

Right through my childhood years, until a couple years into my teens, I was chauffeur driven from my Ross Point home, in Belmont, to school every day. As both parents were so involved with their hotel and we lived so very far away from the downtown library, I never frequented it as a child. Instead, my mother and my Aunty Dorothy (my dad's sister) showered me with books. My mother constantly sang the song to me about just how important books were and that I should always keep cultivating the love of reading.

I remember falling in love with the British author Enid Blyton's adventure and mystery books, before entering my teens. I also recall, that somehow I did manage to end up in the library on just a couple rare occasions trying to find her books in my early teens; not sure how I managed this, perhaps it was a Saturday when I was visiting my grandfather A.O. Payne in town. This was short lived, as my mum was able to buy a few of these book at the book shop in town, which I was then able to trade or exchange temporarily with other friends who also loved her books. This was my passport that allowed me not to get into trouble with my dad, who expected me to be collected after school and brought back to my safe haven Ross Point home.

When I think of a library, due to the above, my mind always gravitates to my high school library. This is where my friends and I often got together to study for any upcoming exams. However, it was in this group environment that I learnt a lot more about the birds & bees through conversations from well informed girls or friends, also the occasional book they brought to the table covered in brown paper.

Ha ha ha!!!

So, I guess you will agree that even my high school library was indeed a place of learning.— Anonymous

Intent on being the best JCB ever, i carried in my car, swimming, hiking and fishing gear. The opportunity to indulge will not catch me with my pants down.

So when my fishing rod fell into the sea, due to one too many amateurish cast, I had to dive to retrieve it. The guard at the library agreed to monitor my attempt, as it was just six in the morning.

Around 6AM a few weeks later, I thought I saw movement through the library window. When I stepped back to do a double-take, a voice asked "You think you see a ghost"? Then the image of a woman appeared at the window. For the next twenty minutes we had a great conversation that led to a friendship, and the subsequent donation of a copy of the SCA Directory of Occupations

- US Department of Labor.—Milton