

The professor rapped the student on the wrist and wound his robes around himself.. "Young fool, I mean your American forebears! All those who settled this country and fought for it!"

"Oh? Strange—I think of them as men who almost wiped out the race of real Americans..."

The professor ripened with rage. "Have you learned nothing?" he rasped. "Think of the brave at Valley Forge! Recall the authors of our Constitution! Set your mind on Washington and Jefferson and Franklin and Lincoln! Those men smelted out a nation with their wills and their faith and their unmatched visions!"

He shook with righteous conviction. The sun changed color. The young man bowed his head. Shadows moved uneasily.

"I do not question those men or the stars that led them. They flew more lofty heraldry than was ever mine. But they too dropped the shields of their ancestors and forged their own designs rampant, burning the bar sinister behind them."

"Young upstart," the tutor flicked him aside, "my whole point was wasted on you. Now, class—"

"No!" he cried. "I want to be led and inspired but not from behind, not from a closed era.

Many stars have fallen. Some have burned out.

The new ones are dim and no two have the same path.

And which will show me the way?"