofs) are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree." The material damage to man-made gadgets can be soon repaired. Maimed trees whose beauty can be restored or duplicated only by the slow processes of nature herself—these casualties constitute the real tragedy of nature's blitzkrieg.

Education Speed-up
"Trousers baggy and our clothes are raggy... garters are the things we never wear..." Not that he looks much different, but the college man of today is a far cry from the typical "collegiate" who inspired that song of yesterday. So they tell us, at any rate, and the verdict is not reversed by such limited association with present-day students as we enjoy. It might be temporarily thrown for a loss if one could look in on the Corvallis campus this week—but then, adult Oregonians who never attended the state college have been a bit hysterical since last Thursday, so what can you expect of youth?

More serious-minded though he may already be, the college student is due for a jolt comparable to that experienced by the American public in general and from the same cause; a shift into high gear for the war effort. Higher education is to be streamlined. He is going to be turned out, a finished product, in three years or less instead of four. Eliminating the summer "vacation" should cut the time down that much and other shortcuts are being considered.

Jack London acquired, so he related, the equivalent of a high school education in six weeks. It's more accurate, we suspect, to say that he acquired in that time the bare essentials to qualify for some higher courses he wanted to take. And in like fashion, if this nation needs certain specialists with training which now is possessed by none but college graduates, intelligent youth can assimilate that training in streamlined, forced-feeding fashion in much less than four years. But what they get won't be the equivalent of our traditional four-year education and goodness knows that isn't much. The average college graduate has just begun to scratch the surface of scholarship.

Certainly; push them through to meet the demand for trained men. But don't let them get the notion that what they are getting is an education. Maybe they can go back for that later, or dig it out for themselves. But they won't be getting it in all that rush. The mind is not a sponge, even if the brain does slightly resemble one.

Forecasts of the economic impact of this war may in some details be little more than guesses. Agricultural communities in Oregon, for example, may suffer actual slumps or fail to participate in the generally increased activity and prosperity, as some of their people fear, or the reverse may come to pass. One thing does seem rather clear; coast communities normally dependent upon tourists and weekend visitors either will suffer or will have to find some other source of income. There will be few motor tourists, and valley residents will be disposed to save their tires for more essential driving.

Charley Lindbergh has offered his services to the army and we don't know why that too must be made a national issue. But by all means the verdict should be such as to prevent his being made a martyr.

Wall Street Journal of all publications is the first, so far as we have observed, to mention that because of the tire restrictions and the stoppage of automobile manufacture, "courting will move back into the parlor."

Billions Talk

Those billions of dollars mentioned by President Roosevelt in his "state of the union" and budget messages to congress this week are going to work, going to fight. They won't start—those particular billions—working and fighting until July. Other billions figured in an earlier budget are doing the working and fighting now.

However, those more numerous billions forthcoming after June 30 have already begun to talk—fluently. They speak, as someone said of nature, "a various language" understandable everywhere in the world. Their words were understood in Berlin, in Tokyo, in Rome, perhaps even in Vichy. They were understood in London, in Moscow, in Chungking, in Batavia, in Manila.

They constituted a threat and a promise. They must have been a blow to morale in some capitals and among some peoples, a lift to morale elsewhere. What they said was that the most resourceful of all nations was preparing to devote all its resources to the fight for freedom and world security.

"Money talks," men used to say—the phrase didn't have an inspiring connotation. But these billions are not exactly "money." There just isn't that much money. These billions are chiefly hours of human labor—human life dedicated to completion of a job.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—Economists swooned when Mr. Roosevelt's new deal relief debt reached the giddy total of \$40,000,000,000 a year or so back.

None flicked a whisker at his war program to nearly treble it—at \$110,000,000,000. All know it can be done now, and easily. War has brought wholly changed financial circumstances to the treasury. It was one thing to get a financially depressed nation to pay for what seemed to some an unjustified accumulation of debt years and a wholly different matter to rally patriotic support in an outraged country for all-out financing.

There are 30,000,000 families in the United States. If each family could purchase about \$1350 of defense bonds on an average, the needed \$40,000,000,000 of our new debt will be financed. It is now around \$70,000,000,000. Some families would be able to take far less, but others might make up the deficit by purchasing more. The treasury has foolishly put a \$3750 limit on each individual's annual purchase, but it is possible to buy one such bond for each member of the family—husband, wife, son, daughter—and perhaps the treasury will soon awaken and remove the limit.

With the national income nearing the \$120,000,000,000 mark it is apparent \$40,000,000,000 of additional debt can be raised one way or another, without much difficulty.

Such a large debt does not now forecast eventual economic disaster, as it might have when our struggling uncertain national income was around \$70,000,000,000 a few years back. All it means now is that the treasury will have to raise about \$2,500,000,000 a year hereafter to pay interest. The debt itself may never be paid off in any future yet foreseeable. It will merely be refinanced and carried indefinitely.

All the treasury will have to worry about, therefore, is raising the annual interest. That means, in effect, the future living standard of this country can never be permitted to slip back into the kind of depression we had before, else the treasury would have difficulty raising interest money.

Such a debt thus imposes a greater obligation on government to keep this country prosperous in the post-war period when world markets will be reopened.

There is every likelihood that Russia will be in war with Japan on the Far Eastern front in the spring. Such a conflict would relieve the Jap pressure on Singapore, if the British can hold out that long in Malaya.

The natural antagonism of Russia and Japan dates back long before this war in ancient enmity. Only the necessities of red concentration of every effort against Hitler has prevented resumption of their unended war.

Sooner than that may come favorable action against the Japs in China. They sneaked out most of their air force for use in their Malayan and Philippine campaigns. As a result they can no longer scout the positions of the Chinese army.

As at Changsha, the Chinese will be able to muster their strength at various points undetected. The Japs still have over a million men in China proper, and possibly 400,000 on the Siberian frontier (they recently withdrew 100,000 from there).

NOTE—The British tried to get the Chinese to go after Changsha when Hongkong was besieged, in the hope that it would relieve Jap pressure on the British stronghold. The Chinese replied in effect that they would be slaughtered, because they were inferior in equipment and air strength. Yet when the Japs finally withdrew troops from Changsha to finish their Hongkong drive, the Chinese rushed in and trapped the remaining force (50,000 they say).

A joint British-Chinese pincer drive from Burma and China upon the backs of the Japs in Thailand and Indo-China is something General Wavell has in his sleeve.

To all outward appearances, the Chinese and British are merely holding on the northern Malaya front, and all authoritative information here suggests they will continue defensive tactics indefinitely. Jungles confront them and their air force is not strong.

Yet a brief dispatch out of Rangoon the other day expressed British opinion that they could hold there. Unquestionably an offensive from that point is too tempting a surprise to be overlooked. As soon as the planes and equipment can be mustered, and Chinese cooperation can be obtained, that blow will fall.



The Headache Will Come Later, (Hon.) Rat, And How!

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Before and after 1-10-42 Pearl Harbor; from November 2 to December 28, a vast change came:

(Continuing from yesterday:) Quoting McGroarty further: "I found him to be none too happy concerning his own future and the future of boys like himself. He was not at all sure that the plan of life he had hoped to pursue would ever be realized. He said he did not discuss the matter with his father and mother, especially with his mother, who, like all mothers, walks with a troubled heart in these troubled days. He was stealing himself to face fearfully whatever the future might hold and to spare his parents as much as possible from worry and heartbreak. He was saddened rather than resentful at the prospect which lay before him and the youth of the land in which he was born, which he loves deeply and which he stands ready to defend with his life if his country were to be invaded and attacked by a foreign foe."

"All that disturbed him was that the pleasant and happy plan of life that he had cherished in his heart like a sunny dream will be upset and never realized."

"As my visit drew to a close I felt thankful that I did not take advantage of the traditional privilege of an elder brother to lecture a younger. I recall the saying, 'Old men for counsel, young men for war.' And here we were, an elder and a younger brother, together in a house where I was well beloved. Of what avail would have been any counsel of mine to this boy, ripe for war, with its heritage of wounds, disease and death? A boy at the threshold of manhood who, if the worst is to come, must do the

fighting and the dying, and not I. I thought of so many men in the seats of the mighty in our own country whose heads are gray with the years, clamoring to send American boys out upon death-ridden seas and alien battlefields to do the fighting and the dying in wars not of their making. The very thought of it sent a shudder through my heart and left my soul bowed and troubled as I realized how soon this splendid boy might have to part with all his happy dreams and with love and life itself, for what?"

Now follows the article of Poet Laureate McGroarty in his column for the issue of December 28:

"The way it came to pass that I learned about the book and the motion picture, entitled 'How Green Was My Valley,' was that there was a gathering of people in a lodge room where Tudor Williams, the famous Welsh singer, was present. He had with him the group of Welsh singers whom he had trained and directed for the songs that are sung in the motion-picture production."

"They are all Welsh-born, these singers, as Tudor Williams himself is Welsh-born. They sang in Welsh. Sons of old Gwalla, singing in the ancient tongue of the land of their fathers, a tongue older than the language of the Greeks and from which the Greeks took their alphabet; Celts of that old race that brought culture to the islands of the narrow seas when the Saxons and Angles were wearing bearskins for clothes. The Celts who taught the first Saxon King his letters."

"As I heard these wonderful songsters my mind went back to the old blue hills of Penn's Woods where I was born and spent the unforgettable days of

boyhood. There were coal mines there, the miners being mostly Welsh. And the memory came back to me of a great day at one of the Welsh feasts at which I heard 5000 Welsh miners singing the songs of their native Wales as though in one voice like the single tone of a great organ, members of the singing race, sons of Gwalla, to whom song is of the very essence of their lives. I grew up with them and loved them, as they loved me.

"But the matter did not end there. It had its reactions. The next day when the rain that came in the night had cleared and vanished with the dawn, I looked across my own valley that lies between the Verdugas and the lower ranges of the Sierra Madre. Every tree and shrub washed clean with the rain. And I said, too, 'How green is my valley!'"

"There was a great peace in my heart with all these old memories and that recent experience with Tudor Williams and his singers resting soothingly within me. But it did not last long. A rude awakening came, a harsh and startling awakening.

"It came the third night following my happy visit with the Welsh singers. There was a 'blackout' ordered. Our country was at war with Japan."

(Concluded tomorrow.)

"Emerald Embassy"

By FRANCIS GERARD

Chapter 27 continued

She looked at him vaguely and said, "What was that, Nikki?" He repeated the gist of what he had said and she murmured, "Oh, yes, of course." In so absent a tone that the Prince felt a sudden feeling of fear that there might yet be a slip between the cup and the lip.

The night was overcast, a pale moon making but brief appearances. The age-old yew trees, which bordered the path from the lych-gate up to the Norman porch of the little church, stirred uneasily in a sudden gust of wind as three men made their way through the darkness of the cemetery.

In the lead, Meredith spoke softly over his shoulder. "Get off the gravel, Beef! Don't walk on tiptoe! Move flat-footed!"

"That's how I usually move, sir," chuckled Beef hardly above a whisper.

Yves Blaydes-Steele trod close upon the heels of the other two, staring about him at the ghostly white headstones.

"I think we'll do all right here," said Sir John quietly.

"But what are we going to see?" asked Yves.

"Nothing, I hope," replied Meredith.

"But what are we doing here then?"

"To see that nobody else comes into the cemetery. By the way, Beef," he went on, "you're quite certain Rainbird understands what he and his fellows have got to do?"

"Quite sure, Sir John," replied Beef. "The place is surrounded."

"Good," said Meredith. "In that case, we may as well settle down to wait."

They sat on the ground on mackintoshes which Meredith had brought with him. "I call this bloody dull!" remarked Yves, while grinding out the butt of his third "fag," when suddenly they heard footsteps coming up the lane from the village. They were not very steady footsteps either and presently the man, whoever he was, burst into raucous song.

"Good lord!" exclaimed Yves. "That's Whistlecraft, the blacksmith, on one of his periodic drunks."

Whistlecraft began an octave higher when a sudden crash cut short his song.

"Blast the fellow!" breathed Meredith. "He's climbed over the cemetery wall and fallen on his head."

The moon at this point came out and they were able to see the huge figure of the unsteady blacksmith lumbering to his feet and start off towards the church.

Just then a new actor appeared on the scene in the shape of a large, shaggy dog which trotted quickly across the cemetery and suddenly stopped dead, pricking up his ears. The dog was quite near the cemetery wall. To Meredith's horror, the animal began sniffing the ground, then, blew violently and started to dig.

"Blast the dog!" exclaimed Sir John.

nine activities. "Lo, of boy!" roared the village blacksmith in a resounding bellow.

The dog looked up, studied the loud voiced stranger, and went on with his digging.

"Good dog! Good dog!" yelled the blacksmith. "Here, lemme help you!"

To Meredith's intense annoyance, Whistlecraft fell upon his knees and commenced to dig with his hands as the dog was doing with his paws.

"Come on, Beef!" said Meredith rising to his feet. "You deal with the dog; I'll take Whistlecraft."

Yves watched his companions as they advanced soft-footed on the diggers.

"I say," said Meredith, tapping Whistlecraft on the shoulder.

"Eh?" asked the blacksmith, looking up, as Sir John hit him with knockout force on the angle of the jaw.

The dog growled but Beef neatly dropped the mackintosh over him, and picked up the snarling bundle.

The dog was dropped over the low cemetery wall and Beef came back to give Meredith a hand in carrying the unconscious blacksmith into the porch of the church where they deposited him.

"What did you want to interrupt them for?" asked Yves when the other two men were back. "Really, they were funny; Whistlecraft and the dog both digging holes."

"I suppose I'd better tell you," said Meredith. "You see, old man, they're not the only diggers near here tonight. Somebody else is digging and probably has dug a much larger hole already."

(To Be Continued)
Copyright by Francis Gerard. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

D. P. asks if he can still plant roses. He wants to add a few to his rose garden and has been studying catalogues with this in view.

While I prefer fall planting of roses, roses can be added successfully to the garden up to early March. Some have even been planted successfully later than that. Do not plant in freezing weather, however. The same holds true of spraying.

Mrs. M. C. R. reports that she left her tuberous begonias out of doors and wants to know if they are frozen or if she should take them up when she can get onto the ground again.

I imagine they are frozen. If they have withstood the recent cold there would seem little object in taking them up now. Why not leave them in until spring? We are not apt to have much colder weather than that which we have already had.

D. D. asks if cherry trees can be grafted or only budded. I see no reason why cherries cannot be grafted. In fact I have seen more cherry trees grafted successfully than budded. Grafting is done in spring; budding in late summer.

Radio Programs Page 6

Your Federal Income Tax

No. 5 FORMS FOR MAKING RETURNS

Forms for filing returns of income for 1941 have been sent to persons who filed returns last year. Failure to receive a form, however, does not relieve a taxpayer of his obligation to file his return and pay the tax on time—or on or before March 16 if the return is made on the calendar-year basis, as is the case with most individuals.

Forms may be obtained upon request, written or personal, from the offices of collectors and from deputy collectors of internal revenue in the larger cities and towns.

A person should file his return on Form 1040, unless his gross income for 1941 does not exceed \$3000 and consists wholly of salary, wages, or other compensation for personal services, dividends, interest, rent, annuities, or royalties, in which event he may elect to file it on Form 1040A, a simplified form on which the tax may be readily ascertained by reference to a table contained in the form.

The return must be filed with the collector of internal revenue for the district in which the taxpayer has his legal residence or principal place of business on or before midnight of March 16, 1942. The tax may be paid in full at the time of filing the return, or in four equal installments, due on or before March 16, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

Assassinated?



Pierre Fuchet
Berlin and Vichy first announced that denied that Pierre Fuchet, minister of the interior in the Vichy government, and his cabinet chief, Farinagus, have been found dead alongside a railroad track near Paris. The denial said that only Farinagus is dead. Fuchet ranked second only to Vice Premier Admiral Jean Darlan as a pro-German collaborator.

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.

All radio stations may be cut from the air at any time in the interests of national defense.

KEX-NBS-SATURDAY-1190 Kc.
6:00-Musical Clock.
7:00-Agriculture.
7:15-Breakfast Club.
8:00-Amen Corner.
8:30-Stars Today.
9:00-Hollywood Headlines.
9:05-Four Belles.
9:15-Troubadour and the Lady.
9:30-National Farm and Home.
10:00-Music by Laval.
10:45-News.
11:00-Metropolitan Opera Company.
2:00-News.
2:15-Glenn Miller.
3:00-Carlton Hotel.
3:25-News.
3:30-Report From Turkey.
3:35-Jean Caval.
3:45-Edward Tomlinson.
4:00-Message of Peace.
4:30-Little O' Hollywood.
5:00-Hotel Sir Francis Drake Orch.
5:30-Joy Meador and Band.
6:00-Three Females.
6:15-Four Polka Dots.
6:30-Edna Hansen Presents.
7:00-Hemisphere Revue.
7:30-University Explorer.
7:45-News Headlines and Highlights.
8:00-Bishop and the Gargoyle.
8:30-Spin and Win With Flynn.
9:00-News.
9:05-Palace Hotel Orchestra.
9:30-The Edwards Family.
9:35-The Quiet Hour.
11:00-Biltmore Hotel Orchestra.
11:15-Pasadena Aud. Orchestra.
11:30-War News Roundup.

KGW-NBC-SATURDAY-420 Kc.
7:00-News.
7:05-Sunrise Serenade.
7:30-News.
7:45-Meat Curing Time.
8:00-Music of Vienna.
8:15-San Hayes.
8:30-Ray Towers, Troubadour.
8:45-Of Joy.
9:00-Sunrise Serenade.
9:30-Bonnie Stuart, Singer.
9:45-Consumer's Time.
10:00-News.
10:05-Mattine in Rhythm.
10:30-Lincoln Highway.
10:35-America, the Place to Be.
11:00-Stars of Tomorrow.
11:05-Defense and Your Dollar.
11:15-From New England to D.C.
11:30-Campus Capers.
1:00-News.
1:15-Tropical Park Racer.
1:30-Week End Whimsey.
1:45-Design for Dancing.
2:30-Doctors at Work.
2:35-Arcadia Ballroom Orchestra.
3:00-News.
3:05-Religion in the News.
3:15-Three Suns Trio.
3:30-News.
4:45-H. V. Kallenborn.
5:00-Paul Carson.
5:05-National Barn Dance.
5:10-Bill Stern Sports Newswatch.
5:15-Joseph Gallicchio Orchestra.
5:20-Cross of Concernment.
5:30-Fruth or Concernment.
5:35-Knickerbocker Playhouse.
5:40-News.
5:45-Music of the Americas.
5:50-Best of the Week.
6:00-1941 O'Clock News.
6:05-Opera Ballroom Orch.
6:15-Sport Series.
6:15-Francis Weiner, Violinist.
6:15-News.
6:20-News.

KALE-NBS-SATURDAY-1320 Kc.
7:00-Memory Timekeeper.
7:30-News.
7:45-Memory Timekeeper.
8:00-News.
8:15-The Junior Musicale.
8:30-News.
8:45-US Army Band.
9:00-Buyer's Parade.
9:15-Woman's Side of the News.
9:30-This and That.
10:00-News.
10:15-Little Show.
10:30-Colonial Orchestra.
11:00-Journalist.
11:30-Concert Gema.
12:45-Cypsy Caravan.
12:50-News.
12:55-McFarland Twins.
1:00-News.
1:05-Sunny Denham.
1:30-Blue Baron Orchestra.
1:55-News.
2:00-University Life.
3:00-Anchors Aweigh.
3:30-Musical Express.
4:00-Invitations to Salsa.
4:15-News.
4:30-Royal Arch Gilmason, M.
4:45-Ray Noble Orchestra.
5:00-National Melodias.
5:05-News.
5:15-Phil Stearns.
5:30-Morton Gould.
5:45-Movie Parade.
6:00-News and Gossip.
7:15-Spotlight Bands.
7:45-Jerry Seers Saturday.
8:00-News.
8:30-Ray Noble

9:00-News.
9:15-Serenade.
9:30-Organ Recital.
10:00-Ray Noble Orchestra.
10:30-News.
10:45-Ed Korvo Orchestra.
11:00-Horace Heidt Orchestra.
11:30-Bob Crosby Orchestra.

KOIN-CBS-SATURDAY-870 Kc.
6:00-Northwest Farm Reporter.
6:15-Breakfast Bulletin.
6:20-Koin Clock.
6:30-Headlines.
7:00-Bob Garrod Reporting.
7:30-Consumer News.
8:00-News.
8:05-Kay Thompson's Festival.
8:30-Paul Hanna, Song.
8:45-Pappy Cheshire's Hillbillies.
9:00-Theatre of Today.
9:30-Waltz Time.
10:00-Let's Pretend.
10:30-Voice of Broadway.
10:45-Hello Again.
11:00-News.
11:05-Of Men and Books.
11:30-Brush Creek Pollies.
11:35-Country Journal.
12:30-FOX Detroit.
1:00-Mattinee at Meadowbrook.
1:30-News.
2:00-Cleveland Symphony Orch.
2:30-Calling Pan-America.
2:45-Elmer Doolittle.
3:45-Newspaper of the Air.
4:30-American Festival.
5:00-News.
5:15-Traffic Quiz.
5:30-News.
5:45-Elmer Davis.
5:50-Who, What, Where & Why.
6:00-Andia Carol.
6:45-Saturday Night Serenade.
7:15-Local Affairs.
7:30-Olga Cooks.
7:45-Leon F. Drews.
8:00-Guy Lombardo Orchestra.
8:30-Lobby.
8:45-Hill Parade.
9:15-Tonight's Best Buy.
9:30-Five Spot.
10:15-Bill Henry.
10:30-World Today.
10:45-Defence Today.
11:00-Martha Mears.
11:30-Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55-News.

KOAC-SATURDAY-550 Kc.
10:30-Review of the Day.
10:45-News.
11:00-Organ Matinee.
11:15-Cost Hour.
12:00-News.
12:15-Punch Hour.
1:00-Favorite Classics.
1:15-Variety Time.
1:30-Organ Recital.
2:00-Camera Club.
2:15-Band Stand.
2:30-News and Views of the News.
3:00-Song From the Hills.
3:15-Swindles to Suit.
3:30-News of Washita.
3:45-News.
4:00-Artists in Recital.
4:30-Story Ten boys and girls.
5:00-Camera Swing.
5:30-Speak up for Democracy.
5:45-Organ Recital.
6:00-Dinner Concert.
6:15-News.
6:30-Punch Hour.
7:30-Grand Opera Tonight.
7:45-WSC vs. U of O. Basketball.
8:00-News.
8:45-10:00-Master.