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Busted Pump Leaves Bard High and Dry for 12 Hours

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

A small electrical connection which supplied 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 nothing to blame," said Chuck Simmons, director of Buildings and Grounds, Bard's maintenance service. "It's mechanical, and something went wrong. That's all."

Some people had different opinions.

"It's horrible. You can't do anything," one woman at the Rec Center complained. "I heard something about going to the waterfalls to wash. That's insane."

Elie Yarden, an MFA student, remarked on her plate 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 through the system, some leaks may appear.

Grand Union offered 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 continue on page 14.
Cry Freedom 
JOHANNESBURG, South Af- 
rica—The movie "Cry Free-
dom" opened in more than 30 
South African theaters yester-
day with the censors’ ap-
proval, but threatened public safety and 
seized the copies seven hours 
later.

They fired two bombs, 
amyroid phone threats, 
and violent scenes in the 
movie as profit that it was dan-
egerous.

Movie-goers at the North-
coll Theater in a rich-white 
Johannesburg suburb ar\nived to find posters being taken 
down and police ready to con-
scribe the film. "Cry Free-
dom" was replaced by "I Was a
Teenage Vampire."

Cat Trek 
CLAMECY, France—A cat that 
appeared to prefer France 
to West Germany walked 620 
mi to its old home here, the 
freedom’s former owner says.

Madeleine Martinet said her cat, Griboille, appeared on 
her doorstep in this central 
French city this week, nearly 
two years after she was report-
ed missing from Reutlingen, 
West German town near 
Stuttgart.

Griboille was two months 
old when Mrs. Martinet gave 
her away in July 1986 to her 
neighbor, who moved to Reu-
tingen.

Put Mast 
PAINTSVILLE, Kentucky—a 
cancer patient who said he 
smoke marijuana to 
avoid starvation was convict-
ed Friday of possessing 7.5 
ounces of marijuana, but ju-
ors fixed him only $1 and or-
dred it not jail time.

The Johnson District Court 
jury followed the recommen-
dation of Assistant County 
Attorney Tom Blaha, who 
urged them to show compas-
sion.

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

The trial that began Thurs-
day was the first time a can-
cer patient has mounted a 
medical defense against a 
marijuana possession 
charge.

Coast Pact Nears Okay 
Plan Will Regulate Development

By Alex Katz

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 Revi-
talization Program (LWRP), 
a forty-four point, federally-
 funded state plan amended to 
address local conditions es-
 tablishes legal ties between 
all levels of government for 
the development of the coastal 
area. Among the areas 
covered are the promotion 
of tourism, development of the 
commercial fishing industry, 
and regulation of new con-
struction to minimize flood 
and erosion damage.

Sally Mazzarella, 
Chairman of the 
Rhinebeck Town Plann-
ing Board and President 
of the Hudson River 
Shorelines Task Force, supports the plan 
because "If and when de-
velopment occurs, it should be 
done in a manner that is sen-
sitive to the coastal area."

Mazzarella stressed the im-
portance of the protective as-
psects of the program. "If there 
are any stated federal pro-
jects 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 con-
 troles 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 na-
ton’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 lo-
cal area to designate land in-
accessible for government 
development.

The town currently operates 
under constraints similar to 
those outlined in the new pro-
gram. If adopted, the new 
regulations will be "no differ-
ent than what is presently al-
lowed and not allowed within 
our master plan, our zoning 
law, and our subdivision regu-
lations," Mazzarella said. The 
only difference, she ex-
plained, is that under the 
LWRP, "additional [federal] 
dollars will be made available 
to the community."

Sports Sculpture Unveiled

Snyder Represents Goalposts, Receiver

continued from p. 1

as part of the Master of Fine 
Arts program.

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

The three items which are 
part of Snyder’s project rep- 
resent 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 foot-
ball and how it has gone downhill," he said.

Snyder, who is interested in 
making a statement on foot-
ball since his father was 
an all-star player in college, 
has attempted to show a di-

cotomy between football and 
religion with this project.

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

The work of art 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 
disseminate the pieces and 
bring it back home with him 
and display it somewhere 

near his home.

Snyder will be displaying his 
art at three shows scheduled in 
major northeastern cities 
this fall. He said that his ar-

tistic ability has greatly in-
creased due to the MFA pro-
gram.

"The program has increased 
my productivity. I’m thinking 
about a lot of things different-


Grand Union Bars Late-Night Condoms

continued from p. 1

"Condoms should be available 
during the evening hours."

The director of a local pro-
test pregnancy support cen-
ter, who asked not to be iden-
tified, said she doesn’t "consider condoms an emer-
gency thing that should be available 24-hours a day."

"I’m curious as to why the 
nationale for this policy," said Alan 
Botsford, director of commu-
nity relations for Northern 
Dutchess Hospital. She does 
not understand why available-

ability is restricted and said "condoms should be made 
available 24-hours a day."

A spokesman for the 
Senator George, 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 jolts 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, Taisha, 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 change she enjoys at a minimum, including cigarettes.

Wanda, a new outreach worker Teresa is training, gets in the car and tells me, "If you're going to be a song about the right stuff, then I'm going to be a song about the right stuff. She's new on the job. We also go 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 for a week".

The camp outside Miami is a small, dirt road along the ocean, with a few tents and a small building. The men are sleeping on the floor, on mats, and some are sitting outside, watching the TV while it rains. The women are cooking dinner and washing clothes. The children are playing outside, shouting at each other.

Herman and James, like hundreds of migrants she's helped before, may quit, get hired, or return to Florida when the cold New York winter hits.

The camp Oscar lives in is tucked behind trees and painted barn red. No one comes out 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 straightly. 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 finds 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 7 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 times 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

Health Codes Lax

continued from page 1

"That's their opinion. They know we take action when we feel it's necessary. I certainly don't go out of my way to get into a discussion about that," said Mathias Schleifer, 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 chlorine in the drinking water in 1984, '86 and '87, according to Garret. The health department normally does three inspections annually, said Bechle. 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 the 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 on and 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 Marbolo, 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 farm and health officials know each other," said Anthony Dumas, director of Rural Opportunities Orange County office. "They show them what they are supposed to see. And of course there's corruption."
pretty hard. They should pay more. We prune the trees, thin'em, throw the small plant away, now the grass around it freestates hard. And then 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. At a right turn, a left, a left, we pass a migrant camp where a family lives. Teresa stops 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. I am impatient, I ask Wanda if I should go in and take a look. She has to ask. They say no. She comes back to tell me. The girl sits at a table and laughs. Teresa returns and tells me she's sorry. "He's been drinking. Oh, rainy days they get drink. Yeah, just the men, a lot of them..."

We arrive at another camp. A large black man with a Caribbean accent says "They're 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 a pretense of maimy room for Teresa and Wanda. The room is full of smoke. Teresa and Wanda light up.

Teresa tells them she's here to help them. If they don't have money, they'll help them get it. If they want to quit farming, she'll help them get jobs. The men like Teresa. They start at the cocoa.

The opening at West Point is her best offer. They ask if they have to train. "Yes," she says, "but it's not hard. You clean the tables, set them, serve up, and serve back to 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 makes a wearing a white T-shirt and a pair of maroon polyester pants held up by makeshift suspenders made from the cut off remnants of pants that were formerly the best hands of his pants. He is bolstered by this match and stands next to the oven window which another man has not stopped staring through. Since our arrival, James Fenton Jr. puts his hands in his pockets and tells me he has lost all his personal possessions for which the regular takes the pills he receives from the druggist. He's got a tremendous appetite and he has eaten a plenty of hot days because of rain. Like Oscar, he's been on the road with thousands of others back to Fie lip she who he no longer has a wife. "She left him for another man," he tells me laughingly. I tell him he's right, but I don't want to speed up. Last week he and two friends walked over seven miles to deliver a box of bread. James is 63 and has a family.

Jamaica is dominated in Truman's job offer, but would rather "Do nothing..."

Gonna get me a boat. Fishing. Good fish in Jamaica. Good and pretty girls.

"But you're married," I say, laughing. "That's what I do, I do," he says, laughing. "This is the eyes you again, but it's 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 Eli 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. Eli 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. Eli is not worried about this. This 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, hoping to win someday, almost constant of it. "Twenty two million. You'll never know. This boy," he points to one of the Jahnaricas. "He used to live here, too, and now we hurt. You know how?"

Eli is still talking when Teresa and Wanda walk out of the smoky room. He tells them to come on Sunday. "We're gonna have him," he tells a guest table to a three manlyly, Teresa and Wanda cook the best hot curry. Wanda says she won't eat it if she needs it killed. Eli's hands move Teresa a load of banana bread. Teresa tells me she won't make the hot curry for the world. "I would have given the world to taste it."

Oscar takes me outside to show me the toilet and the showers. His blue skin glistens in the hot afternoon sun. The boys look so young and fresh as though they had never been to other camps where the latrines are so filthy, the men "go do it outside." I am beginning to think it's not bad here. We stop by Daniel's room—his neighbor "Hey, get out and talk to this man. He wants to talk to you." Daniel comes out of the room, diggered in hand, medium height, thin, brittle, hard features, more gray than grey. Unruffled 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 in Aba-ay where the season's over." This is his first year with the Gilgils. "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 isn'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 but they told me they'll work that day. Daniel says it's raining everyday.

So what do you do? "Nothing? Can you save, do you? Oscar, who sends money to his family when he can, says he's been working a few years up here, can't save any money." So what are you going to do, find another job? "Man, look, I'm old, he's old man," pointing to Daniel, "Who says 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 stares at us and says "It's O.K. now, but wait till the Depression comes in 2011. I know it." He's not drunk.


Ed tells me he'll be lucky to make $750 this year. "I 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, I do that. I do what they tell me. What I got? Nothing. I ain't ever gone callin' 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 anything like this one I like. He doesn't know where the work will come from now. Two of the season is over. Round about here its expensive. A working man can't dig. It and the hills."

The one bedroom apartment he barracks at rent for $300 350 a month.

Keep asking about the future. Many migrate home $400. He smiles when they can't longer work. I don't mention it. They don't know what the future looks like. Oscar, long staf, is nothing. "If I get it now 60 years, I want to die."
Stranger in Strange Land

By Jessie Barrilaro

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.

For 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 trying to make you not trust them. You have to be living there to see how harsh it is. Maybe the people they're re-educating 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 know 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 food 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 receive the benefit of what they produce."

"The weather in North Vietnam is very cold, with rain and floods every year, so the people 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 midwife was summoned, and Mary was born at home amid the sound of gunfire and screaming.

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 grandparent 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 being bombed. 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 didn't have to be 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 midnight 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 rainy, 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. It was a ship 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 bombers 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 feel continued on next page.
anyone about her experiences. About the only time she communicated was when she went to her local 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 won a 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 bachelor’s and a master’s 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 bachelor’s degree 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 Mondays 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 do 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 quality 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 was going to go to college 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 stabilizing 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 those 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 what it was. "But in my country, it doesn’t matter how hard you work—your dream is just a dream."

Mary’s children are a 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 RBIs.

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 as 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 "western" music anymore. Mary told me. The communists say it makes people lazy, so the only music is militant. 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 work very hard.

However, something is missing in her life, at the very core of her being: a sense of homeland.
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 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 Sicem? Are your Christmas decorations 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 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 Sicem.” 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 audience 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 programing in general has declined in recent years. The station programers 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 planet and another. It is fast becoming a problem of enormous proportions with a potential for massive impact on our lives. It starts with a dump in an otherwise pristine stretch of green, leafy forest, beaches befoiled by medical waste, non-biodegradable garbage in New York Harbor. This problem has many aspects to which we have no overall 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 overcrowded because of indiscriminate human reproduction. We only add to the problem by indulging in equally indiscriminate consumption. Our discarded chemicals poison birds, fish and other wildlife, and our plastics create garbage sicks 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 environment absorb? One day 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 Eastons gives it to 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 disposal 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, clamoring 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 hoodwinked 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 unweird Pepsi-generian are stunted by a broken water pump, our scientific achievements seem ludicrous.

These jilted Everyman, promoters of social justice, are not served by the society they protect. There was no water for coffee, juice, or spirit-lifting abstractions 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 summer Times 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 summer Times is:

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The summerTimes welcomes letters to the editor. Please mail them to Solitary Hall, Bard College
A Day Aboard the Enforcer

By Matthew Harrington

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

Sounding the horn of the Dutchess County police boat Enforcer II 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 Calasa, 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 II to headquarters," as he dozed 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 Enforcer's engines are silent on Thursdays.

Currently, the police fleet is only in service on weekends. But some officers and 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. "If 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 patrols 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. 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 Cutler, captain of the Roundout Belle, a four boat, remembers when the 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 Scorcillo is satisfied that his office is keeping up with boating traffic. He emphatically opposes extending the weekend shift. Though Scorcillo 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 of the 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."

Scorcillo 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 a 27-foot bayliner was drifting downriver. 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."

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 cavailing. Cavailing 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, drier, or pound, two inches in diameter, in the hull, and pushes it out vents. But Lennon said most of them don't use the blower for this purpose. "We use 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 these violations," Magurno said.

Considering the Enforcer's boat 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 in Albany," Deputy Lennon said.

The Enforcer's crew is also responsible for emergencies on lakes in the area. Last month, Deputy 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 Metaflex Cavity Chemical, used by morilists. When dead bodies come up, the deputies douse them with the chemical to decompose them.

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 decomposer, a soupy mixture, is sometimes thrown away in the lives used to float the bodies out because, as Lennon put it, "you'll never get that smell out of there."
A Small Town Matures

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

Until the end of the 19th 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 wooden mill. A local ice storage company provided seasonal employment, 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 8,591.

"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. Maritelle 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 Doyl, 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 Doyl.

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 Atkinson Rigby Reality 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 Mayes, 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 area. 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 1981 and this present, about 40,000 bass have been tagged. In order to keep the project economical, an unusual 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 fishermen.

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 information 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 cool 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 impounded on and often die caught in these screens.

About 600,000 bass are raised at the Verplanck 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 the Dunning, it has been estimated that 1.5-2.0% of juvenile fish mortality is due to industrial screens, which is about what the targeted catch 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 fishermen 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 Galaara

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, those 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 Rte 90 on the west bank of the river, just off the Rte Van Winkle Bridge, I was welcomed to the Village of Athens with a relic of its colorful past, the Van Loon House. An oddly shaped building built in 1770, it is the first edifice constructed in the town and it is still standing. The Van Loon 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 Athenian 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 Harri Stewart in 1883 with the intention of accommodating and feeding the river traffic that flourished there in the nineteenth century. Its Victorian design is in yet another architectural marvel that can't justifiably be described but can be indifferently 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 location because it would have cost so much more to create the vintage 1900s location that Stewart House provided.

Kim McLean and Vera Adams have been the proprietors of the Hotel for the past two years. McLean and Adams, both artists who claim that they "were squeezed out of New York City," have made an honorable attempt to maintain the Hotel's gentility. A photo album was brought out by Adams that depicted the chronicle 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 those jobs are filled by Adams and McLean which gives the place a homey feeling.

Although McLean and Adams say that they "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 populated the town. "The same people that we know now that were in town then seemed friendly to us, but at that time they all seemed tough and aggressive and more than that, they seemed to be so tightly knit that no outsiders were welcome."

"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 curiously," 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 exquisitely architected 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 surprise selfie (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.

Roundout 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 Melkissian, owner of Flotilla's, Middletown continued on page 14.
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 as 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 lost the last of the Reagan era with its emphasis on television imagery, 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 candiding 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 talk in Cambodia and 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 been 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 promote a war zone in which America can prove its virtuity, the battlefield may move to the election front. But no candidate, 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 deceptively 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 Hearns, a senior anthropology major at Bard, and the son of an Episcopal minister, sleeps in. He used to be among the small num-
ber of students attending services at the campus Chapel of Holy Innocents, but
stopped when church began to interfere with his work in the student union.

Hearns is not alone. According to Fa-
ther Frederick Shafer, chaplain at the
Chapel from 1959-1965, few students at-
tended 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 of affiliation with
religion, but that history doesn't charac-
terize the atmosphere on campus today.

The College was originally founded as
St. Stephen's, an Episcopal semi-
nary, in 1860. It lost its religious affilia-
tion 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 Gurnea, a professor of ref-
gion at the College, said that today's stu-
dent body comes from various religions—
Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Muslims and Buddhists—as well as agnostics.

"Since he began teaching here, Gurne-
ea 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 Wilig, a junior religion major who is also a member of the Jewish Stu-
dent Organization, estimated that 15-20 per cent of the student body considers it-
selves to be Jewish. A lot of Jewish stu-
dents are more concerned with their cul-
tural, rather than religious, heritage, she said.

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

The Revival of Rondout

By Elbert Collier, Jr.

The Revival of Rondout continues from page 12

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

"There are not a lot of Moslem stu-
dents on campus but enough to be no-
ticed," Faheem said. "Most of them come from Pakistan or Morocco.

On Fridays, the Moslem sabbath,
Moslem students have access to a
Muslim Student Office宇宙, 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 cam-
pus went to the administration and asked for a place, I'm sure they would give it to
them."

Faheem said he comes from a con-
servative society in Pakistan and finds the Bard community--with its many athe-
isists and agnostics--to be lacking moral-
ity. It is a microcosm of American socie-
ty, he said, which he considers to be
disoriented. He suggested that Ameri-
cans 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, indig-
enation and insurmountable pressures that may lead students to drugs or even
worse. Students forget they can turn to something spiritual, something they can
got a lot out of without getting them-
selves into trouble."

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

"We seem to have a higher number of
atheists and agnostics 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 be-
iefs 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. "You'll see 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 re-
ligion is the answer for everyone but there's got to be something else than go-
ing 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 again at 9:30 yesterday morning, full service didn't resume until
mid-afternoon. There are five miles of pipe 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 gallons in the summer, when there are fewer people
on campus. But when the GPM indicator indicates 0, as it did this morning, noth-
ing positive can come of it, except
maybe a larger appreciation of the ser-
vice most people in this country take
for granted.

"When you live with a set of expecta-
tions," commented Stuart Levison, Dean
of the College, "when you think every-
thing 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 re-
cently came back from West Africa, and you
come 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 complai-
ning at all. "The water was restored so
fast--I was a regular success tale," said
Victoria Babb, assistant to the Dean of
the College.

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

Nicol Sardoro, a server, had only one
complaint. "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 go 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 cam-
pus," Levison said.