

LIBRARY OCCUPIES WHOLE FLOOR

Furnishings Completely Modern

By HELEN A. BROWN

The first floor of the Art Building was the scene of busiest activity from the day school closed in June until the very morning of fall opening. Bookcases, detached from walls and crowded together in the northeast corner of the "old Library," and solemnly draped in voluminous sheets to protect the precious Carnegie collection, looked ghostly indeed, especially to one entering the Library just at dusk. Desks were whisked from the classrooms to—only Mr. Tucker knows where! The librarians with their cards and files, were relegated to Miss Jones' classroom, which became the summer headquarters of the Library. Rumor has it that Mr. Guess is still sorting catalog cards from Sociology papers, for the librarians appropriated his desk for the summer. The Art Studio received the overflow of library books and the Carolina Collection from Mr. Guess' room. Early in September, all the comfortable leather library chairs were also found in the Art Studio. When the shuffle of moving was over, the lovely face of the studio's Venus de Milo was seen peering out from under the time-honored grey rain hat we all know so well.

After the exodus, carpenters, plasters, painters, and floor-layers worked furiously all summer to have the new Library ready for the opening of school. To give the students a quieter place in which to work, the three library entrances to the hall and stairway were closed up and soundproofed. The walls separating the Librarian's office from the two classrooms were removed, leaving just enough of them to make a conveniently located room for the unbound periodicals; and the wall dividing Mr. Moore's classroom from the old Library alcove, was cut through. The result is a spacious Library. The two former classrooms and library workroom now comprise the Reference Room, which contains all reference books and indexes, Reserve books and bound periodicals, and the greater part of the book collection. The east end of the "old Library" was partitioned off into a comfortable office and workroom for the Library staff, while the west end has become a Reading Room housing current periodicals, fiction, biography, and travel.

The floor space has been increased to about two and one-half times its former size, and the seating capacity has been raised from 38 to 70. Sixty-five people can now be seated at tables. An important feature of the remodeled Library is that the new bookshelves are all of standard height, so that it is no longer necessary for even the shortest person to stand on chairs or stools to reach the books. Floor cases for books will be added when more book shelves are needed.

The Library has been completely refurnished with standard library furniture in a soft grey-green oak, supplied by the Globe-Wernicke Company of Cincinnati, Ohio. A combination reference and circulation desk with specially fitted compartments, will be the pride of the librarians—when it arrives, next week. The students will enjoy the specially constructed table, with linoleum top, for the use of the *Readers' Guide* and indexes. Sloping shelves display the current periodicals to very good advantage, with flat shelves beneath them to hold back numbers. A book display case near the entrance holds the new and particularly popular books. No longer will it be necessary to spread huge atlases out on the floor when consulting them, for in the new atlas case, each

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

In future issues *The Belles* will revive the policy of letters to the editor and welcomes all contributions, provided they conform to these standards:

- (1) Are reasonably sensible.
- (2) Are signed.

DEAR EDITOR:

Today the universal word is war. How will it end? Should America join or not? But my question is: Will man ever realize that disputes cannot be settled satisfactorily by the use of arms? Ever since the beginning of time there have been arguments, however serious or trivial, and as long as any force exists which wants to make use of its power, there will continue to be.

One of the first things that man learned was how to fight. Men have been compelled to do this for the preservation of their homes and their lives. The trait of self-protection which is so deep-rooted into the human character was the cause of that fighting.

When a dispute confronted man, he thought the only answer to the solving of the problem lay in a conflict to decide which contestant was the stronger. This warfare settled the question on hand but not to the satisfaction of both sides. The world has seen many times that fighting can leave nothing but distress in its wake. War is ghastly because it halts the progress of civilization.

Some day if the world is really as civilized as is supposed maybe it will learn that compromise, negotiation and friendly agreements are an answer to problems.

All Americans hope that their country will not be drawn into the quicksand of Europe's war. The United States is still suffering from the effects of the last one.

May this war end soon with as little bloodshed as possible and may it teach man the lesson that he must learn.

MARTHA NEWELL.

volume slides out easily on rollers to a position most convenient for the reader. When the season rolls 'round again for Senior Essays, and poring over the U. S. Catalog—the big brown books weighing about 15 lbs. apiece—how the seniors will rejoice to find a table with movable sloping shelf, built expressly to accommodate these library giants. And finally, a locked case with glass doors has been inserted in the Reading Room shelving to hold our treasures of especially beautiful, valuable, and very old books.

Lighting in the Library has been much improved. Ceilings and upper walls have been painted white so that indirect lighting can be used throughout. The most up-to-date Alzak aluminum ceiling fixtures are being installed. These will be supplemented with floor or table lamps wherever necessary.

The greyed-green furniture offered the keynote for the color scheme. Walls have been painted a soft, restful shade of green, with windows, doors, and wood-trim in a slightly deeper shade. Dark green battleship linoleum covers the floors.

With more spacious rooms, ample seating capacity, books easily accessible to all, much improved lighting, quieter floors, and heavy traffic directed away from the library entrances, it is hoped that Saint Mary's students and faculty will derive much added pleasure and profit from the use of the new Library.

H. A. B.

Saint Mary's School Library

TRAVELS WITH A GANT

Slight Inconveniences Met

By THE ELDER ONE

C—D, TENN.,
June 25, 1939.

DERE MAW,

Guess what! You will be surprised to know that we are only four hundred miles from home. Of course since we have been gone a week, four hundred miles doesn't seem so far, but could we help it if the bus broke down?

We were in the mountains right over the state line when the motor just quit turning, so of course we couldn't go to a filling station, but we all got out and saw that Queenie had breathed her last. So we thought that we just might as well stay right there. We then unloaded all the suitcases and blanket rolls and cots. The kitchen bus drove up just then and the two cooks started cooking supper. We didn't mind very much that there wasn't any water. I guess it wouldn't have cooled that chili much anyway. So then we started setting up the cots in the woods, and laying our blankets out nice. I would rather sleep in the woods any night. The trees sort of make it private like, and when you sleep in a field, you always feel like the autos that pass are staring at you. Well, anyway, just when we was getting ready to go to bed, it began to thunder and lightning so hard we decided we had better move though we didn't know where to. Also a wrecker had drug the bus off to the nearest town. But anyway we grabbed all our bags and blankets up. We still didn't have any place to go or any way to get there, but just as it was beginning to really rain the wrecker man came sliding up in his auto, and we piled in his car and the scout car (a yellow Buick) and then we splashed on to C—d. When we got there, we were taken to an auto garage with a room to display Chevrolets out in front. So us girls unburied our cots and put them up in the display room. The Chevrolets were all locked, but I guess they wouldn't have been very comfortable to sleep in anyhow. I don't suppose the boys got much sleep as they were back in the garage part of the building. The mechanics were talking and hammering on the bus back there all night. Also the light was on. I guess the boys didn't mind much though. Us girls slept very well. I woke up early with my feet so numb that I had to massage them pretty roughly, but I was pretty warm considering that the foot end of my cot was hanging outside in the alley. My blankets got a little wet at that end, but if I sleep with the other end at my head, I guess I won't smell the mildew much. We turned on the light to dress. After it got light, we looked out the display windows and there were three mountaineers leaning against the building on the other side of the street. But as us girls say, after a week with the caravan, one just hasn't any modesty left.

Your loving daughter,

ERWIN.

P.S.—My blankets fell into a puddle of oil, but as us girls are always saying, when we get home we will have to charter the City Laundry for a week or buy a washing machine. Oil isn't so bad. Yesterday a girl threw her cigarette stub into the blanket-roll pile and burnt a great big hole clean through every one of her mother's blankets. But we are learning to laugh things off instead of crying over spilt milk.

(To be continued)