

DOCKS THAT ROCK

Generations of Iron Men Breath Sigh of Relief as Floating Docks Come to Pine Island

“Ten More!” were the words you loved to hate. You had just swung a sledge hammer thirty or so times, or worse, held a 2x4 while someone else swung the sledge in an attempt to drive a somewhat sharpened 2x4 into the bottom of Great Pond. “Ten more” meant you were almost done and ten more well-placed whacks with the sledge might just do it. Or, it might just split the 2x4 and you would have to start over. In any event, this would be only one of about thirty 2x4s you would have to drive in to create a dock that just might last the summer, depending on how skilled the skipper was. Many things conspired to torture you while you put in the dock: wind, rain, cold, heat, black flies, aching muscles, broken tools, dropped (into the freezing lake) hammers, twisting uprights, whacked digits, and the occasional near clobbering of a fellow toiler. Underwater hammering might sound cool, but you know that it is not. If you were lucky, you arrived to a cool (no bugs), clear day during which the wind did not kick up, and you put in a sturdy, level, straight dock that could take the strain of a few botched landings in the course of the summer. Talk with a Pine Island dock builder and he or she will undoubtedly remember the black flies, cold, wind, and other tribulations far more vividly than the still, bugless days on which the Mainland Dock went in without a hitch. And so, at the end of the summer of 2015 Ned Bishop and Ben Swan set out to see if replacing the Mainland Dock with a floating dock would be a good idea.

It was the superior performance of the floating docks at Whitehead Light Station that finally got the gears turn-

ing, and once the idea took hold, the design and implementation were relatively simple. Pine Island had already found great satisfaction with the work of Shed City, Inc. in Warren, ME, who had designed and built a new floating platform to replace the platform attached to the end of the Boathouse ramp and more recently the swim float that arrived in the spring of 2015. Shed City’s proprietors, Terry (Benner) and Terry (Ryan), suggested a 30’ x 12’ float to handle the 28’ K.W.S. With most floating docks on the coast, one reaches land via a narrow aluminum ramp. In order to accommodate frequent two-way traffic and to preserve the PIC aesthetic, Ben and Ned asked Terry and Terry to design an eight-foot-wide ramp made of wood. As it turned out, the weight of such a ramp strong enough and long enough to get the dock out far enough into the lake would have made it far too heavy. The solution was to build a platform that could be anchored to the mainland and that projected far enough out into the lake to make it possible to build a ramp of reasonable length. Ben’s son Rip Swan, a civil engineer comfortable with the use of CAD, whipped up some drawings, and Terry and Terry were ready to go to work. Just one more hurdle — the dock system would cost about \$20,000. Ben and Ned put together a letter that they sent to about fifty former dock builders, figuring that memories of blistered hands and cursing the concrete-like bottom of Great Pond would make them eager to contribute. A few bemoaned the softening of the iron men and one benighted skeptic even referred to the project as a “boondoggle,” but most recipients responded generously,

and the needed funds were in the bank well before construction began.

While Terry and Terry were busy putting together the beautifully, and heavily, built platform, ramp, and float, Ben Swan went to work to create a stable but unobtrusive foundation to which to attach the platform. The original plan was to dig a hole close to the lake and pour some concrete, but Swan developed an alternative plan after spying some large granite slabs that had once been cut from the quarry at Emery’s Wharf, Pine Island’s mainland property near Whitehead Light Station. Further exploration early in the spring unearthed (literally) two finished slabs of granite that, laid in the ground side by side, would provide a perfect anchor to the system. Now to dig a hole big enough to receive them.

Again Rip Swan arrived to help out, lured by the prospect of operating a small excavator, which he deemed “the ultimate toy,” for most of a day. So it was that on a Saturday in May Rip moved a lot of earth, but even more rocks, and we were ready for the granite. A week later Richard, master of the Jerr-Dan car carrier, met Ben at Emery’s Wharf and using chains, cables, and the hydraulic truck bed, dug out and loaded the two granite slabs. A few days later Richard brought the slabs to Pine Island and after Ben laid some styrofoam insulation in the bottom of the hole, he nudged the slabs into place.

The three components of the dock were delivered in two loads, and a few weeks later one of the Terrys and Richard from Shed City and Ben met Chuck Wrigley, proprietor of Central Maine Crane, down at the Mainland. Chuck’s skill with his hydraulic crane was awe-

inspiring, and the great installation proceeded with remarkably few delays. In just a few hours the new dock was secure and ready for use.

A few days later the K.W.S. arrived from her winter quarters and the new dock system underwent rigorous trials when a 20-30 m.p.h. north wind, gusting to 35 m.p.h., blew for three days and two nights without respite. The dock didn’t budge during the blow and didn’t budge the entire summer. The new dock proved to be so wonderful that it is already hard to believe we ever did without it.

At the end of the season the swim float and the Boathouse floating dock were towed to the mainland, and the next day Chuck Wrigley appeared with his mighty crane and lifted them and the three sections of the new dock out of the lake and set them down by the shore for the winter.

Phase Two Seeks Funding — On to the Island!

As if to heighten the contrast, shortly before the crane did its work in the spring, a small crew of iron men showed up to put in the Kitchen Dock and the Outboard Dock the old fashioned way. The island dock installations, while free of the torment of black flies and with easier sledging, are nonetheless notoriously onerous tasks, always coming at a time of the year when there are a million other things that need to be done. The Kitchen Dock barely made it through the summer with some mid-season repairs, while the new dock took a few whacks and seemed not to notice. With both the Kitchen Dock and the Out-



Richard from Shed City delivers the ramp and platform.



The new Mainland Dock

(Continued on page 2)

(Continued from page 1)

board Dock scheduled to be replaced this fall, the time was right to push on to raise the funds to replace both of them with floating docks. Some quick design work and a trip to Shed City produced a price of \$30,000 for both the docks and ramps. Thanks to a rapid and generous response from alumni and friends, we have reached the fundraising goal and expect to put in an order with Terry and Terry in plenty of time to have the docks built and dropped into Great Pond to be towed to the island along with the swim float and the Boathouse ramp.

“Socks to Docks” Collaboration is Win-Win

Last year’s *Needle* featured a short piece about Darn Tough socks, the fabulously durable and comfortable socks *all*

made in Vermont by Pine Island parent Ric Cabot’s remarkably successful (and growing!) family sock factory. This past fall Ric generously suggested that Darn Tough design a sock exclusively for Pine Island Camp, making it the official sock of PIC. An anonymous donor then stepped forward to fund the purchase of 250 pairs of gray Darn Tough hiking socks with the distinctive blue PIC logo woven into them. Within 36 hours of the socks being offered on line, they had sold out, adding nearly \$6000 to the new floating dock project! Ric Cabot has offered to make more of these popular socks available again next Christmas, so read your emails and check in with the website from time to time!



Rip Swan at the controls of “the best toy ever” digging a hole for the granite blocks



Central Maine Crane moving the float to Great Pond



Out with the old: the last of the old Kitchen Dock ready to be removed



Granite blocks to anchor the platform to which the ramp is attached



RHOADS MILLER NAMED DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS

It is with great pleasure that we announce the appointment of Rhoads Miller as PIC Director of Operations. Rhoads, 41, will begin working year-round for PIC on May 1, 2017, and will join director Ben Swan as one of only two people working full-time year-round for Pine Island Camp. “I am so excited that Pine Island has made this move,” said Swan in a recent interview. “Rhoads is a good friend, a great and long-time Pine Islander, and he brings to the job so many needed skills, and a deep understanding of and appreciation for the enduring spirit of this great institution. May can’t come soon enough!” Rhoads, whose late grandfather was the revered and irrepressible camper, counselor and assistant director Chalmers “Chip” Handy, began his career at Pine Island as a camper in 1986, and went on to be a boat boy at Whitehead Island, and then skipper, rowing instructor, LTIP wrangler, and assistant director at PIC.

Rhoads, his wife Michelle and their two children, Johnny, 5, and Lillian, 2, live just a few miles from Pine Island and virtually in the shadow of Mt. Philip in Rome, ME, making it possible for Rhoads to make frequent visit to Pine Island during the long off-season to plan and complete projects, oversee volunteer opportunities such as the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend, and keep an eye on the place throughout the winter. Rhoads will also plan and complete projects and oversee volunteer opportunities at Pine Island’s Whitehead Light Station facility in Penobscot Bay. Rhoads serves on the board of directors of the venerable Belgrade Lakes Association.

“I am really looking forward to coming on board,” said Rhoads in a recent interview. “It feels like a cross between a leap of faith and a homecoming, and everyone in the Miller household is stoked for what’s ahead!”

Rhoads will begin work with an extraordinary breadth of skills and experience that will be immediately applicable to the myriad tasks he will

undertake. Rhoads is a licensed arborist, an expert landscaper with experience in stone masonry, an experienced carpenter, an expert roofer, an amateur welder and mechanic, an avid fly fisherman and outdoorsman, and an expert in anything that floats. As a counselor, assistant director and LTIP wrangler, Rhoads was always a patient teacher and a great favorite among the campers and staff at Pine Island. No one who experienced the 2008 War Game will ever forget how Rhoads’s ingenuity and tireless toil saved the day by erecting enormous tarps and building bonfires by which drenched and shivering campers and staff warmed themselves and dried out soaked clothing and sleeping bags.

Rhoads’s responsibilities will be many and will undoubtedly keep him very busy throughout the year. Pine Island Camp owns and maintains 33 buildings, including one lighthouse, a couple of miles of dirt road, and dozens of docks, tent platforms, boats and trailers. After the Fire of ’95 Pine Island built seven new buildings that have needed little maintenance for the past twenty years. The maintenance they and the older buildings needed could be accomplished by local contractor and friend Dan Trembly with the aid of the annual First Cabin Crew, made up of as many as four recent counselors looking for off-season work. However, as Dan’s contracting business has expanded and demanded more of his time, the attention of a full-time person with Rhoads’s skills and experience have become the clear answer to not deferring important projects. Since Rhoads accepted the post of Director of Operations, Ben Swan has been compiling a list of jobs that need attention in the off-season at Pine Island and Whitehead Light Station, and the initial question in board of director discussions, “Will there be enough to keep Rhoads busy year round?” has morphed into, “How will we not overwhelm Rhoads on May 1?” One of the many benefits of having Rhoads on board will be Pine Island’s increased ability to plan ahead, and to carry out maintenance

plans in a timely fashion. In turn, this will lead to a more predictable maintenance schedule and efficient and more accurate budget planning.

Rhoads’s presence on the island during the summer will also be a major plus for PIC. Rhoads’s primary responsibility during the camp season will be as the LTIP wrangler. The wrangler schedules and instructs the five seventeen-year-old members of the Leadership Training Internship Program, overseeing their attention to all areas of maintenance, including care of the perches, landscaping, and emergency repairs. The LTIPs also learn to operate and care for Pine Island’s motorboats, fill in for tent counselors who are out on trips or on

days off, and work with activity counselors to gain an introduction to teaching. The LTIPs of the future will find Rhoads an exacting but patient boss and will undoubtedly feel lucky to have worked with him so closely. While the job of LTIP wrangler will certainly keep Rhoads busy during the camp season, his experience, excellent judgment, expertise in virtually all areas of camp life, deep commitment to providing the best of what Pine Island has to offer to young people, and the gleam in his eye and the spring in his step will have us all wondering how we ever got along without him. Welcome aboard and Akka Lakka, Rhoads, Michelle, Johnny, and Lillian!



Rhoads Miller with his wife Michelle and their two children, Lillian and Johnny, outside their home in Rome, Maine

PIC COMMUNICATIONS DIRECTOR SARAH HUNTER REACHES NEW HEIGHTS

Pine Islander Sarah Hunter is more than just our fantastically competent and organized director of communications. She is also an avid athlete and outdoorswoman, and just about any day of the week might find her squeezing in a 25-mile bike ride or a 10-mile walk or run after work in the warmer months, or a two-hour cross-country ski outing in the winter. Inspired by her sons’ impressive accomplishments on the trail at camp, Sarah has recently set herself a new challenge—summitting all 67 of New England’s peaks 4000 feet or higher in elevation.

Most weekends this summer and fall

(and even winter!) have found Sarah out on the trail, either with members of her family or on hiking trips organized by the Appalachian Mountain Club. So far she has hiked seventeen 4000-footers (her 14-year son Caleb has done 16, and 12-year-old Silas has done 14).

Next time you see Sarah, ask her what peaks she’s conquered lately — and if she managed to pull off a headstand at the summit (see photo right)!

Communications Director Sarah Hunter celebrates at the summit after a climb



MY HELPFUL HORSE HENRY

by Tom Straus (age 14)

I volunteer year-round with an organization called Horseability. My love for horses began at Horseability when I was a toddler recovering from a birth injury. My success in traditional physical and occupational therapy was slow and difficult. My parents, looking for something different to help with my strength and mobility, found a program offering hippotherapy. “Hippos” is the Greek word for horse. Hippotherapy translates as therapy with the use of a horse to promote motor planning abilities. It also stimulates the central nervous system and activates weak muscles. Therapy can be done with or without a saddle and is given by a physical or occupational therapist. The goal is to improve the rider’s posture, mobility and balance. The greatest gains in my recovery came from hippotherapy. For the first time, the therapy I needed did not hurt. My therapy horse, Henry, became a beloved teacher and I could not get enough time in hippotherapy.

As I healed, I moved into therapeutic riding (actual horseback riding instruction) and now I am an equestrian and compete on the IEA team for my home barn. I have never forgotten how it feels to be in hippotherapy. It takes a tremendous amount of courage. I work in any capacity needed at Horseability but I am always drawn to hippotherapy sessions. In my role as a sidewalker, I provide

both physical and emotional support to the rider. If I am working as a leader, I am guiding the horse through the session.

There are of course many barn chores to be completed. Often my time is spent working in the barn grooming horses and tacking them for their lessons. One of my favorite chores is working when there is a 15-ton hay delivery to the barn. The hay is sent up to the loft on a conveyor belt from a tractor-trailer. The bales are very heavy and we work as a team to catch and stack the hay.

Horseability riders in the therapeutic riding program have the opportunity to showcase their skills in the Long Island Horse Show Series for Riders with Disabilities. I enjoy assisting at their competitions and celebrating their successes.

As soon as I return home from Pine Island in August, I volunteer at Horseability’s week-long camp for individuals with special needs. It’s a great week sharing the joy of horses through equine-centered activities!

I work at Horseability every weekend and during school vacations. My favorite horse in the herd is named Gunther. He’s a chestnut Belgian Draft horse born in 1992. In his past he was a jousting horse. He is a gentle soul and a blessing to everyone at Horseability.



Tom Straus and the helpful horse Henry at Horseability

1953 THE POLIO SUMMER, A PINE ISLAND RECOLLECTION

by Sam Brown, Jr.

Only three summers in Pine Island’s history qualify for the term “annus horribilis.” The one in most recent memory, of course, was 1995, the year of the Great Fire. The first, which occurred in 1904, was actually more devastating, as a camper lost his life when struck by lightning while hanging a lamp in the rafters of the Bungalow (later called Honk Hall). The second annus horribilis fell during the nationwide epidemic of infantile paralysis, or polio, which almost killed one camper and threw the rest of Pine Island into an isolating and worrisome month.

The boy who came close to death was Fritz Farquhar, who woke up one morning on a normal canoe trip unable to move normally, and in some respects not at all. He was evacuated right away and taken to Thayer Hospital in Waterville, where a diagnosis of polio put him in an iron lung, as primitive breathing-assistance machines were then called. The eight or nine others who had shared Fritz’s canoe trip were immediately quarantined, gathered in tents on a mainland campsite on camp property where the Swans’ house called The Rink was built two years later. These boys, and two staff, were driven to the

hospital thereafter for regular infusions of gamma globulin to increase their resistance to the disease.

While Fritz lay in the iron lung, able to communicate with his parents and the doctors only by blinking his eyes, the rest of the camp was put in quarantine also. No trips went out. Counselor days off were rescinded. Island-bound daily activities went on as usual, but when visitors arrived both they and their campers were confined to the mainland ball field, where physical contact was prohibited. This quarantine, and that of the boys on the mainland, lasted one month, during which time no further evidence of the disease was found. By the time of the Farewell Picnic, everything seemed normal.

Except for Fritz. You will have to consult him directly to learn more of his ordeal; like everyone else, I was greatly relieved when I learned that he was out of the iron lung and had gone home to Hartford for rest and therapy. He was one of the “lucky” victims of polio, living through years on crutches and finally recovering enough to return to Pine Island as a young staff member. Ultimately he attended Harvard and UPenn architecture school and established a

successful practice in Hartford, married Cyndi Jepson, and had two sons, Doug and Ben, who followed him, and their grandfather, to PIC.

During the tense period of isolation on the island, a prominent alumnus, Wilson Parkhill, who spent his summers at Sunset Farm directly across from Pine Island, decided to stage an event to brighten the spirits of the camp. The camp launch *Jubilee* had been given to the camp by alumni on the camp’s fiftieth anniversary a year or two earlier, and Mr. Parkhill decided it was time to celebrate the event.

The camp gathered on campfire benches facing the lake, with young staff positioned like guards at water’s edge and carrying an oar and a garbage can lid each. Bob Porter, head swimming counselor, sat in his bathing suit in a chair facing the water. And out in the cove, bow in toward land, was the *Jubilee*, occupied by the ten campers who were children of alumni (I was one of them!) and, in the bow, Mr. Parkhill. He held in his hand a jar of sea water, reflecting the *Jubilee*’s origin at the salt water boat shop of Frank Day.

Mr. Parkhill, clad in a smart summer suit and bow tie, taught the camp a

chant for the *Jubilee*, which we shouted at his direction. He then leaned over the bow of the vessel to empty the sea water over the bow in inauguration — and promptly fell into the lake!

Bob Porter, apparently on cue, dove headfirst into Great Pond and made a mock-heroic rescue of Mr. Parkhill, who merely stood up in the waist-deep water. “My glasses!” he said. “I’ve lost them!” (They were found at the lake bottom a short time later by a senior camper with swim goggles.)

As you can imagine, this escapade provided considerable distraction from the continuing worry about Fritz Farquhar and his quarantined canoe-trip companions. When the island’s quarantine ended, relief spread like one of Great Pond’s southerly breezes. The mainland quarantiners returned to the island, and life appeared normal.

Except for Fritz. He was in our thoughts well after the Farewell Picnic. The *Pine Needle* (no social media to spread the word) reported his progress; some of us (myself included) wrote him postcards. When his father brought him to camp to visit the following summer, everyone was smiling, including Fritz!

CAMPERS WRITE

A Typical Day at PIC

by David Donoghue (12)

I wake up at 7:00 and go to the Perch. When I get back to my tent, I read until the O.D. blows the wake-up whistle. I get into my towel, go down to the dock for 100%, and jump in! Then I go back to my tent, get dressed, and head down to the Dining Hall for breakfast. I sit at whichever table has the best cereals — usually CTC (Cinnamon Toast Crunch) or Frosted Flakes. After we finish eating, the O.D. dismisses the cleanest table to sign up for activities first. Woodcraft and Shop are usually killed first; people at the back of the line usually get Rowing. All activities are good, though!

We then procrastinate cleaning our tents, usually by playing the ring game. But the job finally gets done and we go to Honk Hall for Password. Password starts with a song, then the O.D. gives a talk that has a moral.

We then have the first activity we signed up for after breakfast. Next is General Swim, when one can either swim, play dustball or staffball, or hang out with your friends. We then have lunch, where the Kitchen Crew prepares a delicious meal. My favorite is pastrami pretzels. Rest Hour follows, during which we can write letters, play the beloved ring game, or sleep. We then have our second activity period, followed by another General Swim. Dinner follows, another fantastic meal.

Boats Out is after dinner, during which we can play dustball or staffball or take out a boat. Finally, we have Campfire, which is jam-packed with skits, games, songs, and, if we are lucky, a story from Ben. After Campfire some nights there is a dip in the lake. We then tuck ourselves into bed, fall asleep, and do it again the next day!

Trip Report: ONG BAK

by Alex Sidorsky (13)

ONG BAK (Oarsmen Now Going Backwards Along the Kennebec) is a four-day, three-night rowing trip along the Kennebec River. It covers 40-50 miles and was an extremely exciting adventure.

Day 1

Our journey began with a 30-minute drive to a boat ramp. We drove through Waterville very slowly, for we had five rowboats strapped to our trailer. Once we dropped our boats in the water, we had an easy five-mile row to our first campsite. It was a beautiful day, not a single cloud in the sky and the sun shimmering on the water. After we pulled in to our campsite, we hauled up our boats and brought all of our group gear to the campsite. Everyone took a rest hour, and eventually we had dinner, created a fire, and had a very relaxing evening.

Day 2

A second day started with a 7:00 wake-up to breakfast burritos cooked by

“Master Chef Noah Brodsky and assistant Jacob Ronson.” We finished breakfast, got in our boats, and began rowing. After eight miles of easy rowing, we arrived at our grassy, “urban” campsite. It was only 11:30, so we had lunch, a dip, and a long rest hour. After the mellow afternoon, we had some fantastic spam-mies for dinner and entertainment provided by a band playing in the town of Hallowell right across the river. It was great weather and a very enjoyable day. We wound down the day in high spirits, played some Frisbee, and danced until sundown.

Day 3

Our third day was strenuous. It commenced with oatmeal overloaded with M&Ms and almonds. We started with a leisurely row. As the day went on, the wind started to pick up, and by mid-day there were whitecaps on the river. The last four miles were the most difficult day of rowing I had ever had — until the next day! Though we hugged the shore, there was still a large headwind that was extremely hard to row through. We even had to cross the river multiple times and had to row as hard as we could through the waves and wind. Eventually, after hours of battling the wind, we arrived at our magnificent campsite called Swan Island. We stayed in lean-tos along the edge of a lawn. We played Frisbee and had gado-gado (peanut pasta) for dinner and prepared for our last day, the most challenging of all.

Day 4

We awoke at 5 a.m., for we had a long day ahead of us. Our pickup was at 1:00, and we really wanted to make it on time. We loaded our boats and left camp at around 6:30. We rowed along Swan Island, and as we approached the end of the island, the river started to open up more and more and the wind started to



pick up. The river continued for many miles of brutal wind. Getting closer to our pickup, we reached the Chops, a narrow strip of river surrounded by radio towers, with whirlpools in the water. The river continued around islands and in curves along the land. As our glorious adventure came to a close, there was still one more arduous section of our journey to complete, the Bath Iron Works. There was one last mile of the biggest headwind and monstrous waves. We kept rowing through the tempestuous waves. Our blisters were bleeding, but we just had to keep going, for we had no choice. Everyone was screaming words of encouragement. Finally, after hours of rowing, we reached our destination. We put our boats on the trailer and were treated to lunch at Fat Boy's, a famous drive-in in Brunswick. It was an awesome trip and a fantastic experience.

Poetry by Jack Chorske (13)

Fishing

The whip of the line,
The plop of the fly,
Bass feeding on mayflies,
The bend of the rod,
With the fish on the line.

Activity Sign-up

Crawfish are red,
The lake is blue.
Canoeing is dead
But kayaking will do!

Dustball

The sting on my arm,
The dust in my eyes,
The kids getting out,
Shouting for mercy.
They will soon be on the wall
Hoping for revenge . . .

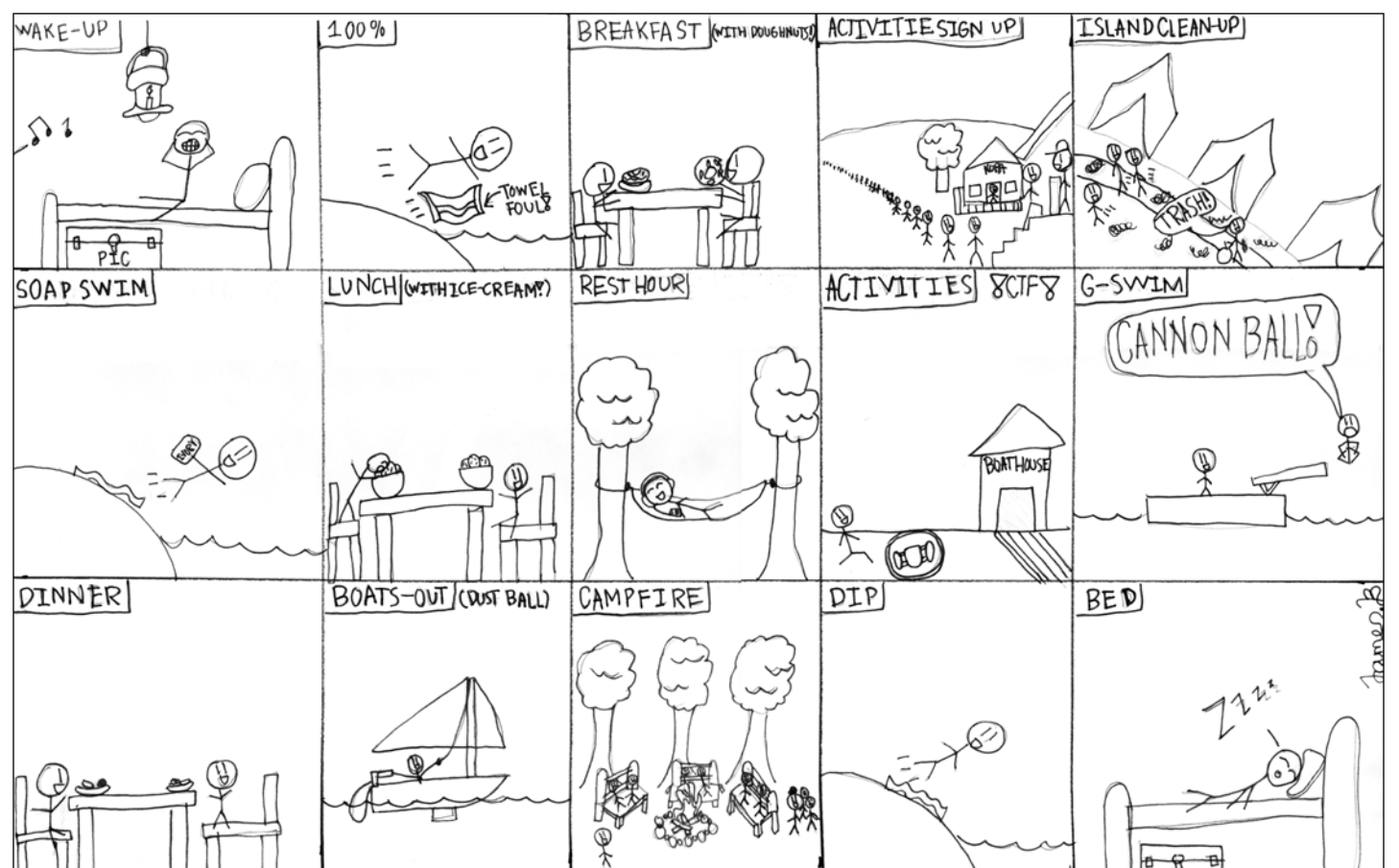
100%

We do it every day.
It may be cold and windy
Some days, but the gleam
In our eyes and the spring in
Our steps keep us
Jumping off the dock.

Shop

The sawdust in my eyes
The screech of the saw
The voice of Shop Guy
Instructing to rasp.

Sunday Funday, James Burrell, age 10



THE PINE ISLAND MIGHTY DUCKS

by Emily Swan

Normally the water birds attracting the most attention at Pine Island are the loons, who for decades nested on the Second Island and hatched one or two chicks each summer to the delight of the PIC community. Everyone enjoyed watching these majestic birds and their adorable babies, who could often be seen resting on a parent's back or gamely paddling alongside their parents as the family circumnavigated the island. This year, however, "our" loons, if they are even still in residence on Great Pond, bore no chicks, and although loons could often be seen around the island, none seemed particularly attached to the island as they had been in the past.

Into this void, enter the ducks! Now ducks are nothing new on Great Pond. Every summer families of mergansers, mallards, and black ducks come and go around Pine Island. Pine Islanders from a couple of summers ago will remember the family of ducks whose peaceful paddle around the island on the day of PIC's regatta was violently interrupted by a loon coming up from below the surface in the very midst of the family, sending them all scurrying to the Cove as fast as their wings and webbed feet could propel them. And families of mergansers have often been seen by early risers in full command of the swim float, which later required dousing by the swim in-

structors to preserve us from the affliction of duck itch spread by what these creatures leave behind!

But this year was different. This year flocks of black ducks, often with a few mallards thrown into the mix, seemed to decide that Pine Island was the perfect place to spend the summer, and some days we would see as many as three dozen paddling around together amid the row boats or playing in the Cove. At risk of anthropomorphizing, we even observed them falling into a rhythm that mimicked camp life at PIC. Early mornings would find them arrayed on the beach as if lining up for 100% dip. After lunch, we often observed groups of them gathered in a protected spot of beach behind the dory dock, heads tucked under their wings, enjoying a peaceful rest hour. Their more active times seemed to fall during activity periods, when they would travel around the island just doing what ducks do. And evening often found one or two of them at the end of a dock in apparent restful contemplation of the sunset.

All right, maybe just a *bit* of anthropomorphism! But they really were a delightful presence on the island last summer, and many of us are very hopeful they'll be back for more fun at Pine Island in 2017!



A few of the many Mighty Ducks in the Cove



Two of the Mighty Ducks on the Magoon Dock

IN MEMORIAM

Sam Bowman (1936-2016) was a great friend of Pine Island Camp, caring with great skill and foresight for Pine Island's investments for over forty years. He was godfather to Pine Island camper, counselor, assistant director, board member, and 2017 camp parent Henry Clauson. Though he never attended Pine Island, Sam was a true Pine Islander with a gleam in his eye and spring in his step that always made you wonder if he might have taken a 100% dip that morning. Sam grew up on a farm (which he still owned and operated at the time of his death) in Springfield, OH, attended Exeter and Princeton, and moved to New York City, where he went to work for Graham Blaine, Tats Swan's father, at Tucker Anthony and R.L. Day on Wall Street. In the early 1970s a number of PIC alumni made contributions totaling \$20,000 to establish the Sidney Lovett Memorial Scholarship Fund. After a short period of flat (at best) performance, Tats and Jun Swan asked Sam if he would take on the responsibility of investing this tiny nest egg. Sam accepted immediately and it was through additional contributions and his expert investment strategies that the Lovett Fund steadily grew (suffering almost not at all during the various downturns) and today has assets of approximately \$800,000. Sam cared for Pine Island's smaller funds with equal attention and they too have grown at a very good clip. Ben and Emily Swan will miss their occasional dinners with Sam Bowman and his wife Grace in New York City and in Millbrook, NY. Sam was a man of good humor, independence coupled with a concern for others, and a truly generous spirit. Akka Lakka, Sam.

Russ DeJong, Jr. (1945-2016) was father of Pine Islander Sarah DeJong and a longtime generous neighbor and friend of Pine Island Camp. Russ, a doctor at the Osteopathic hospital in Waterville and a major force in the development and administration of Maine Family Planning in Augusta, lived with his wife Janetha Benson just a few houses down from the head of the Camp Road. Together they owned nearly 200 acres of woods and fields, stretching from the shores of Great Pond to the shores of Lake Messalonskee. Russ and Janetha were members of that small group of people who own a large piece of land and *use it* regularly. They created and maintained a system of trails throughout the land just to the south of Pine Island's mainland property and either walked or skied those trails almost every day with whichever black labs they owned at the time. From time to time we would see Russ paddling slowly along the shore alone or perhaps with a dog aboard. On June 5, 2016, Russ's name was added to the name of the family planning center in Augusta, which is now called the Parker F. Harris and Russell N. DeJong, Jr. Center for Reproductive Health. Franklin Roosevelt once said, "Human kindness has never weakened the stamina or softened the fiber of

a free people. A nation does not have to be cruel to be tough." Russ DeJong was kind, generous and thoughtful, and he was very tough. Pine Island Camp was very lucky to have him as a neighbor. Our deep sympathy goes out to Janetha and Sarah, and we hope to have them as our neighbors far into the future. Akka Lakka, Russ.

Chris Cox (1945-2017) was a Pine Island parent and a member of Pine Island's Board of Directors for several years. Director Ben Swan came to know Chris through Pine Islanders Lynn Kippax and Chris's sister Mally Cox-Chapman and her husband Jim, and Ben has always been glad he did. After the Great Fire of 1995, Ben was suddenly faced with a seemingly insurmountable task — raising over half a million dollars to rebuild the camp. Ben thought of Chris Cox, who was the director of communications at Mystic Seaport and a truly gifted fundraiser, and gave him a call. Chris, who was already overbooked with his own work, responded immediately and generously with his advice, support and expertise. Ben remembers most clearly a piece of advice that was typical of Chris's wonderfully direct way of putting things. Chris said, "You are not a professional fundraiser. If you try to act like one, you will just make a jerk out of yourself. Just tell people what you are doing and tell them what you need." Ben did just that; the goal was reached quickly; and the camp was rebuilt, leaving generations of Pine Islanders indebted to someone they never knew. Chris was an educator, a historian, a great lover of all manner of boats, an expert mariner, and a spinner of hilarious yarns, who possessed a truly generous spirit that made him an exceptionally valuable member of many communities, including Pine Island Camp. Akka Lakka, Chris.

Lynx (1999-2016) was the Swan family's beloved cat who was especially close to Harry Swan. Lynx spent sixteen very happy summers as a resident of Magoon on Pine Island. He was a somewhat elusive presence, spending long periods of time, especially in the hot weather, underneath Honk Hall or on the corner of the Magoon porch where he could lie in the shade and catch the breezes off the lake. However, Lynx was a good and patient friend to those boys who, perhaps missing a pet of their own, needed a bit of attention. Lynx was predeceased by his sister Tippy in 2012.



Lynx on the Magoon porch

HERMAN'S HERMITAGE: PINE ISLAND'S NEWEST AND SMALLEST BUILDING

People often ask why Pine Island Camp doesn't expand its enrollment, given how popular and relevant the PIC experience is. The answer is always the same: there is simply nowhere to put even one more bed. It is arguable that the island's very real space limitations are central to the increasingly unusual fact that Pine Island Camp has changed very little over its 115-year history. Many mainland camps have expanded slowly to meet financial demands, and perhaps just because they could, and have morphed into year-round institutions. Pine Island is still just Pine Island, and it still feels like a *summer* place, having avoided the necessity of converting simple structures to year-round buildings, and the loss of the beloved feel and even fragrance of distinctly camp buildings. However, last summer we

did manage to squeeze in one more tiny camp building, an 8'x8' one-cot dwelling to house one more counselor.

With a full camp, we have room for just 23 tent counselors and four female counselors in addition to the medic, skipper, cooks and kitchen crew, assistant directors, LTIP wrangler, drivers, and Ben and Emily Swan. In a very successful bid to make the workshop program more consistent from year to year, Pine Island has created a position for a shop instructor whose sole responsibility is the shop. While being a tent counselor is a joy for young men 18 to about 23 years old, it does not work as well once they reach the advanced age of 25 or so. Thus the need for one more bed.

Taking a cue from the currently popular trend of building "Tiny Houses," Ben Swan and his son Rip put together

plans for the smallest possible dwelling that could fit into the landscape of the island and reasonably house one person. The little structure was built in pieces in the Smith Barn on the mainland and transported aboard the *K.W.S.* by early-arriving staff and participants in the Wilderness First Responder course. Because it came in pieces, the structure could be located among some trees up on the Honk hill and looks like it has been there for many years.

Recent counselor and LTIP Wrangler Rip Swan generously volunteered to lend his expertise to cut and assemble the rafters, a task his father, who had managed to build most of the rest of the building, did not feel confident (to put it mildly) to undertake. Once the rafters were up, various volunteers were able to board the exterior and roof, put in a

few windows caged from former PIC buildings, and build a small porch and front door. The 2016 resident of the new building would be Ben Herman, known to campers as "Shop Guy," and he set to work building a cot-sided bed, some shelves, and other conveniences. The building, which sits just to the south of the Baita House, (see cover story *Pine Needle* 2016) is sited to take full advantage of the southerly breezes that accompany the hottest weather during the summer. It was quickly dubbed "Herman's Hermitage" by the staff, even though none of them were born until at least 30 years after the heyday of the British pop sensation after which it was named. After just one night in the Hermitage, Ben Herman proclaimed it the best place to live on Pine Island!



The Hermitage under construction in the Smith Barn



The frame of the Hermitage in place overlooking the Cove



The completed Hermitage nestled in the trees to the east of Honk Hall



The luxurious interior of Herman's Hermitage

BLUES VICTORIOUS AGAIN, SET RECORD FOR CONSECUTIVE WINS

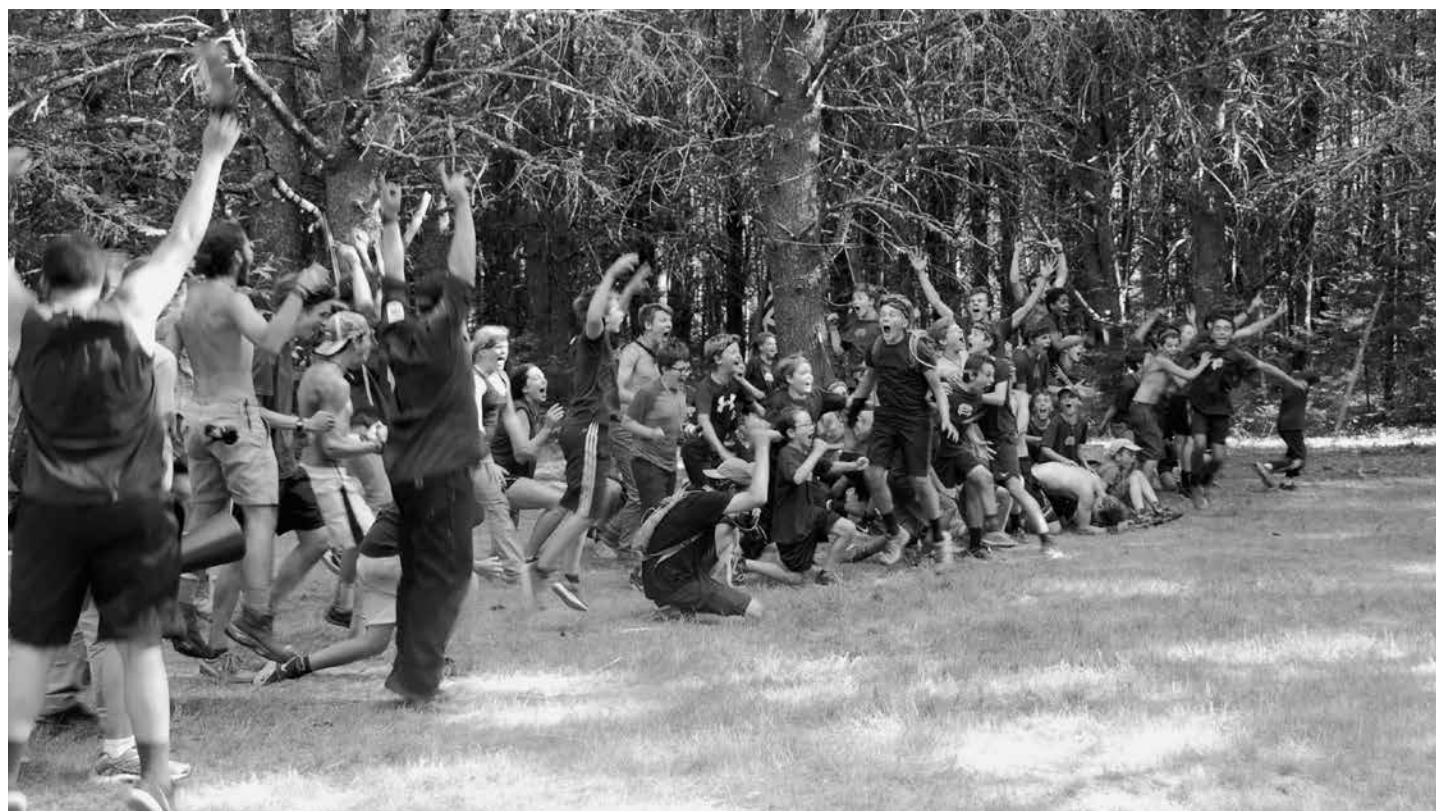
It was the Grays who held the record for consecutive War Game wins — six (1962-1967) — for nearly fifty years, but the Blue Army's 185-166 victory in the 2016 game went one better, giving the Blues their seventh straight victory under the leadership of General Ian Ford. The Grays, under able veteran Max McKendry, fought valiantly and out-scored the Blues on the second day of the game, but they could not overcome the 31-point deficit in challenge points that a few blunders cost them on the first morning of play. The weather was excellent, the Kitchen Crew did a fabulous job of feeding the troops, and the two days of play were intense. Most importantly, nobody was injured playing Steal the Bacon! The Grays are undoubtedly back at the drawing board, having come *very* close to victory many of the past seven years. Our thanks to the stalwart umpire crew under the leadership of head umpire Sandy Crane.



Campers and staff chow down at dinnertime in Norridgewock



Head Umpire Sandy Crane, a retired Gray, does not look thrilled with the announcement he is about to make — the final score



Blues just after the score is announced



Blues Ian Ford, Jacob Ronson, and Ben Herman celebrate



Gray party plotting some mayhem up at the red flag area



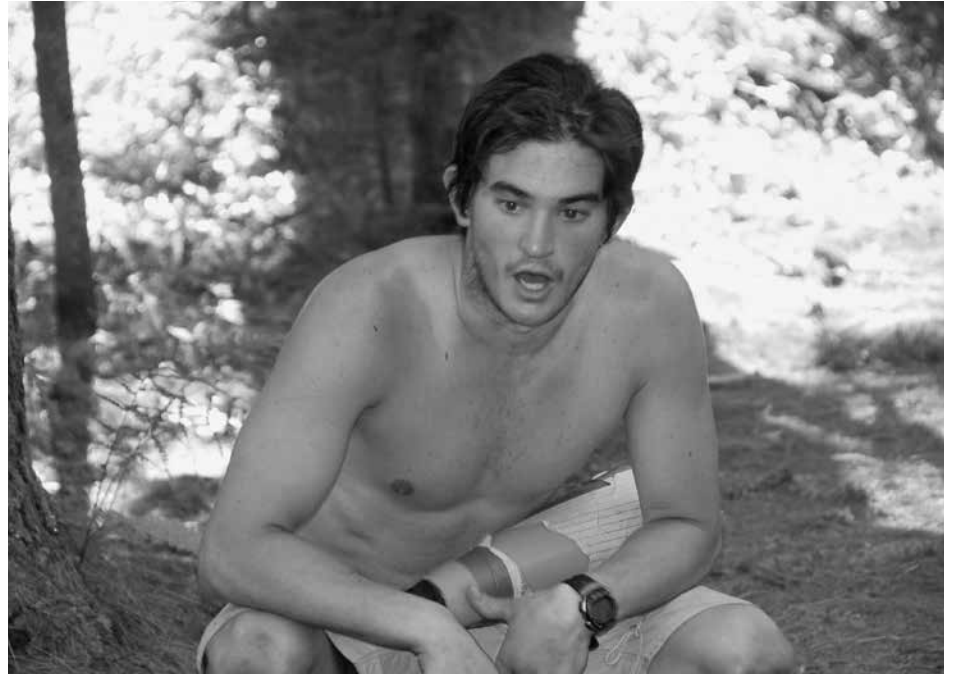
Grey Counselors Kyra White and Nick Toole confer



Blue general Ian Ford with Nick



Noah Brodsky, Cole Gibson, and Anna Ashby confer during play



Gray veteran Matt Moss-Hawkins



Squadron communicating with North Gate



Gray general Max McKendry



Blues await the announcement of the final score of the War Game



Grays Alex and Ben during play

FRENCHMAN SETS WATERSKIING RECORD AT PINE ISLAND

July 15, 2016 was a day packed with eagerly anticipated activities. All campers and staff were in residence for only the second time all summer; the annual camp photo would be taken just after lunch; it was the day of the Regatta; and that night instead of campfire it would be Club Honk, a musical extravaganza, complete with a stage, elaborate lighting, and supergroups. However, perhaps the most eagerly anticipated event would come at the end of the regatta — the annual attempt by the burly Expedition Campers paddling the war canoe to get a camper up on water skis. The search had begun earlier in the day for the perfect skier — he must be the smallest camper available who has *some* experience in the sport. Impromptu interviews discovered a promising candidate in Dimitri Clamageran, a first-year camper from Paris.

Dimitri seemed remarkably calm in spite of the weight of history — success in all of the three previous attempts — on his young shoulders. He seemed confident in the strength and stamina of the men of Expedition Camp. Dimitri donned his life jacket and two staff members helped him get set up in the Cove with two ancient water skis while the paddlers attached the extra-long tow rope to the war canoe and prepared to paddle. A large crowd gathered on the beach and chants of “Di-Mi-Tri!” rang out. Would it work again this year? Then they are off...paddling madly... the tow-rope comes taught...the attending counselors give a push...and...

his skis nearly make it to the surface but he pitches forward. The crowd groans, Dimitri waves undaunted, and the war canoe makes a long loop back around to start again. Again the big blue Old Town surges forward with cries of “Stroke! Stroke”...the line comes taught...the

skier wavers briefly but leans back and... he’s up! Huge cheers from the crowd on the beach who watch as Dimitri skis out across the lake... farther and farther... getting smaller and smaller...far enough so that an alert counselor hopped in the Cove Boat to be in attendance when the

“engine” finally ran out of steam.

Dimitri was up for 51 seconds, a new waterskiing record at PIC. He returned to the island in the Cove Boat triumphant but humble and ready for the next adventure. Well done, Expedition Camp 2016 and Dimitri!



Dimitri on his way to a record, cheered on by Rob Young and Ben Herman

PINE ISLANDER RIP SWAN DISCOVERS SHIP DURING BOSTON EXCAVATION

Rip Swan graduated from the Tufts University School of Engineering in May of 2015 and began work for Skanska USA Foundations the following July. The project on which he is working is an 18-story office building in the Seaport area of downtown Boston. A lot of Rip’s work involves overseeing the digging of some very deep, very large holes and, given the location of the project, the foundations crew is always on the lookout for things that might be buried there, including the Silver Line subway tunnel and a variety of debris that might have been dumped there as fill over the past 200 years.

One sunny day last May Rip was out on the site and saw something partially buried in the mud that he thought he should investigate. It was clearly a piece of milled lumber and his curiosity was piqued. Further investigation revealed that he had found the remains of a

ship! Rip alerted the Skanska project manager who, though he was not obligated to do so, gave the crew permission to dig carefully enough to see how much of the ship was there, and in an even more unusual move, contacted the City of Boston to tell them of the discovery. As it turns out, pretty much all of the hull of a 50-foot ship was there and parts of it, particularly the bow section, were remarkably intact. In the meantime, Rip had picked up a piece of wood among the ship’s timbers that turned out to be the *only* piece on the entire site that actually identified the vessel. It was half of the top of a wooden barrel on which was stenciled the word, “Rockland.” Further examination of the cargo, a white substance in barrels, and some sleuthing on the internet led all to surmise that they had found a ship that once carried lime down the coast from the lime kilns of Rockland, ME for use

in making cement. The owner was probably the Rockport and Rockland Lime Company and the ship certainly passed close to Whitehead Light Station many times during its career. It is likely that the ship ran aground on the flats in what was then part of Boston Harbor and the lime aboard got wet and caught fire. Much of the wreck and some of the artifacts found aboard are charred. Once the crew salvaged what they could, it is supposed that they simply left the ship where she lay, and she gradually sank into the mud and was later covered by fill.

Rip reported that things got a bit crazy when the press learned of the discovery. Reporters and television trucks showed up and got in the way while helicopters buzzed around for several days. What the Skanska crew was now calling the “Swan Boat” made it into the local news and even onto CNN. “It’s the

first time a shipwreck has been found in that section of the city and only the second one found on land that was filled in to expand the city’s footprint,” said city archeologist Joe Bagley, who went on to say, “Also, unlike most other wrecks, its cargo is mostly intact. This has never happened in Boston.” Construction was virtually halted on the site for nearly a week as experts, including a Harvard professor who was flown in from Italy, gathered, scanned the entire wreck, and oversaw the removal of the ship’s remains. The ship was too far gone to remove intact, but Skanska was able to remove the entire vessel, load the pieces on trailers, and take them to a site where they could be more carefully studied. It is fortunate that Rip took a photo of the barrel top that identified the ship because since the identifying piece was unearthed in May, the stenciled writing has disappeared completely!

ALUMNUS ROB WHITEHOUSE BUILDING 26' WOODEN BOAT

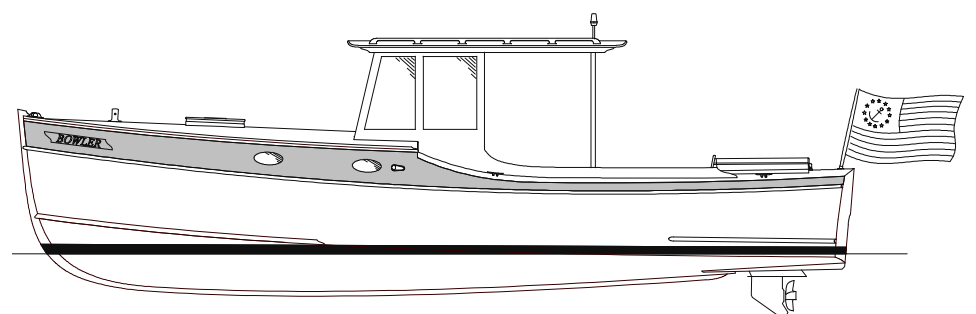
Rob Whitehouse, a camper at Pine Island 1967-70 and a member of the old Whitehead Work Crew in 1972, lives in Brunswick, ME, where he is at work on a 26' outboard-powered cruising boat. Rob, a semi-retired engineer and veteran of many Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekends, selected a new design by D.N. Hylan Boatbuilders in Brooklin, ME that borrows a lot from the designs of the famous motorsailor designer William Hand. The handsome boat has an outboard well and will be powered by a 60-hp motor. This feature reduces engine noise and vibration considerably and makes the boat comparatively fuel efficient and easier to maintain. Rob wrote to friends this fall and sent a couple of photos of his progress:

I promised to send pictures, and here they are. If you are curious about the design, please click http://www.dhylanboats.com/design/plans/bowler_plans/. We visited the designer's shop last winter and saw hull #2 being built. They have been a super help. The designer dropped by the shop a couple of weeks ago and graciously answered some of my most pressing questions. I have probably pestered the designer enough and now have some confidence in continuing on my own. The boat building community up here is really super, and the Maine Boat Builders Show is a great place to get tips. What you see in these photos are the hull being built upside down on its molds. The molds attach to a ladder frame, which is bolted to the concrete floor. We installed all the



Alumnus Rob Whitehouse with his work in progress

stringers except one that requires a bit of finesse. (Read that as, "If first you don't succeed try, try again.") The strip planking is underway. The strips are 1-1/2" wide and made of Spanish cedar — the shop smells nice. Suggested names are welcome. So far *Anonymous* has been rejected. The current favorite is *Tip Your Cap*. We have time to decide. Completion looks like 2018 with a bit of luck. I need to keep consulting to pay for all the boat pieces. — Rob



What Rob hopes his boat will look like

ACROSS CANADA WITH MY FATHER AND THE SPIRIT OF PINE ISLAND

by Zander Abranowicz (Pine Island camper and counselor)

As a nominal adult, I've come to realize that my inner Pine Islander emerges most clearly when I'm traveling. From methods of packing, to tenets of planning, to expectations of behavior en route, my years at Pine Island prepared me for efficient and curious travels through my high school and college years, into my early twenties. Recently, I had the opportunity to travel with the *other* most significant influence on how I travel—my father Bill, whose career as a photographer has taken him around the world, from Vietnam to Patagonia. In early 2016 we were contacted by *Travel + Leisure* magazine with a dream offer: to travel, father and son, from Vancouver Island off Canada's west coast, through Vancouver, to the east coast, where we'd end our journey on Fogo Island, a remote fishing island off the northeastern coast of Newfoundland. We were to document a luxury travel itinerary that the magazine would later

offer to readers. Bill would photograph, I would write. I had just quit an unpleasant job, and was reading *On Trails*, a remarkable book by fellow Pine Islander Rob Moor, inspired by his time hiking in the Northeast with P.I.C. I had terrible wanderlust. The timing was perfect.

Bill and I flew from New York to Vancouver, then caught a seaplane that took us across the Strait of Georgia and Vancouver Island's mountains interior to Clayoquot Wilderness Resort. Clayoquot sits on 600 acres of pristine wilderness. Guests stay in white canvas tents perched on the edge of the Bedwell River, close enough that the lapping of the water can be heard from bed. Sound familiar? It was in many ways a luxury version of Pine Island—from the communal dining hall to the activities-based schedule that included hiking in old growth forests and kayaking, to the en-

(Continued on page 12)



Zander Abranowicz experiencing truly gracious living in his tent at a resort along the way.

(Continued from page 11)

ergetic and knowledgeable staff. When kayaking up the river with my father and our guide, I dipped my hand into the icy, clear water. The devout 100 percent in me led me to ask where I could jump in. She led me to a bridge over the river where I could, and, avoiding the fried-egg jellyfish, I jumped again and again until I was ready to climb into a riverside hot tub at camp. After all, there were certain differences with Pine Island or Whitehead.

Our emergence from the forests of British Columbia to the metropolis of Vancouver came with a shock familiar to all Pine Islanders. Cities feel dirty, bright, and inauthentic after being in the woods. We were happy to set off again for another remote outpost—Fogo Island. Flying first to Toronto, then on to Gander in Newfoundland, with a final helicopter hop, we arrived at the Fogo Island Inn, a magnificent modernist structure owned and operated by Fogo Islanders. I wrote in my article:

“Whereas the Pacific Northwest, with its dramatic fjords and lush forests smelling of loamy earth, had a distinct sense of grandeur and mystery, this craggy eastern coastline had a certain intimacy that reminded me of Maine.” We spent our days cycling, jigging for cod, hiking, relaxing in the Inn’s Finnish sauna, and immersing ourselves in the philosophy of the Inn and its owner, Zita Cobb. Cobb is rightfully credited with Fogo’s revitalization by her support of local culture and craft after the collapse of the cod fishing industry. She is a perfect distillation of the Pine Island principle of “gracious living”—living proof that this communal philosophy can provide economic security to imperiled communities.

The article that came out of the trip, my father’s incredible photographs, and a short video we produced, are all available at the link below. Akka Lakka!

<http://www.travelandleisure.com/trip-ideas/nature-travel/canada-cross-country-trip>

SLOAN CRITCHFIELD MEMORIAL BOAT MAINTENANCE WEEKEND 2016

The tenth annual September boat maintenance weekend honoring the memory of Pine Islander Sloan Critchfield was another great success. About twenty alumni, parents and friends began arriving the afternoon of Friday, September 9. Veteran Sloan Weekend organizer Abe Stimson and director Ben Swan and chefs Emily Swan, Sandy Holland and Barb Swisher had prepared for the volunteers’ arrival so they were able to get right to work. A good deal was accomplished Friday and with the arrival of more volunteers on Saturday the island became a beehive of activity. Volunteers could be seen in various locations on the island sanding, painting, and repairing boats, buoys, spars, oars and paddles. Kevin Hubbard returned to the island to step into his familiar role as skipper of the *K.W.S.*, while Emily Swan and Barb Swisher whipped up the great meals and snacks to which Sloan Weekend volunteers have become accustomed. A special treat this year was the presence of the man who designed and built all but one of Pine Island’s beautiful wooden boats, Abe Stimson’s father David. As always, the long work day on Saturday culminated in a feast fit for a king in the dining hall lit by kerosene lanterns and topped off by the spectacular desserts provided by master baker and Pine Island parent

Sandy Holland. The weather cooperated wonderfully and once again Pine Island’s fleet was completely shipshape by the time the last volunteer departed Sunday afternoon. On hand throughout the weekend was videographer Jasper Lowe, author of the acclaimed *A Day in the Life of Pine Island*, and you can view his short video of the 2016 Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend by going to Pine Island’s website: www.pineisland.org. Our thanks to the 2016 volunteers: Sawyer Carson, Paula Cournoyer, Julia Cox, Bob Flynn, Kevin Hubbard, Max Huber, Alexa Irish, Skip Hudon, Jasper Lowe, Connor Shields, Greg Skillman, Jay Steiner and his brother-in-law Dan Bainbridge, Abe Stimson, David Stimson, Ben Swan, Emily Swan, Barb Swisher, and Rob Whitehouse.



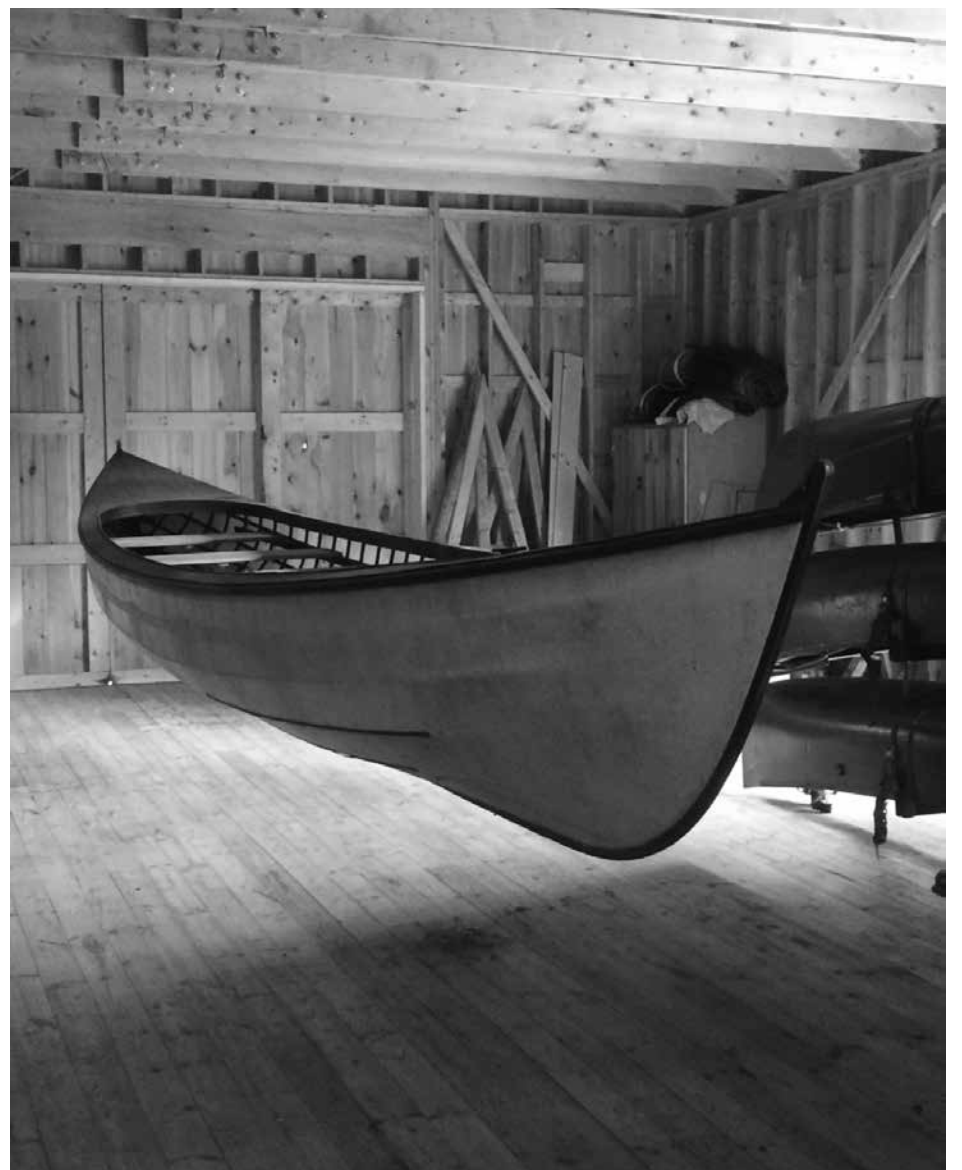
2017 award winners with director Ben Swan

WAR YACHT FOUND FLOATING ON AIR IN SMITH BARN, NEW TRIPS ENVISIONED

by Perky Bartholomew

“At first I thought I just couldn’t see the supports,” said the area man who discovered Pine Island’s beautiful War Yacht floating in the air inside the camp’s combination rifle range and winter storage barn. “But then I realized it was actually floating... on air!” Ultra-light design took on a whole new meaning when it was discovered that the 28’ boat didn’t actually need the “H” in H₂O to float. “I knew she was very buoyant,” said David Stimson, the man who designed and built the craft, “but I had no idea she was capable of this.” Director Ben Swan was contacted at once and was stunned and thrilled by the news and hurried to Belgrade from his winter home in Brunswick. “Wow, frankly I didn’t believe it, but I’ve now seen it with my own eyes. She floats on air! This is a game changer. We will

have to consider sending out a completely new kind of War Yacht trip next summer.” Asked to be more specific he quipped, “I’d say the sky’s the limit.” But maybe it isn’t. When asked how far they could go, Swan said, “Space! Space is terrific. I love space. We are going to have the most terrific tripping program anywhere. Believe me. We’re going to paddle to space.” Assistant directors Sumner Ford and Harry Swan, reached in their winter quarters in Jackson, WY, were not quite as optimistic and simply said, “Propulsion may be a problem. I’m not sure our paddle blades are wide enough.” More will certainly be learned by the time camp opens in June, but in the meantime those contemplating the next Kennesabackscott trip can rejoice in how easy it will be to get the War Yacht onto the trailer.





Editors

DR. EUGENE L. SWAN, *Director in Chief.*

MR. RUSSELL H. PETERS,

Editor in Chief and Business Manager.

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK

The Seven Lakes Trip—MR. TYLER

The Skowhegan Hike—MR. WIGHT

The Weekly Review—MR. FRANK CAMPBELL

The Second Cruise—SIDNEY BRADLEY

Personalities and Trivialities—MR. O'BRIEN

Romeo and Juliet—MISS TYNDALL

Packing

The subject of packing is a delicate one: everyone who has hiked has his own personal ideas on what to carry and how to carry it; what one person would regard as essential, another would scorn as superfluous. But everyone agrees that comfort in the woods is the main thing—we go into the woods to “smooth it” not to “rough it”. And all will agree that certain things cannot be dispensed with.

First, as to the packs themselves. There are three main classes of packs: the rucksack, the cylindrical canvas bag, and the canvas pack which we used. The rucksack is of Swiss origin, and is acclaimed by many because of two distinctive features. The part of the pack which comes next to your back will just hold your blankets; and the back part is covered with small and large pockets. So this pack has a place for everything, and can be made so small that it will just hold everything that is put in it. The semi-rigid type of bag also includes the rigid pack-basket—this pack is commonly used in toting heavy loads, but would find little favor here at camp. The canvas bag we use is sloppy but comfortable: it rides easily on your back, and will hold all that is necessary for a week's hike. In choosing your pack avoid anything that has wood or iron in its construction—extra weight is noticed toward the end of the day. Small haversacks of the Boy Scout type are practically useless, since they necessitate the blanket roll, and blanket rolls are poor dope for long hikes.

Don't carry too much on your belt; put most of it in your pack; above all, avoid anything that rubs against your legs, or jounces.

A former issue of “The Pine Needle” contains a list of all that is necessary for the trips that run from camp, but if you are going into the woods with a small party, other things are necessary. Besides food, cooking utensils and personal equipment, a good knife, hatchet and compass are indispensable. Be comfortable, but go light!

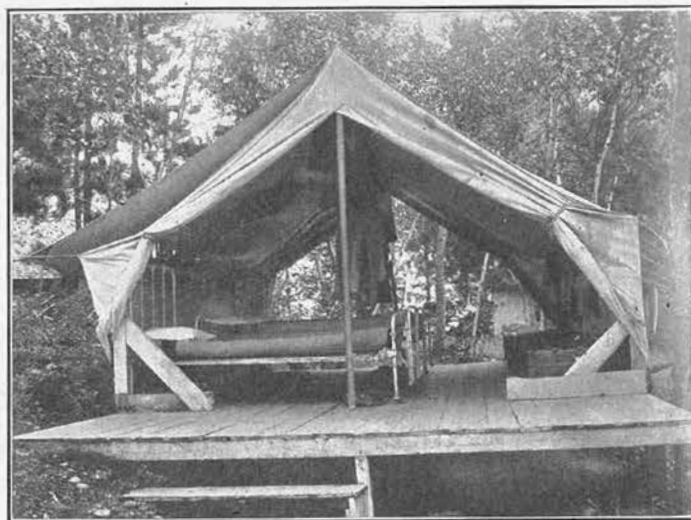
The Mt. Bigelow Trip

A wonderful day greeted twenty-one Pine Islanders as they started over to the Mills. This trip was one of the largest that left camp this summer. Those who made up the trip were: Frank Affeld, Dick Field, Billy Belfield, Herbert Morgan, Severin Bourne, Harry Morris, Lanston Hart, Herman Withington, Bob O'Brien, Charlie Rehberger, Frank Irsch, Lambert Barrows, Mutt Townson, Cal Arter, Frank Clark, Dick Coulter, Kenneth Schmidt, Mr. Brewster, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Wolfe, and Mr. Swift.

On arriving at the Mill's the camp Ford took boys and pack to New Sharon and on to Farmington, and there took the narrow gauge railway to Carrabassett Spring Farm, stayed there over night, and we started up the Mt. Bigelow trail Tuesday afternoon. When we got halfway up, Kenneth Schmidt gave Billy Belfield fifty cents to take his pack up the mountain. When we got on top many boys took pictures, and then we started for our log cabin which we were to sleep in that night. When we got there it looked as if it were going to rain so everybody had to get balsam boughs to put all over the floor to sleep on, and Mr. O'Brien and Harry Morris filled up holes in the cabin and then next morning we started for Dead River Post Office again. Going down the mountain we had all kinds of slips and slides but that trip was uneventful.

At about two o'clock we started for the Taylor Camps, and when we got there we had a joyful swim and everybody got cleaned and brushed up. We had a wonderful supper and sleep and a wonderful breakfast and then Mr. Taylor took all the boys and councillors across the Lake and then we started on a trail very seldom used. Soon we came across a porcupine and he was all shriveled up and was going to shoot quills but then he climbed a tree. We came to the Kennebec about three o'clock and had a swim, and Mr. Rice Brewster stood on logs and did some stunts and swan dives. The lumber jacks' camp was on the other side of the river, and so we found that a boat would take us across. We started for Bingham about half past three, and then boys and councillors took hitches into the town but some of them walked all the way. We slept in a barn about a mile away from the town and then we all decided to take the train from Bingham to

Oakland because it was going to rain. We arrived in Oakland about 9.15 and some boys went to get hair cuts, and the others went on ahead. Some boys got a hitch to the camp road while the rest walked. The motor boat met us at the landing and took us to camp. The trip was one of the best indeed and I am sure that the same trip will be just as good next year.



PINE ISLAND CAMP 2016—ANOTHER GREAT SUMMER



Elie and Ben happy to be home



K.C. member Morgan Moffat and O.D. Ben "Gravy" Garvey



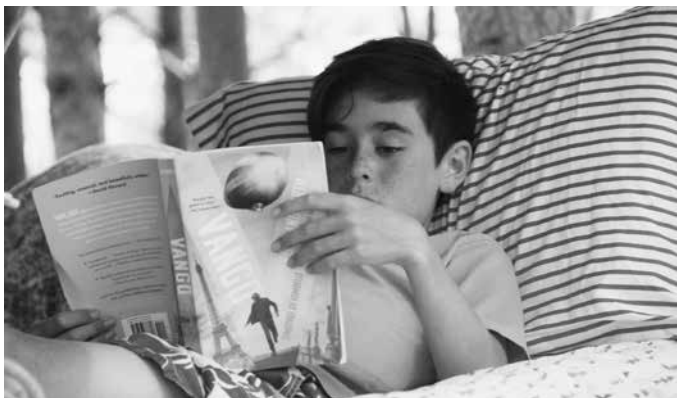
Medic Natalie Miner and Head Cook Corinne O'Connor



Assistant Director David Greene with Daniel and Nikolaus



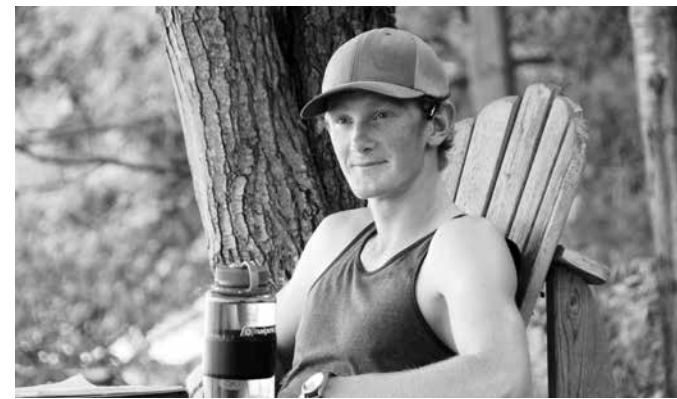
A.J., Sawyer, and Tanner



Xander



Mateo and Elie returning from a senior trip



Skipper Gaelen Hall



Melchior



Checking out the just-posted army lists



Andrew



Calix



Lucas



Teddy Hincks, James, and Josh considering the next Risk move in the library



Isaac, Julian, and Chris back from Sr. Whites



Sam Hecklau



Kip



Silas



Jamie securing the K.W.S.



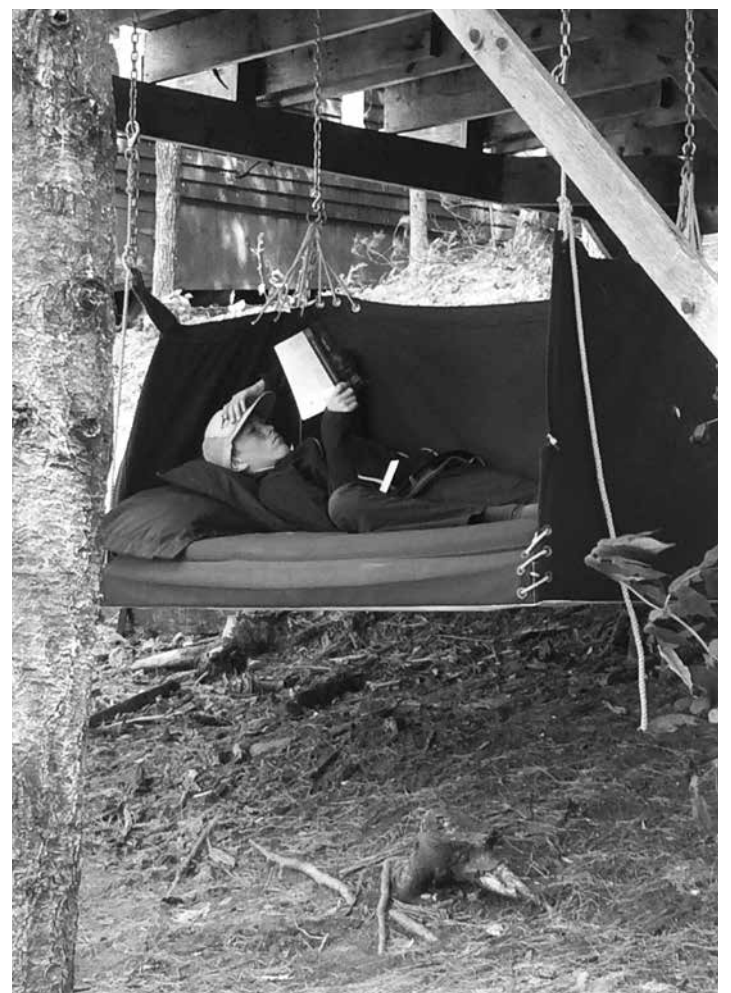
Expedition Camp 2016: Ian Ford, Max Mckendry, Reid, Carson, Seton, Colin, Nathan, Tyler, Noah, and Oliver



Tanner and Jimmy



Dimitri



Will hanging out under Tent 19



Getting caught up on some old news on the porch of the Kopa



THE KEEPER'S LOG

Three Key Projects Completed, Programs and Rentals Continue

Nobody ever leaves Whitehead Light Station without the feeling that they really would like to stay for a while longer. Facing that twinge of regret, however, should not discourage you from signing up for one of the many interesting programs that will be offered in the summer and fall of 2017 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 Camp. In 2016 nearly 100 people 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.

Jim Leslie and Crew Undertake Two Special Jobs

We had boats in the water and the floats and ramps deployed at Emery's Wharf on the mainland and at the Light Station pier on the island in April, and the season began with another visit from Jim Leslie and his remarkable crew, whose entire business consists of working on lighthouse facilities in New England. There is little having to do with such facilities that they have not already done at least once. Thanks to generous donations from a number of Pine Island and Whitehead Light Station alumni and a grant from the New England Lighthouse Lovers, Jim and his crew undertook two major projects — the completion of the floor of the Whistle House and a total restoration of the lantern deck of the lighthouse.

In 2015/16 Jim and his crew put a new roof on the Whistle House, repaired and repointed two of the four exterior walls, put in a new ceiling, removed two concrete footings (once used to secure a large air compressor and a large generator), and put down a new concrete floor with tubes running through it that will someday heat the building. After conferring with Ben Swan and others involved with the project, they returned in the spring to apply a super-durable epoxy paint. The paint is often used in high traffic areas such as airplane hangars. The result is a beautiful floor that will stand up to heavy use and unheated winters and that will be very easy to clean. With the addition of some lighting, the Whistle House is now

ready for use as a versatile classroom/studio/workshop.

We have known for years that the metal and glass structure that houses the light for the Whitehead lighthouse was deteriorating, but it was not until Ben met Jim Leslie that there was any hope at all of actually doing the work. Contractors, steeplejacks, and boat builders all turned the job down over the course of a few years, but Jim hardly batted an eye when faced with work high in the air with rusting metal and huge panes of glass. Jim and his crew set to work removing all the paint and rust from all of the metal on the structure, repairing some of the metal that was too far gone, and then coating it all with a three-part special paint that is made to stand up to the extraordinarily harsh conditions of a structure standing at the edge of the sea. They also, incredibly, removed all fifteen of the approximately 2' x 6' panes of old glass and replaced them with new panels... without breaking a single one of them! Ben arrived for a visit one foggy spring day to find them unloading the new (and wet!) panes of glass one at a time from a tossing boat onto a tossing float. The lantern deck now looks practically brand new and will look great for years to come.

Volunteers' Time and Energy Critical in WLS Maintenance

Under the able direction of Gigi Lirot and Matt Wall, volunteers worked both in the spring and in the fall. The spring work consisted mainly of cleaning the Keeper's House, cleaning up the construction debris left by Jim Leslie's crew, and basic mowing and raking. Matt spent his precious free time during the summer rebuilding the bathroom in the Whistle House that he had dismantled prior to the work on the building's floor. Gigi and Matt invited volunteers up for a full week in the fall and they accomplished much in spite of the annual storm that struck mid-week. Under the direction of uber-volunteer James Eklund, the crew straightened and secured the underpinnings of the new staff house and then sided the building with clapboards. Others patched and painted several walls on the interior of the Whistle House, built a storm door to keep the weather out of the lantern deck on the lighthouse, built new shelving for storage in the Keeper's House basement, stripped the paint from the hull of *Weevil*, rebuilt the foundation under the west vestibule of the Keeper's House, and repaired damage to the septic system caused by last year's winter storms. As always, Gigi cooked amazing food for everyone. Many thanks to Matt and Gigi, James Eklund, David and

Linda Pope, Jonnie Larson, Rachel Boyce, Amber Taylor, Richard Vincent, Jess Venezia, Jessica Heiner, and Neil Jenkins.

2016 Programs and Rentals Give Many the WLS Experience, 2017 Schedule Already Filling Up

Visitors to Whitehead Light Station during the 2016 season included participants in programs, two long weekend retreats, and several rentals. The programs included the popular Knitting with Mim Bird and, in association with *Down East* magazine, The Island Lighthouse Experience, during which participants engaged in a variety of activities and lectures.

2017 is shaping up to be the busiest season yet at Whitehead Light Station. Two weeks are already booked as rentals, there will be two long weekend retreats, and the following courses will be offered: *June Island Light Keeper Expe-*

rience with Down East Magazine (June 22-25); *Knitters Retreat with Mim Bird and Heather Monroe Kinne* (July 13-17); *Craft Beer Appreciation with Charlie Papazian* (July 27-31); *Applied Mindfulness with Dr. Robert Cox* (August 10-16); *Writing with Nature and a Sense of Place with Linda Buckmaster* (August 17-20); *Seaweed Uses Retreat with Hillary Krappf* (September 7-10); *September Island Light Keeper Experience with Down East Magazine* (September 14-17); and *History of New England Lighthouses with Jeremy D'Entremont* (September 21-24). The knitting retreat and Charlie Papazian's beer course have already sold out, but we are looking into adding a second knitting retreat in the fall.

To keep up with the latest goings-on and opportunities at Whitehead Light Station go to our website, www.whiteheadlightstation.org and figure out how you can spend some time at this amazing place to unplug and recharge.



Matt Wall at work on the storm door for the lighthouse lantern deck



Rugs on the new floor of the Whistle House



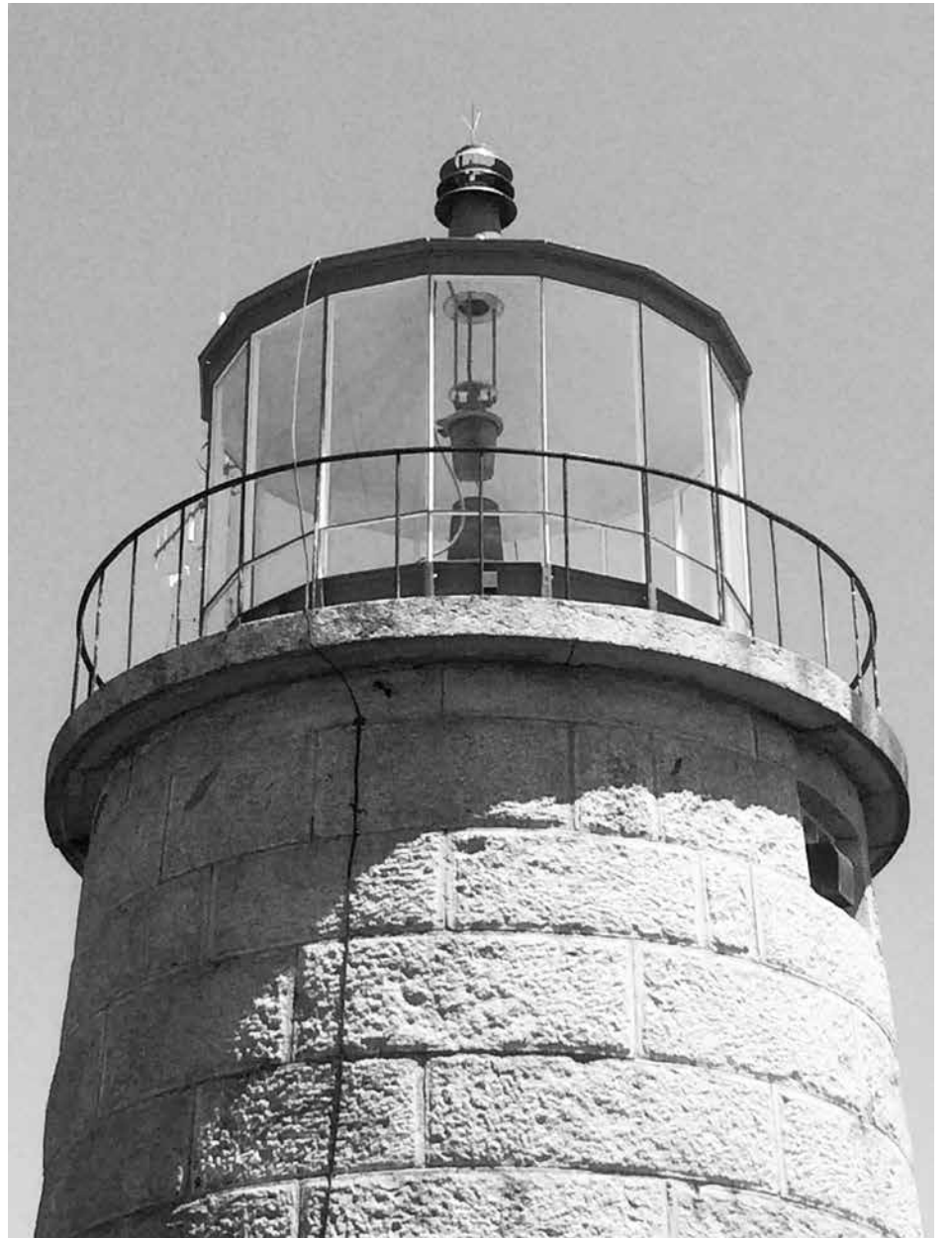
Jim Leslie's crew atop the Whitehead Lighthouse



Before: rusting and looking kind of sad



Volunteer James Eklund at work on the new staff house



After: ready for the weather and looking good



Repaired and painted metal and new glass in the lighthouse



PINE ISLANDER TOM BROWN SALVAGES PIECE OF PINE ISLAND HISTORY

Thanks to the generosity of dozens of Pine Islanders, when the campers and staff arrive they will find a fleet of beautiful and functional sailboats and rowboats, almost all of which are made of wood, and thanks to the volunteers who travel each September to our boat maintenance weekend, all the boats will be in mint condition. That Pine Island's sailing and rowing fleets are comprised of mostly wooden boats might come as a surprise to campers and staff who were at Pine Island during the 1960s, '70s, and '80s. It was in the late 1950s that affordable, small fiberglass boats were introduced, and, sick of trying to repair and care for leaky old wooden boats, PIC jumped aboard the fiberglass bandwagon around 1965 and bought a fleet of "Sprites" to replace the ancient wooden sailing fleet. At the end of the 1966 camp season, the old wooden sailboats were made available to anyone who wanted them. Counselor Tom Brown took a Cape Cod Junior Sloop called *Wood Tick*. Below is his account of his hopes and the eventual demise of *Wood Tick*, along with some interesting background.

She was built by the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co. of Wareham, MA c. 1931-1939. The CCSC catalogue described her as "an inexpensive one-design of lap strake construction with liberal beam and somewhat higher freeboard forward than would be expected in a sailboat of this size. The Junior Sloop is unusually sturdy, will stand up under hard usage and perform well in rough, choppy waters. These characteristics make it a particularly desirable boat for schools and camps." The year that *Wood Tick* joined the rest of the fleet at Pine Island is a mystery, but I can at least attest to the fact that she was in service at PIC in 1956, was in pretty good condition, and was sailed and enjoyed by many counselors and campers for many summers.

When the opportunity arose to take *Wood Tick* home with me, I jumped at the chance. I trailered the

boat down to Martha's Vineyard toward the end of August, where fellow counselor John Franz and I worked to fiberglass her seams in order to hold her together as many of her fasteners were rusted away and her lap strake planking was detaching in places. Our hopes were that we could make her seaworthy again. We stopped at the CCSC in Wareham on the way to the Vineyard to learn more about the boat and found that the plans for the boat were in the head of the designer and remained so until his death. She was under cover on the Vineyard for a few years while I was away and then in 1972 I took her up north to Canaan, NH, where I put her in the barn that came with the old farm my wife and I had purchased. She was up in the hayloft of the barn until 1980 when we moved to Norwich, VT. During the winter of 1980-81 she was stored upside down on sawhorses under a tarp down in Meriden, NH. Unfortunately her caretaker was careless and let the tarpaulin fall off during the winter. When I went to retrieve her early in the summer of 1981, she was on the ground, off her horses and full of water, leaves and other debris.

Sadly, *Wood Tick* was beyond repair at this point, though frankly restoration at any point would have required replacing much of the planking and all of the fastenings. *Wood Tick* remained here in Norwich under cover until I fully accepted her demise and decided the best thing I could do for her was cut her up and restore and save her transom as a record of her service. I did so recently and next summer will bring it to Pine Island where it will hang with some photos and a history describing her long and storied life at Pine Island.

— Tom Brown, PIC counselor
1964-66

The promise of the wonders of fiberglass were in some ways not realized, and hundreds of thousands of fiberglass boats now sit in barns and yards with

owners uncertain about how to dispose of them. It is very nice to consider that, except for her transom, *Wood Tick* has returned to the soil to nourish the next crop of trees from which another fleet

of boats might be built. Our thanks to Tom Brown for his efforts at preserving a piece of Pine Island history and for taking the time to provide *Wood Tick's* story.



High and dry — alumnus Tom Brown with half the *Wood Tick*

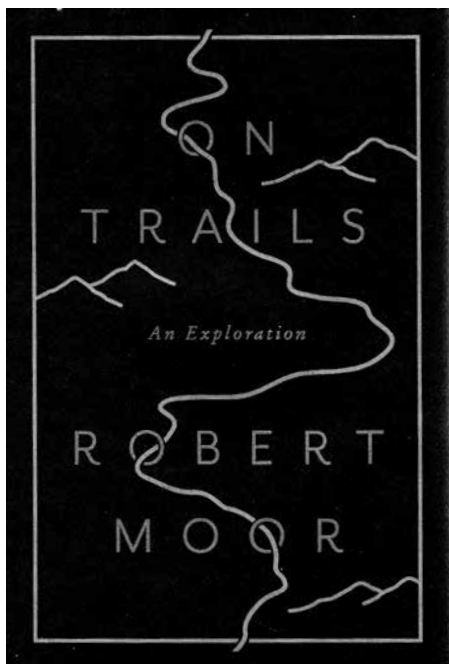


Stewart Pierson at the helm of the *Wood Tick* with campers Al Bullard and Harry Teague c. 1959



Restored *Wood Tick* transom ready for delivery to Pine Island

ARTS AND LETTERS UPDATE



On Trails, An Exploration by Pine Islander **Robert Moor** was published by Simon and Schuster this year and in December provided an exception to the adage about not judging a book by its cover. Jim Tierney's jacket design for *On Trails* was featured in the *New York Times*'s "The Best Book Covers of 2016," and the interior of the book easily lives up to the promise of its exterior. One reviewer wrote of Robert's fascinating and engaging book, "A sagacious walker and writer guides us on a new journey of discovery, a different kind of road trip about roads themselves and what they mean. *On Trails* is consistently fascinating and entertaining." Another wrote, "While Moor hikes his trail through our world, he teaches you amazing things you never imagined learning — and he's not just entertaining but actually funny." To those who had the good fortune to have Robert as a trip leader, a tent counselor, or Woodcraft instructor at Pine Island, these reviews will not be a surprise. Virtually every former and current camper will probably see himself in this passage from early in the book:

I was ten years old when I first glimpsed that a trail could be something more than a strip of bare dirt. That summer, my parents shipped me off to a small, antiquated summer camp in Maine called Pine Island, where there was no electricity or running water, only kerosene lanterns and a cold lake. During the second of my six weeks there, a handful of us boys were loaded into a van and driven many hours away to the base of Mount Washington, for what was to be my first backpacking trip. As a child of the concretized prairies of suburban Illinois, I was apprehensive. The act of lugging a heavy pack through the mountains looked suspiciously like one of those penitent rituals that adults sometimes forced themselves to perform, like visiting distant relatives or eating crusts of bread.

I was wrong, though; it was worse... the trail was steep, and I was scrawny. My backpack — a heavy, ill-fitting, aluminum-framed Kelty — resembled a piece of full-body orthodontia. After only an hour of

climbing the wide rocky trail leading up Tuckerman Ravine, my stiff new leather boots had already begun to blister my toes and rasp the skin from my heels. A hot liquid ache perfused the muscles of my back. When my counselors weren't looking, I made pleading, pained faces at passing strangers, as if this were all part of some elaborate kidnapping. That night, as I lay in my sleeping bag in the lean-to, I considered the logistics of an escape.

On the second morning, a gray rain blew in. Instead of summiting the peak, which our counselors deemed unsafe, we took a long hike around the southern flank of the mountain. We left our packs back at the shelter, each of us carrying only a single water bottle and a pocketful of snacks. Free from the dreaded weight of my pack, warm inside my rubberized rain poncho, I began to enjoy myself. Inhaled the fir-sweet air, exhaled fog. The forest gave off a faint chlorophyll-like glow.

We walked single file, floating through the trees like little ghosts. After an hour or two, we rose above the tree line and entered a realm of lichen-crusting rock and white mist. The trails around the mountain branched and twined. At the juncture with the Crawford Path, one of our counselors announced that we were turning onto a leg of the Appalachian Trail. His tone suggested we were meant to be impressed. I had heard that name before, but I wasn't sure what it meant. The path beneath our feet, he explained, followed the spine of the Appalachians north to Maine and south all the way to the state of Georgia, almost two thousand miles away.

I still recall the tingle of wonder I felt upon hearing these words. The plain-looking trail beneath my feet had suddenly grown to colossal scale. It was as if I had dived down into the camp lake and discovered the slow, undulant vastness of a blue whale. Small as I felt back then, it was a thrill to grasp something so immense, if only by the very tip of its tail.

Robert has been hiking and exploring ever since and eventually hiked the entire Appalachian Trail in one go. Robert, a graduate of Brown University and the NYU School of Journalism, has written for *Harper's*, *New York Magazine*, and the *New York Times* among other publications, and, most notably for Pine Islanders, wrote a feature-length article for *Down East* commemorating the 100th anniversary of Pine Island's War Game. You can find *On Trails* in your local bookstore or on line.

Pine Islander **Will Mason's** second album has been released by Exit Stencil Records. *Northfield* by Will's avant garde group Happy Place is, according to Will (tongue-in-cheek?), the imagined Lightning Bolt / James Blood Ulmer / Giacinto Scelsi super group the

world has been waiting for. Not enlightened yet? *Perhaps* Will's description of the album's inception below will help. Perhaps not... In any event, like his first album, *Beams of the Huge Night*, Will's second received very favorable reviews. Will is completing his PhD at Columbia University and continues to write and perform.

In 2014 I was sleeping, on average, four hours a night. I had been a champion sleeper all my life and then one day I simply became bad at it — it was a watershed year in both my academic and musical life and I couldn't shut my mind off at the end of the day, and irritation at being unable to sleep only compounded the situation. It began to interest me that insomnia, mania, anxiety, hallucinatory states, and the agonizing non-time of restless nights have been thematic red meat for card-carrying musical modernists for at least the last 120 years. They've also, curiously, been areas that metal music has explored productively — in music by bands like The Locust, Krallice, Isis, Celestial Season, to name just a small off-the-cuff handful. For my part, I was starting to work on music for a double drums/double guitar noise band drawing inspiration from both of those worlds; I also was doing research for my dissertation and spending a lot of time thinking about asceticism and trance states, and musical cultures which prioritize these in both the making and receiving of music... I started to think about insomnia, anxiety, and mania as trance states, ones which I entered as I sketched a variety of music in my cramped and dark kitchen at 3:00 in the morning. (Most of that music ended up on the Happy Place album; some of it, a set of slow and whispery pieces scored for cello, piano, percussion, and electronics, will get a debut in early 2017.) But it became important to me to figure out how to transmit that complex set of affects...

Zander, Simon, and Bill Abranowicz continue to work individually and to collaborate in the intersecting fields of photography, writing, and design. Bill and Zander worked together on a cover story for *Travel + Leisure* magazine (see article on p. 11). Simon is a graphic designer and illustrator for *Bloomberg Businessweek* and Zander is a freelance writer. Zander and Simon both work with the company they founded, Qual Agency. Qual is, according to their website, "a design collective specializing in graphic design, typeface design, illustration, web development, CMS, and ecommerce solutions. Qual infuses its interest in fashion, music, and youth culture to create tailored design for individual clients, offering unexpected interactions, creative solutions, and precise executions. Quality is king."

Career actor **George Morfogen** has taken a step back, but is still at it and appears from time to time in plays in New York. **Christian Schneider** still has a day job, but is working overtime to establish himself as an actor and writer in Hollywood. **Oliver Gifford** at age 16 has landed a role in an episode of the upcoming season of Tina Fey's new series *The Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt*. He plays a character named Zach and the episode will run toward the end of the summer.

Renowned sculptor and alumnus **Robert "Bobby" Taplin's** work was on display recently at Kent Fine Art Gallery in the Chelsea gallery district in New York. His sculpture has steadily gained recognition and has been shown at galleries and public spaces throughout the United States.



Will Mason (second from left) with the members of his group Happy Place

NEEDLE NEWS BRIEFS

Gracious Living And Great Food Is Their Goal

Three Pine Island parents are at work making and serving fantastic food in restaurants that they own. Chef Jason Merrill, father of camper Jacob Merrill, is the owner of two highly acclaimed restaurants in Vermont. The Worthy Burger is located in a former freight shed by the tracks in South Royalton, VT and attracts beer connoisseurs from all over to sample its dozens of local craft beers and great food. *Zagat* says, "Worthy Burger has not only one of the area's best burgers, but also one of the widest, and most interesting, selections of craft beer. Burgers are all grilled over Vermont hardwood—the restaurant calls this "The Worthy Difference"—which produces a supremely smoky, juicy patty." The success of the Burger led Jason to open the Worthy Kitchen just down the road in Woodstock, and it has also been a great success. Local and fresh is always the order of the day at both restaurants, and plans are in the works to open another Worthy restaurant in Brookline, MA.

Chef Ned Baldwin, father of Irving Baldwin, is the owner of the new and quickly popular Houseman restaurant in the Hudson Square section of New York City's TriBeCa that has recently become home to the super hip. Ned was one of the chefs at the famous Prune Restaurant in New York before striking out on his own. Houseman has already garnered rave reviews and been voted the place with the best French fries in New York! *Zagat* says of Houseman: "A true neighborhood place, this Hudson Square American from a Prune veteran offers a short, quirky daily menu of satisfying fare headlined by succulent roast chicken; a relaxed crew steers the calm, white-brick space, which works as well for weekday lunch as date night."

Tracey and Phillip Hunt's son Hunter will be a new camper at Pine Island, enjoying the superior food at PIC while his parents slave away at their beautiful restaurant, Winslow's Tavern, in Wellfleet, MA, located in an historic building built in 1805 and renowned for its beautifully and imaginatively prepared local seafood in addition to many other offerings.

Two Eyes?!... Medic Mary Harrington's Close Encounter

After serving as Medic at Pine Island for three summers Mary Harrington was hard to rattle and thought she'd pretty much seen it all. She *is* hard to rattle, but she found out about a year ago that she had most definitely not seen it all. Mary graduated from the University of Virginia Nursing School in May 2015, served as Pine Island's medic for the third summer in a row, and then, somewhat reluctantly, set out to find a year-round nursing position. By Thanksgiving Mary had two job offers at a couple of the top pediatric ICUs in the country (yay, Mary!) and chose to join the team at the main hospital in Boise, ID, a city

that she describes as gorgeous and full of young people and all kinds of opportunities to spend time in the outdoors. She and her mother drove to Boise around Christmas and spent the holiday together in Mary's new digs. Mary's mom left after Christmas and Mary was feeling a little at loose ends, so she did a very Pine Island thing - she found some maps and chose a six-mile hike just outside of town. At about the midpoint of the loop Mary rounded a corner and found herself staring at a large, snarling *Mountain Lion* crouching about fifty feet away! (Woahhhh! Let's get out of here!) In an interview a few weeks later Mary said, "I did everything wrong. I just kept walking instead of waving my arms and making a lot of noise, which is what is recommended. I got by it and just kept walking, which was great until I remembered that mountain lions like to stalk their prey. I was three miles from my car. It seemed to take forever and when I got to the car I was shaking so much I had a hard time unlocking it." Mary related her close encounter to her new co-workers at the hospital and, though many of them had lived in Boise for years, not *one* of them had ever even glimpsed a mountain lion!

Bumper Sticker Samaritan

Jack Lord was a counselor at Pine Island 1957-59 and has lived for most of his adult life in Southern California. He owns an aging Volkswagen van that he parks on the street in front of his home in Santa Monica. The van had a very faded Pine Island bumper sticker peeling off the rear bumper. Jack wrote to report that one morning he came out to the van and saw what he thought was a parking ticket under his windshield wiper. Just as he was about to begin cursing the local constabulary he discovered that instead of a ticket he had received a spiffy new Pine Island bumper sticker from an unknown Samaritan. He wishes to thank the kind Pine Islander who saw his need and met it!

Pine Island Camper Serves As Page In Maine Legislature

Camper Henry Heyburn, a student at Brunswick (ME) Junior High School served as an honorary page in the Maine State Legislature last year.

King Kababa Kismet...Again

While we have long ago given up being amazed by the places Pine Islanders find each other and the ways in which they do, we have not given up being super happy to hear it. Recently Pine Islander Steve Fisher (camper 2001-05) wrote this from southern California:

"So, I'm currently in the last desperate gasps of moving house. I've listed a bunch of items on Craigslist to sell and tonight got a response from one Lizzie Collins regarding my dining room chairs. She came to pick them up about an hour ago with her boyfriend... Sam Weeks, who was a councilor while I

was a camper, and whom I had not seen in at least twelve years. I recognized him at once, we traded some stories (and chairs and money), and are now planning on grabbing a beer later on this week to catch up. I just thought I'd let you know that the world seems hell-bent on keeping our island community always in mind and in heart."

Southeast Asia Is Destination, Home for Several Pine Islanders

Pine Island camper, counselor, and assistant director Harry Swan and kitchen crew member, assistant cook, and head cook Krista Wiberg returned to the US this fall from Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon), Vietnam where they had spent a full year teaching English and doing a bit of traveling. Assistant cook and canoe instructor Anne Read visited Krista there last winter. Both Krista and Harry said the work took more of their time than they had anticipated and that they would have traveled more if they had had more time. Both became adept

at navigating the city on a motorbike!

Former director Monte Ball is still residing in Chiang Mai in northern Thailand, though he is not at home much because he is always traveling with family and friends to Laos; Cambodia; Greenville, SC; Cape Cod; and Indonesia. Rex Bates is a frequent visitor to China, Vietnam, and Laos, where he rendezvoused recently with Monte in Luang Prabang. Rex and Monte are long-time supporters of the Lao Children's Workshop, a facility for Hmong orphans where they learn, among other things, filmmaking. On his most recent trip Rex presented a new and sophisticated video camera to the young filmmakers. Monte reports that he has also had great visits from his former shipmate and current Pine Island benefactor Barry Lindquist and many others. Monte asked me to pass along this message: "I'm always ready to embark on a tale of action and adventure, provided we agree that gracious living is our goal, so don't hesitate to get in touch."

2016 LTIPS ACCOMPLISH MUCH WITH SMALL CREW

LTIP wrangler Nick Toole was a busy man this summer, responsible for training and scheduling the four seven-teen-year-old member of Pine Island's Leadership Training Internship Program. With four instead of the usual five LTIP's, they were stretched a bit thin to begin with, but when two of them went down with the illness *d  t  *, each for a week or more, things got stretched even thinner. However, as always the LTIPs found a way to get everything done and even completed their "signature" project, replacing the hand-washing dock by the entrance to the dining hall with a hand-washing "jetty." LTIPs James

Berger, Philipp de Beistegui, Addison Wakeman, and Sam Spencer accomplished the seemingly medieval task of transporting large stones from the north side of the island to the building site. After some experimentation they discovered that the best way to transport the stones was to suspend them beneath an old aluminum canoe and then paddle the canoe to the site and drop the stones. The Jetty was an immediate hit and we are all eager to see whether or not the ice going out this spring affects it. It certainly *looks* like it would take a lot to put a dent in it!



The LTIPs' new hand-washing jetty

PINE ISLAND'S CONTINUES HEAVY TRIPPING SCHEDULE



Heading for Saddleback!



At the start of the ONG BAK rowing trip, just below Waterville on the Kennebec



Taking pictures of Chris taking in the view on a perfect day to summit



Looking along the Knife's Edge toward Pamola Peak from Baxter Peak on Mt. Katahdin



Looking toward the tableland from the summit of Katahdin



Bundled up but happy at the summit of Katahdin

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. He keeps a file, so give him some news for the next exciting edition of Needlenotes.

Dana Strickland was married to Jonathan Archer on October 1, 2016 in Highlands, NC. Pine Islanders in attendance were: **Heather (Strickland) Barger, Virginia Page (Snell) Barth, Laura (Klivans) Williams, Whit Fisher, John Quattlebaum, and Pope and Lisa (Regier) Ward.** Whit later checked in from Arizona where he was visiting **Dan Hollnagel.** **Bill Nagler** was married to Kirsten Lewis on September 17, 2016 in Indianapolis, IN. **Lindsay Clarke** and her husband Shea Gunther welcomed Sagan Brandes Gunther on May 4, 2016. Lindsay has taken a leave of absence from her teaching job at the Waynflete School in Portland, ME, where **Ben Mini** is also a teacher and where Lindsay's cousin **Carrie Turner** is the Middle School Assistant. **Sarah Mason** is teaching in Freeport, ME. Dr. **Jason Fischer** and his wife Lindy welcomed Lyle Fischer on November 22, 2015. Jason is finishing a year as chief resident at a hospital in Ann Arbor, MI and is headed back to Philadelphia where he has received a pediatric emergency medicine fellowship at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. **Marty Hale** and Philippa "Pippa" Lord were married in Brooklyn, NY on October 22, 2016. **Erik Lombardo** and Alicia Leslie were married on November 9, 2015, and their son Malcolm was born on September 20, 2016. Malcolm's uncles **Marc** and **David Lombardo** are only slightly less excited than grandparents Daisy Martinez and Gerry Lombardo. All the Lombardos are living in NY and Daisy, Erik, Mark, and David are all in the food biz. Erik reports that "Marc has finally convinced David to take acting classes to explore the more expressive side of his passion, though I think Marc is just trying to farm-raise a team to make his own movies." **Jack Ohly** and his wife Tanya and son Ben welcomed Raya Blair Ohly on April 30, 2016. They are living in Brooklyn, NY. **Derek Ohly** and his family live in Arlington, MA and

their son Miles is on track to become a 4th generation Ohly at PIC in 2018.

Robert "Chip" Liversidge recently moved to Rome, ME, where he will find Pine Islanders **Rhoads Miller, Jack Schultz, and Richard Beck.** **Cody Smith** is living in Camden, ME and building a small boat for himself with "friends who know a little bit more than I do." **Rob Whitehouse** is in Brunswick and making excellent progress on his boat. **David Greene**, who was an assistant director at Pine Island last summer, is teaching in Lexington, MA, and cousin **Eve Whitehouse** continues her work at the Millbrook School, where **Bill Castell** is also working. Brother **Greg Castell** is working at Dartmouth and living with his family in Meriden, NH. **Cecily Pulver** is living in Paris after a stint in Uganda studying chimpanzees. She is now applying to PhD programs in the US. **Henry Gabriel** continues his work as a researcher for executive search firm Russell Reynolds. He has moved recently from New York to the San Francisco Bay area, home to many Pine Islanders including **Peter, Max, and Kip Klivans, Mahesh Francis, Richard Holden, Gates Sanford, Luke Mondello, Josh King, Brad and Will Drury, the Hartley boys, Duncan Lowe, Jim Parton, Devin Beliveau and Tyler Coffey.** **Clem Wright** is still working at Google and living in San Francisco but managed to spend the Christmas holiday in the snow in his hometown in Vermont. Take a trip down the coast of California and you may run into **John Nagler, Kit Smith, Jack Lord, Gene Brown, Doug Farquhar, Ben Farquhar, Alfredo Schleusz, Nate Parton, Sam Meites, Adam Peck, Christian Schneider, Drew Skelton, Chris Skelton, the Boldt boys, Ben Brill,** and many more. Head east and you will find **Ben and Niel Kasper** and cousin **Nathan Chorey** in Tahoe City, CA; **Karl and Debbie Kasper** and **Becca Waldo** in Bozeman, MT; **Sumner and Ian Ford, Harry Swan, Tom Duggan, and Max McKendry** in Jackson, WY; **Harry Teague, August Teague, Arie Van Vuuren, Kyra White and Sam Hecklau** in Aspen, CO; **Ben Schachner** in Steamboat Springs, CO; **Tom Nagler** in Driggs, ID, where he is living in a



Justin Gaspard atop Mt. Kilimanjaro

yurt and is managing the kitchen for the NOLS school there; **Mary Harrington** in Boise, ID, where she is a pediatric ICU nurse. **Ben Herman** is working again at the Sugarloaf Mountain Ski School and will be the "Shop Guy" at PIC in 2017. **Nick Toole** is working at the Allagash Brewing Company in Portland, ME. **Pat Voigt** wrote recently from his home in Berlin, Germany that he and his wife had a wonderful reunion on the Spanish island of Mallorca with **Tim and Franny Holbrook.** **Jason Schachner** is finishing OCS at the Marine Corps base in Quantico, VA and will head from there to flight school in Pensacola, FL. **Terry Coogan** is a Marine Corps veteran, a firefighter in Cambridge, MA, and the proud father of two girls. He writes, "I have not been out in the wilderness for a while, but I am making it a goal of the new year to start exploring again. Thankfully, I have not forgotten what Pine Island taught me!"

Charlie Krause is working for Wayfair. He started in the new Wayfair offices in Brunswick, ME and has now moved to the company headquarters in Boston. The Boston area is also home to **Rip Swan** (his uncle **Rip Swan** is living on his farm in Lisbon, ME), who contin-

ues his work as an engineer working for Skanska USA Foundations; **Winthrop Roosevelt** and his father **Tweed Roosevelt;** **Alex Toole**, who finished two years with Teach for America in Baltimore and is now working as a teacher in a Boston charter school. **Matt Clarke** is also teaching in the Boston area. **Rylan Hamilton** is laboring as one of the principals in a startup company doing something under the radar (for now) with robots. His brother **Will Stemberg** is also in Boston and is the Deputy Director for Financial Strategy at MBTA. **Linh Nguyen** lives in Kalamazoo, MI and is the C.O.O. of the W.W. Kellogg Foundation in Battle Creek. **Matt Kennard** lives in San Antonio, where he works in mergers, acquisitions and liquidity for I Heart Media. This after getting his undergraduate degree at Yale and working in New York and then in Boston. He was married in November 2016. Matt's brother **Lindsey Kennard** is in the second year of a PhD program in computer science at RPI, where he also received his undergraduate degree. He got his master's at Northwestern. His mother writes, "He is teaching undergraduates and becomes very cross when they are not organized. Boy, do we have fun with him on that one!"

Recent, former, and future staff are scattered about the country in various colleges and universities. **Noah Brodsky** and **Lucien Malle** are at Colorado College, **Ethan Pomerantz** just started at Colby College, where he might have **Kate Heideman** as a music professor. **Walker McDonald** is at Clemson. **David Hincks** is at Boston College. Brother **Johnny** is at Williams. **Robbie Schwartz** is at Amherst. **Nick Miller** is at UMass Amherst, **Tommy Ryan** and **Jordan Kindler** are at Yale. **Walker Conyngham** and **Dylan Dilla** are at Bowdoin. **Cece Carey-Snow, Camilla Walker, Matt Moss-Hawkins, and Maggie O'Shea** are at Bates. **Lila Reynolds** is at Northwestern. **Rob Young, Duncan Fort, Miles Frank, Stark Johnson,** and



Malcolm Lombardo



Dan Hollnagel and Whit Fisher

SACRED ANIMALS DISAPPEAR FOR WINTER, RETURN REVITALIZED

King Sends Sacred Sloth to 2016 Campers and Staff

Visitors to Pine Island last winter noticed that Dopp Dopp, the Doleful Durr, Dopp Dopp, Jr. and Foster the Ubatat were not in their traditional spots in the dining hall. One might ask, “Who could blame them?” given the freezing temperatures much of the winter. Kabalogists rarely agree when faced with the question, “Where do sacred animals spend the winter?” Some argue that sacred animals hibernate, while others insist that while we are away they move about freely, revisit Mt. Philip, and even travel to foreign lands. Of course both theories could be true, but evidence supporting the latter would be the animals’ escape from the fire in 1995 and their return to Pine Island in later years. Happily, by the time staff arrived for WFR Week last summer, all three of them were back, and looking better than ever. The Ubatat’s eyes seemed brighter, and Dopp Dopp had clearly done some repair work to his umbrella and had refurbished his coat. The most astonishing upgrade was to Dopp Dopp,

Jr., who returned to the island sporting a neon-pink Mohawk haircut. Speculation about where *he* spent the winter has been active, the most popular theory being that he spent the winter in Berlin, Germany visiting former shop instructor Pat Voigt.

Pine Islanders were delighted with the return of these animals and with their revitalization, but *the* question on every camper and counselor’s mind throughout the summer remained the same as in years past: “Would the King send us a *new* sacred animal this summer?” The King sent many signs to the island during the summer, all written on the traditional birch bark with the traditional blue ballpoint pen, with comments on the ups and downs of the camp season. Each sign was studied and eventually illuminated at campfire by Yale School of Kabalogy graduates Jacob Ronson and Tommy Mottur and graduate assistant (K.I.T.) Noah Brodsky. At the very end of the season a group of first-year campers were select-

ed by the King to embark on a mystery trip known as the Sacred Journey that took them on a zigzag trip around the local area that of course included an ascent of Mt. Philip. On that trip the boys found many interesting signs, some of which indicated that a sacred animal would be coming soon.

Anticipation mounted as the days, and then the hours, of the summer ticked away, but as is so often the case, the final regular campfire of the summer was interrupted, this time with lots of noise coming from around the Kitchen Dock. Campers and staff had been instructed to bring towels (to cover their heads) to campfire just in case, so everyone was ready when the event began. While there was some minor panic among new campers and staff, the unflappable Kabalogists, experienced with henchmen contact and Kababinese, restored order and eventually everyone was led to the steps in front of the Pump House, where what seemed like more than a dozen henchmen clad in masks, body

paint, and hemlock and fern skirts, circulated among the crowd. After many sacred animal chants performed at the request of the head henchman and some high-pitched conversation between him and the Kabalogists, the wondrous new sacred animal — Spamson, the Somnolent Sloth — was revealed and his chant taught to the eager crowd. Spamson is a large sloth with two different colors of green fur, long claws, and blue eyes, and he hangs from a stout birch branch clutching a can of Spam to his breast. His chant is:

Box of Annie’s
CRACK THE CAN
Spamson...Spam...Man!

Once again the campers and staff at Pine Island were rewarded for the good humor, independence coupled with a concern for others, flexibility and generous spirit that King Kababa insists upon. Welcome, Spamson!



Dopp Dopp, the Doleful Durr and Dopp Dopp, Jr. with his new coif



2016 Sacred Animal — Spamson, the Somnambulant Sloth

Tomas Cespedes are at St. Lawrence. **Tommy Mottur** and **Anna Berger** are at Washington and Lee. **Katie Swan** is at Elon. **Tucker Ward** is at Hamilton. **Dan Bristol** is at Hobart. **Jack Larkin** is at the University of Chicago. **Connor Ozer** is at NYU. **Ezra Dulit-Greenberg** is at Brown, where **Max Huber** is in medical school and **Peter Nagler** is about to receive his PhD in Physics while working part-time for NASA. Peter will work full-time for NASA after he defends his thesis. **Jacob Ronson** is at Longwood in Farmville, VA where he might run into **Mitch Conley** who is at Hamden-Sydney. **Justin Gaspard** is at Penn State and his brother **Byron** is at Temple. Justin spent two weeks in Tanzania last summer and made it to the top of Mt. Kilimanjaro. **Jack Walsh** is in his first year of graduate school at Johns Hopkins

University’s Nitze School of Advanced International Studies.

Dan Steinhacker is teaching in St. Paul, MN; **Will Webb** is teaching in Portland, ME; **Chris Newlin** and his family are living near Madison, WI; **Josh Treat** recently finished work on the successful election of Chris Sununu as governor of New Hampshire; **Jack Faherty** is working for Maine senator Angus King. **Rich Boulet** continues his work at the director of the Blue Hill, ME public library.

Visitors to the island during the camp season this summer included **David Starr**, **Devin Beliveau** and family, **Randy** and **Lindsay Wilson**, **Erin Lobb** and **Will Mason**, **Harry Swan**, **Rip Swan**, **Katie Swan**, **Barbara Sullivan** and her daughter **Gabe Padgett**, **Carrie Turner**, and **Tom** and **Pamela Macfie**.



Jack, Raya, and Ben Ohly

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

Address Service requested



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

WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION FOR RENT

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