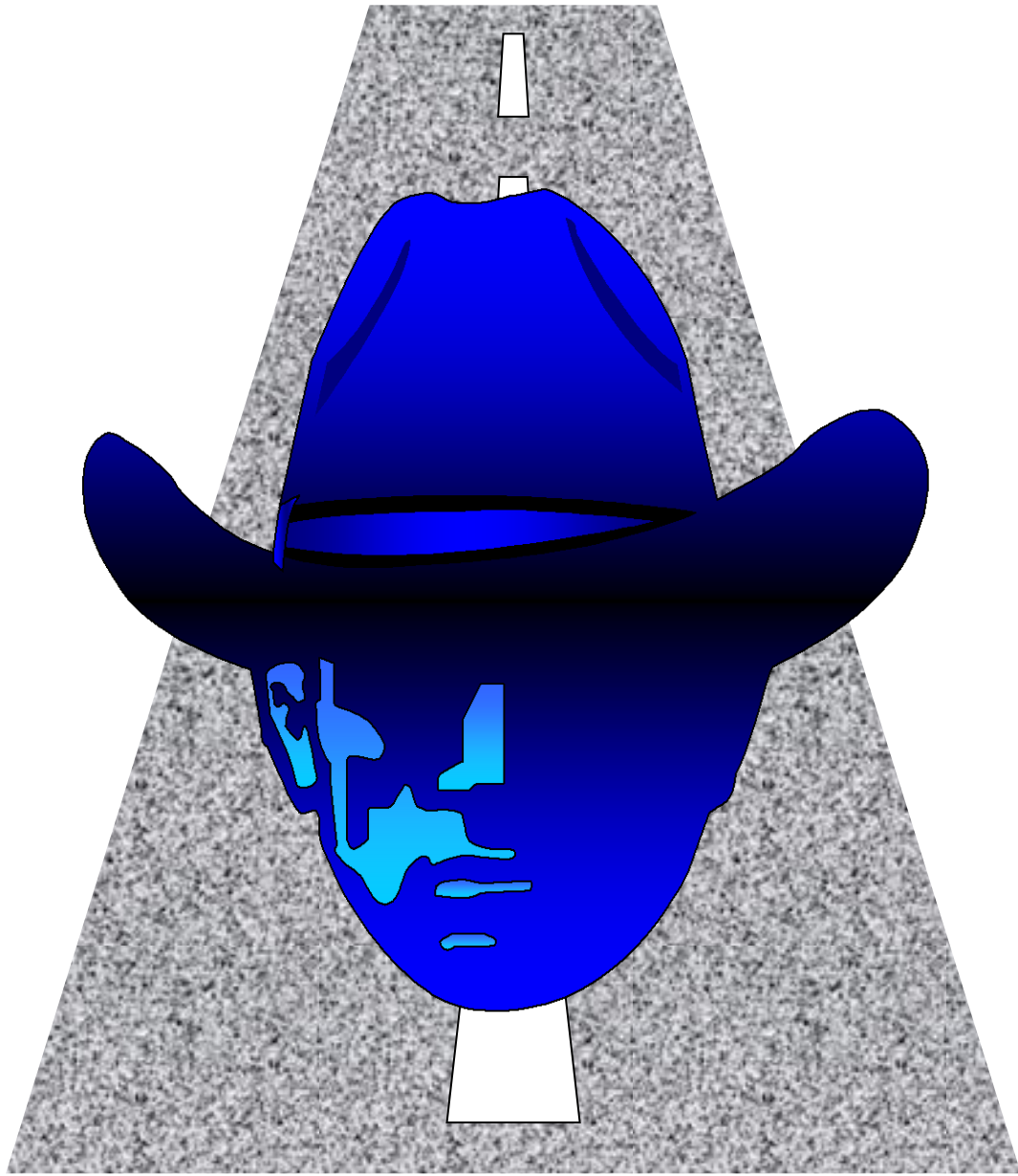


*George Greenwood's
Cowboy
Road Show*



31 Years of Riding, Roping and Road Building



George Greenwood

**Engineer, Teacher,
Cowboy, Artist, Poet,
and Friend**

Essential Facts:

Education:

B.S. University of Maine 1951
M.S. University of Illinois 1960
Ph.D. University of Illinois 1963

Work Experience:

2 yrs. Bridge Div., Maine State Highway Com.
1 ½ yrs. + in Service
3 yrs. teaching in General Engr., Dept, at UM
3 yrs. Teaching General Engr., Dept. at Univ. Illinois

Started teaching in C.E. Dept. in Fall of 1963 as an Associate Professor in Civil Engineering.
Taught: Highway Engineering, Traffic Engineering, Transportation, Construction Management.

Career Highlights:

1985/86: During a sabbatical leave went to DOT and established the Maine Local Roads Center, a program funded by the Federal Highway Administration to develop and present workshops and training programs for town and city public works departments. The objective was to help local workers who had little or no engineering training learn how to better their roadway construction and maintenance skills. Continued as Director of that program for several years.

Organized and coordinated a College of Engineering Distance Education Program that fostered the offering of regular college graduate level courses over interactive television so practicing engineers could work on graduate programs from locations around the state remote from University centers.

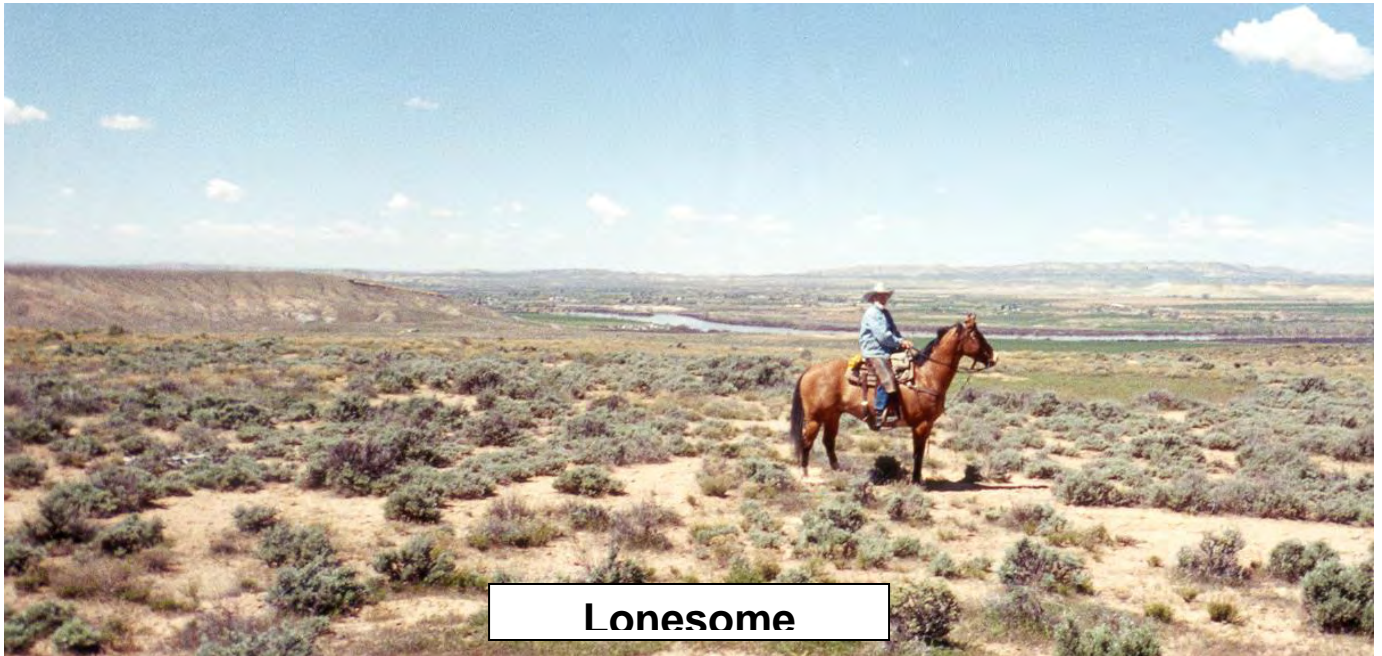
In 1991 Received the Ashley S. Campbell Award from the College of Engineering for outstanding teaching and public service contributions. These contributions include: developing courses that promoted direct student interaction with the profession, establishing the Maine Local Roads Program to provide technical education and training in highway work to towns throughout Maine and organizing and coordinating a College of Engineering Distance Education Program to offer graduate level courses to practicing engineers.

Retired on January 1, 1994

Became a Cowboy in 1996.



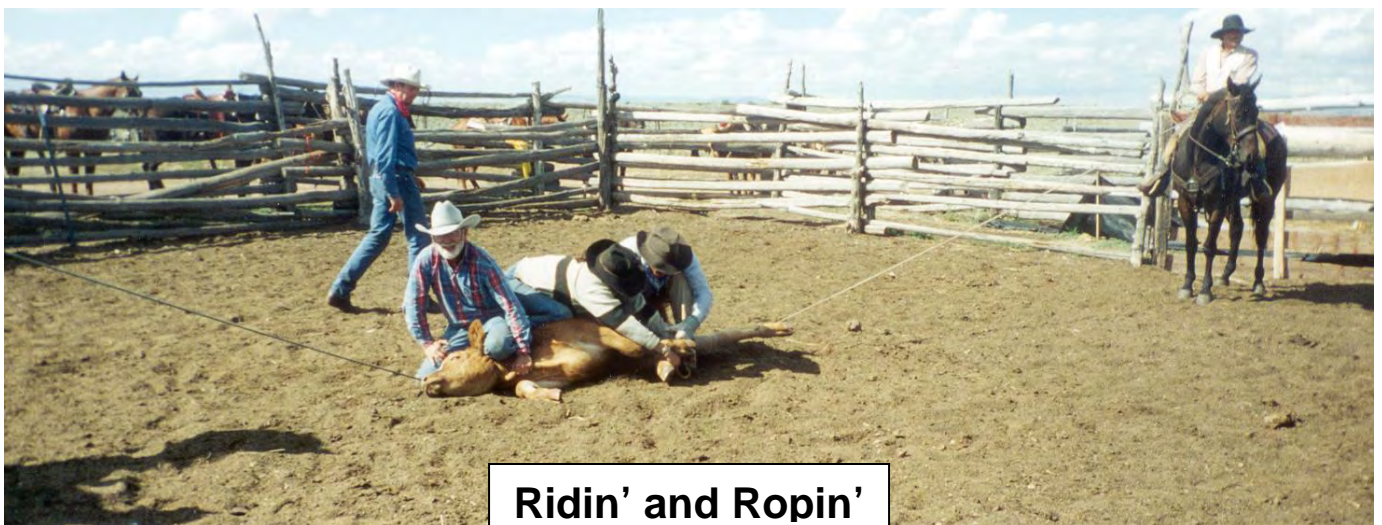
Riding the Range With Cowboy George



Lonesome



Chow Time



Ridin' and Ropin'

The Key Hole Race

Cowboy Poetry by George Greenwood



It was Fall in nineteen and ninety-eight
When I first rode through the startin' gate
And even now, though a year has fled
My blood Starts to pound from my toes to my head
Whenever I think on that awesome event
A shinnin' milestone in a life staidy spent

Ruff 'n tuff stands hip-shot, I'm slouched and laid back
While we wait for our turn from way back in the pack
Slowly we work toward the head of the line
As Ruff's ears perk up I straighten my spine
"On deck!" comes the word and the hoss starts to dance
His rider gets nervous, you can see at a glance



The last team just finished and the mike gives the call
"Your time's tops – puts you first overall!"
Ruff tosses his head; his nostrils are flarin'
His hooves are a' prancin' but I hunker – just starin'
He drifts toward the gate with darn little urgin'
He's ready! He's psyched! Adrenalin's surgin'!

Let's go! Yee-hah! Ruff's muscles unsling
Like a shot from a cannon, like a hawk on the wing
He tears by the timer and we're headed south!
Hangin' on by my teeth, my heart's in my mouth
Strong in the irons, but light in the seat
Tryin' to stay with that big hoss's stride beat for beat

In mighty few seconds, and a heartbeat more,
Ruff has us **both knockin' at the "keyhole door**
Just a touch on the reins shuts the front door lid
He's back on his haunches in a tail draggin' skid
Then whirls like a dervish, comes clean about,
And in three churning strides he's runnin' flat out!



I'm over his neck, just a yellin' and screamin',
Stuck on like a burr and certain I'm dreamin'
He eats up the ground like a fast movin' freight,
In a jig time we're streakin' through the ol' finish gate
A ground-plowin' stop then wait for the call
That big red-gold hoss hardly puffin' at all

The loudspeaker blaers, "You've done it boys!"
That's it! You're in! Top money's yours!"
Ruff flings up his head, shows off his snuff
He's been here before, and that's sure enough!
But this greenhorn, except for a humongous grin,
Looks totally dumb-struck from my brow to my chin

We take the winners' due, start to lope round the track
I do some fast talkin', Ruffs' ears are turned back
We finish the loop, Ruff stands quietly by
While I bow low, doff my hat, raise arms to the sky
You see, we discussed it, got together on our story;
He'd get all the credit, but I'd get all the glory!

G. Greenwood
Practicing Greenhorn



In the early part of my career at the University of Maine, I looked to the senior civil engineering faculty for guidance. An important "practical" lesson from George was that when you are a tenured full professor it doesn't make any difference when you turn in your final course grades. One day in mid-January I noticed that George was leisurely grading final class projects for Transportation Engineering. I asked, "George weren't final grades due three weeks ago?" George replied, "Yes, but what are they going to do, fire me?" I was somewhat taken aback by this, but I learned that tardiness can have unexpected beneficial consequences. Two of my advisees were in his class and failed the course. This combined with the student's poor performance in other courses would have resulted in their being dismissed from school had George got his grades in on time. Fortunately for the students spring

classes had already started so it was too late to ask them to leave. Coming so close to dismissal put the fear of God in these two students, and they buckled down to their studies. One even became a Dean's List student for the remainder of his time at UMaine. Both these students are thankful to this day that George turned their grades in late and I am impervious to threats from upper administration to turn in my grades by the deadline or else!

Dana Humphrey
Chair and Professor
Civil and Environmental Engineering

I attended UM (back when it was still called UMO) from the fall of 1982 to the spring of 1986. My freshman year of civil engineering studies was average at best and I was unsure if I should continue or try something else. I *think* it was during my sophomore year (after nearly 20 years, the memory is not what it used to be) that Professor Greenwood took us on a field trip to the "new" Penobscot River Bridge and adjacent off-ramps between Bangor and Brewer, what is now I-395. What I remember most was driving around the graveled roadways and realizing with such clarity that highway design was what I wanted to do. Until that moment, I couldn't see how I could use what I was learning. It was the hands-on, see- it- up- close, experience from George's class that helped me decide. I should have figured it out years before, back when I put my Barbies in my brother's Tonka trucks and built roads in the dirt in front of our house. I now work at Dufresne-Henry, Inc. and get to design roads,

parking lots, and runways. I still play in the dirt whenever I can.

Also while attending UM, I had a work study job in the Civil Engineering offices and I got to work for Pam Oakes. During my senior year, Professor Greenwood had brought in one of his paintings (he must be a world famous artist by now) and it hung on the wall above the table where I worked. It was an ocean wave, done in wonderful shades of green. I was very impressed. At some point, I asked George if he could paint something for me with purples. Shortly before graduation, he brought in his masterpiece. It was a night scene, with birches and wild shrubbery in the foreground. In the background, reflecting across a black body of water was a bright glow along the shoreline, lighting up the forest behind. (Is it a campfire? Who is on this beach? And why do I feel like I am intruding on some ancient ritual taking place in the darkness?) I purchased the painting from George, though (being the poor college student I was) I think I only paid about \$35 for it. My husband has since built an oak frame for it and I display it with pride and as a source of inspiration above my desk at home. My original *GWGreenwood* came complete with the arch over the double o's as was George's way to pay homage to, I believe, his grandfather, Chester Greenwood, who invented the earmuffs.

Thank you for allowing me to share my thoughts about George Greenwood. He remains one of my fondest memories of UMO.

Janine Stevens Murchison
Class of 1986

George W. Greenwood
A Maine Yankee

Toward the end of his career at the University of Maine, George had a half-time appointment at the university and a half-time appointment with the Maine Department of Transportation (MDOT). At MDOT, he was in charge of instructing public works directors from small towns about building and maintaining rural roads. Across the state George presented multi-day workshops on drainage, culvert installation, road materials, and other relevant items.

George was an ideal instructor for these workshops. He had taught these subjects for many years at the university and had experience with common mistakes of public works directors. He also projected further credibility with his laid-back folksy Maine manner that was reinforced by his pronounced Farmington accent. In addition, he knew how to get results with scant resources. We do not know whether this ability was developed in early childhood, but we do know that this ability was honed in his forty years at the University of Maine. The public works directors, who always had to work on a shoestring, appreciated this thrifty Maine Yankee who spoke their language.

Now George's thriftiness did not stop when he walked out of the classroom or the workshop. At a workshop, all of us would walk into the local restaurant and consider it a bargain to pay \$3.25 for lunch. For George, the most convenient place is always a bit extravagant in price and to patronize a restaurant when there is somewhere less

expensive would have troubled him for a long time. Instead, George would find homemade sandwiches with homemade root beer in the local hardware store for \$2.37 and thus have lunch amongst the square-point shovels and eight-penny nails. But he always asked for a receipt. The lunch would be finished off with an apple from an overgrown tree along the road.

George had some arrangement with MDOT so that he was paid for MDOT work through the university. Expense statements were also submitted to the university for billing to MDOT. One day I had a transportation question for George and found him arranging all his receipts for the past two weeks to complete his expense statement. George had a big pile of receipts for everything from a piece of chalk to the smallest meal.

I said, "George, for your meals you do not need receipts. If lunch is about \$3, then just call it \$3. It is not worth the time and energy to obtain receipts and itemize each nickel."

He said, "No, here is a lunch for \$2.37, and here is another for \$3.45. I have receipts for them all and to submit the expense statement with all the receipts is the proper way. That way I am assured of always being reimbursed for my expenses."

Two weeks later, I had another question for George. I went to his office, and I found him working on an expense statement.

I said, "Have you been out again? I thought you were not going out again for a while."

George said, "Oh, this is the expense statement that I was working on two weeks ago when you were in my office. It was returned to me."

I asked, "How could the university accounting office return that expense statement? You had receipts for everything down to two thumbnail tacks. Did you overlook a number on the statement?"

George said, "One day I had lunch with a soda at a general store, and it came to a total of \$2.56. I included my receipt, and the accounting office noticed that the nickel deposit for the soda was included in the \$2.56. So I have to redo the expense statement and take out the nickel of the deposit. Everything else for the \$376.35 total was alright."

It was unbelievable! If the accounting office had made me redo my expense statement for a nickel deposit on a soda bottle that I had donated to the local town office, someone would have heard loud and clear about it. I bit my tongue not to say, "George, it serves you right!"

I did say, "George, here's a nickel. Why don't you take this over to the accounting office and tell them where it belongs."

George said to me, "They were right. I took the empty bottle home and returned it for the deposit. So it was not an expense. It should not be included on my expense statement."

Now I realized that one Maine Yankee at the accounting office was speaking to another in the Civil and Environmental

Engineering Department. They indeed have their own language.

Thomas C. Sandford
UMaine Professor of Civil Engineering

I remember Professor Greenwood very well during my research activities at the Boardman Hall although I was not one of his students. I am thrilled that the College of Engineering has decided to honor him, something he surely deserves.

Somendu B. Majumdar
Class of 1972

I took Transportation Engineering from Professor Greenwood (he was also my advisor at the time) back in the 70's and while discussing stopping distance one time, old George gets a glint in his eye - looks off in the distance, and we all knew a story was coming. (Thank God because the topics could easily cause us "Structural" guys to nod off.) "It's not a very well known fact, but studies show that the best drivers are not that bright. Brighter people tend to mentally drift off to other ideas rather than keep complete focus on driving, while it's easier for dimmer people to completely focus on the road. By the way, I'm not that good a driver!"

We all got a pretty good chuckle, and to this day I wonder if that was an off-the-cuff-story or a standard part of old George's repertoire!

Mike Murphy, P.E.
Class of 1982

I always wondered what it was about George that attracted all these belly dancers to come to his classes year after year, for whatever reason, birthdays, end of the semester, etc...etc... Was it the students who wanted to finish the semester in an uplifting moment so that they would feel good about filling out a positive evaluation, or... was George himself who secretly engaged these belly dancers to come to his classes for a performance, so that he could finish the semester, shall we say, "uplifted"?

Willem Brutsaert
UMaine Professor of Civil Engineering

I do remember many pleasurable, as well as fretful hours, taking exams with Dr. Greenwood. He was always exceedingly fair, and straightforward, and we learned a lot!

There was one day I do remember on the golf course where he and Dr. Wadlin were playing in the foursome ahead. Dr. Wadlin teed off first and put one out about 230 yds, not bad t' all. Dr. Greenwood was next, and I would guess at the time if he weighed in at 130 lbs. it was a heavy day. Our foursome being new to golf at the time, were, shall we say, a little verbose and a little less than respectful about how far behind we thought "Dr. George" would be when he hit his drive. Well, with a perfect swing and follow through he launched that little white ball like a scared goose, only to come to rest about 255 yards out. Needless to say the critics were silenced and the "Great Shot" and "That'll Play" comments ruled the day! By the third

hole, they were off the fifth and we still had lengthy putts on the third green.

Bob Arnold
Class of 1966

One day in soils lab, Paul Keany, one of the starting running backs on the 1965 football team that went to the Tangerine Bowl, was trying to separate the two cylinders used in compaction tests. The heavy metal cylinders sat inside one another with the inside cylinder only a little longer than the outside cylinder, making it hard to get a grip when removing it. Paul, who good naturedly considered his physical prowess more than one cut above the average and who usually called Prof. Greenwood "Doc", was trying to pick up the inside cylinder with the thumb and forefinger of both hands, which kept slipping off. Professor Greenwood, who soaking wet is maybe half as big as Paul, walked over, reached down and spread one hand over the entire diameter of the inside cylinder and picked it up. Paul's jaw dropped first to somewhere around his knees and then to somewhere around his ankles when Professor Greenwood said "I keep telling you Paul, it's not the size of the man in the fight, but the size of the fight in the man."

Russel Ross
Class of 1967

George was instrumental in my getting my first "real" job right after graduation. I was looking for a job in the Spring of 1970 when I met Dr. Greenwood in the halls of Boardman one day and stopped

him to ask if he knew of any available jobs. I was scheduled to return to the University of Maine in the Fall for graduate school and needed a summer job. Although he hesitated to tell me about the possible job opportunity because he thought he should save it for one of "his", that is Transportation majors, he, nonetheless, did tell me about a job at H. E. Sargent, Inc. After 2 interviews with the owners of H. E. Sargent, Inc. I was offered a summer job. This summer job turned into a career with Sargent, one which I held for 20 years, and after a 6 year hiatus with Civil Engineering Services in Brewer, Maine have had another 6 1/2 years with them. My wife Jo Ann ('69) and I attended church in Hampden, Maine in the early '70's where George and his wife Abby attended. George was quick to see an opportunity and passed off his responsibilities on the Board of Trustees to me. Shortly thereafter George moved out of town. I'm not sure what all that means, but I am sure it was all part of George's master plan.

Later, during one of George's industry educational phases, it came to pass that George and I would work together for a summer at H. E. Sargent, Inc. I don't remember the year exactly. I think it was mid to late 80's. George would remember the year, month, day, and time because he probably still has the speeding ticket receipt. George was selected to carry a bid proposal for a project and I offered him my company vehicle for the trip. It wasn't until he returned from the bid opening that I learned of the speeding ticket and it was then I informed him my speedometer was not working right. He used his own vehicle the rest of that summer.

George became a true friend and I consider him a true inspiration and an exceptional credit to the University of Maine and the College of Engineering. I wish him well.

Dale Jellison
Class of 1970

I was a student of his in 1978. (1977-1981) I enjoyed George's classes. I don't have any funny story, but remember that George was very pro-MDOT. He often integrated DOT projects in the classroom and showed plans and specifications. In one course that I took from him, he actually had us estimate a current DOT project and then bid it. We attended the bid opening in Augusta, in a snowstorm. He set up an additional course that I took in Equipment through the HE Sargent Company in Stillwater. We attended the course at Sargent's facility in Stillwater and had personnel from Sargent's teach the course. I also took two practical credit courses from George. I lined up summer work and George visited onsite. I wrote up my experiences and he spoke to supervisors to grade me on my experience. We could joke with George and one thing I remember about teasing him was our freshman year highway design projects were not corrected until our junior years! Somehow, we got a freshman grade. I looked at George as a mentor that through his actions encouraged me to complete my Civil Engineering education and get into a career.

One of my coworkers had an interesting idea for the recognition...all of us who had George should wear a pair of

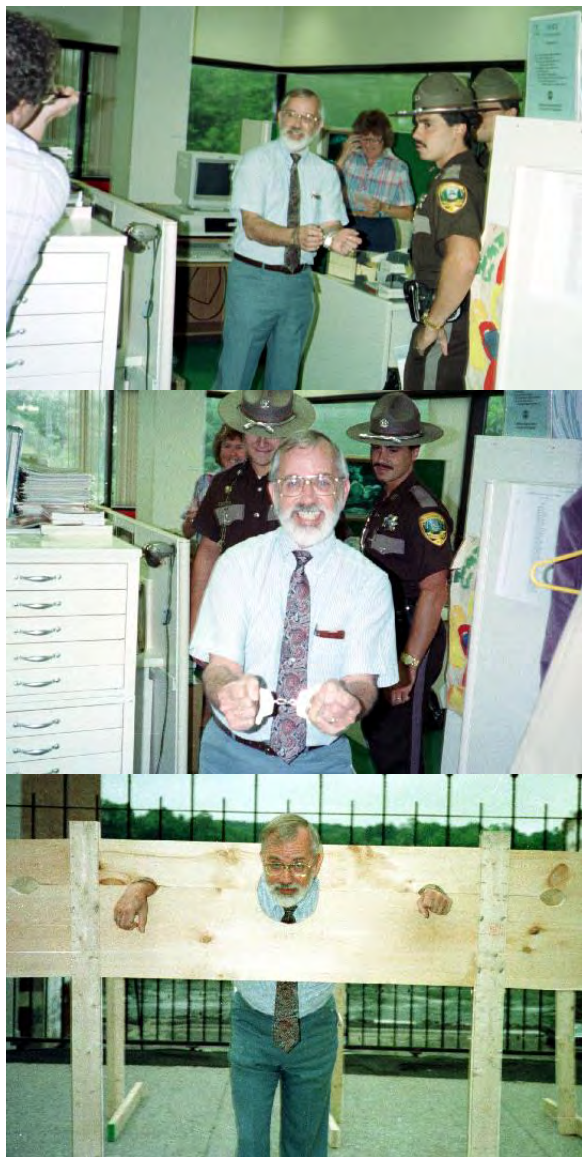
earmuffs with our respective graduating year put on the earpieces. I think it could be funny.

Phil Dunn
Class of 1981 and 1984

This is back when George was on sabbatical from the University of Maine and worked for the Maine Local Roads Center, Maine Department of Transportation. In Augusta, the week before the 4th of July, we have what is called "Whatever Week". During that week there are lots of activities going on in the area. One of them being a fund raising for Big Brothers/Big Sisters called "Jail 'n Bail". Guess what -

The morning of July 2, 1988 I asked George to answer the phones for me so that I could go run an errand. What he actually did was answer the phone so that I could pay \$10 to have him arrested. The arrangements were that the Kennebec County Sheriff would come to the DOT building and arrest George Greenwood for and the last reason was "payback is a bitch". George being the practical joker, it was time I got even. As you can see from the pictures, George was read his rights, handcuffed and escorted out of the building, put into the cruiser and brought downtown where he was placed in the guillotine for fifteen minutes. He then either donated \$10 to the organization OR stay in a portable jail cell for three hours. George paid the bail.

Jacqueline Guimond
Maine Department of Transportation



I do have a comical classroom memory of Professor Greenwood I could share. We were talking about clover-leaves and other types of interstate exchanges. He was trying to emphasize a point about on-off ramps and he said, "I don't care if you've got one loop, two loops, or Fruit Loops!!" I was too busy laughing at the Fruit Loops thing, and I think I missed his point. Oh well, it's a good thing I'm not designing interstates!

Jim Sturgis
Class of 1987 and 1989

Thanks for the invitation to Professor Greenwood's luncheon, which I plan on attending so I can shake his hand. I am a Project Engineering Manager with Cianbro Corporation and it was George who got me a job with Cianbro back in the mid 70's. He also gave me a work-study job when I needed it because the checks from the V.A. were not much to live on in those days. The thing I like most about him is his sense of humor and dedication to the welfare of his students. During the 80's I came up to speak to his project scheduling classes a couple of times and he always treated me as if my speeches were great although I know speaking is not my strong suit. The guy is a real gem.

Jim Garland
Cass of 1977

I have known Dr. Greenwood since I was an undergraduate in the Civil Engineering Department from 1969-1973 (B.S.1973). I also spent two years in the Civil Engineering Graduate Program (M.S. 1975). I enjoyed college so much that I stayed on to teach in the School of Engineering Technology until 1978. My office was just down the hall from George.

During my tenure at the University, George Greenwood was a perennial favorite teacher. He always was upbeat, had a great sense of humor, and possessed a bit of humility that is not always apparent in college professors. He was always approachable by students and was often seen with a gaggle of kids lagging behind him as he carried his

armload of books and papers to the next lecture. He was fun to be around.

I particularly remember George's soft side. I recall the days when his long-time pet dog was ailing and probably should have been put down. It was not an option that George considered. He created a sling for his dog that wrapped around his belly so George could assist the dog in walking in its last months. It was quite a sight to behold, this Professor of Civil Engineering, highly educated, motivator of young minds, taking the time to help his friend with this home-made contraption. I still remember George tearing up when just mentioning the dog.

Adrian Ayotte
Class of 1973, 1975

I am a CE graduate - class of 1976. Dr. Greenwood was the Professor of my second semester Environmental Engineering course (Spring, 1976). The course was to cover Wastewater Treatment and Sanitary Engineering. I will never forget what Dr. Greenwood said on the first day of the class. After we all settled down, he looked at the class and in a very serious manner, introduced himself and said, "It may be shit to you, but it's my bread and butter." The class roared, what an icebreaker to start a new semester. He made the course interesting and I actually looked forward to attending his classes.

Andrew Agapow
Class of 1976

Having graduated in 1962, I unfortunately missed being one of George's students. But I got to know him as a counselor while I did my M.S. work under Bill Gorrill from 1962 to 1964. I finished my thesis while I was stationed in Saigon, 1965-1966. George was on my committee when I defended the thesis in March 1966. He had mellowed enough by then that he failed to "black-ball" me, allowing me to get my Master's Degree in June.

Stanley E. Walker
Class of 1962, 1966

Although George and I were classmates in the Class of '51, we did not stay in touch with each other after leaving Maine. We got reacquainted a couple of years ago when I was looking for someone with credentials to educate the neighbors on the care of the private gravel road we live on. I soon discovered that George was the man to contact. The road benefited and so did I personally by renewing contact with George. Ever since then I have been furnishing lunch to George annually. Congratulations George, enjoy the day, you deserve it.

Gerald Haraden
Class of 1951

I am your Number One Fan
George W. Greenwood

During the late 60's and early 70's, the students at the University of Maine, like students at all other universities, were in ferment over the Viet Nam War. Of course, there were many issues related to

individual freedom and changes in society that were intermixed with the issues of the Viet Nam War. Students disrupted classes and heckled all authority figures.

For George Greenwood, who had sacrificed and worked hard to obtain his degrees and served in the US Air Force in the 1950's, the students were disrespectful of their elders and lacked the discipline to become responsible members of society. How could anyone who did not wash nor comb his hair be taken seriously? A leader of these students was the editor of the Maine Campus, Stephen King. George was particularly incensed at the intemperate four-letter words throughout Stephen King's editorials. For George, this type of language should have been left behind the barn. If Stephen King just applied some effort and good taste to his editorials, then his ideas would merit discussion. This was just another indication of the lack of work ethic among the young. It was embarrassing for George to have such a representative at his alma mater.

George realized that in two years Stephen King would graduate. Some peace and civility would return then, and his blood pressure would come back down. George knew he could outlast Stephen King. Finally Stephen King graduated. Now this so-called English major would have to try and find a job. Good luck!

George and his family lived in Hampden at this time. His children were in school in Hampden. George went to a parent-teacher's conference at Hampden. As he went into a classroom, a young teacher came over to George, Hello Mr.

Greenwood, I am your daughter' part-time English teacher. My name is Stephen King.

Although we were not there, we can imagine George's jaw dropping as his blood pressure was rising again. However, we know that George was civil and respectful of this young man, even while wondering why Fate was making such trials and tribulations for him

Still, George realized that the future prospects were challenging for a young man who idled his undergraduate years in Liberal Arts and lacked discipline to do things properly. He would struggle to obtain a full-time teaching position. The extra challenges in life for an unkempt and undisciplined young man would be their own justice.

The next year Stephen King's first novel was published. This well-crafted novel had little or no intemperate words, as if George's angry thoughts had transcended space via ESP. So justice had been served. The novel became a best seller. George's reward is the enjoyment of transmitting thoughts to students and of seeing the implementation of those thoughts for the good of society. This joy is grander than receiving one hundred times the salary of a civil engineering faculty member. Stephen King, George Greenwood is your number one fan.

Thomas C. Sandford
UMaine Professor of Civil Engineering
As Related by John Alexander
UMaine Professor Emeritus

I would like to congratulate Professor Greenwood on many good years of teaching and leadership at the University of Maine and wish him more happiness and fulfillment in the future.

Steve Smith
Class of 1975

When I think back on my years at the University of Maine, you always come to mind. Not only do I fondly remember the various classes in which I was your student, but also the friendship that we developed. Your knowledge, practical experience, easy-going personality and sense of humor combined to earn you the respect and admiration of your many students.

Whether working on a concrete canoe, explaining a “critical path method” diagram or sharing a “cold one” at CE 1000, you were always there to lend your experience, your knowledge or simply “an ear”. By the way, “an ear” is particularly appropriate for the relative (was it grandson?) of Chester Greenwood, the infamous Farmington inventor of the earmuff!

In particular, I am extremely appreciative and grateful for the kind recommendation that you provided which helped me to become an employee of the Federal Highway Administration, a career that I very much enjoy. I am sorry that I will be unable to attend your luncheon, but my thoughts will be with you. I wish you good health and the best of luck in the future. Again, congratulations!

Cheryl Bennett Martin
Class of 1985

Congratulations! I’m pleased to see the College of Engineering is celebrating your years of service and dedication to civil engineering students. I must say that when I saw your years of teaching (1963-1994) I was a bit shocked to realize that I am one of the older of your old students. Time flies!

I have three primary remembrances of our interaction.

- You were an organizer of a student activity at an annual transportation meeting. In the winter of my junior year, I was one of the student presenters. I prepared for days, was nervous as hell, and recall sweating and shaking through time at the podium. Now I speak to groups often, don’t have the tremors any more, and probably don’t prepare as much as I should. You helped start my “speaking career.”
- You taught a project-scheduling course. I remember thinking, “What is this crap? I’m going to be an engineer.” Well, as you can imagine, I did a lot of that “crap” through a dozen or so years in consulting engineering. I also taught the subject over the last nineteen years in my Project Management courses at Portland Community College and Portland State University in Oregon.
- You passed out applications for ASCE to a class of seniors and said, “Take a few minutes and fill these out.” I had attended a couple

of Student Chapter meetings, but wasn't much involved in the organization. I ended up very involved with the Maine Section in the late 70's and early 80's, and just became the Past President of the Oregon Section. (The highlight of my term as President was visiting the four Student Chapters in Oregon.) I've also served ASCE as an ABET evaluator – first for TAC and now EAC – for the last sixteen years. Come to think of it, your giving me that application cost me a lot of time – for which I'm very thankful.

Enjoy your celebration. You earned it. Thanks for what you did for me and the many other students you served through the years.

Scott Huff
Class of 1972

George was very pleased when I joined the department in 1979, mostly because I wore a jacket and tie. Leisure suits were big. George would lament that the downfall of western civilization was due to the fact faculty no longer dressed properly, i.e., jacket and tie. Consequently, George saw himself and me as two birds of a feather, at least fashion-wise. Eventually, I saw the wisdom of the casual attire crowd and came to work sans jacket and tie. Well, I think it broke George's heart; his protege had defected. I took so much grief from George that it was several months before I tried the causal look again. It's a good thing that George retired before casual Friday's became the

vogue. I can only begin to imagine the tirade!

Dr. Chet Rock
UMaine Professor of Civil Engineering

George Greenwood and I were attending a conference in the Washington DC area.

Now, DC is a notoriously expensive town and George has a reputation for being extremely frugal. He was in the habit of staying in the cheapest hotels and even carrying his some of his own meals in his suitcase to avoid the need for eating at a restaurant.

Even so, one morning, I convinced George to have breakfast in the hotel dining room. True to his nature George ordered only two eggs and toast. Although this was the cheapest thing on the menu, George's eyes grew wide when he was given the check.

Upon returning from paying for his eggs, George shook his head and said: "Wouldn't that old hen have been proud?"

John Alexander
UMaine Professor Emeritus

LONESOME BILL

From Montana came a red roan hoss,
His name was Lonesome Bill,
He's Carried me through thick and thin,
From 'mount' to far-flung hill.

His heart's the size of a washtub
And there's brains behind the bit.
Don't wonder 'bout his stayin' power
Cause he don't know how to quit.

He's ready when the sun comes up,
At sundown he's still goin',
Turnin', cuttin', ropin' critters
Without no signs of slowin'

When he spots space out yonder,
He don't leave ya time to think.
Lonesome figgers he should fill it
And you ain't got time to blink

He's real light on the git-go
So don't jab him with your spur,
Unless you want the scen'ry rippin'
By in one long blur.

That half-ton steer needs a horn cut back,
It's turned in towards his eye.
But when me and Lonesome mark him,
He breaks with tail on high.

Lonesome's churnin' strides eat up the
space
'Tween him and kitin' steer,
The rope snakes out, the dally's made
And Lonesome plants his rear.

That runnin' steer swaps ends right quick
And in the dust he lies
The tie is made, the sawin's done
Under Lonesome's watchful eyes.

A word is said, the rope goes slack,
And one big brindle steer
Staggers to his feet, back toward the herd
Groggy head still not too clear

That Lonesome sure knows 'bout critters.
Them cows has got no hope.
Sometimes I think he knows it all
'cept how to throw a rope.

Yeah, we've shared a million campfires
An' rode a million miles
And friend I've gotta tell ya
He's brought a million smiles.

So When the campfire's roarin'
And the sun has gone to rest,
The yarns 'n tales a' flowin'
'Bout which cow-horse is the best

Speak kindly of my red roan hoss,
As I'm certain sure you will,
"Cause doggoned few can match the deeds
Of my side-kick, Lonesome Bill.

*George Greenwood
Veazie, Maine
September, 2000*

