

JOE KOVAZ HIRED AS FULL TIME ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR



Joe Kovaz and his dog Blue

Sometimes history is made quietly. Last September, without fanfare but with much enthusiasm and anticipation, Joe Kovaz became Pine Island's second full-time employee. Joe, 33 and a long-time counselor and assistant director whose career spans the directorships of both Monte Ball and Ben Swan, was named Associate Director by Pine Island's Board of Directors. His energy and devotion to Pine Island are already adding immeasurably to the health and quality of Pine Island Camp.

Joe was a Monte Ball recruit from Greenville, SC in 1988 at the tender age of 16. Joe had impressed "Mr. Ball" during the year Monte had him in his 8th

grade geography class as an extremely bright young man who, in Monte's parlance, "got the big picture." Joe had gone on a biking expedition during the summer of 1988 in Nova Scotia and the next fall asked Monte if he knew of any good camps where he might apply for a job. Monte did of course know of a good one, and Joe's PIC career was born. A straight-A student and a stand-out athlete (soccer) throughout his career at Christ Church Episcopal School in Greenville, Joe went on to the Honors Program at The College of Charleston, where he graduated magna cum laude with a B.S. in anthropology. Since graduating, Joe has received his masters degree and has taught Honors and A.P. Chemistry and Honors Physics in Columbia, SC, where he lives with his six-year-old son Stephen. Joe gave up teaching after the 2005-6 school year to begin working full time for PIC.

Throughout Joe's high school and college careers he worked as a counselor at Pine Island, teaching canoeing, leading trips, and writing for and performing with the legendary group the Hippie Cowboys, whose hit "Tilt-a-Whirl" (which he co-authored) has been a chart-topper for well over a decade at PIC. In 1994 Joe was co-leader of the Expedition Camp program at PIC and spent the fall of 1991 on Whitehead Island as helper and boat driver for Jun and Tats Swan.

"My experience on Whitehead Island with Tats and Jun left an indelible mark on me," said Joe looking back over that time in his life, "and in some subtle but forceful ways, help shaped my course for the future. In addition to the magical

beauty of living on the island and calling the upstairs of the Lifesaving Station my 'room,' I will never forget the motherly advice I received from Tats as we worked together, or the conversations I had with Jun before dinner where he treated me with much more respect than I felt I deserved at that young age."

In 2003, after an absence of nine years, Joe returned to Pine Island to be one of two Assistant Directors working with Director Ben Swan. "I had been staying in touch with Joe throughout the years he was not working at Pine Island," Ben said in a recent interview. "I was always hoping Joe's schedule and responsibilities would allow him to return to Pine Island because I knew I wanted him to help run the camp. I just wasn't sure if I could get him. As soon as it became possible for Joe to do it, I offered him a job. I was extremely happy when I discovered that we could bring Joe on full time."

Joe's primary responsibilities in the off-season thus far are in the areas of camper recruitment, communication with staff and staff recruitment, and all computer-related matters. It was no surprise that Joe hit the ground running. He has already traveled widely for Pine Island and started a successful camper recruiting network known as the Gateleaders (see related article). According to Ben Swan, "Having Joe on board has enabled Pine Island to take some important steps that we've been wanting to take for a number of years in recruiting and in the management of our long list of alumni. Also, Joe's energy and work have enabled me to pay the attention needed to the programs Pine Island will

begin soon at Whitehead Island. Working with Joe in the off-season is going even better than I expected. As Monte Ball could tell you, Joe learns fast."

Joe Kovaz is a man of many talents and interests. He is an avid and competitive cyclist, racing both on the road and on tracks. He is a talented amateur artist and a knowledgeable and expert outdoorsman. All of these things, however, take a back seat to Joe's devotion to his son Stephen, who spends part of each summer at Pine Island until he can sign on to be a camper full time.

"When I was in high school, I always thought I would be a teacher one day and I did become one, but the decision was partially motivated by the opportunity to return to Pine Island, the rock of my younger years," said Joe recently. "But also I distinctly remember thinking, if I could have any job in the world, I would choose to work for Pine Island year-round. At the time, I figured that would never be an option! My ideal job turned out to be better than I ever imagined and I am very proud and honored to be working for Pine Island in this capacity. I am finding it easy to give PIC long hours and whatever energy and innovation I can muster to help ensure the success and permanence of Pine Island for years to come. I want this for the camp, for my son, and for all our sons."

Joe made Pine Island history very quietly last September, but the beneficial effects of his taking on this important job are rapidly reaching high volume. Welcome aboard, Joe!

THE SHOW GOES ON!

by Michael Robertson

There have been few summers as rich in excellent Saturday Night Shows as that of 2006. Every week the audience filed into Honk Hall with high expectations, and every week those expectations were exceeded by that night's show.

The first show, *A Perfect Pine*, wrapped up many hilarious jokes in a tale of suspense and mystery. The villainous Sam Betison has caused the destruction of PIC's boats, and the assistant directors have to investigate the crime. As they follow Betison's trail of corruption and malfeasance, interviewing LTIPs, the skipper, and counselors, the true magnitude of his evil genius becomes clear. In the final act, Betison is revealed to be none other than Abe Stimson, PIC's sailing instructor!

The next week viewers enjoyed *Walk the Pine: The Johnny Credit Card Story*. This raucous tale recounted the development of Pine Island's well-known campfire performer, from his start as a shrimp

boat driver, through his struggle with candy addiction and some time spent in prison, until his triumphant success with such songs as "A Camper Named Sue" and "I'm a Camper at PIC." Zander Abrownicz performed the music live for the show, which was described as "amazing" by many in the audience.

Things took a dark turn the following week, in an intellectual thriller called *Heart of Barkness*. The story was set in a PIC falling apart at the seams. This show explored the frightening results of a counselor's teaching too much woodcraft. As things spiral out of control, Assistant Director Michael Robertson has to go to the mainland to confront the rogue counselors in order to save the camp. The show was full of hilarious exchanges (Mike, where did you get that gun?" "Why, the staff office, of course.") and pop-culture references ("What are all these snakes doing in this boat?") It also included one of the most advanced

bits of special effects yet seen in an SNS that made it appear that Andy Spiel's severed head was mounted on a pike! Most in the audience were talking about it for days.

The fourth show of the summer explored the impact of pre-assignments on the activity sign-up process. In *Cool Pinings* a band of campers who want to sail are denied the opportunity to do so, while the island's favored campers are always pre-assigned. When the Regatta rolls around, the snobby sailors plan to win and then use the influence born of privilege to take over every boating activity. Luckily, crack sailor Joe Kovaz helps the underdog team train, and their valiant efforts almost win the race. Just when all hope seems lost, the snobs are discovered using Airoids, resulting in a lifetime ban from the Regatta and a victory for the heroic upstarts.

Finally, the creators of *Heart of Barkness* and *Cool Pinings* teamed up to cre-

ate *Pondiator*, the tale of a man who lost everything but found the courage to fight and put things right again. Jaximus, the Blue General of 1999, is betrayed by the evil Joe Kovaz, mastermind of the unprecedented 7-year streak of Gray victories. Jaximus escapes and infiltrates the island in disguise as The Stranger, a dustball master. Joe Kovaz challenges The Stranger to a one-on-one Dustball duel, but dies in the struggle. A victorious Jaximus reveals his identity and leads the Blue Army to victory. Coming as it did just days before the War Game, this show excited the audience and prepared them for a great end to a fantastic summer.

2006 was truly a great summer for Saturday Night Shows at PIC. New heights of narrative, comedy, and special effects thrilled the camp each week. Surely the summer of 2007 can only improve, building on such a solid foundation.

LIVE AT HONK!

by Will Mason

Pine Islanders are great at many things, but they are especially adept at entertaining each other. This is in part a product of the environment: with no electricity, television, or videogames, campers and staff rely on the abundant wit and talents of the community to pass the hours not spent in a rowboat, on the trail, or poring over heavy, yellowed volumes of summer reading. Campfires, a nightly tradition at Pine Island, provide the campers with the opportunity to entertain and amuse one another with skits, songs, games, and stories. This past summer saw an especially high number of talented musical acts, which enriched each campfire with music ranging from Celtic fiddle tunes to classical piano to Pine Island Camp-themed classics.

With such a wealth of musical talent present in the campers and counselors at PIC, it is no wonder that the 2006 Club Honk, a one-night-only, mid-summer musical extravaganza, was such a hit. A packed Honk Hall buzzed with excitement as Officer of the Day and emcee Erik Lombardo began introducing acts. Campers Alex Toole and Jack Faherty set the bar high early in the night with an acoustic performance of the *Green Day* hit "Time of Your Life." They were followed by an insouciant French piece of classical piano performed by Wlad Wirth, which lent an air of sophistication to an evening otherwise full of whacky costumes and on-stage antics.

Of course, an event of this magnitude wouldn't be complete without an 80's hair metal band, and none other than heavy metal sensation *Electric Lightning* made a guest appearance early in the night. The group, clad in tight pants and

freshly permed hair, launched into a high-energy rendition of their metal anthem "Morning Thunder," a tribute to the popular caffeinated tea of the same name. After the short set, the band's guitarist and spokesman Piston promised to return to next summer's Club Honk with more fiery tunes and killer riffs.

After having spent the summer of 2005 playing his bagpipes in competition in Scotland, Kyle Rothschild-Mancinelli entertained the crowd with virtuoso skill on his beautiful instrument, one that doesn't usually garner the attention of adolescent boys in the same way that an electric guitar or drum set might. In addition to performing an original arrangement of "Clocks" by the Brit-pop band *Coldplay*, Kyle had the entire crowd clapping along to "Scotland the Brave," one of the most easily recognizable pieces of bagpipe music, and performed his set like a seasoned pro.

Jazz guitarist Shorty McGee, a highly venerated jazz guitar statesman and alter-ego of counselor Max Huber, brought his quartet to the stage. The group's set, including "San Jose" by Wes Montgomery, showcased Shorty's infamous blues licks but also featured many great solos by Shorty's strong backing band, made up of Abe "Dagger" Stimson on fiddle, Matt Clarke on harmonica and acoustic guitar, and Will Mason on drums. The quartet agreed that the performance was some of the most fun they'd ever had on stage, and the audience responded to their enthusiastic playing with loud applause and wide smiles.

It is rare for original songs to be performed at Pine Island; it is even rarer for them to be so wildly popular that the

composers are vaulted to near-celebrity status. Such was the case with Ben and Jeremy Wisoff's "Marlene," Pine Island Camp's platinum hit of the summer. The song tells the true story of Marlene, the "wrong number queen," who called Ben's cell phone repeatedly despite having never met him and having no real intention of making conversation. Jeremy's falsetto cry of "Marlene!" during the song's chorus sent the crowd into delirium, and since Club Honk was the third performance of the song in front of the camp, many in the audience were able to sing along word for word. The performance was truly a high point in an evening teeming with high points.

An event as high-profile as Club Honk has a tendency to attract celebrity performers, and this year Pine Island was lucky enough to have none other than Johnny Credit Card (cousin of late country music legend Johnny Cash) headline the show. Credit Card, along with his backing band *Maxed Out*, launched into the John Prine song "Please Don't Bury Me," a camp favorite. Though spirits were high, Credit Card couldn't help but take a few jabs at his musical nemesis, the *Hippy Cowboys*. "What's that smell? You see them Hippy Dippy Cowboys around anywhere?" Suspecting that the Cowboys were in the audience, Johnny chronicled the many failures of the Hippies (a washed-up grunge-rock band plagued by laziness, poor hygiene, and a lack of talent) with his song "Hippy Dippy Cowboys." Most in the audience sang along, but two tie-dye-clad figures in the back of the room remained suspiciously silent. Credit Card ended his set with "Camper Named Sue," a Pine Island variation on a song penned by his cousin. The camp

knew every word by heart, and as Johnny Credit Card bade farewell to the crowd his promise to return to the next Club Honk was barely audible over the applause.

Incensed by Credit Card's verbal abuse, and desperate for a paying gig, the *Hippy Cowboys* emerged from a dark corner of Club Honk to give an impromptu performance and reclaim what little dignity had been seized by their rival minutes earlier. Although they may have looked a bit unkempt, their performance of the anti-Johnny Credit Card anthem "Creep" (a modified version of the *Radiohead* song by the same name) was as scathing as it was well-performed. Lines like "I may be a cowboy / At least I'm a man. / At least I'm not fifty / With a bad farmer's tan" drew Credit Card out of his dressing room back stage and back into the performance. Tensions were high as Credit Card confronted the Cowboys, but the two groups quickly realized that despite their differences, all they really wanted to do was play music. Throwing their animosity to the wind, Credit Card, *Maxed Out*, and the *Hippy Cowboys* united for a performance of "Keep on Ridin' on the Tilt-a-Whirl," somehow managing to play the song about the Skowhegan State Fair louder than Neil Young played the original version. The cheering and applause in Honk Hall were deafening, and the camp filtered out of Honk Hall elated and exhausted from the high-energy evening. The show had run for over two hours, but all in attendance would quickly agree that it was the best Club Honk they could remember.



Zander Abranowicz and Tommy Nagler



Max Huber



Will Mason



The crowd goes wild!



Hippy Cowboys and Johnnie Credit Card belt it out

WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION UPDATE

Major Work Scheduled for Spring 2007

As Pine Island prepares to launch programs at the Whitehead Island Light Station in the summer of 2008, several major construction projects that will make the facility ready to receive visitors have been scheduled. Pine Island has hired three different firms to complete the projects.

Early next spring local marine contractor Art Tibbetts and his crew will arrive with their specially-equipped barge to rebuild the dock in Boathouse Cove and the ramp to the old Coast Guard boathouse. They will repair the existing granite pier, build a 12-foot wide ramp from the shore to the pier. They will then install a 32' float and a 50' aluminum ramp so that passengers can unload on the float and walk up the ramp to the pier. Art Tibbetts has built dozens of fine docks in the area, most notably the bridge from Spruce Head to Burnt Island. He expects to start work as soon as weather permits in the spring.

Pine Island alumnus Karl Kasper has volunteered his time and expertise to help Pine Island select, permit, and arrange the construction of a septic system for the Light Station. The first dwelling at the Whitehead Light Station was built in 1803, so certainly privies were used for at least a century. Eventually the Coast Guard installed indoor plumbing, but simply piped the sewage overboard. The most recent system included showers and flush toilets and a settling tank between the house and the ocean. The new system, one already used on many islands, is essentially a small sewage treatment plant that will by necessity (there is almost no soil on all those rocks) be an above-ground system. The system should be in place by the middle of the summer of 2007.

During the spring and summer of 2007, extensive work will be done on both the interior and the exterior of the Keeper's House, which will provide bed-

rooms, bathrooms, kitchen and dining facilities, and meeting rooms for program participants. Professional contractors have been engaged to replace all the windows; replace the clapboards on the first floor and the shingles on the second floor; and scrape, repair, and paint all the trim. Inside, a contractor has been chosen to do all the necessary rewiring and plumbing, including adding a bathroom downstairs. In addition, both upstairs bathrooms will be refurbished and the house will be furnished. We are looking into the feasibility of supplying hot water with a solar hot water system.

Pine Islander and volunteer James Eklund has already restored the outside of the Schoolhouse, a small building behind the Keeper's House, and next summer will oversee the completion of the interior, including installing a bathroom, so that the building can be used as a residence.

A ten-member committee is now at

work on developing the programs that will be offered at the Light Station. The committee includes two members of Pine Island's board of directors, Ben Swan and Tom Yoder, and eight non-board members. They are currently wrestling with decisions concerning what kind of programs Pine Island should offer at the Light Station, who the target audience should be, how long programs should be, and, of course, the financial realities of starting up and running them. The Pine Island board has already done considerable market research both inside and outside the Pine Island community. When programs begin in 2008 they begin with the fundamentals in place that will enable them to succeed over time *and* to adhere to Pine Island's mission. Stay tuned for announcements next fall or winter of programs in which you can participate.



Lindsay Clarke at work on the Keeper's House in October



New clapboards on the Keeper's House



The Schoolhouse nearly finished on the outside



Where the new dock will go



A Keeper's House bedroom



A real bathroom!



The Keeper's House, Lighthouse, and Schoolhouse

SLOAN AND BETSY LAUNCHING BATHED IN SUNSHINE

It had been raining for a month. It felt like the foul weather had lasted even longer than that by the time June 11, 2006 dawned on Great Pond. With a spitting rain and 20-knot winds, boat designer David Stimson, Pine Island sailing instructor Jesslyn Mullett, director Ben Swan, and a dozen or so volunteers prepared for the launching of *Sloan* and *Betsy*, the lovely twin wooden catboats built last winter in memory of Pine Islander Sloan Critchfield. The launching was scheduled for 11:00 a.m. By the time people started to arrive on the mainland the rain had stopped, but it was still gray and windy — probably too windy to sail comfortably.

But if the weather was a deterrent, it

could not have been for many, because over 150 people — friends and family of Sloan Critchfield, whose remarkable life ended at the age of nineteen — arrived at the kitchen dock aboard the *Katharine W. Swan* and assembled at the cove to inspect the boats and to help launch them on their careers at Pine Island. Even as the ceremony began the weather was uncertain. We needed a bit of Sloan's optimism to tip the scale, and it must have been present because in the course of the brief ceremony the wind dropped to a comfortable ten knots, and the sun broke through the clouds for what seemed like the first time that spring. Suddenly we were all peeling off our jackets

and reveling in what was almost a summer day!

Director Ben Swan made introductory remarks and then several people spoke about Sloan. We heard a poem, a song written in memory of Sloan, and a beautiful and brave remembrance of Sloan's relationship to Pine Island Camp by his mother Triss. Then, after months of work financed entirely by generous donations of over 200 people, it was time to launch the boats. Friends and family festooned *Sloan* and *Betsy* with sprigs of pine needles, offered their thoughts, prayers, and thanks, and then helped slide the boats down into the now sparkling, blue water. David Stimson and Jesslyn Mullet brought *Sloan*

and *Betsy* to their moorings, hoisted their sails in unison, and set off with passengers for the first of thousands of voyages of *Sloan* and *Betsy* together.

An elegant picnic lunch prepared by Pine Islander Anne Stires and her husband Jon Weislogel was served in the dining hall, and many people stayed to take a sail in one of the boats, to visit, and to enjoy the appropriately glorious weather.

In their first summer of service *Sloan* and *Betsy* were all that we hoped they would be. Their mission in Sloan's memory was to teach boys to sail and to love sailing, and they did just that. We all look forward to slipping them back into Great Pond next June.



PINE ISLANDERS AID STATEWIDE LOON COUNT



Cartoon by Sam Brown, Jr., 1988

Every Pine Islander recognizes the mournful cry of the loon echoing across Great Pond in the still of a summer evening, and by day we all enjoy keeping tabs on our resident loon pair and their young as they swim and dive in the waters around Pine Island.

In the late 1980s, the loons made the mistake of choosing a nesting site in the Cove, between the swimming area and the dory dock. It must have seemed like a good idea in the spring when they selected the spot, but with the arrival of the campers in late June, they surely recognized that they had not chosen well.

However, we gave them what peace we could by roping off the path between the Boathouse and the swimming area, and, amid fireworks and celebration, two baby loons hatched on the Fourth of July and thenceforth spent a safer, quieter summer in the waters around Pine Island.

Since then, the loons have wisely chosen quieter nesting quarters, building their nest at the end of the Second Island, where they have produced one or two chicks each summer. 2006 was no exception. Although two chicks hatched in late June, only one survived past the first week, and we watched it grow at an

impressive rate and begin to learn to dive for its own food by the last week of camp.

Not only have Pine Islanders enjoyed watching the loons, we have also long been active in loon monitoring and stewardship activities conducted by the Maine Audubon Society and other conservation organizations. Every July the Audubon Society conducts its annual Loon Count on lakes and ponds across the entire state of Maine. The purpose of the count is to monitor loon populations, to map population and nesting trends, and to get a sense of loon productivity. This research helps the Audubon Society assess the effects that recreation, water quality, and interference with habitat have on loon populations and gives the organization the data it needs to make the case for legislation it promotes to protect loons in the state.

Pine Island has participated in this effort for the past 15 years, joining the group of loon counters who simultaneously scour the waters of Great Pond with their binoculars for the half-hour between 7:00 and 7:30 a.m., keeping accurate records of both adult loons and chicks spotted in the sector of the lake assigned to us. Some years wind and waves present a

challenge to this effort; other years fog and rain make it hard to see. Last summer an unaccountable invasion of gulls made the count confusing! And every year 100% Dip, coming as it does just before the required half-hour observation time is over, creates a delicate situation for loon-counter-in-chief Emily Swan, who takes great pains to avoid training her binoculars on the throngs of naked bathers leaping into the water in the Cove and at the Aristocracy dock.

Last summer Pine Island took a more active role in the Audubon Society's loon monitoring efforts, participating in a new, more in-depth loon observation program that required us to keep a weekly log of loon adults and chicks that we spotted on the lake. The purpose of this program is to find out more about how many loon chicks survive each year to help further our understanding of loon biology in Maine.

At Pine Island, we consider ourselves fortunate to be able to spend our summers in the company of these beautiful, graceful creatures, and we will continue to do what we can to help ensure that they survive and flourish on Great Pond.

A STUNNING SUCCESS: PINE ISLAND'S FIRST ANNUAL SLOAN CRITCHFIELD MEMORIAL BOAT WORKSHOP WEEKEND

The weather was perfect — a typical fall weekend on Great Pond with warm sunny days and cool nights — for the 28 lucky folks who participated in the first annual Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Workshop Weekend over the weekend of September 15. Director and organizer Ben Swan had hoped for 15 or so participants the first year and was delighted both with the number of people and the huge amount of work that they got done over the weekend. He proclaimed it the best possible start to this new Pine Island tradition.

In last winter's *Pine Needle* the editors described the idea of the weekend and asked for help in raising an additional \$25,000 to bring the proposed endowment up to the \$50,000 needed to fund the work weekend in perpetuity. The goal was reached in early June, enabling Ben to publicize the event, to buy materials, and to hire Becky Farley to be strawboss. Becky, an employee of the Boothbay Harbor Shipyard, was part of the crew that built the *Sloan* and *Betsy*.

Becky visited Pine Island mid-summer to plan the work for the fall. After inspecting the fleet, she and Ben decided that the first Sloan Boat Workshop Weekend would be devoted to making

up for deferred maintenance on Pine Island's eight rowboats. So, instead of putting the canoes and kayaks in Honk Hall at the end of the season, the staff set it up as a workshop and brought the four Amesbury Skiffs and four Pine Island Skiffs up the hill.

Becky, Ben Swan, Joe Kovaz, and Jesslyn Mullett arrived at Pine Island on Thursday, September 14 and set about preparing to receive workers the next day. Volunteers began arriving on Friday afternoon and by Saturday morning there were over 20 people ready to work. Fueled by spectacular gourmet food, cooked by PIC parent and volunteer chef Sandy Holland, the crew was raring to go. Becky began with a short and very informative lecture/demonstration on sanding, and by 8:30 a.m. three crews were at work wearing dust masks and earplugs as half a dozen random orbital sanders whined away.

The weather was beautiful so the crews were able to sand the rowboats outside on two tent platforms on the Ridge and in the Honk front yard. Becky had already probed the oldest boat and found soft spots that would need repair later and had spent time the night before doing what repairs she could.

Sanding, sanding, and more sand-

ing.... It seemed to go on and on, but there were no complaints, and volunteers developed their techniques and worked quickly. By Saturday afternoon two crews were able to begin painting, and by painting the insides of the boats first, were able then to then flip them over and paint the outside of the hulls while the insides were drying. More volunteers came during the day on Saturday, including Sloan's parents, David and Triss. Some stayed just for the day and others brought their sleeping bags.

Most were on hand for the astounding dinner Sandy produced. Sitting in unaccustomed lamplight (it is always light at dinner time in the summer), the volunteers found themselves presented with a gorgeous Cuban pork loin, homemade bread, steaming vegetables, and rice from Pine Island parent Daisy Martinez's *Daisy Cooks* cookbook. Full and happy, the crew was then presented with homemade cakes (homemade pies the night before) and set to work on them. There was nothing to do then but put some wood on the fire and sit back. Many went to bed early but several stayed up late talking in the dining hall.

By getting an early start, the volunteers were able to finish the painting and begin cleaning up. Becky, Ben, Joe, and

Lindsay Clarke did the final cleanup and put away the tools and paints until next September.

In just two days, 28 volunteers had sanded inside and out, and painted two coats inside and out, seven of Pine Island's nine rowboats; sanded and varnished all the camp's oars; and sanded and varnished most of the canoe paddles. It was a fantastic achievement and an appropriately successful first installment in a lasting tribute to Sloan Critchfield's extraordinary spirit. The weekend was exactly the kind of thing he would have loved.

Pine Island thanks everyone who participated, either with your generous gifts or with your time and work, or both. An honorable mention goes to Bert Lachmann, PIC alumnus who was looking forward to attending the weekend but broke his leg (helping a friend with some work on his house) in early September. The second Annual Sloan Critchfield Boat Workshop Weekend will be held next September, and we look forward to notifying *Needle* readers of the dates this spring. If you would like to be certain that you are invited, you can email director Ben Swan at benswan@pineisland.org.



Jesslyn Mullett and Ben Kasper sanding



Amy Ward and strawboss Becky Farley



Jesus Pereda



Marshall Wisoff and Jesus Pereda



Triss Critchfield and Pelly



Eve Whitehouse



David and Triss Critchfield and Lowell Libby

ANOTHER GIFT FROM THE KING

Zip-Zip Arrives in Elaborate Ceremony

by Max Huber, Kh.D.

Greetings! The summer of 2006 has come and gone and my distinguished colleague David Lombardo and I are happy to report overwhelmingly good tidings with regard to all matters Kabalological. This year saw several important and exciting developments as well as the arrival of an awe-inspiring insectoid sacred animal named Zip-Zip the Rain Fly. Zip-Zip has taken up a lofty perch in the rafters of the library in Honk Hall.

Early in the summer, King Kababa expressed his happiness at the protection of his sanctuary at Mount Philip. Thanks to the generosity of Pine Islanders, the King no longer has to worry about his home falling into the clutches of real estate developers. The summer's first sacred sign, written in customary blue ballpoint pen on a scrap of birch bark, bore a striking image of the sacred mountain along with a shield carrying the King's emblem, symbolizing security.

As the summer moved on, communications from the King were frequent. As in previous camp seasons, the King's messages urged Pine Islanders to abide by the principles of honesty, loyalty to one another, and a sense of good humor.

Sacred signs appeared in various locations, including the Cove, between the Ridge and Range, and the Range dock. One morning, campers awoke to find a sign in the dust court composed with the camp's kayak fleet, which had been dragged from their racks and arranged to spell out the King's initials. Emily Swan was quick to point out that the King's messengers undoubtedly used kayaks for this purpose since the name of the boat both begins and ends in the letter "K."

Understandably, interest in the ways of the King grew among the camp population as the weeks passed. One memorable dinner table discussion centered on the possible existence of a "Queen Kababa." Neither David, former Kabalologist Mike Robertson, nor I could speak authoritatively on the matter, but as one resident of the Ridge pointed out — "What good is a king without a queen?" What good indeed? We have resolved to conduct further research in the off-season.

2006's Sacred Journey offered its share of excitement as well. Fourteen campers ventured out on the voyage that began early in the morning of August 1 with 100% dip and breakfast in the cove. Our journey included stops at the War Game

site at Norridgewock as well as Waterville House of Pizza, where we were directly confronted by one of the King's loyal henchmen. The adventure ended with a trip to the summit of Mount Philip, where we found a curious sacred sign that seemed to depict a bug's face staring out from a rainstorm. The campers quickly pointed out that perhaps the sign showed that this year's animal would be some sort of insect. This would make sense, since earlier we had encountered a tree adorned with fly swatters during the visit to the War Game site.

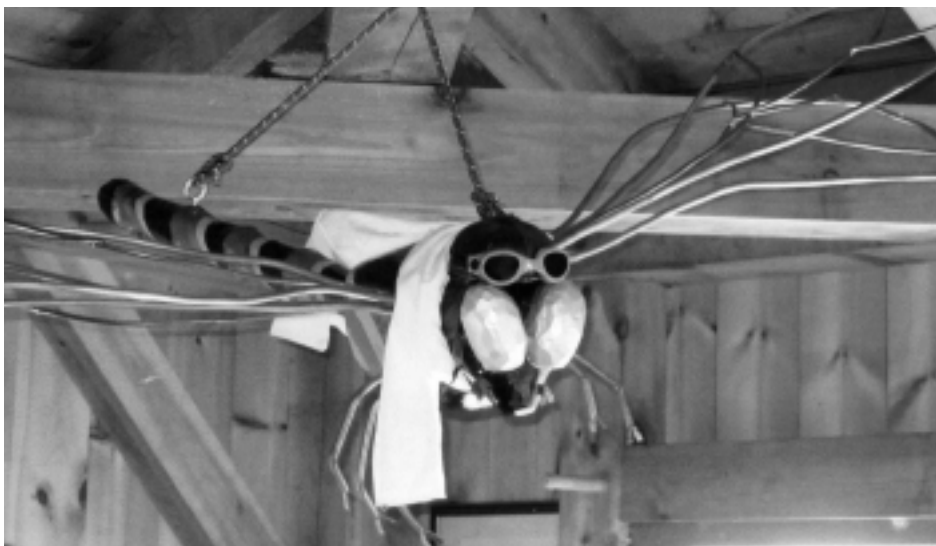
The campers' intuition proved correct when, at the Sacred Ceremony, the camp was overjoyed to receive the magnificent Zip-Zip the Rain Fly. The King must have been exceedingly pleased with the spirit of cooperation and good will of the Pine Island community, as the animal is truly splendid. This year's Ceremony was held on the lawn on the north side of Honk Hall. The sounds of drums and chants for Sacred Animals resounded through the air as the King's messengers greeted the crowd. After several chants, Zip-Zip made its dramatic entrance, hovering above the crowd briefly, its shining wings glowing in the torchlight.

Zip-Zip appears to be of the same species or closely related to Darting Donald the Dashing Devastating Dragonfly, an animal who returned to Mount Phillip following the fire of '95. The Rain Fly has transparent, gold-colored wings and a body resembling a dragonfly. It is black with green and yellow stripes. Oddly, Zip-Zip wears what looks like a World War I pilot's helmet, a pair of flight goggles and a scarf decorated with the logo of the US Navy. While we are still working to determine the significance of these objects, we have no doubt that they come in handy for performing the aerial stunts routine in a dragonfly's daily life. All agree that Zip-Zip looks fantastic in his new home atop the beams of the E.L. Swan Memorial Library.

As always, it was an eventful summer. We are all happy to know that the King's approval continues to shine down from the Mountain and are already looking forward to what next year has to bring.

The chant of Zip-Zip the Rain Fly (repeat three times):

Dark clouds fill the sky!
ZIP! ZIP! The Rain Fly!



FULL BY FEBRUARY!!

Parents and Alumni are Key to New Pine Island Recruiting Program

by Ben Swan

Pine Island Camp officially launched a new program, the Pine Island Gateleaders, at the 2006 Farewell Feed. We are happy to report this program has already become an enormous success. The Gateleaders, named for the intrepid souls who are in charge of gates during the War Game, are a group of alumni and current parents who have volunteered to help us reach our goal of filling the camp with 85 boys by February of 2007. In fact, "Full by February" is their rallying cry and you may hear it enthusiastically voiced when talking with this committed and loyal group of PIC supporters. Needless to say, their efforts have helped us tremendously, and they have enjoyed staying connected to Pine Island in the off-season and to having the opportunity to help ensure the success of this unique and extraordinarily valuable place into the future.

The name "Gateleaders" is a reminder of the enormous sense of duty

and responsibility that these generous supporters carry. During the War Game, the Gateleaders' role is vital to their army's success. They are leaders who must have the fortitude to handle the challenge of flurries of intense activity for periods of time and the perseverance and stamina to withstand long stretches with little or no activity whatsoever, when boredom and worry settle in. Sometimes these exasperating intervals of haunting calm are broken by only an illusion of activity when callers or small parties approach the gate to look and observe, but do not actually step into the gate. Our parents and alumni who have volunteered for the Gateleader program face surprisingly similar scenarios - spans of time with little or no interest and then a sudden flurry of action. And yes, there is occasionally the anticipation followed by the disappointment created by the "non-stepper."

Interest in Pine Island develops in

pockets throughout the United States and in other parts of the world as well. It is vitally important that we have local representatives in as many of these geographically diverse pockets as possible, and the Gateleaders Program has already taken a major step in this direction. Currently we have Gateleaders in North Myrtle Beach, SC; Charlotte, NC; Lynchburg, VA; Washington, DC; Tinton Falls, NJ; Brooklyn, NY; New York, NY; Bedford, NY; Darien, CT; New Canaan, CT; Hartford, CT; Providence, RI; Boston, MA; Brunswick, ME; Chicago, IL; and Paris, France! Especially nowadays, when the decision to allow one's son to head off to an island for six weeks seems to be an even more momentous one than ever, it is very helpful for prospective families to have these local contacts. It is also a tremendous help to Ben and Joe to have local representatives to help them organize, communicate, and schedule. We have

already visited most of our Gateleaders this season, sometimes twice. And yes, we have already been to Paris! We still have plans to visit Chicago and Washington D.C. for a big Pine Island reunion in January. Thanks to the Gateleaders, we are over a month ahead in our recruiting efforts for the 2007 summer season. It looks, in fact, that we may very well be "Full by February."

If you would like more information on the Gateleader Program or would like to sign on, please get in touch with us. We are always looking for enthusiastic people who are excited to spread the word. We currently stay in touch with a regular email newsletter. Gateleaders are also encouraged to support and to talk with each other. For those of you unable to attend our volunteer work weekends before camp and in September, this is a good way to contribute to the Pine Island community.

KING WATCHES FAVORABLY OVER FAMILY CAMP WEEKEND

by Joe Kovaz

At the culmination of a wonderful 2006 summer season at Pine Island Camp, the guests at Family Camp enjoyed great weather, *great* food, and great fun! This summer, for the very first time, I was privileged to experience the lap of luxury that is Family Camp. Because until 2006 I was always forced to leave the island well ahead of the conclusion of close-up work to return to South Carolina to teach high school, I was never able to attend this cherished long weekend, famous for its relaxed schedule and delicious food. I was completely shocked to discover that life on the island could be this posh. Wine and cheese tray after campfire? You bet!

The Family Camp weekend was established during the summer of 1992 as part of the camp's 90th birthday celebration and has been going strong ever since. The weekend is open to everyone and a Pine Island Camp affiliation is not necessary. In the past we have welcomed the families of current campers, current and previous staff members (not on duty for the weekend!), PIC alumni, and

future Pine Island families whose boys are not yet of camp age. It is a great chance for parents to experience island life with their boys and with daughters, extended family and friends. The schedule for Family Camp is very relaxed and all "activities" are optional. We provide supervision in boating and swimming activities, and supervision for smaller children to give parents treasured free time to read, to talk with friends, to bathe in the sun, or to take a nap. We have campfire every night and all are encouraged, but not required, to participate. We provide delicious meals in the dining hall and the lake is never too far away for a 100% dip.

Family Camp this summer maintained its traditionally loose schedule – always plenty to do but without pressure and with a strong emphasis on delectable food! I was in taste bud heaven. Phoebe Sanborn and Margaret Yang, our summer chefs, were in charge in the kitchen and were ably assisted by Phoebe's sister Rini. They prepared scrumptious meals at breakfast, lunch

and dinner and provided an exotic snack tray for the Honk Hall social hour directly following campfire each night. The food was delicious all summer long, but they really turned it up a notch for Family Camp.

We offered our normal range of daily structured activities such as swimming, canoeing, kayaking, sailing, rowing, and shop. There were always lifeguards on duty in the cove and Jesslyn, one of our head sailing instructors, was kept very busy helping folks try out the new wooden catboats, *Sloan* and *Betsy*. We also had several exotic excursions, some of which were more exciting than others. Those on the Great Pond Flotilla will never forget the wind that day! Just ask Amy and Peter Ward, who managed to get a little too wet when they gracefully capsized their canoe near the Third Island. Others will remember the trip to Belgrade Lakes in the KWS when the spray provided a very realistic nautical experience.

But thankfully for us, this strong wind was blowing in beautiful dry cool

air and clear blue skies all weekend long, with the occasional summer shower to keep things fresh. And each night we wrapped up the day's events with an entertaining campfire, chock-full of great music and one-of-a-kind games. Charlie and Alice Birney's son Dion ensured that the "bench game" made the line-up of acts each night, and Bill Abramowicz showed us this game required only that the participant be young at heart!

I would like to give a heart-felt thanks to all who joined us at Family Camp in 2006. The good times and good laughs were more proof to me that the incredible people who are attracted, attached, and committed to Pine Island are one of its greatest assets. We look forward to having many of this year's participants return to enjoy our beloved Great Pond next August and to welcoming new faces to this unique experience. You can get information on Family Camp any time by e-mailing Emily Swan at eswan@pineisland.org.

Smoke on the Water — July 4th Rafts Burn Well

For as long as anyone can remember, Pine Islanders have built rafts during the day on July 4th, then at night towed them out onto the lake and set them on fire. Many innovations have been introduced over the years. Actually anchoring the rafts is, incredibly, a relatively recent innovation. In recent years environmental concerns have prompted the construction of reusable floating metal trays and the absence of any materials besides wood and paper. In spite of the innovations, watching from the beach as the rafts are launched, towed to their moorings, and then lit from a boat is always thrilling. And, of course, so is watching them burn!



Forrest Yates, Peter Byrnes, and Roe Baldwin with the tools of the trade



Jeremy Wisoff



Finn Stern and Peter Nagler at work on a raft



The Welder Raft



The Far Leaguer Raft



Spectacular!

THE SWEET SCENTS OF SUCCESS: PINE ISLANDER FREDERIC MALLE RETURNS TO THE OLD VALUES IN THE MYSTERIOUS WORLD OF PERFUME

by Ben Swan



Frédéric Malle

Looking at the elegant and seductive website for *L'Éditions de Parfums Frédéric Malle*, we find that “sweet” is only one of scores of adjectives former Pine Island camper and current Pine Island parent Frédéric Malle might use to describe the fifteen unusual and highly developed fragrances his company offers in a dozen countries around the world. How about “bright,” “complex,” “modern,” “elegant,” “warm,” or “impressionistic?” And these are just a few culled from the rich prose found on the website that makes you furious your computer isn’t capable of delivering a whiff of the actual fragrances. Until recently one had to travel to Paris to experience such fragrances as “Angéliques sous la pluie,” “Carnal Flower,” or “Lys Méditerranée,” but now you can find them in the U.S., and in Italy, England, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Spain, Japan, China, and soon in Russia. Frédéric Malle’s small, innovative company is now the largest seller of fragrances at the highly successful and expanding department store, Barney’s of New York. The key? It seems it is a return to old values with one high-tech innovation thrown in.

Along with his fragrances, Frédéric has also brought his family to the U.S. The Malles — Frédéric, his wife Marie, and their four children, Paul, Louise, Lucien, and Jeanne — moved from Paris to New York City last summer and report that they are enjoying their new surroundings. Frédéric, 44, was a camper at Pine Island for three summers (1975-77) and his sons Paul and Lucien were both campers last summer. It was Paul’s fourth summer and Lucien’s first.

Frédéric chose to come to the U.S. for college and graduated from N.Y.U. with a degree in art history. He thought he might want to become an art dealer, but a closer inspection of that world at that time convinced him otherwise, and he was drawn to a different art world, one that he knew intimately because he had grown up in it. Frédéric’s uncle was Louis Malle, the great movie director. His maternal grandfather, Serge Hestler, was a perfumer and Christian Dior’s closest friend. When Dior wanted to create a line of fragrances to complement

his apparel, he asked Serge Hestler to take on the project. The result was “Miss Dior” and a company called Parfum Dior. But Frédéric’s most direct contact with the world of fashion and design was at his mother’s office, where he would while away the hours on his Thursdays off from school, playing and drawing. Marie-Christine Malle was the art director for the Christian Dior Company for 47 years. Frédéric quipped that he was “drawing for Dior” when he was in grade school but “had to retire” when he went to high school.

Though the trail to the heights of the fragrance business was obviously well blazed for Frédéric, he decided to bushwhack his way toward the summit. In doing so he came across an older, long-unused track. Frédéric decided to follow that old trail and it seems has found it shorter, if steep and at times obscured. When he decided to go into the fragrance business, Frédéric wanted to experience as many different aspects of it as he could, first hand. So in college and for a while after he graduated, he worked as a “photography slave” in New York. He then went back to Paris and worked in advertising for several years. To his surprise he was called one day and asked to come work in the major fragrance lab in Paris.

Frédéric explained in a recent interview that virtually all the major fragrances in the world are made in a few labs found in New York, Paris, and Geneva. (Chanel is the only major fragrance company that operates its own lab.) The most important employees of any fragrance lab are men and women called “noses.” Noses are people with a rare combination of a highly developed and trained olfactory sense and an understanding of chemistry. They are the elite few who actually create new fragrances. Frédéric himself has some of the abilities of the great noses. He can tell the ingredients of any fragrance just by smelling it but says he cannot “write a fragrance with just a blank piece of paper” the way a highly capable nose can. Frédéric was hired to be a kind of “nose coach” by the lab, a liaison between the designers and the noses. He says that if the noses are authors, then he is their editor.

While at the lab Frédéric came to understand that fragrances generally fall into one of two camps. They are either “personal” or “impersonal,” and of course the big money-makers were the impersonal ones. He found that he was helping to create scents that would join the ranks of such giant firms as Estée Lauder, Hermes, and Clinique and that “would not displease too many people.” While he learned much of practical value about creating fragrances and made some solid and critical friendships, the thing Frédéric learned ultimately was that he was tremendously bored with the process of producing lowest common denominator fragrances. He began to look into a return to the old values of the manufacture and, as it turns out, even more importantly the sale of perfume.

Not so long ago, someone who sold perfume, made perfume. These perfumers would buy ingredients (Frédéric says there are still only about 25 ingredients used in all the world’s perfumes) and create their own fragrances. If you wanted to buy a perfume, you went to a perfumer, and he and his associates would assist you in picking out a fragrance that was right for you. A far cry from wandering the vast expanse that is the cosmetics floor of any one of hundreds of department stores, dodging atomizer-wielding sales people.

Frédéric believed that a reasonable number of potential customers would respond enthusiastically to a more personal experience, one more like they might have had with the perfumers of an earlier era. He was right. And, Frédéric, in true French style, had a bit of new technology that would prove to be the perfect enhancement of the customer’s experience in selecting the right fragrance.

Frédéric opened the first *Editions de Parfums de Frédéric Malle* on June 6, 2000 in Paris. It was an immediate success, and he quickly opened several more in Paris and in other countries in Europe. The stores are small and elegant (and a bit intimidating to this reporter) and are staffed by people who are experts in all aspects of the world of fragrance. Frédéric himself was his own best salesman in these stores in the beginning and established through his own example the kind of personal attention customers from all over the world were looking for. And then there were the smelling booths....

While working in the lab in Paris, Frédéric took a look around him and realized that the method by which people (lab noses included) “tried on” a perfume was haphazard and inaccurate. “It always struck me that people didn’t really know what a perfume smelled like when they were testing it or smelling it in a store.” The real smell of a fragrance is what it smells like emanating from

someone, probably a few feet away, and it changes over the several hours someone is wearing it. Frédéric described working in the lab where the noses would try their latest fragrance out on whoever happened to be walking by or on a piece of paper. Paper never gave an accurate sense of what a fragrance smelled like, and by the end of the day all the staff wore a multilayered cloak made up of the scents of the day. They needed a better way to smell the fragrances they were developing.

Some of their colleagues at the lab worked on shampoos, and they used booths so that they could try the shampoos with water. While working late at the lab with a few colleagues, Frédéric found that they could use the shampoo booths to sample their fragrances. He said the key to deciphering the true fragrance, as it might smell when worn, was to spray it in one of the booths and let it settle a bit. After much experimentation, Frédéric adapted the shampoo booths for use in his stores and introduced a completely new way to “try on” perfume. The booths are round and made of glass. “They look cool and their design creates the Venturi Effect, which disperses the fragrance quickly and also cleans the booths quickly and completely so that one can experience several fragrances in any single visit.”

Today, in any of Frédéric’s stores, including the ones in Barney’s of New York, one simply leans one’s head through a small window and is able to sample Malle’s fifteen fragrances in the most accurate possible way. “Smells and fragrance are a powerful and distinctive silent language,” Frédéric said in a recent interview. “When you enter a room, before you say a word three things offer a first impression: your appearance, the way you look at others, and the way you smell. What fragrance someone chooses to wear (or the fact that he or she chooses *not* to wear any fragrance) is a statement, and it is often not completely consciously made. We can help people ‘see’

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Louise, Paul, and Lucien Malle at Pine Island

BALD PATE: ONE PINE ISLANDER'S JOURNEY INTO BUDDHISM

by Robert Moor

"Me, wherever my life is lived, O to be self-balanced for contingencies,

To confront night, storms, hunger, ridicule, accidents, rebuffs, as the trees and animals do."

—Walt Whitman

Shortly after signing off as a counselor at Pine Island last summer, I signed on to study as a Buddhist monk in a monastery in Bodh Gaya, India. This is the place where the Buddha first sat down beneath the Bodhi tree in hopes of reaching Nirvana. It would be dishonest to say that, packing my bags for India, I didn't harbor similarly lofty ambitions. It'll be easy, I thought: shave the head, ditch the khakis, plop down under the Bodhi tree and, WHOOSH, like a water-spout ripping across the lake, it'll come. Of course, I'm exaggerating. But, sadly, not by much. My naïveté never ceases to amaze me.

On the surface, day-to-day life as a Theravada monk is not all that different from life on the island. Wake-up is early (4:45 AM), the showers are cold, the electricity erratic at best. We have a morning and afternoon activity period (one hour and one and a half hours of seated and walking meditation, respectively), and lights out is some time around nine. As far as your behavior goes, being a monk is a lot like being a counselor during the farewell feed. The basic objective is to avoid looking like an idiot in front of the visitors. This means no horsing around, no inappropriate jokes, no singing, no flailing of the arms or legs, no stealing, no intoxicants, no

wearing hats, no shaggy hair, no inappropriate clothing, and no destruction of sentient life (human or otherwise). There are of course more rules: you can't eat food after the clock strikes noon, you should keep your eyes on the ground when you walk, you shouldn't wear perfume, watches, or any other form of ornamentation, you can't teach the Dharma to someone carrying a sharp stick... The list goes on and on.

Of course, all of this is merely superficial. The real experience is internal; it's the basic transformation from a two-ton, exhaust-spewing, American-built machine of consumption to something simpler, quieter, and entirely less dependent on foreign oil.

One of the central tenets of Buddhism is that of impermanence, the idea that absolutely everything will one day fall apart. In India, I've seen some pretty gritty evidence of this fact. I watched a dead body being cremated atop a funeral pyre in Varanasi, the tissue reduced to bone, then down to ash, the remnants scattered into the river Ganges. I've seen live bodies in various states of decay, lepers and landmine victims. Two weeks ago I watched my own roommate suffer a partial schizophrenic break, where, by the end, he could no longer distinguish his dreams from waking life, nor his own thoughts from yours. He insisted that he'd reached some kind of enlightenment, but as they carted him away in the back of a Jeep to see a doctor back in the States, I could tell from his eyes that he had no clue where he was headed.

When I was ten years old I came to

Pine Island for the first time. On my first day, I remember feeling struck by the impression that this place was unfathomably ancient, a history reaching back over a hundred years and a thousand lives, a hundred graying camp pictures, a thousand cryptic engravings on tent poles (KL, GFL 1976-1980). Dusty tradition amassed overhead in the dining hall, blocked out the light up in Honk. Then on my third day, it burned down. Whether you were there that year or not, all of us probably remember what was, for me, the perfect symbol of worldly impermanence: blackened hill, atop it a pile of rubble strewn with scraps of yellowed paper, blobs of dull mercurial tin, and rising from it all, a single stone chimney against a bare sky, serving only to remind us where the center of the island had once stood.

Given this instability, this all-pervasive fragility, increasingly it seems incredible to me how profoundly the impressions we form in childhood shape our later lives, how the strengths we build as kids become our strengths as adults. That summer I found the freedom that comes from giving up all of your possessions. I learned the value of independence, the importance of new experiences. I learned that hiking is hard, and that hardship is sometimes good. I realized the benefit of hanging around a tough, demanding, charismatic, exuberant, brilliant old bastard like Ben Swan. I learned that it hurts like hell to watch a building full of memories burn down. And then, that next year, I learned that Honk Hall had been

rebuilt, brighter and cleaner than before.

I'm still in India as I write this, and while I haven't gained Enlightenment (or lost my mind) yet, each day here I come to question something I've spent my whole life assuming to be true. This can be a risky venture. So, if I can send back one piece of Ancient Eastern wisdom, let it be from the East Coast, from a little pond in the backwoods of Maine: *If you're going to burn down your house, make sure you first build a chimney, solid and straight, so when the smoke has cleared and the dust has settled, you'll have some idea of where to rebuild.*



Robert Moor in India

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how they look in a fragrance. The booths are to perfume what a mirror is to clothes. Imagine trying to choose any piece of clothing without the use of a mirror." The value of the smelling booths was and continues to be immediately apparent to new customers and right from the beginning gave *L'Editions de Parfums de Frédéric Malle* something new and exciting to bring people back to the old ways of buying perfume.

A return to the truly personal method of selecting a perfume had two other important benefits — one calculated and the other quite unexpected. Frédéric figured that since over 60% of the cost of a perfume is tied up in paying the retailer, advertising, and marketing, he could cut out those costs and offer fragrances that were better, cheaper, and sold with the kind of personal attention one needs to make a good fragrance choice. What he did not expect was that *Editions de Parfums Frédéric Malle* very quickly would become a media darling. Apparently the media, along with people buying fragrances, were hugely bored with the constant and hollow hype of the larger fragrance brands. Important fashion journalists wrote glowingly, and often, about this "new" concept that did not advertise and simply tried to produce an honestly valuable product at a reasonable price. It was a media blitz and free advertising and it continues today, much to the annoyance of Estée Lauder and others who spend millions trying to distinguish their fra-

grances from the giant corporation next door.

And the good fortune doesn't stop there. Since these larger companies need high margins to make the profits they need, the *larger* companies have to charge *higher* prices and this has allowed Frédéric to up his prices while his costs remain pretty much the same. That is, his competition is actually forcing his prices up rather than down. Frédéric reports that now all the big guys are getting into the act with more personal lines of fragrances, but this has just increased demand for his truly personal approach.

While Frédéric offers a more personal buying experience, he still must buy his fragrances the way all the big guys do, from the noses at the three big labs. I asked if this didn't put him in a tough position with the large competitors as he vied with them for the best noses. I could hear him smiling over the phone when he said, "Yes, other smaller perfume brands do not get the best noses, but we do. They are all my old friends!"

It is a happy story, one in which integrity, romance, science, and inventiveness have come together to form the sweet scent of success. Perhaps it should come as no surprise that a Pine Islander would find that, by reaching back to simpler, older values, he has created something tremendously valuable and worthwhile that the rest of the world suddenly "discovers" as the new, new thing.

Goldsworthy Bemis — Artwork from nature

Each Sunday of the camp season, regular activities are suspended and the Welder Superiors and Far Leaguers engage in various contests. For some reason unknown to the editors, the name "Bemis" has been attached to all the Sunday games except Capture the Flag. Famous Bemis games are Kodak Bemis, Bemis Supremus, Bemis Campungus, Shoot Bemis, and Newport Bemis. The newest Bemis game is named for sculptor Andy Goldsworthy, who is famous for his ephemeral sculptures made outdoors with the materials at hand. He then leaves the sculptures to return to nature. Goldsworthy Bemis was introduced two years ago and has become a favorite. It has produced some spectacularly beautiful sculptures, some of which we captured on film last summer.



Bark teepee and nest



Jack Walsh and star

EMPTY SKY — WHITEHEAD'S TOWER COMES DOWN

The radio and flag tower that dominated the Barracks compound at Whitehead Island collapsed in heavy winds during the winter of 2005-6. Nick Buck saw that the tower was down early last spring as he was piloting a small plane over the island. The tower had undergone some repairs during the past ten years, but the important cross bracing had been rusting away and had not been replaced. It is likely that the heavy winds (gusting to over 80 m.p.h. at times) on the Maine coast early last winter and perhaps some icing brought it down. The flagpole atop the tower took a few tiles off the Barracks roof and damaged two of the clapboards, narrowly missing one of the windows on the first floor. The collapsed tower has been dismantled, leaving only the concrete footings.



A hole in the sky



The Tower as it looked in the spring

In Memoriam

It is with sadness that we report the death of Andy Hathaway of Darien, Connecticut, of cancer on January 3, 2007. Andy was a driver and counselor at Pine Island in 1948, '49, '50, '52, and '53. While at Pine Island in 1952 he was offered a teaching job at the Collegiate School in New York by then-headmaster Wilson Parkhill. Andy taught math at Collegiate from 1952-1957, when he moved to Connecticut. He taught briefly at the Eastern Junior High School in Greenwich for two years and then taught at Greenwich High School until his retirement in 1990.

Andy was an exceptionally bright, affable person who loved to teach. And, he was a deeply loyal Pine Islander. He stayed in touch regularly with Jun and Tats Swan and later with director Ben Swan, who visited Andy at his home in Darien a number of times in recent years. Andy's son Michael was a camper at Pine Island as were his two grandsons Andrew and Tor Hathaway. Andy attended the Farewell Picnic a number of times in recent years and was on hand when his grandson Andrew won the

watermanship award. He was also on hand for Pine Island's centennial celebration in August of 2002, where he reconnected with old friends George Morfogen, Sam Brown, and Alex Burland.

The editor will very much miss the occasional stop at Andy's home for coffee, a danish, and a few new recollections of Pine Island in the old days. Andy's love for Pine Island Camp and what it could offer young people was always the ultimate topic, and his belief in Pine Island's value will remain a source of inspiration long into the future. Akka Lakka, Andy.

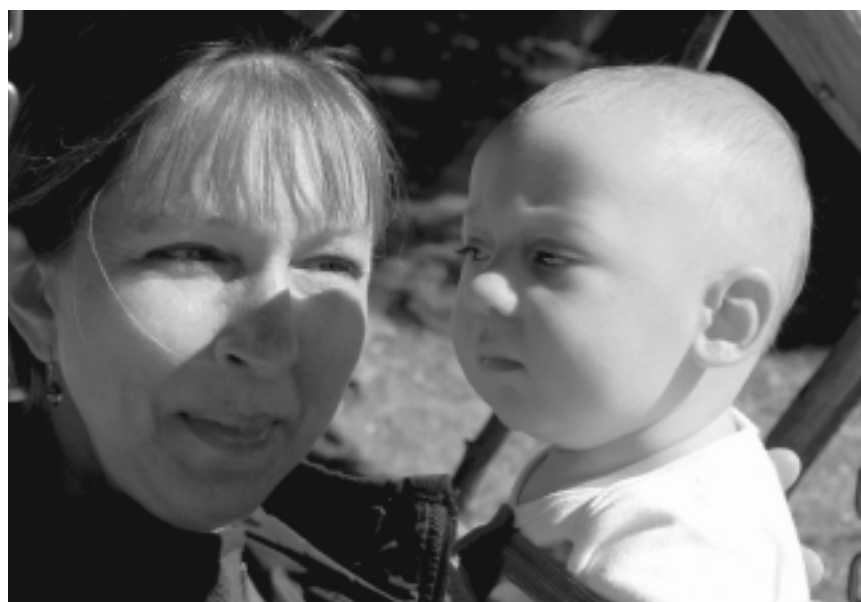
We were saddened at the death of Elizabeth "Peg" Sims of Cornville, Maine on March 31, 2006. Peg was 95. Peg was a long-time close friend of Jun and Tats Swan and of the Swan children. Peg and her son Andy were an essential part of the Swan Thanksgiving at Wolf River Farm in Athens, Maine for over twenty years. A number of gifts to Pine Island's Eugene L. and Katharine W. Swan Endowment Fund were received in Peg's memory last spring.



Andrew, Andy, and Michael Hathaway at the Farewell Picnic in 2001



Roe and Sherry Baldwin and children



Emily Swan and Eben Weislogel



2007 campers and staff with relatives who attended PIC

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

Anne Stires and her husband **Jon Weislogel** welcomed **Eben Cooper Weislogel** on April 10, 2006. Eben spent over a month at Whitehead Island this summer while Anne ran the Pine Island Whitehead program and her mom **Susan Stires** lent critical assistance. **Greg Castell** and his wife **Amber** welcomed **Lea Castell** on July 7, 2006. Greg works at the Harvard Business School and they recently moved to Acton, MA. **Suzanne Enck Lindner** and her husband **Tom** welcomed their first child, **Franklin Thomas Lindner** on September 9, 2006. **Juan Granados** wrote this fall to announce the birth of his daughter **Maddison Leigh Granados** on July 22, 2006. Juan and his wife live in Asheville, NC and Juan is working at the Biltmore House and working toward a college degree. **Rawson** and **Kristina Gamage** welcomed twin daughters, **Pilar** and **Petra**, on September 27, 2006. **Chris "Cakes" Brunet** was married to **Whitney Dayton** on October 21, 2006 in Dallas, Texas. **Bryan Carey** was married to **Sarah Sweeney** on November 5, 2006 in Washington, DC at Constitution Hall. Bryan is an attorney. His brother **Preston Carey** was his best man. Preston and his wife **Sonya** and their son **Luke** have just moved to a new home in Newburyport, MA. **Mal** and **Marion Jones** wrote to say they recently noted the 50th anniversary of their first sight of Pine Island with Tats and Jun Swan. They also reported the birth of their first great-grandchild. **Matt Clarke** is in his first year of full-time teaching at the Fay School. Matt will return to Pine Island this coming summer to lead the Senior Camper Program for the second time. At a Fay vs. Fessenden hockey game Matt might run into **Ken Howe**, a long-time teacher and director of residential life at Fessenden. One of Ken's advisees is **Harry Nicholas**, a Pine Islander and son of Pine Islander **Frederick (Tyger) Nicholas**. Harry's cousin **Jay Gurney** is a junior at St. Paul's School in Concord, NH. Matt's sister **Lindsay Clarke** is rooming with **Phoebe Sanborn** in Portland, ME. Phoebe is working at a Portland bank, and Lindsay is teaching part-time at a few schools, primarily at Waynflete. Lindsay is also busy with a non-profit organization she has started that is an outgrowth of the extraordinary work she did in Cameroon over the past two years. You can visit the website of her organization at breakingground-cameroon.org. Lindsay will be Pine Island's first female Assistant Director this coming summer. **Scott Ashby** reached Ben Swan via the internet, having found PIC's website, and has signed up his son **Alan Ashby** for the 2007 season. The Ashbys live in Brazil, where Scott runs a microbrewery and produces a number of Ashby brews. A quick e-mail by the newshound to **Charlie Papazian**, president and founder of the American Homebrewers' Association and microbrew guru, established that Charlie had in fact visited Scott nearly fifteen years ago and neither knew the other was a Pine Islander. Scott is also founder of *Expedicionarios da Saude*, an organization that sends medical missions to the remotest parts of the Amazon rainforest. **Tom Macfie** visited Pine Island this past summer after having

spent over a month living in northern Maine, building a beautiful cedar strip canoe. On his way north Tom donated a complete collection of *Wooden Boat* magazines, going back to the very first issue. Tom is now University Chaplain at Sewanee. **Willie Walsh** has been tearing up the Nordic tracks of New England. Willie is now a sophomore at Yarmouth (ME) High School, whose team won the Maine State Class B Championship in 2006. Willie was named as a freshman to the All-Maine team that won the New England and New York Nordic championships last March. Willie traveled with fellow Pine Islander **Harry Swan** last summer to northern California where they took part in the Adventure Treks Wilderness Program, which culminated in a night ascent of 14,000' Mt. Shasta. **Reed Frailey** is now a full-time firefighter in Amherst, MA. His brother **Tyler** is an ace automotive technician working for **Coleman Hoyt, Jr.** owner of Acton Lincoln Mercury and Acton Ford in Acton, MA. **Peter Frailey**, an avid fly fisherman and fly-tying expert, contributed a number of flies and tied many of the flies in a new book called *Wooly Wisdom*. He operates a website: fishing-withflies.com. He corresponded recently with fellow Pine Islander and fishing expert **Luca Adelfio**. Luca lives in Bozeman, MT and works on the ski patrol in the winter and is "on tour" for Trout Unlimited during the rest of the year. A piece entitled "Where's Luca" appeared in the summer edition of *Trout* in which he is described as Trout Unlimited's official blogger. You can follow Luca's adventures on their website, tu.org. Brother **Dino** was a counselor at Pine Island this past summer and is now a senior at Ohio Wesleyan University, where he has played both varsity soccer and varsity lacrosse. Dino is headed for Patagonia next semester. **Coleman "Woody" Hoyt III** graduated from Colorado College in May and is living in Denver, where he is working hard for an environmental consulting firm. His brother **Sam** is a junior at Colorado College and will spend next semester in Europe, where he might encounter fellow Pine Islander **Will Durkin**, a student at Middlebury College, who will spend the semester in Spain. Perhaps they will both see **Jesus Pereda** while he is home on vacation from Babson Business School. Jesus spent Thanksgiving with the Swan family at **Rip Swan's** farm in Lisbon, Maine. **Scott Torborg** will graduate from M.I.T. in June. **Michael Robertson** is now working toward his M.A. in English at NYU. The Newshound caught up with him and fellow counselors **Kate Heidemann**, **Margaret Yang**, **Gabe Mondello**, **Erik Lombardo**, **Seth Aylmer**, and **Jason** and **Adam Schachner**, among others, at the New York reunion in October held at the home of **Henry Grabar Sage**, who amazingly spent his summer vacation in Syria. The Hound caught up with Henry's old friend **Robert Greig** who now lives with his parents in Paris, France. While in Paris the Newshound also saw **Wlad Wirth**, **Ilan Karaoglan**, **Constantin Dwernicki**, and **Xavier Ferdinand Guyard**, cousin of **Victor Dillard** who is taking a gap year in Buenos Aires before entering university in London.

Meanwhile, **Frédéric, Paul**, and **Lucien Malle** have moved with their family from Paris to New York and the Newshound reports that, having seen them at the New York reunion, they seem to be adapting well. **Sam Weeks** is in the Peace Corps in the Cape Verde Islands and wrote shortly after arriving that he still wasn't exactly sure what his job was going to be, but it seemed he would be using his degree in geology to help at a national park's center for information on local geology and plants. It could be quite interesting since the park is studded with active volcanoes, one of which erupted in 1995. A bit closer to home... if you pick up the 2007 *Wooden Boat Magazine Calendar*, and look very closely at the cover, you will see, in renowned boat photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz's shot, **Abe Stimson** with his father **David Stimson** and his brother **Nathaniel** in the cockpit of *Alera*, the over 100-year-old Herreshoff New York 30, the first he ever built. The boat was restored by the Boothbay Harbor Shipyard, the yard that built Pine Island's new catboats. **Monte Ball** made a welcome appearance at the Greenville, SC reunion this fall organized by **Allison Martin Mertens** and **Monte Wallace Stone**. Monte Ball is still happily ensconced in his home in Bali and sends his best to the PIC community. **John Bunker**, current president of MOFGA (the Maine Organic Farmers and Gardeners Association) was featured in one of the main articles in the October issue of *Down East Magazine*. The article, entitled "The Patron Saint of Maine Apples," by celebrated Maine writer Michael Sanders, is about John's quest to discover and preserve antique apple varieties in Maine. Sanders writes, "As chief orchardist for Fedco Seeds in Waterville, John Bunker is on a quest to find 'lost' varieties of Maine apples. His search takes him across the state, from one overgrown orchard to the next, looking for ancient apple trees that are still producing fruit." In the article we discover how much there is to learn about Maine's early history in the fruit varieties that survive in old, usually hidden, orchards today. "When immigrants moved to Maine they didn't bring trees, they brought seeds," John told Sanders. "It was the greatest plant-breeding project ever undertaken." When John finds previously undiscovered apple varieties, he brings cuttings to the MOFGA's Maine Heritage Orchard in Unity, ME, where they are grafted onto other apple trees and thus preserved.



Harry Swan contemplating the Pacific Ocean

From recent letters to the Newshound:

Fred Hazeltine of Seattle, WA wrote:

Your recent beautiful photo and story about the acquisition of your new gaff-rigged catboats brought back many memories. I learned to sail at Pine Island Camp the summer of 1935. The camp had recently acquired two new gaff-rigged wooden catboats named *Littlelee* and *Kilowatt*. The similarity between these boats and your new boats is striking, including the gaff rigging, the wooden rings binding the sail to the mast, and the rope securing the sail to the boom. I admire your respect for tradition. In 1938 I was given a 12-foot skiff as a Christmas present. I rigged it with an 18-foot sail and installed a rudder and centerboard. We lived near Willapa Harbor in South Bend, WA, and I had a great time sailing there. The first time I swamped that boat I walked a mile back to town, entered the printing shop where my dad removed his pipe from his mouth and said, "Sinbad, your feet are wet." I have since owned three more sailboats, the last of which is an O'Day Osprey, and we've lived on the shore of Puget Sound for the past 47 years. My two summers at Pine Island left me with a love of water sports and sailing in particular.

Gordon Clarke of Falmouth, ME wrote:

At the MATC [Maine Appalachian Trail Conference] annual meeting last Saturday, PIC got mentioned as the longest continuously serving Maintainer, having handled the section south from the Kennebec to Pierce Pond since around 1960 and having kept the section in good condition. Yesterday, I emailed Phil Pepin, currently the overseer, telling him that I recall, as an 18-year-old PIC counselor in 1947, having been sent off with another counselor and half a dozen boys to camp and work at what may have been the Jerome Brook lean-to (just off the Long Falls Dam road and now replaced by a lean-to on West Carry Pond). Since there is probably no one living who can question my memory, PIC will get another nice plug next year!


Tom Brown of Norwich, VT wrote:

I wanted to update you on my activity with *Woodtick* [an old PIC sailboat he took home one summer when it was going to be scrapped]. I have found a boatbuilder and a preservationist through the *Wooden Boat Restoration* Internet site. Kevin's plan is to restore *Woodtick* enough so it is acceptable to the Mystic Seaport Museum. He will be here to pick up the boat in August. So, it appears *Woodtick* will survive after all and possibly end up in the company of her PIC companion *John G.*, now in Mystic with PIC's former launch, *Four Hundred and One*.



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Support the endowment for the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Workshop Weekend and receive a limited edition, numbered, signed print of *Sloan Under Sail*.

Internationally acclaimed and widely collected photographer William Abranowicz has offered to print and sign a limited number of prints of this photo. Abranowicz, a Pine Island parent, took this photo during Family Camp last August.

The Photographer:

William Abranowicz's work is included in public, corporate and private collections throughout the world including the National Collection of the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D.C., the Getty Museum in Los Angeles, the Menil Collection Library in Houston, Tx, the Santa Barbara Museum, Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the International Center of Photography in New York, the Newark Museum in Newark, N.J., Thessaloniki Museum of Photography, and the Goulandris Museum in Greece.

His exhibitions include Bonni Benrubi Gallery (NY), the Witkin Gallery (NY), Photographer's Gallery (Los Angeles), Afterimage (Dallas, Tx.), Candace Dwan Gallery (NY), the Thessaloniki Museum of Photography (Greece), the Skopelos Center for Photography (Greece), Batagiani Gallery (Greece), and Project Studios One (NY). He is a frequent contributor to *Condé Nast Traveler*, *House and Garden*, *Vogue*, the *New York Times Magazine*, *Martha Stewart Living*, (German) *Architectural Digest*, *Park Avenue*, *Town and Country*, and *Le Monde d'Hermès*. Abranowicz is the author of *The Greek File: Images of a Mythic Land*, a tribute to the landscapes of Greece published by Rizzoli, and co-author of *Indian Clubs* (Harry Abrams, 1996). He is currently at work on a book of travel images from the last 20 years.

The Prints:

Edition of 10 with 2 Artists' Proofs. Archival Pigment Dye Prints. Image 9 1/2" x 6 1/2" on 14" x 11". Each print is signed and numbered. Price: \$200.

If you would like to purchase one of these prints and contribute the entire proceeds to the endowment for the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Workshop Weekend, please send a check for \$200, made out to Pine Island Camp, to: P.O. Box 242, Brunswick, Maine 04011.

