

PRESERVATION FOR PINE ISLAND S SECOND CENTURY

Gifts and Ongoing Efforts Are Preserving Pine Island s Surroundings

MT. PHILIP FOR SALE!

As every Pine Islander knows, Mt. Philip lies at the north end of Great Pond and has been the home of King Kababa, his helpers, and his sacred animals ever since the King struck an agreement with Pine Island's founder Clarence Colby. The agreement was a simple one: King Kababa would move his residence to a spacious and comfortable cave on Mt. Philip, leaving Pine Island free for the establishment of a boys' camp. The camp would be allowed to continue using the island as long as the boys and staff continued to believe in the King, to be good to each other, and to adhere to the principles Pine Island Camp holds most dear.

The agreement has held for 101 years, and during that time King Kababa has kept an eye on Pine Island's activities. He has sent many of his sacred animals to the island, and has sent the boys and counselors birch bark signs during the summers to comment on how attentive they are being to the terms of the agreement. At least once each summer the camp Kabalogist and a group of campers embark on the Sacred Journey, a mystery-filled day trip during which they climb to the summit of Mt. Philip to visit the home of the King. The King's cave must be extremely well camouflaged because, though they always find evidence of the King's living there, they have never found the actual cave.

And so it is a real shock to generations of Pine Islanders to hear that rather suddenly last fall Mt. Philip was for sale. As it turns out, King Kababa never actually held a deed to the mountain, apparently (and who could blame him) feeling that his claims to the lands

surrounding Pine Island were so ancient that he needn't express them on paper. Mt. Philip, according to the modern law of the land, was split into two parcels — one owned by the Mead Paper Company and the other by a local citizen. The For Sale sign went up when Mead Paper made the decision to sell all of its land in Maine. Since the 200-acre parcel was to be sold with the rest of Mead's vast holdings in Maine, it would not be an option for the Belgrade Regional Conservation Alliance (BRCA), a local land trust, to buy just the Mead land on Mt. Philip.

Enter Jack Schultz, local resident and Pine Island parent. Jack has long been active in the joint efforts of the BRCA and the Belgrade Lakes Association (BLA) to conserve open land and to protect the watershed of the entire Belgrade Lakes area. On hearing that the home of King Kababa was up for sale, Jack swung into action and began to look for a way to secure at least the top of Mt. Philip for the King and for future generations of both Pine Islanders and local residents. As it turned out, most of the top of Mt. Philip was owned not by Mead Paper but by a local resident who also owned the north side of the mountain. Jack approached the local landowner and he agreed to sell ten acres atop Mt. Philip to Jack. Jack then called Pine Island director Ben Swan to give him the astounding news that he would be giving the land to Pine Island Camp with a conservation easement to be held by the BRCA to ensure that the land is never developed.

Sadly, this happy story has within it a deep element of tragedy. The Mt. Philip land will be given to Pine Island in

memory of both of Jack's sons, Thomas Britton Schultz and Andrew Grayson Schultz, the only two children of Jack and Jane Schultz. Andrew died in 1978 when he was eight after accidentally detonating a Korean War era phosphorus hand grenade he found that had been left in the basement of the Schultzes' new house in Ridgefield, Connecticut. His older brother Tom was killed in the bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 ten years later. "Both our boys died by instruments of war, and I think the preservation of this peaceful and beautiful place so many people will enjoy will be a lasting and fitting memorial to them." While Andrew never reached camp age, Tom was both a camper and a counselor in the late 70s and early 80s.

Jack's purchase and gift pave the way for the eventual preservation of all of

Mt. Philip. The BRCA has secured an option to buy the north slope of the mountain from the local landowner and is "first in line" to purchase the south slope from its new owners, Wagner Woodlot, a timber company that bought all of the 6,000,000 acres of land Mead Paper owned in Maine. "My hope is that my gift of this land to Pine Island will get the ball rolling to that over the next few years, and that Pine Islanders and local residents will rally to help purchase the final two parcels of land, thus preserving the entire mountain forever."

Pine Island thanks Jack Schultz for his dedication to the preservation of the pristine surroundings of the place we all love so much. We look forward to playing our part as it becomes possible to purchase and preserve the rest of the King's home. Stay tuned!



A typical view in the Kennebec Highlands

6000 ACRES IN PINE ISLAND S BACK YARD PRESERVED FOREVER

A grand vision and years of tireless effort on the part of a small group of very determined people have resulted in the preservation of 6000 acres of land, including an entire range of mountains just minutes from Pine Island. Known as the Kennebec Highlands, the land was purchased over a period of three years from twenty separate landowners with funds raised locally and from the Land for Maine's Future Fund, a fund established by the State of Maine to aid in the purchase of land in the state for preservation. The driving force behind the cam-

paign to save this pristine land, which is just minutes from August, Waterville, and the Maine Turnpike, was the Belgrade Regional Conservation Alliance (BRCA). BRCA is an umbrella organization that draws its members from the several organizations that have been established over the last 75 years to care for various lakes in the area. The Belgrade Lakes Association, founded by Pine Islanders Wilson Parkhill and Jun Swan, is the oldest of the lakes organizations and took the lead in the formation of the BRCA, whose first land preserva-

tion effort was the purchase of "The Mountain," a 100-acre tract of undeveloped land overlooking both Great and Long Ponds.

The Kennebec Highlands has only one dwelling on the entire property and includes waterfalls, trout ponds, mature hemlock forests, blueberry fields, and thousands of acres of hardwood forests. The BRCA has begun creating new hiking trails and improving old ones so that the public will be able to enjoy the area and also to care for it. Pine Island Camp, maintainers of a section of the Appa-

lachian Trail for over 50 years, has already agreed to be responsible for the maintenance of one or more of the new trails. One PIC trip has already made its way into the Kennebec Highlands, and more are planned for next summer.

The BRCA is now at work finalizing the purchase of the last 200-acre parcel and is already at work on arranging to preserve more land in the Belgrade Lakes region and thus to further their goal to protect the entire watershed.

WILD WHITEHEAD NEIGHBOR SAVED

Norton's Island Has Conservation Easement

On the front page of its most recent newsletter the Maine Coast Heritage Trust proudly announced that the Faulkner family, owners of Norton's Island, Whitehead's nearest neighboring island, have donated a conservation easement on the entire island. The easement allows for tent sites only on the 75-acre island, which has mature spruce forests, open fields, stone walls, a bold "head" of granite facing out to sea and at least two lovely beaches.

It was only a few years ago that the view from the loveliest beach on Norton's was spoiled by heavy development on Rackliff Island, serving as a dramatic illustration of how valuable the preservation of Norton's Island is to those who enjoy Whitehead's peace and quiet. One merely has to sit on the formerly secluded northernmost beach on Norton's and stare across barely fifty yards of water directly into the windows and porches of houses that look like they belong in the Hamptons to see what development

can do to a pristine island, and to its neighbors. Rackliff Island's fate was sealed over fifteen years ago when its owner had a causeway built across the narrow waterway that separated it from the mainland and then built a series of roads throughout the island. Small lots have been selling at high prices ever since.

With the easement completed on Norton's, most of the views from Whitehead's west shore and from the shores of the three Brown's Islands are now protected in perpetuity and Norton's joins Whitehead as one of the over 300 Maine islands preserved forever by MCHT. The Pine Island community is grateful to the Faulkner family for their foresight and to the Maine Coast Heritage Trust (www.mcht.org) for their continuing work "to conserve coastal and other lands to protect Maine's environment, sustain its outdoor traditions and promote the well-being of its people."



Norton's Island with the heavily developed Rackliff Island in the background (photo: MCHT)



A BENCH WITH A VIEW, A GIFT FROM A FRIEND

Wanting to do something to honor a lifetime of friendship with Tats Swan and the many visits she had with Tats at Whitehead Island, Pine Island parent and grandparent Kimme Sloane sent Ben Swan a lovely teak bench to be put in some spot where future generations could stop, rest, admire the view, and be

grateful to Tats for her generosity with and love for Whitehead Island. The bench sits near the Keeper's House and looks down across the lawn and wild rose bushes and out over the bold rocks into the North Atlantic. "TATS" is carved into the back. Many have rested there already. Thank you, Kimme.

Tats's bench

2003 LIGHTKEEPERS FOGBOUND BUT ACCOMPLISH MUCH

Though work for members of the Whitehead Lightkeepers Program can be tedious and gritty, it would be difficult to find a workplace with a better view. Painting trim and scraping layers of paint off a door is made a good deal more palatable by being able to look up from your work and gaze out across the sparkling, bold, Atlantic. Ask any of the 10 members of the 2003 Whitehead Lightkeepers about that view and the response might be, "View? What view?"

The Lightkeepers are told each summer at the beginning of their three-week program that they are part of a 200-year-old tradition of keeping the light at Whitehead Island. This past summer, the bicentennial of Thomas Jefferson's commissioning of the first lighthouse at Whitehead, the current Lightkeepers learned first-hand why the lighthouse and various fog signals were put there so long ago, as dense fog enveloped the island for 11 straight days. It was nearly impossible to dry fully their clothes and shoes, paint took forever to dry, and trips ashore became a challenge, but the constant presence of the fog for such a long stretch took its toll in other ways as well, as it must have for island residents back in the early 1800s. The view was gone, but so were all the subtle and sometimes not so subtle markers of the passage of time in a day. No sunrises. No sunsets. No shortening and lengthening of the shadows. No shadows! Little

change in temperature as the sun rose and fell unnoticed.

Lightkeepers have always been a resilient and energetic crew, and this year's six young men and five young women were no exception. But all their reserves of imagination, good will, and basic interpersonal skills were taxed severely by the blanket thrown over them for over half their stay on the island. Cook Elise Voigt and assistant director Tyler Pope pitched in to keep spirits up, Director Peter Ward drew on his many summers as a Pine Island counselor to keep the work interesting and the company congenial, and the 11 Lightkeepers found ways of making the most of the situation, but all agreed that it was a tough slog. And so it was, with five days left in the program, that the Lightkeepers greeted the sun, the blue sky, and most of all the glittering view from their workplace with a joy unmatched, unless it was by that of the hundreds of sailors who had been harborbound all over Penobscot Bay.

In spite of it all the Lightkeepers accomplished a great deal during the three-week program. They completed virtually all of the scraping and painting on the interior of the Keeper's House. They finished cleaning out the Whistle House, which is now ready for structural work by professionals. They repaired the boathouse ramp and built a very nifty platform for hauling all manner of

stuff up the ramp. As is always true of any Pine Island enterprise, camaraderie and good cheer triumphed over the difficult conditions, and for the 200th summer a stalwart crew kept the light.

Peter Ward will direct the 2004 Whitehead Lightkeepers Program again. The program is now in search of a few good young women to join the crew, who surely will see nothing but clear skies and that sparkling view.

(right) Katie and Mallory dressed for the weather

(below) Director Peter Ward directs lowering of new platform. Alex K. and Katie look on



NEW PROGRAMS FOR ADULTS PLANNED FOR WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION

Major Gift Paves Way For Completion of Facility Renovations

Ever since 1996 when Pine Island Camp, a nonprofit institution, became owner of the historic Whitehead Light Station, Pine Islanders have been wondering how the camp would use the dramatically beautiful site that commands an extraordinary 200-degree view of Penobscot Bay and the open Atlantic. The 11.1-acre parcel, which includes the granite light tower, a boathouse, a tumbled-down pier, a 40'x 40' brick utility building, a 19th-century school house, and a six-bedroom Keeper's House, has posed one distinct problem: it boggles the mind with possibilities. Determined that any use of this extraordinary facility would both adhere to Pine Island's mission and preserve the uniquely peaceful atmosphere of Whitehead Island, Pine Island's Board of Directors reached back nearly 100 years, long before the phrase "mission statement" had been coined, to a single elegant sentence written by Pine Island's founder Clarence Colby:

"To give boys a healthful and beneficial summer outing, to clarify their minds and reinvigorate their bodies, to give them new life and new strength — in a word, to afford them an opportunity for re-creation, not merely recreation — is the purpose of Pine Island Camp."

Changing only one word ("boys" becomes "participants") of this statement, written in 1904, gave the Board all they needed to guide the development of new programs at the Whitehead Light Station. At present Pine Island Camp's summer trips to the island for campers and counselors continue to use the buildings and land owned by the Swan family, leaving the Light Station at the northeast corner of the island available for other programs. While there has been some discussion of additional programs for children at the Light Station, the main focus has been on creating short programs for adults. These programs will seek to offer more than mere recreation, each having an instructor and a subject of interest. Programs of five to ten days in length might focus on areas of literature, art, spiritual development, or craftsmanship. The Board is currently studying programs offered today in a variety of venues and formats to gather ideas and guidance. It is their hope that Pine Island will be able to offer one or two pilot programs during the summer or fall of 2005.

Though a great deal of work has been done at the Light Station since 1996, both by the Whitehead Lightkeepers Program and by professional contractors, there is a great deal left to be done. Funded by over \$200,000 in donations, including another major gift of \$100,000, Pine Island has focused on the repair and restoration of the Keeper's House and the brick building known as the Whistle House. The work has included cleaning out both buildings and repairing the extensive damage years of neglect had caused to the walls and ceilings of the Keeper's House, priming and painting all walls, ceilings, and trim in the Keeper's House, replacing the roofs of both buildings, restoring interior trim in the Keeper's House, cleaning out the Whistle House, lining the Keeper's House chimneys, working

on the grounds, and repairing the boat-house ramp.

Projects slated for completion in the next 18 months include completing the kitchen and bathrooms in the Keeper's House, furnishing the Keeper's House, installing a septic system, resuscitating the old well, restoring the School House as a dwelling, installing additional bathrooms, repairing the pier, repairing the exterior of the Whistle House, replacing the Whistle House windows, preparing the Whistle House interior as a multi-use meeting and work space, and repairing the metal housing atop the light tower.

Second Major Gift to Light Station Project Keeps the Work Moving

A second major gift of \$100,000 to Pine Island for use on capital projects at the Whitehead Light Station was received recently from Lise Aubry, Pine Islander, lifelong friend of Tats and Jun Swan, and long-time summer resident of Whitehead Island. Lise, well known to generations of Pine Islanders and others who have spent time on Whitehead, began her Pine Island career at age 19, when she became a babysitter for the Swan children. Based in the "Rink" on Great Pond, Lise, helped by other young women including Cyndi Jepson Farquhar, cared for the Swan children and the children of Assistant Director Chip Handy and his wife Ethel for 8 summers and for 3 summers helped to run a day camp in what is now the "Third Cabin." Lise was with Tats and Jun Swan on just their second trip to Whitehead Island in the summer of 1957, and would accompany them to the island for the next 45 years. In the early days of Pine Island trips to Whitehead Lise lived in a small room behind the kitchen in the cabin known as Starboard. Any Pine Islanders who have visited Whitehead since 1970, when the Barracks was first used for cooking, dining, and sleeping, will be astonished to learn that up until then all the cooking for the Pine Island groups was done by Tats Swan and Lise Aubry in the tiny Starboard kitchen and that everyone ate in the two small rooms off the kitchen. In recalling those days Lise recently wrote,

"In early days Starboard was the kitchen/dining area and Port was the dormitory. Before the arrival of a gas refrigerator, we kept perishables in a pail down the well and we attempted to cook on a three-burner kerosene stove that smelled terrible, was very difficult to regulate, and turned all pots and pans (and the cooks!) a sooty black. Meals were extremely simple... One dinner I remember was a one-pot concoction composed of #10 tins of corned beef hash, tomatoes, and corn, all mixed together and heated on that wretched stove."

Since 1970 Lise has made the cabin known as Port her Whitehead home, and has done a great deal of work both to the inside and the outside of the building to make what was once a bat-infested shack one of the most comfortable cabins on the island.

In response to inquiries from the *Needle*, Lise Aubry wrote about her long relationship with Whitehead and why



Lise Aubry works with Rippy Swan prepping a salad at Whitehead Island in 1996

she is so eager to give this generous support to Pine Island's new efforts at the Light Station.

"The beauty of the island is beyond words — at least my words. The dark green of the spruce trees, the scent of the fallen needles in the woods on a warm day, the songs of birds, the surprise of pink Lady's Slippers in the woods in spring, the drifts of little lavender and white violets along the paths and roadways in early summer. After a rain the delight of stumbling across a golden patch of chanterelle mushrooms.

Walking the rocks of many colors and textures always makes one feel in touch, grounded, as if you are walking on the backbone of our earth. The ever-changing sea, the life upon it and below its surface demands attention, as do the sounds of the water as it roars and sighs in its movement, sometimes sounding like a freight train passing by. All these sounds change when blanketed by fog.

Most remarkable is the peace one encounters on Whitehead. Time here away from the hurly-burly, hustle-bustle of today's world allows one to be still, relax, listen, and hear the 'still small voice' all around and indeed inside one's self. One is able to reclaim one's self, to get reacquainted with nature, to be attuned to the seasons and the rhythm of each day. One can let the weather decide what the activities for the day will be.

Whitehead is, can be and should be a sanctuary for those who seek and long for peace, beauty, and a rapprochement with what may be lost in the way we run our lives. It would be such a gift to see the excellent facilities at the Light Station used in such a way that they would provide visitors with some of what I have been blessed with at Whitehead over these many years and for those visitors to love, respect and preserve something that is so special and rare in this busy world. Writers, artists, musicians, students and folks who just need renewal could find so much in programs run in this special place.

To use is to preserve.

I hope others will join me in supporting this exciting project that will bring the great gifts of Whitehead Island to many more generations of wonderful people."

Pine Islanders and other friends of Whitehead, past, present, and future

wish to thank Lise Aubry for her thoughtful and generous gift and for all her generous wisdom that has helped make Whitehead the unique place it is today.

Our estimates are that we will need to raise an additional \$100,000 to complete the capital improvements and to purchase furnishings and equipment, including a bigger boat, to be ready to open the doors for participants of the new programs. If you would like to make a tax-deductible contribution to the Whitehead Light Station Project, you can send a check, made out to Pine Island Camp, to: *Pine Island Camp, P.O. Box 242, Brunswick, Maine 04011.*

If you would like to find out more about our plans for the Whitehead Light Station, you can email Ben Swan at benswan@pineisland.org, or call him at 207-729-7714.

The 2004 Whitehead Lightkeepers Program has a few spaces open for 15 and 16-year-old young women. Peter Ward will be running the three-week session this summer to continue the work on Whitehead Lightstation. It is the chance of a lifetime to be part of the 175-year tradition of keeping Whitehead Light.

NEEDED: A FEW GOOD YOUNG WOMEN!

July 21 — August 11
Build friendships and skills this summer.
Preserve a piece of history.
Call Ben Swan at 207-729-7714
or e-mail him at benswan@pineisland.org

TRIP REPORT: FLAG BIG FLAG

by Rippy Swan, camper

This past summer I went out on a trip called Flag Big Flag, and it was one of the best I've been on during my three years as a camper at P.I.C. In fact, I think it was one of the best trips sent out all summer. I had two great counselors, Dave Olsen and Jason Fischer, and the campers were great too. On this four-day, three-night trip the group paddles the War Yacht down a large section of Flagstaff Lake, climbs Mt. Bigelow, and then paddles the rest of the lake to the pick-up point.

On the first day of the trip, we were planning to paddle about nine miles to a campsite on a small island. We got lucky and had a very strong tailwind. Instead of paddling nine miles after launching our boat, we hoisted the square sail and barely dipped our paddles as we sailed

nearly 18 miles in just over five hours! The campsite we used that night was right at the foot of Mt. Bigelow. It was a very beautiful spot and we all enjoyed our stay there.

The second day was sunny and warm, and we set out early and got some great views on the way up to Avery Peak. That night we were meant to camp at Horn's Pond, but we decided to stay in Avery Col, where we had a great view of Sugarloaf Mountain from the campsite. During that day we had time to hike over to West Peak and got great views down onto the lake from there.

On the third day we hiked back over Avery Peak and back to our first campsite, where we had chained the War Yacht to a tree for safekeeping. The Yacht



Mt. Bigelow from aboard the War Yacht on Flagstaff Lake (photo: Rippy Swan)

and all our paddles and lifejackets were there and after a short rest we launched our boat and headed out onto the lake. We ate lunch in the boat and were able to sail again after we got out of the cove. We spent about an hour looking for a good campsite near the pick-up point. We went by a dam and thought about camping near it, but we decided to keep looking. Finally we decided to camp on

an island we had seen earlier. It turned out to be a great campsite and we had a really fun last night.

On the last day of the trip we were able to sleep late (7:30 is late for Jason Fisher!) and had an awesome breakfast before packing our gear and paddling only about ten minutes to the place where Chris Newlin met us in the van and took us back to P.I.C.

MORE GREAT THEATER: THE 2004 S.N.S. SEASON

by Michael Robertson

The 2004 Saturday Night Show season will no doubt be remembered as one of the finest of the decade, if not of the new century. Every show brought cheers and laughter from the audience, and elicited intense excitement from the show's participants at the show's end. Late Saturday nights, on their way to a celebratory dip, campers who had just spent the whole day working on the show would recount their memories of what was, to them, the greatest theatrical achievement—ever.

These shows may have been just that. The first of the season, *Red Pine*, chronicled the heroic efforts of the Naglers to save Pine Island from the Communist influences of counselor Dave Olsen. Infuriated by the patriotism of July 4th on the island, Davey O constructs a mind control device, and a time machine. He recruits counselor Sam Weeks to help him convince the campers to revolt and redistribute the camp's resources equally. Before he can succeed, however, Bill Nagler confronts Dave, and his ferocious patriotism

destroys Dave's mind control device. The camp is saved.

Red Pine received modest praise, but many seemed to have expected more from the veteran directing team of Tyler Coffey and Michael Robertson. So the pair returned two weeks later, enlisting a large cast to create *Pirates of Great Pond*. In this show, the women of the island decide to leave and become, well, pirates, preying on the wealthy summer folk who inhabit the shores of Great Pond. Based on Oak Island, the female raiders acquire a fearsome reputation, and eventually grow to such power that they threaten Pine Island itself. The secret that leads to their anger, however, also provides a solution to the conflict: the pirate leader believes a counselor has spurned her love. Yet when she returns, she finds him still there, now an Assistant Director, and they resolve their differences. *Pirates of Great Pond* is, I am fairly sure, the only show ever to use an actual dory as a prop in Honk Hall.

The season's second show, *Sour Milk*, was directed by Tyler Coffey, Phoebe

Sanborn, and Whit Cheever. The plot involved the CEO of Oakhurst Milk, who envisions expanding his company. He and his henchmen have developed a new milk producer, the Cow Fish. He needs to buy PIC so he can test them out. He calls Emily Swan, played brilliantly by Myles Alderman, and after a battle with her conscience, she agrees to talk Ben into it. Meanwhile, the Oakhurst CEO's henchmen are busy kidnapping loyal Pine Islanders. Ben decides to sell PIC and moves down to the tropics where he can open a new luxury camp on a beautiful island with all sorts of powerboats and other modern equipment. At this point a bit of avant guard theater came into the act, and one of the technicians actually aided in defeating the evil plans. Ben realizes he was only disappointing the campers and himself, and everyone was happy again. Whew!

The next show of the season, *Catch*, brought a new genre of show to the island. The show, inspired by British heist movies, offered a varied and color-

ful array of characters, each trying to dupe the other out of some valuable relics of King Kababa. Narrated expertly by Marc Lombardo, *Catch* gave many campers a chance to shine in hilarious roles.

This already brilliant season concluded with one of the finest shows in recent memory: James Pond in *Pinefinger*. Directed by Erik Lombardo and John Nagler, this show featured brilliant dialogue, hilarious jokes, compelling story, and all-around fun. Stephen Roth portrayed the title character quite well, and the ensemble in general seemed to have rehearsed the show for days, not merely hours. Henry Gabriel shone as the Bond girl.

Taken together, these shows clearly represent an unusually impressive achievement for the camp. I have no doubt that the renaissance will continue into next summer, and I look forward to being in the audience.

OUR FRIEND PETEY

by Harry Swan, camper

Two weeks before the end of camp in the summer of 2003, LTIP Will Durkin found two baby cedar waxwings that had just fallen out of their nest. He took them to Dave Olsen, a counselor who had previously rescued a hummingbird from the cobwebs in the skylights of Honk Hall. Dave took the birds to his tent and began to care for them. One of the birds died very shortly after but the other survived and became a camp pet. Dave named him Petey. There have been several adopted baby birds at camp that I can remember, including a barn swallow and a kingfisher, but none were as awesome as Petey. He ate blueberries, which were a lot easier to lay hands on than the meal worms we had to get for the barn swallow. At first, we had to squish the berries before he could swallow them. Then we could simply drop the berries down his throat. Petey had an interesting way of eating. He could eat five or six blueberries remarkably

fast and store them in his gullet, which would swell to twice its normal size. Then he would digest them one by one and his gullet would gradually shrink back down to its normal size. Eventually he got good enough so that we could simply drop the berries onto the table and he could reach down and grab them with his beak. When the time came to start teaching him to feed for himself, one would break a branch with a lot of berries off a bush and put it in front of him. Once he realized this was where the berries came from and that we weren't going to pick them for him he began to pluck them from the branch. In the end we were able to place him on a blueberry bush and let him find his own food.

Pretty soon, Petey was learning to fly. In the beginning, what with being unused to flying and fat from overfeeding, he would half-fly, half-fall to the nearest landing place and crash-land. He eventually learned to aim at his

selected landing place and even to gain elevation a little bit, but he still couldn't stop the momentum his fat little body gained in the air. He often tried to land on very hard places like protruding nails and pegs. He tended to skim right over them and crash-land somewhere else.

Just as he was beginning to really learn to fly, Petey suddenly stopped eat-

ing and flying well. Sadly, we found Petey dead the next morning in his box in the Shop. It was a great shock to everyone. We had really thought Petey was going to make it. We're not sure why he died, but we all learned how hard it is to care for a wild creature. Akka Lakka, Petey.



ICE HOUSE COMPLETED!

It is ironic that the modernization of the Pine Island kitchen years ago made iced drinks a rarity at camp. Up until the late 1950s ice boxes cooled by blocks of ice stored in an ice house were Pine Island's only refrigeration. The cumbersome, damp, and difficult to clean iceboxes were replaced by cumbersome, damp, and difficult to clean gas refrigerators. The old ice house at the head of the road, which had replaced the icehouse that stood where Northampton now stands, slowly sank into the soil and ice on the island became a distant memory. Occasionally the cook would take pity on the campers and staff during a hot spell in July and buy bags of ice from the local convenience store to treat everyone to iced drinks, but ice was something everyone missed. With a bit of luck and some hard labor early this spring, we should have ice any time we want it starting next summer. One will simply have to head down to the cove, open the new icehouse, pull out a block, clean off the sawdust, and chip away.

Pine Island's new icehouse was built this past July because of the generosity of PIC alumni Earl Smith and Randy and Joel Taplin. Earl paid for the materials, and Randy and his son Joel spent a week at Pine Island this past July working with various campers to complete the project. The sturdy and elegant little structure now stands ready to receive ice blocks that, we hope, will be cut late this winter down in the cove. The uncertainty about whether or not we will be able to fill the ice house is the same felt for over 100 years by Mainers who had to wait for the ice to thicken sufficiently both to travel across it and to create thick enough blocks to harvest.

In this case there is also some uncertainty because none of us has ever cut ice before. At the suggestion of alumnus and Blue Hill, Maine librarian Rich Boulet, Director Ben Swan bought a video showing ice harvesting in days gone by. Though Swan owns an ice saw and several pairs of tongs, he noticed some pretty



Tom Rielly and Owen Myers with the basic structure completed

hefty equipment in the videos that he does *not* have and isn't likely to find, like huge gasoline-powered scoring saws. However, since the ice house is very small, it is likely we will be able to cut the ice we need by hand. The ice will then be stacked in the ice house and covered with sawdust and should easily last through

the summer. Ben will be doing more research soon in South Bristol, Maine where there is a large ice house and an annual ice-cutting event. The ice-cutting on Great Pond will probably take place in February, so get in touch with Ben Swan at benswan@pineisland.org if you would like to be notified of the excursion.

BIRTH OF THE SCRAMBLER

Salvaged Boat Joins PIC Fleet

During the summer of 2002 counselor Bill Nagler discovered a 17' skiff adrift on Great Pond. He towed it to the cove where it sat for the rest of the summer while Ben Swan attempted to find out who owned it. Once the owner was located, Ben tried a number of times to get in touch with him, but his calls were not returned while his letters were.

Having decided that the boat's owner had abandoned the old craft, Bill set about refitting the dented but dry Starcraft for use in the cove. Using an out-

board and steering gear given to Pine Island with another boat, Bill created a sleek and serviceable craft and named it *The Scrambler*. It soon became a favorite and "to scramble" soon became part of the PIC lexicon, as did the expression "Scramble On."

The Scrambler is now in Brunswick where it will receive a refit in the spring so that she and her passengers can scramble on through the summer of 2004 and beyond.



Bill Nagler and William Gilman in the Scrambler

KING RETURNS LOLLA-PALOOZA LOBSTER IN GIANT CAULDRON

by Michael Robertson, (MK, Yale)

King Kababa expects a great deal from the boys of Pine Island Camp. He demands that they be good to one another, that they be good to themselves, that they be honest and compassionate, and that they acknowledge his gift to them, the gift of the island, by honoring those expectations. This summer the King sent many messages asking the campers to follow his guidelines, and it took a few weeks for the message to get through.

Perhaps the King's many gifts during the previous year's centennial summer created a sense of entitlement. After all, the Camp received six sacred animals that year, including Centissimo, the High-Strung Steinwhale, one of the most spectacular animals we have ever seen. After this success, it took a while to remember that we had to do our part for the King as well.

As the summer progressed, the mood shifted. More chants occurred at meals, and the King's messages became more encouraging. When, during the last week of camp, the King called for a

Sacred Journey, the Camp came alive with excitement. The Journey included a KWS ride to Belgrade, miniature golf, and of course a hike to the summit of Mt. Philip, where the campers found an elaborate message telling them that the King was pleased with them.

The Sacred Ceremony came without warning and featured a huge fire and many henchmen. The Head Henchman explained that the King was very happy with the progress of the summer, even though it had taken some time to get on track. To illustrate the King's pleasure, he sent a magnificent animal, Potwarp, the Lollapalooza Lobster, which rose from a giant cauldron at the ceremony on the mainland. The animal's size and brilliance left the campers breathless, and after doing a chant of thanks the campers returned to the island.

Such an amazing animal conveyed the great pleasure the King felt at seeing a group find the way to live together in accordance with his commands, despite the challenges of doing so.

TINY YACHT DONATED TO PIC FLEET

The fifth boat in three years has been donated to Pine Island Camp, this one by alumnus Joe Crary of Prospect Harbor, Maine. Joe is a collector of boats, mostly kayaks, and has spent a lot of time plying the waters of the North Atlantic, both aboard boats and on one of his several surfboards. Yes, he surfs all winter in Maine, but you'll have to ask him about how that is possible and why it is done!

Several years ago Joe bought a nifty 16' sailboat made by the Hutchins Company of Clearwater, Florida. Joe has moved on in his boat journey, and he has generously donated this miniature yacht to Pine Island. Measuring just 14' on the waterline and 16', 11" overall, including the tiny bowsprit, the boat includes a cabin with two 8' berths, teak paneling, bronze hardware, a small outboard, and its own trailer. It is easy to rig and seats four comfortably in the cockpit. The boat has a small fixed keel with 450 lbs of ballast and draws only 18".

This little cruising boat should be great fun for sailing classes and will be a fine flagship for the Yacht Club Cruise. It will also undoubtedly be much in

demand by counselors for days off. As with all donated boats, we will determine after a summer if she fits well into the fleet and decide then whether to make her a permanent addition to the fleet, to see if she might be useful at Whitehead, or to offer her for sale.

Many thanks, Joe!





Happy soapswimmers



Nick Goodhue



Ned Pressman



Henry Towbin



Alex Shilen



Matt Clarke



George Robinson, Rippy Swan, Max McKendry, and Ian Swain



Eric Clemmenson



Charlie Krause and Nicky Isles



Eric Zwiener, Mat Degan, and Will Morrison



Turner Bohlen, Sam Winans, Jack Walsh and a fine catch



Head Chef Bria Sanborn



Mike Robertson and Russel Thompson—Men of O.A.R.



Chris Newlin



Keefer Blum and Eric Hanss on Regatta Day



Charlie Krause



Gabe Killhour and Aaron Day



Steve Fisher



Jay Gurney



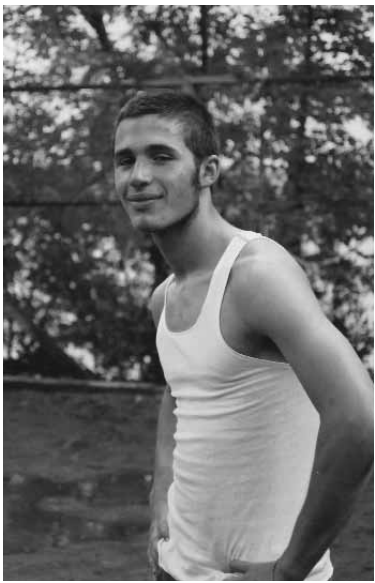
Waiting for lunch and clowning around



David Lombardo



Woddy Hoyt on Regatta Day



Marc "The Dragon" Lombardo



Andrew Hathaway



Stephen Manker and Bill Nagler



Phoebe Sanborn



Tommy Nagler, Ian Swain, and Nicky Jones



O.D. Sam Weeks



Jack LaRochelle



Mac Scarritt



Jordana and Nikki Pickman with Katie Swan



Ben Schachner



Stephen Roth and Scott Phillips



Kent Shelp



Sumner Ford



Todd Becker and Paul Malle

PINE ISLANDER BOARDED BY ARMED COAST GUARDSMEN IN NEW YORK

When former camper, counselor, and member of the Pine Island board of directors Andrew Chapman headed out across Long Island Sound late last spring in his new 21' inboard with his ten-year-old son Henry, he fully expected to have some adventures, but by the time he entered the Hudson River he found he had underestimated just how exciting his trip might be. Andrew and Henry left their home port of Shelter Island, located between Long Island's Montauk and Orient Points, early in the morning and took a full day to cross a choppy Long Island Sound, the first leg of a 350-mile journey that would end seven days later at Fort Ticonderoga, New York on Lake Champlain. They spent their first night aboard tied to a pier at Port Washington and set off early the next morning down the East River, around the southern tip of Manhattan Island, stopping for a visit to the Statue of Liberty. They stopped for pancakes at Jersey City at the mouth of the Hudson and set off for West Point.

Henry Chapman is a young student of military history, and the theme of the journey was to be a water-level view of the many places along the way significant to campaigns of the past, particularly those in the early part of the Revolutionary War. It was on day two that Henry's interest in the U.S. military's past would bring him suddenly face to face with the U.S. military present. Having been trained as a trip leader at Pine Island, Andrew, always mindful of the "Six P's," timed their passage through "Hell's Gate" for slack tide, and finding a stiff north wind whipping up the busy lower Hudson, headed across the river to move into the lee of Manhattan. Cruising up the West Side, Henry spied the USS *Intrepid*, a mothballed aircraft carrier now serving as a popular muse-

um, docked just above 42nd Street. What an opportunity! They could visit this 900' long, 40,000-ton ship by water!

As they approached the carrier, they were suddenly aware of alarms sounding and turned to see a sight neither will ever forget: a large Coast Guard inflatable hurtling toward them, with a machine gun mounted on the bow, manned and pointing at them. "BLUE YACHT CEASE ALL FORWARD WAY!" came the command over a loudspeaker. They ceased all forward way. Within moments the Coast Guard boat was alongside, and without waiting to discuss the situation two uniformed men, each wearing two pistols, leapt into the boat. They looked at what must have been two truly wide-eyed mariners and asked, "Where are you going?" Henry, having nothing to hide, answered, "Vermont!" Having satisfied themselves that these were not terrorists, the Coast Guard performed an inspection of their safety equipment and general seaworthiness, readily agreed to a hasty photo op, and went on with the business of patrolling New York Harbor. Shaken but thrilled nonetheless, Andrew and Henry headed up the Hudson for West Point.

The rest of the journey was less exciting but full of interesting sights and visits. They slept aboard each night and visited the U.S. Military Academy, the Saratoga Battlefield, and other historic sites. In Whitehall, New York they entered the Champlain Canal, which took them through nine locks to Lake Champlain. Next spring Andrew and Henry plan to continue their voyage and go from Ft. Ticonderoga to Quebec City via the Richelieu River and the Chambly Canal. They will be working on their French in case of any encounters with the Canadian Coast Guard!

BLUES VICTORIOUS

by Michael Robertson

At first, history seemed to be repeating itself. The first day of War saw the Blues in a commanding position thanks to excellent defense and serviceable offense. Most people remembered the previous year's game, when General Bill Nagler led the Blues to just such a lead, under similar circumstances, only to end up scrambling for enough points to win at the end.

Niel Kasper, Gray general for the second year in a row, remembered the previous game as well. He knew it would take innovative strategy to overcome the nigh-invincible Blue defensive pattern, and so threw a bewildering assortment of attacks, distractions, and feints meant to unbalance the squadron system. The Grays scored well on day one. The Gray defense also reflected Niel's now legendary proclivity for unusual maneuvers, featuring flying gates, supergates, and of course challenge traps.

Blue general Matt Clarke, however, had memories of his own. Two years previous, he had led the Blue army to a close defeat, a defeat that some blamed on him. These baseless accusations had been hanging on Matt's heart for two years. Clarke was the XO for the Blue victory in 2002, but he hungered to prove he could lead the army to victory.

At the end of day one, the score was close. The second day of War opened

with Blues defending, and their defense proved too powerful for the Grays. Attack after attack broke harmlessly on the poles of the Blue gate leaders. The squadrons seemed to be everywhere at once. It appeared that victory was for the Blues to take fairly easily during the final offensive period. This too reminded the armies of the previous year, when the Blue offense could not score on day two and so barely accumulated enough points for the win. The first hour of the final period was uneventful. A few Blues scored, but then the woods went silent. For almost twenty minutes, nothing happened. Had the Blues miscalculated, thinking they had the lead after those few scores? Then the remainder of the Blues emerged from the woods all around, at once, and the surprised Grays could not summon their defenses quickly enough, and many Blues scored. The Grays were in disarray, and one Blue party stepped on an empty North Gate near the end of play.

The armies gathered in the center of town as head umpire Sandy Crane read out the final score: Blue 126, Gray 108. The cheering and exultation exploded from both sides, and soon everyone, umpires and players alike, were booming out an "Akka Lakka," the ageless chant that brought everyone together again.



Henry Chapman with two Coast Guardsmen in New York Harbor

Own a beautiful print of Pine Islander John Alsop's original watercolor "Rest Hour," celebrating the quiet moments in Pine Island's beautiful surroundings. Available unframed, or framed in Pine Island pine, cut after the Great Fire of 1995.

Framed	\$90.00
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PROFILE: WILL DANA GATHERED NO MOSS ON LONG ROAD TO ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE



Will Dana with Vice President Al Gore in February 2000 on the tarmac in front of Air Force 2

Pine Islander Will Dana says he came to New York fresh out of Middlebury College in the summer of 1985 wanting more than anything to land a job at *Rolling Stone Magazine*. He is now *Rolling Stone's* Deputy Managing Editor and has been with the magazine for seven years. However, Will's route to this job that he loves just as much as he thought he would was far longer and more convoluted than the bright and eager Middlebury grad could have imagined it would be. Will worked at seven different magazines in ten years, including one in Chicago, before landing a job with the hip and durable chronicle of rock and roll, an organization that he believes has a great deal in common with Pine Island, where he was a camper from 1974-1976 and a counselor from 1980-1983.

"Like Pine Island, *Rolling Stone* was founded by someone with a vision," the 40-year-old Dana said in a recent inter-

view with *The Needle*. "Like Pine Island, it's the kind of organization that has a kind of internal engine and you either get it or you don't. Above all the magazine has real values to which founder Jann Wenner has always stuck, even when they dictated decisions that seemed like financial suicide. *Rolling Stone* does what it wants and has always known what it wants to be, and it is pretty thoroughly crazy here." Sound familiar? In fact, like Pine Island Camp, *Rolling Stone* is a venerable survivor. During its 35-year run (making it nearly as old as Pine Island in magazine years) hundreds of magazines have come and gone. Will Dana worked for several of them.

The fall after he graduated from Middlebury, where he majored in English, Will took an unpaid three-month internship at *Harper's* in New York City. Will says the internship was extremely valuable and remains one of the best portals to the industry for young people. From *Harper's* Will was hired by *Esquire Magazine* as an editorial assistant, a job he held for eighteen months before becoming Deputy Editor of a weekly magazine called *7 Days*. Will says that he had a blast working for *Esquire* and that he learned a tremendous amount both about how a magazine article is put together and how to deal with temperamental writers like Martin Amis and Jim Harrison. *7 Days* was a new venture funded by the then-owner of *The Village Voice*. Will described it as an insane struggle nearly every day. After two years, the magazine folded. And then two weeks later, it won the National Magazine Award for General Excellence.

Will needed a job and soon joined the editorial staff of *Manhattan Inc.* maga-

zine. Three weeks after he started, the magazine merged with *M Magazine* and became *MINC*, a publication Will said was, "... such a nightmare that it drove me out of New York altogether." Will landed very much on his feet as an editor at *Outside Magazine* in Chicago, where he was occasionally in touch with Tom Yoder, another Pine Islander making his mark in the alternative news business as co-founder of the *Chicago Reader*. Will was glad to be working for a solid publication with a future and worked on some exciting stories at *Outside*, including the feature by climber Jon Krakauer that later became the book, *Into The Wild*, perhaps the best and most gruesome illustration of the danger of ignoring the 6 P's ever written.

Will and his soon-to-be fiancée Ellen Tien, a writer for the *New York Times*, liked Chicago but missed home and after two years at *Outside* Will was once again looking for a position at a magazine in New York. He was hired by *Worth Magazine* as it made the move from Boston to New York, and he and Ellen were married shortly after they moved back east in 1994. Their son Jack was born in 1998 and looks forward to following in the footsteps of his father and uncles and his cousin Charlie Krause to PIC in a couple of years. After 18 months at *Worth*, Will was finding it increasingly difficult to sustain a high level of interest in the intricacies and nuances of the financial world and so he moved to the editorial staff of *Details* magazine, a Conde Nast publication for young men. This move brought Will to a magazine with a less conventional outlook and a younger readership.

Just two years later, in 1996 a job

opened up at *Rolling Stone*, and by this time Will had a solid track record at a variety of magazines. He was hired to handle all the non-entertainment content of the magazine, and as Deputy Managing Editor Will has written many of his own articles and developed many more by a variety of writers. The best selling book *Fast Food Nation* by Eric Schlosser began as two long *Rolling Stone* feature pieces encouraged and championed by Will. Most recently Will has been interviewing the numerous Democratic presidential hopefuls and has written articles on Wesley Clark, Dennis Kucinich, John Kerry, Al Sharpton, Howard Dean, and Al Gore. Will reports that he is glad to be involved in this side of the magazine instead of spending his time stroking the egos and trying to keep up with the up and coming future legends of rock and roll.

This is not to say that Will does not on occasion rub shoulders with the super-famous subjects of *Rolling Stone's* other side. He's chatted with Keith Richards and Mick Jagger, sat backstage at the Garden with Bob Dylan and has become friendly with Phish lead singer Trey Anastasio.

Will loves his job, and he feels *Rolling Stone* has a bright future in spite of the way in which the world is changing around it. "They have strong values because they know what they want to be, what they want to say, and how they want to say it. Not many magazines today can say that. I think it is that integrity that attracted me to *Rolling Stone* in the first place, when I was just a few years away from my many summers at Pine Island. I'd say I was probably looking for the combination of craziness and integrity I found at P.I.C."

PINE ISLAND'S LEADERSHIP TRAINING INTERNSHIP PROGRAM

Young Counselor Candidates Undergo Comprehensive Training

About five years ago director Ben Swan and assistant director Chris Newlin reached a sobering conclusion: they were the only two people on the island who knew how to do many essential tasks. They were the only trained back-up skippers for the *K.W.S.* They alone knew the location of the dump, how to hook up a trailer, how to care for the perches, what it meant to clean up the Maintenance Shed, Honk Hall, and the Trip Locker. At the same time they were reviewing the performance and success of the staff and realized that almost without exception the youngest staff, the 17-year-old rising high school seniors, had over the years had a very tough time.

Swan and Newlin realized that for once they might be able to kill two birds, maybe even three or four, with one stone. By instituting a training program for a limited number of rising seniors, they could give the LTIPs the time they needed to learn the challenging job of being a good counselor, they could teach them to do all the tasks no one but the top brass knew how to do, and they could get a good look at the next year's counselor candidates without hiring them as full-time counselors. The four

trainees are known at camp as the LTIPs and of course have become a special entity unto themselves, a special band of brothers, battling for respect and always ready for a new challenge. Unlike CITs at most camps, the LTIPs are paid a salary and are far more than a hybrid of camper and counselor. Each day the LTIPs have a different set of responsibilities, usually working in teams of two. Every day two of the LTIPs are responsible for cleaning and performing other maintenance on the perches and for cleaning up Honk Hall. This usually takes two LTIPs the bulk of the morning. While a team of two are performing those essential tasks, the other two are engaged in training in a number of specific areas, learning to teach activities effectively, run the outboards and *K.W.S.*, and maintain the trip locker and trip kitchen.

After about ten days of training in camp, all four LTIPs prepare for and then head out on a nine-day tripler training trip with a senior member of the PIC staff. In the past the LTIPs have spent half the trip hiking and the other half either canoeing or kayaking. During the trip they focus on all aspects of

being a safe and effective trip leader. LTIPs live on the island in their own tent on a new platform built between Tent 19 and Magoon. While they are in camp they are available to substitute for tent counselors who are out on trips or on days off. This allows the LTIPs to experience the challenges of tent cleanup, rest hour, and bedtime in small doses and, especially for the younger campers, reduces dramatically the number of days and nights the boys are without a counselor.

This coming summer we will wel-

come the fourth class of LTIPs to Pine Island. Already we have more applicants than we have places, so competition for the four positions will be fierce. Four former LTIPs were on the staff in 2003 and we may have as many as seven on the staff in 2004. Each will be fully trained and ready to hit the ground running. And they will all know the location of the dump, how to hook up a trailer, how to care for the perches, what it means to clean up the Maintenance Shed, Honk Hall, and the Trip Locker, and how to run the outboards and the *K.W.S.*!



LTIPs 2003: Mal Webb, Sam Hoyt (back), Will Durkin, Jesse Dann (front)

EMILY SWAN PLANS SECOND EDITION OF PINE ISLANDERS STORIES

During the Centennial celebrations in 2002, many Pine Islanders told their stories at one of three tape recorder stations set up around the island. We have had these tape recordings transcribed and published several of them last year in a special Centennial Edition of the *Pine Needle*. We were unable to include as many stories as we would have liked

to, and since the Centennial we have received many written memories of life at Pine Island as well. Emily Swan is now at work editing another group of stories to be published later this year. Below are excerpts from a wonderful account of life aboard Dr. Swan's yachts in the 1930s written by alumnus Max Exner.

From "Sailing the Maine" by Max Exner

Dr. Eugene Swan, owner and director of the camp, was, in spirit and in fact, a yachtsman. He dressed the part—white slacks, blue jacket and the commodore's cap. He preferred to be addressed as "Skipper," and "aye, aye, sir" was the protocol. He owned a beautiful boat, formerly a racing sloop, that he had converted into a schooner by shortening the mast and adding another, creating a much safer craft. But, with its spoon bow and the sleek lines of its 54-foot length, the *White Heather* was a pretty little schooner. It was skippered by a downeaster who'd run away to sea at age 14 and spent his life on the blue water, Freeman Closson.

The *White Heather* was the second of two schooner yachts that Dr. Swan owned and on which I had cruises. The *Cygnus* burned down in its winter storage in a great fire in Ellsworth in 1933. It too was a lovely schooner yacht and was skippered by Captain Frank Pratt, a sprightly and colorful old seaman whose main feature in my memory was a nose as prominent as the prow of a frigate, and which, to my mind outshone the mighty beak of comedian Jimmy "The Schnozz" Durante! I had three cruises under Pratt and three under Closson, and both men tutored me and enriched my life, and they have my lasting gratitude.

The home port was Camden, with a harbor teeming with sail yachts and motor yachts, and the streets teeming with yacht owners, wealthy vacationers and all the people of the toiling class required to support such a society in their elegant lifestyle. As we tumbled out of our bus — seven or eight boys and two counselors — there she rode, our little *Cygnus*, showing up very well among the luxurious craft surrounding it. And there stood Captain Pratt, with a welcoming grin on his weather-beaten face. Skipper Swan usually met us there, and the boys had to pass his critical inspection before they boarded. Counselors had to sport white slacks and dark jackets. After casting off, the first order of business was to sail south around the point to the fisherman's town of Rockport to lay in supplies at a fraction of the prices we would have paid in Camden. The second order was, as soon as we rounded the point and were out of sight of the harbor, for counselors to ditch the dressy duds for shorts and t-shirts.

Every day of the cruise had new and exciting turns. The captain assigned duties in the handling of the ship in accordance with his assessment of each boy's abilities. I can hear Captain Pratt now, when a sail was hauled up and the halyard lay out on the deck: "Coil 'er

down and make 'er fa-ast!" And every boy had to learn how to make a neat coil on the deckhouse or the foredeck in such a way that it could be whipped out without tangling. And just watching Cap'n handle the ship, as in easing into an anchorage, was an education. One impressive demonstration of Captain Pratt's skill was when, on the last day of a cruise, we were caught in a dense fog in the harbor of North Haven Island. He guided that ship across the 12 miles of open water (with our little foghorn sounding all the way) and passed the buoy in the outer harbor of Camden just a few yards on our starboard side—clearly visible in the fog!" "Dead Reckoning," it's called. And I'm dead sure I'd be a dead duck if I ever had to try it!

Captain Pratt, ebullient, loquacious and full of wonderful yarns, was a sharp contrast to Captain Closson, who was more like my idea of a downeaster—rather silent and self-contained. Not that he was at all unfriendly. He just didn't initiate useless conversations, but when he became involved in one he would carry it on until he thought the matter was covered and then gently drop it. His steady gray eyes didn't miss much. He was a big man, but he moved about the boat with smooth precision and economy of motion, and he corrected the boys' inept seamanship with no hint of reproof in his voice. He seemed perfectly at ease with himself and the world about him, and why shouldn't he be — ships and the sea were his life!

In all my acquaintance with Captain Closson, I heard him only once say something that you could put an exclamation point to. One night I woke to a gentle but audible thud against the ship. When I reached the deck, the Captain was already there. A small sloop in the anchorage had drifted against us and was already drifting away. As the night was very calm and the danger only slight, the Captain didn't raise any fuss, and we turned in again. In the morning, we saw that yacht far away among the other boats, and the Captain commented, "He's got enough scope to reach Ba Ha-bah!"

One episode regarding Captain Closson I hold dear in my memory! Since Boy Scout days, I had been absorbed with knots, and I spent hours working on them, and I had perfected the art of *throwing* a knot, that is tying one by casting the rope without touching it with the other hand. Throwing clove hitches is easy, but I could throw a bowline in two motions.

One afternoon on deck I was demonstrating that move to some of the boys, and Captain Closson stood watching in



Max Exner at the helm



Captain Closson attempting to "throw" a bowline

the background. I could see that he was interested, but far be it from an old salt to ask this young landlubber for a closer look! And, of course I couldn't insult him by offering to teach him the trick. The next morning, when I poked my head out of the hatch to greet the new day, I gaped! There, below me, was the Captain, sitting in the scuppers with his feet dangling over the side, trying over and over to throw my bowline. In high glee I ducked below and grabbed my

camera, stole up again and snapped a photo. It's a photo I treasure, but I never showed it to anyone at camp, lest the story get back to the Captain.

Our thanks to Max Exner. We are eager to read your reminiscences of your time at Pine Island Camp. You can type them up and send them to Emily Swan at P.O. Box 242, Brunswick, Maine 04011 or simply e-mail the stories to her at eswan@pineisland.org.

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND



Thomas Clauson and Aiden Enck — future tentmates?

Henry and Florence Clauson's son **Thomas Charles** was born November 18th and **Bill and Kim Enck's son Aiden** was born April 2. **Suzanne Enck** was married in September to Tom Lindner and is now living in Kennebunkport. **Betsy Enck** is presently doing a post-graduate year of classical acting training at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. **Frank Petito's** third son **Henry Charles** was born on October 5. He joins his older brothers **Jack** and **Gus**. Frank reports from Chicago that all three look forward to becoming Pine Islanders. **William Fuller** was born August 20 to **Ted and Lana Siebert**. **Anna Cullen**, who now lives in London, England, is engaged to be married in August to Robert MacMahon of Johannesburg, South Africa.

Dan Hollnagel is out of the Navy and teaching Spanish at the Phelps School outside of Philadelphia fairly close to where his mother **Andrea Hollnagel** is the head of the Grier School. Younger brother **Jorgen** is now working in the ski business in Park City, Utah. **Rob Gowen** has graduated from the Darden Business School at U.Va. and has found work right in Charlottesville. **Ben Mini** is now the head of the history department at the Waynflete School in Portland, Maine. In his other life he has become a respected buyer and seller of oriental rugs and is engaged to be married to P.I.C. webmaster **Braden Buehler**. **Joel Taplin** continues as a principal of Tellart

in Providence, Rhode Island, where he has recently completed the renovation of a former factory building downtown. **Peter Ward** is also in Providence where he is teaching at RISD and preparing for his wedding this summer to Amy Wolfe. Meanwhile his brother-in-law **Andrew Regier** is living in Brooklyn, New York, working for the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and preparing for his wedding to Sara. Andrew and Sara traveled to New England last summer to visit both Pine Island and Sara's beloved camp in New Hampshire. Fortunately, each approved of the other's camp, and the wedding can go forward! **Dan Steinhacker** reports that life in the Twin Cities is going well. He continues to teach there and he and his wife Sara are expecting their second child. **Jonathan Falby** spent four months in Ireland this past year playing the fiddle at various festivals around the country.

Michael Robertson is living in New York and working at the Spence School while taking numerous improvisational acting classes in the evenings. **Whit Fisher** is now Dr. Fisher and has chosen the field of emergency medicine and is back in New York. **Will Dana** is also in New York and continues as an editor at *Rolling Stone Magazine*. New Yorker **Bill Dean** continues to write occasionally for various publications, including the *Christian Science Monitor*, and reports that his phenomenally accurate 3-point shot is still devastating much younger

opponents at the 92nd Street Y. Dean recently stunned a much younger field of opponents at the Y by winning a three-point contest open to the Y's top athletes. Dean, now in his mid-sixties finished off a nineteen-year-old athlete in the finals. "You were absolutely incredible, a joy to watch" commented the Y's athletic director after Dean's victory. **Joe Kovaz** has recently received an M.A.T. at U.S.C. and begins teaching Physics full time this fall. **Matt and Lindsay Clarke** have been seeing the world on a trip that has included virtually every country in Europe and many in the Far East. They met up with **James Nicholson** in Germany, where he is on a Fulbright. Their last missive arrived from Thailand. **Jason Fischer**, a sophomore at Yale has run across **Rob Boutwell**, a sophomore at Harvard and **Tyler Coffey**, a sophomore at G.W. **Rhoads Miller** is living in the Presidio in the middle of San Francisco, working and learning about the challenges of sailing in the Pacific Ocean. Brother **Ned Miller** has opened his own metal fabricating shop near Tiverton, Rhode Island. Former PIC head chef **Rich Boulet**, now director of the Blue Hill, Maine public library, was in Portland recently to accept on behalf of the library board, the Roger Baldwin Award, given each year by the Maine Civil Liberties Union "to an individual or organization that has made a significant contribution to civil liberties in Maine." The award was given to the Blue Hill Library in recognition of the library's early and resolute opposition to the USA Patriot Act. **Derek Ohly** completes a post-graduate entrepreneurial program at Babson College in the spring. His wife **Michel** just returned from a week in Iran as part of a U.N. Team evaluating environmental damage resulting from the first Iraq war. **Jack Ohly** is back in Brazil, living on a primitive farm, making progress on recording the local music of the farming communities of central Bahia. **Nick Ohly** continues his work as an architect in New York and New Haven, and **Sara Ohly** is back at work on her project on the Turkish community in the Netherlands. **Sayra Chorey** has moved to Waltham, MA and is working long hours for a marketing firm in Lexington. **Nathan Chorey** has graduated

from Colorado State University and is in an accelerated graduate program to receive a masters in Environmental Engineering. **Tim Chorey** is a student at CSU and is playing lacrosse. **Peter Nagler** is a junior at Groton, while **John** is in his first year at Brown, **Bill** is in his third year at the University of Vermont, **Jim** is spending his junior year at Bates College abroad in China, and **Tommy** is holding down the fort in Indianapolis.

Andy Quintana, a senior at Salibury spent part of last summer at a photography workshop at Mt. Hood and one of his photos was published in *Snowboarder Magazine* in the January issue. **Conor Believeau** was captain of the Colby College rugby team, which had the best record of any Colby rugby team ever. **Sam Weeks** is on the Colby squash team and **Nikki Pickman** was a starter on the St. Michael's College field hockey squad. **Eric Nagle** is nearing completion of his degree at the College of the Atlantic and lobsters full time in the summer. His sister **Hannah Nagle** is a sophomore at Willamette College. **Robert Brent** is back in the U.S. after nearly two years in France and is working in Chicago and recording a CD of his own songs. **Edwin McCain**, out from under the thumb of Atlantic Records after making three albums with them, continues to tour extensively with his band and to be involved with a variety of creative endeavors. **Monte Ball** reports that all is well in Bali. He is planning a trip to Pine Island in August. **Henry Ijams**, now living in North Carolina, attended Family Camp last summer with his brood and is now pouring all his spare time into aiding the campaign of his cousin Howard Dean. Whitehead Lightkeeper **Mallory Scarritt** is presently serving as a page in the United States Congress.

A number of Pine Islanders have been in Iraq recently. They include **Rylan Hamilton**, a naval officer on the *U.S.S. Ponce*, Marine officer **Sam Meites**, Marine doctor **Erik Koppang**, and Marine LCPL **Tucker Bilodeau**. Sam is back in the U.S. for now but will return to Iraq in March with the 1st Marine Expeditionary Force.

Meanwhile, further north, **Priscilla "Bunny" Hafner**, mother of **Gordon Hafner** and **Eric Hafner**, has proved herself a real Pine Islander by enrolling in a week-long "Rookie Ranch," an introduction to mushing at the Muktuk Kennels in Whitehorse, Yukon. Bunny, pictured here with her team, learned to mush and plans to return for more travels in the land of the midnight sun.

Bunny Hafner in the Yukon, 2003



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