The Oregon Statesman

FOUNDED 1651

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
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Serious Cycling

It's amazing, what dignified and important people you will see riding bicycles these days. And the bundles they carry—bundles which ordinarily would be out of sight in the back seat of the car. There's no privacy about a bicycle; no way of concealing even the fact that you carry your lunch, not feeling up to the round trip at noon nor caring for restaurant grub. Other strange sights; we have hearsay information that a woman who appeared to be in the seventies was seen pedaling along a Salem street, carrying a suitcase and smoking a cigarette. As Jimy Wyatt would say, it's a queer world.

Riding a bicycle carries you where you want to go, but watching the cyclists go by carries you back to the Gay Nineties and the first decade of this present century when there were cycling clubs with hundreds of members who went on elaborately-planned Sunday trips. Or, if you've ever been there, it carries you back to Europe where foot-power locomotion is still pretty much the prevailing mode.

In this country, cycling had become so unusual an activity except among the extremely young, that every time the galloping tintypes showed a romantic couple wheeling along—as they often did, seeing that it's a highly photogenic exercise if done gracefully—the incidental music always swung into the tuneful but inappropriate ditty about "Daisy"—the one whose chorus ends on the one line whose words most people remember, "on a bicycle built for two."

But speaking of the bicycle's nostalgic associations, in searching for someone's birth announcement in a 1900 file of The Statesman we ran across an article about "the winter care of your wheel" which ran to about a quarter of a page. What got us, though, was the article's introduction which stated that what followed wouldn't be of much interest to those cyclists who bought "the new year's model" each spring. Who remembers that before the automobile came in, annual changes in design had been devised as a merchandising scheme by anyone except the manufacturers of women's apparel?

Well, the bicycle has come back, as Harry Scott and Arthur Moore have been predicting all these years. But as in other problems of substitution, such as that encountered in the field of fishermen's supplies—substitutes were found for the rare metals used in making rods, but there is none in sight for the silk used in making the lines—the bicycle proves not to be the complete answer to the personal transportation problem. There aren't enough bicycles, the demand can't be supplied, and they also require metals and rubber. So new bicycles for adults are "frozen" and presently they will be rationed; and we trust that actual need will be the basis of allocation, not some rule-of-thumb formula.

And as Harry Scott and Arthur Moore and Lloyd Ramsden would have told you long ago if you had been willing to listen, the bicycle is an economical and convenient means of transportation; and healthful too. But about that "healthful" business, it's true that there is exercise in cycling and a lot of us need exercise. But there is danger that the health advantages will be suddenly canceled. A broken bone is an item of poor health, brethren and sisters. Trouble is, the curtailment of automotive traffic is not complete. When 10-mph bicycles and 40-mph automobiles must use the same streets and highways, there is need for extra alertness to avoid accidents. And a bicycle affords not only scant privacy, but scant protection. Accident statistics already mounting, illustrate this new need for highway caution on everybody's part.

Power Push Renewed

Except as it measures Senator Homer T. Bone's progress in recovery from the serious after-effects of a fall suffered many months ago in his Tacoma home, it is somewhat difficult to apprehend significance of his introduction at this time of a revised Columbia Power Authority bill. News dispatches suggest that the measure differs from its several predecessors principally in that it provides for the issuance of revenue bonds to carry out the objectives of the plan previously devised. Just how this privilege would break any of the existing bottlenecks to public power expansion in the northwest is rather obscure, but the solution of that puzzle can wait.

The real enigma at the moment concerns Senator Bone's insistence that the federal acquisition of privately-owned power facilities contemplated under the bill is "necessary for the most complete wartime use of the vast water power resources and facilities of the northwest."

By some process of reasoning which doubtless involves recognition that due to federal development of generating facilities, private expansion of generating capacity in the northwest has been paralyzed. Senator Bone may be right about that. Even so, his timing is terrible. For it was only a week ago that Administrator Paul Raver of Bonneville announced his system was making interconnection with transmission facilities of Washington Water Power and Pacific Power & Light companies to supply "excess in their storage reservoirs and thus provide energy to the companies . . . to conserve water maximum generating capabilities for the region's peak load period." It was explained that this interconnection would have advantages equivalent to installation of 100,000 kw. additional generating capacity.

This announcement marked a radical departure from the previous Bonneville policy which had stood in the way of the proposed northwest power pool, though it falls considerably short of realizing that objective. It merely represents an admission that the pool is feasible and desirable; and in a practical sense related solely to the problem of supplying the wartime power needs, preferable in these times to the power revolution which Raver and Senator Bone have been advocating.

In Oregon if not in Washington, revival of Bone's power empire scheme at this time would certainly insure controversy. And these are times in which we ought to be fighting the axis, not among ourselves.

In the most recent report by the state board of health, Marion county physicians are credited with only 34 per cent "cooperation" in reporting communicable diseases. However we are now enlightened on this matter which recently had us stumped. Marion county physicians do cooperate almost unanimously to the fullest practical extent by reporting such cases when they encounter them. But for any week in which they have no such cases, they do not file reports. Physicians in some counties file reports every week, blank ones if they have no communicable disease cases, so their counties get credit for 100 per cent cooperation.

Despite the probable desire of everyone to improve marksmanship these days, the shooting gallery operated on South Commercial street the last several months has been closed. In our opinion the proprietors passed up two bets. They didn't advertise. And they didn't have any targets that looked like Nips.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, April 3—They said when France fell, the day of the fortress was dead, but Corregidor and Malta are still standing against the most terrific air-bombing attacks the mechanical mind of man has been able to devise.

The latest Japanese candidate for hari-kari in the Philippines, General Yamashita, stormed Corregidor for days with everything he had in the air shortly after he took command. Thereafter he sent over only two or three bombers a day, indicating he had reached the same conclusion as his suiciding predecessor.

Paul Mallon

The British dot of Malta, south of Sicily, has been subjected to the unbelievable total of more than 1,600 air attacks since the war began, without appreciable result (which may explain why the nazis have not fooled with Gibraltar.)

The explanation is clear. Anti-aircraft fire from a small prepared rocky fort apparently can make it impregnable. The rocky formations permit building of safe bomb shelters, beyond reach of the thousand-pounders.

Large three inch anti-aircraft guns can erect impenetrable walls of fire in a defensive circle above the fort. The bombers are thus forced so high, their chance of hitting their target is virtually nil, and most of their bombs are wasted.

Unfortunately ships at sea and cities cannot maintain such defenses. Only the larger ships can carry 3 in. A-A's and their aim is hindered by the motion of the vessels. Cities have their valuables above ground and are generally built on earth where bomb shelters 60 feet deep would be needed for such complete protection.

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Communiques have been speaking tersely of night assaults by the Japs against Wainwright's line in Bataan, hinting at a new wrinkle in warfare, stolen from the Russian book.

There are new wrinkles but not very well pressed. As the Japs use them, they are just glorified raids against outposts, organized more extensively than usual, so they can employ artillery and mortars in the dark.

In preparation for the night attack, aerial photographs are made of certain American positions. the guns are set and when darkness falls, they blaze away at the fixed invisible point.

Generally this night artillery barrage prepares the way for infantry assault against machine gun nests, the locations of which are plotted out on paper in daylight.

Fortunately most of Bataan is a jungle so deep and dark it can hardly be penetrated in daylight. The Japs, therefore, have concentrated their night attacks generally on the Abucay plain, an open level space near the east end of Wainwright's line, where a stream falls into rice paddies.

Wainwright does the same thing to the Japs, but only as far as his daytime vision permits planning, because he has no aerial reconnaissance.

Fighting generally is three-fourths confusion, but at night it is nine-tenths melee. Results testify to its ineffectiveness so far.

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About the only thing really new that Yamashita has done in the way of general strategy is to stop the sneak flank infiltration tactics of Homma. The Japs won Malaya with these primarily and are trying them now with great success in Burma. Homma tried them only once or twice and they led to his suicide. Possibly Yamashita is putting them off until last.

The way MacArthur broke them up was to attack, not the infiltraters but the lines in his front, something the British and Chinese have not tried in Malaya or Burma. Now, however, Wainwright is better defended against infiltration. Every crevice and beach along his Bataan shores has been prepared against flank sneaks to the fullest of our ability.

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Generally unnoticed is the official fact that the nazi belt is getting tighter and tighter. Berlin radio has announced bread ration for a normal person has been cut again from 2250 grams a week to 2000 grams and meat from 400 to 300 grams—a hitch of one-ninth and one-fourth of the belt again (workers get more, as they could not live on this approximately four-and-a-half pounds of bread and two-thirds of a pound a meat a week.

A copy of the Volkischer Beobachter smuggled out of Germany attributes this and other admitted belt-hitching to such interesting matters as "mediocre crops" and the "large increase in fighting forces in the last few months." The article by Herbert Backe says soldiers must be better fed than civilians.

The "mediocre crops" are, of course, the result of the scorched earth policy in the Ukraine and noncooperation of conquered peoples. The "large increase in the fighting forces" is something that has not otherwise been advertised and apparently forecasts preparations for an elaborate spring drive, but it likewise confesses the troops will be raw.

Star of India

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Pioneer life in 4-4-42
the Oregon Country
as seen on Fourth Plain
near Vancouver, Washington:

(Concluding from yesterday:)

"Sulphur was a highly recommended remedy for sore throats and even for diphtheria. If the patient was able, he gargled with a solution of flowers of sulphur in a wineglass of water; if too weak to gargle, the attending housewife would blow some of the dry sulphur through a quill upon the inflamed parts of his throat, or merely burn a chunk of sulphur upon a pan of live coals near the bed so that the patient might inhale some of the fumes.

"Gunpowder, a commodity always at hand in the early Fourth Plain household, had its place in the family medicine chest. As a cure for badly inflamed eyes, for instance, one might prepare a mixture of three tablespoonfuls of gunpowder in a cup of water, filter it to remove the insoluble particles, and put three or four drops at a time into the troublesome eye. After the first 'smarting' had passed, the treatment apaprently gave relief. Another use for gunpowder water was in cases of 'thrash,' an inflammation about the mouth common to new babies. The gunpowder water was prepared in the same way as for sore eyes and was patted about the baby's mouth with a cloth dipped in the solution. There was a saying among the pioneers that everyone had thrash once, at birth or at death, and gunpowder water was the preferred treatment at whichever time.

"Dry gunpowder in equal parts with hog's lard was used as a salve in cases of frost bite, although the affliction was rare on Fourth Plain. More common during the winter were chilblains, treated by lighting a little heap of gunpowder under the itching foot. Whether the powder cured the chilblains was a moot point—the resulting burns were generally so painful that one forgot the first complaint.

"Serious burns from gunpowder were frequent, aside from those sustained in the chilblain cure. An effective treatment had to be at hand for their relief. One which not only drew the powder to the surface so that it would not poison the wound, but which also kept the flesh so soft that there was little danger of a scar, was made with molasses and wheat flour in equal parts. It was made sufficiently thin that it could be spread on a piece of cotton and bound on as a poultice. Twice a day the poultice was removed and the surface of the wound gently bathed with a shaving brush and warm water.

"For minor burns the ordinary treatment was simply to moisten the injured part, cover it completely with dry baking soda and wrap the whole in a wet cloth, preferably linen. To avoid the need of a bandage one might instead cover the surface with the white of an egg, which would harden and form an airtight protection in addition to its healing effects. Convenient treatment for burns sustained in the kitchen was merely to dash water over the burn and cover it with flour. Surphur and seal oil were sometimes used as an oitment for burns and were said to be almost proof against a scar.

"Goose grease, rendered out and kept on a shelf for emergencies, was used for sore throats, and hog's lard formed the base for many varieties of salve. Mixed in equal parts with dry sulphur, it made an ointment for boils and persistent sores; pounded with elderberry bark or red clover blossoms, it was used for burns; and for 'snuffles' in children, it was rubbed on the nose and on the soles of the feet.

"A piece of salt pork, sprinkled with black pepper, might be tied around the neck for sore throat. In scarlet fever a recommended practice was to rub the patient's whole body with a bacon rind and then tie the rind around his neck.

"The number of remedies listed is not to be taken as evidence that Fourth Plainers were a delicate lot, but rather that their womenfolk knew what they were about. Illness, however unexpected, offered a challenge to the pioneer housewife, and the foregoing may be regarded as proof that the challenge never went unanswered.

"6.—The Women's Part—This, then, was the way of living on Fourth Plain in the early days, with the woman's angle regarded perhaps overlong. But the woman's way of doing was vitally important to the Plain, since it was her housewifery, at its best often makeshift, which held the family together so that settlements might continue to thrive. From the woman's way of doing, too, might be deduced the whole pattern of life on the Plain, with all the housewifely tricks finding their counterpart in the labor of land-clearing and farming.

"I have not attempted to find great significance in the everyday life of the early Fourth Plainers, but rather to describe some of their doings for pure pleasure. The Fourth Plainers didn't particularly seek significance either. They feared God and got their crops in on time, and were probably as content as anyone has a right to be."

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

AN EASTER DREAM

I had a dream the other night,
Where all who breathed stood still;
The Lord appeared in all His might,
And stood upon a hill.

And He spoke, in words so calm
That everybody heard;
And what He said is in a Psalm,
It is in His written Word.

"O, my sons, why heed ye not Me!
But cruelly ye do strife;
On either hand where I can see
Ye take each other's life!

"I gave to ye a life of love,
But look what ye have done
Instead of heeding Him above
Ye judge with the sword and gun!"

DELBERT BIBBY,
US Veterans' Hospital,
Portland, Ore.

Got Carrier

A copyrighted Chicago Daily News dispatch by George Weller from an American navy base "somewhere in Australia" credited Lt. Comm. Richard G. Voge (above) of Chicago with a torpedo hit on a Japanese aircraft carrier after the submarine he commanded spotted the enemy ship silhouetted in the moonlight as it approached the Indian ocean.

Sunday Radio
On Page 8

'Crime at Castaway'

By EDITH BRISTOL

CHAPTER 5

We strode on through the twilight, the air growing cooler, the loud beating of the surf below the only sound until my companion spoke again.

"You heard us talking last night at dinner about some people being in Hidden Cove cottage?" I nodded. She went on: "Hidden Cove lies straight ahead of us about two miles. I should have known who was there when my nephew spoke of seeing smoke — but we've had so much trouble with tramps breaking in — they come from the highway beyond Castaway — that it never occurred to me it might be people who had a right to be there. It's Pauline Dawson and her maid, Florabelle Hunt."

Dawson — that was the name mentioned by the woman in white.

"The one you saw was the Maid. Pauline Dawson calls her 'Miss,' but she's really Mrs.— she's my brother's divorced wife. She took back her maiden name when they were divorced ten years ago, and we were glad to have her take it back. My brother settled a good sum of money on her, but she ran through it in the first year, and since that time he's been supporting her, although she really has no legal claim on him." A thought flashed through my mind—those checks I had filed. Every month, in the big check book, there were sizable checks to P. G. Dawson. The picture was taking form.

Miss Gregg went on. "Yesterday while I was up at the stables, Miss Dawson and her maid arrived, got the key from my brother and took possession of the cottage. I'm only sorry I didn't know it sooner and I could have saved others from bothering about it. But only a few weeks ago —' while Miss Baldwin was here, I think—Miss Dawson was getting ready for a cruise in the South Seas. I helped pack her trunks myself— and that's why I was sure she was gone."

Relief swept over me like the breeze from the Pacific that blew around us.

"I'm so glad that there was no harm done by my letting Miss Hunt come in — and get away again," I said.

"I'd probably have thought to tell you tonight," Martha said, "but this morning, what with the hurry of helping Estelle and Sydney get ready to leave for the city and, with the vet coming again to look at the colt, it slipped my mind. So just forget it."

I promised I would, and we turned, striding through the purple, windswept twilight, back toward the ranch house where a few lights twinkled now in the windows. Miss Gregg chuckled.

"What Florabelle Hunt would want with a framed photograph of my brother is something I wouldn't know," she said. "She's plain poison to him. I get along with her all right, but I get along with most people."

She would, I reflected. With her steady, solid determination, her force, so like her brother's, Martha Gregg was a character able to stand between him and intruders, to smooth the way for both his wife and his divorced wife, to handle the management of this highly complex household. My admiration for Martha was increasing steadily.

"I have a hunch that you're just the secretary my brother has been looking for, Miss Lane," she went on as we strode down the slope of the garden. "If you are staying here you'll be meeting the women from the cove — if they stay, and nobody can tell about that — so I'll bore you with a bit more family history. You'd never think it now, but when my brother married her, Pauline Dawson was the prettiest girl in Gallina. Howevr, since that time she's let herself be carried away with all kinds of cults and causes. One year she's a vegetarian and shudders at the thought of a beefsteak. Next year she's a mystic and wears white robes and studies with yogis and swamis and what-have-you. Mrs. Gregg — Estelle — doesn't like having Miss Dawson around and I can't say that I blame her much."

Odd how that brief but pointed conversation over the telephone with a girl I had never met would keep coming back to me from time to time since I came to Castaway. "There's one woman who comes to the ranch that's goofy as a hoot owl," she had said, and Miss Dawson had been there, according to Martha, while Miss Baldwin was playing her short role as secretary. All that she had told me, so far, checked up with the facts as I found them. Would her fears and forebodings prove to be equally sound? I wondered as we crossed the patio and entered the lighted, cheerful living room.

Lance, the nephew, didn't come to dinner, but Harry Craven, the assistant, did. And his coming added to the entries in the little blue book that was my diary. One short, significant note was sounded that night at dinner. And if I had heeded its warning — just as if I had realized the importance of that stolen photograph — and had gone to Walter Gregg with my suspicious, perhaps he might have averted the whole long train of evil that lay before us.

I listened to Harry Craven— but I listened without understanding that what he was saying was a warning of the tragedy to come.

But I did not know. I did not act. I did not speak. And who can tell? Perhaps if I had acted it might have made no difference in the course of events at Castaway.

(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.
All radio stations may be cut from of national defense.

KSLM—SATURDAY—1390 Kc.
6:30—Rise 'N' Shine
7:30—News.
7:45—Sunrise Salute.
8:00—Musical Horoscope.
8:30—News Brevities.
8:35—Sunset Trio.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Lud Gluskin.
9:30—Russ Morgan Orchestra.
10:00—World in Review.
10:05—Some Like it Hot.
10:30—Some Like it Sweet.
11:00—Lew White, Organist.
11:30—Pied Piper.
12:00—Ivan Ditmars.
12:15—News.
12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
12:55—Tune Tabloid.
1:15—Milady's Melody.
1:30—Four Notes.
1:45—Isle of Paradise.
2:00—Sing Song Time.
2:15—Melody Mart.
2:30—Herb Jeffrey's Songs.
2:45—Health Nurse, Public.
3:00—Old Opera House.
4:00—Shining Hour.
4:15—News.
4:30—Teatime Tunes.
5:00—Here Comes the Band.
5:30—To the Ladies.
5:35—Dinner Hour Music.
6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
6:15—News Analysis.
6:20—Evening Serenade.
6:50—War Fronts on Review.
7:00—Interesting Facts.
7:15—Gleb Yellin.
7:30—Willamette Valley Opinions.
7:50—Surfe Riders.
8:00—News.
8:15—The Roundup.
8:45—Silver Strings.
9:00—News.
9:15—Edwards Oldtimers.
9:45—This Is War.
10:15—Freddy Nagle.
10:30—News.
10:30—News.
10:45—Listen & Answer.
11:00—Week End Jamboree.
11:30—Last Minute News.

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KALE—MBS—SATURDAY—1330 Kc.
6:30—Memory Timekeeper.
7:00—News.
7:15—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—Jerry Sears Presents.
10:30—Hello Again.
11:00—Journal Juniors.
11:30—Concert Gems.
11:45—Luncheon Concert.
12:30—News.
12:45—University Music Hour.
1:00—Cab Calloway Orchestra.
2:00—Sunset Serenade.
3:00—Anchors Aweigh.
3:30—W. A. O'Carroll, Australia.
4:00—News
4:15—Border Patrol.
4:30—Confidentially Yours.
4:45—Rythym.
5:00—Voices in Song.
5:15—Tropical Serenade.
5:45—Sinfonietta.
6:15—Phil Stearns.
6:30—Spotlight Bands.
7:00—News and Views
7:15—Movie Parade.
7:30—Churchman's Saturday Night.
8:00—California Melodies.
8:30—Wally Johnson Orchestra.
9:00—News.
9:15—Serenade.
9:45—This Is War.
10:00—Skinnay Ennis Orchestra.
10:30—News.
10:45—Rainbow Orchestra.
11:00—Louis Armstrong Orchestra.
11:30—Bob Crosby Orchestra.

KGW—NBC—SATURDAY—620 Kc.
4:00—Music.
5:30—War News.
6:00—Sunrise Serenade.
7:00—News.
7:15—Music in Vienna.
7:45—Martha Tilton.
7:45—Sam Hayes.
8:00—Ray Towers, Troubador.
8:15—Organ.
8:30—America the Free.
9:00—Music Room.
9:15—Consumer Time.
9:30—Ilka Chase.
10:00—Lincoln Highway.
10:30—Call to Youth.
10:45—News.
11:00—Stars of Tomorrow.
12:00—From New England to You.
12:15—On the Home Front.
12:30—Campus Capers
12:50—News
1:00—Down Mexico Way.
1:30—Air Youth of America.
1:45—Tropical Park Races.
2:00—Doctors at Work.
2:30—Ricardo Time.
2:45—Novatime.
3:00—Golden Melodies.
3:25—News.
3:30—Religion in the News.
3:45—Three Suns Trio.
4:00—Saturday Service Party.
4:30—Emma Otero, Singer.
4:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
5:00—Paul Carson.
5:15—Sports Scripts.
5:30—Ed Stoker.
6:00—National Barn Dance.
7:00—Bill Stern Sports Newsreel.
7:15—Charles Dant's Music.
7:30—Grand Ol' Opry.
8:00—Truth or Consequences.
8:30—Abie's Irish Rose.
9:00—News.
9:00—Best of the Week.
9:30—Concert by Kalsch.
9:45—This Is War.
10:15—News.
10:45—Hotel Biltmore Orchestra.
10:55—News.
11:00—Palace Hotel Orchestra.
11:15—Florentine Gardens Orchestra.
11:30—News.
12:00-2 a. m.—Music.

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KEX—NBC—SATURDAY—1190 Kc.
6:00—Musical Clocks.
7:00—California Agriculture.
7:15—Breakfast Club
8:15—The Band Played On.
8:30—Stella Unger.
8:45—Stars of Today.
9:15—Troubador and the Lady.
9:30—National Farm and Home.
10:00—Hotel Taft Orchestra.
10:30—Al & Lee Reiser.
10:45—News.
11:00—Fantasy in Melody.
11:30—Elwood Gary.
12:00—News.
12:30—Phil Bovero Orchestra.
1:00—Club Matinee.
2:00—Penn Hotel Orchestra.
2:30—Savoy Ballroom Orchestra.
3:00—Arcadia Ballroom.
3:25—News.
3:30—Jean Cavall.
3:45—Edward Tomlinson.
4:00—Billy Moore Trio.
4:15—Blackhawk Valley Boys.
4:30—Message of Israel.
5:00—Hotel Sir Francis Drake Orch.
5:30—Swap Night.
6:00—Melodies by DeMello.
6:30—Rochester Civic Orchestra.
7:00—Tune Out Time.
7:30—Red Ryder.
8:00—Believe It or Not.
8:30—Green Hornet.
9:00—News.
9:05—Palace Hote Orchestra.
9:15—News Comments.
9:30—News.
9:45—This Is War.
10:15—Hotel Sir Francis Drake Orch.
10:30—The Quiet Hour.
11:00—This Moving World.
11:15—Organ.
11:30—War News Roundup.

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KOIN—CBS—SATURDAY—970 Kc.
6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter.
6:15—Breakfast Bulletin.
6:30—Koin Klock.
7:15—Headliners.
7:30—Bob Garred Reporting.
7:45—Phil Hanna Songs.
8:00—Jane Endicott.
8:15—Consumer News.
8:30—Let's Pretend.
9:00—Theatre of Today.
9:30—Kid Critics.
9:45—Let's Waltz.
10:00—Serenade.
10:30—Adventures in Science.
10:45—Golden Gate Quartet.
11:00—News.
11:05—Of Men and Books.
11:30—David Lipscomb College Chapel Choir.
12:00—Country Journal.
12:45—FOB Detroit.
1:00—Matinee at Meadowbrook.
2:00—News.
2:15—William Winter, News.
2:30—Cleveland Symphony Orch.
3:00—Barry Winton Orchestra.
3:15—Calling Pan-America.
3:45—News.
4:00—Newspaper of the Air.
4:30—Freddie Martin Orchestra.
5:00—Sports Story.
5:15—Traffic Quiz.
5:30—News.
5:45—Bob Garred, News.
5:55—John Daly, News.
6:00—Look Who's Here.
6:30—Leon Drews.
6:45—Saturday Night Serenade.
7:15—What's The Answer?
7:30—Air-Flo.
7:45—Frazier Hunt.
8:00—Guy Lombardo Orchestra.
8:30—Hobby Lobby
8:55—News.
9:00—Hit Parade.
9:45—Gaslite Harmonies.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—World Today.
10:30—Lud Gluskin Orchestra.
10:45—Defense Today.
11:00—This Is War.
11:30—Manny Strand Orchestra.
11:55—News.
12:00-6 a. m.—Music & News.

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KOAC—SATURDAY—550 Kc.
10:00—Review of the Day.
10:05—News.
10:15—Junior Matinee.
11:15—Coed Hour.
12:00—News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
1:00—Favorite Classics.
1:15—Variety Time.
1:45—Organ Moods.
2:00—Camera Clubs.
2:15—Band Stand.
2:30—In Defense of America.
2:45—Monitor Views the News.
3:00—Song From the Hills.
3:15—Swindles to Suit.
3:30—Echoes of Walkiki.
3:45—News.
4:00—Artists in Recital.
4:30—Stories for boys and girls.
5:00—Campus Swing.
5:30—Civilian Defense.
5:45—Evening Vesper Service.
6:00—Dinner Concert.
6:15—News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:30—Grand Opera Tonight.
8:00—Debating Finals.
9:00—The Marvel of Vision.
9:15—Orchestral Gems.
9:30—Traffic Safety.
9:45-10:00—This Is War.