Seniors
Now, as we look at the people on these pages, let us reflect on what happened to us this year, the last year for these seniors, the year they will remember, whether they like it or not.

It was a strange year. After Vice-President Agnew resigned in the fall, everything just seemed to be anti-climactic. No matter how much an event affected us as students, it never bothered us that much. Nothing caused us to spring back in reaction to things oppressing us or lifting us up.
The energy crisis, while not forcing campus activity to a grinding halt this year, did slow things down a bit.

Dorm residents were requested to keep windows shut to save heat and to turn lights off when possible. Some students found solace, others found other things to do in the dim light. Self-appointed energy wardens shuffled through dorms dousing lights throughout the winter. MUAB and IDB functions seemed to find new life as veritable throngs descended upon campus activities. Among some hi-fi freaks a fear arose that the 10 per cent electric power reductions would blow a $400 amplifier, so dorms approached monasteries in lack of electric-powered noise.
Car travel was limited somewhat by gas prices soaring over 50 cents a gallon. Fewer students planned weekend trips to Quebec or Boston in the winter. Skiers were helped when some ski areas provided buses for those hearty souls who felt no need to maintain both legs in good health throughout the season.
When the spring sun eventually made its occasional appearances from behind snow and rain clouds, gas didn't seem to be a hindrance in the Orono student's perennial longing to drive to Bar Harbor to soak up the rays. And the lack of that basic commodity never seemed to empty Mill Street or the parking lot behind Pat's on any night.

As a matter of fact, circumstantial evidence appeared that suggested beer might be providing chemical elements essential to the human organism quitting gasoline, much like the methadone treatment is an important element in the life of the person just coming off heroin.
One local business did its part in the energy crisis by delivering beer to dorms. Those without cars, as well as those car-owners who realized a 50-cent delivery charge beats a 55-cent gallon of gas, could order a small sub and a case of beer to cure those energy-crisis blues.
Of course, there were some people who just didn’t seem to be adversely affected. There were those of strong spirit who refused to be leaned on by that energy crisis monster.

One snowy March night, they showed, among other things, their contempt for the oil companies by streaking across the mall before dozens of spectators. They streaked their ways into the hearts and minds of the campus community, and a couple made it into court for indecent exposure during a mid-day exhibition.
Streaking made the cover of the Campus. Autographed posters of the Campus cover streaker were sold at a table at the Union. Streaks make six-page spreads in Time and Newsweek. The news of UMO’s streaking prowess even reached, eventually, the state legislature.