

RESORT HOTEL

Deck Morgan

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BEGIN HERE TODAY
ANN HAMILTON, pretty young secretary in a large business office, goes to a travel agency to make plans for her two-week vacation.

BILL WARE, travel bureau employee, tries to persuade her to go to Lake Racine. Because Ann is rushed for time, Bill offers to come to her home and finish planning the trip. He comes that evening. Ann notices for the first time that he is a good-looking young man.

She finally decides to go to Lake Racine. Bill tells her he is going there, too, but their vacations do not come at the same time.

Impulsively Bill asks her to go to a movie. Ann goes.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER III

ON the way to Lake Racine Ann felt that adventure was in the air. What was to happen next? She was alone, and the sight of pleasant woods and broad fields made her forget the broiling streets of the city she had left behind. A record heat wave was in progress, but already, only a few hours out, she could feel cooling breezes.

Rather she sensed the cool mountain air of Lake Racine, which lay ahead of her, like a glistening blue jewel in the midst of soaring green mountains.

She thought of the vacation presents, snugly wrapped, in her luggage. She thought of the smiling faces that had seen her off at the station; of her roommate, Alice, who was at the seashore; of the girls in the office who were awaiting their turns at taking vacations. There was Bill Ware who, at the last minute, had turned up at the station to say goodbye.

The business details of the trip had cemented her friendship with Bill and she had had two dates with him. Once they had gone up the river on the bus with the other heat-ridden people, looking for some cool air. Another time they had taken the excursion boat on the river. Bill was a good sort, she thought idly.

But then she thought of her new Nile green bathing suit, of the evening dress—a cardinal's red—which she had picked up at a Tuesday morning sale for almost nothing. She thought of the amiable hostess at the Glenwood Inn where she was to stay, of young men like knights in shining armor, of tennis balls poised in a hand, or guava jelly (one of her going-away gifts), of the cow-horn on a long, low-slung roadster she had watched racing the train part of the morning, of electric fans, of speedboats on water, and of the travel book Alice had given her.

BUT when she changed trains at River Junction, and found herself once more on the dinky little mountain train which poked its way up among the high mountains on the narrow-gauge, Ann merely sat and watched the other vacationers. A feeling of loneliness suddenly beset her.

The others seemed to have brought their friends with them. They called out familiarly from one end of the car to the other. "What are you doing tonight?" a boy called, quite unabashed, the length of the car. A pretty, slim girl seated with her mother at the opposite end, called back, "Walk around the lake?"

"Sure. See you when," the boy answered impudently.

In the seat opposite sat a boy and a girl completely engrossed in themselves. Ann wanted them to be honeymooners, so aloof they seemed, but once the girl pointed excitedly out the window, and said, "There's our cabin, John, darling, look! It hasn't changed a bit since last year." A cabin in the woods that belonged to them. A setting for their romance.

"Come on over to our camp," . . . "Let me know when you want to play tennis." . . . "Cock-tails at 6, and bring everybody we know." Invitations flew all about her.

Suddenly Ann felt a vast uneasiness. She was a little alarmed. Suppose she shouldn't meet even one man she liked. The mere repetition of such thoughts made her feel forlorn and lonely—afraid.

In panic she wished she had gone to the seashore with Alice. She began to wish fervently that even Bill Ware had come along. Any human being who would relieve her of this awful fear that gripped her. The specter of loneliness.

ANN got off the train, pulled her hat down over her eyes, and strode toward the porter of the Glenwood Inn, her chin up. She seemed "bucking up" again. When the man moved forward to take her bag, she saw that it was the same college lad who had served the hotel as porter three years before. Her spirits rose. At least there was a familiar face. She didn't feel so alone.

The boy recognized her, and called, "Right this way, Miss Hamilton!"

On the way to the hotel Ann

shattered with him and he told her about the crowd at the hotel, about the weather, and about the dances.

"Are there many men guests?" Ann asked, quite sure of herself with this employee of the hotel.

The porter frowned. "Well, not so many. Men are scarce at Lake Racine these days. I guess they all have to stick to their jobs. You know how it is. Men can get reduced rates at summer hotels, if they'll promise to go to the house dances every night. It's that bad!"

Ann smiled at this disloyalty to the place.

"Plenty of pretty young girls!" the porter said, turning to grin amiably at her.

"That doesn't make me happy!" Ann said pertly, and the boy laughed.

"Women are a case!" he said. "But my girl works up here, too—in the dining room. We have a good time, just ourselves."

Ann said pleasantly, "I'll bet you do!" but her thoughts were far from complacent.

When they drove up in front of the little mountain inn, the porter took her bags in. Ann registered, and then took a quick turn about the lobby and game room, scanning the faces eagerly. With a feeling close to panic again, she recognized none of the pretty girls. And not a single man was to be seen!

It was some comfort when the hostess at the lodge came to greet her. Aimee was the same pleasant person Ann had known three years before, and talking to her was like greeting an old friend. There was an air of camaraderie about Aimee as she introduced Ann to some of the other girls.

AFTER dinner Ann wandered, alone, down to the bathhouse, where she had spent many romantic moments three years before. The moon was shining down on the water.

It was a night filled with enchantment, as are all first nights in the mountains after a year spent in the teeming city. There were faint rippling waves on the lake. Everything was so glamorous and still and beautiful, so different from the noise and heat and dirt of the city. It was fantastic, unreal. It sent Ann's spirits soaring again, though at her heart was the gnawing sensation of loneliness. Out there on the water were young couples in canoes. A guitar strummed.

"The worst thing about the wide open spaces," Ann mused, "is that there are not enough people in them."

She was looking at the starlit heavens when, almost in front of her, she saw a man's body launch through the air in a straight dive to the lake. His head bobbed up, and he swam back to the dock at her feet with a powerful stroke. He lifted himself up on the boards, dripping water on her feet. Then he saw her standing there in the dark.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he said. "The cold water on her stockings and made her cry out, but now she was laughing. 'Oh, that's all right!'"

He towered above her with his broad shoulders and trim figure of a crew man. "Are you a guest at the hotel?" he asked.

When she nodded, he said lazily, "I'm the head boatman, Ralph. Did you want a boat?"

"I'm afraid I can't paddle my own canoe," she said. Then she was glad it was dark, because she knew she was blushing. Her remark seemed audacious.

"Oh, I'll take you out a while," he said. "I don't mind. I haven't got anything else to do anyway." Ann laughed softly in the dark. What an extraordinary young man!

(To Be Continued)

SOUND STAGE HEAT

BOON TO LAUNDRIES

Hollywood's current heat wave is having disastrous results on the huge "A" stage at Paramount studio where Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie are appearing in "Champagne Waltz."

Because of its great size, it is impossible to keep a steady flow of cool air circulating through it. The result is that the actors, dressed in formal evening clothes, have to put on a fresh collar after each take.

Flapper Fannie Says



The most engaging conversation usually ends in a stoney silence.

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



THE ALARM CLOCK

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BLOWING SHANGHAI SMOKE

MYRA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE

BY THOMPSON AND COLL



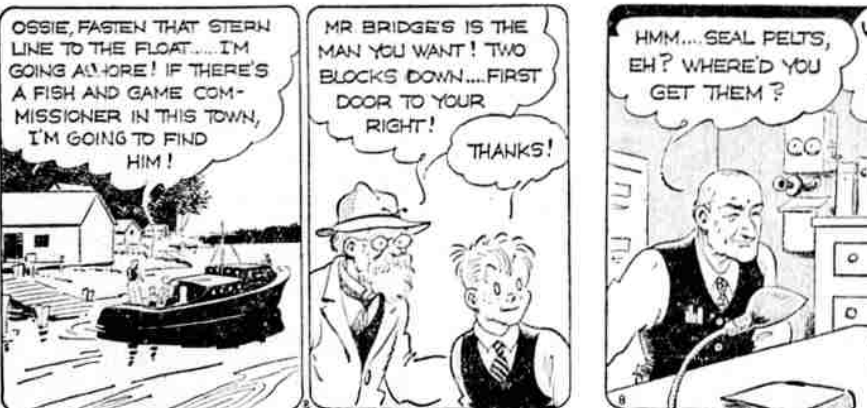
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



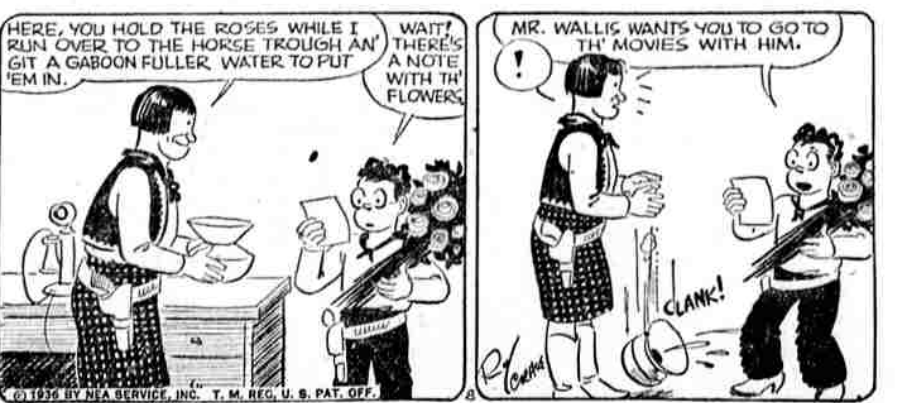
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN

