

Mule Track Money 0 By ELSIE WILLIAMS

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"ME? FARM? You're crazier than you look, Hamp!" Banty McCann spat contemptuously and hitched up his overall pants. He glared up at Hamp Anderson. "I ain't no farmer. Who wants to mess with a truck cron when the

"I ain't no farmer. Who wants to mess with a truck crop when the mast is as good as it is this year? Hogs will be fat as butterballs by Thanksgiving, Farm? Phooey!" Hamp Anderson placed a foot carefully.on the porch step, cut a chew of tobacco just as carefully and tucked it into a corner of his mouth before he spoke. "No patri-otism, I see," he said quietly. "Here the Gov'mint is hollerin' for vezetathe Gov'mint is hollerin' for vegeta-bles and you want to traipse the woods. Look: Them hogs'll fatten theirselves. While they're doin' that you can work a acre of cukes."

A stout, round-faced woman came out and eased her bulk into a spe-cially reinforced rocker. Hamp Anderson raised a hand to his wide-brimmed hat. "Howdy, Aunt Mat. How are you?"

"Fair to middlin', I reckon, Hamp. You-all talkin' cukes? Tom always did like to raise 'em, but he never could eat 'em." Tender-hearted Aunt Mat raised a corner of her checked apron to her eyes when she mentioned her late husband. Hamp cocked an eye upward and

peered judiciously at the sky. "Like-ly be a dry fall . . . how about it, Banty? Want to try a little easy money?"

"Sure wish you would, son," said Aunt Mat. "Ain't had a crop since



"Want to try a little easy money?"

-since Tom passed away." Aunt Mat sniffed heavily. "Well—" said Banty again "I reckon I will. Bring on your seed and your fertilizer, Hamp. Dog-gone! Me—a farmer!"

Easy money! Everybody said cukes was easy money! Banty thought savagely as he finished bedding out his last piece of land in the rich pond bottom. He was anxious to get back into the woods-and see about his hogs. Screw worms might kill a hog if he didn't find it in time. 'Gators might be arthchica the shear Schedemicht catching the shotes. Snakes might

have pizened one. Cucumber seed comes up fast, especially in the fall, and Banty had no time for hog hunting. Then came the rains — hurricane sea-son! The torrential downpour filled all the middles and flooded the ditches Banty hadn't taken time to clean out. Water backed up in his low field.

Banty took off his shoes, rolled up the legs of his pants and waded in with hoe and shovel. Hamp An-derson rode up to the fence on his big bay mare. "Looks pretty damp," big bay mare. "L Hamp admitted.

Scalloped Cupboard **On Table or Chest**

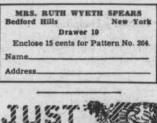
IF YOU have a wall space crying to be filled with an important piece of furniture, here is the an-swer. A breakfront cupboard effect to hold bright bits of pottery and china and perhaps a few books.



Cost a fortune? Not at all. You can have it and save money for a bond too.

You will need a base which may be a table that you have on hand or a chest of drawers made by taking the mirror off of an old dresser, also some short lengths of umber and plywood. A simple box cup-board is made to place on this base. The next step is to mark the design for the scalloped front on the plywood and cut it out with a compass saw or take it to a woodworker to be cut with a power saw. Paint or stain the cupboard to match the base, and stretch fabric across the back to make a colorful background for your treasures. You will need a base which may be a

NOTE—Pattern 264 gives large cutting diagrams and illustrated directions for making the box cupboard; also an actual-size pattern for the scalloped front. A list of materials is included. To get Pattern 264, send 15 cents with name and address direct to:





Big Hearted Phil-Last night I dreamed that you gave me a dollar.

Bill-I like you, so I'm going to let you keep it.

That Held Her

That Heid Her A middle-aged woman stopped a man on the street and demanded: "Why aren't you in the army?" The man, well past the draft age, re-plied: "For the same reason you aren't in the Ziegfeld Follies."

Dark Diagnosis

Soldier Patient (enthusiastically)-Nursie, I'm in love with you. Don't let me get well.

Nurse-Don't worry, you won't. The doctor is in love with me, too, and he saw you kiss me last night.

Business is what, when you haven't got any, you go out of.

In His Head

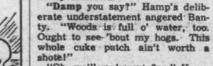
Sgt. Smart-I'll show you in a jiffy just how to operate that machine gun. I've got it all in a nutshell.

Yardbird Buzz-So, you have memorized it all, huh?



Relieved in 5 minutes or double n





"Oh, we'll make out fine," Hamp said easily. "Reckon you'll save two-thirds of this field."

When the ground began to dry out, the plants grew unbelievably fast. "Be pickin' less'n 45 days from plantin' seed!" exulted Aunt Mat. "Bet you make money, Lonnie.

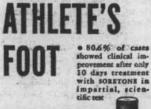
Banty patted her fat shoulder awkwardly. "Don't get but half, Aunt Mat, Hamp's furnishin' me," he reminded her. "Well, I'm goin' in the woods today and see 'bout my hogs." The herd was on the creek bank.

One sow had farrowed and lost all but one measly pig. Two shotes had screw worms in their ears, and one had nearly lost his tail. A fourth hobbled on three legs. "Cukes!" he said aloud. "For

blamed cukes-1" He turned and

blamed cukes—I" he turned and walked away. Banty rode to market with the first load of cucumbers. Hamp was unusually silent. He's keepin' somethin' back from me, puz-zled Banty, looking at the glum man. Wonder what? He soon discovered the reason for Hamp's gloom Peated bullating and

He soon discovered the reason for Hamp's gloom. Posted bulletins and angry truck farmers had one theme: "Government regulation. October ceiling price on cucum-bers—\$2.10 per tub." Banty McCann clenched his fists. He flung a stream of abusive words at the market, at farmers, and at cukes in particular. "Easy money — mule track money! Phooey!"







Get Into Action For Full Victory!
