

• SERIAL STORY
FRANTIC FESTIVAL
BY EDMUND FANCOTT

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THE STORY: Myra Mack and Fay Hathbone, two Montreal girls, are invited to spend their Christmas vacations as guests of eccentric Percy Lorton, an artist who has a cottage in the snow-capped Laurentian Mountains. Knowing Percy's habit of picking up a strange assortment of companions, Myra wonders whether she should invite Fay to the cottage.

MEET BEANO

THE door of the office showed a sign more pretentious than the exterior of the office, which was one of many in a large but not very modern building. The sign read:

BENNY BRIEN
Theatrical Agent

There was a light behind the glass of the window although it was past Benny Brien's usual hour of closing. Benny Brien was a small man and plump, hiding a hard heart under a soft exterior. He was addressing an apologetic giant over twice his size with the air of a father admonishing his son.

"No, Beano. If it was honest I'd help you. Ten years I booked your business and never made a penny more than 25 per cent out of you. Three times when you were with me I fixed it for you. Three times champion of the world, and the circuits I got you brought you more than you ever had to pay out to be champion."

The other man fiddled with his derby. "I know, Benny, you was a pal to me all through."

"A pal," exclaimed Benny. "And what did I get for it? The Maxco outfit offered to put you back in the wrestling game for a 15 per cent cut and where are you now? You got the blame and they got the dough. All washed up, and then you come to Benny to help you out."

The other waited patiently. "Listen, Benny, I ain't washed up. I got 50 grand in my pocket and I want to give you 25 for what you have done for me in the past." Benny snorted. "Fifty grand! Hot ice. Why if the cops walked in here and found you with them diamonds on you we'd both get 20 years in the penitentiary, you for having 'em and me for knowing it. And me as innocent as a newborn babe."

Beano sighed. "Listen, Benny, I didn't steal 'em. I was only in Rafferty's when Bretto rushes in and says to me, 'Hold dis for me till I get back.' But he never got back, the boys got him outside and when they searched him for the ice they couldn't find it. Then the cops got them and gave 'em the chair, so you see, Benny, I came by them honest."

"Honest?" snorted Benny. "I'll bet the insurance dicks are sniffing your trail right now, not to mention the cops."

"That's it," said Beano. "All I want to do is to lay up in a nice quiet circuit for a couple of months up in Canada and it's a cinch. Fifty grand ain't hay, Benny."

THE bell rang. Benny picked up his telephone.

"Hello," said Benny. "Oh, yes, sure, yeah, sure I believe in Christmas. Sure, a good time was had by all, the kids like it, too, but I got a business. Skiing. Sure I like it... on the movies. How's that girl with the dead pan, yeah, Mack, that's the name. Maybe I will at that. Couple of days, maybe. Busy time, New Year's, got a couple of shows lined up. Sure I'll be up. O. K. If I bring a friend?"

Beano's eyes twinkled with hope. Benny set the receiver down.

"What do you think about that?" he said to Beano. "That's the best artist in Canada, that is, real artist, I mean, not an act. Asking me for Christmas week. Swell place up where they all ski. Maybe I can do something for you, Beano."

"Aw, Benny, I knew you'd come across. Split 50-50 and help me get rid of the ice."

"Nothing doing, Beano. It's too hot, but I'll give you a break. Never let it be said I didn't help a pal and that's more than the Maxos' would do for you."

"I'll ring up Johnny Goodman in Montreal and get you a Santa Claus act in one of the stores. Nobody'll recognize you as Santa Claus."

"Aw, Benny," protested Beano. "I don't want to be a Santa Claus. Kids bother me. I just want to go to Canada for a while and then I'm going to finish my correspondence course in Physical Education. Maybe I can get a job in one of them colleges."

Benny Brien sighed. "That's the trouble with you. Physical education. You took it all in your muscles and none in your head. Here. Get into this costume. Nobody will think of looking for hot ice on Santa Claus."

"But what about them skiing mountains? That'd be the place to cool the ice off," said Beano.

"That's what I'm coming to. I'll take you up there. Maybe this guy will need a butler."

A gleam of hope curdled in

Beano's eyes. "I don't want to be a butler. I want to go straight after I get rid of the ice. Didn't I tell you I was going straight when this guy Bretto lands this stuff in my lap?" Benny Brien sighed. "I'm doing this as a favor, mark you, and I don't want any cut, only if maybe after a couple of years you get rid of the stuff and the insurance people lay off and pay the client, well, maybe you might drop in some day and say, 'Benny, I'd like to back you in a show on Broadway. Maybe we could get by with 50 thousand if you get 50 thousand.'"

"You mean you'd want it all?" said Beano peevishly.

"I mean nothing. Didn't I tell you I wouldn't touch it. Nor will you if I help you. We'll give it back to the people, in entertainment for the people, \$3.50 a crack, and then it's gone, doing good where it should and you and me haven't touched a cent."

Beano sat down again a little bewildered by the speed of Benny's delivery and not exactly clear about its meaning. But he realized that in Benny lay the hope of sanctuary and that soon he would be free of the gnawing fear that the hounds of the law, working ruthlessly and silently, were closing in upon him.

"O. K., Benny. If that's the way you want it."

"What about the Customs up in Canada, Benny?"

"That's simple. I go up by air. You drive up. You put the ice between the rim and the rubber of the spare tire. You'll be all right, and if they get you I'll be all right, see, 50-50, whichever way it is they don't get both of us."

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"How much will you take for your reindeer and sleigh?"

IMA 'NE THAT

CHICAGO, (AP) — Brig. Gen. Leo M. Boyle, adjutant general of Illinois and chief of staff of the Illinois reserve militia, was asked if there would be women's auxiliary of the militia.

"No, there won't," the general responded firmly. "In the first place, the state constitution says only male citizens can belong to the reserve militia, in the second place, a women's auxiliary would have to be called the worms, and no woman could tolerate that."

Bootlegger sentenced to jail in Oklahoma was 67. About 67 1/2 years older than his staff.

News reports indicate that Italy is shaking in its boot.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



QUOTING ODDS
SIGHT IS THE ONLY HUMAN SENSE WHICH CAN REACH OUT BEYOND THE EARTH TO BRING US KNOWLEDGE OF OTHER WORLDS OF THIS VAST UNIVERSE.



AMERICAN RED CROSS FOUNDER

HORIZONTAL

- 1,6 Pictorial founder of American National Red Cross.
- 12 Depart.
- 14 Houseman.
- 15 Crystal-like plastic.
- 16 Ruthenium (symbol).
- 17 Half an em.
- 18 Entrance into society.
- 20 One who etches.
- 22 Merry.
- 24 Pointed weapon.
- 25 Approves (cant).
- 26 And (Latin).
- 28 Senior (abbr.).
- 29 Diminishes (form).
- 33 Finish.
- 36 Area measure.
- 37 Put on.
- 39 Iron (symbol).
- 41 Chaldean city.
- 42 Relative (abbr.).
- 44 Negative.
- 45 Number.
- 47 Bone.
- 49 Symbol for nickel.

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

NEW HAMPSHIRE
ERE OVAL ROOT
INS ANON NT
COASTS EDAM
OD OAK STE
NARRATED TT
CLAE INANE
OBTAIN NORM
RAILMEN TEE RO
DSO PTAH DRENCH
NO STOP EVAL
OARS ANOIA EPI
FLATULENT RET

VERTICAL

- 1 Ship's company.
- 2 Row.
- 3 Paid notice.
- 4 Crimson.
- 5 Extent.
- 6 Smear.
- 7 Vehicle (colloq.).
- 8 Red Cross (abbr.).
- 9 Bind.
- 10 Man's name.
- 11 Body parts connecting trunk and head.
- 12 Color.
- 13 Belonging to us.
- 19 Brother (abbr.).
- 21 Swift rodent.
- 23 Lair.
- 27 Spread for drying.
- 29 Conflict.
- 30 Exist.
- 31 Male offspring.
- 32 Removed.
- 34 Egyptian goddess.
- 35 Arid.
- 38 Slight bow.
- 40 Eternity.
- 43 Weaving device.
- 46 Narrow inlet.
- 48 Amusement.
- 50 Group of three.
- 51 Lease.
- 52 Always.
- 54 Touch.
- 55 Interpret.
- 56 Symbol for iridium.
- 57 Parasitic insect.
- 59 Nuisance.
- 60 Throw.
- 62 Biblical high priest.
- 64 Before.
- 68 Whether.
- 70 On account (abbr.).

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Out Our Way BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON
By J. R. Williams



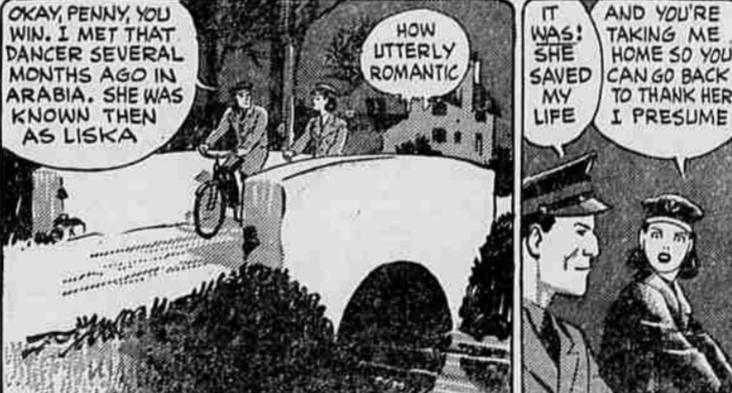
Red Ryder



Little Orphan Annie



Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Alley Oop



Our Boarding House With Major Hoople



By Fred Harmon



By Harold Gray



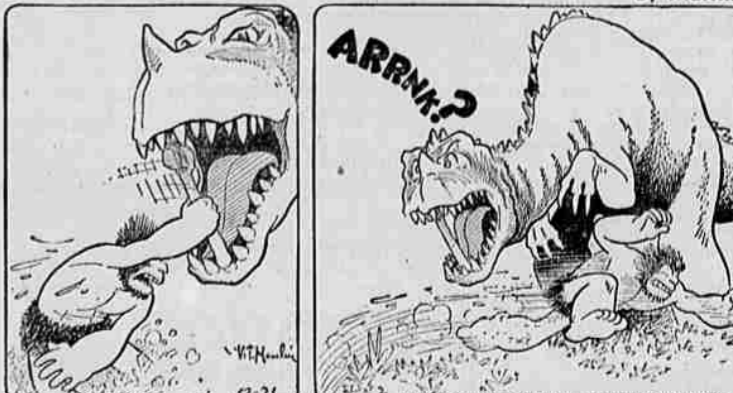
By Blosser



By Crane



By Martin



By V. T. Hamlin