

BANNERS FLYING

BY MARY RAYMOND

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SECOND HONEYMOON

CHAPTER VIII

"I've taken a bath. I've brushed my teeth. I've shaved and dressed. But before I tackle my hair, please tell me whether I have a date with you or not."

Bart stood in the doorway, grinning at her. Christie laughed, letting her eyes dwell admiringly on her handsome husband.

"You've a date with the family—a luncheon date. And you won't mind because you'll be the big shot. They're so proud of your uniform, the brass buttons and especially the wings. Get set to tell them how good you are."

Just as she had foreseen, Mrs. Colton asked scores of questions. "But isn't it lonesome, Bart? All those boys had wives, sweethearts, mothers. They've been accustomed to going about, doing things. Then, suddenly, they're dumped into some place with nothing to do."

"Nothing to do?" Bart laughed. "Have you a hostess house?"

Mrs. Colton continued, "And do you have any fun?"

"Yes," Bart answered both of her questions. "We have shows, field meets, tea dances, suppers—oh, yes, we have fun in between practice flight, saber drills, aerial reviews, and the regular routine."

"That reminds me," Bart added, "Sandra drove to the field the other day. She has an idea that she'd be a good entertainer."

Christie didn't speak for a moment, afraid her irritation would show. Of course, Sandra had every right to visit the field, every right to become an entertainer if she wanted to. If this were not Bart's field, she'd probably agree that it was a good idea.

She lifted her eyes from her plate and smiled at Bart. "I imagine Sandra would be pretty good at that," she said. She thought Bart looked relieved.

A moment later, Christie glanced at her wrist watch. "Hate to run," she said. "But there's a meeting of my surgical dressing unit. I'm the instructor, Bart."

"Good for you," Bart looked doubtful. He added, "What am I supposed to do?"

"Jan, you and Mother keep Bart amused," Christie commanded. "I'll be through about 4:30."

Bart was at his mother's the next morning when Jan came by the apartment.

"You're all bones again," Christie said seriously. "You and that cigaret habit—and I don't know why. Something on your mind?"

Jan was staring out of the window, moodily. She wheeled around. "Why don't you run around more with Bart when he's at home, instead of letting Sandra amuse him?"

"You forget I have a quota to meet . . . committee work," she broke off. "Sandra! What in the world do you mean?"

"We all landed at Sandra's yesterday afternoon. She was having a party—a good one, too. You should have seen the ridiculous skit she put on . . . and you should have seen her showing your husband a new jig-step."

Christie frowned. "It doesn't sound dignified for an officer."

"I think he forgot he was an officer and was just a man," Jan replied.

"Why are you talking like this, Jan?" Christie asked in a low voice.

"Because I feel all mean inside, I guess," Jan's voice was bitter. "You've been quarreling with Stephen."

"No, it's worse than that. Stephen doesn't care enough to quarrel."

Christie said, "Maybe he does care. Men have a lot of pride when they feel they can't support a girl."

"It isn't that, either," Jan's voice was so low it was almost a whisper. "I think he cares for someone else."

"I shouldn't let it worry me," she said quickly before Christie could speak. "He's really an awful fool, Christie. He says the most awful things, and he is going to lose his job at the Wainwrights if he isn't careful. He talks about Versailles and what the Allies didn't do to stop future wars when they had the power . . . things like that. Betty Wainwright said he would make a perfect fifth columnist and she wasn't joking when she said it."

"It is silly of Stephen to say things people might misunderstand," Christie agreed. "He's as loyal as we are. But he will lose his job. I'm going to speak to him."

"I'm leaving my coat," Jan said, turning to go. "It's turning hot as blazes." She looked at Christie levelly: "Stephen is fortunate in having you for a little girl scout."

Christie hung Jan's coat up mechanically. Funny, Bart hadn't told her when he stopped by Sandra's. Maybe he didn't think it was important. Then, there was Stephen spouting off things which might not have sounded unpatriotic before the United States got in the war, but which had an almost treasonable sound now.

On an impulse she went to the telephone and called the Wainwright Chemical Co. She must warn Stephen. He was a nice boy with a mother to support—and Jan was certainly in love with him.

STEPHEN was out, the girl at the office said. She took the number and said she would ask him to call.

Christie was in her bath when the phone rang. Bart had come home, and she heard him answer. When she came into the living room later, Bart was bowed over the afternoon paper. "Hello," he said. Christie stood near him, waiting. Then she stooped and

kissed him.

"Hello, yourself. Your welcome is as cold as my shower. Did I hear the phone ring?"

"You did. It was your friend, Stephen. I was about to tell him he had a damn lot of nerve calling my wife, but just then he said he was answering your call."

"He was," Christie said. She was about to explain why she had telephoned, and then decided against it. It would give Bart another reason for disliking Stephen.

Something in the deepening silence made Christie very angry. "Why didn't you tell me that you went by Sandra's?" she asked.

"I didn't think you were interested," Bart answered. "You were so deep in that lecture business."

"Coming from a fighting man who should know how essential all that 'business' is, your remark is a little strange," Christie said.

They were quarreling. She must be very careful. This was the first rift and it could be widened by the wrong words.

"Bart," Christie said, "we're silly." She sat down on the arm of his chair. Bart reached up quickly, pulled her down on his lap and smothered her with kisses.

"I'm sane and sensible," he said. "But sometimes I think you haven't a brain in your head. I don't know why I love such a dim-wit."

"For the same reason that I love one," Christie laughed. She sat up straight. Forbidden words were still so tantalizingly near the tip of her tongue.

"Bart, you like Sandra."

"Of course. She's a nice girl—she's fun."

"Why don't you think up some superlatives," Christie flamed. Anger was darkening in Bart's eyes.

"I won't have you going to Sandra's. I don't like her—and I

don't trust her," Christie said. "What I'm going to say has nothing to do with Sandra," Bart said, steadily. "I'm an individual, even though I'm married. And I don't take orders from anyone except a superior officer."

(To Be Continued)

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE MOON, ALTHOUGH APPEARING TO SAILE THROUGH THE CLOUDS AT TIMES, IS ABOUT 100,000 TIMES FARTHER AWAY THAN THE HIGHEST CLOUDS THAT EXIST.

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KWIKORER

DO THESE ANIMALS HAVE STRIPES OR SPOTS? TIGER, GIRAFFE, ZEBRA, LEOPARD, JAGUAR, CHEETAH

7-28

HISTORY REPEATS. "ALL GAIL" IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS. GERMANY, JAPAN, AND ITALY.

7-28

LATE WRITER

HORIZONTAL

1. Pictured late novelist.
12. Of the sun.
13. Conical.
15. That thing.
17. Altitude (abbr.).
18. Contains.
19. Virginia (abbr.).
20. Greek letter.
22. Symbol for iron.
23. More corpulent.
25. Love god.
26. Earn.
27. Pen point.
29. Sea soldier.
30. Electrical engineer (abbr.).
31. Turkish court official.
32. Exhausted.
35. Symbol for tellurium.
36. Meadow.
39. Earth.
40. Kind.
41. Store in a silo.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

JIMMY DOOLITTLE
FOREIGN
AT TARTAR
NON RIBS
STEM PATIO
EPIC SON E
NAME URN
FACT MOA S
TARE CANTO
ORE CANERE
KT GAM ART
Y CARES PLAIN
OUTSPOKEN SPEED

VERTICAL

43. Negative.
44. Drift along.
45. Manuscript (abbr.).
46. Locality.
48. Snake.
49. Symbol for samarium.
50. Germany.
51. She wrote many juvenile stories.
53. Beverage.
54. She was best known for her
55. Has ascended.
51. Beside.
13. Symbol for
52. Senior (abbr.)

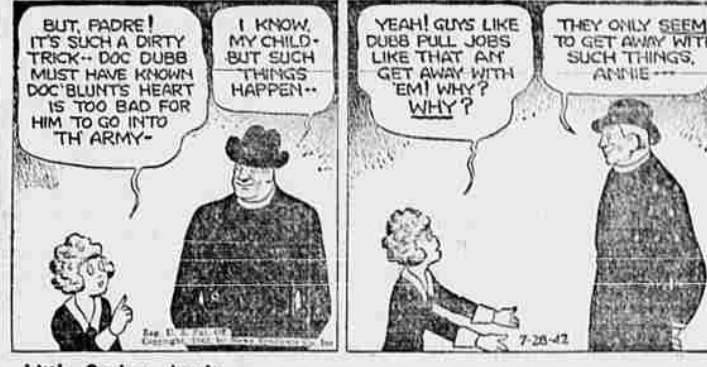


WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

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

7-28



7-28



By Harold Gray



By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin