



# Editorial

## Say Hello

Writing editorials is easy. Writing articles that point to a better future while being critical of aspects of traditional librarianship is easy. The hard work is done daily as you and I perform our *normal* responsibilities. As we select material, process material, help users, and manage the interconnections, we give academic librarianship its heart. Oh yes, and let me add, as we teach as library educators.

Forgetting those who contributed to our own development as people and as professionals is also easy. During the time in which I was working on the September editorial I was preparing a paper for the ACRL National Conference in Baltimore next year. The theme "Hard Facts, Hard Work: Librarians and *A Nation at Risk*" led me to read several reports about our educational system from the elementary through the higher education levels. Weaknesses in our current educational system were cited in report after report. The whole system seemed suspect. How did we let ourselves arrive at such a state?

Suddenly, at one point, for some strange reason, my eyes filled with tears. I thought, "My Lord, all we have forgotten about is the people who have given their lives to us as teachers." They have given their best and we seem to have turned aside to build a pie-in-the-sky reality that has little to do with what teachers experience daily. Suddenly, I felt that all these reports were abstractions. Suddenly I remembered my teachers who had given me so much. I remembered them in the classroom, in the hallway, and in their homes. I had forgotten about the strength of our educational system, the heart of that system.

Sometimes as humans we seem to assume an enlightenment and ability that is far above what we can do in the reality of daily life. We construct models. We forget what we really know about life.

I went to library school at Syracuse from 1970 to 1972. Marta Dosa taught me about acquisitions. She is the godmother of my son. Pauline Atherton Cochrane taught me about cataloging with a vision that is more true today than it was yesterday. We played tennis together. In her class I wrote what turned into my first published article. It just happened to appear in *C&RL*. Another faculty member, Richard Dougherty, then editor of *C&RL*, published that paper and has been a close friend for over fifteen years. I remember my wife, Pam, hovering over Dick at a table in the Westcott Inn, lambasting him with the merits of heartfelt women's issues.

The dean, Roger Greer, carried forth his dream of library education. He built a faculty that included young people with doctorates in behavioral science, communications studies and information science—Jeff Katzer, Brenda Dervin, Ken Cook, Dave Sherrill. He blended the traditional and the innovative into a creative, dynamic faculty with strong and caring links to their students. The dream did not last: the tensions were substantial. But, as students, my classmates and I benefited greatly.

Time passes and we forget. But most of us carry around in the recesses of our mind similar memories about what has been given to us by former teachers. Perhaps this week we should pick up a telephone and call an old teacher.

Say hello.

CHARLES MARTELL