

Summer 8-2-1972

# Maine Campus August 02 1972

Maine Campus Staff

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# The Maine Campus

Summer Edition

Serving the University Community

Vol. 75, No. 38

Orono, Maine

Wednesday, August 2, 1972

that Oil Spill Puts Hundred  
Out Of Work At Portland

By PHYLLIS AUSTIN  
Associated Press Writer  
AUGUSTA, Maine (AP) —  
The director of Maine's Sea  
Department  
Violette  
Reacts To  
Oil Spills

HOULTON — Senate Minority  
Leader Elmer H. Violette,  
Democratic candidate for Con-  
gress in the 2nd District, said  
that the Federal Government  
should undertake

clam flat acres affected  
spill. At the present  
acres of flats are clo-  
the coast because o  
Furthermore, h  
can't predict how  
on shellfishing  
"Casco Bay is  
the researcher  
He noted th  
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Cove in Pen  
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## Oil-Fouled Casco Bay Closed To Clamming

By GERRY MARAGHY  
and MIKE SCANLIN  
Staff Writers

Casco Bay was ordered closed  
to clamming today by the state  
Department of Sea and Shore  
Fisheries as oil leaking from  
the stricken tanker Tama-  
continued to befoul the  
coast.

rections to shut down the flats  
from the U.S. Public Health Ser-  
vice in Boston, Monckey. The  
reason given was "tempo-  
industrial pollution."

Other gov-

## Spill Exceeds 100,000 Gallons, Says 1,800 Fishermen Could Be I

receiving directions from the  
U.S. Public Health Service in  
Boston. The reason given by  
was "temporary industrial

EPA Planning

## Bay C

By MIKE SCANLIN  
Staff Writer

Efforts to cleanse Casco Bay of the  
oil spill in almost a decade bogged  
Thursday. Workers have no place  
clean-up debris.

A spokesman for Texaco Inc., which  
volunteered to pay for all clean-up effort  
the spill, pleaded for a site within the state  
dump oil-soaked hay, sand and seaweed.  
About 40,000 gallons of Bunker C

"Now, more than one week  
after the Casco Bay oil spill,  
the ... long-range effects of  
this major ecological disaster  
are only beginning to be felt  
by the people of Maine."

Story on p. 2

## In Norway d To Take bill Debris

in the  
osal of  
last  
Texaco  
ay.  
also provided cleaning agents  
for bathers who became  
smeared with oil and gathered  
reports from swimmers whose  
bathing suits were soiled with

## Spill Worries Canadian ong Island Residents Over Oil Damage

MARJORIE SINCLAIR  
Staff Writer

Island residents were up  
Sunday as blobs of raw  
oil spilled by a tanker Saturday  
Hussey Sound, blackened  
beaches and rocky shore,  
tainted their boats with a  
film and befouled their air.  
out 150 persons marched in

ations in  
men inspect  
catches to  
Boat owners  
over their foul

MANY VOLUN-  
up at the beaches  
cleanup effort. Sev-  
were sharply critic  
effectiveness of the

## Oil spill near Portland leaves big clean-up task

Special to The Globe

PORTLAND, Maine — More than  
100 men in dozens of barges and  
small vessels yesterday continued to  
clean up the mess left by a 40,000-  
gallon spill of industrial fuel oil in  
Portland Harbor.

The No. 6 fuel oil escaped from  
the Norwegian oil tanker Toman-  
which suffered a 20-foot gash in its  
forward starboard tank Saturday. It  
was the largest spill in Portland  
Harbor in 10 years.

Steele ordered the Harbor by Ro-  
on land owned by Ro-  
The contractor  
Scarborough police as

Coast Guard Capt. Donald J.  
McCann of the port of Portland, who  
not have permits for the operation.

Texaco, which had chartered the Ta-  
man, has agreed to pay for spill clea-  
nup costs. The oil company stresses it is  
not responsible for the spill.

Steele said Wiley was "very coopera-

is in charge of the clean-up operation  
said it was not yet determined how  
the 812-foot tanker, carrying 500,000  
barrels of residual oil, ruptured its  
forward tank.

But other sources said it appeared  
that the tanker had run aground on  
Soldiers Ledge in Hussey Sound.

The tanker has a 44-foot draft  
and there are ocean depths of less  
than 40 feet at Soldiers Ledge.

Late yesterday, the US attorney's  
office in Portland served the captain

## Protest Angry Fishes And Bo

slowed when a truck en route  
here with more sophisticated  
dumppng apparatus broke down  
on the road.

The equipment arrived in Port-  
Sunday evening and, Hey-  
said, operations will be  
led as soon as possible to  
out the oil in two big

manent solu-  
ter," he com-  
Texaco has  
Services to  
clean up the  
Hey de  
vestigation  
into what  
in the bott  
which spa

## il-Soaked H rough Acts Against S umping Halt

By LORRAINE ALLEN  
Correspondent

Steele ordered the Harbor by Ro-  
on land owned by Ro-  
The contractor  
Scarborough police as

not have permits for the operation.  
Texaco, which had chartered the Ta-  
man, has agreed to pay for spill clea-  
nup costs. The oil company stresses it is  
not responsible for the spill.

Steele said Wiley was "very coopera-

E. Stephen Murray, speaking for  
EIC, said the environmental agency  
issued no such permit. Steele added  
Both Wiley and Hale agreed to  
pend the dumping operation immed-  
until necessary permits are secur-

Steele said that because of the c  
nity's high water table he would i  
before issuing any



## Maine coast oil development plot thickens

Nearly 100,000 gallons of industrial heating oil poured from a 20 foot gash in an oil tank in the Norwegian tanker Tamano on Saturday, July 22 and into the waters of southern Maine's Casco Bay.

Now, more than one week later, the resulting questions and long-range effects of this major ecological disaster are only beginning to be felt by the people of Maine.

As it now stands, 1,800 fishermen are in jeopardy of losing their livelihood for the duration of the oil spill effects. According to Robert Dow,

director of Marine Research for Maine's Sea and Shore Fisheries department, all of Casco Bay except for a portion around the Brunswick-Freeport-Harpswell area has been closed indefinitely to clamming and the harvesting of all shellfish.

Before the oil spill, the total area of coastal clam flats closed in Maine by bacterial pollution was 76,000 acres. An estimate of the additional flats acreage effected by the spill is not yet available.

Lobstermen have also been advised by the state not to haul traps while the oil is still in the water. Lobster taken from the oil-spill area probably have absorbed some oil into their systems and would tend to taste like petroleum.

"How long?" is the question on everyone's mind. Neither the state nor Texaco (The Tamano was under lease to Texaco) will venture a guess as to how long the spill will close Maine's vital fishing industry in Casco Bay.

Clamming has been prohibited in flats along Long Cove in Penobscot Bay since an oil spill occurred there in March, 1971. The continued ban resulted after the discovery of tumors in clams affected by the oil spill. Clams afflicted with the tumors die in a short time.

Hopes for a rapid cleanup of the oily mess were dimmed towards the end of the week when the Coast Guard and private clean-up crews employed by Texaco estimated that the defouling operation will continue for at least several more weeks.

Meanwhile, Casco Bay

have taken to the beaches and streets to protest the presence of oil operations in the now fouled waters around their homes.

Residents of Long Island, one of the badly oil-blackened islands in the bay, were out in force with a beachfront demonstration the day following the spill. Others have been doing whatever they can to save wildlife that have become mired in the oily muck.

But Long Island residents are not confining their actions to the waterfront. It was reported on Friday that lawyers had filed on behalf of 250 Long Islanders suits in Federal District Court in Portland seeking \$6 million in damages resulting from the spill.

The island dwellers are suing Texaco for \$2 million, the Tamano for \$2 million and \$2 million from the ship's Norwegian owners, the Wilhelmsen Lines.

Texaco has agreed to pay for all clean-up costs but has continuously and vehemently denied any responsibility for the spill. Bay residents are concerned, however, with how far Texaco will go in its mop-up operations. Texaco has already indicated that they will not remove the oil sludge from the coastal rocks or from the shores of uninhabited islands.

The clean-up operation has been a very slow one anyway. The islanders claim the operation has fallen victim to disorganization and ineffectual leadership.

With the abundant source of labor the islanders were eager to provide, there was no one from the Texaco-hired crews who could offer simple directions as to what the islanders could do to help.

Some bay residents went so far as to accuse Texaco of engaging in the clean-up operations for publicity purposes only.

Texaco challenges accusations that the operation is proceeding too slowly with the fact that it has been nearly impossible to find a place to dump the oil-soaked debris scraped from the shorefront.

Finding a place to dump tons of oil-drenched sand, hay and seaweed was becoming a burdensome problem until a dumping site was located in Norway, Maine last week.

Until then, the debris was being piled on the just-cleaned beaches or loaded into dump trucks which had nowhere to go.

A dump site was being utilized in Scarborough until area residents questioned town officials as to the nature of the dumping.

As it turned out, the clean-up firm working for Texaco had neglected to obtain a dumping permit and were ordered by the town to both cease and remove the sludge already deposited.

Scarborough officials said that the town's water table was too high to permit the dumping of such potentially threatening material.

However, as Texaco uses the dumpsite controversy as a reason for the slow progress of the clean-up, ecologists counter with accusations that procedures which include mopping up oil with hay are antiquated and that Texaco should see to it that the most modern equipment available be brought in at once.

The lack of a quick organized response to the influx of oil on the Maine coast has raised the question in the minds of many people — If oil development occurs on the coast, is Maine capable of handling any spills that may occur?

According to Capt. Donald J. McCann of the South Portland Coast Guard Base in the Portland Press Herald, the Coast Guard had to call in help from Boston, New York and as far away as San Francisco because "the situation is now (Monday, July 25, 1972) beyond the control of local forces..."

At press time, clean-up crews reported that nearly three-quarters of the oil that leaked from the tanker had been recovered.

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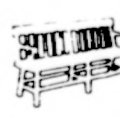
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## Senate approves forestry grant hike

The U.S. Senate has approved an amendment by Senator Margaret Chase Smith that will increase the House allocation for cooperative forestry research grants by \$2 million.

According to Dr. Frederick Hutchinson, chairman of the Department of Plant and Soil Sciences, this increase, when approved by the House, will mean an extra \$50,000 for UMO forest resource research.

The increase will be funneled into the UMO School of Forest Resources, The Department of Entomology because of its study of the spruce bud worm and the Department of Plant and Soil Sciences' forest soils research.

Sixty other state universities and land-grant colleges take part in the cooperative program first enacted in 1962 under the joint sponsorship of Sen. John Stennis, D-Miss., and Rep. Clifford McIntire, R-Maine.

The size of each grant is determined by a national formula based on the state's population, the amount of commercial timber land and the value of the products produced by the logging industry.

Sen. Smith said the increase will permit the University of Maine to continue its major research programs in the fields of timber harvesting, management of non-industrial private forests and utilization of wood resources and recycling of wood-based products.

## UMO admits first quadriplegic

Daphne Gallant is a 19 year-old Dover-Foxcroft girl who will be attending the University of Maine at Orono in the fall.

Miss Gallant is also a quadriplegic, one who has disabilities in all four limbs, and can travel about only in a wheel chair. She suffered spinal injuries in an automobile accident two years ago which left her without the use of her legs and with only limited use of her arms.

Miss Gallant was accepted at UMO in March and attended freshmen orientation last month where she found out the university had apparently overlooked the word "quadriplegic" on her admissions application.

According to Director of Admissions James Harmon, however, the university did realize that Miss Gallant was a quadriplegic at the time of her application, but were so swamped by the 8,000 applications filed this year, that they did not have the time to meet with her before here admission.

At the orientation session, Miss Gallant learned of the obstacles that will face her in the fall, such as: steps without

ramps, three-story buildings with no elevators and the ubiquitous ice and snow in the winter.

The university also had the chance to meet a most extraordinary girl. Miss Gallant is an intelligent, aware, politically active young woman who plans to study psychology in order to do something of value in society. She was one of the first 18-year-olds to cast a ballot in last year's national elections.

Miss Gallant was a delegate to the state Democratic convention, she is president of the local chapter of the Young Democrats and is now serving as the treasurer for the town of Dover-Foxcroft. She has an active mind as well as a healthy attitude towards her disability.

She realizes that if she gets no help from the university, she will not make it at UMO. She needs the university to install inexpensive temporary ramps at places where she expects to have difficulty and she also needs the university's help in obtaining a companion who would provide Miss Gallant with any aid which she needs on a daily basis.

Miss Gallant is hoping that the university can hire someone for this purpose through work-study or vocational rehabilitation programs.

According to Assistant Dean of Student Affairs Kristine Dahlberg, the framework of the work-study program would not allow the hiring of a companion, but she added that she is working with the vocational rehabilitation program to determine how Miss Gallant could be accommodated.

The scheduling of Miss Gallant's courses is being done on a special basis in order to have her courses located in easily accessible buildings such as Little Hall.

The scheduling will be completed within the next few weeks, said Dean Dahlberg, and at that time the university will meet with Miss Gallant and her parents in order to discuss the next course of action to prepare the campus for the arrival of Miss Gallant in the fall.

In September Miss Gallant will move into Hart Hall, chosen because of its central location. She has a tape recorder to bring to lectures and has taught herself to type about 20 words per minute on an electric typewriter with wooden dowls tied to each hand. She hopes to have an electric typewriter by the time school starts in the fall.

The question of whether the university, the state, the federal government or the Gallant family will have to foot the bill for the modification of any campus structure to permit easy access by Miss Gallant will be discussed at the next meeting between the university and Miss Gallant's parents.

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## EDITORIALS

### 'It can't happen here'

"We've been checking it out, and it can't happen here," is one of Frank Zappa's more quotable quotes, and it is the theme song of the sundry oil companies that promise us millions and don't even give us Arpege.

What can't happen, they say, is an oil slick that would despoil the environmental resources of Maine. Yet, day in, day out, around the country and the world, Shell, Mobil, Texaco, Sun, Standard and the rest are involved in spills of various sizes and consequences.

From this, two things are abundantly clear. First, as long as oil is transferred by truck, pipe and ship from one point to another (i.e. for the rest of our natural lives) there will be oil spilled through leakage and assorted mishaps, and second, that present technology, regardless of Gulf's oil herder and all the other P.R. baloney, is insufficient to deal with the problem.

Over the past few years, pressure has been intense for this economically depressed state to give in to the rich little men in their Manhattan offices that drool when they look at Maine's deepwater ports on a chart. For the lure "perhaps" 200 jobs in Washington County, many people were willing to risk the area surrounding Machiasport for the sake of the supertanker.

Other similar projects were proposed. But, now we learn of the destruction wreaked by one average tanker — enough damage to potentially paralyze an area's economy. Yet, this was only an average size tanker and it spilled less than one-half of one-percent of its cargo.

There is much talk of the super-sophisticated navigation of the supertankers, but yet, it is hard to imagine a ship invulnerable to the hazards of our shore. Even if the super tankers somehow are "safe" what oil port will not also have its share of conventional tankers as well?

One look at the news clippings displayed on the front page of the Campus should alert anyone not conscious of the incredible magnitude of damage caused by a "mere" 100,000 gallons of oil. We then should consider what 10 times that much would do, or for that matter 100 times. Then try to imagine 1,000 times that much oil washing onto our beaches and ledges, into wildlife refuges and finally sinking slowly to the bottom to poison the life there. This is the reality of oil development on the coast, and don't let the oil companies of the Department of Economic Development (or Department of Ecological Destruction, as it is fondly referred to) tell you different.

Talk to the people of Louisiana, of Santa Barbara, of Corpus Christi, of Casco Bay. They'll tell you, "It can happen here."

It's impossible to make a dollar without risking one they say. That may or may not be true. But what Maine is risking here in playing with oil is more than a dollar or any other reasonable equivalent. Oil is offering to put up a few refineries and a few jobs. We would be putting up the health and well-being of a state of a million people. This is monstrously unfair.

It would be nice to have more jobs in Washington County or any county for that matter. Perhaps we might have a hundred refineries for a hundred years and never have a spill. But with our few tank farms we are already having great difficulties.

The Casco Bay spill doesn't prove a thing we shouldn't know already. It just brings the point a little closer to home.

A wise man once came upon a thought appropriate to the oil situation: "If anything can go wrong, it will."

Don't gamble and pray for the best when you can't afford the worst.

## reader opinion

### Indignant

To the editor:

On reading the "Laughingly Horrendous" criticism of the Oronoka Restaurant by the Galloping Gluttons (whoever they may be), we found ourselves unable to control our indignation.

The slurs upon this local tavern were overly malicious. If the gluttons had not been so busy looking at their watches, they might have had time to notice that the view from the dining room is lovely, the waitresses are friendly and attractive, and the hostess is always on hand to make sure that customers are satisfied.

While we never tried the hot turkey sandwich, we found that the filet mignon was superb. If the potato pancakes look like fried beer can lids, this fact in no way obscures the scrumptious flavor. Smothered with sour cream, these delightful snacks are often served free along with free sandwiches, to the guests at the "Someplace Else" lounge downstairs in the Oronoka.

One can't help wonder what unusual gourmet spots our gluttons must be accustomed to that would enable them to find prices at the Oronoka unreasonable, let alone

"outrageously high." A delicious breakfast of homemade muffins or doughnuts can be obtained for only 20 cents. A steak dinner is available for \$1.99.

Hopefully the gluttons will do their galloping elsewhere as we want to be able to enjoy our beer at the Oronoka.

The Estabrooke Outing Club Association

### Impatient

To the editor: July 26, 2:00 p.m.

You really ought to keep your office staffed, you know. I came into ask whether this week's Campus was out yet, since all I've seen today are the big stack of July 12th papers in the Library.

I waited around here for at least ten minutes, but nary a soul did I see — nor nary a July 26 Campus, by the way. It sure is getting harder for us summer school folks to keep up with the news.

Green Dragon

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Editor's note: The Maine Campus is published on Wednesdays and it arrives on campus between 3 and 4:00 p.m. The reason no one is in the office at 2:00 p.m. is that the staff consists of two people both of whom would be at the printer waiting for the Campus to come off the presses.

If hiking of an open the exhaust the city Rockefeller National P — 57-miles off limits Detroit cre Beginnin oil-tye o envisioned intricate s that snake bowers, sh and climb

Sixteen rushing b roads and t Thirteen single-arch arch and tw Faced v granite an growths of greet the turns in the

The "car island's sputtering, automobile cars were on Mount opposition island's Rockefeller Harbor, hi separate "property w consider neighbors their ca vehicles we

One o complete stretch from to the Jor

The Jor became a place for dresses a skimmers horse-draw visitors ic Andrew Ca and Preside The Jo still serving tea and po lawns over



## Travel the Rockefeller legacy

If hiking or biking is your idea of an open-air adventure, escape the exhaust-blighted by-ways of the city and travel John D. Rockefeller's legacy to Acadia National Park in Mount Desert — 57-miles of "carriage" roads off limits to the fire-breathing Detroit creation.

Beginning in 1915, the oil-tycoon philanthropist envisioned and constructed an intricate system of dirt roads that snake through tall hemlock bowers, shirt rolling meadows and climb grassy knolls.

Sixteen stone bridges span rushing brooks, regular park roads and thundering waterfalls. Thirteen of the bridges are single-arched, one has a double arch and two are triple spans.

Faced with pink to grey granite and blanketed by pale growths of lichen, the bridges greet the traveller at various turns in the network.

The "carriage roads" were the island's protest to the sputtering, snorting, smoking automobile. When passenger cars were officially permitted on Mount Desert amid plenty of opposition by several of the island's summer residents Rockefeller, who lived in Seal Harbor, hit on a plan to build separate "horse roads" over his property which was at that time considerable, so that his neighbors could ride safely in their carriages. All motor vehicles were to be banned.

One of the first roads completed was a two-mile stretch from Rockefeller's estate to the Jordan Pond teahouse.

The Jordan Pond House soon became a favorite stopping off place for ladies in flowing dresses and men in straw skimmers traveling in elegant horse-drawn carriages. Frequent visitors included Edsel Ford, Andrew Carnegie, Atwater Kent and President William Taft.

The Jordan Pond House is still serving travellers today with tea and popovers on the velvety lawns overlooking Jordan Pond.

Naturally, free enterprise discovered the network of paths and soon advertisements in the Bar Harbor Times offered "Daily buckboard runs over the roads of LaFayette National Park...leaving the Malvern Hotel in Bar Harbor and the Jordan Pond House, Seal Harbor at 2 p.m. Seats \$2."

In 1928, David Rockefeller designed a nature trail along the lines of his father's pathways which made a quarter mile loop from the teahouse with flowers and trees identified by small signs along the way.

That same year, Rockefeller purchased the Jordan Pond House and the surrounding land to add to what was to become Acadia National Park.

In 1920, a clamor ensued as construction began on a route circling the Amphitheatre, a wild, secluded valley. A group of Northeast Harbor residents raised such an uproar that Rockefeller, particularly sensitive to public criticism, abandoned construction. The stretch was not completed until over a decade later.

When work began on additional carriage paths throughout the island, Pepper threatened a congressional investigation which halted all construction pending a public hearing. Testimony, however, from Maine residents, including the governor, indicated such strong favor for the project, that the senator withdrew his complaint.



THE BUBBLES — named by a young summer visitor with his girlfriend's twin charms in mind—the view from the Jordan Pond carriage path.

Following construction of the Jordan Pond road, Rockefeller obtained special permission from then Secretary of the Interior, Franklin Lane to build sections of the network across the southern end of the newly established Sieur de Monts National Monument, predecessor to the national park.

The construction of the "carriage roads" was never free from controversy. Particularly bitter opposition came from Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania, a summer resident of Mount Desert.

Today, the carriage roads delight thousands of hikers and cyclists annually. Cross-country skiers have also found the pathways ideal for the dip and climb terrain and the miles of untouched snow except for an occasional animal track.

The Rockefeller carriage roads are quite a legacy. Their historic and aesthetic contribution to summertime recreation can not be matched either in the state or in the entire National Park System.

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"Maine, Vacationland for all."

That is the sign people from outside this state inevitably see as they cross its border.

"Massachusetts, vacationland for all," is a sign seen by Mainers who head south on Route 95.

The question is, then, who is "all?" Out-of-staters? Hundreds of thousands of Massachusetts residents stay within their state to visit Cape Cod or the offshore lands, Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket.

In Maine, there seems to be no reason why people from one part of the state should not visit another during that leisure time. This is especially so at this time of year, and Summer Session requirements need not be a deterrent.

For those who felt remorse at having to give up part of their vacation to take courses there is relief. Some of the most inviting vacation territory on the east coast is only a short drive away, and people from around the country drive days to visit places which are two hours or less away from Orono.

An excellent scenic attraction that can be taken in on a free Saturday is Mount Desert Island.

Drive to Bangor and head east on Route 1-A. Proceed straight through Ellsworth (you may wish to stock up on food or any of the sundry items this town's vast shopping facilities have to offer) and bear right on Route 3 on the far side of town. You will soon enter the tiny community of Trenton, which obviously thrives on the tourist trade (featuring a drive-in, riding stables, and daily non-stop flight service to Boston.)

Still on Route 3 on the southernmost tip of Trenton, amidst restaurants featuring freshly boiled lobster, you will get your first close-up view of the ocean.

Crossing a bridge you arrive on Mount Desert Island.

Bearing left at the intersections of Route 102 and 198, remain on Route 3 on the eastern side of the island until you pass through Hull's Cove and come to a sign showing the way to the Bar Harbor business district. The Terminal for the Bluenose Ferry will be on your left, as well as excellent views of Frenchman's Bay and the "cottages" of the East Coast bourgeoisie.

A sharp left will bring you down along the waterfront of Bar Harbor, past marinas and gift shops until the town's layout forces you to turn right at the public wharf and head up Main Street. If you make it past this mile of tempting businesses you can look forward to the many attractions of Acadia National Park.

Still on the eastern side of the island, travelling south, keep a sharp lookout for the sign showing the entrance to the park. When you find

it, follow the arrows to Ocean Drive part of the 19-mile-long "Park Loop" Road. From Bar Harbor to Seal Cove along this route the views of the open Atlantic dashing itself on stubborn granite are almost unbroken. Over your right shoulder, the rocky precipices of the mid-island mountain ranges cast long shadows.

Anyplace along this two-lane, one-way road is a good place to stop, but tourist favorites include the much renowned "Thunder Hole"

and the soft shadows along "Sand Beach."

Further along Ocean Drive are the Otter Cliffs and Otter Cove.

The Seal Cove exit is an opportune place for the casual visitor to leave the park for a short time and take a closer look at "how the other half lives."

Looking down the length of the pond, a tree-covered precipice rises sharply hundreds of feet high on the left (western) shore while two scenic granite hills known as "the bubbles" rise on the far end of the pond.

Back on the Park Road, you pass close by the Bubbles and some of the scores of footpaths which lace the park and lure the hiker into an afternoon's adventure. Further along, other ponds and lakes come into view as the road begins winding through a maze of mountains and valleys.

At times, the hillsides seem to rise straight overhead; at others, one thinks that only a tunnel through the cliff seen dead ahead can avert a catastrophe. At last, an elevated but fairly level stretch affords an excellent view, as well as a sign pointing to the tallest of the Island's mountains, Cadillac.

To reach the top of this does not require a long walk, only a short (but, at places like "The Hairpin," exciting) drive along a paved road to its summit. Here there is ample parking and facilities for all guests

that compliment a breathtaking view of the whole island.

To the west, Blue Hill and Penobscot Bays sparkle a bright blue. To the north, Blue Hill and Frenchman's Bays meet at the Trenton bridge (which you crossed).

From the yachts and mansions of the town of Seal Harbor to the bigger yachts and more numerous mansions of Northeast Harbor there is much to be seen.

Following 102 along the Sound's western shore you come to Southwest Harbor, Manset, Seawall, and then a dilemma. Should you press on, relinquishing your view of the Cranberry Isles to visit McKinley, Bernard, West Tremont and the shore of Blue Hill Bay, or should you save that for another day and retrace your steps to the Seal Harbor entrance of Acadia National Park and continue on the "Loop?"

If you decide to do the latter you will soon come to the Jordan Pond House. This unique eatery and gift shop overlooks (naturally) Jordan Pond. This, though, is no ordinary pond. Not many islands are blessed with one so large (or any at all).

Mt. Desert, of course, is no ordinary island, for despite its relatively small size it has more than a half dozen bodies of fresh water plus as many mountains nearing or exceeding 1,000 feet in height.



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A Cheyenne war bonnet



Stone money from Yap in West Carolinas. This was used in transactions such as betrothals to indicate prestige and status.

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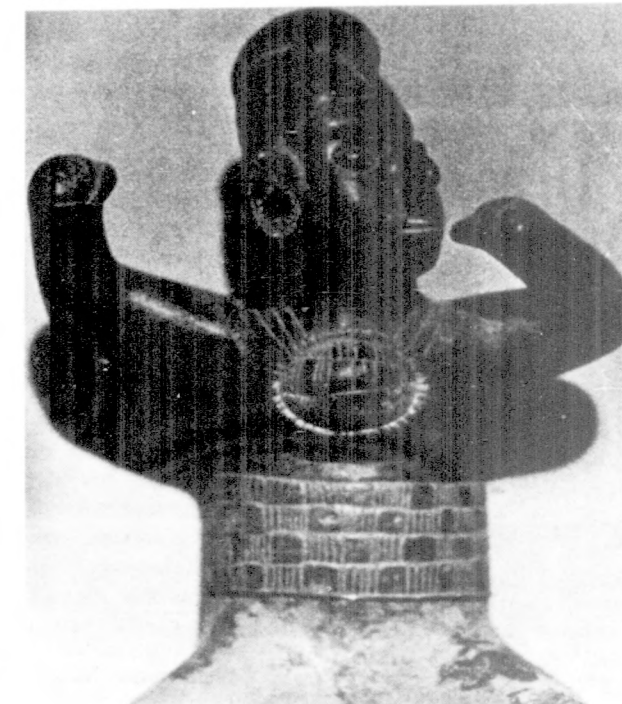
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**Hartgen will exhibit watercolors**

Professor Vincent A. Hartgen's annual studio-lawn exhibition of his watercolors will be held Friday, August 4.

One of the traditional events of the Summer Arts Festival at the University in Orono, the show includes Maine landscapes for which Hartgen is well-known, and several inspired by his recent sabbatical in Europe.

Hartgen, who is chairman of UMO's Art Department, is currently being shown in a one-man exhibit at Kalamazoo (Mich.) Institute which is also showing 17th Century Dutch landscapists and Picasso as part of its 10th anniversary celebration.

There will be about 30 paintings in the Friday show, most of them new and many of them scheduled to go on tour this winter in national exhibits. "January Deep" which was shown in last summer's exhibit has been chosen by the American Watercolor Society for a national tour of museums.

The showing will be from 3 to 5 p.m. in the studio and terrace of Hartgen's home at 109 Forest Avenue, Orono.

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Excuse me but I have a small area for the same reason. The same being played when I let the state that I disapprove of the Car peak yet.

Producing desperate releasing (such as singles. A during the novelty aggravated (Troglodyte example).

The experiment such as "Joy" and "Amazing" this leading.

I hope soon, or my copy Street, Clapton are about worth buying.

Meanwhile sorrows and same time of new and, even on some rarely anymore.

It's a Bangor rock road.

The of to WGBH whipped Geils, Ramatana end some 19.

Well, v Can it fantastic coming night? T us?

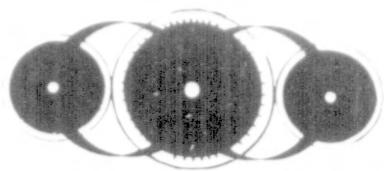
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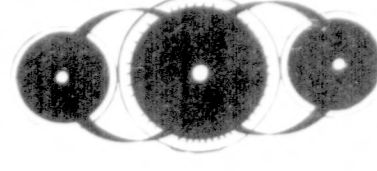
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Showt are on sa for one) selling at





# RECORDS



## Enjoy an album smorgasbord

by Don Perry

Excuse my vehemence, but I have been away from this area for two months, and upon reThe same old crummy songs being played on the radio as when I left. Don't they ever die?

The stagnation cycle of pop that I discussed in a spring issue of the Campus hasn't reached its peak yet. But I pray every night.

Producers are getting desperate now, so they are even releasing cuts from old albums (such as Clapton's "Layla") as singles. And, as always happens during these long doldrums, novelty songs make their aggravating appearance (Trogladite being a prime example).

Then you have the experiments in exasperation such as the synthesizer song "Joy" and the bagpipe song "Amazing Grace." Where is all this leading us?

I hope something breaks soon, or I'm liable to wear out my copies of Exile on Main Street, the History of Eric Clapton and Free At Last which are about the only three albums worth buying right now.

Meanwhile, I'm drowning my sorrows and having fun at the same time listening to a variety of new albums by unknowns that we receive here in the office and, every now and then, I put on some classical and jazz. I rarely listen to the radio anymore.

Music is fun, and anyone's record collection should be tailored to suit his own particular moods. Which means you should have something more than rock and roll in your record rack. Recently, the Campus received several choice albums from Capitol's International Series. In the pile were selections from South America, Japan, Ireland, Germany, France, Sweden, Africa and the Near East.

The South American album immediately caught my eye because it was titled "Music of the Incas." I have long been an Andes nut and once did a tedious three-part term paper on it for an English Composition class. Also, in two years I hope to go backpacking down the Andes. But I didn't realize that

civilizations of the Inca period had developed a form of music that is such a pleasure listening to even today.

This album, performed by a group called Pachacamac on authentic Inca instruments, is a joy to listen to. The rhythms are intricate and complex, gentle, exotic and happy — real stone music. It makes you want to dance. You can close your eyes and imagine yourself walking the streets of Cuzco, or looking out over the green mountain-walled valleys of Machu Picchu. I lost my head listening to this album, but the others in the series are good too.

Chiyo Okumura, a beautiful, sultry young Japanese singer is featured on the album in the series recorded in Japan. She sings the modern ballads of her country in Japanese and backed by Makoto Kawaguchi's orchestra. It all sounds kind of droll, doesn't it? That's because we are so used to hearing the familiar names of home.

But except for the language, the sounds of this album are as beautiful as Paul Mauriat, as deep with feeling as Barbra Streisand, and as soft and passionate as Peggy Lee. So you see, it isn't so very different after all. I found the album a soothing and pleasing experience.

Guntar Noris is a well-known jazz pianist in Europe. He has recorded a few albums that were released in this country and is respected by American jazz musicians. On the album recorded in Germany, the Guntar Morris Trio has taken ViValdi's "Four Seasons" and turned it into a fantastic jazz suite.

"Four Seasons" is one of the all-time biggies of Baroque music. With tuneful sounds and a sense of humor, it describes the endless fascination of seasonal changes.

For my next favorite in the series, I chose the green Anne Byrne. Actually, "I Chose the Green Anne Byrne" is the name of the album. It is a collection of Irish folk songs by Anne Byrne.

"I chose the Black, I chose the Blue, I forsook the Red and Orange, too,

I did forsake them and them deny, I chose the Green, and for it I'll die..."

That refrain, from the "Croppie Boy" tells of the pride of the Irish over centuries of resistance against "perfidious Albion," of the tragedy of people divided by politics, and of the power folk songs have to move the spirit. Anne Byrne knows that power, and in her cool, sweet voice, she sings of Ireland's pride along with some songs of other lands too.

This is an intimate kind of album like friendly music making at a real Irish singing pub, or at home. In the rich variety of French popular music, one young singer among the highly competitive postwar generation in France stands out as something truly exotic and "different."

Enrico Macias from Algeria is featured on the series album, My Guitar. The oriental suavity of his homeland is apparent both in his singing which is warm and sensuous and his songs, most of which he himself composes. He is a warm sirocco blowing into the cool north. Like the Corsican Tino Rossi of a generation before, his singing reminds you of southern beaches and sun, of carefree times and lazy vacations.

"Highlife" is the term applied to the high-keyed and lively pop music of black Africa. Oskarmore Ofori of Ghana is a composer and showman in highlife style and has helped to make it popular throughout Europe. He is featured on the series African album.

Though highlife borrows the brass and reed of European pop music, and in some cases the form of the American pop song, it remains truly African.

With a truck load of authentic African percussion drums of all sizes and shapes, gourds, rattles and bells — and distinctive black singing, Oskarmore's entertainers tear into rhythms that are uncannily compelling. Here is Afro-Caribbean music at its source and the genesis of recent big-band rock.

The two remaining albums in the series — the one from the Near East and one from Sweden entitled Sweden Modern did nothing for me. Which is not to say that there might not be something in them for you.

The Swedish folksongs are done in peaceful and gentle arrangements using exotic centuries-old instruments (rough), jazz instruments (sleek), strings and modern woodwinds (tasteful) and the soft edge of beautiful blond Merit Hemmingson's voice (cool). The songs are sung in Swedish so it is rather hard to tell whether they are strangely different or not.

The music from Beirut is certainly distinctly Middle East. The songs are played by Ron Goodwin and his distinguished London orchestra with some enthusiasm and skill. Although the sound does not conjure up in my mind images of Beirut or Lebanon, it does remind me somewhat of the movies "Casablanca" and "Flight from Algiers," whatever that has to do with anything.



by Dave Sylvain

It's finally happened. Bangor has been added to the rock road map.

The other day I was listening to WGUY — and the guy whipped off the words about J. Geils, Jo Jo Gunne and Ramatam, and he added at the end something about August 19.

Well, well, I says to myself— Can it be true that three fantastic rock bands are all coming to Bangor on the same night? The world is finally with us?

Not trusting my ears — of the cultural demands of the geographic area in which I live, I made a couple of phone calls today.

The talk with a Mrs. Quigley was the most astonishing — but more about that later.

Saturday, August 19, J. Geils, Jo Jo Gunne, and Ramatam will be playing at the Bangor Auditorium.

Showtime is at 8 p.m. Tickets are on sale now (at Viner Music, for one) and amazingly, they are selling at \$4.50.

Now this is one of the biggest rock and roll bargains to come along in quite some time.

Considering that one album at Viner costs \$4.67 plus tax — I would say that seeing three of Rock's greatest groups for \$4.50 sans tax is a great bargain on the order of the loaves and fishes. A real something for almost nothing.

J. Geils is one of the best blues bands there is. Ramatam is synonymous with Cream and Mountain. They have a first album just out on the Atlantic label. This band is made up of old timers from the Jimi Hendrix Experience, the Red, White and Blues Image, and Iron Butterfly. If they don't blow your head right off, there's no hope for you.

Jo-Jo Gunne is very energetic, young and promising group recording for Asylum Records. Their top 40 single "Run, Run, Run" was a refreshing pause for artistry which climbed them charts!

Well, I guess that's it for this week...oh, I almost forgot Mrs. Quigley.

Mrs. Quigley tells me (no, she's not Sylvia's mother) there's more:

On Sept. 29 — Elton John  
Oct. 15 — Jethro Tull  
Oct. 27 — Alice Cooper  
Nov. 2 — Chicago  
Dec. 16 — Grand Funk Railroad

All of the above have been booked for the Bangor Auditorium except for Elton "Hercules" John whose contract has not come back yet, but according to Mrs. Quigley, it should be any day now.

All I can add to this is that I can hardly believe it — and if it all comes true, it's heavy.

### Irish singers will perform

"The Boys of the Lough," Scottish and Irish folk musicians, will perform in the Damn Yankee Room in the Memorial Union tonight, August 9 at 8 p.m.

"The Boys" have appeared in folk clubs, festivals and on radio and TV in Great Britain and are here in the U.S. for a month. They will play fiddle, guitar, concertina, flute, bodhran (Irish drum), whistle and mandolin — as well as sing.

Two years ago, during the regular academic year, Aly Bain, the fiddler from the Shetland Isle was on the Orono campus with another young Scot for a memorable performance.

There will be no admission fee.

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## The Galloping Gluttons

### 'Atsa some spicy lasagna'



This week the Gluttons rode up to the door of Baldacci's restaurant at 193 Broad Street in Bangor and pushed their way inside.

The building, located almost directly under the Bangor-Brewer toll bridge, is well sound-insulated and the shuffling of feet on the wall-to-wall carpeting may well be the loudest noise you will have to endure. The upstairs is separated into different sections around the northern arc of the building, with the stairs coming up the middle and the kitchen and bar on the south side.

The first thing you may notice on a clear day is the sunlight filtering through the colored translucent panels of portions of the roof. This gaudiness, unbefitting a restaurant of the character and style of Baldacci's, does not diminish if you sit in the western upstairs area overlooking a sun-porch, with its beach umbrellas and more gaudy panels.

The interior is pleasant enough, done in what might be called semi-modern airport style -- clean and pleasant but unimaginative and not conducive to a very rich atmosphere. Perhaps darkness outside with the lights of downtown Bangor

attracting one's gaze from the then invisible irritating panels would add to the feeling of poshness. However, even in the daytime, the food more than makes up for what is aesthetically displeasing to the taste -- so on to that.

The waiter was courteous and quiet, never obtrusive or overbearing, yet available at any moment he was needed.

The restaurant, specializing in Italian food, had an excellent selection of luncheon specials that would take care of anyone's appetite -- except of course, the Gluttons'. On the left page of the menu were the full-course dinners, and of these, the steak and seafood dishes were especially tempting. However, the Gluttons, bearing in mind that there were other places on the trail specializing in these, chose Baldacci's specialty, Italian food.

Lasagna and veal parmesan were ordered, and delivered in a shorter time than expected. In the interim, one of the Gluttons cooked himself with a daquiri, while the other wetted (or whetted) his parched innards with a whiskey sour. Both were chilled properly and of just the right proportions.

Soon the food arrived in surprising quantities. Quickly superseding a basket of hot, tender, bulky rolls, was one huge platter of lasagna and another dish rendered invisible by a vast pile of spaghetti, sauce, and of course, the veal.

Even the veal was not at first readily visible, as a thin slice of ham covered it completely.

This addition, new to the Glutton in question, was cause for a moment's consternation, much like the lowman that encounters his first lobster in the shell. However, unlike the crusty crustacean, the barrier (the ham) can be eaten without blistering the craw and, in fact, turned out to be perhaps the best part of the meal.

The flavor that came through after being cooked with the veal's usual compliment of vegetables and spices reminded one first of well cooked (but tender) ham steak, and then again of a mild bacon.

The veal was no let-down, however, the texture of the meat was superb. The veal and sauce customary on such a piece of meat were abbreviated by the addition of the

ham, but the flavor of the former was present anyway as it cooked right into the cut. The spaghetti (for which the restaurant is locally famous anyway) is beyond any objective description (how do you describe spaghetti anyway other than by ordering more or leaving the plate only half-emptied?) In any case, for every piece of the large serving of meat, at least three forkfuls of spaghetti must be taken if you are to avoid eating the latter for a half hour after you finish with the former.

The other Glutton took a big chance when he ordered his meal. Not having eaten in almost 24 hours, he ordered just lasagna, hoping that it would be substantial enough.

As it turned out, the Glutton had all he could manage with the lasagna and two rolls. The texture of the food was perfect. The sauce was excellent, as was the cheese.

The lasagna almost completely covered the plate. By the time the Glutton decided to hang up the fork, he had eaten only three-quarters of the portion given to him.

The Gluttons' boasts of their never-ending ability to consume was rendered hollow; desert was foregone. The check came quickly and was placed face-down on the table. One Glutton produced a deck of cards and stared at the other. A cut ensued and bloodshed was averted when the card-carrier lost.

Taken aback, he scratched his head and turned the check over. Breaking into a smile he growled off the figures: lasagna, \$1.95; Vea, \$3.25; drinks, \$1.80 (for both); one soft drink, \$.25; tax and the total, a very reasonable \$7.67.

Such an atmosphere (again advising that nighttime might be best) such food, drinks, and tip for two people for less than \$10 left both Gluttons smiling and though not seriously lightened in their pockets, much heavier elsewhere. Their horses groaned in acknowledgement of this.

## Y'all come to the Bar-B-Q

The Galloping Gluttons were sore in the saddle and void in the feedbag Tuesday so we stampeded to the Chuck Wagon Restaurant on Union Street in Bangor.

Covered with traildust, we felt right at home amid the wagon wheels and belly-band harnesses.

Seating our carcasses at a picnic-type table in the center of the kitchen-dining room traffic, we were immediately visited by a young waitress who slapped two paper placemats in front of us which also happened to be the menu.

The menu was a little difficult to follow, but having visited the Chuck Wagon before, the Gluttons had developed the knack of pinpointing what was poultry and what was cattle.

The Chuck Wagon is somewhat limited in its offerings since everything is either french-fried or cooked over an open charcoal grill. That way most of the meals taste like they are all passed over the same load of kindling.

But that's why we came, no? -- to enjoy a barbeque-pit atmosphere and flavor a la Lyndon, si?

We were delighted when the waitress returned promptly to take our order. Feeling homogenous, both gluttons ordered Big Nade's Barbeque Beef Roll, passing up the Cowhand's Delight and Sgt. Preston's Alaskan crab roll.

While we waited for the cook to rustle our dinner, we absorbed the early Dodge City decor and marveled at an intriguing color pin up of a Black Angus over our heads.

We didn't have to admire the setting long, however, for our waitress reappeared with our Big Nade's.

Draft beer at the Chuck Wagon is handed to you in a glass mason jar with an olive bobbing in it. After a few jarfuls, a glutton could fancy that a floating eyeball was winking at him in his dregs.

But of course the Gluttons were on duty, and no such hallucinations took place.

The Big Nade's Barbeque Beef Rolls were filling and spicy and really hit the spot. The fixings weren't too elaborate, but then, how do you dress up french fries without getting gauche?

Glutton No. 2 would have ordered dessert, but he had dribbled ketchup (per usual) all over the placemat--menu and couldn't read between the splashes.

The check arrived as promptly as the Big Nade's, but the Gluttons were happy to see that we wouldn't have to hold up another stagecoach to pay for it.

The tab came to less than \$4.00 for two.

The service was excellent and we recommend the Chuck Wagon to all of you trail bums or any one else interested in the vittles that won the West.

Just one word of caution: the Chuck Wagon won't accept credit cards, so if you plan to order the braised rhinoceros ribs at \$219.95, you'd better bring some greenbacks.



## 'Black Tide': an ecological nightmare

The very week a Norwegian tanker dumped 100,000 gallons of heavy industrial oil into Casco Bay, closing 76,000 acres of clam flats and putting 1,800 fishermen and lobstermen out of work, Delacorte Press released a controversial new book on the Santa Barbara oil spill and how it shook the oil industry and the Federal bureaucracy.

Maine Senator Edmund Muskie, in the forward to *Black Tide* by Robert Eastman, said, "I hope that Mr. Eastman's book will quicken a sense of urgency within the government to protect our coastlines from accidents. I am deeply concerned that effective legislation be provided to protect our oceans and coastlines from oil damage. Mr. Eastman's book, I believe, assists the talk of public education on these issues both in and out of the government."

The full name of the book is *Black Tide, the Santa Barbara Oil Spill and Its Consequences*.

The author gives a clear and detailed explanation of how the spill occurred and describes how the long job of salvage began.

This is the first full account of an ecological crime -- a crime without criminals but with many victims -- and a community's response to it.

*Black Tide*, tells how the author shared with other residents of Santa Barbara the frustration of dealing with the federal government, the concern that Santa Barbara would become an industrial slum and the

realization that if anything positive was going to be done to get favorable anti-oil legislation, the citizens themselves would have to do it.

*Black Tide* tells the story of people in the crisis of politics and power and of greed versus a community's rights. It is a powerful drama and proof that with courage and perseverance the community can prevail.

In his introduction, Eastman wrote, "The eruption of the oil well on Union Platform A off Santa Barbara on January 28, 1969, has had profound effects and could be described as the blowout heard around the world."

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