

• SERIAL STORY

BANNERS FLYING

BY MARY RAYMOND

COPYRIGHT, 1942.
NEA SERVICE, INC.

CHAPTER I

WHEN the Colton twins—Christie and Janet—were born, everybody in Westwood said they were as alike as two peas in a pod. But they were not many weeks old before their great-aunt Lawrence remarked dryly: "As alike as sunshine and moonshine." Which, later, proved an apt comparison.

All through their baby days it had been Christie who adroitly led, planned and executed the nursery activities. The difference was more marked in later childhood and was emphasized during high school and college.

They had the same lovely brown hair with golden lights in it; the same blue-gray eyes, fringed by incredibly long lashes; the same curving, sweetly-molded mouths, the same youthful, lithe figures. Only it was Christie who glowed and sparkled, and Janet who went about in a soft reflection of that glow.

It was Christie who was high in the air, now, circling over the modest Westwood airport. And Janet who stood on the ground, her blue eyes anxiously glued to the circling plane.

Janet did not know that at the moment the courage and confidence of her twin was at low ebb, and that Christie's anxiety more than matched her own.

Tommy Colton, their brother, was watching, too. But he was not troubled. Christie's uncanny luck would always hold out. Now, if Janet were in that plane, you'd really have something to worry about. Bill Blake, the young mechanic at the airport, was another cool observer; and some distance away instructor Russ Lawton, manager of the local airport—and, finally, Bart Sanderson.

Goodlooking Bart Sanderson had been known as Westwood's "flyingest fellow" before he went in for medicine. He had grown up flying any old crate he could get his hands on. During high school days he had hung around the airport, scoring parties and pretty girls. He had come home from medical college still indifferent to both and still a flying fan.

More than one person had suspected that if any girl could prick Bart's indifference, it would be Christie Colton. But, of course, Bart had his pride, and anybody knew that a young doctor-to-be, interning now in an eastern hospital, was no match for a daughter of Westwood's richest citizen.

Bart had had a few dates with Christie. When he danced with her there was that "certain something"—a look in his eyes—but there had never been a hint that he ever intended to ask popular Christie to marry him.

"Wonder if he knows who's up in that plane," Russ thought, as Bart came toward him. But Bart's grim face was answer.

"He'd probably knock me down, if he knew I tricked her into a solo, although I probably saved her a bad case of nerves," Russ thought. He was feeling a little jittery. He wished Christie would come down out of that sky.

It had been one of those days for Christie. She had begun her lesson that afternoon in a blue mood. All this time, and Russ had never mentioned a solo. She probably never would go up alone. Everything she had done today was wrong, and Russ had been saying so in no ladylike manner. He was probably getting ready to wash her up. This was probably her last landing.

Russ had leaped out of the plane, loosening his safety belt. Then his arm shot up straight and rigid, his usual signal to take off. Christie's hand moved in automatic obedience. Suddenly, her eyes glued to the control stick moving up there in front—all by itself.

Heavens, not by itself at all. She was moving it back here in the rear seat, just as she had so many times before when Russ was in front, his broad back hiding the stick from her. She was alone. She was up here with the ship and the sky. She was soloing.

Her throat was tight. She had been shoved up here without warning. Now, how was she to get down? Oh, yes, she knew. Don't get frightened and cling to the stick, Christie. Easy now, you could never make a landing with that taut arm. Loosen up, loosen up inside. A plane feels it, if you're not confident. She could almost hear Russ talking. Well, all right, she was feeling steady, easier. "I've done it, I've soloed," she whispered suddenly, exultant.

But all this was a forced kind of bravery. She didn't really feel brave inside.

"I'm going in. I guess I'm scared," Christie said aloud. Her voice sounded funny to her own ears, hoarse and shaky.

She was landing. Rolling in again. No bumps. Maybe it was a good landing. They were gathering around her—Tommy, Jan, and Bill Blake.

"Believe you could have set it down on a dime," Bill said. "Christie, you're wonderful," Janet cried. She was looking proud and a little envious. "Glad you made it," Tommy said.

"Oh, it was easy," Christie said. Now that she was on the ground again, all her fears seemed silly and far away.

zical gleam in his eyes, and that look about his mouth, as though it could turn into a smile if it would—but it wouldn't."

"Hey," Bart said. "Christie replied, hoping she was hiding the rush of gladness that would have sent her straight into his arms if there had been only a half-way invitation."

"I'm pretty glad to find you all in one piece," Bart was holding both of her hands in a tight grip. "If you had stayed up much longer, I'd have gone after you."

"Well, my prize lady-bird, how was the ether? Nice going, nice landing, Christie." Russ had sauntered up, looking pleased. "I had a good teacher," Christie smiled at him.

Bart waited until they were spinning toward town in Christie's car. "Something told me it was high time I came home. Gosh, Christie, I remembered you as kind of nice—but not this nice." His voice shook a little.

"That goes for me, too," Christie said, a lump in her throat.

"I'm going to argue with you—plenty," Bart was frowning a little. "About those flying lessons, Christie. It may sound funny coming from me, but I guess it's because I know the danger. With the world in such a mess, you have it figured out that you'd like to help some way. But there are lots of other ways. There was the girl I met on the train, for instance. She wishes she could do something to help morale, but isn't sure just what she could do."

Christie's heart seemed to skip a beat.

"What girl?" she asked, trying to sound interested and natural.

"A girl named Sandra Rydall. She's going to live in Westwood. She's just back from Europe, had some kind of job with a magazine. Seems she had a pretty rough time when the kettle boiled over, and was mighty glad to get back and settle down. Maybe

you'll see her around. She looks pretty social."

"Why did she pick our town?" Christie didn't like the sound of her own voice. It had an odd, almost resentful note in it. Instinctively, she had not liked this Sandra. Because Bart's voice when he spoke of her, had a very special sound.

"Oh, I don't know. She just picked it," he added. "I believe she has some relatives here."

"I hope she's as ugly as sin," Christie thought, deciding, "but she isn't."

(To Be Continued)

ENLISTMENT INDUCEMENT
Men were once offered grants of land as an inducement to join the U. S. marine corps.

FIRST JUDGE ADVOCATE
A marine corps colonel, William Remy, was the first judge advocate of the navy, serving from 1880 to 1882.

"TAKE 90 DAYS TO PAY—THE OREGON WOOLEN WAY!"

• NO INTEREST
• NO CARRYING CHARGE
• NO RED TAPE

USE YOUR CASH TO BUY BONDS
YOUR CREDIT TO BUY CLOTHES

MEN'S COMPLETE FURNISHINGS, WORK CLOTHES and SHOES

OREGON WOOLEN STORE
Klamath's Credit Clothiers
8TH and MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



STATISTICS SHOW MOST MEN OF TWENTY-FIVE MARRY WOMEN OF TWENTY-TWO, BUT... MOST MEN OF THIRTY-FIVE MARRY WOMEN OF TWENTY-EIGHT.
T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



OLDING ODDS
"PEOPLE ARE HAPPY WHEN THE SKY IS BLUE," SAID RUDY SEBANG, West Allis, Wisconsin.

STAGE STAR

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured stage star, Katharine Hepburn.
- 7 She is a famous —
- 13 Mental image.
- 14 Farm buildings.
- 16 Was indebted.
- 17 Simplify.
- 19 Drunkard.
- 20 Assist.
- 22 Window compartments.
- 24 Fodder vats.
- 26 Within.
- 28 Alternating current (abbr.).
- 29 Gratuity.
- 31 South American (abbr.).
- 33 Skill.
- 34 Pennies.
- 35 Ricochet.
- 36 Beverage.
- 37 Chinese jade.
- 38 Fate.
- 40 Measure of area.
- 43 Sun god.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

- 23 Mark left by an eraser.
- 25 Perform.
- 27 More attractive.
- 28 Protective covering.
- 30 Vegetable.
- 31 Pig pen.
- 32 Donkey.
- 33 Be sick.
- 36 Light brown.
- 39 Rap lightly.
- 41 Condition.
- 42 Restores to health.
- 44 Astral body.
- 45 Egypt (abbr.).
- 46 Rodents.
- 47 Quantity of paper.
- 48 Spain (abbr.).
- 49 Lath.
- 50 Ocean.
- 52 Plural (abbr.).
- 54 Piece out.
- 55 Military police (abbr.).
- 56 Near.
- 57 Therefore.
- 59 Symbol for erbium.

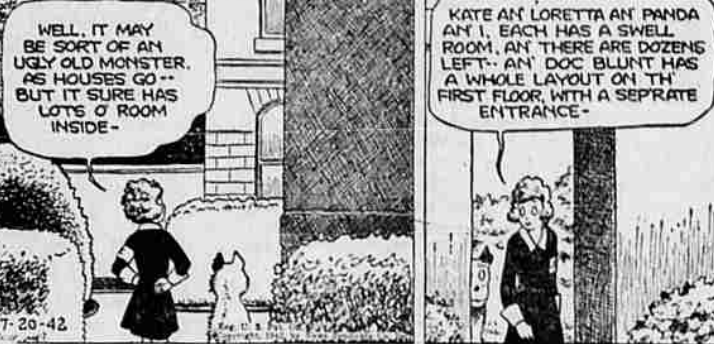


Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams. BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON 7-20



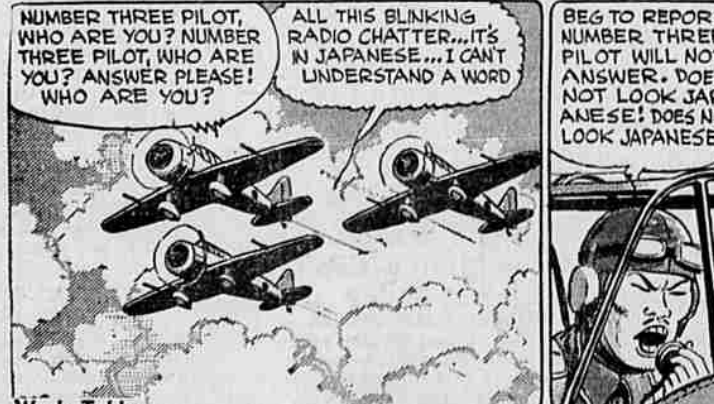
Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



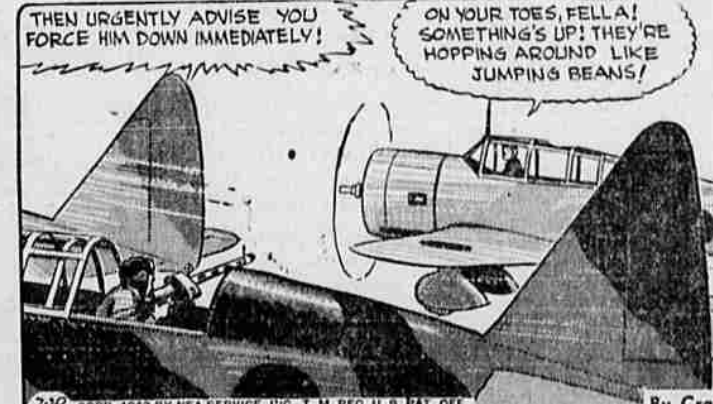
Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



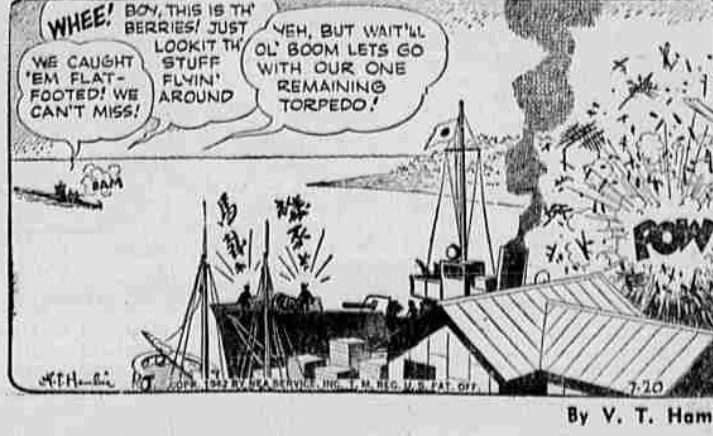
Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop

By V. T. Hamlin