

SERIAL STORY

FRANTIC FESTIVAL

EDMUND FANCOTT

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FLIGHT

CHAPTER XII

NO nerve was gone. Little by little after another had fallen down and now he panted. He grabbed Leona's hand and pulled her through a side door. For a moment no one realized what was happening and then he saw the boys that Santa Claus had before he had finished. Like a pack of hounds he followed him with a bed-nose.

He poured Ferdy, his boy and Ross to herd them. They were pouring outside at any of their coats and hats and they would catch breaths of cold.

He swept Leona into his arms and dashed to the garage. Front door was shut behind him and now inside and he emerged from the house. He smote him as he rounded the corner. There, standing before him, was a farmer's sleigh with two horses. There was no time for maneuvers, there was time for action.

He dropped Leona on to the pile of snow in the sleigh, jumped in and hatched the whip.

The pursuit piled around the sleigh. They saw a wonderful and unusual sight, Santa Claus in a sleigh driving through the snow with the Queen of the Fairies behind him. At the gallop it was regular and no one noticed the strange appearance of the sleigh or the expression of the horses. The cold was through the nightgown and he was swaying in a struggle to angle the rug amidst the career of the horses and down the steep drive.

The pursuit stopped dead in its tracks. Even the most hard-bitten among the boys was shaken by the realization that Santa Claus was behaving as if he had a real after all.

His aunt herded them back to the house. Only Fay and Ross were missing when the others came back to the unhappy Benny. Now now the man in the mid-dle of the hallway and gone, leaving him to face the music.

He opened the front door and saw what she saw. She asked

the two men in. They were big men and looked like ex-police-men. They also looked tough.

"Well, boys?" she asked. "Trouble?"

They nodded. "We'd have been here before but the car stuck in a drift sleigh back and we had to rent a sleigh from a farmer."

"Looking for someone?"

"Fellow named McCluskey up here?"

"He's gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes," said Myra. "Listen." They listened. They heard the unmistakable jangle of sleigh bells tinkling furiously.

"That's your sleigh," she said calmly.

With one accord both men turned to dash to the door. Myra stopped them.

"Wait," she said. "Maybe I can help you. Maybe you don't want him."

"What do you mean?" said one of them.

"Diamonds interest you?" she asked.

"What do you know about it?" said the other suspiciously.

"Everything," she said. "I'm a bit of a detective myself and . . . Mr. Lorton, who owns this place, works for the R. C. M. P. Intelligence Department as a plain-clothes man, strictly for ourselves."

They were impressed but not convinced.

"Now listen," she said. "Do you want the diamonds or the man?"

"WE'RE from the insurance company. We want the diamonds. If we're in the States we'd take the man as well. But this is Canada and it'd be more trouble to get him out than he's worth."

The other man added his piece.

"The diamonds are worth \$50,000. McCluskey's worth nothing."

"O. K. What about Benny?"

"What about him," said one man. "Don't know him. Only know this fellow left a mailing address care of Benny."

"O. K.," said Myra. "Bygones are bygones if you get the diamonds? Right?"

"You bet."

"Then come and meet the boys and don't say a word when you get a present."

She led them back to the room where the boys were seated indecisively around the table. Benny seemed pale and slumped, but the two men took no notice of him.

Introductions were completed with whispered asides to Ferdy

and his aunt to leave it all to her and then Myra took charge of the proceedings from the sitting room. Benny, but she kept him in the role of Santa Claus.

"Now, boys," said Myra. "Owing to the unexpected departure of Santa Claus to parts unknown we will ask Mr. Benny Brien to substitute and I'll substitute for the Queen of the Fairies. A bit of an anticlimax if you get the joke but if you get the presents it's all the same to you."

She began to pull parcels from the tree and hand them to the unsuspecting Benny. He read the names of the recipients and passed them over. Then Myra casually in the stream of presents leaned down at the back of the tree and took a small red parcel.

"Why," she said. "If this isn't lucky. We thought our two guests were going to be disappointed but here I find a little gift they can share between them."

She passed it to Benny who felt it, read the inscription and gulped. It read, exactly like the other, "To Leona, with love from you know who." He fingered it nervously, feeling the unmistakable hardness of the diamonds.

He passed it to the two detectives as though it were red hot. One of them took it, pressed it, and nodded to the other and passed it over to him. The other felt it also and tucked it in his pocket.

A feeling of great relief suddenly came over Benny.

He was voluble now, the words pouring out in a hurried stream. "I use to handle all McCluskey's bookings when he was in the big time wrestling. He was good then, but he fell to pieces. Used to come to me to help him, and I would, just for old times sake and to keep him straight. But who'd have thought he'd do a thing like that. I wouldn't have touched him if I'd known he was in on any funny business."

Benny was all smiles now. "Well, it's a good job I made him leave a forwarding address at my place and I hope you didn't want anything when you went through my office. Still, the reward will fix that up. They put a high reward on ice like that, and seeing it was me that put you boys on the right track I guess you'll be seeing I get fixed up all right. What was that? There ain't no reward? Well, what do you think of that? That's life. That's justice. That's the life. Benny noticed the menace in the detectives' eyes. "All right. All right. Don't get tough," he finished, lamely.

(To Be Continued)

A MATERNITY JUMPER



4294

by Anne Adams

Here's a really YOUNG maternity style with all the flattery and charm of a junior miss dirndl. It's Pattern 4294 by Anne Adams. The smart jumper with its front-tied sash is so concealing. The full-cut blouse has a convertible neckline.

Pattern 4294 is available in sizes for miss sizes 11, 13, 15, 17. Size 13, jumper, takes 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric; 6 1/2 yards ric-rac, and blouse, 1 1/4 yards 35-inch fabric.

Send SIXTEEN CENTS in coins for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS AND STYLE NUMBER.

Buy our Winter Pattern Book and cover the American Fashion Scene. Simple fabric-saving designs for outfits in every size. Scrap-bag fashions; war work styles; accessories. Pattern Book, ten cents.

Send your order to Register-Guard, Pattern Department.

(If stamps are used in remittance please use one, two or three cent denominations. Larger denominations cannot be accepted.)

of meat and fat, we now find very little bread and only bones."

That's Sam Hansen, official collector, speaking, reporting on Denver's garbage problem.

SHORT CIRCUIT
SPRINGVILLE, Utah—An old large-sized dollar bill has solved a series of robberies.

Stolen from a display window of a cafe, the large bill was spent by a teen-age boy at a confectionary and the youth was arrested shortly afterward.

SUPREME SACRIFICE—MAYBE
SACRAMENTO—They're even going to ration words in the California legislature.

State Printer George H. Moore said his office will have only 65 percent of its normal crew during the 1943 session. As a partial solution lawmakers are planning a 30-day recess instead of the usual 30 days at the end of January.

Briefing of legislative pronouncements hasn't been talked about—yet.

WHAT, NO INTEREST?
OMAHA—Eleven years ago William H. Steck traded in a used automobile on a new model and was allowed \$385 credit. The dealer lost his business before the new car was delivered and Steck didn't get anything for his old car.

In the late Christmas mail, Steck received a check for \$385 from the dealer who wrote that he had made a comeback in California.

The new war tires, because of their sturdy carcass construction, lend themselves admirably to retreading when the original tread is worn away.

DOG 'N' CAT MOTIFS

429
by Laura Wheeler

Fido and Puss play hide-and-seek among the flowers in these spirited embroidery touches for household linens. The designs are all small and can be done in record time by even a needlework beginner. Pattern 429 contains a transfer pattern of 11 motifs ranging from 8 1/2 x 8 to 1 1/2 x 2 inches; illustrations of stitches; materials required.

Send ELEVEN CENTS in coins for this pattern to Register-Guard, Needlecraft Dept. Write plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME AND ADDRESS.

(If stamps are used in remittance please use one, two or three cent denominations. Larger denominations cannot be accepted.)

--Flashes Of Life--

By The Associated Press
ROAD TO VICTORY
UNION TOWNSHIP, N. J.—When his 1930 sedan broke down (again) Robert Lincoln heaved a deep sigh and then called police: "Here," he said when they arrived, "tow this away as my donation to the township's junk drive."

Lincoln then boarded a bus for his home, and the old four-door sedan started its last mile to the scrap pile.

DEMINISHING RETURNS
DENVER — "Where once we found whole loaves of bread, vegetables in abundance, large pieces



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNE



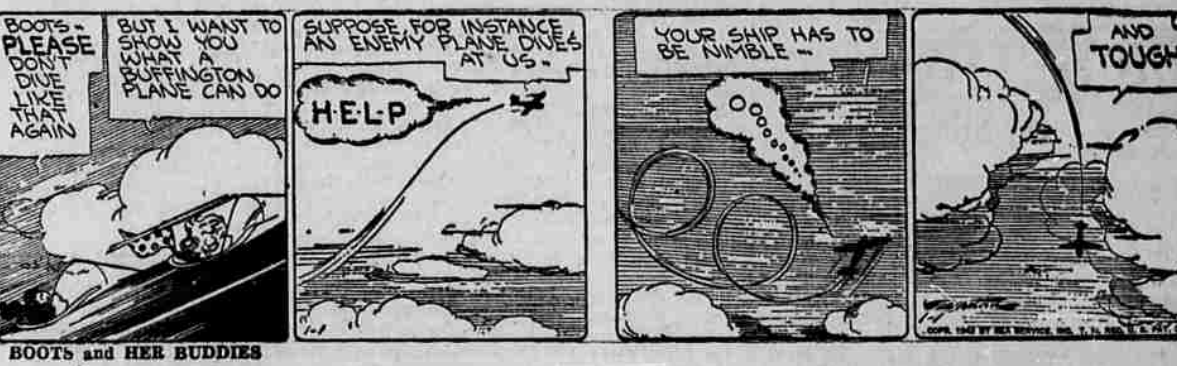
GASOLINE ALLEY



BLONDIE



POPEYE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



OUT OUR WAY



DIRECTS RAILROAD FOR ARMY—Maj. John E. Aus (above), military superintendent of the U. S. Army, directs railroad connecting Alcan highway with Skagway, Alaska, swings from a car during an inspection trip.

burn and eyestrain caused by triple intensity that ultra-violet rays exert at high altitudes. It is a newly developed type of plate glass for use in plane cabins.

Approximately 75 per cent of the feature motion picture films shown in Panama are imported from the United States, according to the Department of Commerce.

SIDE GLANCES



Well, I should say you can chop some wood, son! I've so used to doing your old chores I must have forgotten you were home on furlough!