

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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Halfway to the Centennial

In company with the rest of Salem, The Statesman is today turning back the pages. With us this is simpler, for we have the pages, literally, to turn back. The Statesman is only 11 years younger than Salem. Its files for the '80s are fairly complete. The quoted editorials are from papers of that period, when Salem was approximately "halfway to the Centennial."

R. J. Hendricks, still an active Statesman worker daily contributing his "Bits for Breakfast" column, was associated with George Saubert in publishing The Statesman in 1885, the year in which these editorials appeared, and doubtless wrote some of them. The one written in the first person is from the regular weekly feature "Our Saturday Night" which appeared in the editorial column each Sunday morning, written by Ned H. Pell.

Here are some of the thoughts which appeared in The Statesman in 1885 when the nation was struggling out of a depression, when the death of General Grant was the nationwide topic of conversation, when "mugwump" was current slang, when the "swamp land scandal" enlivened Oregon affairs and when this newspaper had no love for its contemporary, the Oregonian:

Horace Greeley, the democratic candidate for president in 1872, said: "All democrats are not horse thieves, but all horse thieves are democrats."—Ohio State Journal.

The explanation recently made that Mr. Cleveland made the appointment of a horse thief out in Colorado, who had served three terms in the penitentiary, on the recommendation of the leading republicans of that state, some way or other doesn't seem to carry any comfort to the mind of the average democrat. . . . Is the president himself a mugwump?

A cyclone gathered itself up and swept over the south at the rate of 80 miles an hour on August 25th. They have had waterspouts in Nebraska, grasshoppers in California, seventeen year locusts in Indiana and cyclones in the south, east and Mississippi river valleys this season. They have woman suffrage in Washington and Wyoming territories, Ben Butler in Massachusetts, Foraker in Ohio and the democrats in power in Washington. But Oregon, fortunate and blessed Oregon, is free from all such pests. It has only the legislature and "swamp lands."

I see that the famous "swamp land" question is up again for public disapproval. "Hen" Owens and his crowd are again being hauled over the coals of popular censure. "Hen" is used to this. It's got to be a part of his diet. His whisky don't go down well before breakfast if somebody hasn't just reminded him in print or otherwise that he is a big fraud or a public thief. "Hen" now claims a good part of the fair and gentle Oregon, and the only reason he don't lasso the earth is that the whole concern can't be entered under the swamp land act.

John L. Sullivan, the drunken brute who has carried the belt as the champion bruiser of the world for some time, met a man called Dominick McCaffrey at Cincinnati one night last week, and John L. was licked in the opinion of everybody else but the referee. McCaffrey has challenged Sullivan to fight him with bare knuckles for the championship of the world, and the "mill" will come off soon in Wyoming, or some place where they can pummel each other "to the finish" without being arrested. Sullivan has been the bully of the world long enough. He should be whipped so badly that he will henceforth try to be a gentleman.

The Portland News is now getting a full telegraphic report, and not filling in with "raised dates" or "grape vine" dispatches. Their report is almost, if not often quite, as good as the Oregonian's, and marching steadily ahead. Its patronage is increasing, and with men with brains, means and industry at the helm, its prospects were never brighter. . . . The "mighty" always fall sooner or later, and in this case it looks as if it will be sooner.

Harvey Scott is a disgrace to Oregon journalism, and he should resign his position at once. If he persists in inflicting his vapors upon the public through the "great daily," people will soon lose confidence in newspaper "influence." For heaven's sake, Harvey, go feed yourself to the cows.

In these days of "unconscious plagiarism" and "assimilation of ideas," an original idea is a lighthouse on the sea of journalism. Even this is not original. In fact nothing original has been said for the last 47 years.—Daily Astorian.

What, then, was the last original thing ejaculated? Was it when the governor of North Carolina remarked to the occupant of the gubernatorial cushioned seat of South Carolina that "it's a long time between drinks"?—August 2, 1885.

At their meeting this evening the city council will be invited to consider the practicality of numbering the business houses and residence of this city. . . . It has come to be the general feeling that an ordinance similar to this one should be passed. Salem has outgrown the dimensions of a village. It is a city in size, and large enough to be in other particulars.—August 4, 1886.

The Corvallis papers are sparring, editorially, over the question of who is the best grammarian and spellist. Any one who can't spell a word more than one way hasn't got much genius, and a newspaper man who will let a little thing like grammar get in his way when he wants to say anything is no true journalist.

The press of this state generally, the Oregonian, of course, always excepted, is uniting in speaking words of encouragement for the coming (state) fair.

The "manly art" is attracting some attention in our own loved state. Within four weeks from last Saturday Mr. Dave Campbell will meet Mr. Kelly at some secluded spot within one hundred miles from Portland, and they will proceed to pummel one another until one of the two is beaten so near to death that he cannot "come to the scratch." The place of the combat will be known only to a few, and it will probably be outside of our state. Such "amusement" should be discouraged. It is unlawful, and the law should be enforced.

Matthew P. Deady, president of the board of regents of the University of Oregon, has made his annual report. From this report it is learned that the school was in a prosperous condition for the year 1884-5. Mr. Deady reports only one drunk, and reveals the fact that there was general good order, except that the boys and girls persisted in marking the walls and doors with pencils.

A softly sentimental poem by Secretary Lamar is going the rounds of the press. It is entitled "Sweet Daughter of Mendoza." It is good, though hardly what we would have thought to receive from a man so well qualified to write the Song of a Bulldozer.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

The Oregonian's editorial page is more cockeyed than magazine; Salem history: (Concluding from yesterday.) Nearly every person who has attempted to write Oregon history has become confused on the point of the place of organization of the Oregon Institute and of the location of the Oregon Institute. The confusion has come from the three locations: the mission at its original site and at its new site on the land that became Salem, and the construction of the building for the Oregon Institute on Wallace prairie, where no class of that school was ever held, but that building and its land claim was sold, and the building that had housed the Lee mission's manual labor school was bought, and in its rooms the first Oregon Institute classes taught, beginning Aug. 13, 1844.

One of the most reliable of Oregon historians is Judge Charles H. Carey. But he made one mistake, that one the statement that the first "wolf" meeting was held at the Oregon Institute, in what became Salem. Judge Carey must have been embarrassed, if his attention was ever called to that mistake; especially because that meeting was held Feb. 2, 1843, at the building erected for the Oregon Institute on Wallace prairie, while the Oregon Institute was not opened for classes till Aug. 13, 1844, and then the commencement was on the site of Salem. In the building that had been the Lee mission's Indian manual labor school.

Cornelius J. Brosnan, professor of American history at the University of Idaho, is a fine scholar and a reliable historian. He wrote his magnificent book, "Jason Lee, Prophet of the New Oregon," in the years immediately preceding its time of publication, 1932.

Prof. Brosnan went to the records for many facts; spent much time in the eastern states for source materials; was tireless and regardless of time and expense. But one place he neglected to see before his copy had gone to the printer, and that place was Salem.

Some kind of a hunch or friendly advice caused him to come to Salem, and he was embarrassed beyond measure at mistakes he had made in writing his book. He hoped and expected that he might catch the errors at the proof, and the publishers had promised him—but he was too late! So in his book appears this paragraph:

"First Protestant Parsonage. By the close of the year 1844, a third building, the minister's new residence, called 'the parsonage,' had been erected on Chemsaka Plain. This first residence, built at Chemsaka, and the first Protestant parsonage in Old Oregon, was a small one-story building, regarded as the most attractive dwelling house in the Oregon country. It was situated about 40 rods from the Indian manual labor school. Typically 'Old Oregon' in architecture, the severity of its lines was relieved by the long verandas extending across the entire front of the first and second stories, while white paint and green blinds at the windows gave it a homelike air. This historical residence, somewhat altered in appearance and used for a home, still stands on Broadway in North Salem."

Then there is a note, reading: "The house with additions still stands in North Salem. Later from W. T. Riddon, Salem, July 9, 1929. Lee's house near 'the Mill' is often incorrectly called the Parsonage."

That house, at present 960 Broadway, is still there, on the spot where it was built. But Prof. Brosnan himself was unwittingly also "incorrectly" calling it the Parsonage.

It was the headquarters house of the Lee mission, often called the Lee house. The parsonage was erected in 1842, a few rods east from the Indian manual labor school, of the careful reader of this series of articles knows.

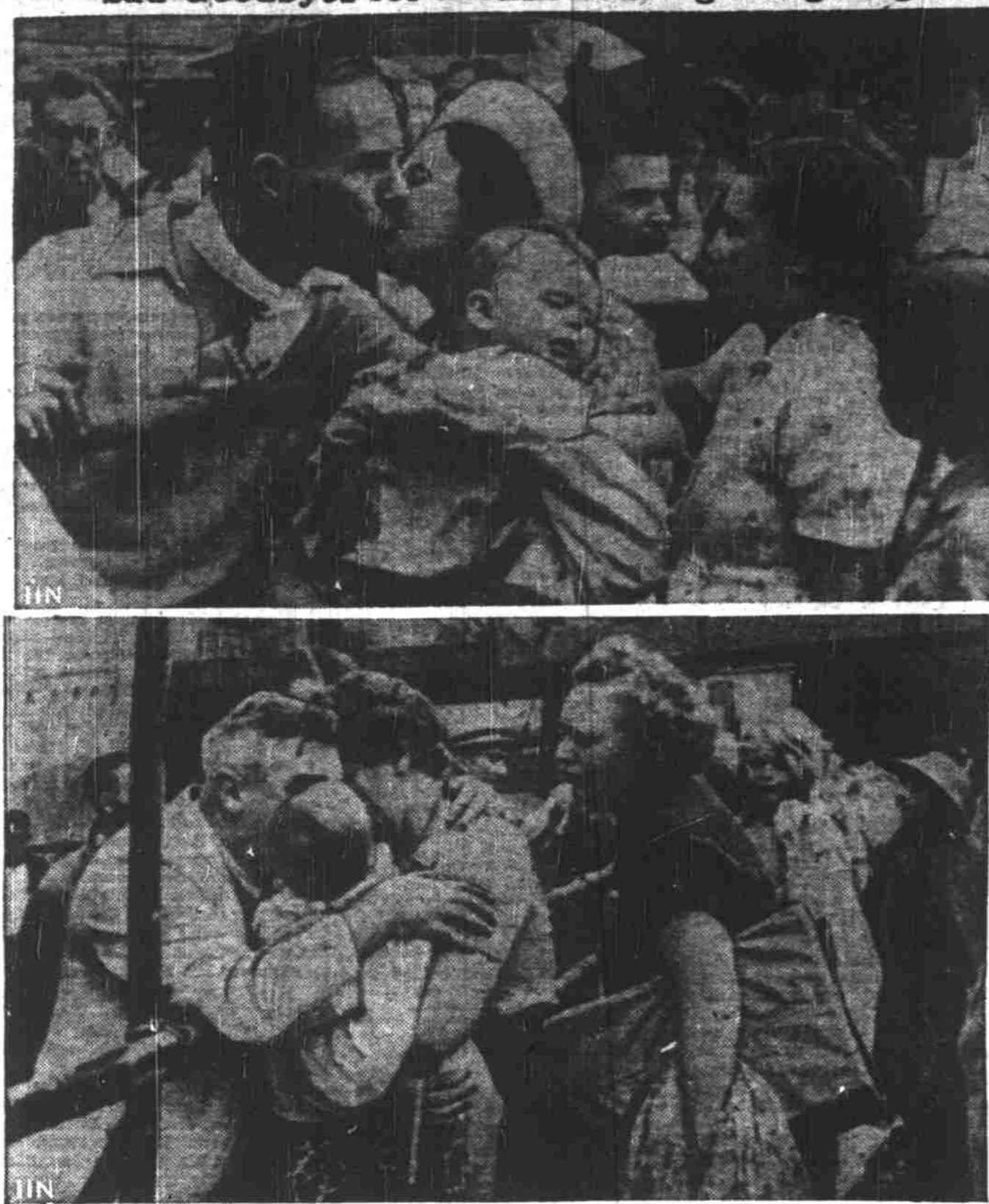
The parsonage and its land claim were given by Rev. George Gary, who succeeded Jason Lee and wound up the affairs of the mission, to the First Methodist church of what became Salem, for its parsonage. When the line of mill was erected, in 1867, where the Kay woolen mill is now, the parsonage was moved to its present location, 1325 Perry street. The original location of the parsonage was where the woolen mill water tower now stands.

Bashford, very reliable historian, also had (incorrectly) the first "wolf" meeting at the Oregon Institute in what became Salem. Brosnan also has the first meeting to consider the organization of a provisional government, presided over by Jason Lee, February 7, 1841, as held at Champeong. It was held at the Lee mission at its original site, of course, as was the one adjourned from the grave side of Ewing Young on the 17th of the month, also suggested by Jason Lee, who had just preached Young's funeral sermon.

But Bashford has the Feb. 7, 1841, meeting "at the Methodist Mission AT CHAMPEONG," and he is worse mixed on the whole subject of forming the provisional government than the most truth loving writers of Oregon history. Bashford has both the meetings, the one at Young's grave on Feb. 17th, 1841, and the one the next day, when and where the provisional government was formed, at the original Lee mission.

It so happened, most appropriately, that the provisional government, the one that lasted till the territory took it over, the one and only provisional government, was both proposed and organized at the original Lee mission site;

Sad Goodbyes for British Leaving Hongkong



These pictures show the evacuation of English aboard Empress of Japan, to escape attack by the women and children from Hong Kong, China, Japanese on the city. News of the Day photo.

"Flying Blind" by VERA BROWN

CHAPTER 4 Continued

The chauffeur drove. Where they went none of them ever knew afterward. Just down back streets. Driving and driving. It seemed like years. The light began to fade. They couldn't go on this way indefinitely.

Where could they go? Judith's suite? No. The gang would be converging. Laughing and celebrating. Even if Tex did not win, the gang would come bounding in. Elsie sobbed in a queer monotone, like the whimpering of a hurt animal. Judith no longer could think of the silly chatter of the three girls, their chatter about Sonia Winthrop. That all seemed so trivial and unimportant now. Why had she ever let anything like that worry her?

But she must go some place. It was Elsie who finally decided this.

"I want to go to our room, Judith. Hurry!" Judith knew so well what was in her heart, she wanted to be where Marvin's few possessions were, where she'd seen him last. When the decision was made that, though it was started at sea, and its preliminary meeting for organization held at the Lee house in what became Salem, the Oregon Institute that by change of name became Willamette University was organized there.

And, finally, the "constitution and laws" were framed there, and, there, at the hospital, the home of Dr. I. L. Babcock, was virtually the capital, till 1845, when George Abernethy became governor. That, indeed, is the high point in history for Protestant Christian civilization and for the American government, in all the vast expanse of North America draining into the Pacific ocean.

Elsie seemed quieter. But her quiet seemed more desperate to Judith than her first frantic tears.

As they drove up to the hotel, Judith heard the newspapers shouting their extras. She had only a glimpse of the newspapers, enough to tell her Tex had won.

Elsie sat up as they came to the hotel, looking straight ahead. Judith smoothed her hair, put on her hat. They got out. Judith led Elsie into the brightly lit noisy lobby. Some of the gang from the airport were there already. One of the girls called a hurt animal. Judith no longer could think of the silly chatter of the three girls, their chatter about Sonia Winthrop. That all seemed so trivial and unimportant now. Why had she ever let anything like that worry her?

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Judith turned on the desk lamp and stopped into the bathroom to get Elsie a glass of water. As Judith came back into the room, Elsie was at the window, climbing up onto the sill.

Judith was at Elsie's side in an instant, dragging her back. Elsie crumpled to the floor. Judith was down beside her, her arms about the other girl.

"Let me go! I don't want to live, not without him!" Elsie sobbed.

(To be continued)

Air Force Added To Oregon Guard White Announces

PORTLAND, Ore., July 31.—(AP)—Major General George A. White, commander of the 41st division of the national guard, said tonight a 146-man air corps observation squadron soon would be attached to the Oregon national guard.

It will be based at the Swan Island airport here.

He said this would be one of eight additional national guard air squadrons provided for in army appropriations approved this year.

Navy officials recently indicated a naval reserve air squadron would be stationed at Swan Island. The airport there will be abandoned soon by United and Northwest airlines in favor of the Portland-Columbia super-airport.

Spencer Is Made Major, Oregon National Guard

EUGENE, July 31.—(AP)—Appointment of Carlton C. Spencer as a major in the judge advocate's department of the Oregon national guard was announced today by Brigadier General Thomas E. Rilea.

Major Spencer, a university of Oregon law professor, is director of the school's civil aeronautics authority's training program.

Another Honor for FDR



Seldom a day passes that President Roosevelt isn't the recipient of some special honor. Here he is at Hyde Park, N. Y., being presented with a jeweled medal for his 25 years of membership in the Park lodge, Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

News Behind Today's News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, July 31.—National defense moguls have clamped down the lid, sealed and soldered it. No word emanates from the defense commission except through the press publicity bottleneck of which R. W. Horton is the cork. No newsmen may interview any employee of the defense commission without first getting Mr. Horton's sanction and Mr. Horton demands to know what questions are to be asked before he will sanction. He decides what questions may or may not be asked.

Simultaneously the war department has decided to crawl into the same bottle. Under the Woodring-Johnson regime, the freest latitude was allowed employees there to discuss defense and martial problems. It seemed probable that the new Secretary of War Stimson has sealed officers by direct official order. At any rate not a constructive word of comment or news is now being permitted to slip out.

That is why you have failed to see in the press lately anything except canned official statements concerning the nation's number one problem.

Things are not as bad as the Hitlerized publicity system would indicate. At least the key employees under the cork are satisfied the job is being done effectively. The army and naval officers do not rate the economists very highly and vice versa but this has caused only minor friction so far.

Civilian officials of the defense commission are apparently getting along better with the officers, although there are some personal complaints that the army men are too rigid and do not understand industry.

An outstanding commerce department economist, Ernest Tupper, now among the 30 attached to the commission, tried to get to see an army colonel to loan some papers the other day. The colonel was out, but his secretary suggested that Major X ranked high enough to receive them. The secretary called Major X and fumbled around in conversation to get Mr. Tupper to disclose his title.

"What is your name, please?" she asked.

He spelled it.

Finally in desperation, she asked point blank:

"Major Tupper?"

Tupper sadly shook his head and confessed:

"No, Private Tupper."

The story has become one of the inner classics of the commission.

British propaganda to keep up her domestic morale may have misled the American public regarding her chances. Top men here are worried about it, fearing the American public mind has not been fully prepared for the shock of conquest or peace that may come. Trustworthy inner advice suggest German plane production is more than double that of Britain today. The best authorities hate to visualize the prospect of a ruthless concerted attack.

Many an official in the White House and war department has privately expressed apprehension over the possible effect of Britain's collapse upon the defense program. That subject seems to worry Mr. Roosevelt and his defense cohorts more than anything else right now. They gravely fear the American public will lose interest and decline to tighten its belt if Britain fades and Nazi propagandists continue disseminating

their appeasement and peace apophoretics to the United States.

Not on the official list, but very much in inside evidence at the Havana conference was Milio Perkins, head of the surplus marketing division of the agriculture department. He consulted with the American delegation on the cartel plan which was not presented to the conference in its total form. Perkins may head the cartel setup. Why his presence in Havana was kept so secret agriculture officials do not know. (Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly prohibited.)

Steel Corporation Earnings Increase

NEW YORK, July 31.—(AP)—United States Steel Corp. reported today that its net income in the second quarter of 1940 aggregated \$19,201,008, with one exception the best for an April-May-June period since 1930.

It was a sharp gain from 1939, when only \$11,809,741 was earned in the second quarter, and a little better than the first three months of 1940, in which net came to \$17,113,995.

It was only two thirds of the total for the last quarter of 1939, however, when the steel industry felt the first flush of war-inspired buying, and 53 per cent of the excellent results of the second quarter of 1937.

The earnings of US Steel—world's biggest steel maker—brought net income for the first 320 corporations to report for the second quarter to \$384,138,000, a gain of 44 per cent over 1939.

Leaving out American Telephone, whose earnings are fairly stable, the total for 319 companies was \$319,192,090, up 50 per cent over last year.

Today's Garden

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

P. J.—Flies beetles are likely infusing your carnations. Those little bugs you mention are the beetles. Use a dust containing rotenone. Sometimes early in the morning you can shake most of them off into a bucket of water containing kerosene.

You write you feel it is useless to try to kill so many pests. Just remember that each bug killed is usually over 100 or more killed. Don't ever give up if you want to have a garden. It's true that no real gardener can truthfully complain of time hanging heavy on their hands because of nothing to do, but if you really want to be a gardener you'll have to make up your mind not to become discouraged.

You write as if you ran from one thing to another trying to give each a little attention. Try instead to map out a program and stick to it as closely as possible. There will always have to be some exceptions, but a system usually gets you further. Have one day for spraying, one for irrigating, and so on. At least follow a systematic spray or dust program.

Use mercuric preparations on your lawn to kill the toadstools. The recent weather has been ideal for their development. Use a fertilizer heavier in sulphate of potash.

S. O.—Sulphate of potash will do considerable to break up the soil on your rosebed. Give each bush a small trowelful. Dust them with an all purpose dust.

Do not water the rose foliage in the evening. (I am sure I have said this about 100 times this summer.)

G. R.—Very likely your young trees have not had sufficient water. Let the water run all day slowly beneath your catalpa trees. Did you cut off the withered branches? If not, do so at once.

Radio Programs

These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by listeners should be made by the stations without notice to this newspaper.

KELM—THURSDAY—1260 Kc.

- 6:30—Milkman Melodies.
- 7:30—News.
- 7:45—Melody Lane.
- 8:45—Neighbors of Woodcraft.
- 9:30—News.
- 9:45—BBC War News.
- 10:00—Pastor's Call.
- 10:15—Let's Dance.
- 10:30—Shakespearean Festival.
- 10:45—Keep Fit to Music.
- 11:00—News.
- 11:15—Ma Perkins.
- 11:30—Local News Past.
- 11:45—Bachelor's Children.
- 12:00—Friendly Neighbors.
- 12:15—Sing Song Time.
- 12:30—Melody Lane.
- 12:45—May Hill Orchestra.
- 1:00—Value Parade.
- 12:15—News.
- 12:30—Hillbilly Scenarios.
- 12:45—Willamette Valley Opinions.
- 1:00—Melody Bouquet.
- 1:15—Date Debut Orchestra.
- 1:30—Interesting Facts.
- 1:45—Johnson Family.
- 2:00—Your Neighbor.
- 2:15—US Army.
- 2:30—Popula Music.
- 2:45—Lawrence Brown, Baritone.
- 3:00—Grandma Travels.
- 3:15—Maddox Family and Rose.
- 3:30—Your Neighbor.
- 3:45—Carol Leighton.
- 4:00—News.
- 4:15—Melody Mart.
- 4:30—Hold Your Hens.
- 4:45—Vocal Varieties.
- 5:00—Newspaper of War News.
- 5:15—Centennial Parade.
- 5:30—Raymond Gram Swing.
- 5:45—Local News.
- 6:00—Dinner Hour Melodies.
- 6:15—News and Views—John D. Hughes.
- 6:30—Popular Music.
- 6:45—Paging the Post.
- 7:00—Hit of the Day.
- 7:15—Talk of the Town.
- 7:30—News.
- 7:45—California Melodies.
- 8:00—Plantationaires.
- 8:15—Twilight Trails.
- 8:30—Newspaper of the Air.
- 8:45—Arthur Warren Orchestra.
- 9:00—Fulton Lewis Jr.
- 9:15—The O'Neill's.
- 9:30—Gus Arnheim Orchestra.
- 9:45—Marvin Dale Orchestra.
- 10:00—News.
- 10:15—Ray Pearl Orchestra.
- 10:30—Midnight Melodies.
- 10:45—News.

KOW—THURSDAY—930 Kc.

- 6:30—Musical Service.
- 7:00—News.
- 7:15—Folk Songs.
- 7:30—Sun Hays.
- 7:45—News.
- 8:00—The O'Neill's.
- 8:15—Stars of Today.
- 8:30—News.
- 8:45—By Kathleen Norris.
- 9:00—Dr. Kate.
- 9:15—Light of the World.
- 9:30—Arnold Grimm's Daughter.
- 9:45—Valiant Lady.
- 10:00—Hymns of All Churches.
- 10:15—Story of Mary Martha.

KELM—THURSDAY—1160 Kc.

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- 7:00—News.
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- 7:30—Sun Hays.
- 7:45—News.
- 8:00—The O'Neill's.
- 8:15—Stars of Today.
- 8: