

RADIO

WMFD Wilmington
1400 KC

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6

- A. M.
- 7:30—Mornings Greetings.
- 7:30—Family Altar—Rev. J. A. Sullivan.
- 7:45—Red, White and Blue Network program.
- 8:00—Morgan Beatty's Daily War Journal.
- 8:15—Pages of Melody.
- 8:30—Musical Clock.
- 8:45—A. P. News.
- 9:00—Breakfast Club with Don McNeill.
- 9:45—Blue News.
- 10:00—Clark Dennis.
- 10:15—Today's News with Helen Hiett.
- 10:30—Let's Dance.
- 11:00—Breakfast at Sardis.
- 11:30—Stringtime.
- 11:45—Lanny and Ginger.
- 12:00—Jack Berch and His Gipsy Gang.
- P. M.
- 12:15—Singing Sam.
- 12:30—National Farm and Home Hour.
- 1:00—Baukhage Talking.
- 1:15—Whiteville Tobacco Market.
- 1:30—Rest Hour.
- 1:45—WILMINGTON STAR-NEWS ON THE AIR.
- 1:45—Hotel Tait Orchestra—Vincent Lopez.
- 2:00—Meditation Period—Rev. J. A. Sullivan.
- 2:15—Between the Bookends with Ted Malone.
- 2:30—James G. McDonald, News Analyst.
- 2:45—Jack Baker.
- 2:50—Prescott Presents.
- 3:00—News Summary—and Men of the Sea.
- 3:45—Recital Period.
- 4:00—Club Matinee.
- 4:25—A. P. News.
- 5:00—Sweet and Mello.
- 5:15—The Sea Sound.
- 5:30—Flying Paul.
- 5:45—Secret City.
- 6:00—Jungle Jim.
- 6:15—Lum and Abner.
- 6:30—Milt Herth Trio.
- 6:45—Interlude.
- 6:55—WILMINGTON STAR-NEWS ON THE AIR.
- 7:00—Ruppert Sports Review—Baseball.
- 7:05—Let's Dance.
- 7:30—Bob Hawk's How'm I Doin'.
- 8:00—Watch the World Go By—Earl Godwin.
- 8:15—Organ Melodies.
- 8:30—Sur Les Boulevards.
- 8:40—America's Town Meeting of the Air.
- 8:55—Ted Straeter Entertains.
- 9:00—Military Analysis of the News—Morgan Beatty.
- 9:15—Tommy Dorsey Treasury Show.
- 10:45—William Hillman and Earnest K. Lindley in News Here and Abroad.
- 11:00—Leave the air.

Over The NETWORKS

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6

- Eastern War Time P. M.—Subtract One Hour for CWT, 2 Hrs. for MWT.
- Alterations in programs as listed due entirely to changes by networks.
- 5:20—The Three Suns, a Trio — nbc
- The Flying Patrol, Serial Series—blu
- Land's End Sing Along — cbs-basi
- The Farm Club of Dixie — cbs-Dixie
- Quaker City Frivolities, Orch. — mbs
- 5:27—The Bartons, Serial Sketch — mbs
- Secret City, A. P. News — mbs
- The Ben Bernie Musical Show — cbs
- Dance Orchestra for 15 minutes—mbs
- 9:00—Indiana Indiana Variety — mbs
- Western Five's Hillbilly Tunes — blu
- Frazier Hunt News Spot — cbs-basi
- Troubadours from Chicago — cbs-west
- Prayer, Comment on the War — mbs
- 6:15—Indiana Indiana and News — cbs
- Chicago Dance Music Orchestra — blu
- To Be Announced (15 minutes) — cbs
- Enchanted; 2 Young Ladies Sing — mbs
- The Engineer at War Talks—nbc
- The Milt Herth Trio and Organ — blu
- 7:00—Barton in Songs Program — cbs
- The War Overseas Drama — mbs
- 6:45—Bill Stern and Sports Spot — nbc
- Lowell Thomas on News — blu-basi
- The Cadet's Male Quartet — blu-west
- War and World's News of Today — cbs
- 7:00—Fred Waring's Time — nbc-east
- "Easy Aces," Dramatic Serial — blu
- Arms in Andy Serial Skit — cbs-basi
- Fulton Lewis, Jr. & Comment — mbs
- 7:15—World News via Broadcast — nbc
- M. Keen, Lost Persons Tracer — blu
- "Miller and His Orchestra" — cbs
- The Johnson Family, a Serial — mbs
- Hawk Quiz Show — nbc-east
- Earl Wrightson and Songs — nbc-west
- 10:00—The Crosby Music Hall — blu
- "Miller and His Orchestra" — cbs-basi
- The Jamboree from Dixie — cbs-Dixie
- Arthur Hale's News Comment — mbs
- 8:45—Kaltenborn Comment — nbc-west
- Dance Orchestra for 15 minutes — mbs
- 8:00—Fanny Brice and Guests — nbc
- Earl Godwin's War Broadcast — blu
- To Be Announced (15 min.) — nbc
- Sur Les Boulevards Orchestra — blu
- Death Valley Days Drama — cbs-basi
- It Pays to Be Invariant Quiz — mbs
- 8:35—Five-Minute News Period — cbs
- 9:00—The Crosby Music Hall — nbc
- America's Town Meeting of the Air — cbs
- Major Bowes Amateurs' Show — cbs
- Gabriel Heatter Speaking — mbs-basi
- 9:15—Dancing Stars — nbc-west
- 9:30—Stage Door Canteen, Var. — mbs
- Americans Upon the Ramparts — mbs
- 10:00—Rudy Vallee's Show — nbc-basi
- Bob Hawk's Quiz Show — blu
- Morgan Beatty; To Be Ann'd — blu
- First Line, U. S. Navy Prog. — cbs
- Boxing, Allie Sings, C. Wright — nbc
- 10:30—March of Time Drama — nbc
- To Be Announced (15 min.) — blu
- Fifteen Minutes Talk Broadcast — cbs
- 10:45—Comment on the War — mbs
- Mary Small With Her Songs — cbs
- 11:00—News for 15 Minutes — nbc-east
- The Fred Waring repeat — nbc-west
- News & Dance (15 min.) — blu & cbs
- 11:15—Late Variety With News — nbc
- 11:30—Songs, Dance News to 2 — mbs

77 North Carolina Towns To Stage Salvage Rallies

RALEIGH, Aug. 5.—(AP)—The State Salvage committee reported today that 77 towns in 26 North Carolina counties had completed plans for community salvage rallies at eight o'clock Thursday evening.

The meetings will be held simultaneously and the broadcast of a speech by Governor Broughton will be heard.

J. B. Vogler, secretary of the salvage committee, said that all reports have not been received and he predicted that about 100 salvage meetings would be held.

SINGING SAM
IN SONGS YOU KNOW AND LOVE
Presented by THE COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.
MONDAYS THRU FRIDAYS
WMFD
12:15 P. M. to 12:30 P. M.

Mark's Wife

by MARIE BLIZARD
WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

SYNOPSIS
BARBARA WISTER, former actress, finds herself a widow at 27, when her husband, Mark, a newspaperman-turned-author, dies in South Wintrige, the small town in which they had taken up residence. The evening after the funeral, she is visited by young DR. TONY BRADSHAW, young physician of the town.

CHAPTER TWO
"Rot!" Tony hid his eyes, making a great business of lighting his pipe after Barbara said that, because it was true, the town did call the Wisters "queer."

"They were right, my dear," Barbara continued, "and they resent us and I don't blame them. They weren't prepared for us and we—we didn't try to fit into the picture as we should have. South Wintrige is... well, I don't have to tell you it's the perfect New England town. Conservative, tidy, well-ordered. I can see why and how they think... of the Wisters."

"Why should you?" he said angrily.
"Because I want to," she answered simply. "You see, I'd like to belong, be one of them instead of what they think I am."
The voice inside of him protested slyly. He would not have Barbara Wister any different than she was. Vital, warm-hearted, impulsive, all these things he had seen in her the first time that he had come across to Wisters one day at the lake a year before.

"I can look back to when we first came," she was saying, "and what a shock we must have been! All of brown as gypsies. Mark, thin, dark and so odd to look at, with his thatch of black hair and his skinny legs under white shorts. 'The man from Mars,' he used to call himself. And I, a woman in faded slacks and a brilliant bandana, with a practically naked baby coiled in books in the back of our station wagon."
The old perplexity came back to him as it always did when he thought of Barbara and Mark Wister as he saw them together and he had seen them often, been their friend in South Wintrige. He never knew him; he would never know what had drawn them together.

Barbara, he saw, had forgotten him. Her voice had a faraway quality.
"Mark had pneumonia the winter Sonny was born and the doctor said he'd have to get away from the city. We couldn't afford a trailer or so we bought a station wagon and a trailer and went to Florida. Then in the summer we came here."
"Why did you choose this place?"
"We closed our eyes and put a finger on a map of New England, opened our eyes and saw that it was South Wintrige. When Mark found out that there was no artist's colony, no writers here, he decided that this was the place. Mark hated 'colonies,' groups, a marked pattern, being a part of a thing, or identifying himself with a group... We thought we were going to stay that one summer, but when we came back the next year and Mark had sold his book, we bought the house and now..."
They both knew what NOW

meant. "Now you'll go back to the city?"
The forlorn note escaped him, but when he looked at her from under his lashes, he saw that she had not been aware of it.
She was shaking her head, saying, "I haven't anything to go back to, Tony."
"But your home? The place you came from?"
Again she shook her head. "I never had a home, my dear. My mother died when I was five and my father, who was a foreign correspondent, dragged me around the world with him. I lived in boarding schools and hotels until he died when I was 19. Even then, I always knew what I wanted. Once, when I was 14, I spent a summer in a little place like this. I lived with a big family of brothers and sisters and even a grandmother and grandfather. I pretended I was one of them. I cried when I had to go back to school, when I never cried when I had to leave any other place. It was the first place where I wasn't lonely. Do you understand?"
Tony Bradshaw was 28, but now he felt something queer in his throat. He nodded. After a moment he grumbled, "What did you do after your father died?"
"I had to go to work. Dad didn't leave a nickel, I haven't much education, Tony, and I didn't, and still don't know how to do anything useful... One of Dad's friends was a theatrical producer and he gave me a small walk-on part. After that I got other parts. I never was any good, never wanted to be. I hate the tinsel part of the theater. You have to love it to see its glamorous side, and I never loved it."
He cleared his throat, being again without the right words, and ventured, "But it is a way to earn a living."
"Yes," she murmured, her eyes slipping away from him into the past, seeing the years when she'd lived in shabby theatrical boarding houses, remembering the ever-present fear of running out of her meager funds. "Then I met Mark."
And now she wondered what Mark had seen in her that he should have said that night three weeks after their meeting, "Don't worry about your show closing. We're going to get married."
"Did you know him long?" Tony asked.
"Not very long," she said aloud, and to herself. "And never very well." She had never known him because she never knew what went on in his mind, so different from her own. He never talked to her about the things that he was thinking, or writing. It seemed impossible to her now that they could have lived so intimately, yet be worlds apart.

She forgot the doctor sitting across from her, thinking of Mark, and of Sonny asleep upstairs and that Mark should have provided in some way for what lay ahead of her. As if the burden of her thoughts was heavy, her head fell forward.
Tony came to her side and, raising her chin, looked into her face with a searching professional look. "What have you had to eat today?" he asked gruffly.
"I had a cup of tea a little while ago."
"Tea!" He snorted. "Off to bed with you, Barbara. I'll look after the furnace and lock up for you."

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. A relish
6. Moham-medan god
11. Missile weapon
12. Spree (slang)
13. Silly
14. Lures
15. Distribute
16. Worry
17. Bright with sunshine
21. Body of water
24. French coin
25. Nourished
28. Fireplaced
30. Clayey
32. In a due time
33. Wrath
34. Uneven, as if eaten away
36. Disguises
37. Stitch
38. Affirmative reply
40. Reserve (abbr.)
41. Fissures
43. Without (Latin)
46. Male red deer
50. Sheer linen
52. Tinge
53. Speak
54. Sprung up
55. Sew loosely
56. U. S. admiral

DOWN

1. Spoke
2. Italian river
3. Russian mountains
4. Shells for ice cream
5. Female sheep

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation
KP JKD QDFPI XDA KUI LDXKACE LSX
QDFP XDAKUXR—HECDX
Yesterday's Cryptoquote: THE ART OF SPEAKING WELL CONSISTS LARGELY IN LYING SKILFULLY—BRASMUS
Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By EDGAR MARTIN

OH ISN'T IT SUPER?
BOY BOY!
STEPHEN HONESTLY YOUR IDEA OF GETTING AWAY FOR A VACATION WAS SIMPLY MAGNIFICENT
CERTAINLY I SAY, I'M GOING ASHORE AND CATCH SOME FISH FOR DINNER

WASH TUBBS

NOT IN THE CONTRACT

By ROY CRAFE

SINCE I'M GOING OVERSEAS AGAIN, WASH, I WONDERED IF YOU'D KEEP A FEW THINGS FOR ME?
WHY, SURE! WOT KINDA THINGS?
JUST A FEW PERSONAL EFFECTS
MERCY SAKES! HEY! HOLY SMOKE! HOLD JEFFERSON A MINUTE... I GOTTA SEE THAT!
HEY! NIX! PUH-LEEZ!
SHARE WITH ME! YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD A BABY!

SUPERMAN

SPEAK UP, MORTIMER!

By JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER

WHERE ARE WE GOING NOW?
TO WASHINGTON, D. C.—TO SEE A MAN WHO MAY BE ABLE TO PUT YOUR MILL BACK ON ITS FEET!
LATER... IN THE HOME OF A KEY GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL
MORTIMER... MR. CANBY HERE, IS OWNER OF THE CANBY STEEL MILLS IN METROPOLIS. HE NEEDS BUSINESS TO KEEP HIS MILL GOING. OUR NATION NEEDS GREAT QUANTITIES OF MUNITIONS. COULDN'T YOU TWO GET TOGETHER?
I'M POSITIVE WE CAN... NOWADAYS I THINK IT'S THE PATRIOTIC DUTY OF EVERY MANUFACTURER TO TURN OUT AS MUCH WAR AS POSSIBLE!
WELL, MORTIMER—IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'VE SOLVED A FOR YOUR PERSONAL DIFFICULTIES. WELL... THAT'S UP TO YOU!
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!
YOU'VE SECURED WAR ORDERS? THEN THE MILL IS SAVED! THAT'S WONDERFUL! ALREADY MY MIND IS BUZZING WITH SIMPLY DOZENS OF IDEAS ON HOW TO TURN THEM INTO PROPER MANNER.

DR. BOBBS

ELLIOTT AND McARDLE

Society Page
ON DOCTOR!! Diane Roubie, internationally famous pianist, charity collector, and social hostess, had left a note to Dr. Bobbs.
DID YOU SEE YOURSELF IN PRINT, DOCTOR? YOU'RE QUITE PHOTO-GENIC, YOU KNOW!
I CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE TONE OF THIS!
DON'T BE ABSURD, DOCTOR. THIS PUBLIST WILL PROBABLY BRING YOU THE LOVE GLAMOUR SET AS PATIENTS. YOU'VE GOT THAT, WOULDN'T YOU?
I WOULD NOT!!

THE GUMPS

TROUBLE IS STILL AN UNWELCOME PASSENGER

NOW, GET THEM RUBBER DOUGH-NUTS BACK ON THAT THING AN' ROLL ONTO TH' HIGHWAY WHERE YOU BELONG!
DO LIKE TH' MAN SAYS, GUMPIE, AN' LET'S HIT TH' ROAD!
I NEVER HAD SUCH AN EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE—IMAGINE—FINING UP \$200!!
ALL TH' DOUGH WE HAD IN TH' KITTY—WHAT GUMPIE NOW, GUMPIE?
OH, THAT'S THE LEAST OF OUR WORRIES—ILL WIRE BIM FOR MORE MONEY WHEN WE GET TO THE NEXT TOWN—HE WILL...
ANDY SUGAH! SOMETHING TERRIBLE SEEMS TO BE WRONG WITH CLARISSA...
SEEZA MABOKS!!
PULL UP, BREEZY—I MIGHT KNOW YOUR LUCK WOULDN'T HOLD OUT FOR MORE THAN A FEW MILES!
WHAT'S AILING THAT DUCK NOW?

GASOLINE ALLEY

MOVIN' TIME

AS I LIVE AN' BREATHE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL MY LIFE?
YOU'RE QUITE A STRANGER YOURSELF.
I'M SNIP AN' I WORK HERE—AT TIMES WHEN I'M NOT IN BAD FOR THIS AND THAT!
I'M JUST AN OLD FRIEND DOWN ON THE FARM FOR A VACATION.
JIGGERS, THE BOSS! I'VE GOT TO SLIDE ALONG.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . MAJOR HOOPLES

By J. R. WILLIAMS

THEY'RE A LITTLE SMELLY, BUT THEY GOT TO BE STEAMED TO GET THE INSIDES OUT! YOU WON'T BE SO SNEERY WHEN YOU SEE THE BEAUTIFUL CHAIRS AN' TABLES AN' HAT-RACKS AN' THINGS THEY MAKE! YOU SHOULD SEE TH' COLLECTION IN THE OFFICE AT THE STOCK YARDS—FRED'LL GET ME ALL I WANT!
SHUT THAT DOOR! OWEN, YOU KEEP AWAY FROM THOSE BROKEN GLASS SCRAPPERS! IT LOOKS ENOUGH LIKE A SLAUGHTER HOUSE!
WHUH! THEY SMELL BUT THEY'RE PRETTY!
THEY'RE SUMPIN LIKE THIS, PA—TH' MATSONS HAVE GOT ONE OUT IN TH' BARN THEY SAW WOOD ON!
YES, THAT'S WHAT I SAID, WHERE IS THE HORSE? I JUST TOOK A PAIL OF OATS TO THE GARAGE AND DREADNAUGHT WASN'T THERE! DON'T STAND THERE SPUTTERING LIKE AN EGG IN THE SKILLET! WHERE IS THE HORSE?
THE HORSE AN' ANFP—SPUTT-TT— I TAKE IT YOU'RE ASKING ME REGARDING THE WHEREABOUTS OF DREADNAUGHT—PUFF—PUFF!—WHY, AH— I THOUGHT YOU KNEW—I TOOK THE OLD FELLOW TO A HORSE HOSPITAL AS HE SHOWED SYMPTOMS OF A RARE AILMENT—MEASLES EQUINUS!
HE'S GOT \$400 IN HERE, MARTHA!