

● SERIAL STORY

# FRANTIC WEEKEND

BY EDMUND FANCOTT

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## CONCERT PARTY

MYRA, unaware of Peggy's latest machinations, was enjoying herself no less than Ferdy as the two of them sunned on the wharf, their swim suits steaming in the warmth after a leisurely dip.

Ferdy thanked his pampering stars all over again, as he had occasion to do several times a year, for Myra's friendship. Surfeited with women who overworked their charms and traded on allure, he felt Myra to be the one female in all his broad and sometimes troublesome acquaintance who could be relied upon never to intrude beyond friendship upon his happy inclination towards back-sliding.

"Nice child, that kid sister of yours," said Ferdy.

"Too much like an electric eel for my comfort," said Myra. "I have a feeling that I can never be sure she isn't up to some mischief, some way or other."

"Vitality, that's her strong point. I'd like to paint her," Ferdy paused as if seeing her posed upon his studio throne for a portrait. "No, there's that touch of Vivien Leighishness about her face and eyes. It's been overdone. When is your brother going back?"

"He finishes his leave next week."

"Good face. Strong. I'd like to get a sketch of him in battle dress. Might be a good subject for the next exhibition."

"He is tops," said Myra who had a very deep affection for Michael and admiration for his strength of character.

"He seems to be attracted by Fay," continued Ferdy. "So is Nigel."

"I wouldn't be too sure about Nigel," said Myra.

"There's something about this place that gets them. Maybe it's the sun—maybe the altitude."

Myra snorted. "Reaction from long isolation in military camps."

Ferdy shut his eyes and felt the warm sun on his body. It was difficult to tell his age from his expression. The sandy hair, the sandy mist of freckles on his face, and the wrinkles of humor around his eyes lent an illusion of perennial youth.

"Our friend Baldy is quite a specimen, isn't he?" observed Myra.

"Not bad in his way," replied Ferdy drowsily. "A week up here and he might become human."

"He said he'd go mad, but I suppose there's not much difference," Ferdy grinned. "We really must rescue Fay from him. We'll mix things tonight. Keep him away from her, cut in whenever he begins to talk."

THAT evening was even more serene than the previous one. After the hot day, coolness drifted up from the lake, the trees and over the hills the moon, already a little larger, cast a pale glow over the Laurentians.

There was a mellowness of mood over the party. The easy tiredness that comes with sunshine and bathing and walking had relaxed everyone. Everyone except Baldy and Peggy. Baldy had had an afternoon of unbroken sleep, and he was full of restlessness.

Peggy seemed just as full of spirits and energy as she had been all day. Nothing seemed to dampen her. Her plans had not gone as well as they might have done. She had steered Nigel to the view where she expected to find her brother and Fay. They had eventually found them, but not nearly as close to one another as Peggy would have liked. They were sitting on a rock at the top of a hill, apparently engaged in a quite ordinary conversation.

It would have been better had Michael worked as fast as she did herself, but that couldn't be helped. Perhaps he was really in love and that always slowed things up, reflected Peggy.

At dinner Fay had told the rest of the company about Michael's idea and they had all received it with enthusiasm except Baldy, who interrupted at every vital point with a grunt that registered disgust.

Peggy perceived his general frame of mind and whispered to Ferdy, who obligingly speeded up the replenishment of Baldy's glass, and shortly the grunts became less monotonous.

"You see," said Fay, "we could easily get a group together for rehearsal and if the show went well we should have the satisfaction of doing war work and doing what we wanted to do at the same time."

"Concert Party!" said Baldy. "Concert Party!" What does this country want—concert parties or dollars, good American dollars? With these contracts I got for you, you could make enough American exchange for this country to pay for a couple of Spitfires. Now there's war work for you. There's some real war work, bringing in the dough! The soldiers can sing to themselves, they're singing all the time, ain't they? Got nothing else to do with their time. What do they want—a three-figure dame wasting her talent on them when it could be bringing in dough to buy stuff for them to fight with? That's a real job, that is."

BOTH soldiers sprang to Fay's defense with such a tongue-lashing that even the irrepressible Baldy couldn't bear up under it. He retired to a neutral corner to

"Whatever it is, we'll probably all find our lives upside down before this night's over."  
(To Be Continued)

## BENEFICIAL

Yawning is a distinct benefit to a human being. It tends to restore the equilibrium of the air pressure between the middle ear and the outside air, and often produces a feeling of relaxation.

## JOKESTER CLUB

Prague, Czechoslovakia, once had a laughter club, with weekly meetings, and each member was required to tell or play one joke daily.

Not only oil but air has to be cooled for airplane engines. To supply enough oxygen for an engine at high altitudes, compressed air has to be blown into its carburetor.

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By William Ferguson



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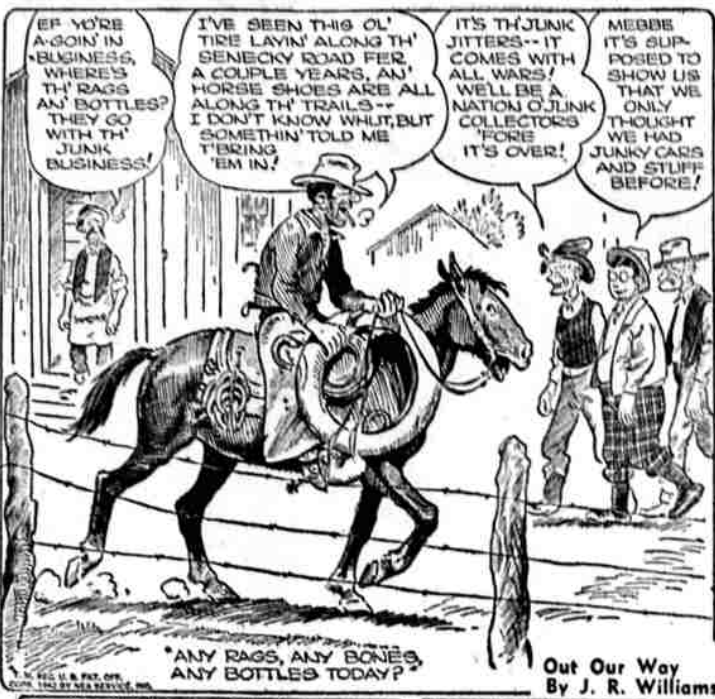
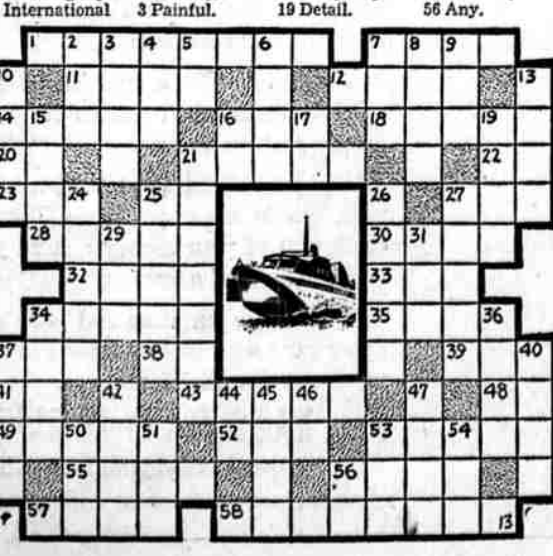
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## TORPEDO BOAT

| HORIZONTAL            |                 |                                |                    |                             |                     |                     |                                    |                     |                      |
|-----------------------|-----------------|--------------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Pictured           | U. S. Navy      | torpedo boat.                  | 11. Liquid food.   | 12. Near.                   | 14. At what place?  | 16. Metal fastener. | 18. Retinue.                       | 20. Id est (abbr.). | 21. Musician.        |
| 22. Toward.           | 23. Snare.      | 25. Erbium (symbol).           | 27. Novel.         | 28. Rent.                   | 30. Small particle. | 32. Skills.         | 33. Energy.                        | 34. Woody plants.   | 35. Exclamation.     |
| 37. Twice.            | 38. Music note. | 39. Noise.                     | 41. Print measure. | 43. Wash lightly. (suffix). | 48. International   | 49. Weir.           | 52. Earth (comb. form).            | 53. Insert.         | 55. Beverages.       |
| 56. Against (prefix). | 57. So be it!   | 58. Stupifiers.                | 2. Full of.        | 3. Painful.                 | 4. Quebec (abbr.).  | 5. Above.           | 6. Journey.                        | 7. Small piece.     | 8. Demon.            |
| 9. Exclamation.       | 10. Double.     | 13. White crystals of ice.     | 15. Foot part.     | 16. Jumbled type.           | 17. Compass point.  | 19. Detail.         | 24. Measurable aspect of duration. | 36. Father.         | 37. Malt beverage.   |
| 40. Short letter.     | 42. Heap.       | 44. Inspector General (abbr.). | 45. Tidy.          | 46. Therefore.              | 47. Poker stake.    | 50. Male sheep.     | 51. Even (poet.).                  | 53. Hotel.          | 54. Form of address. |
| 55. Any.              |                 |                                |                    |                             |                     |                     |                                    |                     |                      |



ANY RAGS, ANY BONES, ANY BOTTLES TODAY?



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Wash Tubbs



Freckles and His Friends



Alley Oop



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By Martin



By Crono



By Blossor



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