

● SERIAL STORY

TAMBAY GOLD

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER I

THE man at the crossroads gawry came out to the pump. "Why, it's Mom Baumer," he said. "Hiya, Mom!"

"Hiya, pal," I said. "Fill her up."

"Must be five years since I seen you," he said.

"All of that," I said. "You've got a good memory."

"Oh, nobody ever forgets you, Mom," he said.

I guess that's right, too. I'm a sort of institution on the roads. He took a gander at my trailer.

"How's the feed trade?" he asked, being polite.

While he was polishing the windshield I said, "What's this I hear about Tambay Plantation?"

"It's right," he said. "Life among the ruins. Poor relation."

"What sort?"

"Yankee. Keeps herself to herself."

"Would she take in a tourist, do you reckon?"

"Would the White House?" he said. "Tambay's still Tambay."

"Okay, pal," I said. "But that's where I bunk tonight. I've got a particular reason for wanting to sleep there tonight."

Coming into Tambay Plantation I rolled along quietly. Opposite the mansion I dropped the trailer. Before turning in at the big entrance, I switched off my lights. What with the rain and the wind, there wasn't much danger of my being heard before I was ready. I got out of the car and hung a gadget of mine that had been a good old standby many a time when I wanted a lodging, on the gatepost.

Through the untended shrubbery between the live oaks I could make out Tambay Mansion. It was like a tired old lady, tired of everything, even of pride, but with the everlasting guile to keep her chin up against all comers, no matter how shabby and sad and poor she might be. Well, I was feeling a little like that myself, after 10 years on the road. I could use some rest.

I KNOCKED on the door; a good, hard, honest knock. The light moved and the door opened.

"Who is it?"

I was all set for a scrawny old-maid type with all-eyes and a New England-yellow skin. This wasn't it, at all. The voice didn't have a poor relation whine, either.

"Could I get a room?" I said.

"No," she said. "You're in the wrong place."

"Tourists Accommodated," I said. "Going to make a liar out of your sign?"

She got an umbrella and we sloshed through the long grass. I switched my pocket flash on the place where I'd done my picture-hanging.

"What about it?" I said.

Instead of answering, she put up a hand and felt the woodwork back of my sign. Naturally, it hadn't had time to get wet. Nobody's fool, that gal.

"Do you get away with it often?" she asked.

"More often than you might think," I told her.

I guessed that maybe she didn't have entire confidence in me. So I put the spotlight on myself.

"Mom Baumer," I said. "Fat and 50; wet and tired."

She kind of hesitated. "There's only the north room furnished," she said. "It leaks."

"So does this sky," I said.

"I don't know," she said to herself. "Why do you pick on Tambay?" she asked.

"It's a long story," I said. "I'd do a lot better by it in the morning."

"I'm Jane Ann Judson," she said.

That north room would sure have been a risk for anyone in weak health. Pots and pans did their best to take care of the dribbles. The bed was pretty clammy, and I spent some active moments playing tag with one of those slippery silk spreads that ought to be in jail for abandonment. But a good conscience is better than a shot of dope, and I was still dead to the world when some high-class breakfast smells woke me up with a twitching nose.

I THOUGHT back to my first sight of Tambay Plantation 25 years ago. I wasn't on my own at that time. I was with a carny show, Aerobation, an animal turn, and a touch of parlor magic on the side. We pitched by the streamside at Tambay Bend, and when I sneaked out after the show and saw the old mansion, with all the lights going and the saddle horses hitched to the big trees, and heard the music and the soft, young southern voices, I got a yen for it that never died out. You wouldn't expect the proprietress of a traveling nosebag to be romantic. O. K. I'm as God and the roads have made me.

Years later, I hear that all the Mauries of Tambay are dead, and their friends and kin that kept the place warm and happy with love, are scattered or broke. But it would always be the old Tambay for me.

Jane Ann Judson was already at the table when I got down. In the morning light she looked younger than I'd figured her. Two long, thin, dark girls that I spotted for Gullahs from the islands as soon as I heard their talk were busy about the breakfast.

"Good morning," Jane Ann Judson said. "How did you make out?"

"Swell," I told her. "I had the night of my life."

"Was it as bad as that?"

"No; I mean it," I said. "You wondered why I picked on Tambay. Remember about the little girl in the story that wanted to sleep in the queen's chamber just once, even if she got her head cut off for it? Well, that's me and Tambay. After I saw it, and that was before you were born, I

used to have a dream. I'd got rich, and I'd bought Tambay, and I could see myself sitting in the drawing room in a dark red satin gown with a brooch, and lifting a finger to an old, silver-whiskered darky, and saying in a cultured voice, 'You may now fetch the juleps, Erastus. Do you wonder I got a kick out of last night?'

"You couldn't sit in the drawing room now," she said with a sort of sigh in her throat.

"No!" I said.

"Nothing to sit on. It's all been sold to the antique hunters. Before I got here."

"The place wouldn't be for sale, maybe?"

"Not if I can help it." Her face went quiet and secret. There were things back of the look that she didn't want to think about.

"Mind if I snoop around a little?"

"Go anywhere you like."

After breakfast she took her fly-rod and went down to Tambay Bend to get a mess of fish for dinner, leaving me with the two Gullahs. I've always modeled my success minding his own business. What I mean to say, I never ask questions except, of course, when I want to find out something. Because what other way is there? I went to work on Ollie and Nollie.

"How long have you girls been here?"

"Us? We been livin' heah sense Mist' Clement Maurie's time."

"With Miss Judson?"

"Oh, no! Miss Jane Ann, she only been heah a little piece. She

let us stay on cause we ain' got no othah place to res'. An' she gotta have sumbuddy."

"Hasn't she got any folks?"

"No'm. Her pa an' ma was killed in an accident. I don' reckon she had no othah kin. Her ma was a Maurie. That's how-come she heired Tambay."

Well, I looked the place over and located a sweet spot for my trade, between road and river, a high jut of land with nice trees. So I towed the trailer in and was ready for Miss Jane Ann when she came back.

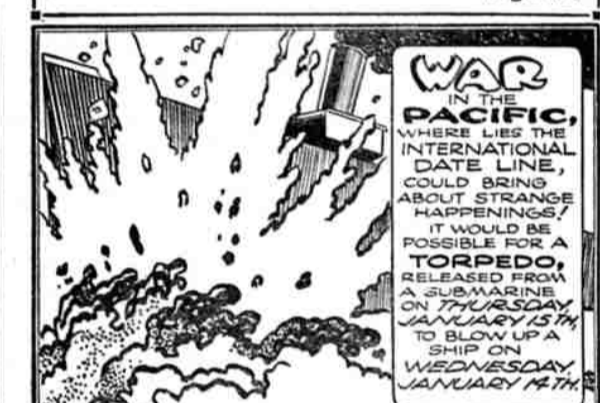
(To Be Continued)

New Pearl Harbor Navy Yard Chief



U. S. Navy announces appointment of Rear Admiral William R. Furlong as first commandant of the Pearl Harbor Navy Yard.

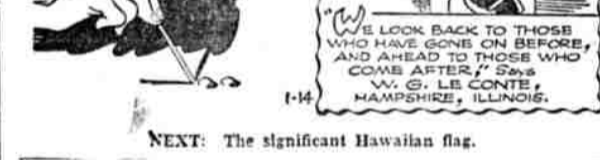
THIS CURIOUS WORLD



WAR IN THE PACIFIC, WHERE LIES THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE, COULD BRING ABOUT STRANGE HAPPENINGS. IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR A TORPEDO, RELEASED FROM A SUBMARINE ON THURSDAY JANUARY 15TH TO BLOW UP A SHIP ON WEDNESDAY JANUARY 14TH.

ONE + ONE DOESN'T ALWAYS MAKE TWO.

ONE GLOBULE OF MERCURY, PLUS ONE GLOBULE OF MERCURY EQUALS ONE GLOBULE OF MERCURY! (THEY MERELY COMBINE)



WE LOOK BACK TO THOSE WHO HAVE GONE ON BEFORE, AND AHEAD TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER. W. G. LE CONTE, HAMPSHIRE, ILLINOIS.

SCREEN ACTRESS

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 Pictured screen star. | UTAH | GOLD | 23 Weep. |
| 14 Arabian military commander. | STERES | POSTER | 24 Sleeping. |
| 15 Painful spots. | ALT NEE | SAT PAN | 25 Insect. |
| 16 On the sheltered side. | OPPER | DEMIT MAIN | 26 Cubic (abbr.) |
| 17 1,416. | ESNE | ER | 27 Whirlwind. |
| 18 Company (abbr.). | ER | LASTS | 29 Lad. |
| 19 Bush. | MAGI | UTAH | 30 Evil. |
| 20 Hour (abbr.). | ANNE | LASTS | 31 Touch. |
| 21 Gill (abbr.). | INNS | LILAL DROB | 32 Age. |
| 22 Belonging to it. | ANUS | RUM LITE | 33 Right guard (abbr.). |
| 24 Act. | SALTI | CROONS LAKE | 37 I am (contr.). |
| 25 Snake. | 51 Indian army (abbr.). | 3 Tone B (music). | 38 Fiber knots. |
| 26 Province of eastern Panama. | 52 Latin diphthong. | 4 Part of circle. | 39 Wages. |
| 28 Recede. | 53 Fashion. | 5 Exists. | 41 Unit. |
| 29 Comic opera. | 54 Doctor (abbr.). | 6 In no way. | 42 Tellurium (symbol). |
| 32 Mine. | 55 Sun god. | 7 Let fall. | 43 Footway. |
| 33 Yes. | 56 Small stalk. | 8 Crimson. | 44 Hindu woman's garment. |
| 35 Sketches. | 57 Sun god. | 9 We. | 50 Tract of land. |
| 40 Disturbances. | 58 Engaged. | 10 Sardinia (abbr.). | 52 Girl's name. |
| 44 Health resort. | 59 One who ages. | 11 Cloth measure. | 53 Caprice. |
| 46 Compass point. | 60 Film she made with Clark Gable. | 12 Limbs. | 54 Lair. |
| 48 Toward. | 1 Complain. | 13 Genus of Australian megapodes. | 58 Male sheep. |
| 49 Buddy. | 2 Leave out. | 20 She works in | 59 Electrical engineer (abbr.). |
| | | | 60 Him. |
| | | | 61 Daybook (abbr.). |
| | | | 63 Great Britain (abbr.). |



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



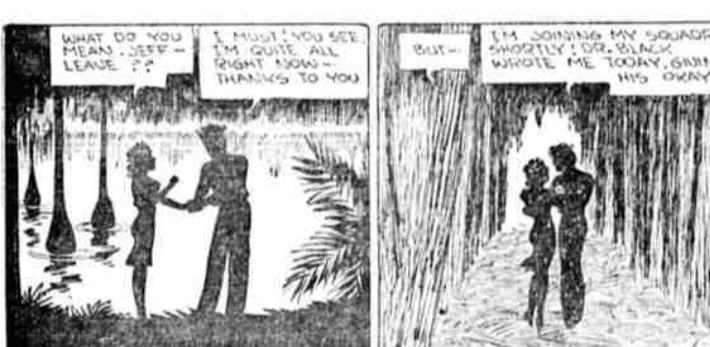
RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Ham'in

