

BURNED FINGERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

CHAPTER 24

Weeks later she said to him: "Jim, every girl ought to have a time like this."

"Like what, darling?" said Jim.

"Like those three weeks at the lake. Jim, to know that you were going to be there and couldn't get away from me."

"Oh, Jim—and the moon that night!"

He had caught her hand and drawn her back on the trail. They had a favorite walk up to a mountain meadow. And on this night Jennifer noticed Jim walking more slowly, faintly behind her with a happy frightened beat. She had been six days at the lake; she felt unable to absorb any more felicity, but here was her hour—coming—now, this minute, and nothing could stop it.

Presently he had turned up at him, frightened and ecstatic.

"Jennifer, you know what I want, don't you? I couldn't ask you last year, but now I look as if I—looks as if things were different. You know I want you to marry me, don't you?"

"Well, I—I didn't know it, Jim. Jennifer had stammered in reply.

Now his hard arms were around her and his hand checked against her own. And they were both laughing and Jennifer, at least, crying a little for pure joy, and Jim's face was wet too.

"Jim, you are making this so hard!" she protested. "You sound almost as if you were angry."

"Well, this is the first time I ever asked any girl to marry me."

And immediately, with more laughter, they went into the eager delight of remembering; he had always loved her; he had never dreamed there was the faintest chance in the world of getting her; she had loved him from the very first minute; she had been thinking of nobody else all this time.

The delight of the discovery intoxicated them. They clung together and the world could not get enough of her fresh young kisses.

But they wouldn't tell anyone yet. Because they couldn't be married for a long while. "We have no money," Jim said firmly. "And eventually, I suppose, they'll take me. We've got a war on!"

"But Jim, Jim, don't say you'll be called. I couldn't bear it!" Jim laughed.

"Well, worry about that when it comes," he said. "You'll get plenty of poverty, but we've got to be reasonably certain of enough before we get into it. There might be... we've got to think of that problem—other people have that problem."

"You mean children? There will be."

They were hunching together in a little city restaurant when they reached this point, and Jim looked at her across the table, put out a big hand and clamped it on her own.

"I wonder if you have the faintest idea of what a wonderful, radiant, warm, sweet woman you are, Jennifer?"

"Like you to say it, true or not, Jim."

"You make other women seem so thin. You're so—so rounded so glowing; there's something so generous about you! You laugh and you cry; you can't pass anyone without stopping to say something to you pick up babies or you race upstairs for Mrs. Evans; you do verses for their birthdays—"

"Lord, I hate to go away from you!"

"You won't really be away, in Baltimore. You were much further away from me before I knew you loved me. It's—it's the other thing that scares me."

"Wars don't last forever. And you won't look at anyone else?"

"Only in utter pity and contempt."

"Oh, Jen," Jim said, "was anyone ever as happy as we are? I'm dizzy."

"I'm walking on air," she said simply.

It was the last day of his vacation. He was driving to Los Angeles that night, and in a few days would be on his way eastward for his intern scholarship at Johns Hopkins.

"After the war," he told her. "I'll either be back here tving up with Ehrmann or one of the others, or I'll sign up for another year at John Hopkins and come West to get you and we'll start in there."

They walked out into the dry wind and blowd chaff of the street. The cool summer city in their happy eyes was irradiated into the splendor of Bagdad itself.

"We said we'd go up to the Evanses and say good-bye."

"That's where we'll go then." They walked, or rather half ran, downhill to the parked car.

"What time do you start, Jim?"

"I told Wilcoxon I'd pick him up at six. We'll drive all night."

Jennifer said, "I'll write you every other day."

"You'll write me every day."

She conceded this with a laugh bumping her shoulder against his as he drove.

"I'll want to!"

"Let's get this clear, Jennifer. We don't want to separate in a few hours and begin to wonder whether it all really happened."

STEVE ROPER



POGO



ORPHAN ANNIE



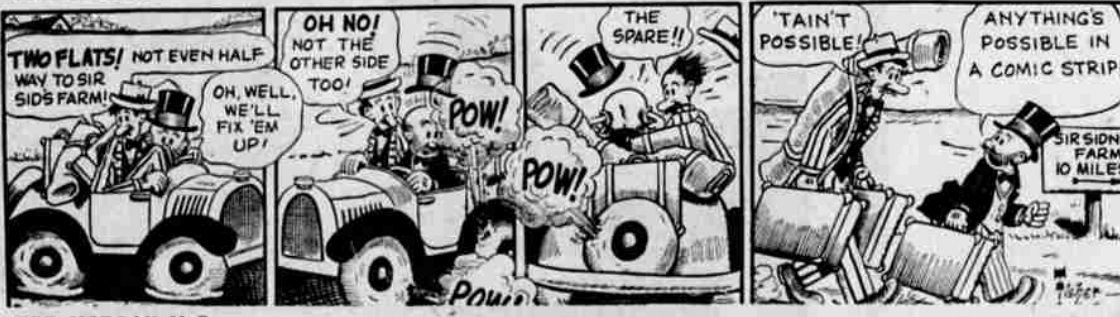
LIL ABNER



HOPALONG CASSIDY



MUTT & JEFF



REX MORGAN, M. D.



DONALD DUCK



MARY WORTH



RADIO PROGRAMS

TUESDAY—P. M.					
KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KGAE	KOCO
630 NBC	670 CBS	1190 ABC	1200 NBC	1430 Ks.	1490 LBB
1:00 News	1:00 News	1:00 News	1:00 News	1:00 News	1:00 News
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12:00 News	12:00 News	12:00 News	12:00 News	12:00 News	12:00 News

WEDNESDAY—6 A.M. TO 11:45 A.M.

6:00 Dave West	6:00 Dave West	6:00 Dave West	6:00 Dave West	6:00 Dave West	6:00 Dave West
6:15 Dave West	6:15 Dave West	6:15 Dave West	6:15 Dave West	6:15 Dave West	6:15 Dave West
6:30 Dave West	6:30 Dave West	6:30 Dave West	6:30 Dave West	6:30 Dave West	6:30 Dave West
6:45 Dave West	6:45 Dave West	6:45 Dave West	6:45 Dave West	6:45 Dave West	6:45 Dave West
7:00 Country Ed	7:00 Country Ed	7:00 Country Ed	7:00 Country Ed	7:00 Country Ed	7:00 Country Ed
7:15 J. L. Willis	7:15 J. L. Willis	7:15 J. L. Willis	7:15 J. L. Willis	7:15 J. L. Willis	7:15 J. L. Willis
7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News	7:30 News
7:45 Knox Man.	7:45 Knox Man.	7:45 Knox Man.	7:45 Knox Man.	7:45 Knox Man.	7:45 Knox Man.
8:00 Old Songs	8:00 Old Songs	8:00 Old Songs	8:00 Old Songs	8:00 Old Songs	8:00 Old Songs
8:15 Old Songs	8:15 Old Songs	8:15 Old Songs	8:15 Old Songs	8:15 Old Songs	8:15 Old Songs
8:30 Music Box	8:30 Music Box	8:30 Music Box	8:30 Music Box	8:30 Music Box	8:30 Music Box
8:45 Music Box	8:45 Music Box	8:45 Music Box	8:45 Music Box	8:45 Music Box	8:45 Music Box
9:00 News	9:00 News	9:00 News	9:00 News	9:00 News	9:00 News
9:15 News	9:15 News	9:15 News	9:15 News	9:15 News	9:15 News
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ROOM & BOARD

Aumsville

Aumsville—Sunday visitors at the Elmer Klein home were Miss Sophia Lenz of Inglewood, Calif., Mrs. Violet Wells of Los Angeles, Mrs. Elizabeth Lenz and Miss Lucy Lenz of Salem.

The group took a sightseeing trip to Detroit Dam.

Linda Sue Youngberg of Carlton spent the past week at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Klein.

AFL CHIEF HOPEFUL OF CARPENTER RETURN

Chicago (AP)—AFL President George Meany today said he was "very hopeful" that the rebellious 750,000 member carpenter's union would rejoin the national federation.

As a result of the carpenters withdrawal Wednesday, Dave Beck, dynamic president of the Teamsters Union, was elected a vice president of the AFL and given a seat on the union's powerful executive council.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Mineral
4. Native metal
7. Dish of greens
12. Custodian of a museum
14. Aced
15. Alternative
18. Burrowing animal
17. Army
18. Tear on a seam
20. Religious denomination
22. Black cuckoo
23. Give forth
25. Cease
27. Beast of burden
29. Sorrows
31. Auction
33. Toward
34. Male ducks

DOWN

37. Hair
38. Artificial language
40. Reflected sound
42. In addition
43. Affirmative; dialectic
45. Kind of Hawaiian cloth
47. Troubles
50. Small round
52. Marries
54. Twice five
55. Cognizant
57. Horse of a certain color
59. Parent
60. Scarcer
61. American maker
63. Closed sakes
64. Behold
65. Before

Resolution of Saturday's Puzzle

1. Tally
2. Hebrew festival
3. 100 square meters
4. American Indians
5. Stage characters
6. Builds
7. Took a chair
8. Plane surface
9. Tropical vine
10. Help
11. Scotch river
13. Exist
19. City of the leaning tower
21. Adult tadpole
24. Accept
26. Supplication
28. Drumstick
30. Floor of a ship
32. Volcano
34. Aid
35. Thoroughfare
36. Irish dramatist
38. Prepare for publication
41. Musical drama
44. Files
46. Parish
49. Trap
51. Waste allowance
53. Identical
55. Segment of a circle
56. Bitter vetch
58. Negative
62. Again; prefix

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