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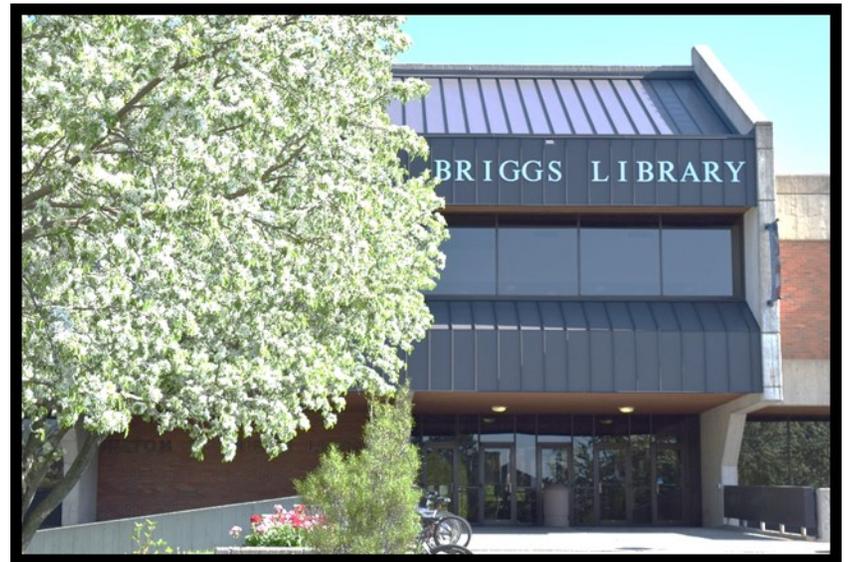
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South Dakota State University, "On the Shelf : A Collection of Essays Commemorating the 40th Anniversary of Hilton M. Briggs Library" (2017). *Hilton M. Briggs Library Faculty Publications*. 39.
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ON THE SHELF



*A Collection of Essays Commemorating the
40th Anniversary of Hilton M. Briggs Library*

Cover photo by Ruby R. Wilson, 2017

On the Shelf

A Collection of Essays Commemorating the
40th Anniversary of Hilton M. Briggs Library

South Dakota State University
Brookings, South Dakota
September 2017

Edited by Emmeline Elliott

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Introduction

Dear Reader:

The compilation of essays in this volume is the result of the generosity of SDSU faculty, staff, and alumni. The featured authors have contributed forty essays sharing their experiences with books and libraries in honor of the Fortieth Anniversary of the opening of the Hilton M. Briggs Library. We are so appreciative of everyone who took the time to write and submit their recollections. Their submissions have provided a perfect celebratory recognition of the importance of Briggs Library to the hundreds of thousands of scholars who have passed through our doors over the past four decades.

I hope that you enjoy these essays as much as I have. I believe you will find them to be heartwarming, inspiring, humorous, and memory provoking. They may even motivate you to read a new author, research an interesting topic, or revisit a library from your past. If you have the chance, please reach out and thank the writers who touch your heart with the words on these pages.

This was a fun project, and Briggs Library is honored by the authors and by the readers. Many thanks to you all.

Kristi Tornquist, Ph.D.
Chief University Librarian
Hilton M. Briggs Library
September 2017

Contributors

Myla Peterson Alsaker	1
Ann Marie B. Bahr	4
Bob Bartling	8
Jeanine Basinger	11
Carol Blackford	14
Dinus Marshall Briggs	17
Chuck Cecil	19
Elizabeth Cook-Lynn	22
Senator Tom Daschle	25
First Lady Linda Daugaard	29
Jeanne Davidson	32
Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve	34
Emmeline Elliott	37
Donald M. Ferguson	39
Sean J. Flynn	41
David Gleim	44
Nels H. Granholm	47
Lynn Hublou	51

Emily Kehrwald	54
Lisa Lindell	57
Delmer Lonowski	60
Michael D. MacNeil	63
Patricia C. Mickelson	65
John E. Miller	69
April Myrick	73
Darrell E. Napton	76, 80
Tim Nichols	84
Amy Pedersen	88
Carol J. Peterson	90
Leon Raney	93
Larry Rogers	95
Senator Mike Rounds	99
Susan Schleicher	101
Christine Stewart-Nuñez	104
Brian Thoreson	110
Kristi Tornquist	114
Toby Uecker	117
Ruby R. Wilson	121
Steven Wingate	125

Variety is the Spice of Life

By Myla Peterson Alsaker

It has been said that “variety is the spice of life.” My career was filled with a variety of libraries including my first library position as an SDSU student library assistant. In West Germany, I worked in a U.S. Army Special Services Library (family oriented), and later a Military Occupational Specialty Library with field manuals and technical manuals for enlisted men. But my position as a school library media specialist in mid-town Fargo offered the most variety of all.

Visitors entering Mid-Town Elementary School were greeted with a variety of country flags from around the world. These represented the 22 language groups found among the 340 students in kindergarten through fifth grade. The first room to be encountered was an English Language Learner classroom where a teacher patiently taught English to wave upon wave of new immigrants. Languages included Bosnian, Bhutanese, Ethiopian, Liberian, Vietnamese, Somalian, Arabic, Spanish, and more.

The school library media center provided an array of books for the various cultural interests and reading abilities. Students often asked for princesses, super heroes, Disney

characters, and any book that they had seen at Walmart, the multicultural center of the city. Foreign and picture dictionaries and books in a variety of settings were also part of the mix. The school library was their first library and important in fulfilling their reading needs and allowing them to be comfortable visiting one of the local city library branches.

Library newsletters featured book ideas, websites, technology helps, and Internet safety tips. Our students often were on their own using the Internet at home and needed to keep themselves safe.

Library lessons featured how to find materials and use the Internet. Two African middle school students returned to their old library to tell me, “You taught us a good lesson.” The lesson was being able to use the electronic catalog so well that they tutored students from other schools.

Learning English was very important, both at school and home. Immigrant parents frequently used their children as translators. A popular second-grade feature was the “word of the day.” A new and unusual word from the story was featured, defined, and illustrated. Students sat up straight to catch the new vocabulary. One word of the day was “identity crisis” in an Olivia the Pig book. That made the classroom teachers sit up straight and question my sanity.

Reading Is Fundamental (RIF) distributions provided a new paperback book to each student twice a year. The distributions, plus the selling of used books for a bargain price, gave students a chance to build a home library in English. Sadly, federal budget cuts eventually ended RIF.

Annual reading promotions allowed students to read and earn unique rewards. One year it was a Dr. Seuss birthday party, and another time it was an indoor picnic. In 1997, the promotion was shortened due to spring flooding of the Red River of the North. The theme was careers, and one student activity was to interview an adult about their career. One student reported that their cousin worked in a neighborhood nursing home and “shot the old people.” Most memorable was the year 118 students earned a free trip to a local minor league baseball game. Of course, we all had to learn to sing “Take Me Out to the Ball Game.” The ball park respected our Muslim students by providing beef hot dogs. (A Muslim mosque was just a few blocks from school.) The staff was very relieved when all were home safely. All these activities provided young immigrants with knowledge of their new country.

A central hallway circled the perimeter of the library. The newest immigrants ran around the central hallway and smiled. Directives to walk fell on deaf ears. A year later they were speaking English, and still running around the hallways smiling happily. The library was the center of their school life for reading and informational needs.

The smiles lasted until the last day of school. That was a sad day which marked the end of two meals per day, a safe environment, and adults who cared. But to the school and library staff it offered a few months to recover before “the spice of life” began again.

Myla Peterson Alsaker is a '77 alumna of South Dakota State University

Book-Bound Freedom

By Ann Marie B. Bahr

Even before I was old enough for kindergarten, I went with Mom to the public library, located on the second floor of the old firehouse building. My young hands bumped along the imperfections in the wooden staircase railing. The creaking floor boards were covered with a dark, shiny varnish. The picture books were between the library entrance and the librarian's desk, where she could watch me as I eagerly tugged at one oversize book after another, time passing unnoticed as I delved into the secret delights hidden between the plain bindings.

When I got a little older, I discovered that schools also had books. My first introduction to the world beyond my hometown was my elementary school world geography text. Our books belonged to the school; they were collected at the end of the year and re-used by the next group of students. But I could not bear to part with my geography book, so my mother talked someone into allowing her to buy it. The book was soon tattered and stained because it went with me wherever I went, like a favorite toy.

I fell in love with other textbooks too. As an undergraduate at Lawrence University, I took a course popularly known as “Chem-Phys.” It treated chemistry and physics as a seamless whole. The texts for my classes in Physical Geology and Historical Geology placed universal forces side by side with that which makes each place unique. Like a good novel, they showed what we have in common with other times and places, not by neglecting differences, but rather by describing each one in all their vivid singularity.

I was introduced to the academic study of religion as an undergraduate. The more I understood about how the Bible worked, the less of a conflict I saw with modern science. Already in the 1970s, I was freed from that internal split between faith and reason which still haunts the minds of many Americans today. I didn’t initially consider a career in the academic study of religion. But I kept reading: Abraham Joshua Heschel, Martin Buber, Frithjof Schuon, Joseph Epes Brown, Seyyed Hossein Nasr, and many others. My parents wondered whether I would ever settle down into a practical career that paid a living wage . . . I did, but in an unexpected place—I entered a doctoral program in Religious Studies and ultimately became a professor in that subject.

Mine was a solitary career path with no role models to follow. No one in my hometown was a professor. Few had gone to college (and my parents were not enthusiastic about my aspiration to do so). No one talked about geology, chemistry, or physics. I doubt that any had heard about the academic study of religion. Although some interfaith work was occurring in the big cities, we rural folks didn’t know

about it. I was entirely dependent on books to guide me as I meandered slowly toward my career path. If professors didn't write books, I would never have known what, where, and with whom I wanted to study.

When I began teaching at SDSU, I looked for books that could open my students' eyes to religious perspectives without either indoctrinating them or threatening their faith. With a fair amount of patience and experimentation, I found what I needed. I am not personally acquainted with any of the authors. Like my students, I know them only through their books.

One year, our department invited Wendell Berry to present a lecture at SDSU. Berry's response arrived in a hand-written, courteous, and generous note, but it still boiled down to "No." He rarely travels far from his Kentucky home where he farms and writes. He doesn't go to scholarly conferences and he doesn't seek the attention of the media. Without his books, his voice would be lost and that would be a tragedy since so few people think as well, as deeply, and as clearly about life in all its dimensions as does Berry.

Without libraries and books, I could not have become the person I am today. Books opened the door to the world beyond the limitations of my birth, and enabled me to approach it with fearless understanding. I learned the terminology I would need to have a voice in society, rather than being condemned to silence. I gained the knowledge I would need to participate in public life. Books and libraries are the basis of a democratic society because they are the great equalizers, enabling people of any background to participate in the life of the mind and to speak with clarity

and force. A democracy requires that all citizens, the poor as well as the wealthy, be educated. For that we need libraries, both public libraries and university libraries.

Some think that book-reliant lives and societies are obsolete. I disagree. It takes something the size of a novel to develop the characters and plot which shed light on our own complicated existence. A creative visionary requires a monograph, or perhaps several of them, to explain her or his ideas. I am dismayed by the inability of most of us to follow a book-length analysis or argument. A worthwhile analysis is rich, layered, and nuanced. It is holistic and resists atomization. Understanding a new subject matter, or a different culture, requires developing an entirely new way of looking at how a multiplicity of parts combine to make a whole. This requires something with the theoretical depth and practical applications of a textbook. Finally, gaining perspective requires a lifetime of experiences which may be encapsulated in something the length of an autobiography, but not less than that. Much of the superficiality of our culture can be traced to our addiction to sound bites, bumper stickers, tweets, and mini-lectures. While an economy of words is always to be praised, it should not be at the expense of the breadth and depth required to convey richness, complexity, and interconnectedness.

Ann Marie B. Bahr is a Professor Emerita of Religion at South Dakota State University

My Life As a Library Volunteer

By Bob Bartling

Our daughter, Jane Bartling Christensen, in the early '70s lit the fuse for our family's close association with libraries. This fuse has continued to glow even more brightly with the passage of time. As she approached college decision age, she told us she would like to become a school librarian. This meant that she would need to attend the University of South Dakota, since it was the only nearby university that offered a library degree. (I was rather proud of myself that I was able to keep her trip to Vermillion a secret in Brookings for two years.)

Andrew Carnegie knew what he was doing. The community library buildings that he provided throughout our nation in the early part of our last century have been a lasting legacy for our country. Along with our school libraries and private libraries, we have thousands of libraries which store all of the accumulated information since the beginning of mankind. This information is constantly being shared with the public, and, with today's technology, comes in many forms: free internet access with dozens of desktop computers, online databases that cover many subjects and topics of interest, reference computers that feature text articles in

thousands of magazines and journals, electronic media, and interlibrary loan with search engines to locate whatever patrons need. In today's world we have a smorgasbord of options which can turn information into knowledge.

The Briggs Library located on the campus of South Dakota State University in Brookings, South Dakota, is my all-time favorite library. I have been an adult volunteer with this library for two years in the Archives and Special Collections Division. To date, most of my time is spent as an indexer of sport magazines relating to track, field, cross country, road racing, and wrestling. The indexing is handwritten words and data on four-by-six-inch lined index cards (the old-fashioned way). With this information I conduct tours for small groups that have an interest in these sports. SDSU alumni and sports nuts have been my best patrons. The average time for a tour is 80 minutes and, being it is free, it is really quite a bargain! All of the library personnel have had the tour and are therefore knowledgeable and excited about its contents. Most of the coaching staff and related support personnel in Frost Arena have also learned the advantages of having sports history so near and so accessible. The coaches are planning to bring their recruits over to the library to show them the support they will receive at SDSU when they become Jackrabbits. An open invitation for a tour of this outstanding collection is open to all of you and I look forward to being your tour guide.

If I were a year or two younger, I'd find a library job application form and submit it. The staff at the Briggs Library is unbelievable. They are so helpful and nice to me that if my mother was still with us she would be in a state of

continual happiness. Besides that, they are all so smart it is almost sinful.

Remember: A mis-shelved book is a lost book.

Bob Bartling is a library volunteer who facilitated the donation of the Prairie Striders Running Club Collection and the Amateur Wrestling News Collection to Hilton M. Briggs Library

My Librarians

By *Jeanine Basinger*

I grew up in Brookings, South Dakota, a town that valued libraries and had angels for librarians. Generous angels. In my day, most people didn't own many books. Even in school, books were not purchased and owned, but passed down from year to year so that you might end up with a copy of *Ivanhoe* that had your older sister's name in it. If you wanted to read—and I always wanted to read—you were dependent on the local library. The very first day we moved into Brookings, my mother took me to the Carnegie Public Library, and we went downstairs to the Children's Department. We were welcomed by a thin woman in a navy blue cardigan and a pair of rimless glasses. "She likes to read," my mother told her, and even though I was not yet old enough for school, I was taken immediately to a shelf of possibilities and sent home with a pile of books. I was in reader heaven. My librarian began saving new arrivals for me, and always had suggestions. I can still picture clearly the day she first put one of my all-time favorites in my hands, saying, "You're going to like this." And I did like it. (It was *Mary Poppins*.) She gave me biographies, fiction, poetry,

history, geographies, and tried valiantly to interest me in science and math. She encouraged me to discuss what I read with her, but cautioned: “You may talk aloud with me, but only if no one else is here. We mustn’t disturb other readers.”

One day I came in and she was wearing a little corsage she’d made. She said, “You’ve read all the books down here. It’s time for you to go upstairs.” Solemnly, she took my hand and walked me up to the Adult Section of the library. She introduced me to the other town librarian, who was also wearing a little homemade corsage. “This girl likes to read,” she said. “Can you help her?” The two women gave me a little tour of the shelves and then explained to me that, technically, I was too young to have my own adult library card, but they had made me a “temporary one.” “Temporary” meant that when I had selected my books, I should have my new librarian look them over to be sure they were all right for the “temporary” card. (Much later, I would learn that all this had been discussed with my mother, who had assured them, “She has my permission to read anything. I don’t think books are dangerous.”) Before I went home, I was given my first “temporary,” specially chosen by them. “You’re going to like this,” they said. And I did. (That book was *Rebecca*.)

As I grew, my librarians suggested that, since I liked old magazines and newspapers, I might also like to go to the College Library. I rode my bicycle up there and was taken aback when I didn’t see any newspapers or magazines anywhere. I timidly asked a student where they were, and was told “downstairs in the stacks.” Stacks? I had never heard the word, but had a bad premonition. “Downstairs” probably meant “out of reach.” As I stood there, a young

woman with gold hair looked at me and beckoned me over. She lifted the little desk-top gate so that I could go behind the checkout counter, and took me to a staircase leading downward. She told me where to find old newspapers and magazines, and off I went. Into the stacks! (She had been alerted to watch out for me, and I wasn't hard to spot since I was the only person in the upstairs reading room with pigtails and skinned knees!) All summer I rode to the college library, went downstairs, and sat on the cold, hard concrete floor to read my fill of *Time* magazine and *The Literary Digest*. I brought along a notebook and compiled information on topics that interested me. Who won the movie Oscars every year? When did Pearl Buck write her first novel? Where did Yehudi Menuhin come from?

All through my formative years, library doors opened to me. I didn't hear "these books are too old for you" ... "you don't belong in this section" ... "you're not allowed in the stacks," etc. My librarians didn't say no to my desire to read and learn. Instead they facilitated it with great generosity and special planning. They gave an unspoken "yes" to my future. I was always welcome, and they would always help me because that was what they were to do. Blessings and good wishes to all my librarians, those angels of South Dakota stacks, and blessings and good wishes to all the library angels out there somewhere changing the lives of people every day because that's what they're there to do.

Jeanine Basinger '57/'59 was named a South Dakota State University Distinguished Alumna and Honorary Degree Recipient in 2006

Time Machine

By Carol Blackford

My curiosity as a child never left me. My imagination was fueled by reading books. New worlds opened up with each page. Pictures of exotic people and faraway places amazed me. Books filled me with wonder and taught me to explore. They were also a comfort when I found myself alone. “Treat books with respect. Be gentle when you turn the pages and put them back in order,” I remember my mother saying.

Twenty-six years later I found myself studying a nondescript metal key a librarian placed in my hand. My fingers touched the small object gently. I clutched it tightly and felt its significance. It was the master key--the tiny gatekeeper to my future. I recall the first time I heard the lock softly click and walked inside the library carrel. The tiny space held a small oak desk and sturdy chair. But, it was mine for as long as I needed it. The little sanctuary and I would share many hours together. It shut out the clamor. Often the floor was strewn with discarded handwritten pages of research notes. The small closet-like room witnessed emotions ranging from joy to heartbreak. Sometimes I would hum a tune or softly whistle. Other times I would mutter to myself

in disgust or impatience. Writing can be tedious and lonely work. The tiny room was the perfect place to shut out all the worries and woes that every student is faced with. Sometimes I would write non-stop and felt a sense of accomplishment. Other times I could not seem to find the right thought, word, or phrase. So, I would pause, regroup, and come back the next day filled with determination.

The H.M. Briggs Library was my quiet place from January 1983 until spring 1984. It is where I wrote my master's thesis. Writing and researching the American West became a wonderful obsession. The Briggs became a sort of time machine. This vessel could take me in new directions. It enabled me to take the journey with Lewis and Clark or learn about the American fur trade. Over time I longed to meet mountain man Hugh Glass, or visit with writer George Frederick Ruxton, historians Bernard De Voto and Hiram Chittenden, botanist John Bradbury, or the poet John Neihardt. I spent time pondering the Missouri River, buffalo wallows, and Native American encampments of centuries past. Sometimes I would take little adventures in my old car in search of ancient buffalo wallows. Other times I would sit by the area rivers and think of those who traversed it. The time spent in the venerable library truly changed my life and how I viewed the world. It nurtured my curiosity like no other library before or since. It was the North Star for it helped me navigate a path.

I could always smell wisdom in the stacks. I enjoyed touching the books and running my fingers over their binding with reverence. The old texts fascinated and guided me along. Sometimes the authors' voices could almost be

heard in the quiet little carrel. I read voraciously of long ago people and places. It thrilled and intrigued me. It was exciting to discover the past. The beautiful library fanned a fire that has yet to be extinguished. It was a landscape of learning. The books were my sages and teachers. They were silent and patient, waiting to be discovered by curious students just like me. Myths and legends, history and heroes spilled out of the books and into my writing. They always held me spellbound.

If I could rewind the clock I would, just to experience the wonderment the Briggs held for me. I will always treasure my memories.

Carol Blackford '80/'84 taught English classes for South Dakota State University from 1992 - 2009

A Family Tradition

By Dinus Marshall Briggs

The honor of having a library named for my father is something that doesn't happen to everyone. I smile when I think about my father being in the archives. When the library opened and my father retired from the presidency, there was no office for him. As a result, he was put in the small office off the conference room in the library which was designed to house the library archivist.

Libraries have always been a resource for me and my family. In graduate school at Iowa State University, I used the library for reference materials as I wrote my master's and Ph.D. theses. Instead of checking out items, I would sit on the floor in the stacks to read the relevant materials. When we came to Brookings for the dedication of the library in December 1977, my daughters did their homework in the conference room outside Dad's office in the Hilton M. Briggs Library.

My dad and I shared a common middle name – Marshall. Family ancestors trace back to John Marshall (1755-1835), the fourth chief justice of the United States Supreme Court.

When tolling during the funeral solemnities of John Marshall on July 8, 1835, the historic Liberty Bell in Philadelphia cracked. My daughters were excited to read about this history in one of their favorite resources, the *World Book Encyclopedia*. It was fitting that Dad received the Liberty Bell Award for outstanding performance by a non-lawyer citizen. In addition, our daughters were proud to find the article on “Cattle” in the *World Book* authored by their grandfather, Hilton M. Briggs.

My dad and I shared an interest in the sciences and in administration as professions. Our hobbies included horses. Dad started Campus Stables for his registered American Saddlebred horses. Dad’s 1995 South Dakota Horseman of the Year Award saddle was on display in the Briggs Library. I have the last horse from Campus Stables – Campus Irish Fancy. The Campus horses have been ridden and driven competitively as well as for personal pleasure.

Other generations of the Briggs family have used the Hilton M. Briggs Library during their studies at SDSU: granddaughter Deborah Lynn Briggs from 1988 – 1992; great-granddaughter Allyson Lucht from 2012 – 2016, who also worked as a student assistant at the library; great-grandson Alex Renaas from 2013 – 2017; and great-granddaughter Brianna Renaas who has been enrolled since 2016.

Dinus M. Briggs is a '62 alumnus of South Dakota State University

Book of the Month Club

By Chuck Cecil

Back before anyone had the foggiest notion that a generation was coming that would pay good money for water in a bottle, we belonged to a book of the month club.

Every month sure as Christmas we had the opportunity to order the book of the month.

A colorful flyer arrived in the mail on one of the five days that mail was delivered then. It touted the book of the month and some on-sale alternates. “The Book” was sent in a few days unless we let the club know we didn’t want it or ordered a book on sale.

Book and bill soon arrived.

The entire sequence, from notification by brochure to book arriving, took a couple of weeks. It was the latest thing in our pre-liver spot days of yore.

Today, curmudgeons like me who believe that God never intended water to be sold in bottles are flabbergasted by the magic involved in having thousands of reading opportunities arriving at their house 24/7.

Just recently my new-fangled Kindle that is encased in an expensive leather cover snagged my latest read from the air delivered on speed of light beams from a satellite in mere nano-seconds rather than two weeks.

My Kindle is about the size of a regular book, but slim as a scissor. It has a lasting battery and weighs less than a half dozen eggs. Within its svelte body are stored the 36 books I've previously ordered, with room for hundreds more. It has a dictionary so if I highlight a word I instantly learn its meaning, and more.

Actually, my Kindle isn't really that new. To younger generations who believe cell phones are absolutely necessary for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, it's old school antiquated. But to my drifting mind it's as cool as a milk house after wash-down.

My son Matt, who acquired a fancier item as a replacement, gave it to me. As the family's technologically challenged elder, I'm the logical choice for the family's obsolete do-dads.

I just think my Kindle is the cat's meow, which I'm told by my Kindle dictionary also means "totally awesome," "sweet," or something known as "rad," a term used by only the very young who believe bottled water bubbles up in various fruit flavors from a forested mountain somewhere in Switzerland.

A few days ago I finished reading *Water for Elephants* and wanted to order another book. I had Walter Isaacson's book *Einstein: The Life of a Genius* in mind.

I punched Amazon.com on my computer and zipped into its massive library that had my credit card number waiting for me in the shopping gradation.

I found a book and turned on the Kindle's wireless control. After a click of the Amazon order button every word and picture in my new book barreled down some invisible beam, smashing gently through wood, concrete, and all 118 of the world's known elements to settle orderly in my Kindle.

My little device silently gathered the rushing digital mass into spare corners of its skinny frame in less time than it takes to say "rad."

Mary and I are no longer members of a Book of the Month Club. We now belong to the Book of the Instant Club. I wouldn't be surprised if Dr. Einstein might have had something to do with all this book magic of today.

Chuck Cecil is a '59 alumnus of South Dakota State University

How Scholarship Comes to Be Relevant

By Elizabeth Cook-Lynn

Where I was born and lived until adulthood, about fifteen miles from Fort Thompson, South Dakota, on the Crow Creek Sioux Indian Reservation, there was not one public library, not even a reading collection in the little day school where I went to learn to read and write English. That's astonishing, I suppose, since the Indian reservation of which I speak has an area of over 285,930 acres, as large as many metropolitan areas you can name.

This was Buffalo County in the late thirties and early forties, a place and time of great poverty, I am told, though I didn't really know it then. We lived a warm, communal life with many relatives. My mother and my grandfather took turns taking me, my siblings, and whatever cousins we could round up to Chamberlain every now and then, to that white man's town that sits dumbly along the Missouri River. We could check out books there from a small, stuffy room on the second floor of the City Hall, just upstairs from the city jail which often housed one of my drinking uncles. There were

some two hundred volumes there, but it could hardly have been called a library in the same way the city jail could hardly be called a place for the hard core.

Indians in those days sometimes got a letter from a Father at the reservation-based Catholic Mission when we went to those white-man towns, letters that said we were either reliable or we were not. In this case, Father D. said we could be trusted to return the books. We presented the letter to the city librarian, who gave us the impression that, in spite of Father's commendation, we really needed to be watched carefully. Those of us whose Indian parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents lived along the Crow Creek in those times learned early on to approach an alien and hostile world cautiously and tentatively.

We had some vague notion, even then, that we were suffering during important years what may be called "library/book deprivation," which impeded our participation in the scholarly world. We knew then, I suppose, that our pathetic library treks were attempts at dealing with that deprivation. As I look back on it now, I know that my mother and my grandfather were on the right track. Since most of the people I know do not end up attending Harvard University, we have only our own intellectual curiosity to assist us in knowing about that other world. Many of us have done all we can to catch up.

As an American Indian I understand the stroke of fate by which one civilization falls and another rises. At some level, all Indians, and indigenes everywhere, understand the issues of conquest, the death of nations, and the unexpected survival of ideas. And, surely, we Indians have spent enough

time studying Europe and Asia in academia, to the exclusion of our own histories, distinguishing between the ideals of Western world and its adversaries, speculating about how its great political, religious, and artistic dramas rose from what is referred to in the scholarly worlds as “paganism,” to be fascinated about the process by which humans find answers about the universe. We, too, have resolved mysteries; we, too, know something about universal truths. As history repeats itself, the so-called paganisms often emerge to make their own contributions to that “wisdom” and ... indeed, we may all be enriched when that occurs.

The condition of the “library/book deprivation” still goes on in the places which are important to me. But for all of us who have come from places others consider nowhere to the modern academy, wishing to be scholars, there is the realization when opposing cultural heritages, different aesthetic sensitivities, different ways of looking at the world are cherished, all humanity can have hope for the future of its children.

Elizabeth Cook-Lynn is a '52 alumna of South Dakota State University. This essay is excerpted with permission from "How Scholarship Comes to Be Relevant, or Dumbarton Oaks is Fifty Years Old" in her collection Why I Can't Read Wallace Stegner and Other Essays: A Tribal Voice published by the University of Wisconsin Press. The Elizabeth Cook-Lynn Papers are in the SDSU Archives at Hilton M. Briggs Library.

Reading Books with a Curiosity Candle

By Senator Tom Daschle

My first grade teacher had a major influence in my life. Her name was Sister Maurice Crowley. I attended Sacred Heart elementary school in Aberdeen beginning in 1953. She had a wonderful sense of humor. A short, rotund woman, she used to say that she always wanted to be a “temple of the Holy Spirit, but God made me a basilica instead.”

Many years after my opportunity to sit in her class, she shared her teaching philosophy. She said that her biggest role as a teacher was “to light the curiosity candle in every one of my students with the hope that it would burn for a lifetime.”

She succeeded with me.

Sister Maurice lit my curiosity candle as a young first-grader and it still burns today. Of all the sources of my curiosity, the one to which I was most attracted was American history. I was absolutely fascinated by the stories of the American Revolution, our founding fathers, the

writing of the Declaration of Independence, and our constitution.

My very first books were a series of biographies of each of the American presidents. They all seemed larger than life, with fascinating personal stories of heroism and political leadership. The drama and excitement of our formative years as a young country were a source of perpetual inspiration.

As Sister Maurice and I discussed my infatuation with American history and our great experiment in building a democratic republic, she shared her view that “in a democracy, public service is the highest calling.”

My books on our presidents confirmed that assertion. They were an invitation to feed my curiosity about our country, its extraordinary beginning, and our rich history. It was through the values, vision, and leadership of our presidents and those patriots who led with them that we achieved the level of freedom and our remarkable achievements over two centuries.

As I grew older and read more, my understanding of American history and our struggles to overcome slavery, our treatment of Native Americans, the brave campaigns on civil rights to provide everyone with the right to vote and to confront an ingrained intolerance, and our involvement in questionable wars gave me a far more complete and comprehensive appreciation of our history and our nation’s leadership.

But at no time did I ever question the importance of public service, nor the contribution of many of our great political leaders. We have been exceedingly fortunate to

have a Washington, Lincoln, and Roosevelt just at the time when our country needed their leadership the most.

My great respect for those in public service, without doubt, is the reason I chose my own career path early in my life. I wanted to be part of “the highest calling.” It required overcoming some initial concern on the part of my parents about choosing political science as my college major. I recall my father making the argument that South Dakota State University had such a good engineering school. Why not avail myself of the professional opportunities an engineering degree would offer?

As was always the case, however, once my decision was made, my parents were there to support me completely. And the education and experiences that I had as a student at South Dakota State led to my first opportunity for public service as an Air Force intelligence officer and then as a Senate staff member and a United States Congressman and Senator from South Dakota. Ultimately, it led to my good fortune to serve as the Majority Leader of the U.S. Senate.

As I look back over the years, how fortunate I was to have teachers who lit my curiosity candle so ably, to have books that inspired me to public service, and to have a college education that was so catalytic in allowing me to realize many of my aspirations as a boy.

In this transformational time of technological revolution, political polarization and governmental dysfunction, our teachers of today have an even more difficult time persuading young students that public service is still a democracy’s highest calling. Yet it is in times like these that

we need intelligent, wise, and committed public servants more than ever.

At this stage in my life, I would hope for two things. First, that teachers still have the capacity to light the curiosity candle in each of their students. It is the most important key to intellectual growth and the ability to acquire life's wisdom. And, second, that the power of books, whether they be hardcover, electronic, or audible, will continue to have the extraordinary ability to feed that curiosity in young people today in order to develop the leaders we will need for tomorrow.

Senator Tom Daschle is a '69 alumnus of South Dakota State University. He served in the U.S. House and Senate from 1978 to 2004. The Senator Thomas A. Daschle Career Papers are in the SDSU Archives at Hilton M. Briggs Library.

Planting the Reading Seed

By First Lady Linda Daugaard

Reading and libraries have been an important part of my life. I have always had a love for reading, starting as a child, through high school and college, and continuing today. I am a Jackrabbit. I attended South Dakota State University and earned a degree in physical education and a teaching degree. I was not lucky enough to be able to use the Hilton M. Briggs Library during my time at South Dakota State University because I graduated before it was built. However, I have since been able to see the Hilton M. Briggs Library and how wonderful an asset it is to the university students and faculty.

Once I graduated from South Dakota State University, I held various teaching positions at both the university level and K-12. While teaching, I emphasized how important it is to read, and I followed my own advice and averaged reading a book each week.

I have always valued reading and believe it is one of the most important skills that we can teach to our children. It is a skill that we all use every day and may not even realize it. When you see a sign, write an email, look at a text message,

or check the daily news, you are reading. After my years of teaching I became the school librarian in my hometown of Dell Rapids, South Dakota. Working as a librarian motivated me to become more involved with the library system. I served on both my local and state library boards to find ways to better libraries and encourage students to read more. I loved being a librarian. When new books came into the library, I had the first chance to read them.

In November of 2010, South Dakotans elected my husband, Dennis, to be the 32nd governor. During my time as First Lady, I have focused on two very important initiatives. The first is to reduce South Dakota's infant mortality rate by promoting safe sleep practices for babies. The second is to encourage youth literacy. Since starting this initiative in 2011, I personally have visited 285 elementary schools, all South Dakota public school districts, and countless libraries across South Dakota to promote literacy.

During my visits, I have read to over 20,000 students and encouraged them to keep reading. My focus has been reading to third, fourth, and fifth graders because many students this age start to lose interest in reading. In addition to reading to students, I facilitated a statewide book exchange to give students and educators the ability to access more books. Getting younger students excited about reading helps them succeed later in life.

Facilities like the Hilton M. Briggs Library are great places for university students to access books, study materials, and use private study places to assist them academically. The Hilton M. Briggs Library also is a great place for students, faculty, and community members to

research an area of interest or to simply enjoy a good book. It is truly great to see a tremendous South Dakota State University resource celebrate forty years. Congratulations and thank you for having such a great library to serve the students and community of South Dakota State University and the city of Brookings for years to come.

First Lady Linda Daugaard is a '75 alumna of South Dakota State University

Off to Other Worlds

By Jeanne Davidson

I have always loved to read and in high school, I aspired to be a fiction writer. While the latter never came to be, good books provided a view beyond my small town in southern Colorado. I most enjoyed reading science fiction and fantasy and they remain my favorite genre of literature. I read Frank Herbert's *Dune* series when I was in college and it continues to resonate with me. I find myself using phrases from the book many years later ("ghafra" still plagues me on occasion).

Novels of alternative reality are also a big draw for me and help to create bonds with other people. I remember the fun of reading *A Gift Upon the Shore* by M. K. Wren for a book club and having the opportunity to have lunch with the author to discuss the book and her writing process. My husband and I both read S. M. Stirling's *Change* series and enjoyed discussing our favorite scenes. These books are set in areas of Oregon where I lived, providing a sense of the familiar while exploring a dramatically different society.

They provide thoughtfully entertaining insights into what might happen if conditions were significantly changed.

I also shared a variety of fantasy worlds with my sons, who are both now grown English majors, also aspiring to be writers. When my younger son was in elementary school, I read to him every evening. We both enjoyed fantasy stories, especially those with many books in a series. We traveled together through Brian Jacques' world of Redwall with Martin the Warrior (Martin is a mouse) and all of his compatriots. Later, when my son was reading books on his own, we discussed the worlds created by Mercedes Lackey or Anne McCaffrey. These authors, and many others, continue to keep me entertained and draw me into their worlds to engage with their characters whose lives seem similar yet very different from my own.

Jeanne Davidson is Head of Public Services at Hilton M. Briggs Library

Loving Books

By Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve

Books. Books. Books. I have loved them ever since I learned to read.

I am a Lakota woman who was born and raised on the Rosebud Reservation and attended Bureau of Indian Affairs elementary schools from the first through the fifth grades. My father was a native Episcopal priest and we had few books in our home other than the Bible, the *Book of Common Prayer*, and hymnals. I started first grade at Milk's Camp Bureau of Indian Affairs Day School, near Herrick, South Dakota, and I was amazed to have my own books, which I eagerly and quickly learned to read. Mr. Miller, my first teacher, was delighted and encouraged by my fledgling flights in reading and loaned me books from his personal library.

Later, we moved to Greenwood, South Dakota, and the rectory had a library! Most of the books had religious themes, but wonder of wonders, there was a set of encyclopedias, *The Book of Knowledge*. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* notes the

earliest print was in 1912 and there is a modern set published by Grolier. I am sure the older set is the one I read despite its dated material. I thought it was wonderful! Besides the usual factual data, there were games, “how to” instructions for sewing, knitting, simple carpentry, and other crafts. However, best of all were the myths and legends of the whole world that enchanted me and I read them over and over. Sadly, the set had to stay in the rectory’s library; I could not take them with me when we moved again. Years later as an adult I bought a set at an estate sale and treasured them for many years.

I attended high school at St. Mary’s School for Indian Girls in Springfield, South Dakota.

Moreover, it had a small library with donated books from the Daughters of the American Revolution whose members supported the school. There was even the huge tome, the *Oxford English Dictionary*, which I really did not appreciate until I was in college. It was rare to find such an advanced research tool in a small school like St. Mary’s.

At SDSU, my studying time was in the old library, with its heavy dark oak reading tables and chairs, musty odor, and dimly lit spooky alleys between the stacks of books. I loved the place, studied there, learned how to do research, met friends, and just read for my own pleasure.

The new Briggs Library is a treasure of the campus, and I have toured its well-lit spaces and have seen students using it as I once did. Its friendly ambience welcomes readers. I have contributed my writing records, correspondence, and photos to the Library Archives.

I will always love libraries and am a frequent visitor to the Rapid City Library and volunteer in the library at West Hills Village retirement center where we now live. When we decided to move here, we had to downsize and I gave my children first chance at choosing from my own extensive collection and was delighted that they took many books. I reluctantly sold my set of *The Book of Knowledge*, but will always treasure how I learned to use words by reading good literature found within it.

I read e-books now—especially when traveling—but still love the feel of a book in my hand and the tingle of anticipation when I open the cover to the delights waiting within.

Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve is a '54/'69 alumna of South Dakota State University. The Virginia Driving Hawk Sneve Papers are in the SDSU Archives at Hilton M. Briggs Library.

The Silent Sway

By Emmeline Elliott

Books are sneaky. Nobody ever tells you that, but it's true. And who would have thought it, with the innocent way they line the shelves. But they'll surprise you when you're not expecting it.

Books can change your physical state. You might be in the middle of a sentence when the words suddenly demand a snort of laughter to escape from your lips. Or you may be engrossed in a passage, gripping the book, eyes locked on each word, when you notice that your heart is thumping a little harder as you follow the characters through a riveting plot. Sometimes those characters become so endearing that you can't help the tears that collect in your eyelashes if something dreadful happens to them. A book's favorite trick, though, might be when they lure you into forgoing sleep until the wee hours of the morning so you can chase that cliffhanger and read "just one more chapter."

Books can provide a connection to people and places. You may be going about your normal routine when a certain title unexpectedly crosses your path. Without warning, a moment

of reminiscence takes over with memories of friends and family and familiar locations. For me, *German Boy* by Wolfgang W.E. Samuel will always remind me of my father and how he urged me as a teenager to try new genres for summer reading. I learned from that book, which became one of my favorites, that I enjoy historical fiction and non-fiction.

Books can stop you in your tracks. A poignant phrase has the power to temporarily stun you from further reading as you consider those words. You might not even be looking for advice or wisdom in that particular book, but there it is, like a brick wall, nonetheless. *Unbroken* by Laura Hillenbrand, *Neither Wolf nor Dog* by Kent Nerburn, and *Books for Living* by Will Schwalbe are volumes that gave me pause repeatedly as I mused about an inspirational passage.

One of the most surprising things about books, however, is their presence. In a library or bookstore, walking amongst rows and rows of bookshelves can bring true awe and giddiness. In a home, a nightstand looks empty without a small stack of books patiently waiting their turn. The book in your hands leave an impression as well. Once you finish a story and slowly close the book for the final time, its essence, like wisps of sweet-smelling smoke, lingers in those quiet moments of reflection.

Emmeline Elliott is the Library Operations Manager at Hilton M. Briggs Library

A Special University Library Celebration

By Donald M. Ferguson

The South Dakota State University academic library is a cornerstone of education and research, provides for the advancement of democracy, and improves our society and civilization. In order to commemorate and celebrate 40 years of academic library service by the Hilton M. Briggs Library this fall of 2017, we must also pay tribute to Dr. Hilton M. Briggs.

The SDSU library was dedicated and named in Dr. Briggs' honor. He was the 13th president of SDSU. He served in that administrative capacity from 1958 to 1975. I first met Dr. Briggs on the stage of the Coolidge Theater when he presented me with my master's degree in the graduation ceremony held at SDSU on June 3, 1963. He was one of the most experienced, best educated, and best qualified educators to become president of SDSU. He was a very strong and productive president. SDSU was grateful and honored to have him as their top administrator.

I became a “published author” while attending SDSU in the early 1960s as a graduate student in the School of Journalism and Mass Communications. My interest in writing and publishing was developed by my association with school faculty and other graduate students, and with many trips to the campus library. The library is an amazing and indispensable source for materials when doing research. It was quite exciting at that time to get my articles and research published in a leading industrial journal with my name and photo and be cited as a graduate student at SDSU. Even today, decades later, via the internet, I can go to the Briggs Library online and look up my published feature articles. My published works are now located in libraries around the country, which include the Library of Congress, and the Smithsonian Institution Libraries. The Hilton M. Briggs Library is now my depository library. Most of what I have written and published can be found cataloged in this leading university library.

The Briggs Library has served everyone very well over the last 40 years, and continues to get better all the time under the leadership of Chief University Librarian Kristi Tornquist, Ph.D. The Library has earned its 40th anniversary celebration!!

Donald M. Ferguson earned a master's degree in 1963 at South Dakota State University

The Humanizing Influence of America's Libraries

By Sean J. Flynn

During my elementary and junior high school years, I earned summer spending money by mowing lawns in my hometown of Gregory, South Dakota. On the days when my services weren't needed or it was too wet to mow, swim, or play baseball, I could be found at the Gregory Public Library. My favorite section in the library was History, where I would stand or kneel before shelves of cloth-bound books, the titles on their spines tempting me to explore the French and Indian War, the American Revolution, the Civil War, or World War II. I would select a book that piqued my interest and present it to our local librarian, Mrs. Eva McMeen, a woman as orderly as a Prussian Army staff officer but kindly as a Cub Scout den mother. Mrs. McMeen would ink-in a due date and send me on my way. Back in my bedroom, book in hand, I was transported through time to the Plains of Abraham, the summit of Bunker Hill, the gun smoke-choked approaches to Cemetery Ridge, or the black volcanic sands of Iwo Jima.

As I entered high school, my summer responsibilities became more demanding and I made fewer trips to the library. When I managed to get there, however, my time was well-spent, compliments of Mrs. McMeen, who encouraged me to page through bound volumes of our local newspaper, the *Gregory Times-Advocate*. I selected a particular year—1922 or 1923, for instance—and in a manner fairly methodical for a fifteen-year-old, perused the articles, columns, and advertisements. My questions were nearly always the same: How did people dress in 1922? What did they do for sports and entertainment? Where did they worship? How did they earn their livings and why did they govern themselves the way they did? What national stories mattered to them? What triumphs and tragedies altered their destinies?

I could not have known then what I know now, that in reading through old newspapers in my community library, I was becoming a lifelong student of American history. What I did know then was that my curiosity about the past was sensitizing me to the value of historical thinking. I experienced a “historical awakening” whenever I came across an old *Times-Advocate* news item about a still-living Gregory resident and discovered (sometimes shamefully) that the elderly person that I had ignored or dismissed as “an old timer” was once a dynamic member of the community. Forty or fifty years earlier, he or she had been a vital and valued man or woman whose life and work yielded the middle-class comforts I was selfishly enjoying.

During these periods of reflection in my local library, the study of history did for me what we ask it to do for each

generation of American students: to mold them into caretakers of the American heritage, responsible citizens, and compassionate individuals with an appreciation for the richness of the human condition.

It is customary that, in the acknowledgements pages of their books, historians credit librarians who assisted them in their research. Historians cannot study or teach history without access to libraries and librarians. Nor can we write history without access to archives that are housed in libraries like the Hilton M. Briggs Library at South Dakota State University, home to the papers of Congressman Benjamin “Ben” Reifel. For five years, those papers—and the selfless archivists who preserve them—were the resource bedrock for my writings on the life of Ben Reifel, the state’s only Native American congressperson and a beloved SDSU alumnus, class of 1932.

I do not exaggerate when I confess that, at a young age, my life was transformed by a library. I shall be forever grateful to Mrs. McMeen and to the dozens of librarians and archivists whose professional acumen has furthered my scholarly efforts. For it was in a local library that my love of American history was nurtured. It is in libraries that my faith in the humanizing influence of history abides. And it is in libraries that my vocation as a historian will continue.

Sean J. Flynn is an '85 alumnus of South Dakota State University

Another English Lesson

By David Gleim

“**Y**ou’re meeting again with Maribel? That’s the third time this week with your Mexican chica. What’s this all about, David?” asked Sharon.

“Oh, you know,” I said. “It’s just another English lesson.”

So here we were again, Maribel and I, at the Café Marron in Querétaro’s Plaza de Armas, sharing coffee and apple strudel and practicing English conversation. Maribel: smart, pretty, and thin. A runner like me (except for the thin part). Any aging male fantasies I might have entertained evaporated when she told me after our second English lesson: “David, you’re funny. You remind me of my grandfather!” But I digress.

Maribel sighed. “David, I’m worried. For my English test next week, I must write a story about somebody who is resilient. I don’t know what resilience means. Is it like the Spanish word *resistencia*?”

“Not exactly,” I said. “Here’s an example: when I lived in South Dakota, I once saw an old man outside the Brookings Hy-Vee shoving his grocery cart though a blizzard. He fell twice but got up each time and continued to his pickup truck.

He didn't resist the snowstorm but kind of bent with it. That's resilience."

Maribel's face brightened. "OK. Now I understand resilience. I already know about blizzards."

"Maribel," I said, "you've lived all your life in southern Mexico. What could you possibly know about Dakota blizzards?"

"I know lots," she replied, "because one of my favorite books was that one about Pedro and Belinda – I think those were their names – who homesteaded in South Dakota."

"That was Per, Per Hansa and his wife, Beret, and the book was *Giants in the Earth* by the Norwegian author, Ole Edvart Rølvaag, 1876-1931," I said.

Maribel looked surprised. "Wow, David, how can you remember such things?"

I smiled. "Because I'm a librarian or, at least, was once a librarian. *Giants in the Earth* was also one of my favorite novels. I read it to prepare myself for life in Brookings before I began working for Briggs Library in 2007. But tell me: what do you remember about the book? In English, of course."

"Well . . .," Maribel thought for a moment. "Pedro, I mean Per, made friends with the Native Americans, fought blizzards and locusts, and loved his resilient life. Beret was different. She hated the prairie and went totally *loca*, I mean, crazy. Obsessed with religion, she nagged Per until he left in snowstorm to find a preacher for her. He froze to death under a haystack. What a tragic ending! I cried."

"Yes," I said, "you have a good memory, Maribel. What do I remember from *Giants in the Earth*? Well, from the novel I learned to love the toughness of Per in my Brookings friends,

and while I met some real characters, few were as loony as Beret. Another lesson was that Dakota winters demanded respect. No matter how strong and resilient you became, nature always held the winning hand.”

“But we already knew that, didn’t we?” said Maribel. “I’m ready for another apple strudel. How about you?”

“*Estoy de acuerdo*,” I answered. “Let’s do it.”

David Gleim served as Dean of Briggs Library from 2007 to 2011

Hilton M. Briggs Library: Forty Years of Splendid Service

By Nels H. Granholm

During my forty-one years at SDSU, the Hilton M. Briggs Library was one of my most important as well as elegant resources. I love to “enter the stacks,” select superb books, and “dive into them.” And I find the library conducive to quiet thinking, analysis, and writing. A change in venue from one’s office often fills the bill for sustained thought and creativity. For me, Briggs has been a wonderful environment for all kinds of learning and creative endeavors. I found many books, journals, and other resources in the Briggs Library that were critical and central to my teaching, research, and committee work or service. And library staff members were always willing to put books and articles on reserve and to make extra copies of various selections for our students if needed.

We frequently analyzed books from the Briggs Library in Biology, Honors, and Global Studies classes. These included Aldo Leopold’s *A Sand County Almanac*, Aldous Huxley’s *Brave New World*, and C.S. Lewis’ *The Abolition of Man*. What better selections could one find to provide fundamental

and arguable, debatable considerations of humankind? In these three books we experience a wide range of fundamental issues from what it means to be human to the concept of philosophical objectivity in the world and more, like how should we humans live respectful lives when considering the essential requirements of the plants and animals of our natural world? Why should every student (in fact, every person) learn about the primary aspects of photosynthesis—the *sine qua non* of all life on planet Earth? Before we took trips abroad, the Hilton M. Briggs Library was particularly helpful in preparing us for our various adventures!

In late May/early June of 2017, Dee and I traveled with the SDSU Alumni Association to Australia. To prepare for the trip I wanted to read a few books on Australia. I was delighted to find that Briggs has an extensive collection of Australian fiction and nonfiction, including classical literature as well as critically acclaimed novels like *The Secret River* (Grenville), *The Slap* (Tsiolkas), *A River Town* (Keneally), *My Brilliant Career* (Franklin), *The Narrow Road to the Deep North* and *Wanting* (Flanagan), and many others. In addition, Briggs offered nonfiction works including books by Jill Ker Conway (*Road to Corrigin*, *True North*, and *A Woman's Education*), comprehensive and concise histories of Australia, and many others. Through the help of Ms. Rachel Manzer and Interlibrary Loan staff, I was able to procure, from the U.S. Library of Congress no less, a copy of Gregory Bryan's 2012 book, *To Hell and High Water: Walking in the Footsteps of Henry Lawson*. Gregory Bryan's analysis was particularly valuable. Not only did we learn about the country of Australia, but also the life of the

intriguing Henry Lawson (1867-1922), perhaps Australia's most famous "bush poet." And there's more—I hit the jackpot! I found a book in the Australia section of the Briggs Library which made my day and our trip to Australia—a marvelous anthology of Australian authors. The citation of the book is Jose, Nicholas (General Editor). 2009. *The Literature of Australia; An Anthology*. This book provided brief resumes and critical selections from the works of 303 Australian authors from George Worgan (1757-1838) to Chi Vu (born 1973), an incredibly comprehensive and valuable resource.

Oh, just one other thing—in all my years coming to the Briggs Library to seek help from reference librarians on the most obtuse, indecipherable, or hard-to-define research issues and global studies problems, I've always been able to get help and important, critical information. I've never been able to stump a reference librarian. I'm convinced they are unique, forensically-inclined individuals who would make splendid detectives! Hercule Poirot beware!

To summarize, faculty, students, and other members of the SDSU and Brookings communities are extremely fortunate if not blessed by the resources of the Hilton M. Briggs Library. The creative successes of our faculty in teaching, research, and in other scholarly endeavors are due in large part to the resources and willing staff of the Briggs Library. Over my forty-one years of tenure at SDSU, I have been a hugely fortunate recipient of the library's many services and resources. Happy 40th Anniversary and much continued success for the future! Thank you very much indeed!

Nels H. Granholm is a Professor Emeritus of Biology and Global Studies at South Dakota State University

One Book's Lasting Impact

By Lynn Hublou

When asked to name one book that has impacted me, I struggled greatly because I've read many wonderful books: *Giants in the Earth*, *Waterlily*, *Out of the Dust*, *As I Lay Dying*, *Cheyenne Autumn*, *An American Tragedy*, *The Known World*, *L'Assommoir*, *The Kite Runner*, *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Of these and more, how could I pick just one? I couldn't. I knew something would eventually click for me, but it would take some thought. The search continued. I went back in time and thought about when I learned to read, and I recognized that I had learned to read both the written word and music at about the same time. I pondered that for a bit, but beyond that, nothing too remarkable jumped out at me. Then it hit me. I remembered my fifth grade year, when my teacher spent a portion of each Friday afternoon reading out loud to her rapt audience, her class.

In order to fully understand the impact of what happened that year, I must provide some background. My fifth grade teacher, Miss Velma Klock, was to her young charges a formidable figure in all ways, in her demeanor, her voice, her

appearance, her very existence. She expected effort in academics, comportment, and hygiene. Lack of effort and even any suggestion of slovenliness or laziness resulted in her banging her fist on her desk, accompanied by a tongue-lashing. A boy who sat across the aisle from me, whose fingernails and neck were often dirty, whose shirt rarely stayed tucked in, was frequently victimized. “MICHAEL!” she would shout at a provocation, her fist hitting her desk. I knew Michael lived in fear of Miss Klock. I was lucky because she liked me. I was a good student, and I stayed relatively clean. Even so, my being good backfired. She charged me with overseeing a lazy student on a daily basis, “monitoring” she called it, to make sure he completed his work. This was mortifying for me to be singled out in such a way, and I’m sure it was more mortifying for my classmate. The strict class atmosphere was not always pleasant.

Nevertheless, Miss Klock, in spite of the fear she could instill, was a wonderful teacher. Yes, she demanded much of us, but most of us aimed to please. We respected her. And we had those times when we saw beyond her powerful demeanor. Some of those times occurred on Friday afternoons when she read out loud to us. Among the books she read, the book that made the biggest impact on me is a book called *Limpy*. Ironically, I remember little of this book, and Internet searches for it have yielded nothing except a couple of other books called *Limpy*—books that are not the “real” *Limpy*, as I recall it.

Here is what I do remember. I remember Miss Klock sitting at her desk, reading to her captivated audience. Being read to was one of our favorite activities, and we behaved

during this precious time. I remember sitting at my desk in the quiet classroom, envisioning what she read, lost to everything around me. I remember that the main character in *Limpy*, a young boy, loved trains, and on one of his adventures, the boy lost a leg in a train accident. I remember few other details of the tragic accident or of the book itself, but what I remember of the story isn't my point. What happened in the classroom is. When the accident occurred in the story, Miss Klock began to cry. She had to remove her eyeglasses to wipe away her tears. She cried, and all of us children cried at the heartbreaking event in this book.

You may wonder why a book I barely recall is my choice as one that impacted me so deeply. While the story has dimmed almost beyond recognition over the years, I do see clearly what those Friday afternoons meant—the special quiet time, the time of imagining as we listened to the words come to life, and realizing that even someone whose softer side seemed almost nonexistent could be moved to tears. What we children experienced with Miss Klock demonstrates the power of words, the power of the written word. That was the power of *Limpy*.

Lynn Hublou is a Lecturer in the Department of English at South Dakota State University

Comprehending Christie

By Emily Kehrwald

Middle school was tough. I learned to navigate a new building, handle peer pressure, maneuver cliques, and manage multiple homework assignments—including reading assignments. The first day of class, my English and Reading teacher announced how our grade would be calculated. Specifically, we needed a certain number of points to pass the class. These points could only be earned by reading books and answering a series of questions to demonstrate comprehension, evaluation, and analysis of the stories.

I wanted to miss the rush of students picking up books. So, after class, I rapidly made my way down the hall to the library. The librarian clarified that I was not required to read a specific title, but rather could choose any title from the library's list of pre-selected books. She elaborated that each book had been rated, and allotted points, based on comprehension complexity and that I could read as many books as I wanted to meet the assignment goal.

I did not particularly like reading fiction and was not excited about this requirement. Besides which, I had other

coursework and projects that were demanding my attention. I wanted to succeed, in all my classes, and needed a strategy to do so. I determined that the best plan was to choose a book with the highest points possible, so that I only needed to read one book to pass. This would allow me to meet the reading assignment and have time for my other tasks.

I was familiar with the Poirot television series and knew that the show was based on novels written by Agatha Christie. Since the show was entertaining, I had a hunch that Christie's writing might be enjoyable. The library's list of pre-selected books only included one Christie title, *And Then There were None*. I noted that the book offered more than enough points to pass and astutely borrowed it. I waited a few days, maybe a week, to start reading. But once I began the mystery, I was entranced and quickly read the whole thing.

Soon after, my mother and I were sitting at home watching a movie. She started tickling me and I was laughing enthusiastically when I shouted "Bloody murder! Bloody murder!" She stopped short and exclaimed, "What did you say?" I explained that in the Agatha Christie novel, a character "screamed bloody murder." She grinned and let out a snort of amusement. She then clarified that the phrase is a figure of speech and meant that someone was protesting loudly, not that a person was literally yelling or using those exact words. We both started laughing. We laughed for such a long time that our cheeks flushed red and tears streamed down our faces.

In subsequent years, I almost exclusively read Agatha Christie. I still enjoy her novels today. I most recently read

her work *The Hollow* and had the opportunity to be a part of the Brookings Community Theatre production of the play. Her stories have stayed with me and taught me about more than imaginative phrases. Her stories taught me to ask questions, evaluate information, and make connections—valuable life lessons that I hope all middle school students learn from their English and Reading classes.

Emily Kehrwald '04 is the Financial Program Assistant at Hilton M. Briggs Library

A Love of Books and Libraries

By Lisa Lindell

My relationship with books began when I was very little and my dad would read bedtime stories to my sister and me. He read us *The Plump Pig* and *Yertle the Turtle*. He was vexingly partial to two of his favorites--*Rabbit and Skunk* and *the Big Fight* and *Gordon the Goat*. We groaned every time Gordon got sucked up into the tornado, but always found ourselves drawn in right along with him.

My mother read to us, too. She read the Windy Foot books about a boy and his Shetland pony. Everything was wonderful until my sister, who was a year older, figured out she could go faster if she read the books to herself. My reading was way less advanced than hers, and I was left hanging in the middle of the series!

Before I went to school, my sister had taught me to read my first word—LOOK. I was so excited, knowing that the mysteries of reading were now unlocked.

My relationship with libraries began as soon as I could read. On Saturday mornings we went downtown to the Sioux Falls Public Library and carefully chose our books for the

week. I picked “girl books.” Boys were permissible only if they weren’t the main characters. I also developed a preference for stories that “could happen.” I made an exception, though, for the *Teenie Weenies*, who lived in a shoe beneath a rosebush. They were so small that a thimble served as their water barrel. My paternal grandmother, Nana, had loved the books, so I did too.

My maternal grandmother was important in my early reading as well. She read aloud the *Mother West Wind* tales and could always be counted on to give a splendid rendition of Grandfather Frog’s “Chug-a-rum!” She also read us Laura Ingalls Wilder’s *Farmer Boy*. My sister and I were taken with the chapter titled “Surprise,” in which one of the misbehaving “big boys” got whipped at school. My grandmother was considerably less enamored with that chapter. We would try to coax her into reading it, even inventing that there were TWO chapters called “Surprise.”

When our family went on trips, we regularly visited libraries. In Havre, Montana, where my dad taught a summer math institute, my sister and I spent much of our time at the library reading Bobbsey Twin and Nancy Drew books. Going to the library even topped playing on the high teeter totter at the local park. At the Boston Public Library, where we happily settled while my parents attended a church convention, we were so immersed in our books that we almost missed being evacuated during a bomb scare.

I remember checking out a book about Daniel Boone from my elementary school library. Boone’s son died, and I was shocked that characters in books could actually die. Books have wracked my emotions ever since, memorably as I

experienced Beth dying in *Little Women* and Johnny in *Death Be Not Proud*. Books have brought undiluted pleasure as well. The Ezra chapter in *The Little Minister* never fails to make me laugh. In books, I live the characters' lives and find an essential reality and hope that sustains me.

As an adult, interested in genealogy and historical study, I have continued to visit libraries and archives wherever I travel. In Royalton, Minnesota, I searched old newspapers stored amongst the fire trucks in the fire station adjacent to the library. In Washington, D.C. at the Smithsonian Institution archives, I examined the papers of 1888 SDSU graduate John Merton Aldrich, curator of insects at the National Museum. In the Lund University library in Sweden, I found a book connecting my ancestor to Wittenberg University during Martin Luther's tenure there. In libraries, I experience the joy of research and discovery.

As a cataloger, I love organizing and describing information and making it discoverable to users. When I use libraries, in person, online, and through interlibrary loan, I am grateful for others' careful work that allows me to readily find what I need. Whether pursuing challenging research or simply seeking a good story, I rely on libraries. In the words of Jorge Luis Borges, "I have always imagined that paradise will be a kind of library."

Lisa Lindell earned a master's degree in 1993 at South Dakota State University and is the Catalog Librarian at Hilton M. Briggs Library

Briggs Home for Retired Faculty

By Delmer Lonowski

The Briggs Home for Retired Faculty is a facility where retired faculty can spend time in a positive atmosphere. Instead of sitting at home, they can obtain mental stimulation at Briggs. They can chat with former colleagues and acquaintances. Since it is a part of an active campus, the Briggs Home makes it possible for retired faculty to keep up with events on campus and meet current faculty and students. The consequence is a nurtured mind, body, and spirit.

On arriving at South Dakota State University, I attended my New Faculty Orientation where I had my first encounter with Briggs Library. At the orientation, I sat next to, and later had lunch with, Mary who was new faculty in the library. From that early experience, my relationship with Briggs grew. I relied on Briggs to provide me with the latest literature in my field. When it was not available, Briggs would either buy it or obtain it through interlibrary loan. Briggs assisted my students by providing resources for their research and a webpage that made suggestions on doing political science research. Vickie developed and presented a

program for our Model United Nations delegates on how to find information on the countries the delegates would be representing. After these positive experiences, I faced the end of this relationship when I retired.

Instead, I discovered that Briggs Library transformed into the Briggs Home for Retired Faculty. It became the place that I could change myself intellectually from a specialist in International Relations and Comparative Government into a generalist who had thirty years of reading on which to catch up. I had not read a novel between 1985 and 2013. That has now changed. I am also doing in-depth reading on new topics like climate change, immigrants and refugees, and countries that I never studied before, like China and the countries and cultures of the Middle East.

Another way that Briggs provides mental stimulation is through its evening programs. Briggs hosts these occasional programs to open one's mind to other areas. Christine has held several poetry readings. Mick has enthralled us with stories of trolls. The general public and both current and retired faculty attend the programs. The mix provides stimulating discussions.

The Briggs Home is a place where I can maintain previous relationships by visiting with other retired faculty like Henry and John who, like me, hang out there. Not only can I meet with other colleagues, I can keep up on current campus gossip by visiting with active faculty like Matt and Chuck.

The Briggs Home staff makes me feel welcome. There are friendly greetings coming and going. Adam has even introduced me to his wife, son, and his wife's parents. I get to know the students working there, giving me access to the

types of relationships that I had with my former students. I learn about the students' backgrounds, career goals, and sometimes the exciting times in their lives--Becky got into graduate school. Congratulations!

I strongly recommend the Briggs Home for Retired Faculty. It provides the sense of community that one needs, reminiscent of one's former life. Briggs provides more than adequate stimulation to keep one forever young. They care for your mind and spirit. They will even care for your body. Given the credentials of many described above, there is a wide range of doctors available. There are comfortable sleeping couches. They have an excellent selection of soft drinks and snack foods. You can even get exercise, if you take the stairs rather than the elevator.

Delmer Lonowski is a Professor Emeritus of Political Science at South Dakota State University

Foundations of Scientific Discovery

By Michael D. MacNeil

Access to information had a profound influence on my graduate training at South Dakota State University and my career as a researcher for the nearly 40 years thereafter. When I arrived at SDSU, the Hilton M. Briggs Library was nearing its completion. Professor Dinkel mandated that all of his graduate students read broadly in the scientific literature. When the new library opened, the reading area with newly arrived journals on adjacent shelves was a treasure trove for us. There, in one easily accessible place, was access to a cornucopia of the most recent thinking across a variety of disciplines. Out of this access came the profound expansion of my world view relative to scientific discovery. A study carrel on the third floor was a place for me that was free of the distractions of campus and college life. It gave me a personal space in which to think and assemble thoughts into a more meaningful viewpoint.

With a research career in the animal sciences that spans more than four decades, science has moved ahead at an astounding pace. Libraries are at the very foundation of keeping up with those advances. The ability to conduct

targeted searches of the scientific literature, without also gathering quantities of extraneous information, has been invaluable. Libraries facilitate digging deeper into relevant subject matter and facilitate tracing a line of investigation to its foundations. Developed in this way, scholarship can move forward with less redundancy and greater insightfulness. In my personal experience, the tools I use to conduct research today are not the tools I learned to use in the ten years I spent in college. The tools that I find currently useful have come from the literature; literature that has been made available through and is archived in libraries. Likewise, interpreting results obtained, through the use of those tools, is a process that is informed by the scientific literature and it is in that same literature that scientists bring the fruits of their curiosity to fruition.

Throughout much of my professional life, I also have been engaged as a statistical consultant for a variety of “customers” with interests well beyond the sphere of my personal disciplinary expertise. Libraries have been a consistent and dependable source of background information that has allowed me to better serve those seeking my advice. Broader knowledge of biology, science, and discovery than could ever result from formal instruction has been a collateral personal benefit.

It’s true: *libraries are a keystone of my career, providing me unique opportunities to expand my horizons.*

Michael D. MacNeil Ph.D. '82 was named a Distinguished Alumnus of South Dakota State University in 2010

A Life Enriched by and Committed to Libraries

By Patricia C. Mickelson

It is an honor and a pleasure to contribute an essay on libraries in honor of the 40th anniversary of the Hilton M. Briggs Library. I bring to this privilege an appreciation for the vital resources and services the library provides, but also a focused perspective of a four-decade career and professional experience in the pursuit of developing and improving libraries in serving their invaluable role within the university.

A week after I graduated from Brookings High School in the spring of 1965, I was hired at the old SDSU Lincoln Library for a summer job in the Periodicals Department. This initial summer job transitioned into a four-year work study job in various library departments. My work at the library not only provided me with critical funds for tuition at SDSU, but also gave me a basic introduction to the operations and service areas of a general academic library. It was while I was working at the Lincoln Library that I decided to pursue a career in librarianship.

After graduation from SDSU, I obtained my master's degree in Library Science. My first professional position was as a Medical Reference Librarian at the University of Kansas Medical Center. This entry level position launched me into the exciting and challenging field of medical librarianship, which was to be my world for the rest of my career.

After my initial reference librarian position, I had the opportunity to progress to positions of increasing supervisory and administrative responsibility in academic medical libraries. Positions at the Medical College of Georgia, the Johns Hopkins University, and the University of Maryland provided a wealth of experience in library services, operations, and administration and helped prepare me for my 17-year tenure as Director of the Health Sciences Library System at the University of Pittsburgh.

At the University of Pittsburgh, I had the responsibility for directing the provision of information services to several hundred students, over a thousand faculty and clinicians, as well as a large urban hospital, specialty hospitals, and numerous affiliated community hospitals. Challenges in the provision of services to such a large and diverse group of users in the dynamic University of Pittsburgh environment were plentiful. However, I had the good fortune to recruit and retain a talented staff and we provided a vigorous level of service programs to our demanding users. During my tenure, the ranking of the library, as compared to other academic health sciences libraries in the U.S., rose to the top ten in the nation in several categories, including measures in the categories of collections, budget, educational programs, and staffing.

The time span of my library career bridged the era of old hard copy resources and the new digital information age. The health sciences library transition to the digital world offered opportunities to test and effectively incorporate new technologies in the delivery of information. It was an exhilarating time to be in medical libraries.

In 2000, I was elected President of the Association of Academic Health Sciences Library Directors, a national organization representing the libraries of the 130 U.S. and Canadian medical and health sciences schools. This role afforded me the opportunity to take the lead in working with the National Library of Medicine to implement a Future Leadership Program, designed to enhance the recruitment and development of first class leaders for academic health sciences libraries. This Future Leadership Program remains an active and successful program since its inception in 2002.

Working in medical libraries in large universities, I learned that although the academic medical library has a specialized mission, particularly in the clinical arena, the common bond with general academic libraries makes the library's goals and role more similar than different to its counterpart. Like the general academic library, the academic medical library supports the critical pillars of the university's mission and life-blood: the teaching and learning that takes place across the institution's schools and departments, the research conducted by both students and faculty, and the administrative functions that support the overall operations of the university.

I am thankful for this opportunity to participate in the 40th anniversary celebration of the Briggs Library and

recognize the essential role served by the library. I also wish to express my appreciation for the SDSU library's role in providing me with an early work experience which served to point me towards librarianship as a career and note that my life has been substantially enriched by a highly rewarding career in libraries.

Patricia C. Mickelson '70 is a past member of the South Dakota State University Foundation Board of Governors and Council of Trustees

Pay Attention to Sociologists Riding Motorcycles

By John E. Miller

In September 1962, I caught a ride with Leon Ashley, my friend from Monett, Missouri, as we headed off to Columbia to start our freshman year at the University of Missouri. The trunk of his uncle's Cadillac easily accommodated our suitcases and all of the stuff we needed to move into the men's dorms there. The university had trundled a bunk bed into every room to go along with a single bed, because they needed to pack three students into rooms built for two. Not to worry, however. We were assured in the opening assembly in the huge fieldhouse that for every three students sitting in the scores of rows of seats, only two of us (on average) would be returning after final exams in early January. Then we'd all have a little more space . . . if we were one of the two remaining.

In the information form we filled out as we matriculated, I spotted the word "politics" in the list of majors we could choose from. Four years of high school debate, avid observation of the 1960 election and the new Kennedy

administration, and fascination with the subject (second only to baseball) led me to check off “political science.” One of my classes that fall was a three-hour Introduction to American Politics offered within the Honors Program. The first day of class, I carried along my big hardcover American politics textbook along with a supplemental paperback by C. Wright Mills. *The Power Elite* had been published six years earlier.

I had no reason to think that this C. Wright Mills fellow (it turned out he was a sociologist, not a political scientist) and his book would be any less truthful or any more controversial than the fact-filled college textbook that we would be reading. I had no idea that by the early 1960s he had established his credentials as one of the most important progenitors of the “New Left” and, by some, would even be referred to as its “father.” I did not know and am sure that most of my fellow classmates didn’t know either that he actually had died earlier in the year at the premature age of 45, only part way into his career.

By that time, he had already made a huge impact not only on his discipline but also on the world of intellect in America as well as on a political scene that would rapidly bifurcate in the wake of anti-war protests, civil rights marches and demonstrations, and a whole panoply of activities and developments that came to be called “the Sixties.” In his spare time, he designed and built houses for himself and his family. At least some of the time he rode a motorcycle to his office at Columbia University in New York City. 1962 was a big year in my life. It was also the year Mills (and Marilyn Monroe) died (his fame only grew during the rest of the decade), the Students for a Democratic Society was born, the

Cuban Missile Crisis took the world to the brink of nuclear annihilation, and the Yankees won another World Series.

The Power Elite was a study of a social type—the people who rule American society through interlocking political, economic, and military orders. Utilizing coercion, authority, and manipulation, a small group of government officials, corporate heads, and military leaders exerted real power in the United States, according to Mills, and possessed similar psychological traits. The general public was manipulated through the mass media, remaining passive spectators to the actions that controlled their lives. For Mills, power resided in institutions; it was a person's position in the institutional framework that secured power. Class and status followed from this.

Mills wrote a shelf-full of other books during his lifetime, including *The New Men of Power* (on unions); *White Collar* (on a “new middle class”); *The Causes of World War Three*; *Listen, Yankee*; and *The Sociological Imagination*. Mills was a polarizing figure, eliciting strong responses in readers, both admiring and critical. His real impact was to make readers think, to connect personal troubles with institutional structures, to criticize society when necessary, and to put people on a path to interpreting the world and trying to make it a better place.

Over time, first as an undergraduate and then in graduate school, I began to collect a little library of his books and to sort out in my own mind where I thought he was on the right track and where he had perhaps gone down a blind alley. Any scholar in any discipline, not to mention any curious reader, can learn much from reading his *Sociological*

Imagination. We not only learn from Mills; we are also inspired by him to want to know more and to dig into the facts to find out.

John E. Miller is a Professor Emeritus of History at South Dakota State University. The John E. Miller Papers are in the SDSU Archives at Hilton M. Briggs Library.

Colors

By April Myrick

In the popular web comic *Unshelved*, library manager Mel once observed that “Libraries aren’t static. They go with the flow, becoming what the community needs” (Ambaum and Barnes 39). It’s this ability to be a kind of institutional chameleon that establishes the library as a primary crossroads for diverse people within a community, and is the reason getting a library card became a priority whenever I moved to a new town. Whether I was a 10-year-old devouring *Peanuts* anthologies in Pembina, North Dakota, a 25-year-old graduate student mining digital databases for essays on Renaissance playwrights in Lincoln, Nebraska, or a 35-year-old English instructor attending a presentation by regional authors in Brookings, South Dakota, libraries not only provided knowledge and inspiration, they also introduced me to the character and people of that community.

The one-room Pembina Public Library served as a source of entertainment with its plastic crates of vinyl records and racks of bestselling paperbacks, and as a social outlet for neighborhood children and their parents. With the town’s

small and generally homogenous population, I mostly encountered individuals who were born and raised in the area—the woman who taught my Sunday school class, the Degeldar brothers who pumped gas at Chale’s Service & Oil on weekends, and even the local sugar beet farmers. In contrast, the multi-level Bennett Martin Library in downtown Lincoln hosted patrons from a wider range of backgrounds, with a wider range of needs. In addition to the children picking out a text for their latest book reports and the families browsing the DVD section for a fun diversion, I also crossed paths with the middle-aged man from the nearby homeless shelter seeking employment resources, and the Vietnamese woman who recently moved to the United States and was taking an ESL course provided by the library. In fact, the latter encounter compelled me to join the library’s ESL tutoring program, through which I taught an English language course to a group of women from various Spanish-speaking countries.

Even today, as I wander the aisles in Briggs Library or the Brookings Public Library, I marvel at the incredible snapshot of the community that they provide—from the young mother singing softly to her infant among the shelves of picture books and Winnie the Pooh dolls, to the retired History professor sipping an Einstein Bros. coffee as he reads the *Brookings Register*, to the Mechanical Engineering students huddled around a table, whispering to one another as they tap keys on their sticker-covered laptops. Within these walls, I can interact with everyone from life-long Brookings residents to individuals from such diverse countries as Ghana, Nepal, Saudi Arabia, and Guatemala.

As a community evolves, so too, do its libraries. Card catalogs and rubber stamps have given way to iMacs and self-checkout kiosks, just as library services have expanded to include technology and language training, job search resources, and cultural outreach. But even as the chameleon's colors become increasingly digital and less clearly defined, they still attract an intriguing array of people with varied goals. They bring us together because they make us feel welcome, and they make us feel connected.

April Myrick is a Lecturer in the English Department at South Dakota State University

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Librarians as Guides to the Future

By Darrell E. Napton

The small town library in Drexel, Missouri, was the center of the universe. More precisely, it was the launch pad to the universe for me and other local children. Kids found that the library was the entrance to new worlds, and for many, it provided the intellectual tools needed to become the first college graduate in their family. The public library was a place of enchantment, dreams, knowledge, and life-changing ideas.

The Drexel Library, like many books, was nondescript on the outside, but inside there were worlds both real and imagined. A display table greeted patrons. The table often held large books that introduced ancient civilizations, the world of dinosaurs, and wonders of the natural earth or outer space. The books had colorful drawings of predatory dinosaurs stalking giant herbivores, the Grand Canyon, and giant planets that delighted patrons and encouraged reading. Shelves of books lined the walls and in the back there were magazine collections, including National Geographic magazines that offered to take readers to all corners of the earth and beyond.

If the library was the center of an expanding universe, Jewel Bundy, the librarian, was the center of the library. Without Mrs. Clarence Bundy, the library was simply a large room filled with shelves of books that could be intimidating for children. Mrs. Bundy's calling was to encourage children to develop their full potential through reading. She captured children when they still had an imagination and showed them that they were not alone, that there existed a world of books and authors that provided nearly limitless stories to complement and expand their own. One of Mrs. Bundy's skills was to successfully recommend the best books that each child needed at that time. As she learned the interests, aspirations, and reading level of each child, Mrs. Bundy became a dream farmer by providing the correct intellectual nourishment throughout the growing season to keep each child's dreams alive and supported by a growing foundation of ideas.

It was amazing to see Mrs. Bundy walk to a shelf, select a book, and explain that I would probably like it. She was almost always right. As I got older, Mrs. Bundy encouraged me to expand my reading interests. She suggested that I complement science fiction with mysteries, and expand my history interest to contemporary issues. As college approached, Mrs. Bundy encouraged me to read more difficult books, classics, and books that were changing the nation. The books became harder, thicker, deeper, and conveyed important ideas; they were books that had changed the lives of individuals and nations. Some of them would change me.

The Drexel Library, Mrs. Bundy, and books made the selection of my college easy--I attended the university that had the largest library in the state. Mrs. Bundy used the few books in the Drexel Library to introduce the children of Drexel to the world of ideas, imagination, and possibilities; and helped prepare me for college and life.

Since leaving Drexel, I have worked with four public university libraries, including Hilton M. Briggs Library. Each of the libraries has a mission as special as Mrs. Bundy's. For example, Briggs Library is the largest library in South Dakota and serves as the SDSU land grant library with its statewide reach. The Briggs Library mission is to provide a research base for scholarship and the development of new knowledge while also welcoming college students who may not have had the advantage of knowing Mrs. Bundy. Briggs librarians, like Mrs. Bundy, guide students who are new to the world of books, ideas, and dreams.

Public libraries can change lives, provide the foundation for personal success and intellectual enrichment, and help educate the citizens of tomorrow. Libraries do not work without librarians. The internet, digital books and journals, and search engines complement, but do not substitute for, good librarians. Children still enter the world knowing nothing. They need to be introduced to the world of ideas and books by knowledgeable librarians who love words, ideas, and sharing their knowledge. College students are easily overwhelmed by continuing discussions that started thousands of years ago, the avalanche of scientific discoveries, and contemporary debates. Librarians help clarify students' interests and intellectual stage, and guide

them to useful items. All good librarians share a professional “genetic code” with Mrs. Bundy. They are guides to the future.

Every town and university needs a library, and every library needs a librarian like Jewel Bundy.

Darrell E. Napton is a Professor of Geography at South Dakota State University

A Sand County Almanac's Enduring Legacy

By Darrell E. Napton

I*ntroduction*

A Sand County Almanac has influenced the nation, my view of the world, and my students. Aldo Leopold critiqued modern life and found it wanting in his 1949 book *A Sand County Almanac: And Sketches Here and There*. He concluded that we need a new way to look at humanity's relationship with the Earth, because science, ethics, and modern capitalism had led to environmental degradation and human alienation from the environment. Modern capitalism encouraged people to focus upon growth and material possessions but ignored sustainability, quality of life, and ethical responsibility. Leopold said that the cause of the destruction was a focus upon economic goods and privileges without obligations. Leopold asks how people can develop the ethical responsibility to live wholesome lives sustainably on the Earth.

The Book and the Man

Aldo Leopold grew up at the end of the 19th century when the Age of Exploration was ending and the modern era was emerging. He spent his life observing nature when the idea that the natural world has limits was emerging. This was also when the U.S. began to focus on convenience and material goods as pillars of modern life. Leopold observed that modern industrial ways of using the land and environment were not sustainable. He questioned those methods and provided new answers to the old question of what should be the relationship of people to the Earth.

Aldo Leopold was a renaissance man and a professional wildlife ecologist, forester, professor, and writer. *A Sand County Almanac* is a collection of essays about the American land, how Americans were abusing it, and how a changed relationship with the land could improve the quality of life. The book is a tapestry of science, ethics, poetry, philosophy, and conservation.

Leopold's Ideas and Influence

Leopold's ideas provided much of the philosophical foundation of the Environmental Movement and for many of the environmental laws that were passed during the 1960s and 1970s. He stated that people are part of nature and that we have relationships with other species that must be guided by new ethical ideas. All ethics include responsibility. Because of humanity's great numbers, insatiable material demands, and scientific prowess, we have a responsibility to protect and nurture other species; if we permit the destruction of nature, we will be next, because science

demonstrates that human life is dependent upon the environment.

Leopold has influenced my views by providing an understandable, logical framework for thinking about the natural world and society's relationship with it. Leopold's writing is always fresh, and each time I read "The Land Ethic," Leopold's classic final essay, it reads like he wrote it yesterday. Every reading provides new ideas and insights. Eventually the margins of my copy became too filled to write additional thoughts, and I had to start recording them in a separate journal.

Leopold has influenced students by showing them a new way to see the world. He demonstrated that science, ethics, religion, poetry, philosophy, and conservation can complement and support each other and should all be used to understand the world. Leopold critiqued the common land-grant university focus upon reductionism and shows students how a holistic approach can better protect the environment and lead to an improved quality of life.

Leopold also confronts students and professors when he asks what it means to be educated. He concluded that only a scholar can understand what the environment is trying to convey to people, but Leopold's definition of scholar is surprising because it does not necessarily include higher education and challenges us to approach education by focusing upon humility, geography and history, values and the meaning of humanity, and holistic views of the Earth.

Sustainability and a New Ethics

Leopold thought that a sustainable relationship with the Earth should begin where we live, because people who do not understand their community will be unable to understand the wider world. To put this idea in context, everyone needs food, clean water, and energy. People who think that food comes from the store, water from the faucet, and heat from the furnace are ignorant of and alienated from the environment that supports them.

Leopold concluded that for people to live sustainably we must acknowledge limits and develop a new set of ethics that embraces humanity's reliance upon and interdependence with the natural environment. Ethics guide relationships with others. Who are the others? Leopold traced the evolution of ethics and found that each expansion of ethics enlarged the community and the potential human quality of life. Leopold concluded that it is time to enlarge ethics to include the natural world, because it is the right thing to do and humanity's future depends upon it.

Darrell E. Napton is a Professor of Geography at South Dakota State University

Meaning Making

By *Tim Nichols*

Why am I here? How am I to find and make meaning amidst life's chaos, change, challenges, and uncertainties? These are questions I pondered as a young man—fresh out of college—when I first stumbled upon my favorite book, a slick little black volume with a lone candle on the cover—Victor Frankl's *Man's Search for Meaning*.

In *Man's Search*, Frankl first tells the powerful, gut-wrenching story of his experiences as a Holocaust survivor, and, in the second half, expounds on logotherapy—an approach he used as a practicing psychologist after the war—which is based on an inner pull to find meaning in life.

The book is filled with nuggets of wisdom, several of which are scribbled on sticky notes adorning my office, and one of which is more artistically rendered on the wall of Honors Hall at South Dakota State University. A few of my favorites include:

“The salvation of man is through love and in love.”
(p. 37)

“We had to learn...and...had to teach...that *it did not really matter what we expected from life, but rather what life expected from us.*” (p. 77)

“Our answer must consist...in right action and in right conduct.” (p. 77).

“...each man is questioned by life; and he can only answer to life by *answering for* his own life; to life he can only respond by being responsible.” (p. 109).

“He who has a *why* to live for, can bear with almost any *how*.” (p. 104, quoting Friedrich Nietzsche).

“...everything can be taken from a man but one thing: the last of the human freedoms—to choose one’s attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one’s own way.” (p. 66).

Frankl argues that we can find and make meaning from life in three ways: 1) through our works and deeds; 2) through our loving relationships; and 3) through our suffering. This simple path provided focus for the twenty-something Tim thirty years ago, and is resonant in my life today. When I seek meaning, I begin by considering my work, my relationships, and my suffering. Frankl’s words remind me that even in the hard times (and my most difficult days are nothing compared to his concentration camp experiences), I can choose my attitude; there is meaning to be made. Indeed, the resonance of Frankl’s work is both personal and universal. He reaches deep to his reader’s mind, heart, and soul—grasping that most uniquely human need for meaning; a need that is too often neglected in our contemporary race for more.

I've found these themes resonant among my students, friends, and colleagues at universities. *Man's Search* has become my "go to" gift for graduates. It is a book to be shared! I was blessed while Dean of the Fishback Honors College at SDSU to have many opportunities to do just that. We began one of my favorite Honors traditions—the First Lady's (i.e. Marcia Chicoine) Literary Circle—reading and discussing *Man's Search* with Honors students at Woodbine Cottage. Eight years and some twenty iterations later, we concluded "Lit Circle" with a summertime *Man's Search* conversation around the fire-pit in the Honors Hall courtyard.

When the first class of Honors students I worked with suggested (on a bus trip returning from a regional conference) a senior experience that would help them make sense of their Honors experience and prepare for life's next steps, I worked with them to create an Honors course around the theme of "My Place in this World." One of our foundational texts was (you guessed it) *Man's Search for Meaning*.

Indeed, one of the distinctive elements of the SDSU Honors experience under my watch became meaning making. It was exciting to see this come to life through *This I believe...* essays, service projects, "honorable art pieces," personal philosophy and mission statements, creative non-fiction stories, and readers' theater performances. Most recently, at the University of Wyoming, I've introduced Frankl to a whole new community of students and faculty through my own First Gentleman's Literary Circle. The precious relationships and eye-opening, transformational, affirming, and meaning-filled conversations this book has

inspired in my own life have been instructive, expansive, empowering.

There's a story by William Winslade in the afterword of the 2006 printing of *Man's Search for Meaning* which tells of Frankl's students guessing that the meaning of life for him (Frankl) was in helping others find the meaning in their lives. I guess that's become part of my story, too. The candle on the cover of that now well-worn slick little black book continues to burn, illuminate, and provide warmth for me all these years later. I hope to continue to share the light of Frankl's wisdom with those whom I meet and make meaning with on life's journey.

Tim Nichols Ph.D. '01 served as Dean of the Fishback Honors College from 2008 - 2016 at South Dakota State University

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Reading Has No Age Limits

By Amy Pedersen

My favorite days in elementary school were the days when my scholastic book orders arrived! I loved the smell of new books and couldn't wait to read them. My mystery interest came from Nancy Drew and the Hardy Boys.

The ironic thing is that as an adult, I don't spend any money on books. Who wants to spend money on books and have them clutter up your house when I can get books for free at the library? As a parent, I did buy books for my kids and enjoyed the scholastic orders just as much as when I was a kid. We read three books every night. I still have all those books and look at them occasionally with memories of reading to my young boys.

I love the library. I love the smell of it, the quietness of it, and the patrons sitting around, relaxing and reading. I read over 40 books a year, mostly mystery fiction, and get them all at the library.

Two years ago, I moved my 88-year-old mother to the town I live in. She had previously lived in another town her whole life. She used to watch television in the evenings. Over

the years, she would ask me what I was watching on television. I always told her that I was reading and didn't watch much television. When she moved here, I checked out some large print Christian fiction books from my library to see what she thought. Well, 240 books later ... she has now started to re-read some of her favorite Amish fiction books that she enjoys so well. Before moving here, she said she had never been in the library of the town she lived in her whole life. She had never read an entire book, and feels like she has been opened to all kinds of stories and experiences. She also said, "Now I know why you read instead of watching television all these years!"

All because of books and the library. What started as an interest to me, I shared with my children and my 89-year-old mother.

Amy Pedersen is an instructor in University College at South Dakota State University

My Love for Libraries

By Carol J. Peterson

I grew up in a small Iowa town where we had the classic Carnegie Library. The building was much like all of the Carnegie buildings across mid-America. The library was “awesome” to me with its dark colors, rough wood floors, and old wood, old book smell.

We had very little reading material at home other than daily and weekly newspapers. An occasional trip to the public library brought a few books into the home. I realize now we did not use it as much as we should have. That changed when I had to write a major term paper for senior government class. Choosing the topic of Social Security, I became an impressed consumer of what the library offered and what the professional librarian would do to help me find resources for my paper. My paper earned an A+ and was declared by the teacher as “college level work.”

Choosing nursing as my post-high school career, I started my education in a hospital nursing school in Rochester, Minnesota. Although very narrow in focus, this school had a very good library and a dedicated professional librarian (who later became a lifelong personal friend). I learned how to use

advanced medical references and nursing and hospital journals. I was not satisfied with the level of education and determined early in my program to seek advanced post-R.N. education. There was no question but that this library and its many opportunities helped stimulate this desire for advanced education.

When I arrived at the University of Minnesota in the fall of 1961 as an R.N. enrolling in a B.S. in Nursing Education program, I lived across the street from the medical library which also held the nursing holdings. Oh what an “eye opener” to the world of written resources. The library became a place to study as well as a resource haven.

Continuing on for my M.Ed. and then Ph.D. degrees at the University of Minnesota in the 1960s, I developed great skill in using “the stacks” and doing literature reviews for papers and ultimately my doctoral dissertation. Photocopying had come into vogue, and I was a great user of the service to support both my master’s and doctoral research. I became a very good library scholar.

When I came to SDSU as Dean of Nursing in 1977, I quickly bonded with the library. Starting the master’s in nursing program necessitated setting aside grant resources for library resources to support graduate nursing education. Establishing the R.N. upward mobility program in Rapid City, and later Aberdeen, created new challenges. I remember buying the bound nursing journals from a closing diploma program in Huron, South Dakota, to help start the nursing library for the West River nursing program. Physical Plant went over to Huron with a pickup to transport this collection back to Brookings.

As Provost and VP for Academic Affairs, I had the pleasure of working with Deans Raney and Marquardt in moving Briggs Library into the electronic era with state and national online resource systems. Unfortunately, I never became a user of the modern online library because my scholarly career was coming to its close as retirement approached in 2010. However, my respect and support for the library continued as it moved from print journals to online databases.

I “love” the library and its old and new resources. I cannot destroy an old book and have given all my personal and professional books away to needy recipients. I hope they value them and have made use of them in some way. My support for libraries and literacy will continue until I go to the great library in the sky.

Carol J. Peterson served as Provost and Vice President for Academic Affairs and is a Professor Emerita of Nursing at South Dakota State University

“Profiles in Courage”

By Leon Raney

I was raised in a small Arkansas prairie town near the Ozark foothills in a home where political discourse was a family tradition. When I was ten years old, my parents purchased a grocery store on Main Street of the town of Charleston, the county seat of Franklin County. It was at about this time that I discovered the small public library in the courthouse basement.

I enjoyed listening to the daily chatter and stories told in my parents’ grocery store. But it was at the library that I first began to explore the outside world and to imagine possibilities in my future. And the elderly librarian – probably the best read person in the town of about 900 population – eventually guided my reading toward more serious subjects – classical fiction, biography, and history.

During my junior year in high school, Mrs. Bond, the librarian, recommended to me Senator John Kennedy’s new book *Profiles in Courage*. As I recall, I read the book in the summer of 1955, and was so inspired by its themes that I vowed someday to own a copy. It was not until 1957 that the book was awarded the Pulitzer Prize, and during that year I

was reintroduced to it by a college professor who assigned a chapter for outside reading in an American History class. I remember thinking, once again, that I should purchase a copy of the book. But my meager budget during those years did not permit such extravagant expenditures.

Ironically, during my college years, the “Inaugural Edition” of *Profiles in Courage* was published with a new foreword by historian Allan Nevins. In the spring of 1960, my desire to own the book was realized when, arriving back at our apartment following my graduation from the University of Central Arkansas, I found a neatly wrapped copy on our coffee table, a gift from my wife, Mary.

That copy of *Profiles in Courage* is a treasured part of my personal library today. The cover is badly faded, but the price tag of \$3.95 with the inscription of “Claitor’s Bookstore” is still attached. Over the years, I have re-read parts of the book many times for a fresh reminder of its timeless themes, which I believe to be as valid today as when written more than a half-century ago.

Leon Raney is a Dean of Libraries Emeritus who served from 1972 – 1996 and oversaw the construction of Hilton M. Briggs Library at South Dakota State University

Thinking About Libraries at Briggs Library's 40th Anniversary

By Larry Rogers

Alberto Manguel once described the moment when he first knew that he could read (*A History of Reading*, New York: Penguin Books, 1997). He had worked hard at decoding the “stern black shapes” of the letters in the books his parents had given him and read to him. One day, riding in a car, he saw a billboard and decoded its meaning, knowing (more or less) that he had gained a valuable skill: “Since I could turn bare lines into living reality, I was all-powerful. I could read.” (Manguel, p. 6) He was right. His power to learn meaningfully was made possible by reading.

Every year there are surveys of American reading habits conducted by the Pew Research Center or the Roper polling organization on behalf of organizations such as the American Library Association. Those surveys tend to show that reading rates in the United States either stay flat or decline, though there are occasional bits of good news. Something like 27% of Americans admit to not having read a book within the past year. The median for book reading is five (half of adults

read five books or more, half read less). Other reports describe how financial pressures on school districts result all too often in budget reductions for school libraries. Brookings itself faces issues about funding librarian positions within its school district. Whatever the challenges to full literacy, libraries remain as powerful forces on behalf of reading. In their absence, reading would plummet.

Most of us don't remember the moment when we knew that we could read. I surely don't. But I do remember two major moments that reinforced my reading habit strongly. The first was the gift of a box of books when I was six from our neighbor on the Near South Side of Chicago, Mrs. Einhorn. Her children had enjoyed the books, and she wanted them put to further use. There were a couple of dozen books in the box, starting with Samuel E. Lowe's illustrated *Fifty Famous Stories*, a collection of stories aimed at either inculcating civic truths in children or at providing them with amusement. I chose amusement, but there was no evading the messages about duty and responsibility embodied in the stories. The stories were heavy on history (the 300 Spartans, Horatius at the Bridge, Wolfe and Montcalm on the Plains of Quebec, Stanley and Livingston, the Lost Battalion, etc.), and all were meant to inspire. Along with them was a full set of *My Bookhouse*, a gorgeous set that ranged from nursery tales (volume 1) to Shakespeare and Einstein (volume 12) in carefully designed stages. And there were copies of *Swiss Family Robinson*, the Dr. Doolittle books, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, books on natural history, and a collection of ghost stories by M. R. James. It was a small library.

The second reinforcement was the discovery of an accessible public library. Lincoln, Nebraska had two Carnegie libraries, one of them large. (Andrew Carnegie, the industrial magnate, financed over 2,500 public libraries in the United States. One is in Brookings, built in 1907, and still in use as the city's cultural center.) When I sneaked upstairs from the children's library area to the domed second-floor main collection (no one noticed) with its shelves that seemed attached to the loan desk as though they were spokes on a large wheel, the world became open to me. The new book section alone was, and is, a major draw for me.

Libraries have continued to be vitally important to me. I wrote the earliest draft of the first chapter of my doctoral dissertation at the Yongsan base library in Seoul, Korea, when assigned to Eighth Army Headquarters. The rest of the dissertation was made possible through the heavy use of Love Library at the University of Nebraska and by the Special Collections and University Archives at Rutgers. The two high schools at which I taught each had large libraries. I had an office in the library at Sioux Falls College just as I had a classroom inside the library at Burke High School in Omaha. The availability of Briggs Library's large collection at South Dakota State University enriched my life as a professor. The students in my social studies methods classes spent significant time at Briggs analyzing textbooks, researching units, and grounding papers in something deeper than opinion. I spent significant time at Briggs doing research to support both my teaching and my scholarship.

Brookings possesses both a good public library and the state's largest library in the form of Briggs. Both libraries

have high rates of usage, well-educated staffs, and well-selected collections. They serve the needs of the community in which they are located, and I continue to profit from their use.

Larry Rogers is a Professor Emeritus of Education at South Dakota State University

A Lifetime of Knowledge

By Senator Mike Rounds

Growing up in Pierre, I spent many, many hours at the public library. It was only a few blocks from my elementary school and I would stop there often before going home. The librarians were wonderful to me and they would help me find books to read.

I would often take home a stack of books on many subjects, such as the sea, airplanes, animals, and much more. I was fascinated by everything I could learn from these books. My favorites were science books and all of the *Little House* books. I read so much that I would get gifts of books on my birthday and at Christmas. I still remember how happy I was to receive *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* and *The Swiss Family Robinson*. I read those two books at least a dozen times each.

I also read the *Childcraft: The How and Why Library* books with their themed volumes. As I grew older, I graduated to encyclopedias. I would look something up and then see something interesting on the same or opposite page. I would read it and then go to the next pages and read on. Even today, I think about the things I learned back then. Books have given me a lifetime of

knowledge, and still do. The library opened the world to me.

The library was a great place to go and become captivated by what I could read in those books. Growing up, the library was a place of enjoyment and new discoveries.

When I went to college that changed. The Hilton M. Briggs Library was a great place to study and do research. It was perfect for that, and when I was stumped, there were plenty of resources to get me back on track.

The library has certainly evolved over the decades, but it is still the place for enjoyment, knowledge, and new discoveries.

In the modern world with strong, diverse opinions and vague “facts” reported by media, the library remains a reliable place to find original sources and dependable information. Instead of listening to five opinions, I'd rather go to the original source material or transcript and form my own opinion. Libraries and skilled librarians still make that happen in our modern world of abundant and sometimes conflicting information.

Congratulations to everyone involved in the creation and growth of the Briggs Library over the past forty years.

Senator Mike Rounds is a '77 alumnus of South Dakota State University. He was the Governor of South Dakota from 2003 – 2011, and has served in the U.S. Senate since 2015.

Library Love

By Susan Schleicher

Libraries have been a huge part of my life, my whole life. I remember spending a lot of time in our local Carnegie public library in my small hometown when I was growing up. How many of you remember your Carnegie library? I remember the helpful, little woman behind the desk who kept finding me the "perfect" book for whatever reading stage I was in at the time. I even remember her name, after all these years.

I'm pretty sure I read just about everything they had on the shelves in that little library. Also, my siblings and I had two great-aunts who were very passionate about books and learning. They constantly gave our family gifts of books. I can't tell you how many hours we spent devouring those Time-Life series sets, covering such a wide range of topics.

When my husband and I had our four children, our house was always filled with books and I made sure to take them all to the library each week for story time. That hour enriched their lives as well as giving me one uninterrupted hour to find books for myself. As they grew up and were involved in their various sports and activities, I was right

there along with them, always with a book in my bag. Now, I never leave the house without a book or an e-reader, because you just never know when you might have a few minutes to read a chapter or two. So many books, so little time.

Twenty-five years ago, I got my first job in a library. We had just recently moved and I was looking for a job. I went to our local public library to look up businesses to send my resume to and as I looked around, I thought to myself – this would be a great place to work. And lo and behold, they hired me! Contrary to popular belief, people who work in libraries do not sit around and read books all day. But what working in the library did for me was it increased my passion for books, reading, and learning. I was exposed to all those great authors and their captivating stories. And as an added bonus, I was able to see all the new books that were being published. It was a wonderful life!

I started working at the Hilton M. Briggs Library 20 years ago, and, if anything, my passion for books, reading, and learning has increased over those years. I started a blog in 2009 for a work project, which then morphed into a place where I could track the books that I read and where I could share my thoughts about those books. As a result, since then, my reading world has just exploded. I'm contacted by authors and publicists on an almost daily basis, asking me to read, review, or help publicize their books. So along with all the reading that I do, I now use my blog as a way to help promote all the wonderful authors and stories that are out there. I have met some amazing authors along the way and I am lucky enough to call some of these creative people my friends.

Libraries, books, and reading have opened my eyes and my life to the great, big, beautiful literary world that is out there.

Susan Schleicher is a Library Associate at Hilton M. Briggs Library

Love & Loss: A Literacy Catalog

By *Christine Stewart-Nuñez*

Airline & Aurora: At eight years old I wrote the names of neighborhood streets on birch bark with a felt-tip pen, then rolled and bound my scrolls with string. The letter “A” looked like the spade I used to dig a hole where I buried them to make my own lost library.

Brittanica: The salesman left the “A” encyclopedia for my family to peruse. We couldn’t afford the set, so I read that volume, pages turning crisp, “aardvark” illustrated with a photo.

Card Catalog of influential poets: Elizabeth Bishop, Gwendolyn Brooks, Lucille Clifton, Robert Frost, Maxine Kumin, Sylvia Plath, Carl Sandburg, Anne Sexton, May Swenson, Diane Wakoski, Walt Whitman, William Carlos Williams.

“Didactic,” a poem: Throw open the library of your body. Run your fingertips across this shelf’s spine, over atlases, dictionaries, novels. Your hands—wide, strong—are lenses

that ignite encyclopedic knowledge; let's burn in biography, biology. Ask questions. Unlock the map of scars, read lines of ribs, linger at the hip, memorize the archives' lips. Stretch your supple pages until you are laid open and known.

El Camino Real was my mother's high school Spanish book. In fifth grade, I memorized *lunes, martes, domingo*, and *yo hablo español* without understanding the language's logic.

Fortress: a favorite simile. The library is like a citadel, defending knowledge; the library is like stronghold, defending culture; the library is like bulwark against boredom; the library is an escape.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez: In Greece, I read *One Hundred Years of Solitude* at the beach, at the café, at the park, at the market. I looked up to see José Arcadio ordering a cappuccino next to me.

Holden, my oldest son, loves *Yoshi's Feast; Hop on Pop; Hurray! A Piñata; Moody Cow; The Cat in the Hat; I Will Never Eat a Tomato; and Skippyjon Jones Lost in Spice.*

"Irony," a poem: The poet's son lost language, his seizure-stabbed brain a sieve oozing words.

Judy Blume: After finishing worksheets and cursive practice across the blue dotted lines, I transgressed. I retreated behind the three-sided particle board to devour anything by

Judy Blume—*Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret; Tiger Eyes; Blubber.*

K: Missing. A mis-shelved memory.

“Literacy,” a poem: Inside GameStop, Holden kneels in front of Xbox, Wii, Nintendo, PlayStation. Plastic boxes arranged on shelves. *Screens again*, I sigh. Plants shooting peas and slogging zombies, fat red birds launched at green pigs, jigsaws, a library of Dr. Seuss, episodes of Word Girl defending cartoon land against Lady Redundant Woman—his iPad the visual center of his word-shifting world. He studies the spines, lifts his hand, extends his fingers, and pulls one game off. *Sonic*, he says, opening it, *Sonic the Hedgehog*. He points to letters on the inner pocket: *Sonic the Hedgehog. I know this game.* This will be his only utterance for hours. As he snaps the plastic cover closed and slides it back, a memory emerges: my hand easing *On the Banks of Plum Creek* next to the other *Little House* books, the scent of paperbacks and pencil shavings, dust swirling in the air.

Maze: a favorite metaphor: I seek solace. I seek secrets. I lose my worries in the stacks. I lose myself in arms of books. I lose my place in other worlds.

National Library and Archives of Québec, Montréal: Xavier, my youngest son, toddles up the steps, hand on wall of glass. Stacks of books and nooks for reading spaced by maple scrim. Four floors up and my feet tingle as I peer between the stacks. 3.5 million items to lend.

O child with thick glasses! O book-clutching child! O child with anger in her heart! O child crossing Imagination and Reality. O creative child! O child hungry for silence! O child reading screens! O child with maps in his mind! Welcome home.

Pergamum: An ancient Greek city near the Aegean Sea. During the Hellenistic Age, rulers built a library rivaled only by Alexandria's. A woman, Flavia Melitene, was a central patron. According to legend, Marc Antony gifted the library's 200,000 volumes to Cleopatra. In the ruins, I imagined patrons opening parchment scrolls, the western world's knowledge at their fingertips.

Quiver & Question: If I could name the aisles in a library—an act of intimacy—I'd map them into neighborhoods of the alphabet. I would write at the intersection of "Quiver" and "Question."

Robert Browning: I imagine my Grandma Grafton gazing on a field of new snow from the window of an Iowa farmhouse. It's 1925; she's 11. Around her shoulders, a blue and white cotton quilt. She tucks her bobbed hair behind her ear and opens a copy of Robert Browning's poems printed in 1899. Sixty years later, she'll give that book to me.

St. Pius X Library: We stacked our checked-out books on tables as Sister Marcell directed: "Take a seat. Sit what God gave you to sit on! You're not birds." Then

she opened *Two-Minute Mysteries* and read one before the bell. Rapt, I was eager to think through words.

Theresa: My sister's death sparked my writing practice. At the vigil, I scribbled good-bye letters on receipts from my mother's purse and tucked them between Theresa's suede skirt and the satin coffin lining. At home, I pulled out a broken typewriter and fed it notebook paper. The typewriter dinged and clicked as I pecked out a narrative using red and black ink, the % sign taking place of any U's.

Urbandale Public Library: On my pink Huffy, I biked past the pool where my peers sunned themselves to find *The Boxcar Children* series (Theresa's recommendation). I admired the teenagers who re-shelved books with the poise I hoped to have one day.

Valentines: On a box of conversation hearts, Holden wrote H-O-L and fumbled. With love, we always read between the lines. With pinkie and index fingers up and thumb out, I pushed the sign for love into his line of vision. *I love you, too*, he said, then curled his fingers around mine and squeezed.

World's Best Fairy Tales: Theresa's one-thousand plus paged volume. Red and gold tattered cover. Read twice.

Xavier, my toddler, loves: *Duck Truck*; *Monster Trucks*; *Things That Go*; *Homes*; *Dump Truck Gets to Work*; and *The Construction Alphabet Book*.

“Yellow Wallpaper, The.” I can trace my feminism to Charlotte Perkins Gilman’s story. A man told her to rest. A man told her she was fragile. A man told her not to use her mind. Hell no.

Zami: A New Spelling of My Name: Audre Lorde challenged and extended what I knew to be true. A woman writing history and biography and myth. A feminist womanist poet mother black lesbian writing her life in all its complexity. Hell yes.

Christine Stewart-Nuñez is an Associate Professor of English at South Dakota State University

Works Cited

The poem "Didactic" by Christine Stewart-Nuñez was first published in *Natural Bridge* in spring 2013. The poems "Irony" and "Literacy" were published in her book *Bluewords Greening* by Terrapin Books in 2016.

The Fall of '69

By Brian Thoreson

In the fall of 1969, I enrolled at SDSU as an earnest, yet unprepared, seventeen-year-old freshman. After a week or two on campus, I developed this growing suspicion that I was not ready for primetime.

I came from the small farming community of Willow Lake with a population just south of 500 and a graduating class of 42. More importantly, I took few, if any, serious high school classes such as algebra, chemistry, or foreign language. Instead of typing and bookkeeping, I opted for vo-ag and FFA.

Nearly everyone on campus seemed to be from big cities and big schools and all with sterling academic credentials!

In addition, I owned neither a stereo, a TV, nor a car...the catalysts for instant friends and an active social life. To top it off, I was stuck on the fringe of campus life in the fourth floor of Hansen Hall, known throughout the entire student body as the dorm where all the redneck cowboys lived. To add to the experience, my roommate was an agronomy major from Edgemont who had a bad habit of studying late into the night and reading aloud!

Speaking of majors, I had no idea what I wanted to study. In high school, there were no advisors offering guidance on a college curriculum or favorable career path. My parents offered encouragement and some financial support but little in the way of academic consultation.

During first-semester Biology class, a brief mention was made of a recent book entitled *Silent Spring* which highlighted the risks of certain pesticides on the environment. I had used some of these chemicals on the farm, so the topic piqued my interest.

The next day, I went to the library and searched the card files. The book was found and I immediately sat down at one of the massive oak reading tables and read the first few chapters.

Silent Spring was published in 1962 by Rachel Carson, an aquatic biologist and active writer with twenty years' experience in the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. The book detailed the harmful effects from the proliferation of synthetic pesticides, such as DDT and 2,4-D, initially developed by the military during World War II. She documented the evidence of bioaccumulation in the environment, particularly their effect on birds such as the bald eagle and peregrine falcon, as well as the growing evidence that these chemicals may be carcinogenic. The book became a best seller and is credited with advancing the global environmental movement of the '60s and early '70s. It certainly helped spawn Earth Day, first observed in over 2,000 colleges and universities across the country, including SDSU, on April 22, 1970. A couple of makeshift tables were

set up on the College Green between Sylvan Theater and the Student Union where brochures, bumper stickers, and my favorite Earth Day collectible, black light posters, were handed out to students.

My future in college was in question, so during the first semester I practically camped out at the library. The building itself was impressive but the ability to focus undisturbed for hours was in great contrast to the atmosphere in and around the dorm. I even picked up a worthwhile habit from a nursing student I met. She would spend every Sunday afternoon at the library. A difficult task for an incoming freshman but I found it made Monday morning a lot less hectic!

Despite my earlier doubts, the first semester went quite well. I actually made the Dean's List (the first and last time, I must admit) and found my major.

My second year was even better. I started dating my future wife Barb Warkenthien (future Dakota Deb, Little I Queen, and Class of '74) and made the football team. I walked on as a freshman and gained a scholarship and starting position in the defensive backfield as a sophomore. By my senior year, I was fortunate enough to make the NCC All-Conference Team. That experience with the Jackrabbits rates in my Top-Ten All-Time list.

I went on and got my B.S. in Biology/Chemistry in 1973 and my M.S. in Environmental Science/Ecology in 1975. I enjoyed a varied forty-year career in public and environmental health before retiring in 2015 to Hilton Head Island, SC with my wife. In March 2017, I published a book on family history and personal memoirs, entitled *A View*

From the Prairie...and Beyond. The book can be found in the Hilton M. Briggs Library.

There has been a lot of water under the bridge during that forty-year period which I am certain was influenced, in part, by that corner library table at SDSU in the fall of '69.

Brian Thoreson is a '73/'75 alumnus of South Dakota State University

A Tour of Libraries

By Kristi Tornquist

I don't believe I have ever encountered a library I didn't like. There are some libraries I feel sad about: they may be damp, dirty, moldy, and ignored, but there is still a part of me that loves them. Probably this is because I understand that there was a soul or souls who collected and organized them, whether on purpose or through neglect. The stacks and rows and boxes represent the intent of those who loved the words, the pages, the binding, the titles, and the smell. I suspect they also loved the potential exploration, shock, repose, and blessing of the collections.

I make it a point to visit libraries when I'm traveling. I've seen hundreds, but some libraries are particularly memorable for me. The most amazing personal collection I've ever seen was assembled by a man in rural Arkansas who built a climate-controlled, secure addition to his home to house a truly magnificent compilation of rare books from around the world. Hidden and interior to the shelves was a locked vault that contained his most precious treasures. No one would ever guess that this splendid library was hidden away on a back street in this small town.

Another truly amazing collection that I've had the opportunity to see is situated in two massive caverns dug into the Mississippi riverbank in Minneapolis. These caverns are several football fields long. The shelves host tubs of books and are stacked so high that "cherry picker" equipment is needed to retrieve them. The caverns serve as last-copy and rare-book storage and are adapted for long-term preservation. The size of the space and the collections is breathtaking.

A library that is breathtaking because of the view is a small public library situated on an island in Alaska. The windows of the library are a few feet away from the water. Patrons read books, magazines, and newspapers while lounging in comfortable chairs looking out over the most amazing views. On a good day, a whale might swim by. The library is tiny, but the seascape is overwhelming.

Of course, the library that might make me happiest is the one in my own home. I've collected stories that I love, books that are meaningful to me, volumes that have been gifts from dear family and friends, and works that have been autographed by authors I admire. I keep books that might have beautiful writing or are thought provoking. They may have provided solace during times of trouble or great joy and laughter during times of ease. They entertain, educate, and comfort.

I'm one of the fortunate people who get to go to work every day in a library. I love walking through the doors and knowing that I'll be surrounded by the breadth and depth of knowledge that sit waiting on the shelves for people to discover. I'm particularly fortunate to work in the Hilton M.

Briggs Library surrounded not only by the collections, but also library employees that have a sincere desire to serve the people that walk through our doors each day.

Kristi Tornquist has served as the Chief University Librarian of Hilton M. Briggs Library since 2011

The Library: A Perfect Summer Destination

By Toby Uecker

Growing up, time at the library was always a part of my summer. In my hometown of Madison, SD, I spent summer break as a kid listening to story time, scouring the shelves for material, and reading with my brother in the lower-level children's section of a beautiful Carnegie-funded structure. The end of school each year meant enrolling in the summer reading program and attending frequent activities on the square block that was home to the library.

Though I eventually outgrew the summer reading program at the public library in Madison, the Hilton M. Briggs Library took over as my summer library hang-out through my involvement in high school forensics and the South Dakota Forensic Coaches Association's annual summer Debate Camp.

That's right. Debate Camp.

For about ten days each July, I joined a few dozen of the state's most dedicated (some might say nerdiest) high school

debaters for brainstorming sessions on the year's chosen topic, discussions of strategy for the season ahead, and hours upon hours of research throughout the floors of South Dakota's most comprehensive research library.

Walking up the wide concrete ramp to the Briggs Library main entrance, we were accessing more information than we could fully take in. No one's K-12 school had the breadth of resources available in this library's stacks and database. Though no amount of time spent at Briggs could yield every quote or perspective we wanted, we still sought to make the most out of our limited time in this information mega-mall before returning to the little general stores of data back home.

Honing our research skills on the cusp of the Wikipedia era, my friends and I may have been some of the last Debate Camp-ers to explore seemingly every square inch of Briggs' vast floor space. We wanted to wring out every possible drop of knowledge about renewable energy or public education or Russian foreign policy, depending on the year. In this pursuit, we stacked our arms full of books from the upper level that provided thoughtful background perspective or a particularly deep bibliography. We spread ourselves throughout the chairs on the main floor to page through national newspapers on wooden rods, wanting to make sure we were completely up-to-date on any new developments. We made friends with the government documents staff on the lower level in hopes of finding some piece of evidence no one else would come across. We pored over specialized—even obscure—periodicals, flagging page after page after page to photocopy at a nickel per sheet. We learned to operate

microfiche and microfilm readers, even then a skillset that only seemed relevant within the walls of Briggs Library.

Many of us were at our most comfortable inside those walls—and not just because the climate control made the building cooler than the classrooms or residence halls sticky with the heat of midsummer. We were with people who shared our excitement for learning. We worked with debate coaches and college-age mentors who asked questions that challenged us and made us think more deeply. We divided into clusters, each one of which staked out its own corner of the library and worked as a team to tackle particularly complex arguments and policy positions. Instead of being one of a handful of folks in our schools who spoke the language of high school forensics, we were among a group made up entirely of people who “got” this debate thing.

It’s not uncommon for me to enter Briggs Library, even today, and be reminded in some small way of Debate Camp. Sitting on a section of blue couch, highlighting passages in a graduate school textbook while completing an internship at SDSU, I smirked remembering my high school self sneaking upstairs for a nap in the same mid-afternoon summer sun. Walking up to the building just days ago and seeing new students with Open House root beer floats in hand brought to mind a cluster of high school debaters finishing the last bites of a Dairy Bar treat before returning to research on some particularly long Debate Camp afternoon.

Even working on a college campus, summers are less distinct from the rest of the seasons than they were during my summer reading program years or my Debate Camp days. Still, if I want to find nostalgia for summers past, one

of the easiest pathways there runs through Hilton M. Briggs Library.

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My World of Books

By Ruby R. Wilson

When I was a young girl, I built a tree house high above our tractor-tire sandbox. It was just a platform that stretched across two large limbs of the elm tree, but I loved to sit or lie down under the sun-dappled leaves and read to my heart's content while life went on as usual below me. My favorite books were the Nancy Drew mysteries that I had checked out from the brand new city library in the Eureka, South Dakota municipal building. I was at a loss after I finished them, but I pored over the shelves until I found something else that looked interesting.

My vocabulary and spelling improved and expanded with all of the reading I did, even though I didn't realize it at the time. I was enjoying myself too much! By the time I started high school I had a fairly substantial collection of books that I had bought with my allowance from the flyers we received each month. Of course there's no such thing as ever having enough books, so I volunteered to work in the library at school. It was a tiny room in front of the study hall and was built on the former stage of what used to be an auditorium.

Then I was off to college at South Dakota State. Students had to request books at the huge circulation desk on the

second floor of Lincoln Library, and the staff in the closed stacks area retrieved the requested items and put them in a dumbwaiter for a ride up to the main reading room. I really missed being able to wander the aisles and scan the titles, but when Briggs Library opened a couple of years later it was worth waiting for. I spent a lot of time browsing the books on the shelves, and was really pleased with myself when I learned how to use the Periodicals Index in order to do research for class assignments. College students today who use keywords to search through online journals are missing all the fun of using the index, finding the issue on the shelves, and leafing through the pages to find the right article!

Because of my rich experience reading books as a child and young adult, I was eager to share that joy with my children when they came along. My husband and I read to them every day, and all of us especially enjoyed the routine of reading books at bedtime. I can still repeat parts of them from memory because the boys loved to have their favorites read over and over again. *Home for a Bunny* by Margaret Wise Brown was my oldest son's frequent pick. Neither of them could get enough of *Big Joe's Trailer Truck* by Joe Mathieu with its detailed drawings of the truck engine and chassis. I even made a birthday cake in the shape of Big Joe's truck for one of their birthdays. My favorite children's book was *There's No Such Thing as a Dragon* by Jack Kent, because of the valuable life lesson it shares so creatively. We also have wonderful memories of the Storytime sessions in the Brookings Public Library led by the children's librarian, Joyce Wrage.

In addition to reading, I've always enjoyed writing and started up again during my children's pre-school years while I was a stay-at-home mom. After my youngest started kindergarten I returned to work part-time at South Dakota State University. Eventually I landed a job in the Government Documents Department at Briggs Library and worked my way up to an archivist position in the University Archives. For a time my office was in the stacks area of Lincoln Hall, and I was fascinated by the nooks, crannies, and idiosyncrasies of the beautiful old building. My day job and my creative writing became intertwined when I was inspired to write poems about the building and the campus that I enjoyed during my walking breaks. Eventually I returned to Briggs Library, and the adventure continues:

ON BREAK

I leave my office in the library
to walk around campus,
traveling concrete paths
past buildings of iron and brick
and greet the trees along the way.
I learn their names,
watch the light and wind
through their leaves and branches
in summer, winter, spring, and fall.

When it's too cold to go outside
on bitter winter days
I walk inside
where the trees are books
leaning on each other

beside my path
filled with colors, smells, sounds,
and they are dead
until someone opens one up
to read it.

I am thrilled to be surrounded by books every day and to help others find the resources they need. Some patrons are working on their own articles or books, and it's a great feeling to support them in their research and studies and know that in a small way I'm contributing to the creation of new books and other writing.

Libraries and reading have enriched my life in countless ways, not just by providing information and entertainment, but also by broadening my world and experience. A culture and community's history and knowledge is preserved in these treasures. As Barbara Tuchman has said, "Books are the carriers of civilization. Without books, history is silent, literature dumb, science crippled, thought and speculation at a standstill."

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Work Cited

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Before the Globe

By Steven Wingate

In my fifth year of life my family moved from the blue-collar immigrant town of Lodi, New Jersey—where we lived down the street from a Polish bakery and around the corner from a church that held Polish masses—to the more upscale town of Fair Lawn. Our new home had better schools and more established neighborhoods (translation: it was not an immigrant town), and had started on its way to becoming what it is today: a bedroom community for people who worked in Manhattan.

We were not of the Manhattanite socioeconomic class. My father, a convicted felon, earned his living as a hot tar roofer and had scars on his flesh to prove it. My mother worked as a school crossing guard. They, and especially my mother, believed that education was the great equalizer in America, and that I might become, by relentless effort in the classroom, as successful as those children in Fair Lawn whose parents worked in midtown Manhattan or the financial district.

Among our new town's highlights was the Fair Lawn Public Library. Not far from the center of town, across from the police station and down the street from a store where we

could still buy penny candy from barrels (though it cost a nickel), the library had more books than I'd ever seen. And since I'd been encouraged to learn, learn, learn in order to get ahead, I spent a great deal of time among those books. I could learn about anything that interested me, from football to space travel to the history of automobiles to the Revolutionary War.

At that library I became the kind of dreaded kid who corrected his teachers in the classroom and—after his assertions got shot down—brought in a book containing evidence that he'd been right. (I don't really mind students like that these days; they remind me of myself, and I applaud their hunger.) Though I don't know what my mother wanted or expected me to become, I earned a nickname from her after a third-grade school play in which I co-starred as "The Little Professor." That, I suspect, cemented her expectations in her mind. I became *her* little professor, encouraged to bury my face in books and learn fact after fact about the realms of science and history.

To anyone observing my life path from afar, and with scant attention to detail, me becoming a professor at South Dakota State University would seem like a straight and seamless line from that point forward. According to that view I would simply graduate over the years from small and simple books to ever larger and more complex ones, growing into my nickname until it became an official title and a summation of my identity.

But things didn't turn out quite like that because of a globe. In the lobby of the Fair Lawn Public Library stood—and apparently still sits—a rotating topographic globe as big

as a car. At six feet wide and 350 pounds, this Rand McNally geophysical relief globe was at its time the most detailed of its kind. According to a 2011 write-up in www.hiddennj.com, it was donated by the Rotary Club in 1967 (just two years before my arrival), made of epoxy and fiberglass, and took three minutes to make a full revolution. It showed the highest and lowest points of earth, the barest and most forested, the driest and snowiest. It had ridges and gouges, and most importantly it had no markings on it—no cities, no countries, no named seas or meridians.

For a child who lived in his head, this globe was an enormous gift. It transformed what the library meant to me, because the books within it became not only containers of facts, but portals to the imagination. Each place on that topographic globe, from the Sahara to the Himalayas, was a world I could enter through the act of *What if?* I fell into identifying places on the globe that fascinated me and learning about them in atlases, then looking them up in picture books and history books. Lapland, Tasmania, Rhodesia, Sri Lanka. Each place had a history and a way of life distinct from mine, and I wanted to experience those places through the stories of the people who lived there—or, sometimes even better, by imagining myself living there.

Through this globe, my way of encountering the world turned from gathering facts to absorbing stories. I traded documented historical events for possibilities that might never be. The globe sowed the seeds for my later transition away from science and history toward literature, film, and eventually digital narrative. So the path from “The Little Professor” to associate professor of English at South Dakota

State University was not at all straight, because it involved much wandering as I moved from interest to interest and place to place, attempting to visit—or at least encounter culturally—the places whose topographic identity I came to know in the lobby of the Fair Lawn Public Library.

I have by no means spanned that globe. Most of it is available to me only through reading, art, music, and customs. But as I watched its graceful three-minute revolutions, imagining the depths of the Mariana Trench and the simian jungles of the Congo Basin and the ancient cities of Uruk and Abyssinia, my identity as a creative writer was forged.

My library wasn't just its books. My library was the imaginative pathways that led to those books, and led out from them again, in an endless cycle with the unnamed physical world.

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