

• SERIAL STORY

BANNERS FLYING

BY MARY RAYMOND

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THE STORY: Christie, one of the Colton twins, comes down from her first solo flight to find Bart... Christie is in love with Bart, a medical student and air enthusiast...

tempt for this girl and her cheap tactics. She did not speak, waiting for Bart to put the stranger in her place.

But Bart was smiling. He had lighted a cigaret and the brief glow showed the amused gleam in his eyes.

"You evidently think I don't know my mind," Sandra replied. "People change them," Sandra said slowly.

"Well, it's still the Air Corps with me," Bart answered. He added, "and I don't change my mind."

Tommy had come up. "Hello," he greeted them. "Where did I lose you, Sandra? One minute you were standing by me and the next you were the little girl who wasn't there. You haven't forgotten we are leaving at intermission."

"I only forget things I don't want to remember," Sandra replied. She turned to Christie. "I'm glad I met you," she said. "I wanted to see what you were like."

"I hope I haven't disappointed you," Christie said sweetly. "Not at all," the other girl answered. "I think I knew exactly what you would be like."

Only her smile robbed the words of malice, and Christie had the feeling that the smile was for Bart's benefit.

She waited until Sandra and Tommy had left the room. Then, she turned to Bart. "She knew about your plans for joining up. About me!"

"What's wrong with that?" Bart was looking at her in astonishment. "We were on the train several hours together. It was natural to discuss things we were interested in. She's a direct young person, and she asked if there was a girl at the end of the line. I said there was. Then, we got to talking about the war, and she found out it was the air end of it for me."

Suddenly, the music stopped abruptly. Then as quickly swung into "God Bless America."

"Good time," Bart said, as the dancing stopped. They were standing now by the arch which separated the ballroom from the enclosed porch. Tommy and a girl were dancing on the dimly-lighted porch. They danced past Christie and Bart and into the ballroom; and as though completely unaware of the sensation they were causing, double-stepped the martial rhythm with perfect timing.

The girl wore a bright red frock, with a huge skirt that emphasized her slim waist. Her eyes were enormous and velvety black. "Tommy's a fool," Bart said. "If this had been Europe, he would have been rushed off by the military police. He's pretty lucky he lives in America."

"Tommy!" Christie echoed indignantly, "what about that girl? She should have brought some respect for this country when she came from Europe!"

Bart spoke slowly. "I think it's rather unfair to judge a person so quickly."

Christie's anger fell from her. "Perhaps it is," she said in a low tone. She had realized that not all her anger was directed against the new girl because of the exhibition. She disliked her because she was beautiful and dangerous—because Bart obviously didn't dislike her. Now, she was beating a retreat because Bart might be forced into open championship of the other girl.

"It's just that everybody was looking at Tommy as though he were a traitor," Christie said. Her voice trembled a little.

"Oh, now look here. Aren't you getting a little hysterical about the whole thing? Nobody is going to spoil this evening for me. Sit this out with me, Christie. I've something to tell you."

Christie's personal sky was swept clear of storm clouds. She thought, as Bart piloted her toward the Palm Room, "It's silly to be this much in love." A look from Bart could lift her up or drop her down. Right now she was on top of the world. Bart had something to tell her! They had reached the dim, secluded Palm Room; and Bart had caught her close to him.

"Christie, I had it all planned out—to ask you to marry me. Dr. Atwell wants me to come in with him, as soon as I finish my internship."

"Dr. Atwell," Christie breathed. Chief surgeon at the near-by Lakeville hospital, head of his clinic, and one of the famous men in his field.

"Yes," Bart's voice was low and tense. "But I can't do it, Christie. This war business has got me. I'm going to get in there and pitch."

"I'll wait," Christie whispered. "Oh, darling—it might be a long time. But you will stand by, Christie?"

"You know I will."

He kissed her again, and then released her. A low, amused laugh had started them.

"Hello, soldier."

SANDRA RYDALL had come close to them. She was nearer Christie, but her eyes were on Bart.

"Hello," Bart said, adding "Christie, this is Sandra Rydall." He turned to Christie: "Shall we tell her?"

"Why not?" Christie thought, happily. It would be just as well for this arrogant young beauty to know how things stood.

"I'm the seventh daughter of a seventh son," Sandra said lightly. "That makes me know things without being told. Besides I was only two feet away when you sprang the big news."

"Oh," Christie's face burned. The girl was bold, shameless.

"But it wasn't news to me," Sandra continued carelessly. "You see he had told me before. You're still strong for the Air Corps, I guess."

Christie's shocked surprise was succeeded by pure fury. If she spoke now, she would certainly betray her indignation and con-

She could see that he was waiting, half bewildered, for her reply. She must put this hurt back of her. Men didn't think about things the way women did.

"Does that clear things up?" Christie nodded. She loved him—the war, and her country's emergency—these were the big concerns.

She would not let Sandra or anyone or anything undermine her happiness. Only she hoped she wouldn't run into her again. (To Be Continued)

We ought not throw our hats in the air, but there is nothing to be pessimistic about. The other side is going to have a rough time of it.

—Walter Nash, New Zealand minister to the U. S.

Complacency is our worst enemy.

—Herbert V. Evatt, Australian foreign minister.

The average gentlemen's clothing bill is said to be \$450 per year. What does that make most of us?

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

The SCIENTIFIC NAME OF RAGWEEDS IS (OF ALL THINGS) "AMBROSIA." IT WAS NAMED IN EUROPE WHERE IT DOESN'T GROW... AND BEFORE IT WAS KNOWN TO BE THE MAIN CAUSE OF HAY FEVER!

KWIK-KOPPER MEOW MEOW HAWAII "PRACTICALLY NEVER" HAS A HURRICANE. ANSWER: Musket, a gun; muscat, a grape; muscid, an insect.

BASEBALL STAR OF OLD

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE: CORNELL ACTRESS IDEAS BARNES OWED TEASES SOTI ABET BIPANES SOTI ABET INFLA TIPPSA KATHARINE AZART CENTS SKILIM TEANYU CORNELL ARSIR SHIRA NISTERI ROSES STAGIAPELPALE MEAT ATLAS LAKE PARENTS MONSTER

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of a man in the center.

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY Out Our Way By J. R. Williams. A woman is being pulled away by a man, with a child in between.

Red Ryder. A man in a cowboy hat is being pulled away by a woman.

Little Orphan Annie. A woman is talking to a man.

Freckles and His Friends. A man is talking to a woman.

Wash Tubbs. A man is talking to a woman.

Boots and Her Buddies. A man is talking to a woman.

Alley Oop. A man is talking to a woman.

Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla. A man is talking to a woman.

Red Ryder. A man in a cowboy hat is being pulled away by a woman.

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