

SERIAL STORY

BANNERS FLYING

BY MARY RAYMOND

STEPHEN FINDS HIS LOVE

CHAPTER XI

THE white ribbon of highway was racing under the radiator ornament now as Stephen put the accelerator almost through the floor boards as he hurtled toward the plane plant.

It was still a mile or so to the nearest building. The high wire fence, keeping out the curious, was on his right now... racing madly by in accord with the 80-mile clip of his car. That was the runway, there. They tested the finished ships there. The pilots of the air corps ferrying commands lifted new battle wagons off that asphalted stretch of runway, bound for—God only knows where. The sober thought made him think of Jan again.

Stephen could see the crowds now. There were the ambulances. A khaki-uniformed guard was standing in the roadway waving him to stop. Stephen threw caution out the window as he tramped on the foot brake. The wheels locked and tires shrilled as they skipped and skidded over the concrete.

"What the devil do you think this is?" the guard was bellowing, but Stephen scarcely heard. The door was open and he jumped out, running toward the scene where the crowd was thickest. There was suffering here—lots of it. White-clad internes were kneeling beside inert bodies. Were they alive? Stephen couldn't tell.

"Here, carry this!" One of the nurses, popping out through the opened doors of a waiting ambulance, shoved a case of instruments into Stephen's hands. Without waiting to see if he were following, she ran for the gate.

Stephen hesitated only a fraction of a moment, then dashed after her. This must be the place where the blast had happened. It was a low, flat, white building—like the others in the plant, but some of its windows were broken.

Desperately, he sought some sign to tell him what part of the huge plant it was. There it was! Over the door on this end—WOODWORKING DEPARTMENT. Stephen's knees almost failed him as a wave of relief made him giggle. He was standing inside now, looking around. Jan wasn't in this department. Thank God!

But she was. The sight of her—the blessed sight of Jan. Alive—unhurt. And more than that, Jan bravely busy; right there inside the smoky room. Stephen thought he had never seen anything quite so sweet and gallant as Jan, with her sleeves rolled up, her face sooty.

Stephen held out his arms. For one brief moment, she was close to him. Then, she spoke, quickly. "Stephen, there's a girl in here caught under a machine. I'm afraid she's badly hurt. Come help me."

MR. COLTON had arrived in town, and had hurried home. Hollis let him in, and he rushed past Christie at the door. "Where's your mother?" he asked anxiously, and then not waiting for an answer, strode into the living room. Christie, following, saw him take the sudden little ball that was her mother's handkerchief, cast it aside, and wipe the tears from her cheeks with his own.

"What's all the excitement about?" he spoke briskly. "Jan's gone—over in Lakeville, probably. At some canteen, maybe—and the house is upside down."

"I must have been a poor mother, or this would never have happened," Mrs. Colton sobbed. "Nonsense." Her husband was patting her shoulder. "You've been a darn good mother. You've spelled the children too much, given them too much—let them have their way. That's all."

"Do you really think so, Chris?" Mrs. Colton had raised her face and was staring at him, hopefully. "Of course I do, Eleanor," his voice was unexpectedly tender.

In a flash of understanding, Christie thought: They've had their petty quarrels—lots of them—during good times. But trouble, emergencies bring them close together. The country was like the family. All the disagreements, the differences that cut sections of this big, vital land into opposing camps were being forgotten, shoved aside now that peril faced the nation.

Her thoughts winged out toward Bart. If he were only here, now, she could turn to him with such a passion of understanding. Only, you couldn't bridge a chasm as wide as a love for another woman.

With a glance at Christie's white face, Mr. Colton said gently: "Chin up, Christie. You and your mother are taking Jan's adventure too seriously. She'll be back and maybe feeling a lot better for a glimpse of a different type of existence. How about fixing a cup of tea for your mother and me? I mean fix it yourself. It will give you something to do. It's good for people to use their hands and feet sometimes. Maybe that's why Jan ran out."

"All right, Dad," Christie said, mechanically. Of course, he did not know about the accident at the airplane factory and that Jan was working in a welding department. And he didn't know she and Bart had cracked up. If he had known these things, he would not be feeling so confident that things would work out.

REMEMBERING her father's wishes, she motioned the servants aside, and put the water on to boil. She was thinking, I didn't even know how to make tea until I started keeping house for Bart. When she came back into the living room, her mother was looking more cheerful. Christie could see she had made up her face

again. Christie was thinking with a little pang: "Mother is like that. In a few days, she'll be scrapping with us again." The thought brought a half smile. Well, you couldn't change people. You could only accept their differences, and love them in spite of minor flaws. That was what Dad had done. He had gone right along, loving his pretty, streamlined wife, seeing her good points and generously making allowances for her faults.

She placed the tray on the coffee table in front of them. And then stood very still as the doorbell sounded. "Hollis will answer," her father suggested. "No, let me," Christie breathed. Her heart was beating frantically. Dad was right. It was going to be good news. It must be! She flung the door wide. Jan and Stephen stood there—Jan looking weary, like a wan Cinderella who had been down among the cinders. But in spite of the smudges and the queer plain frock she was wearing, Jan was radiantly lovely.

The next moment Jan was in Christie's arms, whispering piteously: "Oh, Christie, can you ever forgive me?" And the next moment, she was surrounded by the arms of her parents.

"The place was a mess," Stephen said soberly. "Nurses and doctors had only been there a little while, and they were giving first aid right there. I looked around and couldn't find Jan. Then I went into the building at the left. I didn't really expect to see her because it wasn't her department. "And then suddenly I saw her."

"And I saw him," Jan cried happily. "I rushed right into his arms."

"A guard came in," Stephen continued, "and he yelled out: 'This isn't a park, young people.' "That," Jan concluded, "was when Stephen was kissing me." (To Be Concluded)

The milk for your child, the rubber for your car, your warm clothing for the winters to come, the money you hope to accumulate in the bank—all these depend upon our success. And success will be achieved only if the United Nations remain united, in war and in peace.—Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts.

It is vital to the welfare of the country to have real strength in the opposition.—Wendell L. Willkie.

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Comic strip panel. Characters: Heroes are made—not born. Out Our Way. OH, BALONEY! THEY GIVE THEM THE SNAP JOBS. WELL, DO WE HAVE TO GET OUR OWN SNAPPERS? NOW THAT YOU KNOW WE DON'T DO ANYTHING ALL DAY? OLD RUBBER AND OLD MACHINISTS ARE NOT THE ONLY THINGS THIS WAR IS BRINGING OUT! IT'S BRINGING OUT WHAT AN EASY MARK THE METAL FERS YEARS! TOO TIRED TO MOW TH' LAW—TOO TIRED TO BEAT RUGS—AND HERE'S A SUE OF A GUY GETS THE SAME WORK IN THE SHOPS AND COMES HOME WHISTLING AND SINGING!

Comic strip panel. Characters: HELLO, FOLKS! HOW'S FISHIN'? JUST FAIR! YOU A GAME WARDEN? HELLO, ANNIE. EH? OH, ER—HELLO, PADRE—NICE DAY TODAY, ISN'T IT? YES—BY THE WAY—THE OTHER DAY YOU OFFERED ME EIGHT TO FIVE THAT OR DUBB WOULD NEVER BE PUNISHED FOR HIS SINS—REMEMBER? YEAH—I FIGGERED YOU'D BRING THAT UP... I'LL NOT RUB IT IN—YES, IT IS A SCATTER DAY—GOOS IN HIS HEAVEN—ALLS FIGHT WITH THE WORLD, EH, ANNIE? YOU SAID IT, PADRE—

Comic strip panel. Characters: GEE! THINGS SURE DO HAPPEN AWFUL QUICK, SOME TIMES—ONLY LAST TUESDAY I FIGGERED OLD DUBB HE'VEZ WOULD GET PUNISHED! WOW! BUT HE SURE GOT HIGH—HIT BY LIGHTNING! RIGHT ON MAIN STREET! HELLO ANNIE. EH? OH, ER—HELLO, PADRE—NICE DAY TODAY, ISN'T IT? YES—BY THE WAY—THE OTHER DAY YOU OFFERED ME EIGHT TO FIVE THAT OR DUBB WOULD NEVER BE PUNISHED FOR HIS SINS—REMEMBER? YEAH—I FIGGERED YOU'D BRING THAT UP... I'LL NOT RUB IT IN—YES, IT IS A SCATTER DAY—GOOS IN HIS HEAVEN—ALLS FIGHT WITH THE WORLD, EH, ANNIE? YOU SAID IT, PADRE—

Comic strip panel. Characters: IF YOU MAILED A LETTER AT FOUR O'CLOCK, IT'S ON ITS WAY DOWN THE MOUNTAIN IN THE TRUCK BY NOW! I WAS AFRAID IT WOULD BE! CAN I SEND A TELEGRAM FROM HERE? YES... JUST FILL OUT ONE OF THE BLANKS, AND I CAN PHONE THE MESSAGE TO GORMAN! NEVER MIND—I'LL PHONE MY PARTY DIRECT! I'LL SAVE TIME! KEEP THE KEY OPEN—LISTEN IN, AND WRITE DOWN EVERYTHING HE SAYS! HE'S CALLING SOME GIRL IN SHADYSIDE!

Comic strip panel. Characters: MY HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF DUTY, CAPTAIN EASY. THANK YOU, SUH. GENERAL PEPPER HAS REQUESTED YOUR TRANSFER FROM G-2 TO AIR INTELLIGENCE. I MAY ADD THAT IT IS WITH AN EXTREMELY DELICATE AND DANGEROUS MISSION IN MIND, CAPTAIN. YOU HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF REFUSING. I'M A FLYER AT HEART, SUH. I CAN'T REFUSE.

Comic strip panel. Characters: WERE OFF! OH, BOY! ISN'T IT FUN? OH YES! I JUST LOVE TO DO THINGS LIKE THIS ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT—OR DO I? WASH TUBS.

Comic strip panel. Characters: THY JAPS WERE SURE CUTE, RIGGIN' UP THIS GUY WITH A POWERFUL DIESEL ENGINE. HAW! PRETTY SOFT FOR LIS! HEY OSCAR, LOOK! AIN'T THOSE PLANES? OH, OH! I DON'T LIVE THIS! COMING RIGHT AT US, TOO! AH, WERE SAFE... THEY'RE AMERICAN! BOY, AM I GLAD WE'RE NOT JAPS! YEH, BUT HOW DO THEY KNOW WE'RE NOT THIS IS A JAP BOAT, AIN'T IT? BY THUNDER, OOP THAT'S RIGHT! OH, IF ONLY WE HAD SOME KIND OF A FLAG TO WAVE AT 'EM! A FLAG? HAW! HERE'S A CHANCE FOR OL' KING GUY TO SAVE TH' DAY. I REMEMBER SEEIN' A FLAG DOWN IN TH' HOLD! OH, OH, LOOK, JAPPOS! THEY SURE ARE BUT WHY'S THAT DOPPE WAVIS? A JAP FLAG? HAW! SUPPOSE HE THINKS THAT'LL SCARE US OFF?

Comic strip panel. Characters: YES, I'LL SIT DOWN, THANK YOU, MAJOR—I JUST CAME OVER TO EXPRESS MY GORROW THAT YOU FELL OFF THE GULKY WHEN YOU HAD MY HORSE BEATEN!—YES, AND I'D LIKE TO BUY YOUR HORSE DREADNAUGHT IF YOU'LL CONSIDER A FAIR WHOOP! GREAT CAESAR! YOU—AWK—WHAT?—HEAVENS! THE WORLD IS SLIPPING AWAY!—BRANDY!—AWPFF—SPUTT—TT!

Comic strip panel. Characters: THIS BADGE? I'M A DEPUTY SHERIFF! THERE'S A KILLER LOOSE—NAME'S RED RYDER! A KILLER? WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE? SIX FOOT AND RED-HEADED! IF YOU SEE HIM, SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

Comic strip panel. Characters: YES—BY THE WAY—THE OTHER DAY YOU OFFERED ME EIGHT TO FIVE THAT OR DUBB WOULD NEVER BE PUNISHED FOR HIS SINS—REMEMBER? YEAH—I FIGGERED YOU'D BRING THAT UP... I'LL NOT RUB IT IN—YES, IT IS A SCATTER DAY—GOOS IN HIS HEAVEN—ALLS FIGHT WITH THE WORLD, EH, ANNIE? YOU SAID IT, PADRE—

Comic strip panel. Characters: NEVER MIND—I'LL PHONE MY PARTY DIRECT! I'LL SAVE TIME! KEEP THE KEY OPEN—LISTEN IN, AND WRITE DOWN EVERYTHING HE SAYS! HE'S CALLING SOME GIRL IN SHADYSIDE!

Comic strip panel. Characters: AND, FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION AND EXCEPTIONALLY MERITORIOUS SERVICE ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY, I AM HONORED TO CONFER UPON YOU THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS.

Comic strip panel. Characters: WHERE ARE WE GOING, PROFESSOR? OH, I DON'T KNOW! AND I DON'T CARE! THIS IS A VACATION—YIPPEE—EEE! EXACTLY! I DON'T CARE WHERE WE GO—NOR WHEN WE GET THERE. FOR GOSH—SAY, BOOTS—COULD I HAVE A TALK WITH YOU PRIVATE?

Comic strip panel. Characters: BY THUNDER, OOP THAT'S RIGHT! OH, IF ONLY WE HAD SOME KIND OF A FLAG TO WAVE AT 'EM! A FLAG? HAW! HERE'S A CHANCE FOR OL' KING GUY TO SAVE TH' DAY. I REMEMBER SEEIN' A FLAG DOWN IN TH' HOLD! OH, OH, LOOK, JAPPOS! THEY SURE ARE BUT WHY'S THAT DOPPE WAVIS? A JAP FLAG? HAW! SUPPOSE HE THINKS THAT'LL SCARE US OFF?

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



Quoting Odds. OLD WORLD PORCUPINES HAVE QUILLS MEASURING SIXTEEN INCHES! WHEN WALKING ON A HIGHWAY, THE LEFT SIDE IS THE RIGHT SIDE, AND THE RIGHT SIDE IS THE SUICIDE SIDE.

STRATEGIC ISLAND

Crossword puzzle grid with clues. HORIZONTAL: 1. Depicted island. 10. Act of carrying. 12. Reverence (pl.). 15. Upward. 16. Island in a river. 17. Particle. 18. Biblical pronoun. 19. Large cask. 21. Label. 23. Insect. 24. Courtesy title. 26. Twilled cloth. 29. One who is past recovery (slang). 31. Years (abbr.). 33. One who begs. 34. On account of (abbr.). 35. Prophet. 37. Increase. 38. Anger. 39. Animal. 41. Peculiar. 43. Attempt. 45. Wing. 48. Morindin dye. 49. Operatic air. 51. Booty. 54. Exits. 55. Storm. 56. Dig up. 58. Domesticated. 59. Middle (law). VERTICAL: 1. Written form. 10. Place. 11. Musical composition. 13. Organ of vision. 14. Look at. 20. Miser. 22. Arable (abbr.). 25. Vagrant. 26. Antitoxin. 27. Eat away. 28. Flow back. 30. Soold. 32. Unhappy. 32. Turn. 37. Haven. 38. Unemployed. 40. Either. 41. Cereal grain. 42. Its— is as big as Texas. 44. Performa. 47. Tenthred. 49. Suitable. 50. Doctrine. 52. Unit. 53. Brown. 57. Music note.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-59.