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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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The following story is from a board meeting recently held by NASIG, the North American Serials Interest Group, in Boulder, Colorado. Unfortunately, the column isn’t large enough for me to include all of the stories submitted for this issue, however, I will include a few more comical recollections from other board members in the next issue.

A little background on the NASIG Group. NASIG was founded back around 1985 and has served as a forum for the exchange of ideas between vendors, publishers, and librarians. For many of us vendors, the NASIG Meeting is our library education and brings us up to speed with the current needs of libraries as well as the publishers’ concerns. The executive board meets a few times a year, however, as you can tell by the included story, sometimes things don’t go as smoothly as planned. It is also a pleasure to include a few articles from librarians, as opposed to the usual vendor sales stories. I look forward to receiving future articles from our traveling readers and hope that you enjoy the following episode.

Quasi Press Release:
Denver International Airport, Sunday, October 26, 1997

The Blizzard “All-Weather, Never Closes-Who’s Clearing Pena Blvd.” Place by Connie Foster (Western Kentucky University)

DIA creates DOA effect for Nashville-bound passenger (and NASIG officer). Following an untimely cancellation of the 1:28 p.m. flight on Sunday, Connie Foster finally left DIA at 1:30 a.m., Monday. This momentous event followed a lively day of standby and rollover activities on Concourse C, Gates 31-39, as various flights came, left, never arrived, were overbooked, and were generally unavailable for the 120 standby passengers who were trying to create a positive environment and to avoid any semblance of anarchy or angry mob scenes for the bedraggled but professional airline personnel whose smiles tightened noticeably as the day wore on. Although Foster was #77 on the standby list, she refused to heed the “go home and return tomorrow” advice given those who were #51-120 on the list. Remembering the maxim that a “snowbird at the gate is worth 2 on Pena Blvd,” she remained full of optimism tinged with anxiety.

With reassurance at 8:00 p.m. that all remaining passengers would be confirmed on a midnight flight to Dallas, and with a safe haven of 4+ hours without standby concerns, anxiety yielded to elation that Foster proceeded to the nearest golden arches, which then were on Concourse B, and drowned her relief in a quarter pounder with fries - food taking definitive priority over shopping.

The next stop was to plot strategies for catching the departing flights and to purchase a fat novel, size being the only criterion (Lonesome Dove — who says librarians keep current in their reading?) to replace the completed A Thousand Acres. Armed with novel, blanket and free beverages on the 12:30 a.m. flight to Dallas, this passenger was increasingly travel-wise for the next stop — Gate C38b, DFW.

Forgetting those luxurious hotels for the pre-dawn snooze from 3:30-5:15 with accommodations on the floor of the airport (the molded plastic seating left no room for imaginative sleeping positions). Foster observed how noisy a seemingly empty airport can be at that time. The drills from constant work and the rolling of mop buckets along the tile floors prevented any serious sleep — and who would want it anyway?

By 6:30 a.m., the DOA effect had kicked in as Foster numbly but rationally yielded her seat to the overbooked flight to Nashville in exchange for a $200 air voucher and confirmed seat on the 9:06 flight that left at 9:30 a.m. She surmised that another two and-a-half hours was no big deal and that her dean would be pleased with creative fund-raising efforts for future travel expenses.

Another maxim to go with the snowbird: Regardless of blizzard conditions, one’s suitcase does receive preferential treatment and is not subject to the human conditions of standby status, overbooking, cancellations, or other inconveniences. Her luggage awaited her at the Nashville airport and by 1:00 p.m. Monday she was back home in Kentucky, one more life experience (and airline voucher) richer.

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