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Maine Campus May 18 1979

Maine Campus Staff

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Weekend Maine Campus

vol. 84, no. 53

Friday, May 18, 1979

Orono, Maine

Student interest could affect South African investment

by Steve McGrath

The chairman of the UMaine Board of Trustees said Wednesday student interest could have an effect on the investment of University endowment funds.

In Tuesday's *Maine Campus* it was reported nearly one million dollars of University endowment funds were invested in 13 international companies having connections with South African countries practicing segregation policies.

"Given the fact that we have some pretty conscientious trustees, I'm sure this (South African investments) will get some careful scrutiny," Chairman Francis A. Brown said.

"The majority of the trustees are very much interested in what the students think. The concern of students would have a big effect on the board," he added. Andy Piascik, a member of the Maine

Peace Action Committee, is trying to begin a drive to divert the funds elsewhere.

He is working against countries which practice a apartheid policy which is segregation of blacks and whites, relegating blacks to lesser social and economic status.

Brown said he has been studying the South African investment issue "for some time" as to how other schools have handled it.

"Some schools have said 'get lost, we put the money where we want,'" Brown said. Others have re-invested their funds elsewhere, he said.

"Human beings' lives are more important than profits. What they do with their money can't be justified by financial terms," Piascik said.

Several trustees hold different views of the situation. William Sullivan, Vice chancellor of financial affairs, believes the

question has to be studied more thoroughly.

"In many cases, there are some American firms that have a positive effect in South Africa," Sullivan said.

Leon Sullivan, a black minister and civil rights leader in Philadelphia, has developed a set of guidelines to determine if American companies are having a negative or positive effect on the apartheid policy of South Africa, he said.

Along these guidelines, many companies are helping the situation in South Africa, including several of the 13 that the University now has stock in, Sullivan said.

"Many other institutions have decided that divestiture is not the best way to deal with the situation," he said.

"I think the students would have to do more than present an interest," said John Robinson, a trustee from Farmington.

[Continued on page 2]

Acquittal received in Olsen trial

by Anne Lucey

A former UMO student charged with embezzlement of student government funds was acquitted Tuesday by verdict of the judge.

Rolf A. Olsen, Jr., represented by the attorneys Lewis Vafiades and Charles Gilbert of the firm of Vafiades, Brontas and Kominsky in Bangor, was indicted with Class C Theft, the unauthorized taking of funds during the 1976-77 school year from the Student Action Corps, a now-defunct group of the student government.

Judge Elmer H. Liolette said he based his decision on the "speculation," or insufficient evidence of the state's case.

District Attorney R. Christopher Almy said "we would have shown how Rolf Olsen had cashed eight checks in the total amount of \$1800 for cash."

Almy said that evidence, however, "would not be sufficient evidence for the

jury to find him guilty," according to Violette's decision.

The verdict was delivered by Violette at the end of the second day of trial, after the state had succeeded in upholding the indictment as written. The defense had

argued the Student Action Corps was a separate entity from the student government, which would nullify the indictment.

Olsen was dismissed from UMO after pleading guilty last summer to the unauthorized talking of more than \$400 during the 1977-79 academic year.

Student survey indicates daily paper not necessary

by Michael Finnegan and Stephen Oliver

Nearly 60 percent of the UMO student body believe a campus daily newspaper is unnecessary, according to a recent survey conducted by two UMO journalism students.

Fifty-nine percent of UMO students questioned said they did not want a daily student newspaper. Most felt no need to

expand the curring statue of the *Maine Campus* and *The New Edition*. The *Campus* is a semi-weekly publication, while the *New Edition* publishes once every two weeks.

The *Maine Campus* will begin daily publication next fall.

Designed to collect the interests of the students of UMO about the student newspaper, the survey asked students to

[Continued on page 8]

How have they changed?

Seniors look back on on four years of college



Ann Fridinger

The exams, the peer pressure, the being away from home. It all contributes to the changes a person might experience during four years at college. Campus reporter Dan Warren recently talked with 10 well-known UMO seniors about how they've developed and grown since coming here their freshman year.

by Dan Warren

Ann Fridinger

One of Ann Fridinger's earliest memories of UMO was the road sign near the Stillwater Avenue exit that says, "Houlton 120." "When I saw that sign, I said to my father, 'Let's keep going.' I did not want to come to Orono. I was extremely scared."

Four years later, however, and a week away from her college graduation, Ann Fridinger, a resident assistant in Cumber-

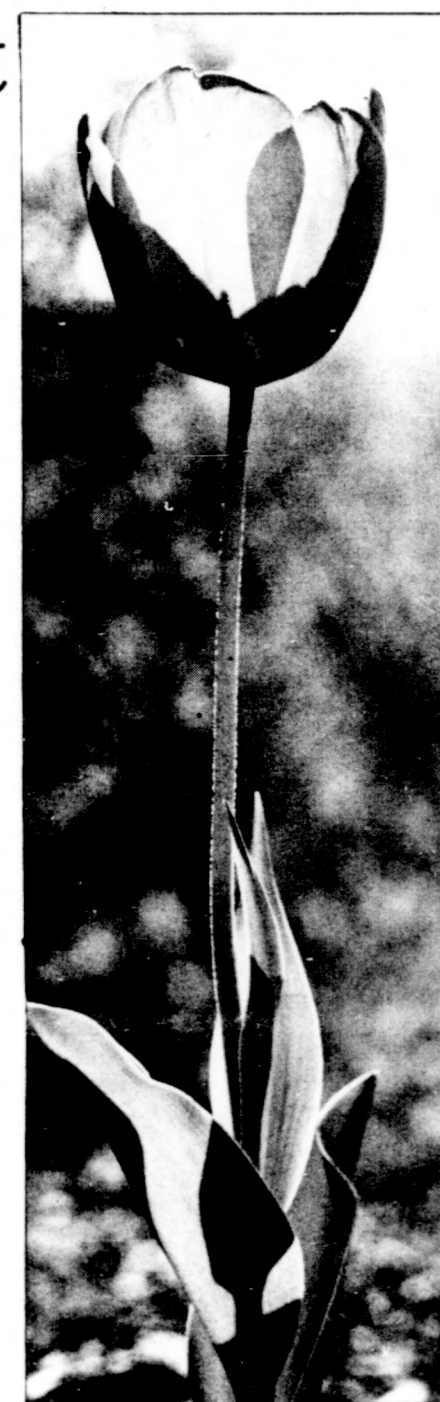
land Hall, finds herself ending a year of counseling freshmen who have those same fears.

"When you get to be a senior, it's fun to look at freshmen. You can see them doing the same things you did. You can live that year again, through their eyes. I've watched them get their kicks and have some really good times, and I've seen them have some bad and get hurt. You could help them, but they have to have the bad with the good in order to learn."

Fridinger, 22 and from Portland, is editor of the Prism, the UMO yearbook. A journalism major who hopes to find a public relations job, she says her college career has peaked this year.

"The yearbook is a chance for creativity, for my outlook, for some free expression. I don't want to call it a legacy, but there is something that will always be here (at UMO) with my name on it—the 1979 yearbook."

Fridinger remembers her freshman year as one of the finest in recent years, but she



This single flower etches a delicate portrait in form, using the simplest and most complex medium...life. (photo by Arthur Kettle)

often wonders if she made the right decision in coming to UMO.

"Yes, I've had some periodic regrets. If I'd known better exactly what I wanted to do for a career, I might have picked a better school. I wanted public relations, and the journalism department just didn't offer enough variety...I thought the (faculty) advising was poor. I have no long-standing regrets, though. Basically, UMO's been good. The food's been lousy, but...."

Chris Keating

If there is, in fact, a requirement that says varsity football players must be brutish, boorish, overly-cocky and interested only in their biceps and breaking beer bottles against their foreheads, Chris Keating should be expelled immediately from any further contact with the game. His name should be stricken from all UMO record books and the UMO coaching staff

[Continued on page 6]

Student senate approves 1979-80 budget

by Enid Logan

The General Student Senate Tuesday night gave final approval to the 1979-80 budget, granting funds to the Off-Campus Board, the Inter-Dormitory Board and the Memorial Union Activities Board.

The senate also supported a resolution calling for the accessibility for the handicapped and supported investment of funds in businesses other than those with interests in South Africa.

Motions supporting the legalization of marijuana and the disbanding of the General Student Senate failed to win approval.

IDB and MUAB budgets were approved as submitted, while OCB President Randy Pickle added four amendments to that budget seeing only two winning senate approval.

Pickle asked for and received \$48 more for eight newsletters and received \$225 for a cooperative housing and living conference in Ann Arbor, Mich.

Pickle did not get the approval from the senate for \$200.72 for the New York State Off Campus Student Association Conven-

tion which deals with problems of off campus students.

Pickle did not receive \$4,725.00 for five spaghetti dinners to be held next year. Instead, the senate allocated \$1,000.00 for them.

In approving the budgets for the senate boards the senate left \$15,008.24 to be allocated to groups next year.

The resolution requiring all programs to be accessible to handicapped "or show beyond a reasonable doubt that all efforts are continually being made to make their functions accessible to handicapped students" passed unanimously.

In a tie vote (13-13) Steve Bucherati, vice president, cast the deciding vote against the resolution which would favor the support of full legalization of marijuana use.

Senator Bill Randall, fraternity, called the resolution "asinine." Tom Hall, senator, fraternity, termed it "bullshit." Sponsor Randy Pickle said, "I'm sure if everyone is representing their constituents they will approve this, if they don't vote yes, they are voting on their own moral

standards."

Senator Brad Standley, Dunn, suggested the resolution be amended to include the "use of marijuana and prostitution." Bucherati ruled Standley out of order saying "you made your point."

In a bill to disband the GSS and have their functions carried out by the cabinet or the boards and committees of student government, Bucherati admitted during the discussion that although "the senate is not the best functioning body in the world, nothing functions to the best of its ability. I'm going to try to change this next year."

Sponsor of the bill, Ted Doty who was not present at the meeting, sent a letter to the senate encouraging senators to ap-

prove the disbandment, "to commit suicide" and "change our evil ways."

Doty termed the GSS either "useless" "inefficient" and "counterproductive."

Hall said the "inefficiencies" in the senate were really "conflicts of interest."

Dick Hewes moved for questions but was overruled and the discussion remained open. Five senators then got up and encouraged the others to vote this down as it was easier to improve what was already there than to start from "ground zero," if there was to be another student government in the future.

The resolution failed unanimously.

LOWDOWN

Friday, May 18

8 p.m. UMO Dance Company.
Hauck Auditorium.
7 and 9:30 p.m. "The Optimists"
101 EM.
5 p.m. Meeting in wrestling gym
for those men and women inter-
ested in running and cross
country next year.

Saturday, May 19

7 and 9:30 p.m. "House Calls"
Hauck Auditorium.

Monday, May 21

7:30 and 9 p.m. Exam breaks.
Free films and munchies. Damn
Yankee.

Advance notices

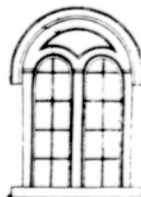
Friday, May 25

5 p.m. Senior Bash dinner.
Memorial Gym
8 p.m. Senior Bash featuring
Peter Gallway and the James
Cotton Band.

Saturday, May 26

11 a.m. Commencement. Alumni
field.

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Cheating problem caused by large classes

by Dave Prudden and Susan Harvey

Cheating is a serious problem at UMO, according to University professors, but none of them seem to be taking the problem too seriously. "It's there...I just don't notice it," said Assistant Professor of math William F. Stearns.

"There are two types of cheating," said Stearns. There is impromptu (looking at others' tests), and there is prepared," (bringing in cheat sheets or writing on desks, etc.).

Professor James R. Gilbert of forestry said "There are two options for cheating. We can either flunk the student, (on the

"I've never been confronted," she said, "but I wish they would come to me before they feel the need to cheat."

One student believes the root of the problem lies in the students. "The cheaters are people who really don't want to be in school. They're here either because of parental pressure or because it is better to be here than to have to work. And to remain here, they must keep up

their grades. Since they don't study, they cheat, so their 'vacation' at college can continue."

Scott Smith, a graduate student in public administration, takes a dim view of those who cheat. He graduated last year with highest honors and says he had to often compete with cheaters to get his grades. Smith tells of taking exams when he knew there were several D grade students getting A's.

"That distorts the grade I worked for," he said. "It makes a difference if I get one of two A's or one of seventeen." Asked if he would report those he saw cheating, Smith said no—too much like sour grapes. But, he added, he would let them know he knew.

News Analysis

In a questionnaire distributed to a survey level course, 72 percent of the students admitted to cheating. The biggest problem, according to the students surveyed, is that too many classes enroll too many students; the classes are large and tightly packed.

Eighty-five percent of students surveyed said that the seating arrangements were a major factor in the incidence of cheating. One student said that "a very close seating arrangement almost invites one to cheat."

"Being squeezed into a sardine can like this one is conducive to cheating," one student said.

test or for the class) or we can send him to the disciplinary board," (first to the dean of the college and then to the board.)

Assistant Dean of Student Affairs/Conduct Officer Sharon Dendurent has had only had 15-20 cases in the last three or four years.

Political science instructor Suzanne Hart said the professor who suspects cheating must have a fairly conclusive case before beginning any action. Students have intricate avenues of appeal and a false charge of cheating could prove embarrassing to the instructor. Hart says her solution is to flunk the student and wait for him to confront her.

● Endowment figures

[From page 1]

"My first inclination is that you have to make investments where it's best for the University. I tend to weigh the general performance of the portfolio (investment) as the first criteria," Robinson said.

Until four years ago, the endowment funds which are gifts to the University were kept in the Merrill Trust and Merchants Banks in Bangor, according to Sullivan. Then they were switched to the investment firm of Putnam Capital Management Corp. in Boston.

"The board does not approve any specific investment," Sullivan said.

"We give them an objective. We want to see a rate of return," Brown said.

Putnam actually handles around seven million dollars in University endowment funds, four million in bonds and three million in stocks, Sullivan said.

"Within a year's time, it will be over five million (in stocks)," he said.

Sullivan gets a report from the Putnam Corp. every month, which is presented to the board every three months and an extensive report annually.

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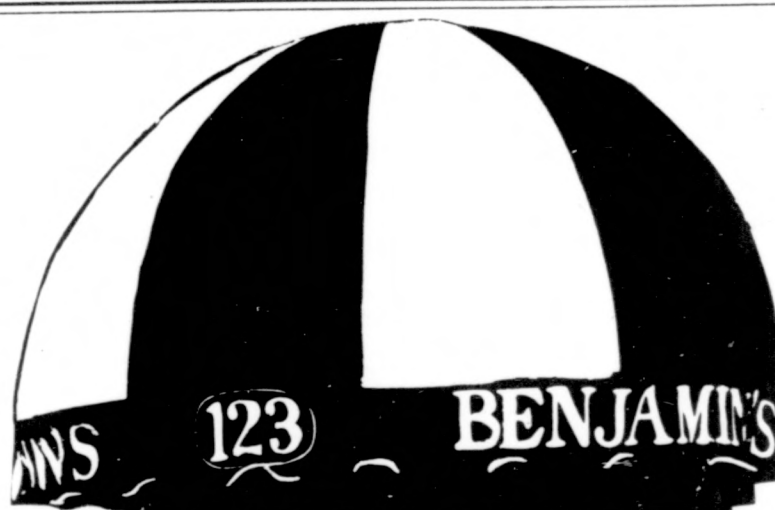
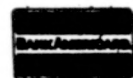
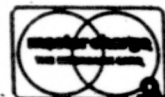
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Final Tribute

Doing it daily

The fact that a recent poll shows that students on this campus are less than receptive to the idea of a daily *Maine Campus* does not surprise us. Actually we would have been surprised if the results were any different.

Without questioning the validity of the poll, however, because it is interesting, the results will not make any difference as to whether or not there will be one next semester. Only on its success.

And we think it will be successful. We also think it is wrong.

For many reasons most members of the present staff of this newspaper believe the entire concept of a daily *Maine Campus* is ill-timed, unnecessary, and will provide readers with a service that could be obtained elsewhere.

The main reason behind our contention is our belief that daily newspapers are no longer the proper format to disseminate the kind of news most valuable and relevant to readers. Though the resources, manpower and technology of a daily newspaper are usually great enough to produce valuable information, the day to day deadline pressures forces reporters and editors to indulge in trivia and brevity. What is produced today by most newspapers is bare bones—surface fluff which only hint at real issues.

Daily newspapers today are only one step above television news which is pure headline reading. It is fast food for thought in a culture that takes its news, food, and pleasures as fast as the product can be produced.

And the decline of the daily newspaper and the increasing popularity of weeklies show that readers do not want their news presented in fast food fashion any longer.

John Hughes, president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, in his farewell speech recently discussed the changing newspaper reader.

"There isn't any question," he said, "that a changing kind

of newspaper audience, assaulted by a deluge of information, wants its newspaper to do a better job of focusing on news that is most relevant to its immediate needs... Findings indicate readers are pleading with newspaper editors to help them understand some of the complex issues they think editors currently make confusing."

James Reston of the New York Times in his regular column recently attempted to explain why a small, rural California weekly was awarded a Pulitzer Prize this year. In it he predicted that weekly newspapers are growing as important news gathering enterprises.

"It is true," Reston wrote, "that the number of daily newspapers in the United States is declining, but as people move from the cities to the suburbs and beyond that to the villages, especially along the seacoasts, the weekly or country newspapers are growing and attracting more and more young, intelligent people who are looking for a simpler refuge from the city."

Another reason we are opposed to the idea of a daily is because we feel it is not an idea of evolution. Rather it is a plan devised in the minds of certain individuals purely for selfish reasons. Their eyes are not on the readers, only their reputations and egos.

And the argument that students coming from this department will be better trained does not hold up. This department already has a fine reputation of training students to be prepared for newspaper work. With the increase in staff which will be necessary for a daily newspaper, a greater number of people will learn less about newspaper work. And the shortage of teachers in this department will result in untrained students holding important staff positions on the newspaper. It will show, we are afraid, in the quality of the product.

WELL, I'D JUST LIKE TO
TAKE THIS SPACE TO SAY
GOODBYE AND THANKS TO
EVERYBODY WHO LAUGHED...

GEEZ! WHY
DIDN'T YOU JUST
MAIL 'EM BOTH A
THANK-YOU
NOTE?



The Campus Perspective

A sense of detachment

In a few days I will be leaving UMO. Not as a graduating senior, or as a transfer to another college, but as a drop-out.

The word has negative connotations. Clinging to it is a vague admittance of failure, of not making it in the world of academia.

But it isn't necessarily the case. I am leaving UMO not because I have failed but because I am ready and anxious to move on.

I have gotten to know the University intimately, sometimes too intimately.

John Donnelly

There have been angry and pleased calls from administrators, faculty and student leaders. There has been meeting after meeting after meeting. There have been more interviews than meetings.

After a year as reporter and editor, I feel I have a good idea how UMO runs.

And my perception of UMO, derived mostly from my newspaper position, has left me with a mixed bag of emotions. While I have opened myself to intimacy of the University, I have closed myself off from it in another sense.

Gradually my social and academic ties have worn themselves down to a bare thread which will be cut off in a few days; those ties have eroded until now I feel a sense of detachment to the University I know so well.

It's a paradox. While directing almost all of my energy to one source, I have cut off other avenues. I don't want to second-guess my actions. I have no idea what the other avenues would have provided, but I do know what a newspaper has done. It has given me a goal to focus on, it has given me a perception of University life.

The perception carries some disillusionment.

For I don't see the University as ideally

as I once envisioned it. The possibilities of experience are wide open, yet I see too few aware of the scope.

I see too many people here with future eyes. They are not here just to learn; they are here for what they can get after four years in an institution of higher learning. The degree means future money, not the culmination of four years of learning.

And I see too many people concerned with working within the institution, the system. The grading procedure defines the approach too many people take for courses.

It's not how challenging the course it, it's how challenging the grading system is. Quality isn't important in work, if the system provides loopholes to get away with less.

I think the learning process has been distorted by some. It's not what you can achieve, it's what you can get by with.

And I am one of the chief abusers. I have cut corners, ignored quality and played along with grading systems. All because I haven't been inspired to be a student.

I've been inspired to write. My decision, though, backed me into a corner: I haven't found time for being both a writer and a student.

Friends stop and ask me what I, the drop-out, will be doing in the future. And the question of "When are you going back to school?" invariably gets asked.

Sometimes I shrug and smile. Sometimes I say a year or two. Sometimes I start laughing, maybe to protect myself, and say never.

I don't know when I'll come back to school. I'm ready to live the life of a drop-out: away from institutions for awhile, dealing more with the system I lay down for myself, instead of others doing it for me.

I think I've learned much at UMO. But there's much more here I haven't tapped. I don't think I'm ready to tap it.

I have been a newspaperman. I haven't been a student.

Boy Scout patches

To the Editor:

People never seem to look into anything before they decide to criticize it. Perhaps if Penny Perkins had first asked the 60 or more Girl Scouts who attended the Environmental Awareness Committee's Scout Night what they thought of the evening, she would have learned tow things. First, the EAC is blatantly non-discriminatory. Of the 140 children participating that evening, there were girls, boys, Indians, Orientals, and any other sex, race, creed, or color that might have gone unobserved. Secondly, she might have learned how much more fulfilling it is to see a small portion of student activities money go to giving community children (and a group of hard working UMO students) feeling of participation and accomplishment, rather than see it go toward gas reimbursement,

envelopes or projector bulbs.

This certainly is a small issue, and perhaps blown out of proportion. After all, the EAC was only asking for \$100 toward its Scout night. But, as Penny quotes, "it's just the principle of the thing." That small appropriation would have served as a fine gesture to the community by the UMO student body. And it would have been more than merely a gesture. It would have improved University/community relations, promoted the UMO student image and enhanced the education of local children (many of whom will probably attend this campus). I can think of few better uses for your and my student activity fee.

Very sincerely,
Michael A. Duddy
EAC Chairman
415 Penobscot



[photo by Arthur Kettle]



Hart petition

To the Editor:

We, the students of Hart Hall effected by water damage, would like the student body to know the University refuses to compensate up for our inconveniences. H. Ross Moriarty, director of Residential Life, told us that in accordance with legal advice from the University attorneys no student shall be reimbursed for any form of 'inconvenience.'

We feel that to be unfair. We waited patiently in our wet rooms with puddles on the floor, water coming through electrical sockets and light fixtures, odors permeating everywhere to the extent we could not stay in our rooms. We awaked mornings with nausea.

After weeks of no attempt by Residential Life to aid us, we took it upon ourselves to move to laundry rooms as they were the only dry rooms available. Two girls were moved to the infirmary. Other problems incurred included: lost study time, anxiety and a feeling of helplessness.

What makes us the maddest is the fact that every time we meet with the administration they tell us that if any money is given out, it will come from the services we could provide for other students.

What we would like to know is if it happened to you--would you or would you not expect compensation? There is a petition going around that will be given to Dr. Thomas Aceto Friday at 1. We need your support to show Residential Life that this is what the student body wants!

Sign our petition, one is located at the Information Booth in the

Union and at the front desk in the library. And call Mr. Moriarty and Dr. Aceto and let them know. Thank you for your concern and support.
Sincerely,
Leslie A. Schultz and 9 others

DEAD bus

To the Editor:

We are grateful to "Sugaree" Pickle and the O.C.B. Wharf Rats for their help in securing the DEAD bus to Portland on Mother's Day. What a long, strange trip it was! Let's do it again sometime. How about having the Dead to the next O.C.B. spaghetti dinner? (instead of Bob Dylan).

Signed,
Gratefully Dead
26 Pine Street
Orono

SLS agenda

To the Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to inform you of the Student Legal Services' summer operations. The office, located on the second floor of the Memorial Union, will be open from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. throughout the summer starting Wednesday, May 30. All students who have paid a spring 1979 activity fee and will return in the fall will be eligible for services. Registered summer students who pay a \$5 fee will also be entitled to summer services.

Stephen Maroon
SLS Board Chairman

Apartheid isn't murder

To the Editor:

In your May 15 edition, Andy Piascik accused the UMO Board of Trustees of being accessories to murder. Yes, he did. He connected UMO's modest holdings in companies with branches in South Africa to support of apartheid, and then in the last sentence of his letter he stated "Apartheid is murder."

Here, Mr. Piascik has gone too far on much too little information. He has read a book, "White Power and Black Poverty," from which he has taken most of his facts. I do not doubt that they are true, but to quote them blindly is bad policy. He probably also read in the newspapers recently of the attempt by Harvard students to force the university to relinquish their tenuous South African connections, and then decided to do the same thing here at UMO. If our Board of Trustees is guilty of any wrongdoing, I would like to see it exposed. However, this shaky case presents no evidence of anything to me except someone blowing facts out of proportion, and a story-hungry newspaper giving him free voice.

It is a long way from an investment of \$1,000,000 spread over ten companies to being party to the murder of South African blacks. I suggest that Mr. Piascik calm down and reassess his facts, and that the Maine Campus think hard before again printing criticism and accusations as poorly-founded as those of Mr. Piascik.

Peter C. Miller
409 Dunn Hall

A letter to 'young ladies'

To the Editor:

The enclosed letter was sent to the people listed at the top of the letter. We are insulted and appalled that an administrator would respond to a serious concern of the students (the lighting outside of Balentine Hall) in such a manner.

This letter also adds another issue to the growing list of problems that the administration feels that the students themselves should pay for.

Pam Burch
President, IDB

Pamela Burch, Pres. IDB
Penelope Perkins
Chrystal Hale
Kathie Rand
Cynthia McCabe
Jeanne Lyford
"A. Resident"
Cynthia C. Jones
Ruth Sansevinino
Kim Heineman
Johanne Rouleau
"Concerned Resident"
Kelli Curtis
Larene Waring
Dorothy Desjardins
Susan M. Boucher
Dana Burton
Mary Terrio

My Dear Young Ladies:

Thanks for the lovely notes. The Engineers have looked at your lighting problem and soon will

present a recommendation that you can help us fund. During our survey, some lights were discovered off for one reason or another. Please don't hesitate to notify us of any malfunctions in the exterior lighting system around Campus. We have had more than our share of vandalized lights this past year, and the lamps all burn out at some time. We do not have an inspection program; we rely on the police and people like yourselves.

As years go by, more and more lights are needed because of the change in behavior--so there is always a need for more lighting and, admittedly, we are always behind. As one gal put it, "we are too cheap." There just is not funds enough to do everything that we would like to do or that we can all agree should be done.

Last year we did a lot of lighting around the Stodder parking lots, and last winter we installed a new fixture on the roof of Carnegie Hall that illuminates your path to the Library. This is the University's contribution to your problem so I'm suggesting that if still more lighting is needed, then you should plan on "footing the bill."

In the correspondence I was promised a copy of crime rate statistics...these I haven't received.

Very truly yours,
Alan D. Lewis
Head Macho

Seniors: 10 student leaders recall ex

[From page 1]

should be ordered to disavow any knowledge of this hopeless outcast being associated with the team.

Keating, drafted recently by the Buffalo Bills of the National Football League, is a polite and modest young man.

"Success is nice," he says, talking about the many regional and national honors he's won playing middle linebacker for four years. "But once you're off the field, that's it. I mean you can't make a big deal about these things off the field to people. They'll



Chris Keating

think you're a big jerk. That's what you'd be.

Keating, 21 and a business marketing major, grew up in Cohasset, Mass., with five brothers and one sister. He says having successful older brothers taught him humility. Fans who have witnessed this graceful bull making as many as 12 or 15 unassisted tackles per game the past four years might be surprised to hear that UMO football wasn't always the biggest thing in his mind.

"I wasn't even going to play at first," he says. "I played all through high school and everything, but I never got any scholarship offers or anything, so I didn't know what I was going to do. It was tough my freshman year, the first semester, trying to study and keep up the grades during the season. I really had to learn to budget my time."

Keating vividly remembers the ride up to school in August, 1975. "I drove up with my father. I didn't say two words the whole way up. Then, we got to the Orono exit, and I turned to him and said, 'I guess there's no turning back, huh.' Then we both broke out laughing."

Rita Laitres

Rita Laitres might have been born 10 years too late. Of all the students involved these past four years in the UMO student government and the campus administra-



Rita Laitres

tion, Laitres perhaps sticks out as perhaps the one most "committed to a cause," a phrase often heard on college campuses 10 years ago.

"I was scared about this place. I didn't know how I'd do here," she says, thinking back to the day she arrived on campus as a freshman. "My high school teachers sent me away to Orono without much confidence in me, you know? They weren't sure that I would be active. They didn't know if I'd pull through in college, as an adult."

A 1975 graduate of Sanford High School, Rita, 22, is headed to Colorado after graduation "to see what's out there." She majored in public administration and is interested in working in government personnel. At UMO, she has chaired the Legislative Liaison Committee, Student Legal Services Committee and presided over the University of Maine Organization of Student Governments (UMOSG). Also, she's served in the General Student Senate and Senior Council.

"The biggest thing you learn at college is how to question, and what to question. You learn to become curious. You learn a lot of different ideas and you learn people have different expectations. Those things won't be listed anywhere on my resume or on my transcript, but those are the most important things I've gotten here."

Perhaps most symbolic of the Laitres drive and idealism that has marked her four years at UMO ("it feels like seven") is her principled work on the Student Services Board. On it, she was called on to defend controversial groups like the Wilde-Stein Club and the Maine Peace Action Committee when they asked for student government funds.

"Someone was always trying to cut out funding for them," she recalls, "but they'd forget that the reason we're in college is to be exposed to different ideas. Just because we don't believe in it, doesn't mean it has no right to exist on campus."

Winn Brown

Winn Brown, former student government president, former Senior Skull honor society president, former Alpha Tau Omega (ATO) treasurer and current member of the administrative Budget Priorities Committee, hasn't always been a



Winn Brown

student leader and an example of model, upstanding behavior.

"I was never in student government in high school or anything. I was never interested. I was into goofing off. When I first got to school at BCC, I really didn't know what I wanted. I was on disciplinary probation for a year and a half. I got caught smoking a joint and doing damage to the bar in the BCC pub. I was wild."

Brown, 23 and soon to be 24, is older now and more mature. He says jokingly that his biggest problem now is going bald. "I'll probably lose all my hair before I'm 30," he says, laughing. He worked in a shipyard for a year after high school before deciding to attend BCC. He was student government president for most of this

school year.

An accounting major, Winn has accepted a position with IBM in New York. He is a proud person and truly an "organizational man." He is loyal to most every cause with which he is associated, and seems to immerse himself in activities. He is especially grateful for his experience in ATO and he talks about it frequently. His verbiage is marked by constant references to "the house....Down at the house, we have committees that....The house really got me started...."

"I liked being president, handling the people and a budget. What I didn't like was the constant exposure (to the public and media). I used to be able to party all I want, do anything I want...."

"People hear my name and come up and say, 'Oh, I know you. You're in student government.' It's uncomfortable. It gives you something to talk about, though. I change the subject as soon as possible. Some people thought I was a Maine Campus writer, since they'd seen my name in the paper a lot. They'd say, 'I've read a lot of your articles in the Campus,' and I'd say, 'Well, thank you.'"

Brown says he was a "nonpolitical person in a political job." People are surprised to learn he's an accounting major, he says.

"Sometimes, I think it would have been great to go out-of-state, but whenever I get in interviews, I say 'I've been born, raised and educated in Maine' and I'm proud of it. I've got a UMO ring coming—I've ordered it—and I'll be proud to wear it."

Debbie Clark

At 22 and a soon-to-be graduate, Debbie Clark appears to have the world in a jug and the stopper in her hand. It hasn't always been this way, though.

"I never really had confidence in myself four years ago," she says, looking back to when she entered UMO as a freshman. "I never really thought I had any talent. Coming to college with all the kids here, you can lose a little bit of confidence, especially when you go up against someone a little better than yourself."

Like many UMO seniors, however, Clark has developed a great deal in four years of college. Since leaving high school, she has been Maine Junior Miss, Miss UMO and among the finalists in the Miss Maine competition. A 1975 graduate of Gardner High School, she plans to get married this summer and hopes to get a teaching job in nearby Bradley this fall. She sees college as a building process.

"It's helped me grow and develop myself as an individual," she says. "Coming out of high school, my high school guidance counselor and my college recruiter didn't want me to come to UMO. They didn't think I'd make it. They wanted me to go to UMA (Augusta) and see how I'd do there. I didn't want to go (to college) then."

She considers her RA position in Androscoggin Hall one of the best things that happened to her. She says it's important to get involved at school.

"At the time I started the RA job, I was interested in going into counseling. It established me. When you're not involved (in dorm activities), you stay in your room and don't know anybody. Being an RA gets you involved."

She is very happy with the way things turned out for her at UMO, but she has a few minor regrets. She wishes she'd gotten more involved with theatre here ("a real love of mine"), but she's pleased with her major and with four years in Androscoggin Hall.

"If I had it all to do over again, I'd probably do the same thing. Psychology has the type of people I enjoy—right off the wall....I'm glad I spent four years in Andro. An all-girl dorm has its advantages."

A standout athlete in high school, Debbie thinks she was more secure and more bold back then. She doesn't envy college freshmen at all.

"Despite all I've done, I'd say I am more insecure than I was then. High school

offers a sort of built-in security. You go back every year and have the same friends and activities. In college, you have to make



Debbie Clark

a lot of decisions for yourself....I've always said I'd rather take the hassles of a job and paying bills and wondering where my next meal was going to come from than have to take the pressures of school.

To graduate, she must get a 90 or better on a psychology test coming up.

"It's typical I'd wait until the last minute," she laughs.

Doug Bailey

Maybe it's the wind-blown, unkempt hair. Or the scruffy goatee. Or the placid expression. Or the casual clothing. Or the sleepy walk.

No, it's the hair and beard. Doug Bailey looks like he could be the son of Bob Dylan. Bailey is perhaps the most low-key editor the Maine Campus has had in recent semesters. His words aren't mild. In the form of an editorial, they rise off Page Four slowly, like a snake out of a piper's vase, and curl around your person or brain, making you think about an issue he has chosen to discuss in his thoughtful style. Doug Bailey, to meet him, is not a "hell-raiser" as some of history's most prolific journalists have been. But he has not backed down from important or controversial issues during his semester term.

"I had always been good in writing, in high school, I mean. But I never really thought about reporting. Dennis (his twin brother) turned me onto journalism. I'm



Doug Bailey

surprised I never thought of it sooner. Bailey, 25, a graduate from Livermore Falls High School in 1971. In a "search for

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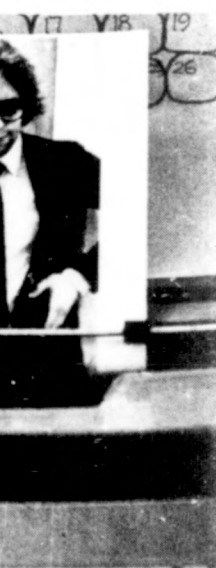
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1971. In a "search for

a separate identity" from his twin, he took a year off before going to college. He "bummed around the East Coast," working odd jobs, an experience he says made him appreciate education.

"I went to BCC in 1972. I was an average student in high school, and they told me the transition would be easier there." Bailey says in high school, "I wasn't hip at all. I had horn-rimmed glasses, short hair, the works." He giggles as he pulls a picture of himself from his wallet. Bailey was married in 1975 and came to UMO in fall 1976. Meanwhile, he had played in a few rock bands.

Bailey remembers the first time he had a story published in the Maine Campus.

"I ran to get a copy of the paper! I couldn't believe it! It was a real big thrill. I had always wanted to be part of the Campus, but, like a lot of kids still, I was intimidated."

Next week, Bailey begins a reporting job with the York County Coast Star, a weekly.

"I'm happy with this career. Journalism offers variety and change. One day you're covering a very serious political debate, and the next day you could be doing a story about a man with the world's biggest potato."

Sue Leonard

Sue Leonard's restless. She's a dreamer. That's how she appears to have been for years. back in 1975, when the minds of her



Sue Leonard

Windham High School classmate were filled with thoughts of a June graduation, Sue Leonard was taking off early and hitchhiking across the country. She appears never to be satisfied, and, all of the student leaders and promising young executives at UMO, she is the least likely ever to get caught in a rut with a job, area or lifestyle she doesn't like. She will probably have the courage to yank up her roots and leave, something many insecure people would be hesitant to do.

"If I had it all to do over again, I think I would have gone to a really big school or a really little school," says Leonard, former student government vice president and one of next semester's city editors of the Maine Campus. "I used to be more radical. But, now, having worked in government, I have seen how things are done, from the other side. I think I've mellowed a lot toward institutions, like marriage."

A journalism and political science major, Leonard first got involved with student government as chairman of the concert committee. She's a champion skier and canoeist and sees both those sports fitting into her future.

"I never thought I'd ever get into student government. When I first came to college, I wanted to live in the mountains and write. I was pretty excited, initially, about journalism. I got started in advertising. But I found out that it wasn't my kind of thing; I didn't like selling things to

people....I was interested in writing about personal experiences, then I found out I was really interested in law, which I learned a little bit about by covering the Bangor courts for (a journalism class)."

Leonard has, in fact, mellowed. She's had so many experiences in sports and abroad that she gives off an air of "having been there and back." She doesn't seem to get excited about many things anymore; she is wiser and more confident of herself. "Everybody matures in college," she says.

Her future plans, like the past four or five years, will take sudden and unexpected turns, following no boring, staid charted course. She is contemplating graduate school or skiing competitively.

"I'm not worried about jobs. I never have been. But as the end comes near, I sort of feel they (UMO) should have offered more in career counseling. The thing I'm most concerned about is what kind of lifestyle I'll have and what a lifestyle a career imposes on you."

Kevin Nelson

If all of society were turned into animals, Kevin Nelson would be a big sheep dog. He would be the type of sheep dog who, soaking wet and covered with mud, would come bounding into the house and jump onto your lap and start licking your face as if he hadn't seen you for a year. You would protest at first and maybe even get mad, but eventually you'd just give up and laugh. Kevin Nelson sort of grows on you.

While some big-time athletes at UMO seem almost embarrassed about their accomplishments, so modest they are, Nelson is not one of them. He thinks his impressive career playing basketball as a 6' 8" center for UMO has been "just great." He's not bragging, though. Kevin Nelson thinks everything's "great." The gym janitors are great, his teammates were great, the shrubs around the library are great, the kids who pass him and say hello in the Bear's Den are great and the earthworms which come out when it rains are great. Few people are happier about life than Kevin Nelson.

"Oh, I just love it around here," he says, talking in his heavy country boy Maine accent and looking like the farmer's son in a Norman Rockwell painting. "The kids are just super, so friendly. There's no way I feel like a lesser person or anything just because I didn't go to a school five or six hundred miles away." He was heavily recruited by the University of Vermont, too.

He sees his basketball career as, among other things, a conversation piece to meet people. He says his full scholarship helped him pay for school.

"I like me for what I am. That's how I treat other people, and that's how I want to be treated. Basketball has been a good way to meet people. I don't want to talk 'hoops' all the time, though. You have to broaden yourself, you know. I don't want to dwell on it. It's real bad when you let it go to your head."

An occasion dean's list student in natural resource management, Nelson hopes to go into land use planning and has applied for a job with a former summer employer, the Sewall Company, of Old Town.

"I don't mean this as a cut because the kids I played with up here were just super, great kids...but the thing I'm proudest of, I think, is that I graduated, as an athlete, in the regular four years. That's what I'm proudest of. It's tough to do that in athletics. A lot of guys don't....There's sort of a push for guys to go into phys ed or business. But I didn't change."

Were there to be a Kevin Nelson Fan Club in Maine, he thinks his parents would be co-presidents of it.

"My folks, geez....They've just been my heart and soul supporters. You can put this in (the story) if you want to. They've just been behind me all the way. They go to a lot of games. My father's just the most honest person I've ever met. And my



Kevin Nelson

mother saves all the clippings about me. She's got them in a scrapbook. That'll be nice, you know. Look back at them in a few years, and say, geez, college was a long time ago."

Julie Woodcock

They've called her "the most successful athlete in the history of UMO." Bold claims aside, Julie Woodcock has never lost an individual swimming race since coming here as one of UMO's first scholarship children in its history.

Her friends probably predicted this and other things about her. Julie Woodcock has kept the same goals and activities ever since she came out of Swathmore, Penn. in 1975. She still swims, still majors in home economics and still dislikes cold weather.

"I guess I really haven't changed much," she says, almost apologetically. "Being on scholarship, I knew I'd swim. I didn't have a choice. And I kind of figured I'd go into home ec. Swimming has opened up a lot of doors for me. I've been able to meet a lot of people. I just wish spring came sooner up here."

Julie will be married this summer to David Shaw, a UMO student. Her plans are indefinite after that. David represents another constant in her UMO career; she met him and began dating him the first weekend of her freshman year.

"I'm not much different now," says Julie, 21. "See, in high school, swimming competitively, I had spent a lot of time away from home. Still, I guess coming to UMO, I was really on my own."

Her teammates say she is shy and modest. Woodcock doesn't talk about individual achievements. She does, however, enjoy talking about the team's success.

"I have a lot of pride in the school, especially the women's swim team. I'm



Julie Woodcock

glad I was involved. You have to be to meet people and feel part of the school."

Julie will never be a rabble rouser or a women's advocate, but she would like to see "more support" for women's sports.

"Like, we used to get horrible hours at the pool, but that's changed," she says. She credits her "excellent coaches" for much of her success.

She urges high school swimmers to come to UMO and be active, but she acknowledges that swimming put pressure on her socially and academically.

"I was sick a lot during my freshman and sophomore year," she recalls. "So, there were times when I felt I wasn't earning my scholarship." Her coach, Jeff Wren, would probably accept a dozen freeloaders just like her.

Dave Ives

David Ives enjoys talking about himself. He also enjoys talking about education, politics, little league baseball, Ralph Nader, student government, time management, women, college memories and money.

But, most of all, David Ives enjoys talking about himself. That's not intended as criticism. For to bring out his years of experience and his 1,001 theories on life, he must relate them to himself. David Ives, you see, is 21 going on 50.

"I just barely got in here (to UMO)," says Ives, a senior education major who



Dave Ives

has been involved in most every facet of student government since arriving four years ago. "College is a chance to grow up. Everyone should have the chance to go. When I was 16, I had the world by the tail. Now, I've learned and matured. Eighty percent of what I learned up here has been outside the classroom."

Ives activities earned him the 1979 Winthrop C. Libby Award, an honor named after a former UMO president who always valed an active student government in developing policy. Ives served for two years on the Conduct Committee and has chaired the Distinguished Lecture Series, plus belonging to the General Student Senate and Senior Skulls honor society.

On his bulletin board is a bumper sticker reading, "If You Think Education is Expensive, Try Ignorance." Ives is responsible and a "doer." A majority of U.S. parents would probably trust their daughters out with him past curfew.

Ives has many publicized achievements, but his proudest feat was dropping to 220 lbs. from 305 in nine months of 1977. His biggest problem?

"I've lived in the same room, 301 Stodder, with the same roommate, for four years now. We get along so well. But, I know after graduation, he's going back to northern Maine and I'm going back to Boston."

"What do you say to someone like this on graduation day? 'Hey, Dave, see you later. Have a nice life?'"

● Students rate campus news coverage

[From page 1] answer questions about their two favorite papers. The survey represents the newspaper interests of 100 each of UMO men and women. Students were broken down to represent equally the on-campus and off-campus groups. Equal numbers of students were also questioned according to class, residency (in-state or out-of-state) and college.

Lack of reporting excellence, inaccuracy and poor content stand in the way of either campus paper expanding its publication, said students.

Readers of the *Maine Campus* and *New Edition* were asked to rate the job done by student newspapers this year as 'good,' 'adequate,' or 'poor.' Criteria included campus administration, student activities, collegiate sports, editorials and features, with readers of both student papers feeling that only an adequate job had been done so far. Therefore, student could see no use for a daily until the quality of the papers improved.

Seventy-eight percent of *Maine Campus* readers said the campus administration had been handled adequately or poorly. Eighty-four percent of the *New Edition*

readers agreed. In terms of student activities, 81 percent of *Maine Campus* readers felt student activities had been handled adequately or poorly, with 81 percent of the *New Edition* readers feeling the same way.

The participants of the survey were asked to offer comment in ten areas of news found in most newspapers and indicate whether they wanted more, the same or less in news coverage. Sixty percent of the readers of the *Maine Campus* wanted more news of national concern. While 55 percent of *New Edition* readers requested an increase in national

news reporting, news of international concern was requested by 45 percent of *New Edition* readers and only 29 percent of *Maine Campus* readers.

The survey showed that 41 percent of the readers considered the *Maine Campus* sometimes inaccurate in its news reporting. Only four percent called the *Maine Campus* very accurate and 55 percent regarded it as usually accurate. The *New Edition* received higher marks from its regular readers. Only 15 percent called the *New Edition* sometimes inaccurate. Fourteen percent felt the *New Edition* was very accurate and 71 percent found it to be usually accurate.

The survey showed 95 percent of the interviewees read at least one student newspaper. Also it was found the *Maine Campus* is read by 86 percent of students and 63 percent read the *New Edition* regularly. It was also found that 55 percent surveyed read both the *New Edition* and the *Maine Campus*.

For all the effort the two newspaper staffs put forth, the most either can expect from students is 10 to 19 minutes devoted to reading one of their papers. The survey showed that 49 percent spent that much time, while the next highest figure, 24 percent, showed a reading time of 30 to 60 minutes.

SEEDLING SALE

Sponsored by
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All types of vegetable
and some annual flower
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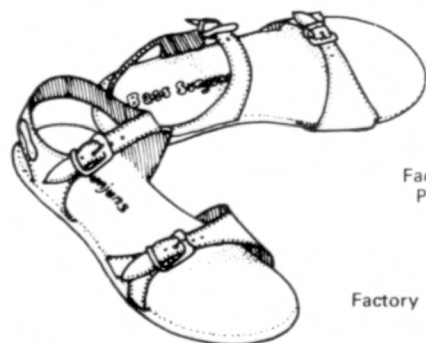
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Our Bass Sunjuns have hit new heights... with Mid-Sunjun and high Sunjun for days and nights on the town.



Women's
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Factory Reject
Price \$19.95

* Bare Everything... But Your Soul!

Bare Everything but your Sole with our Bass Sunjuns... and have your feet in the clouds all summer long.



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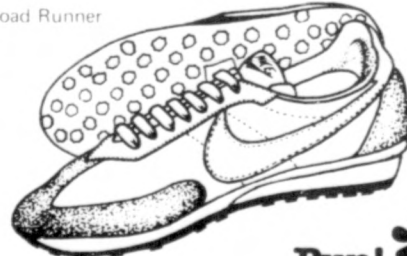
Women's
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* I Wear Bass Because I Don't Imitate Anyone!

"I wear Bass because I don't imitate anybody, and I know the name on the outside will assure me of the genuine Bass quality on the inside."

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Run!*

Whatever your athletic endeavor, we have the kind of shoe that will support your foot every step of the way.



Bass Shoe Factory Outlets

MAINE: Bangor, Ellsworth, Falmouth, Wells, Wilton, Wiscasset.

Armstrong, Coutts named to first team

UMass star heads All Yankee Conference squad

Doug Welenc, star pitcher and designated hitter of Yankee Conference baseball co-champion Massachusetts, has been selected as the League player-of-the-year for a second straight season, and is one of ten athletes named to the 1979 All-Conference first team.

The Minutemen placed three men on the first team, while Connecticut also had three, co-champion Maine a pair, and New Hampshire and Rhode Island one each in the balloting by the Conference coaches.

Connecticut freshman pitcher Colin McLaughlin of Woodbury, CT was selected as the Yankee Conference rookie-of-the-year.

Welenc, who was voted to first-team berths as the designated-hitter and as one of two pitchers, is joined by McLaughlin, Rhode Island first-baseman/designated hitter Tom Healy of Middleton, RI; Massachusetts second-baseman Mike Stockley of Pittsfield, MA; Maine third-baseman Mike Coutts of Auburn, ME; and UMass shortstop Ed Skribiski of Sunderland, MA.

Also, Connecticut outfielders Randy Lavigne of Hartford, CT and Dennis Donovan of Mystic, CT and New Hampshire outfielder Jeff Whitty of Bridgewater, MA; and catcher Mark Armstrong of Millinocket, ME round out the first-team selections.

Welenc, a junior righthander, fashioned an 8-2 record in 78.7 innings, striking out 71 and producing a sparkling 1.37 ERA. He finished the regular season as his team's top hitter and 4th in the Conference, batting .370, with the most hits (47) in the League. He's one of three players to make first-team honors two years in a row, and his selection as player-of-the-year for a second straight season is unprecedented.

McLaughlin is the second player on the 1979 all-star team to be named to a pair of honors. The 6-6, 195-pound fireballing righthander worked 82 innings with a League-leading 9-1 record, while striking out 105 batters enroute to a 2.63 ERA.

Healy, a 6-3 sophomore righthanded hitter, led the Conference in batting with a gaudy .455 average, stroking 5 doubles and a homer. Stockley, the Minuteman's 6-foot senior second-sacker, hit .290 with 7 doubles, and 12 RBI's. He was a second-team selection in 1978.

Another sophomore, the 6-2, 200-pound Coutts batted .330 for the Black Bears with 6 doubles, 2 triples and 15 RBI's. Skribiski, UMass senior shortstop, also was a second-team pick in 1978. He led the League in stolen bases (16) and stroked 8 doubles and four triples while hitting .272 this year.

Lavigne was a unanimous choice in the voting for his second, first-team berth in as

many years. The Huskies' senior outfielder hit .385 as the second best batter in the League, led the Conference in doubles (10) and homers (8), tied for the RBI lead (30) and was second in hits (42) and runs (tied with 27).

Donovan, a 5-11 junior, hit .330 for UConn with 5 doubles, 2 triples, 20 RBI's and stole 15 bases. Whitty, senior outfielder for UNH, batted .327 with 4 doubles, one triple, 2 homers, a dozen RBI's and pilfered 13 bases.

Armstrong, Maine's senior catcher, also made first-team honors for a second straight season. The 5-11, 200-pounder is a strong-armed, steady receiver who hit .280 with 16 RBI's, 2 doubles, 2 triples and 3 roundtrippers.

Maine also had five players named to the 13-man second-team, Massachusetts three, Connecticut two, and Rhode Island,

Vermont and New Hampshire, one each.

Black Bear's selected on the second team were senior first-baseman Ralph Stowell, junior second-baseman Bob Anthoine, senior designated hitter Ed Mitchell and junior outfielders Kevin

Buckley and Frank Watson.

Junior left-hander Siip Clark was selected as one of two second team pitchers while junior outfielder Mike Schwob and freshman pitcher Tom Mahan were honorable mentions.

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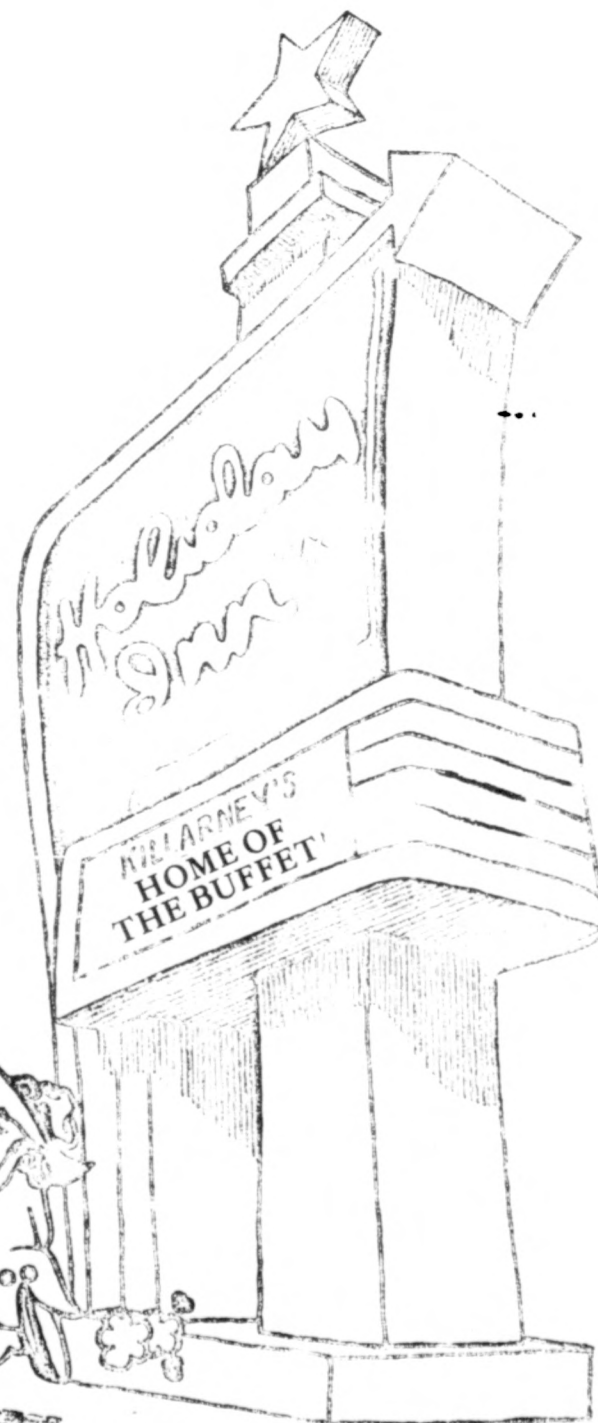
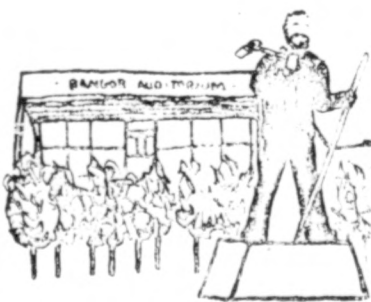
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Clark goes today in playoff opener

by Greg Betts

Skip Clark doesn't exactly have fond memories of his last start against the University of Massachusetts and he's going to try to wipe them out today when he takes the mound against the Minutemen in the opening round of the ECAC Northern Division baseball playoffs at 1 p.m. at Holy Cross's Fitton Field in Worcester, Mass.

Clark got his worst beating of the season at the hands of UMass April 8, 11-0 when he lasted only three innings and got rapped

for seven hits and four runs.

"I was just coming off a sore arm when I went against UMass and I didn't have much at all," said Clark who leads the Black Bear staff in wins with a 6-2 record along with posting a 1.19 ERA. "I'm really psyched to be pitching the opener of the tournament. I've been pitching really well lately and I'll be a lot more confident on the mound this time around."

Clark will again be facing Minutemen ace Doug Welenc who was named Yankee Conference Player of the Year Wednesday (continued on page 11)



UMass shortstop Ed Skribiski (left) and pitcher Doug Welenc should be two of the key performers today for the Minutemen when they battle Maine in today's ECAC playoff game.

Scott Cole

'79 Crock o' Jocks Awards



Well, here we are kiddies at the end of the rainbow, so to speak. The last issue of the Maine Campus for the semester which coincidentally also means the last appearance of this hallowed (hallowed, my foot) sports column.

What better way to put this weekly spattering of sports talk out of its misery than with the first annual Crock o' Jocks awards. These much-coveted awards honor some of the highlights and lowlights of another Maine sports year. Geez, I tried my damndest to get a UMO media celebrity to be the master of ceremonies but WMEB's B.L. Elf-ring was busy. I guess I'll just have to wing it alone.

The envelopes please. . .
ATHLETE OF THE YEAR. Chalk one up for Title IX. Without question the winner is the Queen of Wallace Pool, Julie Woodcock. Truly an athlete whom all future Black Bear female swimmers will be measured against.

ROOKIE OF THE YEAR. Whenever he took the ice at Alford Arena this winter he was booed. Yes, booed affectionately as in Andre Aubut, the darling of Black Bear hockey fans. No other rookie made his presence felt more than the young Canadian defenseman. Andre was also tabbed as the ECAC Division Two Rookie of the Year. Honorable mention to Tom Mahan, Clay Gunn, Pete Oulette, and Peter Adams.

MOST IMPROVED. Basketball guard Rick Boucher. Boucher went from a little-used reserve to a poised starter. He proved it's true that you don't know how much you miss a person until he's gone for the Bears had a much better record when he escaped the disabled list and was in the line-up.

GAME OF THE YEAR. Maine vs. Salem State in the ECAC Division 2 hockey playoffs. O.K., sports fans throw rotten tomatoes at the selection if you must but that game had it all. Sure the Bears lost, but so did the '75 Red Sox and everybody called that World Series a classic.

UPSET OF THE YEAR. This category is reeeally easy. By far, the winner is the Black Bear football team for their shocker over Lehigh. Lehigh probably still doesn't believe it.

COACH OF THE YEAR. Jack Semler. In only the second year of hockey at UMO he took his team to a number one seeding in the ECAC playoffs. Nuff said.

And now for some less serious awards.

THE WOODY HAYES DECORUM SCHOOL HONORABLE

GRADUATE AWARD. To assistant coach John Whitehead Jr. of Lehigh for taking a swing at sports editor Greg Betts in the visitors' locker room after the aforementioned football upset.

THE HEY WHO SAYS THIS IS HARD? AWARD. To Pam Cohen for winning the state women's tennis singles title in the fall of her freshman year.

THE FLEETWOOD MAC AWARD. (I'm over my head but it sure feels nice) To the basketball team whose 1979-80 schedule includes Marquette, DePaul, Alabama and South Carolina.

THE HOLD THE FLOWERS AWARD. To the football team for not showing up to their own funeral by knocking off Lafayette. Before that game all the so-called "experts" around this campus had the squad all but dead and in the ground.

IT'S NOT AS IF WE'RE ASKING FOR THE WORLD AWARD. To Eileen Fox's women's basketball team. All they'd like is a schedule not filled with jelly teams like Presque Isle, Husson and Bates where the game is over before the opening tap.

I LOVE MY WORK AWARD. To that excitable head male cheerleader for the basketball season who reacted like he'd just won a million bucks every time a cheer was well-executed. However some of his spur-of-the-moment flips didn't make anybody forget Nadia Comaneci.

THE BUCKY DENT AWARD. To Northeastern guard Bill Loughnane for the shot heard 'round Orono. Loughnane's heave of a jumpshot at the buzzer one December night in the Pit all but turned out the lights on Maine's post-season basketball hopes.

THE SCRAMBLED FRIED OR POACHED AWARD. To James "The Bird" Sparrow of the North Carolina A & T basketball team who came into the Pit one night touted as one of the best. Unfortunately "The Bird" layed quite an egg that night. How poorly did he shoot? He couldn't have put the ball in the ocean never mind the hoop, that's how poorly he shot.

THE WHAT'S IN A NAME AWARD. To these two athletes who competed against UMO teams this year and go through life with the names Kwame Poku and Booker Jones.

THE STEVE MARTIN AWARD. To anyone who doesn't agree with the winners of these awards. All I can say to you is "WELL EXCUUU- UUUUSE ME!"

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● Bears to defend top ranking against UMass

[From page 10]

for the second year in a row. The junior right-hander is considered one of the East's top professional prospects by major league scouts after posting an 8-2 mark this season with a 1.37 ERA and 71 strikeouts in 78 innings pitched. Welenc is also the Minutemen's top offensive threat with a .370 average and 24 RBI's (both team highs).

Massachusetts tied Maine for the Yankee Conference title as both teams posted 7-3 league records and has one of the most experienced clubs in New England. The Minutemen have a strong hitting club (.283 team average) which helped them finish fourth in New England with a 21-15 record. Along with Welenc, third baseman Leo Kalinowski (.319), center fielder Mike McEvilly (.315) second baseman Mike Stockley (.281), and shortstop Ed Skribiski (.279) have been big producers at the plate for UMass.

"Even though we're number one, we're going into the UMass game as underdogs because we're going up against one of the best prospects in the East," said head coach John Winkin. "But we've risen to this kind of occasion in the past and the team seems to play its best under these kind of circumstance. We have a challenge right off the bat and our performance in that game will tell us what we're really made of."

In the first game of the day, number two Connecticut (23-9) will take on their in-state rival Fairfield (20-10). If Maine

wins its first game with UMass, they will not play again until Saturday when they would face the winner of the UConn-Fairfield contest. If the Bears lose to UMass, they go into the loser's bracket and

play their second game at 4 p.m. today. Winkin will start Kevin Buckley if the Bears play Fairfield in their second game or Tom Mahan if they go against UConn. Saturday's competition will begin at

noon with the winners from Friday's game three at 3 p.m. If more games are necessary in the double elimination tournament, they will be played at noon and 3 p.m. on Sunday.

Bay state schoolboy star to attend UMO

by Greg Betts

Joe Johnson, the Boston Globe Division III basketball Player of the Year has become the fifth recruit landed by Black Bear head coach Skip Chappelle for the 1979-80 season it was announced Thursday.

Johnson, a 6'5" forward, starred for Mission Church High School in Boston during the past season and led them to a 22-0 regular season record. Named Most Valuable Player in the Catholic Suburban League, Johnson averaged 18 points, 12 rebounds, 6 blocked shots and 6 assists this past season. Johnson's finest hour was an 18 point, 13 rebound, 15 blocked shot game in

Mission's South semi-final win over Roxbury, the Boston Division II champion. Chappelle plans to use Johnson as a quick forward in the years to come to take advantage of his outstanding leaping ability.

"His (Johnson's) strength is right around the basket," said Chappelle. "He possesses good timing and jumping ability, has great quickness and is an excellent shot blocker. His improvement will have to come in his play 10-15 feet from the basket with his ballhandling and outside shooting."

Chappelle and assistant coach Peter Gavett are also still involved in trying to sign another high school star from Boston, point guard Bruce Sumpter of Hyde Park. The 6'2"

Sumpter holds the Hyde Park career assist record with 687 for an average of 12 a game. He is a fine penetrator and an active defensive player who also found time to average 23.8 ppg this season. In his three years at Hyde Park, Sumpter teams posted a 58-9 record and captured the 1979 Division II State title.

Johnson joins 6'4" guard Rick Carlisle from Worcester, (Mass.) Academy, 6'4" swingman Dan Czerapowicz from the Loomis Chaffee School in Connecticut, 6'3" Champ Godbolt from Springfield (Mass.) Tech and 6'8" center Keith Ogden from Bucksport in the incoming freshman class for next year's Black Bear squad.

Assistant hockey coach leaving for Vermont

by Danno Hynes

Ted Castle resigned his position as assistant coach of the UMO hockey team and rink manager of Alford Arena last week to take a position as assistant hockey coach at the University of Vermont.

Castle has been assistant coach of the UMO team for the past two years and with head coach Jack Semler has helped get the Black Bears into a competitive team in anticipation of next season's jump to Division I hockey.

Castle played at UVM during his college career and was captain of the 1973-74 Catamount team that captured the Division Two national championship. He was named to the All-American squad in 1974 and is the third highest scorer in UVM hockey history.

Castle, who made his decision to resign a few weeks ago after talking with head coach Jack Semler and UMO director of athletics Harold Westerman, said his decision to leave had nothing to do with the Maine hockey program.

"I think there is a lot of future here at Maine," Castle said. "I couldn't ask for a better person to work with and Jack and I couldn't ask for a better bunch of guys to coach than I've had here. My decision to leave was based on my personal interests at Vermont and has nothing to do with any dissatisfaction with the program here."

Head coach Jack Semler said it was a tough decision for Castle to make.

"He was assistant coach at UVM on a voluntary basis before coming here," Semler said. "UVM just made the position an official one and they wanted Ted. He has a lot of regrets about leaving the UMO hockey program and the players but this may be the only chance he'll get to go back to the school where he played and coach. He has a lot of friends there and for the last five summers has been conducting a hockey camp in Vermont. We'll miss Ted. He's done a great job with us and I know that he'll do as well at Vermont. I wish him only the best of luck."

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FR60-14	69.27	52.21	2.85	
GR60-14	72.95	54.99	2.98	
GR60-15	75.64	57.01	3.07	
LR60-15	83.33	62.81	3.55	
PREMIUM "70" OUTLINE LETTERS				
BR70-13	56.00	42.21	2.17	
DR70-14	61.18	46.12	2.38	
ER70-14	61.76	46.56	2.63	
FR70-14	65.84	49.63	2.70	
GR70-14	69.30	52.24	2.93	
GR70-15	71.86	54.16	2.96	
HR70-15	73.81	55.64	3.14	
PREMIUM "75" STANDARD WHITE				
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P205-14	FR78-14	63.00	47.48	2.52
P215-14	GR78-14	66.35	50.02	2.62
P225-15	GR78-15	70.78	53.37	2.95
P235-15	LR78-15	75.86	57.17	3.09

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F60-14	46.29	34.90	2.56
F60-14	47.21	35.58	2.81
G60-14	49.69	37.46	2.99
L60-14	58.21	43.88	3.54
F60-15	45.83	34.55	2.70
G60-15	47.69	35.95	2.91
G60-15	51.63	38.92	3.03
L60-15	55.24	41.64	3.56
L60-15	59.12	44.56	3.61
PREMIUM "70" RAISED WHITE LETTERS			
A70-13	36.04	27.18	1.91
C70-14	39.55	29.81	2.22
E70-14	42.41	31.98	2.35
F70-14	43.53	32.81	2.54
G70-14	45.93	34.62	2.71
H70-14	50.07	37.75	2.90
G70-15	47.56	35.85	2.77
H70-15	50.38	37.95	3.00
PREMIUM "78" STANDARD WHITE			
A78-13	33.16	25.00	1.74
C78-13	36.27	27.35	1.89
E78-14	37.35	27.56	2.01
F78-14	40.47	30.51	2.34
G78-14	42.07	31.73	2.53
H78-14	42.84	32.29	2.59
G78-15	42.60	32.11	2.59
H78-15	44.80	33.77	2.82
L78-15	46.70	35.21	3.06
L78-15	46.96	35.40	3.11

SIZE	REG. PRICE	MONEY- SAVING PRICE	F.E.T.
PREMIUM "78" STANDARD WHITE			
BR78-13	46.56	35.10	1.98
DR78-14	50.96	38.41	2.27
ER78-14	52.56	39.62	2.38
FR78-14	56.00	42.21	2.55
GR78-14	59.00	44.46	2.65
HR78-14	60.98	45.96	2.95
FR78-15	57.36	43.24	2.55
GR78-15	61.06	46.03	2.73
HR78-15	62.93	47.45	2.96
LR78-15	67.40	50.80	3.30
PREMIUM "METRICS" BLACKWALL			
155-12	38.38	28.93	1.45
155-13	39.93	30.10	1.59
165-13	40.69	30.67	1.81
185-13	46.36	34.94	1.90
165-14	47.20	35.57	2.04
175-14	44.73	33.72	2.04
205-14	50.98	38.42	2.25
185-14	52.06	39.24	2.50
205-14	52.06	39.24	2.50
155-15	43.47	32.78	1.81
165-15	44.98	33.90	1.99
175-15	50.30	37.93	2.34
195-15	52.58	39.64	2.61

SIZE	REG. PRICE	MONEY- SAVING PRICE	F.E.T.
PREMIUM "78" STANDARD WHITE			
A78-13	27.32	20.60	1.63
B78-13	29.43	22.18	1.69
C78-14	30.20	22.76	1.87
E78-14	31.23	23.54	2.03
F78-14	32.90	24.80	2.25
G78-14	34.26	25.82	2.42
H78-14	36.33	27.38	2.67
G78-15	35.55	26.80	2.51
H78-15	37.41	28.20	2.74
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C78-14	27.75	20.92	1.87
E78-14	28.75	21.68	2.03
F78-14	30.49	23.02	2.25
G78-14	31.86	24.01	2.42
H78-14	33.90	25.56	2.61
G78-15	33.06	24.92	2.51
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L78-15	37.43	28.21	2.99

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C78-14	33.00	24.88	1.88
E78-14	33.96	25.60	2.10
F78-14	35.90	27.06	2.22
G78-14	37.43	28.21	2.38
H78-14	39.70	29.93	2.61
G78-15	38.69	28.17	2.44
H78-15	40.87	30.81	2.60
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F78-14	35.90	27.06	2.22
G78-14	37.43	28.21	2.38
H78-14	39.70	29.93	2.61
G78-15	38.69	28.17	2.44
H78-15	40.87	30.81	2.60
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SIZE	REG. PRICE	MONEY- SAVING PRICE	F.E.T.
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G50-14	59.26	44.66	3.36
M50-14	70.98	53.50	3.96
E50-15	54.73	41.25	2.79
G50-15	59.72	45.01	3.23
L50-15	69.73	52.56	3.90

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14-15LT	6	115.55	90.10	7.04
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700-14	8	49.46	37.28	2.57
700-15	6	45.43	34.24	2.98
800-16-5	6	48.49	36.55	3.00
800-16-5	8	57.32	43.21	3.24
800-16-5	8	63.81	48.09	3.50
800-16-5	10	68.35	51.53	3.79
875-16-5	8	70.07	52.81	3.93
875-16-5	10	75.73	57.08	4.25
950-16-5	8	74.75	56.35	4.49
12-16-5	8	97.50	73.49	5.60
12-16-5	8	68.15	51.38	3.92

		58.15	51.38	3.92
ger 4-Ply				
SIZE	REG. PRICE	MONEY- SAVING PRICE	F.E.T.	
PREMIUM SPORTS TIRE STANDARD WHITE				
600-12	29.80	22.46	1.49	
615-13	29.36	22.13	1.34	
600-15L	33.35	25.14	1.70	
PREMIUM "78" STANDARD WHITE				

A78-13	29.81	22.48	1.62
C78-13	32.16	24.25	1.88
C78-14	33.00	24.88	1.88
E78-14	33.96	25.60	2.10
F78-14	35.90	27.06	2.22
G78-14	37.43	28.21	2.38
H78-14	39.70	29.93	2.61
G78-15	38.69	29.17	2.44
H78-15	40.87	30.81	2.60
L78-15	43.32	32.78	2.96

BOAT TRAILER

SIZE	PLY	REG. PRICE	MONEY- SAVING PRICE	F.E.T.
TUBELESS				
480-8	4	16.64	12.54	.65
570-8	6	25.12	18.93	1.10
480-12	4	21.64	16.32	.90
530-12	4	24.15	18.21	1.03

SIZE	PLY	REG. PRICE	MONEY- SAVING PRICE	F.E.T.
PREMIUM "78" BELTED TRUCK 6 PLY TUBELESS TRACTION TREAD				
480-8	4	16.64	12.54	.65
570-8	6	25.12	18.93	1.10
480-12	4	21.64	16.32	.90
530-12	4	24.15	18.21	1.03

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\$17⁹⁵**

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photo by Bob Granger



THE MAINE REVIEW

a literary supplement
to the *Maine Campus*

"TANNER AND KIT"

Elsie Dinsmore

Gran-Da always said that sometimes it was the small things that made the biggest difference in life. Things like a missed train. A chance hello. A letter. Or sometimes no more'n a few lines scrawled on a piece of paper slipped into an envelope that looked innocent enough. Sometimes that small white thing and the message in it can turn your world upside down. Make you wonder how many people really are as they seem. Force you to remember a time and a place you had pushed into the dark corners of your mind.

On the morning after the big blizzard in late April, Mam came back from Conley's store with a grocery bag in one hand and, in the other, the envelope. Usually I was the one who ran the errands. But I had spent most of the night waking and coughing and gotten up that morning with a fever and the threat of a sore throat. Her raised eyebrow warning me not to argue, Mam kept me home from school. When the Seth Thomas on the dining-room shelf had struck half-past ten and the neighborhood boy who shoveled for us had not appeared, she decided to wait no longer. She planned to make fishcakes for dinner and she was out of onions and salt-pork. According to her way, decent fishcakes required chopped onions in them and pork scraps to fry them in.

Stay away from the woodfire.

Stand out of the draft from the door.

Keep your pajamas buttoned across your chest.

Her reminders floating behind her, Mam pushed open the back door and broke a footpath to the road.

The whole world was white. Wet and heavy and with a layer of slush under it, snow clung in ridges to the branches and greening buds of the old maple. It swirled in drifts around the house, against the windows, and across the driveway where only two days before I had lost my best glassy, a sea-green with daubs of rust floating like specks of sand on a beach, in the season's first marble game. Along the road, the snow-plow had pushed it into banks like crumbled walls of ruined forts—chunks and slabs and tiny blobs without meaning.

Twenty minutes later, Mam was back. The buckles on Gran-Da's old overshoes flapping, she came in the shed door and trailed footprints, wet from the snow and muddy from the plowed road, across the back entry and the kitchen. Smelling of Vicks Vapo-rub she had lathered on my chest and back, I sat at the table, trying to draw a picture of Houn', who lay in front of the kitchen stove, his paws jerking in the chase of a dog-dream. I stopped, crayon in air, as I watched her break one of her rules: Take your boots off at the door.

Along with don't-slam-the-door, it was one I broke at least once a week and had to clean up the mess and go to bed early. As if he knew what she had done, Houn' woke and heaved himself up and shook his head. His eyes blinked with sleep. Mam went straight to the sink and slipped the envelope between a pair of kerosene lamps on the shelf above. As if her mind wasn't on it, she took three onions out of the bag, one by one, and placed them, all in a row, on the counter. Then she dumped the slab of salt-pork out and stood folding the bag, creasing and re-creasing its brown edges between her thumb and forefinger. Watching her, I tried to think of a round-a-bout way to bring up the subject of the envelope.

"Tanner, he's...different, isn't he?" I recognized the writing on the front of it, a black spidery scrawl on white, from Tanner's signature, Jonathan, the name he wrote in the corner of his paintings. That was his real name. His brothers had shortened it to Tanner. Gran-Da had called him Tan.

"Different?" Her brown eyes wide, Mam flicked a look in my direction then dropped her eyes and studied the bag like she was trying to find a new and better way of making creases.

"He paints pictures. Not many men paint pictures."

"Ayuh." She breathed a sigh of relief. Giving the bag a final fold, she added it to a bundle of others of different sizes, all squeezed into a rack on the inside of a cupboard door. Then she went back to the entry and took off her wool kerchief, her winter coat, and the overshoes. She ignored the footprints. Her back to me, her shoulders hunched, she cut a strip of the pork into small pieces and, crossing to the stove, set them to slow frying in a skillet of cast iron, heavy and black and shining smooth with use. Without saying any more, she washed her hands at the sink and brought from the ice-box in the entry a plate heaped with dried pollack and boiled potatoes left over from supper the night before. As the odor of frying pork filled the kitchen, she began to peel and slice one of the onions. Halfway through chopping it into tiny bits, she stopped and cleared her throat.

"Tanner is dead." She didn't turn.

"How?" Not When? but How? Until Gran-Da had dropped dead on the beach the October before, I thought people just got old and sick and went to bed and died. Tan had brought Gran-Da home and now Tan was dead.

"How?"

"He...he hung himself." She strangled over the words and I saw the knuckles of the hand that held the knife get

all white.

After the first shock of what she said wore off, I wondered why she had told me, why she hadn't stacked it with all those things I'd asked about and she'd told me were over my head. Maybe she didn't want to add to the heavy load that would someday fall on me. Or maybe now that I was six-going-on-seven and hadn't cried at all when Gran-Da died, she thought I was grown-up enough to know. I finally decided the real reason she told me was that she had no choice: the truth was part of what she believed in, along with the Will of God and the Baptist Church. And with that How? so heavy it was filling all the breathing space over the table between us, there was no way around it except to tell the truth.

"These onions are stronger than the last batch. They'd take the eyes right out of your head!" The corners of her mouth quivered just a little before they settled back into a straight line. She swiped at her cheek with her forearm. Then she turned her back and started chopping again. "Just before dawn. He...When the snow stopped..." With a sound like she'd swallowed something so big it wouldn't go down, she grabbed the corner of her apron and wiped her eyes.

It had to be the onions. Mam didn't like Tan. Or the idea of the three of us, me and Gran-Da and Tan with his easel and paints, walking on the beach every chance we got. Not that she came right out and said so. But once in a while when Great-aunt Lettie, Gran-Da's spinster sister got onto her about the young'un and one of them, Mam would go around for a day or two breathing little sighs or murmuring something about bad influence or not saying anything. Knowing it didn't do any good, she got over that quick but she still didn't like Tan. Still, Mam being Mam, she'd grieve for anyone hurtin'. But she wouldn't take it as hard as this.

Looking like he'd decided there was nothing he could do about anything, Houn' shook his head and circled once or twice before he settled in front of the stove. Mam mashed up the potatoes and put the onions and fish with them. Once they were all mixed, she divided the whole of it into three mounds and patted them into circles. Carrying the fishcakes on a clean plate, she went to the stove, spooned back the pork-scraps, and laid them one at a time in the fat. Side-to-side she looked so pale that there seemed to be no difference between her face and the white hair that framed it. When she was satisfied the cakes were frying slow enough, she went to the sink for the letter and sat down across the table from me.

"Ever been in that barn?" With one elbow braced on the table, she leaned her chin on her hand and stared at the envelope.

"Nope." I knew the barn she meant. "But Gran-Da was. He said Tan had a room in the loft, chock-full of paintings. Paintings of houses and trees and Kit. But most of them he painted of the beach and the waves and the rocks."

"Wonder why he never gave your Gran-Da one of them?" Her face didn't move but her eyes darted a look that asked me if I knew. I didn't. I could guess but I wasn't sure I was right.

"You'd have thought—Good friends that they were—Prob'ly he figured I wouldn't let him keep it." She dug at an imaginary spot on the oilcloth. "Maybe he was right." She sighed and laid the envelope on the table. "That was where he did it. In the barn. He waited til the snow stopped and then he shoveled a path right up to the barn door and...went in...and did it."

One day the summer before it was real hot and I was wading at the Sand Beach. The salt water was so icy my feet got numb and I didn't even feel the rock that tripped me. I fell in head-first. My whole body felt like the Bay was crushing it and someone was sticking a knife into my chest. I hurt. I hurt so much all I could do was gasp and wheeze and gulp for air. That was the way I felt, sitting there looking at Mam and the envelope and hearing her voice say over and over in my head:

That's where he did it.

"We'll eat first." She propped the envelope against the sugar bowl and got up. I was glad. I didn't want to know what was in that envelope with "Mrs. Malloy" scrawled on the front of it in Tan's spidery writing.

We ate dinner and did up the dishes. Mam had just finished washing the frying pan and putting it on the back of the stove to dry when the Folsom boy came to the door. Mam gave him a dime and a molasses cookie for shoveling the path. His nose sniffing at the boy's leg, Houn' decided to go out for a while. When he came back in and settled down, everything was so quiet there was nothin' to do but open that envelope.

"Oh oh oh." Mam didn't exactly say the words. More like she groaned them. I took the slip of paper she passed



photo by Kim Takayama

[continued on page 12 A]

I Am Not the Man

I am not the man you saw on the stairs with the box of cigarettes
or the man with the pipe.

I am not the man who came to fix your sink
and left the wrench leaning against the toilet
like a metal soldier of alien intent;

I am not the man who asked you to sign for the package
which your aunt in Nebraska sent UPS for your birthday
the year New York seemed like black ice to you and every horn on 3rd Avenue
touched your dreams and turned your heart to a harp of loneliness.

I am not the man you sleep with;
he is fair and shorter than I;

his belly seems flatter but
he might only be sucking it in.

I am not the super or the man upstairs
or the dead-faced old queer who cries in the middle of the night
but I have heard him and thought for a moment that I was.

I am not the man in the booth
or the fellow you know from your home town in Tennessee.

I am the man who is behind you
with the knife I took from your kitchen rack.

Now close your eyes.

Stephen King

Stephen King, author of four hugely successful novels ["Carrie," "Salem's Lot," "The Shining," and "The Stand"] and a collection of short stories ["Night Shift"], is an alumni of UMO and spent the year as a lecturer in the English department. "I Am Not the Man," a recent and previously unpublished poem is representative of his unique perceptions of man and his fascination with suspense and fear.

Thank you for an interesting year and your invaluable expertise. Good luck.

—Ed.

Bathroom Graffiti

"I feel like the first
Spider in a new house
Writing the first message
Instead of cobwebs."

Scott Bridgham

Today's Gifts

Cracks on the ceiling silently spread
like spiderwebs—
time overtakes all,
aging alike in the end

Joseph Juda

Untitled

Apples at ten pounds for one dollar
slightly dusty reddish brown and
lighter to the touch than they look.

Ellen Randall

photo by Bob Granger



Portland Waking

I. Sonnet: Ideas

Two intersecting cones; one light, one dark,
Of Nicholas of Cusa: kingly seal
Of Solomon; a rann in Phoenix Park,
A twain of doubling hemispheres, a peal
Of poems as in a Vision, set in time.
The ancient inert stasis once released
By Yeats and Einstein sets the world a-rhyme,
The double helix, D N A, the beast
Comes slouching aqualittoral it seems
Across the brain and back again to sleep
To regulate its conscious state with dreams:
Propose and presuppose some very deep
And fundamental rubrics to be solved
About the structures humans have evolved.

II. Sonnet: Things

Where more my love, you come to me for love?
Why walk the streets in the early morn, lost, lorn?
So quiet are the predawn streets you rove
You hear the heartbeat of the early morn.
No cars out yet on empty streets, the lamps
Are casting bone-white, spectral from above
Their pallid glares through morning dews and damps—
Deserted streets; such things as dreams are wove
Of—empty display windows, unbreathed air,
Of dark and vacant alleys, smelling live,
Decayed. And you the stillness with me share
As we in floating darkness slowly dive
And fly above the silent city streets
And sing the song that always dawn repeats.

III. Sonnet for Mrs. Charest

In predawn Mrs. Charest woke to hear
Her drunken husband snoring alongside
Her in the morning chill, his whisky-beer
Breath warm and grainy. Whistles rose and died
From fishing boats just entering the bay.
The boats were back, gone full three days. She rose,
Dressed in the dark. All men home safe, I pray
And three days striking, all the good that those
Big talking labor leaders— come what must
We'll still have food. She found the fish-knife, went
Outside for Lewises fish factory bus
And got aboard twelve hours work pays the rent
Now sleeping on the bus, now comes a wish
A dream, of skillet full of good fresh fish.

IV

On hearing whispers closing in on time
Ruth Charest rode the rumbling sleep-dawn bus
Facing East, watching the sun, lunchtime dime
Gripped tightly; tense, tired and just nervous

She saw the harbor dawn, clear and fogless
Out past the islands, clear, sharp horizon
Dotted by fish-boats, plus beaucoup of fishes.
He joins a union, strikes for no reason,

My carpenter husband, drunk dirty pig
Asleep in bed, drank whiskey on the porch
All last night, him drinking and talking big
About his striking, about going to church

About children, and our country, about love,
Whispering songs to the full moon above.

V

Certain things I will not write about
In poems because, belonging to us all,
No poem can make them better. Not about
A flock of seagulls rising from the tall
Tar roofs, about the way they looked in flight
Or how they flew to meet the fishing fleet,
In silhouette against the dawn, the bright
Red shining sun reflecting each wing beat.
About the smell of salt I will not write:
The way it flares your nostrils, not of craft
Of poetry, but of the morning light
As it hit Oley Andersen's small craft,
Condensing dew and slickness from the decks,
And warming bodies, browning napes of necks.



Fraser 8/78

VI

The shorter inner harbor swells, the smell
Of land from north and south, the rising sun
Astern to east, the city on the hill
Full off the bow, thought Oley Andersen.
The hold is full of whitefish, good market price
The dogfish that we killed for fun last night
Will pay for gas, and maybe even ice
The weather held, too, not a cloud in sight.
No injuries, the crew; no loss of lives,
Or time, or money, thanks to me that ain't
Too awful. And as for the boat, she drives
Too slow; she'll need a coat of bottom paint.
I'll wake up fore the next low tide and beach
Her, buy a paintbrush: only ten cents each.

VII

And him with whiskey words and singing songs
All night with me, thought Leo Charest, still
Asleep: The union hall. "What further wrongs
Are we to bear," he said. "No longer will
This burden. We do hereby call a strike.
A strike? A fight for our existence, which
We either win or die. But we are like
A tribe that never dies. A tribe, yes, which
Reminds me of an Indian chief whose name
Was 'Red Cloud, who while teaching union, said
In union there is strength. He was not tame
And neither am I Blood! I want blood, red
Dark blood. Tonight I make a move. You men
Stay home awake, for I may need my kin.

VIII

The banker and the judge were both agreed
The carpenters' financial holdings would
Soon be exhausted. "When the strikers need
Some food for their large families," they "could
Be counted on to break their ranks. The snakes
And scabs will soon appear. They are too weak
To make decisive moves." "Inertia makes
The best of allies." "So let them eat cakes—
While we just play for time. We'll drink their health
And bid confusion to collateral."
"Their blood, their sweat, is to increase our wealth."
"We cannot lose, we are invincible."
Now night has fallen: off his starboard rail
Leaving the harbor, Oley sees a sail:

IX

Raggily wrenching ragtime reggae rhythms from the furrowing
sound of bowstem chattering mellifluently through the tops
of choppy salt waves swinging into the sea-swell sighting
course on Orion, the top of the mast swinging through the
constellation in oscillation with the moon-breathed surge,
the ghosts of sunny daytime thermal turbulence simming the
nightbreeze, rattling the waves somewhat, all in conjunction
and convenience with the shifting gravitational and
non-gravitational synergistic, linear programmable, variations
permutations combinations and interdependencies of observable
and unknown interractional energy fields; the thrum of jibsheet
shearing the taut breeze, the sloping deck slippery hard to
walk on, the arm-wrenching tiller pull of the oversize
rudder, gliding, softening, then ghosting through the night
still singing, tilting my head back and singing these things:
by blood it runs and pulses in its accorded measured rhythms,
my sweat comes easily I respire perspire, suspire and will
expire within certain statistically-determined time variables
of high probability; the prismatic coefficient of the shape
of the atom is discovered to be both here and there, everything
moves as it changes, as my old friend said: I claim this for
my own, this one free wild ride over the scend and sweep,
calling the tune.

Michael D. Carey

Through a Window

It is yesterday morning.

Once again I see you poised behind a window
of twenty dirty panes.

Your sleek, tiny figure appears to me:

one knee upon the sill,

your chin upon one arm,

A bit of fog goes before your lips and nose.

Evariste Bernier

Silence after the Striking of the Town Clock at 2 a.m.

The only sounds reaching my bed
are those of rain hurled off wet tires,
harsh as cold nails,
to slap ghostily on pockmarked
asphalt streets

with the
imagined fading metronome
of windshield wipers
tapering into the lonely night.

Joseph Juda

photo by Kim Takayama



Vacancy

(Reflections in the Penobscot)

black fluid

reflections

of the sky

leaves

mock

clouds

around

a neon moon

all the stars

cheap hotels

VACANCY

ebbing

with the tide

Diana Cookson

5:30 a.m.

The Sun rises.

A little girl in a blue nightgown
runs barefoot down the street.

Slap, slap, Slap, slap...

Evariste Bernier

"SECOND THOUGHTS"

Bernie MacKinnon

Angela didn't like Jacob's Ladder. It was only her third time there and she was beginning to loathe it. The crowd, the beer, the jukebox, the puffy pained face of the bartender—it all held the same queasy edge as the formaldehyde in Biology class. But Paul evidently liked the place so now she sat beside him at the small wooden table as he tilted back laughing in his chair, with Jerrid and Laurie across from them. The Bee Gees blared from the corner as waitresses circulated and patrons clustered at tables or thronged the bar.

"The coach was so pissed at me!" Paul laughed. "I can't exactly blame him," said Laurie. "Right in the middle of a game! Angie and I couldn't believe it!"

"I couldn't help it!" Paul threw his long arms out. "Didn't you see it happen? Didn't you laugh?" "I saw it from the bench," Jerrid nodded and chuckled huskily. "It was funny as hell."

"It wasn't *that* funny," said Laurie. "I grab this rebound"—Paul crooked his fingers—"and soon as I turn around—bang!—these two big Northbury guys ram into each other right in front of me!" he brought his palms together with a loud smack that startled Angela out of her ceiling gaze.

"You were just standing there laughing like a sonofabitch," Jerrid chortled. "So I started to." "I was lucky I got the ball off to McNeil."

The game had been nearly a week ago. Angela felt her pores open as the heat swelled beneath her new ski sweater and she wished she hadn't worn it. She sipped her beer and watched the crowd. Except for the bar area the place was dim, with a slow-moving bank of cigarette smoke overhead. The smoke wound thickest at the top of the aluminum ladder at the center of the big room. The owner, a guy named Jacobs, had put the ladder there when he'd bought the place and changed the name from Milo's. It was a simple thing with twelve rungs, fastened to the floor and running straight up into the ceiling. It was meant as the joint's token novelty but Angela thought it looked odd, foolish.

Her fingers were starting to hurt with blunt pressure. When Paul had called about going out that evening she'd said okay to escape the house and her mother's voice. But as soon as they'd seated themselves with the other two she'd felt the bars of a tighter cage come down with a vicious clang. A weak groan hovered in her chest and she pressed her lips together.

"Angie?" It was Laurie.

"What?"

"I said..."

"Don't mind Angie," Paul cut in. "Her mind's on Mars tonight."

"How do you think Hamilton's midyear will be?" Laurie asked. "Have you heard him say anything about it?"

"Nah, no. It'll be hard, I guess. He'll probably emphasize the Civil War."

The thought of classes resuming the day after next at New Athens High, and midyear exams not far away, crawled into her mind like a great mangy beast. She put a hand to her forehead. "I don't think I can hack midyears."

"Come on, babes," said Laurie, smiling green-eyed and impish. "After this month we can screw off and start acting like seniors. We're talking home stretch here."

Over by the door a whirl of arms and bodies erupted and all eyes jerked around to look. The heavy, bearded bouncer had grabbed a cursing drunk and in a moment forced him back outside. The clatter of voices rose again through the place with a smatter of laughs.

"I hope that bartender doesn't recognize me," said Laurie. "I think he knows my father." Laurie was four months short of her birthday and had gotten in with a fake ID.

"You hear they're thinking of raising the drinking age?" said Jerrid.

Laurie rolled her eyes as she finished her beer. "God, if they do that it'll be just my luck."

"Well, what about us?" said Paul. "Our ID's wouldn't be any good."

The jukebox had stopped. Paul took out a quarter and went to the machine. Laurie asked Angela if she'd heard from any colleges but Jerrid interrupted, wearing his white demon smile. "Hey!... Hey, look who's at the next table."

Laurie looked and smiled faintly, glancing back to Jerrid. "Well, gee. Let's call him over here," she giggled. Jerrid laughed. Angela swallowed the last of her beer then looked dulled-eyed to her left and saw him sitting alone with a mug of beer. His

narrow, pimpled face nudged through her head's fatigue into hazy recognition—from a few classes over the past three years, and maybe before that, from junior high.

"Why do you want to ask him over?" she asked Laurie.

"I was just kidding," she giggled, shaking her head.

Jerrid laughed harder. "Laurie, tell Angie how you broke his heart."

"What?" said Angela.

"Last year he was bugging her in Knowland's English class."

"Well, he wasn't *really* bugging me," said Laurie. "I just got kind of nervous. He just kept—you know—trying to talk to me."

"So she finally had to change seats—like, to the other side of the room. Broke his heart."

Laurie shook her head, smiling. Paul took his seat.

"Hughie Chambers made it here tonight," Jerrid grinned, motioning with his thumb.

Paul looked and a laugh burst out as he covered his eyes. "Oh, Jesus."

Hughie—the name penetrated Angela's memory more cleanly than the face. She'd heard it in

long-ago roll calls. Her eyes drifted back to him. In a checkered shirt, he was slumped back against a green parka draped over the chair back, and looking into the wall of bodies along the bar. As she watched him lift his beer to drink she felt a small quiver in her stomach. She remembered him clearly now. He'd been in her Algebra class last year. He'd sat behind her to the right, and a number of times she'd felt that pale blue stare like cold scales on her neck. She couldn't remember hearing him speak.

"Didn't he get fired from Howard's Grocery?" said Paul.

"Yeah," Jerrid said. "He slugged Tony Marshall into a stack of soup cans."

"What did Tony say to him?" Angela asked.

"I dunno what he said. Tony's brother came after Hughie and pounded the shit out of him, really bloodied him up. He's working up at Crowley's gas station now, I think," Jerrid glanced over again and snickered. "Fucking mongoloid!" "Be nice!" Laurie chirped.

[continued on page 84]



photo by Bob Granger

The App

I walked in
I rode up e
I set my ski
And pushed

(And it's w
the cor
What are y
Where do y
with us?
How long d

Experience,
do
ca
go

The person
Mastermind
Complacent
Then tell m

(And it's w
referen
What is you
Are you loo
promoti
Is there any

Sell yoursel
go
pi

The Application Shuffle

I walked into the lobby.
I rode up eighteen floors.
I set my skirt and jewelry straight
And pushed on through the doors.

(And it's what can you do for
the company?
What are your goals per se?
Where do you think you'll go
with us?
How long do you plan to stay?)

Experience, experience,
don't got it
can't get it
gotta have experience.

The personnel department
Masterminds the show.
Complacently they scan my life
Then tell me where to go.

(And it's who can you list as
references?
What is your range for pay?
Are you looking for rapid
promotion?
Is there anything you want to say?)

Sell yourself, sell yourself,
gotta do it
pitch right in and sell yourself.

Phyllis Betz

Shot from the Sky

Shot from the sky
My father was
a part in a collection
of broken and captured wings;
which Nipped and Nazied
across the forty-eight
spreading the word
for F.D.R.

He designed
propped posters
and gandered in streets
once for bread, and then ballistics
In a car - the Cascades -
or a train from Topeka,
what was left of the plains
he breathed
deep enlistments
supporting a pen
and wearing thin.

America, still himself,
a nation
conceived and consumed
in a declaration
he brought home
confused, without wings,
a portrait
of a she-eaglet
shelled in the nest.

Sanford Smith

Zuni Moon

tonight

I walk synchronically

while sky plays

a Strauss waltz

on the stars

Jupiter tails

the moon

arabesquesing

in her garb

of lazy green-blue rings

kissing

the ponderosas

with affectionate frost

night applauds

in inebriated time

Diana Cookson



photo by Bob Granger

SECOND THOUGHTS

[continued from page 6A]

"Well that's how he looks!" Jerrod laughed.
 "Well careful he doesn't hear you."
 "I ended up in a basketball game with him in gym once," said Paul. "It was unreal. He couldn't hold onto the ball."
 The jukebox throbbed and thundered with a harder song and they strained to hear each other, nearly shouting when they spoke.
 "Linda Zelinski went out with him once," said Laurie.
 "That spaceshot!" Jerrod chuckled. "It figures she would!"
 "Yeah, it does. But anyway she just said he was really weird."
 "Yeah, weird," said Jerrod. "Once in junior high he made this picture and Mrs. Osborne showed it to the class and it was so fucked up! It was, like, a red cloud with a black horse jumping out of it and it had all these tools—like hammers and saws and nails and stuff—coming out of the cloud with the horse. Fucked up."
 "I guess so," Laurie said, her eyes narrowed.
 Paul nodded. "Yeah, I remember that. Back then he used to talk a lot, didn't he?"
 "Yeah, then he pretty much shut up," said Jerrod. "That's one smart thing he's done, I guess." He rolled his empty glass mug in his fingers. "Actually I'm surprised he even took Linda out. I doubt he'd know what to do."
 "Jerrod!" Laurie fired a scolding stare and smiled.
 "Well I think his mom still tucks him in," he chuckled. "She's funny too. In fact I'm surprised to even see him here."
 "Doesn't his older brother work here?" said Paul.
 "Yeah," said Jerrod. "In fact I think he's the bouncer, the big guy with the beard. They hired him last month. I don't know his name. He dropped out of school years ago, I guess. I wonder if he's as strange as Hughie."
 "What does his father do?" Laurie asked.
 "Don't think they have a father," said Jerrod.
 Just then Angela's ear caught a full-throated laugh from somewhere near the center of the place, pumping strong above most of the noise. She looked around and saw Donna Drew. She was over near the ladder at a crowded table with three pitchers of beer. She was wearing a tight green blouse and her thick arms shook as she laughed, her long hair in a limp tangle down her back. Angela whipped her eyes away and looked at the space of table between her palm-down hands.
 "What's the matter?" said Laurie.
 "Donna," Angela said in a low voice.
 "So?"
 "I accidentally jabbed her with my elbow at swim practice Wednesday when I was getting out of the pool."
 "Oh yeah, I heard about it. But that's her problem. It was just a little accident."
 "She shouted all these things at me," Angela shook her head slowly. "You know what she's like."

"Yeah, a bitch."
 Angela felt hotter. She looked back to Donna's table for a second then asked Laurie if she wanted to go to the bathroom and they reached for their handbags.
 A couple minutes later they were brushing their hair at the bathroom mirror.
 "You look like life's getting to you, honey," said Laurie.
 "It is, kind of."
 "That time of month?"
 "Nah."
 "You and Paul doing alright?"
 "Yeah, yeah, I guess so." She picked strands of auburn hair from her brush. "I just wish he'd simmer down a little."
 "Yeah, Jerrod too," Laurie nodded. "But Paul's a sweetheart."
 "Yeah, he is."
 "So what's the real matter?"
 She sighed and stuck her brush in her handbag.
 "I dunno. I just feel kind of shitty."
 There was a thud, the door flew open and Donna strode in grinning, breasts thrust out. "Hi!" she yelled.
 Angela and Laurie left. "Drunk as a skunk," Laurie said as they squeezed back through the tables.
 They pulled their chairs in and Laurie got out her cigarettes. Paul and Jerrod were talking favorably about their chances for the state championship.
 The talk flipped from sports to school to ski trips to the New Year's Eve bash at Laurie's two nights earlier. Jerrod ribbed her about how smashed she'd gotten and she rolled her eyes and changed the subject. She'd been thinking about waitressing at the Big Dipper. As Laurie spoke, Angela's gaze began wandering. Then from her left she heard a series of sharp rumbles, jabbing up through the dizzy rumble of the crowd. She looked over at Hughie's table and with him was the heavy, bearded bouncer, not sitting but leaning across at Hughie, the sleeves of his black silk shirt rolled up. He was shouting almost into Hughie's face and both their faces were tinged red and tight with anger. The guy stopped shouting and Hughie said something. The other cursed and strode away. Hughie looked at the table and then at the crowd, his face lined and frowning.
 "Okay, whadya say about a pitcher?" said Jerrod.
 "Nah, just glasses," Laurie said. She looked around for a waitress but couldn't find one. The guys got out their change then snatched up the mugs and headed for the bar.
 Laurie ground her cigarette into the silver paper ashtray. "I gotta go again," she said, getting up. "I swear I've got bladder problems. Wanna come?"
 Angela shook her head. When Laurie was gone she sat watching the butt smolder in the ashtray. She looked over at Hughie and he was sitting there, his mug still nearly full. His long skinny hands lay in front of him. His face was pale and tired-looking

and his eyes drooped. Just then his eyes darted up to her—bloodshot, blue needle eyes—and she jerked her head forward with a shudder. Looking straight at the dark rear wall, her mind bristling, she hoped he wouldn't come over and try to talk to her or anything. The jukebox blared. She shuddered again and cursed herself.
 Her fingers fiddled with the ashtray, bending the sides in as the moment lurched by. She thought of going after Laurie but then she started calming. Laurie would be back any second.
 "Hey, hey, how's the virgin princess?"
 Her eyes shot up and her shoulders twitched. Donna stood there, big and fat-faced with a long sneer.
 "Hi," Angela whispered.
 "Good to see ya, princess. You lost it yet?"
 Angela looked away quickly—to the wall, to the ashtray. Why wasn't Laurie here? Where were the boys?
 "What, Angie? Paul isn't putting out? Your little prince can't do it?"
 "Get out of here!" she sputtered, not loud enough.
 "Well don't worry, honey. You can always get Mr. Hamilton. You seem to like him. Go see him after class!"
 Laurie arrived and sat.
 "Well, I guess I'll see ya," said Donna. "Charmed, Miss Drake." She wobbled a curtsy then headed toward the bar.
 Angie's hands squeezed together in her lap. Her face felt stuck before an oven and tears ran down.
 "Angie, what did that bitch say to you?" Laurie demanded, leaning toward her with wrinkled forehead.
 She didn't answer. She closed her eyes and breathed through her teeth. In a minute the tears stopped. Heat surged beneath her sweater.
 "Angie. Look over at the bar," Laurie said with surprise in her voice. "Look who's with Donna."
 She didn't look.
 "Look, you gotta see."
 She looked and it was Hughie at the bar with Donna, facing her, standing tall and skinny. Neither was speaking. They were looking at each other.
 "That bitch deserves him," Angela hissed.
 "Look," said Laurie.
 Donna stared up at Hughie with wide foggy eyes, her mouth open and slightly smiling. Then she said something and whisked away with her mug of beer. Bumping against the ladder, she made it to her table and started talking loudly, her words falling out between heaves of louder laughter, and soon her six friends shook with helpless marathon laughter.
 "She is a bitch," Laurie nodded. "A fat, drunk bitch." She lit another cigarette. "That was funny, though. Whatever it was."

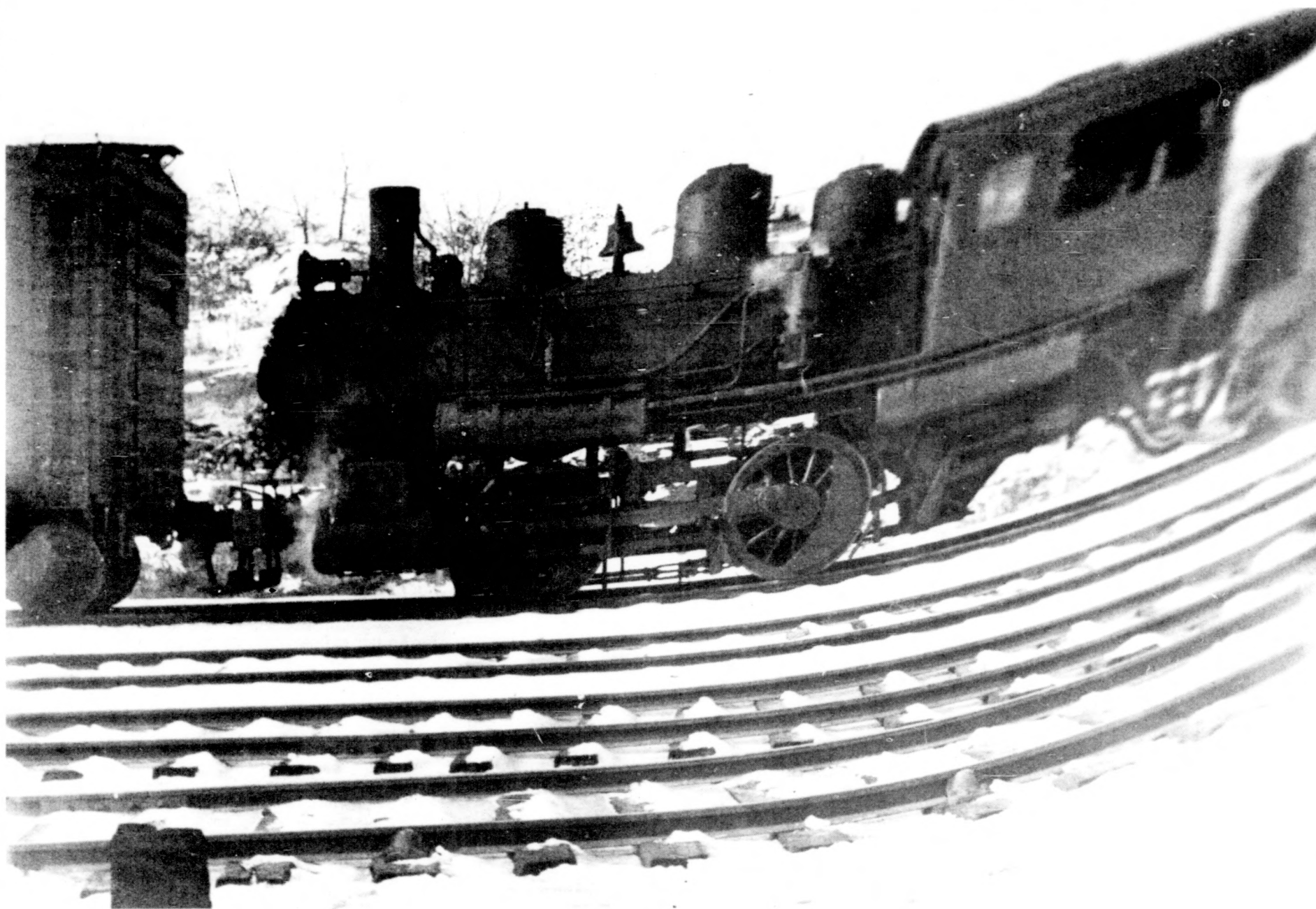
[continued on page 9A]



drawings by Scott Flanders

SECOND

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SECOND THOUGHTS

[continued from page 8A]

Angela folded her arms tightly across her lap. She was faintly sick with the thought that two years ago she'd had a mild friendship with Donna. She got up just as the boys returned with the beer.

"Whereya going?" asked Laurie.

"Can."

"Want me to go with you?"

She shook her head and started through the crowded tables, avoiding the center of the place. Passing the far end of the bar she suddenly saw she was walking toward Hughie. He was still there. He was turned toward her, standing stiffly. She gripped her handbag strap and looked straight ahead, hurrying. As she passed him one eye saw him looking at her and she whipped her head to the right. Then she was past him, aimed at the ladies' room door and a sigh slid out of her.

In the bathroom mirror she removed her contact lenses to dab her eyes with wet kleenex. She replaced the lenses and looked at her reflection, worried at the slightly stretched appearance of her smooth, pretty face. The evening was a cruel claw, mauling her. Her head hurt. Soon, soon she would get out.

Hughie was gone from the bar when she emerged. Back at the table the other three were laughing, Jerrid almost choking.

"What is it?"

Paul answered her. "Did you see Hughie and Donna up there a few minutes ago?"

"What about it?"

"We were right next to 'em. Didn't you see us?"

"So what was it?"

"Donna told him to go fuck a dead dog!" Jerrid wheezed.

Laurie's small shoulders jiggled as she laughed harder. She shook her head. "Poor guy."

"Why? What did he say to her?"

"I didn't catch it," said Paul.

"I did," Jerrid said, and thought for a moment. "It was like, 'You just say whatever you want, don't you?'" He affected a moronic drawl repeating it. "And then she stares at him and says, 'Go fuck a dead dog.'" The laughter surged again, then the three gradually quieted.

Angela looked into the bright amber of her mug, then over to Hughie's table. He was there looking into his drink.

The music pounded. Angela sipped her beer and knew she couldn't finish it. Laurie called out to a blonde waitress—"Hey, Cherry!" She came over with her tray and talked with Laurie for a minute. Laurie waved her cigarette when speaking and the smoke started to irritate Angela's eyes. The waitress excused herself with a smile. Angela's watch said only ten. She looked to the rafters and groped for strength as Jerrid laughed like a pirate.

Again she glanced at Hughie's table. He wasn't there, only his drink. She twisted around and found him by the bar with his brother. They stood in the brash light, Hughie in his green parka. The big guy looked down at him, fists to his hips, and seemed to be shouting. Hughie looked up with slit eyes, his jaw taut and teeth slightly bared. He started to yell something back and the other turned and strode away, going into the stockroom on the far side. Hughie stayed there a few seconds, then the puffy-faced bartender came up to him behind the counter and he stalked away, out the door to the street.

For a moment Angela just looked at the hardwood door.

A minute later Hughie's brother came out of the stockroom clutching three bottles in each hand. He was frowning and looked tired. He went behind the counter, nearly bumping the bartender, and started shelving the bottles.

"Angie! What's so interesting?" It was Jerrid.

She turned quickly. "Huh?"

"Hey, did you see Johnny Carson Wednesday night?"

The music pounded. Her head pounded. She felt the heat and smelled the smoke. The talk rolled and scattered like toy marbles and the crowd laughed and drank and shifted. And she hated the talk, and Jerrid's laugh, and she hated the dizzy evil crowd. She hated Jacob's Ladder like vile disease.

Glancing at her watch she broke in on Paul and Laurie. "Hey, I'm sorry. I have to leave. It's getting late."

"It's only ten thirty," Laurie said. "We could go to the Big Dipper. The drinks are more expensive but..."

"No, no. I don't feel too good. I'm sorry."

Paul shrugged and rose. Angela felt a little dizzy as she got up.

"Listen," said Laurie. "My friend Jenny out in Cedarbridge is having a big party tomorrow night. It'll be easy to find. Do you know where Buck Road is, Paul?"

"Sure."

"Well, after you get onto that you go about three miles toward..." Laurie reeled off the directions.

"I think I can find it," said Paul, pulling on his parka. Angela had her jacket on and waited with her handbag.

"Well, see you guys tomorrow night, then," Paul said.

"Yeah, it'll be a good time," Laurie smiled.

Angela crossed the floor with Paul following, sweeping past Donna's table, which still gurgled with laughter as one of them—a little guy—fumbled up the ladder to the ceiling, nearly falling off on the way. Donna sat back pumping flaccidly with her full-throated laugh. Hughie's brother strode out big and grim-faced past Angela toward the ladder while the bartender looked on. Angela kept straight for the door, the precious door.

Outside, the cold rushed against her like a strong angel of the night and banished the heat.

A lot of the snow from yesterday's storm hadn't been removed and now lay crusty on the sidewalks and in gutters, some in small hard snowbanks, dirty beneath the streetlight. The sidewalk crunched as they headed up the line of cars toward Paul's car, breathing out ragged puffs of steam. The street was mostly dark and quiet. She glanced up at Paul's handsome face and guilt flashed in her head for making him leave early. But soon she'd be home, and home was her bed, and bed would be blessed.

"I don't know if I can remember the directions Laurie gave me," he said. "We better write 'em down in the car. You got something to write with?"

"I might have a pencil in my bag."

"Let's see...get onto Buck Road...three miles toward Cedarbridge...turn left onto..." They reached the car. He'd had to park it on a patch of ice and snow.

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The Maine Review

is a collection of short stories, poems, drawings, photographs, and other creative materials submitted by students. It is published as a supplement to the MAINE CAMPUS each semester. Interested students should contact in-coming editor Jeff White through the UMO English Department.

Editor: Randy Dustin

Faculty Advisor: Burt Hatlen

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SECOND THOUGHTS

[continued from page 9A]

"I hope we don't have trouble moving," he said, taking his keys out. She hoped too.

He unlocked and they slid inside. "At least there's no one in front of me now," he said, and turned on the headlights. Angela started looking half-mindfully in her handbag for a pencil and something to write on. She found an envelope. Paul murmured the directions to himself as he turned the ignition. "Turn left at white barn...go two miles till..." He pressed the accelerator. The car moved slightly, then sank back. He pressed further and it gave a loud whoosh and forward shudder—sank back. Angie whispered a curse.

"Shit!" Paul spat, and pressed again. The car whooshed and bucked and the tires howled for freedom. It sank back.

"I knew I shouldn't've parked here," he scowled. "You take it. He got out and Angie slid wearily to the wheel.

"Okay," he called. She put her foot down hard and he pushed. Woosh—she held her foot down, teeth together and mind leaning into the howl, the impatient fury of the tires.

"Hey!" Paul called. Her foot relaxed. "Hey, go easier, okay?"

"Alright."

She pressed, he pushed. Each time, an abortive whoosh and the car sank back. She looked in the rearview mirror and hated Paul's dark shape, hunched and straining. In the car behind them she saw the shape of a person. He wasn't at the wheel but seemed to be leaning on the far door, maybe resting. She looked down at her foot and pressed. As the car sank back again she wondered why in hell the guy didn't get out and help. Another minute dragged like a dying giant. Then she heard a door slam behind and someone hunched beside Paul. In the red of the taillights she saw Hughie's face. She stiffened.

"Okay, Angie!" Paul called.

She put her foot down and they strained. The car moved out and in as they rocked it. Then it lifted, held, and moved slowly—free. She braked before fully in the lane, jammed the gear in park and sprung over. She heard Paul say "Thanks" and she let out a long, flaccid breath. Paul got to the door and halted. "Holy....Oh no!" He ran to the front of the car and stared at a small dent.

He pounded the hood. "That fucker who was in front of me!"

Angela slouched and looked to the side. How long would he be out there, mourning and cursing? Her thoughts squirmed. She had to tug his mind back.

"Paul!" she called, fighting to sound even. She opened her door and thrust her legs out. "Paul! I can't find a pencil! Are you sure you don't have one?"

"Jesus Christ." He rubbed the dent, then turned his back. He took two paces and stood still, plumes of steam whipping up from his head.

A shadow fell on Angela's knees and she looked up. It was Hughie. Her lungs halted. She looked down. She'd thought he'd returned to his car but he was there, motionless above her. And he had something pointed in his hand.

She looked and it was a pen. She took it, whispering "Thank you." She looked over at Paul's unmoving back, then fumbled behind her for the envelope. She crinkled it in her hand, glanced at the hem of Hughie's parka and then at her cordoroy knees. Her mind was white.

"It's so cold." Hughie's voice. It was calm, softly hoarse. She looked up.

His eyes were tired, lined red. Their light blue was gentle and didn't jab. Messy black hair bordered his thin face. There were pimples along his chin, and an indentation on either side of his small, pouting lips.

"Thank you for looking," he said—softer, tired.

She looked at his eyes and felt them spread softly over her. Her lips parted. He looked old and young, firm and fragile. She'd never seen this face, she thought—except maybe once, long ago, in some forgotten dream or movie. Her hand wanted to reach up and touch it lightly. Then Hughie glanced behind him.

A police cruiser had parked across the street. Hughie hurried to his car—a brown, battered Chevy—as a leather-jacketed cop got out with a handful of white slips. The next instant Paul was back at the wheel and shifting gear. Angela swung back in and shut her door as they pulled away.

Paul maneuvered through the snow-cramped downtown streets, through the lights, past stores still glinting with yule decoration, and soon they were winding the boulevard by the ice-choked river. Paul slowly dictated Laurie's directions and Angela scribbled them in the bad light. As she finished she realized she had Hughie's pen. It was

one of those green pens they'd been giving out last year at Crowley's gas station, with "CROWLEY'S TEXACO" in white letters on the shaft and their address and phone number on the other side. On top was a tiny green plastic leprechaun, with a smile, a four-leaf clover and "Good Luck" on his belly. She stuck it in her handbag with the envelope.

"That fucking dent's gonna cost me," Paul grumbled. "I wish I could get my hands on who did it."

They turned onto Clark Road and veered from the river, and on both sides the houses and trees thinned into open fields with hardened snow, the gentle crests gleaming in the gold of a near-full moon. As they started up the long rise the night sky towered, thick with stars. Angela settled back, peacefully tired. She was thinking about Hughie's face.

"Angie?"

"Yeah?"

"Wanna go out to the Point? Park for a while?"

She sighed. "It's too cold."

"You'd be warm enough," he smirked.

"I'm sorry. I just don't feel good."

Angela looked out her window, listening to the monotone hum of the car. A car came down the hill and threw light in. She felt Paul glance at her.

"You been crying?"

"A little."

The field ran white and smooth across her eyes.

Next morning she learned Hughie Chambers was dead. Her mother told her when she came down after her shower.

"The radio said a high school boy was killed in a car accident last night," her mother said, sitting with her coffee. "His name was Hugh Chambers. Did you know him?"

Angela looked in her bathrobe by the refrigerator. Her mother stood at her.

"A friend of yours? I'm sorry."

She got the details later on TV. Hughie's car had hit a strip of ice at the bend of an old road north of town—out in the farm country, out past any houses, where few cars travelled. Possibly he'd still been alive after going off the road but had been unable to move and had frozen to death.

On the phone that afternoon she told Paul she wouldn't be going to the party in Cedarbridge.

School hit like a big gray wave.

One day in the cafeteria Angela couldn't find Paul or the others, but saw John Abbott swinging up on his crutches to a table while a kitchen worker put his tray down for him. She came over with her tray as he lay the crutches down and they smiled hello. They ate lunch and talked, seated near a corner and away from the loud chatter of crowded tables. She asked about his leg and he said the cast would be off in a week. He'd strained a ligament playing basketball a month ago.

As they were finishing she was speaking. Angela wiped her lips with a napkin. "Too bad about Hughie Chambers, isn't it?"

"Yeah," he nodded. He finished his milk. "Yeah." His face was serious. "he never said much, you know. But I always thought he was a good guy."

"I didn't know him," she said.

"I didn't either, really. But once in Math I was having trouble with something and he kind of sat down and helped me out with it. He was alright."

That night Angela had a dream about Hughie. It was nighttime on a snowy road and she was standing with a bunch of people from school. Across from them, under a streetlight, Hughie stood thin and silent by his old brown car and looked at them and they were all looking at him and laughing. "Fucking mongoloid!" Jerrod yelled. They laughed, but Angela didn't. Then the others left and she remained, looking over at Hughie, feeling his pale blue eyes through the dimness. "It's so cold," he said. His voice was softly hoarse. Then he got into his car and drove off into the dark. She heard tires scream, then crashing metal, and everything was quiet. She stood there staring at the dark.

On a Friday evening soon after, Angela was waiting for Paul to pick her up for a party somewhere. She was digging in her handbag for her compact and she found the green pen with the leprechaun on top. She ran out back and threw it as far as she could. The throw hurt her arm and she stood rubbing it in the cold, staring out into the dusk shadows, the quiet dark of the trees.

The next afternoon she was in town and it was snowing. Across the street she saw a gold sedan pull up by the supermarket and Hughie's brother was at the wheel. She stopped walking. On the far

[continued on page 12A]

Dreams of a Twenty-Second Year

I

Standing on the threshold
Of beardless skinny manhood,
With more girls than women
Standing behind transposed
Into monuments honoring
Gentle back seat conquests
Repeated on beaches, in fields,
Or abandoned railroad cabins
Where musty army blankets
And ruptured mattresses welcome
So sweetly coming spring;
And asking how it has come
That bonfire circles of LSD
And Budweiser and amphetamine
Gulping children have become
Lean jawed or mothers who have
Forgotten the lure of midnight
Cruises through rural towns
Or leather and denim interludes
Flashing under mirrored balls
As beads of light spin over
Furtive kisses and hungry stares
Submerged in electric camouflage
Of rock n' roll and strobe lights:
I mark another year passed.

II

I have seen my soul
Bound to a woman and railing
Unwittingly for release
In ubiquitous seductions
And billowing cant
Streaming through cracks
In a facade concealing
Desires unfulfilled and poetic;
But screaming in desperation
At fish cold eyes and
Dour words used like
Forceps and a suction tube
With tearless, white-smocked
Calculation to pluck me
From her life as she might
A stray hair from her brow.
She is the Lady Ripper:
Smearing love like blood
From an invaded womb
Over thighs and belly
To a face where worry lines
Are growing quickly deeper,
And hair that is turning
Silver in anticipation
Of future cluttered rooms,
And faint blue threads
Already visible in legs
That have yet to support
A trunk swollen large
With the fruit of a lover.

III

For I have walked along these
Avenues of stammering voices
And euphoric visions curling
From brass pipes and powders
Into figures of shapely legs
And X-rated grinds.
I have paced cerebral corridors:
My footsteps punctuating the
Silence of grey-toned apparition
Where my shadow lurks
Splayed across disparate lives
Meandering slowly towards
Cancerous middle-class death,
Continental wanderlust,
Or hometown status quo.
I have sat first row,
Front and center, to watch
The denouement of a tragedy
Perfectly mundane but as deadly
In its thirty caliber resolution
As Shakespeare's vilest potion.
I have fondled a razor
In the misty dawn
Of a solitary winter's day
Watching these visions
Dancing in the lambency
Of a wood fire.
And have come finally
To laugh at the shiny blade,
And at my trembling embrace
Of life quite as feeble
As a white haired and
Desiccated old woman
Whose sorrows and joys
Have fused and atrophied:
For I have only
Turned twenty-two.



*This poem was awarded the 1979
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