

THE STORY: The Colions' marty for their daughter Jan falls a few nights after Pearl Harbor. Patriolic Friends send regrets to reprimand the wealthy Mrs. Col-tom for bard tarts in warling, but Christic, Jan's twin sister, per-pare Jan emburranment. At the party are Bart Sanderson, Chris-nard Stephen Marwion, the young man Jan is in love with. Christic methy sonthe before, ake had somithe Jan yours to be jeal-ous of Christic. THE GROOM IS JEALOUS

CHAPTER VII

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

"Awake, Jan?"

Janet was sitting up in bed, a pillow at her back, a cigaret in ber 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."

"A cigaret heips 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 word wrone?"

"No," Christie said, "1 didn't. I'm sorry. What went wrong?" "Stephen said the party was as geneeless as money could make it, and he wondered how many De-fense Bonds it really cost." "Your Stephen has atrocious manners..."

manners

manners—" "My Stephen!" Janet flared, "My Stephen?" "I don't know what is the mat-ter with you," Christie said, "and I haven't time to find out. I came to tell you Bart and I are mar-ried. We decided to skip all the fuss. We just walked over to a minister's and—" minister's and-" "Christie!" Jan was out of bed,

finging her arms around her sis-ter. Color flamed in her cheeks. "You and Bart—what? Christie,

you're joking!" "I've lassoed him up tight with

"I've lassee him up tight with a wedding rope." Jan sat down on the edge of the bed, her eyes bright with ex-cilement. "Oh, Christie, why didn't you say so in the first place?" "What on earth? What differ-

ence—" "Oh, nothing. Christie, I'm so happy-happy for you and Bart." "Well," Christie marveled, "it's "Well," christie marveled, "it's

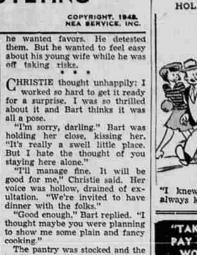
"Well," Christie marveled, "it's nice you're pleased. Though I really didn't know Bart rated so high with you. Now, I've got to let Mother and Dad know I've made them in-laws." "Where's Bart?" "Jownstairs, pacing the rug, and watching the clock. Our honeymoon hours are fiying. Bart has to report on Monday. Uncle Sam doesn't play favorites, not even with brides and grooms. But we have had a brzak. Bart's been transferred to our nearest flying transferred to our nearest flying field."

"You and Bart can take it," Jan said softly. "He'll be a grand sol-dier and you'll be a grand solidier's wife. How about smoking a pipe of peace with me?" She held out a cigaret and Christie took it, then the fully. a cigaret an 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." will

to be happy and i'm atraid i never will."
Christle 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 furlough. Christie had met him at the train. Two months of being Mrs. Bart had given her a mature, young married air, she hoped. In route from the train, she had said, mysteriously: "Twe got to stop at this place, Bart. Come up with me."



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

The pantry was stoked and they cooking." The pantry was stoked 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 enough." He thought rich Christie Colton was putting on an act, telling the world she was go-ing to be brave and live on a sol-dier'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. WOOLEN WAY!" NO INTEREST NO CARRYING CHARGE

NO RED TAPE USE YOUR CASH TO BUY BONDS YOUR CREDIT TO BUY CLOTHES

"TAKE 90 DAYS TO PAY - THE OREGON

"Well, think of meeting you two "Well, think of meeting you two "Well, think of meeting you two here." he drawled. "Slumming?" "We live here." Christie an-swered, 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 immobilg 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 MEN'S COMPLETE FURNISHINGS, WORK

CLOTHES and SHOES

OREGON WOOLEN STORE Klamath's Credit Clothiers

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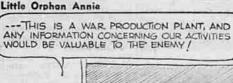


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THE TRAIN CARRY ING RED RYDER AND HIS PRISONER ENTERS BLUE MOUNTAIN TUNNEI

TUNNEL



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MISSING!

REPORTED



SUSPICIOUS AMER UNDERSTAND WHY OR HOW IT GOT ICAN WHO CLAIMS TO BE AN INTELLI THERE GENCE OFFICER, NAMED CAPTAIN EASY NO TELLING

Bart followed her up the two flights of apartment stairs. The apartment was a facsimile of a score of others about town. Pre-sentable 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!"

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 nere?" Bart

asked. "We live here," Christie cor-rected. "That is, when you have leaves."

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 Christia It's

"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 seem to re-member 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 Christic, secure, protected under the parental roof. It was not that

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V. T. Hamlin