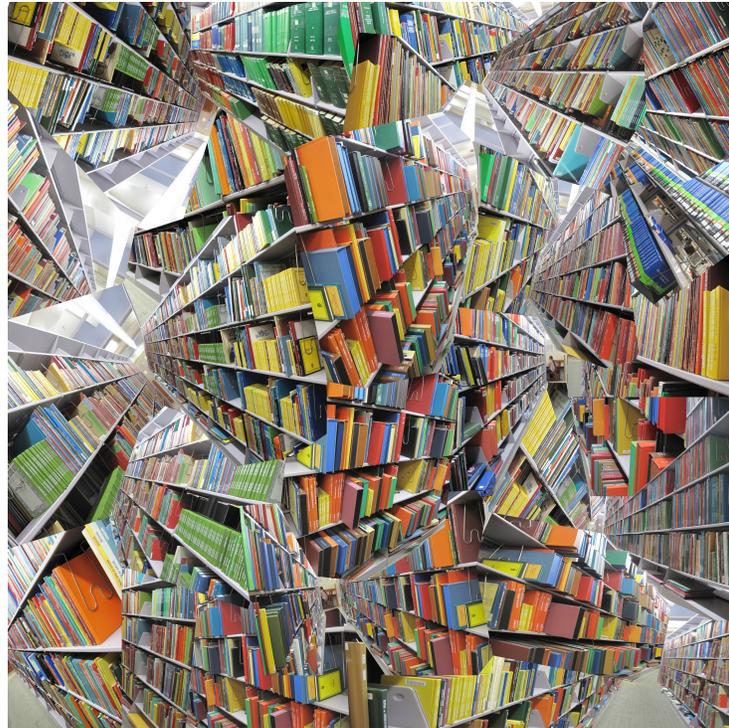


REFLECTIONS

NARRATIVES of PROFESSIONAL HELPING



Special Issue
Librarians as Helping Professionals
Laura Habat, Editor
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REFLECTIONS

NARRATIVES of PROFESSIONAL HELPING

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Two Noble Professions

Margaret Bausman

Abstract: This is the introduction to Volume 23, Number 3 (Summer 2017) of *Reflections*, published on March 20, 2018. This is a special issue focusing on librarianship as a helping profession. The narratives are created by librarians sharing their reflections as helping professionals in public, academic, and special library settings.

Keywords: helping professions, librarians, librarianship, public libraries, academic librarians, helping, human needs

I began my social work education on a breezy September day in 1993 at New York University. Those first moments of my first social work class proved transformational and indelible. Still disoriented from a whirlwind of an arrival to the City from New England several days prior, I sat apprehensively in an old-fashioned, wooden desk-chair, squinting under fluorescent lights as my first professor entered the classroom. She moved with alacrity and purpose, wore a sharp, classic pant suit, sported closely cropped fiery red hair, and radiated a smile of true welcome. Making eye contact with each student, she passed among the desks, handing out NASW Code of Ethics pamphlets, her fingernails painted to match her hair. She stated that if we embraced the values and ethics outlined by NASW, we could expect gratifying, robust, and impactful careers. She averred, "Social work is a noble profession".

This was Dr. Constance Silver (New York University, n.d.). I enrolled in one of her practice classes three out of the four semesters of my MSW program and her gracious mentoring was integral in the development of my identity as a helping professional. A dozen or so years later, as I grappled with commitment to a service-driven career within the perplexities of professional evolution, Dr. Silver's wise counsel once again proved pivotal. She reminded me that whatever decisions I made, whichever path I traversed, my identity as a helper was ingrained. It had led me to her classroom in 1993, just as it would lead me forward into whatever my professional future might hold.

And so now, I am an academic librarian serving at Hunter College. A tenure-track faculty member of the Library Department, I am an instructional librarian and the Head of the Social Work & Urban Public Health Library. I work closely with the students and faculty of the Silberman School of Social Work. It is a professional trajectory that revealed itself bit by bit, almost as if by kismet, resulting in a providential outcome, but always guided by the principals of helping and social justice.

Founded in 1876, the American Library Association (ALA) is the oldest and largest library association in the world (American Library Association, n.d.). At its core, the American public library movement sought to establish a system of universal access to information through a publicly funded, egalitarian institution. During the nascent years, there were several decades of debate during which the values and ethos of the public library gained articulation and interpretation into practice (Wiegand, 1986). By the turn of the century, the public library as an

institution settled into the Progressive Era landscape as an agent for social justice (DuMont, 1977). The occupation of librarianship merged with those of teaching, nursing, and social work as helping professions, described also as 'feminized' professions, with a work force comprised by many who fit the social construct of the 'new woman' (Evans, 1986). ALA's core mission has endured as conveyed by its current Strategic Plan which includes 'Equity, Diversity, and Inclusion' among its four Strategic Directions as well as 'Intellectual Freedom' and 'Social Responsibility and the Public Good' among its eight Core Organizational Values (American Library Association, 2017).

I am proud of the entwined professional roots and missions shared by my professions. And yet sometimes it is perplexing and I ask myself, "What is it - this helping thing? What's it all about?" My own contribution to this special issue of *Reflections* expounds upon this query, inter-weaving my professional journey with the early history of the social welfare and public library movements. And it is truly gratifying that my narrative stands amid the half-dozen others that comprise this issue. Representing a range of library settings, practices, and orientations, each author exercises a unique and powerful voice in explicating how libraries serve, how librarians help, and how the professional and personal intersect.

Kristen M. Hallows' narrative, *Truth as Corollary to Knowledge: The Impact of Sandra Marlow*, speaks to one of the most powerful and potent functions libraries provide: that of truth-keeping. By definition, special collections and archives are intended to preserve and provide access to singular, irreplaceable items including business and personal papers that in aggregate provide unique insight into the institutions and/or individuals that created them. Such insights are not necessarily pretty or convenient; sometimes such insights reveal dark secrets concerning immoral, criminal, and cruel activities. Discoveries of this ilk, in and of themselves alarming, frequently present troubling and provocative sequela the management of which may or may not redress social injustice.

Take for example Australia's MacKillop Family Services' Heritage Information Services. The history of Australia's institutionalization of children through the early to mid-20th Century, including the forcible removal of indigenous children from their communities, is well known. A fairly new entity, MacKillop Family Services reconstituted upon the institutional footprints of three defunct orphanages and so it holds decades of archival records concerning the children raised in their care. The Heritage Information Services is an after-care program designed to assist the now adult residents in not simply accessing their case histories, but also in interpreting and contextualizing the material and supporting the psycho-social impact of the experience (Murray, Malone, & Glare, 2008).

Hallows introduces the reader to Sandra Marlow who was hired in 1991 to curate the Howe Library at the Walter E. Fernald State School, an institution founded in 1848 to provide residential care for mentally ill and developmentally disabled children. In her capacity as librarian, Marlow encountered records from the 1950s detailing the use of the school's residents in experiments involving the ingestion of radioactive calcium in the absence of the full knowledge or informed consent of the residents or their parents. Hallows enhances secondary source materials about Fernald's history through her own personal correspondence with Marlow.

Moreover, Hallows provides the reader with a riveting overview regarding the evolution of institutional care of vulnerable juvenile populations starting in the mid-19th century, the impact of the eugenics movements during the early 20th century, and the use of incarcerated populations as uninformed subjects in the investigation of the biological impact of radioactive materials during the mid-20th century.

One of the noteworthy aspects of this narrative lies in Marlow's alliance with two Fernald workers who grew up as Fernald residents and were members of the cohort fed radio-active milk. Integral collaborators in garnering public attention to redress this injustice, they also fought to protect the documents themselves including the surreptitious removal of some of the most vital and revealing documents from Fernald - a brash and daring act.

Rhiannon Jones begins her narrative by debunking the notion that academic librarians are an insular lot who eschew civic engagement. This is a position I applaud not only because I also am an academic librarian who has first-hand knowledge of civic contributions made by my colleagues in the academe but also because such efforts are increasingly studied and documented. Recent examples of such efforts include service to refugees (Bowdoin et al, 2017), assessment of academic librarians' civic mindedness (Barry, Lowe, & Twill, 2017), voter registration drives as a reference service (Bonnell, 2014), and linkage to social services (Hines, 2017).

In *Shelter Should not Mean Sheltered: Creating an Information Resource Centre for Abused Women*, Jones addresses not only the above but moreover she tackles problems associated with compassion fatigue among librarians, particularly in light of the dearth of material about the topic in the library literature. Depleted in both her professional and personal life, Jones found revitalization in volunteerism. In sharing her story, she gives voice to a simple and eloquent truth endemic to helping professionals: that in our efforts to lift up others, at times we are ourselves elevated. It is a tricky balance, to be sure. As a social work student and practitioner, I recall well the discourse about the nature of the "wounded healer", a conversation that persists today (recent examples include: Amundson & Ross, 2016; Cvetovac & Adame, 2017). Moving fluidly between the practical, the personal, and the philosophical, Jones traverses this landscape with heart.

In *Journey to Mecca and Home Again: A Library Intern's Pursuit of Her Career; a Mentor's Renewal to Her Profession*, an experienced and a discerning library professional, Melanie Elizabeth Hughes and Selena McCracken, share first person accounts of their intern / supervisor relationship. While most helping professionals are likely able to share their own experience on one or both sides of this coin, as I did in opening this introduction, it is a rare opportunity to observe both sides simultaneously. It is a resonant piece of writing. One can feel the pleasure in Hughes' reflection on her own career in service to a novice as well as her simultaneous concern for and curiosity about the ever-present churn in the nature of academic library resources and services. Likewise, one can palpably perceive McCracken's eye-opening wonder as myriad paths of librarianship are revealed to her.

And frankly, I find it brave. Granted, Hughes and McCracken's narrative describes a mutually

fulfilling mentorship which lends itself positively to revelation. But still, there are elements that require a level of comfort with exposure and trust in the strength of the relationship that are not necessarily de facto in all internships: for example, Hughes deliberates over a potential job change while McCracken considers her burgeoning preference for public over academic librarianship.

Fatima Taha and Kathy Zappitello offer narratives that walk the reader through the door of the modern public library in the shoes of the librarian. In *Ink vs. Bytes: The Delicate Balance I Tried to Maintain in a Library*, Azam's narrative echoes Jones' in addressing misconceptions about what librarians do, what they believe, and what libraries provide. A unifying theme throughout her narrative, Azam posits that librarians are first and foremost educators with unique abilities to meet the needs of users through multiple formats running across a vast range of online, digital and print materials.

On the 'bytes' side of her story, Azam offers timely and thoughtful vignettes concerning the use of job hunters in the library. Her narrative reflects an anecdotal trend that has gained popular traction in recent years: that the library frequently serves as a safety net for job hunters who, for myriad reasons, lack the skills and access to resources required for a successful employment search, especially during times of economic down turn and high unemployment. Azam employs an approach that social workers might describe as "meeting the clients where they are at" and that acknowledges that different people may arrive at the same place through very different journeys. Her responses are empathetic and tailored by an understanding of the context of the patron's needs.

And on the 'ink' side of her story, Azam offers some pretty creative programming: card making and letter writing workshops for children and adults. I am a fan of archival research for many reasons, one of which, admittedly, is the visceral experience of handling original objects that often generates a feeling of deep connection to the humanity of the object's creator. It also made me wonder about the last time I wrote or received a hand-written note on paper. It's been a long time, I miss the kinesthetic and the sentiments. There is an undeniable intimacy in engagement with print materials that is lost through the convenience of email, digital books and the like. That libraries should address balance between immediacy and intimacy via a broad range of formats seems perfectly apt.

There are truly poignant moments in Zappitello's *The Shared Experience*, reminding the reader of the public library's erstwhile and continuing commitment to the most vulnerable among us. Zappitello reprises a debate stemming from the very first days of the public library movement concerning the purpose of the library, specifically its role in community health, leisure and recreation (McCrosen, 2006). In her role as a director of a small Ohio library, Zappitello details not only a personal epiphany but also her subsequent reset of the library's mission, programs, goals, and objectives. Starting with a training model to enhance the empathetic stance of her personnel, Zappitello re-envisioned her library as a universally welcoming space offering respite to all.

As a button to this special edition, Abby O'Neill shares her experience as the child of social

workers. Raised by parents in possession of an anti-oppressive and social justice oriented world view, O'Neill carries this ethos into her work as a public librarian. In her narrative, *The Business of Libraries*, she speaks of the library as a sanctuary, a place for the disenfranchised, and posits that the business of the library should engender a proactive egalitarian stance by offering service specifically designed to alleviate need and enrich the human experience.

Both Zappitello and O'Neill tap into a foundational tenet shared by both the early 20th century progressive library and the settlement house movements: that human problems such as poverty are a form of oppression requiring a social justice response that nurtures the individual and uplifts the entire community (Trattner, 1999; Garrison, 2003). In the Progressive Era library, this translated into practice through services and programs outside of traditional library service such as access to bathrooms and kitchens, lecture and concert series, and children and family centered services. It is an enduring practice across the United States. Just a few examples include Washington D.C. Public Library's collaborative efforts to provide Summer Science programs including a free lunch (Evans, 2012), the promotion of online career training and job hunting services through the Warren County Public Library in Bowling Green, Kentucky (Baker, 2009), New York Public Library's free eBook loan program for low-income children (Schuessler, 2016), and the use of libraries during times of urban crisis (Chancellor, 2017).

In closing, I would concede that my personal bias is in clear evidence: I believe that librarians and social workers function within strikingly parallel processes. More, I believe that librarianship and social work not only go side by side, but can also go hand in hand. We are natural collaborators. And there are some salient examples of this that are noteworthy. Take for example the work of Dr. Jama Shelton (a social work professor) and Dr. Julie Winkelstein (a library science professor) with homeless LGBTQ adolescents. An extraordinarily marginalized and vulnerable community, LGBTQ youth often find themselves locked out of all those places typically assumed to be welcoming including their homes, schools, social services organizations, and libraries. Shelton and Winkelstein are advocates for in-the-trenches collaborative responses that combine the efforts of social workers and librarians to hold and nurture homeless LGBTQ youth toward more stable footings (Shelton & Winkelstein, 2014).

Likewise, Sara Zettervall (a librarian) and Dr. Mary C. Nienow (a social worker) discuss such efforts as Whole Person Librarianship. In their presentation and panel discussion at the American Library Association's Annual Conference 2017, they explored the practical and theoretical aspects of Whole Person Librarianship, a model in which social workers are co-located within libraries and receive library patrons for case management, linkage and referral from librarians (Zettervall, Nienow, Lowe, Horn, & Johnson, 2017). Since 2007, at least 26 such programs have been developed in the United States and Canada. One such program, Breaking Ground, described by panelist Heather Lowe, is run through the Outreach Department at the Brooklyn Public Library. Program data presented at the conference indicated 254 patron contacts occurring in 53 out of the system's 59 branches providing linkage and referral for food stamps, health care, housing/shelter, and mental health services (Zettervall, Nienow, Lowe et al, 2017). These initiatives stretch current concepts of 'point of service' and 'co-location' while also harkening back to the Settlement House precept that optimal engagement and change occur from within the community.

Finally, it has been my pleasure to introduce this special issue of *Reflections*. My colleagues' narratives provided much grist for the mill: a chance not only to ruminate on how it is that social work and librarianship are akin to one another as helping professions but also to imagine how in the future our two noble professions may continue to strategically coalesce in the service of social justice.

A Word of Thanks

This issue of *Reflections* came to fruition through the diligence of two people who deserve a resounding 'Thank You,' if not also a well-earned round of applause.

The first is the guest editor, Laura Habat, MLIS, MSW. As a librarian, Laura has worked at municipal and county libraries and served as a reference librarian at the Cleveland State University library. More recently, Laura completed a Masters in Social Work, and it was during her recent studies that she worked with *Reflections'* editor Michael A. Dover to create this special issue. From writing the call for papers, to coordinating submissions through peer review, to supporting authors through revisions, Laura shepherded this collection of narratives into a cohesive whole. As a member of our two noble professions, I have every confidence that Laura's helping has had and will continue to have a long reach.

The second thanks belongs to the aforementioned Michael A. Dover, Ph.D., whose tenure as *Reflections'* editor comes to an end with this issue and he moves on to the role of *Reflections'* publisher. I am grateful to have had the opportunity to work with Mike in his capacity as editor. When he approached me to write the introduction, he shared his own affinity for libraries, including the 250 days he spent in Toledo libraries and the Ohio Historical Center completing his dissertation! I am thankful for Mike's generosity of vision with regard to this special issue and I wish him all continued success in his new role on the *Reflections* team.

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Truth as Corollary to Knowledge: The Impact of Sandra Marlow

Kristen M. Hallows

Abstract: Sandra "Sunny" Marlow, fine artist and librarian, was the conduit through whom the public became aware of radiation experiments conducted on residents of the Walter E. Fernald State School. This exposition of Marlow's fateful tenure at the institution selectively plumbs its historical and situational framework beginning with the toehold established by the eugenics movement in the early twentieth century. While librarians are not the only helping professionals well suited to the task of finding and revealing secrets with potentially shattering significance, their existence at the vanguard of information literacy and access to knowledge uniquely positions them to ensure that bygone events have a place in the public consciousness today.

Keywords: Fernald, Marlow, eugenics, state schools, human needs, helping, relationships, child welfare, mental health, eugenic segregation

Introduction

Fascination with abandoned buildings inevitably introduced me to the widely misunderstood and cavernous history of the structures whose remnants I loved to behold. Unsuccessful attempts to locate a previous work by ruins photographer John Gray prompted me to contact him: In a slightly unrelated and completely voluntary paragraph in a November 2012 email, Mr. Gray mentioned that he wished to visit the "Fernald Center," and he remarked, "I'm sure you read *The State Boys Rebellion*?"

I had not read *The State Boys Rebellion*, and I was not familiar with Fernald. The book quickly became one of my favorites; it chronicles the improper internment of several children whose lives were changed irrevocably after a serendipitous meeting with Sandra Marlow in adulthood. When I encountered the call for submissions for this special issue, I immediately envisioned an article that would pull from, but also expand upon, details in the book. After locating Marlow's current address, I wrote to her, and I was elated to receive an email response within a week. Our correspondence enriched the following historical reflection and the author as well.

Eugenic Sentiments

A concise yet illuminating history of the Walter E. Fernald State School is at once a sine qua non and an astoundingly difficult and nuanced proposition. Inseparable from the institution's past is the unquestionable influence of a social movement revelatory of the ugly underbelly of human nature: the eugenics movement. Originating from the Greek *eugenes*, meaning "good in stock, hereditarily endowed with noble qualities," the term eugenics was coined in 1883 by Francis Galton, Charles Darwin's younger half-cousin (Engs, 2005; Fancher, 2009). Galton's initial subject was positive eugenics, or the improvement of future generations through exhortation of the best (viz., the wealthiest or most intelligent) in society to have more children.

An antithesis exists for eugenics and, more specifically, positive eugenics. Toward the end of his

life, Galton espoused the belief that the "unfit" should not procreate. The term dysgenics was used to describe reproduction among "degenerates" (e.g., the mentally ill or disabled). Negative eugenics, conceptualized in 1907 by British physician C. W. Saleeby, involves the prevention of reproduction by those considered to be defective, usually by segregation or sterilization. It is this negative variety that blossomed in popularity in the United States, Germany, and other countries.

Eugenic sentiments are nothing new. The idea that human reproduction should be restricted to those with desirable traits has been attributed to Plato, ancient Greek philosopher (Engs, 2005; Sullivan, 2013). Of great interest to me was exactly how this movement gained sufficient traction to become so influential in such a relatively short period of time. I have distilled the following synopsis from the extensive background explored in *The Eugenics Movement: An Encyclopedia*.

A perfect storm of ideas began to gather from the mid to late nineteenth century; accordingly, eugenic opinion leadership throughout the Progressive Era seems almost unavoidable. For one, Darwinism produced the concept that men may exert control over their own evolution. Also key was French naturalist Jean-Baptist Lamarck's theory of inheritance of acquired characteristics, which formed the basis of degeneracy theory. Yet another influence was Arthur de Gobineau's hierarchy of races, which categorized people with northern European ancestry as superior; this led to the fear of higher birthrates of "inferior races," including immigrants.

Its relegation to pseudoscience still in the future, the coup de grace appears to be the emergence of eugenics as a science, which, at the time, put it on equal footing with other up-and-coming sciences, such as sociology and psychology.

There is one major difference worth noting. Engs (2005) explains that in the United States, the eugenics movement was never a "crusade of the masses" (p. xiv). Rather, it remained a more academic concern. In Germany and Britain, however, eugenics pervaded "public health and social welfare movements aimed at improving national vitality and health" (p. xiv).

A Fortuitous Visit

Sandra Marlow was hired by the State of Massachusetts to spearhead Fernald's Howe Library in 1991. The oldest institution of its kind in the country, this was unquestionably an intimidating charge. She recalled, "I didn't know what to expect and had no background in the history of mental health at all" (S. Marlow, personal communication, September 3, 2015). With the exception of a non-librarian volunteer, she was the library's only staff person (S. Marlow, personal communication, September 3, 2015).

The prodigious amount of material served as Marlow's first acquaintance with treatments common in the first half of the twentieth century, such as electric shock, insulin therapy, lobotomy, and LSD (S. Marlow, personal communication, September 7, 2015).

Marlow said that she "always wanted to be an archeologist, so finding documents was delightful. Similar to detective work" (personal communication, September 3, 2015). Without the benefit of

an inventory, she remembered that the assistance of longtime residents was critical to her success (personal communication, September 3, 2015).

Joseph Almeida, a former resident employed by the school as a bus driver, paid a fortuitous visit out of curiosity in 1992. Struck by his lucidity, she found it difficult to believe that Almeida had been a resident of an institution for the developmentally disabled. As he led Marlow to the attic of the administration building and other far-flung enclaves in which additional books and papers lay deteriorating, their badinage naturally turned to Almeida's time at Fernald:

[Almeida] described his work in the laboratory basement, slicing up brains amid the big jars that held organs and fetuses. He recalled weeding the gardens in the summer and working in the bakery in winter. (D'Antonio, 2004, p. 241).

In her efforts to confirm Almeida's tenebrous anecdotes, Marlow encountered letters from the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), now the Department of Energy. Marlow observed:

I knew that the AEC was not interested in helping people who were retarded... (Brown, 1994, p. 124)

One of the most poignant aspects of this story is that, of all available librarians, the State of Massachusetts had hired a researcher with a trenchant personal interest in Cold War science.

Marlow's father, whose life was claimed by leukemia, was exposed to an unknown amount of radiation during his participation in nuclear tests in the United States Air Force. Her dogged attempts to obtain facts about her father's exposure were thwarted due to the reported destruction or nonexistence of records; further, she was told by multiple government agencies that there was "no significant health hazard to the military personnel at any nuclear weapons test" (Marlow, 1983, p. 30). Against this backdrop, she described ships, including at least one on which her father had worked, which were so "red hot" that they were "sunk off the coast of California" (D'Antonio, 2004; Marlow, 1983, p. 30; O'Neill, 2001).

Marlow's pursuit of answers about the effects of radiation on service members and others became the "most important part of [her] entire life" (Marlow, 2014). As a result of this unassuaged desire, she couldn't have been more intrigued by the materials that surrounded her.

From Practical Skills to Incorrect Imprisonment

Abolitionist and reformer Samuel Gridley Howe founded the Massachusetts School for the Feeble-minded in 1848 to provide disabled children with practical skills that would allow them to become productive citizens. The school eventually assumed the name of its third superintendent, Walter E. Fernald, an internationally known expert on mental retardation and author of the oft-quoted address to the Massachusetts Medical Society, "The Burden of Feeble-Mindedness," in which he proclaimed:

...feeble-mindedness is the mother of crime, pauperism and degeneracy. It is certain that

the feeble-minded and the progeny of the feeble-minded constitute one of the great social and economic burdens of modern times. (Fernald, 1912)

Under Dr. Fernald, a "eugenic icon," the mission of the school moved away from its moral or religious origins and became more scientific in nature (Daly, n.d.; Murphy, 2011, p. 28).

The first eugenic law mandating compulsory sterilization of "degenerates" was passed in the United States in 1907. Charles Davenport founded the Eugenics Record Office (ERO) in 1910, and the Eugenics Research Association (ERA) was created to study human heredity and to promote research in 1913. The Eugenics Registry was instituted in 1915 to collect information from families concerning heredity and to classify those families as fit or unfit; *Eugenical News* was founded to chronicle ERO activities and to advance eugenic concepts in 1916.

In 1927, the United States Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of Virginia's compulsory sterilization of young women considered to be "unfit" in *Buck v. Bell*. The American Eugenics Society (AES) launched its official journal, *Eugenics: A Journal of Race Betterment*, the following year. Throughout the 1920s and 1930s, many states passed sterilization laws.

Beginning in 1931, a number of events signaled the enervation of the eugenics movement. Publication of *Eugenics: A Journal of Race Betterment* ceased. The work of the ERO was discredited in 1935, and the last meeting of the ERA was held in 1938. In 1939, the ERO closed, and the *Eugenical News* subtitle, Current Record of Race Hygiene, was dropped (Daly, n.d.; D'Antonio, 2004; Engs, 2005; Sullivan, 2013).

The population of Fernald and similar institutions grew in direct proportion to the increasing pervasiveness of eugenic ideas; this is not a new realization. Why, then, did the number of Fernald residents continue to climb after the movement's devitalization?

Year(s)	Fernald Population
1889	142
1911	494
1926	1,330
1945	1,890
1949	1,900
1952	2,032
1954	2,242
1960s	2,600 (peak)

One of the most devastating developments in Fernald history was the institutionalization of those who tested just below average on IQ tests and who were deemed morons, a scientific term at the time. Today, many of these children would probably be termed at-risk youth: those in foster care or poor or broken homes. Michael D'Antonio (2004) wrote in *The State Boys Rebellion*:

Across the nation, eighty-four institutions housed a total of 150,000 children, and twenty-six more state schools were under construction. Fernald was about to be expanded, even though officials in Massachusetts acknowledged at the time that about 8 percent of the children in its state schools were either almost normal, or not at all retarded. This figure suggests that nationwide, at any given time, more than 12,000 American boys and girls of relatively normal intelligence were locked away. (p. 18-19)

This, explains D'Antonio, was due to inconsistent criteria required for diagnosis as a moron:

Where once state schools refused admission to anyone who scored 70 or higher on an IQ test, the 1940s found many children with such scores being labeled and committed as "borderline" cases. Although some families resisted giving their children up to the doctors, educators, and others who ran state schools, few protests were made on behalf of orphans or abused or delinquent children. (p. 18)

Bringing the picture of those incorrectly imprisoned into greater focus, Maude (Ma) Bell, who assumed the position of matron in the 1950s, vigorously confirmed that there were "very smart" children committed to Fernald as a result of being in legal trouble; it was less of a strain on the family to "put 'em in the Fernald" than in prison (Marlow & Bell, 1999). D'Antonio (2004) adds that social service agencies were eager to disgorge difficult children to an institution; this was possible with a mental deficiency diagnosis.

There was also a financial incentive to incarcerate higher-functioning children and adults: They were the unremunerated custodians, gardeners, cooks, and others needed to keep the facility in operation. If no family existed to receive them, discharge (often referred to as parole) was extremely rare.

The Science Club

One of Marlow's findings was a letter to parents requesting their sons' participation in a nutritional study referred to as the Science Club; in the letter, it was explained that the children's voluntary participation would require blood samples after the ingestion of a certain amount of calcium. The letter also mentioned perks enjoyed by members of the Science Club, such as baseball games and an extra quart of milk per day (D'Antonio, 2004). In reality, members of the Science Club were fed radioactive oatmeal. As explained in "Studies in Calcium Metabolism," radioactive calcium was added to milk, which was "mixed intimately into the cereal" and administered to "nineteen adolescent boys, of inadequate intelligence but otherwise normal" (Bronner, Harris, Maletskos, & Benda, 1954, p. 525; Brown, 1994; D'Antonio, 2004).

The impetus was the notion that a diet heavy in cereal may affect the body's ability to digest iron and calcium, and it was decided that the best way to study this was to use a radioactive form, which is easily detected in blood and waste products (Allen, 1993). The study, funded at least in part by Quaker Oats, was also motivated by the company's desire to respond to claims made by competitor Cream of Wheat that its cereal's nutrients "traveled throughout the body" (Frankel, 1998).

Release and an Unprecedented Class Action Lawsuit

The abject Fernald milieu would persist into the 1950s when higher-functioning residents would begin to be released. President Kennedy advanced the cause of the intellectually disabled along with groups such as the National Association for Retarded Citizens (now The Arc of the United States). Also responsible for this positive trend was the Fernald League, founded in 1952 by parents whose mission was to advocate for better care for residents of the school. D'Antonio (2004) summed up these parents' conflicting priorities:

On the one hand, [parents] believed Pearl Buck's message about the value of institutions and wanted an end to waiting lists so their children could be admitted. On the other, they demanded that schools that were already overburdened and understaffed offer much better care and education. (p. 121)

A July 1958 audit revealed perilous overcrowding and understaffing, and it advanced the concern that these issues would only be exacerbated by the increased life expectancy of the severely disabled brought about by modern medicine. The resulting need for additional care, combined with changing societal attitudes and pressure applied by parents and politicians across the country, led to the release of an untold number of individuals who were lamentably institutionalized.

Frederick Boyce, one of the *soi-disant* State Boys whose story figures prominently in *The State Boys Rebellion*, was admitted in 1949. The process that would result in his release began in 1959 (D'Antonio, 2004).

On February 7, 1972, an unprecedented class action lawsuit was filed in response to conditions at Belchertown State School, also located in Massachusetts, which were so inhumane that they could only be summarized as a complete refusal of treatment. In addition to the near nonexistence of educational, psychiatric, psychological, nutritional, medical, dental, and other services, residents endured cockroach and fly infestations, undeterred infectious disease, persistent likelihood of physical and verbal abuse meted out by fellow residents and untrained staff, and an "aberrant sexual climate" (Ricci, 2004).

Cases concerning Fernald, Monson State Hospital, Wrentham State School, and Dever State School were filed in 1974 and 1975 and consolidated with the Belchertown case. In 1977, the first in a series of orders was issued; by 1987, the dire ratios had started to move in the right direction: Funding and staffing had increased, and population had decreased ("Massachusetts Gaining," 1987). In his 1993 opinion, United States District Judge Joseph Tauro ended the federal court's oversight of the cases, and he described the journey from his initial visit to Fernald and similar institutions two decades earlier:

...those initial inspection tours became the first steps in a process that has taken people with mental retardation from the snake pit, human warehouse environment of two decades ago, to the point where Massachusetts now has a system of care and habilitation that is probably second to none anywhere in the world. (Ricci v. Okin, 1993)

Humans as Radiation Test Subjects

The Fernald radiation experiment was not unique. As Tate (1994) explained, the use of humans as radiation test subjects likely encompassed the globe:

According to a 1951 AEC document detailing the commission's shipments of radioactive materials from 1946 to 1951, researchers in 31 foreign countries received radioisotopes for use in medical studies—many involving human subjects. The report documents 1,135 foreign shipments as well as 18,905 domestic shipments. (p. A1)

This document, discovered by Marlow, listed more than 100 locations, including Harvard University, Fernald, and "several Boston hospitals" (Tate, 1994).

Allen (1993) expounded:

The federal review is likely to involve a number of research institutions in Massachusetts, which received more shipments of radioactive isotopes for research than any other except New York from 1946 to 1951, according to federal records. (p. 1)

Not all research was nefarious in nature; in fact, the voracious testing was motivated by the extremely urgent need to understand the effects of radiation at the dawn of the Atomic Age. Some experimentation produced beneficial results, such as new diagnostic tools and an improved understanding of the functioning of the human body. However, the phrase "human guinea pig" has been used extensively to describe duplicative, misbegotten experiments conducted at Fernald and other institutions (Welsome, 1999). Not surprisingly, I have yet to learn of a single experiment for which test subjects' informed consent was secured.

What is immediately abundantly clear is that vulnerable populations were the likeliest recruits. Examples are manifold: radium fed to the elderly just to observe how it passed through their bodies; radioactive uranium injected into terminally ill patients to measure the effects on their kidneys (Allen, 1993). Such populations, debased at least in part due to eugenic attitudes, formed an irresistible pool of test subjects.

Intense National Attention and an Estate Sale

Fortunately, Marlow wasn't the only meticulous curator of facts. In the late 1980s and early 1990s, journalist Eileen Welsome embraced the task of identifying former hospital patients unwittingly injected with plutonium nearly half a century earlier as part of an experiment conducted by the Manhattan Project, the predecessor of the AEC. Her three-part series, "The Plutonium Experiment," first appearing in the *Albuquerque Tribune* in November 1993, received relatively little attention until Department of Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary officially condemned the experiment during a December 1993 press conference in which she announced the new "Openness Initiative" (Welsome, 1999) that would result in the declassification of documents and even the creation of an online bibliographic database called OpenNet (Aftergood, 2000).

By mid-1992, Marlow, with the assistance of Almeida and Boyce, had gathered sufficient evidence that children at Fernald had been purposely exposed to radiation with neither the subjects' informed consent nor their parents' complete knowledge. A friend connected Marlow to *Boston Globe* reporter Scott Allen, whose previously quoted December 1993 article, together with Secretary O'Leary's efforts, helped to produce the media paroxysm that spurred hearings, investigations, and even a committee created by President Clinton to explore the government's role in the use of humans as radiation test subjects.

Prior to this period of intense national attention, Marlow learned that she would be replaced by a more senior librarian whose library had been shuttered. Marlow organized the Friends of the Library, a galère of area professors and others active in human rights initiatives and disability legislation, and they were a source of support and encouragement. An expert task force, appointed to investigate radiation experiments at all state schools, would eventually install itself at Fernald. Marlow interacted with the task force minimally, and she recalled a tense environment in which she felt as if she were in a vacuum (personal communication, September 6 and 14, 2015).

Almeida and Boyce were understandably concerned about the fate of the incriminatory records. During a meeting with Marlow in the library to discuss the Science Club, Almeida surreptitiously unlocked one of the windows. He and Boyce returned days later under the cover of darkness and entered through this window. Armed with a flashlight, they sorted through logbooks, reports, and lists, some of which contained their names. Among the items they placed into several boxes was a list of 35 State Boys, themselves included, who had allegedly received permission to participate in the Walter E. Fernald School Science Club.

Marlow's interest in the institution did not wane. An irresistible opportunity presented itself when Dr. Clemens Benda, co-author of the calcium study and one-time head of Fernald's Southard Laboratory, passed away: The public was invited to an estate sale. Marlow, Almeida, and Boyce were told that everything was for sale except papers in the attic. Marlow perused the items for sale while Almeida and Boyce headed for yet another evidentiary mother lode.

Because there was no inconspicuous way to abscond with the records, they inserted as many as possible between the pages of books, which they purchased afterward. The following day, they returned with the hope that some or all of the remaining documents lay among the trash, but there was nothing of value to be found (D'Antonio, 2004).

According to the report issued by the Massachusetts Task Force on Human Subject Research, among the papers located during the estate sale were progress reports written by the doctoral student who conducted the Fernald calcium experiment. These reports contained the names of the boys involved, making their identification possible (West, 1998).

Transfer of Ownership

In May 2014, it was announced that the City of Waltham would be allowed to buy the Walter E. Fernald Development Center by the end of the year. At the time, there were six remaining

residents, and four were in the process of moving to a community setting (Reiss, 2014). Given the competing interests and priorities of myriad public and private stakeholders, the December 2014 transfer of ownership was no small accomplishment. The last resident left Fernald in November 2014. Use of Community Preservation Act funds requires that the majority of the land (138.977 of the nearly 200 acres) be used for "open space, recreation, or historic preservation" (Grannan-Doll, 2014).

The Necessity of Public Attention

American institutions like Fernald were founded with altruistic purposes. Initially, the nation's state hospitals, too, had a munificent objective: to be an asylum—a refuge—for the mentally anguished. Yet, invariably, eugenic and dysgenic philosophies blended with expedience to transform these institutions into places that could only be described with dysphemistic phrases such as "snake pit."

Why send a meretricious letter to parents at all? If the radioactivity of the food wasn't believed to be medically or ethically precarious, why overlook its involvement? The task force found that the letter's purpose was to encourage additional participation in order to reach the desired number of test subjects (West, 1998). The reason for the exclusion of radiation is a little more difficult to divine; the Atomic Age had just begun, and it has been said that if radiation had been mentioned, more participation would have been garnered ("44 Years Later," 1993).

The report issued by the task force delves into these and other pertinent questions concerning authorization, consent, and reasonable anticipation of harm. Interestingly, rather than foist modern standards of conduct onto another era, the task force applied, in part, "ancient ethical principles relevant to American law":

- One ought not to treat people as mere means to the ends of others;
- One ought not to deceive others;
- One ought not to inflict harm or risk of harm;
- One ought to promote welfare and prevent harm;
- One ought to treat people fairly and with equal respect; and
- One ought to respect the self-determination of others. (West, 1998)

Similar to the assurances Marlow received regarding her father's exposure, a common refrain throughout the literature is that Fernald students were given such a small amount of radiation that the experience was completely innocuous. Brown (1994) was likely referencing ethicist Doe West's comment that the students "may not have been harmed, but surely they had been wronged" (p. 129).

Marlow's suspicion stemmed from the fact that she is a humanist, and she asserts that there is more to be discovered in the accounts of those who were incarcerated at Fernald than in any of the "whitewashed" formal histories (Constitution and Campaign Reform, 1994). She likely felt that public scrutiny was the only acceptable response to the discovery of such information, and this conviction undoubtedly moved her to grant interviews, to conduct interviews, to testify

before Congress, and to write articles. History appears to support the necessity of public attention:

After World War II, medical research developed with minimal government intervention. At common law, there were very few court opinions addressing human subject experimentation. Cases involving clinical practice endorsed professional autonomy and gave judicial deference to medical opinion which, at that time, made no distinction between clinicians and researchers. During the 1960s and 1970s, when society began to challenge biomedical research on the grounds of individual rights and patient consent, the federal government finally intervened. Publicity surrounding unethical experimentation apparently served as a catalyst for increased government intervention. (Loscialpo, 1997, p. 146)

Marlow explained:

I saw a connection between the experiments and what the Nazis did. I saw the experiments against the whole backdrop of lies—the silence of the government, the silence of the professionals. The experiments were a part of the past that was affecting the present. (Brown, 1994, p. 124)

Possibly the most damaging repercussion of all is the stigma of an association, however improper, with a brickbat such as retard, moron, or gargoyle. Frustratingly, the media attention designed to shine a light on obfuscated events and even clear the name of those involved inevitably unearthed these pejorative terms and stygian memories of time spent at Fernald; consequently, some former residents refrained from speaking out (West, 1998).

Conclusion

Would anyone in Marlow's position do the same thing? That is, what does her identity as a librarian have to do with her tireless determination to uncover information hidden from view for decades? Would she have provided details to Allen if she didn't have such a strong personal connection to America's nuclear past? The latter may be impossible to answer, but I'd like to believe that it isn't coincidence that the state hired a librarian to establish a library at one of its institutions. Likewise, while librarians aren't the only champions of access to information, it is a hallmark of the profession that was exemplified in her actions.

The motto of Beta Phi Mu, international library and information studies honor society, is *aliis inserviendo consumidor*, meaning *consumed in the service of others*. Regardless of a librarian's membership in the honor society, service informs the mission of libraries and librarians generally. In addition to the factors previously stated, this commitment to service arguably made Marlow the ideal person to discover an injustice of this magnitude.

Think pieces over the last quarter century often conclude with a "never again" directive. Perhaps the only closure suitable for a storyline such as this is a call for further investigation and discourse: a challenge to revisit not only the detritus left in the wake of each misstep, but also

the invaluable learning opportunities that ought to prevent another coalescence of similarly hidebound beliefs, reckless misjudgments, and unbridled opportunism.

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Shelter Should Not Mean Sheltered: Creating an Information Resource Centre for Abused Women

Rhiannon Jones

Abstract: Imagine having to leave your house with nothing, leaving in the middle of the night balancing a suitcase while your children cling to you, crying softly. Perhaps you are new to a country and you have no idea where to turn for help. Your spouse is abusive and you fear for your life and the lives of your children. Many people do not entertain these thoughts, but it is thoughts such as these that enabled the author of this article to reach out and help those in need. Using her experience in Canada, the author chronicles the development of a library/resource centre in a local women's shelter. Born out of compassion fatigue and fear, it led to a greater sense of community both in the shelter and beyond. This article will open a dialogue about the ways in which academic librarians can be directly involved in the community beyond the walls of the library.

Keywords: academic librarians, women's shelter, domestic violence, compassion fatigue, resource centers, volunteerism

Introduction

Academic librarians are a sheltered breed known for hiding under the shadow of professional rocks, only coming out when access to information is threatened. The fabled ivory tower fosters a sense of safety to us librarians; the students' stress and their sad sobs are our only tie to reality. Academic librarians are not civically minded and rarely get involved in the lives of the downtrodden, unless it is to stand in the defense of all librarians or to add a few extra lines of community service to a curriculum vitae that is heavy on research and short on engagement.

The above fabrication is damning to librarians, but it is unfortunately a view that I have encountered numerous times over. The academic librarians I know are passionately driven to create change in their communities, whether it is to sit on the board of a local daycare or to stand up for the rights of those on the margins of society, academic performance review be damned. Those are the members of society who hold the rest of us up and challenge us to create changes where we can in our lives. This article chronicles the development of a resource centre in a women's shelter as one example of how we can create change in our communities, and it shows that impact does not have to be grandiose to be meaningful.

Compassion Fatigue in the Helping Professions

I feel safe in saying that as librarians we are dedicated to helping people. Public libraries are heralded as spaces of refuge for all types of community members, from the successful entrepreneur or the burgeoning high school student, to the lost mentally ill and the homeless ghosts. Academic libraries are places for researchers and students to collect, working through the academy and forming the relationships that will carry them through their hopeful futures. As

librarians, we assist our users with their queries every day regardless of the type of library and often have to create emotional barricades in order to keep our empathy in check, to avoid getting too personally involved in the stress of academics. I remember working in a hospital library and having a young woman come to me, book shaking in hand, to let me know that her daughter died and as a result her books were overdue. I had to face her with kindness and professionalism, and if I had broken down in tears in front of her, it would have caused her extra grief. Closing myself into my office and crying after the fact was the result, but it may have saved her some pain. This coping mechanism can result in compassion fatigue, a term that originated in the health sciences (Hardy, 2010), but has grown to encompass everything from philanthropic giving to watching the news (Kinnick, Krugman, and Cameron, 1996).

While compassion fatigue is well researched in the health sciences, it is virtually absent in the library literature. Perhaps it is a dark secret in the profession and one that we cannot bring ourselves to face, like many of the helping professions. I want to argue that we do suffer from compassion fatigue and that we stop seeing the individual faces that come across our desks as a way of managing the complex emotions that our users are dealing with. According to Kinnick et al., compassion fatigue is manifested by the feeling of having nothing left to give or an "armour of detachment" (Kinnick, et al., 1996, p. 688). This can happen to the sturdiest librarian, academic or public, and it is found in the moment when we mutter darkly, "Yes, there is such a thing as a stupid question." We can argue that we are above that, but a quick unofficial poll of my colleagues proves otherwise. While it may not be as damaging as healthcare workers who suddenly find themselves unable to care for a patient's emotional or physical needs, it can still undermine our profession. The gaps in the literature regarding librarianship and compassion fatigue may represent an opportunity for further research, as this is a symptom of something that can undermine our profession.

A few years ago I was in a volatile place in life. I was recently divorced, on an unstable work contract, and balancing the needs of three young children. Needless to say, I was one thread away from utter despair on a good day. Compassion fatigue was starting to surface on days when I felt that I had nothing left to give, and I began to get depressed and listless. The one thing that helped me hold it together was by looking for ways to contribute to society in a meaningful way, as opposed to letting the fatigue take over. It was then that I began thinking of creating a library resource centre for those in need. As a newly single mother, I felt an affinity for those in situations similar to mine, so I began searching for local women's shelters to propose my ideas to. One of the oldest women's shelters in my city was receptive to my idea and we began to develop a plan.

Women's Shelter Services

The main women's shelter in my area opened in 1973 as a small volunteer-run shelter and became registered as a charity in 1974. In the 22 years since it opened its doors, it has evolved to become one of our city's leading social service organizations and runs various high-profile fundraising activities yearly including casino nights, marathon sponsorship, and a gala dinner. In addition to providing services to women and children, working in high schools on outreach programs, and managing an elderly intervention program, they also operate a highly successful

men's counseling program aimed at providing men with a safe place to work on changing abusive behavioural issues and mending families before they break apart. The shelter's approach is a holistic one that focuses on healing the entire family unit and creating cohesion and social stability.

Due to their extensive programming and socially diverse client base, volunteers are expected to undergo the same training as all new hires. In order for me to even know the location of the shelter, I had to complete three training programs at their head office which involved learning about their response-based approach. This response-based approach centers around honouring the victim, which enables them to embrace their resistance no matter how insignificant a victim believes their action may be. One example I think of often is of the woman whose husband would abuse her if the house was not in perfect order when he arrived home from work each day. Her response was to adjust the pictures in the living room so they hung slightly askew. It was innocent enough to avoid his wrath, but to her it was a concrete protest. It is the belief of the team at the shelter that the passive victim image is a fallacy and all abused people resist in ways that they may discount as meaningless, yet should be celebrated. It is only upon completion of the training programs that the prospective volunteer can select their area of interest and volunteer hours and learn where to report to duty.

Steps to Formation

Creating a resource centre is not just a matter of assembling some shelves, buying books, and hoping to change someone's life. It took approximately six months to acquire a basic collection and another month or two afterwards to find the space. The first step was to begin fundraising, because although donated books are valued, I wanted the clients at the shelter to have new books. These are women and children who may have left their homes with little to nothing and I wanted them to be able to crack open a new spine and associate the smell of book binding with comfort. I wanted them to be able to take the books with them if they so desire as they start their life outside of the shelter.

I am fortunate to work for a system that has yearly book sales, with the proceeds going to charity. It did not take much coercion to convince my peers that the shelter was a worthwhile cause, and soon after, we held two book sales and raised enough to fund a small library. With the addition of often-overwhelming community donations, which consisted of boxes and boxes overflowing with dubious fiction and outdated biographies, the library was taking shape.

Our biggest challenge was the lack of space in the shelter, and as most librarians know, this is a perpetual challenge. The shelter staff was able to clear out a small room in the basement close to the children's counselling area and daycare with a comfortable leather sofa and a tall dark oak bookshelf. This became our library, and soon enough, women and children began dropping by to offer suggestions and to ask for titles. I staffed the room every two weeks, and it was clear by the regular level of disarray that the library was used often.

In retrospect, the set-up seems so clean and easy, but there were a few challenging issues. Abused women and children are often undergoing extensive therapy while living at the shelter

(Wathen, Harris, Ford-Gilboe & Hansen, 2013). I had to be cognizant of this so as to avoid ordering books that glorified violence, domestic struggles, death, and various mental health issues. If it was purely a recipe and life skills library, that would have been easy, but I was aiming for a rounded collection, one that also included topics that could potentially offend. Collection development for novels that avoid the prior issues is not an easy task. If anyone has tried to select novels that avoid those issues, they would find themselves surrounded by a very small, restrictive collection. We also built a teen collection, which was a difficult task without including vampire/teenage angst fiction, not to mention that restricting access to information in any form goes against our values as librarians.

I worked with the counselling staff to develop a compromise. I could select a varied collection, provided that we included a large disclaimer that waived our liability in the case of potential emotional distress. The compromise also required me to balance things out with positive self-help material that promoted independent living. Researching the information needs of abused women helped develop the collection as well. According to Dunne, women often turn to informal sources of information when escaping an abusive situation, but once shelter is in place, they often turn to resources such as counselling, legal, and medical (Dunne, 2002). We aimed to create a collection that was rich in the information needs, while also providing a place where women could relax.

Another issue that arose was that of the nature of the shelter. It is an emergency shelter with a three-week limit on a stay. After the three weeks, women are expected to move into a longer term shelter or find housing. My volunteer schedule allowed me to be there for two hours every two weeks. It was difficult to form attachments and even deliver on books that were requested this way. I found that the best way to work within the confines of this schedule was to be present throughout the shelter as opposed to spending all of my time in the resource centre, especially in the children's area. For requests to have items delivered to the home of the volunteer coordinator, I ensured that some of the funds were left unspent to give me the ability to rush order books through Amazon. The children were the greatest supporters of the library, often running to ask me if I had a specific character book.

Despite the few issues encountered, our little library quickly grew in popularity, and every week I would have to replenish the shelves with all of the community donations. I also worked with the public library to provide information about the programming options for women and children.

Community Development and Volunteering

One of my favorite moments was when I was approached by two teenage girls in the shelter. I came across them sitting on the floor of the narrow hallway in the basement, painting their nails and talking to the children's counsellor. I was introduced by the counsellor and the girls immediately lit up. They began asking about books and whether we had two that they were interested in. We did not, so I immediately ordered the books and they received them a couple days later. A few days after that I received an email from the counsellor saying that the girls read the novels in a few hours and they all had a healthy cry together. This was all the assessment I

needed, and this is why we all need to give to our communities. I always said that I do not need to make a difference in the lives of many; even one change can make a difference. And we may never see the results of our work; all that matters is that it is done.

The best moments have come from the youth in the shelter. Children would come running down the narrow hallway when they saw me, and despite their best efforts, the day care providers could not keep them contained. I would often be surrounded by children clamouring for books and asking about titles. I asked if I could do a story night once the library was settled, but I was told that they were already filled with programming and overbooked with volunteers and could not accommodate anything else. Just knowing that the lives of the clients were filled with warm moments was enough, and despite the horrors many may have suffered, they still knew how to smile and take hope in small moments. As librarians, it is surprising how easily we can create effects on the communities around us by being involved. Once we are known to the people around us, we become valuable resources and are seen as trustworthy allies, and this can happen in any environment, from the grocery store to our doctors' offices. This was apparent in the way my services were utilized by the staff in the shelter. They began turning to me for research help as a way of supporting their professional practice.

In addition to the obvious connections between altruism and community benefit, there are ways librarians can impact the community by self-identifying as an information source. Every interaction with the public can be an opportunity to strengthen the concepts of information literacy. According to Hang Tat Leong (2013), outreach strategies reinforce the link between the community and the academy and can help develop a "two-way communication between the university and its communities" (p. 221). This is referred to as community-based learning and is particularly effective because it meets an immediate need that is local and current to the seeker (Eversole, 2014). When the teenage girls could not remember the author of the novel they wanted, I was immediately able to teach them a quick lesson about how to search for author and title by using Amazon. This may seem trite, but quite often people do not know how to find the information they need in a timely manner and they give up. Quite a few of the clients of the shelter were newcomers to Canada, and even a simple internet search proved to be too arduous with limited English skills and lack of knowledge about services for them.

Conclusion

Community is about being together. I remember receiving an email that called off my shift for the week because the shelter was experiencing an outbreak of the stomach flu, and I reflected that at least everyone was together in their pain, and hopefully they were able to experience some rueful humour out of the situation. That is the moment when I realized that being part of a community is both passive and active and we can choose who to populate our lives with, and I was part of something unique.

What started out with me seeking a remedy for my creeping compassion fatigue ended up bringing me into a new community. It also taught me that volunteering a skill to a community in need does not have to be a huge gesture, it just has to be heartfelt. Any honest gesture will be well received by someone. I will always remember those teenage girls. They were rough young

girls with swear-peppered conversation—the types of girls I would have feared in my youth—yet all they were looking for was someone to listen to them as individuals. Sometimes the only salve compassion fatigue needs is the perspective that allows us to see ourselves in anyone around us.

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Journey to Mecca and Home Again: A Library Intern's Pursuit of Her Career; A Mentor's Renewal to Her Profession

Melanie Elizabeth Hughes and Selena McCracken

Abstract: An academic librarian and her summer intern reflect on working in the profession of librarianship, mentoring, serving their local communities as helping professionals, and fulfilling their personal needs for cognition and lifelong learning. Together they journey to the librarian's alma mater and the intern's desired graduate school to explore the possibilities of being and becoming a professional librarian. The mentor's (Melanie's) comments are interwoven with the student's (Selena's) thoughts from her internship journal (in italics).

Keywords: academic librarian, interns, mentoring

Melanie

In addition to helping my students and community patrons over nearly two decades as a librarian, I have had the pleasure of mentoring a number of young people interested in our profession. Sometimes my mentees start as work-study students at the circulation desk or downstairs with me in materials processing, where I work as coordinator of technical services. Sometimes my interns or volunteers are high school students interested in the library space. Even as library collections are rapidly moving towards electronic access, there is still something compelling that draws people to the library. It's not home or work, but an essential third place to find peace, relax, learn, do schoolwork, and to dream (Oldenburg and Brissett, 1982).

Selena McCracken was a mentee in the summer of 2015. She was a non-traditional student at thirty years old, completing a double major in English literature and writing. She became a work-study student at the library's circulation desk. I started chatting with her during my shift on the reference desk and learned that she aspired to become a librarian. She explained that she intended to apply to Indiana University Bloomington, my alma mater for both my undergraduate and master's degrees, so I suggested that we do an internship together. We went to the Career Development Center, and they set up a zero-credit unpaid internship that shows on her transcript.

Selena

When I first met Melanie, I could tell immediately that she was inherently motivated to help students rise to their potential. I noticed she was always going above and beyond with her patrons, and when she started chatting with me about my own professional development, I was overjoyed by my stroke of luck. Previously, I had zero guidance in my ambition. I was actually the only person in my family to graduate high school, go to college, or aspire to attain a master's degree. She made it so easy to follow along and learn the steps I would need to take to pursue my dream of becoming a librarian, as well as to understand the challenges and rewards of the profession. For four hours on Mondays and four hours on Thursdays, she shared the vast wealth of knowledge and experience she has acquired throughout her graduate school and professional

experiences. The future was uncertain, I would learn, not only for me, but also for the profession. At least with the internship opportunity, I could feel like something was working out right.

Melanie

I didn't try to hide the fact that the future of libraries is uncertain. Budget cuts and the changing technological environment constantly obscure the value and importance of libraries as community spaces of empowerment, and librarians as expert guides along the new information superhighway. Also, I informed her that finding a job might be difficult and may require moving across the country, away from friends, family, and all of the things we both love about living in "Kentuckiana," the region of Louisville's metropolitan area and a number of Southern Indiana counties.

So that she would believe in herself and her mission, I shared how my path to becoming a librarian was circuitous. During my undergraduate work at Purdue University, I wanted to become a UPS airline pilot. However, I eventually recognized that I wanted to help people in a more direct way. For my junior year, I transferred to the university where I am now employed, Indiana University Southeast in New Albany. My first job in the new location was as a library assistant at the Sons of the American Revolution Genealogy and American History Library in Louisville, KY. It was then that I began to have ideas about becoming a librarian. The librarians there began to mentor and encourage me, but I was not immediately convinced to become a librarian.

I was encouraged also to pursue graduate school by my literature professor, Dr. Carol Bishop, who called me a Renaissance woman. She saw the potential of my talents more than I could at the time. When she suggested that I pursue a PhD in comparative literature, I transferred to Indiana University Bloomington and completed an English literature major as well as a Jewish studies major and an assistantship to the program's advisor. I was mentored on being an academic, learning how to transcribe interviews, and I was promoting our program to other potential majors of Jewish studies. I wanted to share that special encouragement that I experienced with other young people in a public helping role. Fortunately, I was secure in that role when I met Selena.

I encouraged Selena to talk to lots of different kinds of librarians to hear their stories on why and how they chose their professional path. She completed informational interviews with each of our campus librarians and many of our staff members in order to learn about the academic library setting. She also met with public librarians in our community to see what their lives were like helping children, teenagers, and adults.

Selena

During my internship experience at the campus library, I learned about the organization of the library staff and faculty librarians. I learned about their undergraduate experiences all the way through their long-held positions in the library's administration. Next to Melanie, I was most

excited to learn about the path the director took, because I would love to become a Director one day. He was enthusiastic about the transformations libraries are taking on in the digital age, and stated that two more recently hired librarians proved that technical research has been their biggest and most rewarding priority.

Eventually, I was working on the real daily operations of Technical Services: processing new books, withdrawing old books, and keeping the stacks free of errors both on the shelves and in the catalog. The opportunity and responsibility of maintaining the integrity of the catalog and receiving new books was nothing short of exhilarating. Every day during my internship, I was reassured that librarianship was a career that I would enjoy.

I secretly harbored a more intense desire to learn how public libraries work, because, ironically, the academic library environment was a bit too quiet. In concurrence with this intuition, the adventure Melanie sent me on was a revelation. I was supposed to interview a public librarian in Louisville, but she informed me that she would be presenting some information to a class at the University of Louisville and suggested I attend. As she explained to future social workers what her self-made department does for immigrants and refugees in the region, I was moved several times by the possibility that I could make such a significant impact in the community I would serve. She introduced me to the trend of "conversation clubs" in public libraries in which volunteers and patrons with a wide variety of primary languages come together to teach each other through real conversations. Melanie also sent me to interview the branch manager at the main branch in Louisville. He has a big job, but it wasn't quite as exciting as directing the library or at least, being a librarian.

Melanie

When our time was drawing to an end, just before the frenetic pace of a new semester would consume our lives, it dawned on me that the best way to provide Selena with the necessary exposure to and education about different possibilities in the field would be to take her on a field trip to my alma mater where I completed my undergraduate and master's degrees. She was highly enthusiastic because a personal long-time goal had been to attend Indiana University Bloomington, and more recently, library school. I suggested that we explore both the public and academic libraries there, and I told her that she would learn more about what it takes to be accepted into the program. Because of Selena's advocacy for environmental causes, I also wanted her to see the School of Public and Environmental Affairs and Business School library and learn about dual master's programs.

Selena

Finally, she personally spent a day guiding me on a tour of Indiana University libraries. I never expected to be so fortunate as to receive such a specialized introduction to the place I wish to attend more than I wish for anything else in the world. Even walking the gorgeous, verdant, red-brick paths throughout the campus satisfied my rosy imagination of what it's like to attend there.

I learned at the School of Public and Environmental Affairs that it would be necessary for me to attain a degree from there as well in order to coordinate public and environmental affairs as much as I hope in my career. Melanie knew that I had been an ardent environmentalist throughout my entire life, and a degree from SPEA would help me become responsible for my next biggest goal after empowering patrons with knowledge and resources, which is to research and facilitate sustainability projects in the community I will serve. I also learned that a dual degree from the SPEA would help me understand public budgets and provide significant management training.

At the Department of Information & Library Science, now a part of the School of Informatics, but previously known as "the library school," Melanie took me directly to the director of admissions, who was overwhelmingly encouraging and supportive. In a matter of minutes, the director helped me to imagine a plethora of ideas about library jobs that exist and even offered a couple suggestions that could lead me to my dream destination—Canada! She motivated me to focus on creative solutions at all times, even financially speaking.

Melanie

At our regional teaching-focused campus, we only have one library, and we do not maintain copies of books, as they do at a research-based campus. So, taking Selena to experience the Wells Library, the main library at the Bloomington campus, was one of the destination stops for the day. Because Bloomington is primarily a residential campus, there is also a lot more daily traffic than we experience on our mostly commuter campus at Southeast.

Selena

The Wells library, the main campus library, was breathtaking. I had only read about "Learning Commons" areas and found it true that they have transformed libraries. I was apprehensive about loud, open, technology-driven spaces, but when I saw the hustle and bustle of the library entrance, I knew it was good for libraries. Research for some of my English classes taught me about the challenges libraries face in the digital age, but I saw that this state-of-the-art library managed to facilitate the best of the old and new worlds. There were plenty of places in the library that have a long and well-preserved history. Even though the entrance resembled Grand-Central Station a lot more than a typical library, I could still pick up a copy of today's newspaper. The place was buzzing with up-to-the-minute information, and at the same time, there were so many collections that I even saw a collection dedicated to library science. I had never been aware that "library" was a subject catalogued by the Library of Congress, that's how little of a working knowledge I had of what library school would be like.

Melanie located a recently graduated library science student working at the desk in the Learning Commons. She was working the last summer of her assistantship and was happy to share news of her job offer in a Seattle children's library. She explained that there would most likely still be a freeze on assistantships by the time I was accepted to the program. It was again emphasized that I would most likely find an offer outside of my home region, but that prospect is far more exciting than intimidating, considering I have always hoped academia would lead me to see new

places in the world. Leaving the Wells library, I was assured that libraries have already persevered through their so-called crisis, and I was fortified in my determination to participate. We also stopped by the art school gallery and bookstore, which I was thoroughly impressed with and enthused to visit again.

Melanie

Because of Selena's uncertainty of whether or not to pursue academic or public librarianship, I wanted to be sure that we had time to spend at one of the best public libraries in Indiana, the Monroe County Public Library (MCPL). Two of my graduate school friends worked at the MCPL during our library school experience, and their work helped them land jobs as professional librarians after graduation. Kris Bell, now a school librarian in California, went on to work for the Indianapolis Public Library and work as the supervisor for the children's department of the Carmel-Clay Public Library, the wealthiest suburb in Indiana. Eric Bodwell is the head school librarian in a Chicago suburb. My own work and volunteer experiences were at New Albany High School, the Indiana University Journalism Library, Education Library, and the IU Digital Libraries Program. I wanted Selena to know that working at the public library could also be an option that might greatly impact her career while she pursued her master's degree.

Selena

Finally, we went to the Monroe County Public Library. My experience there solidified my decision to pursue public librarianship. The Wells library is an exceptional academic library; however, my choice to pursue public versus academic librarianship was purely a personal preference to engage with all ages and walks of life in the community; people who are of different educational aptitudes and an unpredictable plethora of personal goals, such as I observed at Monroe County Public in Bloomington, IN.

First, we noticed the teen section. Neither of us had ever seen anything like it. They have café booth tables with Apple TV's, the kids were using borrowed laptops, and there was even a small pantry for them. A very nice librarian gave us a tour, and he explained that the kids are free to eat their dinner in there, and there were a bunch of kids playing video games on widescreen TV's. I imagine a traditionalist librarian or patron would have grimaced at the transformation of modern libraries, but I was touched by the realistic way that kids were not only in a safe place, but also constantly learning from interfaces many people don't believe can be educational. Again, there were plenty of kids who chose to sit and read, or participate in other learning experiences available to them: mentoring programs; craft tables; Dungeons and Dragons games; state-of-the-art video and audio recording and editing equipment and software; a large green screen; and the list goes on. The librarian explained that their funding came from a combination of city and state development plans and grants, which gave me a foundational understanding of how I could achieve those goals within the community I will serve. I also noticed that a "conversation club" had recently been picking up steam there, too.

Melanie

From our field trip experience, Selena was correct to be so preoccupied about the future of libraries in the digital age. Libraries have been in such a transition since I began my career in 2000. When I first started at the university, we only owned two DVDs. Since that time, we've gotten rid of all of the VHS players on campus and all of the cassettes. Streaming media will probably result in our removal of the DVDs in the near future. Our library's budget to purchase print monographs has shrunk tremendously, while the cost and the demand for electronic resources continues to increase. Even though more books are being published in print than any other time in history, there is less money available to purchase them, which can be disheartening. However, as students start to study remotely, or only partly on campus via hybrid classes, online books and journals are more useful to meet their research needs despite their distance. Throughout our experiences and conversations regarding the transformation from print to digital resources, I witnessed my intern's anxiety turn into enthusiasm about a time also referred to as the information age, which helped to reassure some of my own frustrations. We resolved together to own the digital age as information experts in the center of the community.

As we weeded books, scanned barcodes, and discussed her plan to complete admission requirements for grad school, we had many lovely occasions for talking together. Although initially I didn't want to burden my intern with my own personal professional struggle, I eventually shared what was happening in my life. My summer was emotionally tumultuous because I had just applied to become the director of our local public library. I wasn't sure I wanted to leave academia (and tenure) where I was impacting and mentoring many first-generation college students, but I also wanted to expand my impact on people of all ages as a servant to the public. I missed working with children and teenagers like I did when I was a school library media specialist, and I was attracted to the idea of pursuing my keen interest in local history and economic redevelopment of our downtown.

My intern witnessed the process of my endeavor to transition as I waited for an in-person interview and then got a job offer which didn't work out. She couldn't believe I had doubts about a public Director position because it was her dream, but I was thinking a lot about who I was and why I was doing what I'm doing. I shared my disappointment about shrinking budgets that limited how many books I could buy, and my reluctance to part with books that probably needed to be weeded. However, she also witnessed my consistent enthusiasm for helping students find what they needed to be successful on their assignments when they came to the reference desk and for the research that I was doing on the fixed versus growth mindset (Dweck, 2006). We agreed that encouraging others to learn and keep growing would make the world a better place, and that takes all kinds of librarians.

Before the internship ended, I also wanted to help her have a practical plan in place for covering the financial cost of her dreams. Since talking to the director of admissions at IU, she was open to creative solutions. I explained to her that the reciprocal tuition between Indiana and Kentucky, at the border of the Ohio River, was restricted to our local campus, so she would be responsible for out-of-state tuition to IU Bloomington. I suggested that she move back to her home state of Indiana and become a resident in order to save over sixteen thousand dollars.

Selena

I took Melanie's advice and did just that. I am currently a resident of Indiana again, awaiting a reply from my application for the Indiana University library school in Bloomington, IN. The knowledge that I gained in my internship experience allowed me to write a personal statement that is sure to impress. Because of my internship experience with Melanie, I know precisely what I want to do and how I have to do it in order satisfy both myself and the university. I've already saved so much money by living in-state, and the university is already guiding me toward other financial resources to help finance my master's degree.

She also emphasized the importance of using this gap year to continue to develop my professional resume, which I do at every possible opportunity. So far, I have volunteered at a youth development (and detention) center in Vincennes, IN and discovered that those institutions have librarians! One more meaningful way I could potentially impact youth as positively as Melanie has impacted me. I'm very fortunate that her own struggle with ambiguity about being an academic or public librarian helped to illuminate my own preference more than anything else possibly could have. This experience, despite being zero-credit and unpaid, was the most valuable advantage I have ever received.

Melanie

From reading her responses to her internship, I love that seeds were planted for Selena. She is thinking about where she wants to volunteer, explore, and maybe work if she moves to Bloomington to attend library school. I believe that the public library is a major social safety net for a community, as is implied by my near transition back to a public position.

Retracing the steps I took through my old alma mater allowed me to contextualize my path and current position with a refreshing positivity and gratitude for the security and freedom which tenure provides. I came away from our experience renewed in my commitment to academia, where I try to create new knowledge and share what I learn from and with others.

For her, the internship, and our journey to her Mecca of Indiana University Bloomington, allowed Selena to whole-heartedly know that she wanted to pursue librarianship as a career. For me, being a mentor allowed me to reexamine why I do what I do, why what I do is valuable and helpful to my entire community, and how I hope to grow so that I can have an even stronger impact in the future.

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Ink vs. Bytes: The Delicate Balance I Tried to Maintain in a Library

Fatima Taha

Abstract: Librarian is a misleading term that imposes a general idea upon what those who work in libraries do on a daily basis. Amongst the numerous tasks I was assigned and completed during my two years at my library system, one of the most intriguing and, perhaps, difficult to accomplish was finding a balance between technological advantages and written, tangible works. While the internet creates an easily accessible forum within which to disseminate information, even of the scholarly field, it also creates a sometimes seemingly insurmountable gap between those familiar with technology and those who find it to be a frightening tool that they will be unable to understand or use properly. Conversely, many patrons are forgetting the magic that exists with tangible documents, especially ones such as handwritten letters. A few vignettes of my experience with a variety of patrons will, I hope, serve to shed light on the balance I tried to find between paper and electronic sources.

Keywords: librarians, internet, technology, patrons, electronic sources, computers, discrimination

A small island made of wood and metal stands in the midst of a library floor, the seemingly simple sign, "Information," hanging above it like a beacon to those lost in the roiling seas of paper and electronic data. In the middle of that island stand a pair of instructor and research specialists, as some librarians are titled in the library system where I worked for two years. The title was a fitting one for obvious reasons. Our job entailed providing instruction when a confused patron asked how to set up an e-mail account or helping students learn how to research acceptable sources for that Shakespeare paper that was due tomorrow, the one they meant to start working on a week ago. Our library system, in particular, had aligned itself with the state education system. The title I was given, along with a few of my fellow librarians, was not a mere fancy. We were meant to be seen by our patrons not just as librarians, not just as robotic finders of books and guides to the Dewey Decimal System, but as educators, as all-purpose instructors. For me, a typical day may have entailed assisting someone in setting up an e-mail and Facebook account one hour and the next helping someone search out and view a particular microfilm. I moved between the lands of digital and ink words on a minute-by-minute basis, providing not only research help but technological assistance as well. In a world where technology is rapidly evolving and becoming an integral part of people's daily lives, many patrons took the first step towards familiarizing themselves with technology within the doors of our libraries.

Between the years of 2012 and 2014, I held the position of instructor and research specialist for the non-fiction section of my library system, though I did occasionally assist in the children and fiction departments as well. The term librarian sets itself as a general, catch-all term; I dislike it as it does not differentiate between the many roles different staff members carry out within a library. The position I held, for instance, also consisted of finding a delicate balance between technological resources and paper ones, which are not as antiquated as many of our patrons thought. With technological advances, finding reliable sources for information has become far

easier, as articles can be read online. Many such online databases impose a rather significant fee, which many libraries such as ours shoulder so that patrons can access these scholarly journals from the comfort of their homes with only a library card and internet access. While I certainly applaud the increasing accessibility of such journals—no longer does a patron have to wait for a particular issue or text to be returned in order to peruse it—I believe that something can be said for maintaining a respect and appreciation for paper and tangible sources as well. To be clear, I am not here to claim that one approach is better than the other. As I will attempt to illustrate in the following vignettes, I wish to urge libraries as well as their patrons to find a balance between the two; I tried to accomplish this difficult task in both the library where I worked as well as the universities in which I taught and still teach.

How Computers are Creating a New Form of Discrimination

Early on Monday morning as snow fell quietly out of the large glass windows lining the non-fiction area of the library in which I worked, a gentleman walked confidently up the stairs and onto the second floor. He was immaculately dressed in a suit and fit the stereotypical image of a powerful businessman. Of course, to me, his attire did not matter; I mention it here only to make a point. As he turned toward our bank of computers, he faltered ever so slightly, his hand reaching up to touch his temple. Sensing his momentary discomfort, I calmly but quickly walked over to see if I could assist this new patron, someone I had not seen in our particular branch before that morning.

His smile was quick and easy, his greeting warm. Yet, he hesitated. Of course, I could not be certain, but after helping numerous patrons, I had developed a knack for sensing someone's discomfort and emotions. For instance, I could often tell a student had clearly left an assignment to the last minute before they even walked up to the desk to specifically ask for help. In this case, I found myself thinking that this man wished for someone to assist him but was either unwilling or embarrassed to ask for help. This attitude was not new to either me or my fellow research and instruction specialists. We had often seen people wander in who had an utter lack of computer knowledge; yet, they hesitated to ask for help as they thought this may mean being ridiculed for their lack of knowledge.

I chit-chatted with the man for a little bit. After a few kind and encouraging words, I was able to convince him to have a seat at one of the computer work stations. He kept his hands neatly folded in his lap, his eyes averted, as if to even look at the freshly cleaned keyboard would be an admission of ignorance. I did not rush him. Since I had never seen him before—and I tend to be excellent with names and faces, as I also teach four separate courses of English 101 to college freshman—I asked him what brought him to our library and if he was searching for something particular today.

As he grew more comfortable, he shared a bit about his past, his story gradually becoming clearer. He was an older gentleman who had started a business and grew it to be highly successful. With the sudden downward shift in the economy, however, he had been forced to close the doors. Unfortunately, having worked over thirty years as the CEO of his company, he had no idea how to go about searching for a new job. The worst, he finally admitted with a

forced laugh, was that he knew he would have to brush up his resume—when he wrote the last one, he had used his father's typewriter—and apply to jobs online. He was not scared of learning something new; rather, he was afraid of hiring managers thinking he was stupid.

He understandably found the idea reprehensible as he was a highly educated man. I could not blame him. Cautiously, I carefully asked how, running his business as he did, had he managed to not come into contact with computers. The answer was absurdly simple yet something that had not occurred to me at all. He had a slew of people working for him, including several secretaries, all of whom wrote the e-mails he dictated to them or took care of other computer-related aspects of the company. His job was to make sure the company ran smoothly and made a profit. He did not need a computer to do that.

So, together, the two of us, along with several other fellow research specialists set out to guide him down a path he had let others walk but never traveled. We used a mixture of texts, which included detailed pictures on everything from how to search open positions online to formatting a resume. Having a text in his hand, being able to flip the pages and look at several screenshots, helped ease his anxiety considerably. Here was a manual for him, and he knew how to utilize it. In this case, a mix of the old and new, paper and screen eased him into the world of computers. However, he was lucky in the sense that he, at least, had a general knowledge about computers and the internet, though he had never used either extensively. Unfortunately, not everyone has these basics upon which we can help them build.

An hour before our branch closed a mere month before Christmas, a harried looking gentleman hurried up the steps and towards the bank of computers situated right in front of the Information Desk. He was dressed neatly. Most of us did not even notice the marks of his profession, a few paint splatters decorating his heavy, tan work boots, until he pointed them out to us later. He was smiling, though he seemed a bit unsure as he shuffled from one foot to another, glancing from the computers to our desk. I stepped out from behind the little island to assist. As if waiting for someone to approach him, he immediately rushed to share some news about which he was excited. He informed me that Home Depot had a job opening and the assistant manager had mentioned to him that she would be willing to hire him if he could simply fill out an online application. Having lost his full-time construction job nearly a year ago when the housing market declined, he had been working any odd job he could pick up. Having a steady income, especially around Christmas, was something he greatly desired; I'm sure most people would agree with him. The only glitch was that he had never, not once in his life, touched a computer, let alone used one to apply for a job.

He was an exceptionally skilled worker, as far as I could tell from the few stories he shared with me. His English was perfect, his manner refined and endearingly polite. I say this not to compliment him, per se, as much as to show that he was very similar to the gentleman who ran his own company: he was intelligent but feared others would not think him so. He could not understand why the assistant manager, who had written down his name in order to make sure his application was reviewed directly by her, could not schedule him for a face-to-face interview. Why did she need his online application when he was more than happy to provide a whole stack of resumes, which his son had so kindly typed up and printed for him on the school's computers?

He did understand that technology was becoming a part of the hiring process and how using online applications streamlined the process. At the same time, his frustration was also comprehensible as the assistant manager had spoken to him and practically offered him the position already; an online application was a seemingly unnecessary obstacle to overcome. I found his argument both compelling and intriguing. Shrugging, he told me that he knew the difference between a wide variety of drill bits and the best nails to use for installing roof shingles verses building a house frame. He had all the qualifications for the position, so why did he now need to prove that he was able to navigate the Home Depot site. He poses an interesting question, since the assistant manager herself had told him that the only time he'd ever have to use the computer would be to submit the application.

The process of teaching him how to use a computer was far from simple, as he had never so much as held a mouse in his hand. He often became frustrated, not at me or any of my fellow staff members who were assisting him, but at the company. We guided him, taking care to explain the little details that we sometimes take for granted—"The cursor is that little white arrow you see on the screen."—and though he was patient, the whole process clearly became a bit of an ordeal for him. Part of our job is not just to help explain how to use technology, but why it is important to know how to use it. As he became increasingly upset, I gently told him that this lesson and his efforts would not be wasted. Once he learned how to use a computer and search for and apply to positions online, he would be able to use that knowledge in the future whenever he wanted to search for a job. I then also explained to him how this could save him both time and money if he ever went job hunting again in the future. By coming into the library or using his son's computer at home, he did not need to spend gas and valuable time driving around to different stores asking about open positions. With advancements in digital technology and the hiring process, he could accomplish this all in pajamas from home. I think this cheered him up quite a bit.

Both of these two gentlemen were highly skilled in their fields. Yet, a lack of knowledge forced them to feel, in a very real way, outside of society. I cannot offer a solution to this, not truly. However, I do think that our library system, in particular, has tried to make great strides in closing this gap between those who are technology-educated and those who are not. We create, offer, and teach free classes to all age groups where every topic from the use of cell phones to conducting an internet search, is covered in simple, easy-to-understand terms and often with accompanying texts. Many times, people think only the elderly need assistance with technology. However, we worked with high school and college students who needed help navigating their new tablets or e-readers. Sometimes, even those who were quite tech-savvy wanted to learn how to request books from other libraries or how exactly an audiobook worked. We worked with patrons of various ages, who had widely differing social and educational backgrounds. Many times, we even conducted one-on-ones for those who were too shy or who simply did not want to attend a class; they were able to schedule these appointments by either going online to our website or by calling us. Our goal was to educate our patrons so that they would be able to utilize all the advantages of technology, whether they wished to simply read a book on their e-reader, apply for a job, or conduct research on an important academic paper.

Some of the cases we had proved to be quite touching. I once worked with a lady whose son had

married and moved to Jamaica. This poor lady had become a grandmother twice but had never seen her grandchildren except for the few pictures her son sent via e-mail. I helped her set up a Facebook account; I do not use the word help lightly here, as I did not set it up for her but guided her through the process. Setting it up for her myself would not have served her well, I believe, as then she would have been dependent on someone being by her side whenever she wanted to use Facebook. In this way, she was able to learn to do most Facebook related tasks on her own once we walked through them together. With her account ready, she sent her son a “friend” request, which was immediately accepted. Her expression turned to one of joy and delight as her son's profile appeared on the screen. With tear-filled eyes, she gazed upon the uploaded videos and the practical treasure trove of photos in his profile. Technology can be a wonderful, amazing tool to connect people and diminish distances. Yet, at the same time, it can create odd, sometimes demoralizing gaps between those who know how to utilize it and those who do not. We constantly strove to bridge this gap.

Teaching the Younger Generation—and the Older—Why Letters are Important

I personally own two tablets, a smart phone that rarely leaves my side, and a laptop; I love them dearly. My appreciation for technology and the advantages it offers runs deep. In fact, when I was not at the library, I taught two hybrid English classes. One day a week, I assigned an online task, which the students had to submit online once completed; there was no face-to-face interaction. However, as much as I love being able to send and receive information with only a few taps of my fingers, I have also tried to instill a love for tangible letters in patrons.

Over the course of two years with my library system, I developed a number of classes for adults, teens, and tweens. For the younger patrons, I lured—I am being honest here—they in with Harry Potter, a novel rather chock-full of letters, which, for the most part, appear with specific penmanship unique to each character. Mumbling and grumbling, the teens and tweens walked into the large conference room and sat down, some a bit morosely, in their seats. Their parents, of course, had brought them, and they clearly had reluctantly agreed because Harry Potter was involved. On the projection screen, I flashed an image of a letter and asked who wrote it. The answers came surprisingly quickly, even from some of the parents who had decided to stay: Dumbledore. On it went for each character. Even though I had removed the name from the bottom of the letters, everyone could easily recognize the handwriting of Harry, Hagrid, and even Ron. The letters, or more specifically, the penmanship of these characters became a sort of fingerprint. Texting and e-mailing are all wonderful tools, but, as so clearly shown in my example of the CEO and his secretaries, they can be written by anyone. While handwriting can be copied, managing a believable copy is difficult and often requires a great deal of artistic skill.

At the end of the class, I handed out papers and pens. After seeing that there was a way for them to leave a mark on the world—a mark different than a Facebook post or a tweet, one that was a bit more personal—even the surliest teen became excited to write. I worked hard to instill within them the idea that having a tangible piece of paper with a person's writing is a sort of treasure. Instagram, for instance, is a wonderful way to share pictures and memories with friends and relatives, some who live far away. A hand-written letter may be just as beautiful and touching as a sepia-filtered shot. They both have special qualities and can bring joy; one should not be

forgotten in lieu of the other.

The adults, however, were a bit more difficult to convince, though many of them did admit to liking Harry Potter. For the adults, I created a thank you notes class. I taught them the basics of writing a quick but personal thank you card and how to keep it simple instead of writing pages that no one, truthfully, had either time to write or read during the holidays. What I tried to insist upon was that these notes should be written in the gift receiver's hand and not sent out as a mass or even a personal e-mail. I, furthermore, urged them to think about how they would feel receiving a handwritten, personal note from, for instance, their children in college or in different states, even countries. It would be like holding a piece of them, this paper that they touched, that they wrote upon, into which they put some effort and thought. By the end of the course, each had started scribbling down ideas for notes. E-mails, of course, can also elicit emotional responses and be heart-warming; I was not trying to deny this fact, but merely remind them that letters had a similar power.

I am not claiming here, of course, that e-mails should be banished or that term papers need to suddenly be written out by hand. Instead, I made a conscious effort to breathe life into a dying art to the patrons of my library system. I taught—or hoped that I did—them that while technology is marvelous, sometimes a simple piece of paper can have a bit of magic too.

Ink vs. Bytes

Am I claiming one is better than the other? Shall we lay down our keyboards and pick up our pens? Shall we insist that companies only accept paper resumes? Absolutely not. I am simply saying that as an instructor and research specialist, a librarian for those of you who are traditionalists, I tried very hard to find the balance between the two and tried to explain to my patrons that this is a balance for which struggling is not a waste but a worthwhile endeavor.

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Jane, Edith and I: Twenty Years in the Helping Professions, One Hundred Years Apart

Margaret Bausman

Abstract: Writing as both a social worker and a librarian, I reflect upon my twenty years as a helping professional. This narration is interspersed with reflections on the history of the social welfare reform and public library movements during the Progressive Era. Highlighting the contributions of two seminal Progressive Era predecessors in conjunction with my own experience, I illuminate the interconnectedness of the core values between these helping professions, past and present.

Keywords: helping, human needs, social work history, library history

Jane Addams (1860-1935) published *Twenty Years at Hull House* in her fiftieth year. In her preface she concedes it is an impressive milestone, but not one which necessarily affords her objectivity in retrospect as those people and events of which she writes are "so intimate a part of my lot that they cannot be written of either in praise or shame" (Addams, 1910, vii). Addams frames the memoir by describing influential people and experiences from her youth that provided the impetus to dedicate her life to social welfare work; chief among them was her father, John H. Addams.

A Quaker and owner of a granary, John Addams raised his daughter as a single parent for eight years following her mother's death during Jane's infancy. Of this foundational relationship, Addams wrote: "...it was this cord which not only held fast my supreme affection, but also first drew me into the moral concerns of life" (Addams, 1910, 1). In her concluding remarks, some 400 pages later, she links with clarity her life's work to the central mores that shaped the settlement house movement.

It is my fiftieth year and I have also twenty years of service in two helping professions, social work and librarianship, upon which to reflect. And while I have no delusion that my career resembles in any way the breadth and gravitas of Addams', I do find the juncture evocative. In approaching it, I feel a small kindredship with Addams. It is an impressive milestone, deserving of reflection even if the hindsight may yet be fuzzy: How did I come to this work? How did I get from there to here? Does it help? Have I helped?

While a personal reflection, this narrative draws upon historical material concerning the dual evolution of the social work and librarianship professions during the Progressive Era. By doing so, I will elucidate examples of the historic and continuing nature of these helping professions as vehicles for social justice, egalitarianism and self-determination on micro and macro levels.

The Family Business

When I entered social work school in 1993, the mother of my oldest childhood friend

proclaimed: "Oh, you went and joined the family business!" She was right.

My father is an American Baptist minister, a protestant denomination founded in 1638 by Roger Williams (1603-1683). Banished from both the United Kingdom and the Massachusetts colony, Williams was a staunch proponent of religious liberty as well as an advocate for the separation of church and state (Handy, 2005). A central Baptist principle is that of "soul freedom," the conviction that the individual has the right to derive personal meaning from the Bible and negotiate one's own unique pathway to God and faith (Spitzer, 2006). Moreover, in seminary my father found inspiration from the Social Gospel Movement, a Progressive Era protestant movement that emphasized service over rhetoric, action over prayer, unity over patriarchy (Lowe, 2010). These ideologies formed the basis for the five decades of my father's ministry.

My parents met in seminary, although my mother initially went on to become a teacher. During my middle childhood, she studied for and settled into her true life's calling as a psychotherapist specializing in the treatment of survivors of severe childhood sexual abuse and dissociative disorders. She is a feminist, a supporter of worker's rights, an environmentalist, and a strident pacifist. Together, my parents protested the Vietnam War, marched for Civil Rights, stood up early for gay rights as my father denounced Anita Bryant from his pulpit in 1977, served hundreds of Celebrate Life AIDS dinners, made campaign calls for Barack Obama in 2008, and so on. They truly walked the walk, personally and professionally. It makes me proud.

Sometimes I smile and wonder if I really ever had a chance other than to hit the road to the helping professions, not once but twice.

The Road

Early in my social work career, I became acquainted with the necessity to tolerate the limitations of my role and the often unknowable, ineffable sequela of my interventions. It was the mid-1990's and I worked on a Title 1 Ryan White program providing mental health services to adults and families impacted by HIV/AIDS. While protease inhibitors were just on the horizon, an HIV diagnosis at that time often could, and did, quickly progress to full-blown AIDS replete with multiple health crises punctuated by social stigma, isolation, and a truncated life.

There were days when it was equally an honor and a horror to bear witness to the families grappling with—hope upon hope, grief upon grief—the inevitable outcome. I learned quickly, as one does in end-of-life work, that the goal was not health. The outcome of my intervention would not be physical healing, and even if such was possible, it was not my role. The helping was perplexing, counter-intuitively tragic: helping a young man seek meaning while enduring a complete assault to his sense of self and physical integrity; helping a widow disclose to her 8-year-old son that they both had "the same sickness Daddy died of"; helping an older parent plan the funeral for his 35-year-old child. I was never really sure what helped, or if anything realistically could. Nevertheless, I persisted, sure in my conviction that the preservation of as much self-determination and dignity as possible was of help to those traversing such cataclysmic personal terrain.

Those years are long past and I am thankful. I am thankful that medicine offers far more now by the way of prognosis and treatment. I am thankful that the cultural zeitgeist is increasingly holistic and compassionate. I am thankful that work in HIV/AIDS is no longer de facto end-of-life work. I am profoundly thankful to have encountered several souls with resilience so remarkable that it remains immediately resonant for me until this day, as I hope it always will. I am thankful for a cognitive and visceral awareness that, at least on some occasions, I helped.

My professional role grew to include supervision, program and clinic management, and administrative social work. More recently, my professional acumen expanded into a second helping profession as a librarian. One might assume this was a point of professional divergence. Yet it is in this sphere that the richly intertwined history of social work and librarianship as helping professions came alive for me, strengthening my professional identity in unanticipated and entirely gratifying ways.

Merger

It was a blustery fall afternoon in 2008 as I made my way through mid-town Manhattan. I had just completed an interview with a senior librarian at a large public library for my first assignment in my first class toward a Master of Library and Information Science degree. As I mulled over the discourse, one aspect of our conversation prodded at me: the donation of \$100 million made the previous March by New York Public Library (NYPL) Trustee and Wall Street financier Steven A. Schwarzman to kick-start a billion dollar expansion project of NYPL's hallmark edifice at 42nd Street and 5th Avenue (Pogrebin, 2008). I ruminated: What is the impact on a public institution of such a donation made by a private individual who also serves on its Board of Trustees? Might this sway the balance of power? Who then are the primary stakeholders: the public that the institution serves or the private individuals who fill the coffers?

These words, public and private, swirled around in my head. Just several weeks away from the 2008 Presidential election, I had been hearing these words regularly in the news, uttered by candidates frequently in the context of social welfare and public health policies. I observed that the application and meaning of these words changed depending on which candidate spoke them and in what context. And I knew this was not a new conundrum but one dating back to the early social welfare history of the United States during the Gilded Age (1880-1900) and the Progressive Era (1900-1920).

During the Gilded Age, Charity Organization Societies (COS) dominated the social welfare landscape. These private organizations functioned as a kind of clearinghouse for other private organizations that sought to provide charitable assistance to those in need. Assistance was understood as a reactive service of last resort, available to the "deserving poor," and was overseen by the "friendly visitor": a volunteer whose primary duty was to serve as an example that, if emulated, would remediate need (Trattner, 2007).

A young woman during this time, Jane Addams drew from Tolstoy to describe the "snare of preparedness" that ultimately led her to London's Toynbee Hall. A well-educated young woman of the upper middle class, Addams' early adulthood was stymied by a dearth of opportunities

into which her considerable intelligence and energy could be channeled. Her exposure to the English Settlement House movement definitively released her from the "snare" (Addams, 1910). Addams founded Hull House in Chicago in 1889, and the American Settlement House movement was born, a pivotal event setting the stage for the massive social reform of the Progressive Era (Barbuto, 1999).

The settlement movement tenets were diametrically opposed to those of the COS, summed up by "The Three Rs": residence, research and reform. The settlement movement purported that social welfare need was the result of oppression and thus was remediated by reform. Moreover, the settlement movement asserted that effective remediation and reform was dependent upon a realistic understanding of and an authentic connection with those in need. Therefore, settlement houses were created in the communities they served and occupied by the settlement workers themselves (Trattner, 2007).

The Road

Such grassroots efforts are not unfamiliar today. Indeed, American history is replete with such examples in which social issues are propelled by concerned, organized citizenry into the public scope of responsibility.

In my early to mid-20s, my process of coming-out as a lesbian and my arrival into the gay community coincided with the early AIDS pandemic. It was an appalling time as many rebuked my "gay brothers" as a scourge. There were personal losses: a beloved mentor, a dear friend's brother. There were few, if any, meaningful public policy or service responses. The public hospital unit in my community with a designated unit serving AIDS patients was located on the grounds of the prison system, a powerful indictment concerning the public sphere that people with HIV/AIDS occupied at that time. To me, this was far more than fear-driven denial. It was an egregious attack in which gay men, intravenous drug users, and people of color became not only the face of the crisis but also the cause of it, not victims in need of succor but perpetrators in need of containment. They were pariahs, disposable, not real people at all.

With no conscious recognition of it in the moment, I joined the AIDS movement. I went to protests and vigils. I raised money in walk-a-thons and dance-a-thons. I joined the local AIDS project. I volunteered for the local NAMES Project display. I became an AIDS Buddy. And ultimately, I went to social work school and earned an MSW.

Merger

In 2008, this rumination about public versus private; about social work's history and my own, about an imminent election, the outcome of which could reshape the application of these words and thereby influence decades of social policy to come, begged the question: Where did the public library movement fit into the paradigm and intersect with Progressive Era reform?

Just as the "friendly visitor" was the hallmark of the COS movement, the library ethos during the Gilded Age promoted the "library hostess" as both the vehicle for access to information as well

as a model of moral and appropriate personage for the lower, marginalized and immigrant classes to emulate. Gilded Era library leadership, which has been described as "genteel," tended to be men, quite a few of whom were also clergy. They conceptualized the library mission as an educative one that not only advanced individual morality but thereby also had the capacity to heal social disorder. Library collections reflected this objective by providing access to material that primarily reinforced Victorian values and standards for Americanization (Garrison, 2003).

As the settlement house movement took root, so too libraries began to shift in mission and service. Progressive Era librarians reached out to their constituents in ways not previously considered library functions. Through embedded branch locations and delivery stations, books were brought directly into communities lacking physical access to libraries. Physical library spaces hosted non-library gatherings such as community meetings and cultural events as well as public bathrooms and kitchens. Programming and resources were increasingly patron-driven focusing on enrichment, recreation, foreign language materials, and children's services (Garrison, 2003).

The Serendipitous Find

Thinking that this conjunction of the settlement house and public library movements might form an interesting basis for my final paper, I began searching for relevant examples. One afternoon, while hunting through databases, I stumbled across Edith Guerrier (1870-1958)—it truly was a serendipitous find. Guerrier proved to be an excellent subject for my final paper, and I have continued to study her, the Progressive Era and its social reform movements ever since. I have scoured databases, catalogs, and finding aids. I have visited special libraries and archival collections. Guerrier captured not only my scholarly interest, but also my heart and imagination.

Her childhood biography is an evocative one. Losing her mother to tuberculosis at the age of three, Guerrier's father rotated her childhood care through several households of extended family. Despite the disruptions in custodial care, Guerrier's primary nurturing relationship throughout her life was with her maternal aunt, Anna Ricketson. A member of the intellectual elite of New England, Ricketson was known for her great compassion and caring. Guerrier ascribed to her aunt: "You don't have to go out looking for things to do for people (t)hey come to your door if it is the right sort of door" (New Bedford Whaling Museum, autobiographical sketch, ca. 1950). In eulogizing Ricketson, Guerrier wrote:

My memories of my dear Aunt are sweet and fragrant. After my mother's death ... she became a mother to me. There was nothing I enjoyed more than running into her room and climbing into her bed in the morning. Her wallpaper was sprinkled over with little stars, and to me her kind eyes always reflected the stars... (Guerrier, 1927)

In her memoir, Guerrier describes these early influences as formative, fundamentally responsible for shaping her sense of self, both personally and professionally.

Guerrier served as the library attendant for the public library delivery station at the North Bennett Street Industrial School in Boston's North End during the 1890s. Just prior to the turn of

the century, she established a series of girls reading groups, arranged by age and named for the day of the week on which they met (Guerrier, 1992). The oldest group of girls, The Saturday Evening Girls (S.E.G.), represents a unique slice of Progressive Era history (Larson, 2001).

Comprised of the daughters of Italian, Jewish and Russian immigrants, Guerrier provided the S.E.G. with a program of study consistent with a liberal arts curriculum offered by women's institutions of higher education, a course of study not typically available to those of the North End. Going a step further, Guerrier and her life partner, artist Edith Brown, established the Paul Revere Pottery (P.R.P.) that employed many of the S.E.G. members in the creation of high quality, hand-made ceramic tableware. With the support of a wealthy benefactor, Helen Osbourne Storrow, Guerrier and Brown purchased property in the North End where they not only created a working pottery studio and retail outlet but also where they themselves resided and presided over the S.E.G. (Larson, 2001; Matson, 1992).

At its height of activity for nearly 20 years (1899-1917), the anecdotal legacy of the S.E.G. is remarkable. The S.E.G. retained its organization existence throughout the lifetimes of its core membership who did not vote to disband until 1969. As a group, the S.E.G. membership attained a rise in socio-economic status and entered professional careers at a rate in excess of their North End peers or middle class counterparts, as did their children after them (Larson, 2001). The P.R.P. outgrew its North End quarters, opened several retail ventures in Boston and Washington DC, and continued to produce original work until 1942 (Guerrier, 1992). Paul Revere Pottery continues to be marketable and collectible, much of it crafted by S.E.G. members whose talents as artisans in their own right would likely have been squandered otherwise (Chalmers and Young, 2005; Gadsden, 2006).

Guerrier fits the construct of the "new woman," unique to the Progressive Era (Kaufman, 1992). Jane Addams is a well-acknowledged example of such: well-educated and ambitious, discontent to sublimate her talents into the role of a Victorian wife and mother, and willing to occupy a social space somewhat aside of mainstream in order to give expression to her intellect and apply her skills in service to the community. "New women" thus formed the core of the settlement house (Trattner, 2007) and library workforce (Garrison, 2003). Many, Jane Addams among them, were active in the women's movements of the day that form the historical base of early feminism, such as suffrage and promotion of labor unions (Evans, 1986).

And yet, Guerrier is somewhat of an enigma. For example, it is difficult to know just where Guerrier stood in terms of early feminism. Neither her memoir, discovered in archival holdings and partially published in the early 1990s, nor her family's personal papers are particularly forthcoming. What is amply and abundantly in evidence, however, is Guerrier's commitment to the young women of the S.E.G., her deep respect for them as individuals with much to offer, and an innate sense of the affectual reciprocity inherent to the helping professions. She wrote:

"I could fill a book with reminiscences of my friends (in the North End) ... I have watched them emerge with pride and satisfaction. They serve on city committees and on education boards, and are all for progress. They tell me the (S.E.G. and P.R.P.) meant much to them; I tell them it meant more to me." (Guerrier, 2003, 90)

A fascinating hybrid of the public library, settlement house, and arts and crafts movements, there is much here worthy of scholarly attention, which I imagine will occupy me well for years to come. Moreover, Guerrier herself has nestled into a small part of my psyche as a holding place for the interwoven, undefinable, affectual complexities that encompass the helping professions, allowing their mutual tenets regarding social justice, egalitarianism, and self-determination to traverse varied skill sets, functions and responsibilities.

But Does it Help?

I now serve as the head librarian at a branch library serving the academic and research needs of a large public, urban school of social work, a stunningly provident juncture of my professional experiences and interests. This is a faculty position and as a tenure-track junior faculty member, I have an opportunity not only to continue to pursue historical research on the evolution of the helping professions but also pursue study on the relational aspects of library engagement and on the information literacy needs of social work students and professionals. I tend to the library's administrative and supervisory needs, and I serve as an instruction and reference librarian, which is a tremendously satisfying aspect of my job. But do I help?

This might be easier to answer if I had settled into public librarianship, where I could connect my daily role to promotion of egalitarian access to information, or into archival work, where I could connect my role to the social justice aspects of the preservation of irreplaceable records, personal papers, and ephemera. However, in the shift from clinical social work to academic librarianship in a graduate level professional program, the impact of helping is less apparent on the surface.

As a field instructor of social work interns in a community mental health setting, I often found myself supporting students in the management of their affectual state in their practice. This would include not only the parsing of countertransferential issues but also the appropriate use of one's "gut" response in assessment, of one's "third eye" for the underlying, unspoken story. Even for the most seasoned practitioner, the management of the visceral and the intuitive can be a challenge. Helping students to recognize, tolerate, modulate and integrate their internal experience as a normative part of the work was therefore an essential part of helping the individual take on the professional stance of the helping professional.

I still work with social work interns. In fact, I have broader contact with social work students now than ever before, although my role has changed. I am concerned now with another aspect of their professional knowing, that of information literacy. As an instructional librarian, my overarching responsibility is to teach and promote information literacy competencies appropriate for social work education and practice. How does this help? There are several illustrations I would draw upon that align information literacy instruction to the values of social justice, egalitarianism and self-determination.

As a social work practitioner, it is my experience that social work as a discipline has been behind the curve with regard to information literacy. I have encountered colleagues who eschew its importance to social work practice, sometimes displaying with pride a luddite status as proof that

they are a genuine social worker—interested in the relational, not the technological or automated. Such a stance, however, demonstrates a clear misunderstanding as to what information literacy is, the ways in which it supports professional practice and thus contributes to successful intervention.

One of the most daunting moments in social work practice, for both the seasoned professional and especially the student intern, may well be that of: "What do I do?" When faced with that moment, an information, literate social worker will include the information universe as one of the professional resources through which she may increase her understanding of the problem and construct an effective intervention. An information literate social worker is one who has the ability to identify what information is needed; to effectively search for the information through professional literature, systematic review resources, research institutes and professional organization; to evaluate the material; and then to integrate it into their practice.

Further, on a broader level, to under-recognize the importance of information literacy to agency management may contribute secondarily to the trend in which non-social work professionals increasingly fill senior leadership positions in social service agencies. This would primarily include those with administrative and business training, who are typically well versed in adroit and productive navigation through the information universe (Hoefler, 2013; Bausman, 2015). I would posit that those social work students taking an administrative track through their programs especially benefit from information literacy instruction with an acute eye toward resources concerning policy, program development, grant writing, resource allocation and professional development needs of a social services workforce.

On a global level, the 2014 Lyon Declaration was crafted by the International Federation of Library Associations and Institutions (IFLA) as an advocacy document that,

...calls upon United Nations Member States to make an international commitment ... to ensure that everyone has access to, and is able to understand, use and share the information that is necessary to promote sustainable development and democratic societies. (Lyon Declaration, n.d.)

The promotion of information literacy as a global social justice issue on this level is one that directly intersects with the mission of global social work and community organization. Practitioners in these arenas will need a commensurate knowledge base in order to effectively advocate and plan for the information access and literacy needs of the developing nations and communities they serve.

Last year a colleague and I published a paper entitled "Library Awareness and Use among Graduate Social Work Students: An Assessment and Action Research Project" (Bausman & Ward, 2015). One of our findings indicates an increase in the use of library resources by the social work students who participated in the study with potential correlates to curricular endeavors to enhance the information literacy instruction. I will confess that it is a gratifying result. One might conclude that this is evidence that my efforts help our students engage with the library, which is a gateway to becoming an information-literate social worker.

But I am also aware of the visceral. Just as I knew in my heart that I helped some of those who I served in the Ryan White program, just as I encouraged my social work interns to acknowledge affect as a way of knowing, I believe that I help some of the master's students I instruct because my gut tells me so. And this also is gratifying: the student whose anxious fidgeting melts away as she begins to connect to the skills that lead her to the research literature she needs; the student sent to the library by an instructor concerned by his poor command of academic information sources who subsequently earns honors on his final paper; the alumnus who arrives at the reference desk because her practice needs demand new intervention strategies.

Jane, Edith and I

We are at first glance an unlikely trio: Jane, Edith and I. Yet, despite vast differences in time and place, it would seem that we share some essential personal commonalities and communal professional experiences. I am sure that many helping professionals would find the same when investigating the lives, motivations and experiences of our seminal predecessors. While the world has changed, the core values of the helping professions have remained stalwartly consistent, providing our disciplines with fluidity and continuity.

Of the movement to which she dedicated her life, Addams closed her autobiography by stating:

The Settlement casts aside none of those things which cultivated men have come to consider reasonable and goodly, but it insists that those belong as well to that great body of people who, because of toilsome and underpaid labor, are unable to procure for themselves. Added to this is a profound conviction that the common stock of intellectual enjoyment should not be difficult to access because of the economic position of him who would approach it, that those "best results of civilization" upon which depend the finer and freer aspects of living must be incorporated into our common life and have free mobility through all elements of society if we would have our democracy endure.
(Addams, 1910, 452)

To me, the power of this statement lies in its flexible application to any movement or profession that values social justice, egalitarianism and self-determination. One can replace "the settlement" with "the progressive library" or "public education" and the statement still rings true. In that sense, Addams' words constitute a rather formidable declaration that endows all gestures made by helping professionals with the capacity to promote equity and fairness, to succor and elevate others, and to transform our communities.

Addams and Guerrier moved gracefully into their 21st year of helping and beyond, both continuing to make significant contributions to their communities on local and national levels. In 1930, Addams published *The Second Twenty Years at Hull-House* and two decades thereafter, Guerrier celebrated her 80th birthday, feted by the then-middle aged Saturday Evening Girls. As for me, my story too will continue to unfold. I intend to use the next decades to be of service, and I embrace all the helping possibilities that may entail. I am looking forward, hoping to step into my 21st year with the grace of my predecessors, trusting that I will get from here to there, and knowing it will help.

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The Shared Experience

Kathy Zappitello

Abstract: A narrative of a small Ohio library challenging staff to make a difference in the lives of community members.

Keywords: empowerment, Ohio, community, staff, hunger, empathy, patrons

Empowerment

My Friday afternoons are spent organizing for the next week of work. It's a difficult task. All the items I've been juggling during the week get pulled out of the circus and filed away or delegated or given a resting place for the weekend, only to be juggled again on Monday. As the executive director of a small public library, it comes with the territory. On this particular Friday, it was already dark outside and the snow was falling. The library was still packed with patrons as I was gathering my bags and locking my door. I was met at my door by one of my workers, "Oh, sorry! Looks like you're leaving for the night! Do you have a minute?"

I solve more problems with my arms loaded with bags. In the morning, before I even get completely through the door, I have my maintenance worker hustling me off to show me the newest roof leak or to investigate the odd sound coming from one of the 14 furnaces. My job title actually means "master of everything." It is an odd occurrence to make it from my office and out the door to my car without being stopped by a staff member or patron, so it is so much easier to be the very first one to arrive in the morning and the last to leave at night.

I put my things down and said, "Of course I have minute. What's up?"

My worker explained, "I have a woman at the circulation desk and she heard we were collecting food for the food pantry and asked if she could possibly get some food to last through the weekend until the food pantry opens on Monday. I don't know what to tell her."

Not to sound like a show-off but our Food for Fines library program was actually featured in a *New York Times* article in 2010. Patrons who accrued fines and lost items that exceed \$10 became blocked by our operating system and could no longer use the library. When I started as the director in 2009, my library was owed thousands of dollars in uncollected fines; hundreds of community members were unable to use the library. During that same moment in time, Ohio libraries took a hit in the state budget. Services were cut, hours reduced, and positions consolidated. Just one block over, our local food pantry was also feeling a hit. The shelves and freezers were bare, yet the demand was growing, and that is exactly what was happening at the library. We had more people through our doors than ever before taking advantage of all the free services the library has to offer. The solution? Food for Fines. For every dollar a patron owed the library, they were asked to bring in one food item. Larger fines were cut in half to make the donation reasonable.

So there I stood with my co-worker, standing face-to-face with the inquiring woman, surrounded by several large red totes overflowing with food donations, which only represented that day's haul.

The woman said she had just moved to town with her three young daughters. Her boyfriend was serving time in the medium security correctional institution and now they could visit more easily and await his reentry. She literally had nothing when she walked to the Human Resource Center and Food Pantry at 5 o'clock, as they had already closed for the weekend. A young boy riding his bike in the parking lot told the woman about the pile of food at the library.

I turned to my co-worker and asked, "Can you sign them up for library cards and pick out some books for the children?" I then grabbed some library book bags and began sorting through the food to pick out ingredients for several meals, along with treats for the kids.

After the family was on their way out the door, my co-worker turned to me and said, "I'm so glad you were still here to make that decision." And I replied, "What decision? Doing the right thing is always the solution. You can do that on your own without me."

I shudder to think what that family would have been told if I had gone home early that Friday.

Still Hungry

"I hope the fire chief doesn't stop in today," my director of youth services mumbled under her breath just loud enough for me to hear. She was right. Our meeting room was crammed with kids and parents. I stopped counting at 300; the room was zoned to hold only 100. Today was Swamp-Diggity, A Cajun Jubilee, an event held on a day off from school to give the kids in our community a safe activity and a hot meal. With no school that day, children would have struggled to find those basic necessities. Even though the event was for school age kids, and parents were encouraged to "drop and roll," they too stuck around hoping to get a cookie and a slice of pizza, which we would only offer once the kids were all fed. We always hold sign-ups to try to figure out how many to plan for, but it never fails, many more show up and we never say no.

We started our event with punch and cookies, read a few stories and did one of our famous puppet shows. It was then time to bring out the main attraction. Jungle Terry is like a super hero to kids, and he promised to further our themed event by bringing his swamp friends. Though the kids hung on his every word, eagerly waiting to see what creature would emerge next from one of the plain gray plastic totes, Jungle Terry still insisted on shouting into the wireless mic that hung around his ear like one of his creepy critters. One by one each animal took center stage: a tortoise that small kids could stand on; an American alligator that slithered and tried to escape, much to the delight of screaming children; a huge, furry and equally gross tarantula; and Ana-Banana, a six foot albino boa constrictor that patiently allowed itself to be held by several brave volunteers.

"Let's all take a seat at the craft tables for our next activity!" shouted my youth service person,

who in no way ever needs a mic.

The mob of children and caregivers surged through both exits to make their way to the crafting stations we had set up earlier. With the meeting room emptying, my job was to do a quick clean up and keep an eye out for the pizza delivery man, another perk that comes with being the director. With a few people remaining in the room visiting with each other, I surveyed the damage: clumps of dirt dug in on shoes (or possibly from one of our swamp friends), empty cups, and a few crushed cookies. Smack dab in the middle of the floor was one lonely cookie that almost survived the massive stampede of wiggling paws, claws, and feet. With my trash bag in hand I started to make my way to the cookie, and to my astonishment, a woman beat me to it. She nonchalantly stooped down mid-step and grabbed it, which was now broken in two under the pressure of God knows what, and popped one half in her mouth while simultaneously shoving the other half in the pocket of her dirty and torn sweater. I pretended I didn't see her do it and continued my cleaning while she darted out the door to join her children at the crafting table.

Empathy

Monday mornings at the library is one of my favorite times. Workers arrive, and after the morning tasks are complete, we gather to catch up with each other. Just as cliché as it sounds, we literally stand around the water cooler chatting about items purchased, meals made, and dates had or not had. With only 14 employees, we are a close group, as I bet all small libraries are. During all the chit-chat, it popped into my head that the youth department had an after-school program on Friday.

"Hey how many kids came to the after-school on Friday?" I asked one of my youth staffers. It was a bracelet-making program. The newest fad was taking impossibly small colored rubber bands and somehow twisting them into bracelets. We wanted to jump on this trend quickly, strike while the iron was hot. Get the kids into the library before we missed the trend and they were on to the next hot trinket. It is always a library programming struggle.

"Well we had 50 sign up, so that's all I had supplies for, but of course we had some crazy parents who actually sat down in a seat and started making bracelets! Can you believe the nerve of some people? How do they not get that this was a kid's event? I just don't get why grown adults act like that! I'm tired of these people always trying to get something for free. I had to scurry around and try to set up more work stations for kids and we ended up running out of supplies," complained my worker.

According to Warden Slone from the Lake Erie Correctional Institution, the number one reason people become incarcerated or re-offend is the lack of leisure skills. As a library director, this makes sense. Almost everything a library has to offer is tied to leisure activity. Keeping busy, having hobbies, engaging the mind, learning new skills, and connecting with other people in a healthy and worthwhile atmosphere all happen within the walls of the library. As librarians, we have the secret weapons to fight against incarceration. We must be sure to take every opportunity afforded to teach library use and encourage life-long learning.

Why should we limit who can learn how to make a bracelet? Why should we set age parameters on our events? Why should we narrow our marketing to certain genders? It was in that exact moment that I knew that everything we were doing was wrong. My stomach dropped and the room morphed from light and festive to dark and gloomy. It was like something out of a movie. My staff member continued to complain and blather on about "those people" who had ruined her event, but to me, she became almost a blurry blob moving in slow-mo while my mind raced to formulate a plan. We needed a new direction if we were ever going to make a difference in our community, and it starts with empathy.

Library Full of Stars

The biggest challenge libraries face today is understanding the needs of diverse patrons and translating those needs into a customer service plan. Many of us are too busy keeping our heads above the flow of the daily workload to devise plans and procedures that go beyond the checking in and out of library materials. The shared library experience is much more than that. Trying to understand what motivates patron behavior on the other side of the circ desk has led me to discover the themes that hold a key to providing teachable moments in staff development. What skills do my library employees need, and as the director, am I providing those tools?

It was time to bring in the experts. I scheduled a series of morning staff meetings that brought in speakers from agencies with whom we share patrons: Children Services, Job and Family Services, and our local court magistrate. I also began to research the concept of generational poverty. Generational poverty is defined as a family unit being on government assistance for two generations or more. My county was in the 11th such cycle. I found helpful books on the subject and made a mandatory reading list for staff. Through these small steps, my staff learned enhanced listening skills and were able to notice body language (theirs and others) more effectively, both of which helped them to engage with patrons more positively. It was all about finding common ground, but knowing how to listen, communicate, and share the experience, and being held accountable for it are two entirely different things.

Service To All Respectfully (STAR) became our employee performance theme. Library workers were going to be held accountable at their yearly evaluation based on this program I developed that created a customer service model based entirely on the concept of empathy. The program began with staff training that outlined and taught strategies for this required behavior:

Engage patrons: Both parties are sharing in the library transaction.

Ask the right questions: Listen to the response with your ears and eyes.

Show with your feet: Get out from behind your desk and walk with the patron through the entire interaction.

Show with your face: Talk with a smile and reflect the patron's emotions back in a positive manner.

Find positive ways to phrase potential negative policies and service expectations.

The design of this program also included setting measurable goals, visual reminders and awards such as star staff lapel pins and stickers that were earned as well as our STAR gallery of staff pictures.

So you might be wondering if it worked. Did I see a difference with staff? The answer is sure, I have seen improvements in some workers' accountability and motivation, but the real question is: Is the community better? The answer is that I do not know. I like to think yes, but the truth is, it will take a lifetime to see if one small change made by one small library made a difference in a patron's life.

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The Business of Libraries

Abby O'Neill

Abstract: A library employee harkens back to an experience from 18 years ago during a training program about safety issues for a public library. She reflects on the differences she had with the trainer about what libraries provide in terms of social services and benefits in a public space. The daughter of social workers, whose goals of social justice and civic awareness have shaped her personally and professionally, the author compares librarianship with social work, and the confluence of both professions and philosophies.

Keywords: street safe training, security, poverty simulations

During a Street Safe training class in 2000, provided by the library I was working for, the instructor, who was also our security specialist (whose job it was to monitor multiple branches and provide assistance with difficult customers and/or criminal activity in the library), was talking about possible issues that could arise. As he talked about various scenarios, it was obvious to me that they were based in mental health issues versus being behavioral problems, which is how they were presented.

I grew up in a family of social workers, with a father and mother who were professors in the field and who always served in the public sector (mostly in community and social justice arenas). As a result of my parents' influence, I naturally look beyond behavior and more towards large-scale issues like poverty, hunger, homelessness, and community and family breakdown. Given the "social work gene" that I inherited from my parents, the scenarios the instructor was providing in the Street Safe training class had me breaking down those situations in a way that probably was different from most librarians.

I shared with the class some possible responses to the "behaviors" in the instructor's scenarios. Suppose a guest in the library looked to be engaged in a conversation with what could appear to be an imaginary friend. Instead of asking him to be quiet, we could think like a social worker and notice that he could be hearing and/or seeing people; therefore, a mindful response could be: "We're letting everyone know that we need to lower our voices." One response could also be to ask the patron, "Do you have a caseworker?"

The instructor and the class seemed to laugh and dismiss my suggestions, "We're not social workers here, and if you think we should be, you're in the wrong business." I'm used to that sort of negative response; yet, I know that even after the origin of the planted seed is long forgotten, the naysaying will fade and some or all of the idea will sprout.

"We are not in any business," I responded.

I am certainly in the right profession, however. My empathy and listening skills, and my ability to communicate expectations and provide recommendations, services, and resources, have made me realize over the years that the library is the last place, the last sanctuary, for people to be

somewhere without a reason and to be a little less disenfranchised than nearly anywhere else.

Since that Street Safe training in 2000, the seed has sprouted. Library employees are being trained on assisting customers with their search for and process of signing up for city, county, and federal benefits. The training also includes poverty simulations, which give a sense of the difficulty—and the degradation—that our customers experience when attempting to access basic necessities. Additionally, library employees are participating in citywide book discussions on Matthew Desmond's *Evicted: Poverty and Profit in the American City*, and the library space is now being used by county departments to provide job counseling. Also, a representative from the U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs is present weekly to help veterans navigate medical benefits and housing services.

In addition to literacy services, which include assistance with obtaining a General Education Development (GED) certificate or with English as a Second Language (ESOL), we sponsor meals for kids, book drives, food for fines, and clothing drives. If needed, we will contact a local senior center to inform them about a frail senior patron who may benefit from their services.

We are most assuredly in the business of social work! The library has similar characteristics of the thoughts Jane Addams (1912) expressed:

In the unceasing ebb and flow of justice and oppression, we must all dig channels as best we may, that at the propitious moment somewhat of the swelling tide may be conducted to the barren places of life. (p. 40)

Our roots of providing the community with resources to enhance learning remain the same; however, even among our traditional roots, the spirit of social work shines forth. We can recommend a good book or movie to a teen who feels isolated or unwelcome. For the parent who hasn't slept in months, we can suggest a parenting blog. And to the young visitor who thinks librarians aren't cool, we can prove our "music cred" by suggesting Childish Gambino.

We work in a profession where you absolutely never know what's going to come through the door, where being in the middle of administrative choices can be a challenge and a hardship. When electronic books were on the horizon, librarians envisioned empty shelves, digital kiosks, no staff, and fewer interactions. Some of that vision came true, but much of it has not become reality. Rather, electronic media has introduced—and in many cases reintroduced—people to books and authors, and it has brought them back to libraries with their children and grandchildren. Libraries have evolved and will continue to do so in order to survive and to keep communities connected to higher learning, information, and resources that they cannot find in any other place. That is the business I am in, and my place in that is as the child of social workers.

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