

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe" From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO

Charles A. Sprague, President

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"Let's Think With Our Heads"

Taking the above-quoted slogan as his solution for keeping America out of the international whirlpools, Dean Collins of the Oregon Journal editorial staff made a highly favorable impression as speaker at a service club luncheon in Salem recently.

That was his formula for national survival and, assuming that it is the only available formula, it doesn't leave us much hope. Offhand one would estimate that the nation must be caught in the world maelstrom and devoured long before a sufficient number of citizens could be persuaded to start thinking logically about public questions.

Take for instance our group estimation of our public men, from among whom we must select leaders to point the way in times of crisis such as the present. Ask any democrat to name the republican most capable of directing the nation's destiny from the White House, and it's almost a certainty that he will answer, "Herbert Hoover—but he can't be elected."

Ask a republican the same question and he may give the same answer—but he'll not want to be quoted. And it's all because Hoover in 1932 was "smeared" with the blame for the depression, in total disregard of the fact that it was worldwide, inevitable, and started seven months after he took office—too soon for his administration to have had any part in creating it.

As Frank Kent remarked in analyzing this situation recently in his column, Hoover has survived the "smearing" and is again being accorded much the same respect that his character and ability commanded from the Belgian relief period onward—but it so affected some members of his own party that politically, "they would rather be wrong than identify themselves with Mr. Hoover in the right."

That, we submit, is not "thinking with our heads." The rarity of such thinking is just the reason why the democrats are right in saying Hoover "can't be elected." The most that can be hoped for is that a republican administration some day may make use of his exceptional talents in some capacity.

As for the neutrality question, we are not "thinking with our heads" about that. Fortunately, emotional thinking in this instance has taken a course that coincides with common sense. In the United States, for the moment, both are opposed to war.

Franco Pontificates

Of all the propaganda sheets which have come to our attention—and they are not counted on the fingers of one hand—that of Nationalist, Falangist, Fascist, or Francoist Spain is the most alluring. Printed in an attractive format with liberal use of deep wine reds and ripe olive greens, it would be a very humorous publication were it not so deeply solemn in its reference to the tin gods of the new Spanish regime. As it is, it is a trifle ridiculous; and one can almost feel it take off its hat when Franco enters the room.

The lead article of a recent edition of the sheet is a fancied interview between one Manuel Aznar, a reporter with the apparent instincts of a Pekinese puppy, and Franco, who is made to pontificate on the European situation like the oracle at Delphi, except that if anything his phrases are more indefinite than that esteemed lady's were said to be by Herodotus and the rest of his contemporaries. The subject is the European war, and the method a dialogue in which the weighty general evidently attempts profundity and achieves pomposity.

Franco's diagnosis of the European war starts with the belief that Russia teamed up with Germany because she, like all the other continental powers, wished to revise the Versailles treaty, which had done her monstrous wrong, and that she could only effect her end by combining with Germany, not Britain. But admitting that this has been her reason, and that is an ample one, the Spanish leader then asserts that "Germany today should be the barrier strong and solid enough to oppose the orientalizations of Europe, the political and social aims of a great and pushing Russia." Having thus in effect reversed his field, the Spanish general takes refuge in advocating an immediate peace for all parties concerned. He omits mention, however, of peace terms which would be in the least acceptable to either side; and this, under the circumstances, seems to be slightly important.

The Spanish leader achieves his greatest heights when he speaks to his interviewer on the position of Spain "and her Leader" at the present time. He replies:

"That of being always ready to do whatsoever lies in our power... to conciliate... the peoples who today fight among themselves, because in this way we serve the historical destiny of our Motherland and defend Western civilization, our Civilization, sacred to Spain... Unfaithfulness to the historical spirit—which is a great force—the sacrifice of this spirit to material transitory, secondary and occasional interests is a sin which must be paid at a high price. We must hope for an early peace in the East so that, under this peace, each and every one of the nations, which has not pondered well that which they have failed to ponder in recent times, may discover whether in their policies, in their actions and course they are serving their respective historical national destinies, or if, to the contrary, they have falsified them by an incomprehensible submission of their eternal spirit to materialism."

So, in words of vague, ill-defined romanticism, speaks Franco. One can wonder only if the people of Spain find "faithfulness to the historical spirit" an adequate excuse for the blood debt which they now owe to Italy and Germany, and may some day be forced to pay back in terms of foreign armies occupying their northern provinces. Then, indeed, it will be time to talk of peace.

Cotton Rallies

War creates new problems but if it wipes out some old ones. The railroads which constituted one of our biggest headaches a year ago have not been complaining much since September. And now despite lugubrious forecasts while southern votes were being sought for the arms embargo repeal, cotton is emerging from the slough of despond in which it has struggled throughout recent years.

Currently the world cotton market has reached what might be described as boom proportions. Prices in the domestic market have risen to the highest figures since 1937; foreign quotations are even higher so that the American market is attractive to overseas buyers. Present estimate of the domestic and export demand for American cotton is 14 1/4 million bales against a production of less than 12 million. The government holds almost 11 million bales of "loan cotton," some of which is now being repossessed by the growers because of the demand; it is assumed that this stock will be depleted to the extent of the difference between 1939 production and world demand.

Meanwhile the export subsidy has been reduced from \$7.50 a bale to \$1 and it is indicated that it will be eliminated entirely. Thus the war may put cotton back on its feet—so long as war continues. The long-range hope must be that the south, given this temporary boost, will be able to get its economy onto a more satisfactory basis which may be maintained more or less permanently.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Reporting by Horner 12-14-39 of a penitentiary item in November, 1938, when Governor Moody investigated:

(Continuing from yesterday.) In the four issues of this column for September 26-29, 1933, this writer had a sketch of John B. Horner's life, he having passed to his eternal rest on September 14 of that year.

This columnist had known Mr. Horner for 49 years; had enjoyed many intimate talks with him, but after his death did not know that his original name was not Horner, but Swadenack; John Baptist Swadenack. But let's have some paragraphs from that four day sketch in this column in September, 1933. They follow:

"John B. Horner's mother labored seven years at 17 cents a day as an offbearer in an Austrian brickyard in a Moravian village that she might gain the privilege of coming to America and giving her future children advantages not vouchsafed for them in the land of her birth, and the coming of the son whom she christened John Baptist and dedicated to the ministry of the German Reform church was the first answer to that prayer and those yearnings.

"Such a background and so compelling a heritage were the lights that inspired and beckoned the life course of John B. Horner. He was born on the Brazos river not far from Galveston, Texas, August 4, 1856.

"To escape the turmoil and strife of the impending conflicts that led to the war of the states and to be away from the slave holding influence of that section, the family moved to Folsom, Cal., and then to Virginia City, Nev., in the mining activities of the Comstock lode—and thence, early in 1862, started across the wilderness spaces for Walla Walla, Wash. The company with which he traveled, finding the way trackless, abandoned their wagons and made pack saddles of their boxes, and thus proceeded as a pack train. That was the time of unusually high waters (the floods of 1861-2.) and they were compelled to ford the swollen Owyhee and Malheur rivers and improvise boats of canvas over willow frames in which to get their women and children and luggage across—and several times they fortunately though barely escaped hostile Indian attack. . . . The party came to the Grand Ronde valley, crossed the Blue mountains, and arrived at Walla Walla, Sept. 1, 1863; and Prof. Horner declared in after years that he thought in his boyish fancy the flag floating over Fort Walla Walla was, as he said, 'the most beautiful creation of man that I had ever beheld up to that time.'

"Ten days after the arrival of the family at Walla Walla, the father of J. B. Horner died, of quick consumption, and the U. S. soldiers took charge of the body and buried it in the military cemetery there. Ten days later, his little sister, Theresa, died of the same illness and was buried beside the father.

"The father's name was Frank Swadenack, from the same Austria as the mother; a lowly man of high character. The mother and 5-year-old boy were thus alone, among strangers. But the soldiers at the fort, mostly from California, were sympathetic and kind; and they soon had the widow and half orphan installed in quarters at the Robinson theater. Walla Walla, which had been deserted because of a shooting affray between the soldiers and Southern sympathizers.

"Young Horner's first job in Walla Walla was plugging bullet holes in the walls of the theater and sweeping out the cigar spring breeze. The mother did laundry work, and the boy carried it to and from customers. They made a comfortable living; so the boy was soon sent to Rev. John Finn's private school at the Methodist church, the Finn's home theater actors in Oregon pioneer Methodism. There the boy learned to read and spell, and to sing.

"The language of the family in conversation and devotional exercise had been in the Moravian tongue—and the boy knew a word more than 50 English words up to that time.

"United Brethren ministers held a great revival in pioneer Walla Walla, and E. R. Horner, carpenter, high class mechanic and a man of character, who had assisted the family over the way from Nevada to Walla, was ordained to preach; became a circuit rider, organized churches in the new settlements.

"Some time later, Rev. John Finn, who had officiated at the funeral services for the father and sister, was called to perform the marriage ceremony of Rev. Horner and the widowed mother. Thus, as he grew up, the future historian was called 'the Horner boy' and later, at Union, Oregon, he was adopted and legally registered as John B. Horner. This was in 1874. The Horners homesteaded the site of the 'old fort' in the Grand Ronde valley, at the foot of Mt. Emily.

"After the primary grades in Mrs. Finn's school, the boy attended at Walla Walla classes of Mrs. Minor, Mrs. Yocum, Mr. Cross, Charles Moore, Rev. and Mrs. P. B. Chamberlain, and two of the women who were the first teachers in Whitman seminary, which became Whitman university.

"A mere stripling, he drove one of the ox teams of Rev. Horner in hauling lumber for Whitman seminary from the Parkins sawmill on Mill creek a dozen miles above Walla Walla, and in the Grand Ronde valley he worked in vacation times as a farm hand for Chas. Hadley, Jason Hunter, Thos. Childers, Thos. Wislady, Albert Good, J. R. Kistlog and others." (Concluded tomorrow.)

Reward for "Good Little Boys"



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

CHAPTER 8 Douglas was late in arriving at the hacienda. Kicking off his spurs outside the door, he ran up the stairs, but at the broad balcony surrounding the patio he stopped short and his eyes widened in amazed surprise. There, on the top landing, stood Lola and Allison, in evening dress.

A breath-taking contrast those two made. Lola's dark skin glowed with a living sheen of its own, while the other was a miracle of gleaming white in the silken gown she wore. More blonde than ever Allison Neale seemed, the sun burnishing every strand of hair, emmeshing its rays in a thousand sparks of fire.

"Caught up by the thrill of pleasure that radiated from Allison Neale, Douglas stood looking up at them in open admiration. 'But you are like two marvelous images,' he said at last, 'one of velvet, the other of white gold.' In delight Lola clasped her hands. 'See, Allison, Spain has brought me.' She held out her hand. 'Capturing any more raiders, Mr. Douglas?'

Douglas laughed. 'No,' he answered easily. 'Only once in a lifetime do raiders turn out to be lovely señoritas.' But Lola was pulling at his arm. 'You have no time to talk, lady one,' she warned. 'The padre and his nephew are already here. I give you ten minutes.'

Ten minutes were enough for Douglas to change from his alkaline covered riding clothes and hurry down into the patio. Father Bodine was first to greet him—the well beloved priest from the border mission.

'You have become a man,' the priest was saying. 'The boy I bade farewell to is no longer here.'

It is hard to realize the world does not stand still—not even here in the valley. But it is good to have you back, Jack, to take your place here. We will have many talks—good talks.

From across the room a pleasant voice interrupted. 'And when my dear uncle bores you too much with his mission, come and talk to me.'

Douglas turned. Before him stood the padre's nephew, Paul Bodine, a man much shorter than Douglas, with a well modeled mouth that moved readily in a smile, and a tiny pointed beard. A meticulous person—Douglas remembered that years before men spoke of him as an artist of more than usual promise, spending most of his time in France, steadily adding to his reputation until now, returning to his native land, he had built a great castle just on the edge of the foothills.

With new interest Douglas looked into the other's smiling face, conscious of the magnetism the man possessed and of the widest, intelligent eyes.

'I will show you my paintings and my prize horse, Coronado,' Lola laughed. 'Which is best, Paul?'

'It is a depressing fact that most people prefer the horse.' Lola turned to Douglas. 'You who love horses, Juan, you must see Coronado. He is lovely!'

But the old priest was frowning. 'He is a man-killer, that horse. He threw and trampled his last owner.'

'And thereby showed rare judgement,' Paul Bodine bowed over the hand of Dona Ines.

Together the little group went in to dinner; and in the candlelight Douglas found himself seated between his aunt and Allison Neale. Opposite, beyond the banked flow-ers, Lola sat listening with half closed eyes to something Paul Bodine was telling her—something that must have been amusing, for she smiled, and once the blood rose to her cheeks.

From the end of the table the padre spoke. 'And what of Spain, my son?'

Douglas told him of the great cattle ranches of northern Spain while Paul Bodine listened closely to the tale of how Spanish horse breeders were producing pure-bred stock finer than any in the world.

'The revolution put an end to that,' Douglas ended. 'It meant the death of the old order. I sometimes think the old order is doomed everywhere—even here.'

'Proudly the eyes of his aunt rose to the ancestral portraits. 'When that time comes, when all that these, my fathers, stood for is swept away, I shall be glad to go. But while I live, I fight for those times.'

The priest nodded. 'And yet Jack is right. There is change in the very air. Even here in this valley that I sometimes think is nearest to paradise on earth, even here too life is changing. There are forces of evil.'

'The raiders!' his nephew asked.

The old priest played with a few crumbs before him. 'Yes, that damnable band men call the raiders.'

The word, recurring like a malevolent thorn wherever men met, caused Douglas to lean forward. 'Tell me about them, Padre. In the few hours I am back I have heard of them more than once. What is their purpose?'

(To Be Continued)

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.—Weevils have gotten into Mr. Wallace's ever normal granary and seem threatening to devour his seed. A tremendous amount of wheat and corn arriving at market the past two months from farm storage has been found defective and weevil infested. Farmers apparently did not have the facilities or inclination to store it properly.

Out of 515 cars of wheat arriving at Kansas City, Mo., in November, 63 were found to be so bad they were not graded and 174 cars had weevils. Among 632 cars arriving in Kansas City, Kan., across the river, 121 were refused grading and 206—practically one third—were weevily.

Some grain men say they have never heard anything like it, and the agriculture department has made a statement acknowledging weevil infestation noted at markets through the midwest as early as October was the worst in 10 years.

Agriculture department is trying to act nonchalant. While grain men insist the trouble is grain cannot be stored on farms efficiently, as the government loan program authorizes, the department blames all on the weevil. It takes the position that the situation would be nearly as bad as it is if the home loan-granary program had not been in force. This is just a weevil year in the department's estimation.

That will be settled by future debate, but at present it is evident the government must take steps to promote costly storage of grain in the larger well equipped elevators in towns. Farm storage may be abandoned or at least more closely regulated.

How much wheat and corn has thus been ruined has not been estimated by anyone in authority here yet. It can be assumed the farmer is paying most of the losses as he is legally responsible for the condition of stored products.

Trust not these tall tales from Berlin about the new Rumanian trade agreement which is going to give Hitler huge oil supplies. Rumania is able to give only what the British and French oil concerns there are not using, and even so Germany cannot get delivery. Railroad facilities are inadequate. The peacetime route out through the Mediterranean is blocked at the North Sea. Barges take three months—yes, three months—to get up the Danube.

Out of 557,000 metric tons of crude oil exported from Rumania the first six peace months of this year, Hitler got 26,000 tons, he is getting less now.

Inside talk that Chief Justice Hughes may retire next year has started some heavy premature wirepulling over that second biggest job in the U. S. government.

Justice Harlan Fiske Stone would be the natural successor to Mr. Hughes. Stone is a liberal, an honest, independent, conscientious jurist, and rates the choice by seniority (he has been on the supreme bench 14 years). But he is not the kind of a liberal who would take orders from headquarters, nor does he hold the rigid view of law that is being held down by the leftwing barrierists off the bench downtown in the new deal.

Hence, stories are starting to appear that Stone "is not a liberal." Leftist libs. are laying the groundwork for Mr. Roosevelt to overstep Stone and appoint someone else. They think a long way ahead.

Cabinetiers Wallace and Hull were supposed to be warring on foreign trade, but it was Mr. Wallace who fixed it for Mr. Hull to get an endorsement of the re-

ciprocal trade agreement program out of the important American farm bureau federation. A summer inside play has been under way lately. Opposition to the Hull program is centered among western congressmen, particularly the dairy and cattle wings of the old house and senate farm bloc. Farm lobbyists organization which has most influence upon congress is the farm bureau, headed by Edward O'Neal, close friend of Wallace.

Mr. Hull pressed Mr. Wallace's button; Mr. Wallace pressed Mr. O'Neal's and presto change, out came a farm lobby approval of the Hull program which caught congress in the solar plexus.

Mr. Roosevelt will not make his appointment to the supreme court for the Butler vacancy until the senate is in session next month. He cannot afford to make a recess appointment and take a chance on a judge sitting on the bench before senate confirmation. (Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc., reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.)

The Safety Valve

Letters from Statesman Readers

POLICE CRITICIZED

To the Editor: It is getting so that every time I come to the capital city, I get arrested. I confess to you that this gets a little tiresome.

Many outside travelers may be picked up and be abused without any provocation whatever. Last evening I was stopped by an officer and another gentleman in another car from Coos Bay was stopped at the same time, taken out of the line of traffic, of which there were many, all traveling faster, and told we were exceeding the speed limit. I had with me three competent people and we would all take oath that we were not exceeding twenty-five miles per hour.

In such circumstances one has no recourse and is told not to argue, and merely has to pay. I know, because I, personally, consider it entirely despicable for a great city.

I keep the law and believe in the law and its enforcement and have traveled some 400,000 miles without any trouble, but I do not consider the action of some of your officers conducive to it. I do hope you will do or say something about it.

DAVID JAMES FERGUSON, D.D., Albany Oregon.

Speaker Defends Farm Leadership

BAKER, Dec. 13.—(P)—Leadership in the Oregon farm bureau is as competent as in any other state, R. D. Flaherty, Walla Walla, secretary of the Oregon-Washington federation of Farm Bureaus, stated today.

He presented the principal address at the Baker county farm bureau luncheon. Flaherty described Mac Hoke of Pendleton, president of the Oregon organization, as one of the best informed in the nation on commodity problems.

Coos Sale Hugs

MARSHFIELD, Dec. 13.—(P)—Coos county's delinquent tax sale, the first in four years, swelled into millions of dollars and scores of pages in the press today. Sheriff William Howell said the advertisement next Friday would involve \$200,000 in delinquencies and require 42 newspaper pages of fine type.

Radio Programs

KELM-THURSDAY-1360 Kc.

- 6:30-Milkmaid Melodies. 6:45-Hits and Encores. 8:00-Breakfast Club. 9:00-Keep Fit to Music. 9:15-News. 9:30-Popular Treasures. 9:45-US Navy Band. 10:00-Via Vincent Orchestra. 10:15-News. 10:30-Morning Magazine. 10:45-Hilo Seafoam Orchestra. 11:00-Palmer House Orchestra. 11:15-Ed Fitzgerald. 11:30-Williams U Chapel. 11:45-Women in the News. 11:50-Valve Parade. 12:15-News. 12:30-Hillbilly Serenade. 12:45-Williams Valley Opinion. 1:00-Swinging Strings. 1:15-Interesting Facts. 1:30-Gloom Chasers. 1:45-Book a Week. 2:00-Vocal Varieties. 2:15-Johnson Weekly. 2:30-Ma Perkins. 2:45-News. 3:00-Gus Lassarop Orchestra. 3:30-Xmas Seals. 3:45-American Legion News. 4:00-Fulton Lewis Jr. 4:15-Haven of Rest. 4:30-Salon Echoes. 4:45-Christmas Tree of 1939. 5:30-Concert Melodies. 5:45-Cinnamon Bear. 6:00-Tonight's Headlines. 6:15-Dinner Hour Melodies. 6:30-News and Views. 6:45-Raymond Gram Swing. 7:00-Popular Variety. 7:15-The Showdown. 8:00-News. 8:15-Alvino Ray Orchestra. 8:30-Moonlight Melodies. 8:45-Twilight Trails. 9:00-Newspaper of the Air. 9:15-Ed Fitzgerald. 9:30-Joe Garber Orchestra. 9:45-Fulton Lewis Jr. 10:00-Phil Lewis Orchestra. 10:15-Men About Town. 10:30-Leon Mojica Orchestra. 10:45-Comet News Tonight. 11:15-Sterling Young Orchestra. 11:30-Six Hits and a Miss. 11:45-Midnight Melody.

12:30-Pepper Young's Family. 12:45-Vie and Sade. 1:00-Florentine Melodies. 1:15-Ed Fitzgerald. 1:30-Oh, Mr. Dinwiddie. 1:45-Blue Plate Special. 2:00-Gi Aloha. 2:15-Midstream. 2:30-Organ Concert. 2:45-Organ of Today. 3:00-News. 3:15-Edwin Claire. 3:30-News. 3:45-Woman's Magazine of the Air. 4:00-Easy Aces. 4:15-Mr. Keen, Tracer. 4:30-Stars of Today. 4:45-Kip Presenting. 5:00-Rhythm Factory. 5:30-Strings at Sundown. 6:00-Good News of 1940. 7:00-Music Hall. 8:00-Fred Waring Pleasure Time. 8:15-News Flashes. 8:30-Symphony Hour. 9:30-Those We Love. 10:00-News Flashes. 10:15-Beverly Wilshire Orchestra. 10:30-Sir Francis Drake Orchestra. 11:00-St. Francis Orchestra. 11:30-Florentine Gardens Orchestra.

KEX-THURSDAY-1160 Kc.

- 6:30-Musical Clock. 7:00-Family Hour. 7:30-Originalities. 7:45-Rosa Rio Ensemble. 8:00-Financial Services. 8:15-Young Dr. McJannet. 8:30-Dr. Brock. 8:45-Christian Science Program. 8:59-Arlington Time Signal. 9:00-Eugene Conley, Tenor. 9:15-Health Club. 9:30-National Farm and Home. 10:15-Home Institute. 10:30-News. 10:45-Hoosier Hop. 11:00-Food Symposium. 11:45-Musical Club. 12:00-Orphans of Divorce. 12:15-News. 12:30-Market Reports. 12:45-Home Folks Frolic. 1:00-US Dept. Agriculture. 1:30-The Del. Hour. 1:45-Medicine in the News. 1:55-Irma Glee, Organist. 2:00-Carleton. 2:15-Financial and Grain Reports. 2:30-News. 2:45-Affairs of Anthony. 2:55-Denning Sisters. 3:00-Parade. 3:15-Musical Bits. 3:25-News. 3:30-Donahee's Orchestra. 3:45-L'I Abner. 4:00-Mr. Nobody. 4:15-East Billions Orchestra. 4:30-Kathleen Conally Presents. 4:45-Santa Claus Program. 5:15-Mr. Band. 5:30-US Army Band. 6:00-Beyond Reasonable Doubt. 6:15-Tips, the Clown. 6:30-America's Town Meeting. 7:45-News. 8:00-Seaside Orchestra. 8:30-Adventures in Photography. 9:00-Hockey Game. 9:30-Valley Orchestra. 11:00-The Moving World. 11:15-Portland Police Reports. 11:25-Hill Sabersky Orzanist.

KOIN-THURSDAY-940 Kc.

- 6:00-Market Reports. 6:05-KOIN Clock. 6:15-Kob Garber Reporting. 7:45-Big and Fat. 8:15-Headlines. 8:30-Consumer News. 8:45-My Children. 9:00-Kate Smith Speaks. 9:15-News of the Day. 9:30-Romance of Helen Trent. 9:45-Our girl Sunday. 10:00-Golden News. 10:15-Life Can Be Beautiful. 10:30-This Day is Ours. 10:45-Mary Kay Taylor. 11:00-Big Sister. 11:15-Aunt Jenny. 11:30-News. 11:45-My Son and I. 12:00-Joyce Jordan. 12:15-Society Girl. 12:30-News. 12:45-Singin' Sam. 1:00-Kitty Kelly. 1:15-Mitt and Marge. 1:30-Hilltop House. 1:45-Stepmother. 2:00-By Kathleen Norris. 2:15-Dr. Susan. 2:30-Happened in Hollywood. 2:45-Scattergood songs. 3:00-H. V. K. K. 3:15-News. 3:30-Today in Europe. 3:45-News. 4:15-Hello Again. 4:30-Steve Rhythm. 4:45-News. 6:00-Major Bowes Amateur Hour. 6:15-News. 6:30-Two Star Feat. 7:00-Sports Huddle. 7:45-Little Show. 8:00-Luna Lee. 8:15-Leon F. Drews, Organist. 8:30-Ark it Basket. 8:45-News. 9:00-Mitchell Ayres Orchestra. 9:30-Modernized Light Opera. 10:00-Two Star Feat. 10:15-Emery Deutch Orchestra. 10:30-Don Rowland Orchestra. 10:45-News. 11:00-Glen Gray Orchestra. 11:30-Archie Bleyer Orchestra.

KOAC-THURSDAY-530 Kc.

- 9:00-Today's Programs. 9:05-The Homemaker's Hour. 9:15-News. 9:30-Weather Forecast. 10:00-Story Hour for Adults. 10:15-News of the Air. 11:30-Music of the Masters. 11:45-News. 12:00-News Hour. 1:15-Variety. 1:30-Home Garden Hour. 1:45-Guard Your Health. 2:15-News. 2:30-Kathleen Conally Auxiliary. 4:45-Views of the News. 4:50-Symphony Half Hour. 5:00-Story for Boys and Girls. 5:00-On the Campuses. 5:05-News. 6:30-Farm Hour. 6:45-Columbia Radio Theatre. 8:15-Music Round the World. 8:30-For Scandinavians. 8:35-News. 9:00-OBK Round Table. 9:00-OBK for Christmas Giving. 9:45-Research and Its Applications.

On the Spot!



Outside the New York bar and grill known as 'The Spot' lies the riddled body of David (The Radio) Bodine, former Holt's Kitchen resident, shot down by two or three killers who escaped in a cab.