

MAJOR GIFTS FROM PIC ALUMNI AND FRIENDS FUND NEW BOATS AND NEW MAINLAND BUILDING

Generous Gifts Complete the Fleet:

Two New Monte Ball Bazumarangs under Construction, JY-15 Sailboat Donated

Three years ago Pine Island friend Barry Lindquist and his family funded a wonderful project for the boys of Pine Island Camp in honor of Barry's long friendship with former director Monte Ball and the many good times Barry and his family had staying at the Rink during several summers. Barry's gift funded Maine boat builder David Stimson's design of a new class of sailboat, officially named the Monte Ball Bazumarang, for the Pine Island fleet and funded the construction of two of the sleek craft. The boats were named the *USS Rankin* and the *USS Springfield* after two navy ships in which Barry and Monte served together during the 1960s. The new boats were officially "launched" and Monte's legendary tenure at Pine Island was feted at a gala event at the Explorers Club in New York in January of 2010. This event also launched the new tradition of the annual Campfire in New York.

Knowing that the ultimate goal was to have four Bazumarangs in the Pine Island fleet, the Lindquists' generosity did not end there. Barry told director Ben Swan that if he could find a donor for a third boat, the Lindquists would fund a fourth. Ben found an enthusiastic donor and contacted David Stimson early this fall. The two new boats are now being built in Boothbay by David and his two sons Nathaniel and Abe (long-time Pine Island counselor, Whitehead staff member, and now strawboss of the Sloan

Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Workshop). They are awaiting names and will be launched this spring.

The completion of the third and fourth Monte Ball Bazumarangs completes the Pine Island Camp sailing fleet, which was already one of the most impressive of any summer camp, and it gives the Pine Island sailing program the tools to teach more boys to sail. The Bazumarangs were designed as a bridge between the Sloan 12 1/2 catboats and the high-performance JY-15s. Boys who have not sailed before often begin learning as crew in a catboat with an instructor as captain. Before we had the Bazumarangs, the transition from catboat to JY was often a bit too dramatic. The JYs are fantastic boats, but they are high performance craft, used by many college sailing teams, and they are difficult even for a boy with some experience at the helm to handle in anything more than a very light breeze. Experienced skippers love them, but all too often we have wanted to have sailing races and found we did not have enough skippers in camp.

Sailing races are a great way for inexperienced sailors to learn how to make a sailboat go efficiently from point A to point B and the PIYC has been eager to introduce after-dinner races and to have more races on Sunday afternoons



Springfield under sail



Abe Stimson at the helm of Sloan with novice sailors a few years ago

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NEW CONSTRUCTION! ALUMNUS EARL SMITH'S LARGE GIFT WILL FUND COMBINATION STORAGE BARN AND RIFLE RANGE

While the seven buildings that burned in the Fire of '95 were *re*-built, it has been decades since a truly *new* building was built at Pine Island Camp, so hearing that 21 footings for the Earl Smith, Jr. Barn/Range are in the ground was very exciting news. A major gift from Pine Island alumnus Earl Smith and contributions from local roofing contractor C.O. Beck and board member Tim Nagler are funding the design and construction of the 48' x 30' combination winter storage barn and summer rifle range. The Earl Smith, Jr. Barn/Range will be built at the edge of the woods on the northeast side of what is known as the Ball Field next to the

tennis courts on the PIC mainland. The wooden structure will have the capacity to house all of Pine Island's trailers, a couple of boats, and the camp pickup truck during the winter. Recently the trailers have been stored outdoors and the camp has paid to store the boats and truck off camp property.

During the summer, with the boats in the water and the truck and trailers in daily use, the big doors on three sides of the building will remain open and it will become an all-weather rifle range. Riflery was Earl's favorite activity at Pine Island during his three summers



A drawing of The Earl M. Smith, Jr. Rifle Range Building

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BLUES VICTORIOUS IN 100TH WAR GAME

It is fitting that the hundredth War Game, steeped in a century of tradition, also marked a number of firsts. The hard-fought battle saw a female Grey general, Becca Waldo, taking charge for the first time opposite a three-pronged leadership team for the Blues: Will Webb was general, and both Forest Brown and Sumner Ford were executive officers. Also 2012 was only the second game to use the three-point scoring system, in which each player is able to score three instead of the traditional two scoring points. The new system, which after a trial year is here to stay, ensured that offenses were more aggressive, attack periods were more action-packed, and campers and counselors alike stayed in the game longer. This year also saw

a live update system managed by Monroe Baldwin, who utilized satellite technology to broadcast the score on Facebook after each play period. Ultimately the Blues prevailed by a score of 187 to 172, giving them their 8th win in the last decade and perfectly evening the total number of war game victories at 50 apiece.

The Blues jumped to an early lead utilizing an attack system that relied on multiple parties meeting in the woods, yet the score remained close throughout the game. Going into the second day the Blues led by a score of 106 to 89. Grey General Waldo herself accounted for almost 20 challenge points in both gate leadership and attack. The Greys also brought back the use of callers—older

campers who hover at each gate and disrupt enemy communications through a mixture of sustained shouting and arrhythmic drumming on old oil drums. Ultimately the Blues eked out a large challenge at West Gate during the last quarter of play that sealed the deal. For Blue General Webb, the experience was especially gratifying because of the cooperation that the War Game brings out among both campers and staff. “Everybody was so willing to learn,” he said. “That’s what was the most fulfilling.” The game ended with the traditional “Akka Lakka” chant by both armies and the reunification of the Pine Island community. As so often seems to happen, immediately after the Blues and Greys met up with handshakes and hugs the

weather broke, and the whole camp retreated to the busses happily exhausted under a light rain.

Professional photographer and Pine Islander Marcus Rhinelander had just returned from a stint in Libya, riding around with rebel fighters and documenting the strife there. “I got many of the same expressions here today,” Marcus said after photographing the first day of play, “but it was so wonderful to be reminded over and over that this was a game.” Many thanks to Marcus for these great photos. We hope that his travels and work will allow him to document Pine Island’s 101st War Game.



Alexandre, Dean and others head at top speed on the attack.



Gaelen is the red flag scout signaling the gate leader that a party has been sighted.



Blue executive officer Sumner Ford calls the cadence to step his party into the road.



Blue counselor Harry Swan studies the situation at a gate while leading his party, including Brandon, Will, and Noah.



“Portrait of a Gateleader’s Nightmare”—Peter is the caller.



Alex is probably taunting someone.



Jack Faherty with his party heading out of town at the beginning of play



Gray counselors Ned Pressman and Ben Schachner confer on attack.



Gray counselor David Greene with improvised headgear



Gray counselor Josh Treat



Gray red flag scout Harrison communicating with his gateleader



Justin



Gray gateleader Eliot Reich is dressed for maximum bellicosity.



Blue General Will Webb conferring with umpires Jim Breeden and Paul Ronson



Blue counselor Rip Swan leads a party of campers through the woods.



Blue Army executive officer Forrest Brown making plans amid the activity at his gate



Gray counselor Baxter Worthing with the 1000-yard stare



Gray general Becca Waldo on the pole



A gathering of War Game umpires in their new "Umpires Always Win!" shirts, courtesy of Ned Bishop

MYSTERY TRIP REPORT: (GRACIOUS LIVING IN VIENTIANE)

By Montague G. Ball, Jr.

"Well, we got on the boat..." Ha, ha—just kidding! But for most Americans, a trip to Vientiane *would* be mysterious. Not one in ten thousand can locate Laos on an outline map or name its capital city or identify that landlocked Southeast Asian country as one of the world's more or less happily remaining communist dictatorships. (Another statistic: during the Vietnam War the U.S. dropped *twice* as many bombs on tiny Laos as fell on all of Nazi Germany in World War II. Every year since the bombing ended in 1973, roughly a hundred Laotians—the majority, children—have been killed or wounded by unexploded ordnance. These casualties represent a significant loss to a total population of fewer than six million.)

So, why go? One reason is that Laos is near where I live—in Chiang Mai, Thailand's second largest city. A northeast corner of Thailand borders Laos—the mighty Mekong, Southeast Asia's longest river, dividing these two neighboring countries. Another reason is that for almost a century Laos belonged to France; much French cultural influence remains, especially with respect to urban architecture and food. A third reason is that Lao people, though among Asia's poorest, are invariably charming and hospitable. Also, the country is beautiful, attracts few travelers, and remains an inexpensive tourist destination—an important consideration for this ex-schoolteacher and camp director who, during his working years, should have been saving money instead of spending it! Finally, to secure a resident visa for Thailand, I was required to leave the Kingdom, travel to a Thai consulate abroad, and make application there. Vientiane is conveniently near at hand.

One morning in early December I boarded Nok Mini (the "Airline of Confidence") and flew nonstop to Udon Thani in northeast Thailand. If you look at a map you will see that Udon is not only close to Laos but also to Vietnam. During what Vietnamese call the American War, B-52s flew bombing missions from this and other bases in eastern Thailand. Forty years later, the U.S. presence can still be seen. Udon's airport, for example, has a landing strip so long that Nok's propjet commuter used only a tenth of the runway. Also, for a lengthy period following the war Udon boasted the largest VFW post outside the United States. Even today many American ex-servicemen make their homes in and around Udon, having married Thais who were not inclined to move far from their families. The mother of Tiger Woods was born in this most distant corner of Thailand, and Tiger's father was a Green Beret based for a time in Udon. The town's nightlife may not be as raucous as it once was, but bars and restaurants with names like Montana, Steve's, Up2U, Place2B, Fifty-Fifty, and The B-52 ensure a lively social scene.

Spurning all those extracurricular options, I took the International Bus directly to the Lao border at Nongkhai,

about an hour's drive north of Udon Thani. This bus was exceptional because both the bus and the driver originated in Vientiane—where traffic drives on the right. In Thailand, however, vehicles drive on the left. Accordingly, our driver's position was such that he had no view of oncoming traffic—which deterred him not at all from passing slower cars and trucks, blasting offenders with his horn if they proved reluctant to give way. While my attention was riveted to the road, all the other passengers slumbered, unaware or unconcerned that death stalked the highway. When Thai and Lao board a bus, they close the window curtains and fall instantly asleep. Alone in the suicide seat I co-piloted all the way to Nongkhai!

At the Lao border we crossed the Mekong, completed immigration formalities, and proceeded another 45 minutes to Vientiane. Arriving right on time at the downtown bus station, I took a motorcycle taxi (called tuk-tuk) to my hotel, the Douang Deuane. (If you can't say it, you can't stay there! I have made many visits to the Double D, always ensuring that I have extra cards in my pocket to show any tuk-tuk driver who might be mystified by my mispronunciation of the hotel's name.) Here for a week I enjoyed a room with air conditioning, refrigerator, hot water in the shower and bathtub, big screen TV, free wi-fi, speedy elevator, and breakfast—all for \$23 a night. Best of all, my fifth-floor room featured a small terrace with a panoramic view extending 180 degrees, from the Mekong to Vientiane's northern city limits.

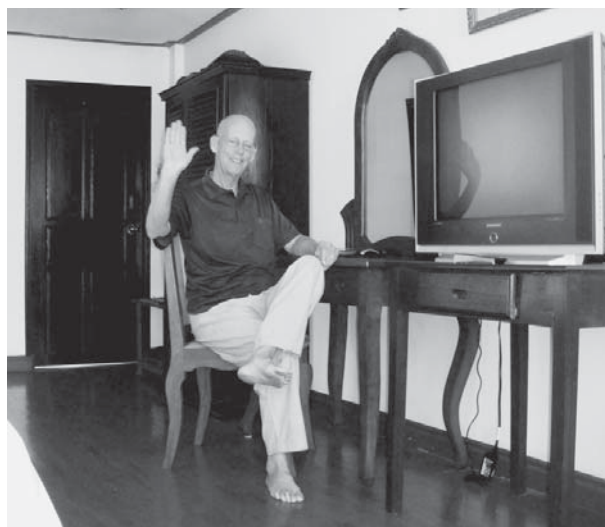
Between visits to the Thai consulate I walked everywhere in this gracious, quiet, laid-back town—by far my favorite Asian capital. There is little traffic; a dollar a day rents your bicycle; everything moves s-l-o-w-l-y. Buddhist temples

abound; marvelous colonial mansions crumble; street signs are written in Lao and French; freshly-baked baguettes are stacked on every store counter. And the food is exceptional, not only Lao dishes but also some of the best French cuisine outside France. True, the Lao People's Revolutionary Party is a political monopoly; hammer-and-sickle flags are ubiquitous; government organs include a politburo and a secretariat. Yet, in this theoretically communist state, much economic liberalization has taken place. Private enterprise flourishes, and multinationals are creeping into the country. Typical of Laos, a government-controlled press coexists with international mobile phone access, uninhibited internet connection, and 72-channel TV reception. Also typical of my visits to Vientiane, I saw very few policemen, and none carried a sidearm. Outside

the American embassy I observed one lone Lao guard—dozing in a chair that leaned against a wall. Benghazi it's not...

If you have any interest in visiting this delightful town, have a look at the *New York Times* slideshow at <http://www.nytimes.com/slideshow/2012/03/25/travel/25vientiane.html>, read the accompanying article, and by all means go! Though back home in Chiang Mai, I am already planning my return trip, this time to include a UNESCO-sponsored World Heritage site, the incomparable Luang Prabang. Meanwhile, northern Thailand has its own attractions and charms. Here your tour guide awaits; for Pine Islanders, the red carpet rolls. Any PIC reunion will be much appreciated and most welcome.

Happy New Year and Akka Lakka!
Monte



Monte Ball in his hotel in Vientiane



"Restaurant Row" in Vientiane

BACK TO THE KENNEBEC

By Ben Schachner, rowing counselor

In Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, Ratty remarks to his friend, Mole, "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." Spoken on the sparkling river in Grahame's fictional world of refined toads and dour badgers, the words and conviction are familiar to both campers and counselors at Pine Island. In fact, Ratty's declaration defines a large part of any Pine Islander's summer, and it is a tenet we pursue on a daily basis at Pine Island. The love and enthusiasm we Pine Islanders hold for the lakes and rivers in Maine are expressed during activities, in the ambition of the boys to improve their craft and skill on the water, and in their desire and excitement to cruise the rivers and lakes of Maine in canoes, war yachts, kayaks, and rowboats. Thus it was with great excitement that I prepared to head for the Kennebec River with Harry Swan, eight campers, and five Pine Island Skiffs.

This would be my second time in three years co-leading ONG-BAK (Oarsmen Now Going Backwards Along the Kennebec) with Harry Swan. We led the inaugural trip, which was more in the nature of an expedition than most of the trips PIC sends out, down the Kennebec in rowboats in 2010. A slight miscalculation in mileage gave us one 27-mile day! Although our itinerary this year would be periodically riddled with rapids and challenging tides, we felt we were, in the trip's third year, headed for basically familiar territory. The trip had by then been extended to four days—three nights to accommodate the mileage, and we knew the tides.

We pushed off from the boat landing just below the city of Waterville and the Kennebec welcomed us into her gait in one fluid motion, picking up our rowboats seamlessly. We quickly settled into our double banking under the shade of our awesome new, PIC-logoed sun hats, and headed downriver towards Bath Iron Works, the trip's terminus.

Our first day was swift: we navigated the small rips of the Kennebec, our mozzarella, tomato and pesto sandwiches, and a rest hour on the river with ease, and we soon found ourselves gliding past two-story log structures situated in the river, relics of a time when the Kennebec acted as a vehicle for the logging industry. They were signs that we were close to our first campsite, and it wasn't long before we were hauling boats up on the sandy shoal and carrying our dry bags, coolers, and wannigan up the steep embankment to our campsite. That night we feasted on hamburgers laden with avocado and mozzarella, and joked and laughed about life on Pine Island.

We left our campsite in the morning, stomachs full with Sulfur Creek bagels (bagels fried in bacon grease, with cream cheese and, yup, bacon), and the Kennebec welcomed us back, but only for a short time. The perils of the river became clearly defined after our

first encounter with a set of rapids, ten minutes from our campsite. An unlucky boat became the victim of some ornery rock just below the surface of the water. We all pulled over to the west bank of the river and took a closer look. *Ringo* had sustained a hefty blow to her port side, and there was a puncture in the bow! Coolers and bags were unloaded from the boat and we set about patching up the hole with duct tape and a small roll of Kevlar tape, something Byron had luckily brought along. The patch-job was the best we could do, and soon enough we were back on the river with our wits about us.

It wasn't long before we cruised through Augusta, Maine's capitol, where the river truly opened up and began its swift journey to the ocean. The noise of passing cars grew more distant as the river grew wider, and we were surrounded by trees. We rowed past Hallowell, and soon had our focus on our next campsite: a small marina and mobile home park just north of Gardiner where we were welcomed enthusiastically by the owner the previous year. There was a small grassy area with a picnic table that was conveniently divided from the RVs by a row of oaks, so we made our camp there and got into our mid-afternoon activities, which included various card games, reading, and joking around. Two

years earlier at this time we would have still been struggling against a strong tide with dark clouds gathering overhead, with many more miles to cover.

We woke up on our third day to a cloudless sky, scarfed down some pancakes, and bade farewell to the Winnebago and our kindly host. We hit the river in full stride and launched ourselves towards Swan Island, making loon calls and whooping and hollering as the river further widened, our noises ricocheting and echoing all around us. The day was quick: between races and banter, and rafting together to tell stories over water and gorp, we surprised ourselves with our efficiency when we pulled into Swan Island in early afternoon. Freshly mowed with gorgeous weather, Swan Island ushered us in. Our dinner that night was a jambalaya-smorgasbord type meal, as our rich bacon-and-summer-squash-zucchini-macaroni was supplemented with excess mozzarella, cheddar, and chicken. A couple of boys soon found themselves sprawled in the grass, attempting to stretch their stomachs after a few hearty bowls of our concoction, and all of us slept well that night.

With a midday pick-up in mind we showed off from the muddy banks of Swan Island, said our last goodbyes to the beautiful and historic island, ven-

tered through the channel separating Swan Island and Little Swan Island, slid through the reeds on the island bank, and entered the Kennebec's current. After a healthy hour of rowing, we were in Merrymeeting Bay, the junction of the Kennebec and Androscoggin Rivers, and we grouped up before heading down to Bath. The junction was an odd place for a boat because of the converging currents; shooting through into Goose Cove, our boats were pushed and pulled in all sorts of directions as we did our best to stay on course. We all made it through and then ventured further, towards Bath.

The Route 1 bridge from Bath to Woolwich was soon towering above us, signaling the finish line of our trip, and in minutes we were in the shadow of Bath Iron Works, our boats palming in comparison to the warships and dry docks. We pushed on, with the boat landing past the Maine Maritime Museum in sight. Cruising into the landing, we were met by Becca Waldo and Will Webb. The trip was over, and as we stacked the dories and cinched them down to the truck and trailer, we said farewell to the river and her games. We were glad to head back to the island and home, but we would miss the river's solitude and all of her complexities.



Lookin' shady...members of the ONG BAK 2012 trip show off their new hats. Friends of O.A.R. funded the purchase of the hats. Many thanks to Ned Bishop, Sam Brown, Jr., Gordon Hafner, Ben Swan, Dan Hollnagel, Gene Brown, Jim Waldo, and Susan Mitchell!

MAJOR GIFTS

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as part of the Welder Superior—Far Leaguer games. The Bazumarangs were designed specifically to make it possible for young campers with limited experience to handle rigging and skippering a sailboat under all but very rough conditions. They carry a simple, “full batten” rig, are low to the water, and have a very light helm, a self-bailing cockpit, and 40 pounds of lead in the dagger board. They can carry two campers comfortably. They are responsive and fast, but are not so fast that boys feel out of control when the wind picks up suddenly, which it does so often on Great Pond.

In addition, the Reich family of Belgrade has donated a little-used JY-15 with new sails to replace one of the aging JY's in the Pine Island fleet. The boat

will be named *Ruffian* after counselor Eliot Reich's beloved Maine Coon Cat.

The Pine Island sailing fleet will now consist of two Sloan 12 ½ catboats, four Monte Ball Bazumarangs, and two JY-15s. Boys will gain familiarity with being under sail and handling the tiller and main sheet in the Sloans, learn to skipper their own craft in the Bazumarangs, and graduate to the JYs once they are ready. Because so many more boys will be able to skipper this coming summer and in the future, we will be able to race frequently after dinner and on Sunday afternoons.

Once again alumni, parents, and friends of Pine Island have made gifts that will add significantly to the Pine Island Experience.



Springfield and Rankin heading out



Sloan and Springfield at their moorings

PINE ISLAND'S FLEET IS AGAIN SHIP SHAPE AFTER FALL WORK WEEKEND

The Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Workshop Weekend is now a well-established fall tradition at Pine Island, and the 2012 workshop attracted 25 hard-working friends of Sloan Critchfield and Pine Island Camp. Our original boss, Becky Farley, who gently and expertly guided our work for several years, has moved home to the West Coast, but Pine Islander Abe Stimson filled Becky's shoes with the same combination of professional boat builder expertise and gentle pedagogy. We got a ton of work done as usual and, again thanks to Chris Toole and Sandy Holland, we ate like kings. Anyone who has participated in

a Sloan Weekend knows the wonderful feeling of sitting down to dinner in the Pine Island dining hall with a roaring fire and a dozen lanterns lit after laboring to get Pine Island's wooden boats ready for the next season.

2013 Dates Are Set: September 13-15

We will gather again for work, gourmet dining, and the great pleasure of being on Great Pond in the fall next September 13-15. If you haven't joined us yet, it is well worth a trip to Maine and it is a great way to help Pine Island and honor Sloan Critchfield's memory.



Charlie and Skye at work on a Pine Island Skiff in Honk



Derek Ohly preparing to sand one of the Pine Island Skiffs



Honk Hall as boat workshop

CEREMONY

By Nick Isles

As packing day wound down and the campers and staff of Pine Island gathered around the campfire to sing one last "Abide with me" without the presence of parents, the faint sound of drumbeats and shrieking voices was heard coming from the mainland. As has been the case for the past many years, fellow Kababologist Josh Treat and I were quickly able to recognize the commencement of King Kababa's sacred ceremony.

Campers had found sacred signs earlier that day on their way back from the tent inspection victory dinner at the Olive Garden in Augusta. The signs indicated that all Pine Islanders should bring their towels with them to campfire that evening, a nearly certain indication that King Kababa had plans for later that evening. Once we were certain that we were being called to the mainland, Josh and I, exuding professional calm amid the excited and nervous crowd, instructed campers and staff to wait to be shuttled on the *K.W.S.* across the lake for the ceremony.

Upon arriving at the mainland, after gliding past an eerily burning raft and startled by erupting fireworks, the first load filed off the boat. What seemed like more than a dozen of King Kababa's henchmen were frantically instructing in Kababanese that everyone's heads should be down and that all their hair must be covered by their towels. We had the group wait on their hands and knees just off the dock and awaited further instructions. Josh seemed confident, but I was struggling to recall the vocabulary and grammar I had studied at the Yale School of Kababology. After a few anxious moments, campers and staff were instructed to look up as the Head Henchman emerged from the freight shed in traditional attire, but with a twist; it was glowing!

The Henchmen eventually settled and the raucous drumbeats quieted down. Josh Treat expertly translated the King's greetings and thoughts on the summer. The King praised the camp lavishly, referring to the many successful camping trips, the loyalty of the campers and staff to the King's precepts, and the spectacularly well-played 100th War Game. Belief, the King indicated, was strong.

The Head Henchman then said that because of the unwavering attention to the King's precepts, laid down when Clarence Colby was given permission to use Pine Island as a boys' camp, the King had sent another sacred animal down from Mt. Philip as a gift. The assembled devotees were then instructed to look up into a large oak tree and beheld Phospho, the Felicitous Firefly. Phospho, hanging with his large green KK-etched wings, a glowing tail, and mirror-like glasses, was clearly a spectacular addition to King Kababa's sacred animals already living on Pine Island. The Henchmen then taught us Phospho's chant:

Phos-PHO!

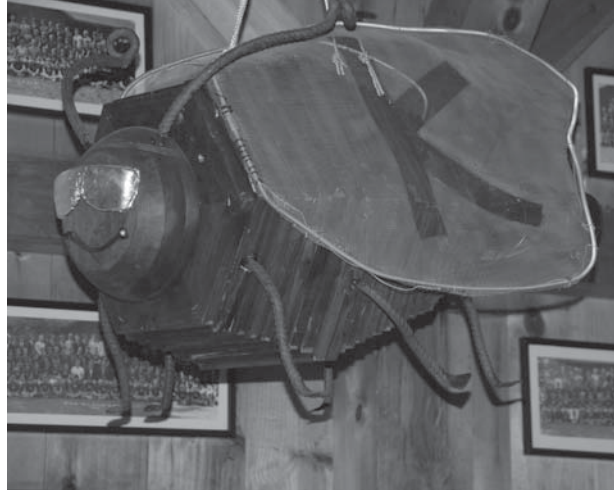
(bang twice on the table)

Phos-GLOW!

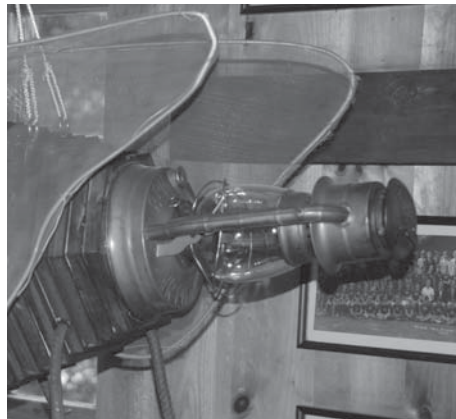
(bang twice on the table)

The group then quickly boarded the boat, which had brought the next group of campers and staff to the mainland, and headed back to the island to try to sleep with glowing visions of the new animal in their heads and the bittersweet thoughts that tomorrow would bring boatloads of parents, grandparents and brothers and sisters and other friends and relatives but also the end of another great Pine Island summer.

Phospho now resides in Honk Hall, in the company of animals such as Chot, the Bezumarangs, Centissimo, Whocan, and Hisspatadisspah.



Phospho, the Felicitous Firefly



Phospho's tail, a Deitz Air Pilot kerosene lantern

WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION FOR RENT

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Plenty of room and plenty of view at the Whitehead Light Station

NEW CONSTRUCTION!

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as a camper (1950-52), and when he was Staff Sergeant Earl Smith in the U.S. Army he was awarded a medal for his expert marksmanship. He said in a recent interview that, "No question—the riflery program at Pine Island deserved a lot of the credit for my achievements in the Army."

The idea for the project resulted from the combination of Earl's desire to improve the Pine Island riflery program and the camp's need for good winter storage. Local builder Dan Trembly and John Mosele, an Indianapolis architect and associate of PIC Board member Tim Nagler, did the design work. The 70-year metal roof will be built at a steep discount provided by Pine Island friend and neighbor on Great Pond, Carl Beck, head of C.O. Beck Roofing of Waterville, ME.

The Earl Smith, Jr. Barn/Range will accomplish many things. The Riflery program at Pine Island will have an all-weather facility; the camp will save money in both the short and long run

by storing trailers, boats and the camp truck in our own facility.

Director Ben Swan is delighted with the aforementioned uses for the building but maintains he is at least as excited to have a place to put the campers' luggage on Packing Day! Each summer, right in the middle of the logistical jigsaw puzzle that is the War Game, it has been necessary to erect three aging tents on the Ball Field to house the trunks, duffels, and backpacks that come off the island on packing day. Putting up the luggage tents is a task that *always* arrives at exactly the wrong moment and causes much consternation, often taking place in the blazing sun or chilling drizzle. This year and in years hence the luggage will be deposited in the spacious interior of our beautiful new barn! Parents picking up their children will also benefit from this arrangement as they will no longer have to paw through the dark, hot tents in search of their son's luggage.

Akka Lakka, Earl!

PINE ISLAND IN THE NEWS

Pine Island Camp was the focus of three nationally and internationally distributed media stories during 2012... and they were all very positive! A gorgeous spread of black and white photos by Pine Island parent and renowned photographer Bill Abranowicz appeared in the May issue of Martha Stewart Living; a long article about the 100th anniversary of the War Game by Pine Island camper and counselor-turned-journalist Robert Moor ran in the July issue of Down East; and Pine Island parent Laura Trevelyan spoke eloquently of visiting her son Toby at Pine Island on the BBC radio program From Our Own Correspondent, a British reporter's view of goings-on in the US. Laura is a veteran reporter for the BBC. She and her husband and children live in Brooklyn, NY. Laura wrote the article below after a visit to Pine Island mid-season and it ran on the BBC shortly thereafter.

On a lake in the state of Maine, close to the Canadian border, my middle son is living on an island with 85 other boys. There is no electricity, no running water and something called a perch instead of a regular toilet. There are plenty of wild ducks—but that is about it. Boats of all sizes are the only form of transport. Welcome to the wilderness that is summer camp. This is the pioneering American spirit, alive and well and, far from being *Lord of the Flies*, it seems more *Swallows and Amazons*.

"Mum, Dad, I'm going to be a one-hundred-per-center," announced our beaming, sunburnt son when we went to visit him in this unfamiliar setting.

"A what?" we inquired.

"I go skinny-dipping every morning before breakfast," Toby explained, "and if I do that every day for six weeks, I'll be a one-hundred-per-center."

We nodded, trying vainly to understand the significance.

"I was going on a kayaking and camping trip this weekend," Toby told us, "but I stayed behind because you were visiting."

"I wanted to," he added hastily, though not altogether convincingly.

Our son, who normally has to be yelled at to pick up his socks, was diligently sweeping out his already immaculate tent. Three other nine-year-olds were also wielding brooms and sweep-

ing ferociously. "We want to win Tidest Tent," they explained—an unusual ambition for nine-year-olds. The boys then fell to discussing their favourite expeditions and their dreams for the rest of camp.

"I hope King Kababa picks me to go on the sacred journey," said Toby earnestly.

"King Kababa?" I asked faintly.

"He's the King of Pine Island," chroused the boys enthusiastically, before racing into the lake for their compulsory weekly wash with soap.

Across America, millions of children are experiencing the rituals of summer camp. President Obama's daughters are among those who have given up their regular lives for campfire, mosquito bites, homesickness, sleeping bags and communal living under the stars. Summer camp is a huge tradition in the US which began in the 19th Century.

The writer Henry David Thoreau went to live in a cabin in New England and published an influential memoir about the benefits of life in a natural setting called *Walden*. In the 1950s, there were similar activities as there are today. In the age of the Industrial Revolution, it was considered beneficial to teach children the values of community and self-reliance in the wilds. "Each for all, all for each" is the motto of one of the oldest camps in New England, along with "Better faithful than famous".

These days, parents seize upon camp as a chance to unplug their children from the never-ending electronic chatter of video games, mobile phones and email. Toby was surprised to learn that he could not telephone us from camp. There is no landline on the island—just one mobile phone in case of emergency. Parents are encouraged to write to their children and we have eagerly awaited Toby's responses.

The hastily scribbled postcards have been largely unrevealing—"The activities are fun, please send fudge. Love, Toby."

"I have signed up for archery and woodwork," read one card. "I am learning survival skills and I've made a spear."

"Where's that going to go when he gets home," we wondered, marveling at what was happening far to the north of

our home in New York City. The theory is that outdoor living provides an education just as important as the conventional academic year. Certainly, I have seen my son grow in confidence and learn skills he could never acquire in the city—like tying knots and building a fire. Where else can you walk up a 4,000 ft (1200-metre) mountain, camp by a lighthouse and fall asleep to the cry of loons?

The unsung heroes of camp are the counselors, in their late teens and early twenties, who are assigned to look after the children. Simon is Toby's counselor and the object of much hero-worship.

This saintly 18-year-old had been sharing a tent with four nine-year-olds for a month now and was on a well-earned day off when we visited. But his word was still law.

We had smuggled some chocolate bars into camp—an illegal act as it turned out. "Mum, I'll take two bars to share with the others in secret but you'll have to take the rest home," insisted Toby. "I don't want to let Simon down."

With that we left the island in the middle of the lake, waving goodbye from the boat as Toby and his friends chased one another through the trees.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION: SECOND GENERATION OF PARISIANS ENJOYING THE PINE ISLAND EXPERIENCE

Over forty years ago a business connection at Lazard Frères connected the Malle family to Pine Island. Fred took the plunge first, in 1975, and boarded Air France for New York and eventually Belgrade Lakes. His brother Guillaume followed him to PIC the next year. Guillaume spent just one summer at Pine Island, but Fred spent three. The experience was an important one for both boys, and when they had boys of their own they resurfaced to see if the place was still in operation.

Paul Malle was the first of the next generation of Malles to come to Pine Island. He came when he was ten years old. Fred dropped Paul off at Pine Island and not until Fred was on his way back to Paris did it become apparent that Paul's English was minimal. Paul had a very difficult first three weeks as he struggled to learn enough English to feel he was really participating. His tent counselor Robbie Boutwell, armed with pretty good schoolboy French, got Paul through those first few weeks and Paul had a very happy second half of the summer and returned for three more summers as a camper and a summer as an LTTP. Also helpful to Paul that summer was Victor Dillard, also French but

living in Brussels, who was in his third year as a camper. Victor followed his brother Felicien to PIC after the Dillards found their way to Pine Island through their connection with the Forer family while they were living for a time in Bronxville, NY.

And thus the two "strains" of great French families to send boys to Pine Island began. Since the early 2000's, dozens of great boys have come to Pine Island from Paris and they are still coming! They have included Dillards, Malles, Desjonqueres, DeBeisteguis, Karaoglans, Wirths, Guyards, Audis, Afdjeis, Panhards, Lalys, Dwernickis, Toncis, Mottes, and Flecks. Last summer seven French boys, many of whom were first-year campers, spent the summer at Pine Island, and on a recent trip to Paris (his seventh in as many years) Director Ben Swan met more new families. Felicien Dillard was a counselor one summer and Victor was a counselor for four, rising through the ranks to be the first French general (a Blue) to fight on American soil since Lafayette. In spite of the intricacies of the I.N.S. rules and regulations, we hope to have more French staff in the future.



Toby (far left) and his tent mates

AWARD WINNERS 2012



2013 major award winners at the Farewell Picnic: Harrison Leahy, Loyalty; Byron Gaspard, Workshop; Noah Brodsky, Watermanship; Justin Gaspard, Best Camper

XTRAORDINARY XPERIENCES

By Forrest Brown

(co-leader with Sumner Ford of Expedition Camp 2012)

It's the tenth day of the two-week journey, and today the campers are rising early for a sunrise paddle. Fog is barely beginning to lift as they wake in the near dark. It's 4:00 in the morning, and the only sounds in the campsite are those of eight people breaking camp with practiced efficiency. Canoes are being put back in the water and loaded with dry bags and coolers. Two boys stand in an improvised kitchen preparing the morning's breakfast, while two more pore over the maps of the day's itinerary for a final time. Water bottles are being filled beside the lake, and the campsite swept for lost gear and overlooked trash. Each and every one of them is busily preparing to get on the water, and by 5:00 they will be paddling: Pine Island's 2012 Expedition Camp is on the move once again.

The goal of Expedition Camp is to bring boys who have enjoyed going out on camping trips one step closer to being able to lead trips themselves. The first four days of Expedition Camp (whose dates are the same as the regular Pine Island season) are spent in a crash course of trip planning, preparation, and execution. Ex-Campers plan meals, prep hardware (such as camp stoves), study maps of the trip, and become familiar with planning for emergency situations and alternative routes. It takes both practice and experience to become a true outdoorsman, and while the scenario described above gives the impression of a group of boys who knew exactly what they are doing, that wasn't necessarily the case when we first left the comfortable life on Great Pond.

Pine Island is well known for its hiking and paddling trips, and the valuable camping skills that boys learn on these trips. However, as a camper there are still many aspects of these trips in which you are not involved: the planning of itineraries, meals, gear, trip logistics, and evacuation routes for emergency situations. As a camper you may be en-

couraged to look at a map, or even occasionally to help cook the evening's meal. You may be encouraged to learn to set up your tent properly, and to rig a tarp between trees. You may have your knife taken away because you have failed for the umpteenth time to show an understanding of how to use it safely. As an Ex-Camper you are expected to master many of these skills to take a step up in taking responsibility for yourself.

Expedition Camp may sound like a pretty intense experience, but while there are surely intense moments to be had on the water and on the trail, Expedition Camp is actually not any more challenging than the senior trips Pine Island sends out. The first expedition takes place in canoes, and begins on the West Branch of the Penobscot River. After moving through various lake and stream systems, a short portage brings the journey to the Allagash Wilderness Waterway, which flows north and eventually leads all the way to the St. John River on the border of Canada. This trip is designed to include some less lengthy days of paddling in order to have time to focus on developing skills in navigation and daily planning in the wilderness. A major skill on which we focused this year was the making and breaking of camp in a timely manner. We worked hard, but we also spent a lot of time swimming, basking in the sun, playing cards, and reading around the beautifully maintained campsites in the North Maine Woods.

With the canoe trip under our belts we returned to PIC for some well-deserved R&R back at "Camp-X," the newly upgraded KCI and Third Cabin on the mainland. While we only spent a handful of days at Camp-X, it was still home, and we treated it as such. A Coleman stove allowed us to brew coffee and hot chocolate when we were stuck on the mainland on rainy days, and a large central table provided area to lay out our plans as a group. However, Expedition

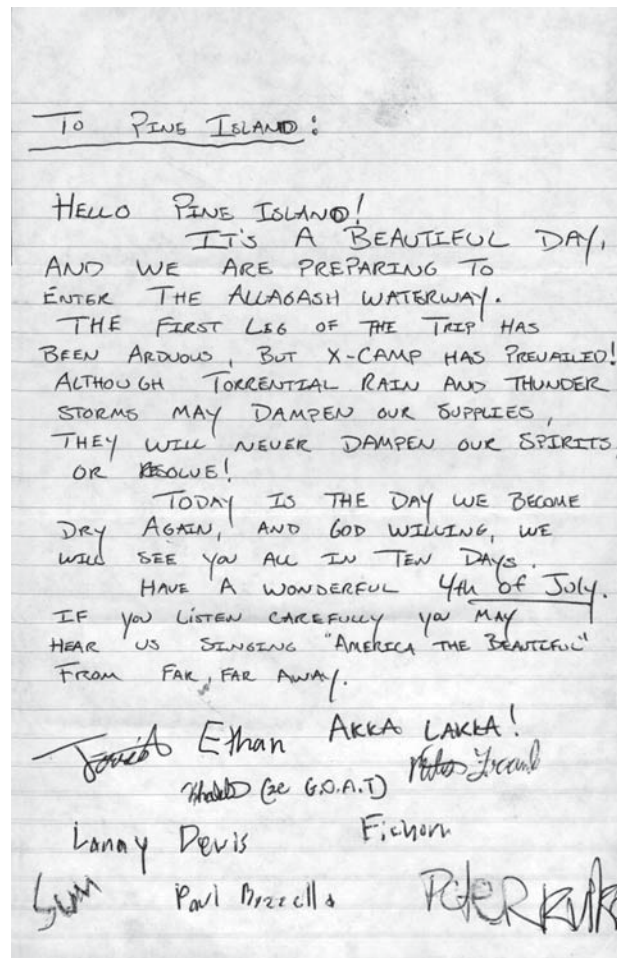
Camp never stays one place long, and our wanderlust soon overtook us.

Our second expedition brought us to Whitehead Island for a service project. The project involved moving a lot of heavy rocks for road repair. To our surprise the boys took to the work with great enthusiasm, but our contract to pave the road leading from the Barracks to the Light Station dock in stone was a short one, and we were soon back at Pine Island preparing for the final journey of the summer.

Vermont's Long Trail is a trip that remains unique to the Expedition Campers at Pine Island. It is also the culmination of the Ex-Camp experience, and the most difficult of the trips. At 13.7 miles, the longest day would break the average human. The Long Trail is where, after many weeks, an Ex-Camper's skills are put to the test over nine days of rugged hiking. The 2012 Expedition Camp team

proved more than capable of surmounting every obstacle the Long Trail threw at them. Comments from the caretaker of Mt. Mansfield's Taft Lodge, where the last night of the hike was spent, included, "Could have smelled better, but what can you expect after nine days?"

While I have done my best here to capture as many aspects of Expedition Camp as I can, it is impossible to describe fully the feeling one gets when one is finally and truly isolated in the wilderness for an extended period of time. Expedition Camp is a little bit Henry David Thoreau and a little bit Ralph Waldo Emerson. From marveling at the raging waters of Allagash Falls, to watching the purple sunset from Mt. Mansfield over Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks beyond, Expedition Camp is simply...well, Xtraordinary.



A letter received from Expedition Camp after the canoe trip re-supply



Expedition Camp 2012 at Allagash Lake: Paul Bozzella, Ethan Pomerantz, Khalil DeGraffe, Miles Frank, Peter Kulko, Danny Lewis, Penn Eichorn, LTIP Otto Lyon, and counselors Sumner Ford and Forrest Brown



"District Pine," the library served as an annex during the Great Barf Bug of 2012.



KC stalwarts Cece Carey-Snow and Maddy Pulver at Password



Hanging out on the swim dock during Regatta Day: Benedict, Mateo, Will, Maxx, Jacob, Charlie, Giacomo, Donatello



XCamper Danny Lewis reading his mail after returning from the Allagash Wilderness



Ned and Reid



Lorenzo strikes a pose.



Will Webb (standing) and Marlee Dunbar (on bow deck) heading for Oak Island with first year campers in the War Yacht



Charlie, Bobby, Sam, and Xander at activity signup



Joseph on Regatta Day



Caught! Alexandre Desjonqueres after donning the "Cutter" label in the activity line



The "Worthingtwins," Baxter Worthing and Benson Worthington



Carrie, Jerry, and Harry at Club Honk



LTIPs Gab Grenier and Robbie Leahy working on a new perch door with LTIP Wrangler Rip Swan



Ramin



Isaac, Toby, Nick, and Josh headed for Oak Island in the War Yacht



Matt and Herman



Will water skiing behind the War Canoe paddled by Expedition Campers



Rip Swan and Jack Faherty hanging out on the Kopa porch during activity signup



Uncle Sam raft being anchored on July 4 by Rhoads Miller



Brooklyn Bridge raft on the beach on July 4 and ready to burn!



Head chef Eve Whitehouse and assistant chef Krista Wiberg taking a coffee break by the kitchen dock



Hard at work on Regatta Day are Will Webb, Sumner Ford, and Tommy Duggan



Otto "The Cat" Lyon at Club Honk



Gaelen Hall teaching Matthew Browne a few knots in the boathouse



Andrew with the ever-present book in the activity line



Skipper Kevin Hubbard at the helm of the K.W.S.



Swimming class doing some lifesaving work with instructor Marlee Dunbar

PINE ISLANDER IS PART OF DARING FALL RESCUE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

A True Tale of Action and Adventure, by Becca Waldo, PIC Assistant Director

As many Pine Islanders know, hiking trips in the White Mountains are strenuous at best, and excursions up and over the beautiful peaks in New Hampshire can be hit or miss. Hikers can go out for three days and have glorious sunny weather and beautiful sweeping views of quaint New England mountain towns, or they can be rained on for days on end, soaked to the bone and hiking up steep and slippery trails across ridges socked in by clouds. When planning a hiking trip ahead of time, there is nothing one can do but do plenty of prior planning, hope the weather will be in your favor, and, if not, adjust plans accordingly in order to avoid risky situations.

The Alpine Zone in the New Hampshire's White Mountains is actually known for having some of the most dangerous weather in the world. Signs posted along the trail before tree line warn hikers of the perils of the exposed area, telling them to turn back if they are not prepared. Unfortunately, not everyone heeds these warnings, and for those who choose to go on and then run into problems, search and rescue teams are there to help them out.

This fall, shortly after I left Pine Island, I worked in the White Mountains at one of the full service huts owned by the Appalachian Mountain Club. Pine Island campers and trip leaders who have been out on Carter Moriah, Senior Whites, or Lafayette's March may be familiar with the huts. The Pine Island experience at huts goes a little like this: hike up, get fresh well water, use the huts' clean Clivus toilets, buy some baked goods, and move on to camp at some primitive tent site down the trail. I had never experienced the full hut hospitality myself until this past fall when I lived and worked as a naturalist at Galehead Hut from mid-August through October.

There are eight full-service huts on the AT in New Hampshire that provide room and board for paying guests with reservations. For about \$100 a night backpackers are given a bunk in a group bunkroom, three wool blankets, a four-course dinner, breakfast, and varied entertainment throughout their stay. The hut crew stays at the hut and cooks meals, offers information, and provides educational programs and the aforementioned entertainment. As naturalist I did all the same duties as the rest of the hut crew, but also gave interpretive programs each evening.

It might have been because I had just spent a summer at camp, but I couldn't help comparing everything at the hut to work at Pine Island. Each morning we woke up guests "somewhat musically." Instead of playing amplified music from an iPod, we used our own mostly tone-deaf voices—something I never would have dreamed of doing walking down the Aristocracy. There was theatre to be had during breakfast. Instead of trip

announcements we performed Blanket Folding Demonstrations (BFDs), and instead of begging campers to sign up for some dubious-sounding expedition, we begged guests to pack out their own trash, fold their blankets, and leave us a nice tip for our services. We also cooked and cleaned and made the hut hospitable for the guests. Two of the more demanding jobs we did were similar to the jobs the LTIPs and Kitchen Crew do at PIC. We took turns raking the same Clivus composting toilet system that Pine Island uses, and we handled the food order, which was a bit more challenging than doing so at Pine Island. Twice a week we had "pack days," on which everyone on the crew except the cook hiked 30 to 50 pounds of trash five miles down to the trailhead, met a truck, and then packed 60 to 80 pounds of fresh food up to the hut.

What qualifies someone to work in the huts? A love for the outdoors, the ability to work in close quarters with three other people, fitness, and a willingness to pay attention to customer service. One of the things that helped set me apart from the many other applicants for my job was the Wilderness First Responder (WFR) certification that I got as part of my training to be a Pine Island trip leader. The AMC prefers hut employees who have some sort of Wilderness First Aid training in order to help with emergency situations. As residents of the backcountry, hut crews are often called upon as true first responders if a hiker gets hurt and needs help.

Which brings me to my story. At the beginning of the season, I had this somewhat romanticized notion of a search and rescue (SAR). SARs sounded like true action and adventure—an undertaking about which Walter Mitty might daydream. I was excited at the prospect of saving some lives as I embarked on my hut life. But when the middle of the season rolled around and there wasn't so much as a rolled ankle out on the trail, I figured I would never get the chance to participate in a SAR.

Time off at the huts is pretty straightforward. You work eleven days straight and then get three days off. During one of my sets of days off in the middle of September I decided to go spend some time at another hut. I went to Greenleaf Hut to hang out with one of my friends, and during those three days I managed to volunteer on two SARs.

One SAR happened the night that I got to Greenleaf. A woman had fallen a short distance from the hut, about two and a half miles from the trailhead. My friend and I went down, used our WFR skills to assess her injury, and assisted with the carryout. I was excited about being part of the rescue team. We met professionals from Fish and Game who are in charge of search and rescue in New Hampshire and heard all sorts

of war stories from the man who was head of rescues. A large team of volunteers arrived within a few hours, and we carried the woman out down the trail. When all was said and done, we were out for four hours, sitting in the cold for a while. We got to see a beautiful sunset, and though it was chilly, it was a clear night and the woman was small, so the litter wasn't very heavy. We helped carry her a little way down the trail and then headed back to the hut for the night.

The next day was beautiful and sunny on Franconia Ridge, and the night passed without incident. The following morning dawned dark and stormy, a complete contrast from the previous two days. A cold front was moving in, and with it came extremely high winds, heavy rain, and much colder temperatures. At times the anemometer at Greenleaf showed gusts of 100 mph. There was a concert in Portland that night that my friend and I were going to go to. My friend was still technically working, not quite on days off, but because there weren't that many guests that night he got permission to go down for a "valley night."

We left the hut at around 11:00 that morning. Before we set off we saw a few weary hikers stagger in, beaten up by the wind and the rain. One woman who was staying at the hut that night came across the ridge, and told us that she had camped last night with an older man who was hiking separately from her, but that he was also attempting to cross the ridge. The weather was continuing to deteriorate, becoming increasingly windy and rainy. I recall saying to her, "Well, I hope he uses good judgment and decides not to attempt the ridge!" as I packed my bag and heading down with my friend to the trailhead.

We got in our cars and set out to the trailhead of my hut, where I would park and we'd continue to Portland. After a few minutes of driving, I saw my friend peel off an exit early. I thought he might have forgotten something, until he called, saying "there's a SAR on the ridge. I have to go back up. Do you want to come?"

Well... it was my last night off on my set of three days. I was really looking forward to going into Portland, seeing this concert, and maybe some friends. But hadn't I also been looking forward to action and adventure? After some thinking, I figured I'd go with him. Who knows? I could help save someone's life.

We had already hiked down from the hut. Now we had to go back up. So I put on my pack for another three-mile hike up the Greenleaf pack trail. When I got back to the hut, conditions were only worse. One of the other Greenleaf crew had already gone up to the summit to try and find the victim who turned out to be the man I had talked about that morning with the woman guest. As I was getting ready to head up Lafayette

with my friend, the other crewmember returned to the hut. He was soaked to the bone and mildly hypothermic. He said when he got to the summit of Lafayette he couldn't see more than a foot ahead of him, and a gust of wind had knocked him over as soon as he took a step. This convinced me that I was not ready to be a first responder in this situation, but my friend insisted that somebody had to go up. Fish and Game was taking a long time getting up to the hut, and it was hard to say what kind of condition the victim would be in at this point. So my friend headed up to Lafayette accompanied by a third Greenleaf Crew member who had been staying at the hut cooking.

As they went up I was incredibly nervous for them. To me, even though there was a life on the line, it seemed like a no-go situation. But they were willing to brave the elements. The wind and rain continued to assault the hut as I waited to find out how I could be useful. Other people called upon for the rescue began to trickle into the hut. Fish and Game came first, with their uniforms and pro-gear. They were in charge, they were the experts, they were the ones getting paid. The head of the Fish and Game team, the one who I had met just two days earlier, cracked some joke about it being good to see me again. I had to disagree. It was now five o'clock p.m., starting to get dark, and they were headed up to try and find the AMC guys and the victim. I couldn't help but notice that the Fish and Game guys were taking their sweet time. Sure, the conditions were terrible and it was important to establish a plan, but it seemed like they were reluctant to head out.

Then two guys from the hut crew reached us on the radio from somewhere on Franconia Ridge. They had found the victim, and he was alive but injured. He was in his 50s, diabetic, and had been hiking with canes. He had recently had a hip replacement. He got knocked over by the wind and dislocated his hip. He weighed about 210 pounds. They weren't quite sure of their location, but they had hiked a while along the ridge. It was hard to say which direction would bring them soonest to shelter. If they hiked back to the hut, they would be exposed for an additional mile coming down from Lafayette, but if they were as far south along the trail as they expected, then they could find shelter sooner if they took the Falling Waters trail down. The plan now was for them to wait for Fish and Game to come up and make a plan.

Day continued to slip into night, the rain continued to fall, and the wind continued to howl with sustained speeds of 50-70 m.p.h. We served dinner to the few guests, surrounded now by two dozen rescuers—a combination of Fish and Game pros and volunteers. Around 7:30 a consensus was reached. There



Becca Waldo in the John Muir Wilderness in 2011

were now about 10 people with the victim up on the ridge, and using a GPS they found that the best route to take would be down the Falling Waters Trail. In order to avoid exposure, all the other rescuers who had hiked up to Greenleaf were told to hike back down the pack trail and up the Falling Waters Trail in order to help with the litter carry. So at 8:00 p.m. I put on my headlamp, rain gear and backpack and headed back down the trail, hiking the same three-mile section for the third time that day.

I hiked alone, cruising down the flooded trail and slippery rocks and blown-down branches by the light of my headlamp. I passed a few groups of volunteers who had set out ahead of me but were unfamiliar with the terrain. Eventually I came upon a group of Fish and Game guys who insisted I stick with them. They were slow, out of shape, and even more reluctant than the others to meet up with the group to help with the rescue. According to them “the sooner we get there, the sooner we have to carry the litter.”

Most White Mountain hiking books recommend that hikers only go up the Falling Waters Trail because it is very steep and rocky. Hiking up the trail is strenuous, but descending the trail is downright risky. As I ascended the trail in the dark, waiting periodically for the slower Fish and Gamers, there were several times when I stopped and wondered how on earth we were going to get a 200+ pound litter down this section of trail, especially considering there would be several stream crossings. The rain had swelled the stream from just a trickle to a raging river that was waist high at some crossings. My brain reeled at the prospect of getting the victim across safely.

After what seemed like hours of stop-and-go hiking, waiting for the Fish and Game dudes, I was hiking along ahead of everyone at my own pace when some headlamps finally started to catch up with me. Could it be that the Fish and Game guys had suddenly found some fitness and motivation? I looked back and the approaching headlamp caught up with me. It was a group of people I had never seen before—decked out in top-tier hiking gear, carrying climbing ropes and technical equipment. I allowed the leader to pass, and as he did so he introduced himself as a member of Mountain Rescue Services (MRS).

I had no idea who they were or where they came from. I only knew that they were the kind of people I wanted to keep up with. Together we went up a series of switchbacks, until we finally came upon a sea of headlamps. Then began the litter carry. After a brief reunion with the other hut folks, I got to work.

During the WFR course at Pine Island we practiced litter carries. We carried people through the brush on Oak Island, up and down the steps on the Ridge, and along the trail from the Rink to the Office. However, nothing could have prepared me for carrying this litter down the Falling Waters Trail. It was dark and wet, the trail was awkward and slippery and too narrow, and above all the litter weighed over 200 pounds. Six people at a time carried the litter. There were over forty people out there for the rescue, so we rotated frequently. At this point it was already 10:00 p.m., still raining, windy, and cold, and we had four treacherous miles to hike with the litter.

The players in this drama were varied. Fish and Game were hardened military guys, the pros on the scene, with an attitude of no-nonsense, no sympathy, and oft-expressed reluctance. They were the acknowledged leaders, but unfortunately they did not show a lot of leadership. The AMC hut crew was much more enthusiastic and in far better shape, but lacked experience. Others were casual volunteers who had little backcountry experience beyond the occasional hike or backpacking excursion. And then there were those mysterious MRS guys with whom I'd traveled earlier. It was a motley crew for sure, and without solid leadership, just chugging down the trail without much organization, until it came time for the first stream crossing.

When we approached the first stream the value of the MRS group immediately became apparent. These guys were professional climbers, the best of the best outdoor athletes in the Whites—an experienced rescue team. They had skills as big as their egos, and any time the carry became technical—whether we were crossing the raging river or descending a fifty-foot slab of wet rock—MRS took over. They ran around like nimble elves, Legolases to the Fish and Game Gimlis, rigging up ropes and belays to get the victim down safely.

The carry seemed to drag on endlessly. With the litter we were hiking slower than any first time backpacking

trip I had ever led at Pine Island. We began to speculate what time we would make it down. By 2:00 a.m. we were still quite a distance from the trailhead. We had done multiple stream crossings, numerous treacherous descents, and it was still raining hard. Everyone was tired, grumpy, and cold, and all the headlamps were beginning to grow dim as their batteries ran out of juice. My shoulders hurt from carrying the litter, but everything else was numb.

By 3:00 a.m. we were getting close! We could almost smell the road. There was one more stream crossing to do, and then we'd be home free and we could get the victim to a hospital. But the group had one more decision to make: we could either cross the stream one more time and have a clear trail to the parking lot, or take an un-maintained trail down to the University of New Hampshire (UNH) cabin in the woods. Fish and Game had at this point reclaimed their leadership role from MRS, and they made the call to go toward the UNH cabin.

I was carrying the litter at this point with the other two guys from Greenleaf Hut. We kept going for a while, reinvigorated by the prospect of being close to warmth. It wasn't until the trail started to disappear under blowdowns and overgrown brush that we noticed all of the other volunteers had left. They had been dismissed by Fish and Game, depleting the number of people capable of carrying the litter. What should have been an easy hike to the UNH cabin turned into a near-disaster of the blind leading the blind. We lost the trail completely, and tempers were running short. What had already been an exhausting rescue devolved into one woman shouting directions from a GPS while we followed a drainage with the litter, slipping on leaves and getting hit in the face by branches.

Finally, at 4:00 I could see blue lights flashing in the distance. For some reason at that point I was reminded of the

end of the movie *Die Hard*—cop cars and an ambulance were waiting for us on the shoulder of a deserted Route 93. Exhausted, we dragged the litter down to the waiting cars, and sat shivering in the bed of a truck, waiting to be driven down the freeway to our trailhead. Mercifully I was spared having to hike the Greenleaf pack trail a fourth time that day and instead drove with some other hut folks to my friend's cabin, where we all slept until noon the next day.

When I finally made it back to Galehead the next day, after an 80-pound pack day, the rest of my crew applauded me for having the least restful time off in hut history. The SAR was difficult, scary, and at times exciting, but mostly it was tedious and frustrating. The rescue made the news. I read about it in the paper and heard about it on NPR, and I got to talk about it with various hut guests who showed up throughout the rest of the fall. A few people thanked me, saying that knowing we were out there made them feel much more at ease hiking these rugged trails. However, we never heard a word of thanks from the victim. I sort of dismissed him as an ungrateful and reckless backcountry traveler, especially when I heard from other people who encountered him after the rescue that he was somewhat dismissive of the whole experience.

Months later, in December, I got a letter in the mail from Michigan, with a name I vaguely recognized. I opened it, and it turned out to be a Christmas card and thank you note from the victim! He thanked me for our courage and for enduring all we endured to rescue him. I put the letter on the fridge as a reminder of my night of action and adventure. A few days after that I was offered the job of Assistant Hutmaster at Greenleaf Hut. When I was offered the position, my boss said, “who knows, maybe you'll get to do another SAR down the Falling Waters Trail.” Needless to say, I accepted.



Sumner Ford at Pine Island in July 2012



Max Mckendry at Pine Island in July 2012

Two other Pine Island counselors who received their Wilderness First Responder certifications have also taken part in important rescues recently. When a chairlift at Sugarloaf malfunctioned in 2010 and sent some skiers plunging to the ground, the first rescue person on the scene was Max Mckendry. He was only 17 but knew what to do and was an important part of what turned out to be a long rescue effort.

Just a few days before this writing, Pine Island counselor and Expedition

Camp co-leader Sumner Ford was skiing the back country in Jackson Hole, Wyoming with a friend when they came across a back-country skier who was in the early stages of having a heart attack. Sumner was able to administer aspirin and use his expertise to fashion a stretcher out of a tarp and ski poles so that the man could be carried out to where he could get transport to a hospital. A photo of Sumner and other rescuers appeared on the front page of the *Jackson Hole Daily*.

CAMPERS WRITE

The weather at Pine Island was wonderful last summer, and rainy day activities were rare. Nonetheless, we managed to squeeze in a couple of journalism sessions to chronicle the summer of 2012. A fine crew of young writers, encouraged and edited by Will Mason and Erin Lobb, produced the following reflections on life at PIC.

Two Islands – New York City and Pine Island Camp

By Matt Hawkins, Isaac Frank, Dean Ross, and Xander Schwartz

In NYC you hear ambulance sirens and car horns. At PIC you hear loons calling on the lake.

In NYC to turn on a light, all you have to do is flip a switch. At PIC to turn on a light, you can't.

In NYC you ride in cars, busses and the subway. At PIC you ride in canoes, rowboats, kayaks, sailboats, and the K.W.S.

In NYC you can see a show on Broadway, but at PIC you can see a campfire or an SNS.

In NYC there are rats and small dogs. At PIC we have sacred animals.

In NYC you can get organic vegan gluten-free Indian food 24/7. At PIC you can get an apple from the kitchen just about any time.

In NYC you have to find an apartment to live in. At PIC we live in tents, which are bigger than some studio apartments in NYC!

In NYC we listen to Johnny Cash. At PIC we listen to Johnny Credit Card... live!

In NYC we play video games. At PIC we read.

The 100th War Game

By Tommy Mills

This year is the 100th War Game. Unfortunately I won't go into detail about the rules. It's not that I can't... it's just completely impossible. The War Game used to be a reference to the American Civil War because the Confederate Army wore gray and the Union Army wore blue, thus giving us the Blue and Gray armies at Pine Island. Not only that, but over the whole summer Pine Island builds its community only to break it down during the War Game to test its strength, just as America put its community to the test. The War Game used to be played in a town called Mercer until a camper named "Gizz Gizz" Davenport tossed dead fish in the town well. Personally, I like offense better than defense because you know what you do decides the fate of your army. But it's not the Grays or Blues who win. It's Pine Island that always wins.

Club Honk: Backstage in the Green Room

By Matt Hawkins

I quietly strum the strings of my guitar to tune it. E, ok. A, ok. D, ok. G, ok. B, a little flat...F# NO! F#, F, E, E...ok. I peek in through the window. Johnny Credit Card is finishing up. Here I go! I walk out into the lights on stage...and then its over. Wait, what? Rewind, but my memory is blank from the moment I stepped on stage. I hope I didn't mess up. Plenty of applause...then I'm walking back to my seat. Wow!

The Perches

By Gaelen Hall

If someone were to ask me what are some things at Pine Island that are unique, I would probably answer, "Pretty much everything," but one truly unique thing at PIC is the perches. The perches are the bathroom buildings at PIC, and they are one of the main hubs of social life and literature for the camp. There are three toilets and three urinals in one room with no stalls or dividers of any sort. I know... it sounds a little strange, but really, what better way to use the bathroom than to chat with your friends or indulge in some of the wide array of comics and books that sit on the shelves. Or, for the solitary perch user, one can enjoy the amazing view of the lake that the perch offers. I remember the first time I climbed the steps and turned the corner, only to turn quickly around and descend the stairs. However, I quickly became used to and very comfortable with the unique arrangement. I am certain the perches have the best view while using the bathroom one could ever find.

Sailing

By Gaelen Hall

White, puffy clouds float across the sky. A stiff breeze rustles the leaves of the blueberry bushes, and the sun shines across the waters of Great Pond. It is a perfect day for sailing.

After Password, I head down to the boathouse and the sailing instructor assigns me a boat and a crew. We motor out to the JY's with the other sailors and soon have the boat rigged. My crew casts off the mooring and our sails fill. We're off! I guide the boat out between the two wooden catboats tugging gently at their moorings, and the boat

knives through the water, gaining speed. "Ready about?" I say. "Ready!" replies the crew. "Hard to lee!" I shout and push the tiller away from me. The boat turns up through the wind. The sails quickly fill on the new tack, the crew trims the jib, and I steer toward the cove.

Soon two more JY's have cast off their moorings and have sailed out into the lake. The rest of the activity period flies by, a blur of exhilaration, excitement, and speed. Soon the instructor tells us to head in. Soaked with spray from the waves but still happy, we tack around one last time and head for our moorings. We de-rig our boats and hang up the sails to dry. The whistle blows for General Swim, and people slowly start to filter out of the boathouse, chatting with friends and exchanging stories of the morning activities. I linger for a moment, gazing out at the lake and remember the feeling of when the sails first filled and the boat jumped forward. It is a feeling I will remember for the rest of my life.

War Yacht is used on trips such as Oak Island, Kennesasabackscot, and Flag Big Flag. When we get to the mainland, we load the Yacht onto a trailer and drive to the Kennebec River, put the boat in the water, eat lunch, and get our paddles and life jackets and start paddling down the river. It takes us about two hours to get to our campsite at Swan Island. On the way there we see many bald eagles and huge fish about eighteen inches long jumping out of the water. Finally when we get to Swan Island there is a huge field and we set up our tents. We have dinner and go to sleep. We wake up, eat breakfast, and get packed up, load the boat, and head out. After our nine-mile paddle to Swan Island, we would have an eighteen-mile paddle to Castle Island. The paddle is awesome, and we have a good night at Castle Island. The next day we paddle up the Sheepscoot River to Wiscasset where Ben picks us up and we drive back to camp.

The Package Problem

By Matt Hawkins

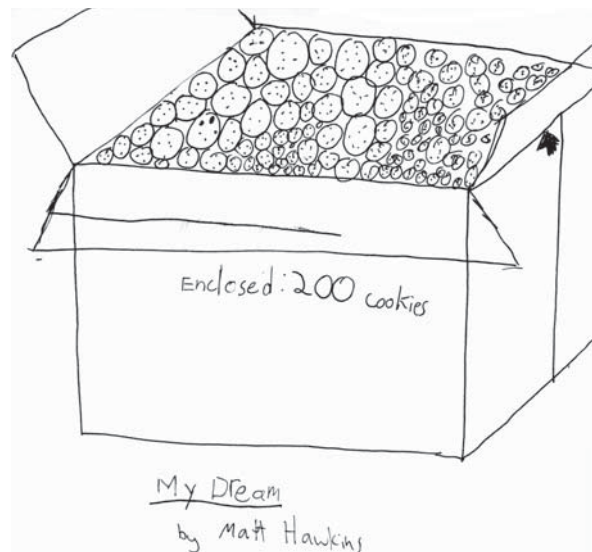
There has been a certain problem asserting itself this summer: packages, or rather the lack thereof. Every day brings a new load of packages to Pine Island, and every day I see camper after camper emerge from the Staff Office bearing a box and a grin that says: "I got a package!" Most campers can just decide not to look at this spectacle, but I live in Tent 8, and my bed affords a perfect view of the Staff Office and therefore all of the package recipients. One might argue that getting packages few and far between makes you appreciate the ones you get more, but in my case this just isn't true. The more the merrier!



The Kennesasabackscot Trip

By Isaac Frank

To start off the three-day, two-night trip, the eight campers who got on the trip paddle the War Yacht to the mainland. The War Yacht is a twenty-eight foot wood and fabric canoe that can hold nine people on the seats and two more on the bow and stern decks. The



ALUMNI GATHER TO REFURBISH THE KOPA KABABA

By Pope Ward

In mid-September, my wife Lisa and I joined 15 other Pine Island alumni on Great Pond to fix up the Kopa Kababa, one of two cabins that house senior campers each summer. While the Kopa survived the Great Fire with just a light toasting, decades of weather have taken their toll on the structure.

At Pine Island, everyday things can be loaded with meaning—whether they be places (the campfire circle; Mt. Philip), phrases (Akka Lakka; Abide with Me) or objects (the propeller; birch bark notes written in ball point). For me, the Kopa has especially rich associations. I lived there as camper and counselor, and my son Tucker bunked there last summer. In 1989, a group of us (led by Doug Farquhar) rebuilt the Kopa from the ground up in memory of our friend Tom Schultz, a Pine Islander who perished on Pan Am flight 103. We lined the interior of the rebuilt Kopa with camper graffiti from the previous building, and, as a capstone to the effort, (my brother) Peter Ward painted an adaptation of Michelangelo's Creation of Adam fresco on the ceiling.

When Ben said the Kopa needed a makeover, I decided to ask a group of alumni from my era whether they'd like to get the band back together for a weekend and refurbish it. In all, 35 people contributed financially to the effort, and

about half of those travelled to camp in September to add their elbow grease.

The building required fairly invasive work. Trim was rotten, the floor had deteriorated, and windows had to be enlarged to bring in more light. These structural improvements are just the kind of fixes that our volunteers avoided like the plague. A skilled carpenter, Dan Trembly, accomplished most of the technical work before we arrived. Dan lives near the top of the camp road and has become a crucial driver of off-season capital projects, including a new storage barn that he will complete before camp opens in 2013.

Volunteers focused on scraping, staining and painting the building (and ourselves), second-guessing each other's application techniques, worrying about the effects of cold weather on wet stain and gang-tackling tiny decisions. To wit, one of the barn-door-style windows required mending, so 3 to 12 of us huddled to brainstorm solutions. Eventually, we drove a screw the size of a carrot through one corner. While not elegant, the fix was functional, and I'm certain John Henry couldn't dent the door with his sledgehammer. Thank goodness we could all be there to affirm this decision.

Our medium-to-light workload left room for generous hangout time and meal breaks, including a sumptu-

ous lobster dinner on Saturday night washed down with cold cans of Busch beer for old times' sake. We're grateful to the Swans for making available the Rink, whose timber beams, crackling wood stove and flickering Dietz lanterns created an ideal backdrop for rehashing lost War Games, recalling nail-biting moments from favorite trips and fretting over choices made across a day's construction.

Sunday morning greeted us with a manageable amount of touch-up work and the chance to marvel over the cleansing power of turpentine, which my olfactory still conjures every time I put on the green-stained pants I wore that weekend. Incidentally, if you're so inclined, you can pick up a can of Pine Island Green paint, which Ben perfected and registered in the Sherwin Williams paint computer database.

At the end of our labors, we gathered in front of the rejuvenated Kopa Kababa for an obligatory group picture. In the foreground, the photo showcased a stunning wrought iron weathervane made for the occasion by Pine Island father-son team Paul and Jacob Ronson. The vane features a silhouette of Pine Island, a KK crown and a T.S. seared into the tail in Tom Schultz's memory. When installed, it will sit atop the Kopa's roof and align with Mount Philip.

I'm grateful to the dozens of financial contributors who made the project possible and to the many volunteers who came from near and far to join the building effort. Doug Farquhar's mad-dash flight from California garnered him the "furthest distance" award. Fritz and Cyndi Farquhar won the "most seasoned participants" award and Ben F's arrival earned the family yet another accolade for "most participants from one clan." Taylor Clyde (Will Clyde's nine-year-old son) won "youngest volunteer" by a mile, and the Baldwin brothers' improbable 4:00 a.m. entrance on Friday morning took "earliest arrival" honors.

Virtually every participant in the weekend took part in the initial Kopa construction back in 1989. We've known each other for decades, and our friendships were forged in a place known for creating unusually strong bonds. So, I feel I can speak for the group when I say that, as the K.W.S. pulled away from the dock for the last time, each of us reflected on how lucky we were to play a part in sustaining a place that has played such an important role in making us who we are.



Vultures descend on a simple decision about how to mend a barn door.



Pope and Peter judgmentally touch up paint work done by other volunteers.



(Back row): Pope Ward, Roe Baldwin, Seamane Flanagan, Rob Gowen. (Front row): Ben Swan, Will Clyde, Taylor Clyde, Lisa Regier Ward, Peter Ward, Doug Farquhar, Virginia Page Snell, Peter Baldwin



Whit Fisher (sporting trademark Wolverine sideburns) and Doug Farquhar wearing T-shirt commemorating the 1989 Kopa reconstruction



Ben Farquhar, Bill Enck, Peter Baldwin, Virginia Page Snell, Pope Ward, Doug Farquhar, Whit Fisher, Dennis Gagne

IN MEMORIAM

John Hubbell—92, of Cambridge, MA, died January 6, 2012. John was a camper from 1931–1933 and a counselor from 1938–1941. John graduated from Williams College and Harvard Medical School, and worked as a pediatrician for 49 years and as an associate professor at Harvard Medical School for many years. John maintained a strong interest in Pine Island throughout his life.

Ned Freeman—88, died October 30, 2012 in Damariscotta, ME. Ned was a camper at Pine Island from 1932–1936. At Pine Island he learned to sail and it was a life-long passion for him. Ned was also an important figure in the active Maine Coast jazz scene as a member of the Maine Jazz Alliance, a DJ on a local radio station, the founder of the Lincoln Arts Festival's annual Jazz Weekend, and as a member of the Ark Angels jazz band. Ned was a powerful swimmer at Yale and performed in the legendary production of Aristophanes' "The Frogs" in the Yale swimming pool. His studies at Yale were interrupted by WWII, during which he served as an engineer and was injured when his plane went down in the Pacific taking Ned and others to swim in the Army Olympics.

Patricia Hardy—50, died at home after a long battle with cancer on October 6, 2012. Patti was the mother of camper Paul Bozzella and aunt of camper James Berger and sister of Pine Island board member Suzanne Berger. A graduate of Cornell and New York University's Stern School of Business, Patti was a successful businesswoman and right up to the end a strong supporter of Pine Island Camp.

Chaz Dorais—19, of Biddeford, ME died in an automobile accident on January 6, 2012. He was a camper at Pine Island in 1983.

Remembering Marion Jones

By Ben Swan

Marion Jones died in West Hartford, CT April 5, 2012 at age 91, surrounded by her family, just three months after the death of her husband Malcolm Jones, to whom she was married for 69 years. Mal and Marion were essential figures at Pine Island for nearly 30 years, stretching from the late 1950s to the mid-1970s. While Mal taught at PIC's summer school, Marion kept the books, paid the bills, answered the telephone, planned the menus, and bought all the food and equipment for the camp. Marion was an extremely energetic, resourceful, jolly, and flexible presence and a tremendous help and good friend to director Jun Swan and his wife Tats. Marion and Mal spent summers on Pine Island's mainland without electricity or running water and the rest of the year at 14 Brian Road in West Hartford, CT. Marion worked part-time during the winter at the Pine Island office, first at the Swan's home in West Hartford and then at their home in Farmington, CT. Current director Ben Swan remembers Marion meeting with his father in the scant time before he departed each morning for his winter job as a teacher and head of the upper school at the Renbrook School.

Marion devoted the rest of her time to raising her two sons, Michael and Mark, both of whom attended Pine Island Camp; being involved in school activities at the Kingswood School, where Mal taught for 36 years; knitting and sewing expertly; and eventually enjoying lots of time with her grandchildren.

At Pine Island Marion was known for her infectious laugh, her warmth, and for driving a hard bargain, whether

it was with local merchants or with profligate counselors. It is not an exaggeration to say that Marion's devotion to the financial health of Pine Island is the reason the camp survived some lean times when many other summer camps did not. She and Mal were great friends of the Swan family and maintained a close friendship with Jun and Tats Swan long after they had retired from work at Pine Island. Ben Swan enjoyed many visits to Brian Road over the years where he caught up with both Marion and Mal, who always eagerly received the latest news of Pine Island Camp and inquired about many old Pine Islanders by name.

Pine Island Camp thanks Marion Jones for her years of work and her great friendship.

Akka Lakka, Marion



Dave Carman

Dave Carman, a Pine Island Remembrance

By John Bunker

Dave Carman, counselor during the 1960s and early 70s, died on May 2, 2012, at his home in North Carolina. He was 63. David Spencer Carman grew up in Summit, New Jersey. He was involved in education his entire adult life, first as a counselor at PIC, then as a teacher at Sidwell Friends School in Washington, DC, and finally as a school administrator in several locations. His last position was as Head of School at the Montessori Community School in Chapel Hill. He was a tireless and devoted teacher who always made it a point to have fun with his students. He was a champion of floor hockey, whiffle ball and mini-golf. He also loved to play music.

Dave's first year at Pine Island was as a CIT in 1965. He had been a camper elsewhere. By his own description, he was a young, insignificant CIT, but that was to change when he returned to the island two years later. Over the course of the next several summers he became a much beloved trip leader and senior counselor in the Aristocracy. He also became a fixture in Tent 8, which, back in those days, was one of those old dark green army tents.

Jimmy Chapman remembers, "Dave and I went on numerous mountain trips. It was probably over a two or three year period. Our most notable accomplishment was the first successful attempt to climb Mt. Crocker. This was a 4000-foot peak in the Carrabassett Valley just to the west of Sugarloaf... He had an enthusiasm for PIC that was infectious."

Tim Nagler recalls that Dave was "a champion of mountain trips, his pack towering above his head and heavy with the heaviest food, the axe and other things adding up to 80-90 pounds... Among the staff on mountain trips, it became a point of honor to be carrying a pack with some new record weight. Even when transforming himself into a human pack animal, Dave was smiling, happy and positive. He was devoted to

the campers on his trips and in his tent, and I recall—I hope correctly—he was one who read stories to his campers at night."

Through a twist of fate, Dave became Blue General in 1967 during his second summer at PIC, at age 18. The Blues had been on a terrible losing streak in those years. After a defeat in '67, Dave returned the following year. That summer, the Blues pulled one of the great upsets in modern War Game history with the famous 85-77 victory, won with only a few minutes left to play. Nagler remembers how Dave "started during a period of Gray dominance and after two years, managed to bring that dominance to an end and begin a glorious period of Blue triumph. In matters of war he liked to devise systems and plans for training, for communicating War Game basics to staff and campers, and for setting out the schedules for practicing the game. Under Dave, every detail that could be planned was planned. The results speak for themselves."

After retiring as one of the great Blue Generals of all time, Dave purchased land in Palermo, ME, about half way between Pine Island and Whitehead, and he spent much time there over the next 38 years with Pine Islanders John Alsop, John Bunker, Joe Crary, Tom Seibert, John Shaw and others. He developed a strong friendship with Tats and Jun Swan and visited them regularly at their farm in Athens. He would also occasionally come out to the island. His last visit to Maine was over Christmas 2011 with his wife Kathy Paramore and his children Steve and Caroline Carman. Dave will be remembered by his friends as someone who was always upbeat with a smile on his face.



Mal Jones, director of Pine Island's summer school; long-time business manager Marion Jones; Director Jun Swan; and Tats Swan, 1961



NEEDLE NEWS BRIEFS



Kit Smith in Boston Cannons uniform on the sidelines, flanked by MLL stars Paul Rabil and Ryan Boyle

Lax Bro Goes Pro: Pine Islander Kit Smith's Improbable Athletic Journey Continues

Former counselor and Expedition Camp leader Kit Smith became a professional lacrosse player last spring as a member of the Boston Cannons of Major League Lacrosse. Kit's making the team seemed improbable to him when he first considered it, but Kit and his friends and family have become accustomed to his achieving the improbable as an athlete. Kit, an outstanding three-sport athlete at Brunswick (ME) High School, was not recruited to play in college. He "walked on" both the powerful hockey and lacrosse teams at Bowdoin College, had stellar careers in both sports (whose seasons sometimes overlapped), and was captain of both teams his senior year. He landed a job teaching and coaching at Hebron Academy in Hebron, ME the fall after his last stint as co-leader of Expedition Camp at Pine Island. Then, for the first time ever, the Boston Cannons had an open tryout. Before 2012 they had only taken players who were drafted, and almost every one of them was from a well-known Division I school. Time to walk on again. Kit nearly didn't go to the tryout, but his parents convinced him that he should do it just so he would not have to wonder what might have happened if he had. Fifty athletes showed up for the tryout. They kept three for the 40-man roster and Kit was one of them. Next stop, training camp, where they would winnow the 40-man roster to 27. Kit made that cut, but there was one more—only 19 players dress for a game. A few days before opening night Kit was notified that he would dress for the game and was assigned #39, his old Bowdoin number. A bunch of Brunswick and Pine Island folks piled into a couple of cars and headed down to Cambridge, where the Cannons play, just to see what would happen. Kit got a few shifts and even scored a goal to help the Cannons to their first victory of the season. He dressed for most of the games last season and is now in training for the 2013 season.

Ty Burr, Pine Islander and Film Critic for the Boston Globe, Is Author of Two New Books

Peter Keough wrote recently in the Phoenix, "*Boston Globe* film critic Ty Burr's provocative new book *Gods Like Us: On Movie Stardom and Modern Fame* (Pantheon) traces the evolution of screen idols from Florence Lawrence (the Biograph Girl of 1909—remember?) to Snooki... 'I was a teenage movie geek into Gable, Lombard, and the Marx Brothers when I was a kid,' Burr says about the origins of his project, which argues that new technology from the talkies to YouTube, redefines celebrity. 'I covered movies for *EW* and the *Globe*. I wanted to know who these stars are and why we respond to them. Then in the '90s I hand-coded the first *EW* webpage and got into the digital revolution.' That experience gave him an insight into how increased media intimacy drags stars further down to the level of the fans, and elevates fans into the realm of celebrity. 'The audience now has the power to manufacture their own personas and broadcast them,' he says, 'while movie stars get pulled off their thrones.' And his own attitude towards celebrities these days? 'They are professionals,' he says. 'They want to sell their film; you want to get a story. Sometimes you have a genuine conversation...'"

Ty's first book was *The Best Old Movies for Families* (Random House), and his most recent book is *The 50 Movie Starter Kit: What You Need To Know If You Need To Know What You Are Talking About*. Ty lives with his wife and daughters in Newton, MA.



Movie critic, author, and Pine Islander Ty Burr



Ben Schachner (#231) and Sumner Ford (#83) look pretty relaxed partway through the 13-mile race.

Pine Islander Moss Robeson, 16, Has Been Composing for Eight Years

Moss Robeson (known as "Moss the Boss" to his PIC friends and fans) started composing songs even before he became a ten-year-old first-year camper at Pine Island, but he found his first audience on the sandy stage of campfire. "My Best Friend" was his first hit at Pine Island, but he had many more, including "Red Afternoon." Moss had such a small voice that it was pretty much impossible to catch the lyrics, but typical of the Pine Island campfire culture, he always received thunderous applause, which is what any ten-year-old who has the guts to play a song he wrote himself in front of several dozen people certainly deserves. As Moss got older he picked up other instruments, including the clarinet and the piano. Then there was the time when Moss joined a band for a Club Honk performance at the last minute, strapped on a bass guitar, and when the song had to be restarted, he sheepishly admitted, "I've never actually played one of these before." Seconds later they gave the song another try and there were no hitches after that. Toward the end of Moss's camper career his compositions began to become more than the just amazing, but mostly adorable, musical musings of a ten-year-old camper. The music Moss was writing and performing had the full sound of a movie score, and each piece seemed to have that all-important "hook." Moss is now a junior at the Frank Sinatra School of the Arts in New York and lives in Brooklyn.

He recently has been writing cinematic compositions that sound like movie scores. "It's my favorite thing to do," Moss said. "There's a satisfaction to being a fan of music and then being able to go and make your own.... The thing I like most is the moment when you make something new and realize you have something new." Moss recently won a school-wide music-writing competition with his five-minute piece "Esplanade," named for a street in New Orleans, which the school's orchestra performed in November. Moss hopes to compose movie scores in the future, and he spends at least two hours a day at the piano, practicing and creating new work.

Pine Island Counselors Run in Fundraiser Race

Sumner Ford, a senior at St. Lawrence University, and Ben Schachner, a sophomore at the University of Vermont, teamed up this fall to run in a half marathon to raise money for C.H.A.D., the Children's Hospital at Dartmouth. The Expedition Camp leader and the Rowing counselor placed 66th and 67th out of over 650 runners and reached their fundraising goal with help from several Pine Islanders. The race was run in Woodstock, VT in September.

Noopletucker Goes South

Noopletucker, a game invented by Jun Swan and played each summer at Whitehead Island, has surfaced in Lynchburg, VA. Dr. Monroe Baldwin, Jr. wrote recently: "Noopletucker was played on September 16th at the First Presbyterian Church in Lynchburg, VA by the middle school youth group. It was organized by Claudia Baldwin Pierpoint, the youth director. The feedback was very positive and so they will be playing again. Claudia says, "Fourteen participated; a huge hit. I think it will become a First Presbyterian Youth Group tradition."

Telephone Poles Removed on Camp Road

Two years ago the telephone company announced in May that they were not going to come and fix the downed phone lines unless we allowed them to cut a wide swath of trees all the way down the road to protect the line. Not wanting to damage the aesthetic of the Camp Road, we declined and went to cell phone use in the mainland office. This past spring the phone company finally arrived to remove the fifteen telephone poles from the side of the road. In the meantime, we had several logging truck loads of unhealthy trees removed on both sides of the road, leaving healthy small trees and a number of majestic oaks, maples and pines. The effect of thinning trees and the pole removal was subtle—many visitors did not notice the absence of the poles at first—but quite powerful. The mile-long entrance to Pine Island is now more beautiful than ever. We will continue to work on the road and the roadsides as needed.



THE KEEPER'S LOG

A Successful Season of Growth, Learning and Re-Creation at Pine Island Camp's Whitehead Light Station

WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION RECEIVES OVER 200 VISITORS IN 2012

In its 112th season, Pine Island Camp's mission was the same as it was in its first season in 1902: to provide opportunities for *re-creation, not merely recreation* for the boys lucky enough to have been enrolled as campers. In its third season, the mission of Pine Island's Whitehead Light Station was the same, but for adults: to provide opportunities for re-creation, not merely recreation for the adults lucky enough (and wise enough) to have enrolled in WLS adult enrichment courses, taken part in volunteer opportunities, attended a weekend retreat, rented the facility, participated in a volunteer opportunity, attended an open house, or been married on the island! Once again the tireless efforts of island manager Gigi Lirot and skipper Matt Wall made visiting Whitehead Light Station, for a day or for a week, unforgettable. Gigi and Matt will return in 2013 and they are now hard at work preparing more opportunities for re-creation for the participants in WLS programs in the coming year.

The 2013 WLS season will commence officially on June 9, when volunteers will gather at Emery's Wharf to board the boat and head out to prepare the light station for the busy weeks ahead. The season will again include courses, retreats, rentals, volunteer opportunities, and at least one open house. To find out more about how you can be one of these lucky enough to spend time in this amazing place, go to www.whiteheadlightstation.org and look around.

2012 Season Review

Wedding Bell Buoy

A special event held last June kicked off the 2012 Whitehead Light Station season—an exchange of vows for a couple with a Whitehead Light Station connection. As a surprise for his fiancée Sharon Curcio, Mike Sheehy asked permission to hold their wedding ceremony at Whitehead Light Station. Sharon's father, Richard Ames, was a light keeper at Whitehead in the 1950s, and she spent the first few years of her life there. Ben Swan OK'ed the request, and what may have been the first wedding ever at Whitehead Light Station took place on the granite rocks in front of the Keeper's House where Sharon once lived.

Open Houses

WLS opened our doors twice this year to the general public: once in June for our own open house, and once in

September as part of Maine's Open Lighthouse Day. On June 21 we welcomed more than 70 guests to Whitehead Light Station. They climbed the light tower, toured the Keeper's House and grounds, and enjoyed refreshments and snacks. One happy result of the first open house was that we heard many stories from local families that added to the rich history of WLS. We look forward to offering another open house for the local area in June 2013.

On September 15th Whitehead participated in the 4th annual Maine Open Lighthouse Day, which is a combined effort of the U.S. Coast Guard, the State of Maine, and the American Lighthouse Foundation. Hundreds of people visited lighthouses along the Maine coast in what is the largest event of its kind in the nation. Whitehead had at least 65 visitors, and we were happy to be part of the event.

Volunteer Opportunities

We are grateful for the hard work put in by many volunteers from Arizona, New York, Vermont, and Maine who during a week in early June readied Whitehead for the busy season ahead. The stalwart volunteers put up with mud and rain and made many improvements. They created a new herb garden, painted, built a bat house, and made many exterior and interior repairs. If you are interested in future volunteer opportunities please email info@whiteheadlightstation.org.

Mindfulness Stress Reduction Course Returns for Fourth Course in Three Years

A repeat of the popular Mindfulness-Based Stress Reduction course started out the adult enrichment courses for 2012. Students learned new skills for relaxation and living a better life. Dr. Robert Cox, assisted by Lily Sibley, led the class in meditation, yoga and increasing mindfulness while being truly unplugged from the outside world. The final day, as if completely in synch with nature, the class was treated to a magnificent double rainbow and fiery sunset before a lobster feast out on the rocks that we had previously feared would have to be moved indoors because of rain. One participant wrote, "What I liked most was being on the island in such spectacular weather. I loved the boat rides, the house, meals, and time together with great people."

Charlie Papazian Returns for More Beer Ed

Participants in Charlie Papazian's Craft Beer class enjoyed six days of beer education at Whitehead Light Station. Participants came from Oregon, California, Colorado, Michigan, and the Northeast. Highlights included instruction in beer and food pairing, beer judging, and a field trip to two nearby breweries. Beer enthusiasts savored the taste of dozens of craft beers and their time with internationally known beer expert and author Charlie Papazian and his family.

Art on the Rocks

Artists gathered at Whitehead Light Station in early August to create some magnificent works of art under the expert instruction of Susan Beebe. With a wide variety of abilities and expertise, painters all found Susan's instruction to be first-rate and loved the serenity of painting and relaxing at Whitehead. The variety of weather conditions provided ample opportunity for both outdoor painting and indoor studio work in the Whistle House. "One of the most magical places I have ever been," was how one artist summed up her time at WLS.

Cooking With Daisy Makes Triumphant Return

Chef and author Daisy Martinez returned by popular demand to take guests on a Latin cooking journey through Puerto Rico, Argentina, Spain, and of course Maine. Just as much laughter as wonderful smells poured out of the kitchen as students engaged with Daisy and put their skills to the test, making delights such as alcapurrias, stuffed artichokes, chicken with figs, pernil, Caribbean spring rolls, and passion fruit tarts. The week culminated with a special gourmet edition of the traditional lobster bake outside on the rocks. Participant Iris Krell of Connecticut wrote recently, "We became almost like a family and I made some interesting and fun new friends that I am still in touch with!"

Knitting Retreat Modified for Second Season

The first weekend in October Whitehead welcomed a full house of knitters from many parts of the country. The 2012 Knitting retreat took on a less structured format and turned out to be just what these knitters needed.

"It could not have been a more relaxing, fun, worthwhile experience for all of us," was how one knitter summed up her time at WLS.

Cool Nights, Warm Days on October Weekend

Rita and Steve Moore from Oklahoma said that their fall weekend at Whitehead was "by far the highlight of our three-week northeast fall trip!" Besides some intense relaxation, participants also went on nature walks and boat rides, rowed, carved pumpkins, and of course ate lobsters!

Pine Island's Whitehead Light Station Project Needs Your Support. Spread the Word!!

We invite you all to spread the word about how special it is to stay and learn at Whitehead Light Station. Whether one participates in a weekend getaway (which is never long enough), an adult enrichment course, a volunteer opportunity, or a weeklong rental, any stay at Whitehead is an experience you will treasure. To learn more about ways you can enjoy Whitehead Light Station this season, visit whiteheadlightstation.org.

Take a Course

Enrolling in one of the adult enrichment courses at Whitehead Light Station is one of the best ways to enjoy this remarkably beautiful and peaceful place. Whether students have been sampling exotic craft beers, learning to cook, or practicing meditation, they have all agreed that doing so at Whitehead has given them an opportunity to relax and catch their breath by getting off the mainland, unplugging, and connecting with other great people.

Volunteer

The work is hard, but the food is good and it always feels great to whip the place into shape by mowing, raking, painting, cleaning, and whatever else needs to be done.

Make a Donation

Gifts this year made to support Pine Island's efforts at Whitehead Light Station total \$7000 at this writing, which puts us nearly halfway to our goal of \$15,000. All gifts are full tax deductible, carefully used, and *much* appreciated!

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND



Matt and Gina Clarke walking beneath raised P.I.C. canoe paddles at their wedding

Matt Clarke and **Gina Yarmel** were married in North Yarmouth, ME on July 7, 2012. In attendance were Pine Islanders **Lindsay Clarke**, **Carrie Turner**, **Chris Turner**, **Emily Swan** and **Harry Swan**. **Tim Nagler** and **Nancy Coffey** were married at Duckridge Farm in Portland, OR on June 2, 2012. In attendance were many Pine Islanders, including **Bill**, **Jim**, **Peter**, **John**, and **Tom Nagler**, **Monte Ball**, and **Tom Yoder**. **Coleman “Woody” Hoyt** and **Kate Drazner** were married on August 25, 2012 in New Buffalo, MI. Pine Islanders **Coleman Hoyt, Jr.**, **Steve Hoyt** and **Sam Hoyt** were in attendance. **Jay Steiner** and **Elizabeth Bainbridge** were married on November 3, 2012 in Cedar Key, FL.

Chris, **Jennie** and **Rawlings Skelton** welcomed **Reid**, who was born on July 27, 2012. The Skeltons live in Mill Valley, CA, and **Chris** was recently admitted to the California bar and is working in the Marin County Counsel's office. He is in touch frequently with **Chris Newlin** and family, who have recently moved to Mt. Horeb, WI from Veroqua. **Victoria Wolf Ward** joined parents **Peter** and **Amy** and brother **Otey** in November.

George Morfogen continues his successful acting career while living in New York City. Recently he was playing **Ivanov** by Anton Chekhov off Broadway. **Ty Burr**, film critic for the *Boston Globe*, has recently published his second and third books, *Gods Like Us: On Movie Stardom and Modern Fame* and *The 50 Movie Starter Kit* (see article.) **Monte Ball** has moved from Bali, Indonesia to

Chiang Mai in northern Thailand where he used to live and teach. He sent photos recently from a trip to Vientiane, Laos, along with a trip report that describes more gracious living in Southeast Asia (page 4).

Fred Malle writes that he is about to enter another whirlwind of international travel as his perfume company, Les Editions de Frederic Malle, launches a new product line. **Sam Paul** is headed for graduation from Bard and is working on his senior project, a 20-minute film. **Lucien Malle** is in his first year at Westminster in Simsbury, CT. He might run into **Cole Gibson**, who is at Avon Old Farms down the road. **Guillaume Malle** is a managing director at Credit Suisse in New York. Sons **Joseph** and **Olivier** are at Lawrenceville and Riverdale. **Emil Henry III** completed a PG year at Westminster and is now a freshman at Connecticut College, where he is swimming competitively and occasionally runs into **Ned Bishop**, who continues his work as a cross country and track coach. **Emil's dad**, **Emil Henry, Jr.**, was recently quoted in a news brief in the *New York Times* as he consoled fellow Republican fundraisers at Logan Airport the day after the presidential election. “Aww, group hug,” said Henry.

Harry Rossman is at Kenyon. **Jake Pressman** is about to graduate from Georgetown as a theater major. Brother **Ned** is a freshman at Hobart, from which **Stephen Manker** recently graduated. **Stephen** is living in Chicago and is working in the medical instruments business. Fellow Expedition Camp



Woody Hoyt and Kate Drazner at their rehearsal dinner

leader **Kit Smith** is teaching and coaching at Hebron Academy and is training hard for his second year with the Boston Cannons, Boston's Major League Lacrosse team. Brother **Cody**, a junior at Bates, was in Turkey for the fall semester. **Rip Swan** is a sophomore at Tufts. He visited **Tom Nagler** in Germany after Christmas. **Tom**, a Colby junior, is spending the year studying in Spain. **Bill Nagler** worked this fall as a carpenter on the most recent of several buildings that form the Maine Huts and Trails network in Maine. **Jim Nagler** is back in China. **Peter Nagler** is in graduate school at Brown University working on a PhD (he's a rocket scientist) and **John** is teaching in California. **Jesslyn Mullet** is in her second year teaching at a Montessori school in Brattleboro, VT. **Max Huber** is in his second year of teaching at Flint Ridge Prep in Pasadena, CA. **Max** keeps in touch with **Sam Hoyt**, who also lives in the Los Angeles area and is a digital internet advertising producer. **Sam** is preparing to take some time off to travel around South America for several months. Also in CA is **Clem Wright**, who is working at Google. Out in CA ski country you might run into **Becca Waldo**, **Forrest Brown**, or **Niel** and **Ben Kasper**.

Carrie Turner will graduate in the spring from the University of New Hampshire, and former kitchen crew buddy **Krista Wiberg** (who will be the head cook at Pine Island this coming summer) will be graduating from UMass Amherst. **Harry Swan** and **Duncan Lowe** will graduate from Hamilton College in the spring. **David Kemp** has returned to Bucknell as a history major, where he might see **Henry Gabriel** around campus. **Zander Abranowicz** is a junior at Cornell, where **Millie Pulver** is also a student. **Simon Abranowicz** recently showed up on national television as a crazed Syracuse basketball fan. **Benson Worthington** is also a student at Syracuse and Worthington brother **Baxter Worthing** is a freshman at Clark University. **Nicky Isles** is enjoying life at the College of Wooster and is hoping to return to PIC this summer. **Josh Treat** is at the University of Maine. **Eliot Reich** is on a year off from college and unfortunately had to return from his rambles in Europe because he reinjured his shoulder and needs surgery. **Cece**

Carey-Snow is also on a year off and will start at Bates in the fall. She spent the fall hiking and working in Spain. **Ben Swan** had lunch this fall in Charlottesville, VA with **Caroline Moughn** and **Marlee Dunbar**, who is a senior at James Madison University along with **Olivia Lobdell**. **Caroline** is an RN and working at the hospital in Charlottesville, and she and fellow former medic **Page Dunbar** are working on finding the next great medic at the UVA School of Nursing. **Ben** has also had a couple of meals right in Brunswick with Bowdoin students **Charlie Krause**, **Stephen Roth**, and **Tasha Yektayi**. **Luke Mondello** is working at Bowdoin as an advisor to students involved in community service.

Amanda and **Cecily Pulver** returned from South Korea this winter after teaching English there for a year. Their culture shock may have been severe since shortly after returning to the US they went with their two younger sisters and their parents to Las Vegas to attend the Miss Universe Pageant, which their cousin **Olivia Culpo** won, of course. While in Korea they might have run into **Jack Walsh**, who is a student at Yon Sei University in Seoul. Brother **Willie Walsh** will graduate from the Mass. Maritime Academy in the spring. Father **Nico Walsh** is a lawyer in Portland, ME and frequently goes climbing in the White Mountains of New Hampshire during the winter! **Karl** and **Debbie Kasper** live in Yarmouth, ME and recently dragooned a number of Pine Islanders, including **Keith Kasper** and **Fran Pomerantz** and a bunch of **Choreys**, into helping them move a dump truck full of sand to Hoyt's Island on Great Pond for a building project. **Derek Ohly** joined us for the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Workshop this fall. He has just secured further financing for his awesome company Zyrra. They are revolutionizing the bra business. Go to zyrra.com to find out more. **Eve Whitehouse** is teaching in southern France in the same town to which **Alex Toole** will be heading as part of his junior year at Dickinson. **Ben Schachner** is now a student at UVM, along with **Max McKendry**, **Tor Hathaway**, and **Finn Stern**. **Ben** ran a charity road race with **Sumner Ford** who is at St. Lawrence with **Jack Faherty** and **Tommy Duggan**.

Will Morrison is living in New Orleans and working for Shell. He is a safety officer and works 14-day shifts on oil rigs out in the Gulf of Mexico. He then gets 14 days off to enjoy life in the Big Easy. **Chris Elston** has moved to Peoria, IL from Chicago to join the corporate development group of the bulk company Caterpillar.



COME TO PIC AND BRING YOUR FAMILY!

If reading this issue of the *Pine Needle* has made you nostalgic for Great Pond, then Pine Islands Family Camp is the thing for you! Anyone who has attended will tell you that it is an unparalleled opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of Pine Island with your family. Family Camp comes the first week-end after the close of the regular Pine Island Camp season each summer and is open to any and all. Family Camp in 2013 will take place August 15-18.

Come on your own or with your family. Pine Island provides babysitting and supervision for older children for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon each day. Short excursions are organized to hike Mt. Phillip, to paddle to the bog, and to ride an unparalleled opportunity to enjoy the pleasures of Pine Island with your family. Family Camp comes the first week-end after the close of the regular Pine Island Camp season each summer and is open to any and all. Family Camp in 2013 will take place August 15-18.



Ready for the K.W.S. Cruise to Belgrade Lakes

“TOPSIDE” BOATHOUSE APARTMENT FOR RENT NEAR WHITEHEAD

Pine Island Camp is offering for rent a charming two-bedroom apartment with a deck that hangs right out over the water. The late Rip Swan, a master builder from Vermont, Pine Islander, and brother of Jun Swan, built Topside as his personal vacation project over a period of years in the 1960s. The apartment is small but complete, with a kitchen/dining/sitting area with a propane “wood-stove”, a full bathroom, two bedrooms (one with twin beds, one with a queen), and a large deck. The building is perched on the edge of Emery’s Wharf, a granite pier built to handle freight traffic for the old quarry that sits on the property. Pine Islands new ramp and float are available for launching kayaks or for tying up other boats. Great birding on the flats at low tide. Activity by lobstermen next door is fun to watch. Available early June-end of September.

Contact: 207-200-7957 or info@whiteheadlightstation.org
 Cost: \$750 per week



Master bedroom at Topside



Living/Dining/Kitchen area looking out on the deck at Topside



The deck at Topside early morning

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