

The Oregon Statesman

"No Fear Shall Us: No Fear Shall Ave"
From First Statesman March 28, 1891

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Escape

The magazine Time recently contained the following item:

"Respectable Spinster Margaret Wilson, talented daughter of the late President Woodrow Wilson, donned the voluminous white robes of a disciple of Sri Aurobindo, sought refuge from the world in the Brahmin retreat at Pondichery, India."

Great indeed must have been the spiritual compulsion which drove this granddaughter of a Presbyterian clergyman and daughter of a steadfast churchman to forsake her ancestral faith and adopt the belief and way of life of the Hindus. Was it a revolt against the deplorable world situation which drove her to this decision? Or was it some inner frustration from which her soul craved release? The brief item does not say. The recorded fact however carries its own implication that Miss Wilson found life empty, unsatisfying or terrifying and sought Escape.

This is not a new example of such a retreat. Hermits and anchorites of old time fled from the world to escape from sin, and sought in the cave or the desert a spiritual security which would ensure their souls' salvation. And in this day of pain and sorrow, when each headline makes the heart bleed, there are thousands who would cry out with the Psalmist: "Oh that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest."

Such was the mood of an elderly woman the day Italy declared war on France who said she almost wished the earth might strike a meteor and be broken into bits and lost in space. Escape. . . escape.

But no such fate is in early prospect for this earth. The world will continue its diurnal revolution about the sun. The tide of battle will ebb and flow; wars wax and wane. For humanity as a whole there is no escape in such a simple catastrophe; nor can humanity as a whole find refuge in the placid contemplation of a Hindu retreat. In the sweat of physical labor, in the strain of worry and mental effort human beings must carry on their life-drama on this planet. Not by dodging responsibility will the race go forward, not in hiding out when the season of testing comes; but in drawing on reserves of strength to meet realities and fronting bravely the day's ordeals is there promise of that securer satisfaction which comes from a consciousness of having met life's challenge. Browning strikes the right tone when he praises "One who never turned his back but marched breast forward."

"No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed, fight on, fare ever
There as here."

Enraptured by the scene on the mount of transfiguration the disciples Peter and John and James wanted to erect palaces there for permanent abiding. But Jesus led them down the slope to the valley where a multitude was waiting, and a frantic father was seeking healing for his bedeviled son.

There is a Religion of Escape. There is also, and fortunately, a Religion of Work and of Hope.

The Jackal's Meal

Mussolini, "little Caesar," has now, so far as France is concerned, had his day, the day for which he has been waiting ever since he tipped Starace and some of the others to holler for "Tunisia," "Corsica" and "Nizzia" in the Chamber of Guilds and Fasces months ago. To be sure, the peace is to come; yet the definitive peace is rarely more demanding than an armistice agreed to by a totally vanquished nation. In the present case, in fact, the moderation of the Italian demands on the French nation are a little startling. There had been tales of cession by France of all land east of the Rhone south of the Swiss border; the surrender of all of French Somaliland including the unhappy railroad to Mussolini's New Rome at Addis Ababa; the giving over of all but the poorest of the African lands, long slept as they are in French culture.

The actual armistice terms, however, seem remarkably moderate. The Italians are to keep all territory occupied by their troops while hostilities lasted—an area won at the last moment from shattered French divisions, and even so, not large. They are also to get the railroad from Djibouti, but not, apparently, French Somaliland itself. French ports are to be demilitarized, and the French navy is ordered surrendered. Yet there is no wholesale investment of Nice, Savoy, Provence, Ganguedoc, no taking even of Marseilles or Toulon.

How to explain this end to the war between Italy and France is not on first inspection easy. Yet one wonders if the end is not governed by the same moving force which started it—a moving force named Adolf Hitler.

The peace, in fact, appears to show clearly that however much the Duce may fool himself and his people with respect to the greatness of his army and the conquests of the Italian Empire, he is not fooling the heavy end of the axis even for long enough to suck in a half-metre of spaghetti. Hitler apparently dictated the Italian entry, and Mussolini could not refuse; he is now apparently dictating the ending, nor again can the Duce object. France is Hitler's prisoner; but no less so is Italy herself.

These are matters of importance which may well be transitory; but it is satisfying to observe that, as usual, the jackal got only the least savory parts of the lion's meal, that only after the latter had satisfied himself.

New Alignments

Russian generals are not very clever, but for once their stupidity seems to have been turned to some account. There were reports Friday that the Red army commanders, simply went on invading. And there were more reports, encouraging reports, that the Italians and Germans permitted this fact so to work them up that they got together to guarantee Carol of Rumania's kingdom to him—or as much of it as they thought they could keep from their erst-while comrades in the Kremlin.

In short, the triple axis between Rome, Berlin and Moscow appears to have lost a wheel; and the happy period of indefinite German-Russian cooperation so confidently promised by Ribbentrop last August seems to be as nearly unmoderated as the clothes people were during that month. There is no being sure about these things until facts prove them to be so; but in the meantime there is plenty of ground for reasonable speculation.

What makes the rumor of a Rome-Berlin front against Moscow seem logical is the experience of past history. No German, and especially not Hitler, should ever forget that Bismarck's system of alliances between Russia and Austria, whose place is now taken by Italy, cracked on exactly the same rock of Balkan imperialism. No German, likewise, should ever forget that the indirect result of this experience was for Russia to bind herself to France, and eventually to Britain, to produce the black goblin of all German policy-making: an unfriendly Russia to the east at a time when the German reich is facing enemies in the west.

There are other, more pointed reasons which make a German-Italian-Russian break sound logical. Fascist Italy was conceived as the mortal enemy of communism; and it was to force Marxism out of Italy that Mussolini marched on Rome in 1923. The Fascist eagles rejoiced over the rightist victory in Spain, a victory which meant defeat to the Russians; and Italian official hatred of the "Reds"—reds—has remained consistently virulent ever since in spite of German

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Who is oldest? 6-30-40

person in Marion county who crossed the plains? a question:

An inquiry comes to this desk: "Can you tell me the oldest man or woman in Marion county who crossed the plains to this land of opportunity over the Old Oregon Trail?"

The writer cannot answer with certainty, so the question is passed on to the reader. The person from whom the inquiry came was a candidate. He is W. T. Rigdon of Salem, who came with the great 1850 covered wagon immigration, and will be 92 on his coming birthday, Feb. 16, next, having been born on that day and month of 1848.

Readers of this column know that Polk county, within the immediate trading district of Salem, has a member of the 1847 covered wagon immigration who will be 94 on his next birthday, September 14 next, in the person of John Walling of the Lincoln (or Zena) neighborhood.

On July 26, 1875, W. T. Rigdon began the insertion in a neat little book of a record of the events of his life. He did not pursue that task for long, but what he did write down in his neat firm and plain hand is of interest and worthy of making a part of Oregon history, which is done in the paragraphs that follow:

"In the early part of the 19th century, my father, Thomas Rigdon, emigrated from Pennsylvania to Ohio with his parents. He was a hard working young man of considerable natural ability, having had but little chance in school; had grown into manhood with a limited education. While in Ohio he became acquainted with Anna Townsend, whom he afterward married. She had shortly before come from New York. The fair prospects of building up a home in the then unsettled west, where they might enjoy life to the fullest, induced them to remove to Illinois, where they settled for a short time; but, thinking that they could do better in a newer territory, they went to Iowa, where they lived from about 1847 to 1849, apparently satisfied with their new home.

"In the spring of 1847 or 1848, my father was bitten by a rattlesnake which injured him so much that he was able ever after to work but little, and that during only a short period each year.

"Having heard much in regard to the beautiful climate of the Pacific Coast, he was led to believe that it might be a benefit to him to emigrate to Oregon; but the thoughts of this were almost disheartening to him. His children now numbered three, I being the youngest. I was born in Poweshiek county Iowa, Feb. 16, 1849, and at the time of the proposed removal was quite young and would of course be a great deal of trouble on such a journey. It then took six long months to cross the wild and almost trackless plains. The journey would also be attended with much danger. News of the deprivations committed on the Indians were daily reaching my parents.

"But when one is in poor health and no prospect of recovery except a change of climate, he will run many risks to secure the health of his family. So, in the spring of 1850, the thoughts of the removal resulted in a determination to cross the plains to Oregon. In accordance with this determination, a train was fitted up and the journey begun. My grandparents on my mother's side (the Townsends) joined the train, with many acquaintances. The trip was a long and tiresome one, lasting fully six months. On the arrival in Oregon, it was found to be like all new countries, a hard place to make a living for new immigrants. All the heads of families at once took up land, my father with the rest.

"But before he had been here long he found that the climate of the Willamette valley would not improve his health, and he was induced to try the climate of southeastern Oregon. In the fall of 1852 he and my mother went to Jacksonville, taking with them my oldest sister and my little brother George, an Oregonian, leaving me with my grandparents. Townsend and my sister Lutina, with an uncle by marriage, Jacob Baughman.

"At this point commences my first recollection. I do not remember seeing my father, except on one occasion. He had given me a pet pig, and not long before he went away to southern Oregon. I remember seeing the hogs come running from the woods in great fright, and hearing the squealing of one in the woods. As soon as my father came home, we told him of the fright, and he went in search of the lost—and found that a bear had killed my pet. During this fright, I can distinctly remember seeing my father, but never afterward, nor do I even remember anything of the packing up and starting for Jacksonville. I remember only that they were gone, and I did not feel it my duty to obey the dictates of any one, and, as might be expected, gave my grandparents a great deal of trouble. I was naturally very stubborn and headstrong, but not peevish or unreasoning. None but those now intimately related to me know the vain attempts made to conquer my disposition.

"Not many months after my parents had been gone, one day I went into the house from my play and found the folks in an unusual, solemn mood. My grandmother was crying. My uncle Baughman was holding a letter in his hand. (Turn to page 8, column 1)

"I don't know, Moira; all this sounds pretty risky."

"Well, maybe I'll do as you ask but first I've got to see a certified cheque to cover my canceled contracts, plus the price of the rest of the cargo, plus something as interest."

"Ah, I'm glad you asked for that last, Hugh. Real businessmen have a weakness for extra commissions. Until now I haven't been too sure that you are really what you say you are."

(Turn to page 8, column 1)

efforts to alleviate it. The Russians, in matters like this, are extremely self-conscious, and the impact of Mussolini's speeches has not gone unheeded in the dim passages of the Kremlin.

There is absolutely nothing in the printed reports so far to suggest an Anglo-Russian rapprochement; events so far have been confined to Italy-German moves, with the Russians offering no comment. What the future will hold is another matter; and one can say for the present that the only sure loser, in the tradition of Norway and Finland, is Rumania herself.

Bringing Back the Bacon



'The Cairo Garter Murders'

CHAPTER 26

"I'm going to tell you something, Hugh. By the bye, I'm calling you 'Hugh' just to pique that Black fellow," Moira continued.

Sensing opportunity, he seized it. "Has Miss Black been invited on this so interesting cruise?"

"Yes," Moira said in a matter-of-fact tone, "but she's not coming and you know it. Oh, I won't look deep and mysterious—Stag told me, of course, how she was killed in an auto accident on the desert last night. Well, 'tis no great loss," she continued so calmly that North was left breathless. "But as I was going to say, well—I suppose I shouldn't tell you, but I'm going to—I have a connection with the Anglo-Egyptian police."

"And now you . . . you will help me?" A sudden uprush of eagerness invaded her manner. "You won't find Olive—er—the government ungrateful. I can promise you that whatever you stand to lose by cooperation with me will be amply repaid. Are you game, Captain?"

His deliberation lasted a good two minutes. "I'm game, but I doubt if Messrs. Heinemann and Schlager would be so sporting."

"Why? They'd make just as much."

"So you say. No, on their account I'd have to have some sort of a guarantee covering the sum they expect to clear from the shipment."

"I have dealt with governments before, my dear. Their memory can be lured with the gratitude of kings."

Moira made a quick impatient gesture. "Oh, you stupid! It isn't the government I'm talking about. Tell me, would any certified cheque made out to cash satisfy you?"

He lost her eyes and her reaction momentarily defied his analysis. "I suppose so. But who is this other source of revenue?"

"That I can't tell you," the girl cried softly, "but I think we can get the man I'm after to pay you a huge sum of money."

"At this point commences my first recollection. I do not remember seeing my father, except on one occasion. He had given me a pet pig, and not long before he went away to southern Oregon. I remember seeing the hogs come running from the woods in great fright, and hearing the squealing of one in the woods. As soon as my father came home, we told him of the fright, and he went in search of the lost—and found that a bear had killed my pet. During this fright, I can distinctly remember seeing my father, but never afterward, nor do I even remember anything of the packing up and starting for Jacksonville. I remember only that they were gone, and I did not feel it my duty to obey the dictates of any one, and, as might be expected, gave my grandparents a great deal of trouble. I was naturally very stubborn and headstrong, but not peevish or unreasoning. None but those now intimately related to me know the vain attempts made to conquer my disposition."

"Good. Then that is settled," Moira bent forward until a strand of soft hair brushed his cheek. "Here is what you are to do. When someone, whom you already know, approaches you about these munitions your firm has on the high seas, you will throw in with him. Sell him your entire shipment," she urged, an insatiable, half-mocking cease plucking at her mouth corners. "Will you do this?"

"I don't know, Moira; all this sounds pretty risky."

"Well, maybe I'll do as you ask but first I've got to see a certified cheque to cover my canceled contracts, plus the price of the rest of the cargo, plus something as interest."

"Ah, I'm glad you asked for that last, Hugh. Real businessmen have a weakness for extra commissions. Until now I haven't been too sure that you are really what you say you are."

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then in replacing her glass Moira cast him a slow look. "I'll have that cheque for you after dinner. How much should it be for?"

"One hundred thousand pounds," North said without turning a hair. "Or half a million dollars if you prefer. Half in advance and half on receipt of goods."

She blinked. "You're a hard bargainer, Captain. Well, so be it. I'm thinking you won't be sorry. Now remember what I've said. You're to—"

She got no further because someone had paused at the door and rapped. It proved to be a small Negro boy in a cloth-of-gold turban.

"Monsieur Philpides presents his compliments. If the lady and the gentleman have quite finished their conference, will they kindly come on deck for cocktails?"

The thought that in all probability their recent conversation had overheard left the two staring blankly into each other's faces, and slowly a measure of the color departed from Moira McLeod's cheeks. For once her self-assurance seemed shaken and.

Centennial City gift of our fathers
Vision of brave pioneers;
Give us the courage to fight for the right
Through the next one hundred years.

Now we are facing greed and
Strikes and depressions and
call;
Here in this land that our grandparents left us
There should be plenty for all.
Quaint are the dresses of eighteen
and forty

Blowing ruffled and gay.
May you put on with these old fashioned dresses
Courage of brave yesterday.
My own grandmother was just a we lady,
Yet—could you walk where
had ended
Leaving her home and all things familiar
Just the baby, her husband and God.

Many a mile she carried the baby,
Hushing his sick fretful cry;
And when at nightfall his life here
Bravely she kissed him goodbye.
Ahead of the wagons the baby was buried
So that hoof track and wagon track hid
From the eyes of the savage
who followed their footsteps.
The forests and foothills amid.
Yes, our grandparents had courage unflinching.
Faith in an Omnipotent Guide.
Believing full well that when
other help vanished
God would in some way provide.
Yes, they believed in predestination.
Are we much wiser today?
They fought their battles with
sickness and Indians;
Dangers each step of the way.
Gay Whiteknives in yesterday's costumes
Have you the courage to fight?
Not to kill one who is almost a brother
But to change wrong into right.
And you fair ladies—do you
don with the dresses
Courage your grandmothers had!

Proving your right to the heritage left you.
Then you are worthily clad.
Each one who helps with this gay celebration
Should this old challenge renew
Leave this fair land to the next generation.
Fair as it passed down to you.
CLARA MINAID.

KEEL—SUNDAY—1940 Ke.
8:00—Handel Choir.
8:15—News.
8:20—Streams of Grace.
8:30—Sunday Morning Meditation.
8:40—Songbook.
8:50—Son of David, Organ.
9:00—Winger and Alexander Orchestra.
9:10—Romance of the Highway.
9:20—London News and Neville Chamberlain.
9:30—American Lutheran Church.
9:40—Bill McKeen Orchestra.
9:50—Society of the Church.
10:00—Rendevous.
10:10—Blue Baron's Orchestra.
10:20—Madame's Orchestra.
10:30—Harry James Orchestra.
10:40—Tropical Serenade.
10:50—Bill McKeen—Berlin News.
11:00—Musical Interlude.
11:10—Eddie Duchin Orchestra.
11:20—American Forum of the Air.
11:30—Old Fashioned Revival Hour.
11:40—News.
11:50—Symphonic Hour.
12:00—Hits and Encores.
12:10—Paddy Martin Orchestra.
12:20—Bill McKeen.
12:30—Tonight's Headlines.
12:40—Pastor's Study.
12:50—Edward Keller Orchestra.
1:00—News.
1:10—Musical Memories.
1:20—Our Friends Neighbors.
1:30—March of Childhood.
1:40—Elbert LaSalle, Organist.
1:50—Vocal Parade.
2:00—News.

KEEL—SUNDAY—1940 Ke.
7:15—Sunday Song Service.
7:30—Dr. Brock.
7:40—Clara's Music Hall.
7:50—The Quilt Hour.
8:00—Al and Lee Reiser Orchestra.
8:10—Romance of the Highway.
8:20—Foreign Policy Association.
8:30—Tapestry Musical.
8:40—Basin Street Chamber Music.
8:50—Family Altar Hour.
9:00—Back Home Hour.
9:10—Hotel Edison Orchestra.
9:20—Carols of Hope.
9:30—Magnolia Blossoms.
9:40—Sunday Concert.
9:50—Life and Planning.
10:00—Paul Canyon, Organist.
10:10—Will Song.
10:20—Everybody Sing.
10:30—Let's Go to Work.
10:40—Bill McKeen.
10:50—Bill McKeen.
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1:50—Bill McKeen.
2:00—Bill McKeen.

KEEL—SUNDAY—1940 Ke.
8:00—West Coast Church.
8:15—Bill McKeen.
8:30—Church of the Air.
8:40—Shirley to America.
8:50—Columbia Symphony Orchestra.
9:00—News.
9:10—Selling Sealant.
9:20—Veteran Steamboatmen.
9:30—Old Songs of the Church.
9:40—Windy Breeze.
9:50—News of the World.
10:00—John D. Hamilton.
10:10—Bill McKeen.
10:20—Bill McKeen.
10:30—Bill McKeen.
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News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Today it seems just as probable that the first news that there would be a formidable national movement developing for him led this column, BUT . . .

Mr. Roosevelt may choose Fiorello LaGuardia, the New York mayor, for the democratic nomination, if he can get away with it. Feelers are out. LaGuardia has a friend who has been sitting on the arm of Mr. Roosevelt's chair for months, the former LaGuardia braintruster, Adolph Berle, who has been acting in that same capacity at the White House since he was borrowed by the president from the New York city hall. Not for that reason but chiefly because of the political necessity of the New York labor unionist has assumed logical proportions in many a White House eye. He is simply the only public figure they can see on the reform horizon who has a chance—aside from Mr. Roosevelt himself—to stand up to the republican nominee in intelligence or ability. None of the other alternatives for Roosevelt in the New Deal coterie measures up to what is required—the political necessities of vigorous campaigning, forceful appearance, shrewd judgment, in their not-very-humble opinion.

Mr. Roosevelt does not want it personally, at least he does not on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays. The physical requirements of the tedious international and defense job he has been going through and will continue to go through have added probably insurmountable obstacles to another four years. Forced to cast about for a man, it is not unnatural that he would look for the ablest exponent of his point of view now that the republicans have chosen, with an utter disregard for the usual strictly party considerations, the ablest spokesman of the opposite viewpoint.

LaGuardia, of course, would be a bitter pill for many a democratic leader to swallow. But Mr. Roosevelt has the water to wash it down—the heavy majority of delegates to the forthcoming convention. He dominates them so completely, to the exclusion of the influence of the regular party leaders from the usual strictly party considerations, that he could nominate practically anyone.

NOTE — LaGuardia does not now represent the choice of the Roosevelt leftwing group. They have been talking up Suprenant, Chief Justice Douglas the past few days. In the end, of course, they will bow to Roosevelt's better political judgment.

Never was a nomination handled more efficiently than Wilkie's at Philadelphia. His is probably

the only nomination of the con- dition system since Bryan that struggled up from nothing without making deals with the various factional party leaders. The surface scene is completely clear of any possible promises made by him to get the nomination. The only suggestion of an inside premise I heard at Philadelphia was that Wilkie informed all the leaders he would "let the republican party choose the cabinet." That did not win him any factional support, however. The baiting showed he did not owe his nomination to Pew, Hoover, Dewey, Taft or any of the big blocs of votes. The London people came over to him early, but probably only because Hoover was throwing to Taft. When Vandenberg swung Michigan to him, he was already in.

That seems to leave him freer than a candidate usually is. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.

Says US and Japan May Fight in Year

CORVALLIS, June 29.—(AP)—The United States may be in conflict with Japan before the end of the year over interference with East Indian trade lanes to rubber and tin sources, Dr. Clayton D. Carus said yesterday.

Dr. Carus, University of Southern California foreign trade expert and exchange professor at the Oregon State college summer session, said the first step toward a conflict would be a Japanese move on the straits settlement and Java, probably in July.

This, he asserted, might be followed by a United States naval blockade of Japan.

McNary Can Ride Old High-Wheeler

THE DALLES, Ore., June 29.—(AP)—Friends chuckled today over Senator Charles McNary's feats on an ancient high-wheeler bicycle here.

The republican party's vice-presidential nominee, they recalled, spied the bike while attending the Port Dalles fete four years ago. They found him later, peddling the tricky cycle furiously and boasting he hadn't lost his skill in 40 years.

OSC Secretary III

CORVALLIS, June 29.—(AP)—Serious illness may keep W. A. Jensen, veteran Oregon State college executive secretary, away from his duties indefinitely, physicians said today.

Radio Programs

KEEL—SUNDAY—1940 Ke.
8:00—Handel Choir.
8:15—News.
8:20—Streams of Grace.
8:30—Sunday Morning Meditation.
8:40—Songbook.
8:50—Son of David, Organ.
9:00—Winger and Alexander Orchestra.
9:10—Romance of the Highway.
9:20—London News and Neville Chamberlain.
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9:40—Bill McKeen Orchestra.
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2:00—News.

KEEL—MONDAY—1940 Ke.
9:30—Hillman Melodies.
7:30—News.
7:45—Melody Lane.
8:00—Breakfast Club.
8:30—News.
8:40—Bess Bay.
8:45—Carter's Elm Street.
9:00—Pastor's Call.
9:15—Melody Lane.
9:30—Keep It to Yourself.
10:00—News.
10:10—Hillman Melodies.
10:15—Hillman Melodies.
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11:00—Musical Interlude.
11:10—Eddie Duchin Orchestra.
11:20—American Forum of the Air.
11:30—Old Fashioned Revival Hour.
11:40—News.
11:50—Symphonic Hour.
12:00—Hits and Encores.
12:10—Paddy Martin Orchestra.
12:20—Bill McKeen.
12:30—Tonight's Headlines.
12:40—Pastor's Study.
12:50—Edward Keller Orchestra.
1:00—News.
1:10—Musical Memories.
1:20—Our Friends Neighbors.
1:30—March of Childhood.
1:40—Elbert LaSalle, Organist.
1:50—Vocal Parade.
2:00—News.

KEEL—MONDAY—1940 Ke.
9:30—Hillman Melodies.
7:30—News