

# The Pine Needle

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE

FEBRUARY 2011

## CAMPFIRE IN NEW YORK! PINE ISLANDERS FROM FAR AND WIDE ARE WARMED BY SUMMER GLOW AMID CITY SNOWDRIFTS

by Max Huber

On Saturday, January 29, Pine Islanders from around the country gathered around the First Annual Campfire in New York for a night of great food, great company, hilarious skits and belted-out campfire tunes. The event took place at DUMBO Loft in Brooklyn, a performance space situated at the foot of the Manhattan Bridge with views of the East River. With its rustic wooden columns and big windows, the space was as reminiscent of Honk Hall as could be expected in the big city. Charley Birney, the organizer of the event and OD for the night, stepped up the atmosphere with a dozen Saturday Night Show posters and an iPad campfire app, complete with the sounds of a crackling campfire piped in over the speaker system.

About 150 Pine Islanders - campers, staff, alumni, friends and family - were in attendance. The Eklund family put together a fine buffet dinner of New York-style pizza, generously donated by Motorino Pizza of Brooklyn, and other gourmet items, including Blue and Gray ice cream made and donated by Jonathan Eklund. After taking time to eat and catch up with each other, attendees sat down for the main event.

If there's one thing the Pine Island community knows how to do, it's entertain one another without worrying about looking foolish. There was some question about whether this spirit could be transported intact from the sandy stage at PIC in mid-summer to a loft in Brooklyn surrounded by deep snowdrifts, but once Josh Treat "lit" the campfire, there was no doubt that the campfire spirit traveled well. One after another, campers, counselors and alums took to the stage to act and sing. Counselor Will Webb got everyone up off their chairs with the rousing audience participation "Button Masher" song, followed by a more high-brow original clarinet performance by camper Matt Hawkins. Campers Ben Catania and Will Pomerantz played their guitars and sang a beautiful, original and well-practiced song called "I'm Cold." Alum Peter Ward was on hand to lead the audience in his inimitable version of "Little Cabin in the Woods."

Songs re-written with Great Pond-themed lyrics have become a staple at summer campfires, and the audience was treated to several in New York. Matt Clarke and I sang a song about PIC deserts called "Choco-Taco," to the tune of Neil Young's "Heart of Gold," and alums Pope Ward and Stuart Murray sang "Archery Man" in defense of the

often underappreciated archery activity sung to the tune of Neil Diamond's "Solitary Man." Alums Charlie Birney and David Williamson offered a reinterpretation of the Hank Snow tune "I've Been Everywhere, Man," and as the evening progressed and things got wilder, even Johnny Credit Card, a.k.a. Ben Swan, made an appearance wearing his traditional red baseball cap and singing his classic "Camper Named Sue." Current staffers Harry Swan and Will Webb performed a hilarious original skit skewering the takeover of modern life by screens, games, and phones. Later on, long-time Pine Island staffers Matt Clarke and Alice Packard closed out the evening with their rendition of "Sweet Pine Island" based on the song "Sweet Carolina" by singer-songwriter Ryan Adams.

For all who attended, the night provided a welcome and warm respite from the frigid, slushy conditions of January in New York City. Any time Pine Islanders get together, the conversation inevitably turns to nostalgic tales about camping trips long past or decades-old War Game strategies, and this evening was no different. Pine Islanders from all generations stayed long after the entertainment closed to share stories and reminisce about past summers. The evening marked the beginning of a rare thing, a *new* Pine Island tradition. This year's Campfire in NYC left all who attended warmed up inside and out and ready to brave the winter months by taking a little bit of Pine Island with them. Keep an eye out so you can save the date of next winter's campfire!



Ben Catania and Will Pomerantz performing "I'm Cold"



Peter Ward leads his unique version of "Little Cabin in the Woods."



Harry Swan and Will Webb in "Video Game Nightmare"



Matt Clarke and Max Huber belting out "Choco Taco"

# EXPEDITION CAMP 2010—EPIC JOURNEYS, BRILLIANT MOMENTS

by Expedition Camp co-leader Kit Smith

The sun hides behind a thin fold of clouds. Waiting for it to dip below the haze and come into view, we settle in for our last panoramic view in Vermont's Green Mountains. It is fitting that we should end our 2010 Expedition Camp hiking trip as we started it, with a brilliant sunset. The mysterious mountains of Canada stretch north behind us. We think we can see the Peak of Lincoln in the distant south where we began our trek. The shimmering rays play on the waters of Lake Champlain, creating a blinding shaft of light. No one seems to mind the chill breeze that rips up from the valley. Once again, Aidan pulls the camera out. We snap some photos of our last night in the wild. I feel the beginnings of closure for Expedition Camp 2010 and I savor it. We have traveled a long way and spent many long days together. Steve and I look at the boys and beam with pride.

Preparing the 14-day canoe trip that kicked off Pine Island's 2010 Expedition camp was no easy task for Steve and me, but Ben Swan had given us plenty of time and plenty of resources with which to prepare. We had talked in detail with Matt Clarke, a former Expedition Camp leader and PIC veteran, about logistics and itinerary. Lindsay Clarke had helped us fine-tune our paddling skills and general river knowledge. They had both given us some great ideas about how to structure the program and work effectively with the boys. For instance, we borrowed Lindsay's idea of using a "job wheel" to assign the boys' daily duties. Combining input from Matt and Lindsay with our own tripping experience, Steve and I gathered all the maps, tools and food we needed to head out on the Allagash for the longest trip sent out from Pine Island in recent memory.

At the last moment, one of our boys, Otto Lyon, went down with a shoulder injury, making it impossible for him to paddle, so we needed a quick replacement. It was a tough blow, since both

Steve and I thought Otto would have been like a third counselor. We made a few quick calls and found that my younger brother Cody happened to be available. Soon we had signed on our tenth man. The boys were sad to leave Otto behind, but he would never be far from our conversations on the river.

When I told Steve that my brother was going to be our last camper, he got one of those characteristic Manker smiles that made you feel like he was Batman and you were Robin. Although not as experienced in the woods as the Pine Island boys, I knew Cody's innate ability to problem solve would come in handy on our trip. Steve and I knew that he was one more guy we could confide in and count on without question.

Our first few days on the river were dazzling. Sandy beaches, cool blue water, and sharp cheddar cheese filled us up. Our one big wild card was Noah Libera, a first-year at Pine Island with little outdoor experience. Although Noah had trouble at first adjusting to the challenges of camping in the northern Maine wilderness, he turned out to have a level of resilience and adaptability that I don't think anyone, perhaps especially Noah, could have expected. To make a long story short, Noah ended his Pine Island summer as a rugged War Game specimen, romping boisterously through the Norridgewock woods like some character out of a James Fenimore Cooper novel. His transformation was remarkable to watch.

As part of our Expedition Camp program, each night before we went to bed we openly discussed the mistakes and successes of the day in a ritual we called "debrief." At first, the boys were a little tentative to open up. They were a little uncomfortable bringing up touchy subjects. A few days into the canoe trip, Gabriel "Gab" Grenier changed that. He believed that the boys, including himself, needed to be more responsible and more accountable. Gab spoke about

how Steve and I were doing too much. He called for the other boys to take a more active role in directing and organizing the group. He wanted the boys to take charge of Expedition Camp. It was exactly the kind of attitude that Steve and I had been hoping the boys would adopt at some point. It was the first of the many moments where the boys impressed Steve and me with a level of maturity that I would have never expected from 15-year-olds.

While I have spent entire athletic seasons with a single team, never have I spent as many days, 24 hours a day, in close quarters and under sometimes stressful conditions, as I did with Expedition Camp. There was never a tune far from Jack Larkin's tongue, an attribute that Ernest Shackleton would have appreciated and valued in his exploits on the *Endurance*. Around meal-time, Steve would swap cooking tricks with Charles-Elie Laly and John Black. Gab expected us to set the bar high and held everyone to that standard. We could always count on Noah for a random fact when the rest of us didn't have the answers. When the group faced an obstacle, Colvin Fitzgerald could always find a way around it. And if we ever forgot what we were doing, Aidan Fennesy would remind us to stop and take a second to look around. The one thing that the boys all had in common was the depth of their character. They never stopped surprising me. There were some times when the boys or Steve or I were not at our best, but we would al-

ways find a way to resolve the situation. We had all set our goals from day one, and we were always quick to remind each other that we were in it *all* together.

The entire program, including the canoe trip through the Allagash Wilderness, the work week at Whitehead Island, the hike on the Long Trail in Vermont, time in camp, and the War Game, provide an endless stream of memories, but always it is singular moments that seem to come to me and bring the whole summer into focus. One such moment is seared in my memory: somewhere on the Long Trail, a single, purple, five-petaled blossom sways back and forth among a sea of ferns. I gratefully lay the pack down, rest, and draw a deep breath. I can picture the boys' smiling faces the best when I think about that single blossom. I can hear their laughing when I go back to that last sunset on the Adam's Apple of Mount Mansfield, to the beach at Jaws campsite early one morning, or to the rocks out in front of the lighthouse at Whitehead Light Station. Each time I thought I knew the boys, they would say something unforgettable that would make me pause. Cody once pointed out to me that he and I hadn't spent so much time together since my high school years. We were brothers, but what really connected us was that canoe trip. We shared long afternoons on cool rivers and long lakes. I guess it was those singular moments that made all ten of us feel like brothers. Those are the memories that burn the brightest.



*Expedition Camp 2011 at Allagash Falls (missing from photo is photographer and expedition member Cody Smith)*



*Aidan Fennesy in a brilliant moment on the Long Trail*



*Expedition Camp 2011 high in the Green Mountains of Vermont*

# MAJOR MAINTENANCE: PINE ISLAND'S ANNUAL FUND KEEPS THINGS SHIPSHAPE

Twenty-two tent platforms, 27 buildings (give or take a shed or two), more than 40 sections of dock, two septic systems, and about 75 boats...and they all require regular maintenance. Just thinking about the roofs could keep one up at night in the middle of the winter as the snow piles up and the wind howls across the ice on Great Pond. But, thanks to hundreds of generous donations to the Pine Island Annual Fund by alumni, parents and friends, director Ben Swan can get a good night's sleep, even during a nor'easter in January, knowing that PIC has the resources to keep Pine Island's facilities shipshape.

The off-season work on Pine Island's facilities has long been known as "Major Maintenance," and it is usually done during the early fall. In late August, September, and early October, the weather is generally very good, and there are always a few counselors whose fall plans are "flexible" and who are happy not to have to leave Great Pond just as the leaves are turning and a long string of warm, sunny days and cool, clear nights begins.

This past fall, thanks in no small part to a very robust 2009-10 Annual Fund, the Major Maintenance crew completed a record number of projects. The crew, including counselors Ben Rausch, Josh Treat, and Rip Swan, was skilled and energetic, and for the second year we had expert help from local contractor Dan Trembly. Dan, who lives in the green farmhouse at the head of the camp road, combines true carpenter expertise with other qualities crucial to a member of any Pine Island crew. He is resourceful and undaunted by the quirks of island

work, has a great sense of humor, and he's handy with any kind of boat. Once camp operations had closed down for the season, Msrs. Rausch, Treat, and Rip Swan moved into the First Cabin on the mainland, which had been significantly upgraded by 2010 shop instructor Joel Taplin and his wife McKenzie the previous June. The crew found the new cabinets, sink, and furniture (and the absence of many years of mouse nests and droppings that Joel heroically removed) luxurious. They added their own touch - a stone fire pit for evening cooking and hanging out. Over the next several weeks they tackled an impressive string of projects.

They stripped the shingles and removed an old and leaking skylight from the roof of the Cottage and ripped out the floor of the Boathouse. They then brought to the island the heavy materials that would be used to replace the roof and floor. Once they were ready to begin roofing, Dan Trembly arrived and they re-roofed the Cottage, adding two new skylights, in what seemed like just a few hours. Then the crew continued to work on their own for several days. They cleaned out the Third Cabin, which had become a repository for all manner of stuff. They cut and stacked several cords of pine and hemlock that will supply PIC with high-quality campfire wood. Rip Swan departed for the first of his gap year adventures in mid-September, and Josh, Ben (Rausch), and Dan turned their full attention to the Boathouse project. In just a little over a week they replaced rotting sills and joists and installed a beautiful 2x6 tongue-and-groove pine floor. Then they jacked up

the O.A.R. Office and replaced its underpinnings with huge beams, heavily braced and tied back to the shore. In the meantime, Ben, Harry, and Katie Swan came out to the island for a couple of days and replaced the rotting Magoon porch.

Dan, Josh, and Ben (Rausch) then demolished the stairs on both ends of the South Perch and built new ones like the stars Dan built on the North Perch in the fall of 2009. Dan returned to his contracting business ashore once the steps were done, but Josh and Ben stayed on and kept working. They cut and stacked more firewood, cleaned between the First and Third Cabins, assisted with the setup and cleanup for the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend, and spent two days clearing trees and brush at PIC's Emery's Wharf property near Whitehead Island. They also moved the Surf Shack (a.k.a. Ice House) to the beach in the Cove, built a rack for the new war canoe, and replaced the rotting firewood rack with a new one located nearer the Dust Court, opening up the view from the campfire circle across the lake. Josh

and Ben's final project was to rebuild the terracing between the pumphouse and the kitchen dock.

Ben Rausch headed west to his winter job in Colorado, and Josh moved his base of operations to his family's home in Camden. From there Josh joined Ben Swan on several occasions to work for a day now and then splitting wood, hauling boats, and finally closing up PIC once and for all for the winter. Ben Rausch, Josh Treat, and Rip Swan will return to the Great Pond in May, joined by Harry Swan and Tom Nagler, to prepare PIC for the 2011 season, finish off a couple of projects, and perhaps even have time to take on one or two new ones. Not since the fall after the Fire of '95 has Major Maintenance accomplished so much.

The 2010-11 Annual Fund is looking very strong as of this writing, so the fall of 2011 should be a very productive one as well and we may be able to stay ahead of the forces of nature that are always at work, annual fund or no annual fund. Thank you, alumni, parents, and friends of PIC.



*New underpinnings for the O.A.R. Office*



*New firewood rack with kindling box*



*New steps on the South Perch*

## NEW BASKETBALL BACKBOARD AND HOOP DONATED

A generous gift from a Pine Island parent enabled us to commission Richard Beck, carpenter extraordinaire and Pine Island parent, to design and build a much-needed new basketball backboard for the PIC Dust Court. Richard put his skills and his fine design sense to work and the result was a beautiful, functional, and very Pine Island creation. The backboard is white with a yin-yang sign to help players shoot accurately and maintain balance, and its trim is made of natural-colored oak slabs with edges defined by the wood's rough bark edges. It was in constant use last summer.

The beautiful backboard arrived just

in time for the 2010 staff to secure it to the cedar pole on the south end of the Dust Court during staff week. Ned Bishop was given the honor of the first shot. He missed. Later in the summer campers and staff found a flat rock and embedded it in the court at what would be the foul line if the court had lines, a key spot in the now hugely popular game of Knockout, known as Staffball to the initiated, that is played almost as much as the Pine Island classic Dust Ball. The flat rock kept getting covered with dust, so a whiskbroom for cleaning it off was purchased and now hangs on the pole. Many thanks to our anonymous donor and to Richard Beck.

## PARALLEL PROCESSOR:

# John Goodhue's Exceptional Talents, Energy, and Generosity Advance Pine Island's Management in Two Important Arenas

by Ben Swan

Several years ago, after struggling off and on for many years to get some kind of handle on Pine Island's growing and increasingly complex alumni database, in an inspired and hopeful moment I sent a short e-mail to alumnus and camp parent John Goodhue. I had reconnected with John, who was a camper at Pine Island in 1963-65, when John's son Nick became a camper in 2004, and I had come to learn that John was deeply involved in the dark arts of computer science. In a word, the e-mail said, "Help!" I was astonished when I received a reply just minutes later saying simply, "I think I may be able to be of some help." Man, was he right! John has devoted many hours of highly skilled work to create Pine Island's elegant and valuable database and to solve complex budget matters. John joined Pine Island's board of directors in 2008 and has continued to work to make our database more useful and more useable. He also serves as chairman of the Whitehead Light Station Committee and has devoted countless hours to helping get those programs off the ground on a sound financial and organizational foundation.

John lives in Belmont, MA with his wife Anne Smith, an artist with a studio in South Boston and whose father Lester Smith was a camper circa 1915. Their son Nick attends the San Francisco Art Institute. John has fond memories of life at PIC, to which he came from Katonah, NY with buddies Coleman Hoyt and Sandy Winans, whose mothers were all classmates at Chatham Hall with Tats Swan's sister Charlotte Blaine. At PIC John learned to sail with sailing instructor Mickey Doran and established a love for the sport that he recently rekindled at the Boston Sailing Center. John was enthusiastic about camping and remembers some epic voyages, including the infamous Sandy River trip, on which he learned first hand that rapid calculations and efficient communication (in this case between bow and stern) were valuable assets in avoiding problems, like partially-submerged rocks. Besides giving generously of his time, expertise, and experience to PIC, John is also the Executive Director of the Massachusetts Green High Performance Computing Center (MGHPCC) in Holyoke, MA and serves on the boards of the Conservation Law Foundation and Common Impact.

John's road to his current job started when he decided to enroll at MIT. When he was about to graduate with a B.S. in computer engineering in 1979, John's advisor steered him toward an opportunity as a software engineer at Bolt, Beranek, and Newman (BBN) in Cambridge, MA, which his advisor had told him was working on the "next big thing," something called the Arpanet. Well, to make a long and vastly complex story shorter and ridiculously simple,

Arpanet eventually became the Internet (seems his advisor was correct...) and John found himself right in the thick of it.

Now, I should explain that each of the many times I have attempted to learn just what John has done in his professional life, my head comes dangerously close to exploding. And this is not because what he is telling me sounds so complex (and it always *is* complex beyond my wildest imaginings), but because he makes it sound so simple. I find myself nodding like a bobblehead as John spins a web of simple analogies to explain his latest project or product, only to find whatever understanding I foolishly thought I had gained slipping out of my brain like a fish slipping through my fingers back into Great Pond. I am not too hard on myself, however, because after all we *are* talking about things that actually make the *Internet* work! Fortunately John also applies his patient and imaginative elucidatory skills when approaching projects and problems that I can at least partially understand, such as Pine Island's database and budget. Like all great teachers John is an excellent listener, and he is both patient and rigorous.

At BBN John was involved in two main areas: creating computer networks and building very high performance computers. Never one to sit on his hands, or even sit down, John also found time during his early years to co-found Dash, Straus, and Goodhue, which became one of the largest FCC emissions compliance test and consulting firms in New England.

After twelve years at BBN, John helped spin off a company called Lightstream, Inc., a networking startup that was acquired by Cisco Systems in 1995. During his decade-long journey at Cisco, the Internet was becoming what it is today and John was developing products for Cisco to make the whole thing work. At Cisco John served as a Vice President of Engineering and as a Business Unit General Manager, leading the development and marketing of routers for networks operated by service providers such as Verizon, Qwest, and Comcast.

When he is not building networks, John spends his professional time building extremely powerful computers. John explained that originally companies such as IBM and Cray Research improved these systems by designing and creating bigger and more powerful single processors. Unfortunately, processors generate more heat as they go faster, and recently everyone has figured out that to reach the capabilities we expect today, a single processor would have to emit as much heat as the surface of the sun. Clearly this was not going to work. Anticipating this problem, John and others began creating

computers that use multiple processors working in parallel. He explained that this method of designing and building super powerful computers was like lifting the war canoe with many fairly strong campers instead of trying to find a single counselor ripped enough to do it himself. Eventually an object will get so heavy that no single person can lift it. In the "early days" they were putting 40 to 50 processors together, but over time the numbers have grown into the thousands. Today the idea of multiple processors working together is simply the way supercomputing is done.

After ten years with Cisco, John got interested in startups again and went to work for a company called SiCortex that was creating high performance computer systems to aid in things like climate modeling and seismic analysis. With thousands of processors and terabytes of memory in a tightly integrated package, SiCortex products became direct competitors to IBM, Cray, and others.

Today John is the Executive Director of the Massachusetts Green High Performance Computing Center (MGHPCC) in Holyoke, MA. The center is under construction and is the solution to a problem shared by several Massachusetts universities. Harvard, M.I.T., Boston University, Northeastern, and University of Massachusetts all found that they were involved in research that required extremely powerful computers. They also found that building facilities to house this kind of computing power was expensive for a variety of reasons, including the cost of real estate in the Boston area, and the cost of the huge amounts of electricity needed both to power them and to cool them. I can only imagine what a challenge it would be to get the representatives of those high-powered institutions to work to-

gether, but John's innate calm demeanor, his experience and training, his quick mind, and his ability to maintain perspective (and perhaps more important, his sense of humor) have made him the perfect man for the job. No doubt his experience on the Pine Island board comprised of both Blues and Grays prepared him well.

The solution to the cost and power problems was found in Holyoke, MA, just a short drive west on the Mass Pike. Holyoke is a former mill town with plenty of industrial space, and MGHPCC is preparing to build a new building there that will house the tens of thousands of processors that will be the source of supercomputing for the universities. The beauty of the location is that it is right next to the Connecticut River and a hydropower substation, so the river will supply electricity for the project! On top of that, Holyoke is next door to a major fiber optic communications hub, so it's easy to move data back and forth between the center and the university research labs. As plans take shape, the project is attracting a lot of attention because of its technical, environmental, and fiscal innovation.

Incredibly, as a member of Pine Island's board John continues to find "spare time" to apply those same principles to Pine Island's projects and programs. Pine Island's database would be the envy of many small non-profits, and Pine Island's own startup, the Whitehead Light Station Programs, is the beneficiary of John's more than 30 years of entrepreneurial experience. It is not an exaggeration to say that PIC would not be where it is today without John Goodhue's extraordinary talents and his extraordinarily generous willingness to share them with us. Many thanks, John, and Akka Lakka!



John Goodhue, at far right, in the summer of 1965

# \*O.A.R. \*NAVIGATORS \*GOING \*BACKWARDS \*ALONG THE \*KENNEBEC, A TRIP REPORT

by Benjamin Schachner

Arguably one of the most anticipated aspects of Pine Island Camp is the group of trips sent out each summer to the far reaches of Maine and New Hampshire. Like most summer camps, PIC sends trips to the favorite New England camping spots—Baxter State Park, the St. Croix River, Mt. Washington, and many other mountain, lake, and river destinations across Maine and New Hampshire. For roughly one hundred years PIC has not strayed far from these trips, considered to be staples of a true summer camp experience in Maine. With the coming of the 2010 season on Great Pond, however, a new and exotic trip challenged this postulate.

As I remember, there had been some rumors floating through the ranks of the counselors that there was, in fact, a new rowing trip. The gossip first struck me as rather silly, for where else would our substantial Pine Island Skiffs go other than Great Pond? PIC had since disposed of the seemingly impossible portage of *John, Paul, George, and Ringo* over Belgrade and into Long Pond on O.A.R.G.Y., so I tried fruitlessly to invent some new route through the islands that dotted Great Pond.

It was Harry Swan who finally revealed to me the details of this new trip: our skiffs would actually be venturing from Waterville, Maine down to Bath via the Kennebec River. I was astonished, flabbergasted, and wholly convinced that Harry was playing some sort of joke on me. PIC had been my outdoor classroom since I was nine, and I had learned a great deal from my time both on the island and on the trail, so I assumed it was common knowledge that rowboats simply did not go down rivers. And frankly, the idea had never occurred to me. After some arguing, the matter was settled, yet not without one more surprise: Harry and I would be leading the trip now called, O.N.G. B.A.K. (O.A.R. Navigators Going Backwards Along the Kennebec), a reference that I immediately understood as being derived from the Thai movie, *Ong-Bak: Muay Thai Warrior*. (Duh.)

PIC had never before sent a rowing trip down the Kennebec River and there was much emphasis on the expeditionary nature of our journey; our guide was the Maine Road Atlas. On departure, the echo of “Good luck, boys” from the ever-reassuring Ben Swan rang in my

ears as we pushed off from the western bank of the Kennebec just below Waterville and headed south towards our final, but by no means certain, destination of Bath.

As we rounded the first bend in the river, losing sight of our drop-off point, we heard the universally recognizable sound of rapids ahead of us. The dull sound set the hairs on the back of my neck on end as it finally registered that Harry, eight campers and I were actually attempting to navigate rapids in boats better suited to flat water than rollercoaster rides. Yet, in synchronized movement we all turned our boats 180° and faced the oncoming rips looking over the sterns of our skiffs. Both Harry and I had passed on to our campers the little knowledge that Ben had given us about shooting rapids in a rowboat, but we were not surprised when some of us ended up becoming stuck on a submerged rock or cluster of stones. In any case, we made it through our first batch of swift water in one piece and continued down the river feeling relieved.

Our second day began brilliantly, and we fell into a rhythm, now more comfortable in this new territory. After a few sets of rapids we began enjoying the challenge of slipping and sliding through the rushing waters. Some of us, Quinn and Cole specifically, experimented with an adapted Venetian gondolier technique.

As we cruised under bridges and through Augusta, the state capitol, we encountered a few bald eagles perched somewhat ominously above a playground. Further along, in Hallowell, we had a coincidental rendezvous with members of the Kennesabacscot war yacht trip, who greeted us from the shore on their way to their own put-in in South Gardiner. In Gardiner we sat down to a lunch of tomato, mozzarella, and pesto on artisan bread.

Below Gardiner things became interesting. Feeling rested and ready to tackle the second leg of the day, we were greeted with a headwind and a disagreeable current. As we hugged the shoreline and maintained a single-file order we looked for the bridge crossing the river just before Richmond, a sign that we were near the campsite on Swan Island that we would be sharing that night with our Kennesabacscot compatriots. As the sun dipped lower and lower and the clouds began to gather, we forced ourselves to keep rowing, each upcoming bend in the river filling us with hope that the hazy outline of the bridge would appear. The turns in the river turned into false peaks, and it was nearly five in the afternoon when we spotted the bridge. Soon after we passed under it, the rain began to fall.

It was an epic arrival on Swan Island: we were drenched, blistered, and exhausted after a nearly thirty-mile row, and possessed by a crazy, desperate need for red meat. Harry and I, and the Ken-

nesabacscot counselors Forest Brown and Nicky Isles, immediately began cooking hamburgers under sagging tarps as our campers mingled in the lean-tos and the rain poured down. We had covered twice the number of miles that we had (unaccountably) estimated for that day and we had completed what should have been three days of travel in two.

Day three rolled around, and with a hearty breakfast of bacon and overdone pancakes we set off for Bath, with visions of massive battleships and destroyers. Exiting the slim passage between Big Swan and Little Swan we encountered, yet again, a river that maintained sentiments deeply opposed to ours. The waves tumbled over the sides of the boats, the wind was fierce, and for one of the first times in my life, I actually thought that the Pine Island Skiffs could have been built a little bigger. With the War Yacht in valiant pursuit of us for the first half of the morning, we finally lost site of the billowing white sail as we bore west where the river split into two, heading west towards Bath. With a sigh of relief we were then swept along by a quiet, yet strong current that carried us swiftly towards our final destination.

As we passed under the massive bridge that carries Route 1 across the Kennebec at Bath and caught site of the behemoth ships under construction at Bath Iron Works, our spirits soared (and Robby surreptitiously snapped some photos of navy ships under construction). We had covered fifty grueling miles in three days. We had battled the wind and rain and the river, and we had succeeded in a splendid fashion. I feel certain an affinity for the story of Odysseus blossomed in some of the boys, but what made our momentous landing at the loading dock just past the Maine Maritime Museum so special was our trailblazing and the frontier attitude which we had assumed and maintained throughout the trip. We had claimed the Kennebec for future oarsmen of Pine Island and established a fantastic new trip. We returned joyfully and triumphantly to Great Pond, having earned the joy and the triumph because of what we had experienced, endured, and enjoyed.

It was because of the trail valiantly blazed by the following boys that O.N.G.B.A.K. will continue to be sent out by Pine Island: Will Clark, Cole Gibson, Noah Nash, Quinn Larkin, Phil Gaspard, Bobby Schwartz, Robby Leahy, and Ethan Pomerantz.



## WILD EDIBLES AT WHITEHEAD

By David Carpenter, 2010 camper

On my second trip to the wonderful island of Whitehead, we did many things, from looking at tide pools to playing the Whitehead Game. All these things were great fun, but the one thing I enjoyed most was preparing for the Lobster Feast and wild edibles banquet.

We had a smorgasbord of food, from hand-rolled sushi to home-brewed tea, from roast beef hors d'oeuvres to garden salad. We had spent the whole day collecting wild edibles for ingredients. We had collected seaweed earlier in the day when we were at the tide pools. We had Irish moss, dulce, kelp, and another kind that was paper thin for the sushi. We used the Irish moss for pudding, dulce for a kind of chip, and the kelp in miso soup.

Later, we split into groups, one going clamming and mussel hunting, another looking for all kinds of plants, and another, mine, that stayed back and helped prepare the food. I went to the garden and picked kale, lettuces, mustard, beet leaves, and other things for a salad, while Nathan picked chives and Otto went out looking for blueberries for the salad.

Once the plants group came back, we took some sea rocket and rolled it in roast beef and a mustard-mayo mix. We had a minty tea and a raspberry tea, which were both bitter but refreshing.

This group also had brought back some periwinkle snails, so we boiled those.

Down at the Lobster Rock, we lit our fire and filled the pot with layers of seaweed, lobster, mussels, and clams. The end result of our labors was a feast to remember that everyone had a hand in so everyone could be proud. It was a great day, and I can't wait to go back!



Menu for the Wild Edibles Feast at Whitehead

# A MAN CALLED INTREPID: MONTE BALL'S JOURNAL— PASSAGE TO INDIA



Monte Ball with his niece Chrissie in India

Monte Ball was a counselor at Pine Island starting in the late 1950s. He was director for twenty years spanning the 1970s and 1980s. His motto, “Gracious Living is our Goal” is inscribed in the Dining Hall, but few people pursue gracious living with the dedication, and success, that Monte does. He lives in Bali, Indonesia and travels whenever he has the opportunity. This trip report arrived by email in four parts this past fall.

## I.

Just a few lines—and photos—from the State of Kerala in the southwest corner of India to let you know that my first visit to the subcontinent is well and truly underway... As time and internet connections permit, I will keep you posted as to this pilgrim’s progress during the next week or so. As I may have mentioned, I am traveling with my niece Christina, a teacher at Montfort College in Chiang Mai, Thailand. Chrissie and I rendez-voused in Kuala Lumpur early Friday afternoon, then flew Air Asia to Cochin (also known as Kochi)—a four-hour nonstop packed with Indian guest workers returning home after completing two-year contracts in Malaysia.

The Air Asia flight was pleasant, the new Cochin airport modern and efficient—though more than an hour’s taxi ride from our hotel. Traffic was heavy but not chaotic; we reached the Fort Queen around five-thirty in the afternoon. Because our tour commenced on Saturday morning, we had booked rooms for Friday night—intending to be bright-eyed and bushy-tailed at the starting gun. And now a word about our sponsor, Intrepid Travel...Intrepid is an Australian company that organizes trips all over the world. Websites like Trip Advisor generally give Intrepid high marks, and on the basis of those reviews and the Kerala itinerary, we cast our lot with them. In their promotional materials a great emphasis is put on traveling light, and for the first time in ten years I left behind my 4-cup Braun Brewmaster coffeemaker—a loss I deeply regretted my first morning in KL when I had to swill a cup of Nescafe! Moreover, I had been warned repeatedly that hotels booked on Intrepid trips would

be modest but comfortable—not up to Four Seasons standards. You get what you pay for, in other words—and the price of this trip was right.

Accordingly, it was no great surprise to check into the Fort Queen and find it small, cramped, wretchedly located, and nearly unable to communicate in English. Reception did have our reservations, however, and we were conducted to third-floor “deluxe” rooms. At that point, we got a taste of what was to come: the porter could not activate either air conditioner. Reinforcements were summoned; three hotel staff arrived to supervise the maintenance man, who finally got both machines running (briefly, in the case of Chrissie’s room).

Left to ourselves, we had an opportunity to evaluate our accommodations—which were undeniably grim. Patches of mold covered the walls and ceilings. One narrow window had never been washed—and bore the inscription, “Do not open lest flies and mosquitoes enter!” One uncomfortable chair, bathroom minute, and—worst of all—a stench of mildew emanating from a mattress that had been soaked, never fully dried, and turned hard as a rock. The Intrepid Way of Travel! Although Chrissie had been warned not to expect much from our accommodations, I decided that we both needed cheering up. After stiff shots of duty-free bourbon-on-the-rocks, we repaired to Malibar House and enjoyed our first dinner in India, which was wonderful.

Overnight at the Fort Queen was misery. Chrissie’s air conditioning went off at two in the morning, never to run again. I awoke at five with a mildew headache—to a blast from the exhaust fans outside my window as the kitchen fired up below. There was no need to linger at breakfast, so at 9:00 a.m. we were in the lobby, ready to commence our tour. But no Intrepid, and reception allowed as to how they had never heard of Intrepid Travel. Even more disturbing, the hotel was holding no reservation for Chrissie and me for the next two nights. By ten o’clock it began to dawn on me that Intrepid was not going to show. In pouring rain we stumbled down the street in search of an inter-

net shop, from which I sent a scorching blast to Australia—with not much hope that anybody would read it because on a Saturday morning the office would probably be closed.

Back at the Fort Queen, we both retired to our rooms thinking dark thoughts—me desperately trying to concoct Plan B. Suddenly Chrissie was banging on my door, “Intrepid has arrived!” Pell mell down to the lobby—to be met by a travel agent full of abject apologies: We were in the *wrong hotel!* Somehow our itinerary had misinformed; our reservations were for the Fort *Castle*. He bundled us and our bags into a clean new car that whisked us to vastly more up-market digs in Cochin’s heritage area. In the afternoon the car and driver took us to see the Dutch Palace (built by the Portuguese, later renovated by the Dutch), and we enjoyed a harbor tour on a boat chartered just for the two of us. Dinner last night at Bruton Boatyard was superb, a trio of Kerala musicians to entertain! What a difference a day makes...

Today Chrissie and I will be conducted on a walking tour of the heritage area, and tonight features a program of Kerala music and dance. Tomorrow we look forward to a four-hour drive to Munnar—an old British hill station surrounded by tea plantations. More news as it happens. It’s a bright, sunny Sunday morning and all’s right with the world...

## II.

Cochin, Sunday Evening

A beautiful, cool, and sunny day. Our guide, Maduh (which means “honey” in the language of Kerala—as well as in *Bahasa Indonesia*) led us on a two-hour walking tour of Fort Cochin’s heritage district—a collection of elegant buildings in various states of (dis)repair that date back to the colonial era when Kerala belonged to the Portuguese, then to the Dutch, and (until 1947) to the British. Following that trek, Chrissie and I took lunch in the salubrious surroundings of Brunton Shipyard—a hotel with lovely grounds and facing the Arabian Sea.

Tonight we will enjoy a program of Kerala music and dance. Tomorrow we head to higher ground—a 4-hour drive to Munnar in hill country, the center of this region’s extensive tea production.

## III.

Munnar, October 12

Yesterday we left Cochin for Munnar, our exit a slow and lengthy process that plainly illustrated the challenges for India in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. A city of more than 2 million people, Kochi lacks a single ring road, limited-access bypass, or even a stoplight. Monday morning traffic moved at a snail’s pace over narrow streets—trucks, busses, cars, and motorcycles all competing with pedestrians, cattle, and goats for space on pavement often in great disrepair. No sign whatever of road work in progress, and indeed one can only wonder how any-

thing of that kind can be accomplished considering the monumental crush of traffic.

Nevertheless, we managed to escape the city limits in favor of increasingly less congested and attractive countryside. Four hours to Munnar with a lunch stop on our way—at a hotel (suggested by the driver) that looked like it couldn’t promise much. In fact, lunch was absolutely superb, ten dollars for the two of us. And I should add that every meal on this trip has been delicious, a feast from start to finish.

Munnar is the center of Kerala’s tea-growing industry—on a scale that is hard to imagine. Plantations extend across hundreds of square miles of steeply mountainous country at more than five thousand feet above sea level. Last night temperatures were in the 40s; I slept under two heavy blankets. Our hotel, the Olive Brook, is small but very comfortable—no ice for my bourbon, but an excellent internet connection. Gardens surrounding the hotel are a riot of flowers; food is excellent; service is impeccable. Chrissie and I share the premises with a young couple from Southampton. Today they went on a trek; Chrissie and I drove to a tea factory/plantation, then west to a beautiful national park through simply magnificent mountain scenery. Everywhere tea, tea, and tea—but also fresh vegetables so gorgeous that I brought four bunches of baby carrots back to the hotel for dinner tonight. Accompanying the cocktail hour will be the most delectable spiced (with chilis) roasted cashew nuts that I have ever tasted. Together the cashews and the carrots cost two dollars!

One more night here at Olive Brook, then on our way south tomorrow. Another (interesting, I’m sure) four-hour drive to our next destination. Stand by for updates!

## IV.

Akkaralam, October 15

On Tuesday we checked out of the Olive Brook in Munnar, passed through another hundred square miles of tea “gardens,” then found ourselves in Spice Country—plantations of nutmeg, cardamom, cinnamon, and coffee. By midafternoon we were comfortably ensconced at Greenwoods Resort in Thekkady, then led on a spice garden tour. Dinner at Spice Village featured a splendid buffet accompanied by a trio of musicians playing lovely, quiet Kerala music.

After breakfast Wednesday morning we set out for Kerala’s famous backwaters, again passing through rugged mountainous country to finally reach the coast late in the afternoon. Our hotel, the Akkaralam Memoirs, is located on one of this region’s beautiful waterways; it was the home of the present owner’s grandfather. A sunset cruise on the hotel’s launch was followed by cocktails and an epic dinner. At noon today we board our houseboat for an overnight cruise through Kerala’s waterways.

# 2010 SLOAN CRITCHFIELD MEMORIAL BOAT MAINTENANCE WORKSHOP DRAWS A CROWD

We had gorgeous September weather, great food, lots of good work to do, and a big crowd of great people to do it with. How fitting that this would describe the 2010 edition of the annual weekend established in memory of Sloan Critchfield. It was an experience he would have relished, and he was much on our minds as we toiled, ate, talked with one another and laughed. The endowment established in Sloan's memory produced enough revenue to pay our expert and unflappable leader Becky Farley, buy gourmet food and drink for everyone, and pay for the materials and tools we used in our work.

Work started on a Friday in mid-September and continued through Sunday afternoon. Boss Becky Farley arrived well in advance of the volunteers and got everything ready. The fall maintenance crew had already moved

the boats on which we would be working into the Boathouse and into Honk Hall. A few volunteers came Friday afternoon and evening, but most arrived bright and early Saturday morning. Becky was somehow able to keep up with the nearly constant stream of people showing up over a couple of hours, all of whom needed something to do. As has been true in past years, volunteers accomplished a stunning amount of work in the few hours available. This year 25 volunteers came to work, nearly doubling the turnout the previous year.

Volunteers sanded and painted rowboats, repaired one of them, sanded and painted the *Sloan 12 1/2* catboats, sanded and varnished all the catboat spars, repaired the *John G.* rowboat, repaired and sanded the dinghy *Weevil*, sanded and varnished paddles and oars, painted

the new Boathouse doors, and cleaned and prepared the War Yacht for the winter. All this was done pretty much during one long day. Amazing!

PIC parent Sandy Holland and PIC head cook Amanda Pulver prepared tons of great food that was a welcome sight after a long morning of work and again after the busy afternoon session. Some volunteers had to leave before dinner, but many stayed to enjoy the crackling fire, games of cards, and an early bedtime. Several jobs were completed the next morning after a great breakfast, but much of Sunday was just cleanup and departure.

It all went by too fast, much like the far too short life of Pine Islander Sloan Critchfield. But for all who participated in the weekend we were left with very warm memories and a sense of deep satisfaction at having honored Sloan with

hard work that hugely benefited a place he loved and served well.

2010 volunteers at the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Workshop: Ben Swan, Becky Farley, Peter Miller, Nick Miller, Amanda Pulver, Matt Clarke, Gina Yarmel, Becca Waldo, Barb Swisher, Emily Swan, Abe Stimson, Sandy Holland, Chris Toole, Satchel Toole, Nick Toole, Rob Whitehouse, Bert Lachmann, Lowell Libby, Bobby Monks, David Critchfield, Liz Armstrong, Bill Fitzsimmons, Carol White, Herb Maine, Jesslyn Mullett, Tommy Nagler, Nico Walsh, Jack Walsh, Nestor Garcia Formosa, Chris Turner, and Ken Turner. Many thanks to everyone, and our apologies to anyone we left out. Next year's Sloan Memorial Workshop will be September 16–18, 2011.



Lowell Libby and Bobby Monks "working" on the catboat Betsy



Sloan Weekend volunteer Nick Miller

The few pictures I took do not do justice to the varied and spectacular scenery we have enjoyed—or to the lavish hospitality that has been extended in our direction. But let me assure you, this southwestern corner of India is endlessly fascinating and spectacularly beautiful. It has been a marvelous trip, and I would return in a heartbeat. People are charming; sights are epic; food is absolutely splendid. Incredible India indeed—and I have seen only a very small part of this interesting country.

One more chapter to follow—if camera and laptop can hold out for another two days...

V.

Kuala Lumpur, October 17

After one night each at Greenwoods Hotel in Thekkady and Akkarakalam Memoirs in Alleppy, Chrissie and I arrived on Friday morning at the southwest corner of Kerala, which fronts the Arabian Sea. Here many rivers flow slowly on to the broad coastal plain, forming a backwater featuring vast networks of canals, lakes, and irrigated fields that produce much of India's rice crop. A series of dams control water levels, assuring not only irrigation

for agriculture but also a dependable means of transportation for the locals and their produce. Tourism is another major industry, especially the hundreds of houseboats that ply these routes carrying day trippers and overnight guests. Chrissie and I chartered one of these splendid craft, spending all Friday afternoon cruising the scenic and serene. Weather was unsettled—sometimes bright and sunny, briefly windy with occasional showers. We remained snugly ensconced in our salon, entranced by the passing scene.

On Saturday morning we disembarked, drove two and a half hours north to Kochi, and caught our Air Asia flight to Kuala Lumpur. Today Chrissie returns to work in Chiang Mai, Thailand—and I fly back to Denpasar. This dispatch concludes our India report, but I hope you will be encouraged to visit this lovely corner of the subcontinent. Easy to access, inexpensive to tour, welcoming and hospitable, Kerala is a delight—and the food is superb! You would have a wonderful time...

Meanwhile, all the best from your old (and, as you observe, getting much older!) friend in Bali...

Monte

## 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 *Biscuit*. This is an amazing place for a

family reunion or a reunion of friends. For more photos and information go to [www.whiteheadlightstation.org](http://www.whiteheadlightstation.org).

Cost: \$3900–\$6900 depending on the season.

Contact us at 207-594-2402 or [benswan@pineisland.org](mailto:benswan@pineisland.org).



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

PINE ISLAND CAMP 2010—ANOTHER GREAT SUMMER



*Will Webb at campfire*



*Austin Plaster, David Carpenter, Henry Smith, and Henry Plaster*



*Jack Skinner at Club Honk*



*Kendall Slocum and Lorenzo DiSario*



*The Brunswick Boys at Club Honk*



*Charlie Fleisher and Rye Marra*



*Edmund Bannister*



*Conner Ozer, Noah Brodsky and Cormac Ryan*



*Clayton Maggos, Danny Lewis, and Lorenzo DiSario at JMW*



*John Williamson at Club Honk*



*Kitchen Crew member Millie Pulver*



*Moss Robeson at Club Honk*



*Carrie Turner and Eve Whitehouse*





*Appropriately magical beginning to the Sacred Journey*



*Teddy Hincks and Alex Toole at Club Honk*



*Austin Plaster, Kendall Slocum, and David Carpenter at JMW\MW*



*Teddy Hincks and his clean laundry*



*Before 100%*



*After 100%*



*The lights and the crowd at Club Honk*



*Alumnus Rhoads Miller with Ben Rausch preparing July 4th raft*



*Shop Counselor Joel Taplin with Danny Lewis and Miles Frank*

## AWARD WINNERS 2010



*Danny Lewis*



*Award Winners: Satchel Toole (Best Camper), Will Clark (Watermanship) and Nick Miller (Loyalty) with director Ben Swan at the Farewell Feed*

---

## BUZZ THE HUSKY VARNISHED BEAVER IS GIFT FROM KING, INDICATES PLEASURE WITH BELIEF AT PIC

One gorgeous, clear day after another gave King Kababa and his henchmen an unobstructed view of the goings-on at Pine Island during the 2010 summer. It was abundantly clear the night before the Farewell Feed that they liked what they saw. Just as campfire was ending, a commotion up at Honk Hall, including the deafening whine of a chainsaw motor, let everyone know that their presence was requested for another sacred animal ceremony.

Kabalogists Harry Swan, Josh Treat, and KIT (Kabalogist-in-training) Nicky Isles, quickly took charge and soon we were all anxiously awaiting admittance to Honk Hall for the ceremony. The camp was admitted in two groups, each of which witnessed an elaborate and mystery-shrouded display of henchmen, drummers, and the ani-

mal itself. The ceremony was distinctive in that it was infused with the sound of a chainsaw and the fragrance of chainsaw exhaust. The veteran Kabalogists expertly interpreted the excited, sometimes garbled chattering of the henchmen, and eventually all were taught the name of the animal, Buzz the Husky Varnished Beaver, and its chant:

Rrrrrr Rrrrrr, (sound of a chainsaw revving) logging fever,

Buzz the husky varnished beaver!

Buzz is a spectacular animal with a glistening, varnish-like coat and twin miniature Husquavarna chainsaw bars for teeth. Thanks to the Kabalogists, all three of whom will be on hand for the 2011 season, for their hard work and to the PIC campers and staff for their strong belief and adherence to the principles of the King.



*Buzz the Husky Varnished Beaver*



*Sacred Journey participants 2010*

---

## BLUES VICTORIOUS IN NORRIDGEWOCK: 118-107

To everyone's delight, the fabulous weather enjoyed all summer by Pine Islanders was on hand for the 2010 War Game. Perhaps the blue skies really were, as the Blue Army is fond of suggesting, a portent of the game's outcome. While the Blues, led by general Charlie Boutwell and executive officer Harry Swan, were slightly favored, neither army entered the game feeling overconfident, and the game turned out to be an exciting and close one. It was not until the latter part of the second day of play that the Blues felt reasonably certain that they would claim victory from the Grays, led by general Jason Schachner and executive officer Josh Treat.

The Grays attacked first and the Blue defense was more porous than usual, allowing the Grays to score more easily than either army expected. LTIP Emil Henry, new to Pine Island in 2010, showed a flare for the game and helped develop many ingenious plays in the field, and the Grays picked up several valuable offensive challenge points. The Grays made few mistakes on attack, giving up only a few challenge points. The Blues attacked in the afternoon and found scoring more difficult than they expected as the Grays defended with determination and élan. Gray defender Alex Toole garnered 13 challenge points on one play. At the end of the first day of play, the Grays led by a small margin.

The Blues attacked first the second day and scored more easily while picking up offensive challenge points here and there, a result largely of the aggressive and intelligent play of former LTIP and first-year counselor Nicky Isles. As the Gray attackers left town at the beginning of the last playing period, the

Blues had their work cut out for them, needing to tighten up their defense to keep Gray scoring down and not to give up any offensive challenge points. They would also be looking for opportunities to pick up challenge points while defending. As the afternoon wore on, following the usual War Game cadence of long periods of quiet and tension punctuated by short periods of extreme action, it became apparent that the shift in the Blue defense, code named "Rip Sum Mo Jack," was working. Ultimately the Grays scored only about 20 men in the afternoon. A key moment in the game came fairly late in the day when the Blue squadron, which included Rip Swan, Luca Sheuer, Quinn Larkin and Cole Gibson, found themselves all the way over at South Gate when Southeast was attacked. "I've never run so fast in my life!" said Swan in a recent interview. The squadron arrived in the nick of time and the pole was down to greet a ragged step by the Grays, resulting in seven challenge points for the Blues. There was little significant threat after that close call, and when the armies gathered in the center of town the outcome was all but certain. Still, the announcement of the score by head umpire Sandy Crane was anxiously awaited by Blues and Grays alike and pandemonium broke out the moment the Blue victory was official. The traditional and emotional Akka Lakka cheer ensued with the tremendous enthusiasm that can only come after a War Game hard fought in the true Pine Island spirit.

Our sincere thanks to Sandy Crane and all the umpires for their time, energy, good judgment, and generosity again this year.



---

## CAMPFIRE

By Matthew Hawkins, 2010 camper

I think that this summer has provided some very interesting campfires, with what seems like more staff participation, especially in games. This is not to say that the campers' games are not good, but the staff's seem to stand out. One of my favorite games was with Page, the medic, who had three campers act like they were injured with ketchup as blood. The object of the game was to have three chosen campers to care for the victims by washing and bandaging the wounds. It was very funny.

Another great part of campfire is skits. Some of the skits include the classic "Smooth and Creamy," followed by the parody "Hot and Spicy."

I find that the overall anchor of campfire is the music. We have a lot of

guitar and a few group songs. Some of the artists include Johnny Credit Card, the Kababa Kids, a band composed of Ben Schachner, Ben Catania, and me (Matt Hawkins), and Otto Lyon, who played guitar for the first time in front of a group this year.

Campfire often winds down with a story from Ben Swan or on occasion Emily. So far some of the stories have been "The Magic Finger" and "Fantastic Mister Fox," both by Roald Dahl.

Overall, my favorite part of campfire is how we can entertain each other without being embarrassed about making mistakes or not having very much experience. I love the sense of community it gives and I think it's an essential part of camp.

---

# NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS, THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

*The Newshound is always happy to hear from Pine Islanders far and wide. He's been social networking for decades. Perhaps the Hound needs a Facebook page. In the meantime, you can write to us at P.O. Box 242, Brunswick, ME or send an email to Ben Swan at benswan@pineisland.org.*

**Rhoads Miller** and **Michelle Reed** were married on October 23, 2010 in Newry, ME. They recently bought a house in Rome, Maine and are currently living the good life and stoking the woodstove. It was a small family wedding but still stocked with Pine Islanders, including **Ned Miller**, who lives in Little Compton, Rhode Island and is the proprietor of Miller Metals, **Herb Elkinton**, **Nicholas Elkinton**, **Lora** and **Doug McFall**, and 2010 camper **Gaelen Hall**. **Chris Burns** and **Natasha Johns** were married at the Bowdoin College Chapel on August 7, 2010. **Chris Skelton** and **Jennie Unger** were married in Calistoga, CA on September 25th, 2010. **Whit Fisher** and **Dennis Gagne** were married on November 16, 2010 after closing on their new house in Stonington, CT after 19 years together in New York City. **Michael Bartner** and **Evangeline Thibodeau** were married on September 4, 2010. They both grew up in Kennebunk, ME but met in Boston. They were engaged at Allagash Falls. In attendance were Pine Islanders **Eliza Bartner** and **Bill Nagler**. Mike works with Slow Money, a nonprofit focused on investing in local food systems. He's traveled to 20 countries, including India, Vietnam, and Peru. Mike hung out with **John Bunker** at the Common Ground Fair, where people were again lined up to take advantage of John's deep well of knowledge about Maine apple varieties. John Bunker and **Cammy Watts** were married on July 11, 2009 at Corn Hill in Truro, MA. Pine Islanders in attendance included **Phoebe Bunker**, **John Shaw**, **John Alsop**, **Tom Siebert**, **Joe Crary**, **Dave Carman**, and **Bob** and **Jane Doan**. **Casey Alsop** and **Micah Ownbey** were married October 9, 2010 on the shores of Great Pond. Casey is in her second year of residency in emergency medicine at a hospital in Pittsburgh. In attendance were Pine Islanders **John Alsop** and **Richard** and **Henry Beck**.

**Charlie** and **Sandra Papazian** welcomed Carla Vitoria Papazian at 1:55 p.m. on March 19, 2010. Carla has already spent a week at Whitehead Light Station while her dad taught his extremely popular course, *The Art and Science of Beer: Brewing, History, and Enjoyment*. Carla, Sandra, and Charlie will return to the Light Station in August for another great course. **Devin** and **Debbie Beliveau** welcomed Ciara Chyi Beliveau on January 29, 2010. **Chris** and **Kasha Gardner** welcomed Gabriella Gardner to their home in Belfast on April 15, 2010. **Chris** and **Brennan Elston** welcomed Miller Elston on September 21, 2010 at 4:30 p.m. Chris, Brennan and Miller live in Chicago.

**Robert Moor** is in his last year at

the NYU graduate school of journalism. He continues to travel widely and write about his adventures. **Sam Weeks** is living in Lisbon, Portugal working on a Master's degree in social and cultural anthropology. He met up with **Ned Bishop** in Chatham, MA and did some sailing. **Jack Ohly** is living in Philadelphia and studying landscape architecture at Penn. He was invited by a husband-wife team of professors to help them on a project outside Mumbai over the summer. Jack's wife Tanya, a doctor, set up a six-week health research project in Bangalore where they lived for the summer. Jack continues to play a lot of music, which is undoubtedly now influenced by Indian musical traditions. **Derek Ohly** and his wife **Michel** have two children, Miles and Lily, and live in Somerville, MA. Derek continues to work hard at his start-up company Zyrra that has created a system for making better, more comfortable bras. Zyrra has recently garnered investment money from a number of sources including \$50,000 from Mass Challenge. Derek got started while still at Business School at Babson. He says he didn't set out to go into the bra business, but the more he listened, the more complaints he heard about how uncomfortable bras are the more he saw and what a good business opportunity these complaints represent.

**James Nicholson** is the Head Brewer at the fledgling Mystic Brewery in Boston. James worked as a brewer at Capitol City Brewing Company for several years and also spent some time learning the art of brewing with Sly Fox Brewery in Royersford, PA and Privat Brauerei Märkl in Bavaria, Germany. **Stuart Townsend** and **Whit Walker** ran into each other in Portland, Maine and found out that they both live there now. They are both musicians and see a lot of each other. **AK Walker** is married and lives in Dover, NH. Brother **Todd** is also married and lives in Essex, MA and is a successful music promoter. **Henry Clauson** and his family live in Readfield, ME. Henry is a geologist and principal consultant at URS Corporation. His office is in Portland, and he travels widely, most often to Stockholm where he has an apartment. Visiting him there recently was **Rip Swan** and three friends as part of their two-month gap year tour of Europe. Henry was good enough to put them up for a few days, adding a bit of home life to their hostel-to-hostel existence. Rip and his fellow travelers covered a lot of ground, visiting Croatia and other out-of-the-way spots in addition to Europe's great capitals. Rip is now with two of his traveling companions living at Copper Mountain in Colorado teaching skiing. He will head to Tufts University in the fall after his second summer on the Pine Island staff. Brother **Harry** is a sophomore at Hamilton with **Duncan Lowe**, **Mike Williams**, **Nat Duncan**, and **Steve Kemp**. Nat, a junior, will be working in Washington, DC second semester. Harry will return to PIC this summer to teach

rowing and break in some rookie Kabalologists. Several Pine Islanders are in the vicinity and may come together on the Hamilton campus in early February to visit and to enjoy the Hamilton vs. Bowdoin men's hockey game. **Cecily** and **Millie Pulver** and **Zander Abranowicz** are at Cornell, **Stephen Manker** is at Hobart with **Sam Wood**, who is headed for South Africa for a semester. **Kit Smith** is co-captain of the powerful Bowdoin team. **Eve Whitehouse** is a senior at Smith and will dine with fellow PIC kitchen crew member **Krista Wi-berg**, a student at UMass Amherst and director Ben Swan before the Bowdoin vs. Amherst game. **Henry Gabriel** and **David Kemp** are at Bucknell. Henry is rowing for Bucknell and could have run into crew All-American **Becca Waldo**, captain of the Bates eight at the Head of the Charles regatta in the fall. **Jack Farchy** and **Sumner Ford** are at St. Lawrence and loving it. **Christian Schneider** is at Wesleyan, **Nicky Isles** loves the College of Wooster, **Kelley Kasper** is doing the full outdoor education gamut at Prescott College, including weeks at a time out on the trail. **Carrie Turner** is a sophomore at UNH and will move from the kitchen crew to teaching kayaking this summer. **Henry Towbin** is at Oberlin, from which assistant director **Will Mason** graduated a semester early with two full undergraduate degrees. **Lindsay Clarke** is in graduate school full time at Columbia and will spend next year in London at the London School of Economics. **Victor Dillard** is in London now, slaving away at his degree in chemical engineering. His brother **Felicien** announced his engagement recently to Ms. Aline Proudian. They will be married in Normandy on September 10, 2011. **Will Webb** is finishing up his degree in education at the University of Maryland. **Alex Toole** is a freshman at Dickinson singing in the a cappella group and has already been elected to the student senate. Before going off to college Alex won the Brunswick High School Coaches Award for the varsity baseball team. **Jason Schachner** is a senior at Muhlenberg. The Swans catch glimpses of Pine Islanders and Bowdoin students **Tommy Ryan**, **Kit Smith** and **Stephen Roth** as well as alum **Luke Mondello** in Brunswick. Luke has graduated from Bowdoin but is back this year to direct the entire RA program. He was one of three seniors chosen last spring to deliver remarks at Bowdoin's graduation. Emily Swan attended and reported that Luke's short speech was "fabulous."

**Bill Dean** is retiring this year and wrote an article about looking forward to it for the *Christian Science Monitor*, in which his work has appeared for many, many years. In the article he lists the many things he would like to do in his retirement. Well, he's already arranged to do two of them in one swoop - teaching and traveling. In October and November of 2011 he will be teaching high school students at the Fabindia School of Rajasthan (India). He will live on a

farm near the school and will be teaching English, Writing, Public Speaking, and ...Basketball! Also in the ranks of the "pretty much retired" is **Jim Thomson**. He and his wife **Nancy** live in Biddeford, ME and recently sold their sailboat and will be heading inland to visit the great national parks of this country. **Kate McGuire** is living in Philadelphia and is the Sub-rights and Permissions Manager at Penn Press. **Tish Claiborne Biesemeyer** is definitely not retired and continues to work in the insurance business in Keene, New York. Her daughter and Whitehead Lightkeeper **Lili Biesemeyer** is a second year law student at CUNY, specializing in immigration law, and her son **Tommy** is on the U.S. Ski Team. **Max Huber** is now on the hunt for a teaching job in New York or Washington, DC and has spent this year working, mostly on the West Coast where he bunked in with fellow Harvard grad **Clem Wright**, who is working at Google. A class behind them at Harvard was **Charlie Boutwell**. Brother **Rob Boutwell** has graduated from UVA law school and is working at Deveboise and Plimpton in litigation and living in Soho in New York City. Charlie worked at PIC last summer after attending the World Cup in South Africa. He has traded his shorts and life jacket for a suit and is working in Acquisitions at Beacon Capital and living in Boston. **Matt Clarke** is living in Boston and teaching at Brimmer and May. He participated in the *Art and Science of Beer* course at the Whitehead Light Station last August. **Ben Mini** is a history teacher at the Waynflete School in Portland, ME. He, his wife **Braden**, and their son Mac live in Westbrook, ME. **Erik Koppang** wrote in March to say that he had six months left in his Navy service obligation from his medical school scholarship. He got out of the Navy in October and he and his wife of six years moved to San Antonio, where Erik will work with anesthesiology group. He wrote that after being on the move for many years they were really looking forward to buying a house instead of renting.

---

## SAILING

By Tommy Mottur,  
2010 camper

I got into the sailboat and on a windy day and we started off at a tremendous speed. I was in control of the tiller and it was hard to steer. Huge waves splashed me in the face as we rushed across the lake, harnessing the power of the wind. We went on in that fashion, loving every second of it. We then had to go in, but I had a fabulous time. I love sailing because I feel in control of the wind and it's my friend instead of my enemy. In sailing, I can go with the flow and chill. That's why I love sailing.

## NEEDLE NEWS BRIEFS

### Weather for 2010 Season Is Dry, Sunny, and a Welcome Change from 2009

Spring came astonishingly early to Great Pond in 2010, and the ice went out a full six weeks before it usually does. A string of gorgeous days and nights followed nearly unbroken right through to the fall. There was one rainy day during the PIC season, and Expedition Camp's 16-day canoe trip saw rain only once (at night), never had a headwind, and claimed their biggest problem was that they ran out of sunscreen. Trip after trip returned with reports of fantastic views and sleeping "cowboy style" (no tents or mosquito netting) up in the mountains. After the deluge of '09, staff and campers (especially those for whom '09 had been their first summer at PIC) the fantastic weather was a great relief. A secondary but no less welcome effect of the beautiful weather was the nearly total absence of bugs out on trips. Even the infamous Moose River trip was almost bug-free! "It was my kind of summer," said director Ben Swan, "I heard thunder in the distance twice all summer. I could get used to that."

### "Forest Bathing" Touted by Japanese Government

A brief article appeared in the December issue of *AMC Outdoors* describing the Japanese government's documentation of the following conclusion: "...the experience of stepping onto a trail and feeling a wave of relaxation sweep over us and breathing deeply while taking in the sights and smells of the forest is widely understood to have a rejuvenating effect." In Japan this phenomenon is called *Shinrin-yoku*, or "forest bathing." While my own recollection of my first Pine Island camping trip to Saddleback does *not* include experiencing a wave of relaxation as the camp truck pulled away, Pine Islanders and visitors to the Whitehead Light Station certainly are familiar with forest bathing and its many benefits. A Japanese scientist monitored subjects in both urban and forest environments and found that, "...forest bathing lowered pulse rates, blood pressure, levels of cortisol (a stress hormone), and sympathetic nervous activity (a stress indicator). Parasympathetic nervous activity (an indicator of relaxation) increased." One could only deduce that *actually* bathing in the forest or surrounded by it, a common PIC practice, could only lead to extreme parasympathetic nervous activity, also known as "that spring in your step and that gleam in your eye" associated with those in the Hundred Percent Club.

### Kerosene Lanterns Now Hip

Allison Martin Mertens sent in a clipping from a magazine in which the blue Dietz Air Pilot barn lantern is listed as something with which you can, "...survive stylishly with a throwback hurricane lantern, fueled by kerosene and lasting up to 27 hours." It was listed under "New Stuff" along with a hip ottoman and designer miniature colored pencil set. Well, gracious living is our goal.

### Pine Islanders among the Youngest in 2011 Maine State Legislature

Henry Beck (D) of Waterville was re-elected to the Maine State Legislature in November (he was first elected while still a student at Colby College) and Devin Beliveau (D) of Kittery was elected for the first time. Asked by reporters to what he attributed his victory, Beliveau said, "Corny as it sounds, I think it was listening to as many people as I could and getting to as many doors as I could."

### Pine Island Always Wins

Pine Islander Eben Hall, 25, originally from Woolwich, ME and now living in Miami, FL, won an Emmy for his work as a producer editor at Plum TV in Miami. Eben worked first for Plum in East Hampton, NY and moved to Miami a few years ago. While Plum is known for its coverage of the lives and times of celebrities, Eben won his Emmy for a piece entitled "A Night In The Life," a segment about a chef who showed up in south Florida for a festival, and an up-and-coming Miami band promoting its new album. "I'm not celebrity focused," the former camper and skipper told a local Maine newspaper, "That's not what the job is. It's more about telling interesting stories."

### Expedition Camp Leader Elected Captain of Two Bowdoin College Teams

Kit Smith teamed up with Stephen Manker to plan and run the 2010 Expedition Camp program at Pine Island. This is evidence of Kit's well-rounded resume. He is also an excellent student at Bowdoin College and as a senior was elected co-captain of *both* the varsity hockey team and the varsity lacrosse team. Both division three teams are in contention for the national championship this year. Kit was selected as an all-American in lacrosse the past two seasons. He is eying a run at major league lacrosse but as always is keeping his options open. He is featured in the January issue of *Lacrosse Magazine*.



Sidney Whelan and Henry Towbin with the Gardner-made pack basket

### Historic Pack Basket Made by John Gardner To Be Given to Pine Island

The late John Gardner was a counselor at Pine Island Camp for six summers in the late twenties and early thirties. Sidney Whelan, the basket's current owner, wrote recently:

*In 1931 John Gardner was a counselor at Pine Island Camp. Basket making was a course for the campers that I believe John initiated. They would row to the shore of Great Pond from Pine Island, and cut down a brown ash tree. (John told me that all Indian baskets in Maine are made from brown ash bark.) The log, stripped of branches, would be*

*submerged in the lake for a few days, to soften the bark, which would then be stripped, the bark pounded and cut into strips for weaving baskets.*

*The basket he gave me was the first he made at Pine Island in 1931. There are no metal fastenings to hold the strips in place. He ascended Mt. Katahdin three times with this basket on his back, the last time at age 60 with a full load of canned goods.*

*I got to know John when I went to him in the early 1970s for advice on the construction of an Adirondack guideboat. I subsequently joined the Traditional Small Craft Association, founded by John and centered at Mystic Seaport. I visited John at his home near Mystic several times over a sandwich lunch, and I once admired the basket, which I think was in his cellar, amid boxes of correspondence and memorabilia. Years later, when he had decided to retire from the Seaport and move to his daughter Jean's home in Haverhill, Mass., John remembered my having admired the basket, and he gave it to me.*

Mr. Whelan connected recently to Pine Island Camp through the Towbin family and has decided that Pine Island should be the permanent home of this historic and beautiful basket. We look forward to displaying it in the Pine Island library with appropriate documentation. Sidney Whelan is an internationally recognized storehouse of knowledge on the history and building of the elegant Adirondack Guide Boat. He was on the board of the Adirondack Museum for 20 years and has been an important force in the Traditional Small Craft Association for more than that.



Major Maintenance crew Josh Treat and Ben Rausch stand astonished at the sight of a paved Martin Stream Road.

### Martin Stream Road Paved!!

Director Ben Swan and fall project workers Ben Rausch and Josh Treat received a shock in September when, on a visit to the War Game site at Norridge-wock, they found that instead of the dusty, corduroyed dirt Martin Stream Road Pine Islanders know so well, they hummed along over a fresh and smooth layer of blacktop. They agreed this must

signal some kind of seismic shift, or perhaps it would cause one, in the history of planet Earth. Generations of Pine Islanders have associated the trip to the War Game with the sometimes staggeringly dusty ride from Route 8 to York's Crossing. What's next, artificial ice on Great Pond?

# NEW PIC BOARD MEMBERS DISRUPT BALANCE OF POWER ON PIC BOARD

by Pope Ward, Board Chairman, Retired Gray General

While all boards have their share of tension, Pine Island's board has always boasted a relatively peaceful co-existence...until now. The election of two new members—Henry Clauson and Ben Hincks—has smashed the fragile balance of power that the board has carefully nurtured in recent years. You see, both Clauson and Hincks are Blue.

The board, of course, spends roughly 80% of its time debating War Game rules, so this one-seat shift in the balance of power could lead to significant and long-term upheaval in the way the game is played. In response to the news that both candidates were Blue, current board member and unapologetic Gray, Roe Baldwin, remarked, "I'm mostly concerned about the abuse of rules on post-cloture debate. I mean, the Blues are masters of manipulating procedure in order to tilt the playing field."

The accounting and legal aspects of the War Game receive little attention but are no less important for their obscurity. Clauson and Hincks bring these insidious skills to the board in spades.

When not devising ways to boost cash flow for the Blue War Machine, Henry applies his finance and accounting skills for URS, an engineering and planning firm in Portland, Maine. He lives in Readfield, Maine with his wife, Florence, and two children, Thomas and Anna. Henry served as the head selectman for the town for many years. Readfield was the site of the Foggs Fork War Games, which has undoubtedly contributed to his "strict constructionist" interpretation of the rules of play.

Henry was a camper in the late 1980s, a skipper and swimming instructor in the early 1990s, and served the rest of the decade as Ben Swan's Assistant Director. As a regular visitor to the island and loyal volunteer both at camp and at Whitehead Light Station, Henry is prepared to contribute to non-war business with energy that may even equal his passion for war-related debate.

Ben Hincks brings his own formidable stable of skills to the Blue Army faction. As a business litigator at Mintz, Levin, Cohn, Ferris (and so on) in Boston, he specializes in counseling rein-

surers on asbestos, tobacco and other long-tail exposure coverage matters. The many applications of this expertise to War Game strategy speak for themselves. Ben's "modernist" interpretation of War Game rules surely springs from his Boston roots. His ability to browbeat opponents with line-by-line recitation of every rule change in recent memory will serve as a menacing complement to Clauson's thorough research into the original intent of the game's founders.

Ben was a camper at Pine Island for five summers in the late 70s and was a counselor in the mid-1980s. Today, he lives outside Boston with his wife, Martha, and his three boys—David, Johnny and Danny—all of whom attended Pine Island. In addition to sending his own offspring, Ben spearheads our highly successful Boston-area recruitment efforts.

Hincks's election also strengthens both the Yale and Red Sox sub-committees, and Ben has committed to fight for lacrosse as a new camp activity. Board members Yoder and Nagler, however, have expressed strong opposition to the idea, indicating that lacrosse will come to Pine Island "when Mount Philip freezes over" (perhaps forgetting that this happens each winter).

As we welcome our new board members, we'd like to thank two long time friends—Charlie Birney (a Gray) and Charlie Hale (a Blue)—for their exceptional service. Both served on the board for more than a decade and both are taking a break from service. Anyone who attended the campfire in New York City on January 29, however, knows that engagement with Pine Island comes in many forms. Thank you, Charlie Birney, for your leadership of that event.

The Pine Island board differs from a War Game debate society in that its existence is required by law given our status as a non-profit. Thanks to Henry and Ben for agreeing to join the board and to all members for your hard work to keep the camp financially sound and positioned to provide "another great summer" to the next generation of Pine Islanders.



Ben Hincks as a camper, at right. 1980.



Henry Clauson atop Mt. Katahdin in 1988.

# WAR CANOES AND REMEMBRANCE

by John Bunker

It might have been the wonderful old photograph of Dr. Swan paddling the war canoe in Indian headdress. (Or was he in the Doctor's canoe?) Or it might have been one of the paintings of NC Wyeth. And it might have been the old deep-brown varnished wood and the finely cracked gray-painted canvas. Or maybe it was all of that. But there was something about the gray war canoe that spoke to me. It said, "camaraderie, team-work, tradition, history, jokes, conversation, togetherness, safety, invincibility, power, adventure." It was the epitome of PIC.

My first year as a counselor was 1967. At that time the blue war canoe was out of commission but the gray canoe was quite useable. I took my first war canoe trip that summer - Kennebec to the Sea. I may have been put on the trip because I was only 16 and a war canoe trip down the Kennebec was a pretty safe deal. We put in just above Hallowell and made the trip to Popham in two days. I was hooked. I returned to camp the following two summers and took the war canoe out whenever I could scare up a trip. It was my home away from home. Sometimes I feel as though I practically lived in the war canoe. Down the Kennebec; down the Sheepscot; around Great Pond.

Though fond memories abound, it was the trip with Dave Carman that stands out above all. A short time before the end of the '68 camp season, Jimmy Breeden suggested I take a trip down the Kennebec in the war canoe. I was thrilled. Breeden let Dave Carman, the Blue General, go with me. In 1968 the baseball hat had not yet been adopted as the national headgear. No one except baseball players wore them. Very few people back then bothered to wear any hat at all. I decided that all of us on the trip would wear hats. It would be part of our collective persona. Most

of us wore PIC red crushers, which were still somewhat in vogue. We also decided that we would lift our paddles up in formation any time we had an audience. We practiced on our way to the mainland and then we were off in the Bilbo.

We put in near the old bridge in Gardiner. We quickly made our way down to Bath where we greeted the BIW shipbuilders with our paddle salute. They cheered us in our Gray War Canoe from their Gray Destroyers. We were a well-oiled machine. We spent the night by the river's edge on a gently sloping lawn near Phippsburg. The owners came down in the evening. We entertained them and they took pictures of us. Later they sent me two photos I still have. Dave brought along his transistor radio and we listened to a brand new station from Lewiston called WBLM. It was the first station in Maine to play entire LP's!

Next day we glided down to Popham Beach, where we set up camp right on the shore. We tipped the canoe over on its side, planning to sleep underneath. In the evening after the boys were in their sleeping bags, Dave and I strolled down the beach. We discussed the upcoming War Game in the minutest detail. We talked and talked and talked. It was a magical night. Then we went to bed.

In the middle of the night I was awakened by a commotion of voices. I struggled out my sleeping bag and there in the moonlight between the canoe and the Atlantic Ocean were eight boys and Dave Carman, all in their underpants, bent over digging like mad in the sand. The tide was considerably higher than we had anticipated and was lapping at the canoe. I joined in. Our sand wall miraculously held back the surge until the tide turned and we went back to bed. A week or so later, in the one of the greatest of all War Games, we beat the Grays 85-77, the first Blue victory in seven years.

## MAIL

By Matthew Hawkins, 2010 camper

One of the more exciting parts of the Pine Island day is collecting your mail. It is always a frantic rush to get to your mail slot and see into it.

Of course there are two alternate endings to this story.

One is that you rush up to your mailbox but find an empty box, and you go back groaning and griping. Otherwise you might run up and find your box

stuffed with letters, and if you are really lucky you might find a package slip.

Yes, mail collection is a very active time.

Getting mail is really exciting because it's your only connection to the outside world that you are used to. It is truly amazing how with no electricity we can still maintain contact with the outside world.

# SECOND HUGELY SUCCESSFUL SEASON COMPLETED AT WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION

## Five Courses To Be Offered in 2011

Pine Island Camp's Whitehead Light Station offered three week-long courses for adults in August 2010, and once again 100% of the participants were ecstatic about the experiences they had.

The season started with *Mindfulness Stress Reduction*, taught for the second time by Dr. Robert Cox. The second course offered was *Cooking With Daisy*, a week of amazing instruction and good cheer with Food Network Chef and popular author Daisy Martinez. Daisy had five students, and they all loved every minute of the course. The third course was *The Art and Science of Beer: Brewing, History, and Enjoyment*, taught for the second year by the world famous guru of homebrew Charlie Papazian. The course was full and, as was true of all three courses, included several returning students, but it also included one very new face—Charlie and his wife Sandra's six-month-old daughter Carla. Carla seemed to like the place, the people, and all the activity that swirled around her.

The students and instructors in all three courses remarked on the superior quality of the food and on how well they were taken care of by Mary, Matt, and Michelle. Matt took students from each course on beautiful journeys on the local waters in *Biscuit*, while Mary gathered mushrooms and other wild edibles. Michele was the master of the lobster bakes, done with hot stones and seaweed. Many of last year's students have already reserved spots in the 2011 courses.

## Volunteers Again Pitch in To Prepare WLS for the Season

We couldn't do it without them. A group of hardy volunteers that included Chef Mary Podevin, Captain Matt Wall, and Assistant Captain Michele Caron spent the first week of June at Whitehead Light Station working long hours to prepare the buildings and grounds for the season ahead. With two of the courses at capacity, staff housing and bathroom facilities had to be built, and the Whistle House significantly altered.

Getting the Whistle House ready quickly was just one of the many feats accomplished by a small crew of dedicated volunteers and the new WLS staff. Head volunteer James Eklund built a small bathroom for use by the staff at one end of the 40' x 40' brick building. Once the bathroom was completed, volunteers did a final cleanup and then looked for ways to make the loft-like space appropriate for use by the Mindfulness course.

Volunteers accomplished many other tasks during the week, including hours of mowing and raking, washing all the Keeper's House windows inside and out, and an epic cleaning of the Swan Dive, one of the buildings at Emery's

Wharf on the mainland. Lee Bryan very generously headed up the kitchen and once again PIC volunteers ate like kings. WLS spring volunteers included Ben Swan, James Eklund, David Pope, Linda Pope, David Bryan, Lee Bryan, C.C. White, Tim Nagler, and Christine Hopf-Lovette. Our apologies to anyone we left out.

## Whitehead Light Station Offering Five Weeks of Courses in 2011—New Courses in Knitting and Yoga Added

Whitehead Light Station will expand its offerings for the 2011 season, adding two new courses and offering two sessions of the Mindfulness course. *Daisy Cooks* will not be offered as Daisy's already crowded schedule prohibits her return this season, but we hope to bring Daisy back to Whitehead Light Station in the near future.

Dr. Robert Cox's *Mindfulness Stress Reduction* started small with just five students in 2009, but this August we will offer two sessions of the course, and the first session is already sold out. Charlie Papazian and his family will return to Whitehead Light Station to offer *The Art and Science of Beer: Brewing, History, and Enjoyment* for the third season. At this writing, the course has just a few spots left. Responding to a request for a bit more physical activity to go with tasting 70+ different beers in a week, we are planning some extended hikes on neighboring easement-protected Norton's Island, and director Ben Swan is working on creating a unique and challenging croquet course at the Light Station.

New courses will be offered in knitting and yoga. Shannon Okey will come to the Light Station for a week in September that includes Labor Day weekend to teach *Knitting from the Yarn Up*. Shannon Okey teaches workshops throughout the country as well as at Knitgrl Studio, a teaching space and shop that she owns and operates in Lakewood, Ohio. More information about Shannon and her ventures can be found at [www.knitgrl.com](http://www.knitgrl.com) and [www.stitchcooperative.com](http://www.stitchcooperative.com).

Charlotte Clews Lawther, a Registered Yoga Teacher and a Certified Anusara Yoga Teacher, will teach the final course of the season, *Anusara Yoga and Ayurvedic Wisdom*, September 9-14. Charlotte lives with her family in Blue Hill, Maine. She teaches yoga and works in land conservation. She is a skilled naturalist and avid birdwatcher. You can find out more about Charlotte's experience as a yoga teacher at [www.wildravenarts.com](http://www.wildravenarts.com).

We expect to sell out all five courses, so don't wait until the last minute and miss your chance to spend a glorious,

relaxing, instructive week at one of the most beautiful places on the coast of Maine, or anywhere else! For more detailed descriptions of the courses and more information on the instructors go to [www.whiteheadlightstation.org](http://www.whiteheadlightstation.org).

## Building Projects Continue at Whitehead Light Station

While work on the Keeper's House is complete for now, the Light Station facility as a whole is a work in progress, and volunteers will gather again this June to take care of routine maintenance and build an entirely new structure. With five courses very likely to fill to capacity this season, the downstairs bedroom where Chef Mary Podevin lived last season will be needed to house students. Head of volunteer work James Eklund has designed a neat, two-bedroom building with a common bathroom and a tool shed attached so that the tools can be cleared out of the Whistle House. Creating two bedrooms for staff (one was created two years ago by renovating a tractor shed) will free up the little fuel house to become the WLS office and communications center. Building the new staff quarters, along with the usual cleanup, mowing, painting and repairs, will certainly present a challenge for this year's spring volunteers, but they will no doubt rise to it.

Beyond simply preparing for this season, there are many projects that await funding and appropriately skilled personnel, either professionals or volunteers. The Whistle House has a good but aging roof, windows that keep out the weather, and a new door. However, a complete rehab of the building is needed. The Whistle House needs a chimney cap and liner, to be re-pointed inside and out, some structural brick work on the northeast corner, a new ceiling, a heat source, wiring, and a new surface on the concrete floor. The boathouse down by the pier needs a new roof and a good paint job, and its ramp and underpinnings must be rebuilt. The two buildings at Emery's Wharf, Topside and Swan Dive, need attention too, probably enough to keep a small crew at work for several weeks. And finally, when Whitehead Light Station's ship comes in, we will rebuild the lovely house, which the Coast Guard demolished in 1986, that sat atop the old foundation up the hill from the Keeper's House to provide four or five much-needed additional bedrooms and a permanent home for the staff.

If you would like to help fund these projects and provide crucial support for Pine Island's wonderful new Whitehead Light Station programs, contact Ben Swan at [benswan@pineisland.org](mailto:benswan@pineisland.org) to find out more about the work to be done.



Whitehead Light Station cook Mary Podevin filleting rose hips



Mindfulness Stress Reduction class in the Whistle House at Whitehead Light Station

---

# LOVING WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION

by Jeannie Vaughn

Oh, to love what is lovely,  
and will not last!  
What a task  
to ask  
of anything, or anyone,  
yet it is ours,  
and not by the century or the year, but  
by the hours.

These are the first lines of my favorite Mary Oliver poem, "Snow Geese," that Dr. Robert Cox put in our binders at last year's Mindfulness Stress Reduction course, and these words sum up my five days at the Whitehead Light Station.

I was a cautious student of Mindfulness. I knew it involved meditation, slowing down, yoga, getting in touch with one's breathing, but I knew little else. What I really wanted was to see Whitehead Island and this course seemed like a cool idea. It ended up being a *really* cool idea.

Mindfulness, it turns out, is about living in the moment and experiencing everything around you in the most present, vivid way possible. I believe there is no better place on earth to do this than on Whitehead Island. The first days of the course were pure summer. Sailboats moved in a continuous stream past the Light Station; the large bell buoy off the front of the rocks rang with every dip of the waves and the sea gulls were winging and singing to each other and to me. The third day the fog came in making ghost ships of the lobster boats, only to lift suddenly revealing what looked like a whole fleet off to the left of the lighthouse. The wind, the sun, the ever-changing atmosphere of Whitehead was

heady stuff for a Southern Californian like me. One is forced to live in the moment there because the moment changes so quickly.

There were 11 of us under the direction of course instructor Dr. Robert Cox. We had morning meditations and discussions in the Whistle House, followed by tea ceremonies or yoga and "work tasks." These work tasks were just an excuse to roam the 11 acres of the Light Station grounds, gathering wood or searching for chanterelle mushrooms with Mary, the beautiful French cook. And there were lunches with dishes like vegetable pie and fish soup made from fresh local ingredients.

We were busy each day, but there was always free time and no one cared if you skipped out on a meditation or an activity. One of the tenets of Mindfulness is non-judgmental thinking. So, for five days I was with 10 people I had never met before...who were not judging me. We were breathing, meditating, eating and experiencing one of the loveliest places I have ever been.

I am going back this summer. I have just touched the surface of Mindfulness. When I returned to my life in Pasadena I tried to spend 20 minutes a day in quiet meditation, concentrating on the breath...but I have pretty much failed. I need Whitehead and Dr. Cox and the sea gulls and the bell and the fog. Maybe after a few more summers of this splendid course I will be able to take it home with me. That is my hope. But for now I look forward to August.



Jeannie Vaughn at the Mindfulness lobster picnic

---

# GHOST OF THE ABENAKI REBEL: ANTIQUE WAR CANOE PURCHASED, RESTORED, AND GIVEN TO PIC BY TIM NAGLER

At Pine Island Camp, words can take on esoteric meanings, specific only to PIC. "Challenge" would be one such word, and so would "bulk," a word that took on its own PIC definition sometime during the early days of Tim Nagler's over 40-year association with Pine Island Camp. With the demise of the *Abenaki Rebel*, the gray Old Town war canoe, and the blue one as well in the Fire of '95, and the demise only two summers later of a green Old Town war canoe, a gift to PIC from Camp Runoia, in the Great Storm of '97, Pine Island was without a true war canoe. Campers and staff were happily plying the waters of the Kennebec and Flagstaff Lake in

our beautiful war yacht, but Tim Nagler just couldn't get comfortable with the idea that a traditional war canoe would never again grace the PIC fleet. Finding one was a bulk challenge, but Tim was up to it, and he will deliver a magnificently restored 1962 Old Town war canoe to PIC this spring. He bought the canoe on eBay in Connecticut and delivered it to wood-and-canvas canoe builder and restorers extraordinaire Rollin Thurlow and Peter Wallace at Northwoods Canoe Company in Atkinson, ME. The result is a spectacularly beautiful blue gem that will be gliding across Great Pond in just a few months. Stroke! Stroke!



---

## SOME LIKE IT...REACH PIC ON FACEBOOK

Following much consideration, we are pleased to announce that we have joined the online social networking experience. Some may find fault with using the words online and social in the same sentence, and we will be the first to concur. Face-to-face and pen-to-paper are still the prefer modes of communication at PIC. Campers and parents can rest assured that the ticket to Sunday

night meals will not be a Facebook post or a Tweet. It will still be a hand-written letter. This tradition, and the spirit in which it began, remains unchanged as we embark on online conversations on Facebook and Twitter.

Links to our Facebook and Twitter accounts can be found on our websites, [www.pineisland.org](http://www.pineisland.org) and [www.whiteheadlightstation.org](http://www.whiteheadlightstation.org). If you utilize one

or both of these social networking tools, you are cordially invited to Like and Follow us. You will then receive updates from both our freshwater and saltwater outposts on your Facebook news feed. Feel free to add your own posts, pictures, and comments as frequently as you like.

These accounts are monitored and controlled by Pine Island staff, so we are

able to correct inaccurate or questionable content. Our intent is to offer just one more tool with which to maintain fluid conversations with alums, parents, and campers. We know how much Pine Islanders love to talk about Pine Island, so feel free to post and tweet as often as you like!

## COME TO PIC AND BRING YOUR FAMILY!

If reading this issue of the *Pine Needle* has made you nostalgic for Great Pond, then Pine Island's Family Camp is the thing for you! Anyone and supervision for older children for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon each day. Short excursions are organized to hike Mt. Phillip, to paddle to the bog, and to ride the KWS to Belgrade Lakes. We have campfire every night.

If you are interested in finding out more about Family Camp, go to [www.pineisland.org](http://www.pineisland.org), contact Ben or Emily Swan at [eswan@pineisland.org](mailto:eswan@pineisland.org), or call 207-729-7714.

In 2011 will take place August 11-14. Come on your own or with your family. Pine Island provides babysitting and supervision for older children for two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon each day. Short excursions are organized to hike Mt. Phillip, to paddle to the bog, and to ride the KWS to Belgrade Lakes. We have campfire every night.

If you are interested in finding out more about Family Camp, go to [www.pineisland.org](http://www.pineisland.org), contact Ben or Emily Swan at [eswan@pineisland.org](mailto:eswan@pineisland.org), or call 207-729-7714.



Harry Swan practicing his knots, c. 1991

## “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: \$650 per week  
Contact: Ben Swan at 207-729-7714 or [benswan@pineisland.org](mailto:benswan@pineisland.org).



The deck at Topside early morning



Master bedroom at Topside



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



PINE ISLAND CAMP  
P.O. Box 242  
Brunswick, ME 04011

Address Service requested

Non Profit Org  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Permit #492  
Portland, ME



Printed on recycled paper