Roseburg Daily 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.

WITHIN every man and woman in these days there rages a war as relentless as that which sweeps over Europe.

We are all at war with ourselves.

Conflicting passions and emotions, conflicting sympathies and antipathies rush through all of us, taking their toll of strain and stress.

Most people try to be decent. They are taught to choose the better rather than the worse cause, to seek good rather than evil. They try to do it.

But in a world in which values are shifting, many of the old moral price-tags look out of date and unfitting. The problem of every man is: How, in today's hard-boiled world, to be hard enough to survive and persist, yet soft enough to preserve the love of all those things which alone distinguish man from the brute.

* * *

Every man today is a dual self. He must have one for action, for the brutal necessities of the world, yet keep one hidden against the day when it may emerge again. Else civilization dies.

Militarism and war are abhorrent, and like all violence they negate man the reasoning, thinking being. Yet we know from what we have seen that those who trust in reason alone are betrayed into the hands of those to whom violence is a god. So a man must be violent if need be, yet retain within himself the consciousness that violence is not the best way, and that a better must be found.

* * *

Are men torn by these dualisms the necessary victims of men taught from babyhood to worship force? In plainer words, can a man fight in full consciousness that it is all a dirty business that should have been done sensibly instead, and still prevail over those who believe the battle a glorious thing in and for itself?

The answer, we have full faith, is yes. For a time the devotee of force appears to prevail, does, perhaps for a time prevail. But the seed of his destruction lies in the very absence of that hidden corner of the mind where the better way should lie dormant, ready to build when violence is done tearing down.

To fight if fight one must and having fought, to win and still remain firmly sure that there is a better way—that is the only way to reconcile those forces that contend within us all.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1.)

talking of a huge borrowed money appropriation to buy up South America's agricultural surpluses, exactly as it has been buying up our own surpluses of wheat, corn, cotton, etc.

(Our new deal government, unfortunately, seems to be unable to think of any other scheme than borrowing money and buying up everything in sight in order to get rid of it.)

This writer, without posing as an authority, doesn't think the scheme will work. For one thing, American farmers will object bitterly to having American taxpayers' money used to buy up competing South American agricultural products.

WHAT will work? Frankly, this writer doesn't know, but has an idea that INCREASED AMERICAN EFFICIENCY, enabling us to meet whatever competing prices and terms we have to, is about the only PERMANENT solution of the trade problem that will face us after the war.

Tennis Title Kept By Ivan Hatfield

Carstens Defeated in Tourney Final; Goetz-M'Kibben Wins Women's Doubles.

Ivan Hatfield successfully defended his city tennis championship Sunday morning, while Vera Goetz and Alice McKibben were winning the women's tennis doubles. Hatfield, in the final round of the men's singles tournament, defeated Clyde Carstens 6-3, 6-1 and 6-3 in matches played on the high school court. Simultaneously the women's doubles tournament was held at the North Roseburg courts, where Rita Houser and Bobby Edwards were beaten by Goetz and McKibben by scores of 6-3, 6-1 and 6-3.

Carstens, No. 1 player on the high school tennis team and co-holder of the state high school doubles championship, made a determined fight against Hatfield, but was unable to cope with the more experienced play of his opponent. The match developed into a baseline duel, with Hatfield's well-placed drives forcing his opponent into many errors.

In the first set Hatfield started out strong to win the first four games. Carstens then won two, lost the next, then won again, to make the score 3-5, but Hatfield captured the next and deciding game to win 6-3.

In the second set Hatfield took the first five games, dropped the sixth and then won the seventh.

The third and final set was more evenly played. Hatfield took the first two, only to have Carstens come back to tie the score at two-all. Hatfield then won two more, lost one, and took the next two to win the set and the match.

He thus wins the second leg on the Boyd Bruton tennis trophy, which must be won three successive years for permanent possession.

Doubles on Next Card.

The men's doubles will be played this week, with the finals set for Sunday, August 4. In the opening round Ivan Hatfield and Bud Spaulding, seeded No. 1, will play Charles Church and Marshall Pengra. Boyd Bruton and Louis Miles, seeded No. 2, will play Gordon Harness and Leslie Miller. Clyde Carstens and Ehrman McFaddin will play Bob Sullivan and Larry Anderson.

In the women's doubles tournament, the steady play of the winners, Goetz and McKibben, was the deciding factor. The champions won many points by their ability to keep the ball in play. The games were much closer than the set score indicates, as there were many long drawn out duce games, which could easily have gone the other way.

The tournament was sponsored by the Business and Professional Women's club, which presented medals to the winners.

Southern Oregon Archers Date Tournament Here

The Southern Oregon Archery association will hold an open archery tournament at Finlay field in Roseburg next Sunday, it was announced today. The shoot will be open to all archers. A small entrance fee will be charged.

Men will shoot a double American round, clout and rover round. Events for women will include a double Columbia, clout and rover round.

The shooting events will start at 9 a. m. and will continue throughout the afternoon. A picnic lunch will be enjoyed at noon.

Roseburg Slaughtered By Crescent City, 20-1

CRESCENT CITY, Calif., July 29. (AP)—Crescent City clinched a tie for the second half Southern Oregon League baseball pennant yesterday by defeating Roseburg, 21 to 1. Mills of Roseburg scored his team's only run with a homer.

Score:

Roseburg	1	8	3
Crescent City	21	20	2

H. Kell, Ives, Yanoe and Johnston; Spover and F. Scherner, Goodman.

Medford Rogues Defeat Gold Hill by 17 to 2

MEDFORD, July 29. (AP)—The Medford Rogues defeated Gold Hill 17 to 2 Sunday at Gold Hill, in a Southern Oregon league game.

Score:

	R	H	E
Medford	17	20	1
Gold Hill	2	5	2

McAbee, Tongate, Kevan, Hamped and G. Gitzen; Dusenberry, Grigas, Bailey and C. Kell.

Soap Box Derby Won by George Coats, Tillamook

PORTLAND, July 29. (AP)—George Coats of Tillamook captured the Oregon soap box derby race here Saturday and qualified for the national race at Akron, O., Aug. 11.

OUT OUR WAY By Williams

Newsom's Victory Streak Is Halted

Detroit Beaten by Athletics in 11-Inning Game; Cleveland Splits With Washington.

By JUDSON BAILEY
(Associated Press Sports Writer)

Until the 11th inning yesterday Buck Newsom of the Detroit Tigers still thought he could beat any team in baseball at any time.

It was a combination of circumstances that undermined him after 12 consecutive victories and gave the Philadelphia Athletics a 9-5 decision over the Detroit Tigers.

The defeat cost Detroit half a game of its American lead as the Cleveland Indians divided a doubleheader with the Washington Senators.

Milnar's seven-hit hurling enabled the Tribe to take the first game 6-1 although the Indians made three errors and had 15 runners left stranded on the bases. In the second game, however, they ran afoul of some six-hit slinging by Hudson and were crushed 9-1.

Yankees, Chisox Split.

The New York Yankees stayed off the spectre of the second division by splitting two games with the Chicago White Sox. It took a spectacular home run barrage for the world champions to win the first game 10-9. Keller hit three home run and DiMaggio two.

In the second game the Yankees made four errors and were stifled by the five-hit flinging of Thornton Lee as the Sox won 8-4.

The Boston Red Sox swept two games from the St. Louis Browns, 3-1 and 13-10. In the first game the Boston were held to five hits, but one of them was Glenn's double scoring two mates. In the nightcap Boston collected 12 hits, including two homers by Doerr.

Cincy Loses Ground.

The Cincinnati Reds gave up a game of their big lead in the National league by splitting a bargain bill at Philadelphia while the Brooklyn Dodgers took two from the St. Louis Cardinals.

The Reds' 4-1 loss in the second game was charged against Walters, who gave up three runs in the first inning and his teammates weren't able to get them back off the seven safeties garnered off Blanton. Turner checked the Phillies on seven safeties in the second game.

The Dodgers' twin triumphs, 3-0 and 7-4, ended a six game losing streak for Brooklyn and a four-game winning string for the Cards.

The Pittsburgh Pirates swept two from the Boston Bees 5-2 and 7-3 to pass the Cards and take fifth place while dropping Boston into the cellar.

The New York Giants ended a threeday batting famine by getting ten safeties in beating the Chicago Cubs 8-4.

New Swim Marathon Is Posted at 292 Miles

CARUTHERSVILLE, Mo., July 29. (AP)—John V. Sigmund, 26-year-old St. Louis butcher and athlete, today claimed a new long-distance record with successful completion of a 292-mile swim down the Mississippi river.

Sigmund traveled from St. Louis to Caruthersville in 39 hours and 48 minutes, averaging more than three miles an hour.

The previously accepted marathon swimming record was 255 miles, set by Clarence Giles of Billings, Mont., last year in the Yellowstone river.

Frank Troch Retains Shotgun Championship

PORTLAND, Ore., July 29. (AP)—Frank M. Troch of Portland, peer of Pacific coast scattergunners for many a long year, was still monarch yesterday when the firing ceased in the 4-day Pacific International Trapshoot association's 1940 tournament.

He had 298 out of 420 shots, winning a class A 16-yard and the doubles championship.

Titles in two events Sunday which completed the tournament went to H. Carlisle of Salt Lake City with a 96 in the grand Pacific handicap, and Dean Hurd of Salt Lake City with 199 out of 200 in the special 16-yard event.

W. V. Henderson of Seattle tied with H. E. Woolsey of The Dalles, Ore., for second in the grand Pacific with 95 and won on a toss of the coin. Ray Glass, Eugene, broke 197 clay birds for second in the 16-yard. In the final class standings, Troch scored 198 and C. M. Ray, Coquille, 197.

Standings

National League	W	L	Pct.
Cincinnati	60	37	.690
Brooklyn	53	36	.596
New York	47	38	.553
Chicago	48	47	.505
Pittsburgh	41	45	.477
St. Louis	40	45	.471
Philadelphia	39	55	.355
Boston	29	55	.345
American League			
Detroit	56	36	.609
Cleveland	55	38	.591
Boston	50	42	.543
New York	47	43	.522
Chicago	45	43	.511
Washington	40	55	.421
St. Louis	39	56	.411
Philadelphia	36	55	.396
Pacific Coast League			
Seattle	81	42	.659
Oakland	68	57	.544
Los Angeles	61	58	.525
Sacramento	63	63	.500
San Diego	60	62	.488
Hollywood	60	64	.484
San Francisco	55	66	.455
Portland	42	80	.344

Home From Vacation—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McDonald have returned to their home here via Klamath Falls, following a week's vacation at Diamond lake.

Oaks Fall 14 Games in Second Place

Twin Bill Lost to Hollies as League Leading Seattle is Defeating Lowly Portland.

(By the Associated Press)

A split series this week is offered Pacific coast league fans to break up the monotony of seeing seven clubs chugging along in the backwash of Seattle's pennant machine.

The Rainders take on Los Angeles for the first three days, while San Francisco plays at Portland, San Diego at Oakland and Sacramento at Hollywood.

The week past was historic for the decline and fall of the Oakland Acorns and the rise of Sacramento to a first class power.

Oakland collapsed with enthusiasm, dropping a doubleheader to Hollywood, 2 to 0 and 3 to 2, for six losses out of seven. The Oaks, who have been hustling the Seattle Rainiers most of the season, fell 14 games behind.

Salveson, the Oaks' only consistent winner, made a valiant but futile stand in yesterday's opener, issuing only four hits while his teammates picked up six from Ardizoia.

In the short second game the Oaks paid the penalty of errors by Manager Vergez and Third Baseman Ambrose.

Sacramento made sacrificial calves of the Padres of San Diego, taking twin wins, 4 to 3 and 7 to 2, for a six-to-one series record.

The double victory was more than enough to boost the Sacs into the first division and skid San Diego into fifth place, with Hollywood only a game behind.

Turpin Wins 18th

Seattle emerged none the worse for a 11-game series in six days with the tagalongs of the league, the Portland Beavers. Seattle won eight of the games, including yesterday's pair, 3 to 1 and 6 to 5.

The opener was a triumph for Hal Turpin, who pitched four-hit ball for his 18th win of the season. He had to be good, because Harrell of Portland turned in an eight-hit game and gave nary a walk.

Seattle came from behind in the second game in the sixth inning when Schuster rapped a carom shot off Infielder Marshall's jaw into left field. It went for a single scoring the tying and winning runs.

Los Angeles and San Francisco split, the Angels taking the first game, 5 to 1, and the Seals the nightcap, 6 to 1. The Angels won the series, 4 to 1.

Jensen, starting for San Francisco, won his first league game in dazzling fashion, fanning eight giving just three hits.

SHADOW ACTRESS

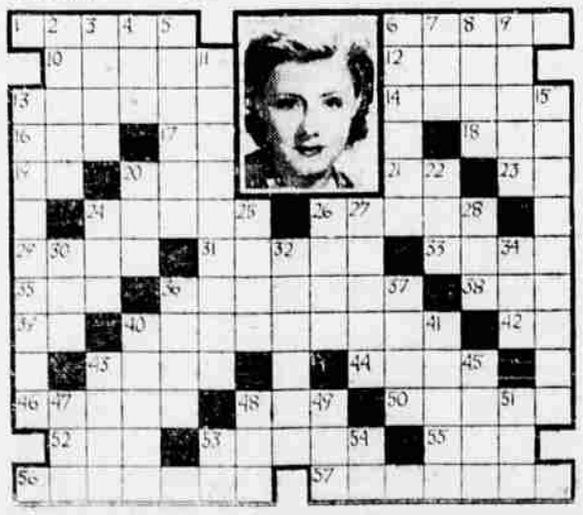
HORIZONTAL

1, 6 Pictured actress.
10 Fragrant oleoresin.
12 Toward sea.
13 Robed.
14 Stretch.
16 Adam's mate.
17 Note in scale.
18 Opposed to con.
19 Musical term.
20 Since.
21 Sixth musical note.
23 Ell.
24 Slumbered.
26 Part of boat.
29 Herb.
31 Wrestler.
33 Town.
35 To make lace.
36 Giver.
38 Rabbit's foot.
39 Neuter pronoun.
40 Produces.
42 To accomplish
43 To soften by pounding.
44 Bag-like parts
46 Anesthetic.
48 Plaything.
50 Inspected closely.
52 Inlet.
53 Ringworm.
55 Fuss.
56 She has been a motion —— star for some time.
57 She has a lovely —— voice.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

VERTICAL

2 To thread.
3 Otherwise.
4 Fishing bag.
5 To arise.
6 To grow dark
7 To employ.
8 Low tide.
9 Mother-of-pearl.
11 Auditory word.
13 She is a —— or many-sided star.
15 She lives and works in ——, Cal.
20 Malt drink.
22 Colored bow in the sky.
24 Drunkard.
25 Prong.
26 Bristle.
27 Jogs.
28 Frost bite.
30 Upright shaft
32 Minister.
34 Street boy.
36 Elk.
37 To harvest.
40 Eminent.
41 Scrawny person.
43 Style.
45 Mohammedan title.
47 Three.
48 Cravat.
49 Affirmative.
51 Age.
53 Transposed (abbr.)
54 Sloth



HIGH TIDE

By Frances Hanna

YESTERDAY: Lifeguard Frank finds Derek a job driving a beachfront tram. Derek wears smoked glasses hoping no one he knew in the old days will recognize him.

Chapter 19
Memory of Lenore

Hot and tired from an unsuccessful fishing expedition, Jan was in no mood to find Derek auctioning off her paintings.

Jan charged through, her elbows working to good advantage, and confronted Derek, seeing behind him all twelve of her precious canvases.

Derek was staging an exhibition a la Greenwich Village.

Jan dropped her fishing pole and grabbed for as many canvases as she could carry. Into the house she marched with them, her cheeks flaming with fury.

"I guess the show's over, folks," Derek shouted and herded his passengers back to the tram car. He would, he reflected dourly, not only get the devil for being off the timet schedule and maybe lose his job, but Jan, from the look in those flashing blue eyes of hers, would not only heap, but throw, coals of fire on his head.

"I don't know where I got the idea," he tried to explain to her later. "I was rolling along and all at once I thought of the brilliant idea of staging an exhibition in the front yard. I figured I could bring all my passengers for customers and try to raise some money for you."

"You're a madman!" she raged at him scooting her hair behind her ears with shaking fingers. "Can't you mind your own business? They are my paintings! The least you could have done was ask me. Nobody bought any, either. I knew no one would want them. All you did was humiliate me and make me a laughing stock! Oh, I—I hate you!"

"Now listen, Jan," he pleaded.

"I won't listen." She stamped her foot. "And I won't forgive you. It was mean and contemptible of you!" And she fled to her room and locked the door.

This Eternal Anxiety

Derek ambled restlessly through the house, wondering how he could make amends to Jan. It had, he sighed, seemed a good plan at the time of execution. In fairness he tried to put himself in her place. What if she had invited a lot of strangers into the house and played his original compositions for them on the piano, then offered to sell them cheap. He would have felt like choking her!

All of this present life was so new and so strange to him. This eternal anxiety over bills and earning money; this hoarding and counting and distributing of pennies. He had never in all his life known need of money. At birth his father had established a large trust fund for him, the income from which more than satisfied all of his needs; at the age of twenty-one he had inherited more than five millions from the estate of his grandmother. He had taken the possession of money for granted just as the Merriners took the lack of possession of it for granted. No, poverty had never haunted nor bedeviled him, but wealth had. He'd come to loathe great riches because they effectively shut him off from the things he wanted most.

All during adolescence he had yearned for normality, for a home, for roots. Children, he thought, do not want to be different, to be set apart from their school friends: "Come along to my place for vacation. Mother and Dad like my friends around. They'll see to it we have a jolly time."

He had learned, and the informing was a bitter, ruthless process, that he could not purchase love; a family or recognition as a composer. But he could have bought Lenore Page. Would have bought her, too, albeit unwittingly, if two things had not intervened.

The walls of this shabby, weather-beaten old house seemed to close in about him. In growing dusk, from the chair where he slumped, he saw only the great solid routine of Jan's piano. His own piano had been much like this—the one he kept in his Manhattan apartment.

His penthouse apartment atop the latest of modern apartment houses on Sutton Place in New York City was crowded with a colorful group of names prominent in society, stage, sports and films. Lenore Page, exquisite in a Lanvin creation of black velvet, wearing the priceless diamonds he had given her, played hostess, her sleek platinum head turned graciously to this and that celebrity, her great, dark eyes wide with interest, her small, boneless hands with sharp, blood-colored nails keeping things smooth. Lenore, beautiful as Helen of Troy, clever as Delilah!

He supposed, thinking back, that he had drunk too much champagne with dinner. Suddenly he wanted to be more than just a fabulously rich young man to these people. He wanted to play for them; wanted them to know that he, too, had talent, that he, too, could do something besides spend money.

The orchestra on the terrace stopped playing when he spoke to them. People paused, wondering, in the middle of a dance number. Lenore, seeing him cross the great room toward the piano, hurried up to him. Her eyes questioned.

"I'm going to play my new concerto for them, Lenore."

'No Mood to Listen'

She slipped her arm through his, detaining him. "Not now, Ricky," she said sharply. "They are in no mood to listen to you. They've been drinking for hours, dear, and Gordon, the music critic, is here. Please, Ricky, don't do this."

He freed himself and went on. Lenore held up her hands. "Be quiet, everyone! Mine host will play for you."

He settled at the piano, let his narrow, sensitive fingers bring his creation to life. The silence in the room held a few moments, then some girl, gaily intoxicated, called loudly: "Swing it, Ricky! This is no funeral!"

Someone laughed. Talk began swelled. He and his music were forgotten.

Somehow he got away from the piano, brushed past Gordon who sympathized, "It's a damned shame, Knowles!" escaped Lenore, found a chair in a dim recess of the terrace. A long while he sat alone nursing his wound. A couple passed him, not seeing him, stopped a few feet away to lean against the white brick parapet of the terrace.

Lenore's voice, annoyed, petulant, came to him. "How can he be such an egotistical fool, Ronnie? He fancies himself a Paderewski. I've had to sit hours listening to him, pretending interest, dying of boredom. When I think of what my married life will be I could scream!"

The man said, drawing her into his arms, "A form of mental cruelty, dearest, which might serve as grounds for divorce—and alimony! Don't weaken, honey. Neither of us has a penny. Anyhow, I'm being very generous. I think running the risk of losing you. After all, the chap is terribly good-looking, even if he is a bit cracked about music. You might like being married to him. I hear yachts and diamonds and millions aren't hard to take!"

"Foolish boy," she chided, and drew his mouth down to hers, while the man in the shadows watched the blending of silhouettes against a background of star-studded sky flushed red by Neon.

Violence rose up in him, choking him. He would have liked to toss both Lenore and Ronnie Hartlett over the parapet and watch their bodies hurtle to the pavement fifty stories below.

But he waited until his guests had gone before dealing with Lenore. He took her hand and led her out on the terrace.

"Darling," she laughed, and the bright, hard sound of it hurt his ears, "I'm so dreadfully sorry about tonight's fiasco. You should never have tried playing for them, dear. It was neither the time nor place. Ricky, what ails you? Your eyes—don't look at me that way!"

Without speaking he unclasped her diamond necklace and dropped it into his coat pocket, reached for her hands. She stepped back, frightened.

"What are you doing? Derek, in heaven's name, what's wrong with you? Have you lost your mind? You stare at me as if I were a—a snake!"

"Not a snake," he corrected evenly. "A snake gives warning before it strikes." Gripping her wrists he jerked off the diamond engagement ring from her finger.

Her fragile, angelic face contorted with rage and fear. "Derek, are you mad? What have I done?"

"Killed me," he said. "You're free now to take your Ronnie, if he'll have you without my diamonds and my money! And you'll never have to listen to me play again!"

And so he had not bought Lenore Page. Instead, in early morning, he boarded a plane for the west coast. For a time he tried to fill the hollowness inside of him with liquor. It hadn't worked. He had sailed and swum and danced with pretty girls while all of the time revolt pushed violently inside of him.

Then the great idea had come to him as he lay on the sand before his rented house at Malibu Beach. "There's nothing left I want to buy," he reasoned. "Death might be a rare and amusing adventure and if not—so what?"

But it so happened a slip of a girl interfered. . . .

(To be continued)

KRNR
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REMAINING HOURS TODAY

4:00—Musical Matinee, MBS.
4:30—Interlude.
4:45—Toronto Symphony, MBS.
5:00—Mystery Hall, MBS.
5:30—Shafter Parker, MBS.
5:45—Cheer Up Gang, MBS.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing, White Owl Cigars, MBS.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
6:45—Melodies Modern.
7:00—Tonight's Tune.
7:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
7:10—News-Review News Flashes.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Lone Ranger, MBS.
8:00—Gwen and Dorothy Entertain.
8:15—Dance Orch.
8:30—Laugh and Swing Club, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Morris Spitalny's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—McFarland Twins' Orch., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

Home for Week-End — Ward Cummings, who has been spending the last few weeks at Steamboat, arrived here today to spend the week-end at his home.

TUESDAY, JULY 30

7:00—Stuff and Nonsense.
7:15—Hi-Lights on Farm and 4-H Club News.
7:30—News-Review of the Air.
7:40—State and Local News.
7:45—Rhapsody in Wax.
8:00—"Good Morning Neighbors," Neighbors of Woodcraft, MBS.
8:30—This and That in Melody.
8:45—B. B. C. News, MBS.
9:00—Rhythm Roll Call, MBS.
9:15—Symphony.
9:30—Man About Town.
9:45—Keep Fit to Music, MBS.
10:00—News, MBS.
10:15—Ma Perkins, Proctor and Gamble, MBS.
10:30—Pinto Pete, Copco.
10:45—Bachelor's Children, Old Dutch Cleanser, MBS.
11:00—Our Friendly Neighbors, Alka Seltzer, MBS.
11:15—Mal Hallett's Orch., MBS.
11:30—Land of Dreams, MBS.
12:00—Luncheon Concert.
12:15—Sport News, Dunham's Transfer and Powell's Hardware.
12:25—Rhythm at Random.
12:45—State and Local News.
12:50—News-Review of the Air.
1:00—Henninger's Man on the Street.
1:15—Melody Matinee.
1:30—Johnson Family, MBS.
1:45—Let's Play Bridge, MBS.
2:00—At Your Command.
2:30—Edna O'Dell, MBS.
2:45—We, the Women, MBS.
3:00—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
3:15—Cab Calloway's Orch., MBS.
3:30—The Quiet Hour.
4:00—Sands of Time, MBS.
4:30—American Family Robinson.
4:45—Conversation Piece, MBS.
5:00—"Keep America Out of War," MBS.
5:30—Shafter Parker, MBS.
5:45—Blue Beetle, MBS.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing, MS.
6:15—Dinner Dance.
6:30—John B. Hughes, MBS.
6:45—Melodies Modern.
7:00—Tonight's Tune.
7:05—News, Calif. Pacific Utilities Co.
7:10—News-Review News Flashes.
7:15—Mutual Maestros.
7:30—Ned Jordan, Secret Agent, MBS.
8:00—Meet the Stars, MBS.
8:30—Treasure Island Tours, MBS.
8:45—Twilight Trails, Avalon Cigarettes, MBS.
9:00—Alka Seltzer News, MBS.
9:15—Ray Pearl's Orch., MBS.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr., MBS.
9:45—Joe Sudy's Orch., MBS.
10:00—Sign Off.

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What's in the Air

Have you heard that a swell new program is starting Wednesday, July 31st? It's
I'LL NEVER FORGET
Mon., Wed., Fri., 9:00 A. M.

Well, I guesh I better shober up and go home. I'll jusht be in time to hear
GOOD MORNING NEIGHBORS
Tuesday and Thursday, 8:00 A. M.

I'm the Lone Ranger, and there's only one guy I'm afraid of, and that's
NED JORDAN, SECRET AGENT
Tuesday, 7:30 P. M.

HI-LIGHTS ON MONDAY'S PROGRAM
5:30—Shafter Parker.
5:45—Cheer Up Gang.
6:00—Raymond Gram Swing.
6:30—John B. Hughes.
7:30—Lone Ranger.
8:00—Gwen and Dorothy Entertain.
8:30—Laugh and Swing Club.
9:00—News.
9:30—Fulton Lewis, Jr.

KRNR
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