

# RADIO

WMFD Wilmington  
1400 KC

TUESDAY, MAY 12

- 7:00 a. m.—Morning Greetings.
- 7:30—Family Altar, Rev. J. A. Sullivan.
- 7:45—Red, White and Blue Network.
- 8:00—World News Roundup.
- 8:15—Pages of Melody.
- 8:30—Musical Clock.
- 8:45—A. P. News.
- 9:00—The Breakfast Club.
- 9:45—Lest We Forget.
- 10:00—Clark Dennis.
- 10:15—Today's News with Helen Hiatt.
- 11:20—John's Other Wife.
- 11:30—Second Husband.
- 11:45—Amanda of Honeymoon Hill.
- 12:00—Oh's Other Wife.
- 12:15—Just Plain Bill.
- 12:30—Children in Wartime.
- 12:45 p. m.—Singing Sam.
- 1:00—National Farm and Home Hour.
- 1:00—Baudette Talking.
- 1:15—Your Gospel Singer, Edward MacHugh.
- 1:30—Let's Dance.
- 1:35—Who's News.
- 1:40—WILMINGTON STAR-NEWS ON THE AIR.
- 1:45—Let's Dance.
- 2:00—Meditation Period, Rev. J. A. Sullivan.
- 2:15—Between the Bookends.
- 2:30—James G. McDonald, News Analyst.
- 2:45—Jack Baker.
- 3:00—Prescott Presents.
- 3:30—News, George Hicks in Men of the Sea.
- 3:45—Little Jack Little.
- 4:00—Club Matinee.
- 4:35—A. P. News.
- 5:00—Music by Bovero.
- 5:30—Flying Patrol.
- 5:45—Secret City.
- 6:00—Western Five.
- 6:15—Lum and Abner.
- 6:30—Let's Dance.
- 6:35—NEWS—WILMINGTON STAR-NEWS.
- 7:00—Baseball Scores.
- 7:05—Let's Dance.
- 7:20—To Be Announced.
- 8:00—Cugat's Rumba Revue.
- 8:15—Three Ring Time.
- 9:00—Army Air Base Program.
- 9:30—Born To Be Free.
- 9:35—Ramona and the Tame Twisters.
- 10:00—Carlton Hotel Orchestra.
- 10:30—Military Analysis of the News.
- 10:45—News Here and Abroad.

## OVER THE NETWORKS

TUESDAY, MAY 12

- EASTERN WAR TIME P. M. (Alterations in programs as listed due entirely to changes by networks.)
- 5:30—The Three Suns Trio — nbc-red
- 5:35—"Secret City," Dramatic Serial — blue
- 5:40—Scattergood Baines, Serial Skit — cbs
- 5:45—Captain Midnight's Serial — mbs-west
- 5:50—Denver Swing Orchestra — nbc-red
- 5:55—Western Five, Hillbilly Tunes — nbc
- 6:00—Frazier Hunt News Spot — cbs-estic
- 6:05—The Chicago Cubs — cbs-west
- 6:10—Prayer Comment on the War — mbs
- 6:15—Denver Strings News — nbc-red
- 6:20—Chicago Rumba Dance Band — blue
- 6:25—Donkey Kigallan Broadway — cbs
- 6:30—Baseball Roundup, Dance Or. — mbs
- 6:35—Ted Steele Studio Club — nbc-red
- 6:40—Lum and Abner of Pine Ridge — blue
- 6:45—Barton and Song Series — cbs
- 6:50—Jack Armstrong's repeat — mbs-west
- 6:55—Bill Stern Sport Spot — nbc-red
- 7:00—Lowell Thomas on News — blue-basis
- 7:05—The Escorts with Songs — blue-west
- 7:10—War and World News of Today — cbs
- 7:15—Captain Midnight repeat — mbs-west
- 7:20—Fred Waring's Time — nbc-east
- 7:25—"Easy Aces," Dramatic Serial — blue
- 7:30—Amos and Andy's Sketch — cbs-basis
- 7:35—Fulton Lewis, Jr. & Comment — mbs
- 7:40—News from the World — blue
- 7:45—"Mr. Keen," Dramatic Serial — blue
- 7:50—Glenn Miller and His Orchestra — cbs
- 7:55—The Johnson Family, A Serial — mbs
- 8:00—E. Burns & Gracie Allen — blue
- 8:05—War Broadcast and Comment — nbc
- 8:10—American Melodies, Songs, Or. — cbs
- 8:15—Arthur Hale's News Comment — mbs
- 8:20—Jack Stevens Sports — mbs-basis
- 8:25—The nk Spots, Negro Quartet — blue
- 8:30—Johnny Presents Orchest. — nbc
- 8:35—Xavier Cugat's Rumba Revue — blue
- 8:40—Are You a Missing Heir? Drama — cbs
- 8:45—What's My Name Quiz Show — mbs
- 8:50—Horace Heidt & Quiz — nbc-red
- 8:55—Milton Berle and Variety Show — blue
- 9:00—Bob Burns & Variety Program — cbs
- 9:05—Ned Jordan, The Secret Agent — nbc
- 9:10—Elmer Davis and Comment — cbs
- 9:15—Battle of Sevens Quiz — nbc-red
- 9:20—Famous Jury Trials, Dramatic — blue
- 9:25—Ed Gardner and Duffy's Tavern — cbs
- 9:30—Gabriel Heatter Speaks — mbs-basis
- 9:35—News from London; Sports — blue
- 9:40—Fibber McGee and Molly — nbc
- 9:45—To Be Announced; Ramona — blue
- 9:50—Weekly Reports to the Nations — cbs
- 9:55—To Be Announced (30 mins.) — mbs
- 10:00—Bob Hope and Variety — nbc-red
- 10:05—To Be Announced (20 minutes) — cbs
- 10:10—To Be Announced (20 minutes) — blue
- 10:15—John B. Hughes in Comment — mbs
- 10:20—War Broadcast; Musicale — mbs
- 10:25—Red Skelton Comedy, Orch. — nbc
- 10:30—Morton Heatter War Comment — blue
- 10:35—Public Affairs & Guest Speaker — cbs
- 10:40—Dance Music Variety Period — nbc
- 10:45—Late War News Broadcast — cbs
- 10:50—Dance Music for 15 Minutes — blue
- 10:55—Songs Under Western Skies — mbs
- 11:00—News for 15 mins. — nbc-red-cst
- 11:05—Fred Waring's repeat — nbc-red-west
- 11:10—News and Dance (2 hrs.) — blue & cbs
- 11:15—Late Variety and News — nbc-red

## Barefoot Negro Dies After Fleeing Police

Oliver Barefoot, 23-year-old negro of 608 South Seventh street, died in James Walker Memorial hospital at 9:50 o'clock Monday morning, after having been identified as the negro who ran into an automobile at Tenth and Dawson streets Friday night while attempting to escape arrest.

Coroner Asa W. Allen viewed the body and said that he would conduct an investigation to determine if an inquest would be necessary.

Barefoot, according to police reports, was challenged by officers last Friday night as he was walking down Dawson street in an apparently drunken condition.

Instead of halting at the officers' request, he began to flee and ran into the path of an automobile at the intersection of Tenth and Dawson, driven by another negro, James Lewis, of 619 Wooster street.

His body was hurled up on the hood of the car by the force of the impact and his head struck the windshield with sufficient force to shatter it.

He was taken to the hospital where doctors said he had suffered a concussion, a fractured leg and lacerations of the face and hands.

Barefoot is survived by his sister, Essie Simpson, with whom he lived.

**FOR BUILDING OUTSIDE**  
Plywood suitable for exterior building has been on the market for five years and may be bought under a specification of the U. S. bureau of standards.

# You Are the One

by ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES  
WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

**CHAPTER XXII**  
In the taxi, on her way to the aviation banquet, that little smile still lingered on Tibby's lips. It was a smile that held triumph and satisfaction. She had certainly made Tommy Dare open his eyes; she hoped, by that parting shot that had told him she was not going alone, but had not revealed with whom she was going, she had given him something to think about. And it had served to give Tibby herself a measure of poise that would still an inward trepidation she might otherwise have felt.

She almost felt as sophisticated as she believed she looked, as if she were used to driving about in taxis, attending social functions, mixing with celebrities, being escorted by a man like Wayne Courtwright. Away in one corner of her heart had been a tiny grain of apprehension, because she was not used to all this, but now it was swept away. She might be Cinderella on her way to her first ball, but she felt as if she would be able to act like the princess.

However, although she may have felt that part, Tibby did not look sophisticated. If she had, she would not have had the effect she was to have upon Wayne that evening. He was used to sophisticated ladies; he was bored to death with them. When he saw Tibby, in her lovely white dress, that shining look in her eyes, her cheeks flushed, his heart, that had been bored so long, too, that he almost had forgotten he possessed such an organ, did a somersault; his jaded pulses quickened.

Tibby, in his eyes, looked like love's young dream. She looked like the rosebuds that composed the corsage he had ordered for her, because only such buds, unopened, damp with dew, had, to him, seemed appropriate.

"My dear," he said, hurrying forward to greet her, "I wish there were words to tell you how lovely you are. Words would not do; it would have to be set to music. You are the stars tonight, the crest of an ocean wave, the tenderness of twilight. In brief, Miss Elizabeth Lane, you are almost too beautiful."

"You make me almost believe it," Tibby thanked him demurely from the wisdom of her newly acquired manner. She was not expert at this type of light, yet serious flirtation, or used to being called beautiful. "And thank you for these," she added, touching the dewy rosebuds. "They're so exquisite! And see," she spread her quite skirts, as though about to make him an old-fashioned curtsy. "They match the artificial ones, as if you had known about them."

"I know," he assured her gravely, "that nothing artificial would become you. And these real ones were created just for you. We're sitting at the speaker's table, so I expect we had better go on in, although I doubt if anyone will be able to attend to what is said, with you to feast their eyes upon. Come, my dear." He offered her his arm, as though she were indeed a princess.

She knew, of course, that he was teasing, from the humor about his mouth, although his gray eyes had been almost too somber, as if on guard against the glibness of his tongue, for his pulses and his heart were still behaving in this most extraordinary way. It was as if having been so rudely awakened,

he did not mean to settle back to their old passivity, as if he, Wayne Courtwright, had lost his iron control of them.

That seemed ridiculous, improbable in fact, for Wayne always was in complete control of his emotions; his head always ruled over his heart. He might indulge them—heart and emotions—for a fleeting moment or so, but always they were put back in order the instant he ruled that they should be.

Tonight proved the exception to this rule. It was not just that he had found the way Tibby looked so disturbing; it was the way she was, so young, so earnest, so thrilled. It was seeing things through her bright eyes—the long, candle-lit table, gleaming with crystal and silver, burdened with flowers, the beautiful women and well-groomed men, the excellent service and incomparable food, the low laughter and spontaneous bursts of applause, the voice of a cornet and the shush-shush of dancing feet, the fragrance of a woman's hair so close to his nostrils, the warmth of her slender body held in his arms.

No, Wayne could not remember when he had lived an evening like this—for "lived" was the new meaning that this evening, seen through Tibby's eyes, experienced through her senses, held; it had been so long ago, in his own first youth, that this was like returning to a forgotten country, a country one never should have left.

"Having fun?" he asked, bending his head close to hers, his eyes seeking and holding her gaze. He had just reclaimed her for the end of this dance, having had to relinquish her throughout the evening more often than he had liked, although he wanted her to enjoy the popularity that was her due.

"Lots of fun." She nodded her head, her eyes smiling back into his. Fun was not a fitting description—it went with the ordinary sort of good times Tibby was used to. This evening had been exciting, dramatic, a peek into a fairy land. Everything was so right, so perfect, so beautiful: everyone was so charming, so gay. "It's been lovely," she added, on a little sigh, for, being young, an ending always was poignantly sad to Tibby. Why couldn't such loveliness just go on and on?

"Now, Cinderella," he reproved, "don't start listening for the clock to strike 12. Remember I told you you did not have to run away. Or return to the tattered garments of everyday life when the coach and four change into mice again. There is no reason, my dear, why we cannot do this again—and often." His tone, the set of his lips were firm.

The smile still lingered in Tibby's eyes, but she did not nod her head again.

"I guess not," she admitted, but her tone held a shadow of uncertainty. The clock was beginning to strike the midnight hour in Tibby's consciousness. Maybe this one time should be sufficient. Maybe they should not try to repeat it. Repetition seldom contained the same element of delight, just as anticipation usually dimmed reality in comparison.

"That's another agreement—like our being friends," Wayne pressed her closer for a brief moment, as the dream-filled waltz came to an end. Usually he did not regret end-

ings; he was adept at them, often making them serve his purpose, but now he, too, felt a sadness, a sense of reluctance that he must open his arms so that they would be emptied, allowing her to escape from him.

At first he had wanted friendship from Tibby to make her aware of him, as a man. This had been strengthened by her indifference, even her refusal to accept him. Now, after this evening, he knew it was Tibby, herself, that was the challenge. He had to have her friendship. He must win her warm approval, her eager liking. He was aware even that this might lead to more than that. He might, as he had told her, want more of her than mere friendship, much more than that. He might, in her, have found not only a lost country, but a promised land, in that she might be the one woman he would find he had to have.

He had loved other women before. They had stirred his senses, quickened his heart-beat, but not like this, not without his willing it to be so, with his clear consciousness, as well as that other unconscious, uncontrollable self hidden within every man.

He did not think he was in love with Tibby yet, but he knew he might be soon. The amazing part was that, knowing this, he plunged blindly ahead.

He still believed, of course, that he could make the ending when he chose—making it, as well, the one he wanted.

(To Be Continued)

## 500 Enlisted Men Get Commissions In Army Air Corps

MIAMI BEACH, Fla., May 11.—The Army Air Corps today gave commissions as second lieutenants to 500 picked enlisted men—the first graduates from its only non-flying officer candidate school.

In 10 weeks of intensive work in the colorful setting of this swank winter resort, the men completed a three months' course of military and academic study and body-building calisthenics and athletics.

For classrooms, they used the lounges or one-time bars of fashionable oceanfront hotels, or sat beneath palm trees on lawns, in parks or on the beach itself. They bunked in double-decker beds in once-expensive suites in the hotels.

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



## WASH TUBBS



## One Less Jap



## SUPERMAN



## Lafayette, We Are Here!



## BRICK BRADFORD



## THE GUMPS



## Mr. Binkeldunk Stakes Out A Claim



## Here's How



## GASOLINE ALLEY



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE... with... Major Hoople



## OUT OUR WAY



## DAILY CROSSWORD

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

**ACROSS**

- Sea gull
- Vessel
- Portend
- Affirm
- Finishes
- Apportion
- Went by
- Employ
- Silkworm
- Part of climbing plant
- Colors
- Injuries
- Drift
- King of Basha
- A suffix
- Spawn of fish
- Weep
- Type measure
- Aloft
- Southeast wind
- Conqueror
- Prong
- Lived
- Cheat
- Equip
- Acrobat's garment
- Back of neck
- Minute object
- Flourish
- Nights before holidays
- Observe
- Japanese coin

**DOWN**

- Contemplate
- Excess of chances
- Perplex
- Crowd
- Avenue (abbr.)
- To send back
- Carrier
- Dwell
- Sprightly
- Moisture at dawn
- Otherwise
- Loop with running knot
- Crude boat
- Noses
- Station
- To make lustrous
- Always
- Mingling
- Joins
- Lizard
- Rolls of tobacco
- To soak
- U. S. coins
- Present
- American poet

Yesterday's Answer: 48. Female sheep

**CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation**  
B JBK LBA MCAA NPKANOCKNC RLCK  
OK MPQC SBLBK OK BKT PSLCU NPK-  
VOSOPK—ANLPWCKLBGCU.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: GOOD CONSCIENCE YOU OWE TO YOURSELF; GOOD FAME TO YOUR NEIGHBOUR—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.