

The Pine Needle

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE

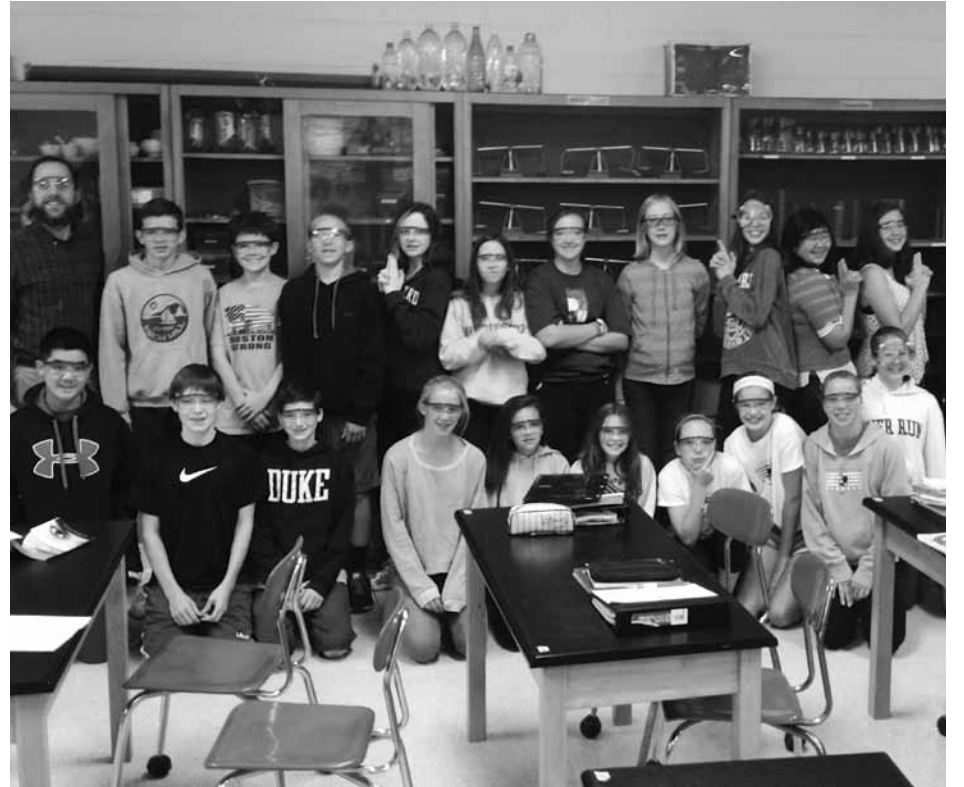
FEBRUARY 2014

GRACIOUS LIVING IS THEIR GOAL: PINE ISLANDERS TAKE PINE ISLAND WITH THEM TO CLASSROOMS FAR AND WIDE

It is always a bit jarring to move indoors to a classroom after a summer at Pine Island, but over the years many Pine Islanders have made the logical transition from counselor to teacher, and nearly every one of them cites his or her early training as a counselor at Pine Island with preparing them well for the rigors of the classroom. Three of the only five directors Pine Island has had since it was founded in 1902 have been teachers. Jun Swan taught at the Collegiate School in New York City for nearly twenty years and then taught at the Kingswood School and the Junior School before becoming the assistant headmaster at the then brand new Renbrook School in West Hartford, Connecticut. Jun landed his first two teaching jobs with Pine Islander headmasters Wilson Parkhill and Nelson Farquhar. Montague Ball was also a teacher and assistant headmaster for each of the twenty years he was Pine Island's director. Monte taught at the Shattuck School in Faribault, Minnesota and then went to work with former Pine Island assistant director Chip Handy, who was headmaster at the Lawrence Country Day School in Lawrence, Long Island. Next Monte went to Christ Church Episcopal School in Greenville, South Carolina and finished his career at Fayetteville Academy in Fayetteville, North Carolina. While serving as director of Pine Island, Montague established the oft-repeated motto, Gracious Living Is

Our Goal, for the Pine Island dining hall. Montague's motto spread quickly beyond the dining hall to other areas of camp life and then off the island and out into the world beyond Great Pond. The motto was enshrined permanently on a sign presented to Montague at a gala event at the Explorers' Club in New York a few years ago where dozens of alumni and parents gathered to celebrate his many contributions to Pine Island Camp. These days one can even celebrate the goal of Gracious Living with a gracious living bumper sticker.

Pine Island's current director Ben Swan taught at the Episcopal High School in Alexandria, Virginia for five years and then taught in Maine public schools for a year before departing the classroom to become Pine Island's first year-round director. Ben's training at Pine Island under director Montague Ball gave him great appreciation for just how valuable the principles of Gracious Living are to the Pine Island community that is built each summer. Respect, good manners, thinking about others, doing any task you are given to the best of your ability, taking responsibility for your own actions, and the belief that everyone has something to offer are the core of any successful community and are principles that have never gone out of style for any good teacher or school administrator and especially for the many who have been trained at Pine Island over the years.



Matt Clarke and his science students.

Longtime assistant director to Montague Ball, Tim Nagler, taught at the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut, and Tim Holbrook, who was assistant director in the 1960s, was a teacher and head of school for many years. Rex Bates, Tom Macfie, and Ken Howe, also assistant directors under Montague, all taught school, and Ken is still at it at the Fessenden School in West Newton, Massachusetts, where he is head of residential life. The words Gracious Living Is Our Goal have been enshrined in the dining hall there for more than twenty years. Ned Bishop has been a coach and teacher at Connecticut College in New London, Connecticut for 30 years. Matt Clarke teaches 8th grade physical science at Wellesley Middle School in Wellesley, Massachusetts, and his wife Gina Yarmel teaches 3rd grade in the Somerville public schools, specializing in English as a Second Language students. Lindsay Clarke has been teaching at the Waynflete School in Portland, Maine for several years. Lindsay is currently teaching 7th grade history (Cultural Geography), 11th grade US History, and 7th grade French at Waynflete. She is also an advisor in the 7th grade, with nine students for whom she serves as advocate and the central hub for communication about their academic and social well-being at school. Ben Mini is also at Waynflete, where he teaches history and is an upper-school advisor. Eve Whitehouse is in her first year at the Millbrook School in Millbrook, New York, where she is teaching upper-level French (mostly AP and literature courses), coaching field hockey and lacrosse, and serving as a dorm parent. She taught last year at a

high school in southern France. While she was there she found Alex Toole in town on his semester abroad and then found that Tasha Yektaki's Bowdoin rugby team was playing a game at the very school where she was teaching. Then she and Alex went to a concert and found Whitehead Lightkeeper Abby Wills in attendance!

Andrea Hollnagel has taken on the interim librarian position at the Berkshire School in Sheffield, Massachusetts, but will retire *again* at the end of this year, having been involved in secondary education for over forty years. Andrea has held positions in schools in Minnesota, Texas, Pennsylvania, Greece, and Spain. She has been a librarian, media specialist, teacher, dean of students, head of school, and high school principal! After a year in South Korea teaching English with her sister Amanda, Cecily Pulver is now in Shanghai, China teaching English. Robert Brent is currently the assistant director of after-school activities for low-income students in Chicago. Harry Swan has accepted the Whitney Fisher Professorship in Kabalogy at the Yale University School of Kabalogy, endowed by a gift from Charles and Martin Hale. Start date is uncertain.

Both Andrew and brother Jonathan Irvine are teaching at the Harker School in San Jose, California. Jesslyn Mullet is teaching middle school in the public school system in Brattleboro, Vermont. She says teaching sailing at Pine Island was valuable preparation for her career path. Jesslyn has brought gracious living, working to a high standard, the idea of being a responsible member of a community, and the humor and music



Anne Stires with one of her students at the Juniper Hill School, which she founded.



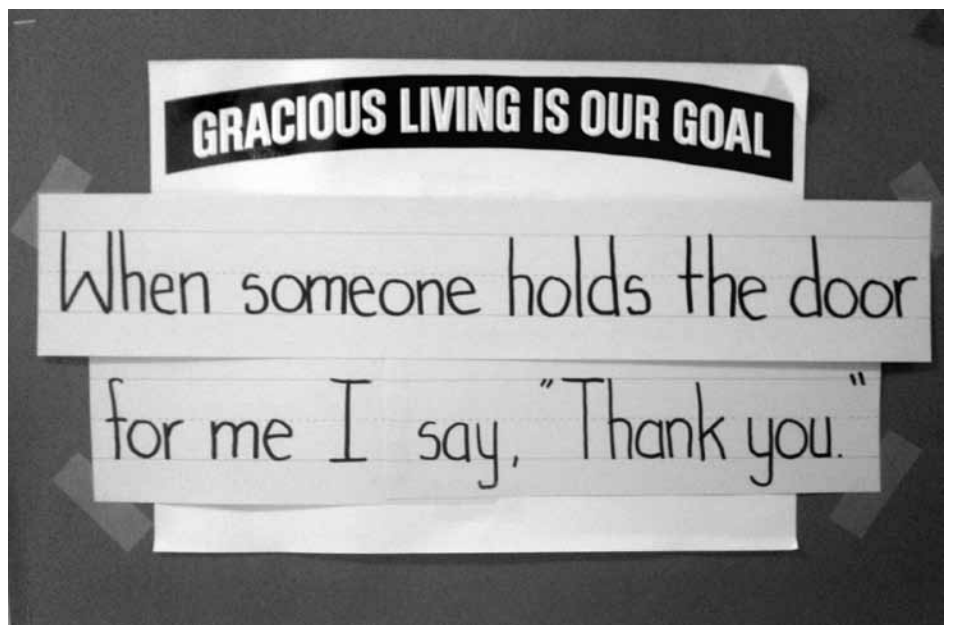
Lindsay Clarke with her students at the Waynflete School.



Andrew Irvine with his science students at the Harker School.



Cecily Pulver in her classroom in Shanghai.



The sign over the door in Will Webb's Portland, ME classroom.

of campfire to both her classroom and a summer job as one of the directors of Village, a five-day-per-week program for children in which they “homestead” and “build” a village from scratch. Campfire is frequently listed as their favorite part of the week. John Nagler is in his second year teaching history and serving as a dean at the Pacific Ridge school outside of San Diego, California. Sarah Mason is in her first year teaching kindergarten on Vinalhaven Island off the Maine coast. Joe Kovaz is teaching chemistry and physics at the A.C. Flora High School in Columbia, South Carolina. Anne Stires is in her third year as head of the Juniper Hill School in Alna, Maine. She founded the school and it won the Maine Environmental Education School of the Year in 2013. Juniper Hill is fully enrolled in pre-K through 3rd grade.

Will Webb may be the first teacher to bring the Gracious Living motto directly to his classroom. When Will moved into his own 4th grade classroom this past fall at the East End Community School in Portland, Maine, one of his first acts was to establish Gracious Living Is Our Goal as the class motto and to put up a sign made from a PIC bumper sticker over the door. Will then went a step further and established the Manner of the Month. The first Manner of the Month was expressed in a sign that read, “I can hold the door open for the

person behind me.” “It took more than a month but the result was 23 nine-year-olds holding the door for their peers and adults,” Will reported recently. “East End is a very busy school. Students have a ton of energy and seem to want to run everywhere. But before they run, they make sure they hold the door open for

the person behind them.” Will’s current Manner of the Month reads, “When someone holds the door for me, I say, “Thank you.”

Anyone who knows Montague Ball will immediately know that he will be very pleased to hear of Will’s having taken gracious living to his classroom and

to new heights. Perhaps the US Congress will be next...



Will Webb and his students.

EBAY YIELDS ANTIQUE *PINE NEEDLES*

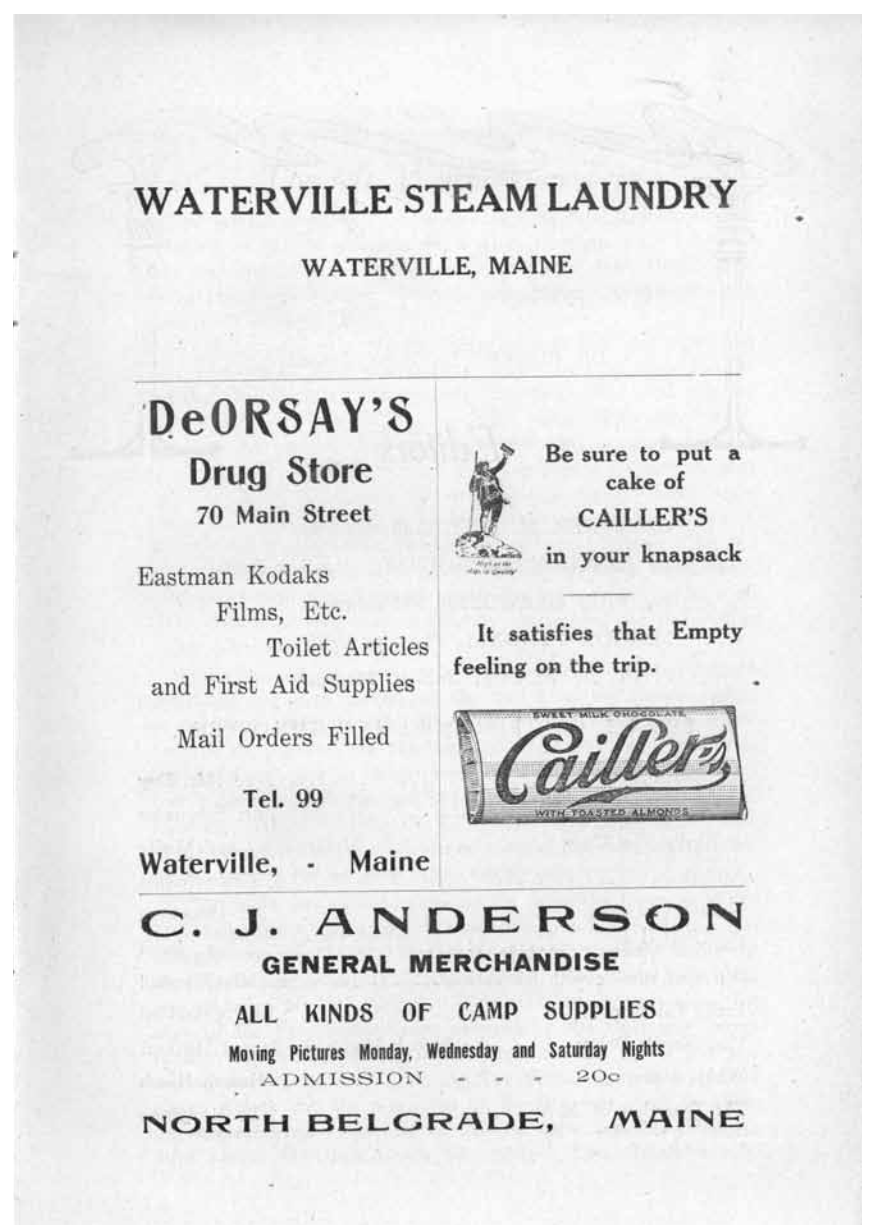
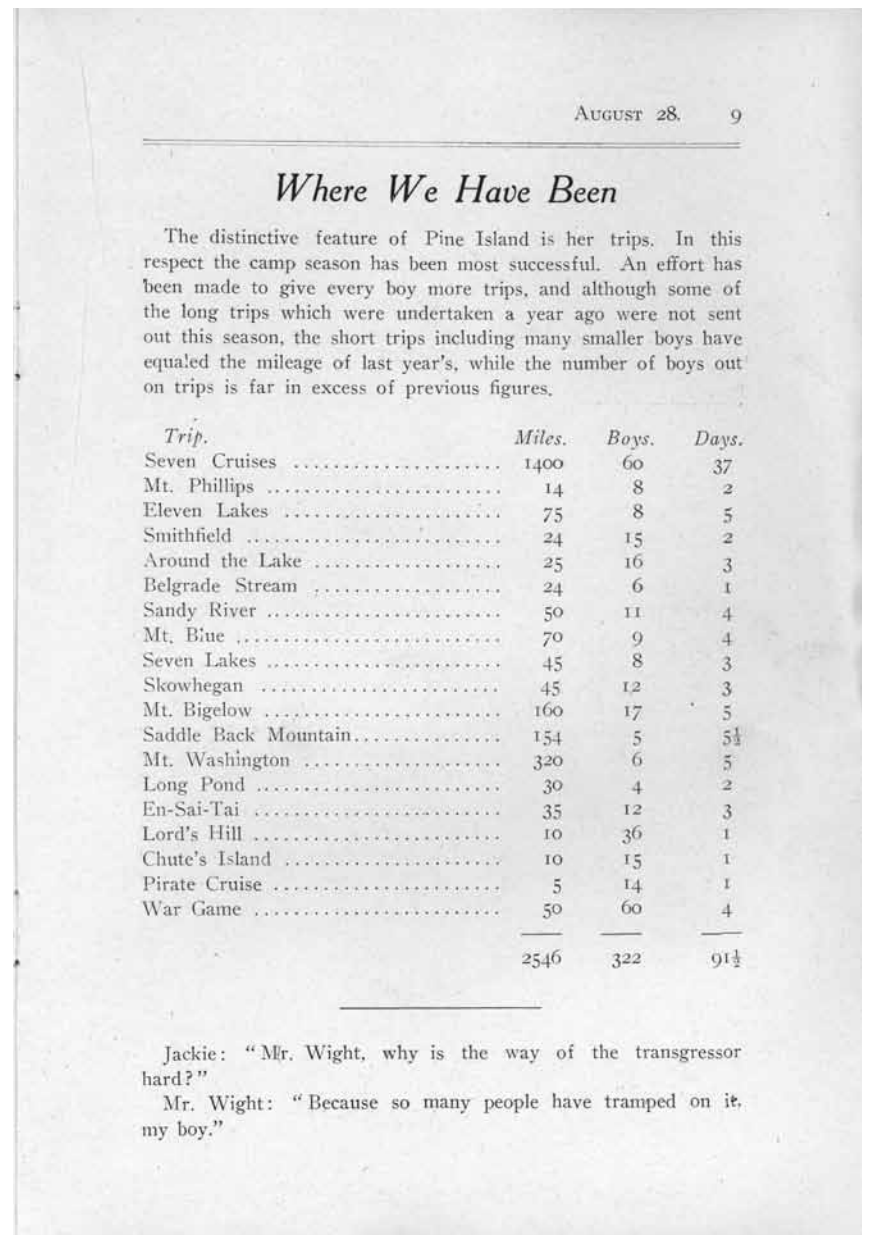
Only a few things that were lost in the Great Fire of '95 were impossible to replace. One such loss was a bound collection of *Pine Needles* that had been published in the early days of the camp. Thanks to the vigilance of a Pine Island parent, we recovered 22 copies of the *Pine Needle* published between 1918

and 1922. This fall Ben Swan received an email from Anthony Robeson, father of former camper Moss Robeson, alerting him to a particularly Pine Island-relevant EBay auction underway. Ben and Emily went to the EBay site and there they were, and people were bidding on them! Emily took over the bidding and

eventually secured all 22 copies. They are now safely in Brunswick and will eventually make their way to the Pine Island Collection, the extensive Pine Island archives that are housed in the Special Collections section of the library at the University of Maine, Orono. Below are a few excerpts and covers. Note that

the *Needle* was often published, in print, during the summer. The camp season was ten weeks long in those days.

From The Pine Needles published during the summers of 1919 and 1920.



BLUES WIN WAR GAME, SCORE WINNING POINTS IN WANING SECONDS AFTER TWO DAYS OF PLAY

by Harry Swan

As the 2013 Pine Island summer entered its final week, the island basked in the warm, relaxing rays of late summer sun. But beneath this peaceful veneer, a familiar tension was brewing. The fog of war was spreading through the camp once again, and it felt like the stakes were, if possible, even higher than they had been the year before for the centennial War Game. Last summer, the two armies were, in terms of the battlefield experience of their officers, more evenly matched than they had been in years. The Blue Army that General Rip Swan and Executive Officers Sumner Ford and Jack Faherty led into battle was no less zealous or committed than the Blues of years past, but they lacked the edge that superior staff experience had given the Blues for so long. Meanwhile, General Ben Schachner and Executive Officers David Kemp and Eliot Reich commanded the most experienced Gray Army in nearly a decade. And in a spirited Declaration of War on August 4, both armies made it clear that they had no intention of losing. It was a game in which every play would matter, and nothing could be left to chance.

After a hard day of practice, the armies gathered in the Center of Town early on the first day of play. Watches were synchronized, equipment was distributed, and last-minute plans were made. While the Grays jumped and yelled to the ear-piercing whine of the

air-raid siren, the Blues gathered in an enormous full-army ring, chanting with increasing speed and intensity. Then Head Umpire Sandy Crane blew the whistle, signaling the start of the 101st War Game.

The first day of play was a tense battle of wits, with the armies cautiously circling each other like prizefighters and matching each other nearly punch for punch. Both armies ran effective, tightly controlled attack systems, accumulating numerous and nearly equal scoring points. At the end of the day, the score was 96-90 in favor of the Blues. Both generals had trained their soldiers well; so well in fact, that only five challenge points were scored during the entire day of play, all by the Blues, giving them their small but crucial lead at the half.

On the second day of play, the campsite was awakened early by a sound that was to become the defining feature of the day: the low drone of torrential rain in the trees. The decision was made to shorten the play periods by a half hour, and the armies assembled once again in town, their raingear already slick with water. The second day's fighting was just as disciplined as the first, although the adverse conditions and the very tight score prompted more improvisation on both sides. As is typical of the experience of anyone trying to *watch* a War Game, I witnessed only *one* play on the second day, which resulted in five



Oliver awaits orders.



Blue General Rip Swan congratulates his party after scoring.



Gray officer David Greene.



The Green Army on the night of the Declaration



Matt talks with Jeff Orton in the Center of Town.



Veteran Gray officers Simon Abranowicz and Max McKendry.



Tommy, veteran Gray.



Will scouting for the Blues.



Assistant directors Forrest Brown and Harry Swan talking with Medic Mary Harrington outside their trailer at the Norridgewock campsite.



Matt in the Center of Town.

crucial Blue challenge points on an attempted mixed step by a Gray party. The Grays accumulated an impressive score in the third quarter of play and bagged nine challenge points at the beginning of the fourth, suddenly giving them a slight advantage for the first time in the game. But as the fourth quarter drew to a close and the rain continued to fall, the ultimate outcome was anyone's guess. With just fifteen minutes left in

the game Blue General Rip Swan put on an outward show of confidence among his men in the soggy Center of Town, but privately he said, "I don't think we can do it." Hope surged as Blue officer Jack Faherty sprinted into the Center of Town having scored his party of nine, but still nobody was certain where either army stood. When the final whistle blew and the armies gathered in the drizzle to hear the score, no one could say who

had won. The exhausted, soaked armies fell silent, everyone's heart in his throat, and Head Umpire Crane announced the score: Blues 157, Grays 155.

Both Blue General Rip Swan and Gray General Ben Schachner stood motionless for a moment as the score sank in, and then the Blue Army erupted in cheers, and a few tears, and the Grays, who had come so close to turning the tide, hugged and consoled one another

and wiped away some tears of their own. Then the armies came together, as they always do, to shout the traditional and emotional rendition of Pine Island's "Akka Lakka." The Blues had emerged victorious for the eighth time in ten years, but the 2013 War Game is best described by another traditional phrase, usually reserved for stalemated campfire games: "Evenly matched!"

UNPOPULAR TOP BUNKS COMING DOWN TO EARTH

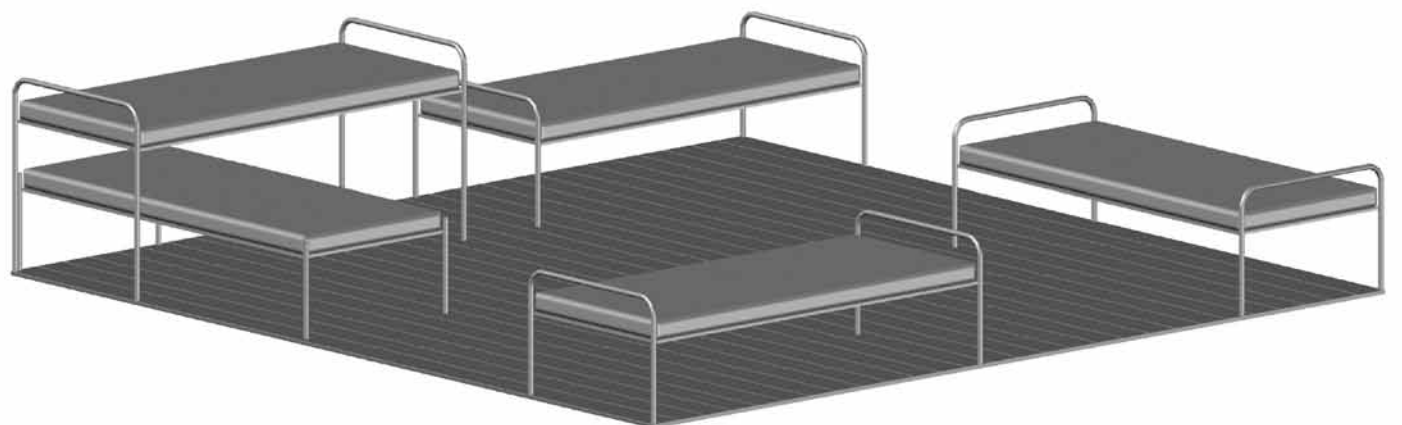
While sleeping on the top bunk can be fun, it can also be a pain in the neck both for the boy who sleeps aloft and for the boy who sleeps beneath him. It is *such* a pain in the neck apparently that returning campers have been going to great lengths to get to camp early enough on opening day to be sure to get a non-bunk bed. Parents have found themselves castigated by the very boys they are leaving for six weeks because they stopped for coffee or didn't leave early enough to get the proper place in the line to get on the KWS to head for the island.

Well, everyone can *RELAX!!* The Pine Island Engineering Society (PIES) has come up with a great solution to the problem and testing has already taken place. The solution was simple, once PIES got a Sawzall involved... PIES engineers sawed the two end pieces of a bunk bed off just above the level of the mattress on the bottom bunk. This left two beds instead of one, and the former

top bunk now rests a good three feet off the ground. This allows one to store two footlockers under the former top bunk turned awesome high bed *or* to put the foot of the former top bunk over the foot

of a regular cot to leave enough space in the tent for good housekeeping. PIES actually set up the bunks on the Tent 7 platform during the September boat maintenance weekend and all who saw

them, including a 2013 resident of Tent 7, pronounced the idea sound. "They laughed at me at the University," said one PIES engineer, "but who's laughing now?"



A drawing of one version of the new cot setup by Rip Swan.

ON-ISLAND HAIRCUTS MAKE A COMEBACK

Haircuts and a Pine Island summer go way back. Historians have been unable to discover how counselors and campers got their hair cut in the earliest days of the camp, but they must have been coifed at some point during the season because it was ten weeks long. We know that as early as the 1950s, when the camp season was eight weeks long, barbers from Waterville or Oakland would come out to the island once a summer, set up chairs on the Dust Court, and cut everyone's hair, whether or not they needed or wanted to be clipped. For many years the barbers used hand-operated shears, and apparently the process was both painful and somewhat inexact. Director Ben Swan remembers haircuts on the Dust Court by local barbers using electric clippers powered by a generator.

In the late 1960s and 1970s long hair became fashionable and the great hair battle began and lasted for many years. Tears were shed by both campers and counselors as haircuts were forced upon them when they would rather have let

their freak flags fly. At some point during the 1970s director Montague Ball replaced the on-island one-day clipathons with the infamous Shaggy Dog Snip Trips. Many campers and counselors can remember the finger of fate finding them in the dining hall, meaning that they would soon be on their way to Oakland to "Butcher Bob" for a shearing. Gradually longer hair fell out of fashion and Snip Trips were abandoned.

Today hairstyles among counselors and campers tends to run the gamut from the buzz cut to luxuriant locks, and recently some boys have *asked* to have their hair cut a few weeks into the six-week camp season. Fortunately for them Michelle Miller, wife of local Pine Island alumnus Rhoads Miller, spent many years as a hairstylist and has been generous enough to pull out her equipment and give haircuts now and then to those in urgent need. Needless to say, Michelle's magic touch and skill provide a welcome departure from the somewhat medieval methods of days gone by.



Tom Siebert getting a haircut on the Dust Court in 1964. John Day and Nibs Parton await their turn. The next boy in line does not seem happy about his upcoming coif.



Michelle Miller provides a professional touch for Buckley by the Pump House after dinner.



Both Michelle and Toby seem pleased with his coif.

SPECTACULAR SACRED ANIMAL SENT BY KING KABABA

Head Kababologist Eliot Reich and K.I.T.* Adam Schachner provided expert and learned guidance this summer to the campers and staff of Pine Island, helping them interpret the many birch bark signs King Kababa sent to the camp community in the course of the season. Belief was strong and the King once

again rewarded Pine Islanders with the gift of a sacred animal. Jacques the Darin' Great Pond Heron, one of the most beautiful animals ever, arrived in an elaborate ceremony attended by nearly a dozen henchmen on the last night of the camp season.

* *Kababologist-in-Training*



Jacques, the Darin' Great Pond Heron.

GIFTS OF TWO MORE MONTE BALL BAZUMARANGS BRINGS FREQUENT SAILING RACES BACK

Generous donations by two friends of Pine Island made the construction of two more Monte Ball Bazumarang sailboats last winter possible, thus bringing the Bazumarang fleet to four. *MGB II* and *Artimisia* joined *U.S.S. Rankin* and *U.S.S. Springfield* on Great Pond last June. The Bazumarangs were designed by David Stimson to be easily handled by sailors with intermediate sailing skills and to bridge the gap between being a novice passenger in one of the two Sloan 12 ½ catboats and handling one of our two high-performance JY-15s. The Bazumarangs have been a great success and have allowed more boys to take the helm of a sailboat safely in a variety of weather conditions.

With four identical boats, Pine Island now has its own one-design racing class, and last season saw the start of

what promises to be an annual season-long series of races during activities, after dinner, and as part of the Welder Superior-Far Leaguer games on Sunday afternoons. Racing, first practiced by pirates and naval vessels with life or death consequences to the loser, has long been the best way for sailors to learn how to sail a boat efficiently and safely, and the benefits to the Pine Island sailing program have already become evident. The PIYC is already planning a full slate of races for the 2014 season and is having all four Bazumarangs made ship-shape in the off season. Our thanks especially to Barry Lindquist and family for their enthusiastic and generous participation in this successful project, which has made Pine Island's fleet complete and hard to beat.



The four Bazumarangs racing in light winds on Great Pond.

GRACIOUS LIVING AT 6,288 FEET—AN HISTORIC TRIP REPORT

BY MONTAGUE G. BALL, JR.

Although never a camper on the scale of a Kasper, a Nagler, or a Swan, I remember taking some great trips at Pine Island—including Mount Bigelow with Jack Lord, Old Speck with Peter Houck and Bill Rummel, and several war canoe cruises down the Kennebec with Ken Howe, Al Hipp, Tommy Satterfield, and Cammie Arrington. But my most memorable excursion was the 1965 Senior Whites, which was my introduction to the Presidential Range of New Hampshire's White Mountains.

That summer I was technically in the Navy, having completed a two-year tour as a deck officer on a cargo ship homeported in Norfolk, Virginia. Vietnam was heating up; the armed forces were trying desperately to hold on to their Reservists. In my case, the Navy offered a wide choice of billets if I would agree to extend my commitment two more years. I signed—but on the condition that I be granted a two-month leave of absence before reporting to my new duty station. Those two months were mid-June to mid-August, during which time I was assigned without pay to the Naval Reserve Training Center in Augusta—where occasionally I had to make an appearance.

What I had engineered, of course, was Another Great Summer at PIC—most of which I spent flopping around in a sailboat and taking life very easy. However, as the summer began to wind down, an agent of change intruded on my comfortable lifestyle. He was the director, Tim Holbrook—a fire-eating workaholic who never had enough to do, and usually did it all himself. We followed in his train—in awe. Anyway, as the previous director, Chip Handy, had expanded Pine Island's canoeing program into the Allagash, Tim was determined that our hiking trips would extend to New Hampshire's White Mountains. To my astonishment, he announced that I would lead Pine Island's first ascent of Mount Washington—with the very able assistance of David Carman, who had done a lot of climbing in the Presidentials. Signed up for the trip were (left to right in the photo) Howard Ferguson, Coley Hoyt, John Timken, John Goodhue, and Jeff Kilbreth.

"You're perfect for the job, Ball," Tim assured. "And, besides, you need some exercise." *Me, perfect?* As to exercise, I had no idea what lay around the corner...

Ever the efficiency expert, Tim took charge of the logistics. And aware of my disinclination to move fast in the morning, he shifted our trip to the First Cabin the night before departure. "No breakfast for you, Ball—unless you get on the road! And then you can choose: McDonald's or Dunkin' Donuts." Both options were rare treats and eagerly anticipated, all part of Tim's plan to get us an early start. But Route 2 to Pinkham Notch was slow going, and even with breakfast on the fly, it took us much longer than anticipated to reach New Hampshire's White Mountains. As I re-

call, it was just noon when we finished a quick lunch and began the climb to Tuckerman Ravine. And that is when things began to fall apart...

To begin with, the temperature dropped steadily. On a bright, sunny August morning the temperature at the parking lot had been a comfortable 78 degrees. Two hours later, at the foot of Tuckerman's, Dave Carman's pocket thermometer registered 55. Secondly, Jeff Kilbreth (who had suffered from car sickness en route) was again feeling ill. Note his less-than-perky expression at far right. Thirdly, out of the tree line I began to grasp the extent to which I had badly underestimated the size of Mount Washington. It is enormous! And fourthly, after taking the group picture, I took time to read the sign on which John Timken was leaning. It warned: "*Stop! The weather ahead can be the worst in North America. Many have died on this mountain—even in the summer. Turn back now if weather is inclement.*"

Well, no one was in favor of turning back—and, besides, the weather wasn't inclement—yet. But in another hour fog rolled in; the wind rose; temperature dropped another ten degrees. I forget how long it took us to climb Tuckerman's, but it seemed forever. Worse, we couldn't see but a few feet ahead of us, met nobody coming down the mountain who could give us bearings, and by this time Dave Carman was carrying Jeff's pack as well as his own. Although the trail was well marked, I was scared to death that we would get lost—and I was exhausted as darkness began to set in. *Darkness?* At five o'clock on an August afternoon? Not possible, I thought. Meanwhile, we were passing crosses—marking exactly where people had died in the ascent. And then it started to drizzle...

At that point a miracle occurred. The fog cleared for a moment, and dead ahead of us stood the Mount Washington Summit House. Built of granite and opened in 1915, this hotel had for half a century survived the highest winds (231 m.p.h.) and lowest temperatures (minus 59) ever recorded in North America. It beckoned; we nearly fell through the door. Sitting on benches at the far end of the lobby, no one had the strength to speak, much less move. But as heat surged around us, I knew that I was going to find a way to stay—at which point, my vision focused squarely on the front desk manager. When I was able to get my legs under me, I staggered over to reception and inquired whether any rooms were available. His answer: "Are you kidding? Look at the weather! Nobody in his right mind comes up here in this stuff. Sure, lots of rooms. How many do you need?"

I whimpered, "Will you take a check?" I didn't care what it would cost.

"Sure," he replied. Then he noticed Dave Carman and the five boys and added, "But here's a better deal. For half the price, I can put you guys in our bunk room. Uppers and lowers, but you still get sheets, blankets, towels, and hot showers. You'll have the place to yourselves; nobody else has made a reservation. Dinner and breakfast included."

Following the longest hot showers in Summit House history, we gorged on an enormous hamburger steak dinner, checked the weather station (37 degrees, 78 m.p.h. winds), then called home (collect) from the highest pay phone in eastern North America. By nine o'clock we were all fast asleep—snug, warm, and dry, but the wind howling outside. So, we awoke in the morning with the strangest feeling—that something was

wrong, there wasn't a sound! A gorgeous, absolutely still day—a great start to the week ahead in which we walked from Mount Washington to Crawford Notch in perfect weather, not a drop of rain.

And Tim Holbrook? Returning to camp, I got exactly what I expected—Tim, at the top of his voice: "Ball, what's this I hear? You lead a Pine Island trip to the top of Mount Washington—and check in to a *hotel!*" And then, with a big laugh, "I like a man who lands on his feet." Well, that was a generous perspective to offer a counselor who had been woefully unprepared and ill equipped (except for his checkbook). As director for twenty years I sent many trips to the White Mountains, and I made sure all were better prepared than mine was. Even so, it was great fun—including the crawl out of Tuckerman's (if only in retrospect). And gracious living at 6,288 feet? Absolutely a goal achieved!

Montague G. Ball was a counselor for many years and Director from 1978-1989.



From left to right: Howard Ferguson, Coley Hoyt, John Timken, John Goodhue, Jeff Kilbreth, and Dave Carman on their way up Mt. Washington.

HOW TO SHOOT A CHOCOLATE RABBIT: A PROFILE OF WHIT FISHER



Dr. Whit Fisher practicing his woodcraft skills at his home in Connecticut.

*Dear Mom and Dad,
Things are terrible here. I just found out none of the kids in my tent like me. I can't stand it any longer.*

Goodbye

Five years and eight weeks after this letter landed in a mailbox at the New York City home of first-year camper Whit Fisher (he didn't even sign it!), Director Emeritus Jun Swan read it at the awards ceremony the afternoon of the Farewell Picnic as a prelude to presenting the Loyalty Award, Pine Island's most venerated award, to Whit. Whit's mother had sent the letter to director Monte Ball five summers before with a note attached saying something to the effect of, "Could you do something about this?" Monte of course intervened and helped Whit adapt, but he also realized that the letter was too good to throw away and promptly pinned it to his wall.

That Whit's first letter home was something of a dramatic shocker would be no surprise to anyone who has been treated to one of Whit's stories, but that Whit was unhappy at Pine Island would be to them, and perhaps even to Whit, the most surprising thing about it. Whit went on to work as a much beloved counselor at Pine Island for four summers and to serve on Pine Island's Board of Directors for over ten years. Although Whit has not been on the PIC staff for many years, he visits Pine Island almost every summer and his arrival is always eagerly anticipated, even by those who have never met him. Will he bring another rubber severed limb for the Saturday Night Show costume locker with him? What grisly tales of life in the ER will he treat us to? Within minutes of his arrival, Whit is inevitably surrounded by campers and staff alike, and it is never long before everyone is laughing.

We contacted Dr. Whit Fisher at his beautiful home in Pawcatuck, Connecticut that he shares with his husband Dennis Gagne, three cats, and a snake named Scooter. Their back yard sweeps down to the Wequetecock estuary and includes an osprey's nest atop a pole that is rigged with a camera. One can sit in

their living room and watch all the goings-on in the nest on a large television. While Whit has always been a naturalist and a lover of the outdoors, the move to Connecticut from the West Village in New York City marked the first time in his life Whit's home was not on the island of Manhattan. Whit and Dennis made the move, somewhat reluctantly, about five years ago when several factors in their lives coalesced. Dennis's parents, who live nearby in Rhode Island, were aging and needed care; Dennis was ready to retire from a successful career with the Pella Corporation; they were both yearning for a bit of the country life; and the state of New York had knocked down another bid to legalize same-sex marriage. Connecticut offered the opportunity, and Whit and Dennis, who met in 1990, had been ready to tie the knot for a long time. They were married in 2010. The move has worked out well. They are able to keep tabs on Dennis's parents, Dennis teaches maritime history at nearby Mystic Seaport, Whit works as an Emergency Room physician locally, and they have been close to Whit's parents in New York as well. In 2001 Whit was asked by a lesbian couple he knew and liked to be the biological father of a child. Whit agreed and Madeline was born in 2001. Whit and Dennis are very much in touch with the family and Whit describes his relationship with Madeline as a cross between a *very* amicably divorced dad and an overinvolved uncle. When Madeline was young and her parents explained to her that Whit was her biological father but not her dad, she said, "Oh, like Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker!" She understood immediately, making Whit quite proud.

Whit started his academic life at a preschool at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine and gleefully recalls playing basketball in a "gym" in the crypts beneath the church. "Sometimes the ball would roll down a dim hallway containing crypts with the remains of long-dead parishioners, and it was pretty creepy if you were the one who had to retrieve it." (Perhaps this early life experience sheds some light on Whit's famously ghoulish sense of humor.) Whit then attended the Collegiate School from fifth grade through high school and enrolled at Brown University in the fall of 1984. Whit's experience at Brown was not smooth sailing. He found the school's population split between the extremes of a jock culture and a culture of hyper-liberalism that he said "talked incessantly of inclusiveness but was almost Victorian in its perpetual state of indignation and disapproval." Whit left Brown halfway through his sophomore year and transferred to Yale, entering Yale in January of the following year. Whit said Yale attracted him because of its arcane traditions, creepy secret societies, generally more cynical student body, and most importantly the presence of so many unlikely friendships that linked people with clearly divergent interests. Whit loved Yale and thrived academically and socially, forging life-

long friendships with science geeks, poets, and jocks. "It was a lot like Pine Island in many ways," said Whit, "I was valued for who I was and found that my somewhat weird sense of humor was appreciated instead of dismissed with a roll of the eyes."

Whit recalls that becoming a counselor at Pine Island changed his life immeasurably for the better during the rocky time he was having toward the end of his days at Brown. Whit's first year as a counselor was in 1984 and it was a good one, but it was his second summer on the staff that Whit calls, "... just a fantastic summer. As was later true at Yale, I found a bunch of smart, thoughtful, funny, people with an incredibly wide range of interests and experiences, and the thing we all had in common was that we were eager to make the Pine Island season a worthwhile, solid experience for the campers. And I could make them laugh!" Working at Pine Island Whit discovered what many counselors have discovered for the first time – they had a lot to offer and they were ready to accept the heavy responsibility of caring for young people on the island, out on the water, and out on trips. Whit's many successes that summer made him a leader among the staff and afforded him a measure of self-confidence he had never felt before. Whit returned for two more summers, 1986 and 1989, to lead trips, teach woodcraft and rowing, work as Kababalogist, and entertain everyone endlessly with outrageous and hilarious campfire skits and songs and barely appropriate Saturday Night Shows like *I Love Louise*. But as is still true today, Whit's often-outrageous humor and ghoulish stories disguised his deep commitment to the care and education of young people. Whit possesses an astonishing ability to connect with young people, and for that matter old and middle-aged people as well, in a matter of seconds. No doubt this is ability to connect instantly makes him a highly valued asset in any ER.

Whit graduated from Yale in 1989 with a degree in psychobiology. His first job out of college was teaching 4th and 5th grade and high school science at the ultra-elite Spence School in Manhattan. He was hired when two science teachers were fired late in the summer. "The very first class I had to teach was on the menstrual cycle," Whit recalls. "After living through that I knew I could survive anything." After a year at Spence, Whit took off on a six-month journey through Southeast Asia, visiting Nepal, India, Thailand, Indonesia, and Japan. Over the next several years Whit held a variety of jobs in what he calls "dot bomb" companies in New York. One was run by a Maoist who hired Whit to oversee technology and science websites but reassigned him to overseeing their most profitable websites, the x-rated ones, because none of the more experienced members of the company would do it. Another job Whit held during that eight-year period was tutoring students for the Princeton Review in order to help them improve their SAT scores. When

you were interviewed by the Princeton Review in those days, they asked you to prepare to teach the interviewers something. Whit arrived with a large leather valise. The interviewers were alarmed when Whit pulled out a blowtorch and lit it. He proceeded to instruct them on how to build a simple device out of a curtain rod, a plastic bead and a red-hot piece of steel wire that would propel a dart into the target, a chocolate rabbit. The lesson was entitled, "How to get rid of Easter pests." He got the job and later one of Whit's student's was accused of cheating because his scores went up so much from one SAT test to the next. Whit was called to the witness stand in the trial (He did not bring along a blowtorch) and his student was 100% exonerated.

Because Whit had a notion that he might some day go to medical school, throughout the 1990s he took night courses at Hunter College to fill in his pre-med gaps. In 1999 Whit was admitted to the Georgetown University Medical School. He became an MD in 2003 with the intention of becoming an ER doctor and did a four-year residency at both Bellevue Hospital and the somewhat less chaotic NYU Tish Hospital. Anyone who has had dinner with Whit in the past several years might think that his primary motivation for wanting to be an ER doctor was to assemble an enormous collection of stories certain to send your appetite scurrying for the exits, but he insists that there were other perfectly good reasons for choosing this specialty. He felt he was "... not exactly Marcus Welby" and he wanted to have as little as possible to do with insurance companies, he liked the idea of being either on or off duty, and liked the unpredictable nature of the emergency room and the variety of work it presented to him every day. Whit's first job after his residency was at a bankrupt Catholic hospital in the Bronx. "It was a great first job because the place was in complete financial ruin and it was like the Wild West, a trial by fire. Someone would come in having been shot in the face, blood all over the place, and people would be looking at me saying, 'You do it!'" Whit says he learned a great deal there and then moved on to the more stable St. Luke's Hospital on the West Side. He still works at St. Luke's from time to time, but his main job title is Associate Professor of Emergency Medicine at Brown University, and Whit works at two teaching hospitals, Rhode Island Hospital and Miriam Hospital, where he both treats patients in the ER and supervises and teach residents who are currently training in Emergency Medicine.

We are very hopeful that when a little less of his time is spoken for, Whit will return to the Pine Island board of directors with his particular brand of wisdom, which involves a near anarchic irreverence that just barely conceals an endlessly generous and warm heart and a deep devotion to Pine Island. In the meantime, we are all eagerly anticipating Whit's next visit.

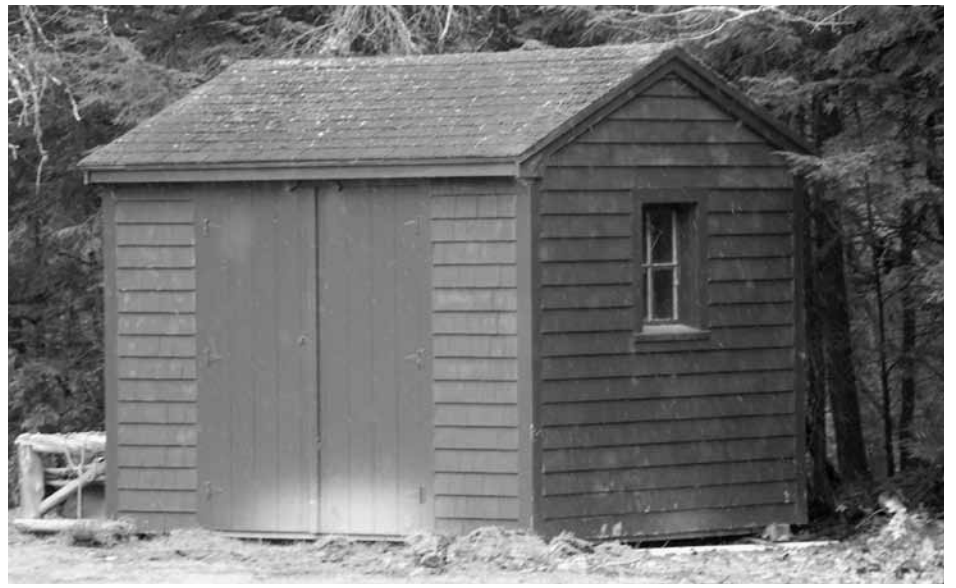
RIFLERY AND ARCHERY RANGES MOVE TO NEW VENUES, IMPROVEMENTS MADE TO BOTH

A couple of weeks into the 2013 season the riflery range was moved from its longtime home across the road from the tennis courts into the new Earl M. Smith, Jr. Range/Barn. Sharpshooters and novices now shoot about two-thirds of the length of the barn out the end of the building to target traps about fifteen feet outside the building. A massive sand berm was created to serve as a safe backstop. Further improvements were made to the interior of the Range/Barn this fall. During the summer the three double sliding doors will remain open so that the range will have a roof but will be mostly open to the light and breeze. Participants this summer pronounced the new range a great success.

The former riflery range will become the location of the new archery range. The fall maintenance crew removed the old railroad tie backstop and cut a number of small trees beyond the backstop to create a clearing that extends about forty yards out from the shed from which the riflery marksmen once shot.

Ace excavator artist Maurice Childs of Belgrade has graded the area and we will put down a carpet of woodchips or bark mulch in the spring. There are two enormous advantages to the new archery range location. The range will be, for the most part, in the shade! Generations of dedicated archery instructors and campers have unpleasant memories of long activity periods in July on the baking, shadeless clay by the side of the road and of clouds of dust descending upon them as various vehicles swept by. And, next year's counselors will be thrilled to hear that the new archery backstop will be made of backstop netting, so we will dispense with the unpleasant and frustrating job of pulling apart last year's rotting and snake infested hay bales and toiling to construct a new and effective backstop from new, hay bales that always seemed to arrive at the last moment and to have been baled far too loosely.

We are looking forward to lots of sharp shooting in 2014!



The Whitehouse Riflery-Archery Shed.

THE LONG WALK DRAGGING A SMALL BUILDING

At this writing Great Pond is covered with about eight inches of ice and a wind-blown uneven blanket of new snow. Temperatures have dipped well below zero for several nights running and even a slight breeze makes exposed skin a target for frostbite. Director Ben Swan is happy with the weather. "We'll need at least a foot of ice, preferably two or three feet, to feel secure heading out across the lake dragging a small building," he said recently. Always on the lookout for a winter adventure on the lake, Swan has in the past engineered ice cutting, winter picnics, and even an overnight in the library up in Honk Hall. His latest scheme is to move the former Riflery/Archery Shed, a gift to the camp from the Whitehouse family, from the former archery range by the tennis courts on the mainland to the steep slope below the library on the island. The shed will become the new home of the fly fishing program and will house rods, reels, fly tying equipment, and other fly fishing paraphernalia, removing it from the library where it has been making quite a mess since fly fishing was adopted several years ago as a full-fledged activity.

Details are sketchy at this time—some have observed that the whole operation is pretty sketchy—but if by February the conditions are right, Swan will gather a crew and head to Belgrade to attempt the operation. Swan indicates early interest from local contractor Dan Trembly, who brings two important things to the team—he and his sons own a small fleet of snowmobiles, and he is really good at figuring stuff out on the fly. The 8'x12' building is already on skids, so it should not be difficult to pull over the snow and ice. Pulling the building up the steep embankment from the surface of the ice may present more problems, but Swan is undaunted by the prospect of a small building stuck on melting ice at the bottom of the hill next spring. "I live quite near the Peary McMillan Arctic Museum at Bowdoin College." Swan said with a faint, fleeting smile, seeming to feel this qualified him for operations with an arctic flavor.

The "new" building has not yet been named, but perhaps one will come to the team in the course of the operation. Endurance, perhaps?



Looking down the new riflery range toward the targets.



Looking back toward the former riflery firing platform from the end of the new archery range.



Tom on a sunny day on Great Pond.



David Kemp.



Conner Ozer wailing away on his sax at Club Honk.



Colin, Ethan and Liam at their Maine Woodsman campsite in Norridgewock.



Rip and the Tips: Nick Miller, Rip Swan, Satchel Toole, Cole Gibson, Ben Lorber, and Conner Ozer.



The French connection: Ramin, Elie, and Cyrus.



Tucker returning from Senior Canoe.



Matt on the Kopa porch with his uke.



Head of Kayaking Carrie Turner and Head Cook Krista Wiberg.



General swim with Maxx, Elliot, Tucker, George, and Daniel Lobb.



Pulling a Pine Island Skiff out of the Kennebec River below Bath after a four-day rowing trip that started just below Waterville.



Bobby interrogates Ramin while Mateo and Oliver look on in "Treasure Island."



A very satisfying 4th of July raft burning.



Carson in the Boat House.



The Far Leaguers with their 4th of July raft.



Award winners Noah, Harry, Lorenzo, and Matt with director Ben Swan.



Alex Dhawan with his Goldsworthy Bemis sculpture.



Benedict and Reid are themselves works of art.



Jack and Matt.



Herman Zullow at the helm of a Bazumarang.



Stephen and Reid in "Treasure Island," a hit Saturday Night Show.



Ace scheduler Harry Swan at work in the Staff Office.



Bobby with Ethan looking on.



The Welder Superiors with their 4th of July raft.



Skipper Deb Turner.



Simon gets ready for rowing.



Will and Philippe ready to head out on the lake in rowing class.



Maxx and a load of wood he split at Maine Woodsman.

FALL MAINTENANCE WORK COMPLETES NEEDLE POINT RENOVATIONS AND NEW TENT PLATFORMS

In the never-ending quest to keep up with the effects of time and weather on Pine Island's buildings (it is 9th and snowing as I write), the camp again hired local contractor Dan Trembly to take on the next few items on our list. This fall Dan, with assistance from First Cabin dwellers Harry Swan, Steph Hudon, and Jamie Azdair, did some major work on three structures down on the far north end of the island and on three tent platforms.

The crew demolished the tent platforms of Tents 7, 13, and 16, the last of those built hurriedly in July of 1995 to replace platforms burned in the fire. Dan rebuilt the platforms using the materials and design pioneered by Rhoads Miller and Richard Beck several years ago, giving us platforms that are both durable and beautiful. The crew also demolished the Tent 21 platform, originally built several years ago as a temporary dwelling below the library in Honk Hall. Tent 21 will not be rebuilt.

Dan then went to work on the three structures down on Needle Point that house the dozen or so young women who work on the Pine Island staff each summer. The "Condo" is traditionally the home of our head cook. It is the tiny building that forms an "L" to the Shop and on whose south wall is painted the tail of the dragon. Dan jacked up the Condo, moved it south a few feet, put on a new roof re-shingled the walls, installed new windows, built a new door and installed a new floor. Moving the Condo made room for a full-sized

14'x14' tent platform where a 12'x12' platform stood before. This expansion enabled us to remove Tent 21 permanently as a first step in restoring the extension of the West Range path. Dan also did extensive work on the building known as Needle Point. Since John Bunker and Ben Swan built Needle Point in 1994, it has been a hybrid cabin/tent, with canvas covering the gable ends and the upper part of the walls beneath the eaves. This was a fine arrangement but after many years it was agreed that we could do better.

Dan put siding and big windows where the canvas covered the gables, put siding and small windows beneath the eaves, built two fine doors, removed the "shelf from hell" that occupied way too much space in the middle of the cabin, and built in six beds of the type gracing Northampton and the Third Cabin. The space will be much more comfortable and efficiently used, but perhaps its residents will miss the chaos that always ensued when the occasional heavy north wind or thunderstorm swept the northern tip of the island. Maybe not!

Other projects were completed during the fall, including a fresh coat of paint on the floors of the North and South Perches, some interior painting and varnishing, the clearing of the new archery range, and a good deal of debris removal from the various demolition and construction projects. With a bit of spring cleanup the island should be ship shape for the 2014 season.



"The Condo" completely refurbished.

New built-in bunk beds in Needle Point.



SLOAN CRITCHFIELD MEMORIAL BOAT MAINTENANCE WORKSHOP DRAWS LARGE CROWD IN SEPTEMBER

Thirty-two Pine Island alumni, parents and friends gathered at Pine Island over the weekend of September 14 for the annual Boat Maintenance Workshop to sand, paint, varnish, repair, lug, and generally care for Pine Island's large fleet of boats and to honor the memory of sorely missed Pine Island camper and counselor Sloan Critchfield. Boat builder and former counselor Abe Stimson was again the man in charge and arrived early Friday to prepare for the arrival of the many willing, if not always expert workers that evening and the next morning. Krista Wiberg and Sandy Holland prepared fabulous food for everyone throughout the weekend, outdoing even past efforts with a lantern-lit feast in the Dining Hall Saturday night. Special thanks to Bob Kriscunas for making the trek again all the way from Dallas, Texas to lend a hand and to honor Sloan.

The work this year, as usual, included much sanding and painting and some boat repairs. The result once again is that we will open camp next June with a fleet that looks showroom shiny and new. We have found that the cumulative effect of

the good work done over the past seven years has left us without enough boat work to keep everyone busy, so for the past two Sloan Weekends we have put some of the younger folk to work with other island maintenance. This year they enjoyed demolishing an old tent platform, and their work saved Pine Island time and money in advancing the fall maintenance work. We look forward to picking one or two non-boat projects to complete each September in addition to working on the Pine Island fleet.

It's a win-win for sure—you get to spend a couple of nights on Pine Island during one of the most beautiful months of the year in Maine, hang out with great people, eat lots of great food, honor the memory of a great Pine Islander, and accomplish important work for the camp. The 2014 Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Workshop will take place September 12-14. If you would like to sign up, you can send an email to Pine Island's communications director Sarah Hunter at shunter@pineisland.org. Don't miss it!



Matt Miller and Teddy Hincks at work repainting moorings.



Lowell Libby, David Critchfield, and Bob Kriscunas taking another break.

EARL M. SMITH, JR. RANGE/BARN COMPLETED—IMMEDIATELY REALIZES PROMISE TO BE USEFUL, VERSATILE, AND BEAUTIFUL

Pine Island's newest building, the big beautiful barn built in the fall of 2012 and the spring of 2013, means different things to different Pine Islanders. To the riflery instructors it is a range that can be used rain or shine. To those putting Pine Island to bed for the winter it is a safe and weatherproof home for boats, trailers, and equipment that was either stored indoors at a high cost or simply left out in the weather for the winter. To director Ben Swan it is both of these things but also a dream come true—a temporary, spacious place for campers' luggage brought to the mainland on the always stressful packing day. In days gone by, already a distant if traumatic memory, some poor souls would be charged with erecting three old wall tents on the archery range the day before packing day in what always seemed to be either sweltering heat or pouring rain. Now luggage can be easily deposited, organized, *and* retrieved by parents on the last day of camp from the well-lit airy barn instead of from dank, dark, often muddy tent. Seeing the barn's spacious interior for the first time, former assistant director Ned Bishop immediately said, "We need a couple of hoops in here—rainy day activities!" Perhaps peach baskets would be more appropriate given the fact that Dr. Swan's original co-director, Raymond Kaighn, is credited with helping to invent the game of basketball with James Naismith in 1891.

And the Smith Range/Barn's uses will go beyond the building itself. LTIP director Rip Swan quickly saw a way to make the Freight Shed down by the mainland dock a more organized and useful building by storing much of its contents up at the barn. Fly fishing counselors are eagerly anticipating the adaptive reuse of the Riflery-Archery Shed, made available by the barn's construction, as the Fly Fishing Shed, which in turn will allow Emily Swan to celebrate the removal of all the fly fishing equipment from the camp library!

While the 30'x60' wooden structure undoubtedly will be used in many different ways, it is clearly already a building that has Pine Island counselors and directors wondering how they ever did without it. Many thanks to Earl Smith, Jr. and Tim Nagler, whose generous contributions made all these dreams come true!



The Earl M. Smith, Jr. Range/Barn.



Trusses being lowered into place in May 2013.



Boats and equipment stored in the Smith Range/Barn.



Zander Abranowicz among the mountains of Greece.

LETTER FROM GREECE

by Zander Abranowicz

Zander Abranowicz was a camper at Pine Island from 2004-2007 and a counselor in 2011.

September 21, 2013, Ithaca, NY

Dear Ben,

I hope all is well in Maine. I wish I could have come up, but I was a long way from Great Pond this summer, traveling around Greece on a Cornell fellowship doing research on the domestic crisis. I met incredible people, witnessed a country on the verge of major change, and was able to put to use some of my academic education and the skills and mindset I developed at Pine Island as a camper and counselor. One experience I had while traveling along the border of Albania and Greece stands out.

To reach Papigno, a particularly beautiful remote town in the mountainous region along the Greek-Albanian border where I had a contact and a bed, I had to take a bus from the other side of Greece to a town called Konitsa and then hike a full day through the mountains. I arrived in Konitsa to find that any store where I might have been able to buy a map or compass had closed "as a result of the crisis." Looking at the immense mountains that surrounded the town, I started to panic a bit. Luckily I met a Greek hiker who explained the route as best he could and generously gave me his map, adding ominously, "The trail is the most difficult in Greece." Unfazed, I enjoyed my dinner with him and the next day confidently crossed an ancient bridge over the Aaos River and followed a dirt road that took me past bubbling brooks and skittish goats to a monastery where I filled my water bottles at a spring and took my first wrong turn of the day. After walking

for awhile and coming upon a distinctly creepy group of burned out campsites, I decided to backtrack, took another look at my map, and began to hunt for the right trail. I rejected the first possibility because it shot straight up and was a riverbed mess of loose rocks, moss, and dangerous footings with no apparent blazes. Shortly thereafter I discovered that this was in fact the trail and began one of the most intense and terrifying hikes of my life. I was on all fours with my heavy pack teetering on my back, scrambling up this mess, cursing myself and the trail and using tree stumps and saplings to pull myself up. It was the steepest trail I'd ever hiked and there was no sign of markings of any kind, other hikers, or any indication at all that this even was a trail.

This went on for two hours and at one point I had to go back down quite a ways to retrieve my water bottle that had dropped out of my pack and bounced down the trail. I hugged the side of a cliff to my right, hoping the trail would cross the riverbed as the map suggested it would. I told myself that if by 1:30 I didn't see any markings, I would go back down so I wouldn't become lost in these mountains, where I was certain no one would come looking for me. Then suddenly I found myself at the top of a ridge and there was the first trail marking, a red arrow spray-painted on a rock. I actually laughed out loud in relief and moved on with renewed confidence. The trail continued to be difficult and steep, but eventually I came out onto a plateau where everything opened up with mountains on all sides and green plains ahead of me. I could make out some distant colorful specks, humans who would eventually direct me to my destination, which I reached that evening.

Throughout the entire adventure I thought about Pine Island and realized that if I had not had both the psychological conditioning I learned on PIC hiking trips and the skills I learned from woodcraft instructors like Rob Moor, I would have turned around at my first obstacle. At PIC I learned that each step, no matter how uncomfortable, will take you to better views, the eventual comfort of lying in your sleeping bag in a tent, and the great joy of high altitudes. Rob Moor and other woodcraft instructors taught me to read topographical lines, determine

where to find water, and gauge with confidence my location. Without these skills, which I had gone on to teach to campers as a woodcraft instructor, I could easily have become dehydrated and lost among the dizzying peaks and wandered in the Greek wilderness that is inhabited by bear and wild pigs, and my adventure might not have ended as well as it did, with me feasting on local food and watching the sunset from a beautiful mountain refuge.

Akka Lakka!
Zander

LETTER FROM EXPEDITION CAMP 2013

It has become something of a tradition to receive a letter from the co-leaders of Expedition Camp, Pine Island's six-week program for fifteen-year-old boys, sent back with the driver who meets them a week into the Allagash Wilderness canoe trip to resupply them. Below are excerpts from this year's letter from Expedition Camp directors Ben Schachner and Sumner Ford. The 2013 Expedition Campers included Alex Audi, Noah Brodsky, Byron Gaspard, Justin Gaspard, Gray Hill, and Tommy Mottur. The 2014 Expedition Camp program has already reached its ten-camper capacity!

July 6, 2013

Dear Ben,

Five days into our trip we've covered about forty miles by canoe and on foot. Yesterday, hefting the canoes onto our shoulders, we portaged the roughly three-mile dirt road and grass trail from our Round Pond North campsite to the put-in on Allagash Lake. Jay, the park ranger at the put-in, who bears a striking resemblance to Gimley from Lord of the Rings without the double-sided war axe and battle helmet, asked us in passing how the grays and blues were doing; turns out he had read the Down East article and he mentioned that his wife had a long list of questions for us about the War Game...

...We spent the rest of yesterday afternoon and evening lounging on a large section of sun-baked glacially scarred

rock jutting out into Round Pond. The rest was much needed. Half the portage was on an open dirt road with no shade and plenty of horse flies and mosquitos. The day before that we began our paddle, battling a strong headwind in Black Pond up to the mouth of Caucomogomoc Stream and ended the day walking, hauling, and pushing the boats up the Horseshoe in waist-high water. Our second day on the water was a twenty-five mile push to Canvas Dam, which included a healthy headwind on Chesuncook Lake and on the Penobscot Corridor. The boys have maintained an unwavering determination through the trip though, and spirits are high. They've assumed their daily roles and responsibilities with gusto and they've become more cohesive as a group already. We have enjoyed our daily debriefs, and the boys are open to suggestions and seem eager to learn, and amongst them all runs a strain of excitement and curiosity about what lies around the next bend in the river and what each new day will bring...

...Hope all is well back on the island. We all miss PIC and the island life, but we're steadily fall into into a comfortable routine on the rivers and lakes of the north Maine woods...See you in a week and a half!

Akka Lakka! Ben and Sumner

p.s. Almost forgot—we saw nearly a dozen moose on the stream yesterday!



2013 Expedition Campers and Leaders: Sumner Ford, Alex, Tommy, Ben Schachner, Byron, Justin, Gray, and Noah.

CAMPERS WRITE

Our thanks to Michael Robertson for making his way up to PIC mid-summer from New York City to spearhead the production of the on-line *Summer Pine Needle*. Below are some samples of the writing campers did with Michael's encouragement.

Sailing

by Will Pomerantz, age 13

Living in New York City does not give me the opportunity to sail as much as I would like. The only time I got to sail at home was when I was nine and did a sailing camp for a couple of weeks. That was the first time I had sailed by myself. I was scared on the water. The next year I went to Pine Island. Given my experience at home, I was scared of signing up for sailing and it was not until this year that I started signing up for sailing. As it turns out, it is my favorite activity and last summer I became much more confident on the water. I am looking forward to sailing a lot next summer.

Outside the Box

by Henry Sikora, age 12

Most kids go to camp to learn about water skiing, tubing, and other types of activities that include the use of modern technology. Pine Island campers receive something more. We learn about how life used to be by doing more with less. When my friends from home tell me about their experiences from camp, telling them that I spent six weeks living in a tent with no electricity or running water probably won't sound like much fun. I think the reason people don't think it sounds fun is that it's different. When I

decided to come to Pine Island, I considered it a leap of faith. I knew that it was either going to be spectacular or mediocre. My risk has paid off, and I am having one of the best times of my life. When I go home and tell my New York City friends of my summer hiking mountains, learning to kayak and sail, and making so many new friends, I think they might have trouble thinking of a comeback. Pine Island gives kids the fun that they want and also something that they don't always realize. Pine Island makes kids better people in the long run. Pine Island has made me a better person!

Walking the Storm

by Ben Chester, age 13

"Wake up!" Cody's loud booming voice echoed as he rocked our tent, "c'mon get up." I groaned as I slowly sat up. My back was aching from yesterday's hike and sleeping on my rock-hard trail pad. I rubbed sleep from my eyes. As I pulled myself from my sleeping bag I grabbed my shorts and shirt and threw them on, yanked up my wool socks and tied up my boots, then I pushed myself into the misting world just outside our tent. I ate a hasty bagel breakfast with the group and closed my hip strap with a click as we started our long march to the summit.

The path quickly started to climb upward as we marched; the smooth trail I had hiked yesterday had disappeared. In its place was a staircase of stone. A thick fog had rolled in and blocked our view of the valley behind us. The large rocks that jutted out from the path were slick from last night's rainstorm. Pine branches reached their long arms out and wiped hundreds of freezing droplets

onto my soggy skin. It happened again and again. My shorts clung to me so tightly I couldn't tell where shorts ended and skin began. I followed the group to a little break in the grueling ascent and we got a water break. I shivered and my joints groaned as we started up again. The world seemed perfectly still as we trudged on. The endless stairwell grew steeper still and we chugged more of our precious water. I thought back to when I was a younger child and how I would never have been able to complete this grueling summit, on and on the rocks kept coming and coming. It seemed as though the mountain was laughing at our little sweaty bodies. Then the trees began to thin and to shrink. Soon the trees were only about eleven feet high, and then all of a sudden the tree line broke and I stared up at the summit.

Mount Madison's summit looks as though someone has dropped a large pile of rocks on top and made them into 4 separate hill-like peaks. Our group walked over to the base of the first hill and dropped our packs for a gorp break. If you ever go for a long hike with a 25 or 30-pound pack then you will understand the feeling I felt for the first time. My entire body felt like it was hovering inches from the ground, like a sudden magical bolt shot down from the sky and made me grow two inches; it was awesome. It was a short break but it was just enough to cut the edge of my hunger. At one point I was sure we had reached the top, however another grueling pile of stone towered over us yet again. At long last we reached it and the feeling I got when I was on top is indescribable. It was as if I were Zeus sitting atop my throne in Olympus staring down at all the puny mortals below.

My feeling of awesomeness was short lived, because we soon began to hike down the steepest slope I had seen yet.

It became increasingly difficult to control my deadened legs. Then out of the fog came a beautiful amazing sight: the lunch hut! The sight of our destination propelled us on, and soon we had arrived.

We were hit with a wave of warmth as we floundered through the door. The giant pack on my shoulders had worn my legs to jelly. I felt the first tingling of pain in the ankle I had rolled on the rocks. Our counselors began to pass out packets of Starkist tuna and tortillas, which we all devoured immediately. I thought it was the best thing I had ever eaten. My friend Jacob told me, "Everything tastes good on hiking trips."

After I was done and had refilled my water bottle, we flopped out the door into the rain.

Our group had finished Mt. Madison and we now set our sights on Mt. Adams. The ridgeline hike took our weary group all the way to the summit of Adams, which all in all was a very easy hike. As we came back to the "Scottish Hills," I heard a rumble of thunder.

Rain fell in buckets and our main focus was to get off that ridge fast! We weren't far from the trees, and we made for them at a pace I didn't think my body could handle, but finally, after what seemed like hours we saw it—our cabin! Shouts of celebration came up from our party, "Yay!" and "Woohoo!" as we tumbled through the door.

Later that night, as I lay down on my mattress (a rare luxury for campers), I thought over our day. Despite the hardship and the difficulty, my mind had already made a decision deep down. I was going to be taking a lot more hiking trips this year!



Rafted up and sailing down an Allagash Wilderness lake.



On the Allagash River in the early morning.

NEEDLE NEWS BRIEFS

Pine Islander, Actor, Christian Schneider Remembers His Lines

Christian Schneider, a senior at Wesleyan University who is from Brunswick, Maine, used to wow campers and staff alike at campfire with a feat we are unlikely to see repeated any time soon. Christian could, without hesitating, recite entire scenes, including *dialogue from all the characters*, from any one of a dozen feature films. And if time allowed, he could, and did, recite *entire movies*. Needless to say this came in pretty handy on those occasions when the van was a couple of hours late for a trip pickup or the tennis class was stuck in the Freight Shed during a rainstorm. Watching Christian do all the parts in the famous “She’s a witch!” scene from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, hopping about on the sandy stage on what might otherwise have been a slow night, was a thing of beauty. So it goes without saying that, while Christian has encountered many challenges in the early stages of what the Newshound is certain will be a long and successful acting career and will certainly encounter many more, remembering his lines will not be one of them. In fact, Christian usually knows all his lines and everyone else’s! Christian will graduate from Wesleyan this spring with a double major in History and Theater. He has acted throughout his college career and spent the first semester of his junior year in London at an acting conservatory and played the role of Posthumous in Shakespeare’s *Cymbeline*, which was directed by a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company. He said the London experience cemented his desire to continue acting. At Wesleyan Christian most recently played the Lord of the Underworld in *Eurydice*, and Bobby Sands, the IRA hunger striker, in an original play called *Fire and Bone*. Christian spent last sum-

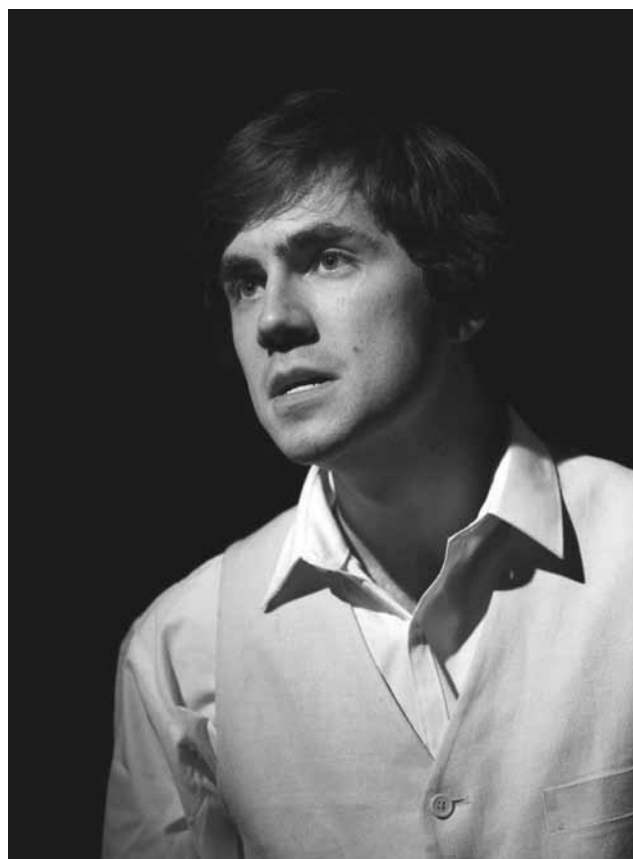
mer working at the renowned Williamstown Theater Festival as an acting apprentice and was cast as a spy named Mack in *Hapgood* by Tom Stoppard, Christian’s first show with equity actors, one of which was Kate Burton from *Grey’s Anatomy* and *Scandal*. Christian plans to head to New York, Los Angeles, or London to take the next step. Break a leg and Akka Lakka, Christian!

Visit the Revamped Pine Island Website!

Many hours of work by board member John Pollard, director of communications Sarah Hunter, and webmaster John Bald have given the Pine Island Camp website, www.pineisland.org, a fresh new look and a structure that is easier to use and full of information, photos, and opportunities for Pine Island alumni to stay in touch with Pine Island through Facebook and the Pine Island Blog. We hope that you will visit the site often to stay abreast of goings-on at Pine Island Camp, and we especially hope you will send new families with camp-age boys to the site. We think they will find the Pine Island experience irresistible.

Pine Island Red Sox Fans Rewarded

It is hardly news to say that the Boston Red Sox had a banner year, staging a thrilling worst to first turnaround in the 2013 season. An unscientific poll indicates that the number of Pine Islanders rooting for the Red Sox is about matched by those rooting for the Yankees, and there is a smattering of Pine Islanders loyal to other baseball teams across the country. At least two PIC families were on hand to witness the Red Sox spectacular ups and downs during the ALCS and World Series home games in Fenway Park. What a ride!



Christian Schneider as Posthumous in *Cymbeline* in London.



Rob and Charlie Boutwell all smiles at Fenway Park after the Red Sox win the World Series.



Robby, Sara, and Xander Schwartz at Fenway Park anticipating the Red Sox victory in Game 6 of the ALCS.



The War Yacht with her nylon skin removed is ready for repairs.

IN MEMORIAM

Stephen Gardner

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Pine Island parent and former board member Stephen Gardner on July 17, 2013. Steve was 59. Steve and Dorothy Gardner's sons Chris and Brendan both attended Pine Island as campers and then worked at PIC. Steve was extremely generous to Pine Island Camp with his time and his wisdom, and his and Dorothy's exceptionally generous financial support of Pine Island Camp and its fledgling Whitehead Light Station project at a critical time was instrumental in preparing that facility for its opening season in 2009. Steve graduated from Princeton University in 1975, majoring in geophysics. He taught science at the Fenn School in Concord, Massachusetts from 1975-1979 and then entered Harvard Business School. Steve entered the computer industry in 1983, working for Burroughs Company in Detroit. His entrepreneurial spirit and thirst for innovation guided him through a multitude of ventures in the industry, including positions at Bull HN, Data General and Peregrine Systems, where he became the CEO. Steve moved to Belfast, Maine where he worked with and enjoyed being with his family, including his daughter-in-law Katarzyna, his granddaughter Gabriela, and his beloved golden retriever Remy. Steve was a generous, cheerful, indefatigable man who loved all that Pine Island Camp stood for and was always eager to help in any way he could. Akka Lakka, Steve.

David Fisher

David Fisher died peacefully in his home on Wednesday, September 25, 2013 under hospice care from a rapidly progressive neurologic illness. He was 83. Dave discovered Pine Island through his sister, who worked at the Collegiate School with Jun Swan. As the camp's skipper for two summers starting in 1950, Dave executed all of a modern skipper's obligations, with the added burden of transporting enormous slabs of ice from the head of the camp road several times a week. He was both pleased and disdainful when the camp first bought propane gas-powered refrigerators. Dave was fond of eccentric stories of blind luck and futile passions, and he often told the tale of taking a canoe out from camp on a night off. He randomly selected a light on the shoreline as a destination, and when he finally arrived he found two lonely young women playing Monopoly. A friendship quickly turned to a romance with one, which finally ended with Dave trying to knock the door off her house with the camp truck several weeks later. He also spoke warmly of his friendship with a local handyman who worked for the camp, who had (with his brother) forcibly evicted everyone from a bar one night in Oakland. A week later, Dave

entered the bar and found a few terrified patrons in one corner and the handyman sitting by himself at a table. Dave enthusiastically greeted him and sat down, to the awe of all others present. From that moment on, Dave could walk through Oakland with complete confidence. With many warm memories of Pine Island, Dave never forgot his summers there. His family continued his Pine Island legacy, with his sons Whit and Doug and grandson Steven attending for many years. Dave is survived by his wife Carolyn, who lives in New York City. Akka Lakka, Dave.

Peter Van Dyke Berg

Peter Van Dyke Berg, of Walpole, New Hampshire and New Canaan, Connecticut died December 16, 2013 in New Canaan with his family at his side. He was 89. Peter was married to Theodora "Teddy" Gibson Berg, mother of Pine Islander Tad Gibson and grandmother of Nick, Cole, and Cade Gibson. His grandsons Peter Berg and Jamie McMillan also attended Pine Island. Peter grew up in Orange, NJ and graduated from the Lawrenceville School in 1942. After high school he attended Yale University where he was a member of the class of '45W. He was on active military duty from 1943 to 1946. He received his mechanical engineering degree from Yale in 1948 and his J.D. from Yale in 1952. He joined the law firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft in New York in 1957 and became that firm's youngest partner in 1961. In 1974, he left Cadwalader to start his own firm, Landmark Management, Inc., where he worked until his death. Peter was a great friend to Pine Island Camp, and he and Teddy provided a hot meal and a warm bed for director Ben Swan on his recruiting travels for nearly twenty years and introduced him to both Bleinheim's spicy ginger ale and Ting, the grapefruit libation made in Antigua, where Peter spent many happy days at his beautiful home there. For much of his life Peter was a 100%er in his backyard swimming pool as much of the year as there was water in it, and one could always recognize the 100%er's spring in his step and gleam in his eye. Akka Lakka, Peter.



Pine Islander Hans Sprecher (left) and his co-drivers on the Transfagarasan Highway in Romania.

War Yacht Receives TLC From Stimson Marine

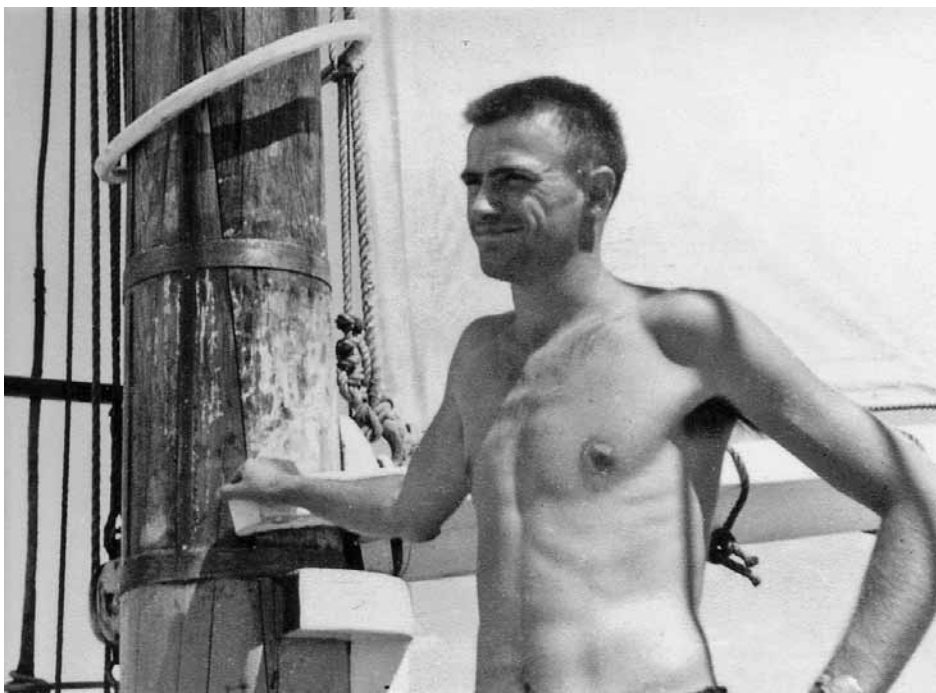
Time flies. Pine Island's War Yacht is fifteen years old this year. She is a 28-foot long skin-on-frame "canoe" used by Pine Islanders on their forays into big water, including the Kennebec River and Flagstaff Lake. When designer and builder David Stimson was asked if he would build Pine Island a war canoe (Old Town had said "no thanks"), he said the problem with canoes is that they want to be either right-side up or upside down, and the transition from the former to the latter tends to happen in the blink of an eye. So David went on to design a canoe-like boat that is actually more along the lines of a St. Lawrence Skiff rowboat. The result was an extremely seaworthy boat with a capacity of ten paddlers that can be paddled, rowed, or sailed using its square sail. She has been an ideal craft for any trip on big water, especially with little boys, and with her removable floorboards she is just light enough for eight campers and two counselors to lift in and out of the water.

The War Yacht has taken a beating over her life. She was left rubbing for hours on a rock while moored at Oak Island one night and had to be patched;

she was moored in the Cove for several summers before we realized that having a wet bilge was tough on her many lashings; and she was not always stored in a manner that took into account her light construction. She was a first of her kind boat when she was built, and over the years we have learned a good deal. This winter the War Yacht is back with Stimson Marine, who will give her a new nylon/hypalon skin, a new keel, over a hundred new lashings, and new thwarts and supports. The result will be a somewhat stiffer boat with less of a tendency to hog and to work her lashings loose. We will also store her out of the water during the summer and store her on her specially built trailer during the winter with support wherever she needs it.

Are We There Yet? Pine Islander Drives from Dover To Mongolia

Writes former counselor Hans Sprecher of his journey, "The Fiat Panda, happily sporting PIC decals, made it to Ulaanbaatar, Mongolia in one piece. You can just make out 'Gracious Living' on the side of the attached photo, taken on the Transfagarasan Highway in Romania. It was a good six-week drive and my most exciting trip since the Allagash senior canoe trip of 2008."



Dave Fisher aboard a schooner c. 1950.





THE KEEPER'S LOG

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

The Whitehead Light Station, Pine Island Camp's stunningly beautiful eleven-acre facility on the northeast end of Whitehead Island, was a busy place again during the 2013 season. The Light Station, staffed again by the amazingly hardworking and resourceful Matt Wall and Gigi Lirot, received nearly 200 visitors for events that included a volunteer week, two open houses, four courses, and two rentals. Matt and Gigi had help from various nieces and nephews and other friends and volunteers. Both Matt and Gigi will be on hand again in 2014 to serve as captain and chef, and to keep the place ship shape and running smoothly.

Beer Takes A Holiday

Home and microbrew guru and Pine Islander Charlie Papazian signed on as instructor again for the fourth annual Art and Science of Beer course at the Whitehead Light Station. It was again a great success. Five lucky participants sampled over 70 kinds of beer, accompanied by great food and conversation. All participants cited spending time with Charlie Papazian as a highlight of their year. Charlie and his family have decided to take a break in 2014. We thank them for helping Pine Island get the Whitehead Light Station project off to a great start and we hope very much they will return soon for another wonderful home-brewing extravaganza.

Meditation Continues

While we were unable to schedule a Mindfulness Meditation week this past season, we were happy to welcome Nancy Hathaway to the Whitehead Lightstation last summer as instructor for a long weekend of meditation. Six participants signed on and all of them pronounced the experience a great success. For 2014, we are planning both a long weekend with Nancy and a Mindfulness Meditation week with past instructor Robert Cox.

Knitting Retreat Reprise

Last season knitting instructor Mim Bird of Over the Rainbow Yarn in Rockland, Maine joined six knitters for a four-day knitting retreat at the Light Station. Once again *all* participants wrote to say that it was a peak knitting experience for them. We are planning to do it again, so be sure to get in touch if you would like to sign on.

Chef Daisy Martinez Returns

Six devoted Daisy fans and cooks joined renowned author and chef Daisy Martinez for a week of expert instruction, excellent food, and lots of fun

at the Light Station last summer. This was Daisy's third trip to the Light Station and everyone enjoyed the peaceful beauty of one of the most spectacular locations on the coast of Maine and Daisy's seemingly infinite energy, expertise, and warmth.

Open Houses

WLS opened our doors to the general public twice during the 2013 season: once in June for our own open house, and once in September as part of Maine's Open Lighthouse Day. On June 16 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. Several participants in the Volunteer Week, which ran the previous week, stayed to help with the Open House. Once again a happy result of the 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 2014.

On September 15th Whitehead participated in the fourth 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.

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 week-long 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 doing whatever else needs to be done.

Make a Donation

Gifts to support Pine Island's efforts at Whitehead Light Station last year reached the goal of \$15,000, which was hugely helpful. All gifts are fully tax deductible, carefully used, and *much* appreciated!

Rent the Facility

The entire Whitehead Light Station is for rent by the week. It is an ideal location for a gathering of friends or a family reunion.

For more information...

Please visit the website www.whiteheadlightstation.org to find out more about the offerings and availability for the 2014 WLS season.



Daisy Martinez and her cooking students at Whitehead Light Station.



The 2013 WLS Volunteer Crew.

Answers to crossword puzzle on page 19

Across	Down
1. Use it to power a canoe (paddle)	1. Daily inspirational message (password)
2. Key water transport at PIC (kvs)	2. Trail snack (gorp)
3. PIC craft with room for 10 (waryacht)	3. Tallest mountain in Maine (Katahdin)
4. You get 2 of them to eat during the show (candybars)	4. Prickly sacred animal (zinga)
5. Rowboat (dory)	5. The one of these in fishing (fly)
6. It comes by boat at PIC (mail)	6. PFC carbob class (steak)
7. Ex Camp and Senior Canoe water destination	7. Coastal island destination (Whitehead)
8. Sign up for these at the Staff Office (activities)	8. Nightly entertainment at PIC (campfire)
9. PIC habitation (tent)	9. Dwelling area with sunset views (range)
10. Lots of activities come and go from here (boathouse)	10. Living in Our Goal! (lobster)
11. Fine islanders go on lots of them! (trips)	11. Dinner treat at Whitehead (lobster)
12. Use it to power a dory (oar)	12. Hall on a hill (honk)
13. Ex Camp and Senior Canoe water destination	13. Make a bookshelf here (shop)
14. Sign up for these at the Staff Office (activities)	14. Lakes - popular canoe and kayak trip (chip)
15. PIC habitation (tent)	15. Popular dessert choice (chipwich)
16. Lots of activities come and go from here (boathouse)	16. car - a Sunday afternoon activity on the water (bass)
17. Fine islanders go on lots of them! (trips)	17. Upland dwelling area (ridge)
18. Use it to power a dory (oar)	18. When doubled, PIC truck license plate (dop)
19. Ex Camp and Senior Canoe water destination	
20. Sign up for these at the Staff Office (activities)	
21. PIC habitation (tent)	
22. Lots of activities come and go from here (boathouse)	
23. Fine islanders go on lots of them! (trips)	
24. Use it to power a dory (oar)	
25. Ex Camp and Senior Canoe water destination	
26. Sign up for these at the Staff Office (activities)	
27. PIC habitation (tent)	
28. Lots of activities come and go from here (boathouse)	
29. Fine islanders go on lots of them! (trips)	
30. Use it to power a dory (oar)	
31. Ex Camp and Senior Canoe water destination	
32. Sign up for these at the Staff Office (activities)	
33. PIC habitation (tent)	
34. Lots of activities come and go from here (boathouse)	
35. Fine islanders go on lots of them! (trips)	

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

The Newshound is always glad to hear from you and to hear what you have been up to. You can always reach the Hound at benswan@pineisland.org. He keeps a file so give him some news for the next exciting edition of Needle-notes.

Chris and Whitney **Brunet** welcomed their second future Pine Islander, **Benjamin Johnson Brunet**, on November 21, 2013. **Eric Nagle** and his wife Margaret welcomed their daughter **Maya** on April 26, 2013. **Andrew Irvine** and his wife Darcy Bliss welcomed daughter **Willow** on July 15, 2012. They were married June 15, 2012. Andrew teaches chemistry at the Harker School in San Jose, California. Brother **Jonathan Irvine** is working in the preschool at Harker. **Jorgen Hollnagel** was married to Michele Day in Salt Lake City, Utah on Wednesday, October 23, 2013. Brother **Dan Hollnagel** is a legal assistant in Tucson, AZ and sees mom **Andrea** and Jorgen frequently. **Lindsay Clarke** was married to Shea Gunther in Portland, Maine on July 27, 2013. **Amy Beatie** was married to Declan Galvin in Belgrade Lakes, Maine on August 24, 2013. Amy is the executive director of the Colorado Water Trust in Denver, CO.

Recent counselors and campers are scattered around the US and Canada at various colleges and universities: **Charles-Elie Laly** and **Xafi Guyard** are at McGill, and **Antoine Desjonqueres** at Concordia, in Montreal. **Ned Pressman** is at Hobart. **Zander Abranowicz** and **Millie Pulver** are at Cornell. **Madie Pulver** is at Clemson. **Simon Abranowicz** and **Benson Worthington** are at Syracuse. **Alex** and **Nicky Toole** are at Dickinson. **Oliver Lowe** is at Gettysburg. **Rip Swan** is at Tufts. **Katie Swan** is at Elon and so is **Taggart McLean**. **Cece Carey-Snow** is at Bates, along with **Cody Smith** and **Matt Neal**. **Tommy Nagler** is up the road at Colby and **Charlie Krause** and **Tasha Yektayi** are at Bowdoin. **Christian Schneider** is at Wesleyan. **Emil Henry** is at Connecticut College. **Bret Newman**, **Catherine Heinrich**, **Kevin Prindle**, and **Jack Faherty** are at St. Lawrence. **Kevin Hubbard** is at U. Maine Farmington. **Taylor Williamson** is at Reed. **Olivia Lobdell** is at James Madison. **Mary Harrington** is at UVA Nursing School. **Ben Lorber** is at Bard. **John Black** is at RIT. **Baxter Worthing** is at Clark. **Rachel Black** is at Oberlin, along with **Adam Schachner**. **Will Stemberg** is at Harvard. **Ben Schachner** and **Max McKendry** are at UVM. **David Greene** is at William and Mary. **David Kemp** is at Bucknell and so is **Henry Gabriel**. **Jeff Orton** is at Colorado State University. **Jack Walsh** is finishing his second year at Yonsei University, Seoul, South Korea. He is majoring in foreign relations. His "year abroad," at Koc University, Turkey, begins in February. After graduating from Mass. Maritime, **Willie Walsh** is a third mate on offshore oil rig supply ships in the Gulf of Mexico. He might run into

Will Morrison out there. Will is a safety officer on various oil rigs in the Gulf.

Krista Wiberg is working for the Bose Corporation in Cambridge, Massachusetts. **Joe Kovaz** continues teaching chemistry and physics at A.C. Flora High School in Columbia, South Carolina. **Caroline Moughon** is a nurse at the University of Virginia Hospital. **Max Huber** is now taking post-grad courses at UVA that will prepare him to apply to medical school. **Will Mason** is heading for a PhD in Music Theory at Columbia. **Becca Waldo** is in graduate school at Smith College, enrolled in a relatively new graduate program Smith has developed. Becca is in the first year of a two-year program working toward her MS in Exercise and Sports Science. The focus of the program is to produce expert and knowledgeable college coaches. After she graduates, Becca hopes to find a way to combine her interest in rowing and conservation. She says she has found the confines and demands of graduate school a bit of a shock after her life as a naturalist up in the huts of the White Mountains and as a barista/ski bum in Tahoe. **Page Dunbar** is working as a nurse outside of Washington, DC. **Jay Steiner** is a nurse in Florida. **Kit Smith** is living in Los Angeles, CA and working with a former Bowdoin College lac-



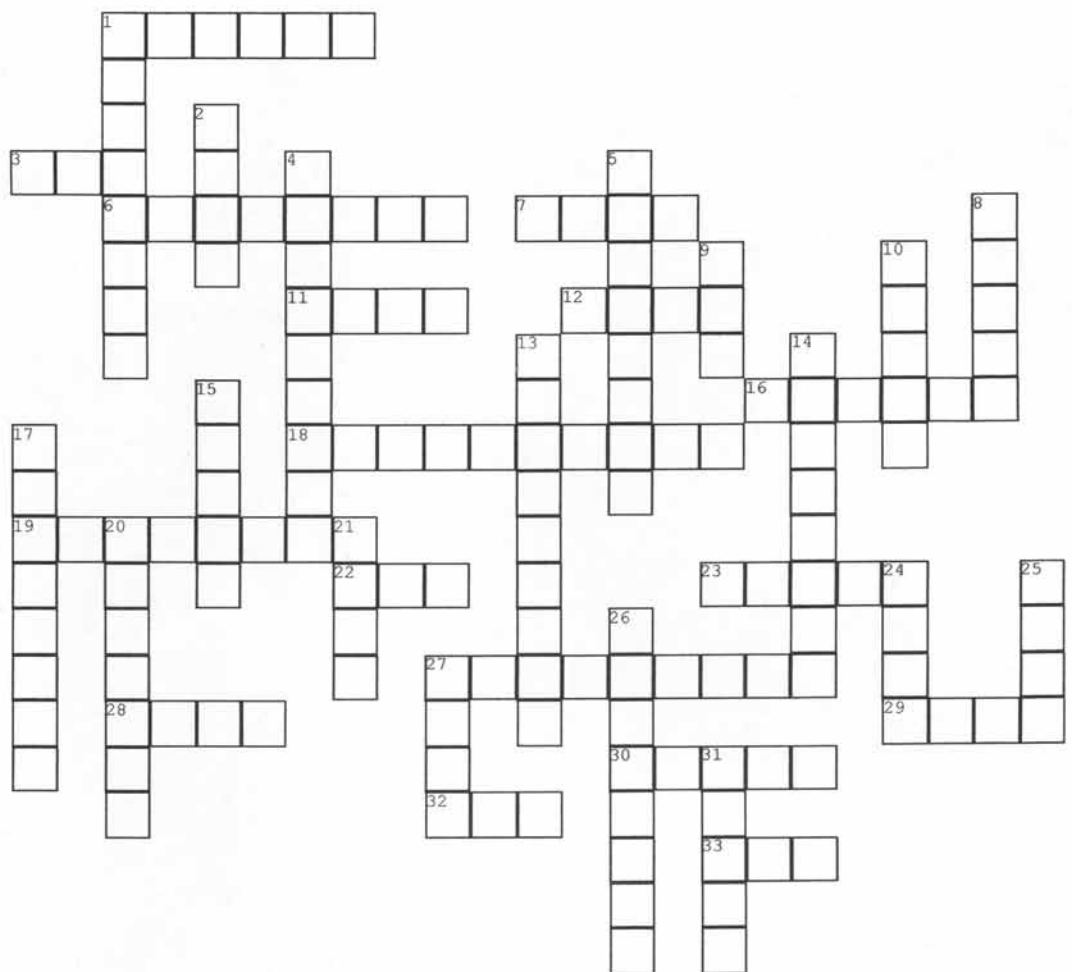
Willie Walsh and his sister Phoebe at his graduation from the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

crosse teammate for String King, www.stringinglacrosse.com, whose mission is, "to conveniently place the perfect pocket into the hands of every lacrosse player." **Paul Malle** has graduated from Bard College and is making his way in the film industry and living in New York City. Brother **Lucien** is a junior at the Westminster School in Simsbury, Connecticut.

Will Clark was in Maine recently and had breakfast with Ben Swan. Will is a junior in high school in Lake Oswe-

go, OR and is rowing crew year round. **Sara Lindquist**, daughter of **Barry** and **Gloria Lindquist**, was engaged to be married last summer on the Rink dock! **Chris Gardner** is co-founder of Velo Ink, a company based in Belfast, ME that designs and sells high-quality decals for your bike. Business is booming! You can learn more at www.veloink.com. **Chris Newlin** is living outside Madison, WI and is a rep for a number of different lines of bikes and equipment at Rp Activesports. **Rob Moor** continues his successful career as a freelance journalist. Recently the story he wrote about the War Game for *Downeast Magazine* garnered the International Regional Magazine Association's top award in the general feature category. **Will Dana** continues at the helm of *Rolling Stone Magazine*. **John Dowling** is the CEO of the Boast Apparel Company and lives in Brooklyn. **Karl** and **Debbie Kasper** have moved from Yarmouth, ME to Bozeman, MT, where Karl continues to work for Woodard and Curran. The Kaspers are in the throes of renovating an old home in the middle of town. Sons **Niel** and **Ben** are living and working in Lake Tahoe, CA and daughter **Kelley** is at Prescott College in Arizona. **Bob Joly** is a police officer in Mt. Pleasant, SC and a member of the SWAT team.

Pine Needle 2014



Across

1. Use it to power a canoe
3. Key water transport at PIC
6. PIC craft with room for 10
7. _____ Big _____ - water/land combo trip
11. Rowboat
12. It comes by boat at PIC
16. He's king at PIC!
18. Sign up for these at the Staff Office
19. Ex Camp and Senior Canoe water destination
22. Use it to power a dory
23. Pine Islanders go on lots of them!
27. Lots of activities come and go from here
28. PIC habitation
29. _____ house - where we fill our water bottles
30. A place with a great view to sit and read Garfield
32. Weekend special treat at PIC
33. When doubled, PIC truck license plate

Down

1. Daily inspirational message
2. Trail snack
4. You get 2 of them to eat during the show
5. Tallest mountain in Maine
8. Prickly sacred animal
9. Tie one of these in fishing
10. PIC catboat class
13. Coastal island destination
14. Nightly entertainment at PIC
15. Dwelling area with sunset views
17. _____ Living Is Our Goal!
20. Dinner treat at Whitehead
21. Hall on a hill
24. Make a bookshelf here
25. _____ Lakes - popular canoe and kayak trip
26. Popular dessert choice
27. _____ car - a Sunday afternoon activity on the water
31. Upland dwelling area

PINE ISLAND CAMP
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“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 Island’s 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.

Cost: \$750 per week

Contact: 207-200-7957 or info@whiteheadlightstation.org.



The deck at Topside early morning



Master bedroom at Topside

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

WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION FOR RENT

You can rent the entire Whitehead Light Station! Seven bedrooms, each with its own bathroom, all linens provided, transportation provided by a skipper who will live at the facility and be available for trips ashore or excursions in the Light Station’s launch. This is an amazing place for a family reunion or a reunion of friends. For more photos and information go to www.whiteheadlightstation.org. Cost: \$3900–\$6900 depending on the season.

Contact us at 207-200-7957 or info@whiteheadlightstation.org.



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