

SERIAL STORY
KINGS ROW
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BY HENRY BELLAMANN
HOME COMING

CHAPTER XXVI
Randy spread out the sheets of Parris' letter on the kitchen table. The letter had come two days ago, and she had read it a dozen times, but she returned to it again and again for the warmth and comfort, the sense of security and safety that she derived from it.

"I am sure that you have already made Drake feel that he is needed and wanted in the world. I am writing him in the same post, that he is certainly needed and important in my life. We can't give him legs, but we can keep his mind and personality, and soul, if you wish to call it that, whole and well."

"I recalled last night that a long time ago Drake talked of real estate projects of some kind. I don't remember just what the ideas were. The main point is to get his mind going on something constructive."

"Drake has been more than a brother to me, and from this moment on you are more than my sister. In you two I feel that I have more than a professional reason for coming back to Kings Row. You know, of course, that I have always hoped for an appointment at the State Hospital for the Insane. I have kept Dr. Nolan informed of my progress. He has promised to recommend my appointment when I have finished my work here in Vienna."

Randy folded the thin sheets of paper carefully. It was strange, she thought, how well she knew Parris Mitchell.

GRADUALLY, as the weeks went by, Randy pressed the suggestions Parris had made in his first letter. She was amazed to see how Drake fell more and more easily into the pattern she so carefully planned.

One day, following her carefully disguised leads, Drake recalled the old project for reclaiming the creek-bottom lands nearby. He alighted upon it with joy. He had begun from that day to move toward a normal life. Sometimes, as Randy studied the sharp-cut profile, it seemed as though this catastrophe had burned Drake clear of every trait that had been a little careless and coarse.

"I'm going to move you downstairs next week, Drake."

"Where?"

"The front room. That's going to be our living room, and the little room off to the side that never has been anything but a storeroom will be our bedroom."

He thought a moment. "It sounds pleasant."

"There is just one front window. It looks into the front yard. There's a big cedar tree outside, and across the road you can see around Harper's Hill on out into the country. It's a real view. You don't hear the switch engines as you do back here."

Drake's face contracted suddenly. "I'll be glad to get where I don't hear them so plain. Sometimes I dream—I guess I'll always have dreams like that."

"I don't think so, Drake." Randy spoke very calmly, but her chest was tight. "You'll have a lot of other things to think about."

"Randy!"

"Remember this always. You've had a terrible accident and all that, but you're just Drake McHugh. You're no different. You can arrange your life anyway you want to. I'm here to see that it's done the way you want it, but you are Drake, and I love you. Do I have to tell you that every day?"

THE late-afternoon train clanked and rattled its smoky, grimy way from Camperville towards Kings Row.

The passengers sat in the antiquated coach, avoiding, as much as possible, the touch of the gritty, red-plush seats. They wore a look of patient misery—all but one. He was a young man who had stepped from the Chicago express just in time to catch the Kings Row local.

At the station he looked with some surprise at the new brick building.

"Hack, sir?"

"Why—the Central Hotel. There is still a Central Hotel, I suppose?"

"Yes, sirree. Only one, in fact. Dis way, sah."

The rather decrepit hack swung around the corner and clattered along lower Union street.

At the hotel desk, a thin mousey-looking clerk bowed with an imitation of briskness.

"I'd like a suite, please."

"Suite?"

"Yes. Sitting room, bedroom, bath."

"Well—we haven't exactly got that kind of an arrangement. I could throw two rooms together for you."

He watched as the newcomer wrote: "Dr. Parris Mitchell, Vienna."

The clerk turned the register around, wrote a number opposite the name. "Here, boy, take Dr. Mitchell's baggage to 217. Going to go into practice here, Doc?"

"At the State Hospital."

"Sure enough. Doctor at the asylum, eh? Well, well."

"Send the baggage up. I'm going out first to—look around."

Out on the sidewalk Parris stopped and slowly drew on his gloves. Two men sitting in split-bottom rocking chairs just outside the hotel door stared and glanced at each other. When Parris walked away, one of them spoke slowly. "Say, did you see that fellow, putting on gloves?"

"Gloves—in August?"

"Dr. Mitchell. Used to live here, Parris Mitchell."

"What's he wearing gloves for?"

"He's been living over in Europe—in Vienna, for five years. Maybe that's the style over there. Going

to be a doctor over at the asylum."

"Well, now! Government job to start off on?"

"Yep."

PARRIS walked across the square. At the corner he paused and thought a moment. Yes, Cedar street, that was the shortest way to Randy's house.

He had thought so often of coming home. Now he was here. This was Kings Row. He looked east and west on the cross street. This shabby, dingy-looking street, this village. A strange heaviness settled on his heart, and with it came a quick, keen wave of homesickness for Vienna. Vienna had meant friends, a comfortable something that was almost home—Vienna was—he shook himself free of the thoughts.

"Parris—"

"Randy—my dear!"

"Oh, Parris, I'm so glad to see you!"

Randy had just started out when she met Parris. She swung the white-painted gate open again. "Come on in. Drake will be crazy, he'll be so glad to see you."

"How is he?" Parris caught her arm and held back as they came to the door. "How is he really?"

Randy looked away, then back again. Her eyes dimmed a little. "I don't really know, Parris. I don't really know. He seems—more like himself lately. But I can't tell."

Randy opened the door. Parris held tight to Drake's hand and looked down into the

deeply shadowed eyes.

"Drake."

Drake moved his lips, but no word came. His face was like a mask of thin stone. He shifted a little like an embarrassed child and turned his face away.

Parris sat down on the edge of the bed and laid his cheek hard against Drake's.

Randy backed out of the door and closed it behind her. She went to the kitchen and sat down in a low chair behind the stove.

(To Be Continued)

These rampant totalitarian military forces seek to and can dethrone Christ and then shout as the pagans of the past, "there is no other god but Caesar."—Msgr. Michael Ready, general secretary of National Catholic Welfare Council, observing third anniversary of coronation of Pius.

CREDIT
AT CASH PRICES! YOU DON'T PAY 1c EXTRA

- No Interest
- No Carrying Charge
- No Red Tape
- As Long as 90 Days to Pay

KLAMATH'S CREDIT
Clothiers
OREGON WOOLEN STORE
8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

WE KNOW THAT ARIZONA'S FAMOUS METEOR CRATER WAS FORMED AT LEAST 700 YRS. AGO. BECAUSE THERE ARE TREES GROWING INSIDE THE CRATER WITH THAT MANY ANNUAL GROWTH RINGS!

PAUL REVERE, ALONG WITH HIS MANY OTHER TRADES, WAS ALSO A DENTIST.

ANSWER: Autumn . . . and harvested in summer.

NEXT: Dan Cupid files the airplanes.

CIVILIAN DEFENSE GROUP

HORIZONTAL

1,6 Depleted is insignia of the U. S. Civilian Defense

12 That thing.

13 Metal.

14 Fruit stone.

15 Made of (abbr.).

16 Residence (abbr.).

18 Sheltered side

20 They function with the — of the police force.

21 On the affirmative side.

22 Beach.

24 Looks askance

25 Black bird.

26 Greek letter.

28 Symbol for sodium.

29 African tree.

32 Rugged mountain crest.

36 New Zealand ground parrot.

37 Misrepresent.

38 Rough-sur-faced utensil for grating.

39 They —

VERTICAL

1 Artificial manners.

2 Genus of shrubs.

3 Right (abbr.).

4 Trouble.

5 Crudely.

7 Genus of bees.

8 Free.

9 Doctor of Theology (abbr.).

10 Roman emperor.

11 Earth's wintry blanket.

17 Symbol for tin

19 Eye (Scott.).

20 Aramaic (abbr.).

21 Symbol for praseodymium.

23 Deliberations.

25 They keep — watch for air raids.

27 Diminish.

28 Very rich man

29 Banking (abbr.).

30 Swiss river.

31 Turkish weight.

33 Sprite.

34 Bind.

35 Ever (poet.).

42 Pasty.

43 First man.

44 Toward.

46 Within.

47 Symbol for radium.

48 Toward the

50 Upward.

51 Permission to use.

52 Not as much.

54 To low, as a cow.

56 Entomology (abbr.).

59 Symbol for chlorine.

61 Danish (abbr.).

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. Williams

OH, YOU'VE GOT HIM TIED UP! GOSH, I WANTED TO SEE THAT! NOW I KNOW WHY THERE HASN'T BEEN MUCH WRITTEN ABOUT REAL COWBOYS—IT'S YOUR ONLY SECRET!

YEH, FRANK DOBBIE SEZ. THEY PUNCH A HOLE IN TH' BRESH AN' IT CLOSES UP AFTER 'EM AN' SO DOBS THEIR MOUTH!

THEY THINK OF EVERYTHING

RED RYDER

SENDIN' A TELEGRAM, COWBOY?

YEP—'BOUT GOT IT WRITTEN!

TEACHERS COLLEGE KANSAS CITY

Yelly Center has got for postpaid just you got. Paper bound with blue cover. Some! accept red head with that cent-sit the a horse.

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

THANKS, BARBER! YOU'VE MADE ME LOOK ACTUALLY HANDSOME, AS TRAMPS GO—HOW ABOUT YOUR BILL?

OH, DR. ZEE TOOK CARE OF ALL THAT. SAID YOU WERE TO HAVE A SHAVE EVERY DAY—

WELL, BARBER—TODAY WINDS UP THAT DEAL—LEND ME A HAND, WILL YUH, PAL? I'M HIGH-TAILIN' OUT OF THIS CROAKER MILL—IF I CAN JUST GET MY PANTS ON—

THANKS, BUD! NOW THESE CAPES—I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT, I GUESS—SURE BEEN NICE TO ME, NURSE—GIVE MY CURSE TO DOC. DUBB—

ER—YOU—YOU'RE GOING— ER— TO—

—TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM? YEAH! WHAT ABOUT IT? BILLS PAID! AM I RUNNING OUT ON DOC ZEE, D'YUH MEAN? WHADDYU THINK? O. K.! NOW THINK AGAIN!

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

HERE, BOOTS— YOU'VE GOT NA SOMETHIN' TOO B'Y— THESE ARE SOME OF TH' LETTERS ELMER WROTE ME!

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THE LETTERS "I" WROTE HIM

"YOU" REALLY GAVE HIM THE SWEET BUSINESS

MISS B. DAT BOY IS BACK! SHALL I BRUSH 'IM OFF?

NO, WAIT—

I'LL HAVE TO SEE HIM SOMETIME

YEAH, NA GOTTA SEE 'IM SOMETIME

AFTER ALL— THIS REALLY WAGNT HIS FAULT!

NAW, AFTER ALL— IT WAS MINE— WOT'M I SAYIN'!!

WASH TUBS

PLEASE TO STOP INFERNAL CRYING!

STOP IT! YOU HAVE AID ESCAPE OF AMERICAN AND YOU PAY PENALTY!

IT WAS BISHU AND THE COMMANDER WHO PERMITTED THE ESCAPE

BISHU HAS INFORM ME WHAT HAPPEN. HE WAS THERE. HE SAW

I, TOO, WAS THERE AND SAW. I TELL YOU IT WAS BISHU! I HAD NO GUN... I COULD DO NOTHING

I WENT WITH THE AMERICAN AFTER HIS ESCAPE, YES, BUT WHY? ONLY BECAUSE I THINK IT IS OPPORTUNITY TO GET MESSAGE. PUNISH ME BECAUSE I FAIL, BUT NOT BECAUSE OTHER'S PERMITTED HIS ESCAPE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SOLDIERS YOU INVITED FOR DINNER? I NEVER HEARD OF HEALTHY YOUNG SOLDIERS PASSING UP HOME-COOKED FOOD!

THEY DIDN'T PASS IT UP!

WELL, THEY WEREN'T AT THE TABLE!

I KNOW! I ASKED THEM WHAT THEY MISSED THE MOST, BEING AWAY FROM HOME!

THEY SAID THEY WERE FED WELL IN CAMP BUT THAT ONE HONEY TOUCH WAS MISSING IN ARMY LIFE!

WHAT DID THEY MEAN?

RAIDING THE ICE BOX!

ALLEY OOP

HMM! WHAT A DOPE! BUT THEN, NERO FIDDLER WHILE ROME BURNED, TOO!

EVEN THOUGH THE REBELS HAVE BROKEN MY MILITARY POWER, THEY DARE NOT LAY A HAND ON ME... NOT WHILE I HOLD THE FAIR HOSTAGE!

ME, WITH YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN POWER AND INTRIGUE... BAH! I'LL SHOW THOSE DULLARDS WHO'S MASTER OF ENGLAND!

WELL, ALL RIGHT, AYE, YOUR GUARD... DON'T JUST MAJESTY! STAND THERE... OPEN THAT DOOR!

OH, OH! A VISITOR!!!

BLACK CREEK

OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

BLACKOUT TONIGHT, BOYS— HERE'S YOUR ARMBANDS! YOU TWO TOE DANCERS PUT THESE ON AND BALLET AROUND THE NEXT TWO BLOCKS, ORDERING ALL LIGHTS OUT BETWEEN 10 AND 11!

BUT I SAY, TWIGGS!— YOUR TRIVIAL MESSENGER CHORE DERAILS A TRAIN OF BIG IDEAS STEAMING THROUGH MY MIND!— A GUN THAT SHOOTS A CURVE, A PATENTED CHIMNEY THAT BELCHES UP ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE, SPONGY PANEMENTS ELIMINATING THE NEED FOR RUBBER TIRES, AND— LET'S SEE— UM—KAFF! WHAT ELSE?

IF WE FIND SOME CHUMP WITH A LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH DURIN' TH' BLACKOUT, DO WE TAKE TH' WATCH?

THEY THINK OF EVERYTHING

By Fred Harman

It ship any horse out-here school

She should also know her P.S. and G's because we want her to teach school out-here school

By Harold Gray

By Martin

By Crane

By Blosser

By V. T. Hamlin