

a deadweight of books, not the live weight of student traffic. Thus in remodeling, the third floor was a bit on the under-engineered side. The Lord does watch over His own.

Tom Zwemer (att.)

After reading the last FOCUS, I cannot resist writing a few memories of the early days of the James White Memorial Library. The summer of 1938 this Southern Junior College student stood on the station platform in Niles, Mich. All the passengers had left the platform. At a distance, the only person remaining was an older man in overalls.

After the arrival of another train about 15 minutes later, the same thing happened. We walked toward each other. His first question was, "Are you coming to work at the College Press?" When I said "Yes," he stood up tall and looking down at me, said, "Humph, they told me I was supposed to meet a man." Only 19 and weighing 145 pounds I didn't fit the farm manager's expectation. I worked on a

big cylinder press which I was told survived the Review and Herald fire in Battle Creek.

The new library was beautiful, a contrast to all the other old, but well-maintained buildings...Students knew that every professor and teacher and the administrators were on their toes, doing all they could to accomplish the possible accreditation of EMC. It was a high day when we learned of the full accreditation of EMC in the spring of 1939. The library was a positive factor.

For two years I roomed with Ben Beardsley. He and Allan Buller were close friends... I soon became acquainted with Allan. Both he and I found it necessary. but a blessing, to work our way through school. Recognizing his leadership, he was certainly our first choice as president of the senior class of 1941.

Although Allan was not a dormitory student, he was one of a number of us fellows who would occasionally get together late Saturday nights in one of the dormitory rooms for "bull sessions." We would let Allan out an unmonitored door, long after visiting hours.

As I remember, Allan, Lloyd Kidder and I were the first from EMC to be drafted. We qualified as 1-AO, which allowed us to serve in the Army without bearing arms. The personnel officers were puzzled, since in addition to being 1-AOs we were also graduates of "Emmanuel Missionary College." The explanation that EMC was a liberal arts college eased the situation. We were drafted before Pearl Harbor.

At the Homecoming in 2005 the only building standing from the time I arrived as a student, in my mind, was not "Griggs Hall" but the "James White Memorial Library." It evoked memories, which have been renewed as I read of its demolition and view the construction of Buller Hall. The articles in Focus were outstanding, especially the first-person remarks in the article, "A Building's Last Words."

It is no surprise that Allan and Mickey have continued their leadership and support for our beloved EMC/Andrews University.

Noble Vining (BA '41)

Recently I stopped in to bid farewell to an old friend soon to leave this world. When I was four years old, it was born the first proud new brick structure on the Emmanuel Missionary College campus. All the surrounding buildings were made of wood. Visitors stopped to admire the new James White Library which helped EMC achieve accreditation.

When I started Academy a decade later, the library was our home. Before Bell Hall was completed, Academy students scurried pell-mell over the campus and scuttled into any empty classroom. Only the Academy library on the lower floor gave us a sense of welcome and belonging. The academy girls had cubbyhole lockers in the workroom behind the study area—the only place on the campus that was ours. After we moved into Bell Hall, we were away from the library until we became college students. Then the library was again the hub of our learning experience.

As I took the final walk through the library and saw how it had been remodeled into Griggs Hall, I remembered the old days. The bulletin boards as we entered the front door always had pictures and messages for us—like the winter board with birds at a feeder and the words, "Be kind to all dumb animals and give the birds a crumb; Be kind to human beings, too—they're sometimes pretty dumb." Next I walked through the former academy library which had become the periodical room with its magazine stacks just across the hall. Then I went upstairs to the main reading room, the back office, and up to the top floor stacks.

I recalled taking library classes from the Head Librarian, Arlene Marks (later Mrs. Grimley) and then spending the next summers working in the library. The top floor windows looked out on the flat roofs of the two wings. Following a torrential rainstorm, those

roofs looked like wading pools. I recall that the librarians sent an emergency SOS to Plant Service before any leaks could ruin the books below.

Each summer Miss Marks borrowed children's books from the State Library and held a check-out and story hour for the local youngsters. She said those children were our "patrons of tomorrow" and needed to learn that the library provided help when they had a question.

One quiet summer Sunday, I was working alone at the main information desk when a crowd of Pathfinder on a scavenger hunt tramped in with a question—where could they find a red feather? I didn't know but suggested they find a white chicken feather, and we'd dye it red with stamp pad ink. In an incredibly short time they were back with a feather from the farm chicken coop. We colored it, and they left delighted. The silence didn't last long. Soon they trooped back seeking a green rubber band. A rubber band dipped in green ink solved their problem. They must have told their friends about the library because a rival team soon appeared asking if we would help them also. I assured them everyone was welcome in the library, and they too left with their treasures. Later still, the first group returned bringing me one of their prize ice cream bars because they said I had helped them win. I halfway apologized to Miss Marks because my work that afternoon had not been very collegiate. Instead, she said that showing those children that the library is a caring place where they can always get help was worth all the time it took.

Librarians Arlene Marks, Barbara Phipps, Dorothy Ferren and Audrey Stockton made that old James White Library the caring heart of Emmanuel Missionary College. It is a structure that will be truly missed.

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