

SHAMROCKS  
in the  
BLUEGRASS

BY:  
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## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### The Conflict

Estelle padded around the kitchen in her bedroom slippers as she had come over from the carriage house to check on last minute details for Sunday dinner. Teddy had asked his parents to invite the Stuarts. "Sounds serious," Estelle had told Amos. Thinking to herself that it sure was nice to have someone to confide in she was glad that she and Amos were finally married. It had been a very low-key affair, held at his sister's truck farm out in Jeffersontown the previous summer. "Can't you imagine what it would have taken to invite all the church members? We'd be in hock up to our necks," said Amos.

Edward had written a check to the pair which they promptly spent on a new bedroom set, complete with chenille bedspread. Amos had painted the three rooms while Estelle had dragged out Mama's old treadle sewing machine to make new curtains. With Amos being twenty years older than her, the bride wasn't sure how much romance was left in the old boy but he surprised her.

Now as she finished making the Charlotte Russe dessert she put the bowl in Mullaney's new electric refrigerator. "What luxury, it must be nice to be rich! No more hunks of ice being delivered every other day. Maybe Amos and I should start saving for one," thought the woman. She turned out the kitchen light, remembering to get a piece of leftover roast for Amos who liked a late night snack. He might be a preacher but there was nothing he liked better than a sandwich and a cold beer before turning in for the night.

Promptly at one p.m. the next afternoon, Mary Leigh answered the doorbell. Sally had her parents in tow but what she didn't know is that her mother and Mary Leigh were long lost friends from their college days. "Mary Wathen! I can't believe you are Sally's mother!" Poor Charles stood there feeling like a third wheel until Mary Leigh noticed he was being ingored. "Come in, Sally go in the library and find Mr. Mullaney he's in there reading the Sunday paper." Sally knew her way around the house as Teddy had brought her around at the slightest provocation. There was no doubt he was in love. Edward shook Charles Stuart's hand thinking what an aristocratic man he seemed, a true assumption. The Stuart's were considered old Bardstown money for the family were descended from the early settlers who came after the American Revolution.

"Can I offer you a little wine or perhaps some bourbon before dinner?"

"A little wine would be fine," said Charles, answering for his family. It was obvious who held the reins.

"I'll bet anything that Teddy's going to give Sally a ring for Christmas," Mary Leigh had said to Edward, who agreed. The pair thought that once Teddy graduated in late December he would be ready for marriage, that is if war was not declared by then.

"So Charles, what do you think about the European situation, it's quite a mess isn't it?" Not much thought was given about Japan for even as they spoke there were diplomatic talks between the two countries going on in Washington.

One subject that was not brought up was religion, despite the fact that Teddy had told his

parents just the night before that he was planning to become Catholic, "as Sally is very devout and we don't believe in a divided household." As they were having their wine Julie came in a trifle late from the hospital where she was in nurse's training.

"Sorry Mom and Dad, I got away as soon as I could. We have a lot of patients right now and this December weather doesn't help."

The group sat down to a typical Kentucky dinner of country ham and fried chicken. Estelle had outdone herself with homemade rolls and tomato aspic. Once everyone had been served Estelle went back to the kitchen, poured herself a glass of wine and turned on the radio hoping to hear some gospel music. Instead she listened in horror to the account of the Pearl Harbor bombing by the Japanese.

Going immediately into the dining room with tears streaming down her face she stood there not knowing quite how to tell them.

"Estelle, what's wrong?" asked Edward, half rising from his chair.

"It's the end of our world," the woman replied. "The Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor and have sunk most of our ships and they bombed our air base as well.

"Oh, my Lord," said Teddy, "I feared something like this might happen. Those sneaky devils."

Dessert was forgotten and the visit cut short. Teddy gathered Sally in his arms not caring who saw and said, "I'm afraid this is going to change our plans. I'll call you tomorrow after classes are over."

The next morning President Roosevelt announced on the radio to a stunned nation that

the United State had officially declared war on Japan, Germany and the rest of the Axis nations.

Fiona was sick with worry as she thought about Maureen and her English-Japanese husband living in Pearl City. She telephoned her daughter Kathleen who had recently married the FBI agent she had dated out in California. Now they were living in Washington, D.C. "Kathleen, surely there is something that Jim can find out for me." Dermott had been transferred to Argentina, hopefully on a temporary basis, so he was no help in this regard.

On that fateful Sunday morning Maureen had packed a picnic lunch for an all day outing. They used Neal's runabout as he had one delivery to make before they were free for the day.

"Do you remember meeting John the cook over at the Hickam Field Officer's Club? I need to drop off some fish for him then we can take off and enjoy the day. At the last minute he took a letter to the corner mailbox addressed to his brother-in-law in Washington. Once they reached Hickam Field they heard the drone of planes. Neal could see the pilot's faces as they began dropping bombs on the base, killing the pair instantly.

Back in Washington, D.C., Jim Curran began making telephone calls and was finally able to ascertain what happened. John the cook, though badly wounded, lived to tell the tale. By a stroke of luck the letter that Neal had mailed before the attack eventually reached the agent at the FBI headquarters.

"Dear Jim, glad to hear you and Kathleen finally tied the knot. The fishing is good here at Pearl and we were able to buy a house. The reason for this letter is something so peculiar happened last week I thought your agency might be interested. I was out fishing as usual when I