

BURNED FINGERS

By KATHLEEN MORRIS

CHAPTER 29

Eddy Street again on a chilly, windy gray summer afternoon. Every inch of it was beautiful. She rang the doorbell and listened for the unforfeitable click. Immediately she was running up the narrow stairs hearing the exultant voice of Elna: "Oh, it's Jennifer. Mom! Faddy, it's Jen!"

She mounted into their wild embraces. "Did you fix it, Jen? Are we going?"

Jennifer sat down, panting and laughing. Betty, close to the birth of a baby, stoutly approving from the kitchen doorway.

"Yes, of course you're going. The Fifth of July, Betty."

"My Betty observed doubtfully. "It's less than that." Jennifer told them. "You leave a week from Monday. But Granny and I want you to come over Saturday afternoon, and then you can check on all your equipment."

"Jennifer, now you didn't get them the whole list!" Betty protested.

"Every last thing," Jennifer said, laughing in sympathy with the "little girls' delight." "Red handkerchiefs, scout knives, sleeping bags, shorts, sweaters, everything I can get my hands on. I had it all out on one of the guest-room beds last night. They make me want to go too!"

"Jen, you're too good to them," Betty said. But her eyes were as bright as the children's eyes. "So you're going to have two months in the Sierras!" she marveled. "You'll come home as wild as Indiana."

"That'll give me a chance to go house-hunting in Richmond with Clint." Betty observed with satisfaction. Jennifer unwrapped a package that held microscopic shirts and socks. "Isn't there any end to that old lady's money?" Betty asked.

"Apparently not. She has a very friendly feeling for you too, Betty. She feels that you did something for me during the years when she more or less failed me."

"My grandmother," Jennifer pursued it, "is delighted to have something—something that belongs to her. She says that if you'd brought the children's eyes. 'So you're going to have two months in the Sierras!' she marveled. 'You'll come home as wild as Indiana.'"

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breathing hard and laughing into each other's eyes.

Then she sat down, and Monty took a chair opposite her and close to her and they were both talking a good deal.

"I'm staying over at Pebble Beach; I walked over! Look at my shoes, and I'm blown to pieces. But it suddenly occurred to me that you had a studio here, and I asked everyone and found you with no trouble at all!"

"Oh, say—oh, say—oh, say—it's good to see you!"

"Isn't it good to see each other! I've missed you so. I walked across the roots; it was so awful to see the dear old studio full of auctioneer's stuff!"

"I know. But Sam French left me this place—he was killed, right after Pearl Harbor. I tried to get in anywhere—everywhere. Too old and no experience; they didn't want me. So I got work at the Monterey Presidio."

"What doing?"

"Warehouse work. This is the first afternoon I've had off for weeks. I usually don't get home until about eight."

"Oh, Monty," the girl said, her eyes glowing. "I do respect you for that! You got into war work?"

"But say, listen, what about you?"

"I went into Vogel's, I actually did, to ask for you. One of the girls said you were going to be married but she didn't seem to be very sure about it."

"I told them when I left I was going to be married and then—I wasn't," Jennifer confessed. "So then I did take a job in Davenport over beyond Berkeley as a companion. But that only lasted ten days."

"But what happened to your marriage?"

"Well, I—well, we put it off."

"Medical Corps, Captain James Lippincott?"

"Oh? Crazy about him?"

"Aussan and Nicolette," Jennifer's bright color came up. "You and your Aussan and Nicolette! I suppose I gave you that?"

Her laughter died and she said quickly. "What didn't you give me, Monty? Was there ever a friend like you? You can't look a person right in the eye and say, 'You pulled me out of a ditch. You gave me courage and wisdom; you taught me and you cared about me! I have to thank you for my first good times—'"

"What're you doing now?"

"I'm living with my grandmother."

"I didn't know she was alive. You see, my mother quarreled with her when I was a baby. My mother's own mother. But she didn't want my mother to marry the way she did, and my father was older and not very successful or romantic, I imagine. Anyway, she sort of—put them out of the house," Jennifer phrased it delicately.

"She sort of sat around waiting for them to come back and say they were sorry, and it happened they both died shortly afterward. I was quite a little girl, and Betty didn't know anything about it. So there was no one to tell her."

"How'd you find her?"

"She found me, really. You couldn't come over to supper tomorrow night, could you? The Carterets are down and some of the others of the old set."

"Monty, I'd love it."

"Bring the old lady!"

"She isn't that kind of old lady," Jennifer laughed. "She's giving a dinner party of her own tomorrow night," she said, "so that I can't say no."

"Well, but looky, he began, bewildered, "where are you staying? She's giving a dinner, she plays bridge."

"Not Jennifer observed simply. "You don't mean to say—"

"Yes, I do. I am still Sara Crewe."

"It's comfort, it's security, for you, Jenny."

"It's more than that. And you started me, and then Julie came in and suggested that I take the Vogel's job, and it's all hands together." Monty kissed her on the temple.

"Happy, Jenny?"

"The happiest woman in the world. . . . And the unhappiest. You see, I love him horribly, Monty. Terribly. And not just with excitement this time, but all through and through. I love him," Jennifer went on, speaking dreamily now, "through all his hangings together." Monty kissed her on the temple.

STEVE ROPER



FOGO



ORPHAN ANNIE



LIL ABNER



HOPALONG CASSIDY



MUTT & JEFF



REX MORGAN, M. D.



DONALD DUCK



MARY WORTH



RADIO PROGRAMS

MONDAY--P. M.					
KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KGAE	KOCO
525 NBC	970 CBS	1150 ABC	1200 NBC	1200 KC	1200 KC
6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News	6:00 News
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DIAL LISTING KOAC, 590

KOAC Monday, a.m.--6:30-11, 590 Children's Theater; 5:30 Books and Music; 12:15, News Forum; 2:00, Living and Learning; 3:00, Children's Theater; 5:30, Books and Music.

Carol Curtis Pattern



"Rug" Hot Plate Mats. Crocheted of softapun rug yarn in red, black and white, these hot plate mats are highly reminiscent of the old-time colorfully braided rugs Grandmother used in front of the big, glowing coal burner stove with its glass windows! You'll like the set on maple, cherry, mahogany or modern chrome dining tables. EASY to crochet, good size--oval mat is 10 by 13 inches, round mat is 11 inches in diameter.

Send 30c for the "BRAIDED RUG" HOT PLATE MATS (Pattern No. 576) complete crocheting instructions, color chart, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, PATTERN NUMBER to CAROL CURTIS, Capital Journal, 652 Mission Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.

FROG DISTRACTED HIM

Dereham, England (AP)—Butcher Stanley Bowman explained to a court today that he drove down a one-way street the wrong way because a small frog got into the back seat of his automobile and with resulting panic among the ladies distracted his attention. Bowman was fined \$3.20.

ROOM & BOARD



Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Goes down at bridge
8. Russian inland sea
9. Spinning toy
12. Linger
13. Forbid
14. Of us
15. On the ocean
16. Tale
18. Fabric
20. Alternative
21. Cove
22. Thrill bark
27. Singly
30. Uncooked
32. English letter

DOWN

33. Require as necessary
35. Open
37. Literary
38. Urchin
40. Juniper
41. Daybreak
43. Measure of length
45. Along
47. Railroad
51. One marine creature
55. Inrequent
56. American Indian
57. Melody
58. Genus of the olive
59. Blast
60. Finishes
61. Char
62. DOWN
63. Propelled oneself in water
64. Comfort
65. Row
66. Vigor
67. Profit
68. Make
69. Consumed
70. Crazy slang
71. Also
72. Before: prefix
73. Thirsty
74. Concerning
75. Right blow
24. Always
25. Optical glass
26. Short for a name
27. First name
28. Cotton fabric
29. "Chayyan"
31. Bet
34. Obstruction in a stream
36. Bullfighters
39. Preterite
42. Negative
44. Wearies
46. Observe
48. Maxillary
49. Region
50. Close
51. Chase
52. Greek letter
53. Body of water
54. Operate

AP Newsfeatures