

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Shown Us: No Fear Shall Ave"
From First Statesman March 22, 1851

THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING CO.
CHARLES A. SPRAGUE, President
Member of The Associated Press

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"All out" for the Centennial

For many months past, hundreds of Salem citizens—a constantly increasing number—have been working diligently upon various tasks looking toward the observance of Salem's Centennial. He is, indeed, a rare citizen whose daily routine has not been altered to some degree by participation in these preparations, even though the change consist merely in refraining from the habitual operation of a safety razor.

Currently some 2500 persons are engaged in the more positive and painstaking task of rehearsal for the Centennial pageant. Numberless other detailed duties in connection with the staging of the five-day program and the handling of the crowds expected to visit Salem for the celebration, have been assigned.

But now Centennial week is only three weeks away. And Independence day, the last generally distracting public event prior to the Centennial, is past. It is time for Salem's entire population to go "all out" for the Centennial.

In view of the fact that Salem has attempted no such civic demonstration as this for many years, a certain amount of skepticism concerning its ability to stage a "gigantic, stupendous, colossal" celebration such as has been promised, is pardonable. There may be some Doubting Thomases who conceive that it will be rather an amateurish performance.

It is not possible, of course, to admit all such persons to pageant rehearsals in order to prove the contrary, for the Centennial must depend to a considerable extent upon local patronage for its financial success. About all that can be said is that the press has been exercising its usual prerogative of wandering behind the scenes, and has seen preparations which convince its members that the Centennial pageant and the other events of the big celebration will be the equal of anything ever staged in the Pacific Northwest.

Comparisons are odious. Mention has been made of the Eugene Trail to Rail exposition. Let us not suggest that the Centennial will be bigger and better—after all, Eugene postponed its celebration in deference to Salem, loaned its director and has been helping with the technical arrangements. All we can say is, that to persons who have seen the Eugene performance, the Salem Centennial pageant will not suffer by comparison.

Imagine a stage 350 feet wide, arranged with separate levels and scenes for the various historical epochs to be portrayed, and with ingenious lighting arrangements whereby each of these scenes become the center of attention in turn. Imagine a cast which will number approximately 3000 when finally mustered, with hundreds of principals portraying these various episodes, re-living the outstanding events of Salem's history and, unavoidably, much of the history of the great Oregon territory, in which Salem played so prominent a role.

Salem may be a bit unaccustomed to such an effort but, to make up for that, its preparations are inspired by an outstanding event such as comes but once a century. We have every reason for confidence that those charged with responsibility for staging a suitable celebration of this event will "make good" to the satisfaction of the most exacting critic.

But the Centennial is "everybody's show." It is the duty of every Salem citizen, in these final weeks of preparation, to support it in every way possible and, when the celebration opens, to turn out en masse for the big show. Its benefits in the way of enhanced recognition as a key city of the Pacific Northwest, will accrue to all of us. "All out" for the Centennial.

Hitler's Darkness

Of late much use has been made of such metaphors as "the lamps going out over Europe, not to be lighted in our time," (Lord Grey's famous remark); "the darkness of Hitler spreading," and similar literary or semi-literary allusions to the encroachment of National-Socialist ideas and ideals over western Europe.

Such phrases, used at first with an underlying feeling that the darkness, like night, would soon flee before the dawn of a better era, have more recently denoted a growing consciousness that the brave new world of Hitler may be here to stay. But whether used with serious intent or only as a figure of speech, it is becoming increasingly clear that in all actuality darkness is engulfing Europe, and that the continent, so far as complete or clear accounts, uncontaminated with the propaganda of the conqueror, of peoples' lives is concerned, is as far removed from England or America as the Africa of Stanley's day.

The fate of Poland is familiar. She lasted for a month, was conquered, and thereafter no news came of her, except the stifled utterances of the slave-master "gouvernement general" which Hitler established over her wreckage. Then there were Denmark and Norway, both at one time copious sources of news on the progress of the war and continental conditions in general; they were both overrun, and now exist only as silent patches in a Europe where all the talking is done by the German propaganda ministry.

Belgium and Holland were next to go, and now the Nazi regime has asked all nations to withdraw their ministers as well as their newspaper correspondents from the remains of those states. The conclusion is that all diplomacy will be made in Germany, as well as all accounts of conditions on the continent.

The last candle to flicker and go out was France. On June 28 Havas, the chief French news agency which normally poured a steady stream of French-flavored information into New York, could only identify itself, say "good morning" and "end day report," and close its wire with a spurt of incoherent figures and letters. Since then there has been nothing from France but what Herr Goebbels has been pleased to write, and copies of certain official communications. The rest, as Horatio remarked, is silence.

Now there is only England, which has her own rigid censorship, and a few unreliable sources such as Portugal which remain free for the transmission of information untouched by German hands. How long this will last, no man can say, though many think that night, in all truth, must fall. If worst comes to the worst, and Goering sits in Whitehall, the blackness will be total, news will be sermonizing, and the threat that history will be Nazi propaganda will be reality. Another institution, that of free expression, which originated in Europe, will have vanished.

Scratched Tootsies

Our paper a few days ago reported that over at Silverton complaints were being heard because the concrete of the new swimming pool was given a rough finish and the kiddies were skinning their tootsies-wootsies on it. Well, what's the world coming to anyhow? Ask the oldtimers what they put up with when they went swimming. Maybe they had to sneak off because their fearful mothers wouldn't let them go; and then had to lie out in the hot sun to dry their hair so mother wouldn't discover a tell-tale wetness.

They all went barefoot, the whole gang of them, down the weedy path to the creek or river. On hot days their soles burned on the hot rocks, and the sharp ones cut gashes in their feet. They stripped their shirts and breeches off, hung them on a willow branch or dropped them on the clean sand. The swimming was in the "altogether," and sometimes when

Bits for Breakfast

By E. J. HENDRICKS

Who is oldest person in Marion county who crossed the plains? a question: (Concluding from yesterday.) "In the month of June I attended the camp meeting on Rock creek in Clackamas county. Here I was again greatly blessed by the divine spirit. My friends again urged upon me the necessity of my improving my gift as they called it. I still declined as before and for the same reason.

"From this time I felt more interest in education than ever before, and my blessed hopes came to life, the mist cleared away somewhat, and at the time of my visit to Salem to attend the teachers' institute I was in good spirits and full of hope. My conversion and desire to get wisdom probably led me to take more interest in the University and its faculty.

"Bro. Allen, P. C., and Bro. Stratton, P. E., both furnished me books during the summer while teaching my school. I at first thought I could satisfy myself by simply reading, but after my visit to Salem I found it would be impossible to do it in that way. So, as before said, I determined to shape my affairs so as to spend the winter or part of it in the Willamette University.

"A company of four young men was formed, a house was rented in what is known as 'Strating Town' in the southeastern part of Salem, and by October we had entered the school. We did our own cooking and much of the time our own washing. Most of us had some experience in house-keeping, one of the company being a brother to my mother and had 'bached' with me during some of the months of my stay in Silverton in 1887-8. My brother George, who was always handy in the kitchen, was another of the number, and my cousin, H. Baughman, son of the uncle before mentioned, was also in the company. His mother died while he was not yet grown, and, having but one sister and she younger than himself, he had of necessity learned the culinary economy very well and was a good help to the little company. Sometimes our company consisted of more than the four mentioned. Cousin John Baughman was with us a while, and one Millard F. Leamon roomed with us a short time. During our stay here our old friend Magone often visited us and gave us valuable counsel.

"After a brief stay of five months enjoying the privileges of the school in the highest and forming pleasant acquaintanceships almost without number, and forming lasting associations, it became necessary to quit the school. I stayed until I had exhausted all the means I could command, which were very small at best, and had contracted a debt of \$30. So I left under circumstances of financial embarrassment to be added to the debt already hanging over my head, for which Uncle Baughman was security.

"I was again offered the Grassy Pond school where I had taught my two first terms in 1879. This place like the one where I taught the summer before, was easily reached from home. This induced me to take the school. I succeeded in getting the directors of the Elliott school (where I had taught the previous summer) to employ my friend John Magers, who roomed with me while attending the teachers' institute, as before related. He had also attended school in the winter at the University and was classed with me. He made his home at our house while teaching; this gave us both an ample opportunity to study together, which opportunity was partially embraced.

"A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and so it proved in this case. I had taught with almost uninterrupted peace until the latter part of the second month, when a serious trouble broke out in school in reference to a slug-shot carried by a boy at the school. I ferreted the matter out as best I could and punished the offender. Many false reports were circulated in regard to the matter, one of the directors taking up against me. This so exasperated me that I resigned my position as teacher of the school. I then again went to work on the place. When the harvest season arrived I went out to work until near the close of the harvest when I was taken quite sick with the fever. This kept me reduced for about three months.

"I had again made arrangements to attend the University the coming winter and when school opened in September, I sent my half-sister Lora, thinking I would soon be able to meet her at her home. When I had partially recovered I started to school, but my sickness had so depleted my finances and discouraged my mind that after attending one month I asked for a dismissal, which was granted.

"I then (1873) took a small school at Marion Station on the Oregon & California (now Southern Pacific) railroad, in Marion county. This school I taught three months. Before the expiration of this school contract, I received an offer (September, 1873) to teach as an assistant in the Jefferson Institute.

"This I accepted, and, after teaching three months, I became the principal of the Institute, which position I held until March 31, 1875, when I resigned to engage in the drug business in Jefferson, where I now am.

(So ends the story of the pioneering portion of the life of

W. T. Rignold. Upon arrival in Oregon, the Rignold family went first to the neighborhood of the site of Woodburn, where the Bonneys had settled in 1846, having come as far as Fort Sutter in 1845 and accomplished the rest of the journey overland the next spring. The Bonneys were intermarried with the Townsends, and Rignold's mother was a Townsend of the same stock.)

"('String Town' in Salem at the time Mr. Rignold attended Willamette university was the section running along South Mill creek near where the Southern Pacific passenger depot is now. In that section Hon. W. C. Hawley lived while he attended Willamette university, of which he later became president, and the longest time near where Congress who ever represented Oregon in the nation's legislative halls.)

they emerged from the water they had to "chaw raw beef" because some trespasser had tied knots in their clothes. Stone bruises, sand burrs, sunburn, that was the price the older generation paid for their swimming. Those were the days of real sport. Now we build fine concrete swimming pools, temper the water, chlorinate it, provide instructors, life guards, require suits and towels. We certainly are doing our best to breed a generation of softies.

Keeping Our Fingers Crossed



"The Cairo Garter Murders"

By Van Wyck Mason

CHAP. XXII
He was wrong—out the dahabeah's anchoring. Laila had been losing weight in order to tie up at one of the countless embankments dotting the lower Nile.

Around five o'clock dawn commenced to break. Selecting a dark business suit, he donned it, then crossed to the deck and penned a brief note to his host. Infinitely he regretted that a matter, forgotten but all-important to many people, claimed his presence in Cairo—very early. He would send to the dahabeah for his bag. He thanked Mr. Phillipides very much for one of the most memorable evenings of his life.

Donning a pair of crepe rubber-soled shoes, the departing guest then set a brown felt hat on his head and reentered his cabin's door, inch by inch, easing down the head of a slender, ready hanging over my head, for which Uncle Baughman was security.

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recaptured self-control. Thank goodness, she had not recognized him! North sprang for a light switch, but he plunged the cabin in darkness he glimpsed a heap of disordered clothing on a chair. What crystallized his attention was an impression of a garter, black and elaborately shirred. Unfortunately he had no time to see whether there was any decoration attached.

Laila had caught her breath sharply—to scream? No. As he hurriedly stepped out into the hall, something suspiciously like a giggle followed him. It required no great skill to gain the deck and, in the first gray light appeared in the direction of Arabia and Palestine, North dodged ashore and struck off toward the not distant village. He was able to route from alumbor an East Indian storekeeper who kept an automobile in his compound. North made a dicker for transportation to Cairo.

The C.I.D. Bureau was at the hour of five-thirty silent as the grave; a couple of sleepy-eyed native inspectors were on duty. "Clive Bimbashi! Where is he?" North demanded of a stalwart Egyptian sergeant. "Allah knows, Effendi," the blue-coated figure replied gloomily. "His honor went out early yesterday evening. He is not returned. He tried to reach you, but could not. Something very bad has happened."

North stiffened to meet the disquieting "What?" "For answer the sergeant led him into an adjoining office in which a group of European police officers were gloomily regarding a small wooden box that contained a human thumb, neatly severed, lying upon a pad of cotton batting.

"Note with it said it was Major Kilgour—he's the new Military Intelligence bloke they sent down from England to show us how to handle the garter murders."

"The chief inspector is furious," continued the constable. "Sir George Ruthven ordered every available constable and inspector in Cairo to search for Major Kilgour."

Struck by a sudden recollection, North inquired about the search of Natika's home. Nothing of an interesting nature had come to light, he learned; no incriminating correspondence, no garters—nothing. The servants were in no way suspicious. Quickly North rallied from his disappointment, took the grisly thumb, hurried into the laboratory and set to work. When he had finished, North announced to the constables: "It appears that Mr. Armstrong is lying."

"Lying, sir? 'Ow do you make that out?" "Constable, the amputation's precision suggests it was performed either on a dead or an unconscious body. The unwillingness of the blood to dissolve, however, proves that this finger has not been severed from a recently living subject."

(To be continued)

Errol Flynn Returns
HOLLYWOOD, July 6.—(AP)—Errol Flynn, motion picture actor, arrived by plane Friday after a six weeks' flying tour of 31 Latin American nations. At the airport he entered an ambulance for his home, declaring he was suffering from a high fever.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—If you ask national defense officials how the big program is going, you will be informed "great—couldn't be better," but a more thorough search down deep inside will detect some disappointment and surprise at the fiscal delays that have been encountered. The question of when this country will be ready for any emergency is clearly still undetermined.

What started out as a program to produce 1000 planes a day within six months, for instance, has turned out to be a program which will bring 200 engines per month, starting 10 months from now.

This much was virtually announced by the national defense advisory commission in making public the deal with Packard Motors for 3000 aircraft engines (6000 for Britain, 3000 for us). Tooling the plant will require 16 months, and a maximum production of 640 per month cannot be reached for 15 months. This compares with the fabled Ford deal which promised 1000 planes a day in six months time.

No lack of speed is evident in the defense commission, but as the chief of staff, General Arnold, once told a congressional committee: It takes a hen 31 days to hatch an egg, and no matter what you or the hen may do, it cannot be accomplished faster. Of course, you can get two hens and double the number of eggs you will receive, but it will still take 31 days from the time you start.

Those in charge are proud of their record of having let \$14,210,000 of contracts in the first few weeks of operation up to July 6, out of the billions that have been appropriated. Nine contracts for war materials have been let. The swiftest producing contract will start delivering actual material within six months. The slowest will probably take a year. For instance, a \$5,400,000 contract for light motorized tanks with an Ohio motor company will probably not bring the first tank

for 12 months. A \$4,500,000 purchase of anti-aircraft fire control devices will probably bring the first devices in six months, as the contractor has already operating along those productive lines. An order of \$900,000 for submarine guns may require six to eight months; \$800,000 for anti-aircraft gun carriages, 10 months to a year.

Three for anti-aircraft fire control appliances, \$300,000 to one console, \$700,000 to another, and \$520,000 to the third, upon which deliveries will not be swift because the concerns are not now manufacturing the devices. An order for \$240,000 for periscope telescopes and parts is expected to bring faster action.

With all the drive and force that the president and his efficient business leaders, Messrs. Knudsen and Stettinius, are putting into the effort, it appears, therefore, that their initial ambitious goals have retreated. Remnants of minor displeasure with Ford are still evident in administration quarters although no criticism has been offered publicly. Negotiations were started with Ford May 31 and the substitute Packard contract developed July 3, which means at least a month was lost by the fare of the Ford deal.

Ford could have tooling his plant at least two months faster than anyone else because of his vast facilities, and while there is some inclination here within officialdom to doubt his announced promise to produce 1000 planes a day within six months, his facilities would no doubt have permitted faster results than will now be possible.

Failure of the negotiations is attributed by officials to a misunderstanding by Edsel Ford of his father's wishes. Edsel did not understand his father would decline the two-thirds of the contract which was British.

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Radio Program

KWLS—SUNDAY—1240 Kc. 8:00—Fidelity Singing Society. 8:30—Songs of Great Britain. 9:00—Sunday Morning Meditation. 9:15—Winger and Alexander. 9:30—American Wildlife. 9:45—Music in a Mellow Mood. 10:00—Tommy Tucker Orchestra. 10:15—Romance of the Highway. 10:30—Palmer House Orchestra. 10:45—American Lutheran Church. 11:00—El Paso Troubadors. 11:30—Nobody's Children. 1:00—Young People's Church. 1:00—Address: Acoustics. 2:00—Bendavous. 2:30—A.D. Swim Meet. 3:00—Tropical Serenade. 3:30—Burlesque—Gloria Schmitz. 4:00—Musical Interlude. 4:15—Teddy Harts Orchestra. 4:30—American Forum of the Air. 5:00—Old Fashioned Revival Hour. 6:00—News. 6:15—Symphonic Hour. 7:00—Edie and Encore. 7:15—Bob Hines Orchestra. 7:45—McFarland Twins Orchestra. 8:00—Tonight's Headlines. 8:15—Pastor's Study. 8:30—Command Performance. 11:15—Musical Memories. 11:30—Back Home Hour. 11:45—Jazz. 12:00—Hal Howard Orchestra.	KWLS—SUNDAY—1160 Kc. 7:15—Sunday Song Service. 7:30—L. R. Brock. 8:00—Radio City Music Hall. 9:00—The Quiet Hour. 9:30—Laf and Found Items. 10:00—Tennessee Serenade. 10:30—Travels of a Song. 10:45—Salem Billboards. 11:00—Tennessee Serenade. 11:15—Foreign Policy Association. 11:30—Tapestry Musical. 11:45—Sunday Vespers. 12:00—Basin Street Chamber Music. 1:00—Family Altar Hour. 1:15—News. 1:30—Lifelong Planning. 1:45—Paul Carson, Organist. 2:00—Good Will and Love. 2:30—Everybody Sings. 2:45—Let's Go to Work. 3:00—News. 3:15—Noted St. Francis Orchestra. 3:30—Ball Stars Sports News Reel. 3:45—A Bookman's Notebook. 4:00—News. 4:15—Arabian Nights. 10:00—Florentine Gardens Orchestra. 10:30—Family Altar Hour. 10:45—Portland Police Reports. 11:45—Band Music.	KWLS—SUNDAY—830 Kc. 8:00—Sunday Sunrise Program. 8:30—Wings and Waves. 9:00—Red Cross Program. 9:30—Silver Strings. 10:00—Tennessee Serenade. 10:30—Chicago House Table. 11:00—Stars of Today. 11:45—Jazz. 12:00—Gateway to Musical Highways. 12:45—News. 1:15—Three Cheers. 1:30—Stars of Today. 1:45—Jazz. 2:00—Beat the Band. 2:30—Professor Puzzlewilt. 3:00—Band Wagon. 4:00—News. 4:15—One Man's Family. 4:30—McFarland Twins Go-Round. 5:00—Album of Familiar Music. 6:00—Hour of Stars. 6:30—Jazz. 7:00—Amateur Press News. 7:15—Jazz. 7:30—Valley View. 8:15—The Parker Family. 8:30—Night Rider. 8:45—Green Hornet Hotel Orchestra. 9:00—Colony Club Orchestra. 9:15—News Flash. 9:30—Bardic to Dramatic. 11:00—El Taberna Club Orchestra.	KWLS—SUNDAY—240 Kc. 8:00—West Coast Church. 8:15—Laf and Found Items. 9:00—Church of the Air. 9:30—March of Ganes. 10:00—Columbia Symphony Orchestra. 10:30—Invitation to Learning. 10:45—Jazz. 11:00—Old Songs of the Church. 11:30—Melody Ranch. 11:45—News of the World. 12:00—William Wallace in Recital. 1:00—News. 1:15—Summer Hour. 1:30—Take It or Leave It. 1:45—Fiddle Faddle. 2:00—Jazz. 2:15—Leon F. Drews, Organ. 2:30—March of Ganes. 3:00—Happy Stars Orchestra. 3:30—News. 3:45—Hour Serenade. 4:15—Let's Go to Work. 4:30—East of the Sun. 4:45—Jazz. 5:00—Benny Goodman Orchestra. 5:15—Johnny Richards Orchestra. 5:30—Jazz. 5:45—Manly Strad Orchestra.	KWLS—MONDAY—1240 Kc. 8:00—Kilimanjaro Melodies. 8:30—Jazz. 9:00—Melody Lane. 9:15—Jazz. 9:30—Jazz. 9:45—Jazz. 10:00—Jazz. 10:15—Jazz. 10:30—Jazz. 10:45—Jazz. 11:00—Jazz. 11:15—Jazz. 11:30—Jazz. 11:45—Jazz. 12:00—Jazz.	KWLS—MONDAY—1160 Kc. 7:15—Kilimanjaro Melodies. 7:30—Jazz. 7:45—Jazz. 8:00—Jazz. 8:15—Jazz. 8:30—Jazz. 8:45—Jazz. 9:00—Jazz. 9:15—Jazz. 9:30—Jazz. 9:45—Jazz. 10:00—Jazz. 10:15—Jazz. 10:30—Jazz. 10:45—Jazz. 11:00—Jazz. 11:15—Jazz. 11:30—Jazz. 11:45—Jazz. 12:00—Jazz.	KWLS—MONDAY—830 Kc. 8:00—Kilimanjaro Melodies. 8:30—Jazz. 9:00—Melody Lane. 9:15—Jazz. 9:30—Jazz. 9:45—Jazz. 10:00—Jazz. 10:15—Jazz. 10:30—Jazz. 10:45—Jazz. 11:00—Jazz. 11:15—Jazz. 11:30—Jazz. 11:45—Jazz. 12:00—Jazz.	KWLS—MONDAY—240 Kc. 8:00—West Coast Church. 8:15—Laf and Found Items. 9:00—Church of the Air. 9:30—March of Ganes. 10:00—Columbia Symphony Orchestra. 10:30—Invitation to Learning. 10:45—Jazz. 11:00—Old Songs of the Church. 11:30—Melody Ranch. 11:45—News of the World. 12:00—William Wallace in Recital. 1:00—News. 1:15—Summer Hour. 1:30—Take It or Leave It. 1:45—Fiddle Faddle. 2:00—Jazz. 2:15—Leon F. Drews, Organ. 2:30—March of Ganes. 3:00—Happy Stars Orchestra. 3:30—News. 3:45—Hour Serenade. 4:15—Let's Go to Work. 4:30—East of the Sun. 4:45—Jazz. 5:00—Benny Goodman Orchestra. 5:15—Johnny Richards Orchestra. 5:30—Jazz. 5:45—Manly Strad Orchestra.
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