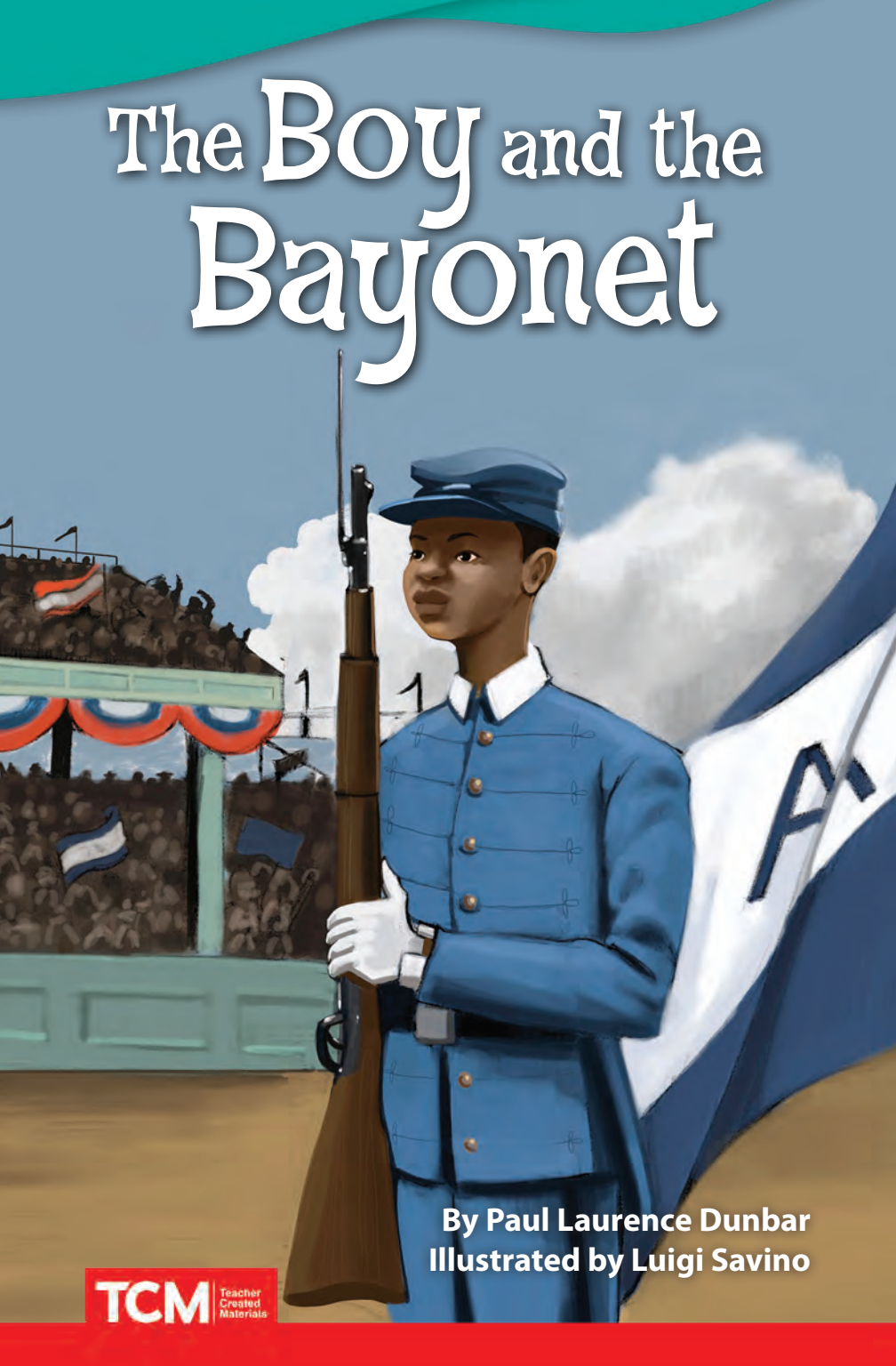
The Boy and the Bayonet



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TCM Teacher Created Materials

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CHAPTER ONE

Family Pride

It was June 1895, near the end of school. The air was full of the sound of the bustle and preparation for the final exercises, field day, and drills. Especially drills. Nothing so gladdens the heart of a Washington mother, be she black or white, as seeing her boy in a blue cadet's uniform, marching

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proudly to the cheers of the crowd.

The uniform had the power to make a boy forget the many nights when he had come in tired out and dusty from his practice drill. It lightened the memories of a mother carrying the weight of the home on her shoulders. She feels only the pride and joy of the result.

Bud did all he could to help the family outside of study hours. But there had been many days of hard work for Hannah Davis since her son started at the high school. And she did it gladly, since it gave Bud the chance to learn. It gave Bud a chance at things that had passed her by long ago.

When he entered the Cadet Corps, it seemed to be a first step toward the fulfillment of all her hopes. It was hard for her, getting the uniform. But Bud helped do his part. When his mother saw him rigged out in all his regimentals, she felt that it was worth all the trouble and expense just to see

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the joy and pride of Little Sister, who adored Bud.

As the time for the drill competition drew near, there was an air of excitement in the little house on D Street, where the three lived. Too sickly for school, Little Sister sat all day long and looked out the window on the dull prospect of a dusty street lined on either side with dull red brick houses, all the same ugly pattern. Sprinkled here and there were older, uglier frame shanties. In the evening, Hannah hurried home to get supper ready before the time when Bud would return, hungry and tired from his drills and the chore work that followed them.

When Little Sister saw Bud, she was energized. Her questions about school followed him all through the house. When Little Sister looked at Bud, she saw her hero.

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CHAPTER TWO



The Great Day

Things were cheerful. As they ate supper, Bud, with glowing face, would tell just how his Company A was doing, every move and every command. He would explain in great detail just what they were going to do to Companies B and C. It was not bragging so much as showing confidence based on the hard

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work he was doing.

Little Sister often, listening to her brother, would clap her hands or cry, "Oh, Bud, you're just splendid an' I know you'll beat 'em!"

"If we work hard, we'll beat 'em. We've got 'em beat," Bud would reply.

Hannah, to check herself against the sin of overconfidence, would break in with, "Now, don't you be too sure; there ain't been no man so good that there wasn't somebody bettah." But all the while her face and manner betrayed her words. "Now, let your brother be, Little Sista."

The great day came. A crowd of people packed the great baseball grounds to overflowing. It was an eager, banner-waving, shouting crowd. It was strictly divided, and so the people separated themselves into sections by the colors of the flags they carried and the ribbons they wore. Side yelled at side, and party teased party. The blue and white of Company A

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