

## LIBRARY CRIER

Activities here and there and good publicity rather went hand in hand. Ours began early, because we were on the ground floor of the development of rural libraries. Shortly after we had begun our program in the fall of 1944, Ralph McGill, Editor of **The Atlanta Constitution** included us in a column he wrote: "Carroll County Does a Real Job". The very next year **Georgia Progress** picked us up in "Bookmobile Services".

In 1950 the Editor of **Schools and Better Living** came down from Massachusetts to interview me, and to write a feature story; however, he became so excited about our program that he said it was far too broad for a quick look to suffice. He asked that I write a feature on West Georgia Regional Library to be published in the magazine.

In the spring of 1949 the Police Department named me Carroll County's Safest Woman Driver (probably the novelty of seeing me out daily driving the Library-on-Wheels). The Public Library Division of the State Department of Education wrote the story, sending it to the **Library Journal**, which published it later in the year. I also received a letter of commendation from Governor Herman Talmadge. This attention added another important dimension to the publicity our young program was receiving.

More national recognition came our way in 1951 when Delta Sigma Theta Sorority named us as the public library doing the best job in the nation for blacks. The Sorority awarded us a fine Bookmobile and other gifts for use in our dynamic Negro services. This story also appeared in publications across the country.

**Progressive Farmer** featured our Bookmobile services that year, and in 1952 an astounding event took place which resulted in publicizing of our library system nationally through radio (in the New York stations).

Just as special effects make a drama come alive, so do special activities bring attention to a library or to any other agency serving the public. The **Carroll County Georgian**, one of the finest newspapers in the country serving public interest, attracted national recognition in 1950, when it was chosen by Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air, a General Mills program, as a co-sponsor of the "Tops in Our Town" contest. The contest, which was county-wide, resulted in "yours truly" being named as "Tops of the County" — an election that surprised me to a point of a speechlessness. Stanley Parkman, Editor of **Carroll**



"It's all in fun," he said.

"No," I answered. "We rural librarians do not deliver books a la the milkman. Every **individual** user differs in some way from every other. Our job is never routine; furthermore, if I were to say little old ladies come into the library with umbrellas ready to hide the love stories as they leave, I'd be laughed out of the State of Georgia.

"I will never hurt my people's feelings. They are wholesome, decent, down-to-earth folks who accept me as one of them. I could not assume that they would look upon this dialog as just a joke. They would never expect me to be-little or laugh at them, either."

Disgusted, he walked out, leaving me my copy of the script. That night I scratched out words and lines and changed it pretty well. (Wasn't I naive?)

The next morning somebody on the ABC Staff told me I had friends from Carrollton out in the audience. I rushed out and to my delight there were Ebb and Antoinette Duncan, Hugh and Grace Richards, and others. We chatted a few minutes till I was called back to get ready for the broadcast.

About five minutes before broadcast I met "Betty Crocker" for the first time — and liked her instinctively on sight. She was very gracious. We sat down on opposite sides of a table. Mikes were pulled down for our use. About one-half minute before we were to go on the air, someone said:

"Throw the old script on the floor. Here is a revised copy." Now why didn't I know this would happen? (I said to myself.) I didn't even have time to take a peek at it. Hovering over both shoulders were guys who were — I suppose — briefed to turn pages if I were shaking, or to scoop me up in my dazed state from the floor — or something. As I went smoothly along (thanks to my experience at WLBB and Atlanta Stations) they slowly backed off and away. I thought: let your eyes move ahead. If anything offensive is included, you'll have to take care of it as you go along; but that didn't happen. The episodes I objected to had been scratched but I couldn't get too excited about a certain flour making such delightful biscuits!

I came away thinking maybe I'd better go back to the country and stay put. You see, my expense account was too low! I could tell by the look in the eyes of the liaison person. They spelled consternation. I have never thrown my own money around nor have I been reckless with library money. Anyway, at least the name of our library, our county, and our state went out across the country, unsullied, except maybe a little by my ineptness. My Official Board and the State

Library Division were delighted that I had won the honor and made the trip. Several members met the plane in Atlanta upon my return, to welcome me home. I was not surprised, since I had always experienced the trust and affection of my Board members and our State Consultants, but I felt good when I saw them there.

Thus the pasture gates to the expansive green fields of librarianship were opened a small crack and I escaped. I don't know whether or not I went "braying" — but at least I had a message . . .

## 6.

### LEARNING VENTURES

I must say now that I have been greatly concerned as to how to handle my own participation in our story so that you will read my heart as you follow my scribble. May I stress a point regarding all this? I have not meant to set my "self" as an entity apart from the library situation to be scrutiniized. Other Directors, too, have ventured beyond their garden walls.

I would not classify myself as a finished production — library-wise. I have had my blind spots, I know; hence though fired up with perpetual dedication and ambition for us, I simply never took myself too seriously. I just bluntly admit that I have been fortunate in many ways: in coming along at the right time and in having all sorts of doors opened for me as an experimenter in Rural and Regional Librarianship. The temperment God gave me plus my developing philosophy and resolution saw me through. My attitude as I ended my career was pretty much as it was when I started, outlined by a happy, though serious outlook on life. Any success the library has experienced is due to more than the leadership that one little ordinary librarian could ever bring to the situation.

I was always happy to have a small part in the activities of our profession beyond our own boundaries, fully aware that there were many librarians who could have put my feeble efforts in the shade. Lucile Nix and Sarah Jones were known to librarians from coast to coast as "the Golddust Twins" because under their efficient and dynamic leadership, school and public libraries were two sides of the same coin. Wherever I went across the country to professional meetings I proudly talked of our cooperative spirit among all types of libraries — not only in West Georgia but all over the state. I felt this was one of our strengths.

This philosophy had been the basis for establishing the West Georgia Regional Library program. I suppose one of the best examples of the recognition of the importance of this philosophy and the re-

sulting over-all services was the fact I was invited in September of 1964 to address the National Conference on Rural Education in Washington, D. C., on the subject: "A Rural Library Services Both School and Community".

West Georgia Regional Library was put into the limelight, though it just as well could have been any one of a number of Georgia systems so honored. Other exciting programs were underway throughout the state, linking the rural settlements together and making available all sorts of library materials and services to enhance the Georgian's family and community life.

Every year of my professional service, doors were opened for me; and the opportunity to travel, to observe and/or to participate in library programs and activities over the country — all of which kept the name of our system (as well as of all our state) before the public, was another important facet of our Public Relations Program. Naturally I grew with experience. It was inevitable that one such venture led into another as the months and years passed, like a pebble cast into a pool, resulting in everwidening circles, all part of a whole design, with no way on earth for an accurate measurement of its effect to be made.

It was my happy and productive privilege to meet and work with professional librarians representing all kinds of libraries, with differing skills and philosophies. I sometimes think I had more than my share of enriching experiences for the benefit of our own library; but I do hope that I served my State well and deserved them, too.

### PR AT WORK

I became excited early in my career about the effectiveness of workshops and institutes in opening vistas for greater understanding and challenges in the library field and in developing good relationships with other librarians and with leaders in related agencies. It's true that I often went places to broaden my scope — especially after I joined the American Library Association. One of the most excellent opportunities came in 1954 in the Adult Education Through Libraries Workshop at Milwaukee, which lasted for two weeks, and I was privileged to serve as Chairman of the Small Libraries Participants (serving a population of less than 100,000).

I used our own and other Georgia programs as the basis for leading discussion on all kinds of services, their format, their goals, their successes and failures. Don't get me wrong. I went there to learn and in fact, I brought away many ideas.

In 1957 I was invited to participate as a speaker and consultant

in a two-week workshop at Florida State University. One of my speeches was "Working As a Team: Librarian and Board"; the other talk was entitled "Reaching the Rural Adult in a New Library". I was also asked to participate in a symposium with Lura Currier, a field representative for the Mississippi Library Commission, and Gretchen Schenk, author of **Library Literature** and a library consultant of national stature. Our topic was "Bookmobile Operation".

In 1969 I participated as a discussion leader at Georgia Tech in a workshop on the Information Needs of Community Development Agencies — The discussion under the capable management of a very brilliant librarian, Dr. Mary Edna Anders.

Later, Mary Edna came to Carrollton to hold an institute on Processing and Using Information by Community Development Agencies. This was an institute co-sponsored by Georgia Tech and the Carroll County Chamber of Commerce. Participants were representatives from the many industries in our area. Neva Lomason Memorial Library hosted this institute.

Let me digress a bit to say right here that it has always been our policy to pay special attention to our industries, to meet their needs when we are approached for help, and to give them a special salute during Industrial Week. Once, for example, we were asked by a small industry to gather data on the projected growth of a town not in our Region, so the company could study a proposal to expand the business. Our Reference Department prepared the survey, turned it over to the industry, remaining silent of course about the whole affair.

On another occasion we assisted the Chamber of Commerce in holding a three-day institute on Investments led by James N. Sturgeon, an Investment Executive of Goodbody and Company of Atlanta, and coordinated by Leroy Childs, the Deputy Director of the West Georgia Regional Library. As a matter of fact, it was an Investment Course concerned with three topics: fundamentals of investing, mutual funds, and advanced investment techniques. This was a most worthwhile cooperative institute, well attended and appreciated — particularly by the business segment of Carrollton and Carroll County.

In 1971, we cooperated with the Georgia Library for the Blind and Handicapped to hold a workshop at Neva Lomason Library for all workers with such handicaps in our area. Mrs. Hunicutt of the State Staff chaired the program. All who participated in this important and significant workshop learned the part the Federal and State Governments, as well as the local libraries, play in helping the handicapped.

I've been fortunate enough to help in numerous projects under the aegis of Georgia Library Association through the years, chairing

such Georgia committees as Operation Library, the Public Library Film Committee, National Library Week, the Intellectual Freedom Committee, the Library Development Committee Awards, Budget Committee, and the Governmental Relations Committee. In addition I testified in Washington in behalf of the Library Services Act and also served on the Standards Committee, on the Communications Committee of the Georgia Adult Education Council, on the Committee to Prepare GLA Handbook, on a Special Committee to Draw up Guidelines for Teaching Basic Courses in Undergraduate Library Science in College, to Plan a Luncheon at ALA Midwinter for Senators and Representatives, on the Committee on Study of Library Training Opportunities, and on committees to discuss library needs with Georgia Legislators. All these appointments gave me the privilege of working with librarians from school, college and university, special, as well as public libraries, thus broadening my scope, enriching my experiences. Regardless of the assignment, I was always looking to the promotion of our own program on the local, state, southeastern, and national levels in the hope that by keeping the name of our System before the public, we could enhance our status.

Because I have extensive experience with building libraries, the State Department of Education asked me to serve on the Advisory Public Library Building Committee, whose function was to study and offer suggestions to each Director presenting building plans in behalf of his (or her) Library Board. I enjoyed this experience and felt it was a committee of vital importance.

No assignment worked me harder or brought greater satisfaction to me than did the biennium I served as President of the Georgia Library Association (1961-63). It afforded me an overall view of the profession of librarianship in Georgia. It enabled me to form warmer friendships with librarians from all kinds of institutions and agencies. By the time the annual GLA Conference of 1963 convened at Jekyll Island, I had formulated what I considered to be a few challenges for my successors in that office. I was to see most of my suggestions become reality — one of the most important being the publishing of an association magazine.

Another enjoyable assignment transpired in 1960 when I was responsible for the program of the County and Regional Section of the Southeastern Library Association. A few years before, I had developed a friendship with the illustrious journalist-author, Medora Field Perkinson, whose **White Columns in Georgia** is to my notion still the finest book on Georgia pre-Civil War mansions in print. Since the Association was meeting at the Atlanta Biltmore, I felt perhaps Medora could conveniently arrange to address our Section. She graciously agreed.

I decided to leave her name off the printed program, instead, substituting "A Mystery Guest". Medora, though known primarily for her **White Columns**, was also a pretty good mystery writer, having published such hair-raisers as **Who Killed Aunt Maggie** and **Blood on Her Shoe**. I thought it would be fun to have a surprise for her, too; so instead of planning for a center table floral arrangement, I asked Ruby Stallings, an expert craftswoman in Carrollton, to construct a replica of a white mansion about two feet high, which I placed as an off-center decorative touch, making no comment to anyone about its significance. I had arranged with Lucile Nix to accompany Medora down the aisle to the podium after all the librarians had taken their seats and we were ready to begin the program.

I then introduced our popular Georgia author as our "mystery guest". Medora had a fine time discussing her experiences as a writer; then she was really surprised herself when in the name of the County and Regional librarians from the nine southeastern states, I presented her with the little mansion.

She told me later how thrilled she had been to receive the little white house, and how excited her neighbors in Ponce de Leon Apartments were over the replica of White Columns. The story got around. Medora herself wrote about it. Of course our local press played it up and our library was recognized, as its director was instrumental in planning and promoting the program.

One assignment of far-reaching importance came as a complete surprise to me. I was asked by the American Library Association to write a segment of the Small Libraries Project, a series on library philosophy and methods for non-professional librarians in our small community libraries across the country. The total project included tracts on such subjects as trends in Small Library Buildings, Organizing for Good Library Service, The Trustee of a Small Public Library, Reader's Guidance in a Small Public Library and The Library in a Small Community.

My contribution, actually an exploration of the development of good public relations — making the library function as a vital part of community life — **The Library in the Small Community**, outlines the need for a community study, knowing the people, measuring local library needs against standards, planning and implementing programs based on the discovered needs and the need constantly to survey and evaluate.

In 1956 Stanley Parkman invited me to begin a weekly column in the **Carroll County Georgian**, which I continue to write today. This has afforded me an excellent opportunity to speak directly to the



general public, sharing ideas, problems, developments, activities. It has not been easy.

We are indeed fortunate that such excellent Georgia journalists and feature writers as Dora Byron, Margaret Long, Margaret Shannon, Frank Wells, and Celestine Sibley have put to paper their thoughts about various aspects of the West Georgia Regional Library's story. Margaret Long lovingly featured our program at work in our first real library — the "Little House". Margaret Shannon spent a day on the Bookmobile and wrote brilliantly of her experiences out in the rural settlements. Frank Wells, caught up in the excitement of Operation Library — A Tournament of Books, created a spirited account of our pageant, **Miss Once-Upon-A-Time**. My good friend, Celestine Sibley, author of books so unique that they well-nigh defy description (Her own **Atlanta Constitution** Editor says she "writes like a dream"), has turned her attention our way on at least a half dozen occasions.

In writing his book **Librarians Wanted**, published in 1959, Adrian Paradis devoted a section to Regional Libraries, spotlighting three types of services. The first was the state of Wisconsin's program, called "Library Service for a Whole State". The second was **West Georgia Regional Library**, called "**The Smiling Librarian**". The third was about a Denver, Colorado Library and was entitled "Bibliographical Center for Research". Our program was again included in library literature, but this time, in a book which has become a "classic" in library literature, as has Elinor Phinney's **Adult Education in Action**.

Dora Byron — for many years on the faculty at Emory University as a specialist in Adult Education, and more recently, till her retirement, an instructor of Journalism at West Georgia College, wrote a magnificent story about the West Georgia Regional Library as she saw it through the person of its Director. This story appeared in the **Sunday Magazine (Atlanta Journal-Atlanta Constitution)** on June 3, 1974, with the caption: "Thirty Years As The Library Lady", in which she called me "a mix of a salesman, politician, wagon trail scout, section boss, and arbitrator . . ." Among the responses from this feature was a personal letter to me from President Gerald Ford, taking note of my long tenure of service to the people. I suppose I should have been called the "library crier".

According to Webster, "promotion is the act of furthering the growth or development of something". We moved from an idea to reality. I honestly believe that time has already tested our West Georgia Regional Library, and for that matter, other Georgia Public Library Systems and the Public Library Division of our State Government — and not found us wanting.

## WESTWARD HO! A LA ALA

The Library's first recognition by the American Library Association came as something of a surprise. Early in 1952, the Association had received a grant from the Fund for Adult Education to survey adult education activities in public libraries and state extension agencies. This survey, under the direction of Helen Lyman, was mailed in 1951 with a questionnaire sent out across the country for a spotcheck. West Georgia Regional Library was one of the libraries selected for reporting.

I recognized the survey as an opportunity for analysis and evaluation, both of ourselves and for measurement against our status nationwide. Of course I carefully and attentively used the findings to add up our service score, then shared the data with my Official Board, sending the completed questionnaire on to ALA. To say the least, I was not ashamed. We were a young program with great challenges before us; however, we had based the organization and its program firmly on our philosophy that an active public library is an educational institution.

The reaction of ALA to our reply via the survey opened the first door for us to carry the story of West Georgia to a national audience, as well as to begin our professional activity in the American Library Association. I was invited to address the Public Library Association at the 1953 annual conference of the American Library Association in Los Angeles. My assignment was to discuss the significance of the survey to medium sized and small libraries. John Richards, Head Librarian of the Seattle Public Library (in 1956 he would also become President of ALA) was asked to discuss the survey from the viewpoint of a large library. I immediately called my State Consultants to read the letter of invitation and Lucile Nix, Chief Consultant, said:

"Do it! This is a great honor for you and your library and the State!"

With the approval of my Board, I accepted with alacrity, though had I had foreknowledge about the fiery furnace that lay ahead of me, I might have experienced a few more qualms! I am speaking of the Mojave Desert. (This was **before** our cars were airconditioned.)

Byrd Ivester, Director, Northeast Georgia Regional Library; Ethel Peerson, Director, Flint River Regional Library; and Mary Baxter, the West Georgia Regional Library Bookmobile Librarian joined me on our expedition West via Station Wagon. None of us had ever been further than Texas before.

All were fine travelers. Mary and I explained that by moving right along, we could have an extra day and night before Conference to cross the border in Tijuana. All agreed to this. We weren't planning any extra-curricula activity in Tijuana; in truth, we had but little filthy lucre among us. We weren't even really aware then that Tijuana has a certain — flair, shall I say? We rambled around down there, though, for several hours "seeing the sights". I bought my first pair of huaraches, which I did not wear out for several years, I might add. We collected a bunch of colorful bits and pieces of Mexicana to use later in displays and to show the children as we moved out into rural areas.

Meantime, as we drove down over the border and back, at my foolish insistence we were constantly stopping at the sight of every drugstore so I could dash in and beg the pharmacists to give me something for the moon-sized fever blister which had suddenly erupted on my upper lip. Finally, one of them informed me that my headlight was a **desert sore**, not a fever blister — and only time would heal! Now I dreaded having to make the speech. I just knew I looked like a sick 'coon. I searched around for Lucile Nix and Sarah Jones, our State Consultants.

"Look at me," I said. "I can't possibly make a speech looking like this!"

Oh, it just **feels** bad to you," they insisted. It really looks all right. You have to carry out your commitment!"

I attended a briefing called by Grace Stevenson, the Deputy Director of the American Library Association, the day before our program. I almost disappeared into the floor as she explained how ALA hoped to benefit from our program, and I realized that I did not have the proper approach to the subject. I did nothing the rest of that day but re-work my speech. Oh, I had for hours on end studied the nationwide tabulations of that survey. I knew the averages, the percentages of programs by the public libraries in a wide variety of categories. I had under my thumb the many exciting and fascinating types of services and programs that we ourselves had attempted in the nine years of our existence; yet I was not satisfied. How to begin?? I knew I needed to tie the librarians up in my neat bow right off the bat — but how? It just wouldn't come.

I slept restlessly that night. The next morning the four of us dressed and went down about eight o'clock to eat breakfast. The program was to be at ten. The others noticed I was a little quiet. I think they attributed it to my sore mouth, but I was frantically thinking. Ordering ham and eggs, I sat there brooding. With the first lift of

the fork, I hit the sore spot. With that, ideas clicked. I jumped up and ran, saying over by shoulder,

“Somebody pay my bill.”

Back to the room I went and scribbled furiously on my speech — satisfied for the first time — giving the whole its title: **A Mountain To Lean The Eyes Agin**. I remembered that once when I had asked Byrd about her great love for Habersham County and her eagerness to get back to Clarkesville whenever we had attended conferences in Atlanta or elsewhere, she replied:

“Oh, I have to get back where I can lean my eyes agin’ the mountains.”

“Where did you get that?” I had asked her.

“That’s what we mountaineers say all the time . . .”

I stood up there in that vast auditorium and tried to smile my winningest smile, but my lips more or less stayed put. That sore didn’t give. Sending up a little prayer, I bravely pulled out all stops and began my “country” preamble:

“I may not be smiling, but I **am** having a good time. I guess I don’t look like it ’cause this headlight riveted to my upper lip won’t let me smile. If I try, it may bust wide open. You see, we drove out here — southern route — right across the Mojave Desert . . . Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego didn’t have a thing on me. They just got out earlier . . .”

Those librarians roared! Then I unsmilingly (no fault of mine) confessed: “I am a common-garden variety of librarian that somehow has got into somebody’s big patch.”

Then I gave our story of adult programs as I had visualized it through the American Library Association Survey, spelling out the incentives for all of us across our country to work harder to set up an educational program that would reach out into every facet of our society, to live up to the high calling of our profession. When I had time to calm down and think about it, I said to myself: “You are out of your back yard. You are still exactly what you said you are — a common-garden variety of librarian, happiest out with the people whom you serve. I was eager to get back on the job.”

I was very honored when the Editor of the **ALA Bulletin** asked permission to publish my speech, which appeared in the Bulletin’s April, 1954, issue. I am sure we drew dividends from it. This was evident in the many professional assignments that soon began to come

my way from that day in Los Angeles, as well as in the visits of numerous librarians and educators not only from the United States but also Canada and abroad, to learn more about our organization and its program. I always have felt humble about publicity, though I do confess that I am happy that I was privileged to be the Director of the West Georgia Regional Library for thirty-two years.

## 9.

### A BOOK

In 1955 I went back to Chicago to the annual Mid-winter Conference of American Library Association held at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. As President-elect of the Adult Education Section of ALA's Public Library Association, I was responsible for planning the annual conference program which would be held the latter part of June in Philadelphia. Also in this capacity I was shortly to become a member of the Public Library Association's Executive Board, responsible to a small degree for the editorial work that appeared in **Public Libraries**.

Lucile Nix and I stayed over in Chicago for a second week of business, moving from the Edgewater Beach Hotel to a downtown hotel for one of the most important workshops I would ever experience. ALA was sponsoring the preparation of the **Revision of the Post-War Standards for Public Libraries**. Dr. Lowell Martin, Dean of the Graduate Library School at Rutgers University, who would serve as editor, was there in charge of the workshop. Five of the nation's leading public librarians were selected to assist Dr. Martin in preparing the manuscript — one being our own Lucile Nix.

Forty practicing public librarians from across the country were invited to participate as consultants. I was fortunate to be chosen as one of the consultants. I say "fortunate" because the small (less than 100,000 population) rural libraries would be represented and heard. It was well I was there, for nearly all the rest were state consultants, metropolitan librarians, independent library representatives, or ALA Public Library Division officials. Only two or three of us were serving in rural libraries.

Breaking up into groups for discussion and the formulation of recommended standards, each of us had the chance to be heard. No viewpoint was disregarded or silenced. We laid out for all to see, our own philosophy, experiences, purposes. I did not bore the groups

by bragging about West Georgia Regional Library all the time, but I did get across a number of ideas, some of which Lucile (who was in my group) prompted me to discuss in the right of our program.

On Sunday, the second day of the workshop, I was slightly ill. I attended the morning sessions, ate a light lunch, then since we were breaking till two o'clock, I went to my room on the ninth floor to lie down for a while. Suddenly, the shrill ringing of the telephone made me jump nearly onto the floor. It was Lucile:

"Honey," she said, "are you about ready to come back down?"

I looked at my watch, and seeing it was a little early for us to reassemble, I explained that it would take me a moment or so.

"Do you know where the fire escape is on your side of the floor?" she asked.

"Yes, just outside my door, Why?"

"Get your notes and your purse. Don't wait for anything else," she said. "See if the elevator is running. If not, come down the fire escape. There's a fire somewhere on your floor."

The elevator was in the center of the building, not too far from my room. I hurriedly dressed, grabbed my notes and purse, and ran to the elevator. It was working. I detected neither fire nor smoke in the air; so it was evident to me that the fire was in another section of the floor.

Lucile and several others were waiting for me at the elevator on the main floor, relieved to see me calm and contained. We learned later in the day that a woman had burned to death in her room and that two men were also burned. The room was gutted and two adjoining rooms, damaged.

I was to return to Chicago often in the ensuing years, on ALA business or planning for the annual conferences as a member on ALA Council (Representative-at-large from 1959 to 1963) and a member of various committees.

All the work at the ALA level helped me to express myself without restraint, to learn the art of give-and-take within the finest circle of librarians in America, to measure the validity and significance of our own services, and to explore new ideas in programming. It also brought me the great joy of new friendships; for as the years rolled by, I enjoyed all the annual conferences of the American Library Association. Only once did I come away with more than I could take care of; so I suppose I am about the most fortunate of librarians.

The year I was President-elect of Adult Education Division, I was responsible for the program meeting. I asked Ruth Warnke, a very brilliant librarian, who was later to join the Staff at ALA, to chair a panel discussion concerned with three questions: (1) What significant adult education activities in public libraries have been developed since the 1951 ALA Survey (2) What basic principles have the activities demonstrated (3) How can public libraries apply these principles in building better community services.

The conference was in late June in Philadelphia. Air conditioning had just come into being and our hotel had the new equipment but it was not well adjusted. As a consequence, our rooms were like ice. Only the lobby was fairly comfortable. We would go from that icy atmosphere out into sweltering heat — back and forth. Not even the Convention Hall was airconditioned.

Having a throat that had been ravaged by streptococcal onslaught three times — twice before we even had the sulphur drugs — I just could not withstand the extremes of cold and hot. I held on till I had completed my assignments, then caught the first plane to Atlanta. I got home and my own doctor got busy; but it was two weeks before I could be out of bed and around again.

## 10.

### SOUTHWARD HO! A LA ALA

ALA was coming South! This was really big news since segregation prevented States in the Deep South from membership as **state organizations**. It had been worked out successfully to have a joint conference of ALA and SELA (the Southeastern Library Association). I was President of the Adult Education Division of ALA that year, necessitating that I preside at all their sessions.

The days away from work constituted no problem since I always took my vacation at the time the American Library Association met lest I be gone too much. My good friend and fellow Director, Byrd Ivester, also wanted to attend the conference; so we arranged to be away together on vacation and drive down to Miami. Byrd came on down to my home the evening before we were to leave. My Library Board had felt it good publicity for us to drive to the ALA Conference in the library Station Wagon, which was well-marked; hence we would leave Byrd's car at our place and turn south for Miami in the library wagon. Well, after a hearty breakfast prepared by my Mother, I saw Byrd taking out bags for loading, while I rather foolishly primped

and preened, and regaled my folks on how we would take ALA-SELA and Miami by storm.

Well, sir and ma'am, we had an enjoyable trip down to Jacksonville, not hurrying at all since we had the whole weekend before the Conference would begin. In the middle of the afternoon — well ahead of dark — we pulled up in the driveway at Byrd's brother's domicile. To my chagrin then, I discovered that (a) Byrd was no longer psychic (b) I had no stomach (It had disappeared into some unknown cavity (c) I was up Cripple Creek. In a word, I **had no luggage!** I looked at Byrd in astonishment.

"I thought I saw you loading our luggage!" I sputtered finally.

"I just don't know how we could have done this," she said, turning pea-green.

At last I came to it: "We'll go back for my clothes if you're game."

About one o'clock in the morning both of us were too sleepy for safe driving; so we decided to watch for any place that looked to be relatively safe. Shortly there in the moonlight, we saw an old-fashioned white clapboard rural church, some hundred yards off the road. Byrd got onto the back seat and was fairly comfortable. I locked the doors, cracked a window slightly for circulation of air, and stretched out on the front seat. We slept for about two hours. We got out, stretched our muscles, then headed on for Carrollton, arriving just as Mother had stepped into the kitchen to start breakfast. Once she saw the humor of our predicament (Is that what you'd call it?) she laughed and laughed.

"You girls!" she said. "I haven't even been in your bedroom; so I did not see your luggage there. While you refresh yourselves, I'll fix you a good hot breakfast."

No harm was done. We had plenty of time. We'd get to Miami by late evening the second day, put up at a motel, then drive on to the hotel by Monday afternoon. My responsibilities actually were to begin in the middle of the week; hence no one need know a thing about our miscues as tourists.

While presiding, I casually looked down every now and then at my shiny new shoes and my ALA Conference special garb, costly but satisfying suitable!



## SNOW STORM AND BLUE SMOKE

The account of my first professional journey to Chicago pointed up the fact that I needed to brace myself for a somewhat Shakespearean-style stagey performance, with dramatic relief furnished only by the gentler touch of time. I had long since become a nonchalant air-traveler, taking rain, fog, snow in stride, so to speak. Maybe this was due to the fact I had been lucky. I had been flying to Chicago nearly every January to carry out assignments at Mid-winter ALA business conferences. I rather enjoyed those dead-of-winter business meetings. Our State consultants admonished me every year to consider going by train instead of plane, but I paid little heed. I was getting smug, I guess. Most of the other Georgians entrained. I chose to fly, since my assignments would be completed by the middle of the week; hence I saw no reason to delay returning home. On the return I would be alone either way; so I preferred to fly. Why not? Over the years I had been lucky never to be snow-bound.

The night before I was to leave for Georgia, about ten friends from across the country met in one of the rooms for a talk-fest. These get-togethers were always so much fun, giving us an opportunity to renew our fellowship, sharing all sorts of ideas and experiences. One of the librarians asked me the time of my flight the next day.

"At four pm. Why?" I wondered.

Oh," she said. "I know how you like to have one meal in the Polynesian Room (at Edgewater Beach Hotel) and we haven't done that this time."

I was standing looking out the window at the time, watching a gathering snowstorm.

"Look at this," I said. "It's really coming down."

Being the only deep South librarian in the room (except Lucile Nix) I drew no interest in such a common-place winter event; however, I had a gripping feeling about it. Something told me to get out of Chicago as quickly as possible. Excusing myself, without explanation any uneasiness, I went to my room and called the airport, inquiring about the very next flight to Atlanta and whether or not I could take the flight. I was told there would be one at 10 am and one at 10:20 — the former, nonstop and the latter, one stop enroute. All seats were sold but I could come on and sign up on stand-by. I then called the desk and asked to be wakened at 5 am. It was 2 am! I didn't have much

packing to do, but I got ready so I could dress quickly and hurry away, then went to bed to get what sleep I could, deciding to wait for breakfast till I got to the airport.

Some years before, I had discovered that taxi drivers in Chicago hate to make that long haul to O'Hare Airport. It was better not to tell destination till the taxi was on its way.

"Where to, lady?" the driver asked me.

"O'Hare Airport" I casually answered, as he was plowing through snow.

He let in to cussin' and I learned some colorful new words, believe me.

"It's too early for snow plows, **blankety blank**. How in the **blankety blank** do you expect me to drive way out there? Why in the **blankety blank** didn't you say that's where you wanted to go before you got into the cab? Do you think, **blankety blank**, that I wanna drive through this drift to that **blankety blank** place?"

When he paused for breath, I quickly injected:

"If you will hold your tongue a minute, I'll tell you that since you're driving on, I suppose you are trying to browbeat me into a big tip. (Now this will surprise you. See, I've learned something between my first long New York taxi ride and this one.)

"I intend to tip you — well, rather royally, but the remuneration will be the same whether you drive pleasantly directly to O'Hare or letting off steam take a devious route. I can do without the blue smoke."

I discovered shortly after reaching O'Hare that the runways were still being cleared of snow and ice and it would be two hours before the first plane could leave. There wasn't room on the first plane — the non-stop; but by being pushingly onery— as the next one, I made the second plane — believe me, the last traveler through the gate.

During the flight, the Captain frequently came through and talked with us. He said a blizzard had moved in and O'Hare was closed. My premonition (or common sense?) had paid off.

All my days I shall be grateful for the widening of my horizons through association with the country's outstanding professional leadership. Deserved or not, I had the respect and affection of many fine librarians. This was a mutual attitude, which encouraged a climate for absorbing knowledge of library development. I became a better

librarian at home because I participated in professional activities everywhere.

## 12.

### REQUESTS GRANTED

Not all our promotional activity was library-oriented. We drew our share of publicity from cooperative responses with other agencies. The Stay and See Georgia Project, sponsored by Georgia Power Company and held at Lenox Square in Atlanta, was just such an opportunity for us. The first time we participated in this program was at the request of the State Government. Each department and branch of State Government was represented. Some twenty bookmobiles were brought up, but West Georgia Regional Library Board was asked to place its Bookmobile in a special exhibit area for the entire week and to "lend" me to act as a guide and official "explainer" of the origin and purpose of the state-wide Bookmobile program, as well as our own services via Bookmobile.

For two other years we helped with this same project, at the request of the Carroll County Chamber of Commerce.

Over the years our local agencies called on me and I have served on the Carrollton City Hall Remodeling Project; on the Carroll County Education Coordinating Committee; on the Board of Directors of the Carroll Service Council, as a Judge for the CEA Teacher of the Year; on six Evaluation Committees for local high schools; as Woman's Club's "Club Woman of the Year" Committee; as Judge for the Carrollton Optimist Club's "Young Orator of the Year"; and as Chairman of the Sesquicentennial/Bicentennial celebration for Carroll County.

The last-named responsibility proved to be almost as time-consuming and stupendous as was the Tournament of Books. The big difference was that the latter happened when I was twenty years younger!

At the annual banquet meeting of the Carroll County Chamber of Commerce in January, 1974, it was announced that I would serve as Chairman of the Carroll County Sesquicentennial celebration in 1976. I had tried my best to "beg off" but to no avail. Immediately I asked the powers-that-be at the Chamber to combine the Sesquicentennial with the Bicentennial celebration since they would both fall in the same year. This was agreed, and then I asked Miriam Merrell — at the time was Vice-Mayor of Carrollton — who was to serve as Carrollton's Chairman of Bicentennial, to serve as Co-Chairman of the Carroll

County Planning Committee for the double celebration. This she did; so the result saved any overlapping.

We set up a planning committee of fifty, which met monthly to expedite all activity and to involve people from all section of the county, we appointed community chairpersons, who in turn, set up their local committees. There were eleven of these chairpersons — all of whom carried out their commitments, some with amazing success.

Our schedule was very successfully carried out with the exception of the outdoor religious program, called off because of bad weather. Our initial effort, to prepare a reprint of Cobb's **Carroll County and Her People**, was made possible through the fine help of West Georgia College. Although it was a photographic copy (we had no funds to contract with a publisher) we were proud of the reissue.

In late 1975, Carroll County Commissioner Horrie Duncan was completing his plans to double the size of our county courthouse. I told him that if he would pay for the printing, I would write a history of the Carroll County Judiciary as a contribution toward the Sesquicentennial celebration. He happily agreed. With help of Leroy Childs, who pinpointed all necessary historical data on microfilm for me, we had the **Carroll Judiciary, 1872-1975** ready to distribute at the official Open House in December, 1975.

The other big publication, **The Carroll County Story As Told By The People**, turned out to be a fabulous document. It is full of "handed down" stories that make the history of Carroll County come alive. Uneven in literary value, even so, historically it is something of a masterpiece, made doubly valuable because so many old pictures are included.

An interesting by-product of this effort was the publishing of two Carroll County town histories — both very fine — Villa Rica and Temple. Mary Anderson, an exceptional person, had written the story of Villa Rica several years before but had never tried to get it in print till the local Bicentennial Committee urged her to dust off the pages, write a conclusion, bringing it up to date, and let the Villa Rica Bicentennial Committee get it published. Mary, who has since died, lived to hold her book in hand.

Ruth and Burell Holder wrote the **History of Temple**, which was published near the end of the Sesquicentennial-Bicentennial Celebration. A husband and wife team of excellent educators, the Holders did one of the finest research jobs I have ever seen. Ruth was our liaison person from the north side of the county and all during our Sesquicentennial-Bicentennial year was one of the best chairpersons

we had. In gathering data for our historical document, she and Burell became intensely interested in expanding the material into a book — **History of Temple**. The result was their exceptional historical contribution to the other such publications on Carroll County.

Perhaps the most polished of our efforts was the pageant — **White Warrior**. "It'll cost too much" . . . "Where in the world can you successfully put on an outdoor spectacle of that size?" . . . So it went when I kept bringing up the subject of an Indian pageant. I just wouldn't concede that it was too stupendous an undertaking.

A part of our history has to do with the Creek Indians, who once called our area home. It was the Creek (Muscogean) Chief, William McIntosh, who, seeing that the white man was encroaching further and further into Indian lands in western Georgia and eastern Alabama, signed the final Treaty of Indian Springs in 1825, whereby the land remaining in Indian hands was ceded to the Federal Government for a certain agreed-upon remuneration. For his efforts he was assassinated by the Upper Creeks (Alabama), known as Red Sticks, previously charged up by the great Shawnee Chief, Tecumseh (whose mother was Creek). It was the Indian viewpoint that I wanted depicted in a pageant, picturing Chief William McIntosh as a hero of his own people, astute, ahead of his time perhaps, in understanding that the Indians eventually would end up in Reservations, anyway, without any honorable consideration.

I contacted Estelle Condra, a graduate of universities in South Africa and England, recognized throughout our area as a superlative instructor in the fields of speech and dramatic performance, to discuss the possibility of together developing such a pageant. She agreed to consider it if I would get historical materials together for her. Since she originally came from South Africa, moving to Carrollton only a short time before, Estelle knew nothing of the story of the Creeks and little about Carroll County. Our Library Reference Department prepared a considerable collection of documents and stories for her to study. We decided to call her marvelous production **White Warrior**, the English translation of the Chief's Creek (Muscogean) name — Tustinugee Hutkee, who was really Carroll County's First Citizen.

I called Chief W. S. (Dode) McIntosh, the great grandson of Chief William McIntosh, in Tulsa, Oklahoma, (himself five times named Principal Chief of the Creek Nation and Chief of the Five Civilized Tribes (Creeks, Cherokees, Chicasaws, Seminoles, and Choctaws), to tell him of our plans and to ask for his counsel.

When Chief McIntosh visited Carroll County in 1971, we had invited him to make Neva Lomason Memorial Library his headquarters

for greeting and meeting people. We had enjoyed hours together; so it was turning to a friend when, with Estelle Condra's permission after the first draft of the manuscript was finished, I sent a copy of it to Chief McIntosh for his perusal. He called to say he was deeply moved by it and would send me a copy of the very rare recording of the Creek Stomp Dance so we could authenticate background sounds and the steps. He said he wanted to donate the recording to the library. (Of course we have it in our rare collection now.)

The pageant followed the story of the Lower Creeks (Georgia) from before the time of Chief William McIntosh's birth to the episodes following his assassination. All the characters were volunteers, the oldest being between eighty-five and the youngest, five. It took many hands and minds to design and create the set; to prepare the costumes; and to make or accumulate the other accoutrements vital to the production.

The tribute that opened the pageant, was very moving. It said in part:

"The adversity that haunted and humiliated them for decades and later forced them from their ancestral domain would have consumed a weaker race. But the distress did not destroy them; rather, it brought about conditions which magnified the sterling qualities of this noble people, and which produced leadership that might have remained dormant under calmer circumstances". . .

McIntosh's plantation home at Whitesburg (Carroll County) was realistically burned, before the eyes of the audience, depicting the episode of the actual assassination. The Battle of Horseshoe Bend, with the Cherokee Bark Busters playing the roles of soldiers, was carried out in a very exciting and dramatic scene with flying arrows, blood-curdling yells of both soldiers and Red Sticks, musketry firing, and savage hand-to-hand combat. One excellent scene spotlighted the customary Creek village life, with men, women, and children involved in games or work; another, the Signing of the Treaty in 1825, when Chief McIntosh in sorrow explained why he deemed it best to sign the agreement.

To make the entire production as artistically and realistically authentic as possible, elaborate sound and lighting systems were installed.

We presented **White Warrior** on two evenings, June 18 and 19, at Grisham Field. To say the least, everyone was delighted that Chief W. E. (Dode) McIntosh and thirteen members of his family from Virginia to California were with us to view the pageant on Saturday evening.

They all insisted on meeting and talking with the cast following the performance — a very happy experience for us all. They were lavish in their praise. Such comments as “authentic”, excellently prepared” were heard everywhere.

The Carrollton Jaycees played a vital role in the success of our 1976 celebration. This marvelous organization volunteered to plan and manage the patriotic parade we so desired to put on as a climax to the events of the Sesquicentennial/Bicentennial Year, 1976. Having seen the young men in action over the years, and still moved deeply at recollections of their part in **Operation Library: A Tournament of Books**, I was delighted with their eagerness. Under the leadership of Steve Meloney, a very personable and capable young man, the Carrollton Jaycees “out-did” themselves in planning and carrying out the “Pride in America Parade”.

At ten o'clock, July 3rd, beginning on the south segment of Highway 27 Bypass, the hundred units of the parade wound their way into Carrollton from the west side, across Adamson Square, before the reviewing stand, down the business thoroughfare to Bankhead Highway. Grand Marshal of the Pride in America Parade was the illustrious sculptor, Julian Harris, himself a native of Carrollton, who seemed to me to have the time of his life.

Ten floats defy detailed description. The Grand Trophy winner was a stunning reproduction of Washington Crossing the Delaware, the entry of West Georgia National Bank.

Ronnie Young, Carrollton's Director of Parks and Recreation, developed the Miss Bicentennial Festival, which was held in May on the West Georgia campus. Miss Vicki Foster (no relation) of Bowdon was crowned “Miss Bicentennial”. Ronnie also helped our Adult Coordinating Council (started by our library) to plan and put on the Tri-Senior Citizens Celebrations in February, May, and September. Of special interest in February was the crowning of the “Sweethearts of '76” — Senior Citizens Lucille West (Queen) and A. A. Burdette (King). A variety of events, contests, games, suitable for all ages, were sponsored by the Parks and recreation Department on July 3rd following the parade, including nature craft exhibits, a barbecue, and a gigantic fireworks display.

All during the year — we enjoyed the finest cooperation on the part of the news media. The public was kept well-informed of progress and the timing of specific events. Frances Long, Chairman of Publicity for the Steering Committee, was an excellent planner and Hiram Bray did a “super” job in interviewing many of the “Oldsters”, and these recordings are now in our library files as a part of our community's oral history.

The library certainly played a big role in making Carroll County's Sesquicentennial-Bicentennial year a memorable one, and in stirring up interest among our children to learn the history of their families, as well as their communities. So it was that as Director of West Georgia Regional Library, I literally spent the final days and hours of my career up to my ears in promotion — always in the interest of the people.

## STRONG VOICES

Publicity is really a many-faceted pattern for designing promotion — sometimes per se, sometimes as a by-product. At headquarters and some of the branches, we sometimes have been able to turn the routine into something of an attraction. The very appearance of the library itself attracts attention — good, bad, or indifferent.

In the later years of my administration, we frequently experienced an especial warmth and gladness when people commented on the sheer beauty of Neva Lomason Memorial Library. Something about it reaches out and envelops one. As a traveling salesman — a stranger to us — said to me one day:

“There is just a different atmosphere — something about this place — that I sense when I step into the building. I always stop off here to sit a while. It is restful, pleasant — and just different!”

It is good that the headquarters for our five-county library system has its own elegance, grace, beauty, and a certain atmosphere. It is also good that most of our branch Staff and Boards have developed this same philosophy; that is, the appearance and atmosphere of the library tells a story.

I just do not believe there possibly could be a more exquisite site for a public library anywhere in the world than that of the Warren P. Sewell Memorial Library in Bremen. It was once the setting for the public school, which had long since been moved across town to an entirely new area. The over-all appearance inside and out of the Warren P. Sewell Memorial Library is impressive. I have seen a large color photograph of the outside of this building and grounds made at night, with the special lighting turned on for effect — stunning!

I recall once when Neva Lomason Memorial Library was nearly completed and Lucile Nix had come out to check up on the status of the project, she said:

“Let's go across the street and sit on that wall so we can look at



the building from a slight distance. We did this, sitting in silence for a while; then she made this comment:

“Anybody could look at that building and tell the builder, the architect, and the director are friends.”

“Yes,” I answered her, “that is so; but it goes beyond these three to include a fine Carrollton City government, Library Board, and Building Committee.

The Bookmobile itself had its own publicity element. Whereas today the traveling library is more or less taken for granted, the daily journey in the early days through town and hamlet, along the rural roads to neighborhoods off the highways, spoke quite well of the purpose of the library program.

I recall being flagged down one day, far out in the country, by a farmer who said:

“I want to see what this looks like inside please.” Needless to say, we gladly gave him the “red carpet” treatment. He was impressed.

“It’s a sho nuff li’bry, ain’t it? he said. “I’m proud we have one. My younguns have been talking about it till I was just curious to take a look for myself; so I come down the road a piece to wait for you this morning.”

Our promotion called for a working relationship between library and the people — the people we would be serving and the people of the library world beyond our area. The rewards derived from keeping alert brought good publicity to our own program, as well as to all Georgia Public Library Services.

To capture the attention and interest of the public, our libraries have fine exhibit areas. This has not always been true. In earlier years we exhibited as best we could without having “show cases” or attractive accoutrements, commonly called do-dads, to give real significance in the way of props or atmosphere. We had no budget money to be invested in display materials. About all we could afford was colored pins or thumbtacks. We obviously did most of our exhibiting outside the library — with books alone — and glad to have them to brag about and show off.

Once the College in the Country had a series in the Burwell Community, the topic being “Great Women in History”. I was asked to prepare an exhibit for each meeting, in addition to being assigned to speak at one session. I chose Helen Hayes as my subject. Cloaked in my perpetual naivete, I felt sure that if I sent a blank tape accompanied by an explanation of purpose, Miss Hayes would promptly

record something touching with her warmth and serenity, and send the tape back to share with the group. Carson Pritchard laughed at me when I told him about proposing to get a first-hand tape done by Helen Hayes.

“You’ll never hear from her,” he said.

“I’ll bet you a cup of coffee and a doughnut I do,” I flared back.

Well, the long and short of it was a pay-off on my part the morning after the meeting, though I did get a nice letter from Helen Hayes.

“I guess the tape got lost in the mail,” I explained.

“Nobody can say you don’t go all out,” he teased me, sipping his “won” coffee. “You had a fine exhibit and the program was excellent without the tape.”

I was aware he was saving face for me, though he did seem to enjoy that cup of coffee and doughnut.

When we moved into our first public library building, we began to use exhibit space inside the library to call attention to materials in the collection, to add a dimension to the over-all effort in our workshops and institutes, or to spotlight someone. One of the most attractive displays we ever tried while occupying our first library home was Dolls Around the World — graciously lent us by the E. H. Hearns from their daughters’ collection. We used attractive pictorial books to build the idea into an adventure for the children. Books by the bushels were checked out as a result of this effort.

The Susan Hayward Exhibit was the most exciting one we did while we were housed in our renovated duplex on Maple Street. This was early in January, 1959, at the time her Oscar-winning movie “I Want To Live”, was being shown around the country, including at the Carroll Theatre in Carrollton.

It was interesting to watch Susan that memorable day of our library festival, never losing patience, never getting into a hurry as she remained for thirty or forty minutes to sign autographs, apparently not giving the slightest regard to the rain that had begun to pepper down. What a gracious lady!

Well, while Susan was “hot” news after winning the Oscar for Best Actress, we decided to spotlight her if she were willing — provided we could borrow some of her trophies and awards. I had a preliminary qualm or two, but finally said to myself: “Ol’ girl, you didn’t get to this point in your Regional Library business by allowing your natural dis-

like to be a show-off get the upper hand." With that, I called Eaton Chalkley.

"Why, just go right on out to the house," he said. Susan is there now. As a matter of fact, she will be home all afternoon as she is doctoring a slight cold."

Almost overwhelmed at my nerve, I drove the Station Wagon out there. As I cut off the ignition and looked towards the entrance, she was coming out to greet and welcome me. Her husband had called her.

"I'm happy to have you in my home," she said. "Would you like for me to show you around before we plan what you will want to use in your exhibit?"

She began pulling things down from their cases and niches — medallions, loving cups, plaques, citations, very large reproductions taken from nearly all of her great pictures, and stacking them for me loan in the wagon .I walked over to look at a portrait on the wall. It was a likeness of Susan and her twin sons, Tim and Greg, when the boys were six years old, made by a well-known artist who used it on the front of **Cosmopolitan** (I believe, in 1953).

"Do you like that?" she asked me.

'Oh, yes, I am admiring it. It is a lovely portrait," I told her.

"Use it if you want to," she said, taking it down off the wall.

I asked whether or not we could have a copy made of it to put into our files, and she agreed.

Susan helped me get the collection into the Station Wagon. I spoke of the need to "get in touch" again so I could return everything.

"Don't hurry about that. Keep it all as long as you want to use it. Just put it aside somewhere. Ill get it back some day. I'm leaving for Hollywood tomorrow, to be gone some time. I'll be in touch when I return."

"No," I said, "I can't risk it. I must get everything safely back out here promptly. What do you suggest?"

"I'll tell the caretaker that you will be coming. Just call and let him know about the time you'll be out so he can have the gates open," she said.

"This is a beautiful thing you are doing," I said, "sharing your lifetime of dramatic awards with your own adoring local public.

I didn't need air in the tires upon my return to the library. I was floating on air. Such a beautiful, gracious person she was, loving the quiet and serenity of Chal-Mar, their "cotton-picking" Georgia home in Carroll County!

Well, this turned out to be The Exhibit of the Decade. People streamed into our little Duplex-Done-Over Library in droves all day. Early in the morning we realized we would have to take super precautions, because crowds (some strangers to us) began to gather. We had to keep two staff members on guard all day long since we had no lockable units. Some of us never did have a chance to go to lunch that day. Two characters caused us considerable worry. The staff called my attention to them about eleven o'clock.

"They came early," Betty Sanders said. "Since then, they have left and returned twice."

When they saw me watching everything assiduously, the two men left but came back in less than an hour. At that point I decided to check the tag on their car and duly wrote down the tag number, just in case. We also resolved not only to continue to hover over the exhibit constantly but also to let the two men see that we were watching them constantly. We got our cameras out and took pictures of the exhibit, including the men in some of the shots, as a deterrent.

We got by the day safely; but long before the library closed, I told the Staff we would return everything that afternoon to Chal-Mar. It would have been so easy for our low windows to be broken into (remember, this building was originally a duplex building) and the precious trophies stolen, even though we planned to lock them in our vertical files. I called the caretaker at Chal-Mar — who really was a security guard — to let me in the gates. He helped me unload and store everything in the homeplace.

You can bet on it that we wrung considerable publicity out of the event, including repeated statements that all trophies had been returned. In spite of our uneasiness it was a fine experience. Our line of communication remained open with the actress.

I digress here to say that shortly after Mr. Chalkley's death, Susan called to invite me to come out to Chal-Mar to look over her record and book collections to select materials for the library. While there, I told her that our official governing body was inviting her to become an Honorary Board Member, she responded:

"I am honored . . . I never did get the day on the Bookmobile. I still want to do that sometime, when we can work it out."

"We would be honored," I replied.

This was not to be. So grieved was she at her husband's untimely death, memories crowded around her and she could not bear it. For a while she closed the home and re-located in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Having no real tug to return to Georgia, she ultimately sold Chal-Mar.

In recent times we have had funds to add built-in, shatter-proof glass exhibit cases at Neva Lomason Library. These are in addition to the exquisite exhibit cases in the Bess H. Williamson Cultural Arts Center. Only very special exhibits are allowed herein and individuals and groups have been helpful in notifying us of possible sources for exhibit materials.

All good exhibits say something, of course; but the end results are of much greater significance when agencies, organizations, or institutions work **with** us in creating very special presentations for the enlightenment or enjoyment of the public. It becomes an experience in practicing good public relations through another medium of publicity.

We often, for example, share space at Neva Lomason Memorial Library with the Junior Woman's Club of Carrollton, whose program is one of the most active and progressive in the area. For two years, we cooperated with the Junior Woman's Club in spotlighting one artist per month with the display arranged in the front lobby entrance to the library. Many hundreds of people over the two years, enjoyed getting to "know" some local artist through a public showing of the artist's work. We were happy to have a part in this project.

We also cooperated with the Junior Woman's Club and the Civic Woman's Club in their joint annual Penny Art Show, which is exhibited in our Cultural Arts Center. The purpose of the show is to spotlight outstanding high school art talent in Carrollton and Carroll County and to select the artist, in their opinion, is most deserving to receive an art scholarship. The name "Penny Art Show" refers to funds which come to the clubs from the build-up of constant "small change" donations throughout the year, earmarked for the scholarship.

In the Douglas County Public Library, an annual exhibit of the work of artists in the surrounding area resulted in the organization of a strong Artists Guild, one of the finest in the state. An artist — a newcomer whose work was represented in one of the shows, spoke wistfully to Fannie Mas Davis, the librarian, of her desire to get to know other artists in the county and beyond. The librarian got busy, arranging a get-to-know-one-another meeting at the library. The formation of the Art Guild was the result following two years of "get-togethers" at the library.

Branch libraries at Bremen, Bowdon, and Franklin also have permitted other agencies to prepare exhibits within the library regularly.

For several years Carrollton Spade and Trowel Club has presented a monthly flower arrangement at Neva Lomason Library, any one of which would have been a credit to a state or national garden show. In addition, Carrollton Junior Woman's Club began a project in the library of exhibiting samples of the work of the Homemaker of the Month. This is always a family project, involving crafts, beautiful needle work, etc.

For years we have cooperated with the public school art instructors and counsellors in exhibiting the most promising pieces of work by their children and youth. The art instructors and a few young people come to the library to help the library staff in arranging the displays, which include many mediums. These art shows stay on exhibition for two weeks at a time. Since one purpose of exhibits is to get people into the library, we feel this annual public school art show is a healthy device to make new friends and influence people — to come and use the library.

One exhibit that well-nigh defied description was prepared by the Carroll-Haralson Medical Auxiliary. Each year they set aside one day, March 30th, to honor the doctors in various ways. One of their committees is called the "Research and Romance of Medicine". One year this committee was headed by Mrs. D. S. Reese and Mrs. Howard Thomasson, both widows of beloved early Twentieth Century physicians (contemporaries of my own father), real "Old Timers" at the time of their deaths. The theme chosen was "Medicine — Then and Now". The display, to say the least, was unique. Among the **Then** articles displayed in one case were many different sizes and shapes of spectacles used by Dr. Reese in his early practice as an eye doctor, his personal bankbook showing his daily income and expenses, and an early membership booklet of the Carroll County Medical Society. Other items included a medical bag spilling over with all the instruments commonly used when doctors made housecalls, a portable stereoscopic x-ray viewer, and two copies of a set of medical books published in 1876. The crowning touch of this display was a porcelain bedpan filled with blooming houseplants and greenery.

The library-family group cooperative exhibit was just as outstanding. It spotlighted Donna and Jack Hetherington and their sons and daughter and grandchildren. Jack, a Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. Army, Retired, Associate Comptroller of West Georgia College, and Donna had gathered many bits and pieces of all sorts of memorabilia during his Service years. This interesting habit led to their collecting

decorative Christmas material. The need for **one** tree in the home gave way to some six or so trees!

Donna explained: "My mother began this practice by adding ornaments to a tree for each of her own children — four of us. The Hetheringtons have continued this and it now has become an annual family effort, to decorate several trees of varying sizes, for our children and grandchildren. The original ornaments are over sixty years old. Small, delicate designs we saw were rather lost on a large tree; so we first added a small "Sentiment Tree", and the tradition grew from that."

I could never adequately describe the total exhibit, though I can say that hundreds and hundreds of appreciative adults and hungry-eyed children stood before that setting in awe and silence. The Santa display included a little wooden St. Nick, Germany's "Man of Cloth"; a yarn Santa made in England; a handblown glass Santa from Switzerland; a Santa in blue rather than red from Austria, along with one in red made of metal; Santa in a hand-knitted cap from Sweden; a porcelain Santa made in Korea; various Santas made in the good ol' USA: one on skis, one in a swing, one on a sled with Mrs. Santa, one by a local craftsman made of dough, one of Mrs. Santa created from a clothes pin.

All these, Donna explained, varied according to the tradition of the country — St. Nick, Santa Claus, Christmas elf, Yule Man, etc.

Not so in the case of the Christ Child — Nativity collection, since the interpretation is rather universal. There is only the variation in the type of materials used to make the setting and the figures. Ecuador's Nativity Scene is all of woven straw. The Holy Family figures from Spain are of wood, as are those from Germany. Austria is represented by two ornaments: a very perishable heavy paper covered with a glittering substance used for the Baby, with an Angel hovering and a Madonna and Child made of metal. Mexico's contribution is the Madonna and Child created of tin, while Italy's is a handblown likeness of the Christ Child. Japan, as one might expect, has made a Madonna and Child of gnarled wood. The Norway carvings are not only made of wood shavings but also of such an imaginative substance as a filbert nut.

The many American Madonna and Child Nativity ornaments are quite different in appearance. Several were included in the Special Hetherington Christmas Exhibit; for instance, from Appalachia all the members of the Nativity Scene were made of cornhusks. Angels were created out of tiny pinecones. There was a half quail egg with its lovely large brown splotches against the pale green cast and inside, upright, a delicately wood carved replica of Joseph, Mary and the

Babe. Another Appalachia extremely fragile carving of the Holy Family was positioned inside a half walnut shell.

Atop this tree was an exquisite star, handmade of metal wire, which Donna purchased at the Christmas Fair in the Stadt Halle, at Heidleburg. As we spoke of this, she and Jack described the Kris Kindle Market at the Market Platz, held annually in the center of Nuremberg — a big square in front of the church, where merchants come to set up tents and sell. The same idea prevails, they said, in Munich at the Christ Child Market. Donna had a ball at all these places!

Well, the whole idea of The Exhibit was well-nigh incredible for us at the library. We had boasted for years about the collection of books we have on Christmas customs and ceremonies around the world. Now here were the tangible representations of the fact, standing in their artistic glory for all who would pass down the library corridors to behold. The proof of the pudding was in the eating — hot right out of the oven, thanks to the unselfishness of the Hetheringtons and their close relationship with their public librarians.

In 1957 the Carrollton pilot Club engaged Ruby Stallings, an expert local craftswoman, to prepare a little wooden Station Wagon duplicate of our first library Wagon-on-Wheels, which the Pilots had purchased for us, through various activities. This bit of craftsmanship, finished exactly as the original, was carried to the Pilot International Convention in Toronto, Canada, by President Margaret Samples and Vice-President Mary Baxter, of our staff, where the story of West Georgia Regional Library really was The Attraction of the convention.

Subsequently we were asked to carry the Little Wagon-On-Wheels to many conferences to be placed on exhibit. Once the edge of excitement had dulled, we placed the esteemed replica in the Special Collections to be kept permanently as an important item in our history.

Behind this bit of exhibit material as well as many a large library-sponsored exhibition, lay solid ground-work of good public relations. All of it enhanced the good name of our library. Promotion does embody public relations and publicity!