

ENDINGS AND BEGINNINGS

It's spring - the trees are in leaf, the days are getting longer. It is a time for new ideas, new resolutions, new beginnings. Your fellow Library workers who comprise the editorial staff of Biblos are just as susceptible to this feeling as anyone else and we feel that the time has come for a change. Some of us have worked on Biblos for five years, all of us at least two. We have all enjoyed it and there have been times when we have been very proud of our efforts. However, the blood of most of the present Biblostaff, if I may coin a phrase, is more than a little tired and we would like to pass the torch on to newer and fresher hands.

And so, with this issue we announce regretfully our intention to resign and at the same time we ask that other members of the staff come forward and take our places - you will find it an interesting and rewarding experience.

Biblos was created to fill a need, to create a link between members of a large and ever-expanding organization. We feel that it has done this and that it or something similar should be carried on. Our principal reason for urging a new slate is that most of the present editorial staff feels that it has little more to contribute. We would be less than honest, however, if we did not add that this feeling has been compounded by the general lack of co-operation and support which we have received. Biblos was never intended to be a "literary" publication nor has it ever attempted to be. It has always depended for its existence on contributions from the audience it was designed to serve. We have appealed many times for new members and for material to publish - at no time have we been overwhelmed by the response. Perhaps a new group will have better luck.

So please, if you feel that Biblos should carry on, volunteer your services now. Biblos has always operated independently without censorship by us or by the Administration. Our horizons were limited only by our imaginations - we have instituted raffles, contests, and our proudest achievement, the Christmas smorgasbord. Let us hear from you - the next issue is in your hands.

If you are interested in carrying on the Biblos, please get in touch with:

Shelley Criddle 4908

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A FOND FAREWELL TO:

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Tannis Browning	L.A. IV	Circulation
Patricia McMinn	L.A. I	Woodward
Sharon Blair	L.A. I	Woodward
Susan Harrison	L.A. II	Sedgewick
Mark Perret	L.A. I	Cat. Prep.
Jennifer McKenzie	L.A. II	Cat. Prep.
Maxine Marshall	Sec. I	Admin.
Mariette vanTilburg	L.A. I	Gov. Pubs.
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CONGRATULATIONS TO:

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MUSIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION MID-WINTER MEETING

The Music Library Association's annual mid-winter meeting took place at the University of Indiana at Bloomington, Indiana on February 1-3, 1973. About 250 Canadian and American music librarians and cataloguers participated in this joint meeting with the Association for Recorded Sound Collections. The main sessions dealt with the following topics:

1. Music Library budgets - preparation, defense and implementation.
2. Education for music librarianship - what should it consist of?
3. Interlibrary loan, cooperative purchasing and discarding of sound recordings - a report on British practices, by E.T. Bryant, well-known British writer on librarianship.
4. An open committee meeting of the MLA Cataloguing and Classification Committee. A very informative part of this session was a report on trends and plans in the music cataloguing section at the Library of Congress.
5. Performance practice problems in Joseph Haydn.
6. Sound recordings bibliography, and requirements for archivists in sound recordings collections.

In addition, of course, there were the usual business sessions, tours of several notable libraries on the campus, and a visit to the Musical Arts Center, Indiana University's opera house. One of the highlights of the meetings was a creditable performance of Mozart's Die Zauberflote by students and faculty in the Musical Arts Center. We were proudly informed several times that this is the largest music school in the world with 1600 majors.

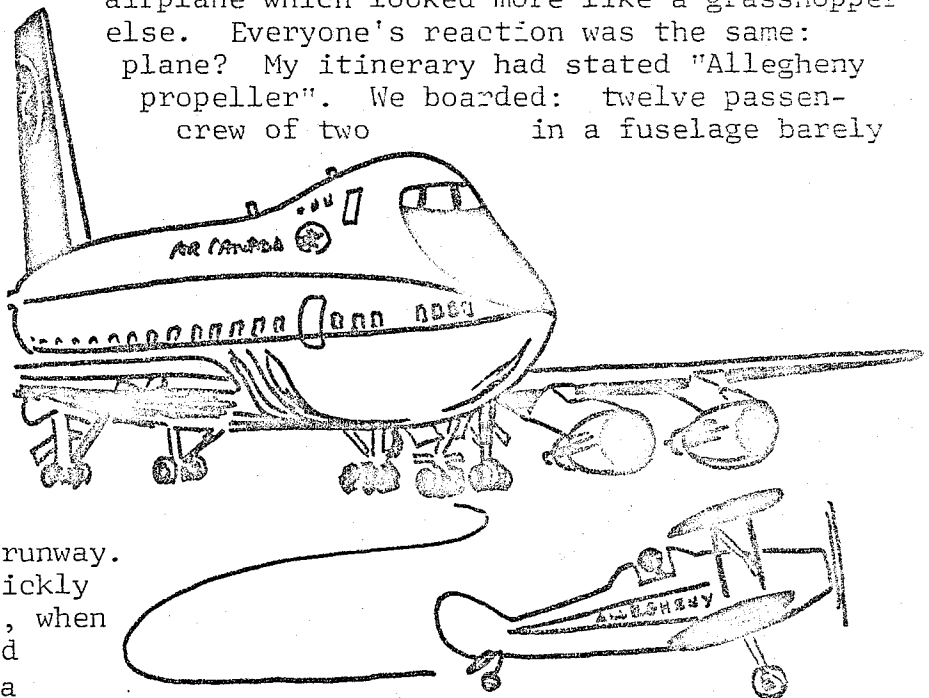
MLA is a well-organized but very democratic association, small enough to allow all viewpoints to be heard and for anyone who so desires to participate actively. One of the most gratifying aspects of it is that LC's music personnel is very closely involved, giving music librarians what could be des-

Music Library Association Mid-Winter Meeting cont'd

cribed as an open line to the central agency where many music library decisions are made, especially in technical processing aspects. Seven or eight music publishers and dealers enlivened the conference with displays of their latest publications.

Attendance at the meetings was enjoyable, informative and stimulating. But, perhaps the thing about the entire experience that will be most unforgettable, will be the trip itself. It all began with standing in line for an hour at the airport in Van. while each prospective passenger's luggage was searched. Next came an examination of one's clothes and person by a metal-detecting device called a magnetometer, culminating with rather detailed questioning and sundry other indignities. (I had no hi-jacking plans, but one is tempted by various sorts of possible revenge after all that!)

The flight from Vancouver to Chicago was uneventful and even anti-climactic. Leaving Chicago, however, turned out to be something else. At 7 p.m. we were loaded into a small bus and wheeled across the airfield at breakneck speed, dodging planes, gasoline trucks and other buses, finally pulling up beside an alleged airplane which looked more like a grasshopper than anything else. Everyone's reaction was the same: That's our first class plane? My itinerary had stated "Allegheny propeller". We boarded: twelve passengers and a crew of two in a fuselage barely five feet wide and too low to stand up straight. When everyone was tightly buckled in, with luggage everywhere, the two propeller engines were started and we headed for the runway. Progress was quickly halted, however, when we were informed there would be a slight delay of fifty-five minutes to an hour! Except for



Music Library Association Mid-Winter Meeting cont'd

rather severe claustrophobia, cramps, nausea and general fear, everything was just fine as we sat in the darkness with engines roaring, watching aircraft of all sizes and descriptions coming and going in all directions, keeping up O'Hare Field's reputation as one of the busiest in the world. Mercifully the time passed, and we eventually headed for the runway. Outside our cockpit's front windows there were DC-8's, Boeing 707's and 727's lined up nose-to-tail as far as the eye could see, waiting their turn to take off. Right in line came our midget with more of the big boys right behind us. Insignificance became a very significant concept! When we finally accelerated sufficiently down the runway for takeoff and headed into a very dense cloud cover, I remember thinking that if this was the way we were all finally going to go, it had, at least been very exciting! I watched the dials in the cockpit closely for any sign of impending disaster, and finally concentrated on one, the hand of which gyrated wildly between 60 and 320 (whatever that might mean!) thinking at first it might be the altimeter, only to discover that it was my very own pulse rate! Three hours and two intermediate stops later, we were finally deposited at a miniscule terminal building five miles outside Bloomington!

I came the same way on the return trip in brilliant sunshine four days later, only to discover that a number of others had decided, as a sanity-retaining solution, to go from Bloomington to Chicago by bus!

Eldo Neufeld

ODE TO A LIBRARY LADY

... When he took her to dinner, he talked about checking her out and returning her later to the stacks. He sighed over her supple binding, the ease with which she slipped from her jacket. He inspected her font, caressed her epigraphs, deplored, affectionately, the size of her bibliography. On an occasion when she was overdue, he worried to me about penalties and fines.

"At least," he mused one day when he was talking himself into love, "she was not uncut at the time I met her. That proves she wasn't designed exclusively for display. Not," he added hurriedly, "that she was dog-eared."

from WEDLOCK, a novel by A.J. Langguth