

• SERIAL STORY

FRANTIC FESTIVAL

BY EDMUND FANCOTT

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THE STORY: Myra Mack and Fay Rathbone, two Montreal girls, are invited to spend their Christmas vacations in the Laurentians, as a guest of eccentric Ferdy Lorton, artist, Beano McCluskey, a vintner who has in his possession a fortune in stolen jewels, well-known as a guest at the cottage. To escape detection, he poses as a Santa Claus in a department store. Looking for a place to stay, Beano dashes out of the store and into the car of Lieut. Ross Benson, who, by chance, is also a guest.

STUDIO MEETING

CHAPTER IV

THUS it happened that a conjunction of meetings took place in Ferdy's studio around noon two days before the day before Christmas. Ferdy was putting the last brush strokes to his masterpiece for Benson's Benign Bath Soap and Leona was rising with languid grace from the chignon foam on the studio throne. Ferdy was expecting Myra Mack and Fay Rathbone to drop in with their skis and sundry parcels that he was taking up north that afternoon. They were to follow next day by train.

He was also expecting Benny Brien, who had telephoned that he would be around some time to take him to meet Beano McCluskey who, he said, had been booked for a very important act in one of the most important stores in town. Beano, he added, was one of the bigtime child entertainers in the States. He little knew when he telephoned how sensational Beano's act had become or how at that very moment police squad cars were scouring the byways of the city looking for a large man in a tattered state dress as Santa Claus.

The said Santa Claus, huddled in the seat of Ross Benson's car, was nearing sanctuary. He was seldom put out by anything, but even he hesitated when he saw the massive Santa Claus behind him.

"Beano McCluskey," introduced Ross. "One of your guests, I believe. Beano, this is your host." "Yurrry glad to meet you," replied Beano, peeling off his red robe. He had found the store much too hot for comfort and had found that he could withstand the strain much better if he wore the red robe over his long underwear. Ferdy and Ross stared as they saw him revealed in skintight long woolens, a magnificent figure of a man stretching and flexing his muscles in relief.

Ross crossed to the picture on the easel. "Hullo, Ferdy, is this the masterpiece for the old man?" "It is, completed and finished." "Pretty warm piece of work." Beano was suddenly distracted from his exercises by the work of art. "Say, did you do that?" There was awe and respect in his voice. Ferdy acknowledged the admiration with a nod.

"Gee," exclaimed Beano. "Ain't that the sweetest piece you ever saw. Look at that latissimus dorsi!" "That what," asked Ross in surprise.

Beano was at the picture stroking the ripple of soft muscle below the shoulder blades of Leona's likeness. "Boy is dat good. Dat's beautiful, dat is. And look at her fascia infrapinnata. If that ain't somet'in'."

"Excuse me for interrupting," said Ferdy regarding Beano's partially clad limbs. "The lady herself is in the studio."

With one leap Beano grabbed his red robe and draped it about him again. "Excuse me, I left me suit in the store."

"You left your suit in the store," said Ross gently. He felt an affection for his odd acquaintance who had added the right touch of fantasy to his Christmas shopping.

"And asked me to take him to the hospital," said Ross grinning. "I hope you realize how lucky you are. I am not in Montreal every day."

"Boy was I lucky. You don't know the half." Beano felt in the pocket of the red robe for the little leather bag.

At that moment Leona emerged from behind the screen, fully clad but her glory not hidden. She was smitten with curiosity both to see the particular male who had admired her fascia infrapinnata so much and also to see where her latissimus dorsi actually was.

The tall, clean-cut figure of Ross should have absorbed her attention as she first emerged but the shock on her conventional mind of seeing Beano McCluskey was so great that she stared and stared at him. There was an irresistible fascination in the receding brow over the broken nose, in the small head surmounting a huge frame wrapped about by a red dressing gown trimmed with cotton wool. Try as she would to bring her attention back to the solidly handsome face of Ross she was drawn back by the inexplicable oddity of Beano.

Beano was responding with a waggling of the jaw and a mouth that hung open with wonderment. What a face, what a figure.

At that moment the studio door opened and Myra Mack, Fay

Rathbone and Benny came in. They had converged on the stair. There was a flurry of introductions and a spattering of ice-breaking conversation. Then the others became aware that there was more than usual intensity behind the conversation of one pair.

Benny, immaculately clad in extremely quiet browns with the faintest red stripe echoing through all of them, was easily the best-dressed man there, but everything was just too well-pressed, too new, too much in perfect harmony. He stood with a tired air before Beano, looking with disgust at that unfortunate's bedraggled condition.

"So, you got up and walked out. Just like that! Left your clothes behind, all your papers in the pockets, ready to be handed over to the police. The ice too I suppose. Well I'm through, finished. You can get back to New York tonight, if you can."

"Listen Benny, you got to listen. I got the ice, I got everything except my clothes."

"And clothes don't make the man," said Ross with a sly glance at both of them.

"You're too impulsive, that's what it is," said Benny. "Ruins you every time and now they've got your papers."

"Listen Benny, all I wanted was some fresh air. There ain't any law against that."

A flicker of uncertainty crossed the assurance of Benny's face. The point was won. Ferdy saw it and clinched the matter.

"Meet me here tomorrow and we'll go up together, Leona, me, you two. What about you Ross?"

He turned to Ross but Ross had disappeared, removing with him Fay. Myra shrugged. "Quick worker. He's taken her out to

lunch. Perhaps I shouldn't bring her after all."

(To Be Continued)

Seattle Pitcher Ordered to Report For Army Service

ALBION, N. Y., Dec. 22 (AP)—Charles W. (Carl) Fischer, 37, of Medina, pitcher for the Seattle Pacific Coast league club last season and former American and International league hurler, has been ordered to report for induction into the armed service, the Orleans county selective service board announced yesterday.

Fischer, who is married but has no children, recently was classified 1-A by the board.

A 45c ad recently brought 59 replies. Want ads get results!

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"You'll just have to take our word for it—you won't find anything in there on how to use a bayonet!"

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

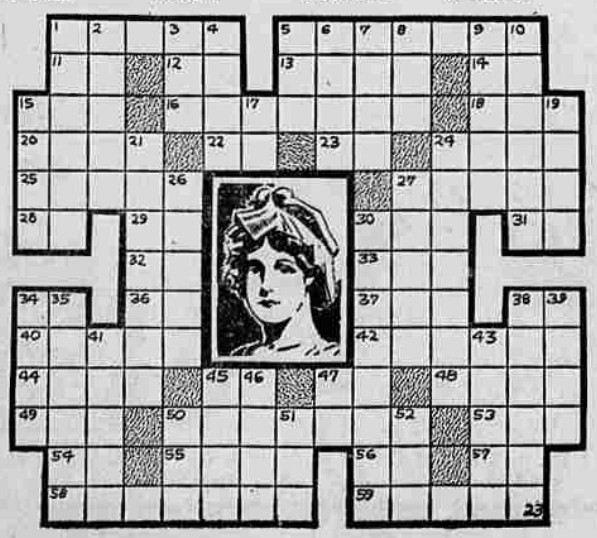
IN AFRICA, SOME TRIBES IN ETHIOPIA LIKE THEIR STEAKS RAW... AND THEY CUT THEM FROM LIVING COWS.



NEXT: Are most Christmas trees fir or spruce?

AMERICAN HEROINE

Answer to Previous Puzzle									
1. Depicted American heroine.	2. Area measure.	3. Ellis English (abbr.).	4. Extent.	5. Negative.	6. Age.	7. Haul.	8. Skills.	9. International language.	10. Symbol for samarium.
11. Nevada city.	12. Staggered.	13. Concealed.	14. South Dakota (abbr.).	15. Exclamation.	16. Mire.	17. Street (abbr.).	18. Compass point.	19. Mineral rock.	20. Iron (symbol).
21. Symbol for tellurium.	22. Born.	23. Music note.	24. Nevada city.	25. Staggered.	26. Concealed.	27. South Dakota (abbr.).	28. Exclamation.	29. Mire.	30. Street (abbr.).
31. Compass point.	32. Mineral rock.	33. Iron (symbol).	34. Symbol for tellurium.	35. Born.	36. Music note.	37. Nevada city.	38. Staggered.	39. Concealed.	40. South Dakota (abbr.).
41. Exclamation.	42. Mire.	43. Street (abbr.).	44. Compass point.	45. Mineral rock.	46. Iron (symbol).	47. Symbol for tellurium.	48. Born.	49. Music note.	50. Nevada city.
51. Staggered.	52. Concealed.	53. South Dakota (abbr.).	54. Exclamation.	55. Mire.	56. Street (abbr.).	57. Compass point.	58. Mineral rock.	59. Iron (symbol).	60. Symbol for tellurium.
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81. Mire.	82. Street (abbr.).	83. Compass point.	84. Mineral rock.	85. Iron (symbol).	86. Symbol for tellurium.	87. Born.	88. Music note.	89. Nevada city.	90. Staggered.
91. Concealed.	92. South Dakota (abbr.).	93. Exclamation.	94. Mire.	95. Street (abbr.).	96. Compass point.	97. Mineral rock.	98. Iron (symbol).	99. Symbol for tellurium.	100. Born.



Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

