

Radio Programs

Journal Feature Page

Yesterday Is Nowhere

14—Capital Journal, Salem, Oregon, Friday, Oct. 25, 1946

By BEATRICE MUIR

AP New Features

Friday—P. M.		Saturday—6 A. M. to 4:45 P. M.	
5:00— News	5:00— People Are Funny	6:00— News	6:00— Personality Party
5:15— Superman	5:15— People Are Funny	6:15— News	6:15— Personality Party
5:30— Tom Mix	5:30— People Are Funny	6:30— News	6:30— Personality Party
5:45— Tom Mix	5:45— People Are Funny	6:45— News	6:45— Personality Party
6:00— Orchestra	6:00— People Are Funny	7:00— News	7:00— Personality Party
6:15— Spotlight Bands	6:15— People Are Funny	7:15— News	7:15— Personality Party
6:30— Spotlight Bands	6:30— People Are Funny	7:30— News	7:30— Personality Party
6:45— Spotlight Bands	6:45— People Are Funny	7:45— News	7:45— Personality Party
7:00— News	7:00— People Are Funny	8:00— News	8:00— Personality Party
7:15— News	7:15— People Are Funny	8:15— News	8:15— Personality Party
7:30— News	7:30— People Are Funny	8:30— News	8:30— Personality Party
7:45— News	7:45— People Are Funny	8:45— News	8:45— Personality Party
8:00— Let George Do It	8:00— People Are Funny	9:00— News	9:00— Personality Party
8:15— Let George Do It	8:15— People Are Funny	9:15— News	9:15— Personality Party
8:30— Let George Do It	8:30— People Are Funny	9:30— News	9:30— Personality Party
8:45— Let George Do It	8:45— People Are Funny	9:45— News	9:45— Personality Party
9:00— News	9:00— People Are Funny	10:00— News	10:00— Personality Party
9:15— News	9:15— People Are Funny	10:15— News	10:15— Personality Party
9:30— News	9:30— People Are Funny	10:30— News	10:30— Personality Party
9:45— News	9:45— People Are Funny	10:45— News	10:45— Personality Party
10:00— News	10:00— People Are Funny	11:00— News	11:00— Personality Party
10:15— News	10:15— People Are Funny	11:15— News	11:15— Personality Party
10:30— News	10:30— People Are Funny	11:30— News	11:30— Personality Party
10:45— News	10:45— People Are Funny	11:45— News	11:45— Personality Party
11:00— News	11:00— People Are Funny	12:00— News	12:00— Personality Party
11:15— News	11:15— People Are Funny	12:15— News	12:15— Personality Party
11:30— News	11:30— People Are Funny	12:30— News	12:30— Personality Party
11:45— News	11:45— People Are Funny	12:45— News	12:45— Personality Party
12:00— News	12:00— People Are Funny	1:00— News	1:00— Personality Party
12:15— News	12:15— People Are Funny	1:15— News	1:15— Personality Party
12:30— News	12:30— People Are Funny	1:30— News	1:30— Personality Party
12:45— News	12:45— People Are Funny	1:45— News	1:45— Personality Party

Donald Duck

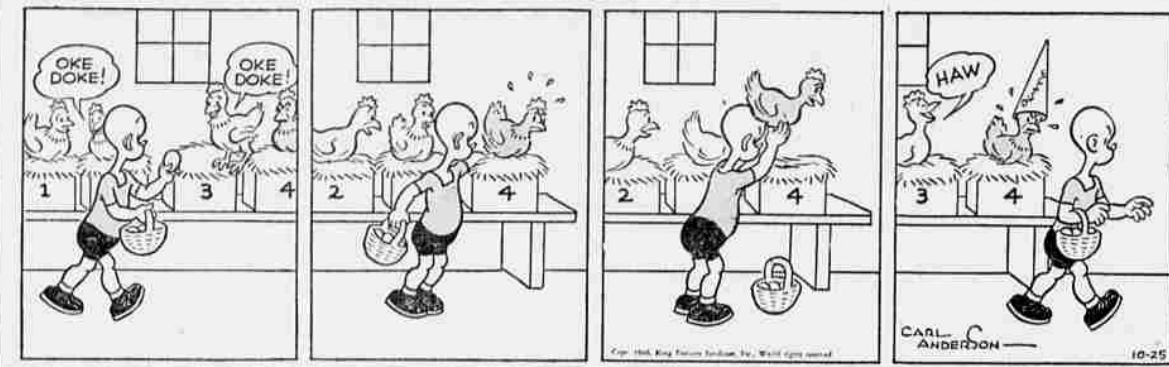
By Walt Disney

What Do You Think?



Henry

By Carl Anderson



The Nebbs

By Hess

Obeying Orders



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

Girl of His Schemes



The Gumps

By Gus Edson

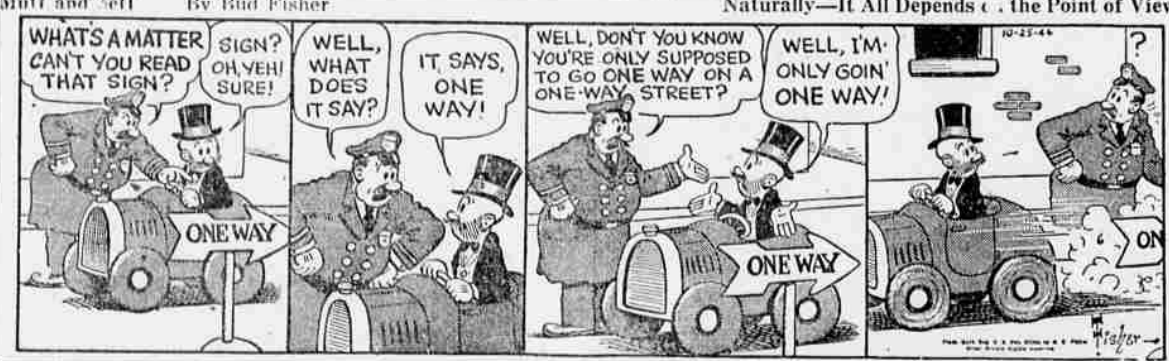
Took the Words Out of His Mouth



Mutt and Jeff

By Bud Fisher

Naturally—It All Depends on the Point of View



Reg'lar Fellers

By Gene Byrnes

In the Public Eye



Tarzan

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

Tarzan Not Afraid



Chapter 1

Niel's mind awakened, stirred itself to kindle fragmentary impressions into a reddening flame of conscious life. Warmth pulsed like green sap through his motionless body and he was aware of heavenly comfort. But his own identity was apart from him. He lay with his eyes closed listening to a stuttering wind, and the past was lost in the rise and fall of his breathing. Soon, through the corridors of his brain crept a stealthy nameless thing and he struggled to identify it, struggled with an urgency that sent his blood racing as if to defend himself against it. He tried to shout but it choked his mouth... a sick, frightening taste. Then he knew it was ether and the shock of knowing opened his eyes.

His head ached and he felt sick to his stomach. But he could remember clearly what had happened to him last night in Berlin, except he wasn't sure it was last night... somehow he felt that much more time had slipped by him. He remembered the faces of the two American officers as they drew up to the curb and called out to him: "Do you want a lift back to camp, Capt. Dana?" Naturally he hadn't hesitated; American officers in Berlin were a sociable lot since the war ended. He had felt no warning sense of alarm so they got him without a struggle. The minute he settled back in the car his arms were pinned down and he felt that thing slide across his face, then came the shocking taste of ether bringing the terrible fear of the unknown that was still with him. It could have happened to anyone but for some reason still beyond him here he was in a strange bed with that cloying taste in his mouth.

It was a strange bed! Never had he slept in one so immense or on such big, square pillows with starched linen slips tied at one edge by a double row of tapes. The linen sheet was buttoned to a feather quilt. Certainly it wasn't an American or English bed, but it could be dismissed as one European, that is if it could be dismissed at all—it loomed in his conscience as if to embrace him in a depth that would hide him away from the world forever.

It took an effort to move his arm to see his watch, its luminous hands pointing the hour of two were static. Impatiently he flung back the quilt, exposing on the sheet side the prim line of white buttons. For about a minute he stared at them, running his fingers down the first half dozen or so. What an odd touch!

As he sat on the edge of the bed peering for his clothes he cursed himself inwardly for being so optimistic to think they would be there, so it was almost a shock to see his tunic draped neatly across the back of a chair near the bed and all his other things except his greatcoat and hat. Feverishly he emptied all of his pockets, as far as he could remember everything was there: keys, wallet with money intact, his identification papers... everything!

He stared at the little pile they mounded on the bed beside him. Gradually there rose within him the suspicion that there was something sinister in the fact that nothing was missing. Slowly he put them back in his pockets. Now the mere fact of being in possession of them when he expected them to be gone made them seem less his own. However, he shrugged the feeling away, knowing full well the danger of letting this vague growing sense of unreality rob him of his ability to think straight.

Across the chair was a dark blue dressing gown and on the floor a pair of brown leather slippers, obviously intended for his use; they fitted perfectly. At the broad windows where heavy green curtains blurred the light he fumbled with the side cord until they drew apart. Momentarily the glittering light blinded him, pain seared his eyes and he felt sick again. Shading his eyes until they were accustomed to the light he examined the broad expanse of snow-covered ground merging into a forest that stretched as far as he could see from this upper window. Then, shifting vision to the foreground, he discovered with a shock that the windows were barred. When he peered downward at various angles there was nothing to see but grey stone. He turned back to view the room with sardonic interest since the bars on the window had transformed it from a comfortable bedroom to a luxurious prison. Unable to control his rising excitement he headed for the door... it was locked! He leaned against it, the practical side of his nature warding off an inchoate sense of alarm at his growing conviction that somewhere, unknown to him, the orbit of his life was touching the ambitions of another man.

He eyed the large room. It was a beautifully arranged room—charming in amber, ivory and green, with fine ebony furniture, a man's room designed by some woman of artistic temperament. It was the kind of room to be lived in a short time and remembered forever.

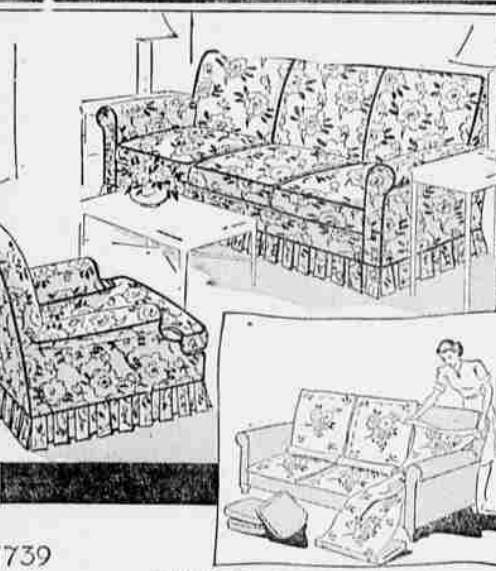
There were no books, or magazines or knick-knacks to give him a clue. At the end of the room he pulled a small crystal knob and a panel door opened, and there on a hanging rod was his greatcoat. It loomed in the emptiness of the closet. He reached out his hand to touch it, the faint, comforting odor of his own tobacco restored his sense of ownership. Suddenly laughing, he dug out his pipe and tobacco from his pocket.

Another crystal knob nearer the door opened into a small compact bathroom. His eyes on the way to the window noted the yellow sponges, blue bath mat and towels and a white porcelain oil heater set in one corner. The window was barred.

Then for the first time he wondered what his brother officers would be doing on his behalf, but even as he thought of them he felt out of reach of their best efforts. He was on his own; out of the people he met in this house, their conversations, the events that must soon begin, he must contrive his own escape.

(To be continued)

Latest Patterns



PATTERN No. R1739

Fall Fresheners—Your friends will think you hired a decorator when they see the skillful results of these colorful slip-covers. It's a fine way to add new beauty to your home while furnishings remain secure.

Pattern envelope contains full directions for making covers for various types of furniture, diagrams and material suggestions. Send 15 cents (coin) for Pattern No. R1739 to Peggy Roberts, Capital Journal, 828 Mission Street, San Francisco 3, Calif.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Vote
- American Indians
- Stimpson
- On the sheltered side
- River in Ireland
- Before
- Incline
- Clothy
- Meadow
- Series of names
- Star
- Division
- Heavy blow
- Broad thick piece
- Stress in pronouncing
- Made up into parcels
- Shirts
- Age
- Persian fabrics
- Born
- Interweave
- Beaten
- At a distance
- Existence
- Says
- Models
- Ireland
- Timber
- Etymological record
- Cravat
- Horse disease
- One for whom use a thing is done
- Owls
- Sea eagles
- French city

DOWN

- Graves unimpaired
- Pertaining to oil
- Loading strap
- First name of an American humorist
- Unharmed
- Poet's motto
- Muse of lyric and amatory
- Peaceful
- Substance causing the inflammation
- God of war
- Puny
- Metrical units
- Rebuff
- College in Kentucky
- Endure; Scotch
- Pleasant out
- Il-gotten gain
- Spanish sea
- Inevitable
- Perforated metal disks in oil lamps
- Location
- Direction
- First name of an American humorist
- Alcove by
- Mistake
- Evening
- Small
- Old-time daggers
- Trail
- Continent
- Gas of the air

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66



2672
SIZES 10-40

2791
Easier to Make

Better Half Duet—Have the easy-to-make cap sleeved blouse to wear with your tailored suits, the round neck blouse with cut-outs for more dressy wear... perfect pair for a well-planned wardrobe. Two separate patterns. No. 2672 is cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. Size 14 requires 2 yds. 35-in., or 1 1/2 yds. 39-in. No. 2791 is cut in one size and requires 1 yd. 39-in.

Send 20c for PATTERN, which includes complete sewing guide. Print your name, address and style number plainly. Be sure to state size you wish. Include postal unit or zone number in your address. Address: Pattern Department, Capital Journal, 552 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.



Room and Board . . . **By Gene Ahern**

YOU'VE GOT YOUR NERVE... EXPECTING ONE PERSON TO TAKE CARE OF AN ELEVEN-ROOM HOUSE AND COOK FOR SIX PEOPLE?... AND I'LL BET YOU'VE GOT CALL ENOUGH TO SAY THAT INCLUDES DOING THE LAUNDRY, TOO!

CALM YOURSELF, MADAM. YOU'RE RIGHT... I AGREE WITH YOU!... THE LABOR HERE WOULD EVEN STAGGER AND EXHAUST. WORK AN ELEPHANT OF A TEAK FOREST!

HE AGREES WITH THAT MENACING PURSE.