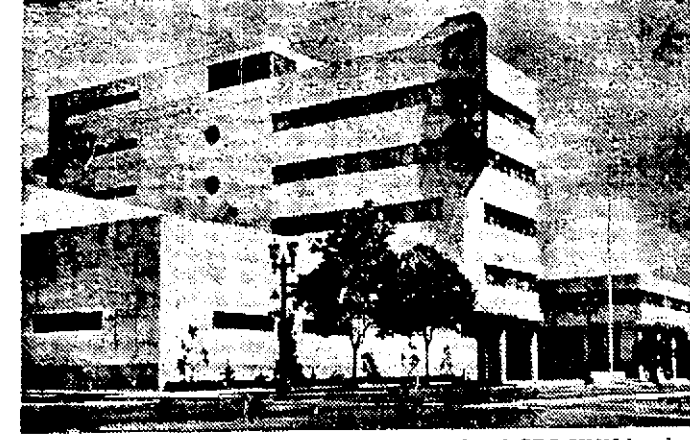


Radio News and Programs Secy. Roper, Film and Radio Stars Join in CBS Studio Salute



Here's the first view of the newly completed CBS-KNX headquarters in Hollywood. They were officially opened today. Located at the corner of Sunset Blvd. and Gower St. and designed by Architect William Lescaze, they are the last word in modern architecture and were designed especially for radio.

Dedication of the Columbia Broadcasting system's new Hollywood studios will reach its climax tonight with a salute from famed film and radio stars at 10 through WBBM. Among them will be Al Johnson, Martha Raye, Edward G. Robinson, Eddie Cantor, Joe Penner, Jean Harsholt, Claire Trevor, and the Raymond Scott quintet.

Earlier, the Saturday night Swing club will present Maxine Sullivan, Johnny Davis, Johnny Mercer, and Frankie Trumbauer's orchestra in a special dedication show. It will be on WBBM at 6. And at 8:45, Commerce Secy. Roper will discuss "Honest Advertising, an Instrument of Confidence" as part of the program.

Other headliners tonight, classified: 6 p. m.—Festival (WMAQ); southern California high school and junior college bands and orchestras.

6:30 p. m.—Concert (WGN): Elizabeth N. J., Philharmonic Symphony orchestra. 8 p. m.—NBC Symphony (WMAQ); Pierre Monteux, conductor; "Symphony No. 1," Beethoven; "Manfred" overture, Schumann; "La Peri," Dukas; "Valse Triste," Sibelius; Don Juan, Strauss.

7:30 p. m.—American Portraits (WMAQ); Augustus Saint-Gaudens. 8:30 p. m.—U. W. International Club (WIBA); Heinz Lauffer on Palestine.

8:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents (WBBM); newspapermen whose cave-dropping caught a crook. 7 p. m.—National Barn Dance (WIBA, WLS); May party with Dr. Russell Pratt.

8 p. m.—Your Hit Parade (WBBM); with Everett Marshall. 8:30 p. m.—Family Party (WIBA, WLS); with farmer who uses short wave radio to run his ranch.

8:30—Modern Melodies—WBBM 8:45—News and Currents—WBBM 9:00—Merry Melodies—WBBM 9:15—The World's News—WBBM 9:30—The World's News—WBBM 9:45—The World's News—WBBM 10:00—The World's News—WBBM 10:15—The World's News—WBBM 10:30—The World's News—WBBM 10:45—The World's News—WBBM 11:00—The World's News—WBBM 11:15—The World's News—WBBM 11:30—The World's News—WBBM 11:45—The World's News—WBBM 12:00—The World's News—WBBM

Short-Wave Tonight Moscow—5 p. m.—For English Listeners. RAN, 31 m., 8.6 meg. London—10 p. m.—The Cup Final: Commentary on Association Football match. GSP, 19.6 m., 15.31 meg; GSD, 25.5 m., 11.5 meg; GSE, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg; GSF, 37.5 m., 7.11 meg.

WIBA Sunday 7:00—NBC Coast-to-Coast Bus 8:00—Sunday Song Service 8:30—Melody 9:00—The Bible School 9:30—The Norwegian Hour 10:00—University Club Roundtable 10:30—News Introduce 10:45—Variety Concert 10:50—The Tullio's Orchestra 11:00—The Tullio's Orchestra 11:15—The Tullio's Orchestra 11:30—The Tullio's Orchestra 11:45—The Tullio's Orchestra 12:00—The Tullio's Orchestra

Other Stations Sunday 6:30—Happy Go Lucky Time—WJLD 6:30—Early Morning Melodies—WJLD 7:00—The E. B. Murray Show—WBBM 7:00—Concert International—WJLD 7:00—Organ: Weather—WLS 7:30—The E. B. Murray Show—WBBM 7:30—Aubade for Strings—WBBM 7:30—Everybody's Hour—WLS 7:30—The E. B. Murray Show—WBBM 7:30—Russian Melodies—WMAQ 8:00—Church of the Air—WBBM 8:00—Sunday Morning Concert—WGN 8:30—Music and Youth—WMAQ 8:30—Little Brown Church—WLS 8:30—The E. B. Murray Show—WBBM 9:00—Bureau of Missing Persons—WJLD 9:00—The Silver Flute—WMAQ 9:00—The E. B. Murray Show—WBBM 9:15—Rhythm Masters (to 11:15)—WTMJ 9:30—Sunshine Hour—WMAQ 9:30—America Abroad—WLS

Politicians Ht, Praise Phil's Plans

By RUBY BLACK WASHINGTON—As news of the new national progressive party swept across the nation Friday, more comments were added by political leaders, some of them praising, some disparaging, some merely cautious.

Sen. Gerald Nye, North Dakota, native of Hortonville, Wis., commented significantly: "I am a candidate for reelection on the republican ticket." Sen. Henrik Shipstead, Minnesota farmer-laborer, said the new party is "a symbol of discontent; an evidence of the sense of 'frustration and disappointment' of many people. Asked if he thought formation of another party would split rather than unite liberals, Shipstead said: "Nothing can hurt the liberal movement except the liberal movement itself, and they have done many things in the past to harm it."

He refused to say whether he thought the NPA would prove to be harmful. John L. Lewis, chairman of the CIO, when asked if he thought Labor's Non-Partisan League would coalesce with the NPA, said only: "I cannot tell at this time."

E. C. Oliver, executive vice president of the LNPL, refused to comment. Sen. Norris added to his earlier statement: "If this movement tends to consolidate progressives, I will support it. If it tends to divide them, I will oppose it."

Sen. William E. Borah, Idaho republican, said merely: "I hope this will be a good thing for Robert." Rep. Bernard H. Gehrman, Mellen, alone among the Wisconsin progressives, said he did not consider himself a member of the new party, although he would join if the progressives affiliate. He pointed out the difficulties of getting new parties on the ballots in many states, saying that even in Wisconsin, the courts had to decide on a new column for progressives on the ballot.

Rep. Gerald J. Bolcaus, Wausau, went farther than any of the rest, saying: "The national progressive party is the most important political development of the century."

Asked if he felt that the president has, as an individual, receded from the policies which led them to support him, or whether he felt merely that the conservatives in his party had blocked him, Sen. La Follette said: "I have felt and said over and over for seven months that we were in a situation which demanded action."

"Insofar as he has not seen fit to act until very recently, we have been in disagreement. 'No one,' he said, 'can predict how rapidly this party will grow. I can't say to what extent it will participate in the 1938 elections outside of Wisconsin and Minnesota."

"The real significance is that those who are supporting this party will press forward as rapidly as they can on a soundly built program within the states."

La Follette sought to emphasize that the movement was not a personal vendetta of the brothers La Follette but something that would have to grow on the basis of popular response within the various states, creating a foundation for a national party.

One republican, Rep. Burdick, North Dakota, announced, "this is the kind of a movement I would like to join."

Rep. Teigan (R, Minnesota) declared he was glad to see the La Follette start the movement, adding that the conservatives in the democratic party will name its 1940 presidential nominee "and the liberals who have followed Roosevelt in all probability will desert to a third party."

He termed Gov. La Follette's step "logical," but said he believed the Minnesota farm-laborer party would be "more interested in joining with the Wisconsin progressives in 'spreading the third party to the states of Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota and Montana before attempting to make it a national party."

From the closet he brought the suitcase which had seen him safely established in Mrs. Bradley's rooming house some two years before. He opened it on the bed and with elaborate care placed within it the things he had taken from the bureau.

He was laughing boisterously when he reached the bottom of the stairs a short time later, and the other members of Mrs. Bradley's family lifted their eyes to observe the effect if not the cause of the merriment. Mrs. Bradley herself rose from the chair in which she had been nervously scanning the evening papers and approached the young man who stood at the foot of the stairs.

"Are you going out, Doctor?" she asked. "Mrs. Bradley," said Dr. Sutton, holding himself erect with military precision, "I am leaving your house. He smiled genially and added, with great courtesy, 'I have enjoyed it—has been most pleasant—' " "Why don't you wait until

morning, Doctor?" said Mrs. Bradley. She had put her hand on his arm, and the concern in her face was evident to every one, except Phil Sutton. "No, Mrs. Bradley," Phil replied, making a great effort to concentrate his gaze on her face, "I must leave right now. There's something here," he waved his arm to include everything in Sheldon and its environs, "that I cannot abide any longer."

Phil's hat, clamped tight on his head in three-quarters position, did little to enhance the dignity that he strove to attain. Mrs. Bradley was unable to see any of the amusing features of the affair that the other members of the household observed. She gripped Phil's arm more tightly and leaned close to him. "Doctor Sutton," she whispered tremulously, "please wait until morning. Perhaps you really should leave but it won't hurt to put it off 'til morning."

Phil looked down at her in bewilderment. Thoroughly convinced that what he was doing was only what any other man of action would do under similar circumstances, her words slightly confused him. He mistook her hesitancy for an unwarranted interference in his private affairs. He became indignant, and his tongue flew thick. "Mrs. Bradley," he said, shaking loose from her restraining hand, "I have no time to argue." He picked up his bag and opened the front door.

Phil Sutton's thoughts were confused, in one way, quite straight in another, as he walked across the veranda and down the stairs toward his car. He was determined to leave Sheldon, yet he had no objective in leaving, no goal toward which to go. His sobriety was not such that he thought silently. When a thought occurred it was automatically expressed. And when no one familiar to him, or no usual and accustomed surroundings were at hand, those thoughts reverted to one thing; one thing which he was unable, and thought he always would be unable, to forget. "I killed a boy in this town," he said, half aloud, as he walked toward his car, parked at the curb in front of Mrs. Bradley's house. "I killed a boy here and I'd better clear out."

We Shall Be One by Patty Logan

The story thus far: Dr. Phillip Sutton, capable young assistant to the eminent surgeon, Dr. Calvin Agar, operates under the direction of the old man on a Junior Sheldon, young son of one of Sheldon's wealthiest families. The serious brain operation he has fatal and Phil, recalling a conversation with Virginia Rowles, the office secretary, a few days before the operation, begins to feel the apprehension that Agar's decision to operate was influenced by the large fee involved. After a violent scene at Agar's office, in which Phil cries that he is a murderer and that Agar shares his guilt, Ginny learns the real facts of the strange case from the old man, who had intended to tell the death of the elder Junior, a few days following Junior's, Agar now tells Ginny that Junior had a hereditary melancholia induced by a cerebral tumor and that it was the father's wish that his son not have to suffer the terror of the mad, even though a corrective operation was dangerous.

CHAPTER VI A tired, little old woman climbed painfully up to the second floor of her rooming house on 5th street in the city of Sheldon and walked down the corridor to the end room, the largest and most comfortable one in the house. She stood outside the door for a moment and listened, her ear close to the panel. Hearing no sound, she tapped the door lightly with the back of her hand. There was no response, so she turned the knob quietly and pushed the door open.

Old Mrs. Bradley winced at the sight that met her eyes. The big double bed against the wall at the far side of the room had not been slept in but the spread was rumpled from some one lying restlessly on it. A pair of shoes were on the floor, one of them on its side and half covered by the straggling sleeve of a suit coat.

In the overstuffed armchair in front of the large bay window at the end of the room sprawled a man, only his legs and one arm visible from the doorway. Beneath the motionless hand of the sleeper lay a glass, on its side in the center of a wet spot on the rug. An empty whisky bottle lay at his feet.

Mrs. Bradley tiptoed into the middle of the room and looked at the man's face. Dr. Sutton was undoubtedly asleep, and undoubtedly very drunk. It was 10 o'clock when Phil Sutton awoke. He looked around through sleep dulled eyes and saw that it was dark, the only light in the room being reflected from the street lights outside. He shook his head dazedly and groaned. The first two attempts he made to rise from the chair were unsuccessful, and his unsteadiness when he finally did get up made the last attempt seem hardly worth while.

He found the switch near the door and turned on the lights. The room was suddenly distasteful to him. He looked at his shoes lying on the floor and at his coat which lay wrinkled beside them. He leaned over carefully and got a grip on the coat. Then he straightened up, making a special point of holding on to the coat. He laughed explosively, realizing how really drunk he was, and returned to his chair.

The inclination to sleep had completely left him, and in its place had come that secondary stage where immediate and decisive action is the only solace to the troubled soul. A mirror opposite the chair in which he was sitting offered a congenial companion and Phil addressed the figure reflected there in all solemnity.

"What I need is to get out of this town," he said, and in the reflected image he saw complete agreement with the statement. "I murdered a boy in this town," he said. He shook his head briskly and winced from the throbbing pain. The image across the room assumed a focus again and he still saw congenial affirmation.

"Away from this town," he repeated, and looked searchingly for a sign of dissent in the mirror. The gaze that met his own was equally searching, and he was satisfied.

Lifting himself from the chair again, Phil strode hazily toward the bureau in which he kept most of his effects and brought forth one drawer, a time placing each carefully on the bed.

From the closet he brought the suitcase which had seen him safely established in Mrs. Bradley's rooming house some two years before. He opened it on the bed and with elaborate care placed within it the things he had taken from the bureau.

He was laughing boisterously when he reached the bottom of the stairs a short time later, and the other members of Mrs. Bradley's family lifted their eyes to observe the effect if not the cause of the merriment. Mrs. Bradley herself rose from the chair in which she had been nervously scanning the evening papers and approached the young man who stood at the foot of the stairs.

"Are you going out, Doctor?" she asked. "Mrs. Bradley," said Dr. Sutton, holding himself erect with military precision, "I am leaving your house. He smiled genially and added, with great courtesy, 'I have enjoyed it—has been most pleasant—' " "Why don't you wait until

morning, Doctor?" said Mrs. Bradley. She had put her hand on his arm, and the concern in her face was evident to every one, except Phil Sutton. "No, Mrs. Bradley," Phil replied, making a great effort to concentrate his gaze on her face, "I must leave right now. There's something here," he waved his arm to include everything in Sheldon and its environs, "that I cannot abide any longer."

Phil's hat, clamped tight on his head in three-quarters position, did little to enhance the dignity that he strove to attain. Mrs. Bradley was unable to see any of the amusing features of the affair that the other members of the household observed. She gripped Phil's arm more tightly and leaned close to him. "Doctor Sutton," she whispered tremulously, "please wait until morning. Perhaps you really should leave but it won't hurt to put it off 'til morning."

Phil looked down at her in bewilderment. Thoroughly convinced that what he was doing was only what any other man of action would do under similar circumstances, her words slightly confused him. He mistook her hesitancy for an unwarranted interference in his private affairs. He became indignant, and his tongue flew thick. "Mrs. Bradley," he said, shaking loose from her restraining hand, "I have no time to argue." He picked up his bag and opened the front door.

Phil Sutton's thoughts were confused, in one way, quite straight in another, as he walked across the veranda and down the stairs toward his car. He was determined to leave Sheldon, yet he had no objective in leaving, no goal toward which to go. His sobriety was not such that he thought silently. When a thought occurred it was automatically expressed. And when no one familiar to him, or no usual and accustomed surroundings were at hand, those thoughts reverted to one thing; one thing which he was unable, and thought he always would be unable, to forget. "I killed a boy in this town," he said, half aloud, as he walked toward his car, parked at the curb in front of Mrs. Bradley's house. "I killed a boy here and I'd better clear out."

He heard Mrs. Bradley call to him from the porch, and he laughed. "Oh, no," he said to himself, "I'm all through in this town. I'm not going back. I'm through. People don't telephone for doctors who kill children."

Mrs. Bradley watched the small coupe career around the corner of Fifth and Oak and a premonition of disaster clutched her heart. She closed the door and started to go back to the paper, she had left in the living room. At the doorway she stopped and, seeing the other guests there she turned toward the stairway, biting her lip.

Mrs. Bradley went upstairs to bed and to a troubled sleep. Dr. Sutton's phone had stopped ringing. "U. S. 41" was the first sign that Phil paid any particular attention to. When his white, crestfallen face illuminated itself against the blackness of the night in the glare of his headlights he slowed and read the legend beneath it: "Chicago, 75 miles."

"That's where I'll go," he thought to himself, and he pressed down hard on the accelerator. His eyes, wandering from the

pavement to the illumined dashboard of his car, barely made out the thin figure of an arrow swinging slowly across a dial, moving dangerously up toward 70, then 75, then 80.

"It won't even take an hour," he said thickly. "Won't even take an hour, now. Little bus sure can go." He pushed the pedal to the floor.

There were two lights coming toward him suddenly, and Phil stared at them. Then they were gone, and as they passed there was the sound of whistling air, as if the lights had passed very close.

There were more flashing lights and Phil listened intently for the whistling sound, and heard it. Once he slammed on his brakes as a sharp curve loomed suddenly before him. Taking it at what he considered a leisurely rate of speed he heard his tires scream on the pavement, felt the car lean precariously, then right itself and plunge on.

Gaining confidence as he sped along, he forgot about his escape, his mission in running away from what he had done. He felt tired now and morbid. He drove for several miles, and then realized that he had been dozing. He straightened up in the seat and peered into the darkness, and after a moment saw a sign reading, "Curve, Drive 35 miles."

He looked at the speedometer, and saw that it read 65. He laughed and pushed it up to 70. "Wonder if it will make it," he muttered as he gripped the wheel. "Whew!" he exclaimed as he saw the tiny reflector lights on the posts of the curve light up before him. He swung the wheel sharply, the tires screamed and he swung it back.

The sway of the car unbalanced him and he lurched sideways in the seat. He grabbed a spoke of the steering wheel to pull himself back into position but all he heard was the screech of rubber. His hand lost the wheel and his head fell back hard against the door handle.

(Continued Monday) Monday, Ginny's conversation with Dr. Agar is interrupted by an urgent telephone call.

Salvation Army to Show Films

"He Profits Most," a motion picture, will be shown at the Salvation Army hall, 121 W. Wilson st., at 7:30 p. m. Monday at a meeting opening the army's drive for funds. The Salvation Army building will be open for inspection both before and after the meeting.

Lion Hunting Sets Home SAN JOSE, Cal. (U.P.)—Lion hunting and matrimony do not mix, according to Mrs. Katharine Bruce, wife of California's official lion hunter. In her petition for divorce she charged her husband spends so much time hunting lions all over the state that there isn't enough left for her to make marriage worth while.

OLD TIME DANCE TONIGHT

OLE'S DANCE BAND Admission 25c Person TURNER HALL

EVERYONE AGREES

Our Famous Genuine Italian SPAGHETTI Is the best a'going Liberal Order Cooked abso- 35c lutely fresh. Try Our Tender Juicy T-Bone Steaks 50c

JIM'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE

810 Regent - N. 9999 Between Park and Murray St.

CAPITOL TODAY AND SUNDAY

IN PERSON

EVERYONE CAN ENJOY THE SEASON'S MOST SPARKLING STAGE SHOW

MAJOR BOWES' JAMBOREE

ON OUR STAGE

10 BIG ACTS!

ON OUR SCREEN

FORTY NAUGHTY GIRLS with JAMES GLEASON and ZSUZSANNA

Complete Program of Safety Meet Friday Revealed

Announcement of the complete program for next Friday's second annual state safety conference in Madison has been made by the state highway commission. The conference will open at 9:30 a. m. in the Hotel Loraine and close at 4 p. m.

The program follows: 6:30 a. m.—Registration of visitors. 10 a. m.—"What the State Highway Commission is Doing for Safety," Thomas F. DeJin, chairman, State Highway Commission. 10:30 a. m.—"Enforcement for Safety," Joseph Kluchewsky, chief of police, Milwaukee. 11 a. m.—Address and presentation of awards won in 1937 inter-safety contest, Gov. La Follette. 1:30 p. m.—"How Milwaukee Achieved its Record," William C. Knoelch, chairman of Milwaukee safety commission and vice president, National Safety Council. 2:15 p. m.—"Traffic Safety as Seen by the Courts," Judge Harry H. Porter, Evansville, Ill., municipal court. 3:30 p. m.—"Making Wisconsin the Safest State," a five-minute program for the heavy travel period, W. A. Burdick, state safety director.

Magicians Chorus Faculty Nite Mat. 50c - 75c - \$1.00 - No Tax - Eve. 50c - 75c - \$1.00 - \$1.50 Get Seats Now!

Parkway TODAY Matinee and Evening Haresfoot Club

40th Anniversary Show "Let's Talk Turkey"

Magicians Chorus Faculty Nite Mat. 50c - 75c - \$1.00 - No Tax - Eve. 50c - 75c - \$1.00 - \$1.50 Get Seats Now!

ORPHEUM PARKWAY

WHERE THE BIG PICTURES PLAY NOW Her Best Picture! Yesterday's Crowds liked it even better than "The Smart Girls" and "100 Men and a Girl"

DEANNA DURBIN IN A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE mad about music HERBERT MARSHALL

GAIL PATRICK - ARTHUR TREACHER EDWARD G. ROBINSON in "THE LAST GANGSTER"

MADISON 20c to 6c Last Day EDWARD G. ROBINSON in "THE LAST GANGSTER"

OLD TIME DANCE TONIGHT OLE'S DANCE BAND Admission 25c Person TURNER HALL

EVERYONE AGREES Our Famous Genuine Italian SPAGHETTI Is the best a'going Liberal Order Cooked abso- 35c lutely fresh. Try Our Tender Juicy T-Bone Steaks 50c

JIM'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE 810 Regent - N. 9999 Between Park and Murray St.

CAPITOL TODAY AND SUNDAY IN PERSON EVERYONE CAN ENJOY THE SEASON'S MOST SPARKLING STAGE SHOW

MAJOR BOWES' JAMBOREE ON OUR STAGE

10 BIG ACTS! ON OUR SCREEN

FORTY NAUGHTY GIRLS with JAMES GLEASON and ZSUZSANNA

ON OUR STAGE

10 BIG ACTS!

ON OUR SCREEN

FORTY NAUGHTY GIRLS with JAMES GLEASON and ZSUZSANNA

ON OUR STAGE

Parkway TODAY Matinee and Evening Haresfoot Club

40th Anniversary Show "Let's Talk Turkey"

Magicians Chorus Faculty Nite Mat. 50c - 75c - \$1.00 - No Tax - Eve. 50c - 75c - \$1.00 - \$1.50 Get Seats Now!

ORPHEUM PARKWAY

WHERE THE BIG PICTURES PLAY NOW Her Best Picture! Yesterday's Crowds liked it even better than "The Smart Girls" and "100 Men and a Girl"

DEANNA DURBIN IN A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE mad about music HERBERT MARSHALL

GAIL PATRICK - ARTHUR TREACHER EDWARD G. ROBINSON in "THE LAST GANGSTER"

MADISON 20c to 6c Last Day EDWARD G. ROBINSON in "THE LAST GANGSTER"

OLD TIME DANCE TONIGHT OLE'S DANCE BAND Admission 25c Person TURNER HALL

EVERYONE AGREES Our Famous Genuine Italian SPAGHETTI Is the best a'going Liberal Order Cooked abso- 35c lutely fresh. Try Our Tender Juicy T-Bone Steaks 50c

JIM'S SPAGHETTI HOUSE 810 Regent - N. 9999 Between Park and Murray St.

CAPITOL TODAY AND SUNDAY IN PERSON EVERYONE CAN ENJOY THE SEASON'S MOST SPARKLING STAGE SHOW

MAJOR BOWES' JAMBOREE ON OUR STAGE

10 BIG ACTS! ON OUR SCREEN

FORTY NAUGHTY GIRLS with JAMES GLEASON and ZSUZSANNA

ON OUR STAGE

10 BIG ACTS!

ON OUR SCREEN

FORTY NAUGHTY GIRLS with JAMES GLEASON and ZSUZSANNA

ON OUR STAGE

10 BIG ACTS!

ON OUR SCREEN

FORTY NAUGHTY GIRLS with JAMES GLEASON and ZSUZSANNA

ON OUR STAGE

WANT AD-BADGER 6000

WANT AD-BADGER 6000

WANT AD-BADGER 6000

WANT AD-BADGER 6000

WANT AD-BADGER 6000

WANT AD-BADGER 6000