

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

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Nails and Doorknobs

The mere suggestion, voiced by Coordinator Ickes, that they might be denied motor fuel for Sunday pleasure trips, some weeks ago had easterners in a ferment. One may well judge that for the violence of this reaction, Mr. Ickes had largely his own pre-established reputation as a mischievous boat-rocker to blame. For the American public had earlier been thoroughly conditioned to the idea of sacrifice—particularly sacrifice of non-essentials—in the interests of national defense.

That judgment is strengthened by more recent events; for the public appears, to date, to be accepting practically in stride the definite and infinitely more serious order that has come down from the Supply, Priorities and Allocation board—roughly to the effect that all down from the Supply, Priorities and Allocation building and construction, however large or small, must come to a halt unless it is definitely related to national defense or is necessary "for the safety, health and welfare of the general public."

Nails and doorknobs—just to mention some typical materials that go into the less pretentious construction projects—are the factors that inspired this sweeping SPAB order. Steel, copper, brass, bronze, aluminum are the principal materials this agency hopes to conserve.

There is, to be sure, to some degree a shortage of construction labor but it is not so critical as to prevent this order from forcing "priorities unemployment" upon an estimated million and one-half of such workers. There is no serious shortage of lumber nor of the other non-metallic materials that go into buildings; three million workers engaged in production of such materials likewise will be victims. Among them will be a considerable number of woods and sawmill workers in the Pacific Northwest; for lumber orders had already slackened off seriously in September due to the uncertainty of private construction and defense construction's inability to absorb output of the volume that has recently prevailed.

For some figures bearing upon the need for such a policy, it is related that construction of all types in 1941 will cost in this country 11 billion dollars, equal to the highest levels ever reached, back in 1926 and 1927. Of this volume, less than 5 billion represents defense construction. All this building will require 13,800,000 tons of steel, non-defense construction taking about six million tons. SPAB estimates that its order will cut this last item in half; an announcement which incidentally helps to clarify the intent of the order. It suggests that the agency does not intend to turn down all requests for non-defense building permits, though it may approve only certain vital public projects and in those cases, strenuously urge the use of substitutes, such as concrete rather than steel pipe.

Construction of all types has employed 2,400,000 men on the average but the peak recently reached is 3,100,000, of whom only 1,200,000 have been working on defense projects. This latter number will not be greatly increased next year; those now employed in non-defense construction which must cease, will be "out of luck."

That may afford a faint notion of the dislocation that is threatened. There are of course some compensations. Prices of building materials and other construction costs have advanced to the point at which private construction is already seriously discouraged. And if private construction virtually halts now, there will be an aggravated need for such construction to cushion that post-war letdown most people are dreading.

This order nevertheless serves to emphasize more than anything that has preceded it, the need to spread defense industry and defense activity where possible, more widely throughout the nation, to the end that some communities shall not be too congested beehives of activity and others deserts of inactivity.

Among the communities that need to fight the last-mentioned danger, is Salem.

It Won't Be Long Now

It's a battle to the death over there around Moscow—and what is there that can be said about it that may be authoritative and enlightening? The time for making predictions, and if it suits you, for placing bets, is before the opening kickoff.

Likewise, heretofore the time for political battles has been the lull between military battles. There are rumors of peace negotiations now, at the height of the military battle. These rumors are darkly foreboding. All along Americans have feared that the Russians would give up if the going got tough enough. All concerned deny the rumors; that doesn't tell you a thing. But if Hitler is so sure of winning this battle, why would he be negotiating for peace? Though we fear two things, a decisive German victory and a collapse on the part of the Moscow government leading to a shameful armistice, it just doesn't make sense that both can be happening at once.

What the American public has known at any given time in the last two years of events in Europe, has always been more accurate than what Europeans have known—and yet probably at no time has it been "the whole truth." However, sometimes we have known more and sometimes less. This is one of the times when we know less. In such a crisis as this, all reports are supremely unreliable because neither side can afford to tell an unfavorable truth.

But it won't be long now. Hitler says he is winning decisively. If he is, we may know it by sometime today; we ought by all means to know it before the middle of this week. If we don't know it by then, we will know that the opposite is the truth. It should by that time be apparent that in this "kampf" Hitler has neither won or, not lost but failed. And by that time we should know about the Red morale.

If politicians here, there and you, the folk who are supposed to know things that are withheld from the unprivileged hoi polloi, really could know what's what over there now and could get themselves believed, then we might have a reliable indicator in Tokyo. Tokyo is

being told emphatically that it's in the bag at Moscow, and the Tokyo admirers of the Nazi system are disposed to believe it. Still, some equally sympathetic souls in Rome believed a similar story 17 months ago and now they are terribly in distress.

Yet there is almost equal distress—though totally different in its nature—in the British Isles; the distress of frustration, of knowledge that Britain's battle is being lost or won around Moscow and that Britishers are in no position to help. There is clamor for invasion of the continent, anger that no such invasion, however immediately futile, has been tried. But for the purposes of this immediate crisis, it is too late for that; too late for "material aid" from Britain or America. This one, the once-despised Reds will have to weather for themselves.

It won't be long now.

Happens Every Day

He might have been a traveling salesman, the manager of a branch store, a big city newspaper's correspondent in a smaller town—it's happened to lots of them. He might have been any fellow whose job is not performed under anyone's immediate supervision.

He slipped away for a few evenings of gay "relaxation" under the bright lights without getting the boss's permission. The boss got wise and fired him. It happens every day.

But this particular "he" happened to be president of Panama. The bright lights were in Havana, and in slipping away he left Panama soil. His boss—the people of Panama acting through other government officials—didn't have to fire him but his work hadn't been exactly satisfactory, and this was a good excuse.

Since the principal item of dissatisfaction was his pro-Nazi attitude, as exemplified for example in an impending refusal to permit the arming of American ships temporarily under Panamanian registry, people in the United States are not going to be indignant about it although, as a general rule, they are disposed to sympathize in such cases.

Stewart Views Washington Scene

By CHARLES P. STEWART

Due to Paul Mallon's illness, the Washington column of Charles P. Stewart, widely-recognized news analyst, is being substituted temporarily. The Statesman is pleased to offer Mr. Stewart's authoritative observations to its readers, but hopes soon to be able to announce resumption of the Mallon column.

Unless Pennsylvania's legislature redistricts the state before 1942's congressional election day, one big party or the other stands to make a formidable killing there in the matter of seats in the next national house of representatives.

Several state redistrictings are in order invariably, after each succeeding nationwide census, because, with shifting populations, it always happens that a census shows a state here and there to have lost a little in the representational strength it's entitled to in Washington, with a few others gaining correspondingly. This calls for a readjustment of the boundaries of its congressional districts by the legislature of each of such states. Or else—or else what?

Well, suppose a state has, say, ten congressmen, chosen by their respective districts, and suppose that state gains a congressman, but doesn't redistrict itself. In that event it continues to elect its original ten by districts, as before, but the eleventh is elected at large—that is, by the whole state, like a senator.

There usually are at least two, or three congressmen at large in Capitol Hill and occasionally a state, which has grown rapidly and been derelict in redistricting, has more than one.

Two Lost in Discard But suppose a state, with a congressman at large, having fallen a bit behind in its proportionate population growth, loses a seat, but doesn't redistrict. That state simply has its congressman at large lopped off. Some years ago Illinois and Ohio actually did lose a congressman apiece, but each had two at large, and one of each went into the discard, their pair of delegations remaining otherwise unchanged. It wasn't rather painful for the congressmen who were cancelled, but didn't make much difference as to the general congressional alignment.

However, suppose a state with no congressman at large loses a seat and doesn't redistrict. Then that state's whole delegation is chosen at large at the next election.

Such is Pennsylvania's fix at present—unless it redistricts, which it doesn't act like doing.

Last year we had a census. Under it the Quaker state is cut from 24 to 23 representational seats in Washington. It hasn't a congressman at large, but if it fails to redistrict, it'll have all 23 at large next session, and the whole aggregation will be of the same political complexion.

Why the rival parties both are hesitant to redistrict is easy enough to understand.

The state's traditionally republican, but it's shown some democratic tendencies of late. Of its present 24 representatives 19 are democrats; 15 are GOP. Senator James J. Davis is a republican, Senator Joseph P. Guffey's a democrat. Governor Arthur H. James is GOP.

If the democrats can carry the un-redistricted state in 1942, they will sweep a solid 23 votes into the lower congressional chamber, with no 15 republicans mixed in. On the opposite hand, the republicans are hopeful that they can recover their old-time control of the commonwealth, which, if they can, will give 'em the whole 33 ballots at one shot, and if the election's at all close nationally, it may give 'em a representational majority in Washington.

Disposed to Gamble They both show signs of a disposition to take a chance on it.

Of course, a congressman in an area that's safely his way greatly prefers redistricting in his own interest to accepting a doubtful statewide risk, but the higher-ups take a more comprehensive view.

A number of other states aren't redistricting, but there's no other state in which such a bloc of seats is at stake. If that particular one doesn't redistrict, it may decide the partisan color of the next house of representatives—a matter of concern to the entire country. Those census chaps raised the entire issue. Gosh! Lookit how important their statistics are!



Just Another "Mississippi Bubble" to Them—or Is It?

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. HENDRICKS

California's poet laureate 10-12-tells of a worried friend who wanted to believe in God, and the way his friend was convinced

(Continued from yesterday.) Still quoting from the McGroarty column:

"Be it as it may, I am going to keep on praying, consciously or unconsciously, as all who feel and think must do. This is not meant blasphemously. My soul, if I have one, is as hungry as yours."

"If you could only say something that would quiet our rebellious questioning," says the letter. A wish expressed by one layman to another. Neither of us clothed with sacerdotal function or authority. Neither of us theologians.

"Just one ordinary man contacting another ordinary man concerning the most profound and most important questions that possibly affect any man. Does God exist? Is there a God? If so what is the nature of God? Is there a hereafter? Is the human soul immortal?"

"These are the inquiries that disturb the soul of the man who wrote the letter, an obviously sincere man seeking peace from doubts that harass him.

"He is not alone in his unhappiness. There are many like

TRAFFIC TIPS AND QUIPS



Six Months From Site to Production of Metal

A "smooching" industry, for the immediate benefit of national defense, is this plant of the Reynolds Metals company at Longview, Wash., which went into production of aluminum in September in its first unit. The aluminum reduction plant will be a permanent operation. The two additional units will start up later this fall. The plant was in commercial operation less than six months from the time the 400-acre site at the Columbia river was selected, and barely four months from the time the first steel was placed for the building. The plant has a rated capacity of 30,000,000 pounds of aluminum ingots annually. For the present, the aluminum is shipped east by rail for further manufacture.

BARRIED SEVENS

By MARYSEE RUTLEDGE

Chapter 23 continued

It was past midnight. The house was very quiet. David followed her up the stairs, his nerves oddly alert. She fumbled endlessly in her bag for the key.

David fidgeted, staring at the door. Something queer there. It was on a crack. "Wait a minute." He pushed the door open on darkness and a hush which spread through the rooms.

Behind him, Fan gasped, "Why, it's dark. I told Selinda to wait for me." She started trembling, pushing by David into the narrow foyer, reaching for the light.

"Stay here." David heard a faint noise in the living room. "Don't let anyone get away," he whispered. Then he plunged into the room, his fists whipping out. He heard a low moaning.

Someone fell upon him in the darkness, a hard threshing shadow with which he grappled, smashing at a face he couldn't see. He heard Fan scream somewhere in the room.

The moaning went on a woman's voice—"Don't—Fred—please—don't—"

David knocked over a table, stumbled and fell. No one attacked him again. But he knew they were there; Anna and some man who had followed her. He drew out the .38, but did not dare fire in the blacked-out room.

He could hear faint breathing in the room. Someone crawled up to him; slid papers in his hand. He felt her skirt brush against him. It was Anna. He hid the papers under the rug, and got to his feet.

Then, from behind him, a man's fingers dug into his throat, choking him, pressing him backwards. He staggered and went down, hitting his head. Someone wrested the .38 from his loosened grip.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE David came to, some hours later, in Fan Rubley's bed. He fought silk cushions, taffeta ruffles and a doll, before he knew where he was. He tossed a crucified cloth off his eyes, and glared around him.

Fan stood by the bed. She wore a long creamy robe, and she was as pale as the sheets he drew up to his chin. Behind her Selinda fluttered, guiltily because she had come home so late to find the place in confusion.

David groaned. Wan light stole through the windows. It was dawn. What the devil was he doing here? He put his hand up to unfamiliar white pajamas. "The superintendent lent them to you. Now do be a good boy."

You got a nasty whack on the head." Fan sat on the edge of the bed. "Remember anything?" David stared at her. She'd been crying. Aching fragments tried to piece themselves together in his mind. Hours ago he had left Jane at Rio House, in the full swing of Garrison's party, and Garrison had promised . . . Then the fight in the dark here at Fan's.

"Is Jane all right?" He tried to get up. Selinda, muttering to herself, brought in black coffee and a decanter.

"Listen, I'm dog-tired," said Fan. "I've been up all night, shooting away nosy detectives. Dick Garrison's been here and gone. He doesn't know where either Bill Wright or Jane are. But you're to stay here."

With amazing strength, she pushed David back on the pillows, as he tried to spring out of bed.

David obeyed Fan Rubley, because he felt too dizzy and sick to get out of bed. His head throbbled. "Must find Jane," he muttered thickly.

"You're not to worry," Fan soothed, without inner conviction. She wished now she hadn't spoken of Jane and Bill Wright's disappearance from the party. But Garrison had seemed unusually upset.

"Wait till I get my hands on Breaun. What the devil did he mean by bringing Jane in town?" David kicked feebly at the silken covers of Fan's bed. One of her ridiculous boudoir dolls fell on the rug. His mind wasn't clear. They must have given him a drug.

Fan bent over him, smoothing his rebellious red hair. "You saved my life," she said. "If Dick Garrison hadn't asked you to take me home, those horrible Switzers might have killed me. They got away." She added, "Dick thinks Anna Switzer, on her first visit, must have stolen the extra key I keep on the hall table."

But David wasn't listening. He had gone under waves of sleep. He looked terribly, fiercely young, his fighting blue eyes closed, his fists clenched on the sheet.

Fan sighed. She was so tired, herself, she could hardly reach the living room couch. She didn't care if Mat Breaun rang and rang or pounded on the door. Where had he been all night? She hated him now. (To be continued)

Radio Programs

- These schedules are supplied by the respective stations. Any variations noted by the stations without notice in this newspaper.
- KBLM—SUNDAY—1290 Kc.**
 - 8:30—Flowing Rhythm.
 - 9:30—Melodic Mood, Homeless are the Meek
 - 9:55—Voice of Tomorrow.
 - 10:15—Symphonic Swing.
 - 10:30—Popular Concert.
 - 10:50—Sunday Beveries.
 - 11:30—American Lutheran Church.
 - 12:30—Singing Strings.
 - 12:50—News Highlights.
 - 1:00—Song Shop.
 - 1:30—Young People's Church.
 - 1:50—Hawaiian Serenade.
 - 2:30—Marimba Melodies.
 - 3:30—Joe Reichman's Orchestra.
 - 3:50—Western Serenade.
 - 4:30—Gypsy Orchestra.
 - 5:00—Symphonic Swing.
 - 5:30—Variety Hour.
 - 6:00—Tonight's Headlines.
 - 6:15—Sacred Music.
 - 6:30—Crime Doctor.
 - 7:00—Eyes Open.
 - 7:30—String Serenade.
 - 8:00—World Headlines.
 - 8:15—Organ Trio.
 - 8:30—Tango Time.
 - 8:50—News Tabloid.
 - 9:15—Music at the Console.
 - 9:30—Back Home Hour.
 - 10:00—DREAM Time.
 - KGW—NBC—SUNDAY—620 Kc.**
 - 6:00—News.
 - 6:30—Rhapsodies of the Rockies.
 - 6:45—Church in Your Home.
 - 7:00—Second Guessing Blind.
 - 7:20—Emma Otter, Singer.
 - 7:35—Opion Close, commentator.
 - 7:50—Sunday Down South.
 - 8:00—Concert of Familiar Music.
 - 8:15—Chicago Round Table.
 - 8:30—18th Century Favorites.
 - 8:45—H. V. Kaltenborn.
 - 9:00—Sammy Kaye Orchestra.
 - 9:15—News Headlines and Highlights.
 - 9:30—Home Fires.
 - 1:15—Tony Wons Scrapbook.
 - 1:30—Stars of Tomorrow.
 - 1:45—Joe Mabel, Comedist.
 - 2:00—We're Five in the Family.
 - 2:15—Frieda Hildebrand.
 - 2:30—Band Wagon.
 - 2:45—Charlie McCarthy.
 - 3:00—One Man's Family.
 - 3:15—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round.
 - 3:30—Concert of Familiar Music.
 - 3:45—Hour of Charm.
 - 4:00—Sherlock Holmes.
 - 4:15—Carnegie Symphony of Melody.
 - 4:30—Dear John.
 - 4:45—Armchair Cruiser.
 - 5:00—Walter Winchell.
 - 5:15—The Farmer Family.
 - 5:30—Quiz of Two Cities.
 - 5:45—News Flashes.
 - 6:00—Bride to Dreamland.
 - 6:15—Song of the Strings.
 - 6:30—News Room.
 - KEK—NBC—SUNDAY—1190 Kc.**
 - 8:30—Amor Corner Program.
 - 8:45—Radio City Music Hall.
 - 9:00—Speaking of Glamour.
 - 9:15—Wake Up, America.
 - 9:30—Josef Maras African Trek.
 - 9:45—Matinee with Lytell.
 - 10:00—Sunday Vesper.
 - 10:15—Behind the Mike.
 - 10:30—Ambassador East Hotel Orch.
 - 10:45—Music by Listening.
 - 11:00—Stars of Today.
 - 11:15—European News.
 - 11:30—Captain Flag and Sgt. Quart.
 - 11:45—Voice of Prophecy.
 - 12:00—Southerners.
 - 12:15—Book Chat.
 - 12:30—Granddaddy and His Pals.
 - 12:45—News Headlines & Highlights.
 - 1:00—Good Will Hour.
 - 1:15—Inner Sanctum Mysteries.
 - 1:30—Jack Benny.
 - 1:45—Dear John.
 - 2:00—Eleanor Roosevelt.
 - 2:15—Highway Night Express.
 - 2:30—Beat Your Mustache.
 - 2:45—Hawthorne Temple Services.
 - 3:00—War News Round Up.
 - KOIN—CBS—SUNDAY—970 Kc.**
 - 7:30—Wings Over Jordan.
 - 8:30—West Coast Music.
 - 9:30—This Land We Defend.
 - 10:30—News.
 - 11:30—Country Journal.
 - 12:30—Salt Lake Tabernacle.
 - 1:30—Church of the Air.
 - 2:30—This is Life.
 - 3:30—Spirit of '41.
 - 4:30—The World Today.
 - KALB—MBS—SUNDAY—1290 Kc.**
 - 7:30—NBC News.
 - 7:45—Melody Boys Quartet.
 - 8:00—Evening Island.
 - 8:20—News.
 - 8:30—Central Church of Christ.
 - 8:45—Sam Brewer, Egg Taster.
 - 9:00—Elizabeth Wayne, Bateria.
 - 9:15—John R. Hughes.
 - 9:30—Voice of Prophecy Choir.
 - 9:45—Singsongs.
 - 10:00—News.
 - 10:15—Romance of the Hi-Ways.
 - 10:30—The Hymn Singer.
 - 10:45—Gensy Chorus.
 - 11:00—Children's Chapel.
 - 11:15—Gems of Melody.
 - 11:30—Hollywood Whispers.
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 - 10:45—Elizabeth Wayne, Bateria.
 - 11:00—John R. Hughes.
 - 11:15—Voice of Prophecy Choir.
 - 11:30—Singsongs.
 - 11:45—News.
 - 12:00—Romance of the Hi-Ways.
 - 12:15—The Hymn Singer.
 - 12:30—Gensy Chorus.
 - 12:45—Children's Chapel.
 - 1:00—Gems of Melody.
 - 1:15—Hollywood Whispers.
 - 1:30—The Hymn Singer.
 - 1:45—Gensy Chorus.
 - 2:00—Children's Chapel.
 - 2:15—Gems of Melody.</