

This week  
in news:  
Cheers  
and jeers

What a week. To try and cover the countless stories, we'll have to do a "cheers" and "jeers" speed round. Ready? Set? Go!

Cheers to Hillary Clinton. You are the first female presidential nominee from a major party. I just hope you aren't our first woman president.

That isn't to say I don't think women should be in the oval office. Jan Brewer, Nikki Haley or Carly Fiorina would all be fine commanders-in-chief. Not because of their sex, but rather because of their executive experience and conservative perspectives. If we had an American Margaret Thatcher or Angela Merkel — or a Yulia Tymoshenko — that would be fine, too.

Cheers to Gov. Paul LePage. Maine ended its past fiscal year nearly \$100 million higher than projected. If this pattern holds, he will leave Maine's next governor with a stable state budget. It is better than the mess Gov. Baldacci left behind, and much better than the near insolvency Angus King left in the Blaine House for Baldacci's team to fix.

That stability provides the opportunity to enact real, systemic changes, such as Gov. LePage's preliminary idea to further tighten the number of authorized government jobs. Whether in government, your home or business, right-sizing the budget during good times prepares you to safely weather the bad times. And to do that requires planning in advance, so the breathless coverage about a leaked email seems a bit overwrought.

And speaking of leaked emails and breathless coverage, jeers to unscrupulous media. The DNC email leak shows a reporter vetting his entire story with Democratic operatives "per agreement." Not "did I quote you correctly?" Not "did I get the job title right?" The entire story. Before it was sent to his editor. And he let it be published without any disclaimer since their "agreement" was "confidential." It's crazy. And if any purportedly "objective" reporters do that with the RNC, please smack them upside the head.

Jeers to the Democrats for dodging questions about their emails' substance. If Russia was the source of the email hack, then that is a pertinent point to discuss in foreign policy speeches about international espionage. Maybe we need to shoot the messenger. But the messages themselves also deserve to be addressed head-on, not obfuscated behind a wall of spin.

On the same topic, jeers to Donald Trump on calling for Russian assistance with Hillary's emails. Americans do not need foreign political powers dabbling in our domestic politics, at least not since the French helped us kick out the redcoats. It was wrong when Jane Fonda became a puppet of the North Vietnamese communist regime. And, as Mr. Trump pointed out, it was wrong when Barack Obama attempted to put his thumb on the scale of the Brexit vote.

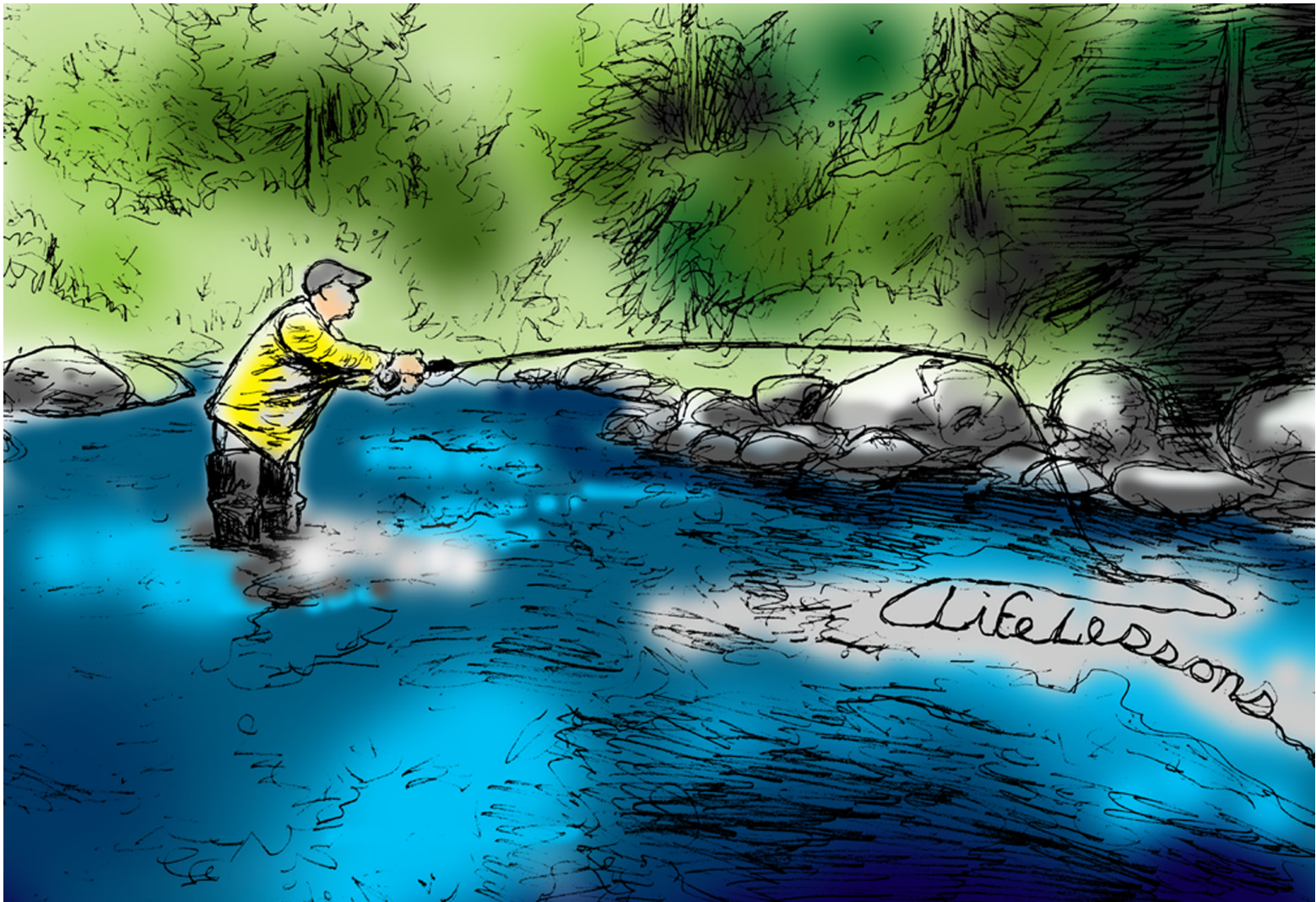
But jeers again to our media friends. In their rush to assail Donald Trump for his statements, they wrote stories stating he told hackers to get into Clinton's private server today, in the present tense. A server reportedly in the custody of the FBI, so they would need to hack federal law enforcement systems or conduct a "Mission: Impossible"-style raid. His statement about hacking was past tense. What he said was wrong, but you don't need to make it worse by misreporting the facts.

Cheers to Mike Pence. He nailed it with his statement on the Russian email controversy and Trump's statement. He was willing to stand for what he believed, even if it didn't line up with the top of his ticket. You have to respect that.

And, finally, jeers to Hillary



MICHAEL CIANCETTE



OP ART BY GEORGE DANBY

Farewell to Doc

For a friend, fly-fishing and life lessons were synonymous

BY RON JOSEPH  
SPECIAL TO THE BDN

*"If our father had had his way, nobody who did not know how to fish would be allowed to disgrace a fish by catching it."*  
— Norman Maclean,  
"A River Runs Through It"

Fly-fishing is humbling. "You're casting too fast," my older friend advised from the stern of a Shorty Bilt canoe. "Pause on the back cast to allow the fly-line to straighten out and then cast forward," he added. The green floating fly-line looped around my neck and shoulder before the Royal Coachman fly took hold of the brim of my red wool Crusher hat.

It was late August 1970, and my first fly-fishing lesson had been humiliating. I caught one little brown bat and zero trout. In a few weeks, I would begin my freshman year as a wildlife student at the University of New Hampshire. Dr. Joseph Marshall had taken me to Rock Pond ostensibly to fly-fish for squaretails — not once did he call the colorful fish brook trout. We had left his cabins on Spencer Lake at 5 p.m., and 45 minutes later his museum quality canvas and cedar canoe slipped into the pond. The evening outing, I soon discovered, had more to do with his casting words of wisdom than fishing.

"A golden opportunity awaits you in college. Grasp it," he said, netting a handsome 14-inch squaretail. Doc anticipated my teenage stiffness. No college-bound 18-year-old appreciates lectures about proper study habits and limiting keg party indulgences. "I was your age," he said, softening his delivery, "when I attended Colby College in 1940. Beer and hanging out at Onnie's Pool Hall was fun extra-curricular activity." Maybe I'm off the hook, I thought, since he's shifting the conversation.

"One winter evening," Doc continued, "several college buddies barged into my room and said, 'Let's drive into Waterville for beers and pool.' I grabbed a coat, glanced across the Kennebec River (in 1940, Colby's campus stood between College Avenue and the river) and saw the Scott Paper mill aglow in lights. I knew that in one of those well-lit rooms my mother was working very hard to pay my tuition. I slumped into a desk chair and thought, 'Gee, my mother is sacrificing to make my life better. I'll honor her by studying hard. Partying didn't feel right anymore.'" His message stuck like an arrow hitting the bull's-eye of a target. Doc's inspiring words about honoring parental sacrifices prevented me from flunking out of college while on probation.

Our lifelong friendship began in 1967 when Doc invited me to join him and his 17-year-old nephew, Jimmy, my high school friend, on a fishing trip to his cabins in Maine's western mountains

In the summer of 1971, when landing a well-paying construction job didn't pan out, Doc hired my twin brother, Don, an English major at Colby, and me to work as carpenter aides at his home. The following December, we each received a Christmas card and a \$100 check. "Merry Christmas," he wrote, in barely legible handwriting taught universally in medical schools. "In checking my books, I discovered that I had underpaid you last summer. Please stop by

for a visit during the holidays."

My brother phoned me from a Colby dormitory. Doc had not short-changed us, we concluded. He knew that my father, his high school friend and patient, was an unemployed welder that Christmas, and he had little money to spend on presents. The "underpaid you" story was fabricated because Doc didn't want to upstage my parents by giving us Christmas money when they couldn't.

In April, Dr. Joseph Marshall, age 94, died at Waterville's Thayer Hospital, where he practiced medicine for 40 years. He had been my family's doctor since my birth in 1952. Our lifelong friendship began in 1967 when Doc invited me to join him and his 17-year-old nephew, Jimmy, my high school friend, on a fishing trip to his cabins in Maine's western mountains.

He became my surrogate father, and I became his surrogate son. Nowadays, to keep his spirit alive, I often repeat a favorite story: In August 1965, Doc had taken Jimmy fishing at Rock Pond, which, Jimmy and I concluded years later, was Doc's equivalent of a psychologist's couch. The pond was where serious two-way talks were exchanged in the confines of a canoe. It was a beautiful summer evening, Jimmy recounted, with so many fish rising, the surface dimpled in every direction, as if being hit by raindrops. Doc's message: Good decision-making leads to good outcomes. As his uncle played a fish, Jimmy quickly removed the gullet from a trout at his feet, fastened the meat to a hook and lowered the bait on monofilament line into a pond that he knew was fly-fishing only.

Hiding behind a large red spruce was a Maine game warden with binoculars. "Leave the lines in the water," the warden yelled, "and paddle ashore." Doc seethed when Jimmy confessed: "Sorry, uncle. I

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My 2016 conundrum: How do I ignore this guy?

I guess I don't even know how or what to think about when it comes to that crazy person who also happens to be the Republican Party's presidential nominee. I'd use his name, but you already know it, and he doesn't need any more attention, because that's what this monster feeds on.

But that's the thing: He doesn't need any more attention, but his existence and ascent require our attention. This is just one of a heap of conundrums and contradictions that accompany coverage of this particular beast.

From the perspective of somebody who gets paid to think and write about things, it almost feels cheap to talk about him. It's what he wants, after all, right? And



ALEX STEED

doesn't that feed into whatever it seems like his plan may be?

But then, at the same time we have this candidate whom White Nationalist David Duke and that sniveling cartoon villain type who inflated the cost of AIDS drugs however many times over before getting into some hot water over securities fraud are openly celebrating.

We have this billionaire celebrity blowhard who could very easily become the next president, and you think, "Well, I have to address this somehow, don't I?"

Welcome to Perpetual Conundrum 2016.

Am I helping to perpetuate his narrative if I give him attention? The narrative in which whiny, liberal, egghead elites in the media obviously don't get him and his followers? The narrative in which I write something that literally describes a thing the beast has actually done — such

as treasonously calling upon Russia to commit an act of espionage against the U.S. — it sounds as if I'm putting some sort of spin on it simply because it's coming from me and appearing in this newspaper.

These are the pitfalls of addressing what is at once absurd and legitimately threatening to our collective well-being. It is what I imagine a reporter covering The Joker comes to feel like in the D.C. Universe.

Every day we wonder if things will get crazier or more wild or whatever, and every few days we realize that, yes, they will.

I was a Bernie Sanders supporter. I caucused for him here in Maine, and I was proud to do so. I was a Ralph Nader supporter back in 2000. To see such widespread grass-roots support around a movement that favors an inclusive economy and the means to address the ill nature of

corporatism is so meaningful and beautiful to me. Some remain angry that Sanders didn't get to go all the way, and they're angry with the way the DNC composed itself — rightfully so. For this movement to continue, there needs to be change at every level of our civic machinery. I look forward to participating in however that manifests itself.

And in spite of these Democratic Party missteps, I look forward to continuing this movement in an America in which Hillary Clinton is president. There is no candidate who can be everything to all 315 million of us, and each will represent things we don't like or appreciate. But the beast represents a vision of the country that not only hates the aforementioned movement but doesn't even appear unwilling to see it quashed by any means necessary.

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