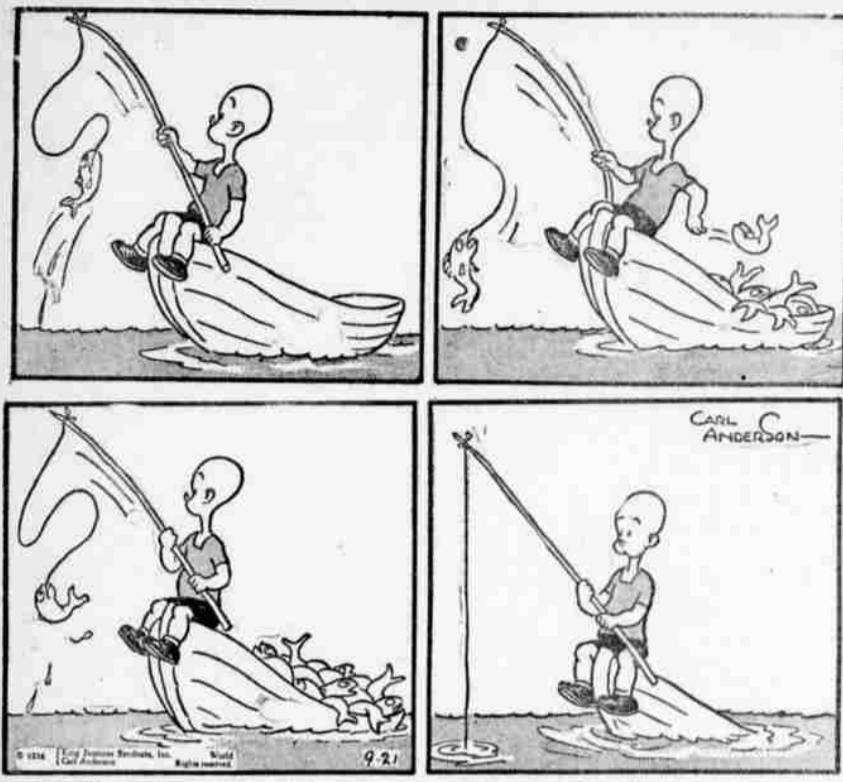


HENRY.....By Carl Anderson



THE WORLD WITH A FENCE A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance has decided to leave the Ashboro high school in order to get away from her home town of Meredith, Ga., and to make a start in some sort of a career. And although she is warned by the suitable interest of a wealthy old neighbor in the suit same she played Sunday, she is determined to try to break her scholastic and intellectual bonds and to see the world with a fence.

Chapter Eight MAGNIFICENT YOUTH Carol's next class was second-year French, also made up of seniors. Fourteen girls and seven boys, the beautiful youth among them. She spent the twenty minutes talking about France and the things that had happened during the months she had spent there five years ago, the summer after she had graduated.

RADIO PROGRAM

- MONDAY, P.M. KGW-498 Kilohertz 12:30-Women's Radio Review, NBO. 12:35-Orphean News. 1:00-Deane Orchestra, NBO. 1:30-Portland Council Churches. 1:45-Columbia, NBO. 2:00-Women's Magazine of the Air, NBO. 2:30-Music, NBO. 2:45-Back Seat Driver, NBO. 3:00-Corterville Station. 3:15-"Ho Hum"! 4:00-Comedy Album, NBO. 4:15-Joan Cowan, NBO. 4:45-Insta-Tone Cassette, NBO. 5:00-Captain Dumbo, NBO. 5:15-Hearst, NBO. 5:30-Prerogative, NBO. 7:00-Annex 'n' Andy, NBO. 7:15-Lum 'n' Anne, NBO. 7:30-Fisher McGee and Molly, NBO. 8:00-Champions, NBO. 8:30-Hyacinth House, NBO. 9:00-Orchestra, NBO. 9:45-White Eagles. 10:00-News Flash, NBO. 10:15-Program, NBO. 10:30-Orchestra, NBO. 11:30-Riverfront, NBO.

be like him, and I didn't want to be a tramp seaman all my life. And you have to have education if you want to be somebody, so I came back to finish high school and go to college. I can get to college on football," she explained. "I've already got an offer."

Without doubt, she thought wildly, this was the most astonishing conversation she had ever had. She said judiciously: "I'll be glad to do it if it's necessary. But I don't see why it should be. Now that you've decided on it, haven't you got—?" he would have said "guts," and so would she, if he hadn't been looking at her like that and if he hadn't been a pupil—"will power enough to stay with it?"

The week wore on. Classes stopped being entities and became groups of individuals—some intelligent, some average, a few hopelessly dull—dwellers in Moccasin. For the most part her work ran smoothly. Later, she knew, the novelty of her presence and her method would wear off and rebellion would probably lift its head. But there was no use in anticipating the struggle. Even her qualms about the football squad had not thus far materialized. To her astonishment the girls proved to have exquisite manners that sat upon him as oddly as a curled and scented wig. She wondered at the deference of these incongruous beings who were neither men nor children, and stumbled quite by accident on one explanation. Mike, she heard by grapevine route, had announced in vivid and salty language what he would do to the first so-and-so who started anything in her classes or out. Mike himself dropped in almost daily, and greeted her with a warm Irish grin that disconcerted her more than she cared to admit.

SUNDOWN STORIES

RIP'S SHAME By Mary Graham Bonner Grandpa and Grandma Grouchy Galump, who had been near neighbors of Willy Nilly and his animal friends of Puddle Muddle, had moved away. Not one of the Puddle Muddlers missed them.

The little snome-like man felt a great relief that this was so because the Galumps had always brought out the worst in his animals. They had wanted to plague the Galumps because the Galumps had always been so cross. Now, perhaps, Willy Nilly thought to himself, his sticking-out, pointed ears would really get some attention. The Galumps had left some food behind. In fact, they had left so much that it was more than was needed for one feast.

"We'll have a party at once," Willy Nilly told the others, "and then we'll have another party and yet another at some future time." Mr. and Mrs. Quacko Duck preened their feathers. The little ducks took additional baths in the pond. Top Notch, the rooster, straightened his comb, brushed himself off with a leafy twig and, looking at himself in his little mirror, decided his appearance could not be better.

Sweet Face, the lamb, wiped off his feet in the dewy grass, and the bears brushed their coats. Only Rip, the dog, trotted over to the party with his ears drooping, his tail between his legs.

"What's the matter?" Willy Nilly asked. "I am too ashamed to care how I look," said Rip, and his eyes showed misery. "I'm a miserable, good-for-nothing, useless dog."

"Why do you say that?" asked Willy Nilly. "Tomorrow—Rip Feels Better!"

LOCATING IN SILVERTON Silvertown—Mr. and Mrs. William Lentuch (Laura Hubbs) are going from Albany to Salem this week where they will make their residence. Lentuch has employment with a motor company. The Lentuchses were formerly of Silvertown.

ANSWERS to QUESTIONS

A reader can get the answer to any question of fact by writing The Capital Journal Information Bureau, Washington, D. C. Frederic J. Haskin, Director. Please enclose three cents for reply.

Q. Who is the most successful American author of all time? E. B. A. Henry Hoyns, chairman of the Board of Harper's, said Mark Twain probably is the highest paid American author of all time. Harper's became his sole publishers in 1896.

Early figures are lacking, but since the author's death in 1910 the publishers have paid into the estate more than \$1,250,000 in royalties. These figures do not include huge royalties from stage and screen nor do they account for the enormous earnings of Mark Twain as his own publisher. Since 1896 Harper's have sold more than 6,500,000 volumes of the humorist's work.

Q. What proportion of families in New York City own their own homes? J.S.K. A. One New York family in five owns its home.

Q. Where is the Inland Empire? E.S. A. This is a popular name for the rich agricultural, stock raising, and mining region of the northern western United States, lying between the Rocky and the Cascade

mountains. It embraces a considerable part of the Columbia river plateau, including eastern Washington, northeastern Oregon, the northern panhandle part of Idaho, and the extreme western part of Montana.

Q. How many people are being helped through the Federal Vocational Rehabilitation Act? E. M. A. More than 40,000 persons are now being rehabilitated by the state agencies under the Federal act.

Q. What is the real name of Robert Taylor, the motion picture star? G. A. A. His real name is Sprangler Arlington Brown.

Q. How old is Salem College at Winston-Salem, North Carolina? G. K. T. A. This college for women was founded in 1772.

ROOM AND BOARD .....By Gene Ahern



PUFFY



When you been knocking around for four years it's kinda hard to settle down in any high school. I may start off fine, and then get to slipping, and I want you to sort of check up on me. I'll study for you—I'd do anything for you," her own quick pleasure startled her—"but I may get rough with some of the other teachers before I think if I do get rough, you call me in and remind me about all this. Cuss me out."

"I would if they were all like you, but you're the only teacher I ever saw that I respected. They make me sick as hell—" He caught himself and flushed crimson. "Excuse me, Miss Torrance; that's from being a bum."

She laughed. "Oh, I've heard of it before." And used it, she thought, with monotonous regularity. Mike Hannigan might take a lot of living up to.

He got up, and she realized in astonishment that he was holding out his hand. She gave him her own, and his grip was paralyzing.

"You're ace, Miss Torrance. I sure do thank you."

He strode out of the room. Carol stared at his splendid back and rubber fingers and tried to think what she would say to the class in European History. Thank Heaven Mike Hannigan wouldn't be in that!

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"How'm I doin'?" "Beautifully, and you know it." The astonishing part was that it was true. He stalked learning slowly and inexorably—sank his teeth into it and held on grimly. Probably his interest would wane, but now he was travelling a route he had never travelled before, and finding the voyage good.

Only one thing worried her; that the girls had discovered him. They flattered over him, and borrowed his pencils, and wanted to be shown where the lesson ended; anything would do as an excuse. Mike answered them patiently, without even looking at them, entirely unaware that the interruptions were pretexts.

There were letters during the week from Milly and Jill and Pat; and one stilled, yearning note from Don, who was incapable of putting himself on paper. Reading a letter from Don made him more un-

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE By Harold Gray



REGLAR FELLERS By Gene Byrnes



THE GUMPS By Gus Edson



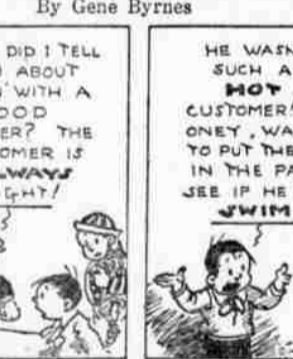
TAILSPIN TOMMY By Hal Forrest



AFTER THE STORM By Harold Gray



BUSINESS ETHICS By Gene Byrnes



WHAT'S IN A NAME? By Gus Edson



SKETER STALLS FOR TIME By Hal Forrest

