

SERIAL STORY

TAMBAY GOLD

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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THE STORY: Mom Baumer wangles permission from pretty Jane Ann Johnson, last of aristocratic Mauries of run-down Tambay Plantation, to set up "Federal" lunch wagon there, wondering why Juddy is so interested in the place...

ADVICE FROM MAURIE SEARS

CHAPTER VII

"MY great-grandmother married into Tambay," Maurie Sears told her.

"Yes, I know," Juddy said. "That makes us something, doesn't it?"

"I remember Cousin Selene, as a boy," he said. "She was right beautiful. Anyone could tell you were her daughter. She married out of the South. He couldn't quite keep out of his voice that Selene Maurie had smeared the Tambay escutcheon by taking up with a Yankee."

"Maybe you won't want to claim me for a relative when you know what I'm here for." And she let him have it.

The shock wiped his family smile clean off. "Tambay?" he said. "A tourist camp? Tambay?" He never looked at me. "We all thought—the barbecue wagon was temporary. I can't see why this lady should want to settle in a place like Tambay."

"Keep the job out of your throat and I'll tell you, pal," I said. "It's the old back-to-the-soil yep. Believe it or not, I'm a sucker for nature. Birds, bees and butterflies, they get me down. Well, show me a place where nature's had its own way more than at Tambay!"

Juddy gave that little, low chuckle of hers. "Sweetbriar and the mossy mortgage," she said.

For a while young Mr. Sears gave an impersonation of the chief mourner at a Maurie funeral until he found it got him nowhere. "Another thing, while I'm here," she said. "The Hanging Tree is on Tambay property, isn't it?"

"Yes, why?"

"I'm going to have it cut down." "No," he said, and his voice was hard. "That you can't do."

"Why can't I?"

"Nobody in the country would dare touch that tree."

"Then I'll send away and get someone."

"He'd be killed," he said quietly.

She was getting white around the lips. "I believe you believe in these horrible 'lynchings'!"

I knew the answer before he spoke. "Strangers don't understand these things. It's more than half true, too."

Before things could get meaner, I cut in. "Then the University can't gum up any building plans, can they?"

"Not as long as you don't encroach," he said. "That's a 99-year lease. It runs out next year. It gives them the right of aboriginal research only. All soil rights except the Indian discoveries are reserved to Tambay." He smiled at Juddy. "So, Cousin, if Loren Oliver strikes an ore-lode, you can legally claim the gold."

JUDDY smiled back at him. I guess she figured that we'd been pretty rough with him. "Do you believe there's gold at Tambay?"

"No, I don't. But plenty do. There are probably people panning Tambay Stream right now. By the way, has Hollister Mowry been around to see you yet?"

"No. Who is he?"

"He's one of the believers in the Tambay gold legend. He's Sheriff."

"I know him," I said. "He ambled in the other day to size me up. He's got green-gold teeth and grease in his smile and he dishes out a hot line of halfway questions. Come to think of it, he hinted around at having a family interest in Tambay."

Sears looked embarrassed. "I reckon he's right, in a way. It's a well, a branch of the family, Mowry—Maurie; the name got changed when his line went west."

"Then he's really a cousin?"

He hesitated and then he said: "As a matter of fact, I'm afraid he is. The fifth Maurie of Tambay—that's our great-great-grandfather, yours and mine and his—had a right affectionate nature and casual habits. He left quite a number of descendants carelessly around the neighborhood. One of them founded the Mowry line. This latest one, Hollister, picked up a bit of money, mining in Colorado, came back here and went in for politics."

"I'll have to meet up with my Sheriff-cousin," she said. "Do you think if I went up to him and gave him the clan gene and the Maurie password, he'd come to the aid of the party?"

Mr. Maurie Sears took it seriously. "You could count on him. He's a queer mixture. In a political or business deal he'd cut his best friend's throat without a quiver. But if you were in trouble and appealed to him on the ground of kin, he'd move heaven and earth for you. After all, the Maurie blood is there, Cousin."

"You needn't call me Cousin. Juddy will do," she said. "Wonder if whether she caught the look in his eyes. I did."

IT struck me that Juddy was having a pretty good time for herself with the Welliver lads, without taking on any extra awains. The Federia was sure doing business with that institution. Angel Todd ate with us too often for a bird that was paying regular board somewhere else, and

straight, strong, pretty brows of hers drew down. "I'm not exactly a dewy young debutante, Mom."

I wasn't quite sure what she was trying to tell me. She didn't say any more at the time. (To Be Continued)



Cinema Actress Joan Bennett has a new role and costume. She has joined the American Women's Volunteer Service, and is signing up new members.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



RED RYDER



By Fred Harman

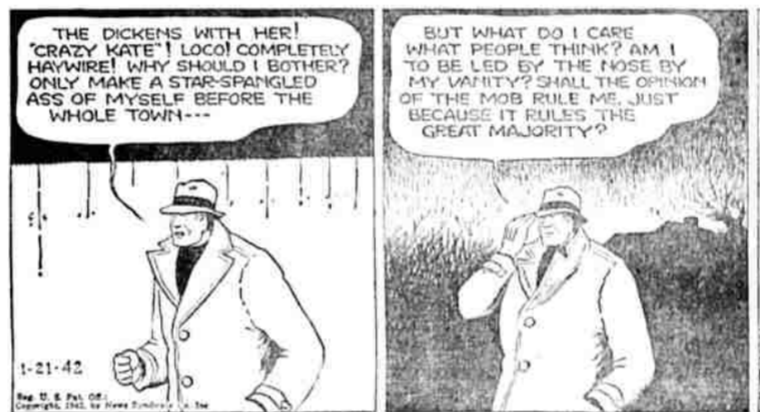


THIS CURIOUS WORLD

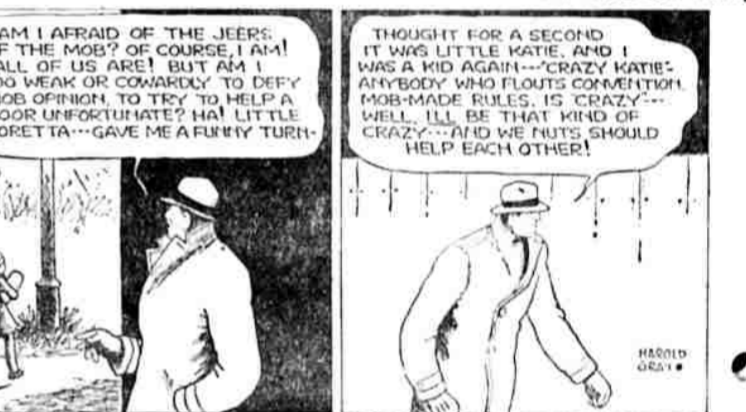
By William Ferguson

Advertisement for Jack Newman's 'Forty-One' ranch, featuring a sign with the number 41 and a map of the area.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



By Harold Gray



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



By Martin



WASH TUBS



By Crang



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser



ALLEY OOP



By V. T. Hamlin



Crossword puzzle with a grid and a list of clues for horizontal and vertical words.