

being by their magic touch and sinuous movement of their bodies, and the intricacies of the tango ^{had} become the simple and charming lines of a beautiful poem.

Then the sisters flung him away, and he was thrust out of the whirlpool as if by centrifugal force. He was on the outside again looking on. Moments of vision as if floating in the air, George thought.

"Life is by moments, and in between we just struggle," he observed to Betty.

Betty thought that such moments needn't be rare as he assessed them, that perhaps they could be multiplied at will. But George didn't think so. "It just doesn't lie within the province of our will," he said. "And so these moments must remain no more than rare. And maybe it's better so—ordained by a higher power. Let these moments flourish in one's life like shining stars, and let them remain signposts on the long tortuous road. And let them remain far apart not to distract us much. For we have much road ahead, and much striving."

Chapter III

- A. Revelation of Nothingness
- B. Hermann "Dutchy" Kennard
- C. There are moments that are like years...

They were three lonely days that followed the Thanksgiving festival at the Berelys. There was bliss and there was blight. The bliss was the blandness and ^{insensibility} (unfeeling) of mind and body, the lassitude that brings relaxation and deserved numbness to the cells in the muscles and the brain. It's a good feeling. You coil up on your cot like a cat, and close up like a clam, and crawl into your corpse and let the corpuscles take their own course. Your

pulsations and your very heart are almost at a standstill for want of emotion, or activity. But at first this delectability of your own warmth, the feel and nearness of the little world of your own ego, that complete self, all your own, is a pleasurable dimension. A delicious half-wakeful state in which your mind has the capacity of the visionary, dreamy subconsciousness; yet also has the capability of part-consciousness to enable it to realize these dreams and visions that the mind portrays and parades before your closed eyes. But there is an end to it, and the blight of restlessness comes over you and you walk in empty halls encompassed by the always present and relentless echoes; strange echoes, empty echoes, intermingled with the echoes of your own heels, which ^{are} only half real. You spring up like a cat, a wild cat, from your coiled position and roam the length and breadth of the dormitory, and the sounds and the echoes from the empty walls follow your footsteps to jeer ^{at} and mock you.

The revelation of nothingness!

So you are glad when you wake up Monday morning to the deep-toned clangor of the bell over Pittman Hall. The sun is shining brightly and the day is mild and the world is new. Your spirits are awake and crackling, and you wonder why. But it's a good feeling and you don't go in a long search for the reason. You think of your first class which comes at nine o'clock, which is cursed algebra, but you don't let even that spoil your jubilation of the new day. You look around the room for signs of a possible presence of your roommate, who had had a class in English at eight, but seeing none you decide ^{yet} had either gone directly to the classroom on arrival, or had not arrived. But you have a sure feeling that he'd be there at Chapel-time which is after your class in Algebra.

The Chapel was full to capacity when George entered. Everybody was back and everybody wanted to make sure that everybody else was back. George spied

Foster five rows ahead of him. There was no mistaking the powerful shoulders thrown back, the straight full neck, and the almost even upward sweep of the back of the head. There was a slight outcurving of the occiput, but that was practically lost in the whole upward red-like movement. The next moment, Foster turned around and swept his eyes over those back of him, he caught George's eye and smiled ^(at) him. He made a slight motion ^{with his head} toward Pittman Hall which meant that George was to wait for him to go together to German AI. George nodded his acquiescence. George thought of it while listening to prexy's sermon, which had for its text, The Sermon On The Mount. There was a tenacity in the movement of Foster's head, as if it were a command, as if something of importance were attached to their meeting right after Chapel.

Then George turned to watching the longish brown face, the spectacles that glinted and flashed light, ^{listened to} and the mellowness of the full rich voice of the president: "...For with the judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with that measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beheldest thou the mete in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eyes..." He heard his father, taking the same text to dwell on the great truisms inherent in the human soul before it became corrupt. He compared the two. There was logic to both of them. And there was the lightning and the thunder. He felt a shiver running through him. Then there was the calmer sibilance of the stream flowing on and on. What a pair the two of them!

It was but a short walk between the Chapel and Dr. Hermann Kohned's (nicknamed "Dutchy") class in German AI at Pittman Hall; and since "Dutchy" was a punctilious man, who had positive ideas about the punctualness of students attending classes, there was little time for words between the two friends. Foster was bursting with news, and George, ^{was} eager to hear, but time was too short for such an important item of information. The two hardly ^{had} exchanged a word before they entered the classroom.

Though Dr. Konrad was apt to be garrulous and sometimes niggling to the point of distraction for any infraction of his formulated rules of behaviour concerning his classes, he was nonetheless far from petty. On the contrary he was of great heart and broad sympathy for the pitfalls and foibles of the peer harassed student, especially the freshman. He could explain away these errors of youth with keen analysis, and would take the offender lovingly under his broad, though withered, wing. And so also his ^(grades) ranks were reputed as the most liberal on the campus. And the whisperings from mouth to mouth went the rounds to the effect that no one ever heard or knew of "Dutchy" ever flunking out anyone. But precision was a point on which he wouldn't compromise. Every student must be in his seat at the precise moment. But even more important ^{was} the meticulous writing of examination papers. A student might not know all the answers, as who would? But what he knows must be put down with the utmost brevity and conciseness. He was not above mentioning the names of those in class who tried to beat him out with vagueness. He liked to apply to it the American phrase of "beating around the bush".

"Yah, yah," he would point to the unfortunate individual, "güt, I understand, You didn't know the question so you were beating ar-round the bush, nicht wahr?"

The peer victim would flush and fret and lower his head in shame, his flaming eyes bent to the toes of his boots. There was contrition in his heart, but no apology. There was no apology, for "Dutchy's dictum of "no beating ar-round the bush" was well known on the campus. Ignorance of that law, if the peer victim hadn't heard of it, was no excuse. But let there be no mistake about it, peer, but not so innocent, victim. And that's the revelation of Dutchy's peculiar character. He is not averse to shedding blood in the classroom, but he is not unrecognizant of the fact, ^{that he had done it,} for he is a man of broad sympathies and pity and understanding. He had to point his gnarled finger, like a dirk, at your heart and open the wound there, but thereafter you were his marked man, and for your good. You are surprised, eh? Surprised at the excel-

lent mark you got on your paper, and wonder how it goes with that bawling out you got? Well, that's the way Dutchy works. You are a marked man now, peer victim, but in a way that Dutchy is forever your friend, sealed in the bond of "blood", even though it wasn't innocent blood. Hereafter he'll work for you more than you'll work for him. On the slightest pretext he'll see that you get the best grade possible. And if ever in the future you say something else either in your paper or in the class he'll lift it out for all to see and point to its merits. For such is "Dutchy", head of German at Beely.

Another important step to take in the way of currying favor with Dr. Kennard was to display a lover's interest, to the degree of adoration, in the old tattered volume of an encyclopedia where the name, Dr. Hermann Kennard, reposed with proud dignity in one of the pages. It would not be hard for the uninitiated to find the spot. First, the volume was on full ^{display} exhibition on a shelf in that part of the dais that was fronting the class. It was there twenty-four hours of everyday of the year; to be seen, to be opened and to be pointed at. And once the volume had been taken up the page on which the monumental letters spelling out the name and the brief "epitaph" will come to light of itself. For the place is well marked, and the leaf is well dog-eared, even though the print is somewhat faded and worn, through so much usage. Be sure to look at the volume when "Dutchy" is around, and be sure that he is aware ^{that you did.} ~~that you did.~~ You could steal a ^{good} sideway glance at the wrinkled and dry skin of his face which lies in folds, ^{be sure to} and you'd notice a new life suffused into it, and the corners of his eyes would crinkle deeply into his famous, humored, and good-natured smile. And why not? It tells there of the ^{good} prominence of the men in the world of arts and letters. A fresh reminder of it is good both for pupil and teacher. The pupil is proud to have an internationally famous man as his teacher, and the teacher finds a new stimulus through the eyes and sensations of another being. It's for his ^{him} pleading soul in a small college in a small town, it lifts ^{him} ~~up on a floating~~ ^{to} a high pedestal.

Foster could not see the loving tenderness with which the class regard-

ded its august teacher. To him "Dutchy" was a leering hyena, and his course a perpetual plague. Perhaps Foster should never have taken the course, and he wouldn't, hadn't it been that Cynthia insisted on taking it. And since George was taking it too, he could not forbear not taking it himself. Foster had a feeling that Dutchy was always after his skin, being singled out at the first opportunity. That Dutchy had special regard for him, and a tenderness of feeling which he had for all the young and coming footballers, had never occurred to Foster. And if it had, such a revelation would carry too little weight with him to offset the aversion he felt toward the whole business of the difficult and foreign German words and grammar, and the jawbreaking-elongating of teeth and lips, and the constrictions of the larynx to bring about a near-correct pronunciation of them. He was opposed to the German language as such, and hence to its ^{Genius} (protagonist) whether his name was in the encyclopedia or not. He didn't care that he had a special fondness for Heroes of the gridiron, where Foster's name was beginning already, in this, his freshman year, to be etched in proud letters. Even if Dutchy did care, to Foster it was a pampering and a cloying fondness, such as of an old woman. And where the gridiron was concerned Foster was hard and forbidding and proud, where no females might enter, especially elderly ones.

O, but "Dutchy" is not a female, neither is he elderly, his youth - his manly youth - is rejuvenated each fall with the coming of the new crop of freshmen footballers. He has a passion for them, a burning passion, hence the resurrection of his old drooping spirits. It's what keeps him perennially young, eternally youthful and bubbling. O, Foster, to him you are the Parsifal of and Siegfried, the Holy Grail, the slayer of the dragon, a Walkure, and any and all of the ~~the~~ heroes of Wagnerian mythology, and the legendary Der Ring des Nibelungen. O, Foster, old Dutchy has laid aside the heroes of his native legend for the real, live and full-blooded Americans - American youth - for whom he acquired, more than his German soul would permit perhaps, a truly passionate fondness. He has laid the old heroes to rest, and has peopled his

world with the youthful, effervescent American College athletes. And thus he reaches out with his revelatory tentacles in all directions and reveals to himself all the minutiae of all football tactics, all the prognostications, and argumentations on the campus; his own logical or illogical deductions as to the prerequisites and qualifications calculated to find favor in the eyes of the Goddess of Chance, who might also be the Goddess of Football, who willy-willy might have a hand, a part, a responsibility in every game lost or won!

O, Foster, peer victim, you are caught in his net - a footballer, a freshman, and ~~and~~ already a here, with a display of unmatched prowess - for a freshman that is; and he has you all to himself, his student, a virtuous student, a new young hero of the American legend, the new fresh and vigorous legend, of the new fresh American youth, for whom he has developed such a violent adoration.

This new fledgling hero who crept into his nest! O, Foster, peer Foster, he'll cuddle you and love you to death. The more so because you are the only one of that genus who floundered into his net. He'll lavish all his well-up yearning on you, and it'll be overwhelming, because you; and you alone, will have to bear the brunt of that flame. Peer Foster, who hates flamboyance, and affection of this sort.

But you need not worry, Foster, his love will reveal itself in a vicarious sort of way. You'll think that you are the butt of his cynicism. But that's one of the revelations, manifestations and facets of Dr. Kennard's illusive character.

The class had hardly settled when Dr. Kennard flung at them the corrected papers of the pre-holiday exam. Foster looked at his, and his face reddened, and then paled. It was Datchy's bombshell hurled at him. Foster looked up to the other section of the room where the coeds sat and met Cynthia's eyes. She evidently was watching him with concern. He read sympathy in her eyes, and encouragement in her smile. It seemed to say: That's all right, Foster, his

is only a bark, a love pat-- though an impish one.

O, he must punish his loved ones first.

"Yah," he drawled as he paused in his march across the room to look over Foster's shoulder, "yah, Herr Ferrest, you sure are ready for your class work, after vacation!" Foster's eyes were dug in his text-book. Impishly Dr. Kennard continued: "Will Herr Ferrest open to page nine, the advance lesson, and render the text in English!"

It was a triple defeat for Foster. He didn't care for the course, he didn't know the text at all, he was embarrassed before the class, and especially Cynthia. He arose and faced the class, and stammered a few words in a gesture of compliance with Dr. Kennard's request, his face furious, his eyes full of defiance and resentment, and sat down again.

Had Dutchy sense the resentment? If he had he did not show it. For he went on for a while longer, fencing with the sharp point of his blade, of sarcasm, wounding Foster's pride, though only superficially. Or so it was to Dutchy's way of thinking; that youth hurts easily, but also heals easily.

Silently he marched back and forth in the aisle that separated the male and ^w female sections of the class. A frown was gathering on his wrinkled, parchment-like forehead. This usually forebode a sarcasm, but with the silver lining of good humor; or even an outright piece of satire on some or event choice gossip on the campus; even the forerunner of a peace-offering, such as a beneficent smile on the offended one. But this time he continued in a serious mood.

"Herr Ferrest must do better," he said, and screwing his glance upward and over his ^{steeled-rimmed} spectacles he riveted ^{at} on Foster. Foster shrank and melted away from that stare; but when redeemed himself before the class and Cynthia by stiffening in his chair and glaring back at Dr. Kennard, he found that the doctor's eyes were no longer focused on him, but on George who sat next to him. His face now was in the light and halo of a merry smile. Dr. Kennard had now punished, rebuked and cut down to size one of the

budding heroes of the gridiron, had ground the rough spots, ^{and} he was now ready to take him to his bosom. He pointed an finger in the direction of George for the same passage. Then as a last pat of the bear's paw he remarked with the slight harshness of his dry throat: "Herr Foster should have more time, now that the season is over... nicht wahr?" And he smiled broadly and sunnily on him.

George remained sitting in hot confusion, not even picking up his text-easily book. He could render the passage indicated; as he should, for George hoped to do science, and German was an important vehicle in that field. But if he made it look easy it would only slander his best friend. While he was hesitating Dr. Kennard came to his rescue. He had done his work on Foster, and now it was time for him to show the other side of him. He had made a good choice of George. George's rank was high, and the class knew it, and now that the class sees him hesitating they'll think the text too hard, which will take the onus off Foster. Only he knew the reason of George's confusion, for he had trusted in his honor and friendship to act as he had. His judgment of George was correct, and he was grateful to him. He came close to George's chair and gave him a winking smile that only George could observe. Benevolently the orbital corners crinkled and the light of mischievous humor in his eyes flashed again as he shrugged his pointed shoulders and wagged his drooping mustache. "Well done," he whispered in George's ear.

Then straightening up: "Yah, wehl. It's too complicated for an after vacation ^{text.} fellow. ^{Get,} I'll read the correct answers to the exam and you fellow in your own papers."

Was Dutchy an eccentric, a meddler? Perhaps he was, but how many are completely clear of such peculiarities, or traits? Yes, even traits! And traits bear a more respectable and personable state of existence than do peculiarities. It being so, it must be innerent in us - born or acquired - good or bad. That is traits are. Peculiarities need not necessarily be so. They are not, nor a part of us, just ~~an~~ accretions on the surface, like an inanimate object, like ^{from within,}

a rock which assumes its peculiarities from outside influences, or forces.

But in the animate, especially the human, the accumulation of a hundred million of years, the instincts, habits and traits of the race for some thousands of years ^{and} more, grow from within. Some are acquired during the years of living, from without, and they are the surface peculiarities, characteristics, with refinements ~~of~~ modern ~~version~~.

If Dutchy had his peculiarities due to a background of different environments in another world, and even if his horizons were narrowed by such old habits and characteristics - and even prejudices - it didn't preclude his penetration into other worlds, entirely different worlds, other people's worlds, his students' worlds. Especially his students, ~~Especially~~ Fester's, who was a gridiron hero ^{in his eyes}, and had the potential of growth. He revelled in such a world, he frolicked in it, for this new world was much younger and sounder than his old one which now was crumbling and atrophying with age. He was rejuvenated by the new world; ^{in it} for he gained new blood, new life. But in this he was not the vampire ~~that~~ that sucked and lived on the host's blood, giving nothing in return, for Dutchy gave more than he took. He returned in full measure.

Fester was not a victim of a circumstance, a peculiarity - he was not a victim at all. He was singled out by "Old Dutchy" and that was a distinction to be cherished. A REVELATION, a dispensation from above. He was not a non-entity, a faceless, nameless freshman in the all embracing blank of the student body, but a distinct individual, with qualifications to be noticed and even concerned with, even though a peculiar concern, by "Old Dutchy" himself.

There are moments that are like years, so viable and intense they are ² ¹ in their hopes and expectations and fears!

How would Cynthia take his debacle? And a debacle it was in his youthful heart. A defeat. He had been exposed as a dullard and a clown. He was bitterly ^{leaving} silent as he and George were ~~the room~~. He didn't look at Cynthia's part of

the room. There was a ray of hope in his mind. George hadn't recited! Maybe he just wouldn't. Better he didn't even if he knew the text. But that's George, things like that are expected of him. But how did the old bear expect him to know those complicated verbs, where you have to hunt through a long paragraph or even half a page before you find one dangling somewhere out of place! And he cold from vacation!

Outside, Cynthia was smiling up to him. Nothing has happened. A bright new world. When George looked up tragedy had been wiped off Foster's face, as if it had never been there. The resiliency of youth, George thought.

George couldn't fail to observe the new bond of closer and more ardent friendship between Foster and Cynthia. It was in the way they looked at each other - the new look in their eyes, in their faces. The transition! The happiness. The new understanding. And himself - the outsider. That barrier-wall gain! Has it happened? What? Was this the meaning in Foster's anxious gesture to him in the chapel?

"If you'd rather be alone, you two," George ventured, "I shall leave now. Have to be at the library anyway."

"Something rather important you should know," Foster looked up to George with a serious mien.

"I think it better wait until tonight," Cynthia took Foster's arm. "More leisure then."

"You're scaring me," George tried to put it as a joke, but his smile turned into a wry grimace, as his face turned pale. "It's not Mother! Just talked to her on the phone - Thanksgiving eve!

"No, nothing that important," Cynthia smiled. "Your mother is all right. Saw her yesterday. She is happy that Christmas holiday is so near, now that Thanksgiving is over; and you'll be home soon."

"We'll meet tonight, then," Foster said

George nodded, and turned in silence in the direction of the library.

The evening was mild, and Main street was gay with Christmas spirit and shoppers. It was a good night for a pleasant and leisurely stroll, (to add to) and to luxuriate in one's feelings of the first impact of the newly born Yule season. It was George who had chosen what he thought would be the path of least resistance, through the shopping center, to his tingling nerves, in his mood of anticipation and doubt. Since morning he had had not a chance to get even a hint as to the portent of the news, ^{Cynthia and Foster} good or bad, that had brought with them from home. If the blow fell here there would be something to take up his mind, to distract his attention. The Street, the people, the blaze of the window-displays...! So much of the outside world to sidetrack him, and away from one's inner self. But so far this thing that concerned him most had not seemed to (to) even have crossed their minds. Like two happy children, out on a holiday spree in their newly created Cinderella-world, Cynthia and Foster, for the while at least, would only surround themselves with the glitter of the gay world around them, and could feel through it only the lightness of the moment. The world of their own, with a wall around it. That wall again, the Barrier-wall, George thought with some apprehension, without bitterness. Without resentment he watched as Cynthia clung to Foster's arm, as if the sense of belonging between the two was a band that was constricting and tightening them ever closer to each other. As yet he was only in the penumbra of that wall, but how long before he'll be in its full shadow? he wondered. Then another annoying thought: Could Cynthia so soon and so completely ^{have} surrendered? ^{O,} George, where is your vaunted self-discipline? Can't you leave Cynthia to Foster! You have your Blanca. With disgust, of himself, he turned from the window where the three of them ^(had) been watching ^{Christmas} the display. As he did so he came almost face to face with ^e Mrs. Berley who was out shopping with her daughter.

"Ah, Mr. Sheraton," she piped merrily, "how fortunate!"

How fortunate? George wondered. George didn't like to meet people out of the background, ^(into which) he had placed them, and unexpectedly, ^(at that) like lifting a phrase out of context. "What a pleasant surprise," he managed to smile at last, "how are you, Mrs. Berely?" And to Betty, who flashed her shining eyes up to him, "good to see you so soon-again." His face flushed slightly with the pleasure of seeing her. Like a ripe spring blossom peering through the slushing snow of the thaw, he thought. The Berleys were duly introduced to George's friends.

Mrs. Berely, ^{charmingly} accepted Cynthia and Foster immediately, and nestled them under her vast warm motherly wings. "Some evening, perhaps this week?" she said, displaying her best gold tooth, "we should like to have you and your friends, Mr. Sheraton, to dinner. Just ring us up, ^(that) you are coming."

"That would be lovely," Betty blushed furiously.

Charm, charm, charm! Gratefully charming. Thanks. Thanks for nothing at all. Thanks to the sun, moon and earth. Thanks-and a few damns to all!

A cursed and blighted night, with no sublimity in it. Not a sign or symbol. A dark furious night!

There was that "thing" between Foster and Cynthia, presumed to be an understanding. An undeclared bond between two beings of the opposite sex. Only in this case it was Cynthia who was the party of the second part. "So what's it to you?" George asked himself. But it was something to him, and he couldn't help but admitting it. The man behind the wall, in the shadow of the wall, who is struck dumb, and can't say a word. Who is like one paralyzed. It's that shadow of the wall, the barrier, that bars him from things he'd like, and should have. The wall now reaches to the sky and is more insurmountable than ever. No, it isn't the night that's cursed but himself. But where the origin and the "why" of that curse,

that he ever must remain an outsider, a stranger! If he'd only reach out a hand to Cynthia! But does he really care for her so much, ^(as) to antagonize his best friend, and lose Blanca in the bargain? Always that doubt and quibble. You are a coward, George, why not admit it. But it's not a question of courage here, he ~~tries~~ ^{tries} to reassure himself. I'd be glad enough to fight for a thing I really want. Well, what would you want, George? But the fact that I don't really know yet, does not detract from the fact that I would really fight for the thing I wanted, if I knew what I wanted. But why can't I be like Foster. He knew he wanted Cynthia, and he got her. Or did he? And Harold, he knows what he wants. Will he get Blanca? Yes, will Harold get Blanca.....?

When they were alone again and crossing the lonely span across the Kennebec toward Bonslow, George thought hard of the clear and lighted path that lay ahead of him. As if his head ^{had} suddenly cleared from some dazing experience, as if of a sudden his head could rise above the fog that ^{had} beset him and he could see clearly far ahead of him. If it hadn't been for the Berelays I might still be in the valley of the forlorn, in Dante's inferno of lost souls, he said to himself. He had the new found courage to face up to Cynthia and Foster in this, this - new relationship of theirs. A lucky break for me, he thought. Betty...! Clear and undemanding. ~~Maybe it was Mrs. Berelay too.~~ Her sprightly and motherly humor, her sustaining and protecting warmth he feels in her presence!

"Is this it? Foster," he said, "this... between you and Cynthia, you want to tell me about?"

"Well, Cynthia and I..." Foster hesitated, "we sort of agreed..."

"Not about us," Cynthia hastened to interrupt. George thought that she was a bit vehement, as if she were bent about a denial of what she suspected George had in mind. George looked at her and smiled. Then a sudden ^{had Cynthia after all told the truth about his mother!} thought frightened him, "It isn't my mother..." he almost shouted.

"Your mother is quite all right, except of course...."

"Except of course!" George prompted.

"That she wished you had come for the week-end holiday."

"Maybe you should have gone home," Foster said.

"Yes, maybe I should have," George was almost defiant with remorse.

"Well, it's more about Blanca," said Cynthia.

"What's so important about Blanca?"

"She and Harold..." Foster blurted out.

"Old stuff Harold chasing after her."

"But there is a new wrinkle to the old story," Cynthia suggested almost coquettishly, "you know nearness...."

"Well, well, so it's Blanca and Harold now." George thought his voice was not under complete control, and he codemned himself. Suddenly as if struck by a huge joke he burst out with a great guffaw: "But that's prime. Imagine Blanca and Harold!"

Cynthia thought his laughter rather mirthless. An uncertain panic of jealousy touched her. "Blanca, you know," she said, "is quite grown up."

"And Harold," Foster took it from there, "is quite the business man, and prosperous."

"The bicycle business, of course," George said with the taint of sarcasm in his voice. "All of a sudden it has blossomed into a treasure-trove." As if the humor of the whole thing moved him, he said quite jovially: "Now, it isn't sour grapes that I laugh the whole thing off."

There was a painful silence as they watched the swift current flow under the bridge. A few flakes of snow were fluttering down from nowhere it seemed, the crystals glittering like precious gems in the twinkling lights from the shore on the Bonslow side of the Kennebeck, until they were extinguished in the water below.

"I'd like to laugh with you," Foster turned to George, "but this is a brand new business. Oil, gasoline, automobile parts. And what they call a garage."

"A garage!" George wondered.

"Sort of an automobile barn," Foster explained.

"Who'd ever think of latching on to a thing like that. but our enterprising Harold!" George frowned.

"They say it's the coming thing," Foster affirmed a hearsay theory.

"And Blanca," Cynthia, ^{if} as if under compulsion, added, "and Blanca, the change in her!"

Foster shrugged his shoulders, smiling: "Maybe the change in Harold influenced her. He's big time now."

Yes, Big Time, George. That's it, "Big Time". Harold is Big Time now. Little, pudgy, unsure, uncertain, clumsy Harold. He has found his element. He is in his element. And she, Blanca! What a pair! Business is good for her. Any business... Was it an inner doubt in him, a painful disappointment? Aloud he said: "A toast to the new millionaire - coffee!"

And silently they left the bridge for the nearest lunch-room in Bonslow.