

SUMMER TIMES

No. 5 July 30, 1988

Page 1	Busted Pump Leaves Bard High and Dry for 12 Hours Gregory Berl Migrant Inspections Lax: Critics Charge Housing Unsanitary Khaled Mattawa Gridiron Statues Gracing Campus Howard D. Lipoff Store Stops Selling Condoms at Night Laura Barneby
Page 2	Cry Freedom Cat Trek Pot Bust Coast Pact Nears Okay: Plan Will Regulate Development Nam Jam Concerts Scheduled for Today
Page 3	The Slaves of New York: Hard Life in Area Migrant Camps Khaled Mattawa
Page 5	Stranger in a Strange Land Jessie Barillaro
Page 7	Close the GOP Cavett, Please Time to Clean Up
Page 8	Midnight Madness Water, Water Nowhere
Page 9	A Day Aboard the Enforcer: Fighting Crime, Stupidity on the High Seas Matthew Harrington
Page 10	A Small Town Matures Christine Richter
Page 11	Bass Thriving Again in River Janet Glover
Page 12	Athenian Conquest David Galarza
Page 13	Angels One Solution for Sad City Elizabeth Phillips Bush for Veep Amara Wiley Tim Robbins a Treat in Bull Durham Howard D. Lipoff
Page 14	Spiritually Still Low Here Elbert Collier

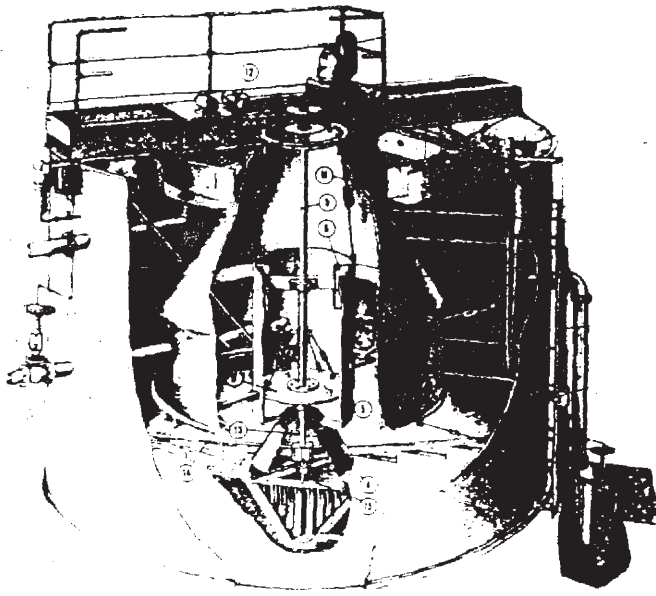
summer Times

Bard College

Saturday, July 30, 1988

Free

Busted Pump Leaves Bard High and Dry for 12 Hours



A small electrical failure disabled this tank yesterday.

By Gregory Berl

Water service to all of Bard's campus buildings and dormitories and several Anandale residents was restored yesterday morning after almost 12 hours of dry faucets and gurgling toilet bowls.

A small electrical connection which supplies electricity to a pump was responsible for the breakdown, which occurred shortly after 6 p.m. Thursday night, disrupting water distribution to all bathrooms and kitchens after the reserve storage tanks emptied about midnight.

"They called me up at 1 a.m.," said Thomas Menig, water plant operator. "I've been working on this since."

He asked what time it was. "Hey, I can go home. I've worked an eight-hour day."

Bard draws all its water from the Sawkill Creek, where, through a series of pipes, it travels to a water treatment plant about 50 yards away. When it reaches the plant, it is pumped into a 20,000-gallon tank where it goes through a process of standard surface water filtration.

"There's nobody to blame," said Chuck Simmons, director of Buildings and Grounds, Bard's maintenance service. "It's machinery, and something went wrong. That's all."

Some people had different opinions.

"It's horrible. You can't do anything," one woman HEOP student said. "I heard something about going to the waterfalls to wash. That's insane."

Elie Yarden, an MFA student, remarked of the paper plates in the cafeteria this morning, "If we can't have real dishes, we should pay 10% less."

Despite the repairs, more problems may lie ahead. According to Menig, there hasn't been a leak in any pipes yet, but due to all the air pushing

continued on page 3

continued on page 14

Migrant Inspections Lax

Critics Charge Housing Unsanitary

By Khaled Mattawa

The Orange County Health Department has been lax in enforcing state housing codes for migrant workers, farm worker rights advocates charged this week.

According to Carmen Rau, an attorney for Farm Worker Legal Services of New Paltz,

the Health Department cited 191 violations of the state code in the 38 migrant camps operating in the county. But county officials confirmed last week that the department took only two legal actions against the farmers cited for the violations.

Conditions at the camps are often primitive. Rau said she knows of camps where workers go for days without water or electricity. Although newly constructed camps must have flush toilets, the state continues to allow outhouses at the older facilities, said David Bechtle, director of the Orange County Bureau of Sanitary Control.

According to Rau, some of the outhouses "are so filthy, the men have to do it outside."

Workers are also exposed to hazardous amounts of pesticides at some of the camps, Rau and Hearn charged. Rau's organization conducts workshops to alert workers to their dangers.

One worker who asked not to be identified said the owner of the farm where he worked sprays the field with pesticides while they are at work.

"He drives the spray tractor within fifty feet of us," he said.

Rau, and her assistant Toni Garret, charged that the low number of county enforcement actions demonstrated health department negligence.

continued on page 3

Gridiron Statues Gracing Campus

By Howard D. Lipoff

Most people at Bard this summer do not know Peter Jon Snyder, but they have probably noticed the way he has made the campus more beautiful since coming here a few weeks ago.

Snyder, a 35-year-old lawn maintenance worker from Reading, Pennsylvania, has created a "sight specific" art display behind the William Cooper Procter Arts Center

continued on page 2

Store Stops Selling Condoms at Night

By Laura Barnebey

A local 24-hour market refuses to sell condoms at night so that "people who shouldn't get them" won't.

Rhinebeck's Grand Union supermarket, the only local store open 24 hours a day 7 days a week, keeps condoms in their pharmacy which closes at 9 pm and will not sell them after that time.

Condoms are locked up at night in order to "not give access to people who shouldn't have them," said a Grand Union manager who identified himself only as Steve. He then specified little children but refused to comment on how many children shop at

Grand Union after 9 pm.

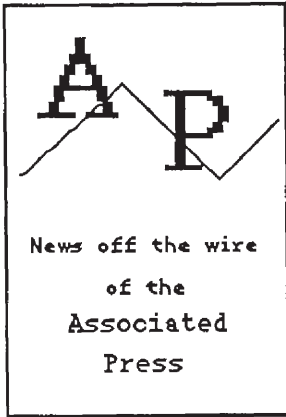
According to a Grand Union pharmacist who asked not to be identified, some products displayed in the pharmacy are also shelved elsewhere in the store, but condoms are not.

Store officials said the policy was not their own but the company's. Company spokesperson Donald Vaillencourt was not available for comment.

The Grand Union in Hyde Park, 15 miles further south, is not equipped with a separate pharmacy and does make condoms available all night.

"In light of public health concerns, distributors should

continued on page 2



Cry Freedom

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa—The movie "Cry Freedom" opened in more than 30 South African theaters yesterday with the censor's approval, but police said it threatened public safety and seized the copies seven hours later.

They cited two bombs, anonymous phone threats, and violent scenes in the movie as proof that it was dangerous.

Movie-goers at the Northcliff Theater in a rich white Johannesburg suburb arrived to find posters being taken down and police ready to confiscate the film. "Cry Freedom" was replaced by "I Was a Teenage Vampire."

Cat Trek

CLAMECY, France—A cat that apparently preferred France to West Germany walked 620 miles to its old home here, the feline's former owner says.

Madeline Martinet said her cat, Gribouille, appeared on her doorstep in this central French city this week, nearly two years after he was reported missing from Reutlingen, a West German town near Stuttgart.

Gribouille was two months old when Mrs. Martinet gave him away in July 1986 to her neighbor, who moved to Reutlingen.

Pot Bust

PAINTSVILLE, Kentucky—A cancer patient who said he must smoke marijuana to avoid starvation was convicted Friday of possessing 7.5 ounces of marijuana, but jurors fined him only \$1 and ordered no jail time.

The Johnson District Court jury followed the recommendation of Assistant County Attorney Tom Blaha, who urged them to show compassion.

The maximum penalty that could have been levied was 90 days in jail and a \$250 fine.

The trial that began Thursday was the first time a cancer patient has mounted a medical defense against a marijuana possession charge.

Coast Pact Nears Okay

Plan Will Regulate Development

By Alex Kates

The Town and Village of Rhinebeck will vote next month on a land management program designed to make the best use of the coastal area from the Hudson River to Routes 9 and 9G.

The Local Waterfront Revitalization Program (LWRP), a forty-four point, federally-funded state plan amended to address local conditions establishes legal ties between all levels of government for the development of the coastal zone. Among the areas covered are the promotion of tourism, development of the commercial fishing industry, and regulation of new construction to minimize flood and erosion damage.

Sally Mazzarella, Chairman of the Rhinebeck Town Planning Board and President of the Hudson River Shoreline Task Force, supports the plan because "if and when development occurs, it should be done in a manner that is sensitive to the coastal area."

Mazzarella stressed the importance of the protective aspects of the program. "If there are any state or federal projects proposed that would vio-

late any one of the forty-four policies [of the LWRP], then the New York Department of State works with the local government as its advocate to fight the proposal."

The new law emphasizes the welfare of the land over other concerns, private and public. "If we have set controls on the farm owner or the private land owner, then why should the state or federal government be treated any differently," Mazzarella said.

In the past, the federal government has maintained a proprietary interest in the nation's land, invoking the law of Eminent Domain in order to seize land to build railroads and other public works. In contrast, the Federal Coastal Zone Management Act, from which the LWRP is derived, authorizes and finances a local area to designate land inaccessible for government development.

The town currently operates under constraints similar to those outlined in the new program. If adopted, the new regulations will be "no different than what is presently allowed and not allowed within our master plan, our zoning

law, and our subdivision regulations," Mazzarella said. The only difference, she explained, is that under the LWRP, "additional [federal] dollars will be made available to the community."

'Nam Jam' Concerts Scheduled For Today

By Karen Mercereau

The fourth annual Nam Jam rock festival will be held on Saturday, July 30, at Cantine Field in Saugerties. Live local bands will be performing all day, from 1pm to 10pm.

This benefit concert is sponsored by the Ulster County Vietnam Vets and CZX Classics with all proceeds going toward the construction of the Ulster County Vietnam Veterans Memorial.

Seven local bands will be donating their time and talent: The Phantoms, Transblue-sion, Fender Benders, Nichols and Company, The Crows, The Paul Luke Band, and Roy Atkinson.

Sports Sculpture Unveiled

Snyder Represents Goalposts, Receiver

continued from p. 1

as part of the Master of Fine Arts program.

"Sight specific" art is designed to fit the geographical area in which it is positioned. Snyder used the muddy land behind the arts center to represent a football field during a day of rain.

The three items which are part of Snyder's project represent goal posts, a receiver and a child spectator.

The artist describes his work as an "ode to the football God. People are not going to know this when they come to the sight. For me, it is a statement on American football and how it has gone downhill," he said.

Snyder was interested in making a statement on football since his father was an all-star player in college. He has attempted to show a dichotomy between football and religion in this project.

He said he dislikes the way football has been influenced by drugs and money.

The work, which now consists of three units made out of welded steel, is still in the process of being completed, and Snyder expects to add a

few more items to the display before the MFA program ends on August 20th. He will then disassemble the pieces and bring it back home with him and display it somewhere close to his home.

Snyder will be displaying his art at three shows scheduled in major northeastern cities

this fall. He said that his artistic ability has greatly increased due to the MFA program.

"The program has increased my productivity. I'm thinking about a lot of things differently now since I have had the opportunity to work on this project."

Grand Union Bars Late-Night Condoms

continued from p. 1

opt to make condoms as much available as possible," said Susan Tew, assistant director of communications at New York's Alan Guttmacher Institute, a family planning research organization. "The way contraceptives are made available certainly impacts the use."

"If people are going to be responsible about preventing disease and pregnancy, they are going to need access," said Judy Henkel, director of education for Planned Parenthood, Poughkeepsie. "Condoms should be available during the evening hours."

The director of a local pro-

life pregnancy support center, who asked not to be identified, said she doesn't "consider condoms an emergency thing that should be available 24-hours a day."

"I'm curious about the rationale for this policy," said Alan Botsford, director of community relations for Northern Dutchess Hospital. She does not understand why availability is restricted and said "condoms should be made available 24-hours a day."

A spokesperson for the Surgeon General, Everett C. Koop, who has advocated condom use to halt the spread of AIDS, refused to comment.

The Slaves of New York

Hard Life in Area Migrant Camps

By Khaled Mattawa

Teresa is tired of talking to me. She turns around and settles in her front passenger seat, and she slowly jerks her head to a song about the right stuff.

Teresa is taking me to see migrant workers, to sympathize, and to write my story. I come knowing that I will leave. Teresa stopped thinking about that after the birth of her first daughter. She is not going anywhere. Teresa, 30, lives with her parents and her two daughters, Tasha, 14, and Tamara, 8. Her father was a migrant worker who used to come to New York during the apple harvest season and return to his family in Florida to pick oranges. He has been settled in New York for the last 27 years taking care of a

farm where the owner has offered him free housing and health insurance. Teresa works as an outreach worker with Rural Opportunities, a federally and state funded organization helping workers get by. She too gets by, keeping whatever luxuries she enjoys at a minimum, including cigarettes.

Wanda, a new outreach worker Teresa is training, gets in the car and drives. Her eyes are on the road but take occasional glimpses at Teresa. We don't talk. Wanda lights a cigarette and starts to hesitantly sway to the music. She's new on the job.

We stop by a "hotel" that has no sign. Two men, Herman and James, walk toward us. They greet Teresa and Wanda,

smiling, and turn to look at me caged in the backseat. Teresa hands each a \$60 check and tells them "it should last you till next Thursday," eight days from now. "For food and transportation," she repeats for the third time. James signs the sheet gratefully, nodding his head. Herman says, "That ain't gonna last long," laughing. We drive on.

The two men, Teresa turns to tell me, are migrant workers who decided to quit farming. She found jobs for them at West Point Military Academy, serving food to the cadets, for \$6 an hour. They could get up to \$7 in a month, she says. "These people will test to see what they can get away with, what they can con you out of, but that's some, not all." Teresa is proud and satisfied, enjoying her momentary success. Herman and James, like hundreds of migrants she's helped before, may quit, get fired, or return to Florida when the cold New York winter hits.

Health Codes Lax

continued from page 1

"That's their opinion. They know we take action when we feel it's necessary. I certainly am not going to get into a discussion about that," said Mathias Schliefer, assistant commissioner of the Orange County Health Department.

Anthony Dumas, an advocate for migrant workers, estimated their number in Orange County to be 10,000. The Bureau of Research and Statistics of the Orange County Department of Labor said it could not estimate the number of migrants.

Rau and Garret said that of the 191 citations last year, seven were for public health hazards that have not been corrected by farm owners despite repeated inspections by the health department.

They also noted that at the final inspection last year, twelve camps continued to have 52 cited violations, including four public health hazards, after three health department inspections. In one case a camp was cited in July for a public health hazard that still existed at the end of October when the department made a follow-up visit.

In another, no apparent action was taken by health officials in a camp cited for high concentrations of bacteria in the drinking water in 1984, '86 and '87, according to Garret.

The health department normally does three inspections annually, said Bechtle. The first is supposed to take place before the arrival of the migrants at the camp, the second in mid-season, and the third at season's end.

But this system, according to Rau, does not work. "They do the inspection, write a letter to the farmer saying please comply. No enforcement. And they go again and nothing has been corrected, but they don't threaten with compliance."

David Hearn, human resource specialist for Farmers Opportunity, a non-profit organization in Marlboro, said he doubts the health department officials do follow-up inspections at all.

"I don't believe they go back and do inspections," he said.

"The farmers and health officials know each other," said Anthony Dumas, director of Rural Opportunities Orange County office. "They (the farmers) show them what they are supposed to see. And of course there's corruption."

Farmers are required to apply for a permit to operate a migrant camp one month before their season begins. The health department then inspects the facility and issues a permit if there are no health code violations.

Garret points to a case of a migrant camp that was operating without a permit. The camp was issued a temporary operating permit despite 13 violations of the state health code.

State regulations require a facility to house at least five workers to be considered a migrant camp. Facilities that house fewer than five workers are only inspected by the Housing Office, which does not inspect as frequently as the health department, Bechtle said.

He noted that some farmers try to work around the health code by housing fewer than five workers in a facility. In a few cases, he said, farm owners tried to house groups of four workers in separate locations on their farms to avoid inspections by the health department.

A migrant working in an onion field near Pine Island said he had informed the farm's owner a week ago of loose electrical wires hanging above the sink in his house, but the problem had not been repaired. He refused to file the complaint, saying he was on good terms with the owner and feared for his job.

Farm workers rarely complain to the health department about the conditions in which they must live, Hearn said, because they are afraid of being fired. "If a worker files a complaint against a farmer, the farmer will find a reason to fire the person."

He also said that outreach workers for his organization cannot make a formal complaint to the health department on behalf of the workers. "We cannot make a complaint legally. You have to be living there."

"The state should change the health code (for migrant camps)," Hearn said. "Very few of these camps are acceptable. Some conditions are outrageous."

Dumas said he does not understand why the department inspects after the season is over. He suggested that the health department conduct arbitrary inspections and not inform the farmer beforehand. "That way they can really see what it's like there."

The camp Oscar lives in is tucked behind trees and painted barn red. No one comes out upon hearing me drive up. I walk to his room and can hear only the TV blaring through the screen door. I knock on the door. "Who is it?" he shouts. I cannot answer him. Who is it that's knocking on this man's door. Yes, I'm here to get the facts straight. But I have my facts straight. I know about this man's life even before I see him. I know he has no future; neither do his children if they follow in his footsteps. I know he doesn't want my sympathy, nor that of others. He and I know that sympathy is a self indulgent activity when not accompanied by action. So what's the point? What's the point? "I'm here to meet with migrant workers. I'm doing a story..." "Come in," I hear him say. He switches off the black and white television and I find a chair. He sits up in the bed he brought along from a house he owned in the area before he and his wife "quit."

Oscar has been working at this farm for the last 17 years.

The pay is \$4.50 an hour, a quarter better than the new guys, and 50 cents to \$1.50 less than the white guys who "drive tractors and do the easy work." His room is modest and clean. It's cool in the summer, but was too cold in March, when "the heater didn't work too good. Sometimes works, some don't." He told the owners about it but summer came before it could be fixed. There are no dishes in the sink, no pots on the stove, no children's stickers on the refrigerator, no pictures on the dirty white walls. At the right corner of the room, close to the sink, is a single bed where his 16-year-old son sleeps. Oscar works in New York from March to November. His second wife and his children live in a rented home in Florida. He sends for the 16-year-old as soon as school finishes "to keep him out of trouble" and "to do some work." The boy is not around. Oscar does not know where he is.

I ask Oscar about the Bible that sat on a table next to his bed. He says he reads it when he gets tired of television. It looks too worn out to be read as seldom as he claims.

So what's work like up here? "Work is continued on next page

The Sour Apples of Wrath

continued from last page

pretty hard. They should pay more. We prune the trees, thin 'em, throw the small plant away, mow the grass around it. Pretty hard." And life? "It's not a good life, just living, you know, just living."

We drive through a poor neighborhood, black children playing in the slow rain in front of houses that were once pretty. We stop at a stop sign. A golf course is on our left. A rich neighborhood begins without excuses--joggers, speed walkers with Walkmen, Volvos and minivans. We reach the country. A right turn, a left, a left, take us to a migrant camp where a family lives. Teresa steps out of the car, greets a young girl who watched us drive in, and walks into the house as though she owns it. Wanda and I wait without talking. Teresa is in there a few minutes and I am impatient. I ask Wanda if I go in and take a look. She has to ask. They said no, she comes back to tell me. The girl stares at me and laughs. Teresa returns and tells me she's sorry. "He's been drinking. On rainy days they get drunk... Yeah, just the men, a lot of 'em drink."

We arrive at another camp. A large black man with a Caribbean accent says "They in there," pointing to another room. We enter a small kitchen with an old refrigerator and a dirty stove with two empty pots on top of it. The floor is the color of the earth outside the house. Four black men, tall and lean, all of them, play cards with no money on the table. It's raining today. No work. They greet us with apprehension and make room for Teresa and Wanda. The room is full of smoke. Teresa and Wanda light up.

Teresa tells them she is here to help them. If they don't have money, she'll help them apply and get food stamps, and if they want to quit farming, she'll help them get jobs. The men like Teresa. They stare at her breasts. The openings at West Point are her best offer. They ask if they have to be trained. "Yes," she says, "but it's not hard. You clean the tables, set 'em up, and serve food to the the cadets." They don't like it. She and Wanda take names and fill out food stamp forms. Two men standing next to me near the door think I work with Teresa and I tell them what little I know.

Another tall black man walks in wearing a white T-shirt and a pair of maroon polyester pants held up by makeshift suspenders made from the cut off remnants that were formerly the hems of his pants. He is bothered by the smoke and stands next to the open window which another man has not stopped staring through since our arrival. James Reese Jr. puts his hands in his pockets and tells me he has high blood pressure for which he regularly takes the pills he receives from a state clinic. He's paid the minimum wage and has not earned a penny the last three days because of rain. Like Oscar, he picks oranges when he returns to Florida where he no longer has a wife. "She left for another man," he tells me laughing. Last year he saved \$450, but had to spend it. Last week he walked a low miles to deposit \$25 in a local bank. James is 53 and has no family.

James is interested in Teresa's job offer, but would rather "do Jamaica."

"I don't mind living up here. If I make enough money," he tells me. "Don't know about when it gets cold. Maybe I'll go home then." One of the men clears a seat for him next to Wanda. He asks her to put out her cigarette. "Can't stand smoke," he says. Wanda put it out reluctantly. He asks her if she's married. "Yes," she says.

"Shoot," he says and gives her his social security number.

I walk outside to the Jamaicans' laughter. Three men stand listening to the man who met us first. I come closer to him to understand his dialect. "Are you from the Caribbean?" I ask.

"Jamaica," he says looking me straight in the eyes.

"A contract worker?"

"A resident, legal resident."

"Want to become a citizen?"

"No. Why? Goin back to Jamaica."



Gonna get me a boat. Fishin. Good fishin in Jamaica, man. And the pretty girls."

"But you're married," I say, laughing.

"What's that got to do with it," he says, looking me in the eyes again but in a friendly way. The men and I laugh. His wife says something from the window of her kitchen. We're all laughing now. I stop taking notes.

His name is Elix Johnson. Like the other workers, he migrates from Florida where he picks oranges in the winter. Two of his three sons are in the service--a marine and a sailor. The third works and goes to school in Boston. Elix has a house in Jamaica and says he'll receive his social security benefits there. Many farmers cheat the migrants of their social security payments and do not pay taxes for them. Elix is not worried about all this. The future looks good. In April he plans to visit two of his brothers who work in England. A vacation, he says. He buys tickets to the New York state lottery, about ten a month, and hopes to win someday, almost certain of it. "Twenty two million. You'll never know. This boy here," he points to one of the Jamaicans, "he used to live next to me, and now we meet here. You'll never know."

Elix is still talking when Teresa and Wanda walk out of the smoky room. He tells them to come on Saturday. "We're gonna have him," he points to a goat tied to a tree nearby. Teresa tells me he cooks the best goat curry. Wanda says she won't eat it if she sees it killed. Elix's wife hands Teresa a loaf of banana bread. Teresa tells me she won't miss the goat curry for the world. I would have giv-

en the world to taste it.

Oscar takes me outside to show me the toilets and the showers. His blue skin glistens in the hot afternoon sun. The flush toilets work, a luxury compared to other camps where the latrines are so filthy, the men "go do it outside." I'm beginning to think it's not bad here. We stop by Daniel's room--he's Oscar's neighbor. "Hey, get out and talk to this man. He want to talk to you." Daniel comes out of the room, cigarette in hand, medium height, thin, brittle, hard features, hair more than gray, untrusting eyes. I ask him a question. "Who are you?" he asks. Oscar explains. I ask my question again. Daniel, still not trusting me, answers he is from this area and has no family to go back to. He lives with "a friend up in Albany when the season's over." This is his first year with the Grieg's. "It's O.K. The money ain't right, but you go along with it. You can't do no better. The job's alright, the money ain't."

I ask about the crop and how the dry spell that hit the area in June and the first half of July will affect it. Oscar said it'll be O.K. It rained the day before yesterday. They tell me didn't work that day. Daniel says it's been raining everyday.

So what do you do? "Nothing." Can you save, do you? Oscar, who sends money to his family when he can, says "I've been working a few years up here, can't save any money." So what are you going to do later, find another job? "Man, look, I'm old, he's old man," pointing to Daniel, who says "When you're past 50, it's hard to get a job then."

Ed, a white man, comes out of the room furthest to the right and places a chair outside where he sits and drinks his beer. His skin is sunburned and his hair white. He listens to us and says "It's O.K. now, but wait till the Depression comes in 2011. I know it." He's not drunk.

"What Depression?" ask Oscar.

"It's coming, 2011," says Ed.

"You'll be dead by then," says Oscar. Daniel says "It's here already." Ed tells me they don't understand. Oscar and Daniel laugh--Daniel cynically, Oscar from the heart.

Ed tells me he'll be lucky to make \$7,200 this year (I'd told him he cannot qualify for welfare if he makes that much. He did not find a job from January to May. He says he'll never talk to the welfare people again. "I send them letters and they answer me back saying you got to do this, do that. I do what they tell me. What I get? Nothing. I ain't ever goin to call 'em again." Ed likes his job. "I'm from this area. I grew up on a farm. Don't mind livin up here the rest of my life. I've had 25 jobs in the last 20 years. Did everything and this one I like." He doesn't know where he'll go once the season is over. "Rent around here is expensive. A working man can't do it. And the bills." The one-bedroom apartments he looked at rent for \$300-350 a month.

I keep asking about the future. Many migrants become homeless when they can no longer work. I don't mention it. The men do not know what the future looks like. Oscar, looking straight at nothing, says "If I got to live 60 years, I think I want to die."

Stranger in a Strange Land

By Jessie Barillaro

She is a petite, graceful woman whose piercing brown eyes have seen tremendous change in 37 years. Usually she smiles and laughs often, but she was pensive that evening. I had come to get her reaction to the news that Vietnam will allow 11,000 reeducation camp inmates and 40,000 of their relatives to emigrate to the United States.

She asked that her name not be used, fearing retaliation for speaking her mind. It is said that some governments have agents in the U.S. to watch the activities of immigrants (the Shah of Iran supposedly did this), so I didn't consider her concern far-fetched or paranoid.

Since she is a devout Catholic, I will call her Mary. Her real name is very unusual for a Vietnamese woman in that it is strong and unique. Vietnamese women usually have soft, flower-like names, while the men have action-packed names that mean "victory," "smart," and "strong." Mary's true name is not flower-like; it is sturdy, like the woman herself.

She shook her head as she read the newspaper account from the Poughkeepsie Journal I brought. "I don't believe what I see," she said. "The communists are very tricky. You cannot trust them. You have to be living there to see how hellish it is. Maybe the people they're releasing are too old and weary to be productive anymore."

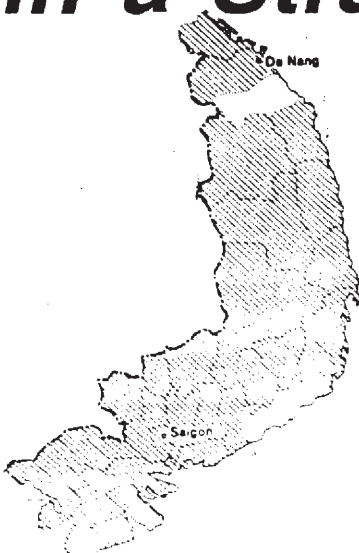
"Reeducation camps" are really labor camps. In 1975, after the communist victory, officials and employees of the former U.S.-backed Saigon government were shipped to camps in North Vietnam to work at everything from rebuilding railroads to clearing jungles to make way for farms, where they would plant and harvest rice and corn.

"The Vietnamese communists are very clever," Mary said. "They knew that if they killed these people outright, it would look very bad in the eyes of the world. Instead, they sent them to the camps, where they could kill them slowly by starving and working them to death."

The newspaper article went on to state that Hanoi's announcement was seen as an effort to open up to the U.S. and other Western countries to get badly needed aid and technology. Vietnam is said to be one of the poorest nations in the world, with a collapsing economy and millions said to be near starvation.

Mary explained that the economy is drained because Vietnam is still paying war reparation to the Soviets. "I think my country has enough food, but nearly everything they produce is exported to the Soviets as payback. The weather and soil in South Vietnam are excellent, so the people could have survived after the fall. But right now everything is either taken by the government or exported to the Soviets. People are no longer motivated to work hard because they don't reap the benefits of what they produce."

"The weather in North Vietnam is very cold, with rain and floods every year, so the people there have always had a hard life. But the South Vietnamese economy used to be very strong. With the ocean there, you have lots of seafood—you wouldn't believe how cheap fish was—



plus we had tropical fruit like coconuts, from which soap was made. Life was so rich there. My parents couldn't believe the difference when we moved from the north to the south."

Mary was born in North Vietnam in 1951. The French and communists were engaged in combat in her parents' fields, so her mother couldn't travel to the hospital. Instead, a mid-wife was summoned, and Mary was born at home amid the sound of gunfire and screams.

In 1954, the communists took North Vietnam and told the people they were free to go to the south if they chose. However, they detained male children. Mary, her sisters and parents fled to Hanoi and flew to South Vietnam, but her brother, then about 7, had to remain behind with his grandparents. Although officials kept close watch on the boy, he and his grandparents managed to escape a day later. They walked two days before reaching asylum at the French embassy in Hanoi. Once there, the boy could not be seized by the communists and taken back. Soon he and his grandparents joined the rest of the family in the south.

Since life was so rich in South Vietnam, by 1963-65 Mary's parents had become millionaires running an export business that shipped tea and coffee to Thailand. But the war raged on.

"In 1968 the communists attacked within one block of my house," Mary said.

"I'd be walking home from school and see bodies in the street, see buses bombed and pieces of people flying through the air." Her rather nonchalant tone while recounting these horrors was shocking to me, and I told her this.

"What can you do?" she asked. "You would see that type of thing every day. It became a way of life. What can you do but accept it and survive? You'd never know if the city would get bombed. You were grateful to wake up in the morning. But we never worried about it. Worrying doesn't change anything."

Mary's husband was a second lieutenant in the South Vietnamese army. Right after they got married, he went directly to combat in the fields with the communists. Mary claims never to have been afraid before this. "I felt a little shaky then, but what could I do? You tend to rely on God a lot."

Mary's family knew Saigon would fall

one month before it did. Her cousin, a professional in the U.S., had a close friend at the American embassy in Vietnam who got word to them to start making preparations to leave the country.

Mary's uncle, a commander in the Vietnamese navy, put them in touch with the American navy, who told them to be on steady alert. They would receive a phone call one hour before departure. They waited two days, but nothing happened. They went to the American base and waited another two days, but still nothing happened.

Determined, they waited another night. At noontime the next day, her uncle told them to take his car and drive to a small port on the river, where they waited until 9 PM. It was dark and raining, and Mary's three toddlers were tired and hungry. Mary, four months pregnant with her fourth child, prayed.

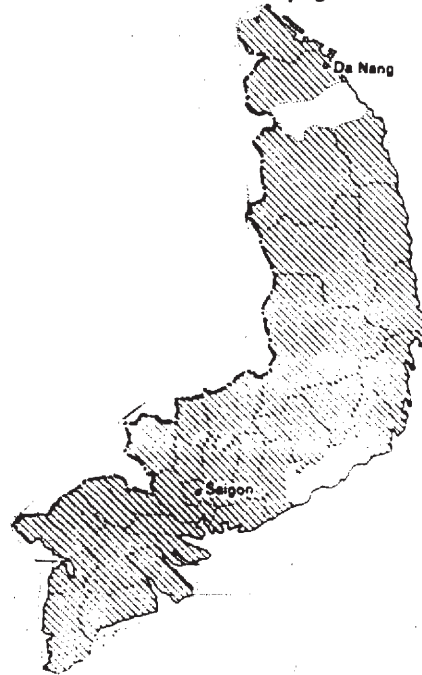
Finally they saw a small boat that could bring them to a big ship, but it could transport only 100 people. Since not all her family could get on, they didn't go. Mary turned to her husband and said, "Oh, my God...do you think they'll come back?" He didn't know.

They waited by the river and finally saw a tiny dot in the distance, a ship coming closer, closer. The ship was very high, with steep stairs, and Mary didn't know how she would get on. Everyone was screaming and climbing over each other; boxes, suitcases and clothing were flung into the air. It was a nightmare of confusion. Mary managed to get on the ship and just stared at her country, seeing bombs burst and gas burning. The sky was bright with fire. Although she was exhausted, she couldn't sleep that night because she was so upset. She knew she'd never see her country again.

From Saigon, the family went to a camp in Guam for several days, then flew to the U.S. The flight lasted 18 hours, with a half-hour stopover in Alaska for refueling. Mary, her husband and their children were sent to a refugee camp in Pennsylvania, and the rest of her relatives were sent to a camp in Connecticut.

Mary was better-off than most refugees since she had brought along 20 ounces of gold. She sold the first ounce in camp, for \$165. The church sponsored her family, and they all lived in one bedroom at the rectory. She didn't talk to

continued on next page



A Bittersweet New Home

continued from last page

anyone about her experiences. About the only time she communicated was when she went for prenatal check-ups. She gave birth to her fourth child while still in the camp.

Meanwhile, her husband found work as a maintenance man at a nearby school. Here was a man who had been an officer in the army and had a Bachelor of Science degree from a prestigious university in Vietnam—yet he was working as a maintenance man.

"It hurt me to see that," said Mary. "But we had to support the family."

Her husband took a qualifying exam and studied at Penn State for a time, then they moved to Connecticut to join the rest of the family. Mary took a job so they could save the money needed to allow her husband to attend college full time and graduate quickly. He earned both a bachelors and a masters degree in Electrical Engineering and was offered a job by IBM in Poughkeepsie.

Mary also kept up with her studies. While her husband attended school, she worked second shift and was able to take a few courses in the morning. When they moved to Poughkeepsie, she attended Dutchess Community College and then transferred to SUNY at New Paltz, where she studied computer programming. However, she was more interested in electrical engineering and earned a bachelors in that field instead. She currently works at IBM in Poughkeepsie, designing mainframe computers.

Mary's education has been extensive, reaching all the way back to Vietnam, where she attended three schools that were, in essence, little colleges. One was called The Center for American and Vietnamese Students, in which only English was spoken and which she attended on Tuesdays and Thursdays. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, she went to a French school, where only French was spoken. And all five days of the week she attended Catholic school, which taught history, economics, math, chemistry, physics and a bit of English.

"English was the second language I studied," Mary said. "French was the first."

She was so fluent in French that, in 1970, she was offered a full scholarship by the French school to study in the U.S. But she turned it down.

She would have studied French for one year and then either mechanical or electrical engineering for four years, but she wondered what she would do with an engineering degree once she graduated. She wanted to return to her country after graduation, but Vietnam didn't have the technology for her to work in the field of engineering. She would have preferred to get a degree in agriculture in order to go back and help her country, but that's not what the scholarship was for.

"We studied hard in Vietnam," Mary said, "but when we came here, our diplomas were a joke. I don't know why. In my country, you learn everything, you don't just concentrate on one discipline. Here, for example, if you major in education, you don't need much math, but in

my country you have to qualify in every subject before you graduate, even in high school. We had a well-rounded education, but we had to go to college all over again when we got here."

Mary's husband is halfway toward his Ph.D, but he decided against completing his degree requirements because it would mean going to school full time another year. He doesn't want to lose closeness with his children, who are young teenagers now. He prefers to stay around to offer a steadying influence in their lives, ensuring their grades are good and they are well behaved. While he's not completely satisfied with his educational credentials, he can accept what he has in order to remain close to his children.

Mary doesn't know whether or not the war accomplished anything because she doesn't know enough about Vietnam's internal politics. In fact, she said



even the Vietnamese themselves are probably ignorant of what's happening in their own government.

"I bet they probably aren't aware that Vietnam plans to release these 50,000 people."

In Mary's letters to friends she left behind, she doesn't discuss politics because it would get them into trouble. It's mostly "Hi, how are you? I know things look bad right now, but they'll get better." Sometimes she sends them gifts to cheer them up.

She has no idea of what most of them do for a living—they never discuss that in their letters, either. However, she knows the occupation of one friend, a woman who teaches high school chemistry. In her letters to Mary, she says she never wants to get married because life is too difficult and it wouldn't be fair to bring

children into such a world.

When Mary tells her own children about the "old country," they really don't understand. To them, living in a communist country is something they can't imagine. "Over here, if you work really hard and pursue your dream, you may get it," said Mary. "But in my country, it doesn't matter how hard you work—your dream is just a dream."

Mary's children are patently American and can't relate to their mother's former life. They prefer hamburgers and french fries to Mary's Vietnamese cuisine, usually flavored with a salty fish sauce. All four children get superior grades, and Mary and her husband are saving to send them to college. They encourage the children to "fit in," and they support their hobbies. The youngest has a passion for little league baseball, and Mary talks proudly about his RBI's.

Mary finds it difficult to project what her life might have been like if she had remained in Vietnam. If the communists weren't there, she thinks she would be wealthy and powerful. Her husband would have been at least a colonel by now, which brings power, and she would have her family's export business. With the communists, she thinks they would all be suffering.

The communists burned all the libraries because they considered the Vietnamese culture all wrong and wanted to change it totally. By eradicating books, they figured they could effect changes in thought patterns.

People aren't allowed to listen to "soft" music anymore, Mary told me. The communists say it makes people lazy, so the only music is militaristic. Romantic movies are also a thing of the past. Instead, propaganda movies are shown in which the hero is someone who produces well and works hard for his government.

Mary would return to Vietnam only if, by some miracle, the communists were gone. She misses her country terribly. "Sometimes I sit here so confused," she said, "wanting desperately to cling to and remember everything about my old culture. Other times I want to forget it all."

Mary paid a very dear price for freedom for her and her children. Imagine if you had to leave everything and come to a foreign land, not knowing where to go, what to do—starting from the bottom. Fear of the unknown is why many Vietnamese remained behind.

Mary sighed. "I don't know how others feel when they emigrate here, but my own feeling is that, if the communists hadn't taken my country, I'd rather be living there. My heart is still in Vietnam, and I could have used my mind to make things better."

Things might have been worse for Mary. At least she arrived here with some money, unlike many refugees who come with empty pockets. More importantly, her entire family escaped unscathed. She was luckier than most refugees. And she has four healthy, bright children, a loving and handsome husband, plus the trappings of an upper middle-class existence, for which she and her husband worked hard.

However, something is missing in her life, at the very core of her being: a sense of homeland.

this we believe...

Close the GOP

Under pressure from prominent Republicans, President Reagan seems likely to resist vetoing a bill requiring companies to provide 60 days notice to employees of plant closings and large-scale layoffs due to the negative political consequences of this action. By reversing his previously staunch opposition to this proposal, GOP politicians hope the American people, who polls show overwhelmingly support the bill, will suddenly develop a case of amnesia and will be unable to remember where the Republican administration has stood on this important issue. However voters should see Reagan's opposition to this bill as interests of corporations then with the interests of American workers.

Reagan vetoed a broad trade bill in May, citing the provision for 60 day notice as the cause of his opposition. One of the reasons given for opposing this provision was that it would not be fair to the management of businesses. It would seem, however, that if management is unable to know 60 days in advance that they will have to close a plant, then they are totally incompetent to manage a company and deserve some sort of penalty. American workers should not have to pay the price for the inefficiencies of corporate bureaucracy.

The fact that companies have been able to lay-off workers without giving them even one day notice is a disgrace. All Americans should be ashamed of a government that does not provide protection to workers who can, at a minute's notice, lose their job security. A government by and for the people should, at the very least, see to it that workers get reasonable notice in order for them to adjust to this traumatic situation.

The public, by remembering that this administration has been most concerned with the interests of corporate bureaucrats, can vote in November to avoid having four more years of a government that works against their interests.

Cavett, Please

Take a moment to take this test. Do you own a T-shirt that says "Mr. Rude?" Is your dog's name Sic'em? Are your Christmas decorations up all year round? Do you have the horrible dilemma of always being right?

If you dishonestly answered no to at least one question, then you've just qualified yourself to be a talk show host.

Are you worried that you need a Ph.D in human communication skills or that you were not nominated for an Oscar for your tremendous performance in "The Color Purple?" Worried that you're not married to a former Miss America or to a superstar such as "That Girl?" Worried that you aren't an investigative reporter with Groucho Marx's original mustache? Could it be because you're not a sex therapist or believe in safe sex? Worried that you're not an ex-jock or a movie star? Worried that you could never wear a different outfit each day? Maybe you're worried that you could never smoke or curse nearly as much as Mort does. Are you worried that a major network would never be as stupid to allow you sixty minutes of air time?

Somewhere, individuals in high positions on the major networks are making the decisions to air talk shows hosted by "Mr. Rude and his dog Sic'em." The reality is that the public loves it. They sit in their living rooms chanting, "kick the SOB out, Mort!" When Morton Downey Jr. took to the air he started a slowly steady decline of talk shows and their hosts. He is known for insulting guests and literally kicking them off the show followed by an insult such as: "You have the brains of a hemorrhoid." Talk show hosts such as Phil Donahue and Barbara Walters started early in the industry. Their shows discussed taboo issues such as sex, incest, and money. The audiences wanted more. Arriving for the television wars were hosts Garry Collins, Oprah Winfrey, Sally Jessy Raphael, Dr. Ruth, and Geraldo Rivera. Each brought their own personality to life and the guests are far from typical at times. Yet most talk shows allow us to talk out our problems by listening to others with similar problems. Television talk shows have gotten away from the idea of solving inner feelings. The hosts and guests today are performers and what performances they give. They can cry, swear, yell, and laugh almost like real human beings. Watching television talk shows is like being at a circus. The clowns perform, while the trapeze artist dazzles all with difficult moves. America is sitting at home waiting for the guest to get shot through a cannon to the other end of the tent.

We can talk of people's horrors of rapes, murders, incest and then after an hour get up and switch off the television. What becomes of the guests? Are they paid for the show then flown back home to pick up

their lives? Hosts and the public are missing the point of the concept of a talk show. The idea was to raise issues and alternatives. Enough scandal, deceit and theatrics. Television viewers need to address what they view.

Television programming in general has declined in recent years. The station programmers are only giving us what we want to see. So, do you still want to be a talk show host?

Time to Clean Up

The next world crisis will be provoked by environmental issues. There have been warnings about environmental abuse for decades, but it is fast becoming a problem of enormous proportions with a potential for massive impact on our lives.

It starts at home--a tire dump in an otherwise pristine stretch of green, leafy forest, beaches befouled by medical waste, non-biodegradable garbage in New York Harbor.

This problem has many aspects to which we have no over-all approach. The solution needs to start with our own state's adopting of a stringent and unforgiving waste disposal policy. It should, in fact, be an offense punishable by a stiff fine and/or jail term to dump trash in places not designated for that purpose.

We live on a small planet, becoming rapidly over-crowded because of indiscriminate human reproduction. We only add to the problem by indulging in equally indiscriminate waste disposal.

Our discarded chemicals poison birds, fish and other wildlife, and our plastics create garbage slicks that sink out to sea like enormous multi-colored amoebas. Man, the cerebral animal, is fouling his own nest, something not done by even the lowest animal forms, when given a choice.

As the "scum line" (the area of fouled beachfront left after high tides) moves up, as it has in recent wash-ups, the waste tolerance threshold seems to move down. How much more of this can our endangered planet endure? Sooner or later, we'll be inundated in our own wastes, while the public and their representatives try to minimize the problem.

In regard to the current beach pollution by medical wastes, the City Manager of Long Island Beach, L.I., Edwin Eaton is quoted in a recent New York Times article as saying, "Weeks from now this may be a dis-

...and this too

tant, hazy memory." Maybe it will, but more and bigger problems will take its place.

The ultimate solution must be to limit our creation of waste. We are a throw away society--and most of our trash is not bio-degradable--plastic containers, discarded batteries, rubber tires--the list is endless. Our goal should be to limit our waste to materials that will go back into the soil, or at least be recyclable or reusable. Remember the old glass milk bottles? While it is true we had to wash them before they could be refilled, how much less trash they generated than all those millions of disposable plastic milk containers which are currently decorating landfills all over the country. But in addition, we also need a cheaper way to incinerate or otherwise dispose of the waste already created.

The waste disposal dilemma assumes the magnitude of an overwhelming issue--it needs research, money, education, publication to solve it. The nations have yet to develop a concept of coordination. Humanity needs to wake up and try to make amends before it really is too late to keep our heads above the debris.

Midnight Madness

Late at night there are usually only a handful of cars scattered around the parking area of the state Legislature office building in Albany, but on a July night in 1987, things looked different. The lights were shining down on a couple of hundred cars, all bearing license plates displaying Senate and Assembly insignias.

Legislators were tying up loose ends of the current session, before its conclusion, and bill #8595, recommending salary increases for members of the Legislature and other officials, was one of the last to be voted on.

Lawmakers often delay action on documents like #8595 until late in the Legislature sessions and unpopular bills routinely get left for the witching hours of these nights, when potential daytime spectators have cleared the hall and ate at home, clam critics of the tradition. It's exhausting work, but not without its rewards.

By early in the morning of the next day, the bill had become law, providing state lawmakers, top judges and other bureaucrats with substantial salary increases, beginning in 1989. Members of the state Assembly and Senate will make at least

\$57,000 a year, the most made by any state legislators in the nation. This increases salaries by approximately a third. They now make \$43,000.

Another portion of the mandate provides several top state government jobs with similarly notable increases, with \$170,000 allocated for the governor, up from the current \$130,000.

However, Governor Cuomo declined his raise, saying that he couldn't justify the salary differences between these elected officials and thousands of other state workers. Final ballots reflected the dissatisfaction of many others in the chamber, and the vote was close at 113-81.

It's remarkable that legislators tackled this issue without putting it to a direct vote of their constituents. They clearly bypassed this option, available under the state constitution. In many districts where economic development is deficient, they would have a difficult time finding support for the \$4,780,000 increase.

There are 277,400 employees on the state's payroll who anticipate no more than an annual 5% cost of living increase, and this is dependent on fiscal conditions at the time of contract negotiations. Entering salaries for many of these people are no greater than the current increase promised to legislators under this new law. Many of these jobs, like those of firefighters, corrections officers, state police and psychiatric workers, daily present a risk of life that far exceeds their minimal compensation.

No doubt the motivation for public servants at any level is public service. They must, however, receive a living wage. Indeed, a fact-finding commission appointed by the governor made clear that the "vitality of government" would suffer if pay hikes weren't instituted quickly to keep pace with the cost of living. At the same time, the panel advised that New York shouldn't try to match private-sector salaries to keep officials from leaving their positions for higher paying jobs.

Elected officials act as our agents in the democratic process. They know, probably better than we do, that the vitality of the government would be slowly drained if most of legislative business was conducted as it is during end-of-term marathon sessions.

We who spend the major part of our lives outside the chambers of government presume the method used to ratify #8595 isn't standard practice. But our understanding doesn't grant permission for what

appears to be a conflict of interest in favor of those whom we employ as our spokespersons.

One is tempted to consider that we've been hustled in a game of legislative charades, and come out double losers, first because of the tab that's left to pay and secondly because trust in our representatives has been severely eroded.

Water, Water Nowhere

In an age of science--of an umbrella shield for outer space--is a shower too much to ask? A glass of juice? A cup of coffee?

There was no water at Bard yesterday.

The age of technology is failing us.

When a coffee achiever and an unwired Pepsi-generian are stunted by a broken water pump, our scientific achievements seem ludicrous.

These jilted Everymen, promoters of social justice, are not served by the society they protect. There was no water for coffee, juice, or spirit-lifting ablutions yesterday morning, none at all.

But tomorrow there will be firepower in space. Can we quench our thirst for technology and still be all wet?

Editorials in the summerTimes are voted on by the staff. Dissenting staff members are allowed to write editorials of equal length. No such dissenting opinion appears in this edition.

The reporting staff of the summerTimes is:

Howard Lipoff
Khaled Mattawa
Karen Mercereau
Jessie Barillaro
Sheryl Korsnes
Laura Barnebey
Kevin Begos, Jr.
Gregory Berlowitz
Elbert Collier, Jr.
Janet Glover
Jennifer Green
Matthew Harrington
Alex Kates
Helen Dixon
David Galarza
Amara Willey
Christina Richter
Elizabeth Phillips

The summerTimes welcomes letters to the editor. Please mail them to Sottery Hall, Bard College



A Day Aboard the Enforcer

Fighting Crime, Stupidity on the High Seas

By Matthew Harrington

Deputy Dan Magurno made an international courtesy call last Thursday—but the Dutchess County officer was not attending a tea reception.

Sounding the horn of the Dutchess County police boat Enforcer 1 two times, he was conforming to the international law of the sea.

The 23-foot, \$25,000 fiberglass boat, powered by a 260-horsepower Mercruiser engine, patrols the Hudson. At full speed—45 miles per hour—it's not quite as fast as the Enforcer II, a 21-foot \$21,000 Calais, which can go 65 knots.

The Enforcer II is a rapid deployment boat. "Just hook it up to the truck and boogie," Lennon said. "Within three or four minutes, we could be on our way to a rescue or a fire."

After Magurno gave the courtesy call, Lennon radioed command. "Enforcer I to headquarters," he said into the transmitter. "Enforcer is in service with deputies Lennon and Magurno and a special passenger."

The weekday departure was unusual. "They must be wondering what we're doing out here now," Magurno said. Except in an emergency, the Enforcers' engines are silent on Thursdays.

Currently, the police fleet is only in service on weekends. But some officers and prominent members of the boating community see the need for increased service.

Deputy Tom Lennon, a three-year veteran and senior officer of the marine patrol, backs full-time surveillance. "We're probably going to go full time soon because of the increase of boats and boaters on the river," he said. He implied that the move to weekday patrols is inevitable. "It's just going to happen and it might start next year," Lennon said.

River traffic has increased significantly in the past year. The number of boats has "probably gone up 30% since last year," said Charlie Smith of Rogers Point Boating Association.

Smith, the 1987 Commodore of Rogers Point, said daily patrolling by Dutchess County deputies would "probably be a good idea." During summer, many boaters spend vacation time, including weekdays, on the river. "If it's sunny," Smith said, "there's a lot of boats out, especially from 1 p.m. to 7 p.m."

Fran Van Kleek, who, with her husband, owns the Hideaway Marina on Roundout Creek said, "It seems like there is more traffic every year. And we are in a quiet area here." Since 1982, when the Van Kleek's bought the marina, they have installed 50 new slips to accommodate local boat owners. "But

still," said Mrs. Van Kleek, "we have to turn them away."

Clearly, the Hudson is more congested than it has been in recent years.

John Cutter, captain of the Roundout Belle, a tour boat, remembers when pleasure boats on the river were few and far between.

The police "have a hard time keeping up with the volume of boats," he said.

But Sheriff Fred Scoralick is satisfied that his office is keeping up with boating traffic. He emphatically opposes extending the weekend shift. Though Scoralick is "sure there has been an increased need for service," he doesn't "see the need for a full time person on the river patrol."

When the Sheriff learned of some officers' desire to make the patrol full time, he said, "I make the decisions around here and I haven't decided to go full time."

Scoralick said the motion to boost service was "coming from somebody who wants to be on the river full time."

But just two weeks ago, police assistance was requested by citizens on the river. On the foggy morning of July 15, a Rogers Point member called to report that a 27-foot bayliner was drifting downstream. Tied to a chunk of dock, the boat appeared to have broken away from its mooring at Hyde Park marina.

Since no deputies were on the river and the incident did not require an emergency dispatch, Rogers Point members towed the bayliner to safety with their little black rubber Zodiac.

Deputy Lennon said weekday incidents are common. "Last year we had a lot of calls during the week," he said.

Some of the most frequent calls are for a tow. "A lot of times, people run aground under the [Kingston] bridge," Deputy Magurno said. "Instead of going near the banks, where it's deeper, they go under the center."

Depth charts tell boaters there is only two feet of water under the center of the bridge. Having charts is "one of the basic requirements of equipment," Lennon said. But boaters on the Hudson often do not have depth charts. They have little if any of the essential equipment, the senior officer said.

Most damaging accidents happen when docking. Lennon described docking jobs as "a calamity of errors." The majority of skippers have no idea how to navigate their boats. The senior officer has often overheard local people buying a boat. "They see the boat and ask, 'where the hell are the brakes,'" he said.

Other mishaps, such as fires, are often caused by ignorance and sometimes by cavitation. Cavitation occurs when a

propeller, too small for the boat, churns air and not water, causing the engine to smoke.

Operators could decrease the probability of fire if they used the blower, which circulates gaseous air in the hull and pushes it out vents. But Lennon said most of them don't use the blower for this purpose. "They think it's an air conditioning switch," he said.

Speed demons are frequent violators of river law. Within 100 feet of a marina, they must travel at 5 miles per hour. Though few speed limit signs are posted, "No Wake" signs give the message.

"We give a lot of tickets for those violations," Magurno said.

Considering the Enforcer's beat extends from southern Beacon to northern Tivoli, about 50 miles of river and protects over 1000 boats during peak hours, weekday calls shouldn't come as a surprise.

We have "a lot of water to cover," said Lennon. "It's a massive job dealing with all the people." Though the state police do patrol the Hudson on weekdays, their aid is not always a sure thing.

"The problem with the state police is they could take hours to get here. They could be up by Albany," Deputy Lennon said.

The Enforcer's crew is also responsible for emergencies on lakes in the area. Last month, Deputies Magurno and Lennon took the Enforcer to Lake Sylvan in Beekman. Their task was to locate a drowned body.

Six weeks earlier, working with three divers and two support men, the officers had spent several fruitless days searching for the body in the deep lake. "It popped up" in June, Lennon said. The body "probably got stuck on something down there."

Though drownings are rare on the Hudson, the Enforcer is fully prepared. In a four-foot wooden crate installed on the port side are the morbid tools of the trade. The box contains the three-foot dredging pole, two inches in diameter, with five treble or three-pronged hooks on it. Also in the box are two bottles of Metafix Cavity Chemical, used by morticians. When dead bodies come up, the deputies douse them with the chemical to decrease the smell.

Lennon explained that because "body parts fall off, the flesh is rotting and sometimes fish come out of the mouth from the intestines," they never put a body on board. Instead, they tow it behind the boat or put it up on the bow. The deputies wear disposable gloves and throw away the lines used to fish the bodies out because, as Lennon put it, "you'll never get that stink out of there."

A Small Town Matures

By Christina Richter

Driving through the town, Red Hook reminds one of what America used to be. A steady stream of hellos greet all who pass. There is no hustle and bustle. Trees line the sidewalks.

Red Hook's history dates back to 1688 when Colonel Peter Schuyler, the first mayor of Albany, acquired land from the Indians. By 1725 Schuyler's tract of land was owned jointly by Colonel Henry Beckman Jr., who was the son of the founder of Rhinebeck. It is said that the area continued to be occupied by "red men" or Indians, which inspired the name of Red Hook.

Red Hook consists the villages of Redhook and Tivoli. At the time of the revolution there were docks at Tivoli and saw mills and grist mills at Red Hook. In 1777 many of these mills were burned by the British. Redhook became a separate township on June 2, 1812.

Until the end of the 18th century Red Hook was known as Hardscrabble. During the 19th century the village expanded rapidly. For many years tobacco, chocolate factories and other enterprises flourished. A major industry of Red Hook during much of the 19th century was a woollen mill. A local ice storage company provided seasonal employment, while many got by with subsistence. In 1957 when the Kingston-Rhinecliff bridge opened, Red Hook became a "bedroom community" for major regional employers such as I.B.M. in Kingston and Poughkeepsie.

Ninety miles south is New York City. Every year families move from the City to Red Hook. In just 20 years the population has risen from 6,023 to 8,351.

"I moved because I was attracted to the friendliness and family of Red Hook," said Susan Maher-Peppe, a pharmacist at the Redhook

Drug Store, who recently moved here from Boston. "With more and more people from New York City purchasing homes now, it's posing a problem," she said. She said that these people don't plan on staying and they're not the "doers" within the community.

Within the past seven years the population grew rapidly. Population for 1990 is projected to be 9,250. Merrilee Brown, secretary at the Chamber of Commerce, explained that not much information is known about Red Hook's growth. "People come and go so rapidly," she said.

Brown said, "of course there will be some tensions between them and those families moving in."

Margaret Doty, town clerk of Red Hook, feels differently about economic growth. "It's inevitable," she said, "we have to keep up with the jobs and such." The transition has been good. Small towns are dying out for the fact that they are unable to compete. Main street shops disappear due to large malls. Change can be a good thing, "but too much will be bad for Red Hook," said Doty.

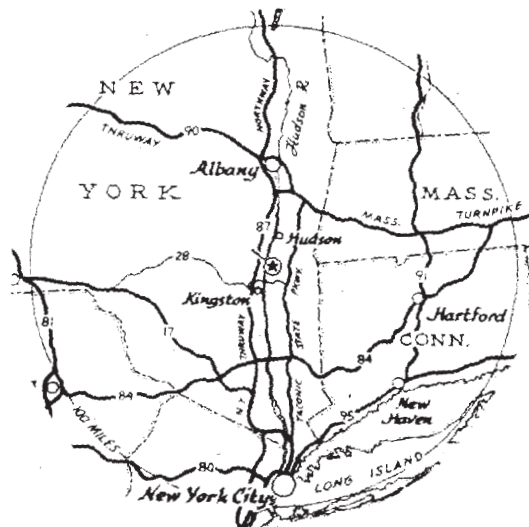
The standard of living in Red

Hook is relatively high. More and more homes are being built and they are somewhat elite. Tom Formby, salesman at Allisson Rigney Realty, Inc. in Red Hook, has seen a 20% increase in home sales in the past five years. "We're having a leap frog effect," he said referring to jumps in New York City's real estate prices since the mid-1970's that has managed to make Red Hook's real estate value higher. a "typical" home costs 150,000. "The buyers seem to be I.B.M. workers and rich city folk," said Formby.

"It's a bit frightening," said Carol Thomas, owner of the Red Hook Inn. People come and go, staying only for a night at a time. There's so much history here that people seem to miss," she said. Business has been good though she added. The Inn itself is 150 years old and was once a school house, then the town jail, and later a private home.

Sometimes the richest history rests within the heart of a veteran resident like Charlotte Thompson, who has been the town librarian since 1950. The Red Hook Library itself is a 1864 hexagon-shaped home.

"There has been a tremendous influx," of city people within the past ten years, she observed. "It has been good for the economy but residents don't want to become another metropolitan site. We need to hang on to our innocence." Churches are struggling to keep a congregation and organizations can't keep members. Most people are here "just because of their jobs, she said, and the community feels this." Thompson lives on a street with four other houses, two of them occupied by young couples. "It's a losing battle against tradition and modernization, one that neither side will ever win."



Bass Thriving Again in River

By Janet Glover

When anglers drop their lines in Eastern rivers and bays, they're not just fishing for striped bass, but also for a chance to win \$1000.

It's all part of an effort by New York scientists to follow the travels of Hudson River striped bass that they've labelled earlier in the year. If a lucky fisher catches a tagged bass, he or she has only to return the tag for a \$5 or \$10 reward. At the end of each year of the ongoing nine-year research project, there is a drawing for larger prizes, ranging from \$100 to \$1000.

Striped bass have had a protected status since 1976, when commercial fishing in the Hudson was banned due to high concentrations of polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs. A group of industrial oils thought to cause cancer, PCBs were discovered in bass and other species.

In recent years, while bass populations have decreased in other coastal waters, they have begun to thrive in the Hudson and are moving to waters as far north as Canada and as far south as North Carolina.

Current research suggests that striped bass populations in the Hudson are "doing remarkably well" and are increasing their migratory range. Studies also reveal that fish kills due to industrial operations on the river may not be significant.

The research project, sponsored by local power plants and utilities, has two major objectives, said Dennis J. Dunning, an aquatic biologist and manager of the study for the New York State Power Authority. Scientists want to follow the survival of bass supplied to the river from hatcheries. In addition, the researchers seek a better understanding of other biological parameters, such as migration, mortality, abundance and stock identification (i.e. whether the fish are from the Hudson or other waters).

Between the beginning of the project in 1984 and the present, about 40,000 bass have been tagged. In order to keep the project economical, an annual lottery system with cash prizes for the return of tags from fishermen and private citizens has been in effect. Mailed in tags "make up a significant proportion" of the total number of tags returned, said Dunning. About 70-80% have been retrieved from sport and commercial fishers.

Much of the data on migratory shifts and hatchery fish survival is collected through capture, tagging and record keeping of bass. Tagging involves placing a non-invasive label on the back of or in the belly of the fish. The tags contain informa-



tion such as weight, size, length and age at time of labelling and where the fish was released.

Adult or sub-adult fish are labelled with an "internal anchor tag" which is placed internally and has a readily seen external strip. Hatchery fish have a more sophisticated tag called a "binary-coded wire tag." This consists of a stainless steel wire that is about 2 mm long and has the diameter the size of a pin head. The wire contains a magnetic field that can be used to locate juveniles with a sensitive detector and is coded with information about the fish.

Dunning has several hypotheses to explain the expanding bass migrations. One reason may be that because the number of tagged bass have increased, the few that travel long distances are being seen. The researchers are also using newly designed tags which stay attached longer. "We think that the previously used tags are lost more easily from larger fish," said Dunning, suggesting that farther-swimming Hudson migrants may have gone undetected in the past. A third possibility, less supported by currently available data than the other two theories, is that bass are moving away from a more crowded Hudson to the now less densely populated Chesapeake Bay. "There may be competition for space on summer feeding grounds" said Dunning.

Fish kills occur at water extraction sites by power plants. Water from the Hudson is used to condense steam from electricity-generating turbines back into liquid form. To keep debris from entering the plant's machinery, screens are placed at the site of water entry. Fish, including bass, are impinged on and often die caught in these screens.

About 600,000 bass are raised at the Vorplank hatchery, located about one mile south of Peekskill, every year. Although it is impossible to measure survival of fish directly and hatchery fish may not survive as well as river bass, information about mortality can be derived by

counting those fish that are less than one year old.

According to Dunning, it has been estimated that 1.5-2.0% of juvenile fish mortality is due to industrial screens, which is about what the hatchery contribution of juveniles is to the total river bass population. This death rate may or may not be significant, depending on how it is interpreted, says Dunning. "If reduction of a certain number of fish in a particular age class is significant, then stocking of the river is significant. If the addition of juveniles is not significant, then the mortality rate [caused by the screens] is not very high. It's a case of 'is the glass half empty, or half full?'"

Dunning commented that fish populations are "doing remarkably well" for several reasons. The 10-year ban on commercial fishing and the one fish per day limit on recreational fishing are the biggest factors in increased numbers of bass. However, says Dunning, sports fishers are more casual about fishing for bass than fishers in other waters. "There are ways of tracking schools to follow migrations, allowing for more efficient removal than is currently practiced on the Hudson" he said. He also noted that the river's rock formations have a high buffering capacity, giving the river greater neutralization of acid rain than in other local rivers and coastal bays.

In the 1981 Hudson River Cooling Tower Settlement Agreement between utilities, power plants, regulatory agencies and environmental groups, provisions were made for the establishment of the Hudson River Foundation for Science and Environmental Research. Part of the Foundation's \$16 million fund supports the study of bass migrations and survival. The agreement settled litigation over the impact of utilities on river ecology. The sponsoring companies include Consolidated Edison Co., Central Hudson Gas and Electric Corp., Orange and Rockland Utilities, Niagara Mohawk Power Co. and the New York State Power Authority.



Athenian Conquest

By David Galarza

Over a hundred years ago, people flocked to the riverside towns of Athens and Roundout by horse, buggy, or boat primarily because of the brick-making, ice-harvesting, and stone quarrying industries. However, with the advent of the refrigerator, the invention of the automobile, and the proven efficiency and expediency of the locomotive, these cradles of Hudson River history faced near extinction.

The vessels that transported commercial goods up and down the river were no longer necessary and Athens and Roundout lost popularity, capital, and subsequently were erased from the map. Despite the odds, both towns continued to survive and are presently thriving due to the influx of a variety of people, many coming from urban areas, who are creating wonders by blending their modern-day creativity with the ambiance of local history to create a scene a Hollywood producer would find to replicate.

Driving North along 385 on the west bank of the river, just off the Rip Van Winkle Bridge, I was welcomed to the Village of Athens with a relic of its colorful past, the Van Loan House. An oddly shaped building built in 1726, it is the first edifice constructed in the town and it is still standing. The Van Loan House rests ever so modestly near the Northrup House, a block away. Built in 1803 by Isaac Northrup, the first mayor of Athens, the house, of Federal design, conveys a powerful, almost majestic image as it gazes into the river where the old Athens lighthouse now warns the power boats that have replaced the steam vessels of long ago.

Further up the road we make a right into Water Street where the recently renovated Stewart House (aka The Athens Hotel) is receiving supplies for the night's dinner. The house, a few yards away from the river, was built by Hardis Stewart in 1883 with the intention of accommodating and feeding the river traffic that flourished there in the nineteenth century. Its Victorian design is yet another architectural marvel that can't justifiably be described but can be indefinitely admired.

The house creates such an effect that even a movie production scout couldn't pass up the opportunity to film parts of "Ironwood," a movie starring Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep, there. The production scout thought the hotel was a prime selection because it would have cost so much more to create the vintage 1930s' location that Stewart House provided.

Kim McLean and Yura Adams have been the proprietors of the Hotel for the past two years. McLean and Adams, both artists who claim that they "were squeezed from New York City," have made an honorable attempt to maintain the Hotel's genuineness.

A photo album was brought out by Adams that depicted the chronology of the renovation. "You can flip through the pages of this album but you can't even begin to tell the amount of work that went into and is still going into this place," said McLean.

The hotel does not employ a large staff of chefs, waiters, busboys, and hosts like their modern counterparts. Most of these jobs are filled by Adams and McLean which gives the place a homey feeling.

Although McLean and Adams say that they've "become good friends with everybody" in Athens, a few obstacles had to be overcome in the beginning.

"The place was very intimidating when we first arrived here," said McLean, referring to the blue-collar clientele that frequented the bar. "The same people that we know now that were in here then seem friendly to us, but at that time they all seemed rough and

aggressive and more than that, they seemed to be so tightly knit that no outsiders were welcomed."

"The community is so tightly knit that comings and goings are really noticed, and comings and goings are real news," said McLean. "Outsiders are big news."

"We were accepted because we own a bar," giggled Adams. "We've been accepted into the community in the same tight knit fashion. It comes from spending many more hours behind the bar with the people of Athens than I did with my own husband."

As of late however, the people of Athens have had a lot of outsiders looking into their protected community because of its newly acquired fame. In two years, McLean said, the attitude has changed.

"There are people that live in the surrounding area that have been coming in now that have never come in before because the place is fixed up," said McLean.

"It is also curiosity," he admitted. "A tremendous amount of interest among a real mix of people like the local people, people in the area with second homes, people just driving by, and people from other parts of the Hudson Valley and New York."

The recent increase of urbanites seeking a refuge away from the fast pace of the city seems to be on the rise along the Hudson Valley, said McLean. "Long Island is saturated. People are looking for an area to expand and we are only two and a half hours from the city."

"The most interesting aspect is the social aspect," McLean said. "Coming from a small town and wrestling with the notion of acceptance and rejection of a blue-collar bar and making the blue-collar bar have a different atmosphere."

McLean and Adams invited this writer on a tour of the premises. Having long thought that to go back into time you had to break the speed barrier, I nonetheless entered into a period of America's past by just placing one foot in front of the other. The marble, fine wood, and exquisite architecture made me understand why two artists from New York City would risk all in trying to set up a business while simultaneously cultivating a magnificent era in history.

Leaving The Athens Hotel in a euphoric state (no I didn't have a drink), I walked toward the river remembering the glow in Adams' face when she spoke of the two hundred year old ferry that docked in front of the hotel. The J.T. Power was her name. Built in 1872, she was the oldest ferry boat on the Hudson. Good things were certainly made to last.

On the road to Roundout one can see buildings from the eighteenth century within uncomfortable distances of modern houses, buildings that do well enough on their own but seem to be hurt by the luster of modern architecture.

Roundtown Creek saw a lot of maritime activity even from the earliest colonial days. Tugs, barges, sailboats, and steamboats were constantly parading past the Roundout Lighthouse.

Since then Roundout has seen a new wave of activity. Restaurants, antique shops, and a museum commemorating the history of the Hudson River have become a haven for many to escape to.

"When you step into the door you're living in a part of Mexico," said Bill Melkisotian, owner of Rosita's. Melkisotian

continued on page 14

Opinion

Angels One Solution for Sad City

By Elizabeth Phillips

East side, west side, all around the town,

From Needle Park to Restaurant Row, "crack kids are everywhere, and being deeply hurt by drugs. Children sell themselves into slavery to maintain their habits."

The tots play ring around the rosey,

"The drug lords have weaponry and fire power the likes of which are usually seen only in the military, though most neighborhood dealers are not in that category and are easily pushed out.

"People are looking to other means to fight crime. Business owners and residents have asked us to get the drug war out of their neighborhoods. We assist police patrols who are too busy risking their lives in this war to harass us according to orders from the elite in the police department."

London Bridge is falling down.

"People just aren't getting services any more and the mayor is favoring an elitist population who for the most part can take care of themselves. What about the people who for all the history of New York have been able and willing to pull them-

selves up by the bootstraps?"

"This has always been a city of the people, rich rubbing elbows with poor. The trend is that it may become a city of dealers on every corner, a much worse situation than to have hot dog and beverage stands on every corner.

"What good will New York be if people are denied the right to lawful enterprise and illegal drug transactions overshadow all the good things in life?"

Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke

"We're volunteers for public service, just like countless millions of unidentified names and faces in this city; the difference being that we look like street kids because we come from that background, and we get a lot of press.

"We're doing something that's been missing for a long time in the city and people are happy about that. We are not vigilantes or hired guns and people who insist on giving us that identification are feeding into the double standards that come out of city hall."

We trip the light fantastic

Curtis Sliwa made the previous statements on WABC radio last week. He is

president and founder of a civilian patrol group known as the Guardian Angels

He has been compared to Fiorella LaGuardia by some New Yorkers who feel the vitality of the city slipping through their fingers into the hands of a tyrannical drug culture that threatens to overwhelm whatever integrity has been achieved throughout the city's long history.

It's true these young crusaders may have become over-zealous at times, but in the main, their purpose is a sound one.

Next time you see some of these kids in the red berets, it may be because they're coming to help you.

On the sidewalks of New York.

Recognize the lyrics to an old tune? It's what New York is really about.

Tim Robbins A Treat in Bull Durham

By Howard D. Lipoff

Throwing a fastball at 95 miles per hour but unable to get anywhere near the strike zone, Tim Robbins as Nuke, a minor league pitcher, steals the movie away from his better known co-stars in *Bull Durham*.

Robbins evokes laughter while he gets tied up to a bed by an attractive woman and as he almost decapitates a sportscaster by throwing a high pitch. His antics bring a touch of madcap comedy to a film that tries to transmit a deeper message about the ambitious desire for success that usually ends up in failure and disappointment in the baseball industry. It is the movie's inability to express this message in a clear and compassionate manner that causes it to fail.

The audience is supposed to be moved by the character of Crash Davis, played by Kevin Costner (who showed considerable promise last year with his performance in *No Way Out*). Costner lacks the range necessary for us to feel concerned for Crash, who spent "21 of the greatest days in my life" in the majors.

Crash and Nuke get caught up in a love triangle with a part-time schoolteacher named Annie (Susan Sarandon) who follows the team and quotes Walt Whitman. Annie initially goes for Nuke, who she can boss around, but her attraction to the older and smarter Crash, who plays hard to get, is soon apparent.

The screenplay never gives Sarandon, with a sometimes impenetrable Southern accent, the opportunity to make us understand Annie. Her background and the deeper motivations for her actions are seldom explored.

Some supporting characters like Skipper, the manager of the team, and Jimmy, the ball-playing preacher, add good touches of comedy to the film. Unfortunately, the actors' portrayal of these characters and Robbins' strong effort as Nuke are imprisoned by a screenplay and a director who fail in their attempt to have viewers empathize with the lead character.

Bush for Veep

By Amara Willey

Jokes have recently been made equating Lloyd Bentsen and George Bush. It seems that Mike Dukakis has chosen Bush for his running mate. "How can Dukakis defend his choice?" is a much asked question. Bentsen's views on aid to the Contras, abortion, gun control, and prayer in schools are much closer to Bush's ideals than to Dukakis's.

The decision does seem strange, but not for the obvious reasons. What the upcoming election is all about is not issues, but images. As the Democrats hail the end of the Reagan Era with its emphasis on television images, it seems inappropriate that the Reagan drama should continue into the 1988 election. Nevertheless, apparently upholding the maxim that history repeats itself, Dukakis actually seeks a Lyndon Johnson, rather than a George Bush, to complement him as he portrays the image of John F. Kennedy.

Although the casting department forgot to pick an actor with Johnson's enthusiasm to play vice-president, that's not where the real problem of the election lies. What's at stake is the image of the country that is reflected in its candidates.

Recently international tension has decreased. There are friendly gestures between the Soviet Union and the United States. America may switch from military to political and economic pressure on Nicaragua. As peace talks in Cambodia end, Vietnam agrees to a joint effort with

the United States to search for American soldiers still missing in action in Vietnam.

Traditionally, America has always seen itself as the "good guy," protecting the downtrodden and vanquishing the enemy. With no political "bad guy" overseas, the American population cannot play its favorite role. In the next few months, America will try to find a new enemy and become the strong hero again.

If some country doesn't provide a war zone in which America can prove its virility, the battlefield may move to the election front. But nobody's wearing black or white; both Democrats and Republicans dress in modest, no-issue gray.

Without issues, and therefore without potent images, the Republicans and Democrats are looking decidedly like one party. If someone does step forward to lead the country, he will have issues that the country can stand behind. The United States wants to believe that it is on the road to solving its tangle of problems and once again becoming a hero, the way Michael Dukakis did when he balanced the state budget. America can support the leader that directed it toward that road.

If Dukakis wants to win in November, he needs to show that there is a big difference between himself and Bush. He needs to change his image by choosing issues that he can solve and outlining solutions to them. He needs to portray himself as the one wearing white.

Spirituality Still Low Here

By Elbert Collier, Jr.

Most Sundays, Jonathan Hearn, a senior anthropology major at Bard, and the son of an Episcopal minister, sleeps in. He used to be among the small number of students attending services at the campus Chapel of Holy Innocents, but stopped when church began to interfere with other activities.

Hearn is not alone. According to Father Frederick Shafer, chaplain at the Chapel from 1959-1985, few students attended his services, although he was never without a congregation.

"I would always have a few students attending my services along with people from the surrounding community," he said, adding that the number of students making up the congregation reflected the changing trends of the student body.

"Bard College has a rich and well-respected tradition in being affiliated with religion, but that history doesn't characterize the atmosphere on campus today."

The College was originally founded as St. Stephen's, an Episcopal seminary, in 1860. It lost its religious affiliation in 1930 when it was incorporated into Columbia University and its name was changed to Bard College in honor of its founder, John Bard.

Anthony Gurrea, a professor of religion at the College, said that today's student body consists of various religions--Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Muslims and Buddhists--as well as agnostics.

Since he began teaching here, Gurrea said, he has witnessed a growth in students enrolling in religion classes. He has also noticed that a larger percentage of faculty and students are Jewish. This fall a rabbi will be on-campus parttime.

Sara Willig, a junior religion major who is also a member of the Jewish Student Organization, estimated that 15-20 percent of the student body considers itself to be Jewish. A lot of Jewish students are more concerned with their cultural, rather than religious, heritage, she said.

Willig noted that three to eight students regularly attend weekly meetings of the JSO. Generally, though, Willig does not consider the student body to be receptive to religion, especially to Judeo-Christian traditions.

Syed Faheem Abas, a senior majoring in economics, said he is one of 12-15 Moslem students attending Bard.

"There are not a lot of Moslem students on campus but enough to be noticed," Faheem said. "Most of them come from Pakistan or Morocco."

On Fridays, the Moslem sabbath, Moslem students have access to a mosque in Poughkeepsie, but often lack transportation.

"When one thinks of a mosque, the image of a big, oblong building comes to mind," Faheem said. "But one can pray in a small room. If the Moslems on campus went to the administration and asked for a place, I'm sure they would give it to them."

Faheem said he comes from a conservative society in Pakistan and finds the Bard community--with its many atheists and agnostics--to be lacking morality. It is a microcosm of American society, he said, which he considers to be disoriented. He suggested that Americans find themselves through religion, as he did.

Dean of Students Stephen Nelson agreed. "Often times a number of hurdles and obstacles stand in the students' way of reaching their goal of graduating," he said. "This may cause confusion, indirection and insurmountable pressures that may lead students to drugs or even worse. Students forget they can turn to something spiritual, something they can get a lot out of without getting themselves into trouble."

Nelson is an ordained minister of the United Church of Christ. He has never had his own congregation, but feels a religious element in everyone's life is important.

"We seem to have a higher number of atheists and agnostic students than many other private liberal arts colleges," Nelson said. "This comes from being a highly artistic school where many people tend to be more suspicious of certain beliefs and question if there is a God. Therefore they decide to ride with their art for inspiration and feel they don't need organized religion."

He added that people have been moving away from religion in the last 20 years. Youths today, he said, are not be-

ing raised in the church and therefore are not establishing roots in the church.

"I'm not saying that conventional religion is the answer for everyone but there's got to be something else than going to college to please your parents and to learn how to earn money," Nelson said.

Water Gap

continued from page 1

in the empty pipes for so many hours, the danger of a leak is more imminent than ever before. "If we're going to get one, it'll be next week," he said.

Even though the water began to pump once again at 9:30 yesterday morning, full service didn't resume until mid-afternoon. There are five miles of pipes on campus it had to travel through.

It took over an hour to just prime the pump to take water from the creek and deliver it.

During the year, water is pumped out at the rate of 150 gallons per minute and that load is reduced to about 125 GPM in the summer, when there are fewer people on campus. But when the GPM indicator indicates 0, as it did this morning, nothing positive can come of it, except maybe a larger appreciation of the service most people in this country take for granted.

"When you live with a set of expectations," commented Stuart Levine, Dean of the College, "when you think everything will be perfect, a problem comes along and it hits you right between the eyes. You overreact."

He acknowledged that most people in the world don't have running water. "I recently came back from Liberia, and you begin to appreciate the extent to which our society provides for us. That is not shared in many places in the world."

Many people did absolutely no complaining at all. "The water was restored so fast--it was a regular success tale," said Victoria Balcomb, assistant to the Dean of the College.

And even though most people at Kline Commons this morning were disappointed by the lack of juice or coffee, one cafeteria worker was thrilled. Mike Daughtery, a dishwasher, said, "It makes my job a lot easier. This way I get to diversify and do other things, like cook, which is what I want to do anyway."

Nicole Sardaro, a server, had only one comment. "It stinks."

But many on campus praised the B&G workers who trucked in water early this morning for the Kline Commons kitchen and worked all night to restore the water.

One secretary at the Physical Plant building who declined to give her name said, "They work a lot harder than most people give them credit for. They're on call all the time and they don't goof off--they're good workers. Nobody notices all the things they do until something goes wrong. And then they only get yelled at, not thanked. They really should be cheered."

"I'm just thankful that it happened when there were only 100 people on campus," Levine said.

The Revival of Rondout

continued from page 12

takes great pride in his restaurant saying, "Our food is authentic food from Mexico."

With a mariachi band playing on weekends, going from table to table, it is understandable why "many Americans, a lot from New York City, come here constantly," said Molkeotian.

Molkeotian opened Rosita's last March. "I felt the area needed a Mexican restaurant," he said. "This zone was pretty bad a few years ago but they set up a commission to restore the area." Molkeotian took advantage of that commission, and along with his wife, Rosita, embarked in a business he says is

"getting better every year."

Roundout also features The Hudson River Maritime Center with a wide array of exhibits depicting the river's history.

The Roundout Belle, an 80 passenger cruise boat, also docks at the Maritime Center with John Cullen at the helm also promising "to keep the increased number of sightseers in the area excited as well as educated about some of the aspects of the Hudson River."

Athens and Roundout Town are just a sampling of the vibrant towns located on the banks of the Hudson River that are beginning to team with social and economic activity, just as they had more than a century ago. Maybe history does repeat itself.