

## PINE ISLAND ON CUTTING EDGE OF TECHNOLOGY REVOLUTION!

I don't know if it is because I started out my working life as a high school English teacher, but I seem to be in the habit of noticing words and phrases that suddenly become heavily used and sometimes misused. I can't be the only one who flinches each time I hear "literally" used to underscore something, even if that thing could not literally be true. Recently a young person said to me, meaning she was really exhausted, "I'm literally dead." The word "unique" almost never appears as it should, unqualified, but it is often accompanied by words like "really" or "sort of." And speaking of "sort of," I am now gently tortured on a regular basis because I can't help noticing the sheer number of times the phrase appears (nonsensically most of the time) in reports on the radio. I hesitate even to mention it in fear that you will also be unable *not* to notice. I will leave it to the social scientists to figure out what using "sort of" every other sentence means about the human condition.

A word I have begun to hear a lot recently is "transformative." Engaging in a transformative experience is, it appears, the new, new thing. People want to go beyond entertainment, beyond travel, beyond simply learning something, and engage in an experience that is transformative.

Pine Island Camp, which has been providing transformative experiences for boys and their counselors without fanfare for well over 100 years, suddenly finds itself in the vanguard of an important and popular movement. While in 1902 there were barely any stop signs in existence, much less the information superhighway, founder Clarence Colby expressed clearly the transformation that took place when campers and staff stepped out of the hustle and bustle of the modern world and into a boat or onto a woods path: "To give boys a healthful and beneficial summer outing, to clarify their minds and reinvigorate their bodies, to give them new life and new strength — in a word, to afford them an opportunity for re-creation, not merely recreation — is the purpose of Pine Island Camp." These words, written in 1904, while stylistically dated, are Pine Island's mission statement today. In 1911 director Dr. Eugene L. Swan wrote, "Do not, oh, do not, spend your vacation time in a hotel, or Pullman car. It will do you more good to sleep under boughs aslant, by a mountain lake with the trout broiling, than to see the Congressional Library or Niagara Falls. The great cry of 'Back to Nature' that is spreading abroad over our land is full of deep significance."

In short, other than mosquitoes and black flies, the specific things one leaves behind when one steps onto the boat to head out to Pine Island have changed, but the fundamental benefit of the Pine Island experience has not. Substitute "in front of a screen" for "in a hotel or Pullman car" or "play another minute of a video game" for "see the Congressional Library or Niagara Falls" and the message is exactly the same today as it was in 1911, and ironically Pine Island's adherence to the almost magical formula established so long ago has placed us on the cutting edge of the technology revolution. If you listen carefully and keep your eyes open, you will see that the *truly* new, new thing is to step away from screens, blogs, phones, Instagram, Facebook, Snapchat, and texting in order to improve our ability to concentrate, think critically, reconnect with other human beings.

This "new" idea has been expressed in a number of new books, including *The Power of Off* by New York psychotherapist Nancy Colier. She discussed the book in a January 9 interview with *New York Times* writer Jane E. Brody. Colier focuses particularly on the very recent proliferation of the smartphone and the deleterious effects it is already having on both adults and children. She writes, "We are spending far too much of our time doing things that don't really matter to us." Both in and outside her practice, she has encountered many people who have become "disconnected from what really matters, from what makes us feel nourished and grounded as human beings...Most people now check their smartphones 150 times per day, or every six minutes, and young adults are now sending an average of 110 texts per day...46 percent of smartphone users now say that their devices are something they *couldn't live without*...Without open spaces and downtime, the nervous system never shuts down — it's in constant fight-or-flight mode...We're wired and tired all the time. Even computers reboot, but we're not doing it...It's connections to other human beings — real-life connections, not digital ones — that nourish us and make us feel like we count. Our presence, our full attention is the most important thing we can give each other. Digital communications don't result in deeper connections, in feeling loved and supported...As for physical well-being, every hour spent on a device is likely to be an indoor, sedentary one. Screens are stealing time that children and adolescents should be spending on physical activity and sports, reading, or creating



Afternoon fishing



Expedition Campers at the end of a tough Whitehead Island service project

and engaging directly with other children, all of which are critical to healthy physical and social development." Many other books and articles echo the same sentiments, and many, including *The Power of Off*, actually warn of young people developing dangerous addictions to their digital devices.

Where better to engage in physical activity, read, or create and engage directly with other children than on a beautiful island where a boy will never be interrupted by a ringtone and the words, "Sorry, I have to take this," will never find himself trying to communicate with an adult who is texting, will never disappear into the endless, but solitary, labyrinthine paths of the online world? As I speak with young parents around the world, I hear the same concern and the same hope — concern that their son spends too much time with digital devices and hope that at

Pine Island he will find a respite from them that modern parents find nearly impossible to offer.

The absence of phones at Pine Island is critical, and we take seriously the responsibility of being sure that campers spend a full six weeks without ever hearing a phone ring or seeing anyone talking on the phone (except in the office on the mainland) or texting. Counselors stash their phones in a secure area and only use them as needed, and with permission. A few members of the administration have access to their phones for emergencies, and drivers carry them on the road. This year trip leaders will carry satellite devices in place of phones to contact us if they need to. Throughout my travels to introduce new families to Pine Island I have become accustomed to prospective parents' sighs

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of relief when I tell them that their sons will spend six weeks without screens or phones.

Maintaining the conditions for meaningful human interaction and living close to nature that Clarence Colby and Dr. Swan enjoyed is not accomplished by simply standing still. It takes a lot of thought and imagination, and we work hard at it because we are just as convinced as Pine Island's founders of the tremendous value such an environment has for the campers and staff lucky enough to spend their summers at Pine Island. Record breaking enrollment numbers indicate that this new, new thing may just be catching on!

by Ben Swan



Baby loon rescue



Catching up on the news a few days late

## ANOTHER GREAT EXPEDITION CAMP SUMMER!

*It was a small but intrepid group of Expedition Campers led by veterans Cole Gibson and Jacob Ronson. The six lucky young men who participated, including one from Madrid who had never set foot on Pine Island before, all had fantastic experiences on the Allagash, at Whitehead Island, on the Long Trail in Vermont, and at Camp X, their cabins on the mainland. They worked hard at Whitehead, re-establishing the path known as the Cathedral Trail that was overgrown after a big blowdown several years ago, and produced a high-quality Saturday Night Show for the rest of camp. The 2018 Expedition Camp is twice full with 16 campers. No doubt, as always, every one of them will have the time of his life. Here are some entries from journals kept by 2017 Expedition Campers:*

### Canoe Day 3: 6/29/2017

Today was a fun but challenging day. When we got up around 5:00 a.m., it was raining heavily. We made a delicious breakfast of eggs, bacon and hash browns and by the time we finished, the rain had lightened up. We paddled across the lake, through a marshy area and into a set of two long lakes. These were easy to navigate and the sun came up while we were paddling, allowing us to dry out. After coming to the end of the second lake, we paddled around until we found the entrance to the river. We canoed for about 30 minutes on mostly flat water until we came to the first set of rapids. We hopped out and started to walk up the rapids. This was very hard work. Eventually we were hailed by another group who suggested that we portage. We slowly pulled our canoes and gear up a mudslide that was infested with mosquitoes. After that, we found our campsite. It was a pleasant one, right on a dam with a beautiful sunset.

### Canoe Day 4: 6/30/2017

Today was undoubtedly one of the toughest days I have ever experienced on a trip. We started our day with a

mile-long paddle across Round Pond as we watched the sun rise. At the end of Round Pond we reached our portage point. The length of the portage trail was about 3 miles. By the time we were done we had all walked about 9 miles, since we had to bring the canoes and personal gear first, and then go back for the barrels and coolers. Completing this was extremely difficult and exhausting but very rewarding.

### Canoe Day 6: 7/2/2017

As the sun rose and cast a pleasant glimmer over Allagash Lake, the reflective beams shone through the tent rain fly. It was 6:00 a.m., time to wake up. After breakfast, we gradually descended Allagash Stream. From humble rips to large falls, we quickly realize the true speed of our boats. We continued through to the end at the mouth of Chamberlain Lake. With a raging tail-

wind, we decided to set sail with a makeshift "tarp-sail" and easily covered the width of the huge lake. A 3-mile paddle ensued towards Pillsbury Island, where we cooked steak and mashed potatoes.

### Canoe Day 9: 7/5/2017

We woke at 5:00 a.m. and slowly made our way through breakfast before getting on the water around 8:00. We quickly made our way across a pond to Churchill Dam. There, we had a small portage, after which we ran the Chase Rapids. Because of the high water level and perfect, cloudless weather, the rapids were fun and not too hard at all. After the rapids, we continued down the river at a quick pace until we reached a set of beautiful glassy-still lakes, a relief from the intense winds of the past days. It was a fun and quick 4-mile paddle to the Long Lake Dam, where we stayed for the night. We relaxed for the after-

noon next to the rapids, had a dinner of biscuits and gravy, and settled in for a good night's sleep after a long, hot day of paddling.

### Hike Day 8:

The day began with a slow, relaxed wakeup at about 8:00 a.m. and turned out to be one of the best days of the trip. Summiting Mount Mansfield was an indisputable challenge but was extremely beautiful and enjoyable nonetheless. We had lunch near the peak, where we relaxed, took pictures, and pulled out some warmer clothes. We proceeded on our descent towards Taft Lodge, where we'd spend the last night of the trip. The lodge was enormous and especially comfortable in comparison to tents. Today was filled with fantastic views, easy hiking, and many enjoyable memories. A great way to end the trip!



Expedition Camp campers and staff heading out on their 11-day hiking trip: Jacob Ronson, Elie, Gabriel, Isaac, Julian, Ben, Louis, and Cole Gibson



## CABOT FAMILY GIFT OF DARN TOUGH PIC LOGO SOCKS ADDS OVER \$6000 TO LOVETT SCHOLARSHIP FUND!

No question — Darn Tough socks, every one of which is made in Vermont, are the most comfortable, durable socks you can buy. Ric Cabot, father of Pine Islander Ben Cabot, took over a very nearly bankrupt hosiery business about 15 years ago and took a risk — produce high quality socks made of merino wool, give them a lifetime warrantee, and people will buy them. After several years of trials and a few errors, people *did* buy them... lots of people, and the company continues to grow. The company will stay in Vermont and has plans in place for new construction, more employees, and more innovation.

Though making logoed socks is not one of the options Darn Tough offers, in the fall of 2016 Ric generously suggested that Darn Tough design a sock that would display the awesome PIC logo. The Darn Tough team got behind

the project immediately, Ric offered the socks at cost, and a generous alumnus bought 250 pairs to be sold in support of the floating dock project. Success! The socks were gone in three days and over \$6000 went to help pay for the new docks.

This past fall the Cabot family very generously offered to give 250 pairs of PIC logoed socks to the camp so that the full price of every pair could go to the A. Sidney Lovett Memorial Scholarship Fund. Ric Cabot's only request was, "You have to sell them for \$30 instead of \$25. They're worth it!" Indeed they are and we still have a few pairs left, having already raised nearly \$7000 to add to the Lovett Fund. You can buy a pair at [www.pineisland.org](http://www.pineisland.org).

Our many thanks to the Cabots and to their amazing team at Darn Tough Socks!

## JASPER LOWE'S VIDEO GLIMPSES INTO LIFE AT PINE ISLAND

His brothers Duncan and Oliver went to Pine Island and Jasper Lowe never did, but he is a Pine Islander for sure. Jasper, a high school classmate of Rip Swan, showed early promise as a filmmaker when he and Rip collaborated on a short film, *Recall*, that won the Grand Prize at the 2009 Maine Student Film Festival. Jasper went on to study film making at Boston University and while there won one of the prestigious Sumner Redstone awards. Jasper has continued to follow his desire to work with film and video while at the same time holding down an extremely rigorous day job as the sternman on a lobster boat out of Harpswell, ME.

Two years ago director Ben Swan brought Jasper to Pine Island to experiment with interviewing campers about their Pine Island experiences. While he was there Jasper took a lot of footage around the island. The interviews, not surprisingly, did not come out quite as everyone hoped, but that fall Jasper put together a short piece using the other

footage he had collected. The result was the charming and wonderful *A Day in the Life of Pine Island Camp*, a short look at life at Pine Island that summer. It was no surprise that it was a big hit, but it was a surprise that such an accurate portrait of life at Pine Island was shot and edited with virtually no guidance by someone who had never spent a summer on the island. This writer still gets goosebumps watching it.

Jasper returned that fall to film the goings on at the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend and soon another charming and accurate short piece appeared on Pine Island's website. Last summer Jasper returned to film the next *Day in the Life* video and the four-minute glimpse into the summer of 2017 is also available on the website. Jasper nailed it again. Plans are afoot for more great work by Pine Islander Jasper Lowe. If you haven't watched his videos, don't wait. Go to [www.pineisland.org](http://www.pineisland.org) and enjoy them, and check the website in the fall for more of his work.

## BEAKS AND CLAWS AND FEATHERS GALORE! Aerial Combat Livens Up Packing Day

By Sumner Ford

Packing day is not anyone's favorite day at PIC. With a summer's worth of excitement behind us, the overwhelming emotions of the day lead to some contentious moments. As a procrastinating packer myself, I understand the layers of difficulty associated with packing away once-clean clothing, along with countless memories.

The end of packing day: the tent inspection winners were soap swimming before their well-earned reward — an evening in the real world with a stomach-topping meal at Elevation Burger. The crack administrative team was just settling into their chairs in the staff office to complete final preparations for the farewell celebration. Just as all action from the summer seemed behind us, a silver-gray flash streaked by the staff office window, not 10 feet off the water. Shrieks and screams of soap swimmers followed the meteor-like objects. Sensing peril, the administrators rushed to the Aristocracy dock, where half soaped campers told a muddled story of eagle entangled with osprey, performing a top gun-like fly-by. "It almost hit me on the head!" a breathless Tyson Boynton stammered. A crew of intrigued campers and counselors made for the land bridge — the sliver of exposed rocks that separates Pine Island from the Second Island — as that was where the birds made landfall. Another group watched from the Aristocracy dock, where one could just catch a glimpse of the avian drama. A bush partially blocked our view, but the sight was intense: we could clearly see a massive bald eagle and, underneath it, a mess of feathers, wings and claws frantically flapping in every direction. The eagle's white head was intermittently dipping below the bush as it ripped at the osprey. Too many thoughts flew through my head. Do I try to save the osprey, in many ways our mascot? Do I let nature take its course? The combination of curious campers and a desperate osprey relieved me of the tough decision. The eagle fled to a branch on the Second Island, and the osprey immediately took flight, putting as much distance as it possibly could between the much bigger bird and itself. Alex Desjonqueres wandered back from the land bridge, towel still held around his waist. The excitement had prevented him from completing his soap swim. "Mon Dieu, the eagle was trying to steal the osprey's fish!" he remarked, referring to the flying bass grasped below the osprey like the basket of a hot air balloon.

The eagle looked exhausted, and the osprey was now just a speck above the mainland. Many returned to their previous activities. Just as everyone relaxed, the camper-sized wings of the eagle stretched out, and there was no doubt of its intent. The distance between the two birds seemed too far for the eagle to

make up, yet its massive wings carried it quickly and soon it was nearly upon the osprey again. Upwind from Pine Island, the birds turned downwind and back towards their audience. Rollercoaster-like movements made for a live Stellar Earth performance. Miraculously the osprey held on to the bass throughout its journey. One can only imagine what the bass was thinking. The eagle made one final stab at stealing the ospreys' catch, but the nimble osprey dove just as the eagle's talons seemed destined to grab the bird once more. As we marveled at the past 20 minutes of dog-fighting, I could only muse that maybe fly-fishing isn't such a complicated way to catch a fish!

### Epilogue:

Further osprey drama unfolded the following day, when RAPTORR's (Rescue All Pine Island Terminal Osprey and Return to Refuge) senior agents Cole Gibson and Satchel Toole rescued a young osprey from the West Range of Pine Island. The LTIPS were the first to notice the stranded bird. It had spent the morning of our final day at PIC perched high in a tree outside their tent. With high winds throughout the morning, the fledgling bird eventually fluttered to the ground and attempted to take flight from the steep banks of the Range. The bird couldn't get airborne and fell into the lake, struggling to keep its head above water. Satchel and Cole, who had executed a successful juvenile osprey rescue a couple of years ago, immediately took action. They jumped into the water and, risking life and limb— especially fingers — collected the young bird. Their many hours of training and past osprey rescue experience was immediately evident. Cole's calming presence and Satchel's firm yet gentle grip calmed the panic-stricken animal. Avian Haven, the local bird rescue organization, picked up the osprey the same day. They reported that the bird's flight feathers were not fully formed. They were unable to determine whether retaliation by the eagle or the high winds during the night had forced the osprey from its nest. Avian Haven said they would be able to return the bird to Great Pond when the flight feathers reached full length. No doubt the young bird will have a score to settle with the eagle next season.



# ATTACK ON PINE ISLAND REPELLED BY VIGILANT DIRECTOR

By Montague G. Ball, Jr.

As Pine Islanders are well aware, living on an island has its disadvantages. We have to come and go by boat; getting resupplied can be a real chore; even mail has to be delivered via a water route. On the other hand, an island can afford splendid isolation from troubles on the mainland. Throughout history, islanders have been protected by water boundaries that complicated if not deterred invasion. Similarly, Pine Island has remained secure at its moorings on Great Pond, well beyond threat of any assault by outsiders. Except for one summer...

Then the camp season was eight weeks — and, for a change, we were full. It was the first week in August. Our biggest trips were set to go out; Far Leaguer-Welder Superior competition was peaking; war clouds were on the horizon; a Sacred Animal was rumored; the Farewell Feed was around the corner; the Pine Island board of directors was scheduled to meet. As the camp director, I had a lot on my mind — and, at the same time, PIC was being threatened by coastal raiders. Teenagers from Merryweather, a family camp nearby, had made a couple landings under the cover of night, harassing tents in the Aristocracy, then escaping by fast motorboat. Although lookouts were posted, no arrests had been made and I was getting frustrated. Moreover, the weather didn't help. Normally, August in Maine is splendid: very cool, dry, strong winds out of the north. This particular August, however, began with unseasonably high temperatures and no breeze at all. Even nights were still and hot. Lying in the Doctor's Cabin, I could at times hear snatches of conversation from the Al-fonds' place on the west side of the lake.

On one such night, I had gone to sleep with ears open in case the night riders returned. Under my bed was a baseball bat, as well as a powerful flashlight that I had borrowed from Assistant Director Tim Nagler, who never lacked for seriously bulk accessories and equip-

ment. There was hardly a sound, and I dozed off — only to be suddenly awakened by engine noise and loud screaming off the west side of the Aristocracy. Those Bad Boys were back! Furious to be so rudely aroused at such a late hour — but eager to bring justice to the trespassers — I leaped out of bed, threw on some clothes, and stumbled out of the Doctor's Cabin with weapon and high beam in hand. Through the dark I raced to my boat at the kitchen dock, knowing all the time that I would be too late. The moment the Bad Boys heard an outboard start up, they would surely flee — and my outboard never caught on the first pull (or the second or the third). Hoping against hope, however, I clambered aboard — and, would you believe, that Johnson roared into life on the first crank! Time against me, I raced past the Aristocracy, rounded the Second Island, all the time assuring myself that the Bad Boys would be long gone. But not so! Just off Tent 9 I could see a boat with three people in it — and I had them in my sights!

Looking back on this event, I have often wondered what I thought I was going to do. At the time, I was still half asleep but so angry that I wasn't thinking straight. All I wanted was to bash something — or somebody — with that baseball bat. Murder was on my mind — and I had the criminals dead to rights. Now bearing down on my targets, I raised the bat to strike while hitting them full force with the powerful flashlight. And who do you think I saw? *Ben Swan* and two other of my best staff! The screaming I heard back in the Doctor's Cabin were Kababa chants, and the counselors were prepping campers for the coming Sacred Animal ceremony. Meanwhile, I had nearly killed the owner's son and Pine Island's future director! I don't know who was more surprised, them or me — but all of us quietly turned around and went back to bed. The end of another exciting day at Pine Island Camp...



Monte Ball and his almost-victim Ben Swan on Great Pond, September 2017

# WOODY HOYT JOINS BOARD OF DIRECTORS

We are very pleased to announce that Coleman "Woody" Hoyt joined Pine Island's board of directors in August of 2017. Woody was a camper for five years from 1994 to 1998, an LTIP in 2001, and a counselor from 2003 to 2004. He graduated from Colorado College in 2006 with a degree in Geology and has been working as an environmental consultant since then. He is married and

lives in Tacoma, WA where he enjoys exploring the Puget Sound and Mount Rainier. Woody said recently, "I am excited to join the board and to have the opportunity to give back to an institution that has given me so much." He looks forward to helping with capital gifts and the PIC website. Thanks in advance, Woody, for your hard work and service to PIC!



Coleman "Woody" Hoyt and his wife Kate

## PHOTO QUIZ!

Who built this octagonal brick perch at his country house to which he would escape when the pressures of writing important government documents and building a famous university got to be too much? Hint: he commissioned the building of the Whitehead Lighthouse.

Answer: Thomas Jefferson

Which member of the 2017 Pine Island staff is taking a break on an L.A. movie set dressed in a hazmat suit?

Answer: Harry Swan



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## HIKING ALONE AROUND VERMONT

By Carson Peck (age 16)

I was lying awake on the cold wooden floor of the cabin when I heard my watch alarm go off. It was 3:00 in the morning, and I was camping at the base of Jay Peak, Vermont, only 12 miles south of the Canadian border. I sat up in my sleeping bag and the piercing cold of the night air immediately struck my body. Groggily, I began to search my surroundings for the gear I had left out the night before. This process was a familiar one; at that point in my trip, I was comfortable repacking my hiking pack in the pitch dark. As I laced my boots and stepped out into the vacant night, a soft "good luck" from my shelter-mate inside the cabin brought a grin to my face. I set off with my headlamp at 3:14 am to conquer the final 3,858 vertical feet of my trip, 1.2 miles up the trail.

That wakeup happened on the last day of my 19-day solo hiking trip this past summer. To me, the Vermont Long Trail is a monster; stretching 276 miles from Williamstown, Massachusetts to the U.S.-Canada Border traversing all of the tallest peaks in the state of Vermont. I was a "thru-hiker": someone who completes an entire trail in a single stretch or season. Never before had I planned such a long or challenging trip, let alone attempt one. Organizing and executing my own solo adventure was thrilling to me, and as I walked up the steep, rocky southern slope of Jay Peak in the dark, I thought about when I had done this same sunrise hike with the Expedition Camp almost exactly a year ago.

Taking on the steep incline at 3:00 in the morning, I realized how much I truly owed to six years at Pine Island. Had I not conquered Mt. Bigelow as an 11-year-old, summited Mount Washington for the first time, or taken on the White Mountains of New Hampshire with some of my closest friends on a number of different PIC trips, I would not have found the strength or the confidence to haul my pack up the rocks that morning. I had learned to appreciate watery oatmeal, cold mornings, and wet feet, and I embraced the refreshing solitude that Vermont offered.

Above all, this past summer it was passion that drove me to walk for longer than I ever had before — a fierce passion combined with a love for the outdoors. All of this I attribute to Pine Island: six weeks for six summers on that island gave me the profound zeal I maintain for hiking. And as I stared into the soft golden horizon beyond Jay Peak that morning, shivering in my wool socks, I caught myself remembering about heading back to Great Pond, napping deeply in the back of a rented van packed with slumbering Pine Islanders.

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## RHOADS MILLER LEADS WORK CREW UP MT. PHILIP

Thanks to the generosity of the Schultz family, the summit of Mt. Philip and the 25 acres that surround it are owned by Pine Island Camp. They were given to Pine Island in memory of Tom and Andrew Schultz and are protected by the same conservation easement that protects almost the entire mountain. With an alacrity not entirely understood by the land trust that holds the easement, Pine Island alumni contributed quickly and significantly to the effort to purchase Mt. Philip, King Kababa's homeland. Besides being home to the reclusive and kind king, Mt. Philip is also one of the best short hikes in the state of Maine, yielding a fantastic view at the end of a short steep walk, and the trail to the top is used close to 365 days a year by local residents and visitors.

Since Mt. Philip became a public resource, the Belgrade Regional Conservation Alliance (BRCA), a local land conservation organization that cares for the trails and lakes in the Belgrade area, has erected a sign at the base, produced maps, and improved the trail, and this year was eager to undertake some trimming near the summit to reopen some views that had disappeared in recent years. When Emily Swan consulted with BRCA stewardship director Toni Pied early in the summer to see if BRCA had a project Pine Island campers and staff could help with, Toni immediately suggested this one. Rhoads Miller, the new director of operations and year-round Mt. Philip neighbor, gave a resounding yes, and he, counselor James Berger, LTIP Will Pomerantz, and several

campers packed a lunch, grabbed some tools, and headed off on a July morning to meet Toni and BRCA board member and stewardship volunteer Pete Kallin.

There was plenty of work to do, and the Pine Islanders, some with wary looks around from time to time to see if any henchmen were watching, bent to the task of cutting and removing limbs and even cutting down some trees. The result of a hard day's work was much improved views from several points on the summit. No doubt the many hikers will appreciate the vistas, but more importantly King Kababa will be very pleased with his unobstructed view of the island, enabling him to continue to keep a close eye on PIC!



The Mt. Philip work crew at the base of the mountain: (standing) James Berger, Ben, Will Pomerantz, Buckley, Pete Kallin, Jacob, Andrew, Jacob, Toni Pied; (Kneeling) Rhoads Miller, Alex, and James.

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## EVENING OF ANTICIPATION: 2017 PINE ISLAND PARENTS GATHER IN BELGRADE LAKES

While most Pine Island parents have the opportunity to meet one another on opening day and at the closing ceremony each year, these days are busy and families are (rightly) focused on their sons. There is very little time to get to know one another. The Parent Facebook group offers online introductions and photo sharing, but in the PIC spirit of valuing face-to-face communication above all other, the board of directors wanted to carve out time for parents to connect. And so this past summer, on the eve of the closing ceremony, the board hosted our inaugural parent social. Filled with the anticipation of laying eyes on their sons for the

first time in six weeks, parents ventured out in a torrential rainstorm to gather at the Maine Lakes Resource Center in the center of Belgrade Lakes Village. As the boys settled in for their last night at camp with their tent-mates, parents spent an evening getting to know one another. New parents shared their struggles and seasoned parents offered advice. Stories of brief letters home circulated, as did tips about how best to label clothes and the importance of airing out the camp trunk. Not surprisingly, somewhere during the course of the evening a strong feeling of community developed. Like the boys and counselors who are lucky enough to join the ranks

of Pine Islanders, parents of Pine Islanders come from all over the world and a variety of backgrounds, but they've all made the decision to allow their boys to head off to a little island in Maine because they understand that, in letting their sons go, they are giving them a gift they can get nowhere else. Not everyone understands this, but Pine Island parents do, and that shared understanding is worth celebrating. Together. We look forward to making this a PIC tradition. The second annual Pine Island Parents' Social is planned for the evening of Saturday, August 4, rain or shine!

# SLOAN CRITCHFIELD MEMORIAL BOAT MAINTENANCE WORKSHOP ROLLS ON

## Boats Ship Shape, Plans Afoot to Expand Fall Volunteer Opportunities

Those of you who for years returned to Pine Island in early June to get the place ready for the season ahead can probably remember heaving a sigh as you put the boats in the water and noticed that most of them could really use some work. So you more than most can fully appreciate the sense of joy we now feel in the spring knowing that our entire fleet of beautiful wooden boats are fully repaired, sanded, painted, and ready to go. Next June the rowboats, sailboats, and canoes will roll out of the Boathouse, Dining Hall, and Honk Hall looking as good as the day they were delivered, and we have a crew of dedicated volunteers to thank. The twelfth annual Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Workshop took place in September and, as always, included hard work, lots of fun, great food, and a chance to enjoy Pine Island in the fall. The weather was warm enough for swimming, and Pine Island's new director of operations Rhoads Miller did a wonderful job keeping volunteers busy and making sure that the fleet is ready to go next June.

Longtime PIC head chef Krista Wi-berg squeezed cooking for the crew in just before departing for a teaching job in Japan, and Kevin Hubbard was again on duty as our skipper. Krista's great cooking was augmented by three spectacular cakes by PIC parent and master

baker Sandy Holland. Some volunteers were veterans of the weekend and others were there for the first time. They ranged in age from 10 to 65 years old. Many thanks to Sawyer Carson; Paula Cournoyer; Julia Cox; Sanjeev, Alex, and Kiran Dhawan; Morgan Gammell; Doug Handy; Skip and Steph Hudon; Ben Swan; Harry Swan; Cody Smith; Jenny Lachance; Ian Swain; Mark and A.J. Powers; Josh Treat; Ben Schachner; Sumner Ford; Rob Whitehouse; and newlyweds Sam Weeks and Lizzie Collins.

We are excited to announce that next fall, following the September 14-16 Boat Maintenance Weekend, we will offer additional volunteer work through the following week and weekend. We will have a chef and skipper on duty and plenty of projects to do — probably landscaping, painting, and light carpentry — with Rhoads Miller and Sumner Ford on hand to manage the work. You may come for the Boat Maintenance Weekend and stick around for a few days or drop in for a few days any time during the week or the following weekend. So, put September 14-23 on your calendar, call up a few PIC friends, and come pitch in and enjoy Great Pond in all its fall glory. Call or text Rhoads at 207-660-3111 if you would like to register for some or all of the fall volunteer extravaganza.



*Ben Swan confers with volunteers Alex, Sanjeev, and Kiran Dhawan about work on the War Yacht.*



*Taking a break are Sumner Ford, Ben Schachner, Harry Swan, and Paula Cournoyer.*



*Boss man Rhoads Miller with volunteer Sawyer Carson*



*Volunteer Skip Hudon*



*Pine Island Medic and UVA Nursing graduate Natalie Miner in front of the Infirmary with the bouquet her father sent her the day she passed her boards on one of her days off*

## TAKING CARE

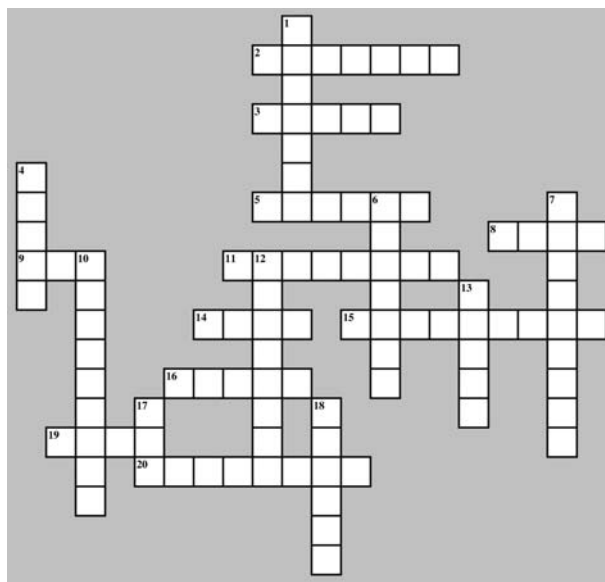
### PIC-UVA Nursing Connection Continues

Pine Island is heading into its ninth straight season in which a UVA nursing student will serve as Medic, and we could not be happier about it. Lauren Brill will be the fifth in an unbroken string of stellar UVA nursing students to serve as Medic at Pine Island in the last decade. This win-win relationship started with an email director Ben Swan received during the winter of 2010 from Page Dunbar, a third-year nursing student in Charlottesville. "I almost never even respond to random inquiries over the Internet, but there was something about Page Dunbar's that made me want to find out more," said Ben in a recent interview. Ben met with Page in Charlottesville that winter and Page, who had already received her EMT certification, arrived in June to head up the PIC infirmary. Page had never been to Maine, and during a dinner with Ben and Sumner this fall in Charlottesville, where Page is now a nurse practitioner, she revealed that she was extremely nervous about what she had gotten herself into and that she really didn't know much about living conditions on the island when she applied. "Ben let me go to the Swans' house in Brunswick to take a hot shower during staff week. I think he could see that I was in a state of mild shock." The shower did the trick; Page quickly grew to love PIC and PIC loved her.

Page regrets not returning for another summer after graduation, but she enthusiastically recruited our next

Medic from the class behind her at UVA. Caroline Moughan joined us in 2011 and had such a great time (in spite of a spectacularly virulent barf bug) that she figured out she could return after graduation and take her boards on one of her days off! Mary Harrington, originally a native of Brunswick, ME, was next up and, starting after her second year at UVA managed to be our Medic for three summers. It was Mary who worked hard to introduce Ben Swan to UVA Nursing dean Theresa Carroll, and they finally met in person in the fall of 2016. Theresa is a real Pine Islander and is all in on helping connect UVA nursing students with Pine Island. Mary Harrington, who also passed her boards on a day off from PIC, is now a pediatric ICU nurse in Boise, ID and was very helpful in finding her replacement, Natalie Miner. Natalie was with us for two summers and again proved that we couldn't wish for a more competent, energetic, caring Medic than one from the ranks of UVA Nursing. She is pictured here with the bouquet she received from her father the day she passed *her* boards last summer.

Ben Swan and assistant director Sumner Ford were in Charlottesville this fall and met with two candidates recruited by Theresa Carroll and Natalie Miner. They are looking forward to welcoming Lauren Brill to PIC in June and to many more summers of superior care for the Pine Island community from our UVA medics.



#### Across

- 2 2017 Sacred Animal Elbee the \_\_\_\_\_
- 3 SNS "rock-umentary" This Is \_\_\_\_\_ Tap
- 5 Name of Blue Army bell
- 8 Nickname shared by PIC canoe trailer and border lakes between Maine and NB, Canada
- 9 PIC launch named after Ben Swan's mother
- 11 Activity that debuted in 1994
- 14 Ivy League university attended by PIC kababologists
- 15 Pine Island's first camper
- 16 The sacred porcupine
- 19 PIC cabin named after a famous NYC night club
- 20 Tallest mountain in Maine

#### Down

- 1 PIC launch that commemorated camp's 50th anniversary
- 4 War Game site \_\_\_\_\_ Crossing
- 6 Activity over which Dan Bristol reigns supreme
- 7 Name of Gray Army air siren
- 10 "Sweet" 4,000-footer Pine Islanders like to hike
- 12 River paddled by XCamp and Senior Canoe
- 13 Outdoor sacred animal Gar the Misdirected \_\_\_\_\_
- 17 Island on which many Pine Islanders spend their first overnight
- 18 Ghost reputed to live on Whitehead Island

*Answers to Crossword Puzzle on page 9*



# BLUE ARMY VICTORIOUS IN ANOTHER CLOSE CONTEST

By Sumner Ford

The ear-splitting arrival of the Gray Army in the dining hall marked the beginning of the 2017 War Game. The Grays declared war. Gray General Satchel Toole, a veteran War Game officer, demonstrated that what the army lacked in War Game experience, they would make up for with intense enthusiasm and sheer volume. In his fiery speech, Satchel painstakingly described how the Blue dominance had continued for too long and how the Blue officers had grown pretentious and overconfident based on past officers' successes.

Jacob Ronson, the Blue General, expressed regret that his army must once again deal with the Gray scum. Jacob explained that the Blues were brimming with experience, and had tasted nothing but victory for seven years.

Before the game could begin both armies spent a full day at the traditional grueling practice. New players learned the intricacies of the game, while returners to York's Crossing refined their skills and tactics. The Gray Army began their practice rusty and inexperienced. However, inexperience would not be an excuse, and over the course of the day players improved their stepping with a rapid succession of "Ready Ready, One, Two STEP!" Their diligent practice showed that this War Game would be no blowout.

Meanwhile, Blue executives demonstrated their cool demeanor with a far calmer, yet equally effective practice.

Their wealth of experience allowed the Blue Army to polish their stepping and strategy early in the day, allowing them to relax a bit in the hot August weather.

As the armies returned to the campsite, outsiders to the game could sense the nervous excitement of both armies as they considered the upcoming events. Pine Islanders soon sublimated their fierce allegiances and turned their focus to delicious stuffed shells courtesy of Krista, Patty, and the Kitchen Crew.

Morning came too early for many staff who, adequately fueled but lacking in sleep, had spent the night planning and strategizing for the five hours of war that lay ahead. The cold water of the Martin Stream, pulled out of its usual course by a loud rumbling pump into a perforated gutter forming a shower-like structure, jolted them awake more effectively than even the strongest cup of joe.

Breakfast was barely over when the scream of an air raid siren broke the relatively peaceful cacophony of birds and nervously chatting campers and staff; it did not signal the coming of warplanes but instead was a rallying cry for the Gray Army to convene and begin their march into the center of town. The screech of Mighty Max, the Gray air raid siren, was followed by the piercing ring of Medusa, an antique freight train bell used each summer by the Blues. The screaming, partially hoarse voices of 120 Pine Islanders, now fully awake and thrilled that the Game was less than an



Gray gate leader and expert poler Tommy Mottur on the pole with Jax and Ben

hour from commencing, soon drowned out both the siren and the bell.

The Grays attacked first and they scored immediately. Starting off on the right foot certainly boosted morale. However, the Grays were unable to keep their momentum rolling as the Blues' defense bent but would not break. The Blues stonewalled multiple Gray attacks and the sound of the umpires' whistles, usually a good sign for attackers, were silent. Spectators became anxious. Where was the Gray attack? What were the Blues doing to defend so efficiently? Just as the collective teeth grinding of the Gray Army reached its peak, the sound of umpires' whistles pierced the air. The Gray Army had broken the Blue defenses! Gray cheers filled the forest, and as their attack period wound down, the center of town began to fill up with Gray attackers who had successfully scored twice.

The afternoon began with the Blues attacking. The calm approach of practice morphed into a crisp, calculated focus on imposing their will on the green Gray defenders. Spectators around York's Crossing reported Blues managing to beat Gray squadrons and score. The Blues showed they were not going to rest on their laurels as they employed new tactics and put the Gray defenders on their heels for most of the period. Then, just when all seemed lost for the Gray Army, rumors of Gray challenge points spread around York's Crossing. The score after one day of play was Blues 108, Grays 79.

Tired bodies made their way back to the campsite in army ranks, their sore and shaking legs made stable by the sense of pride in their armies' valiant efforts of the previous five hours and the cold waters of the Martin Stream showers that would erase the grime and save the many cuts unnoticed in the heat of battle. Rest for the weary was still hours away. Bowls full of chili and other delights miraculously revived everyone enough to play a spirited round of Steal the Bacon and participate in campfire before gratefully heading for their sleeping pads and bags.

A Groundhog Day-esque feeling

overwhelmed everyone the next morning as the metallic ring of the wake-up whistle awakened the sleeping armies after what felt to everyone like about ten minutes of sleep. The events from the prior day repeated themselves: shower, delicious breakfast, the chorus of "Gray Victory" competing with those of "Blue Victory" as armies marched out to the center of town. The sense of repetition ended as the Blue attackers headed out of town and disappeared into the woods, stealthily preparing the lightning attacks that had won them so many points the previous day. However, the hours of planning during the prior night worked in favor of the Gray Army. The worn-out legs of Gray squadrons were faster than those of their Blue counterparts. The momentum looked as though it was going to swing in favor of the Grays. The stress of the moment was lost on no one. The morning's play ended with a glimmer of hope for the Gray Army as they prepared for their last offensive.

As the Grays waited to head out of town on the final afternoon of the 2017 War Game, they wore stern, severe expressions amongst their war paint and tattered Gray shirts; the Gray Army meant business. Meanwhile, spirits amongst the Blue Army were slightly more jovial, but nervous laughter intended to show a calm, cool, collected attitude did not hide the frayed nerves below the surface as they prepared to defend a lead that suddenly felt insubstantial. Both armies' strategies were in place; execution was all that lay between them and victory. The Grays excitedly left the center of York's Crossing, their combined heartbeat almost audible. New strategies developed during the previous late-night session and beautiful execution on the part of the Gray Army resulted in challenge points raining down and Grays celebrated as they entered the center of town throughout the afternoon having scored thrice for their army. The Gray Army had performed marvelously, and spectators consulted with umpires, the only scoreboard at York's Crossing. The Umpires



Counselor Walker McDonald prepares campers Derek, Will, and Teddy for the afternoon.



# TRIP REPORT: PINE ISLANDER NICKY ISLES'S UNEXPECTED JOURNEY



Gray General Satchel Toole exhorting his troops



Blue General Jacob Ronson



Gray staff and campers await the final score.

wouldn't spill the beans but admitted the final score would be close. Crude attempts to predict the score had either army ahead as both armies, with sweaty palms and weak knees, gathered around their generals to await the actual final score. Would the Grays finally break the Blues' seemingly endless winning streak?

The Generals took charge of their Armies one final time. Satchel Toole's hoarse voice cracked with emotion as he thanked the Gray Army for their immense effort. As tears welled up in his eyes, he said no matter the result, each member of the Gray Army should be proud. Meanwhile, Jacob Ronson gathered the Blue Army into a large circle. Jacob said the ring they formed symbolized the washer that must hold its form; if one section breaks the entire army fails. The army encircled Jacob, screaming "Blue Victory!" one last time.

Head Umpire Sandy Crane broke the tense atmosphere that enveloped the area. He thanked both armies for an-

other fantastic War Game. He then read the score; the Blue Army was victorious 182 to 170, meaning that each army outscored the other on one of the two days of play, but the Grays couldn't quite make up the first day deficit. The cheers and celebration of the Blues contrasted the tears and disappointment of the Grays. While the Blues appreciated the victory, it was over in a few moments as both armies converged and embraced, Pine Islanders all once more. Campers and staff walked shoulder to shoulder to the busses that would drive them to PIC, soap swims, pizza and the comfort of their beds for a well-deserved night's sleep. York's Crossing has returned to its eerily quiet state. It lies under a deep blanket of snow and is once again the domain of deer, grouse, coyotes, and beaver. It is a peaceful, slumbering place that will awaken suddenly to the sounds of siren and bell and the urgent shouts of the armies that will mark the beginning of the 2018 War Game.

Nicky Isles is a second-generation Pine Islander (father Chris Isles was a camper in the '60s) who has done just about everything at Pine Island except be the head cook! He was a camper for five summers, an Expedition Camper, an LTIP, and then a tennis counselor, workshop counselor, LTIP Wrangler, victorious Blue General, and last summer both a driver and a War Game umpire! Nicky has excelled at every PIC task he has undertaken, and we were all very happy to hear that he had moved from the commercial real estate market in New York to a top-flight teacher training program at a great school in Seattle. We need more teachers like Nicky Isles.

During his many summers at Pine Island, Nicky had some thrilling and sometimes scary adventures, which included rapids on the Allagash, tough

weather in the White Mountains, and two flat tires on the Golden Road in the same trip, but his journey as a bone marrow donor was perhaps his most challenging. Below is his trip report:

In spring of 2013, I registered as a bone marrow donor when *Be The Match* was holding a drive at my college. At the time it was just a simple cheek swab and I hadn't thought anything of it until May 2014, when I was told I was a potential match! After several hundred other potential matches and I underwent some additional testing, it was determined that my marrow would be the best for the recipient in need, a woman with lymphoma in her 50's who lived outside the United States (as much info on the recipient as they could provide me).

I spent that summer coordinating the next steps, all while wrangling the LTIPs at Pine Island, and scheduled my donation for early September of 2014. The procedure went off without a hitch, but it took a major physical toll on me. I spent about two weeks with very limited mobility but gradually regained strength and fully recovered about five weeks after the procedure.

Over the course of the next several months, I received updates on the recipient, and was overjoyed to hear the final update in which I was told the match was effective and she has since recovered.

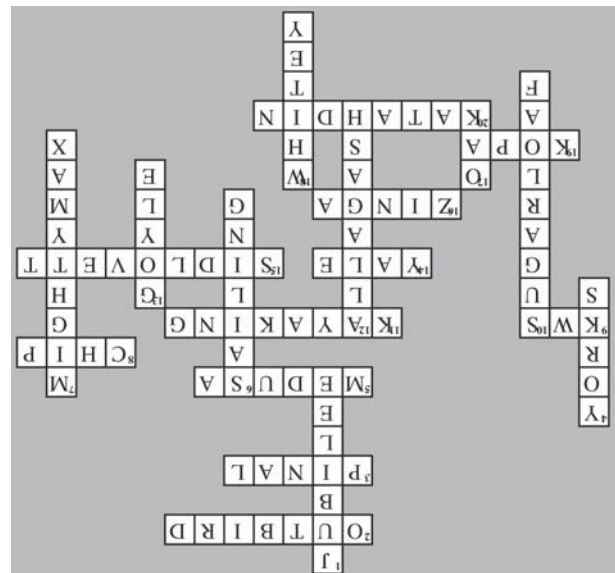
All in all, the whole process was the scariest but most rewarding thing I've ever done.

Nicky, once again you are the man!  
Akka Lakka!



Nicky Isles

## Answers to Crossword Puzzle





Three New Yorkers in a boat: Charles, Bennett, and Daniel



Josh and his completed shop project



Jozef and Watt



Arthur and Reid



Woodcraft counselors Miles Frank and Teddy Hincks



Jacob Merrill at his campsite on Maine Woodsman



Assistant Chef Patty Morel



LTIP Josh Byman behind LTIP head-quarters turned avian haven



Veteran Head Chef Krista Wiberg



Briley with a whale on his forehead



LTIP Sam Lanoff helping unload the K.W.S.



2017 LTIPs sitting on the campfire bench they built on its way to the island for its inaugural campfire: Bobby Flynn, Sam Lanoff, Will Pomerantz, Will Stack, and Josh Byman



Daniel



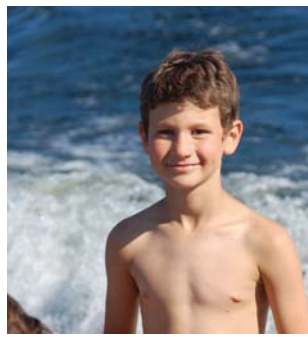
Assistant Director Summer Ford



Walker McDonald and Jacob at work in the Shop



*The Kitchen Crew, aka The Green Army, in uniform for the Declaration: Corinne, Amelia, Krista, Patty, Amber, and Madison*



*Reed headed back to the island from mainland activities*



*Ben "Shop Guy" Herman at Herman's Hermitage*



*Thomas knows how to take full advantage of rest hour.*



*Tennis counselor Gorrell Cheek*



*David ready for Island Cleanup*



*Award Winners at the Farewell Picnic*



*Teddy with his sketch pad*



*Andres hanging out and reading beneath Tent 19*



*Sailing instructor Dan Bristol enjoying the good life in front of the Kopa Kababa*



*Skipper Will Morrison*



*Director of Operations and LTIP Wrangler Rhoads Miller confers with driver Nicky Isles*



*Toby working on his next campfire hit with counselor Noah Brodsky*



*Kitchen Crew Amelia Leahy and Corinne Alsop*



*Cowee enjoys the view while Buck is off at activities*

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## PINE ISLANDERS STAY BUSY WITH PIC ACTIVITIES IN THE OFF-SEASON

Campers **Henry Heyburn** and **Lucian Flanagan-Burt** are both avid fly fishermen and are almost never without a rod in their hands during the camp season. Unable to wait for the next camp season to start, they ventured out on a local pond to try their luck through the ice. **Alex Audi**, whose home is in Paris, is a university student in Montreal and sometimes tries his luck with a little urban ice fishing. He has also started an archery club at his school and enjoys teaching his fellow students. **Herman Herder-Condé** continued his love for hiking last fall in Peru where he visited the 15<sup>th</sup>-century Inca citadel Machu Picchu. Nice hoodie! Always ready for the next hike, Pine Island's director of communications **Sarah Hunter** and her

sons, campers **Caleb** and **Silas Hunter**, spent some quality time on a hiking trail in the White Mountains visited often by PIC summer trips. Caleb also put his riflery skills to good use, taking first place in a biathlon held at the Hidden Valley Nature Center in Jefferson, Maine in 2017. "You ski the course twice, and in between each loop you shoot five targets. If you make every shot, you continue on the course. For every shot you miss, you have to ski one penalty lap. This year I made every shot. My riflery practice at PIC paid off!" Anne Stires, our Pine Island Whitehead program director, continues her teaching, mostly outdoors, at Juniper Hill, the school she started and runs in Alna, Maine.



*Caleb Hunter ascending Liberty in the White Mountains*



*Alex Audi doing a bit of ice fishing in downtown Montreal*



*Herman Herder-Condé at Machu Picchu*



*Anne Stires in one of her classrooms at Juniper Hill*



*Campers Henry Heyburn and Lucian Flanagan-Burt drilling through the ice to try their luck*

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## AREA CAMP STAYS TOO LONG ON BALD PATE MOUNTAIN

"Well, camping trips don't always turn out like you expect them to," said Harrison A. Rucku, the director of an area camp in a recent interview. "We just didn't think it would get this cold that fast." Cold comfort to the more than a dozen campers and staff who are now encased in snow and ice atop Bald Pate Mountain, waiting for the spring thaw. When we reached Pine Island Camp director Ben Swan at his home in Brunswick, he said, "As I always tell the staff, 'Everything's fine until it isn't.' All our boys and counselors went home long ago. Some of these area camps are long on luxuries but come up a bit short when it comes to camping skills." Apparently, that is a gross understatement; it was a late-season three-day trip up

Bald Pate, a peak Pine Islanders have successfully summited for over 100 years, that appears to have lingered a bit too long at the top.

Asked if they were in any danger, Rucku snapped, "Nah, they're fine! We send up a team every couple of weeks to check their vitals. Their heart rates have slowed quite a bit, but that's to be expected. They may be a bit disoriented when the thaw arrives, but we'll handle that. Their parents have been quite understanding, though some of them are quite concerned about their missing so much school. We are offering tutoring on our campus in the spring, free of charge. I don't know what else we can do. From a marketing standpoint it's not all bad. We're getting a lot of hits on our



*Area Camp campers and staff await the spring thaw on summit of Bald Pate*

website and the videos have gone viral."

"We'll stick with our extensive staff training and preaching the Six P's," said assistant director Sumner Ford, reached

in Jackson, Wyoming in the back of his sparsely furnished van. "Frankly, I find it kind of unfortunate. We work hard to avoid this kind of thing."



## THE KEEPER'S LOG

### Best Season Yet at Whitehead Light Station Ends with Mysterious Fire

It was a banner year at the Whitehead Light Station, one of the most beautiful and peaceful spots on the entire coast of Maine. The seven-bedroom Keeper's House was at capacity many times with program participants and happy renters, and the newly refurbished Whistle House saw yoga, lectures, and even served as a spare bedroom for staff. The new glass in the light tower and the high tech bulb installed by the Coast Guard made sure that the aid to navigation that has been operating continuously since President Thomas Jefferson commissioned the construction of the original tower shone out to sea. The dynamic duo of Matt Wall, skipper and jack-of-all-trades, and Gigi Lirot, skipper, chef, planner, head of communications, and anything else that was needed, were back and kept the place running and made every single person who visited the station feel safe, welcome, and grateful to be in such an amazing place.

The 2017 season began with a volunteer weekend to open the place up, mow the grass, and stock the shelves. Also in June the Light Station hosted a Down East Adventures getaway that was full with 10 participants from Pennsylvania, Colorado, South Carolina, Washington, D.C., and Kentucky. They enjoyed lectures on lighthouse history and island life, went kayaking in Seal Harbor, walked, and ended their stay with a lobster bake on the rocks watching the sun set. Next was a week-long rental by a family returning for the third time, this time with 7 adults and 6 children. They enjoyed baking new creations, checking out the tide pools, building fairy houses in the spruce woods, and relaxing by the fire.

In July Gigi and Matt and some helpers hosted a rental that was the reunion of a family from Florida and Texas; another installment of the wildly popular knitting retreat with Mim Bird and Heather Monroe in which they knitted, dyed, and knitted some more; a third rental with families from Virginia and Washington, D.C.; and the five-day Craft Beer gathering, led by world-famous home brew and craft beer guru and Pine Islander Charlie Papazian, that was at capacity with participants from California, New Hampshire, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida and Tennessee, who enjoyed lectures, tasting and critiquing beers from over 30 craft breweries, and a field trip to a brewers festival in Portland.

August brought two large groups to the Light Station. First, a writers' workshop with Linda Buckmaster. It filled quickly with 12 participants, mostly from Maine. They enjoyed lectures, writing, classes in the Whistle House, and sharing writing in the three Keeper's House sitting rooms in the evenings. Later in the month was the fourth rental,

this time to Whitehead veterans David and Lee Bryan of Stowe, Vermont, who celebrated their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary with lots of old friends and family.

September was the busiest month of the season. It started with a second at-capacity knitting retreat with Mim and Heather, followed by the fifth rental of the season by six couples from Massachusetts who were longtime friends. Then came the second of the two Down East Adventure getaways, again at capacity with participants from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia and Connecticut, who learned about wild edibles in addition to kayaking and Maine coastal history. The history theme was continued in the next program with Jeremy D'Entremont's History of New England Lighthouses that included lectures, films, and ghost stories. The final week of September Gigi and Matt hosted the Gift of Life rental with 14 people of varying ages from New York. The Gift of Life is a non-profit organization that funds crucial surgery that is not covered by insurance. Whitehead Light Station veterans James and Linda Eklund organize and run an auction for the Gift of Life organization in their hometown of Shelter Island each year and one of the items bid on is a stint at the Light Station. James reports that every one of the 14 Gift of Life renters had the time of their lives. "We've been trying to place the winning bid for three years and we finally got it!" said one of the visitors.

It was still pretty balmy in October this year, perfect weather for the final two groups of (scheduled) visitors, a simple R&R weekend with 10 participants and the fall meeting of the Pine Island Camp board of directors. The board meeting was held in the Whistle House and the weekend provided Pine Island's board ample opportunity to be reminded what an amazing resource the Whitehead Light Station is.

Matt and Gigi stayed on and closed up for the winter. Three days after they left, Pine Island director Ben Swan received a call at about 9:00 p.m. from Spruce Head neighbor and friend lobsterman Darren Post informing him that, "There's a fire at Whitehead." Ben immediately started out on the hour-and-a-half drive up to Spruce Head. The next report Ben got was that "the big house is fully engulfed in flames." Twenty minutes later Darren texted a picture of the building on fire and Ben realized that it was the small building that housed the sewage disposal system and *not* the Keeper's House. "That was a tough twenty minutes," said Ben, whose memories of the fire at Pine Island in 1995, and all that came after, were still quite vivid. Fortunately, there was a very strong wind blowing in just the right direction to direct the heat and flames out



*Note the tiny building in the far right of this old post card.*

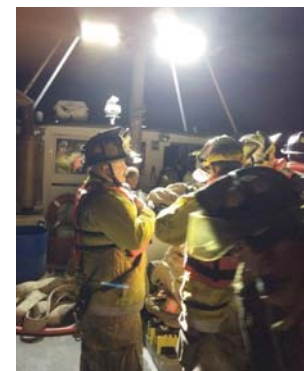


*The sewage treatment building in 2012*

over the rocks instead of up toward the other buildings.

When Ben arrived the wind was blowing 35 knots and it was pitch dark. He immediately dismissed any thought of heading out himself and gratefully accepted a ride out with Darren, who was at the pier waiting for him. Darren's seamanship and his powerful and large boat made the trip out to Whitehead feel safe but exciting, and Ben was very glad to have been able to get to the island. The building was gone when he got there and the fire was all but out, thanks to the work of volunteer firefighters from the towns of St. George, Thomaston and South Thomaston and the two lobstermen who brought them out to the island in rough conditions. Later a forest ranger and a small crew from the Maine Forest Service appeared to ensure that any fire that had spread to the woods was fully extinguished. Ben and the whole crew departed with a mountain of equipment on two boats around 3:00 a.m.

The sewer house was fully insured, and plans are underway to replace the sewage disposal system. It appears that the building, built about 1998 and designed by Nick Buck, may be the second building to have occupied that spot. In a bit of really pretty astonishing coincidence, more than ten years after Nick



*The amazing volunteer firefighters aboard a lobsterman's boat on the way back to shore about 1:00 a.m.*

designed and built the building, Ben Swan received an old post card from a Whitehead Light Station program participant. It appears to have been printed in the 1930s or '40s. Much to his amazement, and Nick's, the post card photo includes a building almost identical to the one Nick designed and built, and it sits in exactly the same spot! Three times is the charm. On to 2018! Be sure to visit [www.whiteheadlightstation.org](http://www.whiteheadlightstation.org) to find out about opportunities to participate in one of next season's programs.

# 2017 SATURDAY NIGHT NIGHT SHOWS HONOR OLD TRADITIONS AND BREAK NEW GROUND

By Harry Swan

The summer of 2017 was another strong season for PIC's thespian endeavors, featuring productions that varied widely in tone and content. The one notable trait that they all shared was a high level of professionalism and production value; at hardly any point were the lines inaudible or the story not clearly conveyed.

The first show of the season fit solidly into a time-honored PIC tradition: the camp-based parody of a popular story. Modeled on the TV series *House of Cards*, *House of Honk*, directed by Nicky Isles and Teddy Hincks, told the story of disaffected LTIP Will Stack's ruthless quest to take over the camp. Brought memorably to life by Alex Des-

jonqueres, Stack is a classic two-faced villain: befriend his fellow LTIPs and charming his superiors while secretly plotting their downfall. As in the series, he frequently breaks the fourth wall, telling the audience about his plans and repeating his sinister mantra: "One step at a time." He contrives to get the current assistant directors fired, first by making Harry Swan (David Donoghue) appear ready to abandon PIC to resume his travels in Vietnam, and then by making Sumner Ford (Taylor Clyde) appear to have framed Harry. He co-opts the other LTIPs to do his dirty work for him, and kills Sam Lanoff (James Burrell) when he uncovers the plot. He convinces Ben Swan (Ben Cabot) to appoint him as the

new AD, then frames him for illegally selling loon eggs, leaving himself as the camp's sole ruler. Defying expectations, the show ended on that dark note, leaving the audience to ponder the fragility of the camp's peaceful political order.

The next week saw a remarkably innovative show: the buddy cop comedy *Horse and Goggle*. Along with only a few other shows in recent memory, it told an original story set outside of PIC. Jaded veteran detective James Horse (Buck Livingston), who identifies himself numerous times as a "loose cannon," is given a new partner named Peter Goggle (Alex Lanoff), an idealistic young recruit. Horse, nursing old wounds, makes no secret of his disdain for his new sidekick, messing with him via rigged rounds of the waiter game, Horse n' Goggle. Chief Kodak Bemis (Andres Palacios) sticks them on traffic duty because of Horse's insubordination — he knocks over a chair every time he enters a room, sometimes bringing a chair with him specifically for that purpose — but the story soon finds the new partners coming to respect one another as they attempt to uncover and thwart a sinister conspiracy.

Directors Dan Bristol and Matt Miller found numerous clever ways to insert camp-themed jokes into the story. In their investigation, Horse and Goggle pay visits to shady establishments like the Bungee Bar and the Rock Paper Scissors Casino, where they obtain key information from Arach the Nid (Tom Straus). They tangle with a gang called The Waiters and their notorious leader, the Head Waiter (Aidan McKee), discover a plot to kill the president using the legendary Weapon of Destiny, and get out of a tight jam via a judicious use of a Smooth and Creamy. The phrase "Shoot a one or a two," familiar to everyone who has ever been eligible to be waiter at Pine Island, was sprinkled liberally throughout the script. The show also featured some of the best acting of the season, with Livingston and Lanoff in particular bringing savants' precision to their parodies of cop-story archetypes, as well as a scene-stealing turn by Peter Murphy and Connor Carrington-House, who combined to portray the ultimate villain: The World's Smallest Arms Dealer.

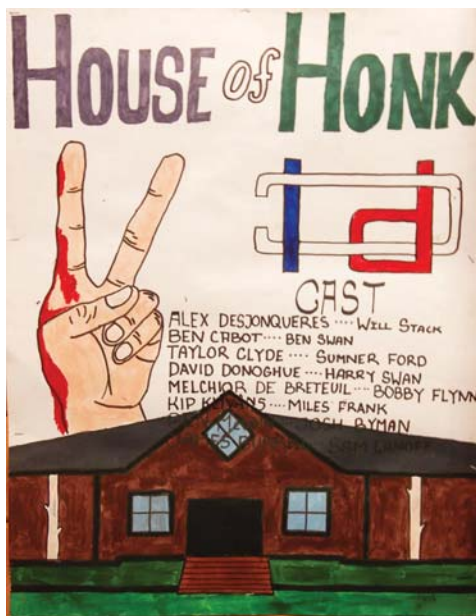
The mid-season X-Camp show, *Full Gore-Tex Jacket*, was a return to SNS tradition. Directors Cole Gibson and Jacob Ronson re-imagined Staff Week as a military-style boot camp, presided over by real-life overlord of pre-season preparations Ned Bishop (Ben Byman, in an energetic performance that masterfully channeled his inner drill sergeant). Like the famous Stanley Kubrick movie, the story featured an inept recruit dragging the others down. That counselor was Dan Bristol (Julian Spiro), who proved steadfastly immune to attempts to help him by Matt Miller (Isaac Frank) and his other more competent comrades.

The story closely followed its source material, with Dan eventually killing his tormentor (this time with a kayak paddle), and the other recruits heading off to war — or in this case, the staff training trip, where they battle against the fiendish Camp Kieve. But the show was perhaps most memorable for its groundbreaking opening sequence, in which Isaac Frank and Elie de Breteuil, showing a level of commitment bordering on method acting, had their heads shaved in real time as melancholy, shipping-off-to-war music played in the background.

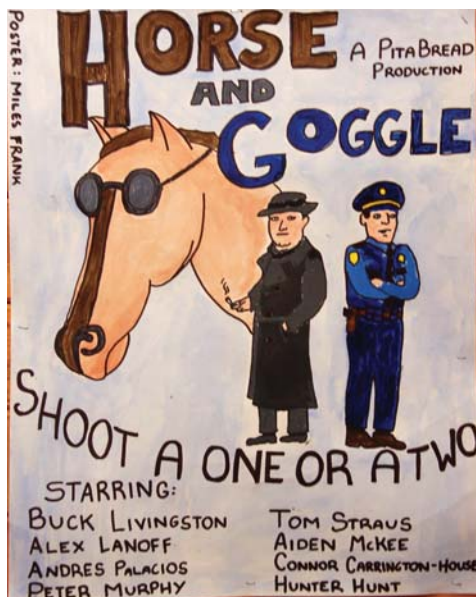
The next week saw yet another shift in genre and tone, with a show that was equal parts horror and comedy. *The Dust* was written and directed by three campers — Buck Livingston, Alex Lanoff, and Will Napolitano, who had previously risen to prominence with their popular series of campfire skits — with staff guidance from Noah Brodsky and (in what is now a flagrant conflict of interest) this reviewer. A group of unnamed campers play dustball (against Ben Swan's express instructions) for a week straight, causing the island to be enveloped in a permanent cloud of dust, similar to the mist of Stephen King's eponymous source material. When Ben Swan is pulled into the dust by giant, bug-like arms, Ian Swain (Dylan Ashby) and the few remaining survivors retreat to Honk. Meanwhile, Campers X, Y, and Z (Livingston, Lanoff and Napolitano) are trapped in Tent 7 and manage to signal to those in Honk, who pick them up on their way down to the kitchen to scrounge for food.

The creature that lurks in the dust is revealed to be an enormous silverfish, and in typical horror-story fashion, the number of survivors begins to dwindle as they meet their demise, this time in increasingly stupid fashion. Justin Gaspard (Tyson Boynton) is taken during an unnecessary detour to retrieve Ian Swain's beloved guitar. Sam Lanoff (Bennett McKeon) and Bobby Flynn (Benjamin Lew) head off on an ill-fated, LTIPs-only attempt to escape and leave the door open, causing Campers X, Y, and Z to be taken as well. In a job at his new-found veganism and insatiable appetite for sunflower seeds, Ben Herman (Anders Westermann) dies of malnutrition. In his unflinching optimism, Sumner Ford (Alex Desjonqueres) decides the silverfish is simply sad and heads outside to cheer it up. Annie Smith (A.J. Powers) absentmindedly wanders outside while laughing at a lame popsicle stick joke, leaving only Swain, who kills the creature with his guitar and does a victory solo. The show was also notable for its special effects, making inventive use of tarps, powerful flashlights, and sound effects through multiple speakers to portray the malevolent dust.

The season's final show, *Harry Swan-ka and the Trip Locker*, saw directors Matt Miller and Corinne Also cleverly



House of Honk poster



Horse and Goggle was a hit!



Calix and Hunter in the hit Saturday Night Show, Harry Swanka and the Trip Locker

riffing on both Roald Dahl's classic story and campers' perception of the Trip Locker as a mysterious place full of danger and wonder. In a mildly dystopian PIC, the Trip Locker has been closed for years because of theft of M&Ms, leav-

ing Whitehead and Oak Island as the only trips campers are able to take. Only Sumner Ford (Calix Boldt) remembers the wonderful time when all manner of exciting trips were sent out, or the kindness of the Trip Locker's keeper Harry

Swanka, who has since become a mysterious recluse.

The show featured some of the best acting of the summer, with Herman Herder-Condé taking inspiration from Gene Wilder in a suitably enigmatic performance as Harry Swanka, and Boldt's Sumner anchoring the story as the avuncular guide to the protagonist Charlie Mopbucket (Hunter Hunt), a wide-eyed, ingenuous young camper. In a testament to the casting instincts of the directors, the solid performances extended to the supporting players, all of whom performed well as their characters, like their counterparts in Dahl's story, were undone by their various vices during their tour of the Trip Locker. Charleston Chew (Tanner Carson), is unable to resist the allure of all the food in the trip locker. Danny Disobedient (Eben Weislogel) refuses to take instructions when setting up camping gear and pays the price. Quincy Questions (Ben-

jamin Lew) is so busy asking questions that he stumbles out of a window. And Mike iPod (Tanner Renick) becomes so excited upon discovering the presence of electricity in the Trip Locker that it kills him. Finally, only Charlie Mopbucket and Sumner remain, and Harry Swanka, satisfied that they deserve to go out on trips again, agrees to re-open the Trip Locker. But perhaps the biggest laughs were reserved for the Elumpa Lumpas, played by the real-life LTIPs with shirts on their heads, who danced and sang variations on their signature ditty as they cleaned up after each camper's demise.

With such skillful storytelling on display each week, the summer of 2017 was certainly a high point in PIC's long and distinguished thespian tradition. This reviewer can't wait to see what the campers and counselors come up with for the 2018 Pine Island Summer Stock season.

## MORE SACRED ANIMALS DISAPPEAR AND RETURN REFURBISHED

### King Sends Elbee the Outbird in Lavish Ceremony

It seems to be a trend. At the end of the 2016 season two sacred animals were missing from the Pine Island dining hall — Belle and Cose, the Belligerents, and Polly Juana Caracas. Kababalogists would have been more concerned except for the fact that the same thing happened at the end of the 2015 season — Dop Dop the Doleful Durr and his son Dop Dop, Jr. went suddenly missing, but they turned up the next summer looking decidedly healthier except that Jr. was sporting a neon pink Mohawk

haircut. Happily, at the beginning of the 2017 season both the Belligerents and Polly Juana Caracas also returned and again both were looking brighter and rejuvenated. The 2017 Kababalogists, Tommy Mottur and Jacob Ronson, were relieved at their return and announced that this was an auspicious beginning to the season.

During the season, campers found many sacred signs written, as always, in Kababanes in blue ballpoint pen, and the Kababalogists studied and in-

terpreted them, employing the many techniques and skills they learned at the Yale School of Kababology. Campers and staff learned what was going well at Pine Island and what might use a bit of improvement, and as the season wore on the signs began to give everyone hope that once again King Kababa would make a gift of one of his sacred animals. Pine Islanders were not disappointed when the trend of returning sacred animals, many of which escaped during the great fire of '95, continued

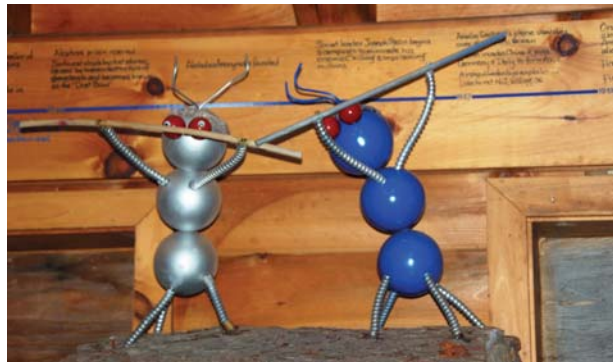
with the triumphant return of Elbee the Outbird on the last night of camp. Elbee was presented to the awed, and in some cases cowed, assembled campers and staff in the dining hall by an unusually large number of henchmen. The next morning the gorgeous bird, which first appeared in 1968 (when LBJ was president), was on display in the dining hall, sporting beautiful colors and a body that was, as was the original, made of an antique Johnson outboard motor. Woahhh, King Kababa!



Elbee the Outbird, the 2017 sacred animal



The restored Polly Juana Caracas



The restored Bell and Cose, the Belligerents

# NEEDLE NEWS BRIEFS

## Happy Hiker Congratulates PIC Group

When we returned to our computers at the end of the summer we found the following gratifying email in our inbox:

Hello Ben,

This Saturday my friends and I shared a tent site with the group of boys from your camp that were hiking the Pemi Loop in the White Mountains. We were expecting the worst when a large group of teenage campers flooded into the space where we had set up, as all of us had previous experiences with poorly managed groups of campers and scouts at campsites before. We were immensely surprised at how considerate and respectful these young men and their counselors were. They made an effort to always leave a path for us through the area where they were cowboy camping and were attentive to quiet hours (heck, probably more so than we were...). At any rate, the group of us just wanted to reach out to commend these guys and say that your camp should be proud. Give them double desserts tonight!

The Newshound wishes to thank the counselors and campers on that trip. Of course, we would expect nothing less!

## Former Pine Island Head Chef Named Maine's Outstanding Librarian of 2017

From the *Ellsworth American*:

**BLUE HILL** — Libraries are more than the sum of their books. Nowhere is that more apparent than the Blue Hill Public Library, which many consider the Blue Hill Peninsula's "living room." That's thanks in part to the leadership of Director Rich Boulet, who on Friday was named Outstanding Librarian for 2017 by the Maine Library Association.

"Boulet actively champions freedom of expression in this unique and hard-working community," said Blue Hill Library Board member Maria Matthews. "The director addresses his work with imaginative intelligence combined with a sharp sense of humor and unparalleled dedication.

"Programs such as Music and Literature, co-sponsored with a local arts organization, and App Club, run by a library patron, highlight the collaborative process for library programming," Matthews said. "Boulet and his staff prioritize community engagement and input." Under Boulet's leadership, the library is used more than ever. Since 2012, circulation has increased by almost 150 percent and foot traffic has gone up by over 200 percent.

Thanks to Boulet's leadership, wood pellet heating has been in-

stalled as well as other energy efficiencies. Last year, the library purchased a generator with donated funds so the library can open even when the power is out.

"In 2014, when only a small area of town that included the library had power, Boulet personally opened the library at 7 a.m. for several mornings so locals could have water, warmth and Wi-Fi," Matthews said.

Boulet was hired as the director for Blue Hill in 2002 after serving for several years as the director of the Southwest Harbor Library. Rich's wife Cheryl, a CPA, served for many years as Pine Island's archivist. Joseph Boulet was a camper at Pine Island for two summers and an Expedition Camper for one summer. Rich was honored at the Maine Library Association's Annual Conference on October 2 and 3 at the Sunday River Grand Summit Resort in Newry.

Editor's Note: Rich's willingness to make the Blue Hill Library available to those in need after a big power outage may have had something to do with his being given use of a commercial kitchen in Oakland for the entire 1995 season after the great fire.

## Victor Dillard Garners Awards for Innovation and Entrepreneurship

Victor Dillard, former camper, LTIP, and counselor, was Pine Island's skipper during the 2008 and 2009 seasons. His skill, endless energy, charm as a meeter and greeter, and flawless attention to detail make it unsurprising to those who rode with him on the *K.W.S.* to learn that he has already won two awards for his work with Desktop Genetics, the company he co-founded and for which he is the Chief Operating Officer. Victor was named one of MIT's "Innovators Under 35" and one of *Forbes Magazine's* "30 under 30" in 2017. *Forbes* wrote, "With a background in chemical engineering and bio-scientific enterprise, Victor Dillard founded Desktop Genetics: a company focused on enabling the design and production of personalized, safe and effective genome editing therapies. The company's novel technology, called DESKGEN AI, can be used to design CRISPR vectors and was developed for scientists & doctors who, thanks to Dillard's tools, will be able to use actual patients' DNA to develop personalized therapies through genome editing." Today, Desktop Genetics is a recognized leader in genome editing technology.

## Ford and Swan Hit the Road for Totality

Rip Swan and Sumner Ford's trip from Maine to witness the total eclipse could not have been further from a PIC trip. There was very little planning, the trip was almost entirely internal combustion engine-driven, and cell phones

were important to their success. After a 12-hour overnight drive, Rip and Sumner dialed in their final location to see the total darken. They determined that some sort of sports field between Greenville and Columbia, South Carolina would be ideal and chose the heretofore unknown Newberry College. They stepped out of the van and found the weather insufferably hot and humid. As they watched the eclipse proceed over about a three-hour period, the two played catch and chilled in the campus pool. The excitement was overwhelming as the sun began to disappear. Darkness ensued, followed by a cacophony of human cheers and animal calls. When daylight returned, they traveled to Pine Islander Joe Kovaz's home in Columbia, exchanged stories about the day's events and Pine Island, got some sleep, and made the arduous trip home in the morning. Rip and Sumner highly recommend everyone find their way into the path of totality on April 8, 2024.

## Jazz Drummer Will Mason Has Multiple Irons in the Fire As Usual

Will Mason, former camper, LTIP, counselor and assistant director, has taken the next steps in his musical career. Will is now a visiting professor of music theory at his alma mater Oberlin College, where he and his wife Erin are living. Will is a noted jazz drummer and has a new band, Happy Place, which he calls a "weirdo noise rock band." In September the *New York Times* wrote that Happy Place "succeeds at fusing experimental rock and chamber music." Will's typically self-deprecating comment: "Lots of people vying for that distinction..." While Will tends to sell himself a bit short, there is no question about his increasing notoriety as a highly skilled, innovative avant-garde musician. Will is working on his dissertation and will receive his PhD. from Columbia University in the spring and is at the same time co-editing a book that will be published by the Oxford University Press in 2019. And, proving once again that he loves nothing more than to have way too many balls in the air at the same time, Will has also organized a fundraiser concert for a Somali immigrant organization, the Somali Youth Leadership Alliance of Portland ME. The concert will be Saturday, February 3rd at Space Gallery on Congress Street in Portland. "It felt like a good thing to do in light of the targeting of Somalia by the Trump administration's travel ban, and I think it's going to be a really cool night of music." And for his next act...

## Edwin McCain Sings National Anthem at Gillette Stadium for Patriots Playoff Game

Atlantic recording artist (5 albums) and singer-songwriter Edwin McCain belted out a great rendition of the Star Spangled Banner at the 2016 playoff

game between the New England Patriots and the Pittsburgh Steelers. When asked what it is like to perform the National Anthem in front of that huge crowd, Edwin, who has also sung at Carolina Panthers games and the Daytona 500, replied, "Start low... otherwise you'll never make it." Edwin was a counselor at Pine Island in the mid-1980s and both of his sons, Watt and Ben, were campers in 2017.

## Alumnus Tom Brown Delivers Artifact and Will Deliver Antique Sailboat

Tom Brown, a camper for three summers and a counselor for three summers in the '50s and '60s, visited the island this summer and delivered the beautifully restored transom of the *Wood Tick*, a former sailboat in the PIC fleet. The transom now hangs in the Pine Island library in Honk Hall. While touring the island Tom noticed the ancient Sailfish in a state of disrepair down by the boat-house. It turns out that one of Tom's many interests is in finding and restoring these boats. Most people are familiar with the Sunfish, a low-freeboard, lateen-rigged boat about 13 feet long that has enjoyed huge popularity around the world. The Sailfish is the Sunfish's antecedent. It is similar but with one key difference — no cockpit, just two small rails against which you can rest your bare feet in order to stay in the boat. It makes for an exciting ride on a breezy day. The Sailfish, introduced in 1945, was originally made of wood and was sold as a do-it-yourself kit, but when fiberglass became popular as a boat building material, Alcott switched to glass. The Sailfish was discontinued in 1975 but remains popular among sailors. Tom has a completely restored Sailfish that he is donating to Pine Island. He will come up next June to deliver the new old boat and he will take our Sailfish home to restore. Campers can look forward to sailing a classic next summer thanks to Tom.

## Rob Whitehouse's Boat Project Update

Rob Whitehouse, a camper for four summers and winner of the Workshop Award twice and member of one of the original Whitehead Work Crews, is a semi-retired engineer living in Brunswick, Maine. He has been putting both his shop skills and his engineering skills to good use in his spare time, some of which he devotes each fall to the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Workshop. Below is his progress report:

Dear Pine Needle,

This year saw the outer hull of my 26' cruiser completed. It was built upside down on its molds. We bolted the molds and their ladder frame to the concrete floor of the shop to prevent shifting. Never underestimate the force of bending 1,364 lineal feet





The transom of the Wood Tick displayed in the Pine Island library



Sweet lines on Rob Whitehouse's sweet outboard cruiser

of 1-1/2" Spanish cedar strip around compound curves. It was faired and completely finished before flipping it over. Something that weighs a thousand or so pounds requires a certain amount of respect when it dangles in the air ready to turn. We only had one moment of drama when gravity got ahead of us. Alas, no serious harm done to the boat although the builder got a few bumps and bruises when it knocked him off a ladder. Everything underneath the cockpit deck is in place. That's all the boring things like deck beams, fuel tank, bilge pump, cable conduit, et cetera. The engine sits temporarily in its well for a fit check. This year we work on the motor well and the aft decking.

I must credit Pine Island for my infatuation with wood. My parents put up with a 'junk pile' of broken mechanical things that I was always tinkering with. Wires, motors, gears and gadgets filled my early childhood. (It broke my heart when in my freshman year in college my collection went to the dump.) And then Pine Island comes along in 1968 with a wonderful workshop full of hand tools and a pile of uncooperative

wood. As the years went by I found myself always returning to the building of things out of wood — houses, furniture, toys, model airplanes. The wood challenge always teaches new things. We bend it to our needs, but we must avoid conflict between what it wants to do and what we need it to do. When these two coincide, beauty results. You can see this in Pine Island's fleet of wooden boats. Every autumn a crew gets together at the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Workshop to work on the camp's boats and to catch up and enjoy an idyllically quiet weekend on Great Pond. We repair, sand, scrape and lavish attention on each boat — although some are needier than others. Their hulls are fair, a pleasure to the eye, as well as a testament to their designer and his shipwrights. If you doubt me, just take out a Pine Island skiff. Settle down, dip the oars just so, power through a few determined strokes and just feel how it glides through the water. Or watch the cat boats in the cove at sunrise.

Akka Lakka, Rob

### Jonathan Taplin's Book Asks "Is It Time to Break Up Google?"

Jonathan Taplin was a camper at PIC 1959-61 and his son Nick Taplin was a camper 1991-93. Jonathan is now the director emeritus of the University of Southern California's Annenberg Innovation Lab at the Annenberg School of Communications. Jonathan began his long and diverse career in promoting, writing, producing, and teaching — mostly film — while he was still at Princeton. He produced or co-produced such movies as *Mean Streets*, *K-2*, and *The Last Waltz* in addition to several documentaries for PBS and TBS. Jonathan has long been interested in and involved in the digital marketplace for films and founded the first video-on-demand service in 1996. His new book is *Move Fast and Break Things: How Google, Facebook and Amazon Cornered Culture and Undermined Democracy*, published by Little, Brown in April of 2017. His article "Is It Time to Break Up Google?" appeared as an opinion piece in the *Sunday New York Times*, April 23, 2017.

### Camper Sawyer Carson Swims for a Great Cause

Sawyer couldn't give up swimming just because the summer was over. A championship competitive swimmer in his hometown of Belfast, Maine, he took part in the Islesboro Crossing, a 3.2-mile swim from Lincolnville, Maine to Islesboro in Penobscot Bay to raise funds for LifeFlight of Maine, a nonprofit organization and the state's only emergency medical helicopter service. Brrrr!



Sawyer Carson (right)



## THE RHOADS REPORT

Greetings, fellow Pine Islanders! I've been keeping an eye on the island and all is well. We had a close call in late October when New England was hit with a devastating wind storm. Lots of trees were uprooted and blown over. More people were left without power than during the famous Ice Storm of 1998. Luckily, all of our buildings and property were spared and we didn't even lose any trees on the island.

The remainder of the fall season was pretty amazing here on Great Pond. It was such a warm fall that it felt like winter would never come. I am sure we set a record by not having the floats and ramps hauled out until November 3, and we didn't wave goodbye to the *K.W.S.* until November 7! Winter did come, though, and it came hard, and after a long stretch of well below zero temps, Great Pond suddenly has more than a foot of ice!

I was able to accomplish a lot this off-season. The biggest project by far was installing an exhaust hood for the kitchen. It was a multi-phased project that required two professional installers and a licensed electrician while I handled the carpentry and roofing. It's quite the unit and will certainly prove to be a great addition to the kitchen. An added bonus is that it will probably make the Trip Locker less like an oven than it has been in the past.

Another interesting project was climbing Mt. Philip to survey and blaze our property boundaries. It was enjoyable to get better acquainted with Pine Island's land as well as to spend a day in the presence of the King. We hope to use the area at the summit as an orienteering course for our woodcraft program in the future.

By far the highlight of my fall was leading my first Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Workshop. One of the greatest things about Pine Island is the community. It was a real charge for me to see old faces as well as getting to know some new ones while we all worked on maintaining the awesome PIC fleet. I'm at work now on some exciting winter projects, one of which may involve moving a building down the Camp Road on skids in the snow. Could be an exciting ride!

I'd like to thank all the people who came to volunteer for their hard work and dedication to the camp. I hope to be able to provide more volunteer opportunities both at Pine Island and at the Whitehead Light Station in the future. Stay tuned!

Akka Lakka!

Rhoads Miller, Director of Operations

# MID-SUMMER NEEDLE

Every summer we produce the *Mid-Summer Pine Needle*, a publication of camper articles and artwork that offers a glimpse into the creative, imaginative, and active lives campers lead at Pine Island. It's always a hit when the *Needle* is printed and pinned up in the dining hall. Campers gather around to see their work and the work of their peers and to read about what's been going on in their community. We hope each edition of the *Pine Needle* inspires a similar scene; families gathering around to read up on this community, of which you're all a part. We're happy to share some select pieces from the 2017 *Mid-Summer Pine Needle* here.

## Senior Katahdin

by Charles Schell

*Katahdin, the tallest mountain in Maine, lies in Baxter State Park in the northernmost reaches of the state.*

At 3 a.m., when nighttime still covered the state of Maine in darkness, the Senior Katahdin sunrise hike had begun. Our trip leaders, Walker and Justin, had awakened my fellow Pine Islanders and me from our cozy lean-tos and led us into the cold of the night. We started our sunrise hike walking through the woods on our way to the Cathedral Trail in the dark, using only our flashlights to shine the way.

When we arrived on the Cathedral Trail, we found that it is mainly just large boulders packed together to form a rugged path to climb up. About an hour and a half into our hike, we stopped at a rest point along the trail and watched as the first glimpse of light rose above

the horizon. We only needed to hike one fifth of a mile to reach the summit.

When we finally got to the summit, we were a bit weary but very excited that we had hiked to the top of the tallest mountain in Maine and we were amazed by the wonderful views.

We got our pictures in fast because the cloud cover came in only a couple of minutes after we reached the top. Walker and Justin made "Jiffy Popcorn" and it was a delicious snack after an early-morning hike. We then went half-way across "Knife Edge," which is a very narrow trail with shear drops on either side. Then we retraced our steps and started our descent on the Saddle Trail. This started off with ridge hiking for one third of a mile. Then you hike down a steep gully which leads into the woods.

After about an hour we reached Chimney Pond campsites, where we had started our early day. It was only around 11:30 in the morning and we were already ready for bed!



## Woodcraft

by John Treadwell

One of my favorite Pine Island activities is woodcraft. I'm drawn to this activity because it requires you to use your mind and your body together. This is great for when you are in the woods and need to be able to know what to do in any given situation. Woodcraft also teaches you how to use a knife, how to make a fire, and how to respect your campsite. By taking woodcraft you learn the basic skills you need on a camping trip. For example, you learn how to make a tarp shelter and a hemlock shelter. A hemlock shelter is made by using big sticks to make your base, then using hemlock it fill in the gaps. If you do it correctly you would be able to sleep in the shelter without getting wet if it rained. Another thing you learn is how to use an axe properly. They teach you how to carry an axe and cut wood. Of course they teach you how to make fires with some birch and a lot of hemlock. All of this is why I love this activity. If you love the woods, you'll love woodcraft!

## Mind Wrestler

by Benjamin Lew

Two campfires ago we experienced our first mind wrestling in two years. It was a match between the reigning champion "Cerebral Hemorrhage" and the challenger "John Synapse."\* The first move was made by Synapse. He performed the Freudian Slap which was a strong start by John. Cerebral Hemorrhage came back though with the Neural Knee which by my standards is a pretty strong move most people wouldn't get back up from, but John Synapse isn't like most people. He got up. He came back with the Amygdala Masher and almost cracked Cerebral Hemorrhage's skull, but Cerebral Hemorrhage has a strong skull to protect all those brain cells.

Cerebral Hemorrhage did something special using the Hippocampus Hit which John Synapse had never seen because it's banned in South America so it was very effective, but don't count John Synapse out. He came back with a Stem Snatcher! This move is illegal in North America, so he got a penalty of 20 seconds of watching reality T.V. Cerebral Hemorrhage, now in a rage, did the Cerebellum Smack which John Synapse barely got up from, but Hemorrhage wasn't done. He ended it with the most powerful move. The move of moves. Most people die trying to do this, but Cerebral Hemorrhage was the champion. He couldn't lose his title. So he finished with the Brain Slam and won his fourth championship in a row. A world record. He is now crowned the best mind wrestler ever to live!

\*Cerebral Hemorrhage bore a striking resemblance to Harry Swan, while Johnny Synapse was a dead ringer for Tommy Mottur. — ed.



# NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

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

**Sam Weeks** was married to Lizzie Collins on September 3, 2017 at Shelburne Farms in Vermont. Sam and Lizzie made a stop on their honeymoon at the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Workshop, where they were guests of honor in the Doctor's Cabin and toasted at the annual Saturday night Sloan Weekend feast. **Sandy Holland** provided fabulous cakes from her busy bakery/restaurant, the Union Street Bakery, in Brunswick, ME. This is where the newshound goes for brioché coffee cake and gathers news of other Brunswick Pine Islanders. After two years with Teach for America in Baltimore, MD, **Alex Toole** is an administrator in the Boston public school system. Brother **Nick** is working for the Allagash Brewing Co. in Portland, ME, while brother **Satchel** is an environmental studies/economics major at St. Lawrence University, living in the Outing Club house and spending a lot of time in the Adirondacks. **Jack Faherty** is Press Secretary for Maine senator Angus King. **Cody Smith** has gone all in for wooden boat building and rebuilding and is living in Rockland, having recently signed on for the rebuild of the schooner *Boyd N. Sheppard*. **Ben "Shop Guy" Herman** may have been inspired by his two summers living in the diminutive but awesome Herman's Hermitage because he is now a partner in a company that has bought its first aging building (in Brunswick, ME) and is now in the process of converting it to micro-apartments. When asked how it's going, the man of few words responded, "Learning a lot." **Kit Smith** is Vice-President of Product Development at String King, Inc., a rapidly growing company that designs and manufactures lacrosse mesh, sticks, heads and other athletic products. Kit lives in Manhattan Beach, CA but has been spending as much as two months at a stretch in China. Kit is just one of a rapidly increasing number of Pine Islanders opting for life in sunny southern California. **Tommy Nagler** is teaching and cooking in San Diego. His brother **John Nagler** is teaching history in southern California. Having left the café life in Paris, **Cecily Pulver** is slaving away on her PhD. at UCLA. She is engaged to be married. Also living in Southern California are: **Christian Schneider**; **Katie Swan**; **Harry Swan**; **Sam Hoyt**; **Forrest Brown**; **Sam Meites**; **Adam Peck**; **Jack Lord**; **Paul Malle**; and campers **Ben Brill**, **Jamie** and **Will Browning**. **Xander** and **Calix Boldt**. **Rip Swan**, the younger, stopped in LA briefly at the tail end of his trip around the world. After two years on the job as a field engineer for Skanska in Boston, he left his job in May. After a summer in Maine, he spent five months travel-

ing the world, spending Thanksgiving in Chiang Mai, Thailand, with **Monte Ball**, who entertained him in grand style. Gracious living prevailed! **Rip Swan**, the elder, and his wife Susan are enjoying life on their beautiful farm in Lisbon, Maine. **Art Cornell** wrote to the Newshound this fall: "I still come up to the lake with my brother **Joe** and friends every year to do some fishing late May/early June at Bear Spring Camps. Also, I am teaching abstract art at local Art Academy on Hilton Head when we are not dodging hurricanes and recently I got certified in Art Therapy for the local organization Memory Matters—a group that works with people who suffer with dementia/Alzheimer's disease. At my age of 76 I feel blessed to do these things." **Pat "Appy" Apperson** is a professor in the Clemson University College of Agriculture, Forestry, and Life Sciences. He hopes to complete the last 220 miles he has left to do to complete his sectional hike of the Appalachian Trail.

**Sam Hoyt** was married on October 14, 2016 to Emma Gutelius at Big Daddy's Antiques in Culver City, CA. Brother **Woody Hoyt** married the happy couple and sister **Ellie Hoyt** was the "best man." **Max Huber**, **Steve Hoyt**, and of course **Coleman** and **Amy Hoyt** were in attendance. **Rob Boutwell** was married on September 16, 2017 in Westport Point, MA to Paula Dequesnay. Brother **Charlie Boutwell**, now living in New York City, was the best man. **Ben Rausch** and his wife **Kate** are also living in New York with their son **Hudson**. **Eve Whitehouse** is engaged to be married to Billy Thom in June of 2019. Both Eve and Billy are teachers at the Millbrook School. 2017 skipper **Will Morrison** is engaged to be married to Brittany Toon. Former medic **Page Dunbar**, now a nurse practitioner working on the cutting edge of pain management at UVA hospital, is engaged to be married in Richmond, VA to Arjun Muthusubramanian. **Jason Fischer** is an MD in Philadelphia and is looking forward to his son **Lyle** attending PIC in about ten years. **Mike Bartner** sent the announcement of the birth of **Iris Doheny Bartner** on November 15, 2017. **Matt Clarke** and his wife **Gina** are both teaching in the Boston area and are loving life with their new son **Asa**, born May 5, 2017. Sister **Lindsay Clarke** is back teaching at the Waynflete School in Portland, ME, where **Carrie Turner** is Middle School Assistant. Both might run into history teacher **Ben Mini** or student **Lucian Flanagan-Burt** in the Waynflete halls. Also teaching in Portland, ME is **Will Webb**, who is engaged to be married to Lorraine Jabine, also a teacher, on Peaks Island off Portland, ME on October 6, 2018. Teaching just up the road in Falmouth is **Sarah Mason**. **Will Mason** and **Erin Lobb** are back at Oberlin College where Will is Visiting Instructor of Music Theory and Erin is working as an occupational therapist. Northern

California is a hotbed of Pine Islanders, including **Brad** and **Will Drury**; **Peter Klivans**, **Madison Olds**; **Ben** and **Luke Beatie**; **Doug** and **Ben Farquhar**; **Duncan Lowe**; **Clem Wright**; **Chris Skelton**; **Kate Swan**; **Mahesh Francis**; and campers **Reid Carolan**, **Josh King**, **Max Klivans**, **Kip Klivans**, **Tyler**, **Andrew** and **Will Hartley**, **Jack Haynie**, and **Navi Vaisbort**. Up the coast in the Seattle area are **Rex Bates**, **Ted** and **Will Siebert**, **Toby Bregar**, **Chris Comer**, **John Pollard**, and **Nicky Isles**, who is now a Resident Teacher at the University Child Development School in Seattle. He reports that he has been enjoying his time in the early elementary division, where students are 3-6 years old. **Nick** wrote recently, "So far it's been an incredible rewarding experience, and I'm really enjoying teaching."

**David Kemp** is at work for the Cato Institute in Washington, DC, home of the **Pope** and **Lisa (Regier) Ward** clan (**Tucker** is a sophomore at Hamilton); **Howard**, **Alec**, **Worth**, **Henry**, and **Annie Smith** (at Trinity); the **Byman** boys; **Rich Bradley**; the **Wofford** boys; four **Donoghues**; **Christian** and **Anders Westermann**; **Maxx Murray** (at Exeter); **Paul Smolinsky** (son **Ben Withbroe** is just out of Carleton and working for Google in New York); **Dana Strickland**; **David Williamson**; **Brad Vogt** and **Josh** and **John Treadwell**.

As usual, New York City is full of Pine Islanders. The Hound has gained intel on a few: **Nick Bellamy** is a managing director at Crédit Agricole. **Lucien Malle**, a sophomore at Colorado College, reports that his father **Frédéric Malle** is spending more time in France now that he has completed the sale of Editions de Parfums Frédéric Malle to Estée Lauder. He is still very hard to track down. Even harder to track down are the **Lombardo** boys, with their **Mondello** cousins a close second. **Charlie Boutwell** had a chance encounter with **David Lombardo**, who was bartending at Charlie's chosen watering hole. PIC board member **Chris Schell** and wife **Deirdre**, with help from Pine Island veteran **Charles**, hosted one of the largest recruiting gatherings in recent history at the Schells' apartment. **Corinne Alsop** was in attendance, taking a break from her studies at NYU, where she might run into **Conner Ozer**. Also at the Schells' were **Andrew Regier** with his son **Will**, **Stuart Murray** with his sons **Arthur** and **John Henry**, and **Charles Hale**. **Charles** and **Will** will both be first-year campers this coming summer. **Simon** and **Zander Abranowicz** both live in Brooklyn. **Simon** is Deputy Art Director at Esquire, and **Zander** is a writer at Athletics NYC, a creative agency.

**James Berger** is enjoying his gap year and working in ski country in Colorado, where he might come across Colorado College students **Lucien Malle**, **Noah Brodsky**, or **Hannah Stoll** or Boulder residents **Reid Hill**, **Noah Solt**, **Jimmy Leuchten**, **Asher Simoneau**, the **Fair-**



*Asa Clarke receiving his 8-Months Paddle.*

**mont** brothers, **Nandu Morrissey**, or **Charlie Papazian**. **Robbie Leahy** is now in the Navy and in flight school in Pensacola, FL along with **Jason Schachner**, who is in the Marines. **Adam Schachner** is pursuing his art career in Chicago and **Ben Schachner** is **Sumner Ford's** housemate in Burlington, VT. **Ben Swan** recently had lunch with **Sumner** and **Becca Waldo**, who is teaching skiing in the area and enjoying being back east (where all the snow is!). **Gray Hill** is in school at Auburn. **Max McKendry** and **Ian Ford** are housemates in Jackson, Wyoming. **Linh Nguyen** has moved back to Albuquerque, NM after several years with the Kellogg Foundation in Kalamazoo, MI. **Randy Wilson** is doing a lot of hiking around his long-time home in Flagstaff, Arizona.

The **Rodriguez Cortina** twins have been busy. They actually split up last summer. **Lucas** spent two weeks in Sweden and then four weeks in Massachusetts and New York at soccer camps. **Mateo** also worked on soccer and worked afternoons at the aquarium near his home. He made a good enough impression on the pitch to garner calls from a number of clubs. He now plays for Club America Under 16 and has to be at practice from 7:30 am to 10:00 am on school days. He spends the rest of his time trying to keep up with his school work, which, of course, he does. **Andres Palacios** is having a good winter in Mexico and will be back on the island for the 2018 summer. Across the Atlantic we hear good things from **Philippe de Beistegui**, both **Elie** and **Melchior de Breteuil**, **Arthur de Rochefort** in Paris and are very happy that **Dimitri Clamageran** will return to PIC from Portugal with his little brother **Victor** in tow. **Victor Dillard** continues to win awards for his business ventures in London, and his older brother **Felicien** is living in Dubai with his growing family. **Ash Fraiman** is also in London and **Jozef Urbanski** has moved to a new home in Warsaw. **Pat Voigt** is now living in Spain full time. **Krista Wiberg** has been teaching in Japan and will return in March for another stint. She is applying for a full-time teaching position at a school in China.



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*The deck at Topside early morning*



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



*Master bedroom at Topside*

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