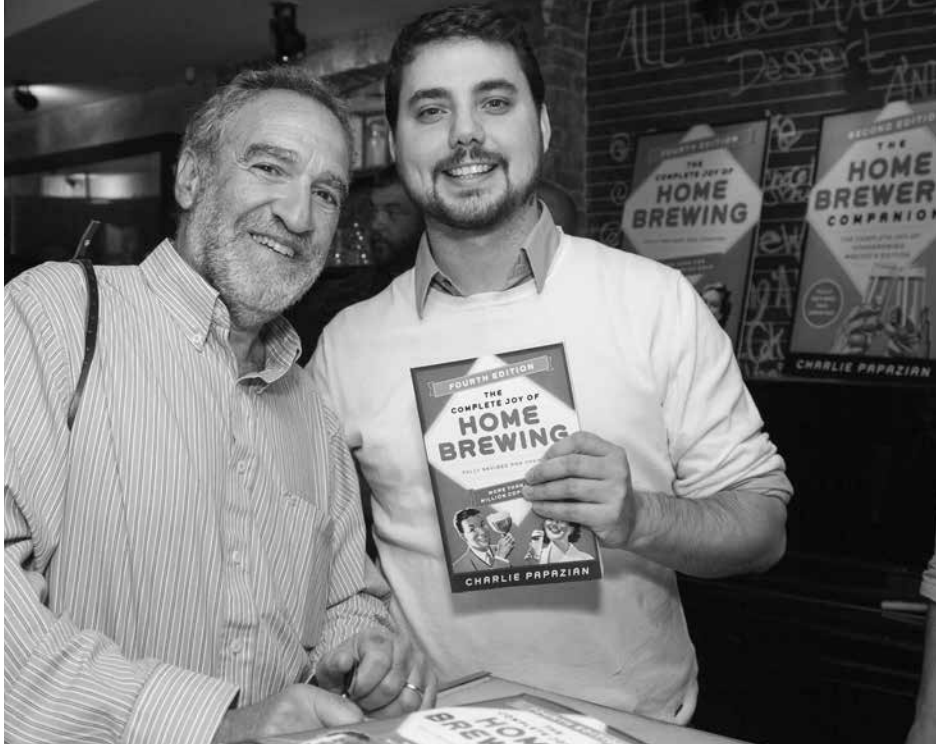


# The Pine Needle

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE

FEBRUARY 2015

## ARTS AND LETTERS: PINE ISLANDERS MAKE THEIR MARK



Pine Islander Charlie Papazian (left) with his latest book and a fan in New York.



One of the many gorgeous photographs in Bill Abranowicz's latest book

Pine Island Camp has always been an institution where the intellect is valued as highly as physical prowess, where an intelligent sense of humor finds an appreciative audience. The humor is multi-layered, and someone pointed out recently that the campfire acts at the end of the summer are often a parody of acts that appeared earlier in the summer. King Kababa is clearly a being with a great breadth of knowledge, intellect, and a sense of humor. L.B. the Outbird, fashioned by the King from an ancient Johnson outboard, arrived in 1968 and had two faces. Its chant was "Waxydy Axe Kowax Kowax!" (an adaptation of "bre-ke-ke-x, ko-ax, ko-ax," from Aristophanes's play *The Frogs*). FinAgainstWake, is a beautiful fish with shamrocks for scales. And the King's interests are not rooted only in the ancient. Ozzy the Osprey sports tinted shades and his chant is sung to the tune of "Iron Man" by Ozzy Osborn and Black Sabbath: "Ozzy, bird of prey/ Catches fish and makes them pay." Dozens of popular songs have been rewritten to apply to Pine Island, including "A Camper Named Sue," "No Chipwich No Cry," and "Stairway to the North Perch." Saturday Night Shows abound in literary and artistic references. *The Pining*, *District Pine*, *I Walk the Pine*, and *Alice in Kababaland* are some that come to mind—and those are just the titles! So it should be no surprise that Pine Islanders far and wide have distinguished themselves in the world of arts and letters. The editor's apologies to distinguished Pine Islanders who have not come to his attention. Send us news and we will follow up in the next issue.

**William "Bill" Dean**, skipper of the *Jubilee* and counselor at Pine Island for four summers in the late '50s and early

'60s, has published his second book after publishing numerous articles for the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *New York Times*, and other publications. His first book, *My New York, A Life in the City*, published two years ago, is a collection of essays on life in New York City, and his second book, *Into Distant Countries: Travels and Personal Journeys*, includes essays on travels to other lands and on personal journeys to other worlds: the worlds of literature, opera, social justice and teaching. Both books are available on Amazon.

**Robert Williams's** book *Great Moments in the U.S. Open* was published in 2013 and is selling well. It is also the basis of five long-form broadcast documentaries the USGA Museum, where Robert is director, has produced:

- 1962 U.S. Open: *Jack's First Major* (2012)
- *Spirit of the U.S. Open* (2013)
- 1971 U.S. Open: *Trevino at Merion* (2013)
- 1999 U.S. Open: *One Moment in Time* (2014)
- *Golf's Greatest Major Champion* (to be released in 2015)

The documentaries have appeared on NBC, NBC Golf and cable channels around the world.

**Charlie Papazian**, a counselor for three summers in the early '70s, is the well-established guru of home-brewing and microbrewing. He has published at least nine books, including *The Complete Joy of Home Brewing*, which is now in its fourth edition, having sold well over a million copies worldwide, *The Home Brewer's Companion*, *Microbrewed Adventures*, and *Home Brewer's Gold*. If you are a home brewer, you

probably already have one of his books, but to get closer to the source of all this beer wisdom, you might want to sign up for *The Art and Science of Beer*, one of the courses being offered this coming summer at the Whitehead Light Station. Find out more at [www.whiteheadlightstation.org](http://www.whiteheadlightstation.org).

*Boston Globe* movie reviewer and Pine Islander **Ty Burr** has published his fourth book, *Gods Like Us: On Movie Stardom and Modern Fame*, with Knopf Doubleday. Ty was a camper during the summers of 1968 and 1969. Ty's reviews in the *Globe* are much admired and not just by his fellow Pine Islanders. His previous books include *The 100 Greatest Stars of All Time*; *Net Slaves: True Tales of Working the Web*; and *The Best Old Movies for Families: A Guide to Watching Together*. The latter reviews old movies that are fun to watch, but also movies that tackle sensitive topics and can be watched by the whole family because they do not include foul language or graphic sex and violence. We look forward to Ty's next effort.

**Nancy Taplin**, mother of Pine Island camper and counselor Joel Taplin, lives and works in Warren, VT. Nancy, called a "contemporary action painter" in the *Vermont Art Guide*, started showing her work in 1980 in the New England area. She won a Vermont Council on the Arts Fellowship and three full fellowships to the Vermont Studio Center, and is represented in the Wellington Collection in Boston.

**Edwin McCain**, a counselor in 1979, once said that the two most fun things he ever did were playing guitar in front of 10,000 people and helping paint the Barracks at Whitehead Island. Edwin is a successful songwriter and performer and lives in Greenville, SC with his

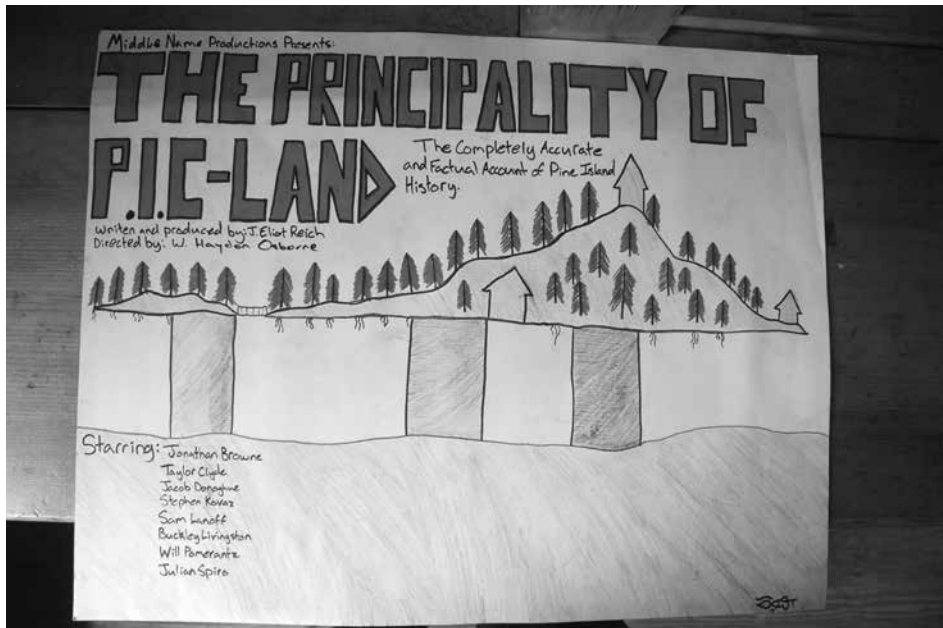
family. Edwin has released ten albums, four with Atlantic Records. He has had two Top 40 hits, with "I'll Be" reaching #5. Five of his albums have reached the Billboard 200. Edwin continues to tour and to write and record songs, with an emphasis on more acoustic work in the past several years.

Pine Island parent **Bill Abranowicz**, a much acclaimed professional photographer, has published another book of gorgeous photographs. *The Mianus River Gorge* was published in November 2014 and was done to benefit the organization of the same name. Bill went into the gorge over the course of a year to document each of the four seasons in honor of the organization's 60th anniversary. 100% of proceeds go to the Gorge, and a selection of images from the book and some new ones he will be doing this year will be shown at the Bruce Museum in Greenwich, CT in the spring of 2016. Bill said the most wonderful part of the project was going alone into the gorge to take photos when it was closed. The photos are stunning. Bill's two sons, Zander and Simon, are engaged in literary and artistic pursuits of their own. Zander is writing a novel while working in the publishing business, and Simon, still an undergraduate at Syracuse, has already started his own clothing design business.

**Robert Moor's** first book arrived at publishers Simon and Shuster on January 1. Robert, a camper for three summers in the late '90s and a counselor in the mid '00s, wrote in mid-December to say it looked like he was just going to make it. Robert is still wrangling over the title with Simon and Schuster. The working title is *On Trails: From Ant-*

(Continued on page 2)

# CAMPERS WRITE



## Saturday Night Show Review: The Principality of Pine Island Camp

by Henry Hall (age 11)

It was a hot night in June when a group of eight campers put on the Saturday Night Show “The Principality of PIC.” For those readers who do not know what a Saturday Night Show is, it is a show that is written and put on by a group of eight to ten campers in one day, which the whole camp watches. The Principality of PIC was about the “true and accurate” history of PIC and was enjoyed by many.

*Praise for “The Principality of PIC”:*

“I think the way the show was put together was great and that it was an amazing show.”

—Will Stack

## On Pine Island

by Carson Peck (age 13)

This being my fourth summer at PIC, I am beginning to feel as though I sit upon a golden throne, overlooking young kids bustle hustle about in pure insanity. Of course, this isn’t even close to reality. More than half the people on this island probably feel the way I just described. I am inexplicably satisfied that I am able to recognize the sheer spectacularity of this place and enjoy it for each day of the six weeks I spend here.

To me, a camper, Pine Island is less of a camp and more of a home. This small place of hardly 2 acres is capable of becoming so much more than a place to stay. I personally really do love every part about PIC. The outdoor life thrills me, ranks give me ambitions, trips show me how to appreciate the unique beauty in New England, and the food is ALWAYS delicious. Games like dustball, staffball, and the recently invented World Cup game are all things that nobody gets an opportunity to play anywhere else. On top of that, friendships and bonds are some of the strongest and

most valuable things one can take away from their summer. To me, my musical ties to various campers and staff are such cool things that I can’t even find back in New York (my other home). Having my guitar up here this summer with equipment to make it sound decent gives me another way to strengthen my bonds with everything and everyone here.

During the winter and spring, countless stories of countless times are told by Pine Islanders, extending PIC’s influence to places near and far. (Even France!) PIC is a beacon of memories and just straight-up good old fun. I love this place, as I know so many people do. It remains in all of our minds even if we are hundreds or thousands of miles away from it, and I would like to thank it, just as I do every day, for being exactly what it is: a home.

## PIC Haikus

by Roman Hall (age 13)

*PIC Wake-up*

The soft call of loons  
Sliver of light slips inside.  
A peaceful morning

*Archery*

Notch the first arrow  
Pull back, tense string and muscles  
Release: arrow soars

*Lunch*

The dining hall filled  
Chatter—sudden harmony  
“Woah, King Kababa!”

*Staffball*

Jump, toss, watch ball fly  
Oh no! Ball rolling away.  
Opponent swishes.

*Fishing*

Cast line. Pond glistens.  
Waiting, bored. Strong tug. Reel in!  
Just another branch.

*Hiking*

Feet blistered, thighs dead.  
Almost to summit  
Trees clear. Sky expands.

## World Cup Fever

by Nick Sperans (age 13)

The World Cup hit Pine Island fast and hard! But the camp didn’t just huddle around the radio all day and listen, they played their own World Cup game! However, this was a different type of soccer. In our game, it’s an elimination free for all! It is called “world cup,” but it’s a totally different dynamic! It’s a great time! I know very few people who wouldn’t love to play at the same time as up to fifty other people! (Maybe even more!) Here’s how to play: Everyone picks a team to play for, then the single goalie throws the ball, and the game begins! You have to score to stay in the game. When there are three people left who have not scored, they are eliminated and the next round begins, and so on and so forth. Dustball has been given a run for its money, but I think they’re still equally popular. So there’s your inside scoop!

## PIC Acrostic

by Alex Sidorsky (age 11)

Place to relax  
Intriguing to everybody  
Never ever not fun  
Extraordinary counselors and people  
Incredible trips  
Staff ball  
Luscious food  
Awesome activities  
New skills  
Dustball

(Continued from page 1)

hills to Appalachians, *How Pathways Make Sense of a Chaotic World*. “That’s the gist,” Robert wrote recently, “Landscapes are chaotic and confusing, but we, as animals, collectively construct these beautiful, ever-evolving lines to help us navigate our way through it all.” The book will appear in stores in the fall of 2016. Robert’s fine article on the 100<sup>th</sup> War Game appeared in 2012 in *Down East*.

**William Langewiesche**, a camper for three summers in the mid-’60s, is currently the international correspondent for the magazine *Vanity Fair*, a position he has held since 2006. Prior to that, he was the national correspondent for *The Atlantic* magazine, where he was nominated for eight consecutive National Magazine Awards. He has written

articles covering a wide range of topics from shipbreaking, wine critics, the Space Shuttle Columbia disaster, modern ocean piracy, nuclear proliferation, and the World Trade Center cleanup. After the attacks of 9/11, Langewiesche was the only journalist given full, unrestricted access to the World Trade Center site. He stayed there for nearly six months and produced “American Ground,” a serialized report in the *Atlantic Monthly* that is one of the longest magazine articles in US publishing history. *American Ground* became a New York Times national bestselling book.

**Robert Taplin**, a camper for four summers in the early ’60s, is a highly acclaimed sculptor working in New Haven, Connecticut, where he is on the faculty at Yale University. Bob’s amazing

human figures, many of them lit from within, have been seen in installations throughout the eastern United States, most recently at the Winston Wachter Gallery in New York City, the Zilka Gallery at Wesleyan University, and Smack Mellon in Brooklyn. He has executed public commissions for the state of Connecticut and the New York MTA and received grants from the Connecticut Commission on the Arts, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation. He has also written extensively on sculpture, most prominently for *Art in America*, publishing a number of articles and dozens of individual reviews. Bob was appointed critic in sculpture in 2004.



Camper Will Napolitano must have been daydreaming of summer when he designed this clock in his school workshop.

# IT CERTAINLY WAS COLD—A WINTER’S TALE OF ACTION AND ADVENTURE

by Ben Swan (with apologies to James Thurber, Jack London, and Richard Connell)

It was the man’s first trip to the Pine Island War Game site during the winter. He had gone to York’s Crossing to see about the possibility of bringing logs out along the access road in the spring. The day dawned cold and gray, exceedingly cold and gray, and the sun hung low on the horizon. It certainly is cold, he thought. But he did not know how cold it actually was. He was unaware that he had never been abroad in cold such as this. He noticed that his cheekbones were numb. The man’s snowshoes kept him on top of the snow as he trudged past the frozen showers and up the hill to the site. There were faint traces of the intense activity that had taken place there only a few months before. The man thought about the old timer at Foggs Forks. “A man should never head out to the site of a War Game by himself in such cold,” he’d said. “Strange things can happen to his mind out there alone in the middle of the winter.” Well, what did he know, that old timer, the man thought as the steam from his breath surrounded him and he turned the corner toward North Gate...

“The squadron signal is frozen again, sir!” yelled one of the general’s scouts in a high, panic-stricken voice. “Easy, man,” barked General Mitty, stomping around the area just behind North Gate, trying to make a path for the squadron he knew would not be coming. “You know as well as I do the squadron is pinned at East and even if they weren’t, I’m not sure they could make it through the drifts in time. We’ll have to pole!”

“I never seen a man who could handle a pole the way the old man can,” whispered one of the two campers kneeling in the snow to the other. “He could pole against the devil himself!”

“Party sighted, sir!” yelled the red flag scout, barely audible through the layers of neck warmer and wool face-mask. “They’re traveling fast on skis.”

“Scouts in!” yelled Mitty resignedly, and they came tumbling toward the gate through the deep snow, two of them nearly slipping into the road. “Careful!” snapped Mitty, grabbing the pole and dropping to his knees in the deep powder. “And Thompson, keep your tongue off the pole this time!”

“Yeth, thir.” said the shivering Thompson sheepishly.

The umpire, dressed in the regulation polar snowmobile suit and mukluks, reluctantly left the propane heater next to which he was standing and positioned himself to observe the play. As the attackers glided up to the gate and deftly stepped out of their skis, from somewhere Mitty could hear the menacing Tapokeeta Tapokeeta Tapokeeta Queep! of the massive snowmelting machine down by the showers.

“On the pole!” shouted Mitty and seven campers dutifully stripped off their gloves and grasped the frosted tube. The attackers, dressed all in white,

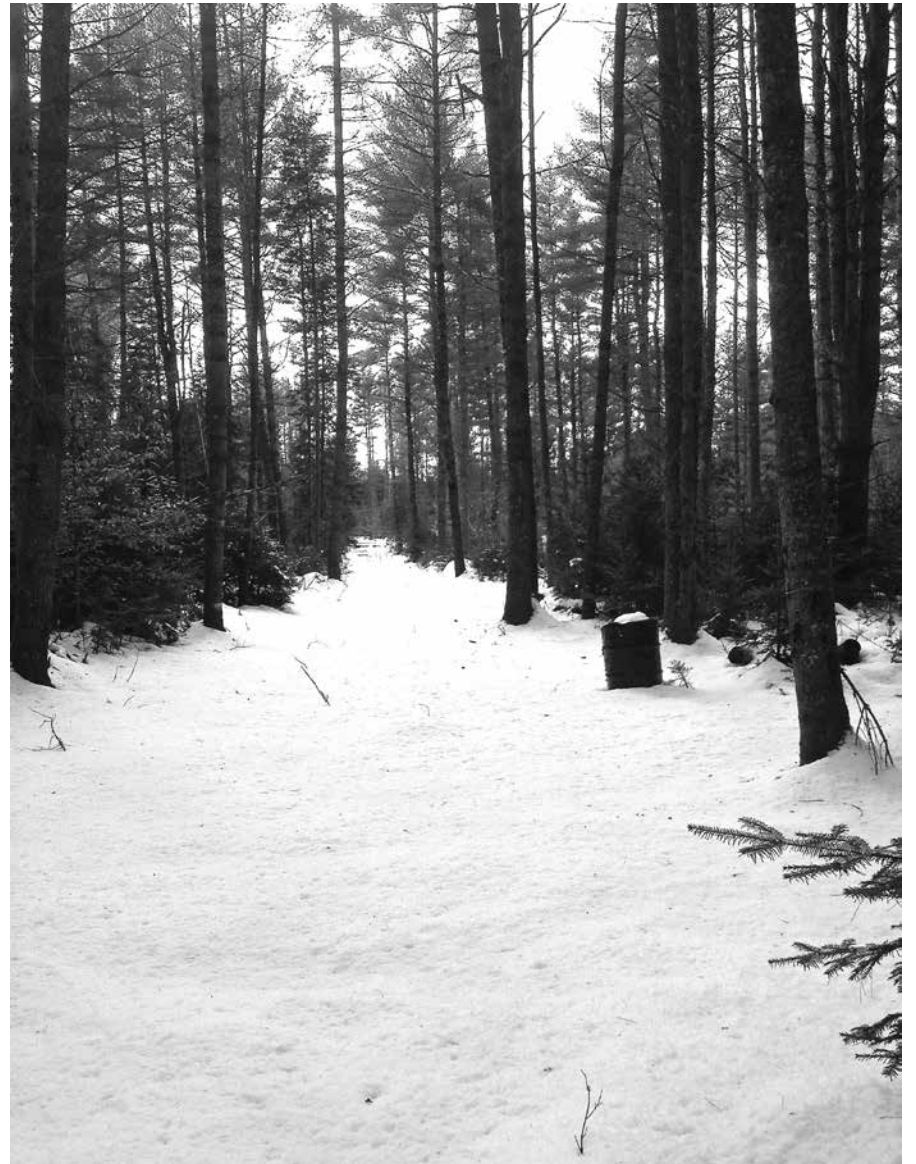
thundered through the drifts toward the gate. “Loose on the pole!” bellowed General Mitty, one cold grey eye and one cold blue eye locked on the snow sneakers worn by the attackers, ready to bounce the pole should one of them slip.

And then it happened. Fresh snow had fallen every day for nearly two weeks, but there had been no wind, and the tall pines by North Gate were fully freighted with snow. Perhaps it was all the running back and forth or heat from the umpire’s heater that did it. Without warning the topmost branch of a big pine under which the attacking party was gathered capsized its load of snow onto the branch below it, which in turn dumped its load onto the next branch. Before they had time to realize what had happened the entire tree and then the one next to it dumped nearly a ton of snow, burying them. The attacking party leader was the first to emerge, and he began to dig, like some prehistoric beaver, freeing the rest of the startled party one by one. The party quickly dusted each other off and gathered by the side of the road. “Ready, ready, ready...”

“Sir, the squadron’s coming!” shouted a hopeful young camper. The avalanche had cost the attacking party critical seconds and the three-man squadron was suddenly near the gate. Mitty heard them drop into the snow at either end of the pole. The party swung around through the deep snow to face the gate...

“Outta the way, Mac! You’re gonna get yourself killed if you kneel right in the middle of the trail,” said the stranger from beneath his bug-like snowmobile helmet.

“Gee, yeah.” muttered the man, rising slowly to his feet and stepping aside as the young, grinning snowmobilers insolently revved their machines and sped off toward the Martin Stream Road. The man noticed his gloves lying in the snow in front of him. He wondered how they had gotten there. He stooped to pick them up and slid them on. He realized that his fingers were numb. “You were right, old hoss. A man can’t be too careful abroad in such cold,” he said into the gloaming, beating his hands across his chest. Then he hurried down toward the showers and toward the warmth of the truck he knew was waiting for him by the tracks.



*South Gate in December*



*Shower anyone?*



*“The squadron signal is frozen again, sir!”*



# 2014 WAR GAME COMES DOWN TO THE WIRE—AGAIN

Blues Win: 203–196

Once again, after two full days of play, it came down to the wire, and once again the Blue Army, this year led by General Nicky Isles, won by a very narrow margin, scoring crucial points in the last two minutes of play. The Grays, led by General David Kemp, played the best game they have played in years and so were crushed when head umpire Sandy Crane announced the score. At the end of the first day of play the score was very close to being tied. The second day the Grays defended in the morning and racked up a stunning 40 challenge points during the period. Losing that many challenge points in a single period made it look grim for the Blues, who appeared to be heading for their first defeat since 2009. If the Grays did not give up any challenge points, they would need to score relatively few men, albeit some more than once, during the afternoon to win. The Blues played very aggressive defense all afternoon, poling

against jumpers and warding off several attacks at the last minute. They also scored 25 challenge points, including a crucial 9 challenge points garnered by an alert LTIP, Miles Frank. But the key to the Blue victory may have been their playing with the belief that it *is* possible to keep a significant number of attackers from scoring. Of the approximately 100 potential scoring points available to the Grays in their last attack period, the Blues managed to give up only 35. It worked, and when the final whistle blew the Grays had a sinking feeling they had come up short and they were right. It was a tremendously exciting War Game, and the hard-working umpires had nothing but praise for the spirit and sportsmanship of the armies. Undoubtedly at this writing there are several returning counselors and campers discussing either how to keep the streak going or how to bring it to an end.



*Blue and Gray generals, Nicky Isles and David Kemp, meet just after the score is announced*



*Army buddies Ben and Will*



*Gray attackers out on North Road*



*Lucien Malle, Nathan, and Matt at a gate*



*Green Army buddies Katie Swan and Cece Carey-Snow*



*Ben is battle weary but cheerful.*



*Joseph contemplating the Grays' chances after the game*

# EXPEDITION CAMP 2014

Four days into their 16-day canoe expedition into northern Maine, Expedition Camp received their resupply and sent back this letter:

## Round Pond—July 5, 2014

Dear Pine Island,

All is well on the northern front. We have conquered the West Branch of the Penobscot River. Resupply meets us all in great spirits and the boys' boisterous cheer is a joy to behold. Four days out, our mission is far from complete and we eagerly anticipate the rest of our journey.

The success of the expedition was foreshadowed from the start; as soon as our paddles hit the water rain began to fall but morale remained high. Though the torrent grew stronger, song rang from canoe to canoe. Our good cheer was rewarded soon after as the clouds parted to announce our arrival at beautiful Lobster Lake. There we began to introduce the boys to the rhythm of the outdoors far from the distractions of everyday life. All nine of the boys quickly settled in and enjoyed tossing the Frisbee around on the sandy beach. We woke up early the next day to reach Lake Chesuncook (Algonquin name: Place where many streams empty) at the end of the West Branch. Along the way

wildlife abounded as the speedy current pushed us toward our goal.

Since then we have pushed up the shallow rapids of Caucmogomoc Stream and the eerie Ciss Stream to Round Pond, where we are camped tonight. The boys' ownership of their jobs increases every day and they are honing their skills, especially the cooks. With minimal coaching assistance from us, the boys are all displaying a high level of wilderness competence. We are all going to miss [LTIP] Miles [Frank] when he departs tomorrow morning, but we enjoyed a great steak dinner on July 4<sup>th</sup>, prepared by him with help from Addison, Joe, Lorenzo, and Jacob.

Tomorrow, after the mile-long portage, we will set off across Allagash Lake for the Ice Caves. Then comes a day of rest before we head off for the Allagash River and the great north. We hope to continue to see a lot more wildlife. So far we've encountered at least seven Moose (Algonquin name: anidjani or Twig Eater) and several Bald Eagles (Algonquin name: migiziw). Sumner reports that despite a heavy storm on Great Pond, all is well on the island, and we are looking forward to seeing you all once again on July 15.

From your friends in the wilderness,  
Max and Charlie



Expedition Camp 2014 completing their service project at Whitehead Island, resetting the famous radiator roadbed installed in 1970. Right to left: Noah Donoghue, Max McKendry, Harry Vollmer, Matt Miller, Joseph Boulet, Thomas Perry, Lorenzo DeSario, Andrew Duncombe, Addison Wakeman, Charlie Krause, and Matt Hawkins.

# LOST IN THE WOODS, 1959: A PINE ISLAND RECOLLECTION

By Sam Brown, Jr.

When Dirk Berghager arrived from Portugal in 1959 to be the tennis counselor at Pine Island, he was, I believe, mildly disappointed that his tennis courts were under water. That spring had been so rainy that even the camp road was impassable for the week during which the staff arrived to set up camp. A greater surprise to Dirk occurred about a month later, when the hiking trip he and I were leading to Saddleback Mountain got lost in the woods.

The day began conventionally, with the camp truck driving eight campers and two counselors onto a dirt byroad, which was said to be a short hike from Eddy Pond where a fine waterfront campsite awaited us. The fine weather and a sandwich lunch kept our spirits high. It was not until after the truck had left that our consultation of our geodetic topographical map led Dirk and me to doubt our whereabouts. A short exploratory walk down the logging road where we had been left confirmed that we were not near the path to Eddy Pond. Further examination of our map suggested that our destination lay several miles away, beyond a moderately large area of unmarked forest.

We had with us a good compass and the aforementioned geodetic map. We also carried shelter halves (WWII surplus) for overnight protection and enough food to last two days. Everyone had a backpack and a sleeping bag. Thus we felt confident, though somewhat uncertain and overburdened. We took a compass heading and set off into the unmarked forest.

Our initial estimate in entering the forest at about 1:00 p.m. had been that

we would progress at three miles per hour, a rate that would have taken us to Eddy Pond in about three hours. We had not counted on the many blowdowns, ditches, brambles and swamps that lay in our path. By keeping unswervingly to the geodetic map, we managed to reach the woods road near Eddy Pond by 8:30 p.m. At about that time, we emerged from the dense forest onto a logging road that bore a striking resemblance to one of the roads our truck had traversed that morning—such a resemblance, in fact, that several of our campers recognized it. "Hey!" they remarked from under their heavy backpacks, "We've already been here!" And indeed we had. A quick check of the map showed that the truck had passed over this logging road, with all of us aboard, on its way to dropping us in a place that turned out to be many hours away!

A mercifully, but infuriatingly, short walk led us to our Eddy Pond campsite, where we arrived just after sunset. We considered the cow moose we found swimming in the pond a good omen. Given the time of the evening, we abandoned our initial plan to make a stew for dinner, substituting the next day's planned breakfast. Bacon, eggs, and oatmeal, prepared in the dark, never tasted so good.

The following morning dawned clear, and we ascended Saddleback Mountain after a hearty breakfast of beef stew. The ranger we met at the summit had no way of knowing that for nine hours the day before, ten Pine Islanders had been lost in the woods, and we were perfectly happy to keep it to ourselves.

## LOGGER IS A POET

A poem by David Pepper, the legendary logger who has supplied cedar logs to Pine Island for over a decade. The logs are used primarily for tent railings, but they have also been used extensively for landscaping. Finding good cedar is a challenge, and sometimes finding David

Pepper is a challenge, too. He doesn't answer just any call, and sometimes one just has to head over to his place to see if he's there. If he is, he is always helpful. Last spring director Ben Swan felt pretty "in" when David gave him a poem he wrote to "show the boys."

### This Old Tree

At one hundred and thirty feet there  
I stood  
Now they have cut me down and taken  
my wood  
So here I sit with not much left of me  
Stay just awhile and I will tell you my  
history  
I have seen so many eagles soar  
And I still remember that First World  
War  
I have seen the worst storms come  
and go  
And stood there in ten feet of snow

I have seen a lot of things in my day  
And oh yes I remember JFK  
I made good cover for all my animal  
friends  
From all the harsh weather this earth  
sends  
My trunk is old and my limbs are  
brittle  
So now I give room for those who are  
little  
I am not sad, so please don't worry  
I just thought it would be nice to  
share my story.

Answers to crossword puzzle on page 15

- |                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Kabroom       | 4. Gracious living |
| 2. Two           | 7. Blues           |
| 3. Tiltawhir     | 8. Allagash        |
| 5. Smores        | 9. Emery           |
| 6. Needle Point  | 14. Monte Ball     |
| 10. Umpire       | 15. Eliot Reich    |
| 11. Water skiing | 18. Perch          |
| 12. Foggs Forks  | 20. Basscar        |
| 13. Activities   | 21. Dop Dop        |
| 16. Kopa porch   | 22. Honk           |
| 17. Kababa       | 23. Medic          |
| 19. Katahdin     | 24. Honey          |

# ANTIQUUE PIC BOATS AT REST AT MYSTIC SEAPORT MUSEUM

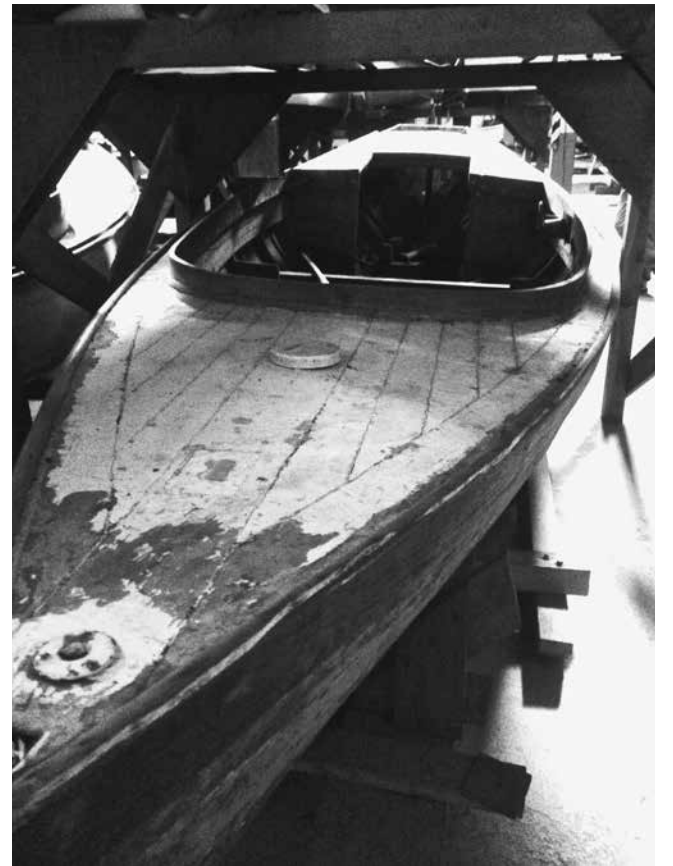
If you love boats and enjoy a bit of a treasure hunt, then you might like to head for the Collections Research Center at Mystic Seaport, located in the old Rossi Velvet Mill just across the street from the main campus of the museum. The CRC is a treasure trove of old boats in various stages of disrepair stacked nearly to the ceiling. The idea for the CRC was that of the late John Gardner, the Pine Island workshop counselor in the late 1920s and early 1930s. He believed that boats that had *not* been restored were of much greater value for research than those that had. But there is a special treat for Pine Island boat buffs at the old Mill. The CRC was established while John was the curator of small craft at Mystic, and so two of Pine Island's old boats ended up as part of the collection. They are the *401*, a power dory that once served as the Pine Island launch on Great Pond, and the *John G.*, a boat built *at* Pine Island by the great John Gardner himself one summer.

Pine Islander Whit Fisher and his husband Dennis Gagne live just six miles from Mystic and are boat and boating enthusiasts. Their Marshall 22 catboat *Limulus* and their Boston Whaler *Sea Slug* are moored just yards from



*The John G.*

their house, and Dennis works as a volunteer teacher of 19<sup>th</sup> century maritime history at the museum. They recently sent director Ben Swan a series of photos they took of the *401* and the *John*



*The 401 in the old factory at Mystic*

*G.* deep in the gloaming of the old factory. The boats are catalogued like rare books or ancient artifacts. Access to the collection is quite limited, but any Pine Islander can certainly claim a connec-

tion with John Gardner (and he'd want you to!) and find your way in to see Pine Island's two old boats and hundreds of others.

## LOON RESCUE 2014

Saturday, July 12, 2014 was already a special day, with both director Ben Swan and camper Josh Byman celebrating their birthdays that day. It became even more exceptional that afternoon, when the tranquility of the beautiful day was disturbed by the sighting of a baby loon floating alone on choppy waters off the cove.

Two chicks had been born to Pine Island's resident loon pair less than a week earlier, and the whole camp had been enjoying watching the family, particularly the little black fluff ball chicks, which bobbed adorably beside their parents and sometimes rode the waves on their backs. Seeing one of the tiny things alone and vulnerable in the middle of afternoon activities, the swimming class immediately turned its attention to monitoring its location and urging *somebody* to *do* something! Assistant Director Sumner Ford was eager to oblige, but Emily Swan was determined to check with the experts before taking action.

First she called Joan Witkin, summer resident of Great Pond and local coordinator of Maine Audubon Society's annual Loon Count, in which Emily has participated for over 20 years. Joan wasn't sure what to do and rang off to place a call to a loon specialist at Maine Audubon. Meanwhile the cries of distress from Sumner and the swimmers were intensifying, so Emily got on the phone to Avian Haven, a bird rescue organization located an hour or

so from PIC. She had spoken to them several times before and had handed off more than one abandoned or injured baby bird—including a couple of enormous and intimidating, if still helpless and vulnerable, osprey chicks—to Avian Haven volunteer couriers. Usually they met her on the Mainland, but sometimes the handoff had occurred in parking lots in Oakland, leaving Emily feeling ridiculously culpable, as if she were involved in the covert exchange of contraband!

Avian Haven's expert believed that the chick had been bullied out of the family by its sibling, a theory supported by the fact that one of the chicks had hatched a day earlier than the other and was thus bigger, stronger and better established in the loon family. In these circumstances Avian Haven did not believe reunification would succeed and would probably result in the death of the abandoned chick. They counseled catching the bird and delivering it to them for care.

Just after we decided on that course of action, Joan called back with Maine Audubon's advice—let nature take its course. This approach did not sit well with the anxious crowd on the swim float, and even less with Sumner, who was desperate to get out and save the baby. So the rescue attempt was launched, and Sumner headed out in a dory with a net. However, the chick, though only days old, proved to be an adept diver, and Sumner could not net

it alone. He rowed in to pick up swimming instructor Emily Blech, who handled the net in the bow while Sumner manned the oars.

Very soon—success! The rescue team had netted the chick and brought it ashore to oohs and aahs from the assembled crowd, who named the chick Luna. As soon as it had been lavishly admired (and, in the case of a few well-wishers, quietly wept over), the chick was nestled into a box lined with soft towels, and Emily headed ashore for another rendez-vous in the parking lot of the Oakland Rite Aid.

A few days later, Emily called Avian Haven to check up on "our" loon and learned that it had been transferred to a rescue center that specializes in baby loons. She spoke to the director of that facility who assured her that Luna was thriving in the loon center's protected, fish-rich waters. Maybe he or she will come back next summer to visit the old home place!

In any case, as the adventures of July 12, 2014 illustrate, there is never a dull moment at PIC!



*Campers and visitors gather around the recently rescued loon chick.*

# MEANDERING DOWN THE MEKONG: A TALE OF RELAXING AND ADVENTURE BY MONTAGUE G. BALL, JR.

Former Pine Island director Monte Ball lives in Chiang Mai, Thailand and frequently travels with friends around Southeast Asia. Barry and Gloria Lindquist are Monte's most recent travel buddies. Barry and Gloria made two large gifts to Pine Island to honor their friendship with Monte by funding the design and construction of the Monte Ball Bazumarang sailboats. Barry reports that gracious living is alive and well on the Mekong. Below is Monte's trip report.

Chiang Mai, Thailand—My very fun conclusion to 2014 was a cruise on the Mekong River from Chiang Khlong in northern Thailand to the former royal capital and UNESCO World Heritage site Luang Prabang in Laos. Joining me on this excursion were Barry and Gloria Lindquist, old friends of Pine Island and generous contributors to the camp's sailing fleet. Actually, Barry and I were shipmates aboard another vessel 50 years ago—the light cruiser *Springfield*, U. S. Sixth Fleet flagship home ported in Villefranche, France (see photo). Inspired by a *Wall Street Journal* article, we booked passage on the good ship *Luang Say*, a 110-foot steel-hulled launch with a capacity of 40 passengers. Early Monday morning we drove to the Golden Triangle, exited Thailand, and crossed the Mekong to Lao immigration. Here began our Mekong cruise, aboard the good ship *Luang Say*. Forty-two passengers were comfortably ensconced and stewards delivered excellent coffee to ward off the morning's chill. Thus we got underway for the first half of our Mekong cruise.

For a short time the Mekong divides Laos and Thailand, but then plunges into the heart of this small, landlocked country. Here the Mekong is both narrow and swift. Even with its shallow draft, our vessel had to avoid rocks, shoals, and rapids. Throughout the day we saw only river traffic—some boats carrying cargo, others only passengers, but many carrying both. Along the way were several government checkpoints where we stopped briefly and where shore excursions had been arranged. However, this old sailor stayed aboard and patronized

the well-stocked bar, which remained open and sustaining. Lunch was excellent Lao fare, served buffet style: pork curry, chicken grilled in banana leaf, and steamed mixed vegetables. Sliced watermelon and pineapple for dessert!

But most of the day was spent simply taking in the magnificent scenery. In the late afternoon we reached the Luang Say Lodge in Pakbeng, our overnight accommodation. Our welcoming committee hauled luggage from the boat to reception where room assignments and keys were handed out. The Lindquists and I occupied two adjoining cottages that spectacularly overlooked the Mekong. We had cocktails at sunset on the Lindquists' balcony, and before dinner children from a nearby village entertained us with song and dance. At the conclusion of that performance, guests were invited to join in the festivities. Gloria did. I did not. The next morning we were on to the Pak Ou Caves, which are filled with Buddhist relics. Very bad luck follows if you steal one! The caves lie opposite the mouth of the Nam Ou River. Since the 15<sup>th</sup> century these caves have housed thousands of Buddhist images and are a destination of religious pilgrims from all over East and Southeast Asia. Then we went on to Pakbeng, where we spent a very comfortable night at the Luang Say Lodge. The following afternoon we arrived at Luang Prabang in time to celebrate New Year's Eve. We arrived in Luang Prabang around 4:30 in the afternoon and had dinner at the incomparable L'Elephant. And so ended our Mekong River cruise. We spent three nights here and then on to Vientiane, my favorite Asian capital city, for further hijinks. On January 5 Barry and Gloria head for Siem Reap, Cambodia. I return to Chiang Mai in time to negotiate another year's residence visa for Thailand. As always, this novice tour guide stands ready to welcome Pine Islanders to northern Thailand. The red carpet will roll! Meanwhile, Happy New Year—and a big...

Akka Lakka!  
Monte



Our luxurious accommodations at the Luang Say Lodge—Gracious Living with a spectacular view of the Mekong



Monte Ball and Barry Lindquist, standing on the right posing for a gag photo given to a friend headed for Vietnam in 1966



Barry and Gloria Lindquist and Monte Ball in Laos



Owen Smith, Cody Smith, Harry Swan, and Rip Swan in the cove

## SMOOTH SKATING ON GREAT POND

Once every ten years or so conditions are right to skate on Great Pond, and they don't last long! One needs the unusual combination of an extended period of very cold weather, not much wind, and little or no snow. These conditions had come together at the end of December and in addition there had been some thawing and rain, followed by very low temperatures, so the ice was both thick enough and unusually smooth. On January 3 Ben, Harry, and Rip Swan and Cody and Owen Smith got the "go" from local Dan Trembly, hopped in the truck and headed north from Brunswick. When they arrived at the mainland they were stunned to see

ice as smooth as glass all the way to the island. And, while it was cold, it was not windy, something that can spoil a good skating session. They strapped on their skates and headed out, reveling in the experience of skating on smooth ice for half a mile without stopping. After some sweet skating on the east side of the island they ventured out to the south and did a complete circumnavigation before heading back to the mainland. The next day a mix of snow and sleet arrived and skating on Great Pond was over for another ten years or so. They were happy to have roused themselves to take advantage of an unusual opportunity.

# THE FACTORY—PINE ISLAND'S WORKSHOP PROGRAM HITS ITS STRIDE

Pine Island Campers completed over 40 woodworking projects during the 2014 camp season, and the Pine Island Workshop Program is on very firm footing for the future, thanks to the work, energy, and imagination of several generations of Pine Island shop counselors. While the sheer number of projects that campers completed in 2014 would in itself be impressive, even more impressive is the fact that every project was done to high standards of workmanship. Every shelf, stool, toolbox and chair was built to last.

The Workshop Program has been part of the Pine Island experience since the very beginning. What is now the Staff Office and home to two assistant directors each summer was built originally as the Workshop, which is why it still has a few casement windows that swing out (so they wouldn't knock things over on the benches when they

were opened). At some point early on, that building became the "Cottage" and Dr. Swan had porches built on two sides. Jun Swan and his brothers Rip and Carroll lived there with their parents before they became campers and the current Workshop was built down by the Boat-house. Famous shop counselors from the past include Jim Irwin, John Gardner, Mike Monahan, and John Bunker. John Bunker was responsible in the 1990s for reorganizing and beefing up the program, stocking the Workshop with fine tools, building a new workbench, and introducing a few projects that gave the program consistency from summer to summer.

After John moved on the program was a bit uneven, but it was always popular and always focused on teaching boys to use hand tools safely and skillfully. Over the past four years, director Ben Swan has encouraged, cajoled, and

pushed along the creation of a Shop Manual that lays out six useful projects of varying degrees of difficulty made of wood using hand tools. The manual, fully in use last summer for the first time, is complete with drawings (by John Bunker!), directions, tool and materials lists, and tips for future Workshop counselors. In 2013, Ben hired John Paul Reitz, a graduate of the Carpenter's Boat Shop program in Pemaquid, ME to be the Workshop counselor that summer. John Paul came to Pine Island through his association with John Bunker, and though he was only at Pine Island for one summer, he and John got the manual and the program up to a level that has already proven sustainable, even with the inevitable shift of personnel in charge.

Bret Newman and fellow St. Lawrence Jack Faherty were last summer's Workshop counselors. Bret had worked for one summer with John Paul, but

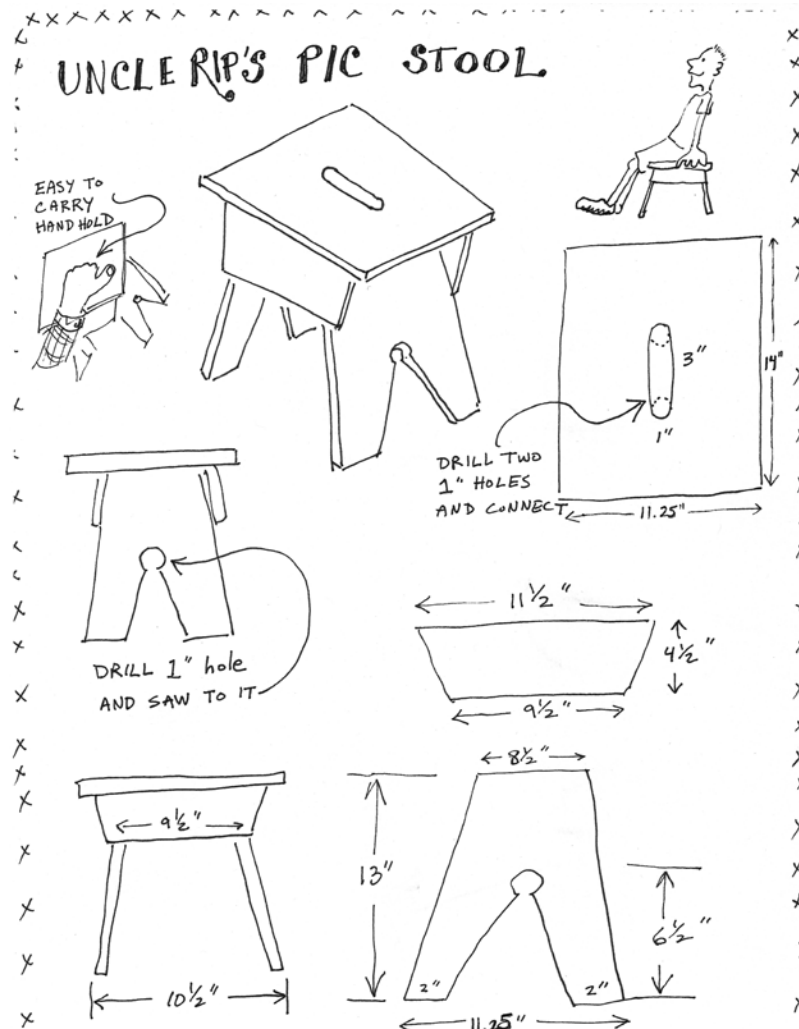
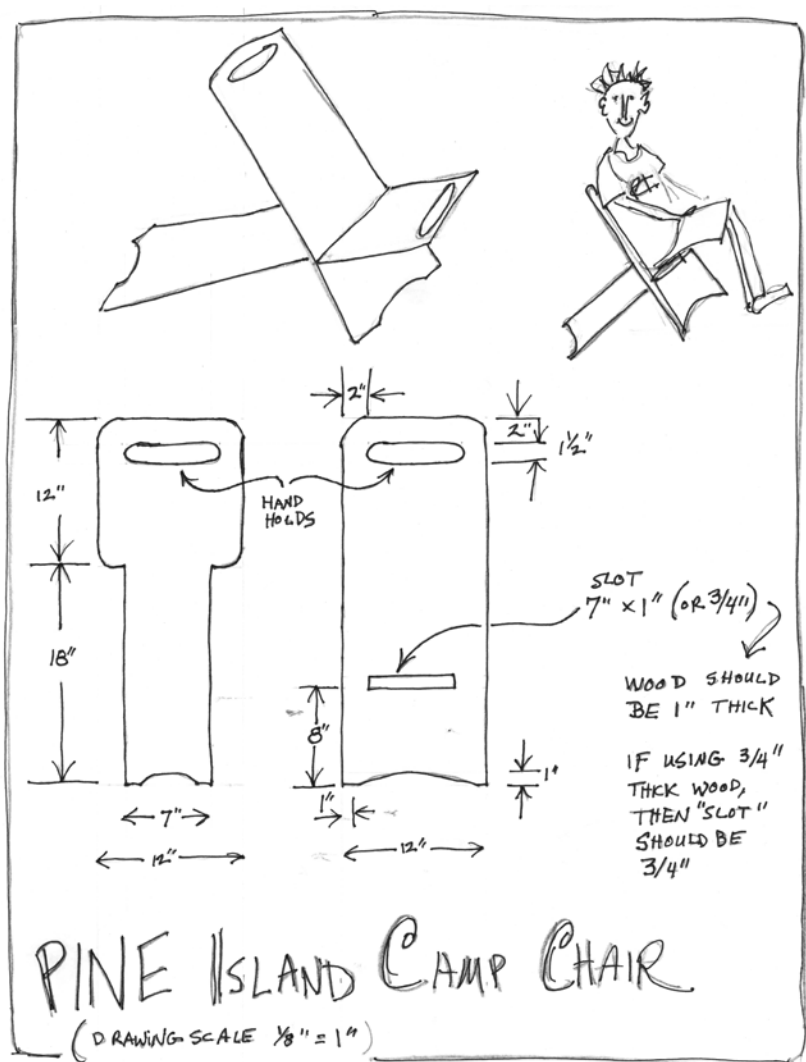
Jack was new to the program if not to being a counselor. Armed with updated tools, a new top for the workbench that John Paul found the time to install last June, and the updated Shop Manual, they taught dozens of boys of all ages to use, respect, and enjoy our beautiful tools, and after just one week of camp projects were being completed so fast we wondered if they had installed an assembly line. After the season was over, Jack, working on other post-season projects most of the time, installed the last of the new vices, put everything away, and went to the local lumberyard and bought virtually all of the wood the Workshop will need in 2015 and carefully laid it up on the new lumber rack in the Smith Barn/Range, so the 2015 season will begin with dry wood, sharp tools, and great projects for the great boys who will be eager to do them.



Oak chairs and stools from the Pine Island Workshop



Products from "The Factory" completed during the 2014 season







# THE KEEPER'S LOG

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

## ANOTHER GREAT SEASON OF LEARNING AND RE-CREATION AT WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION

Plans in Place for Another Great Season in 2015

### Generous Matching Gift Offer Will Aid in Whistle House Renovation

Great news! Recently an anonymous donor offered a matching grant of \$30,000, half of what we estimate the much-needed complete renovation of the Whistle House will cost. The response to an appeal letter sent to alumni and friends of the Whitehead Lightstation project has been excellent. As of this writing we have received over \$15,000 of the \$30,000 we must raise to trigger the generous match. If you would like to join in this effort, please make out your **fully tax-deductible** check to Pine Island Camp, attach a note indicating it is to help with the Whistle House project, and mail it to: **Pine Island Camp, P.O. Box 242, Brunswick, ME 04011.**

The Whistle House was built in 1888 to house the steam boiler for a whistle that helped ships travel safely during foggy weather. It was left empty by the Coast Guard when they automated Whitehead Light. The wide-open 40'x40' space immediately gave rise to a vision of a versatile room with virtually unlimited uses. Already the Whistle House has served as a place for meditation, yoga, slide shows, lectures, painting, and rainy day play. In the future we envision it being used as a laboratory, classroom, music venue, teaching kitchen... and who knows what else!

*The Whistle House Project:  
Completion Expected Fall 2015*

- Install new cedar roof
- Replace soffit
- Repair and re-point exterior brickwork
- Repair chimney



*Proposal accepted!*

- Replace front doors
- Add third window on west side
- Remove two concrete footings from the floor
- Install new wooden ceiling
- Repair and treat interior walls
- Resurface the entire floor, eliminating diesel odor
- Add heat
- Add lighting
- Purchase appropriately versatile furnishings

### The 2014 WLS Season

The 2014 season at Whitehead Light Station was a busy one. Skipper Matt Wall and Island Manager and chef Gigi Lirot oversaw eleven different events at Whitehead Light Station between June and October of 2014. They included: Volunteer Week, Open House Day for local residents, two rental weeks, a knitting retreat, a painting retreat, an Applied Mindfulness course, a Latin Cooking Course with Daisy Martinez, a Wine and Food Pairing course with Daisy, a weekend rental for a surprise wedding proposal (accepted), a knitting retreat, a painting retreat, a wedding, the annual September Getaway Weekend, Maine Open Lighthouse Day, and the annual Columbus Day Weekend Getaway, which was sold out by August 1.

Once again, there was 100% satisfaction for 100% of the lucky participants and most of the retreats and courses were sold out. We are looking forward to another great season at Whitehead Light Station in 2015 and the return of many of your favorite courses and

retreats. Go to [www.whiteheadlightstation.org](http://www.whiteheadlightstation.org) and click on calendar at the top of the page to get specific dates. Don't miss the opportunity to spend some time at one of the most beautiful and peaceful places on earth!

### 2015 WLS Schedule...So Far

- Knitters Retreat with Mim Bird, July 5-8
- Latin Cooking with Daisy Martinez, July 10-15
- Food and Wine Pairing with Daisy Martinez, July 16-19
- Yoga and Narrative Collage Workshop with D Vander Schaaf July 23-26
- Applied Mindfulness with Dr. Robert Cox, July 30-Aug 5
- Lighthouses of New England with Jeremy D'Etremont, Aug 20-Aug 23
- Craft of Beer and Brewing with Charlie Papazian, August 26-30



*The Whistle House viewed from the top of the Lighthouse*



*During the painting workshop*



*Hardy volunteers help rehab the old Coast Guard boathouse.*



*Volunteers have kept the Whistle House usable and stable.*



*Greeting the morning sun with Robert Cox in the Applied Mindfulness course*

PINE ISLAND CAMP 2014—ANOTHER GREAT SUMMER



*Skipper Robbie Leahy with Emily Swan*



*Harry and Max*



*Packing up for a canoe trip*



*Sunrise on the fleet*



*David Greene*



*Aidan and the shelf he built in Shop*



*Baxter and the boys*



*O.D. Bret Newman and his intern, Robbie*



*Chris looks pretty pleased with his marksmanship.*



*Senior Canoe on its way*



*Anders*



*Sam and the shelf he made in Shop*



*The Fishing Gang: Alex, David, Jacob, Buck, David, and Jack*



*The 2014 LTIPs: Ethan Pomerantz, Jacob Ronson, Peter Kulko, Miles Frank, Lucien Malle and Ben Hitchcock*



*Medic Mary Harrington finishes duct taping Alex's cast at the War Game.*



*Assistant Director Summer Ford*



*Sunny day on the courts: Jackson, Camilla Walker, Hugh*



*Trueman*



*Owen!*



*Noah and Reid performing at the Farewell Picnic*



*The Kitchen Crew after their annual frosting fight*



*Lynx enjoying a bit of shade*



*Calvin*



*Lucas and Maxx*



*Roman*



*O.D. Will Mason*



*2015 award winners with director Ben Swan*



*Alex and Ben trying out Alex's homemade fishing pole. It worked!*

# GREAT POND IN THE FALL: SLOAN CRITCHFIELD MEMORIAL BOAT MAINTENANCE WEEKEND IS ANOTHER GEM

Nearly thirty lucky folks participated in the 2014 Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance weekend that was again held at Pine Island in mid-September. I say “lucky” because though everyone worked hard, everyone got to spend a September weekend on Great Pond, eat fantastic food, hang out with Pine Islanders from ages ten to over eighty, do crucial work on the amazing Pine Island fleet of wooden boats, and honor the memory of Pine Islander Sloan Critchfield.

Pine Islander Abe Stimson was our boss again and again did a fantastic job keeping everyone busy, a monumental task with so many participants, virtually all of whom had different skills. He saw to it that we got all the crucial jobs done to prepare the fleet for the 2015 season, and, typical of Abe, he pulled it off while seeming completely relaxed. Krista Wiberg returned to the island to be our head cook and did a great job.

For those of you who have not been able to make it up to Great Pond in September, the weekend goes like this: Abe and a few others arrive Friday morning to set up, to dash out for any supplies needed, and to be ready to welcome people as they arrive. The cook is busy all of Friday, traveling from wherever, doing the shopping, getting the kitchen ready, and cooking for whoever will be around that night. A number of participants arrive Friday afternoon and evening and jump right into the tasks Abe has for them. Everyone is up early Saturday morning—a few intrepid souls take a 100% dip—and Abe’s magic act begins as he greets people, assigns jobs, does a bit of teaching, and keeps it all rolling. One person, usually a former counselor, is assigned to be the skipper, and Ben Swan wanders about greeting people and trying to be helpful to Abe.

There is coffee and snacks down in the dining hall all morning until we gather for a 12:30 lunch. Though tempted, we eschew naps and get back to work right after lunch. The sanding, varnishing, painting, caulking, and polishing go on until late afternoon. A few people head out, and those who remain wash up and those who remain gather by the fire with kerosene lanterns warmly illuminating the dining hall for the big meal, once again this year topped off with spectacular desserts made by Pine Island parent and baker extraordinaire, Sandy Holland. Much conversation and some music follow, but only the twenty-somethings stay up late. The rest of us head to bed early for one last good sleep on the island in the chilly air. Most folks head out after breakfast on Sunday but a few always stay to finish a few jobs during the morning. After lunch the last of the participants depart and Ben and Abe close up and put things away, making a list of a few tasks that must be done in the spring. This year we sent a few sails off with Abe to be repaired or replaced by his talented brother Nathaniel.

It is a short burst of activity, but it is both well worth it for those who make the effort to get up to Maine to join in and a tremendous service to the boys and staff who will arrive at Pine Island next June to a fully functional, clean fleet of boats gleaming in their coats of new paint that, as was almost never the case back in the day, have had all of the off season to dry!

We will be taking care of the boats again next September and honoring the memory of our friend Sloan Critchfield. Keep an eye on the website to learn the date, or just call or email Ben Swan in early September: [benswan@pineisland.org](mailto:benswan@pineisland.org), 207-729-7714. Many thanks to the 2014 participants!



*John Sawyer Miller getting ready to pitch in*



*Carrie Turner helping out Chef Krista Wiberg in the kitchen*



*Longtime participant Rob Whitehouse gives attention to Sloan and Betsy.*



*The Dining Hall aglow for Saturday Night's dinner*



*Doug Faherty, Kevin Hubbard, and Conrad Schneider at work on one of the Pine Island Skiffs*



*Boatyard dog Sampson is the only one napping.*



*Straw boss Abe Stimson confers with longtime participant Doug Hand.*

# FALL MAINTENANCE MISSION, PINE ISLAND CAMP, 2014

Log Compiled by H. Swan, Crew Leader

## Sept. 3, 2014

Arrived at our area of operations, well established by late afternoon. Messrs. J. Faherty and C. Smith took up residence in the K.C.I., with Mr. D. Kemp and I in the First Cabin. Quarters simple but comfortable, with most amenities (kitchen, stove, hangout area). Obtained provisions for several days at Hannaford Bros. Supply Depot.

## Sept. 12, 2014

Spent first full week subjecting a number of structures to various levels of demolition. Trash shed, canoe and kayak racks, swim float all demolished to make way for new ones. Also assisted Mr. D. Trembly, local carpenter of great skill and fortitude, in stripping and re-shingling Magoon roof. Crew performed efficiently and appears to have developed good working rapport. Some jostling in the ranks for coveted position of nail-gunner. Lake-facing wall of kitchen also stripped, in preparation for new shingles.

## Sept. 19, 2014

Cut large volume of underbrush on wooded sections of island, increasing visibility to a surprisingly significant degree. Also constructed new canoe and kayak racks, after much measuring and chain sawing of large beams. Demolition of old floating dock, which had been used previously as makeshift barge (towed behind KWS). Floating dock too heavy to remove from the lake, so demolition accomplished after much precarious sawing. Large dumpster from Gregory's Disposal filled with the refuse.

## Sept. 26, 2014

Demolished upper boat house ramp and began construction of new one. On the advice of Mr. Trembly, buried 8x8 crosspieces halfway along its course for support, in the manner of railroad ties. Digging proved arduous due to high volume of large, uncooperative rocks in soil. Many adjustments made, and much animated discussion of angles and design. Minds blown at speed with which Mr. Trembly constructed new trash shed, re-shingled kitchen wall, and assembled staging from ramp de-

tritus. Some culinary adventurism undertaken by Messrs. Smith and Kemp in recent days, with mostly positive results.

## Oct. 3, 2014

Completed construction of new ramp! Much celebration and high-fiving, and walking on our handiwork. Rock-solid, and should hold for many generations. Finished with a coat of water seal to ensure longevity. Crew has been given the name "Team Putty Team," with all members assigned a moniker. Mr. Faherty: Putty Guy, after his assistance of Mr. Trembly in a task involving putty and window panes. Mr. Smith: Chaps Guy, due to skill with, and enthusiasm for, the chainsaw. Mr. Kemp: Hype Guy, after propensity for offering verbal, rather than physical, assistance. Myself: Tape Guy, due to compulsive checking of measurements.

## Oct. 10, 2014

Began extensive limb-trimming venture in forests of Norridgewock, working in groups of two, due to short supply of pole saws and to ensure non-destruction of shoulder muscles. On island, received orders from B. Swan to sell Opti (small, much-ridiculed sailboat resembling bathtub) with all possible expediency. Placed it at head of camp road, sold within 1 hour. Crew in high spirits, despite steadily cooling temperatures and various domestic tensions. 100% dip in the lake becoming no small ordeal.

## Oct. 17, 2014

Various small projects in addition to ongoing Norridgewock limbing. Several boats moved to new barn, chair repaired, debris behind mainland freight shed cleared out and re-organized. Passed 3 days at Whitehead Light Station, assisting roofers there with transportation of materials. Enjoyed company (and welcomed culinary expertise) of Mr. T. Nagler, resident cook for roofers. Tension mounting over allegations of collusion against Mr. Kemp during evening card games.

## Oct. 24, 2014

Unable to work most of week due to nor'easter. In calm before storm,

watched craft of all sizes fleeing open water for safety of homeports. Meteorological chaos ensued in following days. Wind, symbolically, shredded American flag near Whistle House. Much reading, card-playing, board gaming. All quite restless and eager to return to work after three days shut up in house.

## Oct. 31, 2014

Returned to Great Pond. Week filled with more small projects. Removed most docks and attached winter plywood shutters to all large windows. Temperatures very low, with frost to be seen most mornings. Lake so cold the water burns the skin. One suspects that 100% would now be perilous to those with any sort of heart ailment.

## Nov. 1, 2014

Limbing finally completed. Bade farewell to Mr. Kemp mid-week, and decamped to Brunswick, that stronghold of civilization. Believe it is for the best: tensions reached a breaking point when Mr. Smith discovered jug of orange juice, unopened since first week, and opened it in sink, causing contents to spew spectacularly over walls, window, ceiling, and Mr. Kemp. Very cold. Ice forming on shoreline rocks.

## Nov. 14, 2014

Commuted from Brunswick in our final stint of work. Cleaned cabins with great aggression, dragged old riflery shed using the camp truck down to shore in preparation for transport to island over ice in winter. Felled trees near tennis court, split them with hydraulic splitter. Very, very cold. Mission complete. Akka Lakka.



*Fall denizens of the First Cabin: David Kemp, Cody Smith, Harry Swan, Jack Faherty and, as always, Wiavno the Wanderoo*



*David Kemp and Cody Smith planning the next step on the new Boathouse ramp*



*Carpenter Dan Trembly at work atop the new trash shed in front of the kitchen*



*The finished product with built-in disappearing rollers*

## GIFTS ADD FOUR BOATS TO PINE ISLAND'S FLEET

Since June 2014, two rowboats, a kayak, and an antique canoe have joined the Pine Island fleet, all gifts from different generous donors. In June, camp parent Sherry Baldwin contacted director Ben Swan to see about buying a kayak for Pine Island in memory of her friend and kayaking enthusiast Kathy Kimball. Ben did a bit of research and assessed Pine Island's needs. He decided on a small, self-bailing sit-on-top kayak from L.L. Bean. The boat arrived before the campers and it rapidly became a favorite among the boys and staff, especially during Boats Out after dinner. It also proved to be very useful as the instructor's boat during around-the-island swims during swimming class.

Many years ago the family of camper Scott Torborg gave Pine Island an Alden rowing shell to replace the defunct Chestnut rowing canoe, thus ensuring

that expert oarsmen would have the opportunity to learn to row with a sliding seat and big sweeps. The Alden served the boys of Pine Island for many years and was repaired many times, but by the summer of 2014, it had given up the ghost. Two things happened during the fall that will make it easier than ever for boys and staff to row a boat with a sliding seat, preparing them for competitive rowing elsewhere in the future. First, board member Tom Yoder decided that he no longer needed the 15' Piscataqua Wherry he bought several years ago to use at his house on Deer Isle. The Wherry has a drop-in Alden rowing rig, two big sweeps, and its own trailer, on which Ben towed the boat down to Pine Island. It now sits in the Smith Range/Barn awaiting a spring launching. It will be named *Zingha*. Second, Alvaro Rodriguez, father of current campers Ma-

teo and Lucas Rodriguez Cortina and former internationally-ranked singles oarsman, contacted Ben about getting a sliding seat boat. A phone call yielded an email from Harvard University saying there was a boat and a pair of sweeps awaiting pickup in Cambridge. Ben saddled up again and brought the sleek shell up to camp. Many thanks to all involved in these generous gifts that will take O.A.R. to a new level.

Just when you thought it was safe to go down to the water, director Ben Swan received an email from Kenneth Walker, a stranger, who wrote that he had restored an Old Town wood and canvas canoe and asked if we would be interested in buying it. While the photos were beautiful, Ben was about to write Mr. Walker to say no thanks, when a second email arrived that contained a scan of the original work order from Old Town,

showing that the boat had been made for Dr. Eugene L. Swan by Old Town during the summer of 1930. Kenneth Walker had found the serial number and was able to trace the boat's origin. Ben immediately contacted board member Tim Nagler, who is mad about Old Town canoes, and Tim readily offered to finance the purchase. The Pine Island campers and staff will now have the opportunity to paddle one of three antique canoes—the Doctor's Canoe, a more than 100-year-old White restored several years ago by David Stimson; the 25' Old Town war canoe given to Pine Island several years ago by Tim Nagler; and now the new boat as well. Many thanks to Kenneth Walker for contacting us and selling us the boat for what it cost him to restore it and to Tim for arranging to purchase it.

SHIPPED June 10, 1931		Canoe No. 106885
		Our Order No. 9491
		Your Order No.
To Order of Old Town Canoe Co.		
Notify Eugene L. Swan, M.D.		Notify at:
Pine Island Camp		Baldwin's
W. Baldwin, Maine		Maine
Via		
Length 17	Half Built JUN 26 1930	
Grade C.C. Model H.V.	Completed JUN 26 1930	
Planking H.C.	Hull Varnished JUN 27 1930	
Gunwales Open Spruce	Canvassed JUN 30 1930	
Decks	Filled JUL - 2 1930	
Thwarts	Stored	
Seats	2nd Filled JUL 18 1930	
Half Ribs	Stored	
Finish Rails	Railed JUL 30 1930	Chalmers
Keel AUG 5 1930	Journe Fitted AUG 6 1930	
O. S. Stems	Colored AUG 6 1930	
Floor Rack	1st Varnished AUG 6 1930	
Sponsons	2nd Varnished AUG 7 1930	
Color Steam	Stored	Yoder

The original purchase order for the Walker canoe



Tom Yoder with Zingha in front of his barn on Deer Isle



The 26' shell (we need a name!), a gift from Harvard University arranged by camp parent Alvaro Rodriguez

## KING KABABA SENDS MASSIVE GIFT TO 2014 CAMPERS AND STAFF

If the sheer weight of a sacred animal is a measure of King Kababa's approval of the belief and behavior of Pine Islanders, then the 2014 campers and staff received high marks indeed. On the last night of camp, the last regular campfire of the summer was interrupted by eerie noises and the high-pitched voices of King Kababa's henchmen emanating from the mainland. Kababologists

Eliot Reich and Adam Schachner were prepared, having received signs indicating something might be afoot, and they quickly organized campers and staff and everyone headed down to the boat.

As each of the three boatloads of campers and staff approached the mainland dock, they were greeted by a dozen or so impressive henchmen, whose

(Continued on page 15)



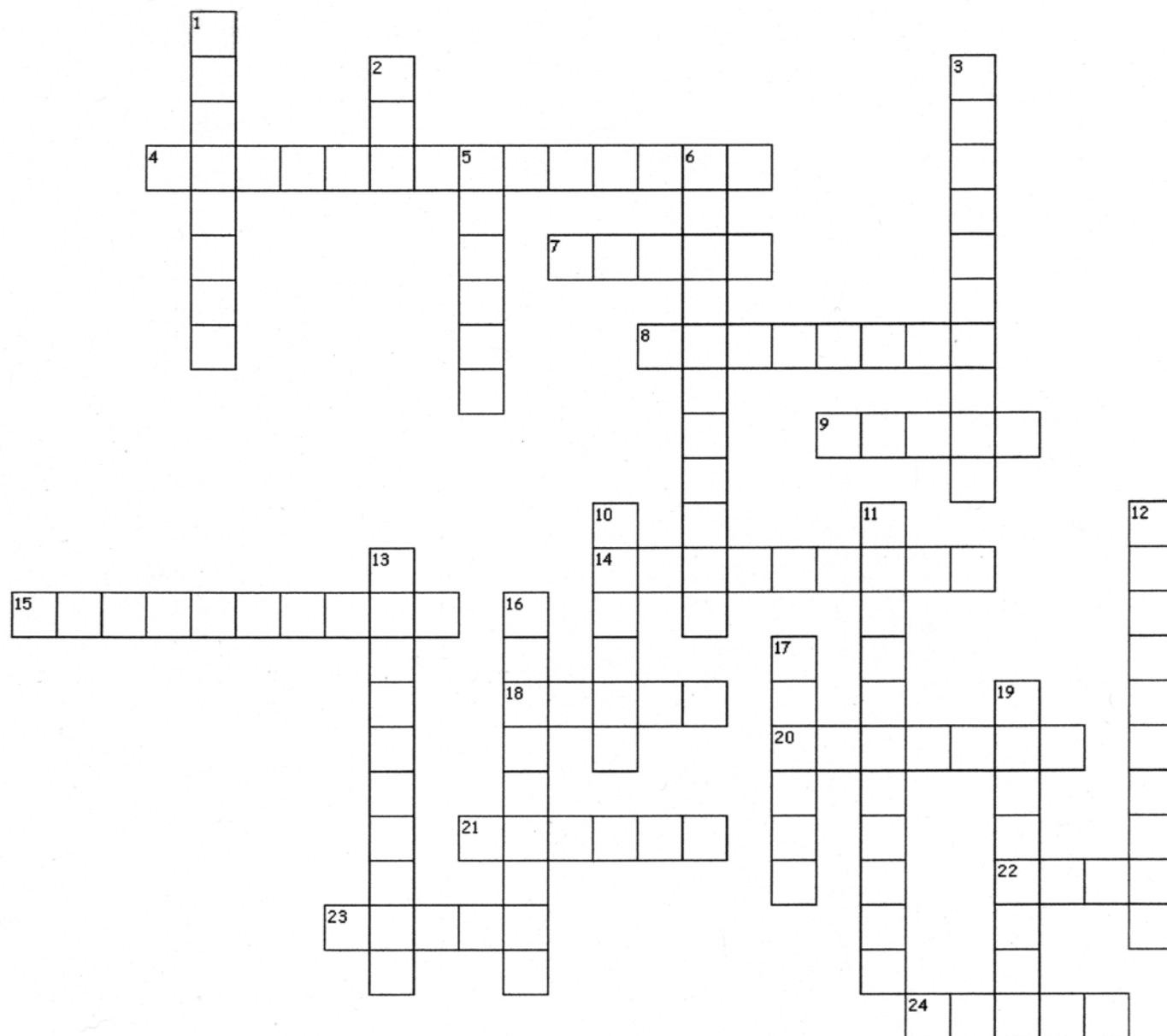
# PINE ISLAND CROSSWORD

## Across

4. Our goal
7. 2014 War Game winners
8. Senior Canoe and X Camp river
9. 2014 Sacred Animal
14. PIC director from 1970-1989
15. 2014 head Kababalogist
18. PIC potty
20. Sunday afternoon fishing
21. A doleful Sacred Animal
22. PIC's moose
23. PIC's health officer
24. Gimme the \_\_\_\_\_.

## Down

1. New barn game
2. Margin of victory in 2013 War Game
3. Keep on riding on the \_\_\_\_\_.
5. Hot dog night dessert
6. Where PIC women live
10. War Game play arbiter
11. Regatta attraction powered by X Campers in War Canoe
12. Alliterative former War Game site
13. What Pine Islanders sign up for in the morning
16. One of the places where Capture the Flag judges sit
17. Name of a king and a burger
19. Maine's highest mountain



## IN MEMORIAM

**David L. Nagler**—64, August 19, 2014. Dave was a much-loved counselor at Pine Island in 1968 and 1969, and his extraordinary ability to relate to young people and to make each one feel like an important and valuable addition to the project of the moment continued throughout his life, especially with his brother Tim's five sons, whom he saw regularly, and delighted always, during their upbringing in Indianapolis, IN. In Dave's obituary Tim wrote, "Before moving to Indianapolis, Dave lived on Madeline Island, WI, some 200 souls and 42 square miles moored two and a half miles out in Lake Superior, and operated the Beach Club, a watering hole and restaurant. With a heart as large as his frame, he brought ebullient warmth that awakened the sleepy joint and made it a popular destination for tourists, fishermen, and, after he extended the season in the winter months, snowmobilers. Even in the Badger state, few operators ever pulled more free beers from their tap." Dave was a bridge Life Master, but his eagerness to compete was not limited to bridge. Dave delighted in engaging his nieces and nephews in every nuance of strategy, whether they were playing Cribbage, Backgammon, or Hearts. He was also an avid fisherman and loved slow-pitch softball—in



*Dave Nagler at the centennial celebration in 2002.*

which he excelled. Director Ben Swan, a camper during Dave's two summers at Pine Island recalls, "Dave possessed a rare combination in his dealings with young people: he was both fiercely dedicated to doing things well and at the same time made light of your mistakes, easily convincing you that whatever you had to offer was of great value." Akka Lakka, Dave!

**Pandy Zolas**—79, May 14, 2014. He was the father of Pine Islander Nick Zolas and a great friend to the camp. Pandy was a naval architect who was born in Bulgaria and studied in both Greece and Italy, where he received his doctorate in Naval Architecture. He worked in shipyards in Pireaus, Greece; Brooklyn, New York; Houston, Texas; and Bath, Maine.

Pandy was a lifelong builder of boat models and eagerly took on the restoration of the model of Dr. Swan's yacht *Cygnus* that rests in a case in the Swan Library in Honk Hall and is admired daily by campers and staff each summer.

**Donal C. O'Brien, Jr.**, September 10, 2013. Donal was a camper at Pine Island in 1947 and was one many O'Briens who have attended Pine Island over three generations. Donal graduated from Williams College in 1956 and went on to receive a law degree from UVA. He was an attorney in New York City and, an early conservationist, led the National Audubon Society for fifteen years, encouraging the organization to engage in large-scale conservation efforts.

**Bettina Brown Irvine**—70, August 30, 2014. Bettina was the mother of Pine Islanders Andrew and Jonathan Irvine and an enthusiastic supporter of Pine Island Camp. She battled a rare genetic disease that became known through her tireless advocacy as Alpha-1. Bettina was a leader wherever she went and in 2001 was elected chair of the Alpha-1 Association, a national patient-advocacy organization designed to promote awareness and early detection. She was a visionary and early supporter of genet-

ic testing, stem cell research, and gene therapy. Earlier in her life Bettina was an avid equestrian and championship tennis player and worked in publishing for both *Mademoiselle* and *Vogue*. Bettina loved Pine Island's can-do spirit.



*(Continued from page 14)*

bodies were painted and glistening and who wore masks and fern skirts. Many things glowed in the dark, both down by the dock where everyone gathered, and on the way up the road to the barn by the tennis courts. There the assembled crowd encountered more henchmen, lots of loud drumming, and the head henchman. Soon the 2014 sacred animal, squatting at the base of the barn's ramp, was revealed to everyone. Emery, the Spork-Toothed Heliscorpion is one of the largest sacred animals ever received, and it is probably the heaviest. It is a beautiful creature and it will remain outdoors in a grove of pine trees out in front of Northampton. Whoa, King Kababa!

# NEEDLE NEWS BRIEFS



*Kabalogists are investigating Russian discovery of ancient birch bark messages.*

## “Magic Mud” Preserved Early Birch Bark Writing in Russia—Link to King Kababa’s Summer Signs under Investigation

*Veliky Novgorod, Russia*—A dozen birch bark scrolls were among the finds from this year’s digging season, adding to a collection of more than 1000 documents, all etched on birch bark, that have been preserved for hundreds of years in what Russian archeologists call “magical mud.” The documents, which bear a striking resemblance to the Sacred Signs found by lucky and observant campers each summer at Pine Island, were written in conversational language on everyday topics. “There are records of business transactions, demands for payment of debts, inventories of goods, accusations of crimes, convoluted discussions of legal disputes, personal letters among family and friends, even love letters,” reported the *New York Times* last October. “The messages were etched into the bark using a wooden stylus,” archaeologist Sergei Yasikov reportedly said, “but it is likely they would have used blue ballpoint pen if such a thing had existed in 859. While the messages that survive are very similar to your King Kababa’s sacred signs, speculation that the King may have been in Russia at that time is just that—speculation.” True, none of the Russian messages bears the King’s crown signature and yet... Kabalogists at the Yale School of Kabalogy are mounting an expedition to northern Russia, planned for the “dead of winter,” according to a spokesman. “Blinding snowstorms and sub-zero temperatures tends to freeze some of the ‘red’ tape that may be caused by the current political climate.”

## Transition to No Top Bunks Is Success

Last year’s *Pine Needle* reported on the project to eliminate the use of top bunks at PIC. Director Ben Swan devised a plan to cut the bunk beds’ legs in such a way that one of the halves would be high enough to accommodate two trunks under the bed easily, thus making up for the space lost by adding a fifth bed to the floorplan. Prior planning, specifically setting up five bunks on an

empty platform in the fall of 2013 to test the theory, proved it could work, and in fact it did. The only top bunks left on the island during the 2014 season were in Northampton, the Kopa, and the LTIP Tent. We hope that the elimination of the specter of being the last man in on opening day will reduce the tendency of families to arrive hours early to get in line for the first boat to the island.

## New Floating Dock Arrives and Sees Heavy Use

Perhaps twenty years ago, just after camp was over, a Great Pond neighbor called to offer Pine Island a large (20’x12’) section of floating dock. P.I.C. gratefully accepted, and a small group of volunteers boarded the *K.W.S.* to retrieve it from North Bay. The dock enabled P.I.C. to replace the small platform on which the Boathouse ramp rested and thus obviated the need to drive in six more pesky 2x4 legs. The dock saw heavy use every year and gradually began to deteriorate. It was made of splintery pressure treated lumber and the floats were Styrofoam and tended to soak up water. Eventually it became too heavy to get out of the cove and onto the beach in the fall and its deterioration was hastened by its sitting in the ice all winter. Enter Shed City! Shed City is located on Route 1 in Warren, ME and for two decades has been making high-quality sheds and delivering them

to happy customers all over New England. Several years ago Shed City built the Riflery/Archery Shed, which, with a bit of luck, will be taken across the ice to the island to become the new Fly Fishing headquarters. Shed City’s proprietor is a former lobsterman and so naturally began building floats and docks. The beautiful new low-profile floating dock is built to last and has sealed plastic floats, smooth and durable cedar decking, and longitudinal skids on the bottom to facilitate its being pulled up onto the beach for the winter. It saw heavy use and was pronounced a great success by campers and staff alike. Shed City will build Pine Island a new swim float this winter and deliver it in the spring.



*Longtime PIC friend Vern Daigle makes use of the slow trip to the island.*



*Shed City’s truck drops the new floating dock into Great Pond in the early spring.*

## Pine Islanders Experience Days Gone By: Listen to Soccer World Cup on Radio New Game Invented

Eight years ago director Ben Swan set aside an unstated but understood rule that keeps everyone free of screen time while at Pine Island and allowed the French campers to watch the for them tragic final World Cup game in which France lost to Italy. Ben remembers learning the result when he saw the French boys returning from a local counselor’s house, dejectedly draped over the gunwales of the *K.W.S.* Since 2006 interest in the World Cup has grown enormously in the U.S. and it was not just the boys from France, Mexico, and Brazil who were eager to keep up with the race for the ultimate prize in the beautiful game. Twin brothers Lucas and Mateo Rodriguez Cortina from Mexico brought a powerful radio and for about two weeks rules were bent here and there to allow boys and staff to gather round to listen to various matches. Only the absence of vacuum tubes set these scenes apart from similar scenes decades ago. There were no fans of the German team at P.I.C. this summer (congrats, Olaf, Malte, and Pat!), so there were many disappointments, but a good time was had by all. In addition, the presence of many soccer balls



*Alex, Jack, David, and Jacob made good use of the new dock during their free time all summer.*



in camp led to the campers' invention of a new game called World Cup, a kind of mash-up of soccer and dustball. Played across a small section of the dust court, the game is every man for himself with one goalie. Each player adopts a country and must yell out the name of his country each time he kicks the ball. There is some part of the rules, which this writer was never able to figure out, that slowly eliminates players over the course of the game. The best part of the game was that it was created entirely without the oversight of adults, a wonderful rarity in today's world of overorganized youth sports.

### Robbie "Admiral" Leahy, Skipper Extraordinaire, Takes Off on Flying Career

Be organized. Prepare. Take care of your equipment. Let safety be your first consideration. Take care of your passengers. Watch the weather. These are all words for any Pine Island skipper to live by, and the 2014 skipper of the *Katharine W. Swan*, former camper and LTIP and son of Pine Islander Chris Leahy, certainly did. Emily Swan counts Robbie among the top five skippers she has known in her 25 years as master of the Pine Island office, saying in a recent interview, "I completely trusted his seamanship, he knew how to meet and greet, and he has legible handwriting!" No doubt all of the qualities that made Robbie a top-flight skipper at Pine Island will also make him a great pilot. Robbie, completing his sophomore year at St. Louis University, is headed for a flying career and is ahead of schedule. Robbie already had his pilot's license when he entered college and has completed all the flying requirements to get his degree. "Just classroom work from here on out," Robbie said recently with a note of disappointment in his voice. However, having completed his in-air requirements will not keep Robbie on the ground. He is qualified to fly parachutists and has secured a job for the summer riding along on the flight deck of United Airlines commercial flights. He will also begin training to fly corporate jets this summer and next year. Robbie's ultimate goal is to fly Coast Guard helicopters, something that would require him to complete officer candidate school in the Navy. "Corpo-



Henry Clauson with "Excalibur," having completed another successful extraction in Yoder House at the Whitehead Light Station

rate jets would be good too," said Leahy. "I just want to keep flying." We will miss Robbie next summer but wish him luck in his climb to success.

### Pine Island's Dirtiest Jobs Land with Henry Clauson

Former camper, counselor, assistant director and current member of Pine Island's board of directors Henry Clauson has the good fortune, or is it the *misfortune*, to live just a few minutes from Great Pond and an hour or so from Whitehead Island. Over the past dozen years or so, Pine Island has come to rely on Henry, an engineer at heart with a can-do attitude, to handle two of its least glamorous jobs. Every June Henry comes to Pine Island for the Great Grease Extraction. Most septic or gray water systems are pumped out every few years, but of course driving

up to Pine Island's gray water system is not an option. Instead, Henry locates and digs up the covers to the two settling tanks for the permitted gray water system that lies beneath the dust court. Using homemade tools, he then dips the congealed grease off the top of the water in the tanks and places it in tripled plastic garbage bags. The bags are sealed and

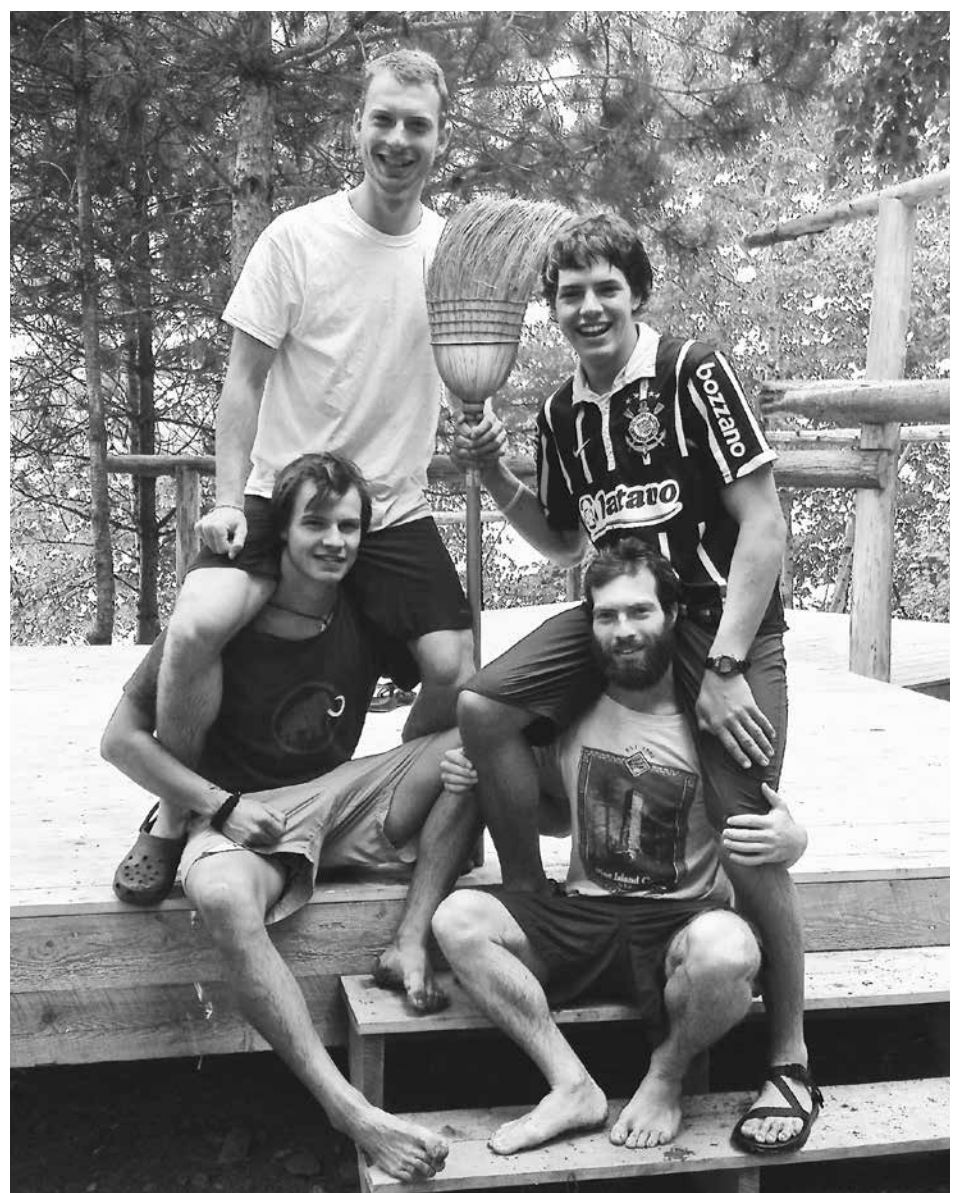
eventually transported to Pat Jackson's Grease Farm in Augusta for disposal. The Great Grease Extraction is far and away the smelliest job one can imagine, but it is essential to the efficiency and longevity of our crucial graywater system. Less smelly but in the same realm is the operation, dubbed "Excalibur" by Henry, that takes place late in the fall at Whitehead Light Station. The Station has its own sewage treatment plant, located in Yoder House behind the lighthouse. The house, a gift of board member Tom Yoder, houses two gigantic plastic septic tanks. The process used to treat the sewage involves ultraviolet light supplied by a long, delicate light-saber-like device that sits down inside one of the tanks. Each fall, ten days or so after the Station's water system has been shut down, Henry comes out to extract the light tube and shut the whole system down. Rubber gloves are once more standard equipment. Many thanks, Henry, for doing what needs to be done!

### Where Is Gates Sanford?—Tent 7 Reunion Missing Just One

As the summer drew to a close, four former tentmates, all counselors during the 2014 season, posed on the platform of the tent they shared in their first summer at Pine Island when they were nine years old. Charlie Krause, Ned Pressman, Adam Schachner, and Max McKendry have fond memories of their first summer together, after which they returned as campers and then as counselors for the next ten summers. The only one missing from the photo op was Gates Sanford, who was their counselor. No doubt Gates had his hands full with those four, or was it the other way around?



Skipper Robbie "Admiral" Leahy at the helm of the K.W.S. on an activity run



Clockwise from top: Ned Pressman, Charlie Krause, Adam Schachner, and Max McKendry take a break from their work shutting down the island to pose on the Tent 7 platform.

# NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

The Newshound is always glad to hear from you and to hear what you have been up to. You can reach the Hound at [benswan@pineisland.org](mailto:benswan@pineisland.org). He keeps a file, so give him some news for the next exciting edition of NeedleNotes.

**Charlie** and **Karen Maule** welcomed **Henry Thomas Maule** on September 22, 2014. Henry's first visit to Pine Island was just a couple of months before he was born when Charlie and Karen visited PIC during the 2014 season. **Felicien** and **Aline Dillard**, currently living in Doha, Qatar, welcomed **Vincent Dillard** on January 6, 2014. **Joe Kovaz** and his partner **Susan Nelson** welcomed **Anna Kendall Kovaz** on October 30, 2014. Joe is a physics and chemistry teacher in Columbia, SC and Susan is an attorney. **Ben Rausch** and **Kate Blanton** have (finally!) gotten engaged and will be married next summer. 2014 Pine Island drivers **Will Mason** and **Erin Lobb** will be married on Vinalhaven Island on June 27, 2015.

**Ted Senior** is one of the chaplains at Wake Forest University and recently bought a house in Winston Salem, NC. He was astounded and delighted when, while looking at the house, he met the owner: Pine Islander **Chris Anderson**, who was moving to Charleston, SC. While in Greenville, SC, director **Ben Swan** caught up with **Appy Apperson**, **Ben Wallace**, his wife **Ginger**, their three daughters and his mom **Nicky**, **Chuck Hassold** and his parents, **Allison Martin Mertens**, and **Perry Major** at a lovely reception hosted by **James** and **Jessica Morton**. **James Morton IV** will be at PIC this summer for his fifth season.

**Sarah Mason** is in her second year teaching second grade out on Vinalhaven Island. **Nick Buck** is working just across the Thoroughfare for Black Mountain Builders. **Will Webb** has changed schools but is still living living in Portland, ME. **Lindsay Clarke**, her husband **Shea**, and Shea's two daughters also live in Portland, and Lindsay has a full load of classes and other duties at the Waynfflete School. Cousin **Carrie Turner** has moved to Portland and has a new job. **Krista Wiberg** is in her second year working for Bose in Cambridge, MA. **Anne Stires** has added yet another grade, 4<sup>th</sup>, to the Juniper Hill School in Alna, Maine, which she founded in 2011. The total enrollment is now 47, ages 3-10, with four classrooms. She will add a 5<sup>th</sup> grade next year. **Becca Waldo** is in graduate school at Smith College. She will finish up in May with a M.S. in Exercise and Sports Studies. She's been coaching novice rowers at Smith this year. After graduation she'll be one of four leaders of a Bike & Build trip ([bikeandbuild.org](http://bikeandbuild.org)). Becca will be biking from Providence to Seattle with 30 or so other young adults, raising money for affordable housing and working on some building projects along the way. And **Marlee Dunbar** is also a Bike and Build trip leader! She's going from North

Carolina to San Diego. Becca's Andover and PIC buddy **Eve Whitehouse** is in her second year teaching at Millbrook where she met **Bill Castell**, who is in his first year as the technology guru and teacher. Eve's father, **Rob Whitehouse**, has semi-retired to Brunswick, ME with his wife **Sophie**. **Frank Whitehouse** lives in Lynchburg, VA and is a professor at Lynchburg College. **Tommy Whitehouse** is still in the thoroughbred business in Kentucky.

**Christian Schneider** was home in Brunswick, ME briefly from his new home in Los Angeles, CA, where he is learning the acting trade. He has landed a job as one of the aggrieved on *Judge Mablean*. Who knew they were actors? Out in that neck of the woods he might run into **Kit Smith**, who is living at the beach and helping get the innovative lacrosse stick and mesh manufacturer String King off the ground, or **Adam Peck**, a talent & literary manager and TV/film/stage producer in Los Angeles. Adam has a new venture—in *Maine!* What began as representing rising star chef & lifestyle brand Erin French morphed into co-owning The Lost Kitchen, her acclaimed farm-to-table restaurant in Freedom, ME. She was voted "Chef of the Year" by *Eater Maine*, is writing a cookbook for publication in 2016, and is currently discussing the development of a reality television show. The Lost Kitchen will be featured in the February issue of *Food and Wine* magazine. For all you PIC parents and alumni looking for a gourmet stopover on your way to or from Maine, go to [www.thelostkitchen.com](http://www.thelostkitchen.com) to find out more. **Sam Hoyt** is also living and working in So-Cal, and **Tom Nagler** begins a two-year stint in a high-powered culinary school this winter. **John Nagler** is teaching in Santa Barbara, **Jim** is moving toward his PhD in Chinese language and culture at Indiana University, **Peter** is a rocket scientist and getting his PhD at Brown University, and **Bill** is a woodworker and cabinetmaker in Indianapolis. **Ian Swain**, who was on the PIC staff last summer and will be again in 2015, is studying music and playing professionally. His band will be one of several on a smooth jazz cruise this winter. **Riley Woodwell** is an undergraduate at Brown and joined the sailing team there.

Home in Brunswick, ME for the holidays were **Alex**, **Nick**, and **Satchel Toole**; **Cece Carey-Snow**; **Baxter Worthing**; **Harry**, **Rip**, and **Katie Swan**; **Jack Faherty**; **Ben Herman**; **Oliver Lowe**; and **Percival Stoddard**. When home from school, Katie often babysits for **Tahnthawan Coffin Gartside** and her three future Pine Islanders **Oscar**, **Freddie**, and **Alban**. **Alex** is in the Teach For America program in Baltimore, MD; **Nick** is a junior at Dickinson College; and **Satchel** is a freshman at St. Lawrence University; **Cece** is a sophomore at Bates College; **Baxter** is a junior at Clarke; **Harry** hiked the Camino de Santiago this summer with **Percival** and

is headed for Great Britain next; **Rip** is graduating from Tufts University in the spring and will go to work for mega-construction firm Skanska; **Katie** is a sophomore at Elon University; **Jack** starts work in January for Senator Angus King in DC; **Ben** has been teaching kayaking in the Caribbean and will work this winter at Sugarloaf; **Oliver** is a sophomore at Gettysburg College. **Michael Robertson** and his wife **Kate Heidemann** reside just up the road in Waterville, where Kate is teaching at Colby. Belgrade resident **Eliot Reich** transferred from Hampshire to Lewis and Clark College and is enjoying the west coast, as is **Taylor Williamson** who is at Reed College.

**Jordan Kindler** is heading for Yale University next year. **Lucien Malle** is at Westminster School and will attend Colorado College in the fall. Brother **Paul** is hard at work on a documentary film while father **Frederic** continues to innovate in the world of perfume. **Zander Abranowicz** has graduated from Cornell and begins work soon as a literary scout at Maria Campbell Associates in New York City. Brother **Simon** is a senior and a Communications Design major at Syracuse University and has already started his own small design businesses called Sloth Cloth and Slime Co., which you can learn about at [simon-abranowicz.format.com/](http://simon-abranowicz.format.com/). Just up the road in Canton, the PIC SLU Crew is enjoying life out by the Adirondacks. **Ian Ford**, **Catherine Heinrich**, and **Duncan Fort** were in residence when **Ben Swan** visited SLU in early December and **Bret Newman** will return for his final semester and lacrosse season in January. Recent graduates **Emily Blech** and **Will Phelps** are living and working in Boston. Two years out of SLU both **Tom Duggan** and **Sumner Ford** are living in Jackson Hole, WY. **Tommy** is completing an MS in Field Science Education and Natural Resource Management at the Teton Science School this spring. **Ben Swan** caught up with **Max McKendry** and **Ben Schachner** at Burlington, Vermont's finest hipster hangout, the Muddy Waters coffee shop, after having a good lunch with **Stew Pierson**. **Adam Schachner** is at Oberlin. **Jason Schachner** is living and working in New York City, as is **Charlie Boutwell**. **Rob Boutwell** is an attorney in Boston.



Henry Thomas Maule in his first PIC shirt

**Woody Hoyt** and his wife are living and working in Denver, CO, and up the road **Charlie Papazian** continues to be hard at work as head of the American Homebrewers Association and to be the most recognized name in the home brew world. **Rob** and **Seamane Gowen** seem to have learned a lot from **Charlie** during their week at the *Art and Science of Beer* course at the Whitehead Light station a couple of years ago. They live and work in Charlottesville, VA and are avid home brewers. This fall In October, they won the Homebrew for Hunger competition hosted by a local home brew shop called Fifth Season, winning the popular vote and the pro brewers vote, which determines the grand prize, brewing their recipe on the Three Notch'd Brewery system. On December 8, **Rob** and **Seamane** brewed 620 gallons (20 barrels) of a Toasted Coconut Chocolate Porter named "Elated Coconut." The beer was released on December 26. They were also invited by the Champion brewery of Charlottesville to brew their Honey ESB on their system. Both beers were distributed to restaurants around Charlottesville. **Rob** and **Seamane** have been brewing together for about 15 years and both are BJCP certified judges. **Max Huber** is also living in Charlottesville, working at the UVA hospital and applying to medical school. **Mary Harrington** is in her fourth year at UVA Nursing. **Caroline Moughon** has recently moved to Boston as a travel nurse and will be working at Brigham and Women's for the next several months.

**Jacob Ronson** is in his first year at Longwood College. **David Greene** is heading for London from William and Mary for some study abroad. Maybe he'll run into **Victor Dillard** who is a founder of Desktop Genetics, which he and colleagues founded two years ago after graduating from Cambridge and winning the university business plan competition. The company has received additional funding and is on its way to developing the premier software platform for genome editing. **Charlie Krause** was in London for the fall semester and will return to Bowdoin College where he is a junior. **Henry Towbin** is living in Brooklyn and has a very cool research position at the Museum of Natural History in Manhattan. The **Pulver**



Victor Dillard, his nephew Vincent, and Vincent's father Felicien Dillard

# KABROOM! PINE ISLANDERS CONTINUE TO FIND NEW USES FOR THE SMITH BARN/RANGE



*The Smith Barn/Range locked up just in time for the pre-Thanksgiving snowstorm*

In 1891 a young man named Raymond Kaighn took part in the first basketball game ever played. The game was invented at Springfield College to relieve the tedium of winter calisthenics at the “Y.” Fifteen years later Kaighn’s friend Dr. E.L. Swan convinced him to join him in the purchase of Pine Island Camp. Swan eventually bought out Mr. Kaighn, who went on to be a major force in the YMCA and was eventually inducted into the Basketball Hall of Fame, but the two remained good friends. In a 1961 *Sports Illustrated* interview, Kaighn, by then the only surviving member of the original game, said, “Only one basket was scored, but we had a wonderful time. Actually, the game was pretty much organized mayhem. There were 18 players, and everyone tried to grab the ball at the same time. When one man got his hands on it, the others would wrest it away from him. Jim would stand there, blowing his whistle, yelling, ‘Pass it, pass it!’”

“Nowadays,” snorted Raymond Kaighn, “the game is too refined. No doubt about it, there’s too much whistle-blowing.”

There can be no question that if Raymond Kaighn were alive today he would applaud the invention, born of necessity on a rainy morning in the Pine Island staff office, of Kabroom. While it is unlikely that Kabroom will spawn multi-billion dollar television contracts, even a hundred years from now, it was an instant hit as a new Rainy Day Activity at Pine Island this past summer.

The Earl M. Smith, Jr. Barn/Range, a gift to the boys and staff of Pine Island Camp from Alumnus Earl Smith, Jr. and built in the spring of 2013, has become an indispensable building as we find more and more uses for it. Dur-

ing the summer the Smith Barn/Range serves as the rifle range and contains locked closets for both the riflery and archery equipment. During the winter the building is full of trailers and boats that at one time sat unprotected outside on the ball field all winter, and this winter all of the lumber that will be needed in the Workshop next summer is stored there, drying out. In both the fall and spring we have found that having a large space protected from the elements gives us a place to do early or late-season boat and tent repairs and other carpentry projects.

The Barn/Range interior is beautiful and reminds one of a gymnasium when it is empty, prompting a number of suggestions that we put up some hoops, or at least peach baskets (used in the original game). Instead, channeling Jim Naismith and Raymond Kaighn, the P.I.C. staff and campers transformed the space into the first of its kind Kabroom court/rink to relieve the tedium of a rainy morning. The resources on hand included the boards used to prevent ricochets in riflery, some worn out brooms, and a light rubber ball of the type used for another unique P.I.C. game—Dustball. The modern-day Naismiths and Kaighns assigned three boys to a team—two ball handlers and a goalie—and played a series of round robin games throughout the morning activity period. “Organized mayhem,” Kaighn would be delighted to hear, was an apt description of the new game. Kabroom is now a fixture on the roster of rainy day activities and is usually the first activity filled. Fortunately, we were able to play Kabroom only a few times last summer, but it was so much fun that a few boys seemed disappointed that there wasn’t a bit more rainy weather.



*The Smith Barn/Range packed for the winter*



*Shooting on the new range last summer*



*At last, shade on the archery range. Instructor David Greene with camper Trueman Baldwin*

## *Needlenotes, continued:*

clan has checked in. **Maddie** is at Clemson University. **Amanda** is living in North Reading writing and plotting her next move. **Cecily’s** next gig will be in Uganda and she hopes to teach in Japan next year. **Millie** graduated from Cornell last May and is working at McLean

Hospital in Belmont, MA doing neuroscience research. **Jack Larkin** just returned from Beijing where he was on a semester abroad from the University of Chicago. Brother **Quinn** is at Georgetown. They both play on their respective water polo teams. While most counselors were looking for a bit of rest and

relaxation after the rigors of the Pine Island summer, LTIP Wrangler and Blue General **Nicky Isles** went for something a bit more strenuous—he donated a large quantity of his bone marrow to help a woman in need of a transplant. Nick signed up to be a potential donor while in college and was a bit surprised

to find that he was the right match and had the right profile to be an actual donor. Nicky didn’t flinch, however, and in late September the extraction was completed. His recovery took several weeks, but he is feeling physically well now and feels great about having helped out a person in need.

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## “TOPSIDE” BOATHOUSE APARTMENT FOR RENT NEAR WHITEHEAD

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

Cost: \$750 per week  
Contact: 207-729-7714 or [shunter@pineisland.org](mailto:shunter@pineisland.org)



*The deck at Topside early morning*



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



*Master bedroom at Topside*

## WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION FOR RENT

You can rent the entire Whitehead Light Station! Seven bedrooms, each with its own bathroom, all linens provided, transportation provided by a skipper who will live at the facility and be available for trips ashore or excursions in the Light Station’s launch. This is an amazing place for a family reunion or a reunion of friends. For more photos and information go to [www.whitehead-lightstation.org](http://www.whitehead-lightstation.org).

Cost: \$6900 per week  
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*Plenty of room and plenty of view at the Whitehead Light Station*