

family reunion. From the passing of Great-aunt Sarah to the recent arrival of small Linda Lou, each event is reviewed and discussed until the family has caught up with themselves and their doings.

At the reunion this year, however, there are several faces missing from the family circle: one with the Marines in New Guinea, two in England with the Air Transport Command, and one missing in the Southern Pacific area.

Before leaving the gathering, while everyone is still together, the family re-

verently kneels as Grandfather prays — for the safety of those boys across the sea, for the welfare of our nation, and for a peace to encircle all nations and all men everywhere.

At the close of this meeting, these true citizens of the soil realize that this is indeed a great American heritage, one of the freedoms for which we are fighting: the right to a home and family and the love of that family; the right to "family reunions."

Spring

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The gay voices of students quieted as the last bell rang and the professor walked into the room with her quick, jaunty step.

"Ahem!" She cleared her throat in preparation for the lecture as the notebooks were opened and fountain pens were put into position.

"This morning," she continued in her high mouse-like voice, "we shall discuss the outbreak of the French Revolution. I wish you to take sufficient notes on the subject, please."

At first my notes were very neat and my writing legible, but as the minutes dragged by her words became less audible and my notes more jumbled until finally I had stopped writing completely. My eyes had wandered to a little speck of red which was partially concealed by tiny new leaves of a not too distant tree outside the window. Upon continued observation, the speck took the form of a cardinal. Its cheery song floated on the soft breeze, and as it flitted from branch to branch, so my eyes followed.

"Ahem!"

With a start, I straightened and began to scribble hurriedly on a blurred sheet of paper. I wondered how long I had been gazing out of the window, for other students had already started a second page while I had barely completed even a half page of notes. So as not to be thought behind, I, too, quickly turned to a new page and continued writing. Cautiously I looked at the lecturer and was relieved to find that at this moment her glances were directed at an unsuspecting individual who quite unconsciously had fallen asleep.

Slowly my eyes turned again toward the open window. The noise of an electric mowing machine caught my ears, and I sensed the pleasant odor of freshly cut grass.

Across the way a little white cottage surrounded by a low picket fence and a gateway entwined with ivy presented an entrancing picture. Beyond the gateway yellow jonquils lifted their smiling faces

to the sun. Golden dandelions had poked their heads through the green lawn despite the previous year's careful weeding and resembled a painting of tiny bright coins flung casually upon a blanket of velvety green moss. Two lilac trees, one white and one purple, guarded each side of the doorway, their heads raised proudly.

The whole outdoors seemed to shimmer through a veil of soft green and appeared as a lovely spring bouquet with

cherry trees all dressed in white, budding lilacs, entwining vines, and awakening lilies of the valley amid soft clusters of purple violets.

My mind was filled with the beauty of the spring and the songs of the birds when the sharp sound of the dismissal bell pierced the air. Almost automatically my notebook closed and I tripped gayly out of the room. Such is the life of a student in the spring.

Excerpts

I look up at the house settled so comfortably on the hill before us with the garden of flowers, each competing with the other in the race for new coloring The tile house with the steel framed windows overlooks a tranquil glen that once held a maze of gladiolas of every hue, but now has thousands of slender green rye wisps, gently bending with the breeze. As I ascend the crest of the hill, I notice the undisturbed arrangement of the small spruce and pine trees circling the house and garden The evening shadows slowly descend upon the quiet scene as I turn homeward again to walk the old familiar path. I trudge the last few steps in silence with myself, for I feel the deep regret I shall always feel when I think of leaving home. The soft strains of "Largo" reach my ear, and the music speaks, saying "I am home." —from *Reverie of My Country Home* by Wanita Earles.

I have heard of people who delight

in numbering their dollars. I have heard of girls who have written their names, addresses, and telephone numbers on prominent park benches. I have heard of people who have scrawled their name on menus. I have heard of students who absent mindedly pencil out their names on their texts as they study, but before I came to Butler I had never been aware that the disease *Imarkinbooksitis* had been exposed to and contracted by so many people. — from "*Imarkinbookitis, or Move Over Brother, as I am Ripe for that Padded Cell*" by Jeanne Gronseth.

I once had the invigorating experience of hearing a man say to a preacher, "I don't like to go to church, therefore I don't go." In my opinion that man has learned, perhaps by long and arduous experience, when an excuse is necessary and when the undecorated truth will serve the purpose just as well. — from "*Excuses*" by Evelyn Doyle.