1998

On The Road - A New Kind of Meeting Report

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Recommended Citation

DOI: [http://dx.doi.org/10.7771/2380-176X.2845](http://dx.doi.org/10.7771/2380-176X.2845)

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**On the Road — A New Kind of Meeting Report**

A glimpse at “Life in the Trenches” — “On the road again/Just can’t wait to get on the road again....”

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Welcome to the Spring edition of **On the Road**. Those of us in the Northeast were very fortunate to have such a mild winter with little or no snow! Let’s have some sales stories from the Northeast Sales Reps to share with ATG readers. The following is a continuation of stories from the infamous **NASIG** board meeting of October 1997.

From: **Beverly Geer** (Trinity University) <bgeer@trinity.edu>

After an unusual experience at the rental car return, we got to the airport sometime around 10:00 am. We went to the end of the very long Delta check-in line and started inching our way forward. The folks standing in line were good-humored and patient, making the wait bearable. Around 1:00 PM, I got to the Delta agent who very kindly put me on standby for the 3:05 PM (Uhr-Huh) flight to Dallas. I was feeling optimistic and so celebrated with a glass of Boulder Beer in a bar where people were watching the Bronco/Bills game. I don’t follow football but I was silently cheering for the Bills out of loyalty to people I knew who were Bills fans and because I was a bit miffed that the Broncos had gotten out of town so easily. Huhumph.

About 2:00 PM I made my way to gate C44 which was soon to be my semi-permanent home. The sign at the gate said Cincinnati/Memphis, so I looked around for someone I knew, but saw no one. Around 2:30 PM, the sign changed to Dallas/Ft.Worth and I became a little more optimistic. Then it changed back to Cincinnati/Memphis and a few minutes later back to Dallas/Ft.Worth then back to Cincinnati/Memphis. Everyone at the gate began to look around in wonderment at the schizophrenic sign. After several changes back and forth, it stayed Cincinnati/Memphis and the departure list had my flight leaving at 4:10 PM (right!). A few minutes later it changed to 4:30 PM (oh yes!). Around 4:45 they actually started boarding the Dallas/Ft.Worth flight. They called the standby passengers and my name was among them!!!! We got on the plane and around 5:00 PM, the pilot announced that the plane would not start (I am serious!). It had been sitting in the cold and snow for 2 days and so they called a mechanic over to see what the problem was. After 20 minutes or so, we were told that the mechanic needed to replace a part, so we all trooped off and were told that we would leave around 7:30 PM. Many of us got back in line to see what would happen to connecting flights because of the delay. I was told that United had a 6:25 flight to San Antonio (yippee!) and that if I hurried over I might be able to get on that. The kind agent handed me my permission slip (by this time it was 6:20 PM) and so I made my way to concourse B. You should have seen concourse B. What a crowd over there. I waited at the United gate and was told after a few minutes that the San Antonio flight was full. Okay, I said and started making my way back to familiar surroundings, C44. About this same time a man came running down the hall yelling “WAIT!” because he was trying to make a connecting flight to San Antonio. He was not happy because he had been told that the flight would wait for him. As I left I could hear him letting his disappointment out in very loud tones. I returned to the relative calm of C44 where my two new compadres, Mike (on his way to Little Rock) and Tina (going to Shreveport) welcomed me back (Mike having improved his mood with two slices of pepperoni continued on page 62
On The Road
from page 61

The 3 of us formed the Gate C44 Group and decided we were going to Dallas come hell or high water. The Delta folks also seemed to be considering it a challenge because they now were telling us that the alleged "part" was on a United flight from Phoenix and that we should be leaving by 9:30 PM (sigh). A short while later, we were told that the United flight had been canceled. Let's see, I think we are up to plan R by now. Little Rock Mike and Shreveport Tina and I had noticed for quite awhile now that there was a plane over next door at Gate C42 that seemed to be ready but going nowhere. Why, oh why, can't we just take that plane we asked over and over again. Of course, no answer came. The Gate C44 group watched the snow removal equipment whose job seemed endless; we even began making plans to register to vote and file a homestead stake at gate C44. Finally the Delta guy said that they found another plane and would bring it over. About 11:00 PM the Good Ship Albatross was pushed out of the way and the SS Minnow was brought in. Finally, we got on board and the witching hour of midnight came at which time the plane actually took off!!! Unbelievable. We landed in Dallas at 2:30 AM CST. I went to the baggage claim, but of course, no bags were there. I waved goodbye to Mike and Tina, got in a cab and said take me to the nearest Marriott. I got in bed by 3:30 am and slept until 8:30 am. I thought my feet would never thaw. I called Delta and they got me on the 12:55 PM flight to San Antonio (the one I should have been on Sunday!!!). I looked out the window and saw a big blue sky and snowless terrain. It was lovely so I ordered pancakes and coffee. I will never again see Dallas in quite the same way. I got to my house at 2:30 PM Monday. I was greeted by Jimmie, Dale and Twyla who gave me a good talking to. We opened all the windows, breathed in the fresh air and gave thanks that we don't live where it snows. I hate snow. I hate cold weather. This trip confirmed that I am not meant to live north of Austin.

I think I will never travel again! 🛩️

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