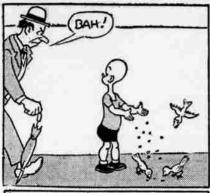
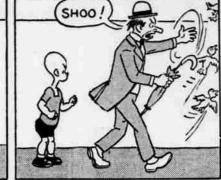
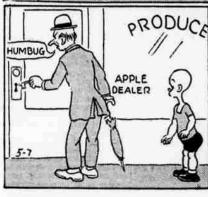
. By Carl Anderson Henry









8.15-Horace Beidt and Brigadiers, NBC 8.30-Herbie Kay, NBC

KOIN-\$40 Kilocycles Saturday P. M. 3:15-Newspaper of

9:00-Dick Jurgen's Ore 9:30-CBS. 10:00-Pive Star Pinal. 10:15-Barn Dance, CBS.

Reg'lar Fellers

NICE 'N QUIET CAUSE IF MOM ATCHES US YOU

Newspaper of the Air.
Saturday Swing, CBS.
-CBS.
-BS100-4

WAL, WHEN I SEED TH' PLICE STATION WAS AGOIN' UP IN SMOKE I FIGGERED ID HAVE ME A SOOVEY'-NIR-SO I GRABS ME ONE O' TH' BIG RECORD BOOKS AND SKEDADDLED FER HOME-

Sunday
7 13 - Exting Conditions.
2 100 - West Coast Church, CBS.
2 30 - Sail Lake Tabernacie, CBS.
2 30 - Church to the Air, CBS.
2 30 - Europe Calling, CBS.
2 34 - Forty Cold, CBS.
10 100 - Walberg Brown, String Er.

KEX-1189 Kilecreles
Sunday
Sunday
Baddo City Music Hall, NBO.
103-The Quiet Hour.
11:00-The Maric Key of RCA, NBC.
11:00-Proper Housing.
11:11-Lansing & Darwin, NBC.
11:15-William Frinness, Cellist, NBC.
11:20-Glenn Hurthurt, NBC.
11:20-Glenn Hurthurt, NBC.
11:20-Massing & Yesteryar.
11:20-Massing of Yesteryar.
11:20-NBC Program.
11:20-MBC Del Mar Club Orch.
11:20-MBC Del MBC.
11:20-MBC Del MBC.
11:20-MBC 9 45 - Prott Gold, CDB.
10:00 - Walberg Brown, String Ensembl
10:00 - CBS.
10:40 - Mother's Day Prostrain, CBS.
10:40 - Mother's Day Prostrain, CBS.
10:40 - Mother's Day Prostrain, CBS.
11:00 - Pran-American Prostrain, CBS.
11:00 - Prans Ranners, CBS.
11:00 - Teass Ranners, CBS.
12:00 - Teass Ranners, CBS.
13:00 - Teass Ranners, CBS.

11:30-Les Parker Orch, CB8

KGAC-556 KHorvies

Saturday P. M.

3:30-Music,

3:45-The Monitor Views the News,

4:06-The Brumbonic Half Hour,

5:06-On the Campia,

5:30-Music,

5:30-Music,

5:30-Music,

5:30-Music,

6:15-Veipers, Rev. E. B. Hart,

6:00-Music,

6:15-Music Press News,

6:15-Music Press News,

6:15-Music Press News,

6:15-Music,

7:00-Music,

7:00-Newbers P. F. of A.

7:00-Music,

7:30-Music,

7:30-Music,

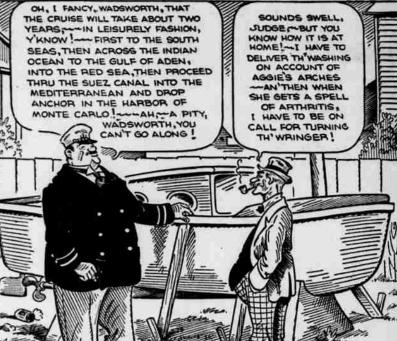
7:30-Music,

7:30-Music of the Week,

8:00-Music of the Masters,

CBS.
Saturday Night Serenade.
Your Hit Parade, CBS.
Backarounding the News.
Leon G. Dress, Orasnist.
Department of Justice.
Johnny Presents, CBS.
Professor Quiz, CBS.
Nat Brandwanne Orch., CBS.
Dick Jurgen's Orch. Little Orphan Annie

Room and Board By Gene Ahern



By Harold Gray

By Gene Byrnes

Let's Look at the Record

TO

THE SUN . SKIPPER! 5-7

HM-M-NO, I DON'T, OFF HAND-BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO LOOK AT THAT BOOK---ONLY

TELL NO-

Very Tidy Boys

oxwood

tion, then fallered before a terrible lenging to know the truth.
"You got my letter?"
"No." Reuben took a step forward. He seemed to tower above her, a brown, controlled stranger.
Then he didn't know how she loved him. All strength deserted her.

Suddenly Reuben's angry, part-ing words thundered in her ears, ing words inundered in her ears,
"If you go now you need never
try to come back." It seemed hopeless to try to bridge the chasm that
separated them. She might have
known it was too late.

Her words sounded strained, un-

Her words sounded strained, uneven, as if she were forcing couversation with a casual acquaintance. "How did you get here?"
"Clasy brought me." smoothly,
without a trace of feeling.
Judith's knees weakened. "If
you go now you need never try
to come back." Life was a one way
street... you could never go back.
"Shall we go into the house?"
Reuben was saying. "You must
have plans to discuss with me."
Judith couldn't bear it any long-

nave plans to discuss with me."
Judith couldn't bear it any longer. Humillation. trampled pride,
anything was better than this. An
irrespressible sob broke from her.
Her hands stretched out.
"Reuben . . . oh Reuben can't
you see?"

-By Mary Graham Bonner-

Sundown **Stories**

BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

she could hot tell him. But went into his arms—protective, gen-tle, strong. Against his heart she whispered: "I've missed you so, I love you so!" The ache that was in her heart burst tears that had been

love you so!" The ache that was in the heart burst tears that had been dammed against her eyeballs.

Reuben klased them away.

May Day

A May day at Goodloe's Choice.

It title lamb clouds being swept across the world. In the meadow small judy oliver and sturdy young Jim salled paper boats in the stream. Nearby Reuben assisted by Ben was carefully digging up the hedge, Judith was painstakingly clipping off tiny shoots.

If her heart was sore today there was a soft singing in it, too. She was keeping faith with Jim. Wiping out the debt, starting all over again. Keeping the finest and best of the new. She had been given another chance, too. The chance to walk with Reuben as houlder to shoulder. She would not bungle life this time. Make it film. Make it true. Take all it had to give—advanture, dnager, love, pain, laughter—one must struggle through the night to know the full glory of the sunrise—

She looked up and saw Gran.

Amanda, not quite so erect, came through the wide doorway under its delicate skylight. At the threshold, Amos, unable to bow quite so low, but smiling just as widely, met

its delicate skylight. At the thresh-old, Amos, unable to bow quite so low, but smiling just as widely, met her.

"A fine day, Amos?"

"Yas, Ma'am, Miss Mandy, mighty fine."

"Warm as July." Almost she said:

"We will have tea in the garden."

Almost she said it, Remembered— in time. Hidden Treasure
The ducks were down by their pond. Mrs. Quacke had not given by a good spring pond cleaning since the elephants had stirred up the

Christopher Columbus Crow flew Children at Play

Children at Play
down and spoke to them.

"Ducks," he cawed, "do you know
about the hidden treasure in the
bottom of your pond?"
"Hidden treasure," quacked Mrs.

"Hidden treasure," quacked Mrs.

Quarke excitedly. "Hidden treasure," quacked Mr. bordered walk, but she did not pause Quacko, and all the other ducks and ducklings quacked: "Hidden treasure!"
"We must find it," said Mr.

Quacko.
"Yes." agreed Christopher. "That would be a good idea. I'd help you look myself but my wings are badly

bordered walk, but she did not pause at the peacock chair under the white oak. She kept right on and joined the workers by the hedge.

Standing very straight. Amanda watched the whole structure of her universe being torn down. She had a naked feeling. The entire curious world could gaze at her. Well—it wouldn't be long—

The events of her life passed in slow procession, from the day she entered this place a bride until the moment they carried Jim into the holly-decked hall—a reckless half-smile upon his stiff lips. The last Goodloe—gone. The hedge—staying

Why-the children were still at their Why—the children were still at their play—Jim and Judy. The children! There would always be children at play. Stiffly she went on her knees and with ringed, white fingers commenced to plant tiny aprigs of box along the edges of the great holes. "Reuben," the old assurance crept into her voice "Your son will tump. Chapter 47

Uprooting the Boxwood

In that first breathess second when Judith looked up to see Reuben standing beside her, he had never seemed further away. She attempted to rise to ner feet. Reuben held out a steadying hand. The touch of his fingers sent blood hurrying through Judith's veins, fire to her cheeks.

"Judith!" Reuben's heart missed a beat as he met her eyes—ringed with black shadows as they had been the night the twins were born.

"Judith," his voice was warm and even, "Tm sorry about Jim."
Of course, that was why he had come. He was being kind. Judith's pride made a last bid for recognition, then fallered before a terrible longing to know the truth.

"You got my letter?"

"No." Reuben took a step for-"No." Reuben took a step for-"No." Reuben took a step for-"You Reamen to plant time seem can be wanted with all his heart to bewanted with all his heart to beileve. Struggling with the longing to reach the longing with the longing to reach the same the same time to be wanted with all his heart to bewanted with all his heart to beileve. Struggling with the longing to reach for self-protection. He want the longing to reach her in his arms was the
deafer for self-protection. He want the longing to reach for self-protection. He want the longing to reach for surface for self-protection. He want the longing to recome "You san't planting but his great, great missed
with all h

Amanda went busily on with her planting but Reuben threw down his apade, leaped the ditch to his wife's side.

"Judith," he took the shears from her, laid them aside, raised her hands to his shoulders, and looked deep into her blue eyes: "Love me?"

"You know it!"

"Sure you're not feeling sad this morning? Sure you're not sorry my old roan spilled me over the boxwood and broke up your tea party?"

"Sure!" Judith laughed as only happy women can laugh. A quick kiss. And they went back to their digging and clipping.

The End

Programs

KGW-4th Rilercies
Saturdas P. M.
1330-Oceannan News,
1345-Barry McKinler, NBC,
430-NBC,
430-NBC,
430-NBC,
530-Al Roth and Orchestra, NBC,
513-Plano Surprises
630-diars of Tomorrow to NBC,
600-Kelzey Design for Music, NBC,
720-National Barn Dance, NBC,
720-National Barn Dance, NBC

8:00—Concert 8:36—Orchestia, NBC, 9:00—NBC, 9:00—Orchestra, NBC, 10:00—Orchestra, 10:35—Orchestra, 11:00—NBC, 11 30-Orchestra. To 12-Complete Weather Reports.

11130-Occhestra.
To 13-Complete Weather Reports.
KGW-20 Kilorseles
Sunday
2:00-Home Symmhony, NBC.
2:30-Chicano Round Table, NBC.
2:30-Chicano Round Rou

Ocodioe—gone. The hedge—stay-ing in need of exercise. I'm not one for the water very much anyway."

"Oh, that's all right," quacked Mr. Quacko. "It was good and generous of you to tell us about it."

"I'll put off my pond cleaning until weve found it." qacked Mrs. Qacko. "Then I won't have to do the work twice over."

"A good idea," cawed Christopher. Then you'll pardon me if I leave?"

"By all means you must take your light," quacked Mr. Quacko, "We'll idig with our webbed feet. You don't just know in which part of the post treasure might be found?"

"I said it was hidden treasure, idint 12" cawed Christopher, and flew off.

The ducks shook with excitement. They woodered what they would find. They began looking once.

Monday: Digging and Digging.

Ocodioe—gone. The hedge—stay ing. 100—Thearts of Air, NBC 100—Thearts of Air, NBC 100—Professor Fusitive. NBC 1





By Gus Edson



Tailspin Tommy

By Hal Forrest

Jerry in Danger!









Mutt and Jeff

By Bud Fisher

After Close Scrutiny, You'll Have to Admit Jeff Isn't a Southpaw

