

SERIAL STORY

TAMBAY GOLD

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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THE STORY: Mom Hammer wangles permission from Jane Ann Judson, last of aristocratic Marbles of run-down Tamboer Plantation, to set up "wedding" lunch wagon there, wonders why such a pretty girl is sooted on the world, she acquires a customer in Prof. Loren Oliver of nearby Welliver U. who is digging for Indian relics on Tamboer ground, serves football star Angel Todd, Jane Ann cold-shoulders his invitation to a first dance, later asks Mom if she needs any help.

DOLF AND SWOBY—PALS

CHAPTER IV
"YOU mean it right, I guess," I said to Juddy's offer to help. "But—well, kind hearts are more coronets and all that, but they don't make a cook out of a society deb."

"It would give me something to do," she said, half to herself.

"O. K.," I said. "I guess I can use you, Juddy."

She stared at me. "What made you call me that?"

"I don't know," I said, and I didn't. "When do I start?"

"Right now if you can snitch a couple of perch out of the river before lunchtime."

It was more to see Juddy, I expect, than to pay his little bill that fetched Angel back next morning.

"What's this nice stuff, Mom?"

"A stall," I told him. "Protection. Keep off the grass. Use no hooks. Beware the dog."

He shook his head. "That gal don't need any barbed wire fencing. Say, Mom, what's the matter with her, anyway? I tackled her again about the Rogues' Dance. Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Did she act like there was?"

"She didn't act like anything in the girl line that I ever was up against."

"Don't let it throw you, Big Boy. It isn't personal. She's off the world, that's all."

"Well, it just isn't natural," he complained. "What are we going to do to get her back into circulation?"

"That's your problem," I told him. But he'd put an idea into my head, just the same.

The sounds of spade working inside the stockade caught his ear. "That must be that louse, Oliver, digging his Indians," he said.

"Where do you get that louse stuff?"

He grinned. "He'd like to give me the heave-O out of school."

"What for? Don't be appreciative your giant intellect?"

"He's sore because he thinks I elected his course for a snap."

"Did you?"

"Sure I did. It always was a snap till he came. Now it's a grind. I'd like to go over and crown him."

He listened again and his face got thoughtful. "Maybe it isn't Indians he's digging for at that."

"What else would it be?"

"I told you there was a gold strike back in the hills."

"This isn't the hills, by 50 good miles."

"No. But there might be a wash down the river. I'll bet that's it. I'll bet those dead Wasaws or Coozaws or Seezaws or whatever they were are only a cover. I wouldn't put it past Oliver. He's smart, that guy. But he isn't human."

HE hit the road and I went back to my duty by my traveling pal. Up to now I had been keeping Dolf under cover, because I'd learned to go slow about springing him on the public. Folks have silly prejudices against skunks. There's no more peaceable animal in creation. Like all his kind, Dolf is dignified, maybe a little standoffish, but he is always the gentleman unless somebody starts pushing him around.

Nobody was in sight, so I slipped the leash and Dolf went out for a looksee. First he walked all around the grubwagon to make sure that everything was fake, then he jogged over and sniffed at Loren Oliver's footprints and the stockade door, and finally he loped across and disappeared down the steep little cliff that dropped to the river bed.

A big old tree trunk stuck out into the stream, and a funny, squinty little man in a queer jacket and an outlandish red cap was fishing from it and talking pleasant and friendly to my pal who sat on the shore watching him. Only I couldn't understand the language he talked in, and I doubt if Dolf could. Pretty soon Redcap caught a small chub, took it off the hook, carried it in and offered it to Dolf. Dolf understood that, all right. He sat on his hind legs and ate the fish and waved his paw for thank you like I taught him.

"Well I'll be a thissen-thal!" I said. Something told me it was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The little man got up and made a jerky, foreign bow. I opened him up with some questions and he told me, in his slow, broken way, that he fished there any day when he couldn't find any odd jobs to do, which was most days, and he hoped he wasn't going to be in my way. While we were getting acquainted, there was a heavy buzzing sound, far off and far up.

Well, it was nothing but the north-bound mail plane. But the little foreigner threw his hands in the air, and up the bank he went. He made a run for the stockade and swarmed right up over those high pallings like a squirrel and fell into the enclosure. When I got there I could hear him moaning and crying with fear, and Oliver talking to him, kind and quiet.

"The noise of the plane died away. Oliver opened the gate and walked out with his hand on the little man's shoulder."

"YOU'll be all right now," he said. The man went back to his tree where Dolf was waiting.

"Who is he?" I asked Oliver.

"They call him Old Swoby. He's a Slovene refugee."

"Crazy?"

"Only when an airplane comes over. He saw his wife and two children gunned to death by a playful aviator. Who wouldn't be crazy?"

I looked at his eyes; they were hard with anger, and sorry at the same time. And I thought how his voice had sounded when he was comforting the poor devil.

"Doc," I said. "I guess I've been misinformed. I guess you're human after all."

The Federia caught on quick, like it generally does. Business kept coming in steadily, and there were times when I was glad of Juddy's help.

Angel kept on trying. It got him nowhere. She was off men. Definitely. After several scoreless innings he threatened to get sore. He said he guessed there were other gals within reach. Who ever chose Juddy Queen of the May, anyhow? That line.

Well, the idea he'd planted earlier had been flickering and now it blazed up and illuminated the old brain like a candle in a pumpkin.

"Listen, big boy," I said. "Whatever it is that happened to Juddy has made her man-shy. My theory is—I'd caught that turn of speech from her—that if somebody took her by the neck and heaved her into the social whirl she'd swim rather than sink. Why aren't you the guy?"

"I don't get it, Mom."
"The Rogues' dance. Simple."
"I've asked her four times. No dice. What more can I do?"
"Take her in a bag."
"Huh?"
"Get! Angel said.
(Gee! To Be Continued)

Hall is formed by droplets of water being carried upward to freezing heights by rising draughts of warm air.

FRIENDLY CREDIT ON ALL PURCHASES OF MEN'S WEAR. No Interest, No Carrying Charge, No Red Tape. OREGON WOOLEN STORE 8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

Once upon a time... GRAPES GREW INSIDE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE... BREADFRUIT IN OREGON... FISHES IN COLOMADO AND CROCODILES SWAM IN THE TROPICAL STREAMS OF SOUTH DAKOTA... THERE ARE 50,000 GYPSIES IN THE UNITED STATES... WAS PONTIAC FRENCH OR INDIAN?

POPULAR SPORT

Horizontal: 1 Pictured sport, 6 It is part of the sport of, 10 Kind of horse (pl.), 12 One of a party (suffx), 13 Maorian supernatural beings, 14 Flat plate of metal, 16 One who puts in pans, 18 Small fruit pie, 19 Condition of strain, 21 Therefore, 22 Ream (abbr.), 23 Male parent, 24 Belei palm, 27 Chooses, 28 Editor (abbr.), 29 Age, 30 Dawn (comb. form), 31 Cry of surprise, 33 Perch. Answer to Previous Puzzle: NUMB, JAPAN, GAOL, ENOUGH, TERN, TISLE, STORE, TARN, SHIES, TO, MAD, TRO, GOAT, AFAR, NET, WIPER, CAROL, NORL, ER, YVE, NAB, SUB, DIDO, NIL, ENERGETIC, NINE, SEL, ISLAND, STEI, TOKYO, IATOR. Vertical: 1 Draperies, 2 Particle, 3 Brag, 4 Silly, 5 Nova Scotia (abbr.), 6 Metal bar used for printing purposes, 7 King's council highway, 8 Roman family of herbs and shrubs (bot.), 9 Italian royal family, 10 Print measure, 11 Indian mulberry, 12 Pairs (abbr.), 13 Minute particle, 14 Amuses, 15 Babylonian god of pestilence, 16 Jumbled type, 17 Brazilian money of account, 18 Symbol for calcium, 19 Hawaiian food, 20 Side of the ditch next the parapet, 21 Terminates, 22 Queerest, 23 Enchantment, 24 Spring up, 25 Mistress (abbr.), 26 Metal bar used for printing purposes, 27 Cut into parts, 28 Opposite of sweater, 29 Skills, 30 Italian royal family, 31 Print measure, 32 East Indian (abbr.), 33 Street (abbr.).

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-32.

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

Comic strip panels showing a woman talking to a man about stockings and shoes.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

Comic strip panels showing a man at a table talking to a woman about a fighter and a champion.

RED RYDER

Comic strip panels showing a man in a cowboy hat talking to a woman.

By Fred Harman

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a buckboard and a houseman.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and surgery.

By Harold Gray

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.

By Martin

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.

WASH TUBBS

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.

By Crane

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.

By Blosser

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.

ALLEY OOP

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.

By V. T. Hamlin

Comic strip panels showing a man talking about a human mind and a gambler.