

THE POST'S WEEKLY MAGAZINE PAGE

The Architect Plans For The Future

A Modern House for The Lower Income Group

BUILT beside Rockefeller Plaza's Gardens of the Nations by General Electric Company for its New American Homes Campaign, Future House attracted New Yorkers by the thousands to the latest addition to America's modern homes, reports *The Literary Digest*.

With no specifications as to the type of architecture or the number of rooms, contestants were asked to design a house for a carefully described make-believe family. Out of the plans submitted by 9,700 architects and designers evolved Future House. The house was erected for an average family in the lower-income brackets and contains five rooms with 80 per cent, usable space, instead of the 65 per cent. of the average existing house.

Design and Equipment

Through a roofed terrace visitors entered directly into a semi-modernistically furnished living room, lit by a sunken light in the ceiling. Halfway, at one side was a dining room, blocked off by a wall of glass bricks. The completely equipped kitchen included cooking-rang, dish-washing machine, toaster, and other appliances. The master's bedroom in the rear contained two closets, one fitted with a small dresser. Next door was a nursery and adjoining alcove. Cork floors and closefitting windows insured

quiet, and a conditioning machine, run by oil and regulated by electricity, purified the air.

Amodec Corporation supplied coordinating house furnishings. Accessories Company of the American Radiator Company contributed bathroom units, and General Electric furnished air-conditioning, and sundry kitchen-appliances.

Almost 9000 communities, or 65 per cent. of the country's total population, are carrying on better-housing programs. This house, adaptable to any type of architecture, can be built throughout the country within the \$5000 to \$7000 price-range. Under the Federal mutual-mortgage plan, according to Julian Gerard, Regional Housing Administrator, prospective buyers could probably take out one mortgage for \$4000, amortized over twenty years.

"Buyers pay off principal and interest in reasonable monthly installments. They have no worry about mortgages falling due, or refinancing them, and, at the end of the period, the home is owned free and clear."

JUST HUMANS

By GENE CARR

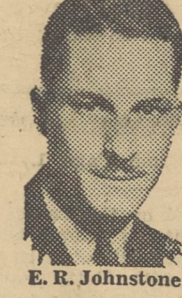


"No Insurance. Gosh, That's Tough!"

Right Out Of The Air

By R F SERVICE

"Jack" Johnstone, who pens the adventures of Buck Rogers, is one of radio's most eminent child psychologists. He holds important degrees. Jack fashions the episodes of this popular adventure series which is heard from coast to coast each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, with the definite purpose of giving listeners an insight into future scientific developments.



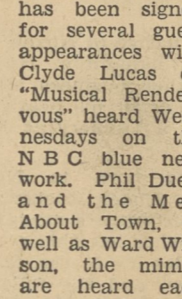
E. R. Johnstone

Seemingly fantastic, all of Buck's adventures are within the realm of possibility and, undoubtedly, will actually come to pass before the 25th century.

Each Tuesday evening, listeners are reaping a reward from Sigmund Romberg's New Year's resolution. The famed composer, who leads his orchestra in the melodious half hours, resolved to write a new song for each broadcast.

One day before she began her new NBC commercial series with Paul Whiteman, 17-year-old Durelle Alexander purchased her third annuity policy, which will enable her to retire with a comfortable income at the age of 35.

One of the best-loved singers in radio—Irene Beasley, the long tall



Irene Beasley

band you hear on Bing Crosby's Thursday evening Music Hall programs, is a bashful young man, Bing, as mischievous as ever, de-lights in having Hollywood's loveliest

ladies rush up and throw their arms around the shy batoner on the streets. Jim, of course, is greatly embarrassed. He plans revenge.

After March 1, it will no longer be "Igor Gorin, Viennese baritone," but "Igor Gorin, American singer," for on that day Gorin becomes a full-fledged American citizen.

Carlton Morse has written more than 1,250,000 words to date in his chronicling of the "One Man's Family" activities. Father Barbour, played by Anthony Smythe, and Mother Barbour, played by Minetta Ellen, have spoken more of these words than any other characters. This program has proved the most popular continued story on the air for years and continues to build the size of its audience.



Minetta Ellen

Major Bowes receives all sorts of presents from his Original Amateur Hour fans. The City of Miami offered to supply a sand dune set replete with bathing girls and palm trees to provide "studio atmosphere" during the broadcast when that city was honored by the telephone voting privilege.

There will soon be a unique series of "birthday parties" on "The O'Neills," the NBC cat series. "Bertha Bailey," the cat, is now the proud mother of six bouncing kittens, and "The O'Neills" will celebrate accordingly.

Phil Baker, "The Great American Tourist," is doing a lot of



Phil Baker

THE CRUSADES

a novelization of the CECIL B. DeMILLE production by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY



SYNOPSIS

Richard the Lion Heart, King of England, joins the Holy Crusade to cancel a pledge of marriage to Alice, sister of the scheming King Philip of France. The Crusaders run out of supplies at Marseilles and Richard is forced to marry Berengaria, daughter of the King of Navarre, in exchange for food for his army. Never having seen Berengaria, Richard sends his trouradour, Blondel, to take his place at the wedding ceremony. Later, when Richard meets his wife for the first time, he is fascinated by her charm and beauty.

CHAPTER V

NOW Richard, by Grace of God King of England, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, count of Anjou, etc., etc., was an excellent rider; and in the lists he seemed riveted to his saddle; but this information almost tumbled him into the dirt of the little Marseilles street.

"My wife!"

"Berengaria of Navarre. You married her last night."

"Why didn't you tell me she looks like that!"

"You didn't ask me."

Richard looked at him a moment, speechless. Then Richard jerked at his bridle, wheeled, rode back toward the balcony. Blondel was after him, pleading.

"Sire, you can't do this! The fleet is waiting! The King of France is ready to sail with the tide!"

"He'll sail," gritted Richard, "and so will I. And so will my Queen."

He stopped under the balcony. He smiled.

"Angel, I have learned. I confess my sin. I ask forgiveness. I am in the dust at your feet."

Berengaria said bitterly: "So is my veil."

He remembered it, looked down. Yes, the bridal veil still was tied to Fauvel's left forelock, a bandage. It had come loose. It was trailing.

Richard's face, never pale, now was almost black with embarrassment.

"Why—er—why, my horse is wounded."

"And so am I."

She started away. He called: "Wait!"

She said from the doorway: "This is not England. You do not command here."

"Lady, I am Richard. I command wherever I go." He was out of the saddle now, and climbing the balcony rail. He was laughing.

An hour later the master of the women's ship begged audience with Alice, sister of the King of France.

"Your pardon, my lady, but there is another lady come aboard, and—and she must—she is to have this cabin."

Princess Alice sat up.

"Surely you have made a mistake," she said coldly. "This is the royal cabin."

"Aye, but—but, my Lady, this lady—"

Then Berengaria came in. There were only two servants with her. She looked tired.

Alice's dark eyes became very small.

"I am Alice of France, betrothed to King Richard. Who are you?"

Berengaria looked back the way she had come, toward the shore which was fading already.

"I am his wife," she said quietly. It was before Acre, where the Moslem sultan Yusuf al-Saladin was trapped, and Berengaria had recovered from the sea trip. It was good to lie in a real bed again. She stretched full-length, smiling a little,

while Tina, her duenna, snuffed out all the candles but one.

She murmured: "Good night, Tina."

Then there was a man's voice: "Good night, Tina."

She looked up sharply. Richard of England stood holding back the tent entrance, smiling upon the duenna.

"Good night, Tina," he said again. And when the flustered fat woman had scampered out, he let fall the tent flap and strode to where Berengaria lay. He started to relight the candles, using the little bed lamp.

Berengaria slid far down under the covers, until only the top of her head showed.

"You did not find your way to my tent," Richard said pleasantly.

"I like my own tent better."

"How should you know?"

"The posts of my bed are Matthew,

He cried: "Remember—I'm your husband!"

"You're not!" She swung the blade high. "This is my husband! THIS is what I married!"

She brought it down viciously. He dodged, amazed.

"You little devil! Drop that!"

She cried: "My husband will defend me!" and raised the sword for another blow.

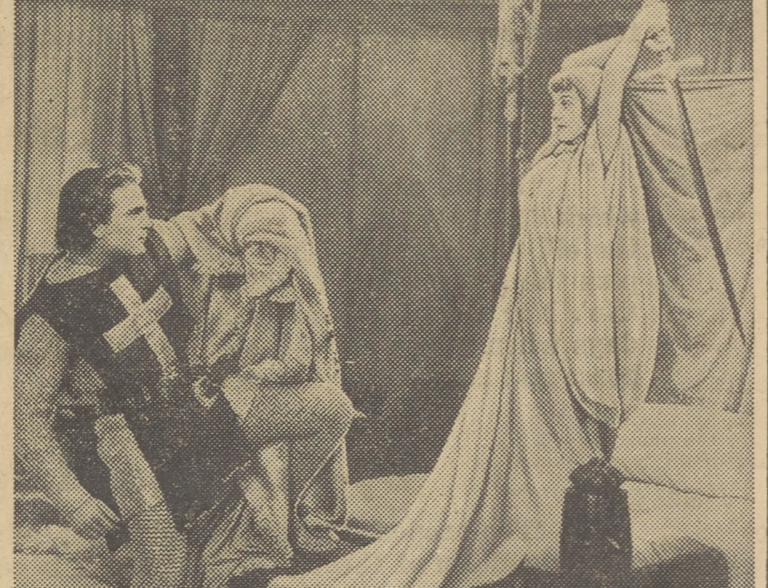
CHAPTER VI

THEY had not heard the trumpets, the thudding of feet, the clank of steel. But when Leicester came tumbling into the tent they stopped, gasping.

"Sire—pardon—"

Richard roared: "Well?"

"Sire, we are attacked! A sally from the gate!"



He cried: "Remember I'm your husband!" She swung the blade high. "You're not!" she exclaimed. "THIS is my husband. THIS is what I married!"

Mark, Luke and John, and they have been consecrated to my safety."

"I, too, as your husband," he reminded her, "am consecrated to your safety."

"Then stand on guard outside."

He wasn't angered. He tapped each of the bedposts in turn, smiling at them, addressing them.

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, you understand that this lady is my wife?"

"Who wishes to be alone," said Berengaria.

He unstrapped his great sword. He laid it aside, sat on the edge of the bed, and began to take off his left spur.

She was suddenly alarmed.

"What are you doing?"

"Well, you wouldn't come to my tent."

"If I scream, every woman in this camp will come!"

"Do you think they'd be interested?" He was working on the right spur now. "I'm no pale gallant, to sit at a woman's feet and plead," he pointed out.

"No, you'd take by storm! What's a woman to you? A citadel. A herd of cattle. It's not so easy, Richard of England! Leave my tent."

"As you will," he rose languidly. Then he bent, scooping her up, coverlet and all. "But you go with me."

"Put me down! Put me down!"

She slipped out of the coverlet, and left him holding it. She sprang to the bed, caught up his great sword.

King Richard threw away the coverlet. He turned from the woman who was his wife.

Now the whole place was in a turmoil. The King, clamping on his spurs, cried over his shoulder:

"If you'd been in my tent, where you belong, they wouldn't have had to look all over the camp for me! Where the devil's my sword?"

She said timidly: Here—Here is my sword, Richard."

He strapped it on, shoving his squire aside. To Leicester he shouted:

"Robert! Stay here, and guard my wife. Keep her in bed—if you can. I can't!"

And then he was gone, and there was nothing but swaying canvas and the echoes of his voice—and Leicester, who stood looking grimly at his Queen.

She whispered: "He—He may be killed."

"Yes, my lady. He may be killed."

She went slowly to her prie-Dieu, and fell to her knees. And there, with Leicester looking hard at her, and with the bang and shriek of battle outside, the zizzing of quarrels, the whirr of stones, the clash of steel against steel, the unremitting thump of recoil pads on the machines—there she prayed through the night.

Conrad of Montferrat was very sober, very grave, as he went next afternoon to see Berengaria. She

was at her embroidery frame, working a crimson cross on white silk.

"Dear child," Conrad said quietly, "a dreadful thing has happened."

She dropped her thread.

"To Richard?"

"Yes, dear Lady. Oh, he is not dead! Nor is he wounded. But a messenger has come from England—"

He broke off, staring at the ground.

"She said: 'Tell me.'"

"Lady," he said solemnly, "Richard's throne has been seized by his brother, Prince John. Now John will never dare to hold it if King Philip sends word that France will help Richard to regain that throne."

"But the throne is Richard's! He is the king!"

"Aye, but he is not in England to claim it, and John is."

"But Philip will assist him!"

"Philip," said Conrad of Montferrat, "is angry with Richard. You can guess why?" He got close to her, knelt before her. "Ah, believe me, I would not tell you this, dear lady, did I not know that you hold Richard most dear—Richard and the Holy Crusade."

"I—I do not understand."

"Richard is now before the council of the kings. He speaks with Philip, with Hugo of Burgundy, and Frederick the German, and Leopold of Austria, Nicholas of Hungary, Michael of Russia, William of Sicily, and with Sverre, the Norse king. But only one of these men can help him, and that is the most powerful one—Philip. And Philip is angry. He says that Richard has insulted France, has insulted his own family. Philip will not help him to regain the throne. Philip swears he will not even fight by his side, but will return with all his men to France. It would disrupt the Crusade, dear lady. Philip's is by far the greatest force. Without it, we would be at the mercy of the infidel."

"Philip is angry because—because Richard wed me?"

Conrad nodded.

"And Philip will not fight—"

"Ah! How terrible that the lovely thing you are can destroy that fine king your husband!"

"Destroy Richard!"

"And the Crusade."

"It cannot be! Richard can give me up—and annul the marriage—send me away—"

"You know he will never do that."

He was watching her closely now. It was well, for him, that she was so much in love.

"Tell me—tell me what I must do!"

"You are indeed a saint! But you must step from the path of the Crusade."

"You mean—kill myself?"

He only bowed. He had wished to have her say it. But he was sure of her now. He was sure, too, that Richard would be too busy in council to disabuse her. He sobbed a little. He bent over her hand, and turned, sobbing, to stagger away.

She was whispering: "I see—to save Richard."

For a long time she sat there, thinking, looking at nothing. Sometimes her lips moved a little, for she prayed; but for the most she was motionless. It was dark when she rose. She walked swiftly, unnoticed, to the outer line of mant-

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