The Butler University Library

FAYETTA HALL

There are many features about our school which I admire, and there are surely some features which I have not yet learned to appreciate fully. One prominent feature which falls into both of these classes is the university library. My realization of its worth has increased with my growing knowledge of the library's history and development.

When our college was known as the Northwestern Christian University, it was located on College Avenue. As far as is known, no real library was then existant. However, as far back as 1873, a small room in the building was set aside and two of its walls were literally stuffed with assorted volumes. The literary societies then prominent in the college each possessed more books than the "library" itself. The departmental heads also had bookrooms with individual collections.

As the school itself advanced, so did the library. When, in 1875, the college was moved to the Irvington site and renamed Butler University, the library began to show signs of progress. As the various literary societies dissolved, their books were added to the previous collection, and soon a small but useful library was established.

In the year of 1901, a Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Thompson gave forty-thousand dollars for erection of a separate library, in memory of their daughter, Bona, a Butler graduate. The nucleus around which the new library was built was a Bible and a Campbell & Owen's "Debates on Evidence of Christianity." The Bona Thompson Memorial Library was located at University and Downey Avenues and opened for use in 1904. At this time, approximately thirteen-thousand volumes were contained therein.

Once more, in 1928, the college was moved to the present site, Fairview campus, and the library was temporarily housed in the southwest wing of the Arthur Jordan Memorial Hall. This arrangement has not yet been altered but in spite of this fact it has grown. The Teachers College library was added in 1930.

Also, at various times, private collections were donated. The Tarkington Baker collection was given in 1924. It consisted of six-hundred and ninety volumes which included works of drama and dramatic criticism. The following year was added the Charles W. Moores Lincoln volumes of pamphlets, manuscript materials, and a Lincoln autograph. It has been retained as a special collection. One of the most unusual collections to be donated was the William F. Charters South Sea Islands library. Its three-thousand volumes, valued at fifteen thousand dollars, contains rare books of geography, exploration, and sociology of the Polynesian, Melanisian, and Micronesian groups. It is also maintained as a special collection. Another set, the Henry D. Pierce collection, was added to the regular library in 1931.

Our library, as it stands, is quite complete and has several departments. The loan department, perhaps the most used, has tables with chairs to seat over one-hundred and forty students. It is in this department that the Charters Library is exhibited. There is also a public card catalogue available for general use. The reference department holds eighteen-hundred and thirty-six volumes and possesses a vertical pamphlet file. A separate room houses the Katherine Merrill Graydon library of sixteen-thousand and eight excep-
tional volumes. There is a department for periodicals and magazines, and a separate library office and catalogue department is maintained.

The newest feature is the College of Religion library, established in 1941, and located in the new College of Religion building on the Fairview campus. It holds several rare copies of the Bible and other exceptional books of religious nature. The reading room of this library presents the best advantages possible, and the stacks are organized most efficiently. It is doubtless the hope of many that the regular university library will some day be housed in separate and more adequate quarters. Both libraries are operated by paid librarians, assisted by student workers.

If every student in Butler could avail himself of the opportunities afforded by our libraries, there would surely be no closed doors in the house of knowledge.

A Nightmare
JANE BURRIN

The lake was unusually calm that particular June day, when my Mother and Father started on their daily fishing trip.

I bade them farewell from the dock, and reluctantly started back to the cottage. Although I did not have the patience for fishing, it seemed that there should be something more exciting to look forward to than a game of solitaire.

Resigning myself to this entertainment, I settled down on the screened porch with my cards and the radio. I played the necessary unsuccessful game, and my luck began to change. I triumphantly placed the last ace on the stack which won the game.

My extreme concentration on the game was interrupted by an unusual rustling and commotion of the leaves outside. I did not notice the advancing storm, until my cards were whipped off the table, and plastered tightly against the screen. The flies began to collect on the sheltered side of the porch, buzzing their warning of an oncoming rain. Static in the radio made the program unintelligible and added to my growing panic. The dust in the road was blown through the air in clouds, and I got my eyes full of it as I eagerly tried to scan the lake in the hope of seeing my parents' boat.

It was raining hard now, and the rain stung my face. The blowing sand made my eyes smart, and I could hardly see the dock.

My increasing panic forced frightening realistic thoughts through my brain. What would I do if I should never see my parents again? To whom would I turn? Where would I live? These thoughts all tortured my mind, while thoughts of my parents made my heart sink.

I no longer could see the shore line, and in desperation I stumbled out onto the dock, and looked for a boat on that rain swept expanse of lake. I could not see more than a few yards, so I had to depend on my ears. It seemed that I could hear voices coming nearer.

Just as I allowed a faint hope to rise in my heart, a boat appeared coming toward shore. As it neared I recognized my Mother and Father. They pulled up along side of the dock and tied the boat. Mother picked up a six inch blue gill from the water filled boat as she said, "They didn't seem to be biting today."