Roseburg News-Review

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HARRIS ELLSWORTH .....Editor

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Every state, county and city official or board that handles public money should publish at regular intervals an accounting of it, showing where and how each dollar is spent. This is a fundamental principle of democratic government.

THE wringing of hands never did anybody any good.

Confronted with the desolation of all northern Europe, many people in the United States have been reduced to a shellshocked state in which they are able to do nothing but wring their hands and utter feeble cries.

It is true that the United States has been caught in a position where it can do nothing about the military campaign now racking France and threatening Britain, even if it wanted to. In respect to that we are helpless. We shall not always be helpless, but for the moment we are.

But this does not mean that we can do nothing. We can be of definite help, without compromising neutrality, without risking a life. We can help to relieve the suffering, clothe the naked, feed the starving.

* * *

So callonsed have we become during the past few years, so used to the bombing and starving and dying, in Ethiopia, in China, in Finland, in Manchuria, Poland and Spain, that we do not react, do not respond as we once did.

But we must fight this coarsening of our sensibilities. No less tragic than the men who are dying on the battlefronts, in some ways more tragic, are the refugees. That is the estimate of a worker for the American Friends' Service Committee, the Quaker organization which has done such splendid service for relief in many lands.

Try to imagine it! Suppose that the United States, in addition to its present relief and defense burdens, had 18,570,000 refugees suddenly placed in its care. That would be in the same proportion as the burden the French are now bearing. They have had a half million Spanish refugees for more than a year. They received 2,000,000 from Alsace-Lorraine at the very beginning of the war. And now the tide of misery from Belgium and Holland and their own eastern border has come rolling in.

* * *

This burden they must bear even while they fight for their lives with their backs against Paris. Surely America, whatever it eventually does about the war itself, cannot be deaf to the cry of these millions of miserable waifs, stripped of everything but life itself, and that ebbing away in the face of unspeakable privations.

The Red Cross, the Friends' Service Committee, the Norwegian Relief and scores of other organizations are doing the best they can. The response to the Red Cross' appeal for $20,000,000 is nothing to be proud of in its initial stages. This appeal must not fail.

Whatever else we lose in the grim coming years, let it never be said of us that we lost our hearts!

Editorials on News
(Continued from page 1.)

German dive bombers (the dreaded Stukas that worked such havoc at the start of the big western front push) appear to be less numerous and less daring than at the beginning. These observers comment that this involves no apparent breaking of the German morale but dive bombing is such a strain on the pilots that human endurance can stand up under it only so long.

There are notes here and there to the effect that German infantry is beginning to move into the battle lines in more or less the old manner of warfare, with less dependance on mechanized units.

NOTE also that in rearranging his lines for the final and desperate defense of Paris General Weygand abandoned the idea of relatively thin, strongly fortified lines of defense, such as the Maginot, and introduced the idea of "deep lines," which you have seen commented on so much in the past two days.

The Germans broke through the former thin lines too easily and once behind them worked havoc with their swiftly moving mechanized units. The purpose of the deep lines is to pocket the tanks and other machines and destroy them before they can get clear through.

IT is far too early to predict that the power of the German drive is ebbing, but these new developments (if accurately reported) do at least indicate pretty surely that the French and the British are getting over their first shock of dazed surprise and are fighting not only bravely but RESOURCEFULLY.

KRNR
Mutual Broadcasting System
1500 Kilocycles

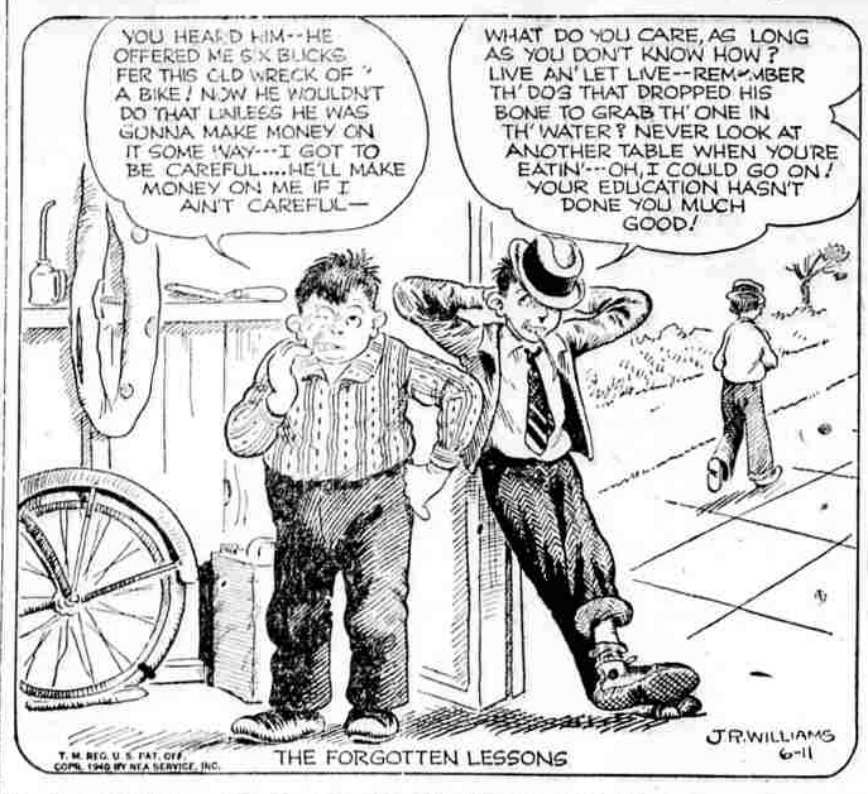
REMAINING HOURS TODAY
4:00—Sands of Time, MBS.
4:30—American Family Robinson.
4:45—Azure, Music, MBS.
4:45—Tea Time Dance.
5:00—Talk by Vythe Williams, MBS.
5:15—Leighton Noble's Orch., MBS.
5:30—Shafter Parker, MBS.
5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Ovaltine, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—Composer's Series, MBS.
7:00—Paging the Past, MBS.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Ned Jordan, Secret Agent, MBS.
8:00—Meet the Stars, MBS.
8:30—Treasure Island Tour, MBS.
8:45—Twilight Trails, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Jan Garber's Orchestra, MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Gus Arnheim's Orchestra, MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

Stellar lights, who will be guest on "Meet the Stars" over the coast-to-coast Mutual network tonight in George Fisher's Bureau of Hollywood Knowledge are Dorothy Lamour, Miles Mander and Karen Morley. This popular program is heard over KRNR from 8 to 8:30 p. m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12
7:00—Stuff and Nonsense.
7:30—News-Review of the Air.
7:40—News, State and Local.
7:45—J. M. Judd Says "Good Morning."
7:50—Rhapsody in Wax.
8:00—Dorothy Humphrey, MBS.
8:15—Possible Berlin News, MBS.
8:30—This and That in Melody.
8:45—Carters of Elm Street, Ovaltine, MBS.
9:00—Dick Barrie's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Man About Town.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.
10:00—Home Service, Copco.
10:15—Ma Perkins, Proctor and Gamble, MBS.
10:30—Homemakers' Forum, MBS.
10:45—Bachelor's Children, Old Dutch Cleanser, MBS.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS.
11:15—Jim Walsh's Orch., MBS.
11:45—Music and Music, MBS.
12:00—Luncheon Dance.
12:15—Sports News, Dunham Transfer and Powell Hardware.
12:20—Rhythm at Random.
12:45—News, State and Local.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Bob Nichols' Hawaiians, MBS.
1:30—Possible Paris News, MBS.
1:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Story of American Freedom, MBS.
3:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
3:15—To Be Announced, MBS.
3:30—The Quiet Hour.
4:00—Sheep and Goats Club, MBS.
4:30—Console Sketches.
5:00—Carlos Molina's Orch., MBS.
5:30—Shafter Parker, MBS.
5:45—Little Orphan Annie, Ovaltine, MBS.
6:00—Tonight's Tune.
6:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities.
6:10—News-Review News Flashes.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
6:45—Musical Moments.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Exposition Fantasy, MBS.
8:30—Gus Arnheim's Orch., MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Phil Harris' Orch., MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Jan Garber's Orch., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

Back to Work—Ned Dixon returned to his work yesterday as Douglas county deputy in the tax office at the courthouse, following a couple of weeks vacation, part of which was spent in Portland attending the Rose Festival. He was accompanied by his wife and two children, John and Marilyn.

OUT OUR WAY
By Williams



RAMBLINGS
By PAUL JENKINS

IF interested me tremendously to find out what Louis J. Murphy, national commander of the Disabled American Veterans, had to say concerning war to his comrades of the Oregon department now in annual session here.

He is for a strong defense program for the United States, for every possible aid to the allies, short of sending troops overseas, and—should invasion of United States' rights or territory be threatened—for war itself, against the totalitarian aggressors.

This sentiment, expressed by the accredited head of an organization whose members know more than any others may hope to what actual war means, is the sentiment which real honest American citizens will hear close to their hearts, which will control their minds and direct their actions.

It is a sentiment propounded not by inexperienced theoretical thinkers upon the advisability or nonadvisability of the United States' active participation in a situation thrust upon us, but by men who in their day gave everything but life itself to bolster the idealism of democracy, and perpetuate democracy's teachings.

They know what war is. They know what peace is. They know what democracy means — they fought and bled for it. They believe in what we of today should reverence—American democracy, for which their comrades died in thousands, and they themselves suffered painfully, and long.

When the subject of what is best for America is foremost in your mind, remember that the American veteran, and particularly the disabled American veteran, has peculiar rights to your attention. He fought for the American idealism. He wouldn't have done that, unless he believed in it.

If or when it is necessary, he and his comrades will be willing to do it again.

Pioneers Will Be Guests of Reedsport Chamber

Representative pioneers from various parts of Douglas county will be guests of the Reedsport chamber of commerce at a Pioneer program to be held at Reedsport, starting at 6:45 p. m., Tuesday, June 18, according to word received here today by the Roseburg chamber of commerce. Frank Taylor, president of the Reedsport chamber, writes that arrangements are being made to gather a number of pioneer residents at Reedsport at the special program and that each will be given an opportunity to speak briefly on contrasts between pioneer and modern days.

VITAL STATISTICS

BORN

WANDLING—To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wandling, of 416 Fowler street, Roseburg, Monday, June 10, at Mercy hospital a son, Stephen Paul, weight nine pounds four and a half ounces.

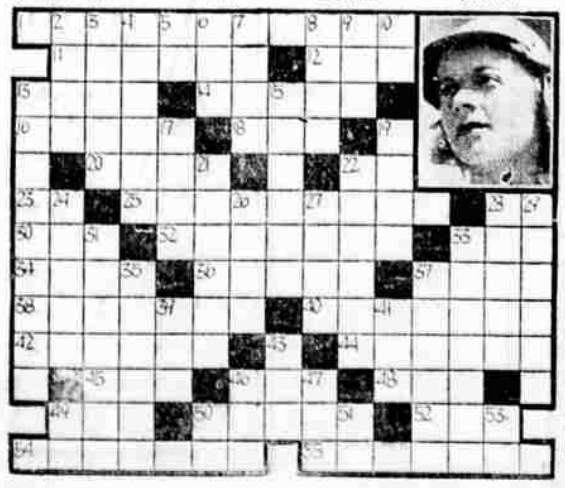
HAHN—To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hahn, of this city, at Mercy hospital, Monday, June 10, a son, Louis Henry; weight four pounds three and one fourth ounces.

TENNIS STAR

HORIZONTAL
1 Pictured tennis star.
11 Beautiful youth.
12 Snake-like fish.
13 Bird.
14 Apportioned.
16 Structural unit.
18 Striped cloth.
20 To direct in action.
22 To tolerate.
23 British (abbr.).
25 Playwright.
28 Mountain (abbr.).
30 Cover.
32 Merchants.
33 Gibbon.
34 At any time.
36 Tendency.
37 Morsel.
38 Ten year periods.
40 Expunges.
42 Public speaker.
44 Dinner guests.
45 Cotton picker.
46 Flatfish.
48 Cat's murmur.
49 2000 pounds.
50 Hourly.
52 Male.
54 She won the American —— championship alone.
55 With a partner, she won the American —— title.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL
2 Fat.
3 Perfect pattern.
4 Perused.
5 Half an em.
6 Amidst.
7 Toward sea.
8 Jasmine.
9 To rent.
10 Ell.
13 She also won the tennis title at ——, England.
15 To rub off.
17 Sour.
19 Lichen.
21 Snakebird.
22 Encircled.
24 Stream.
26 God of war.
27 To care for.
28 Mother.
29 Abounding in tresses.
31 Ten-sided polygon.
33 Matter-of-fact.
35 Valuing.
37 To stupefy.
39 To put on.
41 Part of mouth.
43 Remote.
46 Dower property.
47 Defective.
49 Musical note.
50 Pronoun.
51 Behold.
53 Northeast. (abbr.).



Tourist Traffic In Oregon Slumps

Disturbance Over War Thought Partly to Blame; Highway Board Trying Promotion.

SALEM, Ore., June 10.—(UP)—Oregon travel officials are wondering what has happened to the increase in tourist traffic which was expected for this year.

The complete interruption of travel to Europe and the partial stoppage of trans-oceanic travel in general pointed to a banner year for the tourist business for the Pacific coast and especially the northwest.

Although it is still too early to estimate the final total, figures on the first five months of this year show a substantial decrease from last year's tourist total.

Travel officials are at loss to explain the decline, but several factors have a bearing on the situation.

It well may be that the war has so disturbed the people of the United States that many of them are cancelling all trips. The late start of the world's fair at San Francisco, which brought many to this region last year, may have had an effect on early travel.

The growing dislike of registration stations may be resulting in a larger number of tourists than usual skipping of formality of registration.

Inquiries Decline

On the other hand, inquiries from advertisements placed in national magazines have dropped considerably. This may be explained by the joint advertising of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia for the first time this year with the inquiries going elsewhere. No figures are available from Washington and British Columbia.

Oregon's highway officials are making every effort to boost the state's $15,000,000 tourist business. Harold Say, director of the travel and information bureau of the state highway department, is making good will tours to all parts of the country.

The highway department is also making an effort to tell the people of Oregon of the scenic attractions of the state. A broadcast over the state-owned radio station, KOAC, at Corvallis, will be conducted each week during the summer in the hope that Oregonians will do more traveling and that the information will be relayed to relatives and friends in other states.

LETTERS to the Editor

URGES CALM IN CRISIS AS BARRIER TO MOB SPIRIT

ROSEBURG, Ore., June 8.—Editor News-Review: For a quarter of a century I stood in the school room and from time to time repeated the flag salute, regarding it first, after the Lord's prayer. How every American loves to sing "This is my own my native land"—too, I "love every tree, every blade of grass." Written indelibly on our hearts, are the words "Liberty and justice for all." Religious freedom. What a long struggle there was in gaining such rights as "trial by jury," coming down from the great Magna Carta! The right to peaceable assembly. All these are priceless. While we love and appreciate our country and such organizations as the Red Cross, which alleviates suffering in spite of nationality or race.

Let us not forget to "Love one another," the essence of all law. In the face of a crisis let us be calm lest the mob spirit prevail. With one accord may we cooperate each giving his time or talent in the spirit of helpfulness, praying that our constitution be preserved and that our great ship of state be guided safely through the storms and not be shipwrecked as all "nations who forget God."

Very truly,
VERRELLA HODGSON.

● SERIAL STORY

GHOST DETOUR
BY OREN ARNOLD

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ROSELEE DALE and CHRISTINE PALMER—Partners in a summer tourist venture at Goldcrest.

DICK BANCROFT and FRANKLIN LARRAWAY — They also found an interest in Goldcrest.

* * *

Yesterday: Christine and Roselee buy the ghost town, Goldcrest. They ride down its main street, walk into its old bank, find the safe locked. A strange voice says, "I've been wondering if you came to open it!"

CHAPTER II

They had hitched their horses now and they walked up a ragged plank sidewalk, almost furtively. Their own shadows slanted long and grotesque against the store fronts so as to seem alive in the waning sun. The hour was late and twilight already was hovering when they came to the bank that had been Goldcrest's center of commerce and trade.

"Let's just take a peek in before we have to go back," Christine said. "I think it's wonderful!"

They moved on tiptoe, pointing, talking, speculating, communing with the storied past. Both girls were flushed with excitement.

Because of the paragraph in the letter, they pushed through a corridor to a dim back room and came to a back vault. Its massive steel door was rusty but intact. The vault, as with the jail, had been set back into the rock cliff of the canyon.

"Look—the vault door's closed!" exclaimed Roselee in surprise, pointing. "I wonder if it's locked?"

"You bet it's locked!" declared another voice—not Christine's! It was a masculine voice, not unlovely but nevertheless terrifying now. "I've been wondering if you came to open it."

A lot of women in history have fainted—or feinted—for effect. They wanted to impress somebody with their frailty, which was stylish back in the buggy-and-bustle era.

But it is physically possible for thoroughly modern and self-reliant young women to faint in absolute reality, and Christine Palmer and Roselee Dale almost did so. Only their abounding curiosity, plus an inability to flee, caused them to remain standing. A long, freezing moment of terror elapsed even before they could scream! Finally they let out a concerted yell.

"Gosh!" said the man, himself startled now.

They saw his head then, a fine-looking head above the half wall of what had been a bank teller's cage.

"Say, I'm sorry!" he went on, affably. "I guess I scared the daylights out of you. I should have shown myself sooner."

"Who—who—who in the world—are you?" Roselee finally managed to speak, staring spellbound.

"I'm alive, and harmless!" he assured them, smiling and coming around the door way to join them. "I admit I was snooping on you, though. I thought you would be somebody else."

He was a big fellow, bareheaded and in shirt sleeves, tieless with collar open. He had black hair, quite unghostly.

"Gold you—expect somebody else?" Roselee pointed at him oddly. Christine could only swallow, and finally exhale in tremendous relief from her fear.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "There have been tracks here, and I was curious. I still am."

"Tracks," Roselee echoed, still wide-eyed. Fright made Roselee's large blue eyes larger and more beautiful still. The young man appeared to discover them.

"Yump. But they were men's tracks. Here in the dirt and dust of the bank, leading to the vault. I saw you riding up in the distance. I thought you'd be—they. So I hid in here to see who you—who they—were. See? And it turned out not to be they, but you. I'm awful sorry I frightened you girls. I wouldn't have done it for anything. I blunder a lot."

"Do you?" This was inadequate, but Roselee was still shaking a little, appraising him. The muscular fellow was strikingly handsome, she saw. He stood with his feet apart, hands on his hips, smiling down at her. She couldn't disperse the thought that something about him looked familiar.

"You—uh—live here?" Christine asked.

"Yes."

"On business, no doubt" Christine was prone to speak a little loftily at him, now. "What business?"

"Oh, yes. That is—well, important business. You see—well, the fact is—say, what's your names?"

* * *

The girls looked at each other. They were still flushed with excitement. Roselee took up the conversational reins again.

"You're doubtless the crazy old hermit of Goldcrest," she declared. "Every ghost town has one. Well, old hermit, I'm Roselee Dale, and may I present my friend Christine Palmer. So there!"

The "old hermit" smiled again. He had fine teeth, the girls noted. And well chiseled lips.

"My name's Bancroft," he bowed a little. "I'm happy to see you, even though I—"

"Oh!" Roselee exclaimed, softly.

"Oh what?"

"N-nothing! I just—was thinking. You haven't said how the hermit business is or why you're here."

"I don't think I'd better say why," he stated, seriously.

"You are a trespasser," Roselee said.

"So are you both!" He looked stern. "I could go to the owners and have you thrown off the property. Or I—I could throw you off myself!"

The girls gasped, and looked significantly at each other. The young man was big enough to do as he threatened. Roselee bit her lip to control a smile, and winked at Christine. They were having a high time but still were half frightened; anyway darkness had been creeping up fast.

"Do we have to fight?" he asked then, with a new smile. "I'd rather invite you to dinner. Honest, I can scrape up enough for all three. It's pretty lonesome here. I—I keep batch over yonder in the Ace High hotel."

"Batch?"

"Sure. Since last Friday. I've been awfully busy."

"Hermiting?" Christine turned her own pretty eyes directly on him.

"Waiting for Franklin. He's due tonight or tomorrow."

"Um. Another crusty old hermit, no doubt?"

"Franklin's my roommate in college. Franklin Larraway. He went by to see his folks first, and bring some things we need here."

"White sheets and such, to scare people with."

He smiled at her. "No. Frank's going to study. And I have a serious job. I've loafed some because I've been curious about that vault since I found it locked and saw the tracks here. I have opened every other door in Goldchest. This one defies me, and I can't stand it."

"You can't stand being defied," Christine echoed him.

He looked it, but he was surprised at her statement.

"Well, you know what I mean," he said, lamely. "I'm curious, is all."

"Naturally."

"I'll skip over for my flashlight and show you what I mean," he said, boyishly. "Wait a sec."

* * *

He ran swiftly out and all at once the girls were alone again with the bank ghosts of yesteryear. They didn't lik eit. Details of the building had slipped into night gloom, so they walked to a barred window and peered out into the street that had been deserted for almost 40 years. It was spectral; gray and dim.

They saw him hastening back, and his pocket light was a blessing.

"We've a long ride home," Christine remembered. "Let's hurry."

"All right," said he, pointing with the light beam. "See what I mean? Here's flaky rust and dust everywhere except along the crack where the vault door opens, and on the knob and handle. They've been turned. I tried for an hour to work them myself, but—"

"I have the combination," Roselee suddenly put in.

He turned to stare down at her a long moment, incredulous. "You have?"

"Yes."

"Say, who are you, anyhow?" he demanded anew.

"I told you my name. Here—you turn, and I'll read off the combination." She was opening the letter she had taken from a pocket of her blouse. He looked very seriously at her, hesitating, confused.

"Go on, turn it," Christine urged.

The mystic numerals worked—12-L15-R6-L3-R8. He strained at it and the massive door inched open tantalizingly. Instantly three heads were peering inside.

"Nothing but dirt and cobwebs and a burlap sack," the young man murmured.

The sack was half full and tied, resting on the floor. They went in, tiptoeing quite unnecessarily, and he knelt to unfasten the string while Christine held the flashlight. All three young people looked like phantoms high-lighted feebly but theatrically in the gloom.

"It's money!" he whispered, in awed tones. Together they stooped to inspect it, handle it, count it, currency and specie alike. They were extremely quiet, almost furtive, as if suffused with a sense of guilt. Neither girl spoke; both stared wide-eyed.

"Glory-re!" the man murmured at length. "There's nearly $12,000 of it! Sa-say!" Mr. Bancroft sat back on his heels to stare up in fresh wonder and amazement at Christine Palmer and Roselee Dale.

(To be continued)

Standings

National League

	W.	L.	Pct.
Brooklyn	29	13	.690
Cincinnati	31	14	.689
New York	29	15	.621
Chicago	26	22	.542
Pittsburgh	15	25	.375
Philadelphia	15	26	.366
St. Louis	15	29	.341
Boston	13	27	.325

American League

	W.	L.	Pct.
Boston	25	16	.610
Cleveland	28	19	.594
Detroit	27	18	.581
New York	24	21	.533
Chicago	22	25	.468
Washington	20	29	.453
St. Louis	20	27	.426
Philadelphia	18	27	.400

Pacific Coast league unchanged.

Pennant Races In Majors Tightened

Brooklyn, Cincinnati Knotted at Top of National; Cleveland, Boston Lead American.

By JUDSON BAILEY
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

The major league pennant races are tighter than a new pair of shoes and just as fancy to look at. But they don't seem to be going anywhere.

The National league struggle today is right back in the complicated spot it got into on May 27.

Brooklyn's baffling Dodgers pushed past the Pittsburgh Pirates 8-7 yesterday and into first place in the percentage standings of the senior circuit by a single point. They have won 29 games and lost 13 for .690. The Cincinnati Reds, who were idle yesterday, have won 31 games and lost 14 for a .689 percentage.

What's more the Reds still are half a game in front on won-lost reckoning. This is the tangle these same clubs were in a couple of weeks ago.

Boston, Cleveland Knotted.

The American league squabble is nearly as bad, the Boston Red Sox holding only a small percentage margin over the Cleveland Indians with whom they are even in games won and lost. The Detroit Tigers are only a single game behind and the fourth place New York Yankees three.

The status quo of the junior circuit leaders was preserved by the weatherman yesterday. In the only game that was played the St. Louis Browns spanked the Washington Senators 7-4 and moved into sixth place in the standings.

The two games played in the National league were hitting exhibitions. In the Brooklyn-Pittsburgh melee 17 players saw service for each team, five pitchers and two catchers included for each.

There were 25 hits in this game and 28 in the one at St. Louis in which the Boston Bees crushed the Cardinals 12-2. The difference was that the Bees owned 21 of the total of 28 while Lefty Joe Sullivan kept the Redbirds effectively caged.

Three Tied for Coast League Batting Lead

LOS ANGELES, June 11.—(AP)—Pacific Coast league batting honors gravitated into a three-way tie in the week's games through last Sunday.

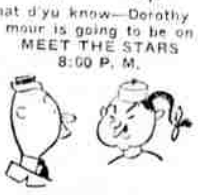
Topping the circuit for the previous week, Johnny Moore of Los Angeles slumped 27 points to .373 to become all square with two swatting San Diegans, Steve Mesner and Al Detore. The latter two had .386 and .383, respectively, a week ago.

Lou Novikoff, Los Angeles, hit three more home runs to increase his total to 22, far ahead of his nearest competitors, Coleman of Portland and Collins of Los Angeles, who have 9 each.

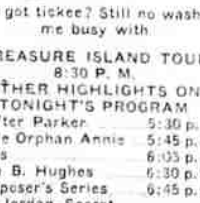
San Diego retained the team batting lead at .299. Within ten points behind were Los Angeles, Seattle and San Francisco in that order.

What's in the Air

Rollo saves apples. He brings teacher home to hear
PAGING THE PAST
7:00 P. M.



What d'yu know—Dorothy Lamour is going to be on
MEET THE STARS
8:00 P. M.



You got tickee? Still no washee, me busy with
TREASURE ISLAND TOUR
8:30 P. M.

OTHER HIGHLIGHTS ON TONIGHT'S PROGRAM

Shafter Parker	5:30 p. m.
Little Orphan Annie	5:45 p. m.
News	6:05 p. m.
John B. Hughes	6:30 p. m.
Composer's Series	6:45 p. m.
Ned Jordan, Secret Agent	7:30 p. m.
Twilight Trails	8:45 p. m.
Alka Seltzer News	9:00 p. m.
Jan Garber's Orch.	9:15 p. m.
Fulton Lewis, Jr.	9:30 p. m.
Gus Arnheim's Orch.	9:45 p. m.

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