

# Radio Programs

# Journal Feature Page

# Someone To Believe In

8—Capital Journal, Salem, Ore., Wednesday, Aug. 21, 1946

By Helen R. Woodward

**Wednesday—P. M.**

5:00— <b>News</b>	6:00— <b>News</b>	7:00— <b>Commentary</b>	8:00— <b>News</b>	9:00— <b>News</b>	10:00— <b>News</b>	11:00— <b>News</b>	12:00— <b>News</b>
5:15— <b>Superman</b>	6:15— <b>Rhythm Makers</b>	7:15— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	8:15— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	9:15— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	10:15— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	11:15— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	12:15— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>
5:30— <b>Capt. Midnight</b>	6:30— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	7:30— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	8:30— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	9:30— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	10:30— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	11:30— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	12:30— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>
5:45— <b>Tom Mix</b>	6:45— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	7:45— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	8:45— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	9:45— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	10:45— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	11:45— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>	12:45— <b>Spotlight Bands</b>

**Thursday—6 A. M. to 4:45 P. M.**

6:00— <b>News Summary</b>	7:00— <b>News</b>	8:00— <b>News</b>	9:00— <b>News</b>	10:00— <b>News</b>	11:00— <b>News</b>	12:00— <b>News</b>
6:15— <b>News</b>	7:15— <b>News</b>	8:15— <b>News</b>	9:15— <b>News</b>	10:15— <b>News</b>	11:15— <b>News</b>	12:15— <b>News</b>
6:30— <b>News</b>	7:30— <b>News</b>	8:30— <b>News</b>	9:30— <b>News</b>	10:30— <b>News</b>	11:30— <b>News</b>	12:30— <b>News</b>
6:45— <b>News</b>	7:45— <b>News</b>	8:45— <b>News</b>	9:45— <b>News</b>	10:45— <b>News</b>	11:45— <b>News</b>	12:45— <b>News</b>

## Latest Patterns

**Pattern No. R1835**  
Baby Likes Pussy Cats—Youngsters will love this kitten linen. Lazy daisy and outline stitches can be done in a jiffy and are fun to do.

Pattern envelope contains hot-iron transfers for 3 designs, color chart, stitch illustrations and full directions.

Send 15 cents (coin) for Pattern No. R1835 to Capital Journal, Needle Arts Dept., 427 Bryant Street, San Francisco 7, Calif.

## Crossword Puzzle

**ACROSS**

1. Pouch
2. Grit
3. Valley
4. House in a barn
5. Century plant
6. Related
7. Remise
8. 200
9. Exultance
10. Rubber tree
11. Son of Judah
12. Cuckoo
13. Some
14. Mottled
15. Appearances in mahogany
16. Embroidery yarn
17. Conjunction
18. Faintly
19. Bar of cast metal
20. Divorced

**DOWN**

1. Pillbox
2. Jewish month
3. Water bottle
4. Reproductive for varietals
5. Title of Mohammed
6. And not
7. Serious
8. Matron
9. New Zealand tree
10. Flax product
11. Vegetation
12. Food fish
13. Two-line
14. 200
15. Fly before the wind
16. Emerald river
17. Spaweed
18. Wander
19. Of the mouth
20. Compel
21. obediencia
22. Cotton sack
23. Edible tubers
24. Body of printed matter on a page
25. Radicals
26. Arid
27. Metal-bearing compound
28. Responsive to stimulus
29. Rays
30. Turbines
31. Deck out
32. Oriental
33. measure of capacity
34. Arrow poison
35. Fava
36. Host
37. Conjunction
38. Sea slug
39. Late comb. form

### Donald Duck

By Walt Disney

### Henry

By Carl Anderson

### The Nebbs

By Hess

### Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

### The Gumps

By Gus Edson

### Mutt and Jeff

By Bud Fisher

### Reg'lar Fellers

By Gene Byrnes

### Tarzan

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

**Chapter 7**

For the first time she knew that she was utterly dependent on her Aunt Harriet's bounty. There would be no Arnie coming to take her away, make her his wife, re-establish her in the community. She had no one to depend on but her Aunt Harriet—unless she could find a job. What a job that would be—to be able to support herself no matter how humbly—to not have to ask anything of anybody, no matter how willing they might be to give it.

And suddenly she remembered Rocky Alverson standing in the library of her dismantled home, offering her a job as soloist with Bubb Barton's orchestra at the Melody Club! Forty dollars a week, he had said! She could have her own small apartment—be independent of everyone.

She rose, her eyes hard with resolution. Tomorrow morning she'd go see Rocky Alverson about the job at the Melody Club.

Greer drove her Aunt Harriet's car out to the Melody Club early the next morning. After a sleepless night, she felt that she could not settle her future soon enough.

An ancient Negro man wearing a white coat and carrying a broom came into view. He stared openly at Greer and said, "Did you-all want somethin' Missy?"

"Yes, I want to see Mr. Alverson, please."

The old colored man's face broke up into a smile compounded of sympathy and dejection. "Lawdy, missy, de boss ain't here dis time o' day! Don't you know nobdy comes around here befo' fo' o'clock in de afternoon when de orchestra practices?"

"Well, that proves how much I know about the operation of night clubs, doesn't it?" Greer smiled at the old man. "Do you have any idea where I might find Mr. Alverson?"

"Probly at de apartment, ma'am. Right up on de top flo' of de Riverside Arms, it is! Yes'm right on de top!"

"Thank you very much." The old man accepted the coin she handed him and made an elaborate ceremony of opening the screen door for her.

The Riverside Arms was the newest building in town and evidently Rocky Alverson had a pent-house apartment there.

She was shot upward to the top floor and ushered into Rocky's apartment by a suave, dignified valet. The elegance of the spacious rooms, the beautiful taste of the owner, was apparent at once. "Mr. Alverson is having breakfast on the terrace. If you'll be seated, madam, I'll call him."

She sank into a great carved chair, her eyes wandering appreciatively over the beautiful furnishings, the priceless objects of art. In just a moment Rocky came in through the wide-open French doors. He looked fit and brown and handsome. His tweeds were well-cut and carefully worn. He had the appearance of a man to whom every good thing comes sooner or later.

He was cordial to Greer, his manner blending just the right shades of deference and hospitality. "Won't you join me on the terrace for a cup of coffee?" he asked and she followed him through the doorway.

The terrace was huge, glass-enclosed, and warm in the spring sunshine. It was filled with potted plants and striped awnings and gay, colored furniture. Breakfast had been spread on a white, wrought-iron table, and seated at the table was a small boy of about nine years, with grave dark eyes and a sudden sweet smile.

The boy rose at once. "This is my friend, Donald Chilton," Rocky said easily. "Donald—meet Miss Greer Lawrence."

Donald bowed with the manner of a courtier. "How do you do, Miss Lawrence," he said in clipped British accents, his smile lending charm to an already beautiful countenance. Then he added quite proudly, "Mr. Alverson brought me over to live with him since the war,

you know. Rather sporting of him, isn't it?"

Greer murmured that it was indeed sporting of him, and continued to feast her eyes on the expressive face of the little boy. That there was a real affection between Donald and Rocky Alverson she could not doubt. Each deferred to the other in a way that might have been ridiculous, had it not been so formally elegant.

Finally Donald finished his breakfast and rising gravely said, "You'll perhaps want to be alone with Miss Lawrence," he excused himself gracefully and went away.

"He's amazing!" Greer said enthusiastically. "Such a gallant, courteous manner in one so young is utterly unbelievable!"

Rocky smiled. "I'm afraid it's rather a pose to hide a frightened, little-boy heart," he said gently. "But I wouldn't want him to know I suspected that. You see, Donny's father went down with his plane—he was a good friend of mine. We had flown together for quite a long time. The mother was killed in a London air raid. I sent for the boy and now—I shall be able to keep him always!"

Greer's eyes met his warmly. "That's pretty wonderful!" she said slowly, generously.

Rocky seemed greatly embarrassed and hastened to change the subject. "I'd be glad you came," he said. "I've been wondering how things were going with you. Did you come about the job? It's still open, you know. We've been having a run of rather hopeless talent out at the Melody Club."

"You're making it very easy for me," she said gratefully. "I've been trying to get up enough courage to ask you about it. You see, my marriage has been postponed— indefinitely—and—and so I feel I'd like to make my own way."

"There's nothing like a feeling of independence," Rocky said quickly. "To restore a person to normal. Of course I've never known anything else!" His smile took whatever latent conceit might have been there from his words. "I began making my way when I was about Donny's age. And I can assure you that a diet of work is quite helpful when you want to—"

"Forget something!" she finished for him. Was she in fact in Rocky Alverson the person who answered her need of the moment. Certainly he seemed to understand better than anyone else. She forgot how angry she had been with him at their last meeting. "I'm afraid I'm pretty ignorant about how to proceed," she continued. "You'll have to tell me what I do next."

"Just report at the Melody Club for rehearsal at four this afternoon. I'll get in touch with Buzzy in the meantime. You'll probably rehearse for about a week before you make your first public appearance— get used to the band and all that."

Suddenly she held out her hand. "There's no need to tell you how much I appreciate all this," she said with her warm sincerity.

He laughed. "You're forgetting that I'm a pretty shrewd business man or I wouldn't be where I am today. Remember that you possess a commodity that the public wants to pay for. Glamour and an unusual singing voice. I'm not giving you anything. Just remember that."

(To be continued)

### Albany Hewitts

#### Guests of Coats

Unionvale—Elmer Hewitt of Albany and daughter, Mrs. James Pollard (Velma Hewitt), R. N. of Los Angeles, Calif., were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Coats en route to visit Mr. and Mrs. Mason Demaray and son, Richard, at Dayton. Mrs. Pollard came to Albany two weeks ago to care for her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Hewitt, 89.

Normal temperature for some birds is 110 degree Fahrenheit.

### Room and Board

By Gene Ahern

### Easy Competition

By Gene Ahern

### Youth Against Guile

By Gene Ahern