

RADIO WMFD Wilmington 1400 KC SATURDAY, MAY 30 7:00 a. m.—Morning Greetings. 7:30—Family Altar, the 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. 9:30—Jungle Jim. 9:45—The Breakfast Club. 10:00—Meditation Period, the Rev. J. A. Sullivan. 10:15—The Cadets. 10:30—Let's Dance. 11:00—The Band Played On. 11:30—Little Blue Play-House. 12:00 n.—Four Belles. 12:15 p. m.—Music by Black. 12:30—National Farm and Home Hour. 1:00—Hotel Taff's Orch. 1:15—Best Home. 1:40—WILMINGTON STAR-NEWS ON THE AIR. 1:45—Rest Hour. 2:00—A Message From Lincoln. 2:15—Fantasy in Melody. 2:30—News Summary. 2:45—To Be Announced. 3:00—Roseland Ballroom Orch. 3:30—News Summary. 3:35—Phil Bowers and Orch. 3:45—Club Matinee. 4:55—A. P. News. 5:00—Hotel Pennsylvania Orch. 5:30—Erskine Hawkins and Orch. 6:00—WILMINGTON STAR-NEWS ON THE AIR. 6:05—Arcadia Ballroom Orch. 6:15—P. News. 6:30—Let's Dance. 7:00—Baseball Scores. 7:05—Message of Israel. 7:30—Hotel Astor Orchestra, Tommy Dorsey. 8:30—Swop Night. 9:00—Sumner Symphony. 9:45—James G. McDonald, News Analyst. 10:00—Bob Ripley, Believe It Or Not. 10:30—Carlton Orch.

OVER THE NETWORKS SATURDAY, MAY 30 EASTERN WAR TIME P. M. (Alterations in programs as listed and entirely to changes by network.) 8:00—U. S. Marine Band Concert—nbc 8:05—Fantasy in Melody—nbc 8:15—News and of News—nbc 8:30—Dancing Orchestra for 30 mins.—mbs 8:35—Matinee in Rhythm—nbc 8:45—The Folles From Brush—nbc 9:00—News; Woodard Gary and Songs—nbc 9:05—Continuation of Dance Music—mbs 9:10—Here's to You, Orchestra—nbc 9:15—Air Youth for Victory—nbc 9:20—Northern Baptist Convention—nbc 9:25—The Campus Capers; News—nbc 9:30—News; Lou Bressi and Orchestras—nbc 9:35—F. B. Bertoli, a Variety Show—nbc 9:40—From Down Mexico Way—nbc 9:45—Club Matinee in Variety; News—nbc 9:50—Saturday Dance Music—nbc 9:55—Broadcast of Horse Race—mbs 10:00—Your Number Please, Var.—mbs 10:05—Baseball; To Be Announced—nbc 10:10—Horse Racing at Belmont—nbc 10:15—Doctors at Work, Drama—nbc 10:20—Thirty Minutes of Dance Tunes—nbc 10:25—The Library of Congress Concert—nbc 10:30—Glenn Miller, Sunset Serenade—nbc 10:35—Ricardo's Time Orchestra—nbc 10:40—More Dancing Music—nbc 10:45—Alex Dreier in Concert—nbc 10:50—Golden Melodies Orchestra—nbc 10:55—Dinner Music Concert—nbc 11:00—Frazier Hunt News Spot—nbc 11:05—Russ Brown's Song Time—nbc 11:10—Prayer and Anchors Aweigh—nbc 11:15—Calling Pan-Amer., Conc.—nbc 11:20—News Broadcasting—nbc 11:25—Nation in News Talk—nbc 11:30—The Ink Spots Negro Quartet—nbc 11:35—Col. Miller on Fighting Tools—nbc 11:40—The Three Stars—nbc 11:45—Edward Tomlinson's Comment—nbc 11:50—World of Today via Short Wave—nbc 11:55—Baseball Roundup; Dance—nbc 12:00—To Be Announced (30 m.)—nbc 12:05—Message of Israel on the Radio—nbc 12:10—The People's Platform Forum—nbc 12:15—To Be Announced (30 mins.)—nbc 12:20—Public Affairs—nbc 12:25—Comic Strip Serial Series, Tillie—nbc 12:30—Arthur Hale's News Comment—nbc 12:35—Public Affairs; Mystery Drama—nbc 12:40—Jack Stevens Sports Talk—nbc 12:45—To Be Announced (30 m.)—nbc 12:50—Great Hornet, Mystery Drama—nbc 12:55—Guy Lombardo Orchestra—nbc 1:00—America Eagle Club, London—mbs 1:05—Truth or Consequences—nbc 1:10—Swop Night & H. Allen Smith—nbc 1:15—Hobby Lobby, Dave Elman—nbc 1:20—Melodies Come From California—mbs 1:25—John Daly's Wax Comment—nbc 1:30—National Barn Dancing—nbc 1:35—The NBC Summer Symphony—nbc 1:40—Saturday Hit Parade—nbc 1:45—America Loves a Mystery—nbc 1:50—Saturday Night's Serenade—nbc 1:55—Jas G. MacDonald, Comment—nbc 2:00—Bill Stern and Guest—nbc 2:05—Bob Ripley, Odette Program—nbc 2:10—Raymond G. Swing Comment—mbs 2:15—Labor For Victory Prog.—nbc 2:20—Bobby Tucker Voices in Night—nbc 2:25—Concert for America Preferred—mbs 2:30—The Ted Steel Club—nbc 2:35—The Grand Old Opry—nbc 2:40—Stag Party, Canadian Variety—nbc 2:45—Public Affairs & Guest Speaker—nbc 2:50—World & War News Time—nbc 2:55—Don Bovay Radio Troubadour—mbs 3:00—News & Late Variety—nbc 3:05—Dance & News (2 hrs.)—nbc 3:10—Dance and News for 3 hours—mbs

You Are the One by ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT As Tibby entered Wayne's office in response to his summons, she recalled the first time she had gone there, and how frightened she had been, not only of losing her position because of the trick Steena had pulled in helping herself to Tibby's uniform, but of frightened of Wayne himself. She had heard so many rumors about him. He had loomed such an important and forbidding figure. Now she was going to marry him, this man who was, in a way, still a stranger, an employer, for she did not know Wayne very well in comparison with the way she had known Tommy all her life. Certainly she felt like a humble employe as she came into his big, impressive office to find him seated as she had that first time, behind his enormous mahogany desk. He looked as frightening, too, his jaw set in a stern line, his eyes steel gray, his mind absorbed in the stacks of papers on his desk, as he gave curt instructions to a stenographer, who stood at attention, notebook in hand. It was several moments before he finished, to glance up and discover Tibby in the background, to dismiss the stenographer and motion Tibby to come on in. The steel of his eyes vanished instantly, but it had been there; the humorous, fond smile softened his handsome mouth. He took a long stride around the big desk to welcome her, but because of the stenographer still gathering papers and notes, he gave her only a formal handshake. It seemed to Tibby that his manner was the same as that other time, brusque, impatient, but maybe that was only how he appeared in these surroundings, or it might have come from not having seen him for a few days. He motioned her into a chair, seated himself near by. Not until the stenographer had left the room, closing the door carefully behind her, did he speak. Then he said, "Well, my dear, it's good to see you. I'm glad you got my message before you left on your flight. How are you feeling? You're looking as lovely as usual, but rather tired. You're not ill?" Tibby said she was feeling very well. She supposed she did look tired; she had not been sleeping well, as a matter of fact. Then there had been the shock she had just had this morning. She said, "Was it something important?" "There must be some reason that he wished to see her, besides the desire just for that, after a lover's absence. His lips twitched in a slight smile. "It's important to me how you are," he reminded her. "Everything concerning you is important. The reason I sent for you was to prevent your going out on your schedule. That won't be necessary any more. Under the circumstances, I think it best for you to resign as one of the company's hostesses." "Resign!" Tibby could not keep the dismay out of her voice. "I don't want to dismiss you!" His smile told her that he was recalling her first visit to this office as well as she. "It will look better for you to resign." But she did not want to do that; she loved her work. Her face must have spoken for her—or again his

uncanny way of reading her thoughts. He said, "I know how you feel, but as my fiancée, you cannot continue as you are—you can see that, can't you, my dear? There will be a good deal of gossip—you know how that is—and a good deal of curiosity. It will be much better for you simply to resign." As his fiancée... yes, of course. That was what she was now, not an employe. She still felt much more like the latter, especially here in this big, formal room, with Wayne assuming again the place of a figurehead of the company. She had not thought that she would have to give up her work the minute she became engaged to him. That had been what Tommy had wanted her to do, to give it up—this flying business, as he called it—to go home and wait for him, like a little lady. She supposed Wayne wanted her to wait now, like a lady, too. He did not want her to give up flying, however. "There is still the silver ship," he reminded, "so you need not feel so badly. You may take it up any time you wish, although, for a while, I prefer to be with you. Or at least to know when you are taking it up." He pursed his lips now in a thoughtful line, drawing his dark brows together. "The government may step in and have something to say about that, too. I've been in Washington on business too, in a way. Things look bad," he added seriously. Tibby knew he referred to the probability for war for America. If he had been to Washington on business that had to do with that, it might mean, as she had foreseen, that Wayne would go back into the Army, or at least offer his services in aviation in some capacity. He had been a flyer in the First World War. He said now, not giving her time to offer any comment, "You're not wearing your ring!" She had been afraid he would notice that almost right away. She was glad she had tried it on and that she had that legitimate excuse to offer. "It's too large," she explained. He allowed her time to answer this. Too large and too magnificent, she might have added. His keen eyes searched her face. "That's easily remedied. We'll have it fitted right away. Did you like it, my dear?" She should have said right off that she did, but he hadn't given her time for that. She could say truthfully that it was a beautiful ring. "A magnificent ring," she added, as that was the way she thought of it. Wayne appeared satisfied with that. "I thought only a pearl, the finest pearl I could buy, would do for you." His eyes met hers, smiling into them with the gentle amusement he reserved for such a moment. Someone knocked imperatively at the door. Wayne called a curt, "Sorry—cannot be disturbed just now," but that made Tibby see why he maintained his official, impersonal attitude. This interview, although of a personal nature, was taking place in his office, subject to numerous interruptions. The telephone jangled now—there were four on his desk—but Wayne did not take up a receiver. He must have instructed the switchboard operator not to ring it for a while.

DAILY CROSSWORD ACROSS 1. Likely 2. Chum 3. Wine 4. Thick liquid 5. Sight organ 6. Halfpenny 7. To fish 8. Grave robber 9. Apart 10. Unravel 11. Twilled fabrics 12. Encounter 13. An armistice 14. Guided 15. An excuse 16. Shun 17. Indian groom 18. Persevere 19. Roman money 20. Slack 40. Medieval story 43. Hauled 47. Trick 49. Pointed arch 50. Dwell 51. Even 52. To study 53. Young dog 55. Skill 56. Bitter vetch 57. Anger 58. French river DOWN 1. Oil of rose petals 2. Speak 3. Armed force 4. Money 5. Yes 6. Supports CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation B Q R S B T Q C R Q U W R B U A U X U G Z J E W T C U B W U J W R X U Z U G U K S B U A B R L S B M C Yesterday's Cryptogram: TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION, AND PERFECTION IS NO TRIFLE—ANGELO. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

GASOLINE ALLEY MR. HARP YOU TO CHECK THESE SPECIFICATIONS, LIEUT. SNAP. SHEETS R1062 TO R1150, NEW AUTOMATIC LATHES FOR TURNING STEEL CORES FOR .50-CALIBER BULLETS. I WILL START IMMEDIATELY. I SEE MEN IN ORDANCE DOING SO MANY DIFFERENT THINGS. IN ALASKA THEY WERE MAULING AMMUNITION, FIXING RECOIL MECHANISMS, TESTING FIELD GLASSES AND BUILDING TRAVELING MACHINE SHOPS. THOSE ARE A FEW OF OUR DUTIES, WALLETT. AND YOU WORK IN FACTORIES, TOO. YES, WE DESIGN WEAPONS AND MACHINES, AND HELP SPEED PRODUCTION. I THINK I'D LIKE IT IN YOUR BRANCH OF THE SERVICE. WE'RE PRETTY PARTICULAR, WALLETT. BUT FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN OF YOU AROUND HERE I THINK YOU COULD MAKE IT.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES OH—HE'S GONE! BOOTS: WHAT HAPPENED? CORA: I DON'T THINK I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE POLICE AND THE WILD GOOSE CHASE, OR THAT FOOL POP! SHE'D THINK I WAS CRAZY...

Delayed Reaction CORA: THERE WAS A MAN DOWN-STAIRS TRYING TO STEAL SOME OF THE PROFESSOR'S PAPERS. BOOTS: WHY DIDN'T YOU SCREAM? WHY, DARLING... YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN INJURED! WEREN'T YOU FRIGHTENED...? SHE'S PASSED OUT! AUNTIE CORA!

By EDGAR MARTIN

WASH TUBBS IT IS THAT OLD MAN AGAIN, HONORABLE SIR. HE IS A PEST! PLEASE URGE UPON HIM THAT I AM TOO BUSY TO HEAR HIS GRUMBLING OVER NOTHING!

Under The Iron Heel OVER NOTHING? NOTHING? BUT YOU'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING ON EARTH I POSSESS! MY SON IS TO BE SHOT! YOU'VE LOOTED MY VILLAGE AND MIS-TREATED MY PEOPLE. WE WELCOMED YOU AS FRIENDS, AND YOU'VE TREATED US AS DOGS! IS LIE!!

By Roy Crane I THINK HE WAS IMPRESSED. HE WILL NOT COMPLAIN AGAIN.

SUPERMAN CAUGHT YOU! UP! INDEED YOU HAVE! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? BACK TO THE FREIGHT CAR TO GET THE MONEY THAT WAS STOLEN FROM YOU!

Neat Catch SUPERMAN-GAINING ON US...! TO THE CAR'S TOP HURRY! I'VE A PLAN!

By Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

DR. BOBBS PAULSBURG IS HONORED GENTLEMEN, TO HAVE SCIENTISTS OF YOUR REPUTATION CHOOSE OUR LITTLE TOWN FOR YOUR EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY. THANK YOU SIR, MY WIFE MRS. BOBBS AND PROFESSOR NATCHEZ, OF THE MANSON INSTITUTE. AH, YES YOUR CREDENTIALS, FINE, AND THE NATURE OF YOUR RESEARCH, GENTLEMEN?

Elliott and McArdle A COMPLETE STUDY AND ANALYSIS OF YOUR WATER SUPPLY TO CAMP PAULSBURG, MAJOR AND I MUST WARN YOU—THERE MUST BE NO PUBLICITY REGARDING OUR WORK! THERE'LL BE NONE, PROFESSOR.

By William Ritt and Clarence Gray

BRICK BRADFORD WE'VE BEATEN THEM OFF! THEY ARE FLYING AWAY! SHE'S FAINTED—AND NO WONDER, POOR KID!

Inside Dope O.K., NOW ARA? GOOD! FOR A GIRL YOU ARE A FIRST CLASS FIGHTING MAN!

By J. B. Williams

OUT OUR WAY GOSH! WHAT A STOP! QUICK! QUICK! A LION! TH' RIFLE-- TH' GUN -- QUICK! DON'T NEED A GUN-- I THINK I'VE HIT HIM MYSELF!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE... with... Major Hoople HEH HEH! WELL AIMED! EGAD, THAT WILL GIVE THE GOSSOON AN IDEA OF WHAT HAPPENS TO UPSTARTS WHO CROSS THE PATH OF A HOOPLE! WUG! ZWLP!

LEANDER WILL HAVE A CLEAN FACE AT TABLE TONIGHT

Raid Warden's Sign Is Prepared Here To expedite the locating of city and county air raid wardens in the event of an emergency or for other reasons, the New Hanover county Defense Council has prepared a sign, which will be placed on the front of each air raid warden's home, it was announced yesterday. The sign, made of white cardboard, bears the official air raid warden insignia in red and blue colors with the words "Air Raid Warden Lives Here" in bold blue letters. Also on the sign is the zone number, sector number and the warden's name. These signs are to be placed in a conspicuous place at the front of all wardens' homes. Distribution of the placards will take place Monday afternoon, Mr. Stearns said. The civilian defense messenger corps, composed of boys scouts and members of the boys' brigade, will distribute the signs in the city with the advice of the various zone wardens. County distribution will be handled by E. L. White, county air raid warden.

During 1941 approximately 700,000 motorists either lost their keys or locked them inside the car and had to call for special assistance.

BUCK FEVER

By J. B. Williams

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

By J. B. Williams