

THE WORLD WITH A FENCE

A New Novel by Marian Sims

SYNOPSIS: Carol Torrance is doing quite well at teaching high school in Ashboro, even though she only took the job to get away from her own home town. She has found a few congenial people, and curiously enough, she has found also a blonde Irish giant in her classes whose determination to get an education of any cost interests her very much. Mike Hanigan is his name, and Mike already has told the world what he'll do to anybody who starts anything in one of Carol's classes.

Chapter Nine DENIS FORD

BEN TYLER said: "I don't know how good this dance'll be. It's what the society editor will call in the nature of a farewell to the college contingent. The contingent may overrun the place completely, and considering that I used to run around with some of their mothers it don't make me feel any younger."

Carol shrugged. "I'm used to it. Don't worry about me."

They were to stop by Alice and Tom Harrison's, he said. Most of the crowd would be there. . . .

The Harrison house was brilliant with lights and crowded with guests. Alice put down her glass and rushed at Carol with outstretched arms.

"Carol, darling! I'm so glad to see you! I've been meaning to call you all week, but little Alice hasn't been well, and I've been swamped with . . ."

She kissed Carol, deftly avoiding enumeration of the things she had been swamped with, and Carol kissed her in return.

Tom came up and said: "Well, well, well. Welcome to our fair city!" He radiated hospitality. He'd grown fatter too.

When she had been greeted by her acquaintances and introduced to the strangers he steered her towards the portable bar that stood in the dining-room.

"Good Lord; you overwhelm me! I'll take a small quick one, I think; rye and ice water."

An unattached man drifted in, and was greeted with shouts of welcome. Carol looked at him in surprise.

He didn't look like Ashboro; he looked more like Hollywood. Most of the men wore white linen suits, but the new man wore a linen mess jacket, and he was almost garishly handsome. The sort, she thought, who would have his picture taken with his shirt open at the throat.

Tom wanted, he said, to present Denis Ford. She acknowledged the introduction with a casual nod and went on talking to Ben. Denis Ford's type never cared for her—for some reason she attracted soldier men who admired her mind and were afraid of it—so she saw no reason to bother. Ben looked gratified, and went on telling her about this trade he'd made.

THEY had one more round and then went.

They assaulted the club house with noisy gaiety. They were a social unit in themselves, and if the college crowd thought them antique, and the older people thought them fast—why, to hell with 'em all. They were self-sufficient.

Ben was waiting when Carol came out of the dressing-room, tapping a foot to the music. His dancing was even more unchanged than Ben himself; it went back to the days of the onestep and the hesitation. She followed him effortlessly, lost in the joy of dancing—even of dancing with Ben.

Someone touched his shoulder. Denis Ford's voice said: "May I break?" and Denis Ford's arms had carried her off.

He danced beautifully, of course. He probably knew all the steps of the tango. She smiled at him vaguely, and let herself drift.

He drew his head away and stared at her curiously. "What are you doing here?"

In Ashboro, he meant, intending it for a compliment. She said: "Teaching history and French in the high school. What are you doing here?"

He grimaced. "Living on the family until I can get a job." And then in an awed whisper: "History and French. My God!"

That made her mad. "So I won't have to live on the family," she explained sweetly.

He should have winced, but he only grinned. "Oh, mine can afford it—for a while."

"What sort of job would you prefer?"

"None. I'm—uh—fitted for newspaper work. At least that's what I thought. The last managing ed. didn't agree with me."

"So you're waiting now to select something from all offers that are mailed in to you?"

He held her off and scowled. "Li-

ten: do you exorcise everybody, or is it just me? After all, I've only been here a week, and it's my first real trip home in six years."

She was surprised, herself, at the way she had lashed out at him. I must be attracted in spite of myself, she realized, or I wouldn't be so nasty. . . . She smiled suddenly. "I'm just naturally vicious."

His own smile was disconcerting because his eyes were so black and his teeth so white.

"Oh, yeah?" He drew her back to him. "No, sweet; you're just scared. So'm I. I'm in no position to be falling in love."

Tom cut in then, snapping her fury off at its root. She turned her back on Denis and smiled brilliantly at Tom.

"Just like old times, Tom." She said it, defying herself, because nothing could be less like old times than this.

Tom nodded vigorously. "You said it."

DENIS turned quickly away from Carol and Tom. He'd look up Alice, and check that off temporarily.

He felt sore all over, as if he had played an unaccustomed game of squash. Damn the girl anyway, for not seeing how he felt. If she was as intelligent as she looked she ought to have guessed that his attitude about the job was braggadocio: he had to get the news across before somebody else did.

The music expired with a death-rattle. He walked into a couple, backed away and apologized, and the girl smiled a brilliant invitation.

He looked after the girl. She was a kid who lived next door to him; she couldn't be more than sixteen or seventeen. An accident, Denis thought indifferently, looking for a place to happen. Well, let it.

Alice's smile was an older, wiser version of the kid's. She said: "I was wondering where you were, darling. Let's have a drink."

He agreed, and thought casually what a brainless fool Alice was. Tom's wholesale business had made money, and she couldn't take it. All Alice knew was what she saw in the movies.

They went downstairs to the grill and began making a lot of noise. Tom and Carol Torrance came in, and Denis looked quickly away from them.

He'd meant it when he told her he was scared. She was the sort he could go crazy about: cool as spring water, with a sense of humor and a nasty gift for irony. One eyebrow wasn't higher than the other for nothing, and her mouth was a little crooked—probably from smiling on the other side of it. They could have a swell time laughing at the show together.

He looked back at her, and their eyes caught. He made a wry face at her, but the room and the noise were outside the moment, and they were alone in it.

Alice said finally, against his shoulder: "Do I bear music?"

"If you want to call it that."

"Finish your drink in a hurry, then. I got rhythm."

He waited half an hour before he broke on Carol again, but he spent the half-hour leaning against a door frame watching her. He liked the way she danced, without giving her body away, as if she were keeping herself physically as well as spiritually inviolate. Her glance brushed him now and then, but after the first casual smile their eyes were sober and speculative, and he knew his own fear had found its counterpart in her.

She guessed, of course, why he wasn't dancing with her. When a man stands against the wall for half an hour and then cuts in on you, she realized, it's because he's fighting something he can't resist, or because the moment's too big to snatch at. He's playing with it, like a cat with a mouse, before he eats it. . . .

He went deliberately across the floor and touched her partner's shoulder. With the width of the room between them, and without a spoken word, they had fought it out in the last half-hour. They could even succeed, now, in being casual.

"Sort of belle of the ball, aren't you?"

She shrugged. "Novelty. Some of them are even pupils, and they can brag about it Monday. I hope to heaven my authority won't suffer."

"I'd put my money—if I had any—on you." He held her a little closer, and managed to touch her hair with his mouth. "Listen. Do we have to stay in here? I want to talk to you." And incidentally kiss you, he thought.

The eyebrow lifted. "Talk? You wouldn't kid me, mister?"

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But tomorrow Carol makes a date with Denis.

MORE FARM HELP NEEDED IN STATE

PORTLAND, Aug. 22.—(AP)—John Cooter, director of the farm labor division of the state employment service, said that several thousand

more farm laborers will be needed in the near future when Oregon harvesting reaches its peak. Cooter reported that Grants Pass hop growers will need five or six hundred more pickers the first of next week, and that after that Douglas county prune raisers and Klamath county potato growers would want help.

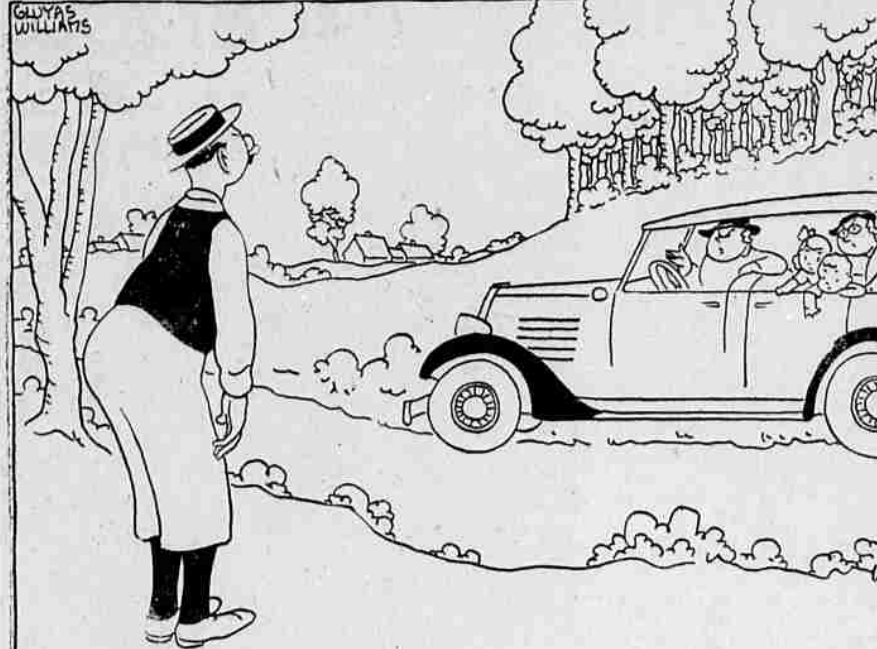
At least 6,000 pickers will be needed for Willamette valley hop picking early in September, he said. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Cops Plan Talkies Of Drunk Drivers

SAN DIEGO, Calif., Aug. 22.—(AP)—Talking pictures of drunken drivers, taken at the time of their arrest, will be shown at trials of the drivers if police and sheriff's officers follow a policy announced by Chief of Police George Sears today at a meeting of the county parole board. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

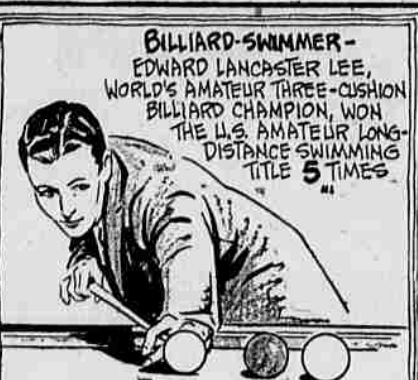


GETTING IMPATIENT BECAUSE THE FAMILY DOESN'T SHOW UP AT THE CAR AFTER THE PICNIC, YOU SCOUR THE COUNTRYSIDE, GETTING Madder EACH MINUTE, UNTIL AFTER HALF AN HOUR OR SO, YOU COME UPON THEM SITTING COMFORTABLY IN THE CAR, DEMANDING WHY YOU ALWAYS KEEP THEM WAITING

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



BILLIARD-SWIMMER— EDWARD LANCASTER LEE, WORLD'S AMATEUR THREE-CUSHION BILLIARD CHAMPION, WON THE U.S. AMATEUR LONG-DISTANCE SWIMMING TITLE 5 TIMES.



RIVERS TEND TO ALTER THEIR COURSE FROM STRAIGHT TO WINDING AND FROM WINDING TO STRAIGHT—INDEFINITELY.



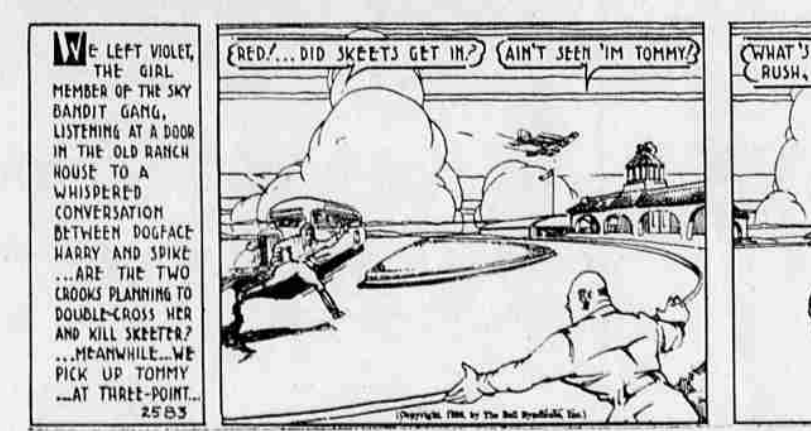
U.S. GRANT— REPUBLICAN NOMINEE, NEVER VOTED THE REPUBLICAN TICKET NOR CAST A REPUBLICAN BALLOT UNTIL 9 YEARS AFTER HE WAS ELECTED A REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT!

Billiard swimmer Edward Lee first won fame in the world of sports as a long distance swimmer. Until 1935 he was unrivaled in the United States amateur swimming ranks for distances of five miles or more, winning the national championship five times. Winner of the 1936 world's amateur three-cushion billiard tournament, Lee had previously won the national title in 1935.

Hydra Dissection Though many forms of lower life, such as the starfish and the crab, are capable of growing new limbs when they are severed from the creature's bodies, the hydra goes them one better. If the tentacle of a hydra is broken off, or any other part of it for that matter, not only is a new piece replaced on the old body, but a whole new body forms itself on the broken-off piece! It would seem from this that the hydra would be just about exempt from natural death. However, probably saving every other living thing from being crowded off the face of the earth by hydras, the tiny creature has a rather short life span. Efforts to keep an individual hydra living for more than two or three years have proved unsuccessful.

Winding Rivers Once the curve in a river's course is started, the water is flung by the current against the opposite bank which tends to develop another curve at this point. The bends, through water erosion, become more and more pronounced till finally the upper and lower sides meet. Then the deposits of the material carried by the stream gradually cut off the bend until at last the river's course at this point is once more straightened.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Arrives at Three-Point



WE LEFT VIOLET, THE GIRL MEMBER OF THE SKY BANDIT GANG, LISTENING AT A DOOR IN THE OLD RANCH HOUSE TO A WHISPERED CONVERSATION BETWEEN DOGFACE HARRY AND SPIKE . . . ARE THE TWO CROOKS PLANNING TO DOUBLE-CROSS HER AND KILL SKREETER? . . . MEANWHILE . . . WE PICK UP TOMMY . . . AT THREE-POINT. 25 53

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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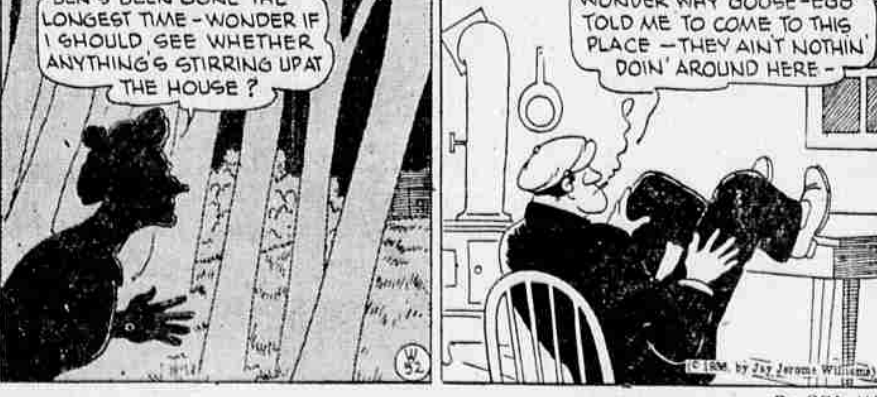
BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The First Captive!



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THE NEBBS—Use Your Own Judgment

By SOL HESS



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BERLIN PROTESTS SOVIET ACTIVITY

PARIS, Aug. 22.—(AP)—A report that the German ambassador to Moscow had made a "threatening" protest to Russian Foreign Commissar Maxim Litvinoff against alleged soviet interference in the Spanish civil war was circulated tonight in Paris diplomatic circles.

(From Berlin, it was announced the German government had protested to Moscow against allegedly unfair radio broadcasts, but the nature of the protest was not stated. A second protest was sent from Berlin to Madrid, following yesterday's stern warning concerning the reported search of a German steamship by a loyalist war vessel.)

TALENT SEWER JOB FOUND SATISFACTORY

TALENT, Aug. 22.—(Sp)—A special session of the city council was held Tuesday night at which time the final report of Engineer Walker was submitted. The sewer has been completed, inspected and found to be in satisfactory working condition. Final payments will be made as soon as routine details are completed. It was found the final cost of the sewer was several hundred dollars less than the contract price due to the careful planning of the city engineer.



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