

RADIO WMFJ Wilmington 1400 KC

RADIO PROGRAMS—SERIAL

WILMINGTON MORNING STAR, WILMINGTON, N. C.

COMICS

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1942

You Are the One by ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

CHAPTER THIRTY When Wayne told Tibby that he had bought the beautiful silver ship that she was flying just for her, that she could have it, and him—if only she were willing, Tibby was so stunned that she could not possibly answer. He had said, "You know that, don't you, my dear—that that is what I want?" But she had not known. She had guessed, of course, that their friendship might lead to something more; Wayne had suggested that, but he had spoken of it as in the far-away future. Tibby could not know that he had not meant it to come this soon, either. He had not even meant to speak so soon, while they still were high up in that dark sky, among the stars, but he had spoken, so now she must give him some answer.

Wayne Courtwright was begging, pleading with this girl at his side, this girl with her head in the clouds, flying the silver ship, thrilling only to that. It was indeed fantastic. Now he realized that he could not appeal to her as one might to a child. She did not care for all the things his money could buy her. She was not like other women in that—Steenie again, for instance. She wanted something more, something that all the money in the world, all the background and heritage could not give. That, he realized further, was why he loved her.

Tibby said, "I can't answer. Not right away. You've given me too many surprises this evening." That must be it, for all she felt yet was that stunned silence. If Wayne were the one, the only one, wouldn't she feel more? Wouldn't delight fill her heart, joy and ecstasy her soul?

Steenie now—why should he think of her at this time?—she had given her mind, her heart, even her kisses willingly enough. She would have had a ready answer, realizing the momentousness of this high moment. He had not been fooled by the beautiful. Steenie's cleverness. Had she been really clever, she would have put a higher value on her kisses. Odd, for, in Wayne's company, had a lack of Tibby could not claim Steenie. Winters would have made a more fitting wife for Wayne Courtwright, but it was Tibby Lane he wanted. She had to have.

There was no sense to love, Wayne decided, even as Tibby had before him. There was no rhyme, or reason. "You don't have to answer me right away," he said to Tibby now, but he was hurt that she didn't. "I suppose I have given you too many surprises. I hoped they would be pleasant ones. You like the ship, don't you, my dear?" He did not realize that he said that as one might in appealing to a child. In effect, "See the pretty toy I have brought you. You like it, don't you? Therefore, you must love me."

"Of course," Tibby's answer, even to this, was brief, reluctant. Perhaps she felt now that it must hold reservations, Wayne had said he had bought the ship for her. He could not accept such a wonderful gift, enthuse over it, if you felt you might not be able to keep it. "If you don't want it," Wayne said, still as one would to that difficult child, "I shan't keep it. That was the arrangement."

Why, she had even dreamed of someone like Wayne to complete the picture, someone strong and dark and exciting! He was all of that and more. He was the sort of man any girl might dream of, wish to come riding, as the fairy books of old would have phrased it. Only this was a modern fairy tale, the rich man proposing to this Cinderella, offering to fulfill all her heart's desires, giving her a beautiful silver ship to fly, laying his heart at her feet high up in the sky.

Wouldn't she be a very foolish girl indeed to refuse so much, to ask for more? She ought not even need time to think it over. She ought to grasp at the chance with greedy fingers. Her heart ought to leap with joy, instead of still being filled with doubts and questions and evasions, instead of going on in its lonely search.

There was no one else. Probably no one else ever would come into her life, certainly no one who would give her more in every way, romance included, than Wayne. Tommy was only the past, a childhood memory, no longer even that old playmate with whom she had shared so much. Yes, Tibby would be a very foolish girl, indeed, if she did not tell Wayne—and very soon—that she would marry him. Since her heart, and her good common sense as well, told her that much, maybe it was answering all the rest along with it. Maybe it had spoken at last.

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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



It Won't Be Long



By EDGAR MARTIN



WASH TUBBS



The Woman Pays



By Roy Crane

SUPERMAN



Taffy-Pulling Party!



By Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster



OVER THE NETWORKS

THURSDAY, MAY 21

EASTERN WAR TIME P. M.

- 7:00—Let's Dance. 7:05—Political Speech—W. L. Farmer. 7:30—Al Pearce and His Gang. 8:00—Celebrity Theatre. 8:30—Poppy Day Program—Mr. and Mrs. George Walker. 8:45—Dorothy Thompson—Commentator. 9:00—America's Town Meeting of the Air. 9:55—Ramona and the Tune Twisters. 10:00—Bats in the Belfry. 10:30—Military Analysis of the News. 10:45—News Here and Abroad.

Patton Is Acquitted In Election Law Case

ASHEVILLE, N. C., May 20.—(AP)—Arthur W. Patton, of West Asheville, was found not guilty by jury on a charge of violating the election laws, members of a naturalization class received their final citizenship papers, and several cases were disposed of before Judge E. Yates Webb adjourned the May term of U. S. District Court here this afternoon.

The jury received the Patton case at 4:30 Monday afternoon and deliberated until court adjourned yesterday morning and reported themselves as apparently hopelessly deadlocked when court adjourned yesterday afternoon, but Judge Webb instructed them to return to court today prepared to consider the case further. They reached their decision in a short time today.

Patton was charged with having refused to permit members of the negro race to register for the 1940 election. Patton was charged with having refused to permit members of the negro race to register for the 1940 election.

DR. BOBBS



BRICK BRADFORD



Happy Landing



German Motor Ship Blasted In North Sea LONDON, May 20.—(AP)—An armed German motor vessel was left listing and without a sign of life aboard in the North sea by a mast-high attack by the second American Eagle Squadron of the RAF this afternoon, the fliers reported.

Flight Lieut. Thomas Wilcox Allen, of Spartanburg, S. C., hit the helmsman and put the wheel out of action while other pilots silenced the ship's guns.

Retail stores all over the land are considering pooling their trucks so that house-to-house deliveries can be continued with a minimum of inconvenience to the public and with the use of much less rubber.

DAILY CROSSWORD

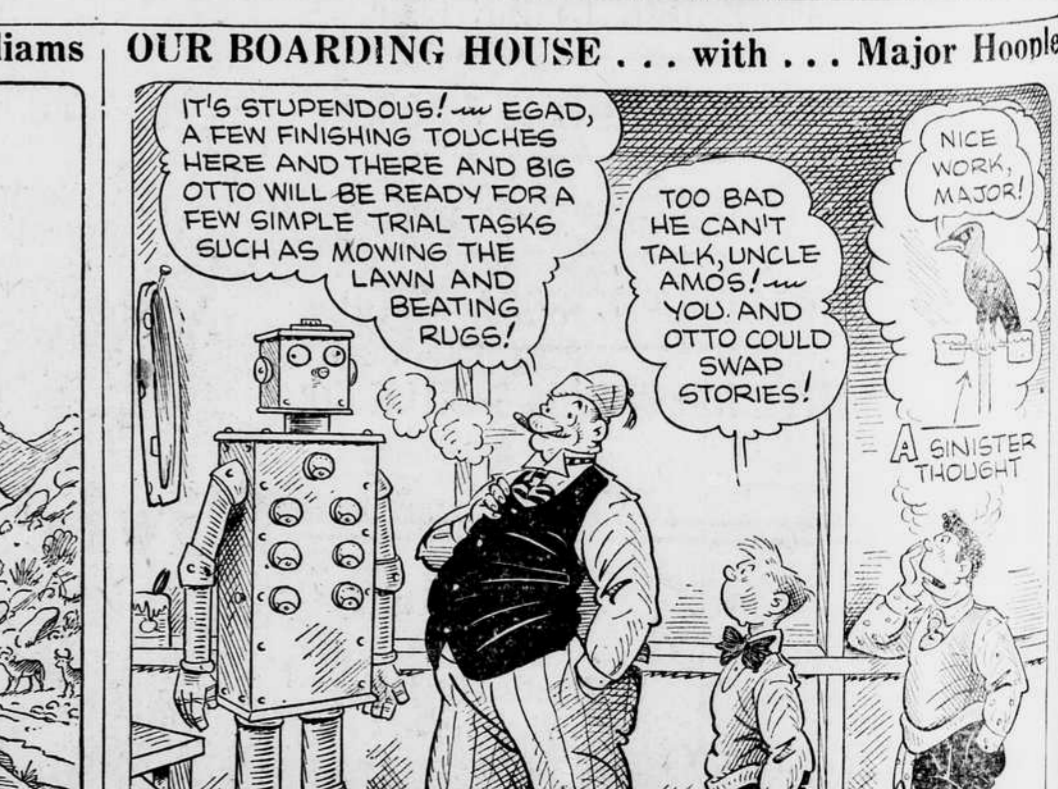
- ACROSS 1. Domesticate 2. Sacred book 3. Irish playwright 4. High shoe 5. Sow 6. Recal 7. Light 8. Opinions 9. Wine receptacle 10. Great Lake 11. Pertaining to punishment 12. On top 13. Russian river 14. Eyed 15. A liking 16. The sun 17. Japanese girde 18. Beam 19. Long-legged bird 20. Coffeehouse 21. Conform 22. Pack animal 23. Girl's name 24. Musical instrument 25. Fermented drink 26. Daub, as of color 27. Set of three 28. Large pulpit 29. Sheds 30. Before 31. Cutting tool

OUT OUR WAY



By J. B. Williams

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



SINGIN SAM

W.M.F.D. 12:15 to 12:30 MONDAYS thru FRIDAYS

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation PQCAA TRBBS CUV WSBXCX ZBATTYQB QCGBP C QBSSJ KBCPX—PRCGPLBCSB. Yesterday's Cryptquote: A GOOD LIFE IS THE BEST WAY TO UNDERSTAND WISDOM AND RELIGION—TAYLOR. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

THE "FOUR GONE" CONCLUSION

LEANDER