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Charleston Conference -- Call for Papers

Editor

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Adventures in Librarianship
from page 78

DIXON: So, so who’s supposed to be happy? What with the, the uh communists and so forth. Are you happy? Am I happy?

HALDEMINSK: Of course not, Sir. But Connelly says the food was bad [unintelligible] and he blames you.

DIXON: Blames me? How the...

HALDEMINSK: Yes and...

DIXON: Well just, you tell Connelly that I am not a cook. Richard Dixon is not a cook.

HALDEMINSK: He doesn’t think you are, Sir. But the, uh [coughing] and he thinks that the uh budget for the event he says, Connelly says, was not reflected by the quality. He called the orchestra a bunch of plumbers.

DIXON: They may have been plumbers but that doesn’t mean they can’t also be a [expletive] fine combo in their spare time, I mean...

HALDEMINSK: Yes they were but the [coughing]... so he thinks that maybe we skinned the budget... you know, piddled then skinned.

DIXON: Both you mean? Couldn’t we have piddled but not skinned? Or even skinned without padding? Do the two...

HALDEMINSK: Of course, Sir. But the difficulty is that he, you know, he’s looking closely and, and he’s already begun to see Mitchell.

DIXON: He went to...

HALDEMINSK: That’s right, and you know, with that information he may be able to draw a direct line, sort of follow the money, to the uh, to the thing.

DIXON: Yes, I see. The thing. But I wasn’t involved with that. That was Mitchell’s project and [unintelligible].

HALDEMINSK: Well, you may have, you may have accidentally signed off on the expenses...

DIXON: [Expletive] Haldeminsk, you’re supposed to stop me from doing that! Oh the student press is going to have a field day with this, the little communists. They’ve just been waiting for me to, for me to, you know, stumble and so forth...

HALDEMINSK: Yes sir.

DIXON: Any way we can put a muzzle on this? Can we count on Mitchell?

HALDEMINSK: He, uh [coughing] he might be looking to protect himself at this point, sir.

DIXON: You tell Mitchell he better protect himself from me. If he roles over on this, I’ll make sure he never works in another library again... and so forth!

[In May of 1972, the Darkmouth Student Gazette broke the story that the library administration had skimmed from the fund-raising dinner budget to pay for new carpet in the library’s conference room. Although Dean Dixon was never directly implicated, he was forced to resign in disgrace and retire to his family home in Dewey Beach, Delaware]