

The Oregon Statesman

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

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.

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Newspaper Conference at Eugene

Newspapermen of Oregon held two major sessions annually; the summer convention, to which the various publishers take turns being host, and the winter conference to which the University of Oregon journalism department is perennial host. Thus the conference is no such novelty to Eugene as the convention is to its various host cities. Nevertheless the city and the university take a back seat to none of these other cities in making the newspapermen welcome. They always make the affair enjoyable and 1940 was no exception.

Winter is a time for doing things indoors and thus it is that the annual conference is as a rule the equal of the convention in attendance and usually makes a slightly better showing in accomplishment and constructive study of the problems that face newspapermen. Its locale, the halls of learning where journalism is studied daily, is a contributing factor. The 1940 conference, after the first hour, was in the belief of The Statesman's delegates, one of the most constructive in years. We learned about agricultural advertising laws, the attitude toward newspapers of department store advertising managers and of motion picture exhibitors, heard high executives of Oregon's metropolitan press discuss entertainment features and propaganda—separately, not together—learned how the country press is taking on some of the attributes though not the specific functions of a drug-store, and heard two thoughtful discussions of the relations of the press to the labor movement, and another on the relation of the press to the legislature. From other authorities we learned about basketball and the current situation in the orient.

To a Salem newspaperman Eugene currently is an outstandingly interesting city. For one thing, it is the city which recently bowed out of the pageant picture for this year in deference to Salem's centennial, and we were able to express at first hand our appreciation thereof. It was necessary however to duck immediately, for invariably that letter about "Salem culture" popped into the conversation. And with the renowned Gleemen demonstrating Eugene's downtown culture at the conference banquet, and the conference itself being held amidst the evidences of university culture, we were in no position to argue the point.

Then again, Eugene is the city which has public power and the lowest rates in the nation, or so we heard, and that is a matter of interest to every publicist, power being the live issue that it is everywhere in Oregon. Despite its low rates and excellent financial position, the Eugene utility pays no taxes and on top of that, charges the city for the "juice" used in lighting streets and public buildings. We wanted to know why the water board resisted taxation, since taxes if paid would reduce the burden for the same people who get the benefit of the low rates. The answer, divided into two parts, is first that the people are sure to get the benefit if the water board keeps the money, not so sure if it is turned over to political tax-spenders; second, that tax-immunity actually means a saving to the community, because taxes, if paid, would go also to the county and state.

We were told that though Eugene has had municipal power for many years, no member of the water board is actually a believer in public ownership of utilities. Eugene went into the power business because of its attractive situation; and though it is proud of its low rates, few of its citizens attribute them principally to public ownership. They admit, rather, that such a situation is rare, that the advantages are those of a close-knit community, availability of easily-generated water power nearby, and conservative management; and they are not advising other communities to follow their example.

Yes, the rates are low. We know of a Eugene resident who lights a rather large house, cooks with electricity and operates several other gadgets, and pays less than \$2.50 a month.

Eugene is also the city which is operating parking meters. Every one forenoon, even Saturday forenoon, one might shoot a cannon down any of its downtown streets, near the curb, without doing much damage. Those parking spaces are practically empty, even though one may deposit a penny and park for 12 minutes. Out beyond the parking meter zone, the one and two-hour free parking zones are much more highly populated, and four or five blocks from the main business section where parking is unrestricted, cars are as thick as on a used-car lot.

On Saturday afternoon there were a few vacant spaces in every block of the meter area, so one might say the system was working perfectly at such times. Two questions arise: does this compensate for the nuisance and cost of parking in this area and for the almost total disuse of the parking space at other times; and would it be successful in Salem, where we have not the monopoly on rural trade that Eugene enjoys?

The 1930 census credited Eugene with a population of 18,901. In advance of the 1940 census, estimates indicate that the city has passed 26,000. With new industries in and near the city, Eugene is apparently growing faster than Salem, and its people confidently expect to pass the capital city in another decade, even without the off-projected annexation of Springfield and the settled area in between. Salem will have to get on its horse if it wants to stay ahead.

First Junior First Citizen

It is somewhat belatedly that Salem has joined other cities in selecting and honoring a "first citizen" and for the time being, that recognition is limited to a "junior first citizen." Thus Don Douris, so recognized by the junior chamber of commerce after an independent committee had scanned the achievements of various young Salem men in 1939, stands in a unique position in the community.

There is perhaps more justification for the selection of a junior first citizen than for a similar choice and recognition among the more mature citizens. In the latter case it is an honor and nothing more. The one honored has already achieved, perhaps to the limit of his capacity; at any rate the recognition will not make him any better citizen in the future, for it is characteristic of those who may be considered for such honors, that they serve the community without hope of reward. In the case of the junior first citizen, his choice may be an inspiration both to him and to other youths—for their characters are in process of development.

Be that as it may, an auspicious beginning has been made in Salem in the choice of Don Douris for the first such honor. The committee has chosen a young man who, without unusual initial advantages, has achieved, not spectacularly but quietly and constructively; one who is making a substantial success of his own life and in addition finding time to promote a number of civic welfare projects, all of them wholesome and worthwhile. No less than Mr. Douris himself, the committee is to be congratulated. If future committees confronted with the same task are able year after year to find young men equally deserving of the honor, that will be an excellent commentary upon Salem as an environment for youth.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Father of John Minto 1-30-40
of the 1844 immigration
left England because he had
defended limiting child labor:

A little book on the desk of this columnist entitled "Rhymes of Early Life in Oregon and Historical and Biographical Facts," printed in the office of The Statesman early in this century, the author John Minto, one of the leaders of the 1844 covered wagon train, sometimes called the Minto train, has for its second poem the lines that will follow this introduction, accompanied by a note which reads: "The father of the writer (Minto) in 1831 became involved in a mining strike as an elected leader, the purpose being to limit the hours of labor for children to 12 hours per day, for which he was blacklisted."

The poem reads:
"Farewell, my Fatherland, my
Father's birthplace
That cast him out, as though not
fit to live;
He sued for leave to toll; you
gave him disgrace;
The means of self-support you
would not give.
You left him free to starve or
leave—he took the last;
With all he had and loved, he
sought the West."

Wide was the waste of waters we
crossed o'er,
And dire privation suffered many
days;
At length the land is seen—we
reach the free shore
Where man as man is rated by
his ways.

We seek not, here, a chieftain's
pride, to bleed for,
Care not to wake the echoes for
a king;
The common human rights we
live or die for.
Speak for, fight for, legislate
or sing.
Not that we will forget the banks
of Tyne-side;
The primrose, daisies, wild rose,
or the broom;
Those scenes when life was young
still in the mind abide,
Those heartfelt earliest songs
will still be sung.
For man's advancement here we
take our part.
With all we have of nature and
of art."

So ends the Minto poem. It is a far cry from the country and the time when a man could be blacklisted for being an elected leader to plead for the right of limiting children's labor to 12 hours a day! That is, outside of the dictator ruled nations. The history of the struggles of the Minto family to get to America is a sad one. The grandfather of the writer of the poem, father of the man who stood up for child labor in English coal mines (his name being John and the name coming down to this day) spent his early working years in earning and saving enough money to get himself and family to America. He started with all his family but his son John (The one who stood up for child labor) and a sister of that John who had already come to America—but he never realized his hopes, for he was in the wreck of the brig Enterprise off Newcastle in 1820, in which he and a small nephew he had in his arms went to a watery grave. The other members of the family being saved. (The Oregon patriarch of the Minto family was born near Newcastle.)

The John Minto who stood for a little humanity to child labor and his son John who became a founding father of Oregon, reached America only after many hardships and self denials.

The John Minto who took his place in the family as the first of the American born Johns was John W., several years deceased, who was Salem city marshal, sheriff of Marion county, superintendent of police in Portland, warden and superintendent of the state penitentiary, etc., but there is still a John in the family, John D., a son of Douglas, who is the last of the second generation in Oregon. John D. carries on, having active charge of some of the interests that were his grandfather's.



THE 'BIG SHOTS'—Demonstrating artillery strength, British recently put three batteries of the heaviest guns ever mounted on that field through their paces at Salisbury Plain, England. Above are the "thunderers." The guns were 8.2-inch howitzers which released a ton of projectiles inside a few minutes at a range of eight miles. Men in front record accuracy.

The Cookie Jar Loses its Appeal



"Red Earth"

By Tom Gill

Chapter 28 Continued

Without a word the girl obeyed and leaving a yellow cloud of dust behind them, both horses swerved into the mesquite. A warning call from the foothills above, an answering shout from the desert, and now, heads bent, spurs biting their horses' flanks, the Killers' hand plunged after them. The race was on.

Beneath him Douglas felt the great muscles of Coronado tighten in swift response, and making sure the girl was close behind, gave the stallion his head. Branches lashed by them, tearing at their shirts, stinging their faces, but frantically the two horses battled their way deeper and deeper into the denseness of this shadowy place, and coming upon a dim game trail, Douglas followed its winding way. Soon he lost it and found himself entangled in a clump of thorny locust, but with lowered head he urged Coronado on. With one powerful lunge the great stallion plunged through, then suddenly without warning they burst from behind a screen of branches into a sunny open space, where in the center a band of horsemen sat with drawn guns. For the space of a heartbeat amazement held them all, then rifles leaped to shoulders and bullets hissed among the leaves.

Whirling in his tracks, Douglas waved the girl back. Another volley. He felt a tug, a stab of pain in his shoulder, and turning, he fired three times into the thick of that crushing horde. They broke, making for the opposite side of the open glade, leaving one of their companions on the ground.

He knew it would be a matter of short moments before they were on his trail like a wolf pack, but he only said, "Follow me," and struck off directly north. Twisting in and out among the low-branched oaks, they rode without a word or a glance behind. His rifle barrel felt hot to his grasp, and stinging shafts of pain were beginning to dart through his shoulder. Before he had gone half a mile his shirt was wet to the waist, and close behind him he heard Allison's gasp of dismay, "Jack, you're hurt!"

"Only a little."
"But you're bleeding. You can't ride like that."
Even as he turned to reassure her he knew she was right. Before long he would be too weak to keep the saddle; the only hope now lay in finding some hiding place among the mesquite, or falling that to throw himself down behind Coronado and answer shot with shot until the end came.

Again he heard Allison's voice. "We can't be far from the mission. You can hide there in the old cell behind the wall."
He shook his head. "The horses' tracks will tell."

"I'll take the horses and draw the riders away."
"They'd shoot you down. It won't do, Allison. The best way is to retreat. You go—"
"Is that your idea of a comrade at arms?" Her eyes were blazing. "What do you think life means to me if they kill you?" In a very agony of desperation she forced her horse to a gallop, "Back, it's our only chance," and she brushed by him, leading the way up the slope.

On they climbed—the maze of underbrush above them growing thinner. Once from the top of a little rise Allison caught sight of the mission, spires gleaming in the sun, and with that brief glimpse to guide her, she quickened her pace until soon they saw the red adobe walls that marked the cloister-like patio of the mission. Keeping well back within the shelter of the mesquite, she skirted the place, then turned down an overgrown path.

In spite of an overpowering sense of weariness, Douglas was following close behind, and now as Allison stopped he drew up sharply behind her. Beyond them, across a narrow clearing, stood a low structure of stone and adobe, faded and crumbling with the years.

"We'd better go no nearer with the horses," she cautioned. "Hide in there and wait."
Knowing the riders would be on his track perilously soon, Douglas pulled the rifle from out the scabbard and dismounted. Dizzy and weak, he leaned for a moment on his horse, but before taking a step he broke a low branch from a locust tree and with it brushed out every footprint behind him as he walked toward the crumbling cell. It seemed an interminable distance. Once he swayed, but at last he stumbled inside and looked back across the clearing. Allison and the horses had already disappeared.

In the shadowy gloom Douglas peered about him. The tiny room was empty, and behind him a narrow passageway opened into an even smaller space. The dust of long disuse lay thick on the floor, and a faint scent of mold and damp earth hung in the air about him.

But those sharp throbs of pain were mounting to his shoulder, and suddenly dizzy, Douglas reeled, then taking up his revolver, cocked it, laid it beside his rifle and sat down, back against the wall.

More comfortable that way the stone felt gratefully cool to his fevered body, his eyes were becoming drowsy. If only—from far away rose the confused shouts of men, and steady himself, Douglas reached for the rifle. His fingers seemed curiously awkward, the rifle so heavy. Men were calling to each other out there, horses were crashing

among the mesquite, coming nearer—if only his right hand wouldn't shake so. Eyes fixed on the narrow entrance, he waited. Fire low, fire low, the words raced through his mind. Wait until they reach the door and fire low. A shout from the lower end of the clearing. That might mean they had picked up Allison's trail. A chorus of answering shouts and the stamp of horses' hoofs. Fittingly the sounds of the chase grew more distant, disappeared.

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(To be continued)

35 Rescued, Fire At Windsor Hotel

PORTLAND, Jan. 29.—(P)—Firemen rescued 35 persons from the Windsor hotel early today when flames cut off the only stairway. One fireman and two residents were overcome by smoke.

Most of the guests were rescued by ladders from fire escapes but firemen found several aged persons, including a blind man, wandering in the smoke-filled hallways.

Loss was estimated at \$2000 by Fire Investigator William Goetz.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—Mr. Roosevelt's economists are blinking from the glaringly bright export reports and changing their minds about the amount of foreign trade to be expected from the war. The highest foreign trade for any month in 10 years was shown in preliminary commerce department figures for December. Shipments of our products abroad increased \$71,000,000 from November.

This has been a little blinding to those prophets who had confidently expected the war would cause a shrinking in the export field and they are not quite sure what to make of it. The increases are only partly due to war orders. Only \$21,000,000 was accounted for by exports of arms and ammunition, leaving a \$50,000,000 increase for all other products.

Officialdom is exceptionally secretive about who is taking what from us. The figures are considered confidential military information in this economic war, but you can bank on these following disclosures.

In the first three months of the war there was no increase to the United Kingdom and France. In December, however, our exports to France were 227 per cent above the previous December, or more than three times as much. December exports to the United Kingdom were up only 5 1/2 per cent over the previous period.

These increases to the two belligerents are largely due to the delay in buying until after the arms embargo of higher prices in November. There were practically no airplane shipments to Great Britain and France during September and October. We shipped about \$25,000,000 worth of planes and parts to Great Britain and France in December. \$2,500,000 in November. This is hardly enough to make a mite of difference in the general export figures.

What Britain has been taking from us in substantial quantities are: Petroleum products, metal

working machinery, trucks, and chemicals. France has been taking all these and in addition copper and cotton.

In the first three months of the war our exports were 17 per cent above last year, entirely due to increased exports to neutrals. Scandinavian countries bought 70 per cent more; Canada about 42 per cent more; Latin-America countries 40 per cent more. Much of the South American export increase was due to metals, notably iron and steel. We also increased shipments to Japan of scrap iron and heavy steel. Russia has been purchasing unprecedented amounts of ferro alloys and copper, apparently for Germany. The reds got more than \$4,000,000 worth of copper in December, four times as much as the preceding month and 4000 times as much as their normal monthly 1933 average.

This foreign demand is continuing to expand up to the present moment. Exports to neutral industrial production is falling to measure up to January seasonal increases. Inside estimates cut the federal reserve board index of production down to 121 in January. Piff off seven points from December.

A further decline to 116 is expected in February; and 111 in March.

This means that the excited war buying by American retailers who wanted to stock up in anticipation of higher prices is beginning to level off. Inventory buying will diminish until the end of February. Then our production will probably be geared to consumption plus exports, which should assure a production level of around 115—not so bad.

How we stand can be measured from the following monthly business chart in which all figures are based on 1923-25 average as 100, and all except payrolls are adjusted for seasonal variations:

	Indus. Prod.	Factory Empl.	Pay-rolls	Freight	Dept. Bldg.
	100	100	100	100	100
Average 1923	100.0	110.4	107.1	111.1	117.1
Average 1932	88.3	45.7	65.5	69.2	28.8
Average 1937	110.0	108.6	102.0	78.2	92.5
Average 1938	86.0	89.7	77.5	62.2	85.6
Average 1939	105.0	96.7	90.7	71.1	88.7
Nov. 1939	124.0	103.4	101.8	82.2	95.8
Dec. 1939	128.0	104.4	103.9	78.2	96.8
Jan. (Est'd.)	121.0	103.0	100.1	78.2	95.8

Eliminating the seasonal factor, production is diminishing only slightly. Steel accounted for two-thirds of the seven point drop. Although the steel rate may go below 80 next month, recent renewed buying of railway equipment will help hold it up. There will be auto buying of steel in the spring.

Retail trade is holding up well. Auto sales are up 20 per cent over a year ago. General consumption of all goods is higher than a year ago.

Textile orders and production are still high. Production of finished durable goods (refrigerators, etc.) and machinery are high. Coal production is high because of abnormally cold weather as well as increased factory production.

Factory employment and payrolls went down in sympathy with the steel decline. Much overtime was cut out in steel mills in January.

Building contracts are down in January due to a freak December figure. TVA started a \$117,000,000 dam project which was put in December figure and shot it up abnormally.

National income index remains steady. Farm income index is up slightly because, although hog prices did not pick up as expected and cattle prices were down, 12 1/2¢ amounts of corn went under government loan and farmers received the cash.

Radio Programs

11:00—This Moving World.
11:15—Portland Police Reports.
11:18—Paul Carter, Organist.
11:30—KOLN 4800 K.
6:00—Market Reports.
6:15—Myrt and Marge.
7:00—Big Sister.
7:30—Bob Garred Reporting.
7:45—This and That.
8:00—Hag Report.
8:30—Consumer News.
8:45—Katie Smith Speaks.
9:00—When a Girl Marries.
9:15—Domestic Relations Trest.
9:45—Our Gal Sunday.
10:00—Goldbergs.
10:15—Life Can Be Beautiful.
10:30—Right to Happiness.
10:45—Mary Lee Taylor.
11:00—Hilltop House.
11:15—Sunset.
11:30—Society Girl.
12:30—News.
12:45—Singing Sam.
1:00—Kitty Kelly.
1:15—Myrt and Marge.
1:45—Sleepmother.
2:00—By Kathleen Norris.
2:15—Deep River Boys.
2:30—It Happened in Hollywood.
2:45—Beatbug Malice.
3:00—Lanny Ross.
3:15—Newspaper.
3:30—Joyce Jordan.
3:45—Today in Europe.
4:00—Newspaper.
4:30—Second Husband.
4:45—Belle Again.
5:00—Dealer in Dreams.
5:15—Hiding Heirs.
5:30—News.
5:45—Tom Mix.
6:00—Concert in Rhythm.
6:15—Little Show.
6:30—Helen Miller Orchestra.
6:45—Americans at Work.
7:00—Sports Huddle.
7:15—Lone Star Andy.
7:30—Jimmy Huggins.
7:45—Tom Mix.
8:00—Helen Miller Orchestra.
8:15—Variety.
8:30—Personality Problems.
8:45—D.A.R.
9:00—Views of the News.
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