

• SERIAL STORY

**BANNERS FLYING**

BY MARY RAYMOND

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**THE STORY:** Christie Colton has promised her fiancé, Bart Sanderson, not to fly any more. Bart, an air enthusiast himself, is prejudiced against women pilots. Christie is training in serious belief that she can be helpful in war work. When she is about to tell her twin sister, Jan, that she is engaged, Jan confesses she is on the brink of falling in love herself. From Jan's description, Christie decides the man isn't too interesting.

**EMERGENCY FLIGHT**

**CHAPTER IV**

CHRISTIE had a noon luncheon date with Bart. Meanwhile, he was spending the morning with his mother, and Christie was meeting with a committee on the Fete of the Lanterns, a benefit for Chinese relief.

A group of her friends—Ellen Wells, Roberta Barlow, Elaine Richardson, and Sue Foster, had already arrived. And—Christie paused a moment in the doorway as a shock of surprise ran through her—another girl! A girl with a cloud of dark hair framing her thin face, a cigarette between her poppy-red lips.

"Christie," Mildred exclaimed, "we're really in luck. This is Sandra Rydall. She spent some months in China once, and she has the grandest ideas. Wait until you hear them."

"Maybe you've met," Mildred continued. "Yes, we have," Christie replied, "at the dance last night."

"You run into so many people at dances," Sandra said with a low laugh, "and sometimes three in a crowd."

Roberta spoke up: "Sounds like Bart Sanderson was around. You are new in this town, Sandra, but it won't take you long to learn."

"One of those romances that haven't yet become routine," Sandra said, slowly. "Only Christie caught the emphasis on the 'yet.'"

And that, she was sure, was because she was looking for it. Please complete her resentment, she spoke easily: "Stop chattering, Roberta, and let's get started. I've a luncheon date." She turned to Sandra: "So you have some ideas?"

"I'm filled with them," Sandra answered. "I don't know yet that they'll work." Again, that odd emphasis.

"I'd like to hear them. We're here to plan decorations, you know."

"That's one of the ideas," Sandra's eyes met Christie's without smiling. Mildred was looking startled.

"In a moment, Millie, or somebody, will guess Sandra and I are having a private war," Christie thought. She felt a little ashamed.

Perhaps, she was at fault. Maybe, Sandra had sensed her resentment in the beginning. She remembered Bart had said, "Aren't you a little unfair? You don't even know her."

Well, she knew Sandra could be cheap. Her manners were not only unconventional, they were rude. But she was here, offering to help.

SANDRA'S ideas were good, she had to admit. There'd be the ball, of course, with everybody wearing Chinese costumes. Then, in another room—to draw the older crowd—all the Chinese art treasures that could be borrowed in and around Westwood would be displayed. Maybe there'd be a special corner for Chinese fans.

"Why it's wonderful," Christie exclaimed. She began appointing committees. Sandra would head the decorations committee. Another group would collect the art objects, and another would arrange for insurance on them.

"I must dash now," Christie said, glancing at her wrist watch. When she reached the porch, she heard a step behind her. Sandra had followed.

"Just a moment," Sandra said. "I wanted to say something to you. You and I needn't pretend. You know I'm not interested in the ball. I don't care whether it's a success or not. It rather amused me to show up a lot of superior people. That's all. Behind all that show of good will in there, you really don't like me, and you know how I feel about you. This is just to keep the record straight from now on."

"Why are you so sure we couldn't be friends?" Christie asked, slowly. "We happen to care for the same man," Sandra said, bluntly. The sheer audacity of it, the unexpectedness of it, caught Christie off guard. Girls didn't do things like this—nice girls didn't.

"I have been living abroad for years," Sandra said. "Things weren't easy—lots of times, I learned to be ruthless. And I learned to grab. Things are happening so fast now, if you don't grab all the fun and happiness you can, you're likely to be too late."

"I see," Christie fought the primitive impulse to cry out: "But it won't do you any good here, Sandra. You are in a different world, where people still live by a different set of rules."

Without a word, she turned and walked toward her car. ON an impulse, she slowed down. She still had a few moments to spare before time to meet Bart. She'd drive by and tell Russ she was through with flying. Bill Blake hurried out to meet her. "Gosh, Christie, I'm glad you're here. You're an answer to prayer."

specializes in brain surgery." "If I could reach Bart," Christie said.

"There's no time to get anybody," Bill said. "This chap's got to go now. They wanted the plane warmed up and waiting. You'll have to take him over, Christie. You'll know you can. You couldn't miss. Just follow the highway. They're keeping everything wide and clear at the other end."

"But I couldn't," Christie said, trembling. "Oh, Bill, why can't you fly?"

"Because I never learned. I know what takes them up, but I can't take them up. Funny, isn't it?"

"It isn't funny," Christie said. "It's dreadful. But I might crack up and kill him, Bill."

Bill shrugged. "Well, he'll probably die, anyway, unless he gets to this surgeon. It's only 60 miles, Christie. You've got to do it. There's the ambulance, now."

"Warm her up, Bill," she said. They were lifting the injured man from the ambulance. Christie walked over and looked down on him. He was young, and he had good features. His blond hair showed above the wide, thick bandage that bound his head.

As she watched, pity in her eyes, the wounded man opened his eyes. He was looking at Christie with a queer, bewildered expression. After a moment, the bewilderment was gone. "Oh, it's you," the stranger said. He closed his eyes again.

"Know this chap?" the hospital attendant asked. "Relative of yours?"

"I never saw him before," Christie answered. "He must be"

delicious."

The attendant shook his head. "I think it's the first conscious moment he's had since the accident. Where's the pilot?"

"I'm the pilot," Christie said. She saw the amazement and doubt on the faces about her. Suddenly, she felt a surge of confidence. "I'll get him there," she said. (To Be Continued)

**FAMOUS SAYING**

The famous saying, "Tell it to the Marines," is traced to Samuel Pepys, author of the diary, who credited it to Charles II of England.

**LEATHERNECKS PROMINENT**

Hawaii officially came under the jurisdiction of the United States on August 12, 1898, and U. S. marines were prominent at the ceremonies.

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**THIS CURIOUS WORLD**

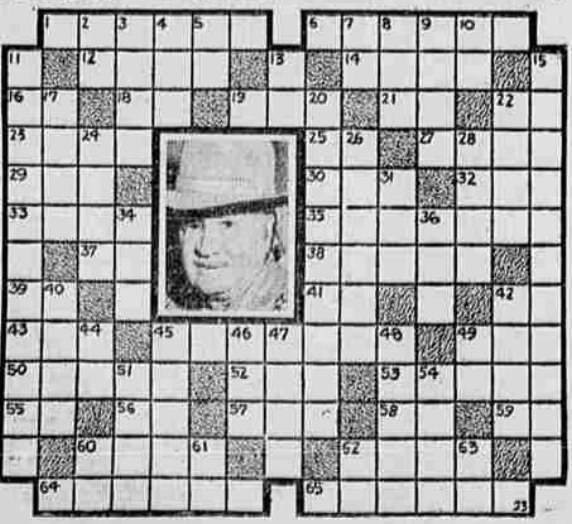
By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree; Jersey Bounce; I Went Out of My Way.

**FRONTIERSMAN**

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1,8 Pictured isle showman.
  - 12 College head.
  - 14 Sow.
  - 16 We.
  - 18 Notary Public (abbr.).
  - 19 Dolt.
  - 21 Symbol for lanthanum.
  - 22 Cloth measure.
  - 23 Deed.
  - 25 Sun god.
  - 27 Alpaca.
  - 29 Friday (abbr.).
  - 30 Sphere.
  - 32 Golf teacher.
  - 33 Capable.
  - 35 Columbiad.
  - 37 Therefore.
  - 38 Former Russian ruler.
  - 39 Either.
  - 41 Id est (abbr.).
  - 42 Symbol for tin.
  - 43 Offer.
  - 45 Replies.
  - 49 Child's game.
  - 50 Mohammedanism.
  - 52 Ever (poet).
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- L O U N O V I K O F F  
C A R P E N T E R  
H O M E R U S T Y G R O V E  
M P M I S T O O K I E N  
T E W E  
S W I N  
L O U  
S I E G O N O V I K O F F  
L O S E R  
A M E R I C A N  
V E R B I R I G H T  
D I A L I T O E T I O N S  
C H I C A G O C U B S
- 3 Lease.
  - 4 Dibble.
  - 5 Upon.
  - 7 Exist.
  - 8 Fermat.
  - 9 Bound.
  - 10 Hypothetical structural unit.
  - 11 He was a partner of — in a wild west show business.
  - 13 Laughter sound.
  - 15 He was born in —, Illinois.
  - 17 Serbian.
  - 20 He was a famous — man.
  - 22 Unbleached.
  - 24 Is ill.
  - 26 One who arises.
  - 28 Genus of bees.
  - 31 Feathered scarf.
  - 34 Goddess of dawn.
  - 36 Feminine undergarment (abbr.).
  - 40 Engrave.
  - 42 Levantine ketch.
  - 43 Upon.
  - 44 Deciliter (abbr.).
  - 45 Violently.
  - 46 Weight of India.
  - 47 Have on.
  - 48 Italian coin.
  - 49 Tuberculosis (abbr.).
  - 51 A fresh show business.
  - 54 Chamber.
  - 60 Virginia (abbr.).
  - 61 Compass point in —.
  - 62 Hawaiian bird.
  - 63 Of the thing.



THE "ETHER" Out Our Way By J. R. Williams



Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



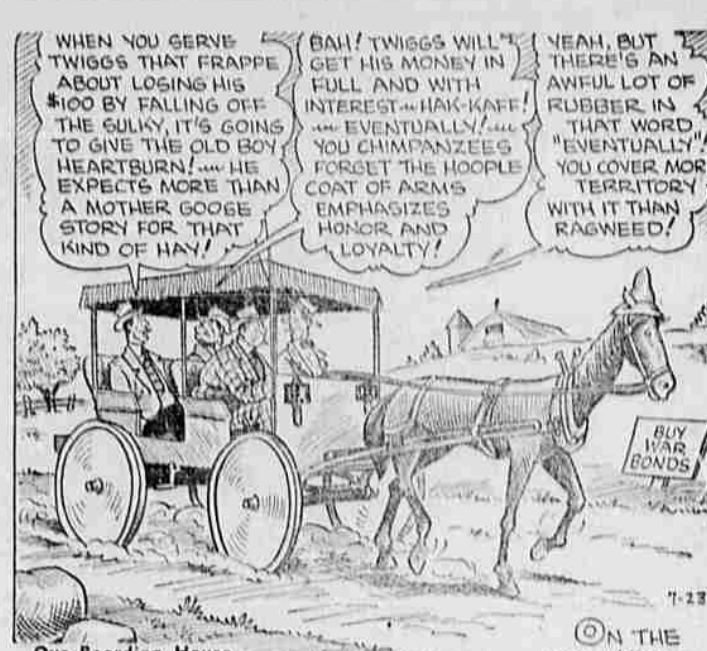
Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



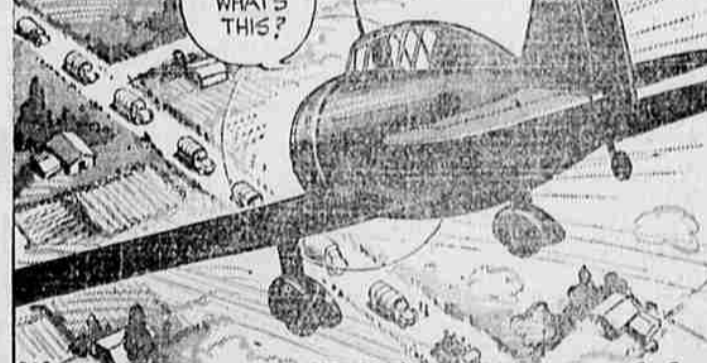
You Got Me Outa Jail, Ryder, But Where We Goin'?



Why, Annie-- I've Heard Nothing But How Lazy the Younger Generation is These Days



I Don't See How He Can Be Crazy Over More Than One Person at One Time



Wup! What's This?



Tsk! Tsk! As You Couldn't See Through His Little Scheme



Well, Oop, Looks Like We've Cleaned Up This Job