

SERIAL STORY
TAMBAY GOLD
BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

THE STORY: Mom Baumer waives permission from Jane Ann Judson, last of aristocratic Maule of run-down Tambay Plantation, to set up "Feederia" lunch wagon there, wonders why such a pretty girl is soured on world, she acquires customers in bearded Prof. Loren Oliver of Wellesley, who is digging for Indiana relics at Tambay. Football star Angel Todd, interested in Juddy who sold-shoulders his intentions. Doll, Mom's pet skunk, makes acquaintance of Old Swoby, a Slovene refugee. "Doc" Oliver is harboring.

KIDNAPPERS, INC.
CHAPTER V
FOUR luckily looking V came in at nine-fifteen the evening of the Rogues' dance and called for waffles. Juddy, who was ciling up the order trolley, didn't even give them a look. One of them, a brainy looking bird in spectacles, began to hum the Frosh Song.

"Go tell your dear old Gramma That good old Chi Rho Gamma Is pious like a Sunday school, so won't you join our band?"

It was the signal. They all stood up and yelled "What! No beer?" and stuck a bag over Juddy's head and shoulders and carried her out to their car. I yelled "Police!" a couple of times for the record and sneaked into the front seat beside Specs.

"Pause for station identification," he said, and they opened up with a song. Then the back seat went to it, like the college kids do.

"Rags!"

"Huh?"

"Take a peek in the bag. See if she's alive."

"Does it matter?"

"I think we ought to know. Just for curiosity, lady, are you alive?"

"Have no fear, little one," Rags said. "Bury ruffians though we be, we mean you no harm to life and limb. With less gentlemen-gangsters you might be facing a fate worse than death."

Juddy giggled and I felt better about her. She pulled up at an abandoned shack and bundled Juddy out and into it, while I sat on the steps to check on developments. One of them flashed a light, and she blinked when the bag was off.

"She handed them a haughty one. I suppose this is some Freshman prank."

"Ah!" said Specs. "What dignity!"

"What poise!" Rags said. "There's a sense of reserve power. Don't you feel it, fellows?"

"Phooey," Juddy said. "What are you going to do with me?"

"You're being invited to the Rogues' party. Do you mind?"

"You might have asked me that before you started."

"She doesn't mind," Tatters said.

"The social amenities must be preserved," the big, rawboned redhead said. "Permit me." He pointed to the man with spectacles. "Presenting Watrous Smith. He's our highbrow."

"Reference, Philosophy III," he said. "May I have the fourth dance?"

"This team are the famous dress-up twins, the Owen brothers. Rags and Tatters to you."

They saluted like wooden soldiers. "You're continued to be favored with your trusting patronage, we are and-so-forth."

It wasn't a bad show. I enjoyed it. But I wasn't so sure about Juddy. The introducer made his bow.

"I'm Van Ripper Clark. Gents, meet Miss Judson."

"We're acting in the interests of Angel Todd, our brother in the indestructible bonds of Chi Rho Gamma," Rags told her.

"I want to go home," Juddy said.

"Here's Mom Baumer, yearning her heart out to go to the dance."

"Mom," Juddy said. "Do you really want to go to this dance?"

"Well, I do," I said. I did too. I like fun.

Juddy kept still quite a long time. So did the snatch-party. Wise kids, those. Finally she said, "I still want to go home. My theory is that if I'm going to a party, I'd better get into party clothes."

An hour later we made our royal entry at the Rogues' dance. Angel Todd was in a corner surrounded by a bunch of drooling female twirps. She was already a success when I noticed the Big Boy cocking an uneasy eye. Pretty soon he came over and shook hands with Juddy and me and said to her right off the bat,

"Do you think I'm a heel?" In his dinner clothes he was about the best-looking thing outside the movies. No blame to Juddy for smiling.

"It was pretty juvenile," she told him.

"I know. But it's the only way I could get you."

"I like your gang."

"What about me?"

"I haven't decided yet."

"Let's dance."

"Your big friend is a fast worker," she said later.

"Where were you?"

"Parked."

"What did you expect?"

She smiled a queer sort of smile. "Parties are the same everywhere, I guess. You get passed from hand to hand around a hot and stuffy floor, and if you slip away outside, things get too personal. Let's slide out of here till I catch my breath."

WE found an upper passage where it was cool and quiet, with a door overlooking the dance floor. A man in complete soup-

know about me?" she asked. There was a queer, defiant tone to it. He seemed to be thinking that over before he said, "I used to know Henderson Kent."

Her face had turned secret, you might almost call it sulky. Then she braced and said,

"My theory is I'd better get back into circulation."

"May I take you down to the floor?" he asked.

(To Be Continued)

Nurses in Masks



A mask has been added to the equipment of Army nurses at Letterman General Hospital at San Francisco. In addition to the gauze masks used in the surgery, Lieutenant Ann B Bakalar of Illinois shows the "no mask issue."

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams



LIFE-LONG STUDY

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



THEY KNOW HIS TECHNIQUE

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



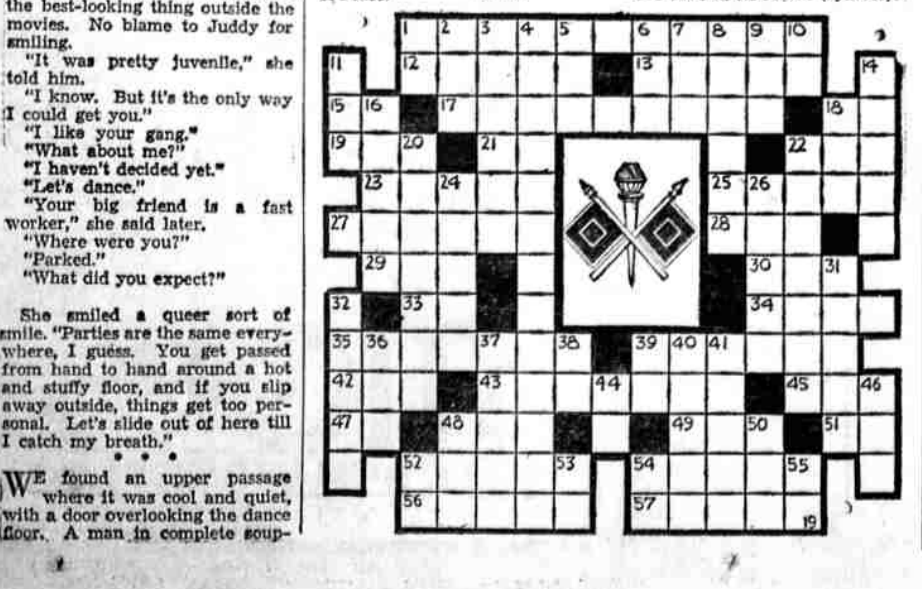
BY BANDING BATS, A SPECIES LIVING IN FRANCE TRAVELS CLEAR TO JAPAN TO SPEND THE WINTER.



ITALY HAS BEEN USING WINE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF BATTERY NEEDED MOTOR FUEL.

U. S. ARMY CORPS

- HORIZONTAL**
- U. S. Army Corps wearing pictured insignia.
 - Pacific.
 - Wharves.
 - Rhode Island (abbr.).
 - Side-note.
 - Hotel.
 - Tone E (musical).
 - Bright color.
 - Prohibit.
 - South African tribesman.
 - Come back.
 - Head cover.
 - Russian (abbr.).
 - Iniquity.
 - Music note.
 - Implement.
 - Springy.
 - Indications.
 - Chum.
 - Separate from others.
 - Place.
- ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**
- SWIMMING**
ROANS PLATE
ATUAN PLATE
PANNER TART
EXTENSION H
S O T R I E P A
- DIVING**
ARECA PICKS
ED ERA ETCES HO
S SIT ANIMALS D
CAP AARD REELED
ALE TRISES SECT
PELISSES STREET
- equipment.
 - Bury.
 - Turkish cap.
 - Not artificial.
 - Allowances o. provisions.
 - Passenger vehicles.
 - Lose bulk.
 - Organs of smell.
 - Boy.
 - Giant (myth.).
 - Company (abbr.).
 - Symbol for antium.
 - Animal.
 - Parts of boats.
 - Music note.
 - 46 2000 pounds.
 - Constellation.
 - Away from (prefix).
 - Lubricant.
 - Condiment.
 - Inspect closely.
 - Steamship (abbr.).
 - Silkworm.
 - Field — sets 54 Exclamation. are used in its 55 Tin (symbol).



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



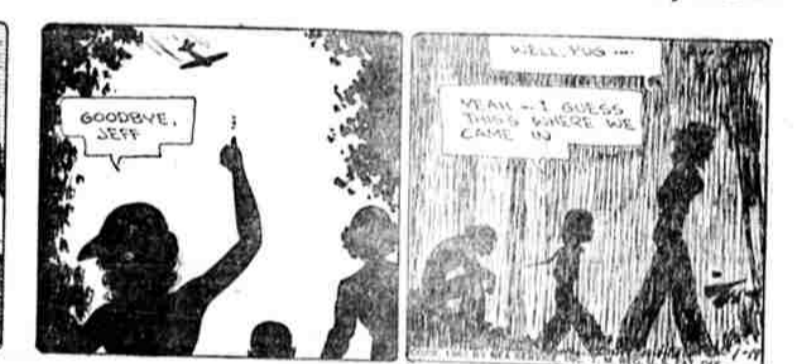
By Fred Harman



By Harold Gray



By Martin



By Crane



By Blosser



By V. T. Ham'lin

