May 11, 1951

Country

By Jane Watson

Dave sat down at the typewriter and stared into the dark room a moment trying to think of how to waist, looking at her. begin the letter. He could make out no distinct object in the darkness, but he heard the clock tick- alone in the living room sitting in ing in military precision. Rain was the stuffed chair by the fireplace. dripping in the gutter pipe outside the window rhythmically-leftright-left-right-forward marchleft-right. Dave thought about turning on the radio softly to shut out these sounds. It was time for store." "Music in the Night". Then he thought about the boy on duty sitting at the end of the hall under } the one bare, cold neon tube. He place and turned suddenly to face couldn't risk any more demerits. Tom. Last week he had kept night watch. He remembered sitting in the straight chair facing the long hall, lighted only by the tiny night army-feels, you know." ights along the floor.

He liked to sit and imagine how ome night when he was on duty, re would leave the desk and walk Tom?" down the hall. It would stretch farther and farther away and he bored." would walk until the desk glaring

under the bare neon tube would you remember how you talked befade and vanish. Still he would fore you left-duty, and all that." The night lights would bewalk. come brighter and brighter and voice dropped. 'Duty to God and my country"-'God", and Dave thought of march-

ing into chapel and reciting the had been in the living room writ-Cadet's Prayer — "my country" — ing the valedictory speech for high C. symphony. Dave dropped the front legs of his school graduation. His mother was pering, staring into the darkness. that his older brother had said heard her very quickly thank the Dave's. even years ago. Dave had watch-Tom all during church that

morning. The whole family was sitting as usual in the pew next to the window in the grey stone Episcopal church-Mom and Dad, then Ann and Tom sitting very close together, then Dave. But when the opening hymn was announced, Tom hadn't moved to open a book for Ann. He looked straight ahead, not seeming to hear. Dave thrust his hymnal over and Tom jumped, startled. He stared at the page a moment before he grinned and whispered, "Thanks". During the sermon, Tom stared out of the was no trace in There his eyes of the teasing glints Dave knew so well. Dave wondered and started to pinch his leg-Tom hated that-but for some reason ne didn't. Reverend Cains began the prayer, "Lord, be with the boys in Germany—" Tom whispered something to Ann. As she put her hand on his knee, the sun reflected prisms of light from her wedding rings. At dinner that day while Mom nd Ann were clearing away the dishes for dessert, Tom had said suddenly that he believed he'd join the Army. Ann kept on stacking plates, but Mom had sat down quickly. She and Dad tried to talk him out of it. Ann kept scraping the plates. It was then he'd said something about duty to his country. Dave had sat silent wishing he were old enough to go and forgetting how he hated being called Tom's "kid brother" and the baby'

"Good to see you, Tom." Tom grasped his hand tightly newspaper office.

and mumbled something in reply keeping his other arm about Ann's

That evening when Dave came home from school he found Tom The grey half-light of dusk smoothed away harshness and Dave thought Tom was smiling. "Where's Ann?'

"She took Mom to the grocery

"You by yourself?"

"Yeah." Dave walked over to the fire-

"Tell me about it."

"What?"

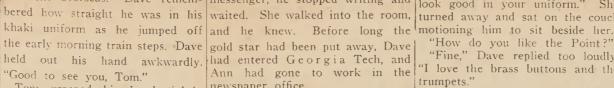
"I mean how it—being in the

"Right now after a train trip from camp, it feels tired." "Are you tired all the time,

"No. back at camp I'm just-

"Aw Tom, I'm serious. Don't "Yeah, I remember." Tom's

soon he would close his eyes, daz- Car lights flashed in the drivezled, always walking. When he way and Ann yelled for help in opened them, he would find a new carrying in the groceries. Dave world, and he would be free. Dave never talked to Tom alone again. frowned and decided to risk the After he went back to camp, his demerits. He flipped the radio letters to the family came from I use had told him he should. switch and turned it down low 'til across the Pacific. He wrote about the buzzing was replaced by smooth being hungry when the supply soft music. Dave leaned back in headquarters sent only heavy artilhis chair and smiled. To hell with lery which couldn't be used in the the rather dark, high-ceilinged demerits. He imagined what would hills. He complained about Roosehappen if the boy on duty heard, velt's giving half of eastern Asia "On my honor as a West Point to the Russians and splitting up mixture of tarupe flowers on a "On my honor as a West Point to the Russians and splitting up grey background. The ruffled cadet--" He would be reported-- Korea at Yalta, but he never mentioned duty again.



The radio announcer read an advertisement to the dark room and Dave heard the clock ticking in military precision.

THE SALEMITE

It was during his first Christmas vacation from Tech that he had announced his intention to try for an appointment to W.est Point Ann had dropped in that night with the new managing editor to wish them Merry Christmas. When he finished telling of his decision, Ann was watching him intently. "Don't do it, Dave. You weren't

cut out for Army life." Dave looked at her resentfully

'How do you know? And what io you know about Army life?" "I knew Tom."

Dave saw the managing editor sitting beside her and staring at the floor. "It seems that you might have forgotten Tom.' Ann reddened. "No, I haven't

forgotten him. Perhaps we'd better go now, Ed."

Dave snapped off the radio announcer's voice and typed Dear Ann at the top of the page,he stopped. It had begun to rain harder.

He remembered the next time he had seen Ann. It was during his summer leave after his first year at West Point. He hadn't wanted to go to her house after she had announced her engagement to the managing editor, but his Her house was quiet with the Sunday afternoon hush. It was like walking into a cave to leave room. The wallpaper was a hazy mixture of tarupe flowers on a white curtains wavered slightly When the telegram came, Dave with the breeze. Across the street

Dave threw his hat on the chair chair back onto the floor with a clattering with Sunday night sup- by the doorway and turned to hud and sat up straight, remem- per in the kitchen, and Dad was watch Ann coming downstairs. She re-reading the morning paper. Ann crossed the room and held out her "Duty to my country," that's answered the door bell. When he hand. It was small and cold in

Dial 7106

'I'm glad you came, Dave. "he went overseas. Dave remem- messenger, he stopped writing and look good in your uniform." You Duty TOMY he went overseas. Dave remem- messenger, he stopped writing and look good in your uniform." She bered how straight he was in his waited. She walked into the room, turned away and sat on the couch She "How do you like the Point?" "Fine," Dave replied too loudly. 'I love the brass buttons and the trumpets."

'No, I'm serious."

"Oh, it's all right. Are you busy with the wedding plans yet?" "Do you still hold that against

me ?" "No. I'll write a term paper on 'How I Have Forgiven Ann And Grown Up' if that'll convince you.' "Do you ever Ann laughed. write anymore, Dave. Tom used to think you were pretty good." "A little. I won honorable mention for a profile about General

Pershing. "Could you write about anything but generals in the contest?'

"No." "Dave, please listen to me. It's wrong for you-

died for his duty didn't he? you weren't so busy with that too?'

heavy artillery and he had to open muttered. He lay down on his bed a supply line. On the way a bul- and listened to the rain drumming let caught him."

"You're wrong!" "Am I?"

"You have to be." Dave walked out of the door and into the hot

Dave began to type. I hardly, know how to begin, Ann, but there's something I have to say-He stopped and listened to the rain thumping on the window pane. t sounded like a double cadence-Maybe I'm an idealist or perfectionist, Ann, maybe that's why I'm all mixed up about honor and duty and all that. Any way I want to pologize for the way I acted. Maybe I was wrong, but they



Page Five

By Cynthia May

The night is dark. The crescent moon hangs low. The black horizon is tinted with

pastel shades from the city below. The air is still.

We mortals lie asleep.

From somewhere a gentle breeze stirs and whispers in the trees. The breeze grows stronger.

The night is no longer quiet.

The trees form ghastly arches bent by the terrible force of the wind.

The world is aghast A terrifying fear has struck the

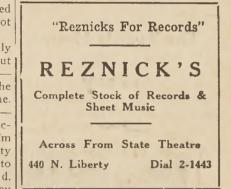
awakened. The gale is at its peak and all is a rushing, threatened turmoil.

The night is dark.

The crescent moon hung low, And all was calm before the dawn.

Dave jumped up. "It was good taught me not to admit a mistake. enough for Tom wasn't it? He I have to believe in something now. If What--

Dave ripped the paper from the newspaper man you would see it typewriter and crumpled it viciously. He walked across the floor "Tom never died for duty. He towards his bed bumping into the died because his men couldn't eat wastepaper basket. "Damn," he on the roof. Perfect marching time-left-right-





Tom came home on leave before

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