Most women not suited for grounds crew work

Joseph P. Boss Periodicals Room
Raymond H. Fogler Library, Orono

Members of the grounds crew doing some of the less strenuous tasks they are called upon to perform.

If you are a woman and would like to work on the grounds crew at the University of Maine's Orono Campus, don't plan on it unless you're built like a Russian shot-putter.

According to Director of Grounds and Services Roscoe Clifford, no women have as yet applied for work on the grounds crew and if they did they would have to appear as though they were used to hard physical labor before they would be considered. He added that at this time there were no openings on the crew for either men or women.

Asked what he what he would do if he were approached by two equally qualified applicants for a position on the crew, one male and one female. Clifford replied that he would probably choose the male unless the woman " weighed about 190 pounds."

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Could a woman do this kind of work?

The Maine Campus

Summer Edition

— Serving the University Community —

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Demolition is first step towards new downtown Orono

Downtown Orono is becoming a much flatter place. Demolition and leveling operations are now underway on the properties behind and adjacent to the town parking lot between Mill and Pine Streets.

According to Orono Town Manager Robert A. Clark, the immediate result of the demolition will be to rid the town of some of its sub-standard buildings.

Part of the land, however, is designated for development as an extension of the present town parking lot. This part of the property has already been acquired by the town through the purchase of the parcel of land located to the east of the town lot known locally as the "Beehive" property. The town purchased this lot from owner Sherwood Craig for the sum of $19,000.

Another piece of land which will be used in the parking lot development is the strip located behind the Sampson's Supermarket, between the town lot and the "Beehive" property. This land was given to the town of Orono by the Corud Corporation with the understanding that it be used to provide additional public parking space.

A long range plan for utilization of $60,000 worth of property which will be sold to the town in October is now being studied. This plan, according to Clark, will be consistent with the plan adopted for **the development of the town in 1969.**

Making way for more parking.

The 1969 plan designated that this area of the community be zoned as a central business district. Central business zoning, however, does not exclude the construction of residential dwellings, said Clark.

The zoning method which is based on a proportionate method of assigning space, allows for the construction of one residence per 2,500 square feet of total floor space. In other words, if the total project resulted in the construction of 100,000 square feet of available floor space, then the construction of 40 residential dwellings would be allowed.

The cost of demolition is being borne by Craig at this time. Craig is the principal landowner involved in the acquistion of these properties. Clark said, however, that Craig will be reimbursed for the demolition expenses of all but one of the buildings involved when the deeds to the properties are turned over to Orono in October.

The reason the buildings are being demolished now instead of in October when the land legally belongs to the town is that it is much cheaper if all demolition in a close area can be done at one time. Since Craig was having one of his buildings torn down now, the town decided it would be most economical to have them all destroyed together.

Clark hopes that the expanded parking lot facilities will be developed by the end of the summer. No definite plans have been made for the property to be acquired in October, he said, but plans will be formulated before October.

The Galloping Gluttons Ride Again

See page 8 for a mouth-by-mouth account of dining in two local restaurants.

More than you can shake a stick at

The art of dowsing has long been greeted with a snicker by city folks who can't quite swallow the notion of finding underground springs with a forked stick.

John Shinnick of Orland, however, brought credibility to the art while serving in Vietnam by locating 12 wells for the U.S. forces with his divining rod. In each instance, Shinnick was able to predict for the drillers the exact depth and quantity of water below. Not bad for a piece of kindling.

Following his discharge, Shinnick returned to Orland where he has begun experimental dowsing for sports fish. He insists that his dowsing rod can be used to find oil, buried treasure and family fortunes.

You don't need a forked stick, though, to discover fine eating in Bar Harbor. You strike oil every time you visit the Mary Jane Restaurant on Main Street.

Internationally-known chef Jim Vardamis will treat you to a truly downeast shore dinner or exotic flaming shish kebob on a sword in the rich, British atmosphère of the Talley Ho Room.

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Remember, be sure and visit the Mary Jane while touring Hancock County. It's a treasure trove of fine eating.

UMO Prof. is one of five mavericks in Maine delegation

This year's Democratic Convention in Miami flopped as a TV variety spectacular, but as far as UMO Professor Walter Schoenberger — a delegate from Maine's Penobscot County — is concerned, the Democrats managed to establish a few precedents and also elect a politically lop-sided ticket that will win in November.

Schoenberger, who was one of only five Maine delegates to vote for presidential candidate George McGovern, attended the turbulent '68 Democratic Convention in Chicago as an alternate. There were some noticeable changes in Miami this July.

"When I was in Chicago, all the alternates had to stay in a balcony and couldn't get on the floor and circulate,'' Shoenberger said. "This year, the alternates sat in the back of the auditorium and could walk around and do a little politicking themselves."

The most noticeable change, of course, were the new faces — young, black and female.

Reforms initiated by the McGovern Commission have greatly liberalized the delegate selection process this year. The reforms, combined with the recent 18 year-old legal rights legislation have served to open up the nominating process to groups long shut out by the existing political machinery.

The Maine delegation has come under attack recently because of its ill-balanced apportionment by sex. Of the 40 delegates and alternates elected, only four were women.

Among the reforms initiated by the Commisson were guidelines calling for the election of women delegates proportionate to the number of women in the state.

Schoenberger defended the Maine delegation's apportionment, adding that the McGovern reforms were guidelines and should not be strictly enforced as rules.

"It's not really democratic when you have to have a quota," he said. "A better reform would be to find ways of stimulating women and minority groups to particpate actively in the political process."

Schoenberger criticized the McGovern guidelines saying that if there is to be an apportionment by sex, then the delegates should be elected proportionate to the number of women in the party.

Schoenberger added that the imbalance on the Maine delegation was not due to discrimination but a result of the party make-up.

The UMO political science professor pointed out the State Democratic Convention which elected the delegates was at least half-composed of women.

Traditionally, there has been a liberal-conservative split within the party with the conservative faction in control. This year, however, the liberal wing has managed to usurp the conservatives and elect delegates who would vote along liberal lines.

In at least two cases, Schoenberger said, a woman was rejected as a delegate because her second choice for the nominee — at this time, the Maine delegation was committed to Muskie — was Hubert Humphrey and not McGovern.

Others were rejected because of their second-choice allegiance to minor candidates such as Shirley Chisholm.

Schoenberger switched to McGovern after Senator Edmund Muskie announced his withdrawal from the race.

There was a movement within the delegation to rally a unanimous vote for Muskie in something of a symbolic favorite-son testimonial.

Schoenberger resisted. "I wasn't privy to Senator McGovern's head count at the time. I didn't know how many votes he had," he said. "I certainly didn't want to use my vote just as a symbol, honoring Muskie."

Schoenberger did not object to Senator Thomas Eagleton as the Vice-presidential nominee, but, he said, he would have preferred that McGovern place two or three names of men with whom he could work well and allow the convention to nominate his running mate.

He quickly added that McGovern has the right to decide with whom he shares the ticket and that the method Schoenberger favored might backfire in a draw which would result in the nomination of a candidate objectionable to everyone.

Professor Walter Schoenberger

There was plenty of arm-twisting on the Convention floor and Schoenberger admitted that he had felt some, adding that he engaged in a lot of politicking himself within the Maine delegation.

"I had the feeling during the convention that I was just a pawn." he said, "I knew that I wasn't one of the wheels running the show."

Responding to the oft-heard comparison of a political convention and a circus, Schoenberger said, "Sure, there are lots of people milling around, all intensely motivated, and plenty of bright lights, but that's where it ends. The Convention isn't meant to be entertainment — which a lot of TV viewers discovered — but it isn't meant to be entertaining. It's a deliberative body nominating a presidential candidate."

Schoenberger said the ban on on-floor demonstrations also tended to tone the circus-like atmosphere usually apparent every four years.

A typical day for the Maine delegation in Miami began about noon. The Schoenbergers — the professor's wife Marilyn was a member of the Convention's credentials committee — usually woke at ten, went to the beach for a few

continued on p. 3

The only lines at Orono Merchants Bank are to show you where to park

You're welcome at Merchants
Merchants National Bank of Bangor
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Schoenberger

continued from p. 2

hours, then attended caucases from 3-5, ate supper, then returned to to the Miami Auditorium before the convention got under way at 7:00 p.m.

The session usually dragged on until early morning, and on one occasion, was not adjourned until 6:00 a.m.

Two days before the Convention opened, the Democratic Party -faced with a $9 million campaign debt - staged a nationwide telethon which netted $5 million.

Schoenberger applauded the novelty of the concept but added that this sort of money-raiser is also a money-consumer.

He suggests that the party initiate a door-to-door campaign to raise funds which would give the small contributor a feeling of participation and which would also free the nominee from favors owed to larger contributors.

"I'm not saying that candidates are bought," Schoenberger said. "but when a contributor gives you several thousand dollars, he does have some influence."

Which way does the wind blow for the Democrats in Maine this November?

"Well, of course, I say the state will go Democratic," he grinned. "but, realistically, I think there are going to be some pretty close races especially in the senatorial and congressional elections.

"As far as the state elections, I think the Republicans will get a majority in the legislature.

"Right now, McGovern's chances of winning are less than average, I'd say, but—" he added. "I think he's going to do it."

A Volvo strikes another blow for free speech.

Admissions, Aid to merge

The offices of admissions and student aid at UMO will be co-ordinated this fall under the direction of Student Affairs, making it easier for the incoming student to receive financial assistance upon applying to the University.

Under the reorganization plan, James A. Harmon will continue as director of admissions and John Madigan, director of student aid, as co-ordinator for the two offices.

Madigan said the reorganization is designed to allow incoming students to apply for both admission and financial aid at the same time rather than separately during the school year.

In many cases in the past, he said, students have been uncertain about applying to UMO since often their enrolling depends on whether or not they will receive aid.

Madigan also said the move would eliminate the slack within both departments. During the year, he explained, one office's efficiency will reach a peak while the other drops.

Madigan said the move will not eliminate any staff members but added that he hopes there will not be any need to hire additional people after the reorganization.

The co-ordination effort should spread the decision-making responsibilities more evenly within the offices, according to Madigan,

As of yet, no physical move has been planned. The Student Aid office will remain in East Annex and admissions in Alumni Hall until university officials decide on a single building agreeable to both staffs.

Where the women aren't: the grounds crew

continued from p. 1

The reason he would probably choose the man was that the job involves strenuous work such as moving pianos and furniture and that women are generally "not adaptable to that kind of work."

The grounds crew does, however, do other jobs that are less strenuous than moving pianos, but Clifford said that his crew does any and all jobs that involve grounds and services. In other words, a woman that was hired would have to be able to do all jobs that her male counterpart handles during an average day on the job.

Several grounds crew members were asked how they would feel about women working on the crew. They were overwhelmingly in favor of the idea and felt that there were many less strenuous duties that could easily be handled by any woman.

The department of Grounds and Services now employs about 60 grounds crew members, half of which ar temporary summer employees. All are men.

Todays Weather
Sunny

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The Maine Campus
Summer Edition
Serving the University Community

July 19, 1972

The opinions expressed in The Maine Campus are solely those of the editors and do not reflect the official voice of the University of Maine.

EDITORIALS

Mixing up the corpses

Faced with a $9 million campaign debt and Miami's pre-convention cash-in-advance demands, the Democratic Party staged a $1.6 million money-raising extravaganza last Saturday coast to coast — the first national political telethon.

The appeal was novel. Over 100 celebrities paraded across the screen pleading for money to "help save the two-party system."

The event netted $5 million proving once again that Americans still love a circus.

It seems ironic that the Democrat's plea was to "preserve America's two party system" when it is the Republican Party that is dying a slow, anemic death.

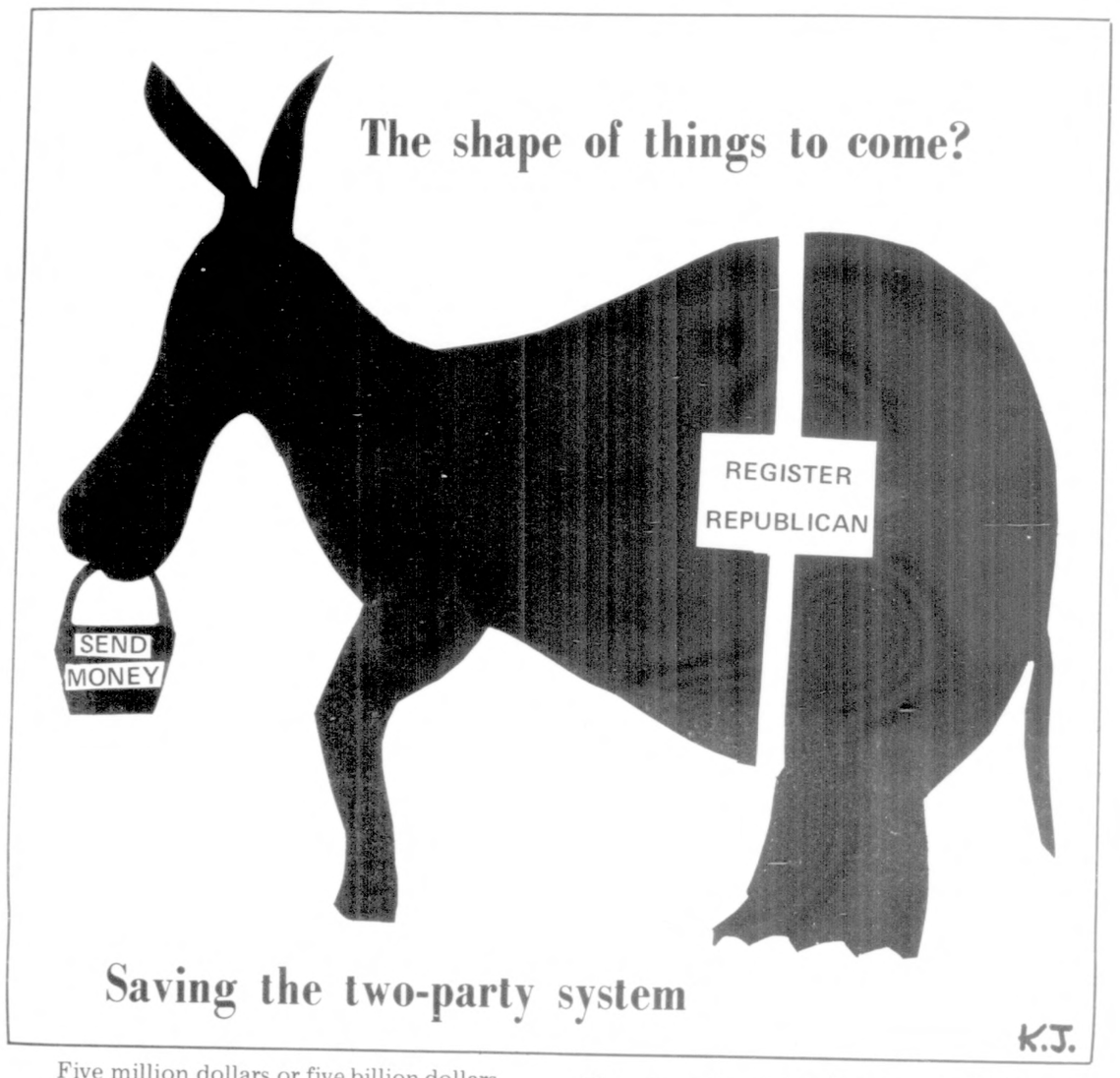
In an age when "liberalism" is as stylish as a Dior original but is worn as frequently as a Macy's special, the conservatism of the Republican Party seems a bit frayed.

The Democrats can rightly call themselves the "People's Party." The young, the black, the poor and the unionized all flock without a thought to it ever-popular ranks.

Yet, the liberal party that invented Social Security and begot the superhuman myth of John F. Kennedy also found its stronghold in the South of George Wallace, entangled in the boss machinery of Richard C. Daley and clenched in the iron grip of AFL—CIO's George Meany.

Unfortunately, the Republican Party has long welcomed the corporation but not the corporate employee. Those who rush to its ranks are the rich, the WASP, the over-cautious — none of whom provide much adrenalin to the tired blood of the party.

It would seem that if there exists a threat to the two-party system, it is the Republican Party which faces the greatest danger — from rigor mortis.



Five million dollars or five billion dollars will not rejuvenate the Republicans. Young, progressive people who wish to wrench the party's control from the corporation are the answer — but nobody even bothers to pose the question.

If a two-party system is to survive, membership in its ranks must not be automatic nor stereotyped nor even fashionable.

The strength of the Democratic Party —split as it is— lies in its diversity. This year, a pre-convention commission has instituted further reforms that open the gates of party control even wider to the young, to minorities and to women.

It's up to the Republicans to do the same. No, not just a crack but wide open.

Is the grounds crew too tough for women?

No women have ever applied for employment on the UMO grounds crew, but times are a-changing.

The University is already in hot water with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare over HEW's pending investigation of the hiring and advancement practices followed in the University system.

The University should be very careful about bringing attention to any aspect of their employment picture that is evidence of open discrimination. If such an area of discrimination weree brought to light, HEW would pounce immediately and gain a strong foothold in their fight for open access to personnel files.

HEW could use this evidence of discrimination to support those who say the University has something to hide consequently refuses to open the files. This argument would have strong emotional appeal and could serve as the wedge to pry the last nail from the confidential lid covering the personnel files.

It was brought to the attention of the CAMPUS that two women students were interested in working on the grounds crew this summer, but were told that it was impossible to be a woman and work on the grounds crew at the same time.

With nearly 60 men employed on the crew during the summer months, one would think it very possible that room could be made for women applicants. However, according to Grounds and Services Director Roscoe Clifford, women are not ordinarily adaptable to the kinds of work done by the grounds crew. He mentioned the moving of pianos as a task that would be unsuited to women workers.

However, Clifford did not mention the many man-hours per summer that are consumed soley in the re-seeding ansd campus beautification projects. This work appears to be very closely related to household gardening done by many women in this country who never gave a thought to the fact that they were unsuited for this type of work.

The CAMPUS doubts very much whether a slightly built male applicant would be turned away from a crew position for fear that the work would be too much for him. Nevertheless, a physically capable female would have no such luck and would surely be turned away at the door.

The University must soon face the realization that jobs are for people, not just men or just women. Qualifications for employment must be experience, capability and desire to perform and must be evaluated on a plane removed from the mythology surounding the sexes.

If the University does not move promptly, HEW will surely help out.

reader opinion

Dental program wrong target

To the editor:

In your editorial entitled "Bad timing for UMB dental school" you expressed concern over the reduction of UMO quality through the thinning of resources for existing programs in order to undertake new programs. Unfortunately, you chose the wrong target.

More than five years of discussion and planning with interested parties, which led to a documentation of the need and an assessment of existing resources, resulted in a recommendation by the UMO/B administration that a two-year program in dental hygiene and a one-year program in dental assistance be undertaken.

Due concern has been given to the existence of a similar dental program at Westbrook College in Portland. However, that institution enrolls a majority of out-of-state students and its high tuition bars many prospective students. In addition, dentists in central and northern Maine inform us that there is a serious shortage of trained help in this area that is not met by the program in southern Maine.

As you note, the Chancellor approved the program subject to funding from internal reallocation or additional outside financing. Given the high priority placed by the Federal Government on improvement of health care, the prospects for adequate funding from non-University sources are very good; current negotiations are most encouraging.

While your concern about maintaining the quality of existing programs is understandable, condemning the Chancellor for approving a new program which can bring additional dollars into the state for education as well as improve dental care in Maine is not justified by the facts of the case.

James M. Clark
Vice President

Merci

To the editor:

Vous avez de l'oeil — Merci de votre regard —

Une franco-americaine,
Claire R. Bolduc

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FILMS

Musical buffs will love 'Fiddler'

by Ralph Gavett

With the movie selection in the greater Bangor area being somewhat less than swell, you may (horror of horrors) ultimately grope your way to a G-rated flick. If so, be prepared to accept NO SEX, no nasties and an audience composed of Camp Gitchiegoomie dropouts and those people whom Nixon calls "my fellow Americans." They're all appearing nightly at the Brewer Cinema to see *Fiddler on the Roof* and you too can come along if you're good.

The movie itself (if the eight-year-old in front of you sits down long enough for you to see it) is another one of Hollywood's attempts to make some more money off of a successful musical.

Fortunately there are two factors which keep *Fiddler* from suffering the fate of *Star* or *On a Clear Day*. One is the strength of the work itself. The other is a marvelous performance by Topol.

Director Norman Jewison combines these two factors with a whammy all of his own: He adds a heavy dose of tear-jerking emotion with just a dab of religious philosophy and comes up with a whole new scope. Now, any purist might ask why change a simple and effective story into soap-opera dimensions, but any good capitalist knows that people pay money for an emotional cleansing. How nice.

Still, the musical is intact if you care to find it, and there are many good reasons for putting up with the slop.

The biggest reason is of course Topol. Playing the part of Tevye, he commands the screen from beginning to end. He is the narrator, a milkman, father of five daughters, leader of the community and an intermediary for the police who guard his town.

His eyes can change in an instant to reflect either the joy of being Jewish or the misery which has plagued his people throughout history. He can easily sidestep any technical weaknesses, such as the almost unbearably slow pace (his songs are like oases in the desert at the beginning).

And yet Topol's performance remains constant as he sees the tradition of his ancestors crumble at the hands of his own daughters. The eldest dares defy the matchmaker's choice of her future spouse and asks her father if she can marry a poor tailor. The next girl goes a step further by telling, not asking, her father that she is going to marry her tutor.

So far, Tevye can handle these affronts to his faith, but when his middle daughter decides to marry outside of her religion, he stands fast and says, "If I try and bend that far, I'll break." And yet he almost accepts this in the end, without breaking.

Behind this story lie at least two others (you'll find more). One is certainly a beautiful glimpse at Jewish life as it was and is. We see Yente the matchmaker rush into Tevye's house to tell his wife about a match for her daughter — and leave without telling the news. We hear the butcher ask Tevye. "How goes it?" and Tevye reply, "How should it go?" We feel the warmth of a mother and father as they see their first daughter married off in traditional style.

This story is woven into the bigger story of an entire segment of Russian society harrassed and finally driven from their homeland. When the townspeople learn that they must leave Anatevke, one of the young men asks, "We've been waiting for the Messiah all our lives; wouldn't this be a good time for him to come?" Here the Rabbi verbalizes the strength of his people by saying, "We'll just have to wait for him someplace else."

And so they go to "Chicago, America" and "New York, America" but they all take Anatevke along with them. And the director asks us to take Anatevke along with us. When Tevye says "Thanks for everything" to the animals in his barn, we the audience want to thank Topol for everything he has done for this movie. So, go see "Fiddler" and, by the way, Mazel-Tov!

COMING ATTRACTIONS COMING ATTRACTIONS

by Bill Gordon

"*What's up, Doc?* A screwball comedy. Remember them?" say the ads.

Yes, I do very well but this very bad attempt at the films of Leo McCarey and Howard Hawks (especially his *Bringing up Baby* is nothing more than a mechanical imitation, minus the laughs.

If it hadn't been made by Peter Bogdonavich, whose The *Last Picture Show* was undoubtedly last year's best American film, one would ignore it as just another ill-fated remake. However, with a documentary on John Ford, numerous film essays and books behind him, Bogdonavich is a man who knows his films. He is also a man with no sense of humor. His stars, Ryan O'Neal and Barbara Streisand have even less.

The million-dollar-budget car chase is a lot of fun (don't you enjoy seeing all those cars smashed up?), but one gag after another continues to fail. Bogdonavich should have shot *Doc?* in black and white also, since the atrocious color of the sets made the film look very phony. His screenplay, too, needed renovation.

His supporting cast, notably Liam Denn as a pill-popping judge and Mabel Albertson as the typical rich society lady, were the only funny people in a tragically unfunny comedy.

All is not bleak on the local motion picture scene this week. *The Graduate* is opening this evening at the University Cinema 2 in Old Town.

The film most responsible for the new freedom in cinema, and which made a superstar of Dustin Hoffman in his role as a confused college graduate, *The Graduate* is a landmark in its use of an adult subject by way of adult humor.

Benjamin (Hoffman) has come home with a college degree and at a party in his honor he meets Mrs. Robinson (Ann Bancroft), the typical married female vamp. When he takes her home, events begin that confuse poor Ben even more. Then he falls in love with Miss Robinson (Katharine Ross), which culminates in the films famous final church scene.

Director Mike Nichols won the Academy Award and has since directed *Catch-22* and *Carnal Knowledge*. With music by Paul Simon.

****

If Ingmar Bergman is your forte and you balk at $2.50 for admission to a movie, then you'll enjoy his *The Seventh Seal*, the second and best of six international films being shown for free on campus this summer (Mondays at 100 Nutting Hall at 8:00 pm.).

The best from Bergman's series of films exploring religion, *Seventh Seal* is a macabre account of Europe being wiped out by the Black Death. A knight returning from the Crusades meets the Angel of Death, come to claim him, and plays a game of chess with the Angel, being allowed to live if he wins.

Ingmar Bergman's classic study of man's search for meaning in life may occasionally be overbearing in its use of heavy-handed symbolism, but Gunnar Fischer's gloomy photography and the haunting acting by Max von Sydow and Bengt Ekerot make *The Seventh Seal* an extraordinary film. It was an International Jury Prize winner.

RECORDS

Looking Glass album: a reflection

by Dave Sylvain

Looking Glass-Looking Glass
Epic Records-KE31320

Can't say's I like the concept of Epic Records.

Like Atlantic's Atco label, Columbia's Epic label is used as a n introductory or transient label.

Before you even rip the cellophane off of the Looking Glass album there's a feeling of "uh huh." This feeling may be overcome in a couple of ways that I can think of. If the label has someone with the stature of Jeff Beck recording for it, that helps. Or, if the hitherto unknown group like Looking Glass has a Top 40 pop like "Brandy" that too is some kind of an inducement to get the disc on the turntable.

So, Looking Glass has got the formula to break down that wall of self-righteous arrogance held by record company executives and "hip" Top 40 programmers. Why not? They can see the reflection of cash registers in the Looking Glass. Enough of that.

"Brandy" is a good song mainly because of the vocals. Elliot Laurie appears to be the force behind the group. He has an exquisite sense of voice for Rock and he can write music around his vocal charges.

The evolution of Looking Glass, I am sure parallels the evolution of the Guess Who. The line reads: "Pretty tight and funky, four man Canadian rock band make the big time with infectious, romantic rock." I am sure that along the way, Looking Glass played second bill on concert gigs to some pretty big names. And Looking Glass had the kids up off the floor , out of their seats and scuffling around to the rhythm and beat of their band. And all the kids were saying " Out-a-sight, I wonder when their first album is coming out." Well kids, here it is.

Of the four songs on side one, only the "Jenny-Lynne production can't get you off the ground enough to let you ignore the groups weaknesses.

"Catherine Street" has some great rhythm. Guitar work in this song is visual. Harp and piano are used effectively-a dash here and there-and they even say "God Damn." This song best illustrates the group's inability to communicate lyrically. There's something about how even the dogs are chained up down on Catherine Street. Uh huh.

"Don't It Make You Feel Good," makes you feel much like most other "Feel!" songs do-except this one is more danceable than most of the others seem to be. Unfortunately, in this song our friends "visual" guitar turns into an electric can. Someone must have knocked up against the volume control for that track when the album was being mixed down. Overall though, the tune comes off pretty well. Again the vocals seem to be the saving grace. Mixed with some high pitched piano playing, the voices of "Good Time Girls" Barbara Massey and Carolyn Davis make it all happen.

Side Two of the album gets off at a slower pace. "Golden Rainbow" is a fairly decent Country-Swamp type tune with some steel guitar slithering around amidst the vocals. Again the vocals are good.

The Looking Glass picture is really a reflection. Things are about to blow wide open in Rock (evidence: Weather Report), and I'm afraid that leaves our friends in a rather shattering position.

Maine Masque tries hand at Shakespeare

"If this were played upon a stage now, I would condemn it as an improbable fiction," says Fabian, one of the throng of merry pranksters in William Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, which indeed will be played upon the Hauck Stage next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings as the third and final production this season from the Maine Masque Theatre Summer Workshop. It will be presented at the Bar Harbor festival on the evenings of August 5 and 12.

Considered by many to be Shakespeare's most popular "golden comedy," Twelfth Night has a cast of some of the funniest characters ever put on stage. The plot consists of several plots, all of which tie in at the finish.

Viola (Beverly Jensen) and her twin brother Sebastian (Scott Kanoff) have been shipwrecked off the coast of Illyria, wherein reigns the Duke Orsino (Dick Peterson). The Duke "seeks the hand of fair Olivia," so Viola dons the clothes of a man and serves as the messenger between the Duke and Countess Olivia (Lucille Hood). As oft happens in a Shakespearean comedy, Olivia falls in love with Cesario, who is really Viola.

Olivia's steward Malvolio (Chalmers Hood) is a vain, cold, overly-moral man whose snobbish airs to the play's comedic characters Sir Toby Belch (P. Michael Bourgoin), Olivia's uncle, Fabian (Skip Sickles), the countess's servant, Maria (Kathryn Paradis), her woman and Sir Andrew Augecheek (Joe Ducklos) cause them to do him a grave injustice of a prank.

Music plays a significant role in *Twelfth Night*. Indeed, the first line, spoken by the Duke, is "If music be the food of love, play on." The clown Feste (Paul John Perri) performs many ballads throughout the comedy and music is being used between scenes.

Twelfth Night originally titled *What You Will*, derives its name from the fact that it was first performed in 1600 before the Queen on the twelfth night of that year's Christmas festivities, but bears no relationship to the play's actual text.

This production is directed by Arnold Colbath, director of the Maine Masque Theatre, and the setting and lighting is by Arthur Allwood, who has served as the technical director for all the plays this summer. The over 25 in all, were designed by Dawn Shippee, who received praise for her costume work in the Japanese Noh plays last spring.

After the three performances of *Twelfth Night* next week, the Masque's first two productions will be repeated, *You Can't Take It With You* on Friday, July 28 and *Dylan* on Saturday the 29th.

Then the entire company, some 30 members in all, will move all three productions to Mount Desert Island High School in Bar Harbor to perform each show twice.

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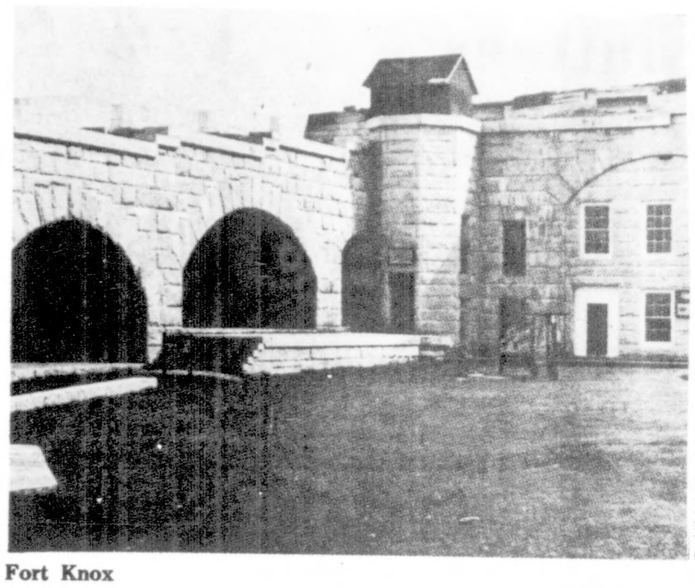


Fort Knox

Vacationers who cry for a break from the smog, the asphalt and the grey city skyline annually trek to Bar Harbor, Maine's summertime showplace.

For those weekend wanderers, however, who prefer to avoid the much-traveled and much-crowded Thunderhole-Mount Cadillac route, there are over a thousand miles of rustic villages, harbors and inlets left to be explored along Maine's Penobscot Bay.

From Bangor's Main Street, follow Route 1-A south. You may want to stop off and visit Fort Knox in Bucksport.

Besides being one of the state's most visited landmarks, the fort is also a memorial to our nearsighted government's never-ending talent for spending millions on obsolescence.

The fort's construction began in 1846 at the height of a border dispute between Britain and the United States. The dispute, which came to be known as the Bloodless Aroostook War, was soon settled and resulted in only one casualty — Hiram Smith, an Aroostook soldier-farmer who managed to fall into the St. Croix River drunk and drown, the "first and last to fall."

Needless to say, the fort was never finished and improvements in armaments during the Civil War made the previously impenetrable fortress obsolete.

Despite its less than distinguished history, Fort Knox, resplendent with stone buttresses, iron cannons and dark, mysterious underground corriders, is still a great place to stop for an afternoon of picnicking and exploring.

Continuing down Route 1 westward, you will pass through Stockton Springs and Searsport, a quaint maritime town with plenty of crusty sea-faring natives and a museum stocked with reminders of New England's colorful whaling days.

From Searsport on, the route becomes decidedly more scenic. The harbor at Northport will undoubtedly bristle with the masts of hundreds of sailboats since dozens of out-of-state yacht clubs make this cozy little harbor town their port-of-call.

Moving South a piece, you'll arrive in Camden, the prettiest town on the Maine coast. Its harbor boasts every conceivable kind of sea-faring craft — dingys. barnacled lobster boats, champagne yachts and even a three-masted schooner, *The Adventurer.* You might sign up for a cruise.

Camden was also the site for the filming of the M-G-M movie "Peyton Place."

While Camdenites probably have their share of skeletons in the closets, the bones don't rattle quite as loudly or as luridly as those in Grace Metalious' novel about a downeast Gomorrah.

Most likely, the movie people picked Camden for its quiet, elm-shaded New England flavor. Of course, we haven't checked with the town gossips...

Further south, grab a ferry at Isleboro to the Isle Au Haut, an extension of Acadia National Park and a good place to get a taste of year-round isolated-island living.

Here, a small community of 30 is served only by a daily mailboat out of Stonington. Heavily wooded the island is by and large quite untouched by asphalt or neon. Deer run unmolested through the village.

Like its counterparts on Mount Desert and Schoodic Point, Isle Au Haut offers an excellent network of trails and paths to explore.

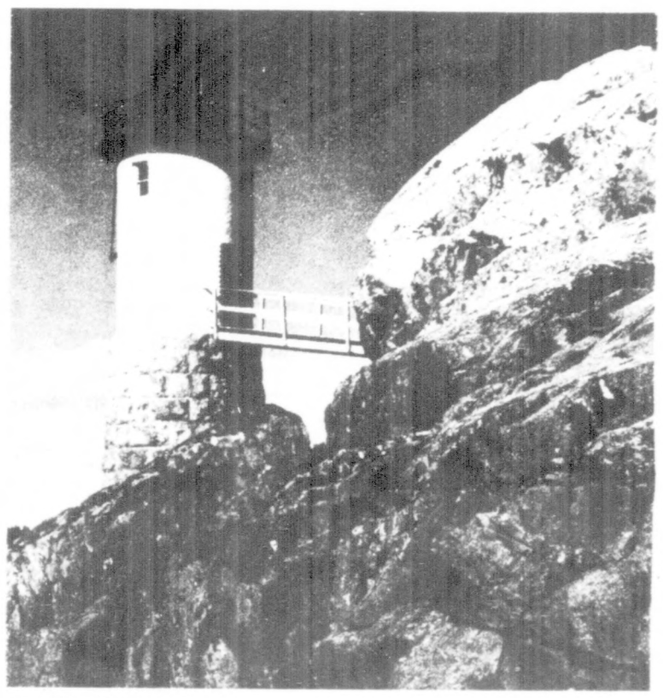
All along Route 1 are cheerful picnic and swimming areas where you can stop and relax and discuss which delightful coastal village to visit next.

There are so many tiny downeast towns and harbors that rival the beauty of the oft-traveled Bar Harbor region — Castine, Rockland, Dark Harbor, to name just three more. Why not visit a few?

How about Blue Hill where the streets are paved with silver and gold. No kidding.

You'll have to find out the story behind them yourself, or, send a stamped, self-addressed envelopeto the *Maine Campus.* We really think it would be more fun to discover the answer on your own.

Camden



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The Galloping Gluttons

'Inspire you to catch the next boat to Peking'

The Galloping Gluttons ride or rather ruminate again!

This week we'll take you to Cantonese heaven, Sing's Polynesian Restaurant in Bangor's Kenduskeag Plaza.

Granted, some people can't seem to develop a taste for Chinese or Polynesian cooking, but unless you're so hung up in hamburger that nothing else will do, the food at Sing's will inspire you to catch the next boat to Peking.

This week, we decided on a late supper and ordered the Cantonese dinner for four.

The waitress who greeted us was an almond-eyed beauty who giggled in pidgen English. She was prompt and attentive and the only one of us who could translate the menu.

Feeling quite festive and very international, the gluttons ordered Hawaiian Sunsets, a combination of lime and cranberry juice laced with vodka. Fantastic!

The drinks arrived in tall avocado glasses shaped like the head of a Polynesian tiki god. A pink parasol floated on the top of this marvelous sweet and sour drink that curled our tongues right back to our adenoids.

Hawaiian Sunsets are a delight — you'll really one as long as you don't mind a drink that stares back.

The appetizers arrived in a silver covered-dish. Glutton No. 3 was still sulking because the majority had voted down a Pu-pu platter which would have been a meal in itself.

There were two kinds of egg rolls — one tiny mouthful stuffed with lobster and a larger vegetable laden roll deepfried to perfection.

One of the gluttons complained that his eggroll was a little grassy and he felt like a cow. His table manners, however, suggested another barnyard creature.

These filled us up even before the main course arrived. In fact, there were still three appetizers left to go!

Two gluttons decided to forego the egg drop soup.but the other two dived into it hardily. They said it was delicious, but from across the table it looked like it had the consistency of a raw egg.

The minced chicken appetizer was tender and succulent with a smoky flavor.

Finally, left all by itself on the silver dish was the Sate Beef - a scrumptious combination of beef chunks and pineapple skewered on small bamboo spears soaked in a potent marinade and then waved through a flame.

Speaking of flames, waitresses were passing our table left and right with flaming hibachi stoves and a saki-drenched mountain of shrimp and lobster that lit up the room.

This brings us to our only complaint with the luxurious Polynesian atmosphere. It was so dark you couldn't tell your left chopstick from your right. We suggest the owner invest in small candles, real or artificial, for each table.

Otherwise, the tropical rain-forest atmosphere was rich with its luscious waterfall and deep-green flora.

Finally, the main course arrived: four silver platters heaped high with fried rice, Subgum Chow Mein, Chicken Foo Yong and butterfly shrimp that looked like doughnuts.

The Chicken Foo Yong was very bland but still tasty on top of the fried rice.

Next on the agenda, Subgum Chow Mein despite its unappetizing name was loaded with lobster, water chestnuts, palm hearts, and bean sprouts. Sprinkled on the top of the Subgum was something that looked like packing excelsior.

The main course(s) hit the spot, however, and the gluttons were plump and pleased.

One helping of each left us all stuffed except glutton No. 3 who managed to down three, manipulating his chopsticks like a steam shovel.

Dessert was a choice of two Far Eastern favorites, jell-o and ice cream.

With his dessert each glutton received a forture cookie which we promptly cracked open to discover fortunes that read like quotations from Chairman Mao.

Now came the only painful part of the evening — the bill.

Okay, so what if it was $27.50? A trip to China would probably run you at least 16,000 yen.

The gluttons definitely recommend Sing's as a fine eating spot. The service is quick and loaded with smiles, the atmosphere is very relaxing and the food is exotic without looking suspicious.

A word of warning: Don't visit Sing's unless you've fasted for at least five or six hours, or half-an-hour later you'll be as stuffed as a suckling pig with a MacIntosh in its mouth.

'Laughingly horrendous'

There are haughtily exquisite restaurants and there are laughingly horrendous ones.

The Oronoka Restaurant on the Bangor road in Orono is laughingly horrendous.

If you are drunk, stoned or just in search of a good laugh, pay a visit to the Oronoka — you'll thoroughly enjoy yourself.

Just for the hell of it, order the hot tourkey sandwich as we did when the Gluttons stopped there for lunch recently.

Warning — don't plan to have lunch here unless you are blessed with a two-hour lunch break.

The waitresses are prompt, that is if you happen to fall over one on the way in, if not — be prepared for a long wait. We recommend tou bring along some interesting reading material or better yet an interesting friend to pass the time with.

When the waitress finally arrives with your menu, don't gasp at the prices — it's impolite. After all, you're paying for the atmosphere which is cold and empty.

By this time, if you're lucky, you will have placed your order for that hot turkey sandwich that everyone is raving about — also about the cheapest hot meal on the menu. Settle back in your stiff booth and gaze out the window.

Twenty minutes later, you've counted 463 red Volkswagens flashing by your window, but still no hot turkey.

Undoubtedly you'll come to the same conclusion as the Gluttons did, the turkey is allowed to die of natural causes before they begin the preparation of those sandwiches.

Just as you begin to feel there is a conspiracy against you and your hot turkey, a waitress appears from the swinging doors of the kitchen.

Finally! you think, but alas, the waitress is bringing you your appetizers. (After all, they were included in the price.)

Now, when you get your first glimpse of Oronoka appetizers, try and do a better job of containing your incredulous guffaws and hysterical laughter than we did. At least, wait until the waitress returns to the kitchen.

Just imagine a saucer of their most impressive chipped cafeteria-china laden with the most obscene hors d'oeuvres ever placed in front of a glutton. two half-olives plastered by a speckled paste-like substance to the faces of two innocent Ritz crackers.

Directly in front of us were placed equally interesting objects — the soggiest, stickiest, greasiest cinnamon buns ever created. It just sat there waiting waiting to emulsify.

We also were treated to something that approximated the appearance of French-fried beercan lids. The Gluttons took bets on what these little delights were with potato pancakes coming out on top.

Topping off our appetizer-extravaganza was a dish that must have been dreamt up by a chef with a sour sense of humor: a tiny platter populated by four miniscule pretzel sticks strategically located next to two — count'em, two — unshelled peanuts. Incidentally, the peanuts were stale.

Finally, the turkey did arrive — cold and covered with a damp gravy-like substance of undetermined origin. The stuffing was spongy-looking as well as tasting. The check was for over five dollars for two.

The price is outrageously high for the food we received but very reasonable if you look upon it as good entertainment.

After all, consider it a bargain to find any entertainment at all in Orono at any price.

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