

tional volumes. There is a department for periodicals and magazines, and a separate library office and catalogue department is maintained.

The newest feature is the College of Religion library, established in 1941, and located in the new College of Religion building on the Fairview campus. It holds several rare copies of the Bible and other exceptional books of religious nature. The reading room of this library presents the

best advantages possible, and the stacks are organized most efficiently. It is doubtless the hope of many that the regular university library will some day be housed in separate and more adequate quarters. Both libraries are operated by paid librarians, assisted by student workers.

If every student in Butler could avail himself of the opportunities afforded by our libraries, there would surely be no closed doors in the house of knowledge.

## A Nightmare

JANE BURRIN

The lake was unusually calm that particular June day, when my Mother and Father started on their daily fishing trip.

I bade them farewell from the dock, and reluctantly started back to the cottage. Although I did not have the patience for fishing, it seemed that there should be something more exciting to look forward to than a game of solitaire.

Resigning myself to this entertainment, I settled down on the screened porch with my cards and the radio. I played the necessary unsuccessful game, and my luck began to change. I triumphantly placed the last ace on the stack which won the game.

My extreme concentration on the game was interrupted by an unusual rustling and commotion of the leaves outside. I did not notice the advancing storm, until my cards were whipped off the table, and plastered tightly against the screen. The flies began to collect on the sheltered side of the porch, buzzing their warning of an oncoming rain. Static in the radio made the program unintelligible and added to my growing panic. The dust in the road was blown through the air in clouds, and I got my eyes full of it as I eagerly tried to

scan the lake in the hope of seeing my parents' boat.

It was raining hard now, and the rain stung my face. The blowing sand made my eyes smart, and I could hardly see the dock.

My increasing panic forced frightening yet realistic thoughts through my brain. What would I do if I should never see my parents again? To whom would I turn? Where would I live? These thoughts all tortured my mind, while thoughts of my parents made my heart sink.

I no longer could see the shore line, and in desperation I stumbled out onto the dock, and looked for a boat on that rain swept expanse of lake. I could not see more than a few yards, so I had to depend on my ears. It seemed that I could hear voices coming nearer.

Just as I allowed a faint hope to rise in my heart, a boat appeared coming toward shore. As it neared I recognized my Mother and Father. They pulled up along side of the dock and tied the boat. Mother picked up a six inch blue gill from the water filled boat as she said, "They didn't seem to be biting today."