

## THE LITTLE BUILDING THAT COULD

When the Smith Barn/Range was completed three years ago, all the riflery and archery equipment was moved from the Whitehouse riflery/archery shed to two wooden closets built into the barn. Director Ben Swan's vision for the little building was to move it to the island where it would become the Whitehouse fishing shed. The cunning plan was to drag it across the ice and up onto the Honk hill. Swan's plan was thwarted two winters in a row. The first winter there was not sufficiently thick ice on the lake to proceed safely—picture a small building floating half submerged half-way to the island. Last winter there was plenty of ice, but at least four feet of snow fell, making the journey one that might have rivaled Scott's tragic attempt to reach the South Pole. Swan had no desire to utter the words "I may be gone some time" to Emily, but he had already dragged the shed down the road from the Ball Field and didn't want to drag it back up the hill.

Swan hatched a new plan and enlisted crucial help from Pine Islander Rhoads Miller, the man you call when

you are out of ideas. Swan and Miller convened in mid-June and prepared the building to be knocked down into four large pieces (roof, four walls, floor). A week or so later Rhoads returned to oversee the operation. As a break from their intensive wilderness first aid training, a dozen or so counselors gathered on the mainland and proceeded to pull the building apart, load its pieces onto the swim float, tow it to the island, carry the pieces up the hill, and put it back together, thus proving Ben's theory that a dozen fit people in their early twenties are roughly the equivalent of a backhoe but much more versatile!

Almost immediately after the little building was reassembled, fly fishing counselor Walker Conyngham and LTIP Wrangler Tom Duggan began cleaning it out and preparing the interior for use during the summer. They built a bench the length of the back wall and attached the fly-tying vises, put up racks for rods and other equipment, and bought four stools to sit on while tying flies. Expe-

*(Continued on page 5)*



*The Baita House waiting for a ride to the island*



*WFR crew taking the roof off the Baita House*



*Down come the walls*



*All but the roof loaded on the swim float and headed for the island*

## FARM TO CAMP: PINE ISLANDERS BENEFIT DAILY FROM BURGEONING RELATIONSHIP WITH LOCAL FAMILY FARM

Pine Island has a well-deserved reputation for serving good food. Over the past 20 years or so, we have seen huge improvements in the quality of ingredients available to us, frequency of delivery, and our storage capacity. These factors, combined with the hard work, skill, and ingenuity of our cooks, have produced continual improvement in the quality and variety of meals at Pine Island and ensure a memorable culinary experience every summer at PIC.

Beginning three summers ago, we upped our game even more when we began a supply relationship with organic farmer Trent Emery of nearby Wayne, Maine. Emily Swan met with Trent in the winter of 2013 to talk about the kinds of produce Pine Island usually buys and to explore ways to line up the PIC season with Trent's production

schedule. Trent has tailored his offerings to suit our tastes, and every year he brings a greater variety of products to market earlier and earlier, no mean feat in Maine, where even in mid-June the memory of winter is still very fresh in our minds.

Now we get all our greens—lettuce, spinach, arugula, kale and chard—from Emery Farm, and salads are a daily fixture at the Pine Island table. Trent even manages to conjure tomatoes by mid-June and we spend the summer blissfully free of the flavorless, pale excuses for tomatoes we used to buy from Sysco. Sugar snap peas are a common snack early in the summer, and fabulous Maine strawberries found their way to

*(Continued on page 4)*

---

## JOHN GOODHUE TO HEAD PIC BOARD—TWO NEW DIRECTORS ELECTED

Pine Island Camp's tradition of finding the right person for whatever job needs filling continues as John Goodhue, Pine Island camper, parent and board member since 2008, has agreed to serve as head of the Pine Island board of directors, making John only the third head of the Pine Island board in its long history. John takes the helm from Pope Ward, who served with great energy, patience, and foresight for eleven years. The board feels very lucky to have had Pope's strong leadership follow Jim Breeden's decades of service, and now to have John Goodhue, a person any Fortune 500 company would be glad to have at its helm, follow Pope.

John brings with him a long record of leadership and board service. He began his career in the world of high technology at MIT, after which he went to work

as an engineer for BBN in Cambridge, MA and at the same time co-founded Dash, Straus, and Goodhue, a successful FCC emissions compliance test and consulting firm. After twelve years at BBN, John spun off a company called Lightstream, Inc. a networking startup that was acquired by Cisco Systems in 1995. John served as Vice President of Engineering for Cisco and led a business group that developed and marketed routers for networks operated by service providers such as Verizon, Qwest, and Comcast. John is currently the Executive Director of the Massachusetts Green High Performance Computing Center in Holyoke, MA. The MGH-PCC is a remote computing center that provides very high speed computing services to Harvard, MIT, Northeastern, and the University of Massachusetts.

John oversaw its construction and now oversees its operation. Managing input from self-proclaimed experts at those august institutions should make managing the Pine Island board a pleasant and relatively simple task. Besides single-handedly redesigning and implementing Pine Island's wonderful database, John has also demonstrated his skills as a manager of people, projects, and budgets as head of the Whitehead Light Station committee. John is a great listener and has a great sense of humor that evaporates immediately if he senses that fuzzy thinking is afoot. John has served on the boards of the Conservation Law Foundation and Common Impact. The entire board is grateful to John for taking on the responsibilities of board head at this important time in Pine Island's history.

Also joining the board recently are Max Huber and Chris Schell. Max, a former camper, counselor, and assistant director, is a graduate of Harvard and is in his first year of medical school at Brown, having completed two years as a history and English teacher at Flint Ridge Preparatory School near Pasadena, CA. Max lives in Providence. Chris Schell is father of current Pine Island camper Charles Schell and was a camper at Pine Island in the mid-80s. Chris received both his undergraduate and law degrees at Yale, and he is a partner at Davis, Polk, and Wardwell in New York City. Once again, Pine Island is lucky to have such bright, thoughtful, and energetic people willing to serve.

---

## TRAVELS WITH MONTE: FORMER DIRECTOR VISITS OLD HAUNTS ON THE RIVIERA WITH SHIPMATE AND PIC BENEFACTOR BARRY LINDQUIST

*Monte Ball, former PIC director and inveterate world traveler, has made good use of modern technology (surprise!), providing friends with wonderful travelogues as he spans the globe. His most recent tale of relaxing and adventure came from the French Riviera, where he had been stationed during the 1960s aboard the USS Springfield, then the flagship of the Sixth Fleet, with Pine Island friend and benefactor Barry Lindquist.*

*Monte wrote:*

I haven't flown KLM since the 1950s. At that time, we were living in an oil camp on the northern coast of Venezuela. My father worked for Creole, a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey—which company allowed him and his family a paid home leave to the U.S. every two years. Transportation included the Grace Line (passenger steamships), Pan American Airways, Chicago & Southern (later bought by Delta), a couple of Venezuelan airlines (considered a last resort), and KLM. KLM actually flew a daily roundtrip from the nearby island of Aruba to our little airport of Las Piedras, with connecting flights to the States. My earliest recollections of those trips via KLM's DC-4s are the ground staff (probably numbering three) lined up and saluting as the plane taxied to take-off! My other, vivid memory was the exceptional food served aboard—including fresh milk, which we kids hadn't tasted since our last trip to the States. Eschewing the fresh milk in favor of a Chivas on the rocks, I had a great flight to Amsterdam today—a brand spanking new 777—spacious, immaculate, and no sign of

ground-to-air missiles as we traversed Afghanistan and the Ukraine. Much farther than I thought—ten and a half hours, nonstop Bangkok to Amsterdam. The connection to Nice took only an hour and a half.

Fifty years ago (almost to the month) I reported aboard the light cruiser *Springfield*, flagship of the U. S. Sixth Fleet home-ported in Villefranche-sur-Mer, sandwiched between Nice and Monaco and the only deep-water port from Marseilles to Genoa. In those dark days of the Cold War, defending the French Riviera was tough duty; summer tourist traffic was hell. But somebody had to do it, and the Cote d'Azur sure beat Vietnam as an alternative. Joining me on the NATO front line was Barry Lindquist.

Commemorating this call to duty, Barry and his wife have rented an apartment in Villefranche, and I am invited to spend several days as their guest—an offer I could not possibly refuse.

All my best from the south of France, and...

Akka Lakka! Monte

*We wish there were room here to include more of Monte's beautiful photos and details of his time on the Riviera with Barry and Gloria. Their ports of call included Villefranche, Antibes, Vence, and other sun-splashed villages. Monte's last stop was Amsterdam where he visited former Bali neighbors. By all means drop Monte a note if you would like to see more photos and gather more details of his travels. Monte can be reached at [mgb606@hotmail.com](mailto:mgb606@hotmail.com).*



USS Springfield moored at Villefranche January 1967



Monte's view on the Riviera



Monte and former shipmates and wives

# FAR FROM OVER—TOM YODER RETIRES FROM PIC BOARD AFTER 33 YEARS OF SERVICE

by Tim Nagler



Tom Yoder, far right, leads a Blue Army attack at Fogg's Forks in 1969

After the first day of War Game play in 1970, the outlook for the Blues was bleak. General Tom Yoder recalled recently that as he was going to sleep he turned to Peter Bell, the X.O., and said the only thing he could think of to console him: "Don't worry, Bell. In 24 hours it'll all be over."

Happily for Pine Island, it wasn't over. Tom Yoder would return to serve 33 years on Pine Island's board (1982-2015), to which he brought his business acumen and high energy, his generosity, insight and humor.

And it wasn't over, for example, in 1995 when, after fire had destroyed half the Island, Tom left his demanding Chicago newspaper job for two weeks to act as the majordomo directing salvage and reconstruction on the Island so that Ben Swan could focus on taking care of the campers. In those critical days, Tom's energy, decisiveness, effervescent and agreeable personality and leadership made him the ideal person to spearhead the revival.

During the decades when "spearhead" and "spearheading" described the operative approach to just about everything at Pine Island, Tom virtually inhabited those verbs.

Recruited from Carleton College by this writer to be the swimming instructor in 1968, Tom undoubtedly faced the polar waters of Great Pond with less body fat than any other swimming instructor in history. No matter. It only made him more sympathetic to his students, who never seemed to keep up with Tom's fast-paced dry-land drills. Little did they know Tom's frantic arm strokes and the many dry-land drills were as much for his own thermal self-preservation as for their instruction.

Tom introduced "drown-proofing" (sometimes called the "dead man's float") to the swimming program and made it an essential skill, and he was an early proponent of the "buddy" system still used today to keep swimmers safe.

Although running a tent on the Ridge in the days before ADD had been identified formally must have seemed

the equivalent of the Marines Quantico boot camp for this Psychology major, he reveled in the unexpected. Many a tale of the campers in his tent began with, "You wouldn't believe . . ." Like many of his Carleton compatriots, this son of Elkhart, Indiana, came by his incredulity naturally. It remains a most charming characteristic.

Along with Peter Bell and Charlie Papazian, he was part of the original "Jake and Harley" team, a long-running campfire skit that imagined the life of two big-rig drivers as they met fame, fortune and adventure on Maine's rough roads. Always the skit began with the same spoof, an exhausting, hand-over-hand climb up the exaggerated 20-foot vertical ladders leading to the cab.

At last the doors could be slammed shut, the engine started (not without more coughs and uncertainty than in an entire TB ward) and the adventure begun. Later teams of Jake and Harley, notably Ben Swan and Karl Kasper, continued to embroider on the two rich personae Tom helped invent.

Playing Jake and Harley must have come naturally, for it is only a large-scale version of one of Tom's endearing eccentricities. That is, he uses his hands and body to pantomime and reinforce what he's talking about. If, for example, he's talking about chopping wood or using a chain saw, he cannot help getting an arm swing or two of the axe or the rhythmic up and down movement of the chain saw into the conversation. If the topic is brushing teeth, he moves an imaginary brush. Combined with his rapid-fire speech and lively voice, the combination is as engaging as it is entertaining.

Esteemed by campers and staff alike, Tom was Monte Ball's clear choice to be assistant director in 1970. In that role, Monte writes in an e-mail, Tom was "superbly inspiring and energetic." (To find out how he eventually did as Blue General that year, however, you will have to read further.)

Both Monte and Rex Bates recall the electrifying drummer "Ginger" Yoder

who helped produce and also starred in what Monte describes as "an unforgettable Saturday Night Show, 'Pineladesh: Concert for Relief.' Modeled on Woodstock, this epic carried on for an entire Saturday afternoon and evening—the longest SNS in history. The American drummer and percussionist Jim Keltner could only have envied 'Ginger' Yoder at his traps."

That he was able to inveigle campers into entering the water with a smile is in retrospect one harbinger of a successful career in advertising that began after graduation in 1970 with a two-year stint at the Berlin (N.H.) Reporter. Tellingly, he commuted to Berlin from a spot just across the state line outside Bethel, Maine. In 1972 he joined the Chicago Reader, a free alternative newspaper founded by his Carleton roommates, as Advertising Director.

Although the Reader became in time the leading alternative newspaper in the country—and an enormously profitable success, to boot—during those first tenuous years there was precious little advertising to "direct." But sell advertising he did. Account by account, merchant by merchant, advertisers responded to Tom's persistence and boundless enthusiasm. For many years, however, he must have been hearing some version of his War Game advice, "Don't worry: in 24 hours it will all be over."

Having many good friends on the Camp Board who knew of his success at the Reader, Tom was a natural choice to join the Board. We knew his experience as one of the principal shareholders in a successful business would be valuable and that he personally would be a great fit.

In the post-Blackberry era, his penchant for remembering details found a

powerful ally. Few conversations with Tom are not in some way documented in his trusty Blackberry, and woe unto anyone who in the slightest changes—or innocently forgets—his facts!

His involvement with Pine Island and his travels in Maine—both real on trips and, who knows, perhaps also on Jake and Harley's imaginary 18-wheeler—in turn nurtured a love for Maine that led to vacationing on the coast and eventually to building a summer home on Deer Isle. There he has spent much of his time since the Reader was sold in 2007. Thus it was a natural that he would play a major role in guiding the Camp's recent Whitehead improvements and programs.

"If there were a Loyalty Award for Pine Island alumni, Tom would have won it dozens of times," Ben Swan said. "Tom was always there with candid and clear assessments of where the Camp was and where it should, and should not, go; boundless and refreshing enthusiasm and good humor; sage advice; and financial support through direct gifts, loans for crucial land purchases and tuitions paid for dozens of deserving boys." Back to 1970.

As Tom had feared in his tent that night, the Blues lost (111-79) in the contest inaugurating the new Norridge-wock site. (The outcome was particularly humbling because the year before the Blues had notched a 40-point win—102-62—that for decades held the record for greatest margin of victory.)

General Yoder had forgotten that happy 40-point margin and had lived for years, he said recently, believing his loss was the worst.

It's one of the few facts this loyal son of Pine Island has gotten wrong.



Tom Yoder at his house in Deer Isle with the wherry he donated to Pine Island last year

# IN THE NOCK OF TIME

by Phineas T. Spaulding

Although Pine Island undisputedly rules the waves, other summer camps have crossed our bows over the years. Just on Great Pond, think of Camp Runoia, the girls' camp, still operated by the Cobb family, and the late Camp Belgrade, which went out of business in the 1980s. The buildings of the old Camp Merryweather from the 1920s were still around in the 1970s at the north end of Hatch Cove, and it is now a private vacation spot for a group of families. And of course on the trail and on the water, for generations we've encountered groups from distinguished, if lesser, camps such as Keewaydin, Pascuaney, Chewonki, and so forth.

But the summer camp with arguably the greatest impact on Pine Island was Camp Monadnock, founded in 1914 by Theodore Ernst on the shores of Thorndike Pond in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, at the base of Mount Monadnock. When the Ernst family decided to shutter Camp Monadnock after the 1973 season, the big winner was Pine Island.

Among the boys who made the jump from the 'Nock to PIC in 1974 were Bill Leahy, Richard Clemmitt, Nick Backlund, Steve Merkel, Frank Wilton, and David Williamson, along with counselor Schuyler Tilney. (Both Leahy and Clemmitt would go on to win the Loyalty Cup at Pine Island.) With this core group came a big group of campers from the Washington, D.C. area, including many others who would maintain long associations with Pine Island - Charlie Birney, the Folger brothers, the Holden brothers. The children, nephews, and cousins of this original cadre are still sprinkled across the Pine Island roster.

Tapping into such a rich vein of campers was also exceedingly timely. No less an authority than Montague G. Ball, Jr., the longtime Pine Island director in the 70s and 80s, says that the influx of Monadnock boys helped Pine Island stave off bankruptcy.

Monte recalls, "First of all, '73 was a disastrous summer. Too many campers and too few counselors, just to begin with. Both the assistant director (Tim Nagler) and I were in tents on the West Range. But the frosting on the cake was the rainiest June and July in Maine's recent history." According to legend, it rained for 19 consecutive days in the summer of 1973—see the archival foot-

age of the famed 1973 "Concert for Pineladadesh" for a flavor of the summer, with its own muddy Woodstock vibe.

Monte's narrative continues: "I remember waking up one morning and hearing a boy's distant crying. Stumbling out of bed, I followed that wailing to the kitchen dock, where I found a little nipper repeatedly shouting, "Mother!" across the lake in the direction of the mainland (and, presumably, a dry home and hearth). At about the same time, a canoe trip down the upper Connecticut River, led by ex-Marine Will Hollnagel, was camping in the *loft* of a half-submerged barn in Vermont! Our camper return from that summer was practically nil.

"However, one boy who had a perfectly wonderful time was Fred Ernst, [son of Monadnock director Ted Ernst], who wrote his father that Pine Island was a much better camp than Monadnock—obviously engaging in a little pulling of Dad's chain. Ted Ernst was so impressed that he referred other families to Pine Island when he decided to close Monadnock."

Pine Island effortlessly absorbed these refugees from a different camp, in typical PIC fashion using humor to comment on the situation. For example, the first Saturday Night Show of 1974 was titled "Monte Ball's Flying Circus," produced by the crack team of Ben Swan and Tim Nagler and star-

ring Monadnock alum Nick Backlund. The plot bore no relation to any of the great Monty Python comedy sketches but contained a great many sniggering references to "Camp Gonadnock" and its paragon counselor, "Skyboy Wimpily." (Sadly, the memorable poster for this triumph of parody was lost in the Fire of 1995.)

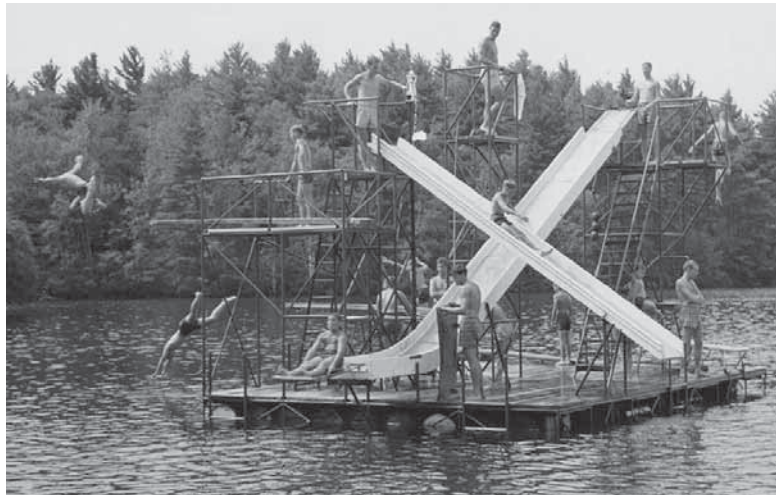
Alumni of both institutions remember Monadnock fondly for the deluxe facilities and especially the Jungle, a huge raft anchored in the lake with multiple diving boards and a big ramp for launching a toboggan-like sled. (This was similar to a dangerous contraption, the Shoot the Chute, that once ran down the hill from Honk Hall to the Cove at Pine Island.) Split into Red and Black teams, Nockers played a fun day-long game called "Aquattack" - think of capture the flag on the water, without life jackets - but the highlight of the summer was a single long hiking or canoeing trip and then a big multi-day treasure hunt at the end of camp.

"It wasn't exact roughing it," recalls Bill Leahy, now the Executive Director of the Maryland Environmental Trust. "We lived in the same kind of tents as Pine Islanders but there were showers, movies on Saturday night, electricity in the lodge. The trips were pretty tame as well." "Monadnock had a reputation as kind of a white-stocking camp, with a bunch of Social Register types from New York,"

remembers David Williamson, who was at Monadnock in 1972 and 1973. "As a result it was pretty uptight as an institution, even considering the times. We had silly uniforms and there were lots of rules. But we didn't realize what we were missing until we got to Pine Island and encountered King Kababa, the War Game, Nooltucker, and 100% Dip."

The Swan family had an additional connection to Camp Monadnock, which is why Fred Ernst became a camper in the first place. Tats Swan had spent her summers on a family farm in Jaffrey Center, walking distance from Thorndike Pond, and was a contemporary and good friend of Ted Ernst. It was very likely the friendship between Ted and Tats and Jun that made Pine Island the Ernsts' first choice, both for their son and for many other boys, when Monadnock closed.

Monadnock's dwindling number of alumni remain vigorous, organizing occasional reunions and maintaining a web page, but it's been 43 years since the camp folded. And as the memory fades of the Jungle and Fort and Spigot and Phineas T. Spaulding and other Monadnockia, it's worth recognizing the camp's unique contribution to the history of Pine Island. Because of Monadnock, Pine Island survived the rainiest summer on record and is still going strong after 115 years.



*The Jungle at Camp Monadnock, c. 1970*

*(Continued from page 1)*

our table more than once last summer. By early July we are getting cucumbers, cabbage, onions, potatoes, squash, broccoli, beets and their greens, green beans, carrots, scallions, and much more. We even managed to squeeze in fresh, local corn on the cob at a meal or two before the camp season ended.

In addition to the beautiful local produce we buy from Emery Farm, we have also begun to see a little more local food

available through Sysco, our regular supplier. Most notable is Maine Family Farms beef, which is locally produced and a noticeable improvement over what we used to get from Sysco.

Emery Farm delivers to Pine Island twice a week, combining our deliveries with those made to a larger camp in the Belgrade area. Trent, his wife Alicia, and his farm hands were so busy keeping the produce coming last summer that most deliveries were made by his grandparents, who had been pressed into service

on the busy farm! It takes a village . . . ! We are already looking forward to next summer's delicious, nutritious harvest and thank Trent and his farm family for bending over backwards to keep the good stuff coming.



*Tomatoes on the vine at Emery Farm*

## CAMPERS WRITE

### Life of a PIC Head Waiter

by Ben Byman (age 14)

At the end of every lunch, the O.D. announces the P.M. lifeguards: head, swim float and alternate. After this, they announce the head waiter for the meal. It is always a senior camper, and he is in charge of making sure the dining hall gets clean after the meal.

The O.D. announces me as head waiter. After the meal, the waiters start clearing the tables. I notice one table doesn't have a waiter. As the waiters finish clearing the tables, another waiter comes in. He makes an excuse, but I don't buy it. After that, the waiters sponge their tables without a problem.

When we sweep the floor, one of the waiters wants to leave. I say no. He spends the rest of the time complaining. One of the waiters sits down on a bench and isn't doing anything. I tell him to get to work. I make the late waiter in charge of the dust pan. He complains and wonders aloud why I put him in charge. After ten more minutes of this, the dining hall is clean. I am so happy to survive another head waiter session!



### On King Kababa

By Jacob Merrill (age 13)

#### My Favorite Sacred Animal

My favorite sacred animal is Ghubb Ghubb the Seahorse because he is very old but still rocks the detail and color that he originally had in 1922.

He has a very easy chant:  
Ghubb!  
Ghubb ghubb!  
Ghubb ghubb ghubb!  
Ghubb ghubb ghubb ghubb!

#### Haiku

The King Kababa  
Sits on top of Mount Philip  
With his animals

### 2015 Club Honk Review

by Max Klivans (age 11)

Club Honk is an evening of musical acts held every summer the day of the camp picture. It began this year with the Hype-Beast, who hyped up the crowd but did little to give an idea of how good the following performances would be.

The first musical act was Henry Di-Capua on guitar while singing. He was very good. Next up was Matt Moss-Hawkins on ukulele and Noah Solt, also on ukulele. Noah is always good, and Matt only increased the awesomeness.

I don't remember the order of acts after that, but some I remember are Johnny Credit Card and the Hippy Cowboys. The last song by Johnny Credit Card was pretty mean to the Hippy Cowboys (or, as he calls them, the Hippy Dippy Cowboys). That Johnny Credit Card guy is a real jerk! The Hippy Cowboys were really good. They were by far the most memorable act of the night.

Club Honk was really good this year!

### Pine Island Dust Ball Review

by Aidan Enck (age 12)

Dust ball is a fun game if you know how to play it. Once you get the ball, you can take three steps at the most. After that, you have to throw it at someone. If the ball hits them, they are out. If the person catches the ball, you are out. If you are a camper, you would probably try to get staff out. If a lot of staff have gotten out, staff will start to try to get you out!

In normal dust ball, the person who gets you out will probably eventually get out. Then when they get out, you can go back in. So it is not that fun to get out by a "corner hider." A corner hider is someone who just gets a couple of people out then hides in the corner for a long time. Most corner hidiers are not staff!

In regular dust ball, it is hard to win because one person would have to get everyone out. In Elimination it is easier. In Elimination, if you get someone out, that person can never come back in.

So that is pretty much it!

### The Story of Senior Katahdin

by Julian Spiro

As we left Chimney Pond campsite, it was drizzling. Nothing more, nothing less. It was chilly, but only in comparison to the hot, humid weather we had enjoyed in the past three days on the Senior Katahdin trip. We slowly ate our oatmeal, stalling, not wanting to leave the relative warmth of our hastily assembled tarp and Whisperlite camp stove. However, eventually we were forced out and headed up the trail.

As we reached the trailhead, the ranger popped out of her cabin. We inquired about the weather. She told us that it might clear up in the late afternoon, but she added that you could never really tell on the mountain. That didn't encourage us, but we started anyway, our only goal the next water break. The hike itself wasn't particularly hard, and on a nice day, it would be quite enjoyable. But in the rain and steadily rising wind, it wasn't so pleasant. There were so many beautiful viewpoints, but unfortunately all we could see was thick whiteness.

We kept hiking, even after we saw two people who had turned back. But we made it, even through an incredibly steep part. We progressed through the cold and finally made it to the peak, where we huddled against a small pile of stones. Then, as if it were some kind of cheesy romantic comedy, the sky cleared and all bad weather ceased as the sun came out!



The roof headed up the hill...



... and back on the building!

(Continued from page 1)

dition Camp leader Charlie Krause also did a lot of work on it. While the reassembled building is structurally sound, it needs some cosmetic work on the outside and a few more windows to admit more sunlight. The windows will go in this spring, and perhaps next summer's

LTIPs will make fixing up the exterior their signature project for 2016.

All buildings at Pine Island need names and the campers and staff quickly came up with the moniker the Baita House. One of the Pine Islanders most excited about the new building was Emily Swan. She tries to keep the Pine Island library from descending into total

chaos during the summer, and until the Baita House became the home of the fly fishing program, all their gear was stowed in the library! She was delighted to populate Fly Fishing's vacated shelves with books from PIC's burgeoning collection.

Thank you Rhoads, the Whitehouse Family, the WFRs, Walker, Tom, and

Charlie for finally bringing the little building to the island and giving the campers a great new facility.

## 2015 THEATER SEASON AT PIC IS A HIT



Ben, Gordon and David on stage in the SNS production of *Walker, Texas Ranger*

Perhaps only those who have either acted in or directed a Saturday Night Show at Pine Island can appreciate fully the amount of work and worry that goes into putting one on. It is a stress-filled undertaking with enough ups and downs to rival preparation for a Broadway run. While they may not have appreciated the hard work that went into the five shows produced during the 2015 camp season, audiences certainly appreciated the results and applause was always thunderous.

The season began and the kerosene footlights came up on what turned out to be one of the most sophisticated and well-directed shows of the season: *MacBeth*, an ingenious adaptation of Shakespeare's *MacBeth*. The show, directed by Paul Phelps and Taylor Williamson and starring George Baldwin, Alex Desjonqueres, Henry Hall, Buck Livingston, Will Napolitano, Xander Schwartz, Noah Solt and Keenan Taret, with guest star James Morton, saw director Ben Swan get into and then out of deep trouble at the hands of the kitchen witches.

*Dust Ball*, directed by Miles Frank and Alec Durkin, leaned more toward the purely comedic/action genre. It starred Colin Gilbert, Carson Peck, Andres Palacios, Oliver Gifford, Anders Westermann, Seton Ijams, and Jacob Merrill.

The next show was a special event. Former camper, counselor, and assistant director Michael Robertson, now living in Waterville year round, returned to the island as a guest director and teamed up with veteran SNS director David "Guy Dolce" Greene. The show, *XCamp: Days of Future Past*, involves complex time travel. The show begins in the future and we learn that Harry Swan, played by Henry Hall, is now the director of Pine Island and had a terrible experience years ago when he was an Expedition Camper. It involved another Expedition Camper with a bad attitude (played by Ben Brill). Because of this bad experience, in his present role as Director, he decides to cancel all trips, including Expedition Camp and to force all campers to sign up only for riflery and archery

every day. Assistant Director Sumner Ford (played by Max Klivans) tries to convince Expedition Camp leaders Ian Ford (played by Trueman Baldwin) and Charlie Krause (played by Taylor Clyde) to make the best of it, but they decide to resist this change. Sumner sends a squadron of nerds to confront Harry and those trying to ruin the camp, and one of the nerds is shot with an arrow. This convinces Sumner that the situation is out of control, so he travels back in time using the magical powers of Centissimo the Steinwhale. In Act 2 Sumner, now back in 2005, encounters Harry's Expedition Camp trip, led by Matt Clarke (played by Jacob Merrill) and Niel Kasper (played by Jackson Maul), and joins them. They encounter some monstrous losers from Camp Kieve. Then Harry's bad experience happens, but Sumner intervenes and explains that "you don't hate trips, you just hate that guy with the bad attitude!" Back in the present, everything is back to normal, with camping trips headed out and everyone signing up for the activities he wants. Whew!

Next came the show put on by the Expedition Campers and staff, who were back in camp between their epic canoe trip and their service trip to Whitehead Island. *Abide With Me* starred Josh Byman, Jacob Donoghue, Bobby Flynn, Sam Lanoff, Ben Little, Ethan Morrison, Will Pomerantz, and Benedict Santos-Pearcy. Four campers, led by an evil counselor, go on an adventure around the Belgrade Lakes area in search of the truth behind the legend of the body in the perch at the War Game. All the while, their counselor is on a harrowing day off trying to find his campers before Ben finds out they are missing.

The final show of the season was a western thriller directed by Alec Durkin and Cole Gibson. Entitled *Walker, Texas Ranger: I Sweat Justice*, the show was inspired by first-year fly-fishing counselor Walker Conyngham. It starred Lucian Flanagan-Burt, David Efron, Alex Sidorsky, Henry DiCapua, Ben Brill, Kip Klivans, Robby Kasten, and Gordon Jacobs. Robbie Schwartz takes over the island by getting control of the

## IN MEMORIAM

Two great friends of the late Tats Swan and great friends of Pine Island died this year after long and full lives.

**Helen "Kimmie" Sloane (1924-2015)** was mother to Pine Islanders Wick and Kim Sloane and grandmother to Pine Islanders Will and Sam Sloane and Otto Wallerstein. Kimmie's lifelong friendship with Tats Swan began when they were students at the Chatham Hall School in Chatham, VA. Kimmie was a great supporter of Pine Island Camp and met often with director Ben Swan and never ceased to encourage him and to help spread the word to help fill the camp with great boys. She visited at least once a year with Jun and Tats Swan and Lise Aubry at Whitehead Island for many years. Kimmie supported and worked for an astonishing array of other organizations ranging from Headstart in the Pittsfield, MA public schools to the Finance Committee of the Town of Dalton, MA, a position to which she was elected without knowing she was a candidate. **Anne "Nancy" Ijams (1922-2015)** was mother to Pine Islanders Jack and Henry Ijams and grandmother to Pine Islanders Chase and Seton Ijams. She grew up in Lawrence, Long Island and met Tats Swan at the Lawrence Country Day School. Their friendship continued in New York City, where they shared an apartment with Kimmie Sloane, and then in Maine when Nancy moved to the state in 1984. Nancy also lived life with energy and spirit, serving as a nurse's aide during WWII, as an editor for *Town and Country Magazine*, and as a director and producer of amateur plays at the Lawrence Country Day School and at her summer home in Small Point, ME, just to name a few of her dozens of activities. Akka Lakka, Kimmie and Nancy.

**Alan Hall (1926-2015)** was another great friend of PIC. Alan was a friend and enthusiastic supporter of director Ben Swan and grandfather of Pine Islanders Eben, Chase, and Henry Hall. Alan, a teacher and administrator at the St. Paul's School in Concord, NH for most of his adult life, was a voracious reader throughout his entire life and generously donated beautiful sets of books to the fledgling Whitehead Light Station library. Akka Lakka, Alan.

**Dr. Frederick Hazeltine (1925-2015)** was a camper at Pine Island in 1932 and 1935. Fred was a pediatrician for his entire working life in and around Seattle, WA and remembered making many house calls in the early days. Fred actively supported efforts to preserve open space on the coast of Washington. He was a generous supporter of PIC for many years and toward the end of his

life asked to be sent photos taken during his time on the island. Akka Lakka, Fred.

**Dr. Peter Houck (1938-2015)** was a counselor for just one summer in 1960 but had a great affection for Pine Island Camp. Peter was born in Lynchburg, VA, attended Virginia Military Institute in Lexington, VA and the University of Virginia medical school. He served as a major in the army during the Viet Nam war. Peter returned to Lynchburg in 1972 and pursued a career in pediatric medicine and opened Lynchburg's first neonatal intensive care unit. Leighton Houck reported that his brother Peter bravely battled cancer for four years before he passed away.

**Nat Saltonstall (1928-2015)** was a camp parent and grandparent and longtime close friend of Jun and Tats Swan. Nat's friendship with Jun began when they were both teaching at the Kingswood School in West Hartford, CT. Nat went on to serve as head of school at Lancaster Country Day School, Chestnut Hill Academy, and Asheville Country Day School. He served on an astonishing variety of boards and after his retirement to Scarborough, ME worked tirelessly as a volunteer for such organizations as the Island Institute, Habitat for Humanity, the Preble Street Soup Kitchen, the Rockland Library, Project G.R.A.C.E, Friends of the Rockland Breakwater, the Florida Conservation Association, and more. Nat grew up in Hawaii, graduated from the Punahou School and was a 1950 graduate of Yale University. He and his wife Betsy made many very generous gifts to Pine Island, including equipping the PIC kitchen that was built after the Fire of '95 in honor of their friends Jun and Tats Swan's service to PIC.



Pine Island Camp, 1932. Fred Hazeltine is in the front row, third from left.

candy supply while Walker Conyngham is out on a fishing trip. When Walker returns, he sneaks onto the island to talk to Ben Swan. Ben and Walker come up with a plan to take back the island and Walker (known for his unusually deep voice) defeats Robbie with the subsonic rumble of his voice, aka the "Brown Note," which induces symptoms often

accompanied by giardia. But before he defeats Robbie he is almost thwarted by a supersonic scream courtesy of Lucian Flanagan-Burt and Sam Brodsky.

Once again imagination and creativity burst forth at Pine Island, sometimes from the most unlikely quarters, as we strove to provide each other with high-quality, non-electronic entertainment.

---

# KATAHDIN RESCUE 1966

By Andrew Maass (camper 1963–64, counselor 1966)

I was a C.I.T. (counselor in training) in 1966 and was eager to get out of camp and go camping. One of the many trips sent out that summer was a climb of Mt. Katahdin. The trip was scheduled to be four days. A day coming and going, a day to climb Katahdin proper, and a day to do some other hiking. Because of scheduling issues the camp doubled up the trip so that there were sixteen boys and four counselors.

The weather had been iffy on our drive to Baxter State Park. When our camp trucks arrived at Roaring Brook, we were told that a man and his son had left the Knife Edge Trail in the bad weather and had gotten lost. The counselors were asked if they would volunteer to be a part of a rescue effort. We volunteered without hesitation. As I remember things, we had a hike of several miles into Chimney Pond campground. Since we had gotten there midday, there wasn't much time for anyone to spend time on the rescue. Once we arrived and set up camp the counselors gathered and worked out assignments. The following day the senior counselors were to participate in the rescue and the junior counselors were to stick close to camp and look after the campers. No one thought that the rescue would take more than a day. I was a junior counselor.

The following day the senior counselors took off early and the other junior counselor and I worked on breakfast for the campers. But it was pouring rain, and the other counselor and I had to find a way to keep sixteen young campers safe and from going stir-crazy. It was unrealistic for us to ask that they stay in their tents for the day. Undaunted and

trying to be creative in the spirit of Pine Island, we asked all the kids to put on as few clothes that they were comfortable wearing and we invented a game of "rock hopping" down the creek that drains Mt. Katahdin. As I remember things, we had a blast. We had different kinds of contests – sprints, most acrobatic, widest jump. We had judges, officiating committees and prizes. And probably a little scraped skin and a few twisted ankles.

At the end of the day the campers were beat (mission accomplished!). The senior counselors came back from the rescue effort disheartened because it hadn't been successful. I don't remember now the exact status. It could be that there was no exact status and merely rumors about the state of the lost father and son. One rumor was that they hadn't been found. Another was that they had been located but couldn't be rescued. The senior counselors were exhausted from their efforts and the other junior counselor and I were asked to join the rescue on the following day.

We joined a small group of rescuers early in the morning. Our party was to take the Knife Edge Trail and head to the summit of Katahdin. At that point I don't know if we were still searching for the father and son or if there was another agenda. A separate party was to take the other trail out of Chimney Pond, circle around and meet our party along the way.

The weather was terrible again that day. The Knife Edge Trail is an appropriate name for the trail that follows the ridge on the way to the summit. It is narrow and rocky with both sides dropping off quickly and dramatically into

the valleys below. I remember vividly the wind blowing from the left up and over the ridge so that the rain was actually coming up the side of the ridge and pelting us from below. It was a pretty miserable morning.

After a couple of hours we met another group of rescuers. They had found the father and son. Apparently the father had broken a leg after falling about 20 feet off of a precipice. The father was in a metal mountain stretcher. The other rescue party had brought the stretcher part way up to the Knife Edge Trail from where the father had fallen. I think that the son had been taken away earlier. Our job now was to move the father and stretcher toward the summit of Katahdin. The tentative plan was that a helicopter was to meet us at the summit.

The weather was still miserable but improving. The hard part was that the stretcher was so heavy and moving it along the Knife Edge Trail was really awkward. As a group we didn't carry it so much as we passed it along. A group of willing hands were in front and the stretcher was passed forward. As the hands in the back became free, they scrambled around to the front to take the stretcher as it was passed along. It took the rest of the morning to reach the summit. By that time the weather had cleared and the helicopter was able to land. We gladly passed the stretcher to the helicopter.

In the meantime the other counselors had rounded up the campers and with the improving weather had started the climb to the summit using the alternative to the Knife Edge Trail. As my fellow counselor and I started to hike down we met the others as they came

up. We exchanged the good news about the rescue and continued to descend. The others went to the summit and returned to camp.

On the final day we broke camp and headed back to Pine Island. We stopped off at the local hospital to check on the father, son and family, and we learned a little more. Apparently the father had had a lot of experience on Katahdin. When the bad weather set in the father and son decided to leave the Knife Edge Trail and take a "short cut" below the ridge, believing that they could meet the Knife Edge trail at a lower elevation. The father slipped on an outcropping, breaking his leg. The son stayed with his father through the night. When the father and son did not descend, the family notified the state park authorities and the search began. The pair was found in the afternoon of the second day but by then it was too late or too dark to go rescue them. Some rescuers stayed with the father and son overnight. The father was given morphine for pain. Then after two nights in the open, the father was hauled to the Knife Edge trail and taken off the summit by helicopter.

Campers routinely gave trip reports at the evening campfire after their trips returned to camp. The best trip reports (the most fun) were where trips had a "disaster"—bad food, bad weather, kids getting ill—because there was the most to talk about. Our groups certainly had a lot to talk about in *our* trip report, and the memory of that trip is vivid even now, fifty years later.

---

## MRS. PEARL WILDE, PINE ISLAND'S BELOVED PIE LADY (1916-2015)

By Emily F. Swan

It is with great sadness that I report that Pearl Wilde, known to generations of Pine Islanders as "the Pie Lady," passed away on November 3, 2015. She was 99 years old at the time of her death, and she died in her home on Route 8 in Smithfield, which was familiar to scores of Pine Islanders who stopped in over many decades to pick up the incomparable fruit pies she baked in her home kitchen.

Born in 1916, Mrs. Wilde was a lifelong resident of Smithfield. Over the course of her life she worked as a school bus driver in Smithfield, at the Hathaway shirt factory in Waterville, and at the laundromat in Oakland, before turning to baking about 45 years ago. For all those 45 years, Pine Islanders have been among her most enthusiastic custom-

ers. In the 80s and 90s, Pine Island trip leaders routinely left camp with two pies strapped to the top of their backpacks, waiting to be devoured by hungry hikers on the first night of a camping trip. Mrs. Wilde's pies were also a much anticipated treat at the War Game. On the way to Norridgewock with the evening meal, Pine Island cooks always made a quick stop at Mrs. Wilde's to load the van up with a couple dozen pies to feed the hungry warriors.

She continued filling orders of enough pies to feed the entire camp well into her eighties. Although a few years ago she decided baking that many pies was just a little more than she was up for, until 2013 she continued to produce smaller numbers of pies for special PIC occasions like the generals' dinner, the

staff party, and family camp. After her retirement a couple of years ago, I have searched in vain for a substitute baker that even begins to approach her pies in flavor, flakiness, and overall wonderfulness, to say nothing of price.

Even after Mrs. Wilde gave up baking, I continued to stop in as I always had on my way to Norridgewock to witness the end of the War Game. She was an impeccable hostess, unfailingly gracious and welcoming. She always invited me to sit down, saying, "Won't you have a cup of tea?" and she always seemed to have some baked treat on hand to offer me. We talked about the summer's weather, her garden, the campers and what a job it must be to feed them all, and she often asked about Pine Islanders she remembered from years past. Ev-

eryone who knew her over these many decades can attest to her kindness, her perfect manners, her interest in other people, and her impressive industry. Behind her diminutive stature and retiring disposition was an immense capacity for hard work, evidenced by her prodigious and seemingly effortless output of pies, in addition to all the jobs she did on her family's farm.

Next August, before driving up Route 8 to witness the last moments of the 2016 War Game, I had better be sure there are Kleenex in my car, because I know that when for the first time in decades I drive past Wilde Farm without stopping, the tears will be flowing.

# BLUE ARMY WINS WAR, 206-167, VICTORIOUS FOR SIXTH STRAIGHT YEAR

The 2015 War Game featured a Blue Army bristling with grizzled War Game Veterans pitted against a relatively inexperienced Gray Army who were long on ingenuity and enthusiasm. Led by General David Greene and his Executive Officers, the young schemer Satchel Toole and the philosophic stoic Taylor Williamson, the Gray War Machine hoped to stem the tide of recent Blue victories. The Blue Army led by General Charles Krause and his Executive Officers, the reticent strategist Ian Ford and the intellectual madman Nick Miller, felt no pity toward the Grays and hoped to extend their streak of victories to six.

Fair weather graced the start of the 103<sup>rd</sup> War Game. The Blues declared war and so they were the first to attempt to overtake the town laid out at York's Crossing. With a devastating attack that overwhelmed the Gray's and exposed their lack of experience, Blues scored almost their entire army twice (each man is now allowed to score three scoring points). The Grays would have to find an answer to the Blue's efficient at-

tack strategy, and soon. The beleaguered Gray defense recovered and regained six challenge points before the end of the period, providing a little momentum entering the second period of play.

The second period again started inauspiciously for the Grays with the Blues deploying a new strategy termed the "human hug," whereby the defenders used their bodies to conceal their numbers. This strategy confounded Gray General David Greene, and the attack started slowly. However, the Grays simply continued attacking and, much to the chagrin of General Krause, nearly equaled the Blues' prodigious morning scoring blitz. "I kept hearing of Grays scoring all over the place!" said General Krause in a recent interview.

Kababa continued to shine on both armies with more clear skies for the second day of war. To start the day the Grays continued their well-practiced attack strategy and quickly regained the lead over Blues. Their steps were near perfect, and the Blue's overconfidence backfired as General Krause's tactic of

bouncing the pole against Gray steps led to the loss of a number of challenge points. In addition, Blue officer Ben Herman fell into the road at North Gate and lost a further ten challenge points. Such is the way of the War Game. Even the most experienced officers can suffer at the hand of fate. By lunchtime the game was utterly in balance and both armies were confident that the day would end in glorious victory.

The stage was set for an exciting and nerve-wracking final period. Having one defensive period under their belts, the Grays were confident and poled aggressively. Rookie gate leader Matt Moss-Hawkins showed great guile, repulsing a number of jumpers and an attempted challenge play that would have put the Gray cause very much in doubt. During the early part of the period, the Blues seemed unable to score against a reworked Gray defense and fear grew within the hearts of even the most experienced officers. However, the Blues had one last trick up their sleeves. They lured the squadrons to North and Southeast

Gates with smallish parties and hid an even larger party in the swamp adjacent to East Gate. At a predetermined time, the hidden party emerged from the mud and shrubs to quickly step a party of twenty into the defenseless East Gate and the result was suddenly no longer in doubt. It was a crushing blow, especially to several campers and staff on the Gray Army who have yet to taste their first War Game victory.

After the conclusion of play, both armies gathered in the center of town to hear Head Umpire Sandy Crane read out the final score. In the end, the game finished 206-167, but the ultimate margin of victory is deceiving; both armies acquitted themselves with limitless energy and daring, and, most importantly never lost sight of the all important Spirit of the Game. The Blues have now won six straight War Games, equaling the streak during the eras of legendary Gray Generals Rob Brent and Al Bullard. It remains to be seen if the record that many thought was untouchable can be broken.



Gray gate leader Matt Moss-Hawkins with Sebastian and Tyson



Jacob, Max, Sam, and Eitan with Blue general Charlie Krause



Gray General David Greene with Briley



Oliver Gifford cranks away on the Gray siren





Head umpire Sandy Crane announces the 2015 score



Blue general Charlie Krause amid his celebrating army



Blue Army a split second after hearing the score

## 5 WEEKS OF SOLITUDE

By Becca Waldo (KC, Head Rowing Instructor, AD, Gray General)

This fall, with a Master's degree I didn't quite feel like "using" in my pocket and a cross-country cycling trip under my belt, I took to the woods to spend another season working for the Appalachian Mountain Club in their White Mountains huts. Being out there has a way of cleansing my soul and improving my circulation, so it felt good to take to the hills again to live three miles from the nearest road up a rugged rocky mountainside.

Though we carry heavy loads and hike long distances, often the most exhausting aspect of working at full-service huts is dealing with humans. During a full-service hut season the huts offer food service and get as many as 60 overnight guests each day. In addition to overnight guests, there are many strains of day traffic to attend to: day hikers of all shapes and sizes, backpackers out to camp in the nearby tent site, thru-hikers looking to stay and eat leftovers, and other hut kids coming to visit.

After a busy fall season at Mizpah Hut, I accepted the position of late-fall caretaker at the Zealand Falls Hut. One other person and I would independently manage Zealand, which, along with

Carter Notch and Lonesome Lake, stays open year round. During the late fall season guests bring their own food and use the kitchen and sleep in the frigid bunkrooms. Caretakers are responsible for welcoming guests, maintaining the facility, splitting wood and lighting a fire, rotating on a week-on, week-off schedule, so one of us is there at all times, often alone.

When I accepted the position, I was most excited for the opportunity to experience something new in the White Mountains. Having worked four full-service seasons and a month of caretaking in May, I was excited to see the Whites when, well, they were white. I bought cross-country skis with metal edges to cruise around what I predicted would be snowy trails. I dreamt of lazy mornings sipping coffee and watching the snow pile up around the hut. I aspired to become great at shoveling and clearing snow from the roof. I looked forward to the days when the rocky, uneven trails would become white pathways of packed snow, on which I would easily cruise to the summits.

Alas, it snowed only a tiny bit, bringing a frosting to trees on summit views.

But, to my dismay, nothing ever piled up. It was 70 degrees in New Hampshire on Christmas Eve. I hiked in to the hut in shorts and a t-shirt, and ran out of water on a warm day-hike to the Bonds on Christmas day.

Though I was disappointed by the weather, I was in for something new in the White Mountains: solitude. For the first two weeks I was at the hut I saw humans pretty consistently and I never felt completely alone. Then the access road closed and what used to be a 2.8 mile hike in to the hut suddenly turned to a 7 mile slog. Day hikers virtually disappeared, and overnight guests were few and far between, mostly sticking to weekends and holidays.

Then I looked at the reservation book and saw zero bookings from Sunday through Thursday. Facing four nights alone in this hut that usually bustles with activity I felt simultaneously excited and frightened. My hermit time had finally arrived! The last of the weekend guests left Sunday morning and I got things squared away and went out for a quiet afternoon amble. I saw no one. Coming back to the hut that evening, nobody was there. It was dark by 4:15 pm. I sat by the cold woodstove (no fires unless guests are at the hut!), made a simple dinner, and embarked on a new book.

Dark, cold, quiet but for the creaking noises the hut made, I started delving more deeply into the feeling of solitude for which I willingly signed myself up. I supposed I had anticipated this—the early darkness, the large wooden building ever so clearly labeled on maps and open to the public, the rustle of wind through the stove hood. Was I scared? Not really. Was I jumpy? Definitely. I quickly developed the following routine: after the 5 pm radio call from the front desk (they do it to make sure the caretakers are alive and well), I settled into bed and read for six hours until I could fall asleep?

Caretaking flipped a switch on the hut crew/hiker relationship. In that week I had such limited human contact that whenever I encountered day hikers on the trail, I was over-eager to talk to them. One day I ran into two women who were out hiking for the day and I tried to convince them to come stay at the hut. "No sleeping bags? Don't worry

about it, I've got extras! No food, no problem, I have plenty! Oh, your dog is with you and there are no dogs allowed? Not an issue, it'll just be the three—well, four of us if you count Sparky right there." After politely entertaining my pleas, deferring my offer with "We'll come back soon, equipped for a night!", they headed on down the trail. They were busy, I talked to them for too long, they had places to be and things to do and a warm home to get back to.

After a week of zero-guest nights, I became more comfortable and confident, grew used to the sounds of the hut, and content with time alone in the beautiful and idyllic Zealand Valley. I was no longer desperate for human contact. I was a happy hermit.

My last week of caretaking was over the Christmas holiday and things changed again. Cold weather arrived, and with it snow and plentiful overnight guests and the challenge of solitude departed as suddenly as it had arrived. Turns out I was able to experience a little of everything in five weeks at the Zealand Falls Hut. I'll certainly miss those woods, with or without all the humans.



Morning Activities: read, drink coffee, split wood

## MAKING GOOD STUFF: PIC, MFG.

Pine Islanders tend to be can-do people who know how to do things, so it should be no surprise that several are involved in creating and manufacturing. I am sure there are many more than I have chronicled here.



### Mike Hathaway's ImageTek Humming Along in Springfield, VT

Former camper, Whitehead Work Crew member and camp parent Mike Hathaway is the CEO of ImageTek. The company, founded in 1994, is located in a 33,000-square-foot, state-of-the-art facility in Springfield, VT and is growing. They assemble circuit boards and labeling machines and produce labels. The growing part of the companies is their digital label business for food, beverage, and machine producers such as Nissan, Pepsi, and Cummins Diesel Corporation. ImageTek has been growing steadily for the past fifteen years and now has 34 employees and \$7,000,000 in annual sales.



### Darn Tough Socks Manufactured in Vermont and Taking over the World

Try this: buy a pair of Darn Tough Socks and put them in your sock drawer with the others. It is very likely that after a week or two you will find yourself *always* reaching for the Darn Toughs. Next stop, shopping for more Darn Toughs. Some version of this has been happening all over the world for the past fifteen years, which is why camp parent Ric Cabot's family-owned business is taking over. And, should you keep only one pair and inevitably wear a hole in them, you can send the pair back and Darn Tough will send you a new pair for *free!* And perhaps the most amazing part of the story is that while Darn Toughs are taking over the world, every single one of them is made in Vermont. Ric writes on Darn Tough's website, "All we do, all we have ever done, is make socks. My family has been in the hosiery business for three generations. My father started Cabot Hosiery Mills in 1978 and for the past thirty-six years we have been making socks here, in the Green Mountains of Northfield, Vermont. We introduced Darn Tough about ten years ago in an effort to keep our mill alive and running, without having to send jobs off shore. We are interested in one thing. Producing the best possible socks the world has to offer." Ten years ago Darn Tough had 35 employees and were running three days a week. Today Darn Tough has 225 employees and runs three shifts, five days a week. They are making plans

to run around the clock, seven days a week. Darn Tough produces over five million pairs of fantastic socks per year.



### Kit Smith Helped with the Birth of Stringking Lacrosse

When they think of Kit Smith, recent Pine Islanders will think of him as a fun, musical, funny, and physically talented counselor and Expedition Camp leader. His Bowdoin College teammates (hockey and lacrosse) called him captain and depended on him when they needed a big play. His Bowdoin teammate and goalie Jake McCampbell talked Kit into joining him in Los Angeles only about a year after starting Stringking Lacrosse. The company has gone from \$50,000 in sales in 2013 to \$3,500,000 in sales in 2015. The company was founded to offer on-line tutorials on how to string a lacrosse stick properly, something Jake and Kit had noticed that even most professional lacrosse players (Kit played for the Boston Cannons for two seasons) did not know how to do.

In the process of working with the mesh they bought to use for the tutorials, they figured out that there really wasn't any good mesh available. It was especially prone to stretching badly when it got wet, which it does all the time. After doing some research, they settled on polyester as the material from which they could produce a stable, better mesh, and they began working on design and manufacturing. They then ran into a problem: there were basically two machines in the US that could do the kind of knitting they needed to do. Both were Karl Mayer warp-knitting machines and both were basically custom built and would be very difficult to modify to accommodate the new material and new design. So, it was off to China to find knitting machines that are more easily reconfigured. Kit has spent three or four months in China working to bring the manufacturing up to speed and to ensure a high quality product. "Basically I need to be there if anything goes wrong," said Smith in a recent interview. "It has been interesting working in China, but I wouldn't mind spending a bit more time at home where I can surf and enjoy the SoCal weather and lifestyle."

Stringking also began examining lacrosse stick shafts and did an extensive study on the relationship between the weight of a shaft, its flexibility, and the speed and accuracy of one's shot. To their surprise they discovered that the stiffer shafts enabled one to shoot faster and more accurately, so they now produce what they consider a better shaft as well as a better mesh. Stringking Lacrosse began with small investments by family and friends and they recently received their first round of financing from institutional investors.

## EDITIONS DE PARFUMS FREDERIC MALLE

### The Perfume Company Frédéric Malle Founded Joins Forces with Cosmetics Giant Estée Lauder

Late in 2015 Pine Islander Frédéric Malle, founder of the unique perfume company Editions de Parfums Frédéric Malle, completed a deal with cosmetics giant Estée Lauder. "The agreement is that Estée Lauder will assist our development through their new structure called Estée Lauder Ventures," said Frédéric in a recent interview. "This structure gives us access to Estée Lauder's enormous resources (\$12 billion in sales last year) while still functioning like a small company." Frédéric, who introduced Editions de Parfums in 2000, will continue to run the company with total freedom for many years. Through a simple "back to basics" approach, Editions de Parfums has always challenged all prevailing trends. Frédéric, whose family has been involved in the perfume industry for generations, is an "evaluator," the professional term that defines a specialist whose deep understanding of fragrance structure and relationships enables him to critique a perfume's composition. He also invented a new way to learn about multiple scents while visiting a store without actually putting perfume on your skin. This groundbreaking method, Frédéric's style and wit, and the company's uncompromising dedication to true quality made Editions de Parfums Frédéric Malle a darling of the fashion media and allowed the company to spend very little on advertising while growing by leaps and bounds. Frédéric's position with his company will not change except that he will begin to be freed from some of

the day-to-day details of running things and focus on what he feels he does best—creation, strategy, and communication. "Eliminate all that is superfluous or merely decorative." is Frédéric Malle's credo and the only rule imposed on the house perfumers. That credo, perhaps not entirely coincidentally, could easily describe the basic idea behind Pine Island Camp.



### Pine Islander John Dowling Keeping Players Looking Sharp on the Courts

Boast is an American tennis brand founded in the 70's by a group of former Ivy League squash and tennis players. John Dowling first saw Boast shirts when he was 11 years old at tennis camp in Vermont (he spent three weeks at tennis camp but eight at PIC each summer). He had a bunch of Lacoste shirts, but he saw the older counselors wearing Boast, and they were usually the cooler dudes—the guys who played tennis really well but didn't take it that seriously, maybe wore a bandana (think Bruce Bower or Peter Lawrence...). In short, John wanted a Boast shirt. John's management team brought the then-dormant brand out of hibernation in 2010 with the support of angel investors. The brand was once losing money and is now profitable. It is run by a team of five, and is based in Brooklyn, NY. Boast makes tennis-focused sports and casual apparel and enjoy creatively presenting the brand's history and way of life. Their polos and active shorts are our most popular items.



John Dowling wearing his first Boast shirt at PIC in 1983

## BUSY FALL MAINTENANCE SEASON



*At work on the south wall*

### **New Shingles at Last**

This fall, local contractor Dan Trembly, with help from counselor Ben Herman and creator of the fabulous “A Day In The Life At Pine Island,” Jasper Lowe, stripped the shingles and trim off the south and west sides of the kitchen building, re-shingled them and put up new, more robust trim. This work has been a long time coming. The stain applied to the original shingles has been a thorn in the side of those trying to keep the island ship shape ever since it was sprayed on in the spring of 1996. It started to peel only months after it was applied, and after a couple of attempts to touch up the peeling walls, the only reasonable option was to re-shingle. Dan and Co. did a wonderful job and even added a decorative flair up at the peak of the gable end.

### **Adirondack Style Cedar Bracing Completed on Tent Platforms**

After waiting three years for logger David Pepper to come up with a supply of cedar small enough to serve as bracing for the posts supporting new tent platforms built during that time, the fall maintenance crew took matters into their own hands and cut their own on the camp’s mainland property. Ben Herman and Jasper Lowe then cut and fit the cedar to fit beneath the platforms, giving them a hint of the old Adirondack camps and ensuring the platforms stay strong for a long time to come.

### **Camp Road Clearing Project Begins, Ditching Continues**

Virtually every alumnus who visits Pine Island for the first time in a decade

or so says the same thing: “The camp road looks fantastic!” They are reacting to more than ten years of work on the road itself and the sides of the road. The late, great Paul Hanna used to say that the Pine Island road was the last camp road open each spring. After searching far and wide and trying several contractors with mixed, mostly poor, results, Pine Island found *the* road man, Maurice Childs. Mr. Childs lives just a couple of miles from Pine Island and is known throughout the region as a genius with camp roads. He even has his own, secret special mix for topdressing dirt roads. Since Mr. Childs began working on the road in the off-season, it has improved steadily in every way, and we have nearly halted road runoff into Great Pond after rains. He proclaims that the secret is in getting the water to run off the road and to be shunted somewhere in the woods where it won’t cause problems. Mr. Childs was back on the road this fall improving the ditches and applying some of his magic topdressing. The next frontier for Mr. Childs is the rocky section that runs from the tennis courts to the lake.

Ever since the telephone company removed the old telephone poles from the side of the road about three years ago, PIC has been selectively removing trees on either side of the road. The purpose of this is twofold: expose the road to more sunlight so that it will dry out earlier in the spring; and draw the traveler’s eye to the many big, old, beautiful pine, beech, oak, maple and ash trees that line the road. Removing the scrubby trees is laborious, and we are doing it in sections, but the results are wonderful, giving the winding road the feel and look of an ancient way.



*New shingles and trim on the kitchen building*



*Dan’s decorative touch at the peak of the south wall*

# SLOAN CRITCHFIELD MEMORIAL BOAT MAINTENANCE WEEKEND 2015

Sloan Critchfield, a Pine Island camper and staff member, would have turned 30 this past fall, and losing Sloan so suddenly remains a sharp ache in the hearts of many Pine Islanders who knew him and loved him. Sloan would have loved the idea and the reality of the annual boat maintenance weekend that bears his name because he loved boats and he loved to work and he loved PIC. The Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend was founded with overflow funds raised in Sloan's memory for the design and construction of two beautiful catboats, *Sloan* and *Betsy*, in which many boys learn to sail each summer.

The 2015 Sloan Weekend was September 19-21 and drew a big crowd. Twenty-five participants spent the weekend working away on all kinds of boaty, and some not so boaty, projects, enjoying the company of other Pine Islanders, and eating lots of great food. The Sloan Critchfield Fund covers all the expenses of the weekend, including food, boat repair materials, and stipends for a weekend boss and a cook, and PIC benefits tremendously from the huge amount of work that is accomplished in a very short time.

This year's crew included: our fearless leader Abe Stimson; chef Sandy Holland with help from Emily Swan, Barb Swisher, and Cathy Greene; Forrest Brown; Sarah, Caleb, and Silas Hunter; Mary Harrington; Paula Cournoyer; Richard Greene; Doug Handy; Kevin Hubbard; Charlie Krause; Bert Lachmann; Jasper Lowe; Rhoads Miller; Alex Pasin; Ben Schachner; Rip Swan; Becca Waldo; Nico and Ellen Walsh; Rob Whitehouse; Ben Swan; and John Willey. Special

mention must be made of volunteers Victor Dillard, who lives in London and arranged a business trip to the U.S. to coincide with the weekend, and Jay Steiner and his father-in-law and brother-in-law, who traveled all the way from Florida just to lend a hand!

The crew completed the following projects in just a couple of days: stain four sides of Needle Point and repaint the trim; sand, putty, fair and paint the topsides of *Sloan* and *Betsy* and strip and re-varnish their rub rails; fix peeling leathers and re-leather several oars; wash and wax *La Mexico*, the new scull; scrub and paint the topsides and bottoms of the Pine Island skiffs and paint the color stripes; overhaul the embankment that supports the dory dock; strip and re-varnish *Mr. Battie's* rub rails; remove dory moorings; fix mainland boat winch; replace a section of the aft thwart on an Amesbury skiff; reattach the chain and mooring ball for the *K.W.S.* mooring and secure it properly; take down parts of the Dust Court fence framing; move the War Yacht and War Canoe into the dining hall; oil and touch up Bazoomarang tillers, masts, booms and yards; install cup holder beneath the console on the *Katharine W. Swan*.

The crew accomplished most of the work in just one day, Saturday! We ate like kings throughout the weekend but especially at the now much anticipated feast on Saturday night, with a fire going and kerosene lanterns glowing in the dining hall. Our hearty thanks to everyone who attended. Attending the Sloan Weekend is one of the best ways to come back to PIC. Don't miss the work, food, and fun next September!



The 2015 Expedition Camp crew

## EXPEDITION CAMP TRIUMPHS AGAIN

*The beginning of the 2015 Pine Island season brought with it the usual questions—What would the weather be like? How would the trips go? Would we get a sacred animal? What new acts would show up at campfire? However, as usual, some of the most intriguing questions centered around the typically motley crew that made up Expedition Camp: Would they get along on their 15-day canoe trip? Would they learn to cook? Would the Long Trail hike do them in? Would their leaders hold up? Happily, Expedition Camp was again an unqualified success. The XCampers all got along extremely well (most of the time), they learned to cook and to be leaders for a day, they slayed the Long Trail hike, and leaders Charlie Krause and Ian Ford had a really good time. Below is a letter sent back with the driver who delivered supplies part way through the long canoe trip in the Allagash Wilderness.*

Dear Pine Island,  
Greetings from Expedition Camp. We write from Round Pond, teetering on the threshold between the Penobscot and Allagash watersheds. We have successfully completed 37 miles by way of the West Branch of the Penobscot, Lake Chesuncook, and Caucomgomoc Stream. Though our trip started amidst rainy weather, we all were eager paddlers and even headwinds could not slow us

down. After paddling down the swiftly running West Branch, we began our trek upstream toward the head of the Allagash. Along the way, moose, bald eagles, merganser, and plentiful chub have welcomed us to their country. Bobby Flynn even saw a black bear while portaging one of the canoes. We can also report that all of the boys have succeeded in preparing delicious chicken stew, bacon egg and cheese, and even pizza!

We are all looking forward to the Allagash, which awaits our boats, packed to the gunwales with food from the re-supply. Tomorrow we will finish the portage into Allagash Lake where we will celebrate the Fourth of July, explore the ice caves and perhaps catch a few trout. Many more exciting adventures await further down the watershed, but Expedition Camping pushes the present to the forefront, so we don't worry about what the future brings. All around us are the wonders of nature so we are constantly treated to new scenes and new adventures.

Andy [the re-supply driver] reports that all is well back on Pine Island. We look forward to seeing you all on July 14<sup>th</sup> for camp picture and eagerly await sharing the many tales that we will collect on our ongoing adventure.

Akka Lakka!  
Charlie and Ian



Rebuilt embankment by the dory docks



Alumnus Jay Steiner at work on Betsy

# FROM THE ARCHIVES

Every so often a package arrives at 4 Page Street in Brunswick bearing a small treasure trove of archival materials sent to us by an alumnus. This fall such a package arrived, sent by Bill Tingue of Bedford Hills, NY. Bill, then known as Billy, was a camper from 1949-1952 and a counselor in 1957. He sent along a number of interesting items, including photos, pre-camp instructions, a *Pine Needle* from 1952, and two copies of the famous article in the June 1950 article about Pine Island in *Holiday Magazine*. The article made quite a splash because it included a large photo of eight campers running down the dock naked to plunge into Great Pond for their 100% dip. Billy was one of them. The caption reads, "The bare-tailed morning plunge is a ritual of camp days that many an alumnus, no matter what his age, remembers with nos-

talgia." Try publishing that photo today. It wouldn't make a splash. It would cause a volcanic eruption! The extensive article by Joe McCarthy (quite a handle in 1952!) focuses on four boys in their first summer at Pine Island, Artie and Joe Cornell, George Squibb, and Billy Tingue. McCarthy makes many points remarkably similar to points that might be made in an article written today, including the author's bemoaning "this trend toward effete specialization..." and remarks, "As one wildlife enthusiast has observed, it is often easier nowadays to find a camp featuring colloquial French than one that teaches a kid to chop down a tree and build a fire in the rain." Below are excerpts from some of the other materials Bill sent.

## From the *Pine Needle*, 1952

"Cruise on the *Stephen Taber*" by George S. Morfogen

For those who never had been aboard, there were at first the hours of expectation and finally the actual experiencing of something altogether new. The others had the marked thrill of seeing their old home once again.

Our story covers six days or more accurately 121 hours. We visited a famous granite quarry in Stonington, had an outdoor lobster boil on a rocky island off Brooklin and participated in the everyday events in the sailing of a 79-foot schooner. Words cannot describe the beauty of the coastal scenery of Penobscot Bay as the warm sun baked our bodies with its strong rays.

When we left the *Stephen Taber* and Captain Havilah Hawkins waved goodbye to us, we knew in a flash that 121 hours had been superbly spent and would long be remembered.

We spent each night in a different harbor: Camden, Bucks Harbor, Brooklin, Stonington, Vinalhaven, and Cradle Cove.

Those who went on the First Cruise were: Mr. George Morfogen, Mr. Jeff Field, Mr. John Richards, Freeman Robinson, Jim Stewart, Nick Ohly, Hank Sykes, Medill Barnes, Larry Litchfield, George Arter, Beau Clark, Tom Clifford, Artie Cornell, Bill Daley, Nick Davidson, Peter Ewing, Gavin Gilmore, Peter Jones, Ned Kable, Adam McLane, Ronny McNeil, John Ohly, Walter Scheer, Earl Smith, Bill Tingue, and Dick Thomson.

## "The Jubilee Gift"

The very generous response of old campers to the Jubilee Gift makes the goal of \$2500 for this 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary summer very nearly an accomplished fact. The ice has gone out, of course, yet

contributions to the gift are still coming in. The purchase of a most necessary new boat for all those voyages between Mainland and Island is so close to being assured that we have been able to talk directly with the builders about a large, able boat to be constructed this fall by Day and Sons at Brooklin, Maine. They are third generation shipbuilders and promise us a rugged craft, which we hope will give us a much good service as the 401 (once known as the *Ugly Duckling*). Ed Freeman, treasurer of the fund, has encouraging things to say about the response to the password "Something from Everybody." Particular mentions should be made of those old campers in the service who have added to the gift from their Army, Navy, and Marine Corps pay.

## "Alumni Notes"

CHUCK SORRENSEN, MIT '52, was one of seven students to be selected to do confidential research at Oak Ridge, Tenn. JACK and BETTY OHLY drove up to leave their three sons, NICK, JOHN, and FREDERICK, at PIC. RIPLEY A. SWAN II, infant son of Jun and Tats Swan, is spending his first summer on Pine Island.

We hope that MR. RAYMOND P. KAIGHN, who was associated with Dr. Swan in Pine Island's earliest days, will visit us in July. The WILSON PARKHILLS and their daughter POLLY sail for Europe this fall to spend the winter there.

WALTER F. JENNEY, PFC in the Marines, writes that he'll be a full-fledged radar technician by the end of August. JOHN ALEXIS "BURR-BEAR" BURLAND sends his greetings from Austria where he is traveling through Europe with the Colgate Glee Club group. He says "Yea-Grey." PETER GRAY was traveling on the same boat on his way to study abroad.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR EVERYONE

**INFORMATION:** Until June 21, 395 Riverside Drive, N. Y. 25 (Monument 2-8712)  
From June 21, Carroll J. Swan Murrayhill 3-6500, or at his home, Thornwood, N. Y. (Pleasantville 2-1107-44)

**BAGGAGE:** Trunks are sent to North Belgrade, Maine, using labels for each end of trunk. Label each piece of luggage carried by hand, such as tennis racket or camera.

It is best to send blankets, mattress cover, etc., in duffel by Parcel Post, by June 21. Address any such mailing to yourself, Pine Island Camp, Belgrade Lakes, Maine (Postal authorities will not permit locked duffels, unless key is attached.)

Ship everything not later than June 23rd to insure prompt arrival.

Mark everything, except, possibly, yourself.  
Note the difference between mail and express address. Mail is Belgrade Lakes. Express is North Belgrade. Camp telephone is Oakland 31-21. We can be reached in any emergency, but the phone is monitored regularly from 7 to 7:30 p.m. Telegrams are picked up throughout the day. Give our telephone number when sending them.

To safeguard our health, please do not expose your camper to any more groups of children than necessary before departure (for two weeks.) Please ignore appeals for candy and food. There is all that we need of both at camp. If you do send any, send it in care of Mrs. Claire S. Woods, our nurse, who will ration its consumption. A bedtime amok and a pre-arrival breakfast will be served on the train.

What to bring to the train: Pack or wear your uniforms. Bring pajamas, toilet articles, swim trunks and towel, something to read or to play with, such as a checkerboard. Have about \$2.00 for tips, extras. Give the balance to Mrs. Franklin Thompson, camp secretary, upon arrival. You'll get it back for return trip. Bring raincoat or poncho. It might rain!

All aboard for PIC's next 50 years!

- - - - -

FINAL TRAVEL DIRECTIONS for PINE ISLAND CAMP 1952

NEW YORK PARTY

Mr. George Morfogen, 400 West End Avenue, NYC, in charge of Transportation  
Mr. Edward P. Campbell, Jr., 210 Cornell Avenue, Swarthmore, Personnel  
Mr. Carroll J. Swan, Printer's Ink (Ma 3-6500) General Information

**MEETING PLACE:** Grand Central Terminal, North Gallery, over Tracks 28-29  
Wear your blue and gray ribbon.

**MEETING TIME:** Saturday, June 28, 6:00 PM DST. Report immediately to Mr. Morfogen.

**TRAIN LEAVES:** Pullmans Nos. M-145 and M-146 Lv. NY (OCT) NS Special 6:33 pm  
Lv. Stamford 7:21 PM DST  
Lv. Portland ME Special 5:00 am  
Ar. North Belgrade 7:25 am

**TICKETS:** Mr. Morfogen will have all tickets. This also applies to campers boarding the train en route.

## Final directions for travel to camp, 1952

Washington Party

Mr. John Richards, in Charge  
Home address: 5 Adele Street, Lynchburg, Va.

**MEETING PLACE:** Union Station, Information booth. Look for blue and gray ribbons. Wear yours.

**MEETING TIME:** Saturday, June 28, 11:30 PM DST

**TRAIN LEAVES:** Train #176 (The Senator) leaves Washington at 12:00 PM DST

**TICKETS:** Each camper purchases his own day coach ticket to New York City, writes his name on the back of it, and gives it to Mr. Richards at the station. Transportation from New York to North Belgrade will be secured for him by the camp unless otherwise instructed by you.

**SUPPER:** The boys will have their supper before joining the New York Party at Grand Central.

**ON ARRIVAL:** Train arrives Penn Station, 3:45 PM DST. Party will go immediately to Grand Central Terminal and check their bags. They will join the New York Party over Track 29. (See New York Party Directions.)

**EVERYONE: PLEASE NOTE . . . .**

Please make sure that you return the postal card attached below, to confirm our understanding of your travel plans, and your wish to have us purchase transportation. Please make sure that any subsequent change of plans is explained to the counsellor in charge of the party, or to the camp office. See: INFORMATION above.



*Kip and Andres*



*Miles Frank gives the Fury sign from the turret of the 4<sup>th</sup> of July tank raft*



*Louis*



*Irving and Ben*



*Dylan*



*The Green Army: Sandra, Natalie, Krista, Anne, Patty, and Eloise*



*The long and the short: Benedict and Andres*



*Buckley*



*Gordon and Will*



*Owen*



*Sam*



*Henry*



Ryan



Assistant directors Tom Duggan, Sumner Ford, and Harry Swan



David



Garret



David



Heading for 100%



Alex, Henry, and Sam at their Maine Woodsman encampment



Tom



Aidan



Louis



Eitan and his Saturday night candy purchase



The Expandables with a care package: Alex, Will, and Buckley



## THE KEEPER'S LOG

New Projects, Wild Storms and Lots of People Come to WLS in 2015

The late Jun Swan, director of Pine Island Camp for more than 25 years, often encountered parents who would say, "I want to go to Pine Island. It looks wonderful!" Jun's answer was always the same, and it is an answer his son Ben uses often: "Adults are way too much trouble!" It always gets a laugh, but now Ben can also say that, while he can't offer a Pine Island summer to parents and other adults, he *can* suggest signing on for a week-long program at Whitehead Light Station, a place where adults can get off the mainland, unplug, observe nature, learn something, and engage in re-creation, not just recreation, just as boys and staff do at Pine Island. In 2015 nearly 100 people took Ben up on the suggestion and came to Whitehead Light Station to enjoy the extraordinary beauty and peace afforded by Pine Island's newest facility. It was a busy season of courses, volunteer opportunities, rentals, and capital projects. Matt Wall and Gigi Lirot were again in charge at Whitehead Light Station last season and served as captain, cook and bottle washers, directors, organizers, and fixers of all things that needed fixing. Their good humor and astonishing array of talents kept everything running smoothly throughout the summer.

### Volunteers Again Prepare WLS for the Season

In early June Matt and Gigi met a small group of dedicated volunteers at Emery's Wharf, and they spent a week slaving away (and eating well!) to get the facility ready for the summer season. Volunteers, some of whom are now old hands, mowed, raked, painted, cleaned, hauled, and polished for five days, resulting in a place ready and eager to welcome course participants throughout the summer season. Matt and Gigi are super organized and patient bosses, so an amazing amount of work gets done. Volunteer Week is always a lot of fun and gives a good glimpse into how much work it takes to maintain buildings and grounds in such an exposed location. Volunteers now paint at least one side of the Keeper's House every year and often replace clapboards or trim that the salt, wind, and water have penetrated. Thanks to the careful work done when the building was renovated, the interior of the Keeper's House holds up very well, but still there is always touching up and lots of cleaning to do. Besides the usual tasks, this year's crew also spent a good deal of time cleaning up after the contractors who replaced the Keeper's House roof in the fall of 2014. They were able to bundle many of the old shingles to save for kindling and burned the rest. And a truly stalwart group undertook the challenging and demanding task of scraping and painting one side of the boathouse.

### Dozens Enjoy the WLS Experience, More Opportunities Scheduled for 2016

Nearly 100 people came to the Whitehead Light Station between early May and late October of 2015. Matt and Gigi welcomed participants to courses in Mindfulness Meditation, the Art and Science of Beer, Knitting, and the History and Lore of Lighthouses. Others came to the island as volunteers in early June, as renters throughout the season, as contractors, or as participants in our annual open house. Many spent several nights in the historic Keeper's House and enjoyed the great food and peaceful surroundings. You can find next summer's schedule of opportunities to spend time at WLS at [www.whitehead-lightstation.org](http://www.whitehead-lightstation.org), where you can click on "The Courses."

### Coast Guard to Replace Old, Malfunctioning Fog Detector

The Coast Guard plans to install Mariner Radio Activated Signal or MRASS devices at Whitehead Light Station and sixteen other light stations along the Maine coast. They will replace the notoriously unreliable and less efficient VM-100 fog detectors with a Coast Guard-designed, radio-controlled system.

The device will allow mariners to activate the installed sound signal, on demand, by keying a standard VHF-FM radio five times consecutively on VHF channel 83A. The sound signal will then sound for up to 60 minutes following each activation.

While the new mariner activated system will be an improvement over the current system, director Ben Swan will be working to reduce substantially the length of time the fog horn will remain on once it is activated and will continue working to have the horn decommissioned.

### Generous Donations of Funds and Time Make Major Projects Possible in 2015

During 2015 we made tremendous progress on several building and renovation projects that have been waiting in the wings for a number of years. Pine Island is grateful to the many generous people who made gifts of money and volunteer time that made all of them possible. The WLS facility has been significantly improved as a result of the completion of these projects.

### The Whistle House!

About a year ago director Ben Swan received an email that set in motion a major capital project at WLS. A participant in one of the courses at WLS who wishes to remain anonymous, offered to

provide \$30,000 if others would match that amount to provide the \$60,000 it was estimated it would take to renovate the Whistle House at the light station. The Whistle House, built in 1888 and altered over the years to house a variety of machinery associated with steam, compressed air, and electric fog horns, is a 30 x 30 brick building with a hip roof. Because of many volunteer hours the Whistle House was useable, but it really needed professional help to become the multi-use building it should be. Ben appealed to the many people who had either participated in a WLS program or had a longstanding interest in Whitehead Island, and in a remarkably short time was able to deliver the happy news that the \$30,000 match was complete.

Next Ben selected a contractor, Jim Leslie of South Berwick, ME, who came highly recommended by the Maine State Historic Preservation Office. Jim and his crew have been working on lighthouse facilities in Maine for over twenty years, making them an ideal choice. After several planning sessions, Jim and his crew began work in October. They met with many obstacles but were never fazed. The five-man crew included masons and carpenters, all of whom also pitched in with concrete work, hauling materials, cooking, and cleaning up.

Sitting only a few yards from the bold and turbulent waters of the Mussel Ridge Channel, the Whistle House takes an incredible beating almost year round, so extra care was taken with every aspect of the project. The crew stripped and replaced the cedar roof, this time using Alaskan yellow cedar and stainless steel fastenings. After repairing the rotted boards on the roof, the shingles were laid with only four inches to the weather over a product called cedar breather which itself was laid over ice and water shield.

They jackhammered out (at last!) the two large concrete footings sticking up out of the floor and then poured a new concrete floor, getting rid of the strong odor of diesel oil that had soaked into the old floor. You must remember that pouring a new concrete floor at WLS did *not* involve a cement truck. First 400 bags of cement, weighing 80 pounds each, had to be transported to the island and then up the road to the site. The bags *had* to stay dry or they would solidify and be spoiled. Of course it rained buckets right after the bags were delivered to Emery's Wharf, but luckily they had been double tarped to protect them. Our thanks to Art Tibbetts for transporting the bags to the wharf at Whitehead on his trusty barge. The bags made it to the site safely through the use of the Gator, trailer, and a lot of muscle. Next the floor was prepared and spread with a plastic membrane. Jim Leslie laid in plastic tubing for future radiant floor heating and then laid in a steel mesh for

reinforcement. Jim and his crew mixed the concrete in a small electric mixer and poured the floor in sections. Jim said that for a couple of nights, he got up every couple of hours to make sure the conditions remained right for the crucial initial curing of the concrete. The result was a smooth and beautiful new floor, something many have dreamed about since we first opened up the building for use in the late '90s.

The crew repaired the brick walls inside and out, and completely repointed the east and south exterior walls. A worrisome bulge had developed over the past several years on the southeast corner, and it was a thrill to see that disappear. The interior walls needed more brick repair than we had anticipated, but that was completed and the walls were cleaned. We decided, in lieu of expensive and (on an island) logistically almost impossible sand blasting, to leave the interior walls as they are while coating them to eliminate dust. We will hang decorative fabrics to improve the acoustics and to spruce the place up while preserving the industrial heritage of the building. Outside the crew repaired and painted the soffit and repaired the chimney, while inside they put up a new ceiling made of Douglas fir beadboard and painted it white.

Jim and his crew got a full dose of the lightkeeper's life when a sudden October storm snuck up on them and everyone else in the area, including one lobsterman whose boat sank at its mooring. For a full 24 hours it rained hard with winds gusting to 70 mph from the east. Coming from this direction, the wind drove big swells directly into Boathouse Cove and parted one of the huge chains holding the float in place at the wharf. The float swung partially free, causing the ramp to drop into the water. Meanwhile, in the middle of the night the line holding their boat to its mooring parted and they watched helplessly as she drifted onto the rocks. Fortunately, the outboard was up and the boat settled quietly high and dry. Jim and the crew, in the dark, secured lines to the boat and waited for the tide to come back up and they were able to pull her off and to safety with only minor damage. Undaunted, they resumed work.

In the spring, weather and time permitting, we hope to put down a super durable epoxy coating on the concrete floor. We will also reinstall the bathroom, this time in the southwest corner behind the chimney. We will also install more complete and accessible electrical wiring throughout, put in versatile lighting, and tend to some other details. In the near future we will repoint the remaining two outside walls. The workbench and tools are being moved

(Continued on page 18)





*Inside the Whistle House prior to renovations*



*Crumbling bricks and deteriorating soffit on the east wall of the Whistle House*



*Crew at work repairing and repointing the south wall*



*East Wall and soffit repaired!*



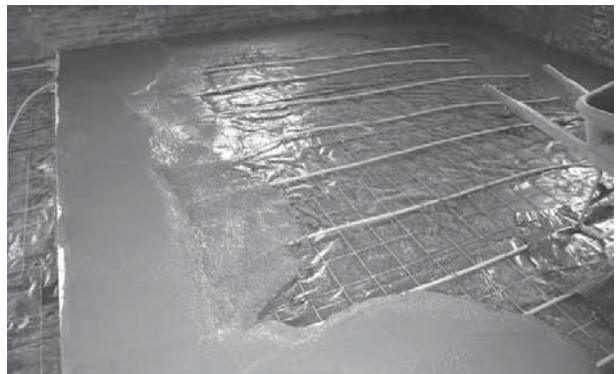
*Jim Leslie (far left) and his intrepid crew*



*New shingles going on*



*Repaired chimney and new roof with copper caps on ridge and peak*



*Concrete being poured over one section of Whistle House floor with reinforcing mesh and tubes for radiant floor heating*



The new floor and ceiling!



Our flag was still there but in tatters after the big storm



The new Staff House



Volunteers at work on the Coast Guard boathouse during volunteer week

(Continued from page 16)

to the Tractor Shed, which will double as workshop and Matt's lair.

The Whistle House will be a fantastically versatile and useful space that can be a classroom, laboratory, shop, studio, lecture hall, performance space, dining facility or just about anything else! We can't wait to put the finishing touches on it and... *use it!!* Many thanks to our anonymous donor and all the other donors inspired by the matching gift.

#### The Staff House!

One of the tough knots to untie in our efforts to bring WLS to the point at which it fully pays its own way has been where to house staff when the programs are full or when we have a rental. Long-time and generous supporter James Eklund of Shelter Island, NY weighed in again and, at an incredibly low cost, constructed a fine staff house on part of the foundation of the former commandant's house up on the hill at WLS. James is an inn owner/keeper on Shelter Island and a contractor. Knowing he would be building the staff house this spring, he kept his eye out for cast-offs from remodeling jobs and brought several windows with him. Ben Swan had an unused new door for the building and ordered the lumber and roofing materials locally. Volunteers helped transport most of the materials to the site in May so all was in place when James arrived with helper André Monti in late June. James and André completed the little building in just five days. The weather gods cooperated, giving them five long and gorgeous days followed immediately by heavy rain. Matt Wall brought electricity to the house, painted the trim to match the gray on the Keeper's House, and applied seven coats of varnish to the door. We still need to put clapboards over the siding and install a wooden floor over the plywood subfloor, but staff used the house on a number of occasions this summer and pronounced it just what the doctor ordered. And, of course, the views are spectacular. Thank you James, André, Matt and everyone who helped transport the materials!

#### The Boathouse Ramp!

Last spring the stars, tides, wind, and weather finally aligned so that Art Tib-

betts, a local marine contractor who built the wharf on the island, could come out with his truly awesome giant barge and rebuild the decrepit ramp that runs from the cove into the old Coast Guard boathouse. Art and his crew never do anything halfway, so the ramp is built to last of giant pressure treated timbers bolted right into the granite beneath. Art also installed stainless eye-bolts in the granite to the left of the ramp so that we were able to secure the electric cable more securely to reduce abrasion and extend its life. Thank you, Art and crew!

#### The Boathouse!

The old Coast Guard boathouse is a unique structure built in the 1940s. The building is a trapezoid with upright gable ends but sidewalls slanted to fit the terrain. The floor is slanted, but the windows are level, giving the interior a bit of a fun house feeling. We have been working on the building slowly over time. In 2014 James Eklund, David Pope and others rebuilt the doorway, wall and deck on the landside gable end. In June members of the WLS Volunteer Week took on the back-breaking, knuckle-scraping job of removing the paint from the clapboards on the east side. They did a great job and even got a couple of coats of paint on to complete the task. Later that month Jim and Peter Nagler with help from Rip Swan stripped and reshingled the west side of the roof. Even with a rocket scientist and a civil engineer in the mix, the job was difficult because of the odd shape of the roof. They completed the west side and will return in the spring to shingle the other side.

#### 2016 Looking Good! Spread the Word!

Great news—Matt Wall and Gigi Lirot have signed on for another great season at the Whitehead Light Station. We will kick off the season again with Volunteer Week and currently have five courses lined up and may had more over the coming months. Go *now!* to [www.whiteheadlightstation.org](http://www.whiteheadlightstation.org) to read all about them and sign on to secure your spot for a week of rest and re-creation at WLS!



Ramp swinging into place at the Coast Guard boathouse

## ARTS AND LETTERS UPDATE

### Simon and Schuster to Publish *On Trails* by Robert Moor

Essayist, traveler and Pine Islander Robert Moor has written what has been described as an astonishing exploration of how trails can help us understand the world—from insect pheromone trails to the Appalachian Trail, from neural pathways to the Internet. Over the course of seven years, Moor travelled the globe, hiking on the Appalachians to the Atlas Mountains in Morocco. Inspired by his throughhike of the Appalachian Trail, he tracked down the world's oldest trails, learned the tricks of master trail-builders and deer-hunters, visited elephant sanctuaries, and tried his hand at herding sheep. In each chapter of this book, he combines a new adventure with a range of research, reaching into history, philosophy, science, psychology, and nature writing. Bit by bit, he shows how, by understanding the ways trails work, we can shed new light on age-old questions about how we live our lives: why we cooperate and why we stray; when to follow and when we lead; why some plans endure while others crumble into dust; why we set forth in the first place—and what we're seeking. Robert's writing has appeared in numerous magazines and on line sites such as *Harper's*, *n+1*, *New York*, *GQ*, *The Paris Review Daily*, *On Earth*, *Men's Journal*, *The New York Observer*, *The Brooklyn Rail*, and *The Wag's Review*. Robert's extensive article on Pine Island's 100<sup>th</sup> War Game appeared in the July 2012 issue of *Down East* magazine.

### New Amsterdam Records Releases Debut Album by Will Mason and the Will Mason Ensemble

For many summers campers and staff alike were treated to the astonishing drumming talent of skipper, driver, and assistant director Will Mason. Will graduated from Oberlin College with degrees in both political science and jazz drumming. He is currently studying and teaching at Columbia University, where he is pursuing his Ph.D. in music theory. Will and co-driver and bluegrass musician Erin Lobb were married on Vinalhaven Island last June.

Will's album, entitled *Beams of the Huge Night*, was released in August 2015 by New Amsterdam Records, a label that is at the forefront of avant garde music, seeking new music by highly skilled composers and performers whose work does not adhere to traditional genre boundaries. The album has garnered rave reviews:

"At only 26 Mason has a long career ahead of him. If *Beams of the Huge Night* is any example of what he can do, we have a lot to look forward to in coming years. A solid album of the year candidate."—*Avant Music News*: 5 Stars.

"An impressively balanced first statement from a bold new voice—full of confidence, free of ego."—*The Free Jazz Collective*

Will is off to Basel, Switzerland on January 15<sup>th</sup> until March 18<sup>th</sup>, after re-

coding and mixing another CD January 2<sup>nd</sup>–10<sup>th</sup>. Quipped the self-deprecating Mason, "The demand for more avant-garde noisy free jazz after the first album was just so high..."

### Paintings Show Artistic Side of Maine's Assistant Attorney General John Alsop

John Alsop, former shop counselor at Pine Island, has many interests. Among them are the law, canoe racing, operating his skidder, and painting. "I don't really consider myself an artist. I just paint pictures," said Alsop when he was interviewed for a March 2015 article in the *Portland [ME] Press Herald* in the small studio he has attached to his Cornville, ME home. He may not, but others apparently do. His oil paintings have been featured in several Maine Open Juried Art shows and won third place in one of the shows. Last year, another painting by Alsop, "The River Men," which depicts loggers in the Kennebec River, was named Best in Show, says Alsop.

"I have painted, drawn and doodled since I was young. In high school I hid out in the art studio to maintain sanity and went on to major in art at Colby College. I am largely self-taught because, regrettably, when I was in school painting skills were not emphasized. To do your own thing was the spirit of the day. I paint what is around me; landscapes, objects, food, road scenes, recollected drive-bys, dogs and whatever else strikes my fancy. Mostly I paint in oils and watercolors from time to time. I don't care much for acrylics. I like the feel, the smell and the tradition of oil paint."

You can see John's fine paintings and find out how to buy one at [www.johnalsop-paintings.com](http://www.johnalsop-paintings.com).

### Abranowicz Brothers Going Strong

Pine Island camper and counselor Simon Abranowicz will graduate this spring from Syracuse University, but he has already started three small businesses based in the creative arts. He is a principal partner in Slime Co, which is a clothing company making edgy t-shirts and other clothing; Qualitytype, which is a design typeface design company; and Qual Agency, which is a design agency. All three are made up of Simon's group of friends. He intends to keep these companies running after graduation and to see where they lead him.

Since graduating from Cornell with a B.A. in Government in 2014, Simon's brother Zander worked at *Elite Traveler* magazine as a writer, editor, and assistant to editor-in-chief and founder Doug Gollan, and later as an intern at Maria B. Campbell Associates, the pioneering literary, film, and television scouting firm. After a stint as a location scout and site manager for Saturday Night Live, Zander joined creative agency Code and Theory as an editorial associate on their business development team.

## KING KABABA SENDS TINY GORGEOUS SLAYING MANTIS TO PINE ISLANDERS

King Kababa must have been very pleased with the conduct of campers and staff at Pine Island during the 2015 season, because on the very last night of camp a cadre of his henchmen arrived on the island bearing a beautiful Sacred Animal to show his approval. Janice, the Glass-eyed Slaying Mantis, Pine Island's second-smallest Sacred Animal (only Rockfort the Roquefort is smaller), arrived in an elaborate and memorable ceremony in Honk Hall. Loud drumming and the ear-piercing high-pitched voices of several henchmen interrupted the final campfire of the summer, and kababologists Matt Miller, Jacob Ronson, and Paul Phelps immediately took charge and issued instructions. Campers and staff hurried back to their tents to get towels to put on their heads and to turn their shirts inside out and backwards. Thus attired, everyone returned to the Dust Court to receive further instructions.

Henchmen appeared suddenly and just as quickly disappeared along paths and in the woods, startling campers and staff already jumpy from an overload of anticipation. More than one counselor's hand was reflexively gripped, especially by the younger boys. Once assembled in the Dust Court the kababologists received instructions from the henchmen, and campers and staff wound their way around the island single file, eventually ending up at the southern entrance to Honk Hall. Everyone had to enter the building on his knees and crawl through a confusing maze. Suddenly the tunnel opened out into an area that held about 50 people, several henchpeople (some may have been female), a roaring fire in the fireplace, and eerie lighting. Kababologist Matt Miller was there in his

raccoon coat to translate. After performing a number of chants requested by the henchpeople, the door to the library opened and the head henchman walked slowly to the front of the crouching crowd. He addressed the covering campers and counselors at length and Matt translated. The masked representative of King Kababa informed us that the King was indeed very pleased with the way in which the 2015 PIC community had paid close attention to his tenets, having taken good care of each other and Pine Island.

Then the moment came when the animal was revealed. At first it was difficult to see the beautiful creature in the gloaming, and in fact a number of campers and counselors had to wait until the next day to get a good look at it. The head henchman announced the name of the animal: Janice, the Glass-eyed Slaying Mantis. The other henchpeople taught the animal's chant to the crowd, and after repeating it twice, the crowd was hurried out of Honk Hall and the other half of the camp was admitted to view the sacred mantis. Between the elaborate ceremony and the anticipation of the arrival of parents the next day, it took awhile for everyone to settle down and go to sleep. Janice was displayed in a nest of greenery the next day. She now rests up in one of the skylights in the dining hall where her glass body and especially her eyes are illuminated by the sunlight. Woah, King Kababa!

*The Chant for Janice, the Glass-eyed Slaying Mantis:*

*Crouching Janice  
Hidden Sting  
She slays prey  
Upon the wing*



Janice, the Glass-eyed Slaying Mantis

# NEEDLE NEWS BRIEFS



Katharine W. Swan adrift in the fog

## Ghost Ship: K.W.S. Saved by Great Pond Samaritan

Because Pine Island's launch *Katharine W. Swan* is needed for a number of tasks after the camp season is over, we must leave her in the water well into the fall. This means having to leave her unattended for some extended periods, and, not wanting to leave her tied to a dock, we installed a very heavy duty anchor and mooring in the cove where she could ride safely in virtually any weather, *or so we thought...* Not having fully followed the Six P's when installing the mooring system (didn't wire lock the shackle attaching the chain to the mooring) Director Ben Swan was awakened early one morning at his Brunswick home this fall by a phone call from a Great Pond resident. "I might be crazy, but I think your launch is floating over near Oak Island," said the Samaritan. "Thank you. I'll be right up," was Swan's terse reply. An hour later Ben arrived on the shores of Great Pond and peered out into the morning mist. The *K.W.S.* certainly wasn't on her mooring, so he hopped in the outboard and headed out toward Oak Island. Just past the cove

Ben saw her, a ghost ship drifting slowly down the lake, her chain and mooring ball still attached. He hurried over. She was undamaged and seemed to be saying, "Good morning. What took you so long?" Ben started her up and towed the outboard back to the dock. Members of the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend later dove to re-attach the chain and secure the shackle properly with wire this time. Ben drove back to Brunswick *extremely* grateful for two things: that a good Samaritan would go to the trouble to find his number and give him a call, and that the lake was dead calm that day!

## Restored Wood and Canvas Canoe Returns Home to PIC

Director Ben Swan very nearly hit "delete" when the email from Maine Guide and Old Town canoe enthusiast Ken Walker arrived in his inbox announcing that he had a restored wood and canvas canoe built in 1930 for sale. Needless to say, Pine Island Camp has plenty of boats and another antique was not something Swan thought the camp needed. However, a glance at the email

revealed something that caught his eye. Mr. Walker had scanned the original purchase order showing that this very canoe, serial number 106885, was built over the winter of 1930-31 for none other than Dr. Eugene L. Swan, then the director of Pine Island Camp. The boat cost \$76.00, undoubtedly a stretch for Dr. Swan. Ben immediately contacted Tim Nagler, whose generous contribution brought a restored Old Town wood and canvas war canoe to Pine Island several years ago, and before Tim had time to think, he had agreed to purchase the boat for Pine Island. The boat, (we need a name Tim!) was in service often this summer. It is fast and tippy! It is always wonderful to add another beautiful boat to the PIC fleet. Thank you, Tim!

## Pigskin in the Park: Pine Islanders Gather for a Game

Well, I guess Dustball just wouldn't be the same without the dust, so Pine Island camper Jack Chorske settled on touch football as the game to play with fellow Pine Islanders in Central Park this fall. Jack met up with Alex and Sam Lanoff, Alex Sidorsky, Sam Brodsky, and Irving Baldwin and enjoyed a spirited game of touch football amid the skyscrapers of New York City. A good time was had by all and Charles Schell joined them for pizza after the game. If the pizza party was like most other Pine Island gatherings, talk quickly turned from football to The Game common to all Pine Islanders.

## Busy Beaver Visits Pine Island

We are fairly certain, given the traditional way in which the trees were cut, that it was not the sacred animal Buzz, the Husky Varnished Beaver who dropped three trees on Pine Island early this fall, so it seems likely we have a bank beaver in residence. Early on the morning of the Farewell Feed, Ben and Emily Swan were awakened by the sound of a small tree outside Magoon falling into the lake. They were surprised to learn that a beaver had cut down a small maple tree that was growing out of the bank by their dock. Just a few days later they

discovered that a 30' poplar tree on the West Range behind Honk Hall had been almost completely gnawed through. It fell in a windstorm later in the fall. A third large poplar, this one between the Ridge and the Dust Court, was toppled by the toothy pest later between the end of camp and the Sloan Weekend. So far we don't feel that the visitor has caused an alarming amount of damage to the island flora, but if the freestyle logging continues, we may need to discuss trapping the intruder and transporting him to some undisclosed location. Buzz has been notified, so the problem may have already been taken care of.

## New Swim Float Arrives for 2015 Summer

During the 2014 season a number of counselors took heroic measures to keep the swim float operational, but it was clear that it was time for a new one. Ben contacted Shed City, who had already completed two projects for Pine Island, and discussed the details. Shed City delivered a beautiful and rugged swim float, complete with special framing to accommodate the diving board, to Great Pond. Good weather meant the new float saw heavy traffic all summer. Campers, staff, and kitchen crew gave it two thumbs up.

## Antique Mast Is Repurposed to Replace Broken War Yacht Spar

It was several years ago that the Douglas fir mast made for the 28' War Yacht was snapped in a low bridge incident on the Kennebec River. Staff and campers made do with the shorter mast for a few years, but we finally decided that the craft needed a full-sized one for maximum sailing efficiency when trips were lucky enough to have a stiff wind behind them. Plans were made and unmade and much discussion ensued. Cut a tree? Buy a long 4x4 and make it round? Finally, as though we had clicked our heels three times, a beautiful, sturdy, tapered antique mast that had survived the demise of some old Pine Island sailboat, was discovered in the rafters of the boathouse. It had been there all along.

SHIPPED June 10, 1931		Canoe No. 106885
To Order of Old Town Canoes Co.		Our Order No. 5617
Walter Eugene Swanson, Jr.		Your Order No.
Pine Island Camp		
In Belgrade, Maine		
Via		
Length 17	Half Built JUN 26 1930	
Grade C1 Model H.K.	Completed JUN 26 1930	
Planking G.C.	Hull Varnished JUN 27 1930	
Gunwales G.C.	Canvased JUL 30 1930	
Decks G.C.	Fitted JUL 2 1930	
Thwarts	Stored	
Seats	2nd Fitted JUL 18 1930	
Half Ribs	Stored	
Finish Pails	Railed JUL 30 1930 Chisney	
Karl AUG 5 1930 Swanson	Fitted AUG 8 1930	
O. S. Sterns	Colorred AUG 6 1930	
Floor Patch	1st Varnished AUG 6 1930	
Spoons	2nd Varnished AUG 7 1930	
Color 10 Brown	Stored to order	

Original purchase order for Old Town canoe



Ken Walker and the "new" canoe



*New York Pine Islanders in Central Park after the football game*



*The new swim float ready to receive the diving board*



*Large poplar after the beaver was done*

All we had to do was look. The mast is probably well over 70 years old and one can only wonder where and when the tree from which it was made was felled and by whom. After a few minor modifications the mast was put into service and performed well.

#### **Tree Swallows Seek Protection of Sacred Animal for Nest**

Emery, the Spork-Toothed Heliscorpion, was a gift to Pine Islanders at the end of the 2014 season. It is so large and so heavy that its permanent home is outdoors, in the group of trees between the Pumphouse and the South Perch. While it is magnificent, the Heliscorpion is definitely not a friendly looking animal. In fact, it is pretty terrifying, especially its gaping mouth with jagged, twisted teeth. However, I guess you can't judge a creature by its exterior because during the early part of the 2015 season campers discovered that the interior of the beast provided what may be the most ideal spot for a tree-swallow nest ever seen. Just a few days into the camp season campers and staff kept seeing elegant, iridescent blue tree swallows perched right in Emery's mouth. It wasn't long before they noticed that

the birds would then disappear into the belly of the beast. A quick peek with a flashlight revealed a beautiful, down-lined nest deep inside with three eggs in it. Soon the eggs were replaced by cheeping swallow chicks and the adult swallows were coming and going through the Heliscorpion's mouth even more often. Clearly those swallow parents knew a safe spot when they saw one. What predator would dare enter the menacing mouth to harm the chicks? Eventually all three chicks made their way from the safe and warm depths of their cast iron cave, up the gullet and through the mouth to the wide world. No doubt the adult swallows will be back next season to nest under the protection of the fearsome but clearly benevolent Emery.

#### **Small Scale Bateau Joins PIC Fleet**

Former counselor John Willey, a long-time resident of Rome, ME and now Waterville, is, among other things, a poet, a woodworker, and a friend of Pine Island. When John's friend Jeff Hanna contacted him to see if he knew of a good home for a 17' bateau he had made and no longer had a use for, John called Ben Swan. Swan knew of the bateau design and was eager to add a



*The Heliscorpion, super-secure home of a family of swallows*



*Alumnus John Willey and director Ben Swan with the bateau*

fifth type of rowing boat to the Pine Island fleet, so he arranged to meet John at his Rome house and shop to pick it up. The boat is visually arresting, made entirely out of cedar and oiled instead of painted, so she caught the campers' attention right away. The original bateaus were huge, sometimes approaching 50' in length, and were designed to carry furs down the rivers and lakes of Canada and Maine. While the larger bateaus were extremely stable, this miniature version is anything but. We have learned

that it almost impossible to enter the boat from the bow as we do with our other rowboats without capsizing. On the plus side, once you are in the bateau it feels like you are rowing a leaf. She is incredibly light and responsive. Thank you, Jeff and John for thinking of Pine Island. The bateau (she needs a name) is already a favorite among the campers and will certainly provide a lot of fun and education for many summers to come.

# 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.

**Jorgen and Michele Hollnagel** welcomed **Erik** on October 8, 2015 in Salt Lake City, UT. Pine Islanders Uncle **Dan** and grandparents **Andrea** and **Wilbur** are excited about Erik's signing on for the 2025 season. **Rhoads, Michelle** and **John Miller** welcomed **Lillian Reed Miller** on January 16, 2015. **Hannah Nagle** married Patrick McCabe at Mt. Rainier in January 2015. In attendance were Pine Islanders **Eric Nagle** and **Ruth Tucker**. Eric is married and recently moved from Harpswell, ME to Scarborough, ME where he is working as a landscaper. **Will Mason** and **Erin Lobb** were married on Vinalhaven Island, ME in June 2015. Pine Islanders **Sarah Mason, Daniel Lobb, Max Huber, Doug Phillips, Henry Towbin, Michael Robertson, Kate Heidemann, Jason Schachner, and Nico Walsh** were there. **Matt Steitz** was married to Brittany Stephens on May 30, 2015. **Andy Spiel** married Samantha Pabich on September 12, 2015 in Wisconsin Dells, WI. Pine Islanders **Whit Fisher** and **Rob Moor** were in attendance. Rob lives in Halfmoon Bay, BC. Whit is living the good life on the water in Pawcatuck, CT, laboring in the emergency room of a hospital near Providence, RI and teaching at Brown University medical school. One of his students might be **Max Huber**, who is in his first year there. He might also run into **Reilly Woodwell** or **Ezra Dulit-Greenberg**, both of whom are undergraduates at Brown.

Ace chef **Krista Wiberg** is living in Ho Chi Minh City and teaching English. She is sharing a house with **Harry Swan** and three other people, all of whom graduated from the same language training program. Krista is teaching adults and Harry is teaching children. Both report that they miss cold, or even cool, weather but that they are getting used to life in Viet Nam and are looking forward to traveling in their free time. Harry says he'd like to get up into the mountains while Krista's first stop will be the beach! Both have signed on to teach through October 2016. Assistant cook **Anne Read** will head to Viet Nam in the spring for a visit. Also teaching, closer to home, is another former PIC head chef **Eve Whitehouse**. Eve is chairperson of the World Languages department at the Millbrook School. Other Pine Islanders in the teaching profession include **John Nagler, Tom Nagler, Alex Toole, Lindsay Clarke, Matt Clarke, Bill Castell, Will Webb, Ben Mini, Sarah Mason, Andrew Irvine, and Anne Stires**. Anne and the school she founded, Juniper Hill School in Alna, ME, were the subject of a recent article in the *Lincoln County News* that announced the publication of *Nature Preschools and Forest Kindergartens* by David Sobel. The book refers to Juniper Hill as "a pioneer in

early childhood education." Anne has signed on for another great summer as director of the Pine Island Whitehead program. **Cody Smith**, now living in Camden, ME, spent last summer as one of two mates on the schooner *Stephen Taber*, a ship once chartered for Pine Island cruises, and recently served as a member of the crew on the delivery of the *Spirit of South Carolina*, a 95' wooden pilot schooner, from Newport, RI to Charleston, SC. They ran into some exciting weather after they rounded Cape Hatteras with 20-35 knot winds and ten-foot seas. Highlights of the trip included hitting the top speed of the trip, 13.5 knots under a reefed mainsail, being accompanied by dolphins many times, and catching a big wahoo on a trawl and cooking it up.

**Otto Wallerstein** is a full-time employee of the Narragansett, RI Parks and Recreation department and loves the work. **Christian Schneider** is chasing down the acting dream in Los Angeles, CA. **Jack Faherty** is working in the office of Senator Angus King (I-ME) in Washington, DC. **Rip Swan** is in his first year as a field engineer for Skanska USA, living in Cambridge, MA and working on the foundation of a new office building in the Seaport area of downtown. He traveled to Indianapolis to watch the Indy 500 with **Brent Cleveland**, now in medical school. **Ben Hincks** might be able to see Rip at work from the window of his law office at Mintz Levin. Son **David Hincks**, a member of the PIC staff in 2014 and 2015, is in his second year at Boston College. **Johnny Hincks** is a senior at Belmont Hill School and is headed for Williams College next fall. **Robbie Schwartz** is also out in Western Mass as a freshman at Amherst, where he might come across **Nick Miller**, a sophomore at UMass Amherst. Robbie's brother **Xander** is in his first year at Andover. On rivalry weekend Xander might run into **Maxx Murray** or **Owen Duke**, both of whom are students at Exeter. Also in Boston are **Tweed Roosevelt** and son **Winthrop**. Tweed is an investment advisor and Winthrop is Director of Public Affairs at MassINC, a non-partisan think tank, polling, and lobbying organization in Boston. **Katie Swan** spent the fall semester in Prague as part of her junior year at Elon University, alma mater of **Taggart McLean**. She traveled to London where she just missed the peripatetic **Victor Dillard**, CFO and co-founder of Desktop Genetics. **Haydon Osborne** worked for Turner Construction in Chicago as the General Superintendent of Runway 10R-28L at O'Hare International Airport. He left Turner in October to work as an Assistant Project Manager with Sevan Multi-Site Solutions in Nashville, TN and will be moving there to work for Sevan and pursue a career in music.

Back in New York noted actor **George Morfogen** was recently seen in a production of Ingmar Bergman's version of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, entitled *Nora*, at the Cherry Lane Theater. The New-

shound himself was recently in New York and caught up with **Jack Fay, Noah** and **Sam Brodsky, Alex Sidorsky, Will Pomerantz, Chris Schell, Tyson Boynton** and **Charlie Hale**. **Ethan Pomerantz**, who will start at Colby College in the fall of 2016, is currently enjoying a gap year, during which he has completed a rigorous NOLS course, worked at Murray's Bagels in New York, and traveled and worked in New Zealand. The Hound caught up with numerous Pine Islanders on that trip, including **Owen Murphy, Ian Swain, Morgan Gammell**, the entire **DC Ward** clan, **Rich Bradley, Dario Falcone**, and **Howard Smith**. Ian and Morgan are working hard on the release of their first CD. Rich has semi-retired as director of Downtown DC, which has been responsible during his tenure for the extraordinary rebirth of huge swaths of Washington, DC. Howard is the president of Walker and Dunlop. Son **Worth**, a senior at Washington and Lee, was president and a key player on the W&L rugby team that finished third in the National Small College Rugby Organization. Also playing rugby in the Old Dominion is **David Greene**, who toils on the pitch for William and Mary. Visiting his girlfriend, a teacher at Suffield Academy, David ran into **Jonathan Edwards**, who is also teaching at Suffield. Counselor **Cam Hart** earned a lot of playing time on the gridiron for the 8-2 Fightin' Engineers of Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology in Terre Haute, IN. Not playing a contact sport but enjoying life at Colorado College is **Lucien Malle**, whose brother **Paul** is in New York working on his filmmaking career.

**Rob Whitehouse** lives in Brunswick, ME and has recently built a small barn in which he plans to build a boat, using the skills he has been polishing for years at the annual boat maintenance weekend at PIC. Rob's former neighbors in North Reading, MA, the **Pulver sisters, Maddie, Millie, Cecily, and Amanda**, are, in order, a senior at Clemson, working in a lab in Boston, still in Uganda, and still mysterious. Other Pine Islanders in Maine include camper **Henry Heyburn** (who recently went grouse hunting

with **Walker Conyngham**, a senior at Bowdoin along with **Charlie Krause**); camper **Lucian Flanagan-Burt** who lives in Portland; **Michael Robertson** and **Kate Heidemann** who are living in Waterville. Michael telecommutes and Kate teaches music theory at Colby. **John Alsop** is an assistant attorney general for the state of Maine and continues to paint. **Henry Beck** is running for a seat in the State Senate. **Rhoads Miller** has joined the board of the Belgrade Lakes Association and continues to work for C.O. Beck and lives in Rome, ME with his wife **Michelle** and their two children, John and Lillian. **Rich Boulet** continues as the director of the Blue Hill, ME public library. **Joseph Boulet** is a student at George Stevens Academy in Blue Hill and made a splash last spring at the Maine High School State Jazz Festival as a drummer. He competed in two different categories, Small Combo and Jazz Band. Both his groups snagged first place and Joseph received two Outstanding Musicianship awards.

**Willie Walsh** is a deck officer on a 300' oil rig supply ship operating out of a port near New Orleans. He lives in Vero Beach, FL. Brother **Jack Walsh** will graduate this spring from Yon-Sei University in Seoul, South Korea with a degree in foreign relations. **Nico** and **Ellen Walsh** are fully ensconced in their ultra-high efficiency passive house in Freeport, ME. Nico reports that they spent a total of \$500 on heat and electricity last year in spite of a very cold winter. They now own a 34' Cabo Rico sailboat and look forward to some cruising when the weather warms up. Nico spoke recently with longtime PIC friends **Karl** and **Debbie Kasper**. Karl and Debbie are living in Bozeman, MT and enjoying the good life there. Karl reports that they camped out 30 days last year and do a lot of fishing, cross-country skiing, and downhill skiing just outside of town. Karl manages the Bozeman office of Woodard and Curran. **Niel Kasper** is engaged to be married. **Ben Herman** is a ski instructor at Sugarloaf and will return to PIC this summer to run the workshop program again.



Harry Swan with one of his English classes in Ho Chi Minh City, Viet Nam

# THE MAGOON EXPRESSWAY: LTIPS RE-ESTABLISH LOST PATH ON PINE ISLAND

The Leadership Training Internship Program (LTIP) is now a well-established and tremendously successful part of each Pine Island season. Four or five 17-year-old rising seniors are selected for the program, and one counselor signs on to be what we have come to call the LTIP Wrangler. The goals of the program include teaching a group of potential counselors to become competent boat handlers, activity instructors, tent counselors, and trip leaders; assessing each LTIP's potential as a future counselor; giving each LTIP the opportunity to see if being a fully-fledged counselor is appealing and to determine which activity he would feel most comfortable teaching; and spreading the tedious, and sometimes gruesome, maintenance and janitorial work among four or five people. Each summer the LTIP crew identifies one major maintenance project they want to leave as their "signature." The 2015 signature LTIP project was the Magoon Expressway.

The effects of the Fire of '95 have mostly disappeared in the twenty years since, but one thing that had, until last summer, not been restored was the beautiful path that ran from Tent 18 along the water down to Magoon. It was not a long path, but it was one of the many small areas on Pine Island that had its own feel and offered its own distinct charms, even a bit of solitude. Topped trees, some erosion, and the presence of a temporary tent platform for several years caused the path, and even the memory of the path, to disappear almost completely. When 2015 LTIP Wrangler Tommy Duggan asked

director Ben Swan for major project suggestions, Ben quickly suggested restoring the path, something that had been on his mind on and off for twenty years. With the restoration in mind, Ben had not allowed the temporary Tent 21 to become permanent and had had Tent 19's platform moved up the hill and out of the way when it was time to rebuild it. Literally, the coast was clear for the project.

Tommy and the TIPs—Noah Brodsky, Justin Gaspard, Teddy Hincks, and Tommy Mottur—when they were not engaged in perch raking, wood splitting, keeping Honk Hall spiffy, or learning to run the KWS, put their minds and backs to the path restoration. Clearing the path was at least half the battle and included the removal of some extremely stubborn roots, which yielded only after blistering work with some very old fashioned tools. One of the stumps was so large and situated in such a way that, instead of spending backbreaking hours removing it, the crew ingeniously incorporated it into the path by modifying it with a chainsaw to receive boards that form a bench. Since the path runs along the steep embankment on the west side of the island, the crew needed to level out the ground where it runs and put in cedar logs to maintain a flat surface and deter erosion. Like a deer run in the woods, the path is such a natural way that the LTIPs had a tough time keeping campers and staff from using it before it was finished.

Dubbed the Magoon Expressway, the path opened a couple of weeks before the end of the season and immediately

became a favorite route for many campers and staff, especially those living on the West Range. Magoon dweller Emily Swan has embraced the Expressway alternative for getting across the island. "Not only does taking the Expressway knock a couple dozen steps off my island traverse," said Emily in a recent interview, "it also offers incalculable quality of life benefits, with its lake views and its alternative to the grime and perils of the usual route through the Dust Court." Over the last couple of weeks of the camp season, many Pine Islanders discovered that the Expressway was a

perfect place to walk and linger around sunset or at night when the moon reaches the west side of the island. It was clear that the path was fully restored when, shortly after it opened, one camper was observed sitting on the bench, far from the madding crowd, munching contemplatively on one of his Saturday night candy sale candy bars, while the sun began its descent.

There are a few finishing touches required to finish the Expressway, but undoubtedly the 2016 LTIPs will take care of them in short order next season.



*The new bench on the Magoon Expressway*



*Looking north on the expressway*

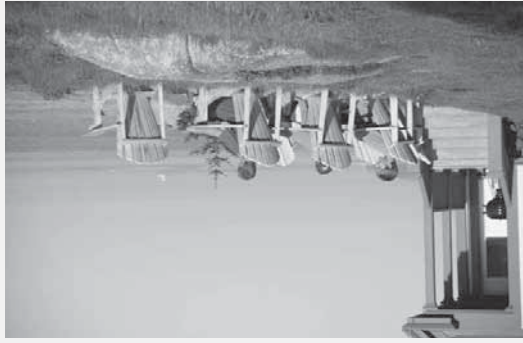


*A bridge along the Magoon Expressway*

## 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

Cost: \$6900 per week  
 Contact us at 207-200-7957 or  
 info@whiteheadlightstation.org.



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

## “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



The deck at Topside early morning



Master bedroom at Topside



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

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

Address Service requested

PINE ISLAND CAMP  
 P O Box 242  
 Brunswick, ME 04011

