

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe"
From First Statesman, March 23, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, Editor and Publisher

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.

Security for All

No one has been able to equal the record of the first chapter of Genesis so far as creation is concerned, but Mr. Roosevelt is trying to be a close second. He now lays before congress a comprehensive but vague plan for social security, from cradle to grave, and asks a busy wartime congress to give "full consideration" to the steps recommended. Congress has already shown its mood, for at last report the appropriation for the national resources planning board, which prepared the report, was virtually eliminated.

The new plan is a wholesale guarantee by government of the abundant life for all. The government would assume responsibility for full employment, education, health and nutrition, and good housing. The individual can get aboard and have a free ride, except that things never work out that way.

What is the government but the instrumentality of the people as a whole? Government must depend on the people, not people on the government. Government has no money of its own. What it has it gets from the people, whether by taxes or by loans. When government paternalism reaches its full flower individual citizens are just pawns of the politicians.

The national resources planning board issues also a new "bill of rights" which rehearses old liberties and proclaims new ones. We have learned painfully that "they have rights who dare maintain them." It is a kind sentiment to say that everyone has a "right" to a decent home, but unless some one labors to build the home the right is valueless.

We grow weary of this age of paper "rights" at a time when the world battles to the death to preserve even some of the essentials for tolerable existence. We get tired of this talk about freedom from want as though all that was needed was to pass a law or elect a saint to office. We get tired too of this talk about freedom from fear when our president who extols this fourth freedom has not succeeded in freeing our minds from what is perhaps the world's greatest fear—war.

Talk is cheap; declarations, constitutions come a dime a dozen. Fine phrases and wide promises may tickle the ears of the groundlings; but it takes work and toil and effort to put food on people's tables, or fuel in their stoves, or clothes on their backs. We all hope for a better society; but thoughtful people know we can't achieve it by decree, and that it will not come by political trick or economic device.

Sound government can help by helping people to help themselves. It does well to give liberty of effort with some assurance of personal profit to the one who exerts himself. In the rivalry for doing something for somebody we must not forget that the enduring society is one which learns to do things for itself.

Interim Committees

We do not know the total score but it looks as though there will be the usual rash of interim committees authorized by the legislature for the coming biennium. As a general rule they spend thousands of dollars and arrive exactly nowhere as far as subsequent legislation is concerned. Many times the committees do not even meet, or if they do they merely talk things over and let the subject drop. Once in a red moon an interim committee will make a report that means something and once in a blue moon the next legislature will pay attention to the report of the interim committee.

One reason most such reports are ignored is that every legislature is a law unto itself. The new one meeting doesn't like to be told by hangerover members what it should do on matters of legislation. So each legislature starts more or less "de novo" on every topic.

This comes under the card index of "too bad" because we need more care and study before laws are enacted and more care in preparation of the text of bills. But changing the habits of thinking of legislators is quite impossible—just what good does the scolding of members for hiring wives do? And how far does the biennial proposal get to provide a stenographers' pool instead of having clerks for each member?

Ship Ahoy!

Indications are strong that Willamette university will be selected as an institution where some 400 navy men will be assigned for 16-week courses as part of officer training. No contract has been signed, but the plant here was inspected last week, and an early announcement is anticipated.

That will be something for Willamette, and for Salem. We've grown accustomed to army khaki, worn by hundreds of men now stationed at Camp Adair or at the fair grounds or the airport. It will be something new to have men in navy blue frequent our streets in numbers. And what a break for the girls too.

These chaps will mostly be dry land sailors, so our local deficiency in nautical terms will not be calamitous. We may have to change our farm-learned "gee" and "haw" to "starboard" and "port"; and substitute "scuttlebutt" for "gossip." But that will not be very hard.

Bring on the navy.

The Baker Democrat-Herald editorializes on the theme "Americans prove their metal"—and their mettle.

As we have observed legislatures half the business consists in the fine art of reaching into some other person's pocketbook. The real trick comes through in catching the other fellow reaching into your own.

The basketball teams move in just as the legislators move out, which is nice timing for hotels and restaurants. Many ambitions are clipped in both tournament and legislature.

Frank Walker, postmaster general and national chairman of the democratic party, is doing the grand tour, seeing how the postal card business is and listening to reports from party faithful. The fourth term, of course, will not be mentioned, though all kind words will be set down in the little black notebook.

The OPA food rationing program makes no allowance for food for church suppers. The state liquor commission, however, accompanied its rationing order with assurance that all banquets would be taken care of.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

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

WASHINGTON, March 11—Vice President Wallace's erudite speech to the Ohio Wesleyan conference flew so high into the stratospheric philosophy of someone named Hegel, et al, that it missed many front pages and few citizens got what he was driving at.

But it really presented what might be called the Wallace philosophy, perhaps even an official administration idea, of the post-war world. Boiled down, it comes to this: Russia is progressing from communism toward democracy. Our democracy is progressing in the opposite direction toward communism. We should meet at a place called "X"—and on that spot, a post war world should be built.

Now, do not immediately conclude that this is a strained simplification of the Wallace philosophy, or that it is altogether unreasonable. It is true, for instance, that Stalin has been working away from Marxian communism. The Russian system today is more of a socialist than a communist state.

On the other hand, the new deal has proudly proclaimed its mild advance from democracy, as we used to know it, toward socialism (Tennessee valley authority and various government enterprises of ownership and operation, and, to a lesser degree, the collectivist socialist philosophy of the taxation policies, AAA, NYA, social security, etc.)

Nor can there be any question about Mr. Wallace's hope that such progress, both in Russia and the United States, will continue, for he says:

"The future well-being of the world depends upon the extent to which Marxianism, as it is being progressively modified in Russia, and democracy, as we are adapting it to 20th century conditions, can live together in peace."

"Old line Marxianism has held that democracy . . . serves the cause of the common man with platitudes rather than with jobs, and that it is weak."

"And we, who believe in democracy, must admit that routine science, invention and technology have provided us with new bottles into many of which we have not yet poured the wine of the democratic spirit. . . Democracy must be tremendously more efficient than it has been in the service of the common man and in the resistance to selfish group pressures."

If this seems so indefinite as to be confusing to you, you are probably in the same boat with Mr. Wallace. While he sees definitely the direction in which he wants to go, he cannot yet define where "X" is to be.

He does not know how far we are to go toward Marxianism and, therefore, cannot write the specifications in a clearer way that would be understandable to the general public.

All this sounds like it came out of a book, a very big book, and no doubt much of it did. Mr. Wallace's tramp back through the history of philosophy to prove that the German Hegel and the German Marx are the original philosophers of both fascist and communism may possibly be true. But no citizen needs a book to see that Mr. Wallace has somewhere missed the whole vast difference between the Russian and American systems.

Leaving all high philosophy aside, the man in the street knows what Russia stands for, and he knows what America stands for, and, therefore, he knows there is a sea between them more vast than any ocean on the map.

For one thing, the kind of socialism Stalin represents is totalitarian. Democracy is anti-totalitarian. Stalin's socialism is not that of freedom of the common man, but dictatorship by the worker. Our form of government is against dictatorship by any group, worker, farmer, or rich.

It seems clear that Mr. Wallace has fooled himself, by reading all the books, into acceptance of a theory that any man in the street can disprove for himself by his personal knowledge without a book. Primarily, Mr. Wallace is a politician, not a philosopher, and he is trying to find in philosophical history a common ground for his political purpose of bringing Russia and the United States together in the post war world.

But this kind of international soft-soaping is obviously apt to lead the unwary thinker into the belief that Russia and the United States can join together in a common state after the war.

Obviously, Mr. Wallace had better consult Stalin and Churchill about that, because Stalin is a realist, if nothing else, and he knows, if Wallace does not, that his progress toward socialism and ours still leaves us so far apart as not to be anywhere near adjacent.

This does not mean that the United States and Russia cannot live in complete peace with each other and in full friendliness in a post war world, each with its own internal political system. We can cooperate on a mutual basis of self-interest to keep peace in the world.

We simply cannot, for practical political reasons if no other, reach Mr. Wallace's "X" which seems to be half-way to communism, and seems to me to be half-way to Hitler.

A more democratic doctrine for the post-war world was suggested by Ohio's governor Heicker, in a largely unnoticed speech the same day. He counseled a policy of "live and let live" in the truly democratic and Christian spirit for all nations, little and big, in the post war world—but protecting ourselves strongly at home.

At any rate, we can at least be clear now as to the cause of our confusion about the post war world. Our leaders do not know where "X" is.

Naturally, they cannot define it with sufficient clarity to let anyone else become wholly unconfused.

'Curiosity Killed a Cat' Editorial Comment

By ANNE ROWE

Chapter 29, Continued

"What with the Burton murder all over the front page, and you the great surprise in it, an air raid couldn't keep 'em away. You'll have more callers tomorrow than—than there are flowers in your garden."

The idea was appalling. "I don't want any callers. I won't see them," I protested.

"Oh yes you will—see some of 'em," he contradicted pleasantly. "If you don't mind, I'll give Nettie a list of who's to be let in."

His very amiability was a sign of determination, and so I gave in, resignedly. "All right. Anything you say," I assured him. "Only—please tell me: why must I receive people you want to question about Bruce's murder?"

"Didn't say I wanted to question 'em," he parried.

"Didn't say you wouldn't," Aunt Millie imitated him ironically. "Have a heart, Inspector! Tell us what, or whom, you suspect. We're two worried women, you know—what with two murders and Kay's incredible inheritance as a result of them—"

He seemed to see the justice of her plea. "Guess you have a right to be worried," he admitted, "so long as the murderer's still on the loose. And I can't help you a whole lot either, except maybe by giving you a piece of advice: Don't talk. Don't tell anybody what you're going to do any given time. Nobody. Not even Forrestall."

"Why not Forrestall?" Aunt Millie inquired, instantly alert.

"He has a gobby fool for a wife and can't keep from telling her what he knows. That's why," the Inspector shrugged.

"You mean—the murderer might have had his information from Alice Forrestall?" I asked incredulously.

The Inspector made a wry grimace. "In a round-about way, maybe. He knew of the stone and the letter in the safe, didn't he? And the time Miss Burton was to be at the camp, and the road you'd come on—"

There was no refuting the statement. It all seemed so clear and simple.

"Then—you have an idea of

—who the murderer is?" I asked.

The Inspector suddenly looked grim. "Ideas don't make arrests and convictions," he said briefly. "You leave the murders to me and put your mind on the Burton estate."

It was almost dinnertime when the Inspector left at last, and I had just time to take a quick shower and change before Dad came home, bringing Allan with him.

All through the afternoon I had looked forward to Allan, longed to forget the horror of the night and the trying days ahead in a quiet hour with him. And then I didn't get it.

The news of my sudden wealth threw both my father and my future husband into such a dither, the discussion about it—what to offer Gala and how to induce her acceptance, and the radium—very much the radium!—was so lively and so long, it obliterated my desire for a twosome with Allan—in fact, every desire, except for sleep.

I staggered up to my room at an early hour, physically and mentally exhausted, and literally fell into bed and oblivion at the same time.

I woke late in the morning, fresh and rested and immediately absorbed by speculations about the murder, and what the day would bring—to find a part of them answered when I came downstairs.

Aunt Millie had preceded me by a good hour and was full of news.

"Let breakfast wait a few minutes. I simply must show you something," she announced with her funny little sniff—which had been sadly in abeyance the last terrible days—dragging me into the living room next to the library.

I looked like a florist's shop, banked with huge bouquets and potted plants, and on a coffee table before the sofa was a large tray heaped with mail.

"The condolences of Cliffport's 'ex-light,' to use the Inspector's pronunciation," she said with an inclusive wave of her hand. "I opened some of them—couldn't resist. They'll slay you, dar-

From Other Papers

CALL FOR WILL HAYES

For all the patriotic apple-polishing done by Hollywood, much of it stimulating as in "Mrs. Miniver" and deserving of a better moniker, Will Hayes should come from hiding (or is he dead?) so long are the days since he was postmaster-general and put on a good spring house-cleaning in the land of make-believe.

While men have been dying from the Solomons to Tunisia, Errol Flynn has claimed the larger headlines. Even he for a time had to share American domestic interests with the dispassionate doings of Francis Farmer. And now it appears that until Lana has her baby and someone shows up with a name, we must enlist our sympathy in her much-publicized plight.

This week's releases added to our general disgust with goings on in movieland. Louis B. Mayer, who admits to paying \$6 for a cigar—\$5 for taxes and \$1 for the cigar—showed up with a 1942 personal income of \$949,765 of which \$72,285 is bonus, which is what Loew's, Inc., paid him for 12 months' services and does not include other personal income. It seems bad taste, to say the least, for an executive to draw more money monthly than is paid an-

ually to the president of the United States, and what is more than bad taste, poor citizenship, for Mr. Mayer is quite evidently trying to throw his additional personal tax burden over to his stockholders.

Then comes Mickey Rooney, who also has had his matrimonial upssets in the prints for weeks, and becomes a guinea pig for draft deferment, his studios arguing (we are told) that the draft of stars must stop somewhere. We would have recommended a better starting place than a rich, young, now unmarried, supposedly manly American who could be spared for active duty with Gary Cooper, Lewis Stone and Ronald Colman sharing his celluloid allotment for the duration.

Such instances of poor taste, of bad morals and of selfishness, take the edge off the flamboyant appeals to patriotism of so many movies. The nation appreciates the importance of the movies; in the international field alone, they more than all our ambassadors, portray America. It is when the veneer is off and the antics, amorous, financial and draft-dodging, are revealed, that Hollywood stands indicted.—Coos Bay Times.

ing! Seems like they have it all doped out to suit them. Heavens, I'm beginning to talk like Cliffport! Bruce came back, in secret, for a reconciliation with you. He engineered your father into the shipyard job, for that end only. And then, just when you're going to fall into each other's arms for the fadeout clinch—bang!—he's murdered! Here, read a few samples!"

But I shook my head. My sense of humor was definitely under a cloud this morning, and the "Mrs. Bruce Burton" staring at me from the envelopes looked pretty ominous.

"No, thank you! Not before breakfast," I told her firmly and walked to the dining room.

Chapter 30

While I was doing ample justice to Mae's culinary art, Aunt Millie gave me her report of the morning.

Conley Forrestall had called, on his way to the probate court. "He's certain he'll be appointed at once, today most likely, and feels sure he'll be able to show you the safe tomorrow, so that you can get acquainted with your new possessions and decide about their division, if any," she told me. "Also, we discussed Bruce's funeral. He thinks it would be best to have it quietly, from the

funeral parlor, early tomorrow morning. No lying in state in his house and all that kind of truck."

"Thank the stars he feels that way. The other would have been ghastly," I said fervently.

"That's what I hold him. I was sure you'd approve. So—it's to be at seven. He suggests your father and Allan should be present, and we two and Gala stay at home. I said it was all right."

"You're my guardian angel." I assured her gratefully, and then, having finished my first real meal in 36 hours, got up and went into the drawing room and set good morning to Inspector Pettengill and find out if anything important had occurred during the night.

It wasn't a very successful visit. Flynn was with the Inspector when I walked in, after a quick knock, and so was Roberts looking embarrassed and scrapping his big feet on the live-ly Aubusson carpet by way of greeting me, his latest "boss."

I plainly was interrupting a grilling of the caretaker, and walked out again meekly when I was told succinctly: "No time for you now. Nothing's happened anyway," to join Aunt Millie in the living room.

A little later, while we were wading through my distinctly irritating mail; the doorbell started to ring.

Through the open arch to the

hall we could see Nettie, red-eyed and in black, proceeding doorway with the unburied dignity befitting a death in the house. Then would come the murmur of voices, the soft thud of the closing entrance door, and Nettie passing back. Sometimes with an armload of flowers.

The people on the Inspector's list were obviously not among my early callers—unless it included Mrs. Libby.

She suddenly walked in on us from the library, via the terrace, avoiding doorbells as usual, and looking positively regal and an inch taller in sweeping black draperies and a long mourning veil. Also a little theatrical, the way she threw back the veil and held out her arms to me.

"My dear, dear child!" she boomed in a deeper bass than ever. "My heartfelt sympathy! And I'm so very glad you're really and truly one of us now! I must have felt it subconsciously. That's why I liked you so much from the start!"

With that she reached up, grabbed my head as if it were an unattached object, kissed me resoundingly, pulled me down with her on the sofa and proceeded with what she had come to say. Not once did she pause for a reply.

(To be continued)

Today's Radio Programs

KSLM—FRIDAY—1390 Kc.

- 7:30—News in Brief.
- 7:35—Rise'n Shine.
- 7:35—News.
- 7:45—Morning Woods.
- 8:00—Rhythm Hits.
- 8:30—News Brevities.
- 8:35—Tango Time.
- 9:00—Pastor's Call.
- 9:15—Dickson's Melody Mustangs.
- 9:30—Popular Music.
- 9:45—Uncle Sam.
- 10:00—World in Review.
- 10:05—Waltz and Dance.
- 10:30—Langworth String Quartet.
- 11:00—Maxine Buren.
- 11:15—Sentimental Songs.
- 11:30—Hits of Yesteryear.
- 12:00—Organalities.
- 12:15—News.
- 12:30—Hillbilly Serenade.
- 12:35—Willamette Valley Opinions.
- 1:00—Lum n' Abner.
- 1:15—Rollo Hudson's Orchestra.
- 1:30—Spotlight on Rhythm.
- 2:00—Isle of Paradise.
- 2:15—US Navy.
- 2:30—State Safety Program.
- 2:45—Broadway Band Wagon.
- 2:50—KSLM Concert Hour.
- 4:00—Charles Magrane.
- 4:15—News.
- 4:30—Wake Up News.
- 5:15—Records of Reminiscence.
- 6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
- 6:15—War News Commentary.
- 6:30—Symphonic Swing.
- 6:45—Soldiers of the Press.
- 7:00—News in Brief.
- 7:30—Facts About Taxes.
- 7:45—Clyde Lucas' Orchestra.
- 8:00—Four Polka Dots.
- 8:30—War Fronts in Review.
- 8:45—Treasury Star Parade.
- 9:00—This My Story.
- 9:30—News.
- 9:45—Prize Fight.
- 10:30—News.

KALE—MBS—FRIDAY—1330 Kc.

- 6:45—Uncle Sam.
- 7:00—News.
- 7:15—Texas Rangers.
- 7:30—Memory Timekeeper.
- 8:00—Breakfast Club.
- 8:30—News.
- 8:45—What's New.
- 9:00—Leaving Carter.
- 9:15—Woman's Side of the News.
- 9:30—Buyer's Parade.
- 9:45—Edgewood Arsenal Band.
- 10:00—News.
- 10:15—Curtain Calls.
- 10:30—This and That.
- 11:00—Cedric Belfrage.
- 11:30—Hay Reads the Bible.
- 12:00—Concert in Progress.
- 12:30—On the Farm Front.
- 13:00—Market Reports.
- 13:45—Music.
- 1:15—Music.
- 1:30—Sheelah Carter.
- 2:15—Texas Rangers.
- 2:45—Pat Neal and the News.
- 3:00—Phillip Kayne and Jordan.
- 3:15—Wartime Women.
- 3:30—Hello Again.
- 3:45—Heroes of Today.
- 4:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr.
- 4:15—Johnson Family.
- 4:30—News.
- 4:45—Let's Learn to Dance.
- 5:00—Superman.
- 5:30—Norman Nesbitt.
- 5:45—Remember When.
- 6:00—Gabriel McConnell.
- 6:15—Movie Parade.
- 6:30—Candlelight and Silver.
- 6:45—Mauielows Bevinas.
- 8:00—Lone Ranger.
- 8:30—Music Without Words.
- 9:00—News.
- 9:15—Speaking of Sports.
- 9:30—General Barrows.
- 9:45—Fulton Lewis.
- 10:00—Soldiers of the Press.
- 10:30—News.
- 11:30—Johnny Richards Orchestra.
- 11:45—Sid Hoff Orchestra.

KEX—BN—FRIDAY—1130 Kc.

- 6:30—Moments of Melody.
- 6:45—National Farm and Home.
- 6:55—Western Agriculture.
- 7:05—Helen McCannell.
- 7:15—Home Demonstration Agent.
- 7:30—Music of Vienna.
- 7:45—Gene and Glenn.
- 8:00—Breakfast Club.
- 8:15—Keep Fit with Patty Jean.
- 8:30—Woman's Work.
- 8:45—Breakfast at Sardi's.
- 9:00—Bathhouse Talking.
- 9:15—Uncle Sam.
- 10:00—The Great Melody.
- 10:30—Current Events.
- 11:30—James G. MacDonald, News.
- 11:35—Keep Fit Club with Patty Jean.
- 12:15—News Headlines.
- 12:30—Cote Glee Club.
- 12:45—Market Reports.
- 1:30—News Headlines.
- 1:45—Club Matinee.
- 1:55—Johnny Doughboy Reporting.
- 2:00—News.
- 2:30—The Baby Institute.
- 2:45—Labor News.
- 3:15—Knows with the News.
- 3:30—The Great Show.
- 3:45—Pages of Melody.
- 4:00—Let's Word.
- 4:30—Scraps.
- 4:35—Excursions in Science.
- 4:45—News.

KOEN—CBS—FRIDAY—970 Kc.

- 6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter.
- 6:15—Breakfast Bulletin.
- 6:30—Texas Rangers.
- 6:45—Koin Klock.
- 7:15—Wake Up News.
- 7:30—Dick Joy, News.
- 7:45—Nelson Fringle, News.
- 8:00—Consumer News.
- 8:15—Valiant Lady.
- 8:30—Stories America Loves.
- 8:45—Aunt Jenny.
- 9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
- 9:15—Big Sister.
- 9:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
- 9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
- 10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
- 10:15—Ma Perkins.
- 10:30—Vic and Sade.
- 10:45—The Goldbergs.
- 11:00—Young Dr. Malone.
- 11:15—Joyce Anderson.
- 11:30—We Love and Learn.
- 11:45—News.
- 12:15—Bob Anderson, News.
- 12:30—Wm. Winter, News.
- 1:00—DWI, Use the Sain.
- 1:30—American School of the Air.
- 2:00—Newspaper of the Air.
- 2:30—Four Friday Date.
- 3:15—Today at the Duncan's.
- 3:30—Keep Working, Keep Singing, America.
- 3:45—News.
- 4:00—Millon, Charles, Organist.
- 4:15—San Hayes.
- 4:30—Easy Aces.
- 4:45—Tracer of Lost Persons.
- 5:00—Martha Meara.
- 5:30—Harry Flannery.
- 5:45—Martha Meara.
- 5:55—Cecil Brown, News.
- 6:15—Oregon at War.
- 6:30—That Brewster Boy.
- 7:00—Caravan.
- 7:45—Nelson Fringle, News.
- 8:00—Four to Go.
- 8:15—Secret Weapon.
- 8:30—Playhouse.
- 8:45—Kate Smith Hour.
- 9:30—Adventures of the Thin Man.
- 9:55—Quiz Quotient.
- 10:05—Five Star Final.
- 10:15—Wartime Women.
- 10:25—Air-Fire of the Air.
- 10:35—The World Today.
- 10:45—The Marines Have Landed.
- 11:00—Del Courtyard Orchestra.
- 11:30—Manny Strawn, Orchestra.
- 11:35—News.
- Midnight to 5:00 a.m.—Music & News.

KOEN—CBS—FRIDAY—970 Kc.

- 6:00—Northwest Farm Reporter.
- 6:15—Breakfast Bulletin.
- 6:30—Texas Rangers.
- 6:45—Koin Klock.
- 7:15—Wake Up News.
- 7:30—Dick Joy, News.
- 7:45—Nelson Fringle, News.
- 8:00—Consumer News.
- 8:15—Valiant Lady.
- 8:30—Stories America Loves.
- 8:45—Aunt Jenny.
- 9:00—Kate Smith Speaks.
- 9:15—Big Sister.
- 9:30—Romance of Helen Trent.
- 9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
- 10:00—Life Can Be Beautiful.
- 10:15—Ma Perkins.
- 10:30—Vic and Sade.
- 10:45—The Goldbergs.
- 11:00—Young Dr. Malone.
- 11:15—Joyce Anderson.
- 11:30—We Love and Learn.
- 11:45—News.
- 12:15—Bob Anderson, News.
- 12:30—Wm. Winter, News.
- 1:00—DWI, Use the Sain.
- 1:30—American School of the Air.
- 2:00—Newspaper of the Air.
- 2:30—Four Friday Date.
- 3:15—Today at the Duncan's.
- 3:30—Keep Working, Keep Singing, America.
- 3:45—News.
- 4:00—Millon, Charles, Organist.
- 4:15—San Hayes.
- 4:30—Easy Aces.
- 4:45—Tracer of Lost Persons.
- 5:00—Martha Meara.
- 5:30—Harry Flannery.
- 5:45—Martha Meara.
- 5:55—Cecil Brown, News.
- 6:15—Oregon at War.
- 6:30—That Brewster Boy.
- 7:00—Caravan.
- 7:45—Nelson Fringle, News.
- 8:00—Four to Go.
- 8:15—Secret Weapon.
- 8:30—Playhouse.
- 8:45—Kate Smith Hour.
- 9:30—Adventures of the Thin Man.
- 9:55—Quiz Quotient.
- 10:05—Five Star Final.
- 10:15—Wartime Women.
- 10:25—Air-Fire of the Air.
- 10:35—The World Today.
- 10:45—The Marines Have Landed.
- 11:00—Del Courtyard Orchestra.
- 11:30—Manny Strawn, Orchestra.
- 11:35—News.
- Midnight to 5:00 a.m.—Music & News.