

1966

Dan Hillard
P. O. Box 138
Chandler Farms
Wilder, VT 05088
(802) 295-9044
micmac43@comcast.net

Happy spring, Class of '66! Dan Hillard '66 asked classmates to send recollections about the University of Maine and received more than will fit in this column. To read more, visit umainealumni.com and go to the Class of 1966 page. Neil Harmon '66 joined the class as a sophomore after attending a big city school. "UMaine was everything I had missed at the other school. I remember my first 'Maine Hello' walking up the hill to the Union my first evening on campus. I knew right then this was the place for me. I wasn't disappointed. My favorite memories are of the marching and concert bands and my friends at Chadbourne. I remember the little snack bar that opened on our side of campus and going for onion rings on study break and watching 'This Was The Week That Was' (forerunner of 'Laugh In') and the new Batman series on their (I think) color TV. Also studying late at the library and going to the Bear's Den for a sandwich and coffee. Who remembers the Christmas concerts at the gym when they filled it with pine trees and branches?"

Karol Wasylyshyn's memories include "My first Pat's pizza delivered to the dorm, taking French with Monsieur Bell (whose looks were surely more Hollywood than Orono, ME), Prof. Dick Emerick saying in a lecture that relative to his size the African pygmy had the largest penis compared to any homo sapiens male and then, as a female student was leaving the lecture hall to go to the restroom, he quipped, 'Sorry, Miss Jones, the last boat for Africa just left!' She also remembers "the fact that the snow started in October and there were still traces of it on the ground in April; the first time a fraternity came to my dorm to sing to a woman who'd just gotten pinned to one of its brothers, the thrill of a possible panty raid on the dorm, fried clams in the cafeteria on Friday night, Winter Carnival and Greek weekends (toga parties and drinking a 'Purple Jesus'), semester break at Sugarloaf and the Red Stallion bar, my first beer at Cora's (way before I was 21!), and learning to play bridge in The Den."

Dan Hillard '66 recalls, "The bar across from Pat's was the Shamrock, owned by Cora and Eddie Tate. I worked there for a spell. It was like a sanctuary. ROTC guys could drink without being harassed by the SDS students. I remember serving beer to a hippie girl breastfeeding her baby and making burgers and hot dogs for the locals after we opened at 6 a.m. We had a one-gallon mayonnaise jar filled with pickled eggs on the counter that wasn't too popular with college kids until just before closing when the munchies started kicking in. Did I smell pot or was it cheap cigars?"

Kay York Johnson '66 wrote that she "arrived at Stodder Hall to find my room was on the top floor facing fraternity row. That did not make any impression at all until one day a fraternity brother decided to moon out his frat house window!

"I was overwhelmed by the sheer number of great women I met, most of them from Stodder Hall. I had come from a small town where I was the only female in the college track so all my classmates were male. I remember the fun we had playing bridge, signing in and out, being in at 9 p.m! I often wonder why we were all so anxious to graduate and leave a place where our meals were provided, bathrooms cleaned, clean linens provided, and halls maintained.

"I was in awe at the beauty of the campus, enjoyed the ongoing bridge game in the Bear's Den, and had fun getting dressed up for formal events at the fraternity houses, all while engaging in the most rigorous and exciting learning of my life. One of my favorite classes was Mr. Niven's Introductory Music Class. It was a wonderful break from the dissection of lab animals."

Anne Bostrom Sullivan '66 wrote: "What do I remember about my first day at the University of Maine? The smell from the Old Town pulp mill. The wind must have been just right that first day. I thought there was no way I could put up with that odor for four years. I must have gotten used to it, because I survived. I now live in Washington State, where we have a few surviving pulp mills. Whenever I am near one, I am reminded of the University of Maine.

"I was a transfer student and came in as a sophomore. I certainly remember Pats Pizza and can almost taste the delicious, dripping grease while I think about it. I remember two guys getting into a fight there one night that turned tables upside down and made glasses go flying and that it had something to do with me. I remember getting phone messages in the dorm that I had a 'gentlemen caller' when the dorms were not coed.

"What I remember, in addition to Pat's, was the place across the street from Pat's that had tiny little 15-cent beer glasses that we would turn upside down (after we had had a few) when Petula Clarke came on the juke box and sing along at the top of our lungs into the glasses as if they were mics. I guess this was after my sophomore year though.

"What I remember most of all from my first year there was the color in the fall leaves. Coming from Texas, raised mostly in Oklahoma, I had never seen such colors!

"I lived in Maine from 1963 until 2012 when I moved out to Port Townsend, WA. I got used to the beautiful fall leaves, and the snow, and shoveling, and forever stacking and lugging and burning wood. I got used to the beautiful summers and life on the farms where I lived and the animals I raised. I wouldn't have changed a thing, and I miss the sheep more than I ever can explain. But I realize more than missing the old things in life, I miss being young. As young as we were as freshmen, even sophomores. I didn't appreciate it while I was young because I didn't think of myself as young. Somehow I think I was striving, perhaps as we all were then, to be considered wise and mature; and I worked so hard towards being older that I never thought about living in that fleeting moment of being young."

Roland "Chip" Cyr '66 loved the "Maine Hello" part of the campus culture. "It made me feel more at home as it reflected one of the nice aspects of my small hometown of Fort Fairfield. I don't know how intentional it was to have two 'County' boys assigned as roommates in Hart Hall, but it sure worked for me

because George Embleton '66 from Houlton was one of the nicest guys. "The first semester was spent learning the new environment and sensing where my place might be in it. I struggled with my original choice of majoring in engineering. Well into the second semester I became more comfortable with an academic direction as well as where to plug in culturally. This is after my father talked me out of joining the Navy!"

"Hundreds of people we don't know, well-filled class schedules (barely any free time all week) unlike the colleges of today, the wafting of the aroma from the paper mill in Old Town, and our freshmen beanies," wrote **Emil Swift** '66.

"Remember—we had to wear them until Maine scored the first touchdown of the year on our home field and then toss them high. Many beanies fell through the stands that day."

Sarge Means '66 remembers "many of us freshman filling the Den the night before heading home on a holiday or summer vacation, pushing back the tables, turning up the juke box, and dancing 'til they shut down the place. I think we were the first class to do that and I'm not certain the upperclassmen and women appreciated the new upstarts in their midst. We didn't care, we just wanted to have fun.

"And I think it still spills over at reunions when we always seem to have the largest number of alumni in attendance. (And we might possibly still be the loudest!)"

Jim Henneberry '66 remembers the old Mug Book. "It was a book of photographs with a small blurb of where each freshman was from and what dorm they were in. A very valuable tool for finding dates for the weekends. Anyway, I have been living in Madison, CT, since 1979 and I'm looking forward to our reunion."

Nancy Scamman Huber '66 wrote, "I remember the beanies and the Mug Book and lights out and room checks. But I also remember being overwhelmed. When my parents came for Parents' Weekend, I was packed and told them I was going back with them. I had a lot to think through and sort out. Just a couple months later, I made my decision, I wanted to go back. With the help of Dean Zink (remember we had a Dean of Women and a Dean of Men!) I got re-enrolled and even got all my scholarship monies reinstated. So I missed some of the first semester good times and went back to summer school so I could finish up with my class. Then, 20 years later, I went back to school for a master's and Ph.D. and ended up on the faculty at the University of Arizona. Life has strange turns and twists, but I had a good foundation from the University of Maine and it has served me well."

And here are bits from the newspaper:

Philip Grant '66, '68G and his wife, Kathy McKinnon Grant '66, were recently celebrated for their donation of \$1 million to Husson University in Bangor. The gift from the retired professor will be used to create the first endowed professorship in Husson's 116-year history. Phil retired in 2010 as professor emeritus after 42 years. During that time, he served as chairman of business administration, director of the Husson Management Institute, academic dean and dean of enrollment management, and taught graduate and undergraduate courses in economics and management. Kathy and Phil met at the University of Maine (bear

pairs). She went on to have careers in Creative Circle, a specialized staffing agency, Rubbermaid, and taught in public and private schools across the state. They have two daughters.

Joe Ferris '66 was sworn in to the Brewer city council for a three-year term. He ran uncontested in the last November election.

This past fall, Stephanie Burnell Hillard '67 and I spent a great weekend in the New Hampshire north country. The highlight was the Bretton Woods ski area zip-line and treetop tour. There were eight in our party; four in their 20s, two in their 30s; and us. The group did nine zip lines with one traversing a gully 150 feet below us. At the last platform, we rappelled 60 feet to the ground. What a rush—and we'd do it again. From Vermont, the state with 11 months of winter and one month of bad skiing.