

RADIO

WFMF Wilmington
1400 KC

- WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16
- 7:30—Family Aitar — Rev. J. A. Sullivan.
 - 7:45—Musical Clock.
 - 8:00—War Journal with Martin Agronsky.
 - 8:15—Musical News.
 - 8:30—Sports News.
 - 8:45—Musical Clock.
 - 9:00—The Breakfast Club with Don McNeil.
 - 9:15—Sings.
 - 9:30—Roy Porter, News.
 - 9:45—Let's Dance.
 - 10:00—Breakfast at Sara's.
 - 10:15—Gil Martyn, News.
 - 10:30—Living Should Be Fun.
 - 10:45—Our Spirit Club.
 - 11:00—Carol Lee Sutton.
 - 11:15—National Farm and Home Hour.
 - 11:30—Allie Lowe Miles.
 - 11:45—Wilmington Star-News.
 - 12:00—News.
 - 12:15—Meditation Period — Rev. J. A. Sullivan.
 - 12:30—Mystery Chef.
 - 12:45—Ladies Be Seated.
 - 1:00—Songs by Morton Downey.
 - 1:15—12th Annual New York Herald Tribune Forum on Current Problems.
 - 1:30—Greer Carson — Education for the Millions through Pictures.
 - 1:45—Capt. Arthur Bridwell — Racial Responsibility.
 - 2:00—Paul Robeson — American Negro.
 - 2:15—Mrs. Manuel T. Quezon — Our Friends in the Pacific.
 - 2:30—Rep. Walter H. Wood — Changing the Excise Bill for Chinese.
 - 2:45—Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt — Our Responsibility to the Youth of the World.
 - 3:00—Hop Harrigan.
 - 3:15—U. P. News.
 - 3:30—Organ Serenade — H. W. Lee.
 - 3:45—The Organ and the Pirates.
 - 4:00—Spy Stories.
 - 4:15—Treasury Star Parade.
 - 4:30—News — Wilmington Star-News.
 - 4:45—String Ensemble.
 - 5:00—Auntie at the Switch.
 - 5:15—The Dance.
 - 5:30—Watch the World Go By — Earl Godwin.
 - 5:45—Page Dramas.
 - 6:00—Duffy's.
 - 6:15—Silver String Hawaiians — Three Little Sisters.
 - 6:30—Victory Parade of Spotlight Bands.
 - 6:45—Harry Wismer, Sports.
 - 7:00—Raymond Gram Swing.
 - 7:15—12th Annual New York Herald Tribune Forum.
 - 7:30—Prof. Iver Richards — A World of Ideas.
 - 7:45—Leon Fraser — Reconstructing World Music.
 - 8:00—Gov. Thomas E. Dewey — Young Men as World Pioneers.

Tomorrow is a lovely Word

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
Morrie Blizard

SYNOPSIS
Roommates and cousins, BETH KINNAN, serious-minded and trusting, and ANDREA BARNES, rather self-centered and selfish, find that the tenseness accompanying America's impending entrance into the war is beginning to affect their lives. For three years Beth has been going with JIM RONALD, who still has not been too successful in getting ahead in the world, while Andrea has been attracted by DENNIS ARCHER, 15 years her senior, but wealthy and interesting—and also married.

YESTERDAY: Beth gets more and more worried about Andrea's intention of staying in the capital and tries to think of some way to persuade her to leave.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
Beth's room in the boarding house was on the third floor, and when she took herself home that Tuesday night, she went up the two flights of stairs with heavy feet and a heavier heart. Telling herself that she loved Andrea and that they had lots of their old good times together (as they did before it had been Andrea and Jim) hadn't helped very much, because reason triumphed.

She opened the door to her room, saying "Hi!"

She was greeted with silence. The room was neat as a pin. There were three yellow chrysanthemums and a cluster of shiny russet leaves in a low bowl on the dressing table, which was one of Andrea's things that had made a litter from the moment of her arrival.

Beth took a deep, ecstatic breath.

Andrea was gone. No matter that she hadn't left a note. It would be like Andrea to write her when she got home.

Beth took off her coat and hat and dress and put them away in the closet where Andrea's suit and three dresses had hung, and got her sponge bag from the shelf. She slipped on her housecoat and went down the hall to the bathroom.

Luminescing in her bath, enjoying her peace of mind, and enjoying herself to make up to Andy some day, she realized she'd have to hurry and dress if she were to get to dinner before it was too late to be served in the dining room. She had no date for that night, but it was enough for her to look forward to a good book and an early sleep. She would sleep more peacefully this night, knowing she'd just snatched back her new-found peace.

She opened her bedroom door. Andrea was sitting on the bed, wearing a brown dress. There was a huge pom-pom pinned to her shoulder.

"How'd you like the flowers, Bethie? They're from me to you with love."

Beth sat down, all words running out with her breath.

But Andrea wasn't waiting for words. "I've a job," she announced.

"You've a job?" Beth echoed. "Congratulations. Am I a getter, or am I?"

"You certainly are," Beth said bitterly. "Are you secretary to the president, or Mrs. Roosevelt?"

"All in good time," Andrea said blithely. "Although I'd rather be secretary to an unmarried man." A girl gets farther that way.

"You seem to be doing all

right. Is it a secret?" Andrea laughed and said no. "I'm working in a store. Or I will be as of tomorrow. Look, Beth, it's very exciting. I was wandering around the stores, looking at things, and I saw some grand pins in one of those specialty shops—Chez Pomeroy, to be exact—and I got to talking to a girl back of the counter about Washington and all, and I asked her to go to lunch. So after lunch, she took me to meet the manager and he gave me a job. I hate being a clerk, but the girls are awfully nice and . . ."

Beth had some idea of what clerks got in the way of salary and she had a very good idea of what it cost to live in Washington. She said, "How do you think you can live on what you'll make?"

Andrea busied herself with repairing scarlet fingernail. "I'll live," she said easily. "I told you I had a little money."

"We'll have to look for a place for you to live. I'd keep you here, Andy, but we wouldn't be able to sleep in this narrow bed."

She thought, "Maybe Marion can help me to find a place for Andrea. In another part of the city."

Andrea got up, looking at her watch. "Come on, honey. Get your clothes on or we won't get any dinner. I'm going here now. The Coster girl has moved out of her room, and your landlady has rented it to me. It's the little one on the fourth floor, but I won't mind. I'll be here with you most of the time. That is," she added laughingly, "when I'm not having dates."

Beth began to get dressed like someone having a dream, not too pleasant, but better than waking up from it.

On the way downstairs, Andrea said, "You'll be glad I've come. I'm going to make life exciting for you. Vernon's all right, but he's only Vernon. Ye gods, Beth, how you waste your opportunities! Here you are in Washington where there are dozens of men and you've had only one beau for three months!"

Beth reminded her again of the disproportionate number of males and females in the nation's capital, but Andrea laughed that one thing she and I have."

"Aren't you satisfied with having Jim?"

"Yes," Andrea said surprisingly, "but I have to keep in practice. I'll get the boys for you."

Beth wanted to cry out, "Go and get all the boys you want for yourself, but give Jim back to me."

She knew how impossible that was.

The next morning Beth was late at the office because Andrea had borrowed her alarm clock, and then had forgotten to stop to see if Beth was awake. So Beth bought another clock for herself and told Andrea that night, when she was bathing Andrea's tired feet, that she could have the other.

Andrea's feet were just as tired Thursday night, but she was able to go to the movies with Harry Cole, and to join Beth and Vernon on Friday night when they planned to take one of their long walks.

Beth loved walks with Vernon which began in the twilight. They walked miles, finding entertainment in things they once fell on, talking about books they had read, and the news in the papers, the accelerating atmosphere of

Washington, the shadow of things to come. Usually they stopped in somewhere and got a small supper, or had cigarets over coffee, and talked about Bert's efforts to get Vernon into his office.

The walk with Andrea was short-lived. Andrea was not interested in news events, and her feet were tired. They dropped into a movie, and later went straight home.

Saturday, Andrea said she was going straight from the store at 5 o'clock to the station. She was joining Jim for the week-end. It was only a two-hour train trip. She'd be back Sunday night.

But she was not back on Sunday night. Beth didn't see her until Monday night at dinner. Andrea was flushed and gay, but for once said she was tired and thought she'd turn in early, having nothing more to say to Beth, other than to ask where she could have some films developed.

Beth asked her about the pictures a few days after and Andrea got them out of her handbag and gave them to her.

Jim's face leaped at Beth from the glossy paper. Jim, with his radiant, remembered smile. Jim, casual. Jim's height standing at Andrea's shoulder. It was like seeing him in person.

Beth said, "He hasn't changed much, has he?"

"How do you like the pictures of me, Beth?" Andrea asked carefully.

"You always take a good picture, Andy."

"Notice anything particular about these?" Andrea asked with an odd note in her voice.

Beth looked again and shook her head. "With that corsage on, you look like a bride."

Andrea laughed uncertainly, "Oh that!" she exclaimed.

"Then what did you mean by 'anything particular'?"

"Nothing," Andrea said, relieved rather than anxious in her voice."

(To Be Continued)

FDR URGES HELP FOR WAR RELIEF
President Asks Congress To Help Finance UNRRA Plan

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—(AP)—President Roosevelt called today for American help in the relief of victims of war abroad "as a matter of military necessity and humanity."

He asked that Congress authorize appropriations to help finance the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration — leaving specific sums to be named later—and Chairman Bloom (D-N.Y.) of the House Foreign Affairs Committee promptly introduced such a resolution.

Under it, from time to time the president would be given "such sums as the Congress may determine to be appropriate" for this country's share of the relief agency's work. He would submit quarterly reports on what was done with the money.

Mr. Roosevelt, in a message to Congress, laid great stress on practical advantages to be gained by strengthening the peoples in liberated lands.

"The length of the war may be materially shortened," he said, "if, as we free each occupied area, the people are enlisted in support of the United Nations' armies."

He cited the cases of Frenchmen and Italians rallying to the fight against the Axis and said "millions more are waiting for the moment when they, too, can strike a blow against the enemy. They do not want charity. They seek the strength to fight, and to do their part in securing the peace."

"The Axis leaders," the president related "have boasted that as they withdraw, they will leave only devastation—that they have not stolen, they will destroy. As our American soldiers fight their way up the Italian boot, they are discovering at first hand that the barbarism of the Nazis is equal to their boasts. Their only rivals in this respect are the Japanese."

He said it is hoped that "a small fraction of the national income" of the contributing member nations of the UNRRA will be sufficient to meet the purpose, which he summed up thusly:

"To help the liberated peoples to help themselves, so that they may have the strength to undertake the task of rebuilding their destroyed homes, their ruined factories and their plundered farms."

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Arrived
- Dread
- Serious
- Storms
- Keen
- Ascend
- Fruit of the palm
- Memorandum
- Push
- Apex
- Beards
- Public notice
- Common-place
- Asylum
- Chum
- Examine, as ore
- Ditch around a castle
- Constellation
- A resin
- Two (poet.)
- Small pulpy fruit
- Edible fruit
- Climb
- Serf

DOWN

- Shrub (So. Am.)
- Touch end to end
- Apportions
- Before
- Friar's title
- Sincere
- Exchange premium

ORAL LETUP
ROXER ACARA
FLIDE MURAL
YES CIBELLI
YES HORSE
AUBURN AWED
BLEND SCORE
BUST COHERE
SCANT
SOD AIN ADO
OSTER SAVES
TRILL
GREAT EDDO

Yesterday's Answer
43. A cereal grain
44. Digit

MARIAN MARIN

When a favorite doll fresh up on Christmas morning, bobs up on a daisy in new clothes, she has as much power to delight as a new doll. Pattern 9569 contains as pert and smart a doll wardrobe as you're likely to find. Note how complete! Pajamas and overalls included.

Pattern 9569 may be ordered only for dolls measuring 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 inches. For individual yardages, see pattern.

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TEN CENTS more brings you the New Fall and Winter Pattern Book with Free pattern for apron and applique printed in book.

Send your order to The Wilmington Morning Star, Pattern Department, 232 West 18th St., New York, N. Y.

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation

LBOWB N A V M F B LIMHDWBH FZ
TNWVMIZ, EMV FZ EBPVNOVNME—
WNWBIM.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: WHAT'S GONE, AND WHAT'S PAST HELP, SHOULD BE PAST GRIEF—SHAKESPEARE

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA COUNTY OF NEW HANOVER
Mary Puckett Candy vs. William Mack Candy
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT NOTICE

The defendant above named will take notice that action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of New Hanover County, State of North Carolina, to obtain an absolute divorce against the defendant on the grounds of two years separation; and that the defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of New Hanover County, North Carolina, at his office in the State of Wilmington in the above case on or before, the 2nd day of December, 1943, to answer or demur to the complaint in said action, in the office of the said Clerk of the Superior Court of New Hanover County, North Carolina, or the Clerk of said County for the relief demanded in said complaint. This the 1st day of November, 1943.

A. L. MEYLAND,
Clerk of the Superior Court.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—CONFUSING By EDGAR MARTIN

IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS NOW SINCE I WROTE TO AGATHA. I DON'T HEAR FROM HER TODAY.

WELL, WHATTA YOU—? SHE DID ANSWER ME!!!

AGATHA APPLETHORP CUPID'S AID ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

DEAR P.H.— SOMETIMES AN UNDESIRABLE MARRIAGE CAN BE PREVENTED BY INTERESTING ONE OF THE PARTIES IN A THIRD PERSON. I SAID SOMETIMES. YOURS HOPEFULLY, AGATHA

P.S. DON'T DO ANYTHING RASH!

DEAD END

HOW? SHE MEANS I SHOULD OUGHTA FIND A BOY FRIEND FOR OLD LADY LARKSPUR? OR UICE UERSER?

WASH TUBS—FOOLING THE NAZIS BY LESLIE TURNER

WHAT'S OUR POSITION, NAVIGATOR?

SOUTH OF BRUSSELS, SIR. VECTOR CHANGE IN 10 MINUTES

THE FLIGHT OF SHUTTLE-BOMBERS, WITH CAPTAIN EASY ABOARD, CROSSES THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...

THE AMERICAN PLANES HAVE CHANGED THEIR COURSE, AND FLY TO OBJECTIVES LEFT UNPROTECTED

NAZI FIGHTERS FROM SEVERAL BASES CONVERGE ON THE RUHR VALLEY TO INTERCEPT THE BOMBERS...

TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE VAPOR TRAILS AGAINST THE DARK SKY AT THIS ALTITUDE. CAPTAIN EASY

SUPERMAN—A PRESENT FOR LOIS By JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

YOU CAN'T JUST TAKE ME OFF A TRAIN LIKE THIS! IT'S ILLEGAL!

ILLEGAL? HOW ABOUT YOUR IMPERSONATION OF LOS LANE? AND THE FACT THAT YOU'RE A SPY?

SOMEHOW I DON'T MIND BEING CAPTURED BY YOU—YOU'RE SO DYNAMIC, SO STRONG, SO MASTERFUL...

SORRY, MISS DRESSER, BUT YOU'RE OFF YOUR TROLLEY, YOU SEE—

—YOU LOOK TOO MUCH LIKE LOIS, AND THERE CAN NEVER BE MORE THAN ONE LOIS FOR ME...

THEN WHY ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

I'M GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO MISS LANE!

NO, NO! NOT THAT—PLEASE! TURN ME OVER TO THE FBI—ANYTHING BUT DON'T GIVE ME TO HER!!!

DR. BOBBES—ELLIOTT and McARDLE

I HAVE NO MORE STRENGTH... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO... KILL ME BEFORE YOU GET RECORD BOOK...

TAKE IT EASY

NO ONE'S GOING TO KILL YOU, DOCTOR. HERE LEAN ON ME, AND LET'S GET GOING BACK TO YOUR CABIN.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS BOUGHT AND PAID FOR

WE HAVE THE OLD MILL— BUT HOW CAN WE MAKE IT OVER INTO A HOME?

YES— YOU'RE STILL NOT WELL AND STRONG, SPIKE—

OH, I'M WELL ENOUGH—

JUST A LITTLE SHAKY, FROM SO LONG IN BED—

EXERCISE IS WHAT I NEED!

BUT THE BUILDING MATERIAL— TOOLS— THEY COST MONEY—

HI, FOLKS! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

BRICK BRADFORD—Beyond the Crystal Door By WILLIAM RITT and CLARENCE GRAY

THIS GUY DOESN'T JOIN US — NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

HOLD IT, SANDY! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM ALONG!

WE'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE JAM HE'S IN —

— BESIDES, HE'S A NATIVE AND, BOY, DO WE NEED A GUIDE!

OUT OUR WAY— By J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE... with ... MAJOR HOOPLE

OWO! HE'S SAWIN' WITH TH' PIECE INSTEAD OF SAWIN' WITH TH' SAW! THERE'S A DIZZY STREAK BACK SOMEWHERE IN OUR FAMILY!

YEH, BOY, BUT I'M TH' FIRST ONE TO DO SUMPIN ABOUT IT! I DON'T SEE NO USE IN PUSHIN' A BIG SAW WHEN YOU CAN PUSH A LITTLE PIECE!

BUT, MARTHA! DRAT IT ALL— DON'T BE SO DRASTIC! BE SO GENTLE! THE GOAT WON'T ANNOY YOU! SHE'S AS GENTLE AS A SPRING ZEPHYR! LET GO MY EAR! CEASE HAULING ME! WHY— UMF!— GPUTT!

OH, SHUT YOUR BIG TENT-FLAP MOUTH AND COME ALONG! YOU'RE GOING TO MARCH OUT AND HANG UP EVERY STITCH OF THE WASHING! THAT GOAT IS NOT GOING TO PLAY FOOT-BALL WITH ME!

THIS MAKES HIM A GOAT TOO!