

## Man of the Month Whiskery Gentleman Spars Vague Banter

By BETTY ANN STEVENS

(A reprint, with additions, by request of the harried co-women's editors).

"Pull up a snowdrift and sit down," the bewhiskered gentleman invited cozily, waving a red-coated arm.

"Man of the month? Well, shiver my munsingwear," he feebly exclaimed.

"My activities?" queried the nice man, his eyebrows rising to puzzled heights as he recoiled abruptly into the snow.

We sat patiently, waiting for an answer, and "Nicky, as my wife calls me" sat, awaiting enlightenment.

Presently he picked up an icicle, and we sat munching in unison, warbling the air corps song to the tune of "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," which was waxing thinly from his portable.

### Super-Duper

"That was the radio I got from the nazis when I escaped from Hitler in 'Superman' a year ago," he engagingly grinned. We'd never kept track of Superman.

"Crunch, crunch," we munched. "My activities," he reiterated monotonously.

Chiefly garbed in a daring suit of fireman red, with a military cut and charming white accents, he revealed between "my activities" that his suit won't be such a stunningly bright shade from now on because of government priorities on dyes.

We gazed, fascinated, at a brilliant, shining buckle. With a toss of his hoary locks he followed our hypnotized gaze, "Oh, the Dinna Giva Damma pledges keep my brass polished as house council punishment," he revealed brightly.

"Punishment?"

"Yup, they believed the rumor about one o'clock per," he chortled.

### No Basic

Presenting quite an athletic appearance, in contrast to his former plumpness, he confided that basic physical education has not been necessary in the far north due to his hurried bullet-dodging activities from hemisphere to hemisphere.

"My activities!"

"What say?"

"MY ACTIVITIES! I turned my sleighbells in for the scrap drive, and Mrs. C. is a mechanic for the new crop of tanks we're putting out, since she gave up air spotting. Of course, there are

a lot of frozen commodities this year," he admitted, the words falling in little tinkles of ice on the snow.

"You know, one thing that really shows me is the current fuel shortage," he continued enthusiastically. "It isn't half as hard to go down chimneys, and they aren't quite so sooty, which cuts my cleaning bills in half . . . and you know what the dry-cleaning situation is these days!"

"What coeds request?" He pondered deeply. "Well, from their letters," he drawled softly. "I'd say that most of them feel like a new man. The transportation and gift-wrapping involved is a terrific problem."

Cacually he blew into his bunny-fur mittens and announced, "I'll drop you off at your house. I have a coke date at the Siberian, so it won't be any trouble at all, really."

### Whee!

Blithely he signalled to his impatient steeds, "Hup - one - two - three - four," and we rose majestically rhythmically in a cloud of snow.

In the middle of a large puddle on Alder street the sleigh landed, as Mr. C. remarked, "Donder and Blitzen are really in the pink since I had them overhauled with a dose of vitamin pills. They have to keep chipper because there's been a demand for reindeer steaks."

"Oh, by the way," he called back, "You might tell your friends that gasoline rationing will absolutely not affect gift service this year."

## What to Give

(Continued from page thirteen) a thousand years are learning how for the first time in the service. Sewing kits may sound insignificant but they are one of the most-used gifts that you could give to a service man.

If the man you're pondering about is fortunate to have a large room of his own, give him a desk set consisting of scissors and letter opener.

### Polishing the Shoe

Then again, if he's just coming up the ranks and has to have his "number 18's" polished to a T, a shoe polish kit will serve the purpose well.

If you think he just can't use a single thing—remember that he used to eat at home once and some home-baked goodies would bring those familiar friends of his to mind and also the swell Christmases at home.

Then again there's always the best gift of all—a war bond—the one gift that is backing everyone up.

—By Gloria Cartozian

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