On the Road — Alligators in Charleston? Fore!

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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Unsure of the game of golf to begin with, I’ve often wondered why I put myself through the pain of trying to actually play the game. As if working in an academic libraries Acquisitions Department isn’t frustrating enough, I choose to chase a little white ball around a course of grasses, freshwater hazards, cliffs, oceans, and sandtraps. Never mind my lack of depth perception, ability to keep my shoulder down and my eye on the ball, or that there are about 15 clubs in my bag and I choose to use only 4 of them. (My putter is a most unusual club that serves me a multi-of-poses.) Did you know that the rubber around the body of a golf cart really does diminish the effects of whiplash when you crash into the back of one? I learned that this year in Charleston, as well as the fact that you don’t even hit the vendor’s golf bag if it’s in the proper location.

After a very stimulating and exciting conference in Charleston this year, a friend and trading partner (Okay, a vendor, I’ll go ahead and say it!) decided that he and the gals from Dartmouth should hit the links on Saturday afternoon to help unwind and enjoy the beautiful scenery that the Patriot’s Point Links on Charleston Harbor has to offer. Well he was certainly right about the views, and I was certainly right about chasing that little white ball around. We gals purchased a 10 pack of “experienced” golf balls (also known as water-soaked) and some tees, rented some clubs, and proceeded to show our true Dartmouth “Green” abilities (or inadequacies) to play the game of golf. After 6 holes, I had already re-soaked 2 of those golf balls, and I still had 12 holes to go. With those statistics and the odds against me already, I decided that I would hunt for any other ball I might happen to misplace off the fairway. Of course, on the 7th hole, my ball found its way to yet another body of water. Alas, there was no splash, so I was off and running to retrieve that little sucker before it sunk into the mud or quicksand. My golf partners were continuing on their own separate ways, realizing I was hunting again instead of golfing, when my new golf partner appeared.

My ball, small, meek and mild was within 3 inches of the tail of a 3 foot alligator, who was trying to catch any rays he could on this rather brisk but sunny Saturday afternoon. Being a typical New Englander, my first response was to say “Hello” to the little fellow, and ask if he’d mind if I took my ball back. Of course, I also apologized for invading his space, explaining that I wasn’t originally from this area and a horrible golfer as well. He appeared just fine with our discussion, so I felt it a wise idea to wave down my original golf partners to come and meet my new friend, and to bring me my camera. Of course, due to the wind (or their professional abilities to ignore me), they had no idea what I was yelling about. Finally, John Riley (Yes, it was John Riley) felt he should come and drag me away from the hole since I wasn’t leaving on my own free will. Soon realizing my excitement was well warranted, (I can’t publish his first expression of speech,) he began the “waving” dance at Ann McGuigan, to hurry her along down to the water hole. She was hesitant, but figured if there were two of us doing the “wave” thing that something must be going on. She arrived and expressed the same disbelief, “Holy Cow!” (That’s what continued on page 85

Endnotes


Other Resources


www.pcmag.com/y2k. Lots of good links to other sites.


www.milite.org/research/y2k. Focus on making systems compliant.

Other articles of interest (by no means exhaustive)

was that the traditional distribution chain in serials publishing had had the effect of keeping publishers, agents, libraries and readers/authors in isolation from each other. The processes of evaluating and deploying electronic journals requires all parties in the chain to have a much greater understanding of the other environments. To date this has not happened, and it was clear from the meeting that this was to the overall detriment of the level of service being provided to the ultimate user of the information, the reader, who also needed considerable support and training. The way forward in the corporate sector may be for individual industry sectors to start to develop some generic guidelines for licensing agreements, along the lines of the pharmaceutical industry, but there are also issues here of resourcing these initiatives. If nothing else, publishers left the meeting recognising that there was much still to be done, librarians were recognising that everyone else had the same problems, and subscription agents were working out how to take advantage of the situation.

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we New Englanders say when we see an alligator on the golf course.) We are used to finding cows, moose, deer, foxes, bears, and squirrels, but I have never run into an alligator!

I probably won’t see another alligator this year, especially since we’ve already seen snow. But, I do look forward to next year’s conference and a reunion with the “ATG” Alligator that I met this year on the seventh hole.

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“Yes I know. It’s out of stock with the ven…”

“Atlas of the Birds of Peru.”

“Yeah, it’s out.”

“Oh. Not in Spanish, in English.”

“The vendor doesn’t have it.”

“Yes. We don’t have it either. That’s why I ordered it.”

Every word a land mine, so as I write this I pray you will understand, that I haven’t done anything humiliating with the language, anything that future generations of Krafts will have to carry with them, their heads hung low. You measure your audience. You choose your words. But every act of communication presents a million possibilities, a million opportunities for misstep. If I have tripped, will you forgive me?

“Ned? This is Carlos. Are you still there?”