

More Light In Our Library

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

Though I have my fair share of pride and vanity—some people say I have too much—it was hard for me to believe that the portrait placed in the library by the Sempervirens Club of California, could shed the light and radiance over rooms and corridors that prevails there now.

And it was well I had not laid this flattering illumination to my soul. It was not my portrait that had dispelled the gloom; it was the removal of an old eyesore, the dismantling of a rickety, tasteless, but pretentious frame building that has effectually hidden the classic walls of our grand library from the view of approaching visitors till they were just in front of it. More than once I have met strangers, coming up from Pacific Av., and just within a stone's throw of the library, who asked: "Can you tell me where to find the library? We were told it was on this street, but we can not see it."

Of course they could not; and many a stranger, tourist perhaps, with but a limited number of days to stay, has gone from here with the impression that the Santa Cruz library was either a myth or a building of which we were ashamed, and therefore hid it from sight.

How different now! You spy the massive walls of the Carnegie building as you come lingeringly up Church St., enjoying every garden that you pass, till from its green lawns the library greets with stately courtesy and bids you old-fashioned welcome to enjoy its treasures of newest books and latest magazines.

But if you would most thoroughly enjoy the new radiance prevailing at the library, you must look from one of the east windows. What a revelation has the dismantling of the tall, tumble-down house on Church St. made. The view is lovely; palms, magnolias and birch, roses and passion vines, ivies and geraniums running friskily up the slender trunks and the Wood gardens apparently the entrance to the library grounds. And sunshine everywhere, inside the library, flooding basement, halls and corridors, and caressing the flowers and grass long stunted by the hideous shadow that the tall, old frame house threw.

Miss Waterman, who, as we all know, grew up with the library, from the time it was located in two rooms over a Pacific Av. store, seems to wear a more cheery smile, as though a weight had been removed from her shoulders since the sunlight was let in; and Miss Doeltz, who has helped bear the burdens, reflects the new sunshine in her face.

"More light!" has been the cry of the world since its creation; and the very walls of the library already show their appreciation of the sunlight let in.