



BARGAIN TRAVEL: (submitted by Sherry)

For your next trip to Washington DC or Philadelphia for conference or for leisure, I recommend Bolt Bus. I had very pleasant ride last week even under horrible weather conditions. This bus is operated by Greyhound Bus Co., downtown New York City (stop right across the street from Penn Station) to downtown DC (stop at the Old Convention Center). The bus company uses new vehicles equipped with Wi-Fi and toilet, guaranteed seats by on-line reservation and more importantly, the cost is very reasonable. I spent \$40 for round trip, nonstop NY to DC within 5 hours. The price might be slightly different pending the date and time of your trip. more info. see: www.Boltbus.com

APPRECIATION BREAKFAST EVENT:

On April 7 the library staff gathered to celebrate the many years of service of several staff - Josephine Castronovo, Kathy Maxheimer, H el ene Volat, David Bolotine, Lorraine Giampaolo, Bob Lobou, Donna Sammis, Elsa Gonzalez, and Godlind Johnson. While enjoying a breakfast buffet we heard touching and often funny accounts from the experiences of Kathy, H el ene, and David. So that we can keep their stories "alive" the text is included in this Bulletin. Enjoy their stories AGAIN AND AGAIN! Some photos from this event are attached.



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IMG_0825.JPG



IMG_0838.JPG

[K. Maxheimer] My 25 years at Stony Brook have been filled with memories. My first three months working in the Library, I was afraid to ask where the books were located! I have had the great pleasure of working with students and colleagues from all over the country and around the world. The world has changed dramatically over these past 25 years and it has been very enlightening to experience these changes when seen from others perspectives. Whether it has been political, such as the Berlin Wall coming down, or the devastation of a tsunami, it has been a rare opportunity to share these events with countrymen far from home. The Stony Brook experience, for me, has truly been a wealth of cultural diversity, and I have grown as a person, a friend, and a colleague. My thanks to all who have helped me along the way....

[D. Bolotine] I should have more library memories than anyone here so you'd think that I would have plenty to reminisce about, but since I can't remember anything I'll just say a few words about why I'm still here. It's because I don't know the meaning of the word retirement. True these days I don't know the meaning of a lot of words. But I tried to say something serious and meaningful by describing what it meant to me to be here all these years. As you will now hear I failed miserably. I actually do remember a couple of things and the reason is because I am reminded of them every day. The first is our card catalog. A piece of furniture that is so heavy and massive that it was used to reinforce a supporting wall in the core. When it was moved a piece of the building broke off and fell into Circulation. It's still doing it's job by helping hold up our wall in CSpace (you figure out what the C stands for).

I also remember the filers. Not because their pictures are on my wall of fame but because

today's words have had totally different meaning when applied by them years ago.

Here are some examples of the frequent filer's vocabulary

Desktop: the location of the filer's ashtray

Hard drive: tough commute to work

Virus: a sick filer with a bug

Bug: resident in a in a plant on card catalog

Chat: filer's pastime.

Suppressed records: unfinished filing.

Cursor: filer's reaction to megahertz

Digitization: skilled card browsing

Passwords: never a problem

Web site: located underneath card cabinet

Zoom: quitting time

Drag and drop: filer's reaction to grueling field work.

DSpace: empty slot created by missing catalog drawer

Megahertz: result of full card drawer dropping on filers foot

So much for my memories. I would like to thank those for arranging this day of recognition. This is important since who knows, a few years from now it may be hard to recognize me. And now one final word about my affliction - I'll just have to live with it - I am referring to by lifetime dependency on Trader Joe's chocolate covered Joe Joe's. Why did I come to this country in the first place? It had to do with love... Which is why in September 1971, I had exchanged my Paris apartment for one at Camp Upton, otherwise known as Brookhaven National Laboratory.

[H. Volat] A few days after my arrival on Long Island, I decided to visit the Stony Brook campus. I had in mind to apply to the Graduate Program in Philosophy (I was a graduate student in Philosophy in Paris) but since my command of the English language left much to be desired, I opted instead for a visit to the department of French and Italian. This department, by the way, was located exactly where the Humanities Building is today. I met with the Chair of the department, Prof. Leonard Mills, who upon hearing that I had arrived from Paris a few days earlier absolutely refused to say a single word of French to me. I learned later that Prof. Mills was a scholar in Medieval French

Literature and could only converse in 12th-century French.

As I was leaving, Prof. Mills suggested that I visit the library. This struck me as odd since I had successfully managed four years of University in Paris without ever stepping into one... But I followed his advice and headed for the library. Unfortunately the campus was in full construction, with trucks, cranes, mud, and hardly any roads. To make matters worse, I was no longer the proud owner of a small French 2CV (the type which had the shift on the dashboard and a top which could be rolled away like a sardine can) but was now driving a gigantic Chevrolet with an automatic transmission. I really didn't know where and how to park it, so I decided to do things the French way and leave it as close as possible to wherever you intend

to go – in this case right in front of the library's main entrance.

On second thought, though, I decided to be considerate and leave a note on the windshield explaining that I was going into the library for business. The term “business” is “affaire” in French, so I wrote in big, bold letters that I was “in the library for an affair.” When I retrieved my car my note had been replaced by another, more formal one, inviting me to discuss my considerable parking prowess with the campus police ...

I didn't know it at the time but this was the beginning of a great love affair with the library since for the last thirty years I have been working there as a librarian. And speaking of love, in February 1988 (Valentine's day to be precise) the Chair of the French department asked me to give a library tour to a candidate for a position in 20th-century French literature in their department. Officially, I was to impress upon the candidate the quality of the French collection. Unofficially, I was to report to the Chair on the candidate's ability to speak French. The candidate was dazzled by the quality of the collection, I was dazzled by the candidate's charm and reported to the Chair that his French was flawless. I recommended him warmly for the position. A good thing because he was hired and ... I ended up marrying him.

So, I do have a lot to thank the library for!