SERIAL STORY

TAMBAY GOLD

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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THE STORY: Mom Baumer gives permission from pretty Jane Ann Judson, last of aristocratic Maurice of run-down Tambay Plantation, to set up "Feederia" in lunch wagon there, wonders if Juddy is soured on world. Other characters: whiskery Loren Oliver, Welliver U. prof digging for Indian relics at Tambay; Old Stevens refugee "Doc" Lovey, is barbering; Dolf, Mom's son, is shunk; Angel Todd, Welliver football star interested in Juddy. Friend of his frat brothers "kidnap" her for their dance and she is there, shaved and handsome.

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MOM MAKES PLANS

CHAPTER VI

YOU could have peeled the amazement off the faces of the "kidnapers," in layers, when I saw Juddy and Doc on the ... Pretty soon Angel Todd ...ered over toward them, and ...something happened. People ...e staring, but I couldn't make ...what was doing. Next thing, ...dy was back in our midst, and ...twins were jumping her.

"Aren't you the little weather-...der!"

"I haven't done anything."

"Maybe not. But there's plenty ...g. Coach is straddling Angel's ...k."

"What's it all about? Did Angel ...mit a crime, asking me to ...ce?"

"Worse. He crashed a house ...ction. No student can cut in ...a faculty member at a house ...ce," Van Clark said.

Angel came over, still looking ...e a ray of sunshine, and tackled ..., "Give me this next dance ...I'll apologize," he said.

But Juddy was already dated. ...he sat down to make himself ...d with me. I was still won...ing about the Oliver thing. So ...said:

"It wouldn't wreck your life if ...didn't get through that Indian ...rse, would it, Big Boy?"

"Phooey on the course!" he ...d. "It isn't that. It's my aver... I need the credits."

...e let his voice down a peg. ...here to play basketball, ...key, football and what-have-... and draw 900 smackers per ..., besides what I can claw up ...summer vacations. Next year ...will be a boost if I make All-...erica, and how can they stop ...? And now this peewee prof ...trying to ease me out. At that, ...be I could make a better deal ...Palestier," he went on. "Only ...kind of like it here. And I like ...all the better since I met up ...h that little pal of yours. You ...t think I've queered myself ...e, do you?"

On the way home Juddy said ...me, "Trade ought to be looking, ... Mom."

"How so?"

"I've been touting the Feederia to every partner I had."

"That's business," I said. "With you for a shill, we ought to be practically a kitchen annex to Welliver. How heavy have you fallen for Angel Todd?"

"I'm not going to fall for anybody," she said. "What do you get if you do?"

I judged that Juddy was getting back in the groove.

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WHAT that kid did with the 30 I'd given her made me feel queer behind the eyes. She bought her some paint and brushes, and went pottering about, touching up that poor old house where it needed it worst.

One part of it, though, she did up brown. She'd blown herself for some banana-gold and regilded the old battered house motto, with funny lettering, over the door, so now you could read it.

"St. Francis & St. Benedight
Bless this House from Woful
Plighte."

While I was at my own work, I had cleared more space than the grubwagon needed for itself. You can't afford to overlook any bets when you're out for new trade. I stuck up a board.

PARKING SPACE
15 CENTS PER NIGHT

That was all I could hope to get, seeing we had no shower, conveniences, or W. C., which means wire connections—and not what you think—in trailer language. The first night I had two trailers, the second, five.

Custom kept coming in to the Feederia, but it wasn't heavy enough so that I needed an extra hand. Juddy took to getting up early and coming over just the same. I could call on Ollie and Nollie for the morning rush, if any, while she drove around the country marketing for the wagon.

When she got back one morning she found me stretching twine between the stakes I'd pegged out.

"What are you planning to catch in your web, Spider?"

"It isn't a web," I said. It was, at that. Only I didn't want her to find out till she was caught.

"What is it, then?"

I went right on fastening my lines. "I've still got that sign I had when I came here," I said.

"What sign? Oh! 'Tourists Accommodated.' That one?"

I nodded and got down on my knees to tie a good knot.

"At Tambay?"

"The name ought to draw," I said. "And what a site for a row of snappy cabins!"

"Tambay Tourist Camp," she said, and kind of laughed. "That would make us popular with the neighbors!"

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I NODDED.

"I'd have to think it over," she said. "Wouldn't it cost you an awful lot to build cabins?"

"That's my lookout," I said. "I've got a little left in the toe of the old sock."

"I'm not sure the University lease wouldn't interfere anyway," she said.

"Let's find out. Who's your lawyer?"

"I haven't any."

"This thing has got to be kosher if we're going to deal. There's a young fellow in Leverton named Maurie Sears. They say he's good when sober, and sober except week-ends."

"I think he's my distant cousin or something."

"Let's go."

Near the end of the plantation line Juddy slowed up for a pitchhole. I noticed a buzzard, high up on a bough, teetering in the wind the way they do. The tree he was using for a perch was as ugly as he was; a dead shagbark, all charred and black on one side where there was a low limb.

"Somebody been having a bonfire?" I asked.

Juddy didn't answer. She didn't have to. I got it. They don't scorch tree trunks for fun in this part of the country. Besides, I'd heard of the Hanging Tree of Tambay.

After we got to town Juddy said, "They lynched a poor creature there just before I came to Tambay. I'm going to have it cut down."

Well, I could see trouble there.

The minute Maurie Sears set eyes on Jane Ann Judson I began to wonder whether we had come to the right place. Things were liable to get too personal, if I was any judge.

I know that sort of southern gent to the bone. You can say they're a misfit in the modern world, and I guess that's right. Too much past, too much caste, too little sense that their kind belong in museums. They live mostly by tradition and the catchwords that go with it. The Civil War is their eight-ball; they do most of their thinking behind it. But if you're their kin or their friend, they'll lie for you and die for you, and their given word is a couple of points up on a U. S. government bond. You may want to laugh at 'em or cuss 'em out, but when all's said and done, you kind of love 'em.

(To Be Continued)

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, THIS IS A GOOD JAP BOMBER—Here's a sight Ameri... would like to see repeated more often—wreckage of a Japanese torpedo plane being ...d from water after it was knocked from the skies by U. S. anti-aircraft or plane attack. ...is an official U. S. Navy picture taken at Pearl Harbor where the plane was salvaged ...wing the Japanese attack Dec. 7.

SIDE GLANCES

"...hich shall we do—leave a tip or have another cup of coffee?"

Cossack Cavalrymen Aid in Routing Nazis

GLORIFIED in the history and literature of Russia are the fierce, hard-riding Cossack cavalrymen who have been playing such an instrumental part in the disastrous retreat of the Nazi armies.

A group of Cossacks, or Kazaks, are pictured on the stamp above, which was issued in 1933 as part of an ethnographical series depicting the various races which make up the Soviet Union.

In the Kuban region of the Caucasus near the Black Sea, are the greatest concentrations of the remaining Cossacks. In all seasons of the year they wear woolens and each man, whether youth or grandfather, wears on his head a tall sheepskin hat to make him look taller, more fierce than he is.

Known as the world's greatest fighters, they are sturdy, fearless, and have hard-featured massive faces seasoned by wind and rain and often cold. It was the Cossacks who conquered the frozen wastes of Siberia for Russia.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE — Well? — By HAROLD GRAY

POPEYE — Now Showing—"SALT WATER TAFFY." Tomorrow—"SIT DOWN, YA ROCKIN' THE BOAT!" — By E. C. SEGAR

Secret Agent X-9 — By Robert Storm

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES — Huh? — By MARTIN

WASH TUBBS — Hot Dog! — By CRANE

ALLEY OOP — Hold on, Fella — By V. T. HAMLIN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE

OUT OUR WAY — By WILLIAMS