

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.