

This election is really happening

Comedy. Tragedy. Reality Show. All television genres, and all terms used to describe this presidential election.

Americans are — rightly — mad at Washington for its inability to get anything positive done. We watch as the fur flies and fingers are pointed, with Republicans and Democrats laying the blame on each other or the bogeyman du jour on this week's episode of "Congress."

Meanwhile, the Washington literati have decided it is the GOP's fault; the once-Grand Old Party is now full of partisans and people unwilling to compromise.

So, with only three candidates remaining in the race to lead our nation, let's hit the "info" button on our political remote and see if we can't find the uncompromising and the partisans.



MICHAEL CIANCETTE



TNS FILE

Democratic presidential candidate Sen. Bernie Sanders of Vermont speaks at Southern Illinois University in Edwardsville, Illinois, in March.

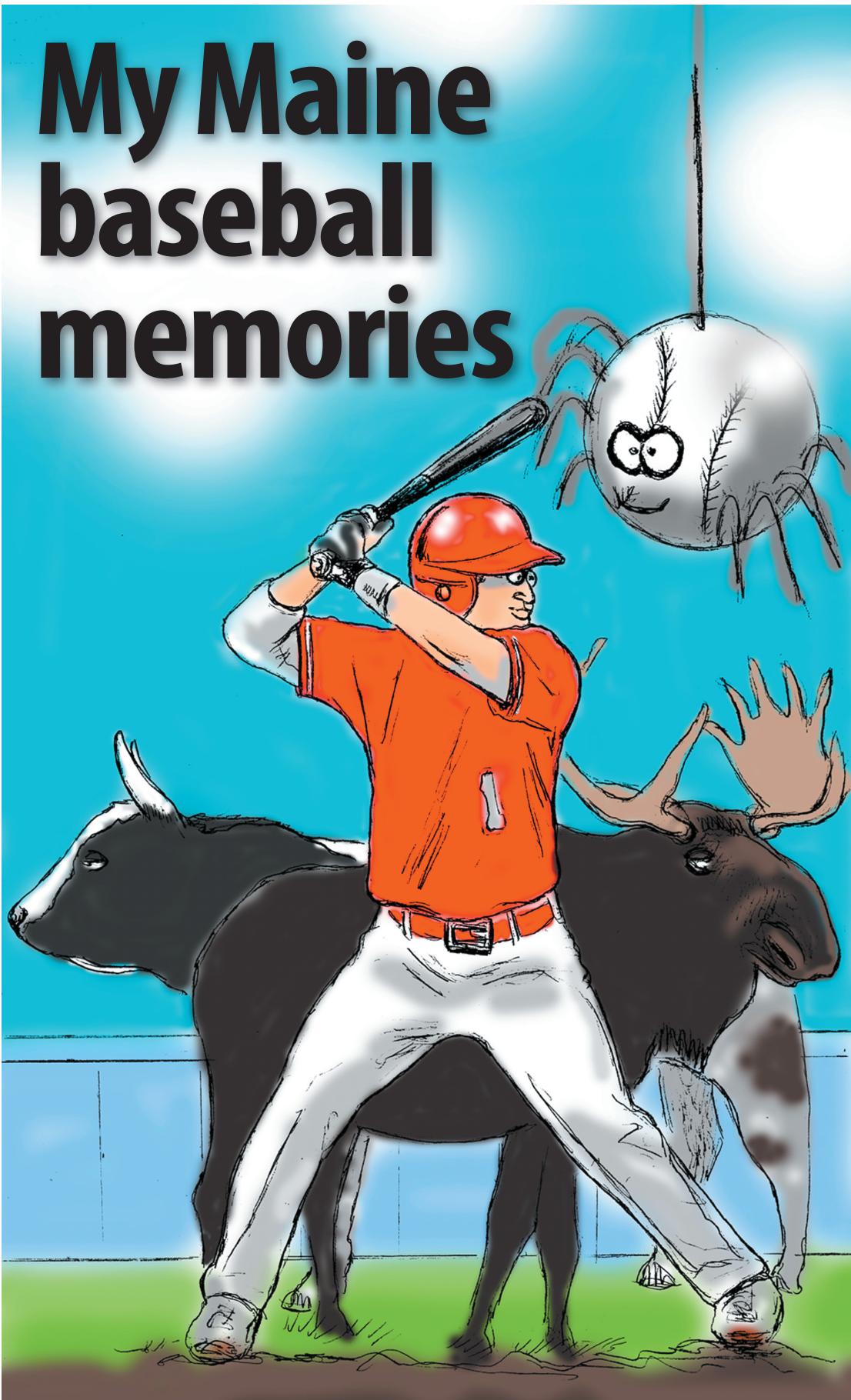
We will begin with Sen. Bernie Sanders. Sanders, by any objective measure, is an ideologue. That is one of the reasons people love him. He wants universal, government-provided health care, government-provided higher education, and countless other items on the progressive wish list. He advocates for them unabashedly and unapologetically; incrementalism is a dirty word. Nevermind the analysis of the left-leaning Brookings Institution, which shows his proposals run afoul of basic math, the magical Berning Political Revolution will not be stopped.

Yet despite Sanders' strident ideology, he is not a partisan. He only recently joined the Democratic Party, apparently for the sole purpose of running for president. While he is an avowed socialist, he does not seem to put his newly-adopted party above his core tenets — see the Goldman Sachs attacks against Secretary Hillary Clinton. When Sanders lambasts Republicans, it is because he disagrees with them, not merely because they are members of the GOP.

Meanwhile, Clinton is the negative image of Sanders. She isn't particularly ideological, having "evolved" countless times over her career. Indeed, much of her campaign celebrates "getting things done" — code for compromise — to distinguish her from Sanders.

But, while she sets aside ideology for pragmatism, she is very much a partisan Democrat. Her first residency in the White

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GEORGE DANBY | BDN

Moose, cows, foxes — and harsh life lessons

BY RON JOSEPH
SPECIAL TO THE BDN

"People ask me what I do in winter when there's no baseball. I'll tell you what I do. I stare out the window and wait for spring." — Rogers Hornsby (1896-1963)

Teammates nearest Albert thought he was dead. The teenage first baseman had circled under a towering pop-up, missed catching the ball and was knocked unconscious when it struck his head. He was rushed to Waterville's Thayer Hospital in a Pontiac GTO, arriving minutes ahead of a police escort cruiser. The first outdoor practice of the 1967 Williams High School baseball season in Oakland began with joy and ended in horror.

An emergency room physician attributed Albert's concussion to "spatial disorientation." His reflexes were milliseconds slow adjusting to the speed and flight path of a descending baseball against the backdrop of a high cloudless sky. Acclimating to outdoor baseball, the doctor opined, would take days after three weeks of practices in the school's gymnasium. The explanation made sense, as did Albert's penchant of showing schoolgirls the baseball seam's indentations on his swollen discolored forehead.

What was difficult to comprehend, though, was the mid-May start of the baseball season. Spring snowstorms and freezing temperatures had delayed the arrival of baseball, wildflowers and insects. Mayflowers emerged in June; June bugs hatched in July. When the abbreviated baseball season finally began, it lasted a measly nine games.

In the home opener, with one out in the top of the third inning, coach Bob Dumond summoned players to the sideline when a moose and her yearling loitered behind me in soggy left field. Shedding a winter coat, momma moose resembled an Appaloosa. I sprinted to the bench in Bean boots. Umpires annoyed by the animals ordered players from both teams to charge third base and scream, "Get off the field."

With an outfield moose-free, home plate umpire Mr. Floyd Bickford again shouted, "Play ball!" Each half inning, he spoke to passing ballplayers on the infield grass: "Hustle in, hustle out, you can't beat a hustling ball club." Mr. Bickford moved games along quickly because his shift as night watchman at the nearby Diamond Match and Toothpick factory began after the final out.

In the 1960s, Maine's rural baseball fields lacked fences, batting cages and dugouts. More than a few fields doubled as town pastures, cropped and fertilized by cows and other quadrupeds. In Oakland, a mother fox often stole baseballs being retrieved by outfielders. Bored players mesmerized by playful fox pups got an earful from exasperated coaches: "Keep losing track of outs watching foxes and you'll be sitting on the bench."

In 1968, when rival Livermore High's baseball field was soaked, the game was played on a cow pasture on higher, drier ground. Coach Dumond ended a pre-game pep talk by reminding outfielders to "keep the ball in front of you." With a scary looking 1800-pound Ayrshire bull grazing in deep center field, his message didn't require repeating.

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A progress report on Flagship Match

UMaine program mines out-of-state students

BY CHRISTOPHER BURNS
BDN STAFF

A new University of Maine scholarship program has attracted so many first-year students from out of state for the coming fall that it's helping the university overcome the challenge of a dwindling population of college-age students from Maine. A side benefit is that the program could help to attract young, educated workers to Maine who might later stay here.

Under its Flagship Match program, qualified students from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire and New Jersey will pay the same tuition and fees to attend UMaine this fall as they would at their own state's flagship campus.

To capture more of these students, the university took the unprecedented step of matching the in-state tuition at flagship universities in the six northeastern states those prospective students were most likely to attend

University officials have credited the program with fueling a spike of incoming first-year students, particularly from out of state. As of May 1, 2,447 first-year students had committed to attending UMaine in the fall, compared with 2,012 at the same time last year. Of those, 1,123 are from outside Maine, a sharp increase from 731 a year ago. About 79 percent come from the six northeastern states targeted by the program.

The Flagship Match program is unique among higher education institutions, and it's given UMaine an edge in an intensifying regional competition for students.

Attracting more students from outside Maine doesn't just add to the university's bottom line, it also benefits Maine by drawing in educated young adults who may stay in the state after graduation, UMaine President Susan Hunter said.

Campus benefit

A spike in out-of-state students is a potential saving grace for Maine's flagship campus, which has not been able to escape the financial problems that have dogged UMaine in recent years as a result of flagging enrollment.

Total enrollment at the flagship campus has fallen 2 percent since 2011, fueled largely by a 15 percent decline among Maine residents, according to University of Maine System's latest enrollment report. The university has been able to offset the loss of Maine residents with a 54 percent increase in out-of-state students since 2011.

In designing the Flagship Match program, the university closely examined admissions data and found that 25 percent of prospective students from out of state

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Maine can offer North Woods experience as magnificent as Grand Tetons

BY TERRY TEMPEST WILLIAMS
SPECIAL TO THE BDN

Let us imagine a monumental celebration on Aug. 25. Let us imagine President Barack Obama establishing the Maine Woods National Monument in full view of Mount Katahdin and the shimmering waters that flow from the headwaters of the Penobscot River, home to the Penobscot people. And let us remember on the centennial anniversary of the National Park Service on that particular day, that we the people are nothing without the American landscapes that shaped us.

Our national parks are breathing spaces, and never have we needed them more. Each time I enter a national park, I meet the

miraculous. When I walked the land that Roxanne Quimby and her family want to donate for the enjoyment of all people for all time, it was no exception. I took off my shoes to walk half a mile on a seemingly endless moss cushion in the woods, an unforgettable experience for a desert dweller.

Lucas St. Clair, Quimby's son, was our guide. We met at Baxter State Park. I was aware of the economic downturn of the mill towns in Maine, especially Millinocket and the controversy surrounding a new national park.

It's a familiar story in the American West, especially coming from Utah where we have five national parks and four national

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BDN FILE

An old logging road in the woods between Bar-nard Mountain and Baxter State Park.