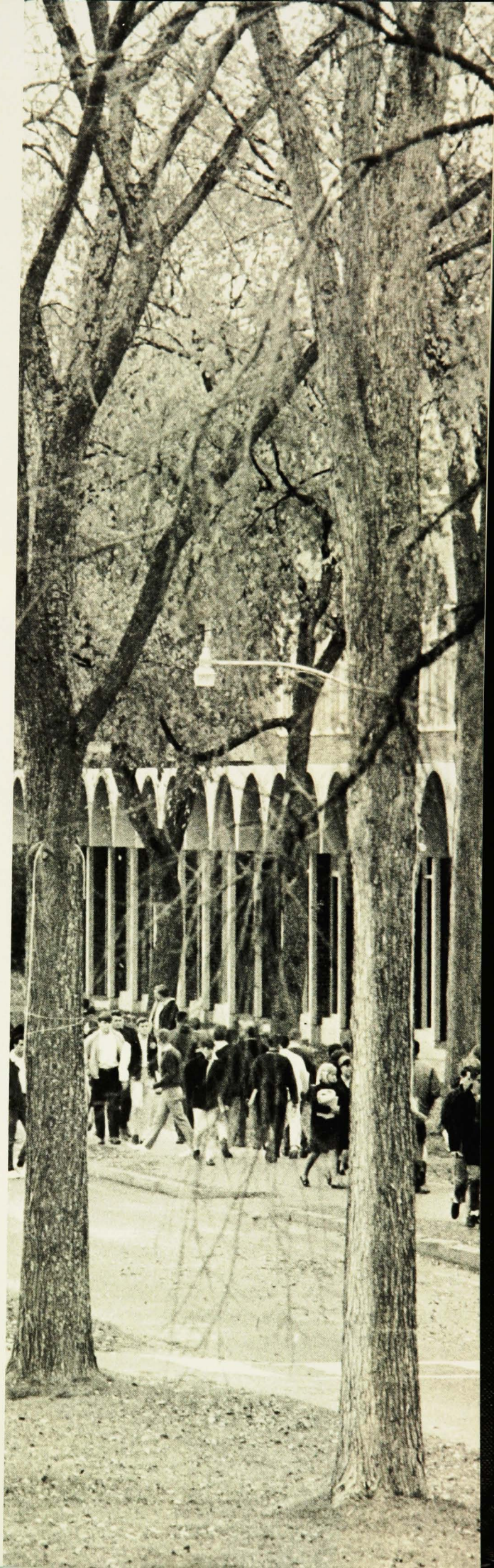


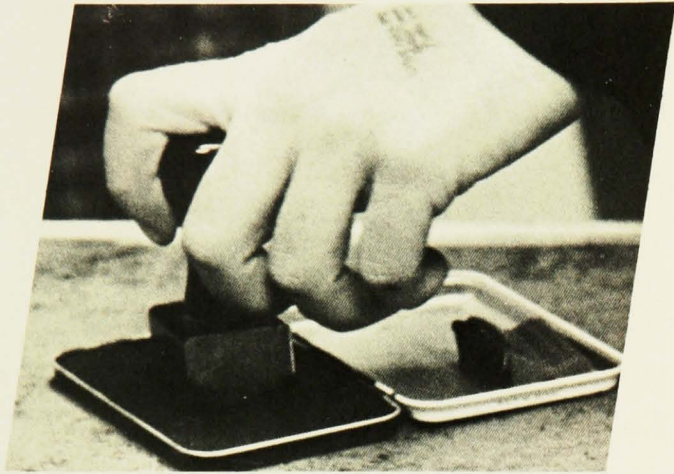


**...and the all too brief
autumn.**





Noise, motion, confusion of color



and the high decibel sound
of the Black Ravens, the Grains of
Sand, the Plague—
ear-splitting and nerve-jangling,
it reverberates
from the walls of fraternity base-
ments and
dorm rec rooms,
and it overwhelms the gyms with
frantic tempo.

The first few events are marked by
the "prowl,"

for the name of the game is boy
meets girl,

and dances are merely
brief stops on the way to some-
where else.

Grub or suave,
shy or aggressive,
the searchers are
a moving mass with a dynamic
core

and a static fringe.

The male-female ratio—four boys
to a girl?

Try seven to one

as pride

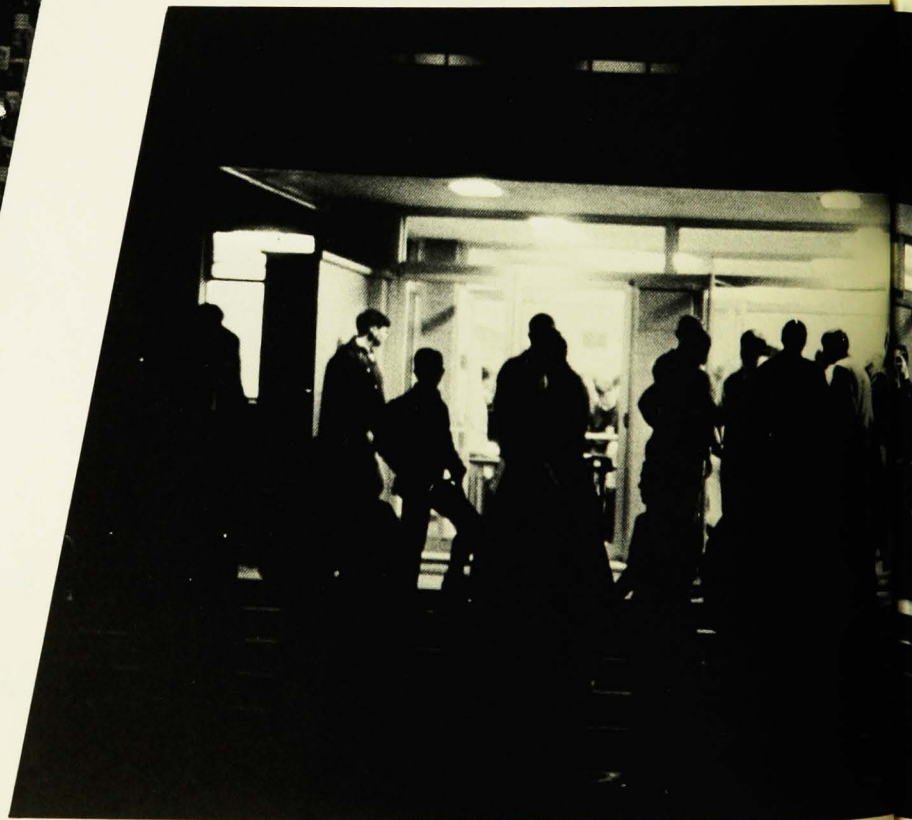
or local custom

prohibits the spare co-ed from going
stag.

Attendance dwindles after a short
while

for the dances are a means
not an end,

and, hunting over,
there are other places to go.





"Of Cabbages and Kings," course evaluation booklet,

is a failure or a success depending upon whether you're a student or an instructor of students. All the guts are named and so are the good guys and the bad guys, although the editors deny this. Most people conclude that an evaluation is a good thing to have, even if it does need a little seasoning. Oregon's Republican senator, Mark Hatfield, gives a surprise speech in October, and the rains and the winds come to Orono for the fall. Autumn musical fare includes a mini-symphony, chamber-sized from Philadelphia, and a concert by the Carnegie Trio 'plus one' (left). MUAB sponsors a university folk group The New Addition (lower right) and draws a full house. A Danish Gymnastics Team (lower left) exhibits their athletic skills and folk dances to an awed audience while the Singing Friars (right) give a new look to an old type of song in their Saturday concert and musical mass on Sunday.



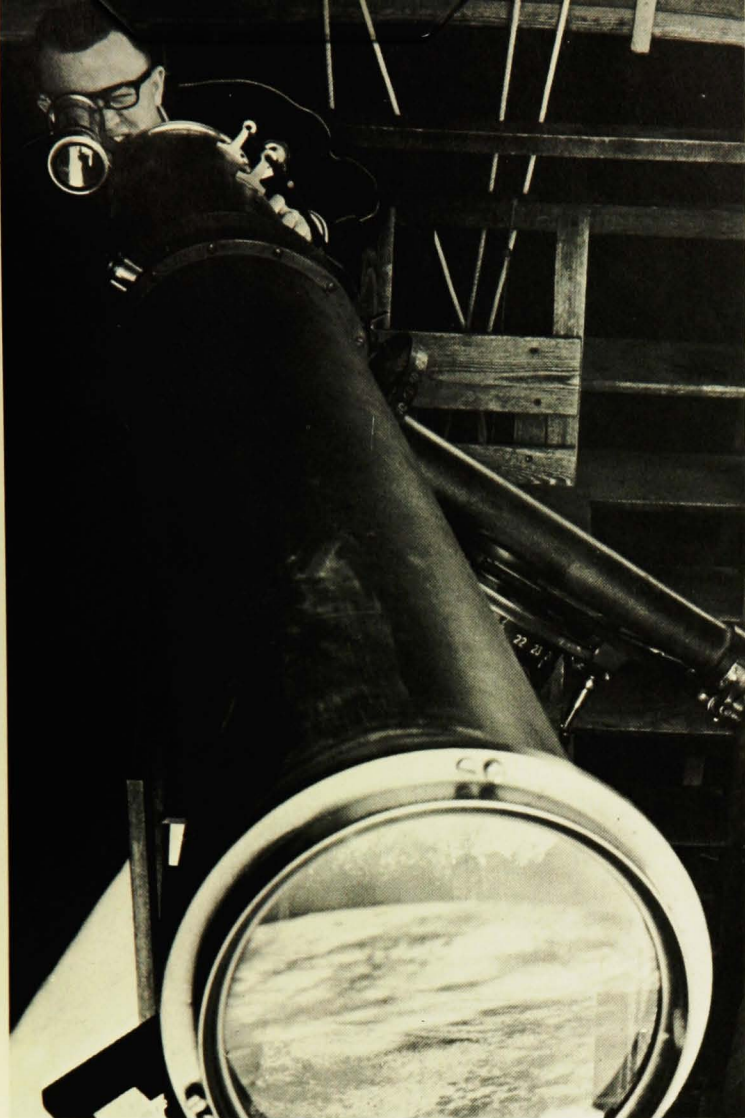




White haired with black-rimmed glasses



and a winsome smile,
Barry Goldwater spoke.
 Remember, he WAS the Republican
 party in '64.
 Viet Nam questions drew tepid
 generalities of
 "unfortunate, necessary."
 A possible '68 candidacy?
 —wherewhatwhenWHO?
 "Tomorrow?—let's have more of
 today . . .
 but with shining white opportunity."
 And they all stood up,
 all for 35 cents.



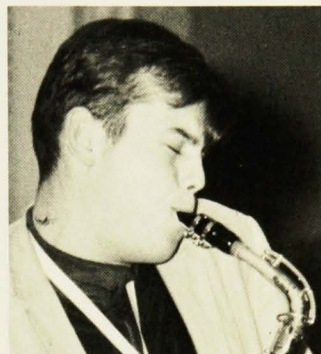
The University Jazztet plays it easy from Bossa-Nova to 'soft' jazz in another free MUAB concert. Six astronomy-minded students sponsor star parties, hold a planetarium open house, and man the ancient campus observatory on clear nights.

No one knows how, but what 'can't happen here' happens.

Smoke and water interspersed with firemen and bathrobed girls confuse the scene at the fire at Ballentine Hall.

From the window tumble beds, mattresses, radios, a pole lamp, and an evening gown, and the head resident counts noses.

Everyone thinks it's exciting—everyone but the inmates who try to salvage the remains from a once pink room which is now black.





M.O.C. er's are a friendly group even if



"I like you for practical reasons."
Have you ever...
watched your sleeping bag float down-
stream
or caught and eaten a four-inch
trout
or built a fire in the middle of the
road
to keep off cold and snow?
In the fall it's Katahdin,
all winter it's ski trips to the cabin,
and spring brings out the woodsmen
in club members.
Growing in membership and activities,
becoming a Maine tradition,
offering a new kind of week-end
entertainment—

Maine Outing Club.

A special kind of person

stands by the steam plant parking lot
in the balmy breezes off the Stillwater
to watch a gymkhana.

The Sports Car Club—buff
or nut, depending on whether you're one
or not — is
a separate subculture.

A course set with pylons
and a race against the stop watch—
G.T.O.'s, 427 Corvettes, Saabs, Mustangs,
MGB-GT's, Triumphs...

Cylinders, carburetors, exhaust systems,
clutches, tachs, speed shifts...

Clashing of gears and skids
and an engine roaring on the straightaway.
LeMans it ain't
but it will do.



Prelims...Prelims...Prelims...

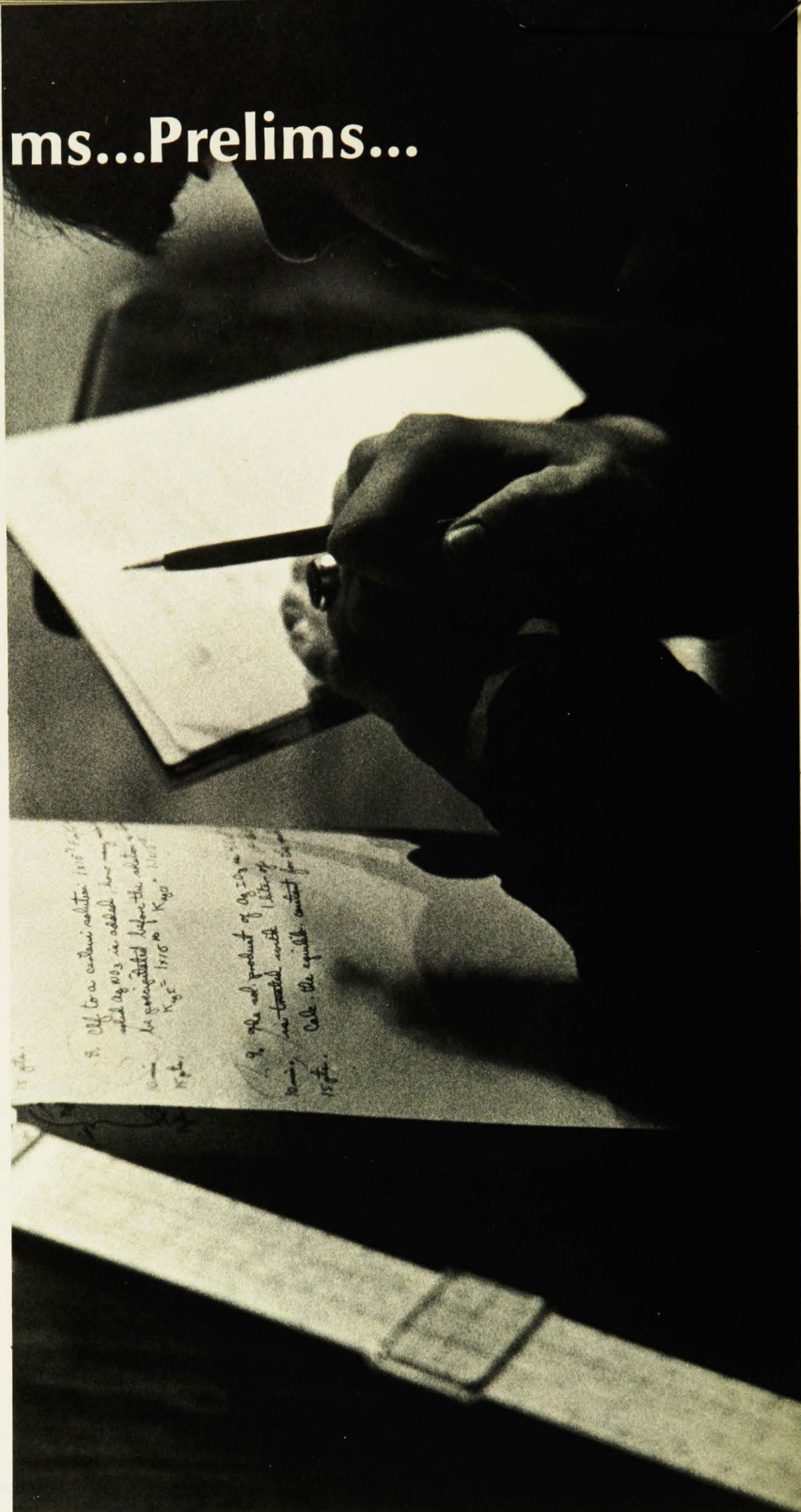
The anatomy of a "limmy" begins in the Blonde Room where students "book it" and "play college"—while really watching members of the opposite sex. There are too many cuts, too few notes, too many distractions and other activities.

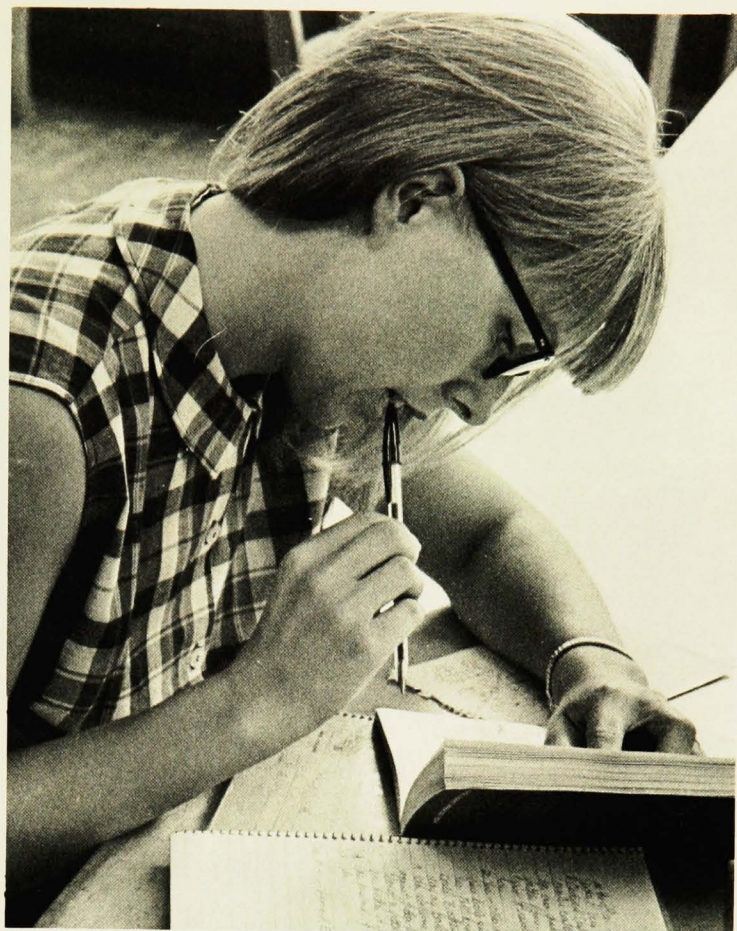
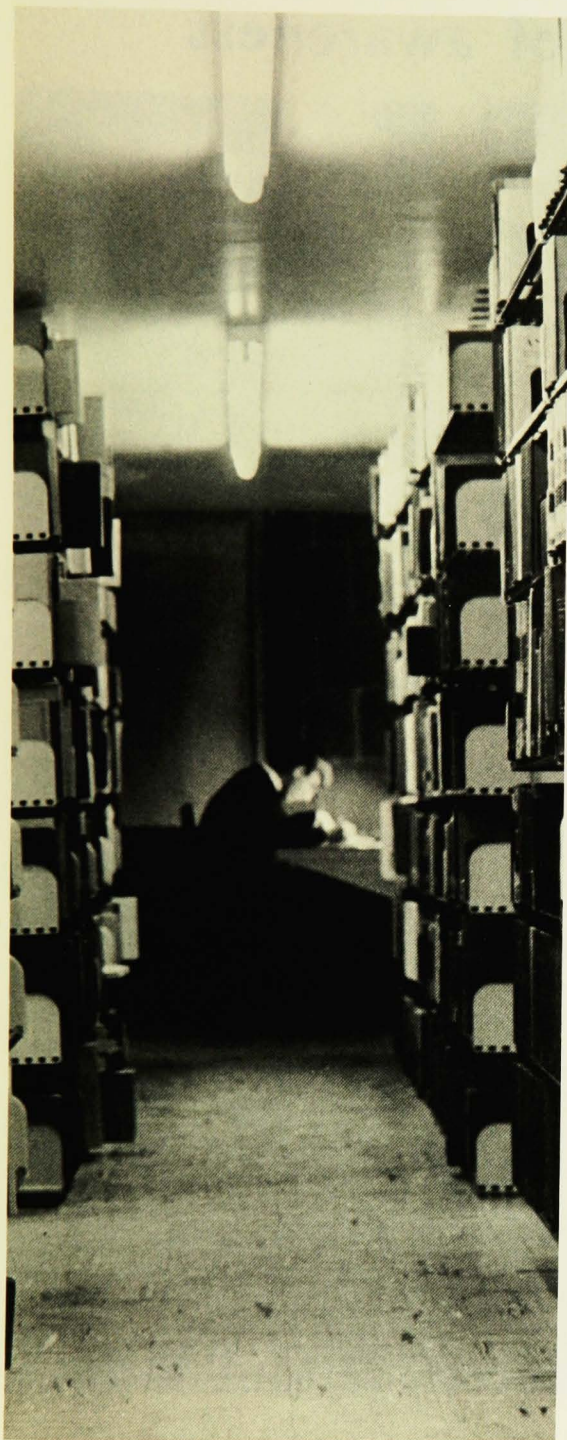
There's one book on reserve for a class of forty, and so to the files and franticphonecalls.

"What does he ask?"

The ordeal of the all-nighter involves No-Doz and no time cramcramcramcramcramCLUTCH and the stacks become populated.

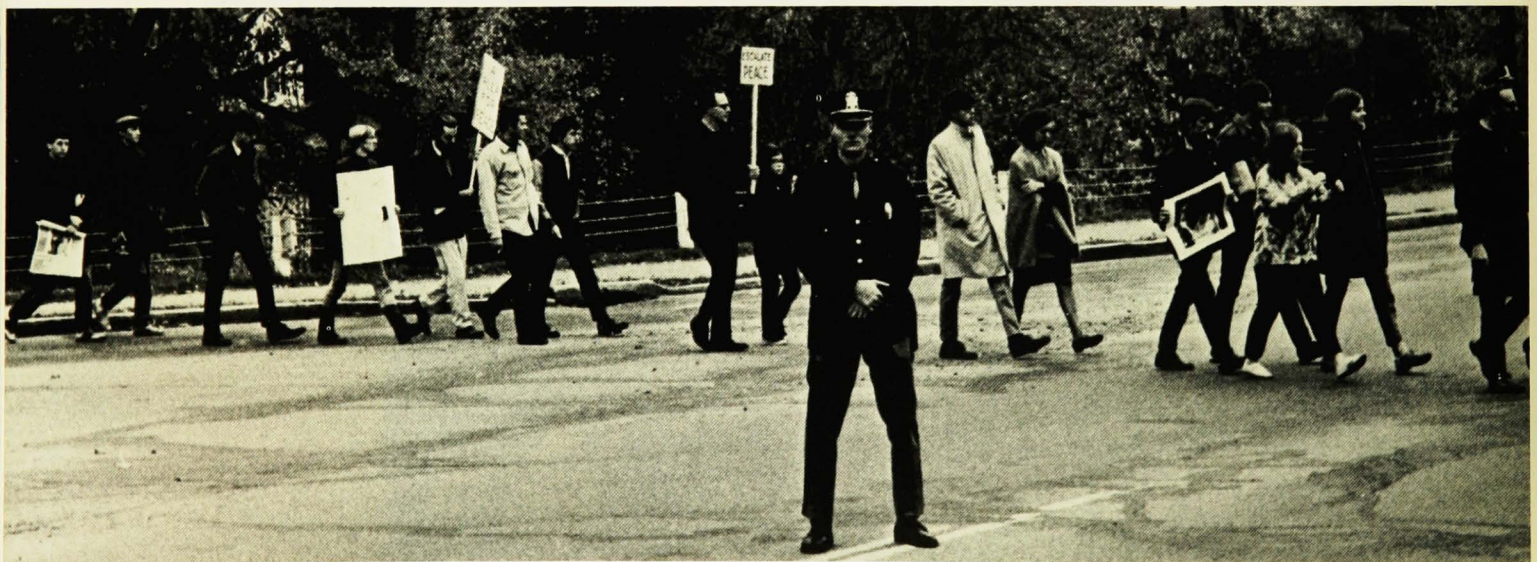
The moment of truth comes in Gy 1, Eh 15, EE 161, Fo 179, followed by a few profanities, a catnap, and a post-mortem on a point average—then a solace time at Pat's, Cora's, or the Den.

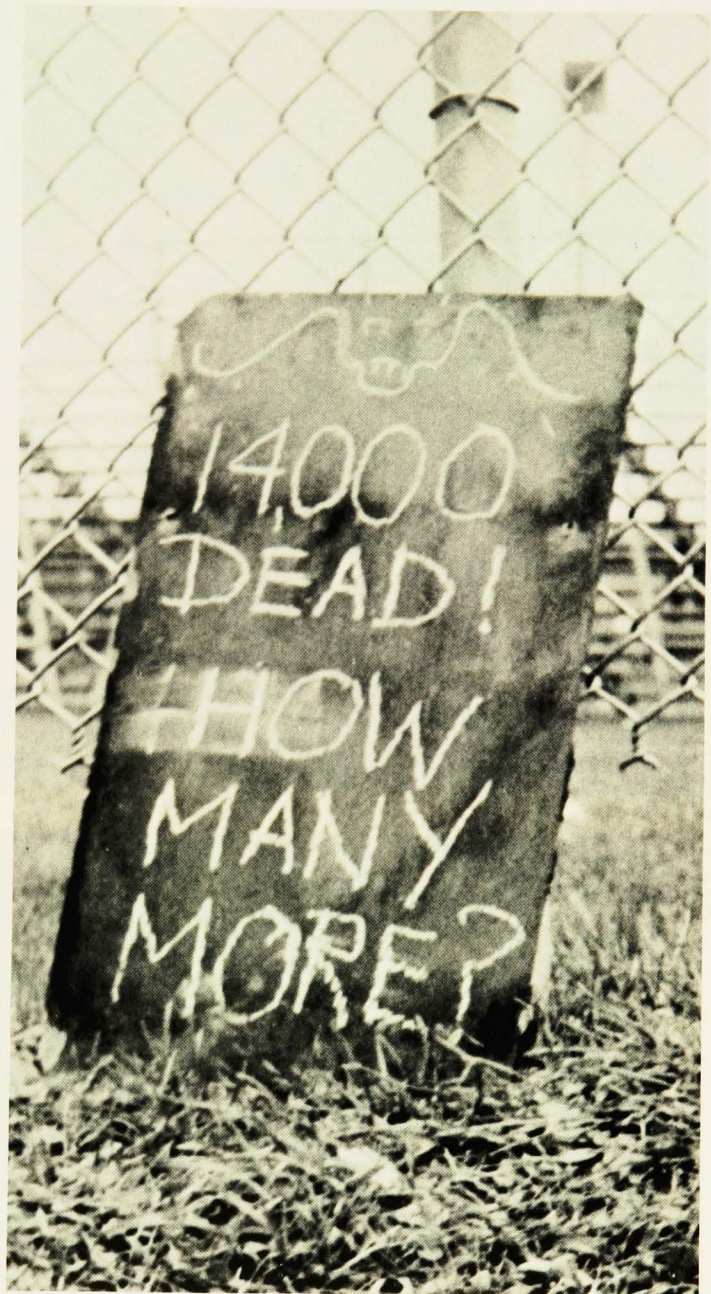


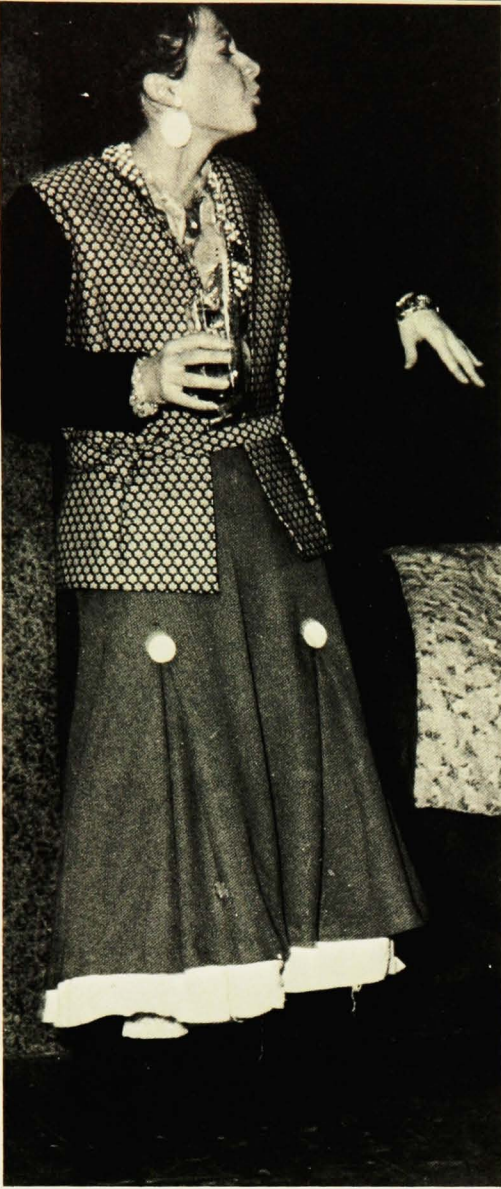


Hoping to reawaken a sense of awareness

within the student body,
to touch a nerve of understanding,
to affirm support for a nationwide cause
and also,
to affirm the right to speak of this
openly and without shame,
a united effort was led by
community members, faculty and students;
small,
but the size of a protest is not always
the measure of its intensity.
Walking together silently waving printed
thoughts, the group marches by
while a game-bound crowd watches
sadly, hating or praising.
At the kickoff marches melt,
and students, citizens, seekers of peace
become football fans.
But there is left an unanswered question—
a discarded sign against a fence—
"14,000 Dead — How Many More?"









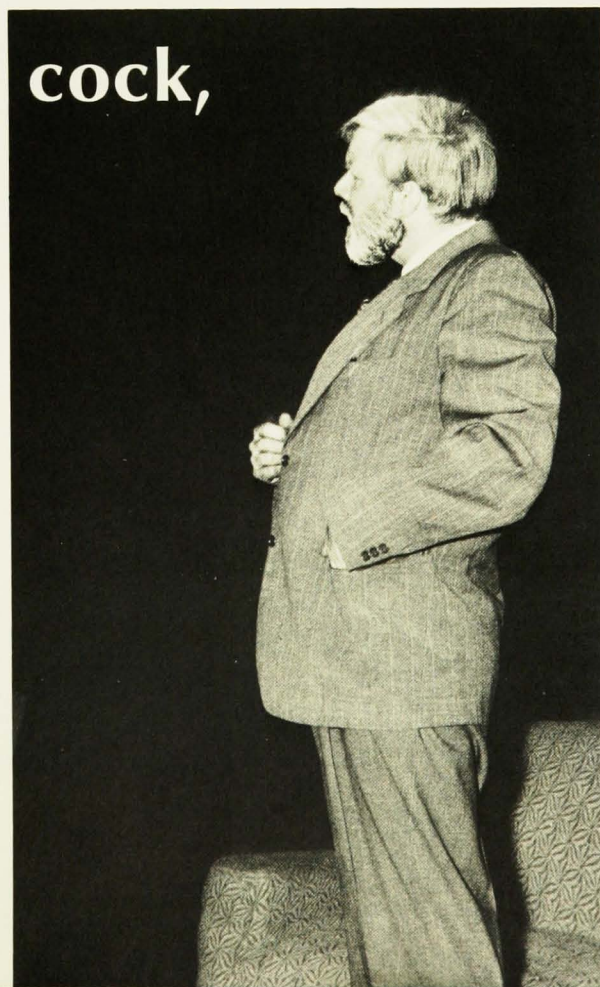
Juno and The Paycock,

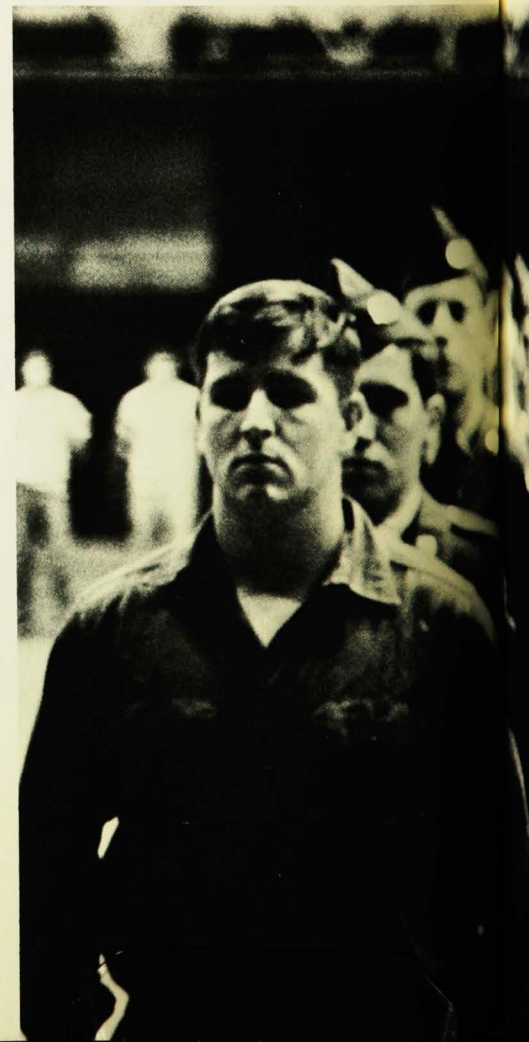
is Maine Masque's first production of the year.

O'Casey's ironic humor done with presence and power as Cyrus and company—Gervais, Nichols, Lemke, Flanders, et al—

sock 'Juno' to the audience.

They let fall a barrier on Hauck's stage and enable the viewers to spy upon an Irish family caught in tense struggles.







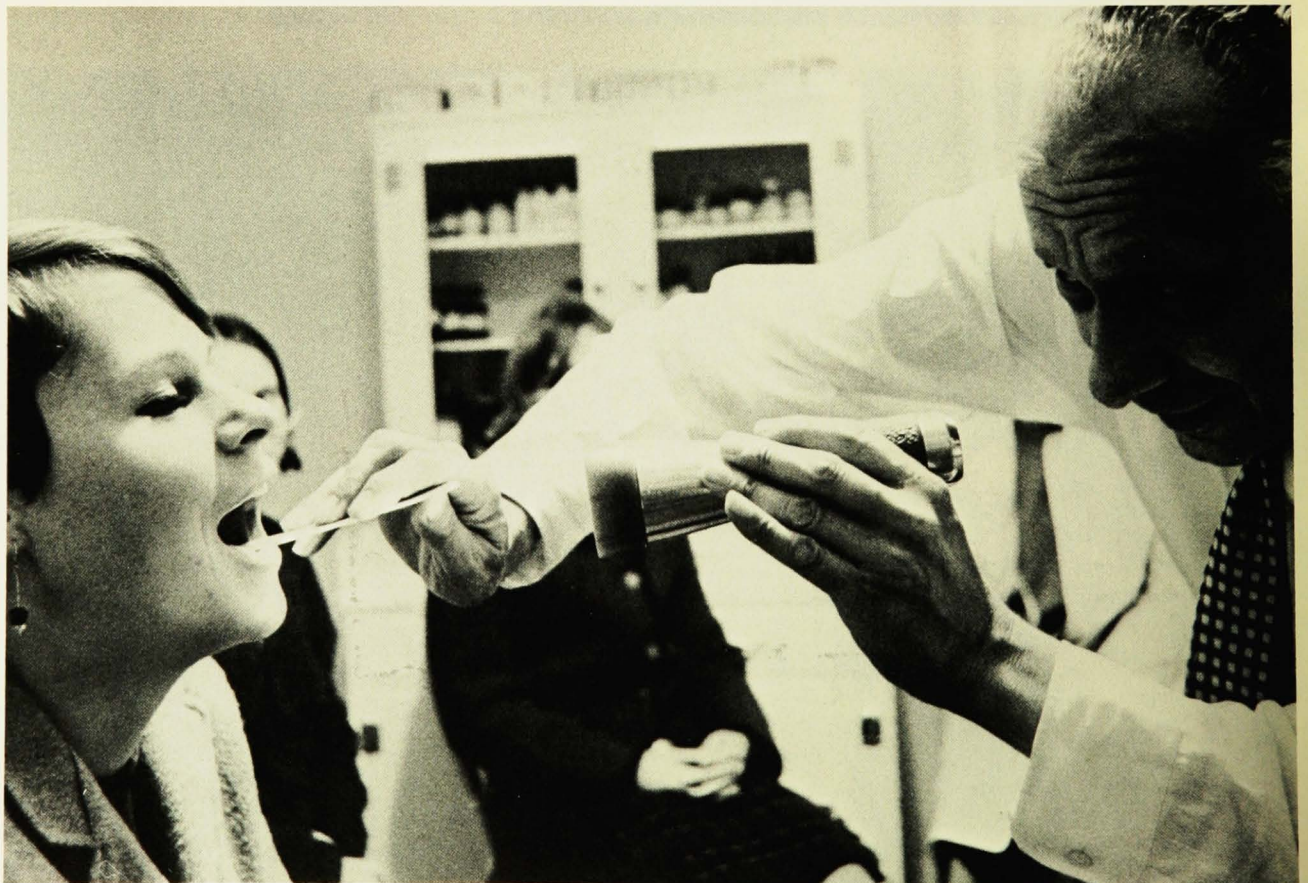
Fall weekends sport ROTC manuevers.

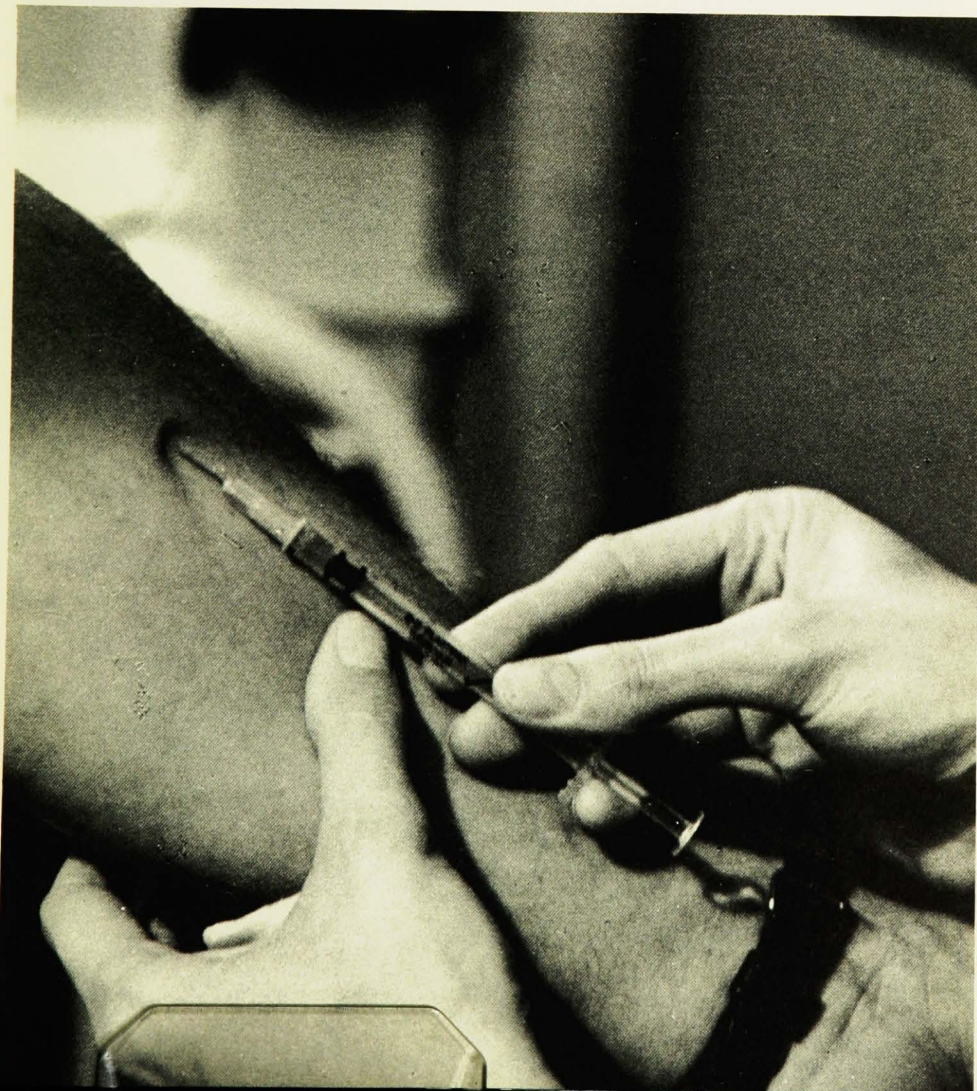
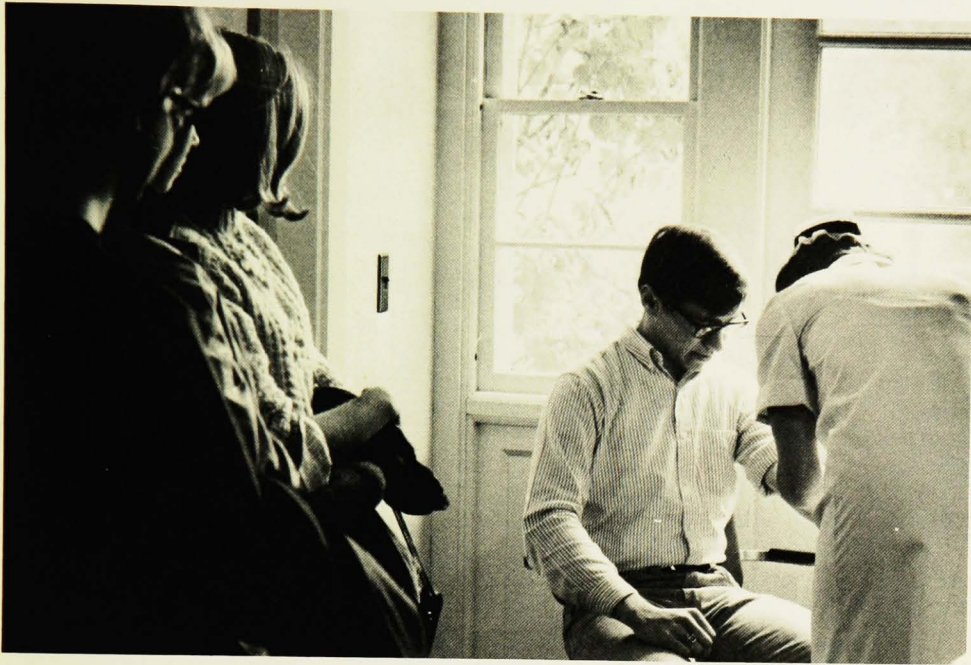
The saga of Hill 861
in 'mil' terms is an FTX,
but in ordinary language
is spelled work
and other obscenities.
A seven-mile hike to get there,
and then the fun begins—
but it's not fun
and war games aren't amusing.
Attack
counterattack
and attack again
with noise and mud and
rain and cold and . . .
lima beans and ham.
"Maxwell Smart, this is Red Baron"
with wet socks and a heavy rifle—
this is what it will be like,
only then the bullets will be real—
so better train now to live later.
After the critique, slack-mouthed
exhaustion sets in,
and they trip home to shed
muddy fatigues
and sleep.

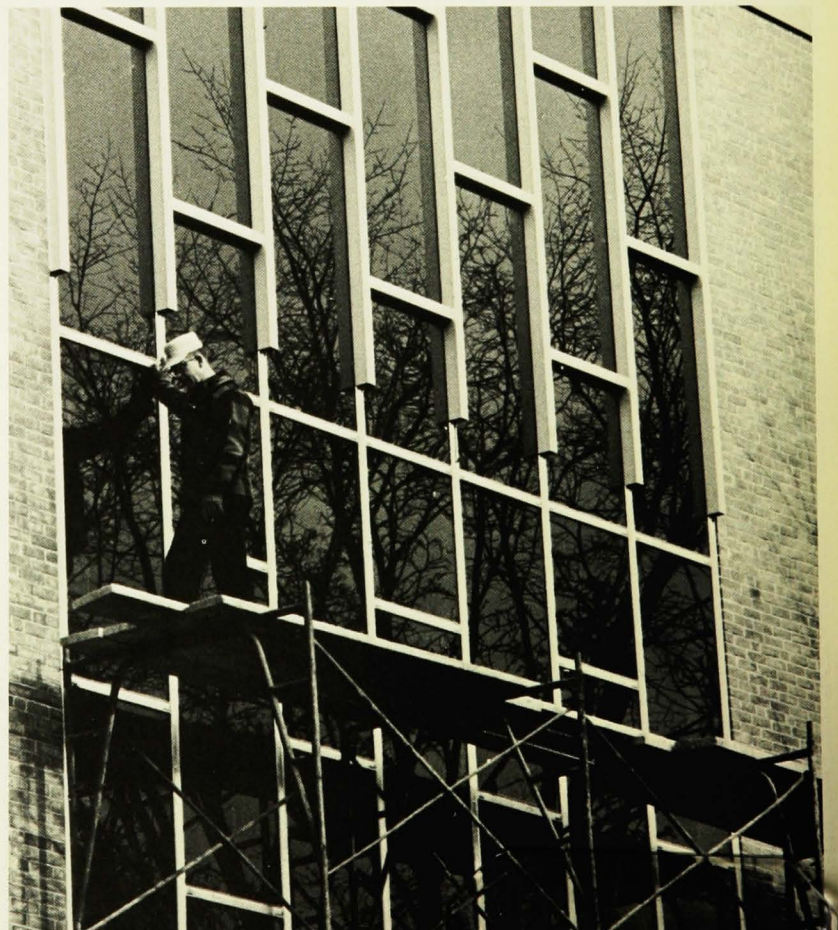


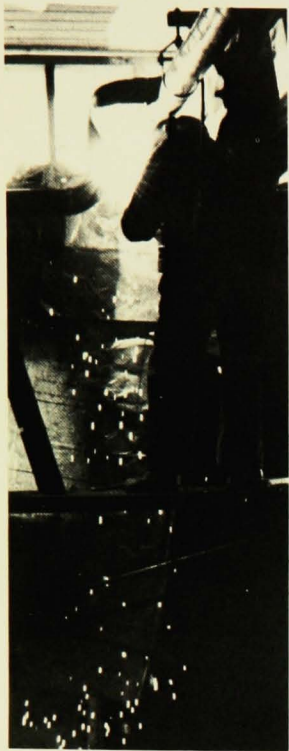
Because you suffered through it last year,

and doubt that you'll survive it this time,
when they announce flu shots
you trudge to the infirmary.
Wince-jabjabjab...yelp...
and you get the flu anyway.
As a last resort,
because your cold is so miserable —
you return to the white boarded building,
older than the university.
Slips have to be filled with
nameandaddressandcollegeandcomplaint—
and a long wait.
After sprouting a thermometer
and trying to answer questions around it,
you're handed pockets full of pills—
cold pills, gargle tablets, nose spray,
throat lozenges, cough syrup.
"Get lots of rest and
come back in a few days..."
But you don't
because either you're too sick
or the cold went away by itself.









Construction on campus is a common sight. Students in their daily treks to class hardly glance at the latest innovations from traditional brick. Wooden arches give the new forestry building a sylvan quality.

The white elephant of a Zoo building, dubbed the Taj Mahal, awaits occupants. Renovations on Aubert, Knox Hall, a larger infirmary and a new commons in the far east section of campus are scenes of constant activity. In September and November, Maine voters O. K.'ed eight building projects totaling \$8,120,000.

Obsessed with construction, perhaps in the coming years we will have a concrete mall painted green.



Flower Power is active on
 Goodwill Weekend
 with good sounds dispensed
 (after the usual long wait)
 by Ian and Sylvia.
 Miniskirt with zither
 and "Four Strong Winds,"
 followed by rock
 in red, white and blue
 since quips go better
 with Coke
 say Jay and the Americans.



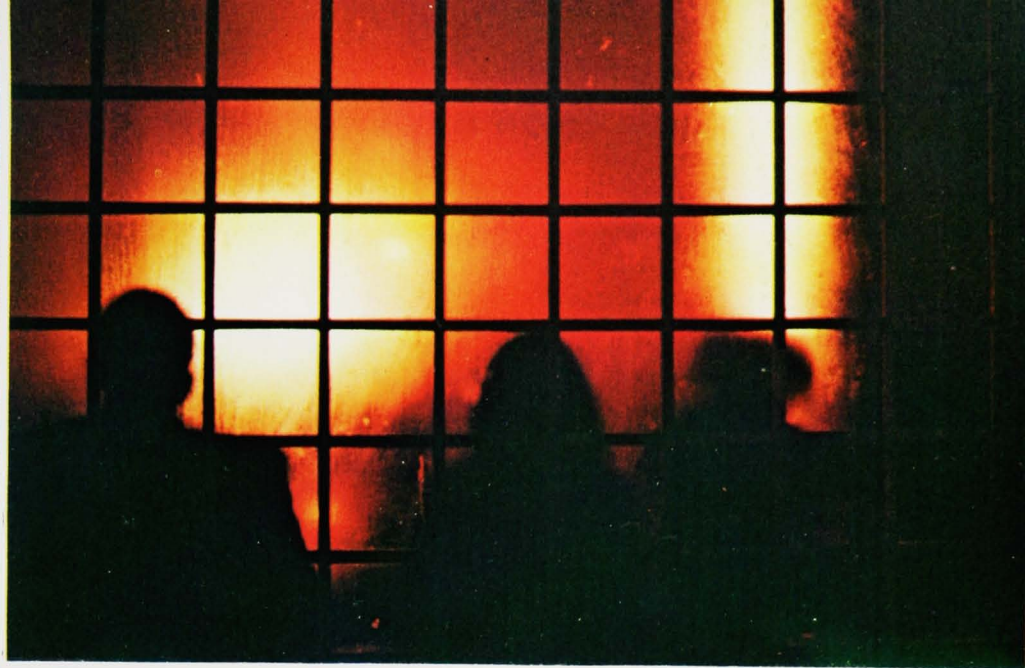
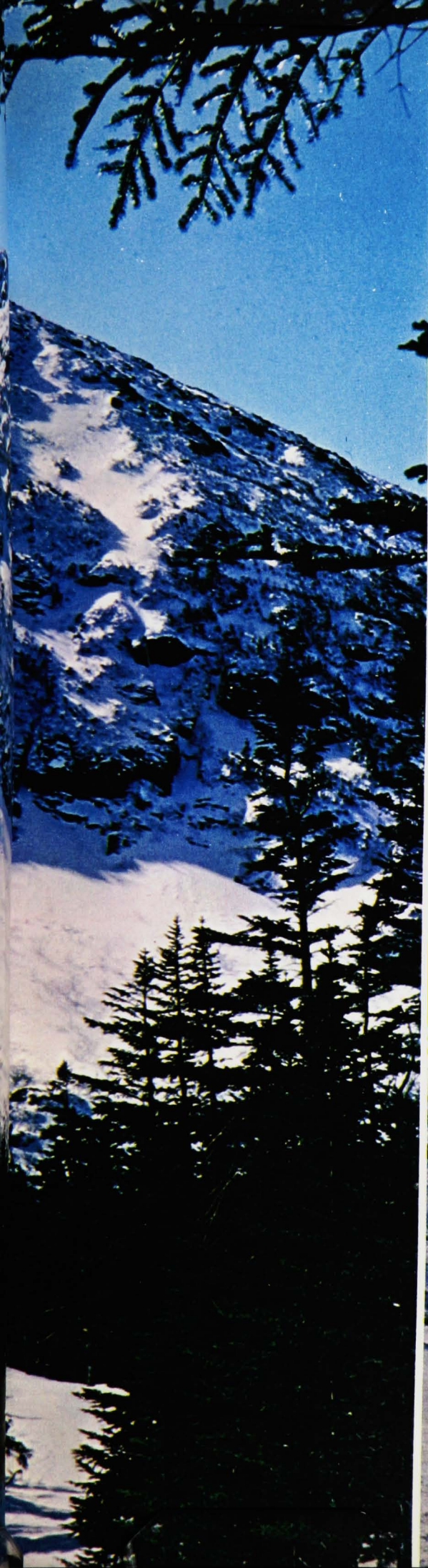


Winter. . .

The light died
in the low clouds.
Falling snow drank
in the dust.
Shrouded in silence,
the branches wrapped me
in their peace.
When the boundaries were
erased,
once again the wonder:
That I exist.

Hammar skjold

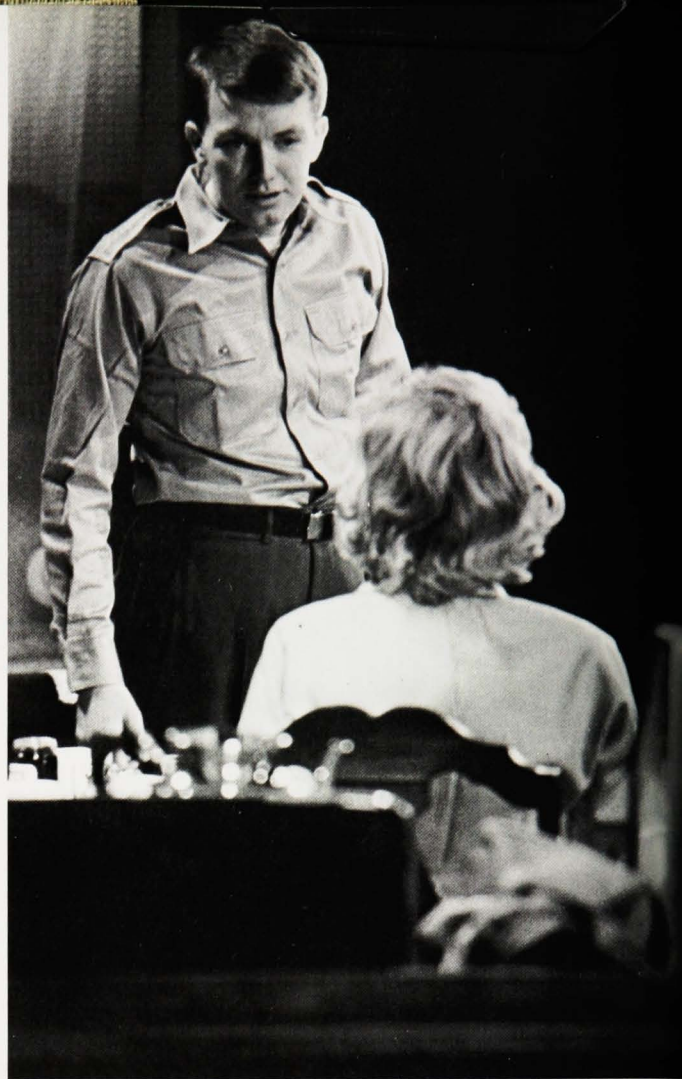






"The Subject Was..."

roses,
 army uniforms,
 and family problems
 with a different casting
 technique—
 outside actors
 and double-casting.
 Beer in the refrigerator,
 giggles in the lighting booth,
 and a picture that doesn't
 match—
 does it?
 Barushok's at the helm
 of the season's second
 Masque production.





Course work
and the need for practical experience
lead theater grad students
to present productions—
"Thieves' Carnival"
"The Tiger"
and Dylan Thomas'
"Patricia, Edith, and Arnold"
and "Return Journey" —
so that lab plays
mean work
and experience
and entertainment—
free.

