

# BANNERS FLYING

BY MARY RAYMOND

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THE STORY: Christie Colton, who has promised Bart Sanderson, her fiancé, that she will give up flying, is forced to break the promise to fly to a seriously injured young man to a hospital in the next town. Previous to the flight she has attended a committee meeting for a China Relief ball, met Sandra Rydell, a new girl in town, and had a "sneak" with her in which Sandra says they are "natural enemies" because they care for the same man.

## WAR—AND A PARTY

### CHAPTER V

It was while the young man was in the operating room that Christie remembered about Bart, and waiting on a doorstep. It was 1:30 now.

Bart's voice, when she reached him by phone, sounded almost angry, hurt and immensely relieved. "Where in the world are you, Christie?"

"At the Lakeville Hospital. Some poor fellow had an accident and I had to bring him here. It was a real emergency, Bart."

"Good heavens!" Bart exclaimed. "You drove him over?"

"No. It had to be quicker than that. I brought him here in a plane." There was a long silence at the other end.

"Bart," Christie pleaded, "surely you aren't angry. I didn't forget my promise. It was something I had to do."

"I'm not angry, Christie. I'm frightened. There's a lucky star over you, darling, but promise me you won't fly the plane back."

"I won't, Bart. I'm taking the train, but there isn't one to Westwood for several hours."

"I know," Bart's voice was sober. "And my train pulls out in an hour."

"Oh, Bart, you'll write—you'll be back soon."

"I was just thinking how darn unsatisfactory letters are. Darling, it was pretty wonderful what you did. I'm proud as the devil. You won't do it again, though. The kind of luck you have—it might play out, Christie."

"It's the very last time, Bart." When the phone clicked in place Christie joined the group of people on the sun porch.

It was around 3 when a nurse motioned to Christie. Christie got up and joined her in the corridor. "Your friend is going to be all right," the nurse said. "It was a good thing those doctors in Westwood got him here so quickly, and it was lucky you happened to know how to handle a plane. Well, I guess you know how fortunate you are." She was beaming.

"I suppose you know I never saw him in my life until they brought him to the airport."

"He had a few rational moments," the nurse replied, stiffly. "And once he asked for you."

"There's some mistake," Christie insisted. "He is a stranger to me."

"I'm sorry, Miss Colton," the nurse said, turning to go.

It was not until Christie was on her way to the train that she remembered she had failed to find out the young man's name. And this was strange—the nurse had known her name. Maybe Bill Blake had phoned the hospital after she left.

JAN was driving up as Christie's taxi turned in the gateway. She waited until Christie had paid the driver and then asked: "Why the taxi? Did you have car trouble?"

Christie shook her head. She told Jan the story while she was talking, she had the feeling that Jan was way ahead of her. There was something odd about Jan's expression. She looked excited, but not amazed.

"The man you took to Lakeville was Stephen Marston," Jan said. "Stephen! Not really?"

"Yes. He was in the Wainwrights' car, and Mr. Wainwright was driving. They had an accident and Mr. Wainwright felt responsible when Stephen was injured. He arranged for the operation in Lakeville. Betty Wainwright said sending him over by plane probably saved his life. Of course, I didn't know you flew the plane."

"Well!" Christie exclaimed, "so my young man of mystery is Stephen! That's why he thought he knew me. All the time he thought I was you."

"Did he?" Jan asked softly. "Oh, I wish it had been."

Conversation was changing. In Westwood, it might start with parties, the forthcoming spring and summer, but it was certain to end up with the query: "Will there be enough stags?" now that most of the boys were away.

Christie was busy with a dozen activities. There was the Chinese ball, which had been a wonderful success—and where she had carefully avoided being thrown with Sandra; there was her Red Cross work; the times she sold British emblems at benefit teas. When army maneuvers brought streams of khaki-clad boys and trucks through town she had served coffee and cookies at the station.

Everybody else was doing these things, too. Everybody except her mother, who still refused to believe what she read and heard.

"Things are so different now," Mrs. Colton sighed. "I wanted to give Jan a nice party, but all the boys she knows have been drafted."

"Seems to me there are a lot of nice boys at the flying field. Get some of these new boys," her husband looked up, impatiently, from his paper.

"You can't draft men for dances as you do for the army," Mrs. Colton answered, irritably.

Christie had entered the room. The friction between her mother and father distressed her. Here was a small war, she thought, being waged daily by people who loved each other. These petty battles made you understand how real antagonism between nations could drive peace from the world.

SHE was feeling sober. Bart was convinced that the United

States would be drawn into the war, and she was sure Bart knew what he was talking about. Then, Tommy had joined up.

Summer went by. A golden autumn merged into a wintry siege of snow and rain. There were few parties, and these were small and informal. Mrs. Colton had flu and went off to Florida to shake it off. When she returned she looked radiant and well.

She was going right ahead, she told the family, with her plans for Jan's ball.

"Christie, it's going to be beautiful," Mrs. Colton said one day. She was standing in the doorway of the ballroom. "Can you imagine this room completely transformed into a white winter scene, with a forest of trees covered with snow and jeweled with blue lights?"

"Add some red, and you'll have a patriotic scheme," Christie said slowly.

"You sound like your father. Honestly, I believe you have red, white, and blue stripes running up and down your spine."

The radio was on in the music room. As Christie passed the door the voice of an excited announcer reached her. Then, the awful import of the words she had heard sent her flying back to the ballroom.

"Mother, you'll have to call the party off. Pearl Harbor has been bombed."

"Pearl Harbor!" Mrs. Colton's voice was startled. "How terrible, Christie. But I can't see that it has anything to do with Jan's party. The flowers are ordered, the food, too. And all the invitations are out. You must be out of your mind. I couldn't call it off."

"Mother, it isn't patriotic. It isn't right."

Mrs. Colton's voice was frigid. "I don't see that a party has any connection with patriotism. People in this town are going to remember this one as long as they live."

(To Be Continued)

## HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Hey, you! Put out that light—this is a blackout!"

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Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla



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By Blosser



By Cran



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



SOUNDS

AUDIBLE TO YOU AT A DISTANCE OF FOUR YARDS CAN BE HEARD BY YOUR DOG AT A DISTANCE OF TWENTY-FOUR YARDS.



GUERRILLA LEADER

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured Balkan guerrilla leader, Draja
- 10 Large sea fish
- 11 Pro
- 12 Christmas carol
- 14 Slight intentionally
- 16 Stalk
- 18 Area measure
- 20 Take a snapshot
- 22 Highway
- 23 Near
- 24 Crowd
- 26 He is the leader
- 27 Age
- 28 Roost
- 30 Conductor
- 32 Army order
- 33 Rhode Island
- 34 Incursions
- 37 Constituent
- 41 Finish
- 42 Out of (prefix)
- 43 Seek damages
- 44 And (Latin)
- 45 Transpose
- 49 Frate
- 51 Exhaust
- 53 Press clothes
- 54 Rubber tree
- 56 Gaseous element
- 15 Exclamation
- 16 Dirt
- 17 Astral body
- 19 Fish eggs
- 21 Measure
- 22 Registered Nurse (abbr.)
- 23 Exist
- 25 Plat
- 27 Redacts
- 29 Fish
- 31 Circle part
- 34 Roll of film
- 35 Insect
- 36 Jumped
- 37 Plural of foot
- 38 Rays (comb. form)
- 39 Belonging to us
- 40 Genuine
- 43 Biblical pronoun
- 47 Space
- 49 Shout
- 50 Sick
- 52 Age
- 53 Girl student
- 54 We
- 55 Babylonian deity



ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE