

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
Member of the Associated Press

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Jitters in Geneva

If one has ever seen a civilian—most likely inebriated but possibly just a well-intentioned though presumptuous citizen impelled by an emergency—get out into a street intersection and try to direct traffic, recollection of that scene affords some idea of what the League of Nations council was up against when it undertook to slap the wrist of Joe Stalin. What makes the citizen look so ridiculous is an attempt to exert authority which he doesn't have.

The parallel is not exact. The officious citizen's trouble is that he can't hand anybody a ticket. The league is in position to hand out certain types of tickets but it has no police to drag Joe into court if he hears his up.

Nevertheless it isn't altogether fair to brand the league's expulsion of Soviet Russia as utterly meaningless, just as it isn't fair to brand the league itself as totally worthless, fashionable though that may be in this country. The league performed a number of useful services in disputes that involved relatively small nations. Getting back to our analogy, the traffic-directing citizen may get by for a while if he is a big bruiser with a mean look—until one just as big comes along. When Japan, then Italy, Germany and finally Russia picked on their helpless neighbors, the league's bluff was called: in fact it had begun to look so foolish that about a year ago, Poland ignored its potentialities when it seemed convenient to shake a mailed fist at Lithuania.

But speaking of neighbors, your self-appointed traffic director is bound to be embarrassed if his next-door neighbor comes along and chooses to ignore his arm-waving; and thus it was that the delegates of most small European and Asiatic neighbors of Russia absented themselves or kept mum when the vote was taken, while England and France stuttered a bit in voting "aye." Frail but far away Bolivia boomed out its vote in lusty and decisive fashion. Yet it should be realized that one "no" vote would have defeated the resolution; absence of such a vote revealed that Russia had no friends left in the league, and the silence of the non-voters was as effective as an affirmative, even though more polite and cautious.

The diffidence with which the nations' delegates approached the issue was, furthermore, evidence that the action was by no means an empty gesture. It must be realized that the notation approved by the league assembly and passed on to the council contained the following language:

"The assembly... condemns solemnly the action of the USSR against the Finnish state; addresses a pressing appeal to each member of the league to furnish to Finland material and humanitarian assistance which each nation is able to bring to Finland and that each nation abstain from any action of any nature which may weaken the power of Finland's resistance; it authorizes the secretary-general to lead help and technical services for the organization of the assistance to Finland outlined above; it also authorizes the secretary-general... to consult non-member states with a view to eventual cooperation."

Careful reading of this section reveals that the league invites its members to help Finland in material ways, instructs its own organization to help coordinate that assistance, and by implication, places an embargo upon shipments of munitions and supplies to Russia. Thus in a sense it is a stronger step than was taken against Italy in the Ethiopian matter.

Thus the league has gone its limit in opposing Russian aggression against Finland. But the fulfillment of any of the steps outlined, is left entirely to the member nations, which inevitably must consult their own self-interest before committing any overt acts. As it is constituted, this is an unavoidable weakness in the league's constitution—and not necessarily an unfortunate weakness. Who can say that if the league had its more power, it would exercise it justly? Moral suasion being its only weapon, there is less invitation to its misuse. But it is too early to say that the universal sentiment against Russia, given expression by the league's ouster resolution, will not be expressed in more concrete fashion by a number of the member nations and others.

The Battle at Sea

There is a peculiar irony in the fact that a few hours after the harbormaster of the port of Bremerhaven announced to the captain of the returned "Bremen" that "this is sure proof that the British command of the seas is smashed," the world knew that one of the much-vaunted German pocket battleships had been forced to flee before a swarm of smaller and lighter, but swifter, British cruisers. Not much is to be said for the "he who laughs last" philosophy as a permanent way of life; but there are times like this, when it gives uncommon satisfaction.

Yet having said that, it is difficult to decide which conclusions from the Von Spee's battle can best be drawn. On the one hand it is clear that in many ways the hour of reckoning was inevitable for the German commerce raider, and that from the very day she turned her bow from the protecting guns of Helgoland she was the future prey of the British fleet. This being true, the actual chase and kill are of relatively slight importance except as they show, as some authorities in the present instance seem to think, that the previous estimate applied to the German pocket battleships must be revised.

On the other hand the spirit of the battle itself must remain a marvelous thing, even though the practical results seem slight and the outcome in terms of human destruction and death a heavy burden. The willingness of the English vessels to close battle, even though they knew the superiority of their enemy's guns; the determination of the German to beat off the terriers swooping to gnash through its vital sinews; these remain manifestations of human resolution which are in themselves majestic even though the cause in which they were exercised may be most deplorable.

This conflict is another dependent clause to be woven into accounts of the war of 1939 in future history texts; the both fought battle off the River Platte is no Salamis or Trafalgar. Yet in its curious blend of the important and the unimportant; of the significant and the merely interesting, this diminutive Jutland has many of the qualities which have made naval annals compelling even though the events described are merely "in the line of duty." So it has been since swift Carthagenian triremes broke the Athenian blockade at Syracuse, and so it is still with steel ships and revolving turrets. The sea changes little; and sometimes not at all.

Monument to John Q. Taxpayer

Contending that the real significance of the initials WPA is "we pay all," the Cattaraugus county, New York, Taxpayers' association has started a campaign to achieve recognition for the taxpayers on all public works—rather than giving all the credit to the alphabetical agencies and the officials who happen to be in office at the time.

What the association wants is a state law making it mandatory to place on all public works projects, signs announcing "This Project Paid for by Taxpayers." The purpose is to keep the public reminded that Santa Claus doesn't make gifts of these buildings; that sooner or later, directly or indirectly, the taxpayer foots the bill in full, with interest.

Heartily endorsing the Cattaraugus county idea, The Statesman would go further and suggest that on the grounds surrounding the major public buildings, there be placed statues of Joan Q. Taxpayer, donor. He ought to be represented as stooped from honest toil, the proceeds of which he turns over to government, and wearing spectacles due to eyestrain from poring over tax statements.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The background that 12-16-39
Rev. Horner gave to J. B. Horner; sister of Rev. Horner Sarah E. Clark, Salem:

Regular readers of this column noted in the series that ran in the four issues ending with yesterday's number of The Statesman a very skimpy sketch of the life of the late Prof. John B. Horner, Oregon historian, teacher, author, leader, genius of hard work.

Some readers may have noted, in the article beginning the series that opened with the issue of November 2, on the John B. Clark, that Mrs. Clark was born Sarah Elizabeth Horner, without seeming any connection between the Clarks and Horners. Indeed, that was the case with this writer.

Well, the step-father of Prof. John B. Horner was a brother of Mrs. John M. Clark, who, with her husband, resides with their daughter, Mrs. Ben P. Taylor at 1241 S. Commercial.

Elias Ruark Horner, destined to become the step-father of Prof. John B. Horner of Oregon, was born about 1834 in Perry, now Franklin county, Ohio.

In the Horner family were 10 children, of whom Sarah Elizabeth, who was fated to become Mrs. Clark, was the youngest. Her brother Elias R. was 16 years her elder, and there was a brother, John, two years older than Elias. John and Elias had planned together that they must in some way secure money and get an education, in order that they might make their marks in the world, and in the family of 10 children, with their parents not in affluent circumstances, they must do some banking together to accomplish their ambitions.

It was in 1852. They had been hearing of the California gold rush, and some people from their neighborhood had gone and others were preparing to go to that far away golden rainbow's end.

They argued between themselves that John, being small of frame and not hardy in health, besides having a rather shrinking disposition, would better not be the one to go. So, they agreed, Elias should go, and having filled his purse with gold, would return, and with that start they might both get an education and training to fit them for useful places in the world, where they could do some banking together to accomplish their ambitions.

So Elias went with the gold rush crowd of 1852, the year when about 50,000 made the turn ends of the Old Oregon Trail, and about 600 died and were buried in unmarked graves along the weary way.

Elias made most of the journey on foot. Letters were a year getting an answer, and the first one that reached Elias told the news of the death of John, who had gone to school and so applied himself that he became sick; took brain fever and died; had been bedfast only a week.

That was a great grief to Elias. He drifted, as the careful reader knows, to Walla Walla, Washington, going with the party of which the Swadenacks were members—meaning the father and mother and little sister of five year old John B. Swadenack, and John B. himself. The father and the little sister died at Walla Walla soon, and were buried there, through the kindness of the U.S. soldiers, for then, in the late 1850s and early 1860s there was little at Walla Walla excepting the fort.

Elias R. Horner became a preacher, circuit rider, at Walla Walla. Soon he married the widowed mother of John Baptiste Swadenack, and the boy was thereafter known as "the Horner boy" and in after years even his intimates did not realize that he started in this world under another name.

Rev. Horner traveled with his saddlebags on horseback all over the table, "Remember your man-dolin, Jack! Yesterday I tuned it in honor of your return—the dust of years was on it." Running from the table, she disappeared in the direction of the patio, and a moment later returned bearing a well-worn mandolin.

Curiously Douglas took it from "I'll bring my big cousin." In quiet appraisal Douglas's eyes passed from one to the other of his guests, and now they returned to Alison Neale. There was something not easily understood about this girl who sat beside him, and toward himself he was conscious of a subdued—was it disapproval or actual hostility? There was something guarded about her too—something hidden beneath that clear, level glance. Was she too finding it necessary to play a part?

The servants were bringing coffee when Lola called across the table, "Remember your man-dolin, Jack! Yesterday I tuned it in honor of your return—the dust of years was on it." Running from the table, she disappeared in the direction of the patio, and a moment later returned bearing a well-worn mandolin.



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

Chapter 9
Paul Bodine's hands moved in silent applause, and he glanced in amusement toward Douglas. "See what strenuous times you have come back to. Who but some legendary hero of the past could hope to live up to this god-den-haired firebrand? Certainly not a peace-loving painter like myself who each day gives thanks that he is not a rancher."

Douglas laughed. "What an exciting and unpredictable world I am coming back to—a world filled with mystery, terror, and love, militant women. These raiders and their Chinese killer promise to make life interesting." "Interesting!" The word came like a cry of reproach from Alison, and she leaned forward, her gray eyes like steel. "If you had ridden out one morning to find your father dead at their hands, if you had fought year after year a losing fight against them and in spite of everything saw yourself on the brink of failure—"

"I regret what I have said, senator. Your pardon." It was long minutes before the impact of the girl's words died away, and to relieve the tension Paul Bodine felt to bantering Lola.

"You have not posed for me in ten days," he chided. "Each morning that half finished canvas looks at me with reproach. Yet you will not come and be immortalized." "But you always make love to me."

"I always shall—so bring a chaperone next time." "I'll bring my big cousin." In quiet appraisal Douglas's eyes passed from one to the other of his guests, and now they returned to Alison Neale. There was something not easily understood about this girl who sat beside him, and toward himself he was conscious of a subdued—was it disapproval or actual hostility? There was something guarded about her too—something hidden beneath that clear, level glance. Was she too finding it necessary to play a part?

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Rev. Horner died at the Good Samaritan hospital at Portland, after a major operation. Prof. John B. Horner took the bodies of his mother, his step-father and his half-sister to Corvallis, and had them buried there.

Mrs. John M. Clark of Salem declares that, though she was but two years old when her brother Elias Ruark Horner started from Ohio to join the California gold rush, she remembers seeing him take his departure, and that it was a great event in the life of that family. Such a memory of one so young is not impossible, though it is unusual. All the circumstances relating to her service to enlarge the luster of John B. Horner's glorious life, if any set of circumstances were needed to do this.

her and swept the strings. "I had almost forgotten its touch," he said. Alison watched him as with bent head he began strumming chords from the instrument. The man puzzled her. Quiet, smiling, always at ease, speaking as if he gave a special thought to what ever he said with that soft, slightly foreign accent of his. She liked the deferential air he had toward women, liked the almost intangible wall of reserve, and yet—always he seemed a little amused, as if at some secret thought, and toward herself she felt a kind of armed neutrality. Again she looked at the dark, finely chiseled features, that high nose of the Blasios going back generation after generation to the first founders of the family who had come with Cortez and his conquistadors. Yes, the blood of conquerors ran in the veins of this man who sat beside her touching the strings of a mandolin.

"Sing the nightingale song," Lola commanded. Douglas started to sing a song his mother taught him years ago: "En una jaula de oro, Pendiente de un balcon 'Una triste calandria...'"

Abruptly the voice ceased. The sound of frantic galloping clattered down the roadway. A moment later Ed Paxton burst into the room, his hair wet with sweat, his mouth working, and in a voice choked with the dust of riding, he rasped, "They've shot Frank Baker."

Everyone had risen, and Douglas stepped forward. "Is he badly hurt?" "Dead."

The word lingered like an echo among the tapestries of that suddenly silent room. It seemed darker, more chill, as if death itself had entered with the rider, and looking uneasily at one another, none spoke. Douglas handed Paxton a glass of water, and the man drank greedily, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Thanks," he gasped. "Now tell us." "There ain't much to tell. I found him two hours ago up on the edge of the foothills, lying under a pino. His six-gun was empty, a pile of shells lay beside him. They'd come for him in broad daylight and they'd ridden around him firing—five of them. He put up a fight to the end, but he hadn't a chance. They were packing rifles and kept out of his range. The bark was chipped, and he was cold. He was cold when I got there. Then I saw this in his hand."

In Paxton's outstretched palm lay a small stone of greenish white, and carved in its center was the crude figure of an owl. "The Yellow Killer!" Father Bodine made a sign of the cross, and a long, shuddering sigh crept through the room.

"I been looking for something like this," Paxton's voice went on. "I warned him." "What did you warn him about?" "That he talked too much." Douglas had been examining the tiny carved stone. "Is anyone following their tracks?" he asked.

"The wind's been blowing up there for days now. Less than a mile from where I found him the tracks disappeared."

Hands clenched, Douglas walked to the window, his eyes fixed to the darkening desert. Dead! Frank Baker dead. A few hours ago that same man had ridden beside him eager and unafraid, filled with plans for the future, and once more, like a ghostly echo Douglas heard the boyish voice again. "Now you're back, Boss, we'll show them." Well, he was back and the man who had spoken those words was lying

dead beneath a pino, the wind covering him with desert sand. It was a moment Douglas would never quite forget, for its passing left him irrevocably changed, with something of the world's old friendliness forever gone. This unseen hand that had struck at him through Baker loomed suddenly closer. They had not waited long, those border killers, and with dazzling clearness Douglas realized the strategy of their sudden blow. They were trying to test the mettle of the new master of Miracle Mesa; to make him declare himself. If he declared open war on them, it would be a signal for his instant annihilation; if he hesitated he might sacrifice all chance of leadership among the valley ranchers.

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News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16—Mr. Ickes did not sleep, neither was he pushed into that statement opposing McNutt for 1940.

The amazing deflation of one of the president's top workers by another top worker came about from a question at a press conference. A friendly newsman, one of the columnists whom Mr. Ickes approves, asked what the interior secretary would do if the president did not run.

The cabinet officer did not appear shocked, or even surprised at the extraordinary inquiry. He did not call the White House to find out if his hopes that his boss would not support the handsome Hoosier were justified. Without grasping for words, he spoke his piece.

In its first version, it seemed somewhat vague to the newsmen. Several went back in a group to see him and asked if they heard him right. He made clear he meant McNutt, Paul McNutt, social security administrator. He did not back down. He said even more. His press publicity man approved the quotes that were generally used in the press.

The interior secretary's statements scarcely arouse the town any more, but this one did, not only because of the circumstances under which it was made, but because of the inside White House situation. Two democratic liberal congressmen who string along with the Corcoran-Cohen-Ickes crowd, for example, privately applauded the statement and said it was the opening signal for an official McNutt deflation campaign by this group.

There had been reports the president was dissatisfied with activities of McNutt's campaign friends for ten days or so previously. The interesting incident (when McNutt attended a meeting at which one wrestling entertainer voluntarily lost his trousers so he could display there under a McNutt banner in an inappropriate but expansive place), the American Legion convention failure of McNutt's friends, and some other things like a local society writer's published interview with a member of McNutt's family purporting to indicate the Hoosier's impatience to ascertain whether the White House court-ing intentions were strictly honorable—these and other similarly minor matters were supposed to have displeased the president, as well they might, although McNutt certainly was not responsible for all of them, if any.

Consequently it looks like another fair-haired boy for 1940 may be given a close trim by the official barber.

As McNutt loses his official halo, the whole inside democratic situation will turn around again. He was brought in here to beat off among others, Mr. Garner, the VP, who was then running off with the show.

Earlier, the new dealers had tried Bob Jackson, Harry Hopkins, Bill Doxey, Gov. Stark of Missouri (mildly), and something went wrong with each. Agriculture Secretary Wallace stepped forward once or twice and had his hair singed. So

did democratic chairman, Jim Farley.

The subsequent McNutt buildup had proceeded so far that ambitious handwagon riders were crowding the front row on the assumption that Mr. Roosevelt was for him. A newsweek poll showed 15 political reporters here picked him for first choice guess, 12 as second, on no other ground that is apparent.

His passing from the official limelight, would leave no one for the Corcoran-Ickes school except Mr. Roosevelt, who always has been, of course, their only real candidate. But it also brings back into the spotlight three of the school boys who will have to deal at the convention—Garner, Farley and Hull.

This big tangle has not been crowding the limelight, but they will have a lot of delegates amongst them. Any successful candidate at the convention will have to deal with them, and at least two of them (Garner and Farley) are against third terms.

Mr. Garner will issue a statement of his political intentions among them. Any successful candidate that he will accept the nomination, if offered, accompanied by a word of encouragement to his workers for their coming efforts in the primaries. The VP's friends figure no initial speechmaking efforts are necessary as his stands on various issues are well known.

Coming big man behind the new utility power program is E. F. Scattergood, head of the Los Angeles municipal power system. He is an experienced operating man who was brought in quietly as adviser to the national defense power committee. Mr. Scattergood is open minded, independent and against political baiting on the utility issues.

Unemployed Youth Schools' Problem

CORVALLIS, Ore., Dec. 15—(P)—Adequate systems of vocational education for America's 4,000,000 unemployed young people will be American education's next great development, Chancellor Frederick M. Hunter predicts.

Hunter, chancellor of the Oregon board of higher education, made the prediction at Oregon State college's annual agricultural and home economics staff conference, which had the 4H club anniversary as its theme.

The 4H club's ideals of head, heart, hand and health embody the essence of American education's objectives today, he said.

Mrs. Gertrude Warren of Washington, 4H club head, reported the national enrollment as 1,300,000 youths.

Britain Loses

LONDON, Dec. 15.—(P)—The British steamer Stanwood, 4,158 tons, was disclosed last night to have sunk Sunday in Falmouth harbor while attempts were being made to extinguish a fire in her hold. Two were killed.

Radio Programs

- 6:30—Milky Way Melodrama.
- 7:00—Campus Capers.
- 7:30—Paul Laval Orchestra.
- 8:00—Sunset Melodrama.
- 8:30—Del Courtney Orchestra.
- 9:00—News.
- 9:30—Kathleen's Kindergarten.
- 10:00—Associated Press News.
- 10:30—Beligion in the News.
- 11:00—Betty Barrett, Singer.
- 11:30—Organ Melodrama.
- 12:00—Art for Your Sake.
- 12:30—Ed Oberer's Plays.
- 1:00—Miltona, Gov. Stark of Missouri (mildly), and something went wrong with each.
- 1:30—Meadowbrook Club Orchestra.
- 2:00—Music and Youth.
- 2:30—News.
- 3:00—National Barn Dance.
- 3:30—Famous Door Orchestra.
- 4:00—Rainbow Melodrama.
- 4:30—Ambassador Hotel Orch.
- 5:00—Hotel St. Francis Orch.
- 5:30—News.
- 6:00—Hotel Tabarin Cafe Orch.
- 6:30—Olympic Hotel Orch.
- 7:00—News.
- 7:30—What's My Name.
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- 11:00—Hotel Tabarin Cafe Orch.
- 11:30—Olympic Hotel Orch.
- 12:00—News.
- 12:30—Market Reports.
- 1:00—KOIN Clock.
- 1:30—This and That.
- 2:00—Headlines.
- 2:30—Consumer News.
- 3:00—Country Journal.
- 3:30—Let's Pretend.
- 4:00—What Price America.
- 4:30—Arigal Signal.
- 5:00—Radio City Music Hall.
- 5:30—Breakthrough Melodrama.
- 6:00—Cyril and Methodius Chorus.
- 6:30—Library of Congress Concert.
- 7:00—Library of Congress Concert.
- 7:30—Dull session.
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- 1:30—Breakthrough Melodrama.
- 2:00—Cyril and Methodius Chorus.
- 2:30—Library of Congress Concert.
- 3:00—Library of Congress Concert.
- 3:30—Dull session.
- 4:00—Country Journal.
- 4:30—Let's Pretend.
- 5:00—What Price America.
- 5:30—Arigal Signal.
- 6:00—Radio City Music Hall.
- 6:30—Breakthrough Melodrama.
- 7:00—Cyril and Methodius Chorus.
- 7:30—Library of Congress Concert.
- 8:00—Library of Congress Concert.
- 8:30—Dull session.
- 9:00—Country Journal.
- 9:30—Let's Pretend.
- 10:00—What Price America.
- 10:30—Arigal Signal.
- 11:00—Radio City Music Hall.
- 11:30—Breakthrough Melodrama.
- 12:00—Cyril and Methodius Chorus.
- 12:30—Library of Congress Concert.
- 1:00—Library of Congress Concert.
- 1:30—Dull session.
- 2:00—Country Journal.
- 2:30—Let's Pretend.
- 3:00—What Price America.
- 3:30—Arigal Signal.
- 4:00—Radio City Music Hall.
- 4:30—