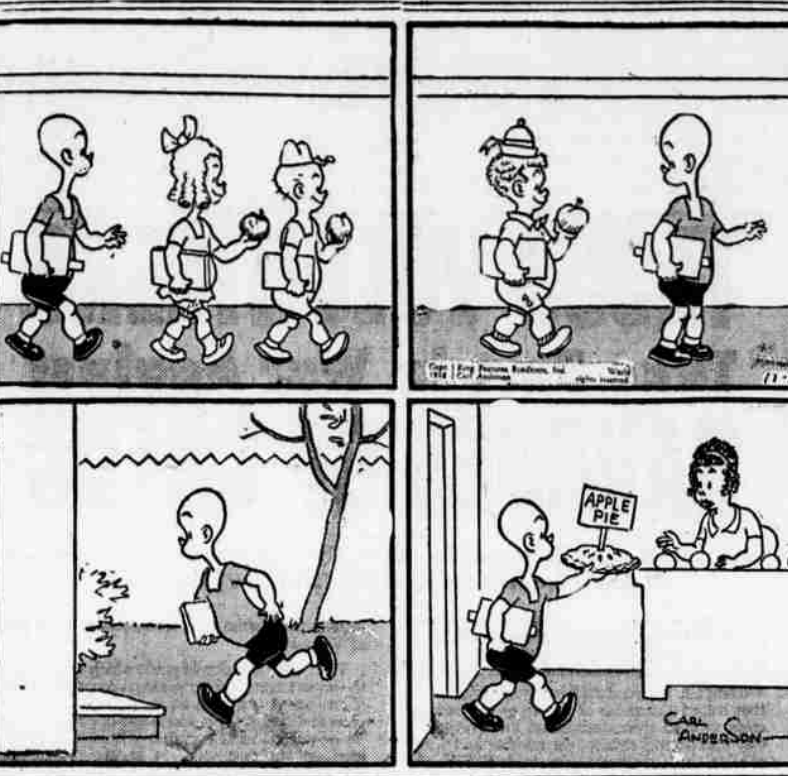


Henry By Carl Anderson



DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

Chapter 34
The Shirt is Patched

Reluctantly Kit-Smyth reached in an inner pocket and withdrew the document. Kathleen looked at it to be sure it had not been tampered with. She moved her bags across the line onto MacDonald's property.

"Now go wire my father that his chance of claiming I was unauthorized and willful in turning The Golden Girl over to the rescue of the MacDonald miners, is pretty slim. As long as he hadn't enough trust in me to write me, you can tell him for me, that I am no longer a Gregory and I'll appear against him if he tries to bring such a suit."

"No longer a Gregory . . . ha!" Kit-Smyth jumped into his car and drove away.

Kathleen stood a moment. She had just renounced her own people. The MacDonalds would welcome her, but she wasn't ready to accept them as an alternative.

Was there no truly neutral ground in Neutrality?

Balmy's house! Wearily she made the several trips down. The old shepherd greeted her joyously, escorting her each time she went for additional bags.

As Balmy had prophesied, the door was unlocked, there was firewood and tea in the canister. As she brewed the tea and toasted old bread, Kathleen indulged in serious thinking. For the first time in her life she was truly alone. She believed Donald loved her and would ask her to become a MacDonald, but even in his delirium he had said nothing of marriage. And she had thought her father loved her and believed in her.

Reaction from the dramatic tension of the previous days and nights set in. She sought Balmy's cot and for many hours turned and tossed. Perhaps she had been wrong in everything. She was young, her father was old and full of ripe wisdom.

The next morning Kathleen carried her breakfast to the terrace. Bridget found her there.

"We saw smoke coming from the chimney," she explained. "We had no idea where you'd gone to, Kit-Smyth said you wouldn't be on Gregory property. Why didn't you come to us?"

"I couldn't, and this isn't Gregory property, it's Balmy's. Bridget, how . . . have they heard about Donald I mean?"

Bridget nodded, her eyes troubled. "He's fine. He needed the rest perhaps more than anything. He sent for his mother last night."

Kathleen nodded. He had sent for his mother. He hadn't sent for her.

"That Awful Man!"

"The men are being transferred to the MacDonald hospital today, those who aren't ready to come home. Kit-Smyth ordered them off the property. Doctor Cleveland and he had a peach of a row."

"What are you going to do, Kathleen? Hadn't you better come up with us?"

"I'll wait for Balmy, then I'm going on."

"Bridget waited a few moments as though desirous of saying something. "Well," she stood up. "I'll see you before you leave. "Oh," she thrust forward a package she had asked me to give this to you."

Kathleen barely heard her. Donald hadn't called for her. He hadn't sent word to her. Nothing else mattered. She could at least leave the scene with flags flying. She could at least greet Old Balmy in festive attire.

Balmy would like to see her truly feminine. In her bags, somewhere, there was a white ruffled dress embroidered in tiny yellow rosebuds. She'd do that.

She felt better after that; tied her curls back with a thin yellow ribbon and went back to the terrace feeling more in tune with the apple tree.

It was then she saw the package. It contained the other half of the blood-stained shirt; the half Old

do anything you were ordered to do."

"Yes?" questioned Kathleen.

"That's what I said. Now stay where you are." He reached out to draw her close, then his voice changed from triumph to seriousness. "Do you know dear, I've wanted to do this from the moment I saw you? I didn't know the desire to punish and to love were so involved. I fought it. I wasn't fighting you. I was fighting myself, fighting my love for you. I tried to build up a good strong hatred and it turned on me. You'll never know."

When Kathleen had use of her lips again, she exclaimed. "What do you mean I'll never know? Do you think I wanted to love you; you stiff-necked MacDonald?"

They were at it again. Balmy, carried around the rear of the house, saw MacDonald shaking Kathleen by the shoulders. Kathleen flaying by him with an old shirt, a blood-stained shirt, a shirt that had been torn in two . . . and mended.

"Congratulations," said Balmy. They stopped their quarreling then, to sit, Kathleen in the circle of Donald's arm, while they talked to the old man.

"Balmy, by the way," offered MacDonald, "you might like to know that I've sent on the right-of-way. I spent most of the night with mother and my attorney drawing up the contract. I believe Angus Gregory will agree to the terms. From now on Neutrality will be just that, a Neutral town, and a friendly one. I want to turn the big house into a Community hall; one big community hall with no dividing line. I have you two to thank for this opportunity. If those men hadn't been brought out alive, I'd have felt their death on my hands. The Gregorys would have tunneled through if I'd given right-of-way when it was requested; there would have been a way out for the men. I thought I was doing right by the Gregory miners when I refused. I had to learn my idea of right wasn't."

Balmy held up his hand. "You had to learn that ideas based on hatred were boomerangs. Ideas based on love are the same, but you welcome their return. Now you two run along and let an old man sleep. My work is done. From now on I'll putter around my garden and among my people. I am very tired."

Kathleen and Donald walked slowly up the hill, then paused to look down on Neutrality. Their work had just begun. This was their town; theirs to turn into a place of peace.

(The End)

Accepts Albany Position
Oak Point—Miss Ruth Allen, daughter of the C. O. Allens, has accepted a position as junior typist with the National Unemployment compensation association office at Albany and began work this week.

RADIO PROGRAM

- 11:55—Midstream.
- 1:30—Parent Teacher.
- 1:45—The Materfamilia.
- 2:30—Musical Interlude.
- 3:15—Johnson Family.
- 3:30—Nation's School of the Air.
- 3:50—Feminine Fancies.
- 4:30—Thills of the Highway Pair.
- 4:45—Sammy Watkins Orchestra.

- 4:15—Mr. Ken. Tracer Lost Person. NBC.
- 4:30—Stars of Today.
- 5:30—Information Please. NBC.
- 6:00—Verna Caberera, Singer. NBC.
- 6:30—Fibber McGee and Molly. NBC.
- 7:00—Bob Hope. NBC.
- 7:30—Eddie Cantor, Singer. NBC.
- 7:45—Jesse Crawford, Organist. NBC.
- 8:00—Amos 'n' Andy. NBC.
- 8:15—Vocal Varieties. NBC.
- 8:30—Johnny Pressetta. NBC.
- 8:50—Good Morning Tonight. NBC.
- 9:00—Ambassador Orchestra. NBC.
- 10:00—News Flash. NBC.
- 10:10—Gentlemen Preferred. NBC.
- 10:30—St. Francis Orchestra. NBC.
- 11:30—St. Francis Orchestra. NBC.

Room and Board By Gene Ahern



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

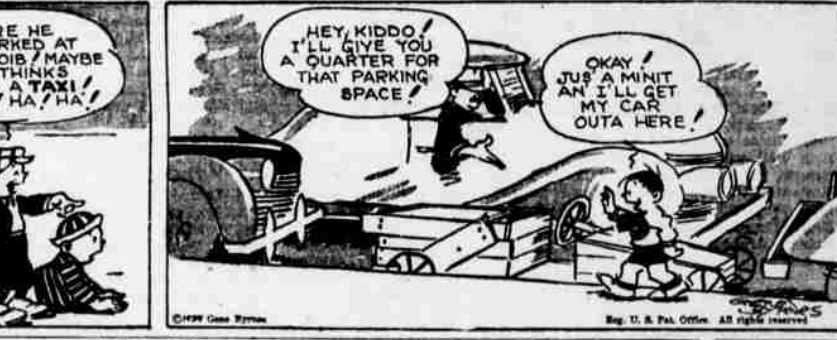
Friends Indeed



Reg'lar Fellers

By Gene Byrnes

A Business Man



The Gumps

By Gus Edson

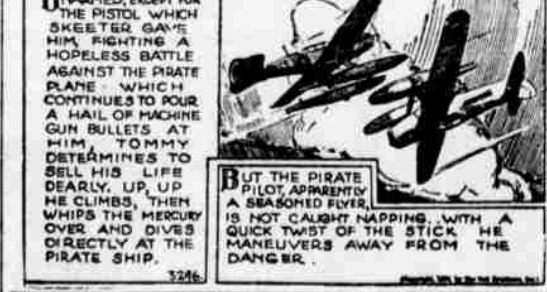
Just Like Andy



Tailspin Tommy

By Hal Forrest

Nothing Left to Do—But Pray!



Mutt and Jeff

By Bud Fisher

Even Poor Little Jeff Couldn't "Bear" It

