

SERIAL STORY
BANNERS FLYING

BY MARY RAYMOND

THE STORY: The Coltons party for their daughter Jan falls a few nights after Pearl Harbor. Patriotic friends send regrets to represent the wealthy Mrs. Colton for her taste in waiters, but Christie, Jan's twin sister, persuades most of them to come to have Jan's birthday. Christie, who is home on leave, and Stephen Marston, the young man Jan is in love with, Christie meets Stephen for the first time since, months before, she had given him, seriously injured, to a hospital. Jan appears to be jealous of Christie.

THE GROOM IS JEALOUS

CHAPTER VII

IT was around noon next day when Christie opened the door to Jan's room.

"A wake, Jan?"

Janet was sitting up in bed, a pillow at her back, a cigaret in her hand. "I was never more wide awake in my life," she said.

Christie stood smiling down at her. "It's funny seeing you smoke. You never did before."

"A cigaret helps sometimes."

"Don't pull a nervous wreck business, Jan. That comes only after a whole season of parties. Didn't you have a good time?"

"I had a miserable time," Jan answered. "You should know that."

"No," Christie said. "I didn't. I'm sorry. What went wrong?"

"Stephen said the party was as senseless as money could make it, and he wondered how many Defense Bonds it really cost."

"Your Stephen has atrocious manners—"

"MY Stephen!" Janet flared. "I don't know what is the matter with you," Christie said. "I haven't time to find out. I came to tell you Bart and I are married. We decided to skip all the fuss. We just walked over to a minister's and—"

"Christie!" Jan was out of bed, flinging her arms around her sister. Color flamed in her cheeks.

"You and Bart—what? Christie, you're joking!"

"I've lassoed him up tight with a wedding rope."

Jan sat down on the edge of the bed, her eyes bright with excitement. "Oh, Christie, why didn't you say so in the first place?"

"What on earth? What difference—"

"Oh, nothing, Christie, I'm so happy—happy for you and Bart."

"Well," Christie marveled, "it's nice, you're pleased. Though I really didn't know Bart rated so high with you. Now, I've got to let Mother and Dad know I've made them in-laws."

"Where's Bart?"

"Downstairs, pacing the rug, and watching the clock. Our honeymoon hours are flying. Bart has to report on Monday. Uncle Sam doesn't play favorites, not even with brides and grooms. But we have had a break. Bart's been transferred to our nearest flying field."

"You and Bart can take it," Jan said softly. "He'll be a grand soldier and you'll be a grand soldier's wife. How about smoking a pipe of peace with me?" She held out a cigaret and Christie took it, thoughtfully.

"Were we at war, Jan? I didn't know."

"I was. With you, with the world. I'm ashamed, Christie, I'm not brave like you. All I want is to be happy and I'm afraid I never will."

Christie came over, placed her hands on the thin young shoulders and gazed down into the shadowed face.

"We've got to keep our hearts high and banners flying. You, too, Jan. Now, get dressed and come down to give your brother-in-law a proper kiss."

BART was having another flourish. Christie had met him at the train. Two months of being Mrs. Bart had given her a mature, young married air, she hoped.

En route from the train, she had said, mysteriously: "I've got to stop at this place, Bart. Come up with me."

Bart followed her up the two flights of apartment stairs. The apartment was a facsimile of a score of others about town. Presentable and commonplace.

On the third floor, she inserted a key in a door. "I didn't have a welcome mat, but just the same I'm glad to invite you in."

"What's this?" Bart asked. "One of your committee rooms?"

"Committee rooms! It's your new home!"

Suddenly, Christie flung her arms about Bart. "Carry me in. For luck."

Still with that amazed look in his eyes, Bart lifted her in his arms, and still holding her, looked about.

"You mean you live here?" Bart asked.

"We live here," Christie corrected. "That is, when you have leaves."

"That won't be so very often," Bart said, slowly. "And then, I might be transferred. It was just luck getting so near home at first."

"Bart," Christie breathed, her eyes dark with disappointment. "You don't like it."

"Of course I do, Christie. It's a nice place. But I can't see why you left your own home. Surely it's big enough. I remember feeling swallowed up in all that space."

"It wasn't my own home any more," Christie said. "I'm an army man's wife now."

"And you felt you had to change your way of living straight off—to fit the changed status?"

Their eyes met without smiling. "Yes," Christie said, "I wanted to start living like one."

"I see," Bart spoke stiffly, in the tone of one who didn't see at all. He had liked to think of Christie, secure, protected under the parental roof. It was not that

he wanted favors. He detested them. But he wanted to feel easy about his young wife while he was off taking risks.

CHRISTIE thought unhappily: I worked so hard to get it ready for a surprise. I was so thrilled about it and Bart thinks it was all a pose.

"I'm sorry, darling," Bart was holding her close, kissing her. "It's really a swell little place. But I hate the thought of you staying here alone."

"I'll manage fine. It will be good for me," Christie said. Her voice was hollow, drained of exultation. "We're invited to have dinner with the folks."

"Good enough," Bart replied. "I thought maybe you were planning to show me some plain and fancy cooking."

The pantry was stocked and the ice box was filled. Christie had hoped Bart would say: "Let's stay home and try out the new stove."

But he hadn't. He had said "good night." He thought rich Christie Colton was putting on an act, telling the world she was going to be brave and live on a soldier's salary. What Bart didn't know was that she loved all this.

As they left the elevator they came face to face with Stephen Marston.

"Well, think of meeting you two here," he drawled. "Slumming?"

"We live here," Christie answered, an edge to her voice.

"Not really." He was staring at her in amazement.

"I live here, too," he said. "My mother and I. May we call?"

"Please do," Christie's eyes traveled to Bart's immobile face. Bart was acting rude. Very rude.

"It's nice we're neighbors," she added impulsively.

It was after they had driven off that Bart spoke: "Do you have to be so all-fired nice to that fellow? Wasn't saving his life enough?"

"You don't like him," Christie

said slowly. "I don't like him at all," Bart answered.

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!

INFORMATION

"I knew him in college—he always knew all the answers."

"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

"V" for VICTORY!

BARREL CACTUS FOUND GROWING IN THE VICTORY EMBLEM IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA!

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OLDING ODDS

WHEN THE ST. LOUIS CARDINALS' PRIZE BROTHER BATTERY OF MORT COOPER, PITCHER, AND WALTER COOPER, CATCHER, STARTED OUT IN BASEBALL, WALTER WAS THE PITCHER AND MORT THE CATCHER.

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BOMBED JAPAN

HORIZONTAL

1, 5 Pictured U. S. aviator.
12 Eats sparingly.
14 Parchment.
15 Near.
17 Sailor.
18 Bind.
19 Myself.
20 No (Fr.).
22 Chest bone.
24 Streets (abbr.).
25 Winnow.
26 Stalk.
28 Courtyard.
30 Narrative poem.
32 Male child.
34 Title.
35 Vase.
36 Treaty.
38 Bird.
40 Vetch.
41 Highest vocal part (music).
43 Mineral rock.
44 Is able.
45 Before.
47 Until.
50 Knight.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

SASKIATCHEWAN, OSER, COO, JASKAF, STE, CURL, NET, TE, ELEM, CHEWAN, S, SSE, AC, ATTAR, INTERNATIONAL, CANES, TENSE, A, EO, PIT, T, SIE, SO, GREED, BRA, ARETE, ILKS, SAINT, SNAP, NEE, DEBATER, DIT, AS, ACCELERATORS.

3 Variant of milt.
4 Twelve months.
5 Day's sight (abbr.).
6 From.
7 Game.
8 Flower.
9 Golf peg. (abbr.).
10 Thallium (abbr.).
11 Level.
13 Journey.

19 Mother.
21 Fiber knots.
23 Infield baseball player.
24 Wavy.
27 Chop fine.
29 Toward.
31 House pet.
33 Existence.
36 Section.
37 Exist.
39 Upon.
40 He led a bombing air raid on—
41 Opposed to intaglio.
42 Verbal.
44 Fish.
46 Ages.
48 Within.
49 Noisy.
51 Vapor.
53 End.
55 Court (abbr.).
56 Sack (abbr.).
57 Promissory note (abbr.).
58 Compass point.

THIS IS ONE SURE WAY WE KIN HOARD UP FOOD FOR OUR TRIP TO THE SOUTH SEAS ON OUR HOUSE BOAT. JUST TAKE IT OUT IN SANDWICHES AND IT'LL NEVER BE SPICIONED THAT WE'RE GONNA LEAVE ON A LONG, LONG CRUISE.

DRIED MEAT AN' BACON AN' CHEESE KEEPS BEST, BUT SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET SUSPICIOUS IF WE PUT DRIED FRUNES IN A BACON AN' CHEESE SANDWICH!

OH, JIS TELL 'EM 'AT'S LUNCH AN' DESSERT, ALL IN ONE! HOW LONG DO EGGS KEEP? UH-OH! THIS'N GONE ALREADY! WELL, HERE'S A LOAD O' CHIPPED BEEF AN' DRIED APRICOTS!

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Out Our Way
By J. R. Williams

THE TRAIN CARRYING HIS PRISONER ENTERS BLUE MOUNTAIN TUNNEL

Red Ryder

HA! HA! HA! I SENT BLUNT INTO THE ARMY! WITH THAT HEART OF HIS IT'S TEN TO ONE HE'LL NOT BE BACK— I SAID I'D RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN—

FIRST IT WAS ZEE! LIKE A FOOL HE VOLUNTEERED— NOW, WITH BLUNT GONE, FOLKS IN THIS TOWN WILL HAVE TO COME BACK TO ME— WHO SAID WAR HADN'T IT'S BRIGHTER SIDE?

7-27-42

Little Orphan Annie

---THIS IS A WAR PRODUCTION PLANT, AND ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING OUR ACTIVITIES WOULD BE VALUABLE TO THE ENEMY!

THEREFORE, ALL OUTGOING MAIL CONTAINING IMPORTANT FACTS, FIGURES OR STATISTICS WILL BE CENSORED FROM NOW ON!

WHEN YOU HELP UNCLE SAM YOU HELP YOURSELF!

Freckles and His Friends

GENERAL LO WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'VE HAD ANY REPORT YET ON THE BOMBING OF THAT JAP SUPPLY TRAIN, SIR?

TELL HIM IT MUST HAVE BEEN DONE BY CHINESE FLYERS. OUR BOYS SPOTTED THE WRECKAGE— THAT'S ALL WE KNOW ABOUT IT

HEADQUARTERS, AN AMERICAN A.A.F. GROUP, CHENGCHOW PROVINCE, CHINA

7-27

HEY, OPAL!

IS IT TRUE OPAL?

YES, MA'AM! MISS CORA DONE GIMME A VACATION AN' AWG ON MY WAY

BUT GEE WIZ!

7-27

Boots and Her Buddies

THEIR SUB-MARINE DAMAGED AND LOW ON FUEL, OUR DARING FRIENDS LAUNCHED AN ATTACK ON A SMALL JAPANESE GARRISONED ISLAND AND GOT AWAY WITH IT. HOWEVER, THEIR TROUBLES ARE NOT OVER YET

BUT NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE PLACE MAPPED UP, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH ALL THESE PRISONERS?

THAT'S RIGHT! WE HAVEN'T LET A BUILDING STAND ON THE ISLAND!

LEAVE THAT TO ME, I'LL PUT 'EM AWAY IN A PLACE WHERE THEY'LL STAY!

7-27

WELL, MAJOR, THIS PLACE WAS AS PEACEFUL AS SHANGRI-LA WHILE YOU WERE AWAY ON VACATION! BUT I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU SEVERAL TIMES WHEN I VISITED THE ZOO!

CHOMPF-CHOMPF! HOW NICE THAT WE REMEMBER EACH OTHER! AT THE EXPENSE SPA WHERE I RELAXED, ONE AFTERNOON I STROLLED THROUGH A MUSEUM OF INDIAN RELICS! YOU CAME TO MIND IMMEDIATELY WHEN I CHANCED UPON AN EXQUISITELY CARVED TOTEM POLE!

BUY WAR BONDS

MUTUAL ADMIRATION =

Our Boarding House With Major Hoople

7-27

WHUD! BONK!

HELP! CONDUCTOR!

SHUT UP... YOU... OR YOU'LL GET WHAT RYDER GOT!

7-27

POOR JOHN! I JUST HEARD-- APPENDIX-- WHO OPERATED ON HIM?

DR. DUBBI-- BAN! IF ONLY DR. BLUNT HAD BEEN HERE--

WELL, MAYBE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE SAME ANYWAY... I HEAR IT WAS A RIFLED APPENDIX--

YEAH! DUBBI FLEBBED THE DIAGNOSIS-- THEN FUMBLERED THE OPERATION-- BUT IT'S NOT CRIMINAL FOR A DOC TO KILL THROUGH STUPIDITY!-- (IT SAYS IN TH' LAW BOOKS!)

By Harold Gray

ANYONE WHO SENDS OUT INFORMATION THAT MIGHT BE USED AGAINST US WILL BE DEALT WITH BY THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!

HOLY COW!

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HE'S TRYING TO SOLVE ANOTHER MYSTERY, TOO. FOUND A JAP BOMBER INSIDE HIS LINES. PLENTY OF GAS, MOTOR AND CONTROLS IN PERFECT ORDER. HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY OR HOW IT GOT THERE

NO TELLING

OH, YES! ANOTHER THING... HE'S PICKED UP A SUSPICIOUS AMERICAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, NAMED CAPTAIN EASY

GREAT SCOTT! WHY, THAT'S ONE OF THE FELLOW'S SENT TO THE PHILIPPINES! HE'S BEEN REPORTED MISSING!

By Crane

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

BACK HOME, HONEY CHILE-- DOWN ON DE LEVEE! HOT DIGGETY DOGS-- LET'S GO!

HOW WILL WE EVER GET ALONG WITHOUT HER?

YOU'RE MISSING HER ALREADY? OH, COME NOW! SHE HASN'T EVEN GONE YET

7-27

AWRIGHT, YOU DOPES, BE QUIET DOWN THERE... OR I'LL USE THIS ROD T'PART YOUR HAIR!

TRUST FOOLY TO THINK OF USIN' OUR OIL FOR A JAIL

NOW LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN SALVAGE OUT OF THIS MESS!

7-27

By V. T. Hamlin