The Maine Campus

Summer Edition

— Serving the University Community —

Vol. 75, No. 38 | Orono, Maine | Wednesday, August 2, 1972

Oil-Fouled Casco B Closed To Clamm

Spill Exceeds 100,000 Gallons, Say

1,800 Fishermen Could Be I

hat Oil Spill Puts Hundred Out Of Work At Portland

By PHYLLIS AUSTIN
Associated Press Writer

AUGUSTA, Maine (AP) — The director of marine re- for Maine's Sea and Department

Violette Reacts To Oil Spills

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

By GERRY MARAGHY and MIKE SCANLIN
Staff Writers

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

State

rections to shut down the flats from the U.S. Public Health Service in Boston, Monday. The reason given was "tempo industrial pollution."

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is owned by Wilhelmsen of Oslo, Norway.

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held a meeting munity hall to spill and what should take.

EPA Planning

Bay C

By MIKE SCANLIN
Staff Writer

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

A spokesman for Texaco Inc., whic volunteered to pay for all clean-up effor the spill, pleaded for a site within the stat dump oil-soaked hay, sand and seaweed.

About 40,000 gallons of Bunker C

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

Story on p. 2

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

essel "Ta- No. 6

In Norway d To Take pill Debris

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also provided cleaning agents for bathers who became smeared with oil and gathered reports from swimmers whose bathing suits were soiled with

Spill Worries Canadian

n the wake of the Casco B spill, at least s ns plannin

ong Island Resid ver Oil Da

Oil spill near Portland leaves big clean-up task

rotest Angri hes And Bo

MARJORIE SINCLAIR
Staff Writer

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

ations in men inspe catches to Boat owners over their foul

MANY VOLU up at the beache cleanup effort. Se were sharply critic effectiveness of the

Special to The Globe

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

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

Steele ordered the Coast Guard Capt. Donald J. on land owned by Ro McCann of the port of Portland, who The contractor by Scarborough police as Coastal Diposal

said

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

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

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

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

OIL, Page 10

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

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

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Texaco hi Services to clean up the

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By LORRAINE ALLEN
Correspondent

not have permits for the operation.

Texaco, which had chartered the Tamano, has agreed to pay for spill cleanup costs. The oil company stresses it is not responsible for the spill.

Steele said Wiley was "very coopera- said Wiley, who

E. Stephen Murray, speaking for EIC, said the environmental agency issued no such permit. Steele added

Both Wiley and Hale agreed to pend the dumping operation immed until necessary permits are secur cording to Steele.

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

Maine coast oil development plot thickens

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

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

As it now stands, 1,800 fishermen are in jeopardy of losing their livelihood for the duration of the oil spill effects. According to Robert Dow, director of Marine Research for Maine's Sea and Shore Fisheries department, all of Casco Bay except for a portion around the Brunswick-Freeport-Harpswell area has been closed indefinitely to clamming and the harvesting of all shellfish.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Senate approves forestry grant hike

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

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

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

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

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

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

UMO admits first quadriplegic

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

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

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

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

At the orientation session, Miss Gallant learned of the obstacles that will face her in the fall, such as: steps without ramps, three-story buildings with no elevators and the ubiquitious ice and snow in the winter.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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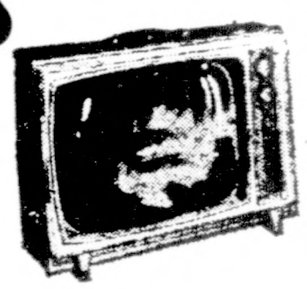
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The Maine Campus
Summer Edition
Serving the University Community

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EDITORIALS

'It can't happen here'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

reader opinion

Indignant

To the editor:

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

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

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

One can't help wonder what unusual gourmet spots our gluttons must be accustomed to that would enable them to find prices at the Oronoka unreasonable, let alone "outrageously high." A delicious breakfast of homemade muffins or doughnuts can be obtained for only 20 cents. A steak dinner is available for $1.99.

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

The Estabrooke Outing Club Association

Impatient

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

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

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

Green Dragon

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

Travel the Rockefeller legacy

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stanley Brook Bridge

Tourist haven, USA

"Maine, Vacationland for all."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Crossing a bridge you arrive on Mount Desert Island.

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

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

Still on the eastern side of the island, travelling south, keep a sharp lookout for the sign showing the entrance to the park. When you find it, follow the arrows to Ocean Drive part of the 19-mile-long "Park Loop" Road. From Bar Harbor to Seal Cove along this route the views of the open Atlantic dashing itself on stubborn granite are almost unbroken. Over your right shoulder, the rocky precipices of the mid-island mountain ranges cast long shadows.

Anyplace along this two-lane, one-way road is a good place to stop, but tourist favorites include the much reknowned "Thunder Hole" and the soft shadows along "Sand Beach."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Hartgen will exhibit watercolors

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

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

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

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

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

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RECORDS

Enjoy an album smorgasbord

by Don Perry

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The South American album immediately caught my eye because it was titled "Music of the Incas." I have long been an Andes nut and once did a tedious three-part termpaper on it for an English Composition class. Also, in two years I hope to go backpacking down the Andes. But I didn't realize that civilizations of the Inca period had developed a form of music that is such a pleasure listening to even today.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I chose the Black, I chose the Blue,
I forsook the Red and Orange, too,
I did forsake them and them deny,
I chose the Green, and for it I'll die..."

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

This is an intimate kind of album like friendly music making at a real Irish singing pub, or at home.

In the rich variety of French popular music, one young singer among the highly competitive postwar generation in France stan ds out as something truly exotic and "different."

Enrico Macias fromAlgeria is featured on the series album, My Guitar. The oriental suavity of his homeland is apparent both in his singing which is warm and sensuous and his songs, most of which he himself composes.

He is a warm sirocco blowing into the cool north. Like the Corsican Tino Rossi of a generation before, his singing reminds you of southern beaches and sun, of carefree times and laxy vacations.

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Bangor's finally on rock map'

by Dave Sylvain

It's finally happened.

Bangor has been added to the rock road map.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Irish singers will perform

"The Boys of the Lough," Scottish and Irish folk musicians, will perform in the Damn Yankee Room in the Memorial Union tonight, August 9 a8 p.m.

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

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

There will be no admission fee.

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The Galloping Gluttons

'Atsa some spicy lasagna'

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

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

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

The interior is pleasant enough, done in what might be called semi-modern airport style -- clean and pleasant but unimaginative and not conducive to a very rich atmosphere. Perhaps darkness outside with the lights of downtown Bangor attracting one's gaze from the then invisible irritating panels would add to the feeling of poshness. However, even in the daytime, the food more than makes up for what is aesthetically unpleasing to the taste -- so on to that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The veal was no let-down, however; the texture of the meat was superb. The veal and sauce customary on such a piece of meat were abbreviated by the addition of the ham, but the flavor of the former was present anyway as it cooked right into the cut. The spaghetti (for which the restaurant is locally famous anyway) is beyond any objective description (how do you describe spaghetti anyway other than by ordering more or leaving the plate only half-emptied?) In any case, for every piece of the large serving of meat, at least three forkfuls of spaghetti must be taken if you are to avoid eating the latter for a half hour after you finish with the former.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Y'all come to the Bar-B-Q

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But of course the Gluttons were on duty, and nonesuch hallucinations took place.

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

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

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

The tab came to less than $4.00 for two.

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

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

BOOKS

'Black Tide': an ecological nightmare

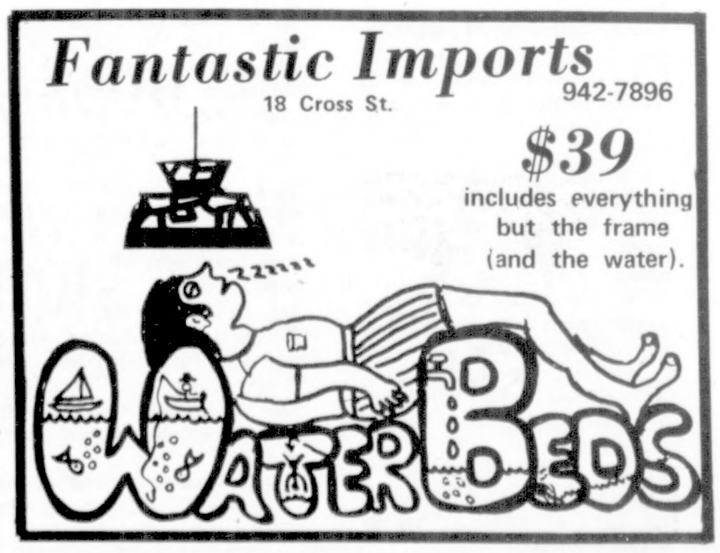
The very week a Norwegian tanker dumped 100,000 gallons of heavy industrial oil into Casco Bay, closing 76,000 acres of clam flats and putting 1,800 fishermen and lobstermen out of work, Delacorte Press released a controversial new book on the Santa Barbara oil spill and how it shook the oil industry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

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

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

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

This is the first full account of an ecological crime — a crime without criminals but with many victims — and a community's response to it. *Black Tide*, tells how the author shared with other residents of Santa Barbara the frustration of dealing with the federal government, the concern that Santa Barbara would become an industrial slum and the realization that if anything positive was going to be done to get favorable anti-oil legislation, the citizens themselves would have to do it.

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

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