

CHAPTER VI

Will You Remember?

The Chief was as good as his word, the story was printed as George had written it. It stood out by itself in a ~~wide~~ corner on the front page, with open space around it, and it couldn't help but attract the eye even though not emblazoned with a crying headline.

Now it had come! Not only was it the opposite of the report of The Morning Light but it chose to extoll the many virtues of Mr. Black. The tight thin face of Mr. Forrest became pinched, thinner and grayer as he read the piece. It's that Sheraton fellow, and - and - Mr. Barton! If he could get at them! And he was wondering how much his arch-foe Black holds of the Eventide stock. His own investment so far is too small to have any say as to policy. If he went into open defiance in acquiring ^{holdings} in the paper Mr. Black could buy him out lock-stock-and barrel - at any price! He'd outmaneuver him at every turn.

Perhaps George alone would furnish a better target for the present. That episode of his grandson lying on the pavement arm in arm with that woman, highlighted by the flames of the burning school, still rankled in him. Often he had referred to it in the hearing of his grandson as "the scene of a street-brawler embracing a drunken woman", but far from having the effect of estranging Foster from his mother it brought them closer. All because of that upstart George with his "human interest angle" as he had called it. Second only to the Janitor's story. The hullabaloo it made! Everybody's tongue wagging! And he, himself, made out to be the very incarnation of the black Dragon of the original sin, the Serpent in the Garden of Eden. That's what the words in the report implied at least, and

those who wanted to read the words into it could do so with impunity.

And now the report on Mr. Black by George Sheraton!

On sober consideration, however, he had come to the conclusion that ~~that~~ as yet ~~so~~ George would be immune to his attack. He had an ally in Mr. Barton himself. He'd have to wait until he brings the editor down a notch or two. For the present that fellow Dreen would have to serve as a target against the unholy trinity of Barton, Black and George.

The Dreen girl show! a shameless troupe, and new in the annals of Portgrave. He hadn't seen the show, but it is known that the girls danced, and while doing so swirled their skirts, showing their panties at the knee. An act of harlotry, besmirching the morals of the young generation. Even though mostly it was the older generation, who came and saw ~~and~~ and smacked its lips. His parched soul would never condescend to see it, and he would not tolerate the others to ~~come~~ come and refresh themselves at the font of innocence of youth. He would chase them out of town, and with them Dreen and his daughter-in-law.

The old crusade - the past and the future!

The old story. But so are you old, Solomon - since the days of Sinai!

Will you remember, Solomon!

Will you remember in the long distant days? Will you remember him who is leading the hosts of bigotry and indigency against the whiteness which is your decency? Man twists and compromises on basic truths and morals, and the decencies take a backward step - and become indecent. And the holocaust that follows in the backwash!

You will remember! You will remember the past in the future - the evil that was hatred. But the present which also will be the future, when you'll have broken the chains, you'll only remember the gawky man with the long striped trousers, the goatee and the kindly face, your Uncle Sam, who like a lone star guided your path to America, and who sees and understands. And you will not remember the past - only the future!