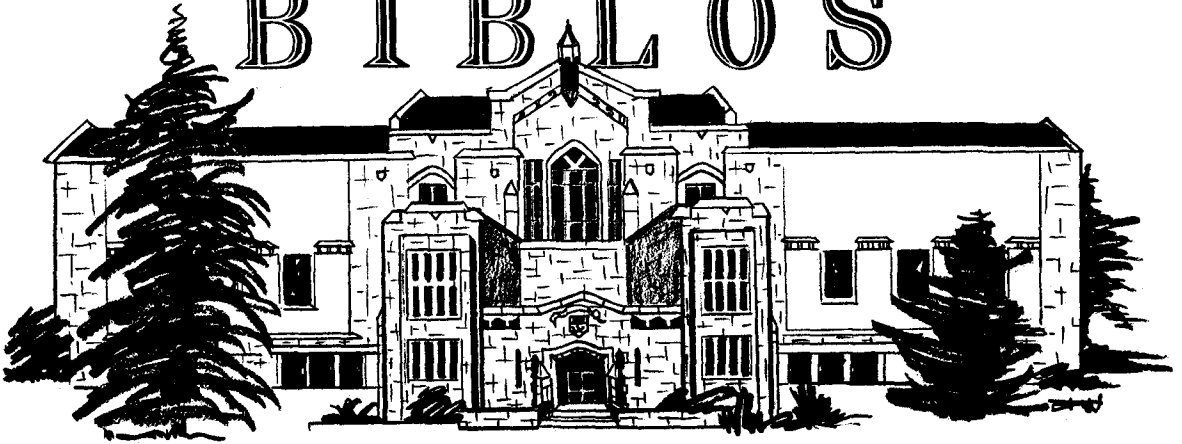


BIBLOS



V. 2, NO. 10 OF THE U.B.C. LIBRARY STAFF NEWSLETTER JULY 1966

This issue is the result of numerous library staff and "tenant" contributors and the BIBLOS staff wishes to thank them all on behalf of our readers.

Credits go to Dr. Audrey Hawthorn, Museum of Anthropology; Miss Ng, Asian Studies; Miss Dwyer, Fine Arts; Hans Burndorfer, Bibliography (via Isobel Godefroy) and Pat LaVac for their book-tour write-ups; Eleanor Mercer, Isa Fiszhaut, Heather McDonald, Donna Shaw (Law Library), Nick Omelusik, and Lawrence Leaf for their various conference reports; and Gerry Dobbin, Cataloguing, (as edited from her Cataloguing Division supplement of the June Reference Group meeting).

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN THE CATALOGUE DIVISION

On June 1st, 1966...

1. The former Acquisitions bibliographic searching section was amalgamated with the Catalogue Division LC searching and cataloguing section.

Object: To improve the efficiency of two groups previously working on closely related work in the same area.

Additional benefits include: Increased variety of non-professional staff. More flexibility in the use of staff where the need is most urgent at any one time.

2. Cataloguing staff doing original (as opposed to L.C. cards) cataloguing was divided into five sections, each with a librarian in charge and each responsible for a specific category of material.
3. New routines for the production of cards and the physical preparation of books. Card production and book preparation will be completely separated to help increase the output of both our keypunchers and our typists.

Procedure:

1. Cataloguing completed. Worksheets, proof-sheets, and L.C. cards removed from books.
2. Keypunchers produce IBM cards for each item from the worksheets, etc.
3. These IBM cards checked and then duplicated
 - a) Set 1 kept to prepare monthly accession list.
 - b) Set 2 matched with corresponding book and becomes the bookcard which stays in the bookpocket.
4. Student help letters book jackets.
5. Books plated, pocketed, and marked.
6. Three day delay for examination by divisions.
7. Then go to various shelf locations.
8. Meanwhile, typists preparing all necessary cards - main catalogue, shelf list, etc. Therefore, card for divisional material will arrive in the divisions shortly after the books themselves.

4. Who's-in-charge-of-what Chart

CATALOGUING DIVISION

Head: Gerry Dobbin

Bibliographic search. & LC Cataloguing Section.

Dorothy Shields - Head

Georgia MacRae - Bibliographic Searcher

Dave Thomas - LC card searcher and cataloguer

Original Cataloguing

Meg Little - Head

Mary Macaree - Serials

Barbara Gibson - Science

Heather McDonald - Slavonics

Lore Brongers - Fine Arts, Humanities, Soc. Sci.

Isabel Godefroy - Descript. Cat., other editions,
added copies.

Card Production & Filing; book preparation

Betty Misewich - Head

5. All clear now? Whether you are or not, we move on to the new peoples list (Biblos' library staff plus mailing list is up to 325 copies).

ARRIVALS

Acquisitions - Helena Korinek, Lib. Asst.; Susan Stepney, Cl. I.

Cataloguing - Margaret Konya, Cl. I; Howard Spence, Lib. Asst.;
Lorraine Morrison, Cl. I; Hanne Hendriksen, Cl. I;
Penny Damm, Lib. Asst.

Circulation - Jane Pierson, Cl. I; Fay McKay, Cl. I.

Curriculum Lab. - Jean Boulogne, Cl. II.

Law Library - Joanne Brown, Lib. Asst.

Map Division - Nancy Morton, Cl. I.

Prebindery - Elizabeth Robb, Cl. I.

Serials - Alan Quan, Cl. I.

ARRIVALS (Cont'd.)

Systems - Gwen Brown, Key punch Supervisor; Marilyn Adolph,
Key punch Operator.

Woodward - Linda Hansen, Lib. Asst.; Dorothy Daly, Cl. I.

ADVANCES

Diane Butterfield, Clerk II, Sedgewick
Martina Cipolli, Clerk II, Acquisitions
S. Y. Tse, Senior Library Assistant, Asian Studies
Marie Morgan, Library Assistant, Sedgewick
Bev Richards, Clerk II, Serials

AU REVOIRS

Acquisitions - Neil Cameron, July 29th; Margaret Coles,
June 27th; Solahn Faulkner, June 30th;
Diana Fraser, July 31st.

Cataloguing - Virginia Wing, June 27th.

Circulation - Pat Smith, July 15th.

Systems - Joyce Schurek, Key puncher, June 30th.

Woodward - Luba Skripnikoff (Biomed. Branch)

We pause to interject a light note - from the Serials Division.

A recently received item published in Warsaw was addressed:

Serials Division, Library
University of British Columb
Canada
Attn. Miss...Camerou

Attached was a plaintive letter suggesting we give the publisher a new address so "... the publication will reach you rather than us." The letter was from the Canadian Embassy in Yaounde and was signed by the 3rd sec'y of the Canadian delegation in the Republic of Cameroon.

MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY

On to the last "tenant" in the Library building - the Museum of Anthropology - located in the basement (just follow the North Entrance stairs down).

Four major reconstructions ago, "The Museum", founded in 1927, was a very small room on the ground floor of the library, where the general circulation desk now is. In 1948 the Museum was expanded as a teaching collection, for use of the Department of Anthropology, the University, and the community. It was moved into the (then) new basement of the (then) new wing of the library. The size and place of the display room has remained constant, but the collection has greatly expanded by gifts and by purchase.

Storage space has been increased over the years as the library could spare it. During these years, also, the teaching functions of the Museum have increased, as space warranted.

Due to major gifts from Mr. H. R. MacMillan, the Leon and Thea Koerner Foundation, Dr. Walter C. Koerner, the collections of Swakiutl Indian materials here are outstanding. Many gift collections from friends of the University have added materials from all of the tribal cultures of the world, and many of the ancient and classic cultures as well.

The Museum is open when the University is in session, and visitors and classes are welcome.

Bookbuying excursions are not idyllic, restful, browsing experiences. They are a tiring, frantic, and somewhat competitive form of sport in which numerous libraries and book agents indulge. We are happy to relay UBC Library's results to you in order of geographical distance.

BOOK-HUNTING - ORIENTAL STYLE

T. K. Ng

When I blithely set off on my acquisitions trip to Hong Kong, Taiwan, and Japan, little did I know book buying could be so brain racking. Dear Colleagues, now you know why you see silvery tresses among my jetblack hair.

Book prices had gone sky high, that much I knew and was well prepared for it. But what was the use of money (!) if books needed to complement our Asian Studies Library were not available? Not only older materials such as Ming (1368-1644) and Ch'ing (1644-1912) editions were extremely scarce, but even publications of, say 1949-1960, were also hard to locate. The first few days after my arrival in Hong Kong, I was so discouraged by the dried-up state in which I found the book market that I decided to return home empty-handed rather than spending Library funds on trash or duplicates.

The reasons behind that depressing scene (from the buyer's point of view, that is) were obvious. With the sudden boom of Far Eastern libraries in America and other places in recent years, competition for materials in the Far Eastern languages was getting greater and greater while sources of supply were becoming fewer and fewer, until a situation was reached which could aptly be described with the Chinese saying "too many monks (sharing) too little congee", meaning demand far exceeds supply. But what a golden opportunity to book sellers!

I noticed that in a single month, a certain Mainland Chinese book agent in Hong Kong had twice raised his prices, and yet when I hesitated to buy from him just a moment too long, the books were gone to other eager buyers!

Competition was keen too between foreign and local libraries. Some local librarians made it clear that they did not welcome book-hunters, because firstly, they hated to see precious material drained away from their homeland, and secondly, thanks to those hunters, prices were climbing up fast, costing them more and more money for their books. Whenever possible they would grab the books for their libraries, but usually at a 10% discount. I did not fare very well in grabbing. The first big batch of books I had selected from a second-hand bookstore ended up mysteriously in one of the local libraries. I learned my lesson. Thereafter I went about my business in the most guarded manner, hiding my itinerary, camouflaging my activities, paying in cash (second-hand dealers would accept nothing else), and having the selected items packed and sealed then and there for mailing to U.B.C.

It was through a painstaking selection process at grimy old stores where the only furniture was rickety shelves, that I got hold of, among other things, over a thousand titles of literary works, novels, poetry, plays, short stories, etc., of the period between 1920-1960, and back issues of important journals published around the time of the Chinese revolution. Second hand book dealers handled their merchandise in two different ways. One of them was to make weekly trips to Macao to collect as many as possible books which trickled out from the Mainland (whether they were good or bad, old or new, complete or incomplete did not matter to them), and sell them on a "first come first serve" and "no cash no buy" basis. The other was to gather together from various sources in Hong Kong and Macao more valuable or out of print materials, sometimes books in big sets or series and even complete runs of magazines. For his time and effort, and above all, for his sound knowledge in books, the latter kind of sellers usually received rewards many times greater than the former.

Supplies in those old stores were, however, very limited. I would not have been able to accomplish much even if I had devoted all my business hours there during my seven week stay in Hong Kong.

Before taking the trip, I knew that if I wanted to make it a success, I would have to rely more on private collections, and accordingly wrote to friends there appealing for help. And help they did, by introducing to me six private libraries, of which I purchased two, rejected three, and am still negotiating by correspondence for the sixth. The three collections were rejected for some of the following reasons:

(1) very much alive silver fish and the like were found in the books; (2) prices were more shocking and unreasonable than usual; (3) duplication was too great, and (4) the books were good museum pieces rather than the supporting part of a graduate studies collection. None of the six libraries was of a great size; their largest, which has already safely arrived here, was in approximately 4,000 volumes, only 1/11 of our P'u-pan Collection (). Gone are the days of the large and carefully built private libraries like the P'u-pan. They have probably all gone from Hong Kong to Australia, Great Britain, Malaysia, and most of all, the United States.

When I first laid eyes on the largest collection mentioned above, I could not help falling in love with it. The books were kept in just the way I would like them to be. They did not duplicate much of our holdings but could very well complement the P'u-pan Collection. Early Ch'ing editions were abundant, mingled with a few genuine Ming ones, all bound in the traditional Chinese style. It was another P'u-pan Collection in reduced size and including different but scholarly books on history, philology and literature. However, I found out later that I had congratulated myself too soon. What difficulties, headaches and worries I had to experience before getting hold of it!

In the first place, the owner was reluctant to sell. When, after a great deal of gentle persuasion from me she made up her mind to sell it, she could not decide on the price. Air letters and telegrams flashed to and fro between our boss and me before I could offer her a reasonable one, but she would not accept it. Two weeks later she finally set her own price. Telegrams were sent flying again in a very happy mood (it was just a few days before Christmas) only to be followed by anxiety. The owner changed her mind two days after we had agreed on the price. She wanted to raise it to a few thousand dollars more. I wished I had Solomon's wisdom to deal with the situation - the library

money was already on its way, there was no legal contract signed, and I had not yet laid hands on any of the books! I consulted a lawyer friend of mine and got neither solution nor comfort but a long lecture from him. To complicate matters, the owner happened to have a friend who was after a large commission. He did not know about our negotiation until the price was settled. Naturally he tried his best to stall the actual sale by persuading both the owner and me to let him handle the business, hence the delayed price raising request. When he failed to make an appointment with me by phone, he came early one morning to the Y. W. C. A. where I was staying, hoping to force an interview upon me. To cut a long story short (or else our editors would have their headaches), with the help of a reliable book agent who had been doing business with us for years, I managed to collect and move the whole collection to his office, where he did the sorting, mending, packing and mailing for us. And we did not add another cent to the agreed price.

I should consider myself very fortunate to be able to get some private collections, according to another Oriental librarian whom I met on my trip. He was off to the Far East about a month ahead of me, but I finally caught up with him in Tokyo. He had not found much that was worth buying, he said, although financially he was much better equipped than I was for a shopping spree. I was not at all surprised to meet him there, since it was nothing new to Oriental libraries in America to send their librarians to the Far East book-hunting. In fact some of the older and larger ones have been doing it regularly for a number of years. It was so frustrating not to be able to get the books after all the time and labour spent on ordering (because by the time all the checking is done and orders prepared and mailed to the faraway sellers, the selected items are already sold out) that they realize they have to tap the very sources of supply for their material. As far as I know, there were at least seven or eight librarians who had headed for the Orient before me during the past two years on the same kind of mission as mine.

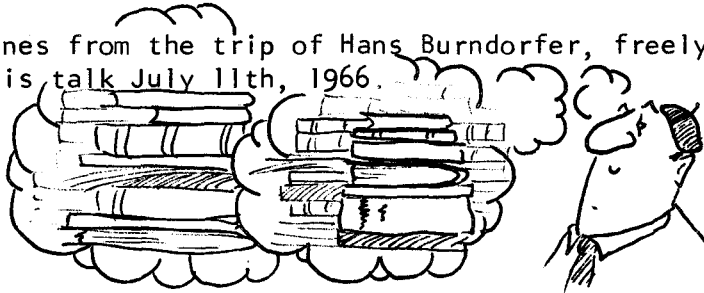
We, the fortunate (or unfortunate?) ones chosen for the acquisitions job, all agree that there were light moments throughout our trips. Besides meeting again one's old friends one can sample Oriental delicacies. It was said that the best place to eat in the whole of China was Canton, but now Hong Kong has taken over; there one can get food cooked in all the different styles, and in the best traditional way too, from Cantonese, Fukien, Peking, Shanghai, right down to Szechuan. In Japan, fellow librarians are the soul of hospitality itself. They would introduce one to the real sashimi, sukiyaki, sushi, tempura, etc. I am afraid that the hectic pace one keeps on such trips would not allow any time for sightseeing, but to tell the truth, to cheer myself up a little after a long cold session at second-hand bookshops in Kyoto, I did visit some Buddhist and Shinto temples and shrines there. The chimes of their bells still linger in my ears, it seems.

From the exotic East, we move West --

FIRST B AND B...

NOW b's TRIP TO EUROPA

OR Scenes from the trip of Hans Burndorfer, freely adapted from his talk July 11th, 1966.



On April 28th, 1966, Hans departed from Vancouver Airport to invade the bookstores in East and West Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

In West Berlin, the importance of connections and timing was impressed upon him. Armed with the International Directory of Antiquarian Booksellers, our man "b" went first to our friend Bucherwurm who proved invaluable in helping him discriminate between the various booksellers.

Establishing special store hours (8 a.m. to 9 p.m.) just for Hans, Bucherwurm allowed him to peruse at leisure the material shelved from floor to ceiling by means of a step-ladder. Hans knew that material available today would be gone tomorrow (two days before Hans arrived in West Berlin, some art dealers held an auction of over 2,000 books; the day after Hans arrived, 3 remained!!)



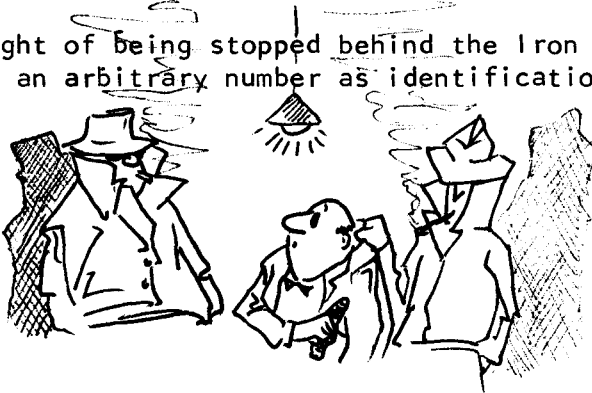
Keen to visit the booksellers behind the Iron Curtain, Hans arrived on the run at Check-Point Charlie. After being searched for Western magazines and stripped of his passport, he was handed a slip of paper; "Hans Burndorfer 6120" and innumerable vouchers. Dangling his 120 lb. bag, he strolled across No-Man's Land to East Berlin arriving sans paper slip. PANIC ! Where was it? No slip, no passport refund. A few sprints back and forth across No-Man's Land and success! he found it and arrived. Phew ! But ever onward:



"Taxi! Taxi! To my hotel!"

"No taxi here. Your hotel is just around the corner" came a reply. So after twenty minutes of scout's pace casually clutching that 120 lb. bag, Hans arrived at the hotel to have his passport again relieved of him and another slip handed him! Slips became the bane of his existence.

The thought of being stopped behind the Iron Curtain with his name and an arbitrary number as identification failed to comfort him.



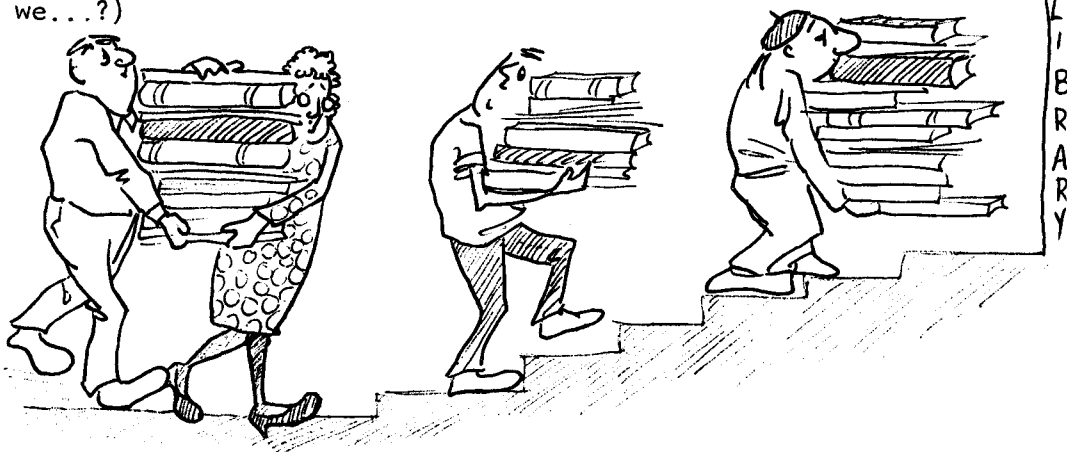
So with this constant red tape, our man "b" arrived at the Leipzig booksellers with his best Canadian "Guten Tag" and inquired for catalogues of material in philosophy, history and sociology. Aware of Leipzig's reputation in the former, he probed this field particularly and got wind of the fantastic collection of the late Professor Pichler formerly of the University of Griefswald. Gaining immediate access to it, he began climbing up and down the ladder as at Bucherwurm's. It sure looked great! But fear of duplication crept into his mind: "What has U.B.C. acquired since I left?" He paced back and forth ... 20% off to compensate for duplication ... lots of first editions. No time to check the current holdings at U.B.C. ... Remember the art dealer's auction in West Berlin.

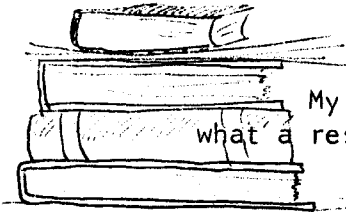
He must phone immediately for authorization from Basil (at the dealer's expense, of course). At 9 a.m. a very excited switchboard operator placed her first call to Canada --- the Librarians Office, U.B.C. At 5 p.m., she reached the Circulation Division and Hans heard Basil rush to the phone and shriek: "Is this collect?"

"No."

(In a very relieved and now casual tone) "Oh, fine. How are you? How's the weather? ... philosophy collection ... hmmm ... O.K. Buy it!" Cheers from the dealer and staff! Time to celebrate - where's the bottle? It must be under Schopenhauer's Collected Works!

So three collections and several blanket order negotiations later --- totalling approximately 10,000 titles --- back teeters "b" to the welcoming (?) arms of Acquisitions and Cataloguing. Such a great job done, we wonder if he'll ever recover (and will we...?)





My trip to Britain, or,
what a resourceful librarian can do!



Melva Dwyer, Fine Arts

"A resourceful librarian, one might say, is a librarian full of resources!!!" Taking this suggestion from one of our best education texts to heart, I decided that May was the time to pack my bags again for the British Isles.

Always being resourceful, I had become a "Scottish woman" and was able to enjoy a first class charter flight on a new Boeing 727. Some $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours after departure, we arrived at Prestwick in fine shape! after the relaxing influence of a continuous free bar service.

Since I really considered that this trip was a holiday, I swore that book buying would be kept to a minimum and at times I managed quite well with my resolution. But when one is completely surrounded by museums, art galleries, and book shops it is impossible to turn one's back and say nay to such a heaven-sent opportunity.

Instead of hastening south as soon as I landed, I decided to spend my first week in Scotland revisiting my old haunts. I found that some of my favourite book shops in Edinburgh had been forced to close their doors or had only new books to offer. This meant that for me they had lost most of their charm. The explanation given to me by one of those remaining in the antiquarian trade was the increasing difficulty in acquiring good second hand book stock at reasonable prices. The American market has become too competitive and has forced the prices to prohibitive heights. This was particularly true of Fine Arts books I found wherever I visited.

Before I had left Vancouver, Maureen Wilson, our map librarian and I had arranged to spend a week together in Copenhagen and Amsterdam. I flew to London and met Maureen and we continued on to Copenhagen. Here we found a very cosmopolitan city with broad streets in the newer sections; the world famous Tivoli pleasure gardens; the mouth-watering smørbrød; green copper roofs and spires on the oldest buildings; the Little Mermaid near the harbour entrance; hovercraft plying between Denmark and Sweden; and finally, museums, galleries and bookshops. A trip to the castles of Fredriksborg and Elsinore, where Shakespeare's Hamlet was said to have been set, rounded out our stay.

For the last half of the week we went on to Amsterdam, my favourite

city of north Europe. Here, I found that I had to succumb to book buying. How can one ignore book stores displaying all the latest and best in Fine Arts books! Even so, I only managed to visit three of the six or eight which specialize in Fine Arts and Music and completely ignored the shops of Le Hague, Leiden and Delft where I knew equally fascinating stocks were to be found.

Here in Amsterdam, we both delighted in the Art Museums, the old buildings and the canals. We attended concerts at the opera house and were interested to find Nicolas Goldschmidt conducting "Die Zauberflote". This made one realize again that the language of the arts is universal indeed.

When we left Amsterdam, we realized how fortunate we had been weatherwise. Not a drop of rain for the entire week! On my return to London, I visited the British Museum and saw their Music Library for the first time. No air conditioned rooms for their priceless treasures, I was assured.

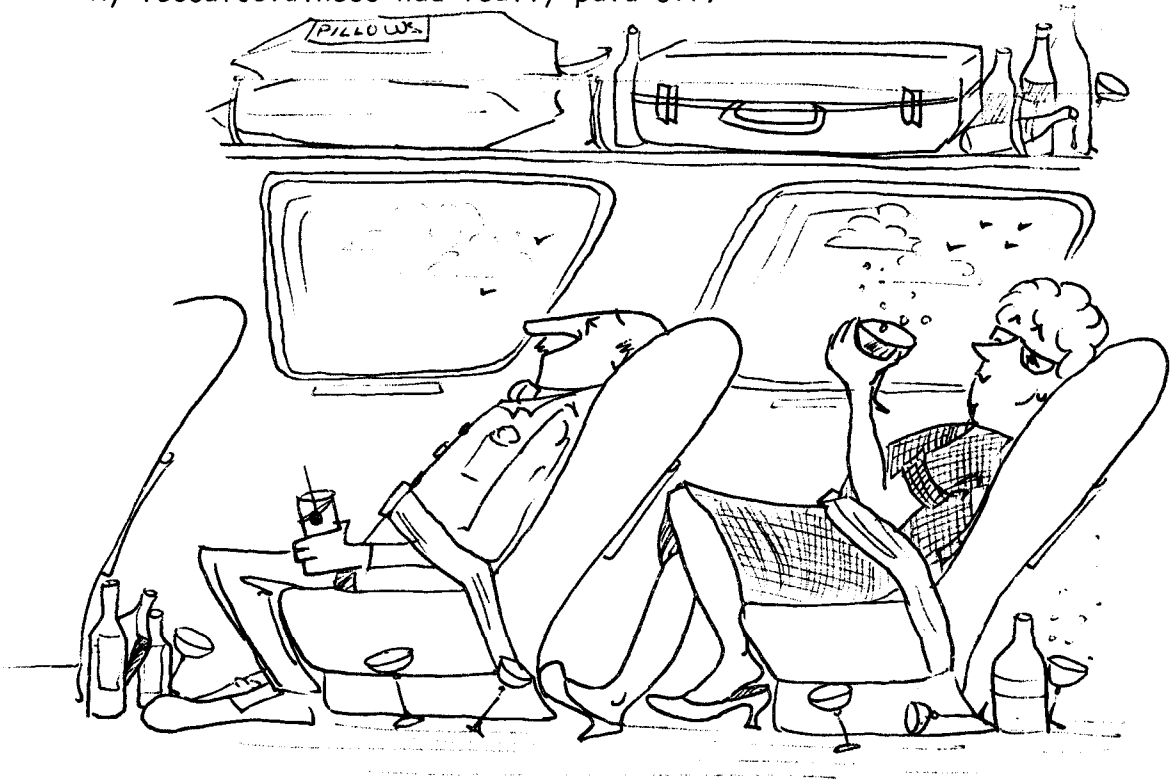
I also met several of my former bookseller friends whom I tried to convince that UBC was not in the hinterland as they so fondly believed. Loggers and Indians still loom large in their ideas of typical British Columbians, although my purchases helped to dispel some of their preconceived notions.

London is still a city of theatres, historical pageantry and book-stores, despite the modern Post Office tower, Hilton Hotel and other architectural monstrosities which have been allowed to mar the horizon. I tried to concentrate on book purchasing a little more here and therefore skipped the pageantry. One week is entirely too short a time to do anything well in a city like London. Even the traffic prevents one from hastening between two points at certain hours. London has still not succumbed to the freeway, so traffic frequently comes to a standstill due to the concentration of vehicles which suddenly converge on the central core. "The Tube" is the best solution to the whole thing but I feel like a groundhog as I go down the hole to emerge again at my destination. Wouldn't it be terrible to get stuck down there?

For my final week, I left London and motored to Norwich, another of my favourite cities. From here I made several trips to visit churches and cathedrals of historic interest: Ely, Bury St. Edmunds, Long Melford and Lavenham all proved to have something individual and worth visiting.

Norwich itself with the Norman castle, cathedral and other ancient buildings makes one aware of how full of history Britain is and how young we are in Canada. As you can see, books were incidental here although I did visit one shop of importance and spent an enjoyable morning touring the relatively new (2 years old) Norwich Public Library as guest of the chief librarian.

To make amends for this lapse, I decided to return to London via Oxford so that I could spend a day at Blackwell's. I renewed my acquaintance with the several bookshops of this famous establishment where naturally the Music Shop and Fine Arts warehouse attracted my attention. I also found time to investigate their main store where a new underground reading room had just been opened with much fan fare. Reluctantly I drove back to London - returned my car and flew back to Glasgow in time to rejoin the "Scottish ladies". The return flight was as enjoyable as the original one, in fact, I am sure that the bar was even better!!! My resourcefulness had really paid off.



Overseas Report.....

Little did I know when the boat left the National Harbour Boards' Wharf under Burrard Bridge and headed for the open seas, that I too would join the ranks of the reporters on overseas travels. The travels that have taken our questing staff to the far flung "Libriatic strongholds" of the world and myself to Bowen Island. That fabled island of peace and rest - now that the Moonlight Cruises have become a fond memory and the Company Summer Picnic and "happy" weekend camper have been banished to a past era.

For now Bowen, with its permanent housing, primary school, and lack of public conveniences, has become respectable and what greater mark of respectability can there be than a Library, and here on the Island is possibly one of the most delightful libraries in British Columbia.

The small, two roomed, wooden bungalow, with its six stair entry and wooden bannister giving it rather the appearance of a miniature Swiss chalet, perched as it is on the hill amidst the trees.

A rustic sign proclaims to all who enter that "This Library is dedicated to the Memory of Annie Laurie Wood, Charter Member of the Ladies Auxiliary to Bowen Island, Pacific No. 150. Royal Canadian Legion".....and it is the Ladies of the Legion who have kept the Library open since 1962. Twice a week Tuesdays and Saturdays 1:30 p.m. - 3:30 p.m. and what the ladies lack in professionalism they make up with dedication in the sincerest sense of the word.

The Collection numbers approximately 2,000 volumes of varying vintage and the subject. These have mainly been donated by residents of the Island and other well wishers.

Shelves are arranged by Author alphabetically with no division of subject matter, and with each title neatly recorded in a handwritten book. Circulation is also written entry (2 books per person per 2 weeks).

Juveniles have two shelves in the second room, pocket novels remain in cardboard boxes - it's always exciting to find what is at the bottom of the box - and back issues of the National Geographic Magazine occupies another two shelves, a mute memorial no doubt to one of the past residents of the Island who cleaned out his basement just before moving back to the Mainland.

In fact everything is so uncomplicated that the day I was curiously perusing the shelves a new volunteer helper was shown the whole system of circulation and filing in less than ten minutes.

Some of our travellers have visited more exotic places but who amongst them was invited to a 'Tahitian Tea' at the Union Steamships Hall on Saturday afternoon - run by the Ladies of the Legion - Well I was and I very much regret that I was not there to attend as I am sure it would have been just as delightful as their Library.

And please if any of you have books, of any vintage, that you find can be spared, I would be most willing to take them off your hands and mail them direct to:-

The Library
Bowen Island, B. C.

It's just across the water - on a clear? day you can almost see it.

P.S. Gifts and Exchange. Please note the last paragraph.



Meanwhile...back on the North American continent our librarians dashed off to a wealth of conferences returning with a wide range of impressions and results.

First Impressions of CLA (Canadian Library Association)

Most events are susceptible to one-word evaluations, and this is the course I proposed to take when asked to produce some impressions of the recent CLA conference held in Calgary. It was, however, made clear to me that BIBLOS editors were not in the business of conserving paper, and the following plethora is the result.

On entering the hotel for the first time and sizing up the citizenry gathered in the lobby, I feared that I had accidentally stumbled into a D.V.A. workshop on the rehabilitation of war wounded. But these were librarians, and the aura of V - E Day which surrounded my introduction to the assemblage was soon supplanted by quite a different set of responses.

Francis Bacon wrote that "reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man and writing an exact man". Well, the ready man at a conference soon becomes full, and, unfortunately, inexact. Therefore, I am ill-prepared, even were the inclination present, to describe in detail what transpired at the various meetings, having chosen to follow the example of my older and wiser colleagues, to wit, emulation of a sponge.

Business sessions were largely drone and acquiescence, with occasional flashes of eloquence, irascibility and outright stupidity emerging to titillate the customers. Discussion groups on the conference theme, were, if my group was typical, lively and well-run, although punctuated by spasms of immaculate irrelevance. Discussion was dominated by a minority. Most librarians appear disinclined to speak freely in public, but there is a cadre within the profession which strives mightily and with spectacular success to compensate for the taciturnity of the others.

Most of the real work of the conference is done outside the pattern of organized events. Those who accomplish most, and enjoy themselves in the process, are the ones that refuse to be intimidated by the imposing superstructure of the program.

Last year it was Lapland - this year, for Eleanor Mercer, it was a brief look into Yukon territory.

We saw the Yukon? No, not really, just Whitehorse and immediate environs. Fifty-odd (some very odd) librarians flew north after the CLA conference for a three-day visit in the territorial capital. The wiser took an extra day or so to see Dawson, or to train to Skagway past the beautiful Lake Bennett; the Misses Morton came down the coast via Mr. Bennett's new ferry.

Whitehorse itself is not particularly scenic, but the residents are friendly. They are accustomed to many visitors, and turned out in force to see the librarians. Betty Collyer (regional librarian) had arranged special dinners where we met many local people, something the average tourist would not be able to do.

We visited nearby Carcross, had a sandwich lunch at the ancient Caribou Hotel; went through Miles Canyon (once dangerous rapids, now subdued by a power dam), ate sourdough pancakes, visited the handsome new library building, and enjoyed an excellent exhibit of Eskimo carvings and prints.

The chief excitement in Whitehorse was the moving of the Old paddle-wheeler Klondike. This relic had been beached at one end of the town, and is now being moved (Centennial project) to a park area where it will be restored by the boys from the vocational school. Meanwhile, she is being moved along Front Street with the help of a quarter-million dollars, four cats, tons of soap suds, and dozens of old truck tires. The tires go under the cat tracks to protect the blacktop.

My advice - it's exciting country, but when you go - take plenty of time to see it properly. Incidentally, the fishing is good, too.

Note. In the future, requests for supplies from the stock room must be in writing and submitted once a week. Please be specific and in some cases a sample is recommended. Larger orders not usually in stock must be requested on a memo to Mr. Bell for the balance of the fiscal year.

South-east of the 49th...

A.L.A. NEW YORK INSTITUTE

The New York A.L.A. Preconference Institute on Library orientation Programmes presented a background paper describing the state of library orientation programmes as they exist to-day, exposed the delegates to the latest in multi-media equipment and orientation methodology, and then invited the delegates to present their queries, observations and problems to the panel of "experts" (established library orientation methodologists).

All agreed that the problem of library orientation was not a new one, and that its increasing magnitude was mainly due to the rapidly burgeoning college population. The library faculty at some large U.S. universities have become inundated and have turned to offering only token orientation to first year students, and have concentrated their efforts towards graduate students using the tutorial method.

Several interesting points were explored during the evening panel discussion. One of the most pertinent was that librarians were failing in their efforts to orientate the students with resources of the library, and how to use them, mainly because librarians were emphasizing what librarians should know about the library, rather than what students want or need to know. Librarians have been too mundane and theoretical in their use of the newer media, thereby failing to arouse and to hold the interest of students. It was further suggested that the most useful and effective library orientation programmes could be carried out by the students themselves with the library faculty acting in an advisory capacity.

Other interesting points discussed included: (1) closer affiliation and co-operation between college and school librarians; (2) 'how to find a book without asking a librarian'; (3) library orientation brochure kits; and (4) library performance tests.

As well as attending the Institute, I was able to briefly visit twenty-seven libraries in the metropolitan New York area. These included university, college, public and special libraries. The entire trip proved to be interesting, rewarding and intellectually stimulating.

Lawrence Leaf

South of the 49th....down L.A. way

AALL or American Association of Law Libraries - Donna Shaw - Law

Pre-Conference Institute for Cataloguing and Classification in Law Libraries. At UCLA, June 26th to July 2nd.

Frances Holbrooke, chief cataloguer UCLA Law School, acted as director in our 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. schedule. I won't elaborate on the painful details of law cataloguing and risk the wrath of our cataloguing perfectionists. However, Seymour Lubetsky, now of UCLA, charmed us for two days with a profound yet marvellously simple, discourse on the beauty of the NEW RULES, soon to be published. Those successfully completing the course (50 out of 50) received certificates and diplomas.

Conference, July 3-7. Ambassador Hotel, L.A.

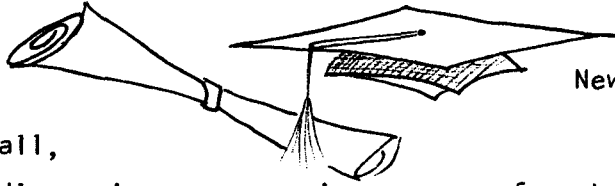
From start to finish the last word in good planning and organization. Chairman, Arthur Charpentier, Librarian for the Bar Association, N.Y. City. Business meetings were business-like and adjourned on time. Law book publishers attended throughout giving basic guidelines for the use of their publications. Representatives of some affiliated law organizations presented a lively panel discussion to help sooth nightmares and resolve problems daily met by the law librarian. (Have you ever tried to explain to a prof that just because a "report" appears in a footnote does not mean that it is published and available?) Of considerable interest was a panel conducted by a few knowledgeable in African Law discussing the role of law in developing countries especially Africa.

On the lighter side - luncheons, banquets, cocktail parties (galore) often at a publishers' expense, and a tour of Disneyland. The crowning glory! An evening at the Coconut Grove where we had our annual banquet.

And if you want to see a library with lots of money, plenty of space, where every operation is an art or science, it's the Los Angeles County Law Library. Staff is tops, building is new with room for expansion - it's every librarian's dream.

* Donna received two scholarships at the Conference - enough to cover most of her expenses, she says!

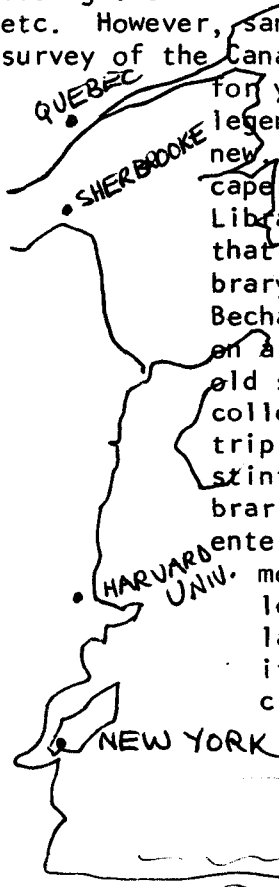
And finally, a postcard from another whirlwind pair who attended a number of illuminating features including the Learned Societies convention in Sherbrooke, Quebec with sidetrips to Harvard and the Library of Congress.



New York

Greetings to all,

To put it mildly, trip was a roaring success from beginning to end - wine, food, song and oh yes - men. Sherbrooke may never recover from the overdose of budding Shevchenkos, though the conference was interesting: featuring a few modest proposals such as a union catalogue of the entire Canadian Slavic holdings, revising the LC classification schedule as well as LC subject lists, etc. However, sanity prevailed and we decided to begin with a survey of the Canadian Slavic collections - meaning extra work for yours trulys. Next stop, Quebec City - all those legends about the French are true, true, true. Two new ardent biculturists have been recruited! Next caper - the venerable ivy-covered walls of Widener Library at Harvard University. There we discovered that UBC is not the only place with a swinging library staff. The great swinger Himself (Gordon Bechanan) and his charming group of cohorts led us on a delightful and illuminating expedition of Cutter's old stamping grounds. Joking aside, Harvard's Slavic collection was truly impressive, and we found the trip very profitable. From there, we began a two-day stint of the Library of Congress, the Mecca of Librarianship - where we duly bowed three times before entering that terrifying factory. Found librarians most hospitable and helpful. Many of our cataloguing problems were promptly clarified. Our last stop was New York and little can be said about it except that it has the most of everything, including just a few libraries.



Love to all,
Isa & Heather.

Poets! Poets! Where are you? !%&*#

We've even abandoned the qualification that the subject matter be about the library. Anything goes! To whet the palate and the imagination here are a few samples. The present poet laureate assures that the prize will be presented near Himself but will be of a less aesthetic nature.

From a traditional game comes this adaption...from Woodward

Here we go round the Serials File

A journal? Why yes Sir
 -No trouble at all-
 They're all alphabetical
 Right there in our file.
 For 'Blood' look under B
 and for 'Gut' look under G,
 'Mouse Newsletter' - M
 Any trouble - ask again.

Our motto around here, Sir, is service with a smile;
 You'll find anything you want, Sir, in our Serials File.

(there's more) ... Look for the concluding stanzas in the August Issue. In the meantime...)

Perhaps I should warn you, Sir, it may take quite a while,
 But by ten o'clock tonight, Sir, you'll love our Serials File.

Another ardent limerickist has contributed some fine examples of the art, to wit... and more in the August issue!

There was an old fellow from Lincoln,
 Whose eyes were eternally blincoln.
 When asked what was wrong,
 He replied, "Run along!"
 When I'm thincoln, I can't stop from blincoln."

We also have received a serious poem which deserves a spot of its own in August and is perhaps more suited to the pages of PRISM than BIBLOS.

In conclusion (Thank goodness!) a brief parting holiday word to our cartoonist Di Cooper who hits the Europe circuit in August.

Contributed by David Miller from Source Unknown-

Jetaway

Breakfast in Dear Old London

Luncheon in Gai Paree (is)

Dinner in New York City *

Baggage in Italy.

* Di is substituting Geneve for this one.

THE END

AT LAST!

Not quite:

FLASH The Bursar has approved a sum of money to permit a thorough study of library ventilation problems.