

SERIAL STORY FRANTIC WEEKEND

BY EDMUND FANCOFF

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Myra's eyebrows lifted, but she said nothing more.

THE next day Myra was sent again to the office of Mr. Ransom. And again she saw the copper-headed girl at a desk. There was something familiar about her that puzzled Myra and she could not place it. Something that made the girl seem out of place at a desk. However, she greeted her with a smile and the girl was equally cordial.

Myra stopped on impulse. "Do you remember that officer you saw me with on the train yesterday?"

The girl blushed faintly and Myra decided that she did.

An irresistible urge toward matchmaking was upon Myra and she pressed her question. "We are going up to Ferdie Lorton's place this weekend. The artist, you know. I was wondering if you would care to join us? It's all very informal, but he has an aunt up there who looks after the place and as an alibi for anxious parents—if your parents are the anxious kind."

Again Myra wondered what it was about her that she could not place.

"Don't bother to let me know now," said Myra. "Telephone me at the office if you would, care to join us."

That afternoon Myra telephoned Ferdie.

"I've hooked her," she said. "She called half an hour ago to say she would come."

Ferdie laughed. "What is her name?"

"Fay Ransom, daughter of the stockbroker."

Ferdie whistled at the other end of the telephone. "Fay Ransom?"

"Do you know her?" asked Myra. But Ferdie was in a Puckish mood. He laughed aloud and rang off.

"Darn you," mumbled Myra into the buzzing telephone. "What are you up to, Ferdie Lorton?" She shrugged and replaced the receiver. Wasn't Fay likely to be enough of a problem, without adding mystery to the plot?

FERDIE'S place in the lovely Laurentians was just 60 miles from Montreal, yet as secluded as if it had been built upon the highest crag in the Canadian wilds. Tucked away off the beaten track in a countryside of dirt roads, lakes and wooded hills, it was a fairly large estate and had a home farm complete with a French-Canadian family who did

the chores for Ferdie.

The house itself was a low, sprawling affair which had grown charmingly as extra space had been added to the original cottage. It was set on a great outcrop of rock at the very top of a low hill, and its windows gazed out on every side over the treetops of thickly wooded hillsides.

It was comfortably furnished and equipped because Ferdie spent a great deal of his time there, working outdoors or painting in the studio built onto the house while his aunt attended to the housekeeping.

He arrived there alone a day before he expected his guests and announced to his aunt that she could expect a houseful of guests for the weekend.

She looked at her favorite nephew with a quizzical smile. "Well, it's nice to know in advance. Usually you arrive unannounced bringing hordes of strange people with you."

She was a small woman, so completely composed under all circumstances that it seemed as if the calm of the Laurentian country had become an essential part of her nature. Conveniently, too, she was thoroughly conditioned to Ferdie's whimsies in the way of guests.

"Do I know any of the people who are coming up?" she asked.

Ferdie wandered around the wide lounge, across to the plate glass window that filled an alcove and gave an uninterrupted view of a great sweep of country.

"Yes. There is at least one you like. Myra Mack."

"Ha," replied his aunt. "I hope nothing is going to happen then."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Ferdie with a grin.

"You know very well," said his aunt. "She is a very nice girl with a lot of character, but every time she comes here something extraordinary happens. Who else?"

Ferdie listed the others. His aunt listened patiently.

"Must you always be asking complete strangers up here?"

Ferdie grinned. He turned back to his aunt and lifted a cautioning finger at her. "You know very well you are as bad as I am. You always say that nothing is so fascinating as the latest crop of young things. I'm merely pandering to your curiosity and bringing up a fair selection."

She smiled her admission of what he said. "True. All the same, that Mack girl has a flair for complications. We'll have anything from a circus to a triple wedding before this weekend is over."

(To Be Continued)



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



POPEYE



SECRET AGENT X-9



BOOTH and HER BUDDIES



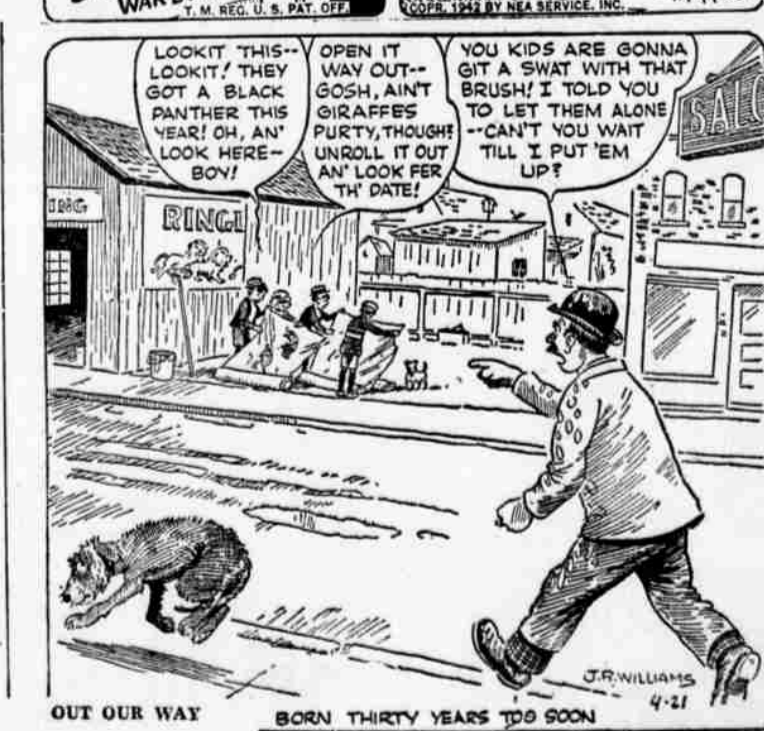
WASH TUBBS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



OUT OUR WAY

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON



STANDLEY PRESENTS HIS CREDENTIALS--Admiral William H. Standley (left), United States Ambassador to Russia, presented his credentials in Moscow to Michael Linton, chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviets of the U.S.S.R. Man in center unidentified. The picture was radioed to New York from Moscow.

SIDE GLANCES



REDHEAD SHORN-- Despite dyed red hair and dark glasses, G-men saw through disguise of Leone Menier, secretary to Robert Noble, jailed here on charges of failing to register as a member of an asserted subversive organization.

Under the guidance and leadership of the Army Air Forces, America's aircraft industry has tripled its output within a single year. And monthly production by the end of December will certainly be three times that of last December.

...a good soldier and he ought to know, but maybe he was only kidding when he wrote about General MacArthur being crazy about carrots and cauliflower!"