

that your going was not a matter of your shoesing, that you'd rather not have gone. So they said they would be lenient, and would consider the manner of retribution. So that's it. Not bad at all, George. Congrats. And your sins are forgiven."

"When could they have rigged up the thing?"

"Must be when I was asleep. Didn't hear a thing though."

"Think of someone waiting up for me, to pull the rope!"

"They must have had relays. But the last one certainly had the goose pimples guffawing. He had his reward. O, there must have been plenty willing to stay up to pull the rope under you in the eerie hours of the morning."

"Cute rascals. Sorry for you, Fester, that you had to take the water all by yourself. Shall I laugh?"

"You may well laugh. Even if you had been with me when I came in, it might have <sup>been</sup> a matter <sup>of</sup> who stepped in first."

"At least I would have gotten a little splash."

PART XI

Chapter I

Life is By Moments, And In Between We Just Struggle

At Post Election Deliriums

The election of Woodrow Wilson stunned the <sup>good</sup> citizens of Wheelport. Inured to Republican rule in the White House, the sudden and complete <sup>I</sup>reversal came as a shock to them. To the younger generation it was a distinct novelty, for within their conscious existence there has always been a republican President.

To the big and little in the business world; to the laborer, the crafts-

man and artisan it came as a certain fear and abuse of privilege. A violation of a long standing custom and habit. A depreciating change to a man of stocks, for he was sure his stocks would depreciate; the custom would fall off and dwindle to nothing. A catastrophe to the carpenter and the mason, who were sure that building would be at a minimum; and the butcher was dubious that people, the common people, would consume much meat, since meat was a luxury.

Fear and uncertainty seized the very pine trees of the Pine Tree State as they looked down mournfully on the desolation of the forest on that bleak November day.

All they knew about Wilson was that he had <sup>been</sup> some kind of a teacher, a professor who dreams dreams; and how can one entrust into his hands the very <sup>(sinews and)</sup> physical tools of industry and labor?

Will there be a panic?

They remembered 1907.

Mr. Berely lost a lot of <sup>d.</sup> ~~paudage~~ <sup>paudage</sup> in a short <sup>few</sup> days; and that might have proved a blessing if it weren't for the fact that his mouth <sup>had</sup> never ceased <sup>ing</sup> grinding ~~the~~ gum; the lips, the jaws and the chin moving in unison ever faster and faster. The man sat, stood or walked chewing, never saying a word, never uttering a syllable.

Finally it came. The chewing came to a pause, the lips parted; "I shall close the store."

"Is that all you have to say after days of silent chewing?" Mrs. Berely demanded, "Did it take all this ruminating to think that up?"

Although Mrs. Berely <sup>had</sup> ~~netted~~ <sup>netted</sup> her husband too much and too often, she was right on ~~occasion~~ <sup>occasions</sup>. For instance, she was right in accusing Mr. Berely of negligence of their shop on Main Street, and his confident reliance on favorable winds to bring him good windfalls. It was true that once in a while he got a good sack of money out of one of them, but that was still a matter

of chance, and if he hadn't wasted his time on his adventures, leaving the business in the hands of strangers, the store might have proved a solid means of support. At any rate she was tired of living by windfalls. So if he happened to have a good one! If it was followed by a long drought, what then? And now with the new President at the helm, suppose there won't be any more good fortune, any treasure-trove falling out of the sky!

Mr. Berelcy fell to chewing his gum again. But this time it was more deliberate. "A sensible chewing" Mrs. Berelcy called it. And she knew that her husband was being reasonable. And henceforth her husband's thinking would be reasonable, and solid. And she blessed the new President, who indirectly had encumbered her husband with calm reasoning.

Another luckless fellow was a gaunt man with apartments, and business properties on his hands. Being a man of the world he predicted with certainty and aplomb that the United States, and with it all the other nations of the world, would go to rack and ruin. He was in such desperation over the November occurrence that he hoped that all his properties would go up in smoke. And he had been heard to utter a vow that if they didn't he would see to it himself that they did. Then there was the lowly Mr. Burlap, the junk dealer, who bestrode his cluttered junk-yard with the raven look of a beast, seeing his quarry eluding his clutches. He was gesturing with his hands and kicking the piles as if he had tried, by the power of suggestion, to persuade them to vanish. But no one was in greater temper than the grisly Isaac Steere. George wasn't sure whether "Steere" was his real name or nicknamed so because his wife was known as the "Cow". Isaac had an adopted son - in his early teens - to support, and he was much "afear'd" for his farmer-customer, whom he supplied with dry-goods, and other trinkets from his "store-on-wheels". The farmers and all the others on the lonely outposts would have a despondent and foaming plan-

cholia, and would ignore him and his merchandise, even though he was a staunch Republican himself. Yes, sir, being of the fold he could well commiserate with them, but not sell them merchandise. But his wife, his child, and his horse, they must live! Well, so they'll live.

They won't die! And in his simple belief, in his simple mind, that they won't die, that one can live with little ~~as much~~ as with much, he put his horse to pasture, covered his wagen in his backyard and went to sleep. Hibernated that is.

He didn't venture out for weeks.

The whole town, as it were, went into a sheek of lethargy. Things moved in the unreality of dream, and the barens held in the reins so as not to let the "wild" horses ream at will, and rampage in strange territory.

Mr. Wilson himself, that lone, sparse heroic figure, who caused all the pain and disillusionment, with the world's eye upon him, and its ear attuned to a word from him, blissfully unaware, or if aware unheeding, went away for a long deserved rest. And his vanishment and silence was mere wisdom than a volume of words; it helped the heaving waters to subside and the chasms of the eruption to heal.

And so finally in Wheelport they dug themselves out of the imaginary ruins and went <sup>back</sup> to work. And there was the hurry of bustle about them, as if to make up for lost time. It affected even the merchant of the covered wagon, who, opening the door to his sealed tomb to let fresh air in, observed the sunshine of the fresh morning; and realizing that the world hadn't come to an end after all, and that life and labor under the sun is pleasureable, recalled his horse from pasture, uncovered his covered-wagen and went out to the republican farmers. As one <sup>good</sup> republican to another!

The campus could not long endure the tantrums of speculation as to what would happen to ~~the~~ <sup>Wilson</sup> under the new Administration, for the football hectic was in full season; and in that four-cornered struggle for State sup-

remacy it became <sup>the</sup> hue and cry and the do or die. And of course the loyal sons and daughters of Beely did instead of died. They had their loyalties -- all without exception. When, in the seceery of their room, George <sup>had</sup> ventured to ask Foster what he understood of lealty to one's Alma Mater, and whether or how much of it he <sup>had</sup> felt himself, the latter looked at him as a candidate for the Augusta mental asylum. Indeed, Foster knew of one Maineite who was a guest at the Augusta House. And Foster erupted: "Honestly, George, some-time I can't help but think you are mad!"

"Well, I don't wonder, seeing the way I danced that beeby dance, snake dance to you, with the tails of my raincoat flapping in the breeze."

"What's wrong with that? We were all in it, celebrating Beely's victory."

"Sure, the great victory on the field of honor, the gridiron!"

"No call for sarcasm."

"It's not sarcasm, because I was in it too. But did you stop to think how ludicrous we looked. Especially you and I and the other freshmen, who had hardly had time to warm our feet, so to speak, here. It was then that the question arose in my mind, where does all the enthusiasm, all the emotion come from? Unless it's the old mob psychology. I wouldn't have believed (it) that I could so easily be swayed, and completely. And <sup>too</sup> you <sup>for</sup> that matter. Why, it was nothing less than hysteria, the way we went at it."

"So it's hysteria," Foster retorted, "must you analyze or rationalize every emotion, or feeling?"

"Especially of youth, you might add."

"That's true, isn't it?"

— student youth in particular,

"But youth, can do a lot of damage when they ~~are~~ <sup>get</sup> carried away like that. And how many ever grow out, or grow up?"

"Well, what are you driving at?"

"Less hysteria and more rationalization. It would do less hurt to the world and more good to everybody."

"Don't embark on another of your wild mental diatribes,, your brain might

brew a storm and wreck the boat."

"Rather clever."

"For me, you mean. Of course you are superior."

"Let's not get into personalities. You know me better."

"I suppose you'd account for love of parents or country."

"You had the chance to know your parents and your country. But even there one is apt to overdo and become hysterical."

"You mean rationalize or analyze...?"

"Why not? One wouldn't be so apt to condemn another country, or another people, or think one's father or mother are the only ones...."

"You want justification?"

"Why not?"

"Nuts! That cranium of yours is full of it."

"Thank you, Foster. It's good to be a little less than sane sometime. As long as you don't think me queer." Foster smiled and said nothing. "We are buddies."

"Guess we are both nuts."

"Only in different ways and in different things."

## CHAPTER II

Let these moments flourish in one's life like shining stars, and let them remain as signposts on the long tortuous road. Let them remain far apart so as not to distract us; for we have much road ahead, and much striving.

The last of the season's games had been played, the Maine championship had been won, and Thanksgiving was close upon. The day before the holiday the campus was deserted. Foster and Cynthia had gone home, but George remained behind. It was not an easy decision for George, and not being able quite to make up his mind he let himself stay behind by simple expedient of letting things take their own course. It was a very simple and convenient