

through the pines an' see it playin' with the leaves on the cottonwoods an' plowin' through the tops of the sorghum."

They sat for some time in silence then Gerry said, "I've been calling you 'Kemp' since I first saw you but you still hang on to the 'mister' when you talk to me. Cut it out, Kemp."

Kemp flushed slightly. "Some things is fittin' an' some ain't," he said, "an' we can't always rightly say why. Some folks is governed by conscience but most by pride. It's goin' to be 'Kemp' and 'Mister Lansing' to the end of the chapter, Mr. Lansing, an' no friendship lost either. Shake."

They shook hands solemnly, mounted and started back to Red Hill. Gerry had found the key to Kemp's strength. It was the key to all strength. Kemp belonged on the Hill, and with the people of true blood anywhere, not only because he was himself always but because he defended what he could hold and no more. He was a definition for independence.