

The Pine Needle

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE

FEBRUARY 2019

RETURN, REPAIR, RELAX, RECONNECT, REPEAT: VOLUNTEER OPPORTUNITIES ABOUND AT BOTH PINE ISLAND AND WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION



Fall Volunteer Week volunteers Amanda Pulver and Alice Packard with Emily Swan on the K.W.S.



Contractors and volunteers at the end of a day's work on the new shop at Whitehead Light Station: Ben Schachner, Ian Ford, Rob Chandler, Satchel Toole, John Alsop, Charlie Krause, and Nick Buck

Over the past 20 years a remarkable number of opportunities to volunteer one's time to benefit Pine Island Camp have become available, and the many who have participated all agree that being a volunteer is the best way to return to Pine Island. Volunteering provides one with the opportunity to return for more than just a brief party or gathering, and instead to fall asleep on the island listening to the waves and loons, wake up and take a dip in the morning, watch the sun set over Great Pond or the spruces of Penobscot Bay, connect with Pine Islanders from many generations, eat great food, and participate in enjoyable work that is of great importance to Pine Island Camp and the Whitehead Light Station. 2018 saw well over 100 volunteers making a difference in various ways, including umpiring the War Game; doing boat maintenance and other repair work; preparing the wonderful Whitehead Light Station for the season ahead by mowing, painting, and cleaning; using carpentry and even design and engineering skills; skipping the K.W.S. for other volunteers; helping to lead a successful fishing trip; and putting in many hours as a member of Pine Island's board of directors.

September Volunteer Week Expands Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend at Pine Island

Every September since 2005 Pine Islanders have returned to camp for a weekend to care for Pine Island's fleet and to prepare it to be 100% shipshape for the following camp season. The

weekend was started with funds donated in memory of Sloan Critchfield, who died suddenly in 2004. Sloan loved to sail and loved boats, so the weekend seemed, and seems, a fitting way to honor his memory. We hire a good cook and a knowledgeable boss, and from a Friday to Sunday in mid-September as many as 35 people sand, paint, varnish, and repair boats, spars, oars, paddles, and even buoys. From the very beginning, the Sloan Weekend proved to be invaluable to the camp by ensuring that all our boats get the attention they need every year.

This past September we tried something new. Following the Sloan Weekend we just kept going. We kept our chef on board and made it possible for alumni and friends to come for whatever portion of the following week worked for them. It was a great success, giving us time to do even more for the fleet and to complete other important projects such as building a new set of steps to the Range dock. We left some boats on their moorings for volunteers to use after work and enough docks in to make it comfortable to take dips. The final weekend becomes a near-final close-up for the season, an exercise that is both satisfying and poignant. Projects for next year's Fall Volunteer Week will include more boat work, landscaping, a "stain campaign," light carpentry, and... more great food, awesome sunsets, and relaxing times in front of the fire.



Two walls up and two to go

Please join us for either the 2019 Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend or for any part of the Fall Work Week that fits your schedule. If you would like to reserve a place, email Ben Swan at benswan@pineisland.org any time and he will sign you up! Sloan Weekend: September 13-15 Fall Work Week: September 16-22

Nicky Isles Named New Head Umpire for the War Game: Scouts Out! Looking for Young Alumni to Train as Umpires for the Future

Nicky Isles, just 26 years old, is not a federal judge. Nor is he trained as a lawyer. This distinguishes him from the stellar head umpires of years past, in-

cluding Judge Warren Eginton, Austin Carey, and Sandy Crane. Nicky is an elementary school teacher, perhaps an even better qualification to handle the sometimes contentious moments when umpires, counselors, and even campers discuss calls made and the rules that apply! We owe a great deal to Judge Eginton, Austin Carey, and Sandy Crane for their attention to the War Game, for the hard work it represents, and for their stewardship of this logistical challenge that, improbably, has been the perfect way to end each Pine Island summer for over 100 years.

Nicky brings to the task a wealth of experience. He was a camper for five summers, an Expedition Camper for

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one summer, an LTIP for one summer, and a member of the staff for five summers, serving as tennis instructor, shop instructor, LTIP wrangler, and, most recently, ace van driver. Nicky distinguished himself as one of the great War Game players as a counselor and then as victorious Blue General. He has also served as a skillful umpire for the past two years. The qualities Nicky has displayed as one of our best-ever van drivers will serve him well as Head Umpire. He is extremely well organized, pays close attention to detail, and is able to manage thorny situations on the fly with aplomb. Nicky is also both thoroughly personable and does not hesitate to make tough decisions when necessary.

Nicky's primary goal, besides continuing the excellent stewardship of the game established by his predecessors and legions of dedicated alumni who have served as umpires, is to recruit young alumni to join the umpire ranks and to train them to handle the hard, sometimes boring/sometimes very stressful job. We are grateful to Nicky for being willing to step up to take on one of the most demanding and important volunteer opportunities at Pine Island.

John Alsop is Mower-in-Chief at York's Crossing and Legal Lecturer for Staff Week

Former camper and counselor John Alsop volunteers annually in two very different ways. During the ten-day work and staff orientation period before the campers arrive, John, an assistant attorney general for the State of Maine, generously joins us on the island after lunch one day to give an extremely helpful and enlightening short lecture to the counselors about to embark on six weeks of caring for 90 boys. He covers Maine law in general and as it relates to caregivers in particular.

In addition, John has volunteered for the past several years to execute a crucial step in preparing both the campsite and the game site for the War Game. John readily confesses that he is something of a heavy-equipment junkie. He owns and operates his own skidder and more recently has become owner of a commercial-grade riding mower, the perfect machine for mowing the War Game campsite, access roads, center of town, squadron paths, and the roads running out from each gate. A couple of weeks before the game and a week or so before the site is used for the Maine Woodsman/Junior Maine Woodsman testing trip, John comes out after work and mows acres of grass that has been growing since play was off the summer before. The result is something approaching an English park, and each year the grass gets more lush and beautiful. John and director Ben Swan have been discussing possible further improvements to the site.



James Burrell casting at the Big Eddy



Hans with a nice salmon

Doug Faherty Leads Pine Island Campers to Spectacular Fly Fishing at The Big Eddy

Well over ten years ago alumnus and camp parent Peter Frailey brought the art of fly fishing to Pine Island, and it has been a regular activity since 2006 when counselor Doug Phillips first taught it on a daily basis. The fly-fishing activity has been very popular since the beginning and now has its own 1958 Old Town outboard fishing boat and its own headquarters in the Baita House up on the Honk hill. Campers learn to tie flies and to cast. Many boys have caught fish on flies they tied themselves and the activity has regular ranks: Guppy, Fisherman, Angler, and Bass Master. While the fishing on Great Pond is very good, Pine Island sends out a number of day and overnight fishing trips each summer. As is to be expected, some have been more successful than others. The most successful trip thus far was last summer's Big Eddy trip, led by Doug Faherty, father of former camper and counselor Jack Faherty. Doug is one of those guys who could catch a good-sized fish in a puddle, and he is the ideal person to share his knowledge and love for the art with Pine Island campers and staff. For the past two summers Doug has made time to plan a trip with Pine Islanders to the Big Eddy, which is on the Golden Road about 25 miles west of Millinocket just a few miles downstream of Chesuncook. Baxter Park and Katahdin are nearby, about 5-10 miles to Katahdin as the crow flies. You can see Katahdin spectacularly from several fishing spots.

Much to Doug's frustration and horror, the 2017 trip was something of a bust. Almost the moment they arrived at this amazing fishing spot, the authorities in their wisdom decided to open the Ripogenus Dam, just upriver from Big Eddy. The result was that the vaunted fishing was ruined for the length of their stay. Doug was able to steer the campers to other viable spots, but they met with very limited success. Undaunted, Doug agreed to try again last summer and with no dam release, his rosy predictions all came true. Doug and the boys went out three times each day and were catching between one and ten



Jimmy with his prize salmon

fish, including land-locked salmon and beautiful trout, each outing! Twelve-year-old camper Jimmy Leuchten from Lafayette, CO caught and landed a 24" salmon. A local guide said that was the biggest salmon he'd ever seen caught at Big Eddy. Pine Island Always Wins...! Doug's generosity was not confined to planning and fishing; he also supplied a gourmet dinner the first night that included big steaks. Thank you, Doug!

Ned Bishop, Volunteer-in-Chief

Ned Bishop, camper, counselor, and long-time assistant director at Pine Island, began volunteering shortly after he retired as assistant director. Ned's innumerable contributions focus on setting up camp and the logistically challenging days between the annual Declaration of War and a couple of days after the campers leave. As was recognized in his receiving the "Golden Clipboard" award several years ago, Ned is virtually indispensable when it comes to seeing to the details of opening and closing Pine Island. He is the author (and faithful updater) of *Opening and Closing: The Manual*, the handbook that contains all the lists and jobs that need to be done before Opening Day and before the whole place is closed for the winter. It is hard to describe fully how much director and assistant director stress is reduced when Ned is on the job, directing pre-camp work by the counselors, helping with War Game logistics (while also taking on a full umpiring load),

and setting up everything we need to welcome 200+ people to the island for the Farewell Feed. Ned also made it up for the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend this year and spent many hours sanding and painting. Ned is also a fountain of knowledge and great stories about the recent and distant Pine Island past, and don't make the mistake of being fooled by his friendly demeanor when you sit down after dinner for a game of cards!

Three Teams, Plus One, Add Up to Big Accomplishments at Whitehead Light Station

The sewage treatment plant housed in a small building at Whitehead Light Station was a total loss in the mysterious fire that consumed the building in the fall of 2017. Fortunately, it was fully insured, so plans to replace the system could begin right away. With help from board member Henry "If there's sewage, I'll be there" Clauson and alumnus and volunteer extraordinaire James Eklund, director Ben Swan gave the OK for the purchase of a sewage treatment system made by FujiClean. As it turned out, the new system used one fairly small tank instead of the two enormous tanks used by the system that burned. This meant that, with a lot of digging and lugging, the tank could be buried out in front of the lighthouse and would not need to be

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CAMPERS WRITE...

This year's summer *Pine Needle* writers had the good fortune to be guided in their efforts by a bona fide professional editor. Pine Island alumnus Will Dana agreed to join us for a couple of days mid-summer to work with aspiring writers to produce some content for the summer *Needle*. Will has had a distinguished career as an editor for *Outside Magazine* and *Rolling Stone* and is currently a consultant and freelance journalist. Many thanks to Will for lending his expertise to the boys at Pine Island last summer.

PIC Goes to the World Cup

By John Treadwell, age 13

It's a rare occasion when Pine Island campers get to watch T.V. But for two days in July a small group of campers got to go to Applebee's in Waterville to watch World Cup games.

Saturday, July 7th started as a normal day at camp waiting in the activity line when Sumner asked to talk to me. He told me that since I had listened faithfully to many World Cup games on the radio, I could go watch the semifinal game between France and Belgium.

Our group consisted of all the French boys and a few other faithful World Cup followers. We also got to watch the finals on Sunday, July 15, when France and Croatia played. All the French boys went crazy when France won the World Cup. France had only won once before in 1998. It was great to share this exciting victory with the French campers. We were greeted by the cheers of the whole camp when we returned to the island after Sunday's game.

Hot Water at PIC??

By Charles Hale (age 10) and
Matthew Hawkins
(counselor)

The 2018 PIC season started with a splash with the arrival of a brand-new hot-water handwashing station next to the South Perch. The handwashing station replaces the previous incarnations: a handwashing "jetty" and a hand sanitizer dispenser. However, the camp was seeking a more effective way to stop the spread of germs. "We don't want bugs to spread," says Ben Swan, and thus, the new station was designed.

The hot water comes from the infirmary, being piped through tubing with holes allowing the water to pour out into a basin. Many campers, such as Cristóbal, linger at the station because the warm water is comfortable and the soap is better than hand sanitizer. Some, however, such as a few of the LTIPs, feel that it detracts from the rustic feeling of Pine Island.

Though feelings may be divided, one

thing for sure is Pine Island hands have never been much cleaner!

Editor's Note: While the idea for the handwashing station employing hot water can be attributed to Ben and Emily Swan, the actual design and construction was undertaken by ubervolunteer and PIC alumnus Rob Whitehouse. Rob is a semi-retired engineer living in Brunswick, ME who has attended every Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend since its inception and has helped in many other ways. The editor wishes to thank Rob for making this important addition a reality. Rob will return in the spring to complete cosmetic work on the new feature.

The Windy Day

By Charles Schell, age 14

On July 6, 2018, it seemed to my fellow campers and me that we were going to have a normal day at Pine Island, but this was far from the truth. After breakfast I signed up for my daily activities and started cleaning up my cabin (the one and only Kopa Kababa) in the vain attempt to win tent inspection. After rest hour, I went down to the boathouse, where I found Dan Bristol, one of Pine Island's Assistant Directors, and also on occasion the sailing instructor. Dan told me I could skipper a J-Y, which is one of Pine Island's fastest sailboats, with a cabin mate of mine, Will Siebert.

As we rigged the J-Y and set out, I was a little uneasy about being able to keep it upright since it was pretty windy. Eventually Dan came around in the cove boat to tell us that we should start heading to Oak Island. However, about five minutes later the wind increased steadily, and in big swells and 25-knot winds, the J-Y flipped. Will and I quickly got the boat back up, but it went over again when a sudden gust of wind caught us off guard, and I was left in the water while Will was in the boat trying to get the sails down. Dan quickly picked me up in the cove boat and we watched as Will wrestled with the formidable sails. Dan finally got us close enough to the J-Y to grab hold of it and help Will get the sails down. Eventually we got the sails down, everybody in the cove boat, and the J-Y connected to the cove boat, when the J-Y flipped again. We then realized that there was nothing we could do but go back to Pine Island and hope for the best.

After taking Will and me ashore, Dan set out with two LTIPs and succeeded in pulling the J-Y to a neighbor's property on the mainland. They agreed to let us keep the J-Y there overnight.

This was just one of the many challenges caused by the wind that day. After coming back from the J-Y adventure, I quickly went over to check on Tent 12, which is the southernmost tent on Pine Island and thus the most exposed to the wind. Unsurprisingly, Tent 12 was on the verge of flying away, right into the



Tense moments listening to the World Cup



World Cup fans are welcomed back to Pine Island

lake. After getting Rhoads and other counselors to help, we managed to collapse the tent and batten it down with bungee cords.

Even with all the events happening on Pine Island, there were still more issues happening abroad. On Flag-Big-Flag, a canoeing/hiking trip on which we paddle the War Yacht on Flagstaff Lake and hike Mount Bigelow, the wind was causing problems as well. On the last day of the trip, the campers and counselors were having so much trouble paddling the War Yacht up Flagstaff Lake to their pickup point that they had to moor it in a safe place on the shore of the lake and hike up to a different pick-up point, where they were met by their driver, who brought them back to Pine Island. We were relieved when the next day turned out just breezy. Dan was able to retrieve the beached J-Y, the War Yacht was retrieved, and life went back to normal at PIC.

Trip Report: West Branch

By A.J. Powers, age 13

Day 1: We left early, all of us excited, but not thrilled about the five-hour van ride. However, we still left the Island in high spirits screaming the "AKKA LAKKA!" When we arrived at our drop-off spot, our counselors, Jack and Garth, loaded our canoes in the water, and off we went. We only had a two-mile pad-

dle to our campsite on Lobster Lake. We then pitched the tents, cooked our delicious steak and potatoes dinner, and fell sound asleep.

Day 2: Again, we woke early, knowing we had a long and tough day ahead of us. We began our 16-mile day by crossing Lobster Lake with a powerful headwind. When we made it to the mouth of the river we took a break and drifted with the current. Throughout the day the miles became shorter and shorter, until we reached our second campsite.

Day 3: We woke up later this day due to the downpour that greeted us. We had a quick breakfast of granola, packed up camp, and left. We started off with some fun rapids, which then calmed down to a normal river. We reached our campsite, all tired and wet. However, we changed into warm clothes and had a great dinner and a delicious dessert of brownies.

Day 4: We woke up semi-late, excited to say we had almost completed the 35-mile trip. We had our hearty breakfast of oatmeal and left to do our last four miles. When we pulled up to shore at our pick-up, the van wasn't there. We didn't think much of it at first, and decided to play some games and take some casts. After a while we decided to use the satellite phone to call camp. We found out that our driver had gotten a flat tire on the rough wilderness road. When the van finally arrived, it was close to dinnertime. We arrived back at Pine Island around midnight and were greeted by Dan. But...we still screamed the "AKKA LAKKA!"

JOIN TODAY! INTRODUCING THE CENTER OF TOWN SOCIETY

As every Pine Islander can tell you, once you score for the last time during the War Game, you are “dead” and you go to the center of town, a pretty peaceful spot if you have a little bug spray. A friend or two for good conversation, a bit of cool water, and a shady spot under a pine tree help as well. The Game still swirls around you, but for now you can rest and talk with your friends about the summer and the few days of camp that remain. You’ve played hard and done all you can to help your army win the game, and now you can at last relax while you await the whistle announcing that “Play is off!” for the final time that season.

When, over a fine lunch in the dining hall last July, Ben and Emily Swan first described to alumnus Tom Macfie their idea to create the Center of Town Society to honor those alumni, parents, and friends who have included a gift to Pine Island Camp in their will, he knew they were onto something well worth pursuing, and wrote recently,

“The Center Of Town Society is yet another example of the way in which Pine Island—“gracious living is our goal”—can tackle even the thorniest of issues. This new idea, hatched by Ben and Emily, to create the Center of Town Society as a way to encourage planned giving to Pine Island Camp, holds a certain peaceful, pleasant appeal, much like time under a shade tree. We get a chance to shape Pine Island for generations to come merely by asking our financial planner, our lawyer, and our family to include Pine Island in our estate planning. The results are as easy as a few simple conversations and a line or two in our wills and final documents.

“There are parts of planning for the end of life that are hard and painful. For

over 20 years, I have served as a priest in one small community in Tennessee (the same college town, Sewanee, where Emily and I were students a long time ago and where Ben and Emily were married). So, I have had more than a few conversations about final things. Yes, it can be serious and somber, talking about death and the end of life. But it can also be light and joyful. Last night I talked on the phone to a contemporary whose mother died over the weekend. We have important work to do planning her burial. But there was also levity and joy in our conversation.

‘What was the board game in the kitchen of your parents’ home?’

‘Chinese checkers; they played every night.’

‘Maybe I’ll work that into the homily for your mother.’

‘That sounds great to me.’

Come to think of it, a game of Chinese checkers might be a good addition to the center of town. See you there. We can tell a few stories.

Akka Lakka!
Tom”

Pine Island has already received very generous gifts from Pine Islanders who have included Pine Island in their wills, and this simple method of helping to secure Pine Island’s future is one of the most important elements of our ongoing fundraising efforts.

All you have to do to sign up and be recognized in next year’s *Pine Needle* as a member of the Center of Town Society is to write to Ben Swan at P.O. Box 242, Brunswick, ME 04011 or email him at benswan@pineisland.org.

HISTORIC PERSONALITIES FROM PINE ISLAND’S PAST

By Sam Brown, Jr.

Raymond P. Kaighn

Mr. Kaighn and Dr. Eugene Swan served together on the staff of YMCA Camp Dudley in upstate New York during the first decade of the twentieth century. They liked camp life so much they decided to purchase PIC, which founder Clarence Colby had up for sale, in the fall of 1908. Mr. Kaighn was an executive with the national YMCA in New York City, where, in 1931, he granted a job interview to my father, who was looking for employment at the beginning of the Great Depression. On leaving Mr. Kaighn’s office after the interview, Dad noticed a familiar framed picture on the wall. It was a photo of Pine Island. He whirled and asked Mr. Kaighn if he was a Pine Islander. Mr. Kaighn smiled and told Dad he had once been half owner of the camp, but had sold his share to Dr. Swan when his YMCA duties prevented him from spending further summers in Maine. You may be sure that the ensuing conversation had little to do with Dad’s job search!

Preston Vickers

Mr. Vickers was a versatile and inventive maintenance staff member in the 1920s. A self-taught mason, he built the stone wall, which still stands, along what was then a tennis court and is now the Dust Court. A native of the Caribbean and an excellent swimmer and sailor, he built his own small sailboat and acquired a reputation for being able to eat bananas while swimming underwater. He accompanied Dr. Swan and other staff members on post-camp cruises on the Doctor’s salt-water yacht, *Cygnus*. [A fine and poignant essay about Preston Vickers by Jun Swan can be found in *The First 100 Years*, the book Pine Island published on the camp’s centennial in 2002. — ed.]

Henry Gross

Mr. Gross was a “dowser,” an expert in locating underground water sources with a wand called a “dowsing rod.” The book *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod* caught Pine Island director Jun Swan’s ever-curious eye, and during the late 1940s he invited Mr. Gross to visit Pine Island. Mr. Gross traversed the island

with his rod, finally announcing that the best place to drill a well was at the top of the island, next to the Big Dorm (now Honk Hall). While intrigued, Mr. Swan did not have the funds to undertake the drilling but remained a firm believer in the efficacy of dowsing. Tats Swan proved to be an able dowser, and dowsing was used to decide where to drill the well on the Norridgewock property known as York’s Crossing.

Joe McCarthy

In 1949, *Holiday*, the premier travel magazine of its day, sent journalist Joe McCarthy to Pine Island to write and photograph an article to promote summer camp life. The resulting piece, called “McGoon the Sploon” (that year’s sacred animal), appeared in the June 1950 issue. It detailed the life of the camp in elegant prose. Eyebrows were raised at the opening “splash” photograph, which showed several boys running toward the water on the beach dock in what McCarthy termed the “baretailed morning dip.” Several reprint copies of this article circulated among alumni in the 1950s and ’60s. I still have a copy and at least one resides in the archives at the University of Maine special collections.

Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh

This famous couple enrolled their son Scott at Pine Island in 1952. When they arrived for the Farewell Feed, they asked director Swan to ferry them to the island separately from other arriving parents. They did not wish to invite the commotion their presence would certainly have aroused. Tats Swan had read and loved all of Mrs. Lindbergh’s best-selling books and recounted how much she enjoyed the ride over to the island with her. On the island, Mr. Lindbergh, a master aviation engineer, peppered Jun with questions about the camp’s mechanical operation. The Lone Eagle was particularly interested in how the camp handled the problem of human waste disposal, something PIC had done successfully for 50 years using home-made chemical toilets. A strong conservationist, Charles Lindbergh would probably be delighted to see today’s Clivus Multrum composting Perch system.

GOING, GOING, GONG Bell Buoy off Whitehead Suddenly Silent – Thieves to Blame

Even on the calmest days at Whitehead Island you can hear the bell buoy that marks South Breaker, a dangerous ledge in the Mussel Ridge Channel, ringing out to warn mariners, just as it has for well over 100 years. Sometimes you think it’s gone silent, but then another swell comes along and you are reassured. At some point in July the Whitehead bell buoy and several others actually did go silent, their 300-pound silicon bronze bells and/or their 75-pound gongs stolen by thieves in the night. In early August the Coast Guard went public seeking information about who may have been responsible for the thefts and started the time-consuming and expensive process of replacing the bells and gongs.

The perpetrators were taking, as well as creating, serious risks. Silencing a bell buoy not only endangers the mariners who rely on them in rugged weather, it is also a federal crime punishable by penalties of up to \$25,000 per day for each buoy or up to a year in prison.

In all at least nine bell buoys, from Penobscot Bay down to Jonesport were silenced over a period of a few weeks. Clearly the thieves were taking the heavy objects to sell for scrap, and they weren’t out there in a rowboat. Whoever the thieves were, they must have had substantial boats, special tools, and a lot of chutzpah to go out at night and wrestle the 300-pound objects off the buoys and into their boats. “The bells are very important, especially in adverse weather

and fog,” said Katherine Pickering, harbor master of Belfast. “They help identify not only the ledge that they usually mark, but also identify a general area you may be in if you don’t have a chart plotter.”

“Obviously, whoever is taking them has never experienced that kind of stressful situation,” she added. “Maybe they should.”

The bell buoy off Whitehead Light Station began ringing again in September, in plenty of time to ring in the new year, warn mariners, and reassure the residents of Whitehead Island as they fall asleep. The Coast Guard has secured its bell, along with the bells and gongs on the 100 or so bell buoys they maintain along the Maine coast, by welding nuts and other fasteners in place.

TOM CRUISE, SICILIAN EVENINGS, AND FRESH FISH FOR BREAKFAST

Pine Islander's Blogs Span the Globe and Make Excellent Reading

I've always thought the word "blog" a poor choice to describe the vessel into which millions of people pour earnest writing every day. Unfortunately, "blag," as in blah, blah, blah, is the perfect word to describe most of the countless virtual pages of unedited musings available to internet users around the world. I use the same method to decide whether or not to keep reading a blog that I do to decide whether or not to keep reading a book — if the writing and subject don't grab me in the first couple of paragraphs, I bail. I have probably missed a few good books as a result, but I'm sure I have missed a lot more lousy ones along the way. Good writing is always a joy to read, almost regardless of the subject, and, though I always prefer reading from a book, there is a lot of good writing in the blogosphere, and some of it is being done by Pine Islanders.

ReWatchList, by Harry Swan
rewatchlist.net

Former camper, counselor, and assistant director Harry Swan is living in Los Angeles, CA and is poised to launch ReWatchList, which provides lists of excellent movies by category and monthly essays about individual movies. The essays are much more than film reviews and are both informative and engaging. Each one I have read about movies I hadn't heard of, or simply didn't think I'd find interesting, made me want to see the movie. Below is an excerpt from the essay on the movie Edge of Tomorrow, entitled "The Best Worst Day to Be Tom Cruise," that will appear on ReWatchList.

...And if you still find yourself thinking, "Okay, that all sounds fun, but... Tom Cruise, really?"—well, I'm right there with you. I'm definitely against him as a human being, and pretty torn on him as an actor. He's almost always an engaging screen presence, but it can be hard to tell if you're actually watching a good performance, or simply appreciating the fact that he's so clearly giving it everything he's got. The wonderful thing about *Edge of Tomorrow* is that you don't need to like him—indeed, Li-man almost seems to be banking on the fact that many people don't.

Take Cruise's character, Major William Cage, a smooth-talking military PR officer leading the effort to drum up public support for the impending attack. At the beginning, he's thoroughly unlikable: vain, self-absorbed, and a coward to boot. He's happy to look pretty and project confidence on TV, convincing millions of people to enlist in a war against a near-invincible enemy, but he balks at the idea of going anywhere near combat himself. When Gleeson's General Brigham assigns him to film the landings in France (only mildly dangerous, since the beach appears to be un-



Ruin of a formerly grand house in South Carolina taken by Nico and Ellen Walsh on their travels on Far and Away

defended) he dodges, flashes a million-dollar smile, and does everything he can to wheedle his way out of it. Whatever Cruise's limits as an actor, he excels at this sort of thing, and it's worth pausing for a moment over that smile. It's central to some of his best roles (*Magnolia*, *Jerry Maguire*) and one of the keys to his overall success—a strange but beguiling mix of sleaze and genuine charisma. Anyone can see that there's manipulation behind that smile, yet you can understand how people would still fall for it. It's a perfect fit for a character like Cage—the confident grin of a man who has coasted through life mostly on his good looks and his ability to charm and disarm...

Bill's Blog, by William Dean
williamjdean.blogspot.com

Former PIC skipper Bill Dean lives in New York City, where he retired as executive director of Volunteers of Legal Service after 25 years at the post. Throughout his career as a public interest lawyer, Bill, author of the best-selling book My New York: A Life in the City, has written essays published on the op-ed pages of the New York Times, the Christian Science Monitor, and the Wall Street Journal. Bill's Blog is full of wonderful essays on New York, Bill's travels around the world, and other subjects. Below is an excerpt from "Sicily."

The summer months bring to mind travel thoughts, past and present. Business being slow, the trattoria owner in Palermo joins me at the table. I show him a chart of Sicilian conquerors. He and I read aloud the names of the island's most famous rulers. As the largest island in the Mediterranean, occupying a strategic position between Europe and Africa, and Europe and the Middle

East, Sicily has attracted many invaders, among them Phoenicians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, Normans, Swabians, French and Spanish...From my hotel, the Villa Igiea, with its marble terrace, and tropical trees, I look upon the bay of Palermo, bordered by mountains and the city. In the gathering dusk, a lone white passenger ship moves across the bay, bound for Naples...

I depart from Palermo by car, a stranger to Sicily, not speaking Italian, with the wrong map and struggling with the manual gear-shift of a rented car. On leaving the city, the heavens opened up, unleashing the most violent rainstorm I have ever experienced. I become lost in the countryside. In his novel, "The Leopard," Giuseppe di Lampedusa wrote, "The term 'countryside' implies soil transformed by labor; but the scrub clinging to the slopes was still in the very same state of the scented tangle in which it had been found by Phoenicians, Dorians, and Ionians when they disembarked in Sicily, that America of antiquity" ...

The sun was already low in the sky. I was not happy with the prospect of driving under these conditions at night. I stop to flag a car down. "Is this the way to Calatafimi?" The driver speaks no English, but gestures to follow him. The only sign of life by the road, a shepherd with his bedraggled flock. My guide is named Vito. No room being available at the local hotel, he invites me to a family celebration at an uncle's house and to spend the night with his parents. At the event, I am welcomed by family members...Following dinner, I join Vito in a walk along a path taking us by ancient vineyards and olive and fig trees. The night air is fragrant. In the sky of this remote region of Sicily, I see the familiar sight of the Big Dipper. In the morning, Vito maps out for me the route to

Segesta, the site of a magnificent Greek temple and theater. We embrace and I depart.

Far and Away by Nico and Ellen
Walsh.farandaway2018.blogspot.com

Former camper and counselor Nico Walsh and his wife Ellen live in Freeport, ME some of the time, but mostly they are aboard their sailboat Far and Away. Nico has retired from his Portland, ME law practice and Ellen from teaching school. With a late fall departure, they put on hold their plans to explore the Pacific Northwest and headed south. This blog includes dozens of wonderful photos taken along the way and much of the writing is in the lengthy captions. Here are some excerpts and a photo from their travels.

Some people have asked me what we do all day on the boat. The pace slows down and you become much more aware of the world around you - birds, clouds, wind and the sea. Simple things such as good music, books and food become more important. I love getting up and having coffee, observing early morning in whatever harbor we are in, such as fishermen heading out in Gloucester or morning light in New Harbor on Block Island. We go ashore and explore such as we did today, walking to Southeast Lighthouse on Block Island. Nico fixes things and we both like to fish. We had scup for breakfast and we bought a squid jig to try tonight.

The ruins of Dungeness. In the evening Nico and I came ashore as the last ferry was leaving. It was like all the wild-life knew the day trippers were gone and they all came out. We saw armadillo, raccoon, many horses and tons of small deer.

THE LEAST DANGEROUS GAME

"There, just ahead, it's called Pine Island. Maintenance men have a curious dread of the place."

"Why?" asked Max McKendry, straining to see more in the gloaming from the bow of the *K.W.S.*

"They say the place is crawling with squirrels. They get into everything, chew up anything they can make a nest with. Two years ago Ben returned to the island to find the kitchen in a shambles," said Josh Treat, who was at the helm.

"Good thing we've got the new BB guns from Daisy on board," said Satchel Toole nervously.

"Yeah," agreed Ian Ford. "We should have some good hunting on the island."

"I must keep my nerve. I must keep my nerve," McKendry said through clenched teeth, peering up into the dense foliage between the Dust Court and the Ridge. The afternoon had

crawled by like a wounded snake while Max was preparing another delicious dinner for the fall volunteers, but his mind was constantly on the hunt. Already he and the others had seen flashes of red and gray fur in the pine trees and heard the chilling chatter of the dread beasts. He'd been in tough spots before. What about East Gate? What did you do then, he thought. Be patient. They can't swim away... or could they? How did they get here anyway?

Hunting at night, while thrilling, turned out to be useless. "I think they're asleep," said Ian yawning. "How about we head back to the mainland and hit the sack?"

The next morning dawned cool and clear and the boys were full of coffee, bristling with hardware, and eager to get in some hunting before the work day started. Max stood at the top of the Ridge

surveying the tops of the trees. Josh was moving quickly toward him, being pulled by some unseen force. It was his little dog Blitz, whose green eyes glittered with excitement. Suddenly from down by the Kopa came the snap, snap, snap of BBs being fired at a rapid clip. Satchel had seen a red squirrel on the Perch roof and let loose. "Missed him," he said dejectedly as the others joined him.

"I'm hungry," said Ian, "and what the heck are you doing, Max?" Max was digging like some prehistoric beaver, but his shovel kept hitting soft ball-sized rocks and infuriatingly tough roots.

"Not many men know how to build a Maylay Squirrel Catcher," said Max, sharpening another stick.

"I can see why," offered Josh. "Fill that thing in. I don't want to step into it on my way to the Perch tonight."

"Hey, I thought breakfast was at

8:00," said Rob Whitehouse, who had signed on for Fall Volunteer Week, from the kitchen door.

"Be right there!" said Max, hurrying over to the new handwashing station.

By the end of the week the take was three red and two gray and the least dangerous game came to a close. Ian, Satchel, Josh, and Max sat in the baronial splendor of the First Cabin. Ian was reading from the works of Marcus Aurelius, while Satchel hummed a snatch from *Les Folies Bergères*. Max opened a bottle of *Veuve Cliquot*, and Josh reached for another hothouse grape. It seemed that with the game over the old complaint, ennui, had set in. "I wish Ivan would hurry up with the pizza," said Max as he looked out onto the dark lawn where Josh's dog paced, its green eyes glittering in the moonlight. "A red squirrel got into the bread."

DOUBLE THE FUN: EXPEDITION CAMP ENROLLS 16

Given the senior campers' enthusiasm for tripping during the 2017 season, it was no surprise when the usual eight spots for the 2018 Expedition Camp filled in September. Not wanting anyone to miss the amazing opportunities that Expedition Camp offers, Sumner and Ben did some quick thinking and decided that we could hire four leaders and run two groups simultaneously. The second eight spots filled quickly as well, leaving plenty of time to plan the more complex logistics of a double XCamp, including moving a building down the camp road to provide additional housing at Camp X on the mainland. (See article on p. 22.)

The housing was ready and four experienced counselors welcomed the large group of large people on opening day. Both groups did the same trips Expedition Campers have always done — about two weeks canoeing the Penobscot and Allagash Rivers, and about the same amount of time hiking on the Long Trail in Vermont's Green Mountains — but the season started with a

new feature. After settling in at Camp X, the group of 20 headed for Whitehead Island for some orientation and a three-day Wilderness First Aid course taught by Brooks Wolfe, an experienced instructor who spends most of his year teaching Wilderness First Aid courses at the Nantahala Outdoor Center in the mountains of North Carolina. All 16 of the campers passed the three-day course, and Brooks told Sumner that this was the best group of students he'd ever taught!

A few days later the groups bade each other farewell and one headed to the Penobscot River, the other to Vermont. Two weeks later they came back together at PIC, had a few days of R&R, and produced a great Saturday Night Show. Then the hikers got paddles and life vests and the canoeists donned their hiking boots and packs, and the two groups set out once again.

Expedition Camp 2018 was a great success. The 2019 season will feature one group of ten campers with two leaders.



The Santa Maria being lowered into place last winter



Expedition Campers with instructor Brooks Wolfe at Whitehead Island



Expedition campers Cole, Anders, Alex, Ash, Dylan, and Tom (back row), and David and Ben (front row) on a beautiful day on the Long Trail in Vermont



Expedition campers Alex, David, Sawyer, Caleb, Garret, Alex, Will, and Alex high in the Green Mountains of Vermont

PIC ARCHIVES AT HOME IN ORONO

By Emily Swan

On a chilly gray day in late October, Sarah Hunter and I made a pilgrimage to the University of Maine in Orono for an introduction to the Pine Island Camp archives. For decades PIC archivist Cheryl Boulet has been toiling away at her home in Blue Hill, Maine, far removed from the shores of Great Pond, meticulously cataloguing photos, Pine Needles, catalogues, letters, posters, t-shirts, and much more, all pieces of Pine Island's long, colorful history. She would then carefully pack them in archival-quality sleeves and boxes and periodically transport them to the University Library's Special Collections building for inclusion in the extraordinary Pine Island Camp collection that the university has been maintaining since Jun Swan first hauled a bunch of boxes up there in the 1970s. But Cheryl's burgeoning CPA practice has required her to turn the archivist's job over to others, and Sarah and I went up to learn a little bit about what the job entails.

Suffice it to say we were blown away. Neither of us had ever visited the archives, and we both imagined it to be a pile of boxes stuffed away in a dusty, forgotten corner of the library. Instead we found that Cheryl's meticulous curation of the collection was matched with equally thorough and professional treatment by University archivists Beth Russell and Richard Hollinger. Each time a box comes in, they carefully outline its contents in an online database, and a mapping system leads you to the exact location of whatever box you are seeking in the vast warren of shelves in the climate-controlled storage facility.

Beth and Richard patiently led us through the mechanics of the online

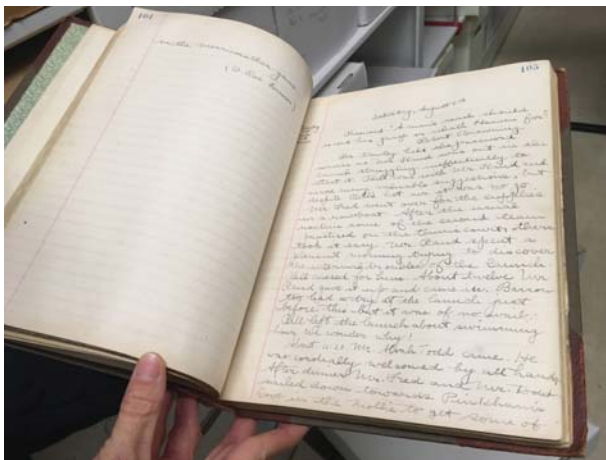
registry and took us into the storage facility for a glimpse at some of the oldest boxes. We wished we had had a full day to look through them instead of a just a few minutes. One of the most interesting items was a bound log from the summer of 1906. It including daily entries similar to a ship's log, with reference to the weather, visitors, trips and activities, even the password of the day.

The Pine Island Camp collection is one of only a few summer camps included in the university archives. Some hunting camps are represented, along with other entities whose collections, taken together, offer a fascinating chronicle of Maine's cultural history. Pine Island is so fortunate to be part of that tableau. I can imagine the moment when Jun and Tats Swan were moving away from day-to-day management of the camp and had to figure out what to do with the accumulated records of the camp's many decades. Jun surely knew it would be a sin to throw these irreplaceable relics away and, ever resourceful, doubtless tracked down the name of someone at the library who might be interested in taking them. Imagine his delight when that person said yes!

Whatever the collection's origin story, it is a priceless trove of PIC history, and Sarah and I look forward to learning our way around it and developing the skills necessary to continue curating it — or finding a new archivist to take on the job! We came away brimming with gratitude to the University's dedicated archivists who are taking such good care of our history, and to Cheryl for carrying on the tradition Jun Swan started decades ago with such thoroughgoing and loving professionalism.



Cheryl Boulet with UMO Special Collections librarians Beth Russell and Richard Hollinger



A page from the 1906 log



A page from the 1906 log

BLUE ARMY VICTORIOUS IN NORRIDGEWOCK

By Sumner Ford

On July 31st war returned to Pine Island. As the activities of the 2018 season wrapped up, Ned Bishop posted the army lists on the pumphouse. Returning campers rushed to see who was joining their ranks, and new campers pushed to the front to discover which army they would join on the road to victory. Dinner began the same way every meal had started throughout the season: the O.D. greeted camp with a quotation, and sat down to eat a delicious dinner prepared by Amber, Quannah, Patty, and the K.C., but it would end as only one dinner all summer ends, reaching the decibel range of a Greta Van Fleet concert. The tension was palpable. I could see it on the faces of everyone in the room. The clanging of silverware brought my attention to the eerie absence of the usual buzz of mealtime conversation. As dinner came to a close, the staff exited and the collective heartbeat of the campers in the dining hall reached a crescendo.

Satchel Toole, the Gray Army general, led the procession of Gray Army staff into the dining hall with the shrill sound of Mighty Max, an air raid siren, echoing across Great Pond. Immediately the tension broke. The pent-up excitement of the Gray Army was released with a chorus of "Gray Victory!" ringing through the dining hall.

Just as everyone caught their breath, the ring of Medusa, an old freight engine bell lent to the Blues by the Park-hills and Beaties, sounded from the kitchen. The Blues countered their opponents' chants with their own loud shouts of "Blue Victory!"

With both armies present, Satchel began to explain why Pine Island must fall into war once again. The Blues were pompous, arrogant and spoiled by many victories. The Gray Army was hardened and far more experienced than in previous years, he explained. Like Yankees fans, the Blues harkened back to victories they had little to do with. Satchel then introduced his Executive Officers, veterans Sam Bristol and Walker McDonald, followed by more veterans, including former generals Max McKendry and Ben Schachner and Assistant Director Dan Bristol. The Gray Army swelled with pride as uber-competent staff member after staff member was introduced.

Miles Frank, the Blue Army general, had quite an act to follow and had his work cut out for him motivating an army that had won the previous eight War Games. He encouraged his army not to feel sympathy for the Grays. It was the job of the Blue Army to again vanquish the upstart Grays at York's Crossing, where the 106th War Game would be played. His Executive Officers Nick Miller and Noah Brodsky introduced the Blue Army and their staff. After a final deafening chorus of chants from both armies, we returned to life as Pine Islanders, for the moment.

The next morning everyone was awakened earlier than usual. The late

night of strategizing was evident on the faces of the staff. Campers staggered out of their tents but quickly transformed into balls of energy as they realized that they would soon depart for York's Crossing.

We boarded yellow school buses bound for Norridgewock, but when they reached the War Game site, there was no time to take in the bucolic pine forest. The armies immediately fell into ranks. New campers stood at attention as if they had done so for ten War Games. The armies split up and their generals laid out the detailed practice regimen of the day. No one could be distracted from the task at hand. Groups of campers led by experienced staff roamed through the woods practicing their simultaneous steps. Squadrons flew along freshly mowed paths joining defenders at makeshift gates. By the end of the five-hour practice, both armies appeared well equipped for the mayhem that would soon erupt.

After a well-earned scrub at the infamous War Game showers, many campers asked if we had poured ice into Martin Stream, the source of the shower water. I assured them that the water is naturally around 60°. We returned to the campsite, which resembled a super-sized version of a typical PIC trip, all Pine Islanders once more. Canvas tents set up the week before were packed with sleeping bags and gear. Dinner was delicious, and voracious appetites wolfed down second and third helpings amongst a pitter-patter of raindrops. Expert shelter builders Ben Swan and Ian Ford set to erecting a massive tarp over the campfire to keep everyone dry during the downpour and completed the task just as the rain began. In true Pine Island form, we would not let rain interrupt a tradition. Everyone huddled under the tarp and enjoyed a fantastic collection of songs, skits, and games. Night came quickly, and the campsite was immediately silent, interrupted only by the occasional snorer and sleep talker.

The mist from the previous night's rain began to lift as whistles signaled wake-up, and an odd mixture of nervousness and joy was everywhere. A hearty breakfast and a quick campsite cleanup ended when the campers joined their respective ranks and marched to the center of town with conflicting chants of Gray versus Blue victory bouncing from tree to tree. Before too long, it was 9:30 and the War Game began.

Immediate whistles should have signified Gray scoring points, but besides the clang of drumming at the hands of Gray callers, there were few sounds. The Blue Army defenses had succeeded in stonewalling the first wave of Gray attacks. However, the Blues' victory was short-lived. Umpires' whistles began to sound from across the playing area. The Grays had found cracks in the Blue defenses, and their initial nervousness gave

way to their War Game intuition. Scouts were calling out parties as they navigated the dense woods between Gates. As if shot out of a cannon, the Gray parties attacked, and a short period of chaos ensued as the Blue squadrons attempted to bolster their gates' defenses. The Gray army was firing on all cylinders. They scored 79 scoring points, and 17 challenge points to the Blue Army's 16 challenge points, resulting in a score of Gray Army 96, Blue Army 16.

The afternoon August sun beat down as Blue general Miles led his army to the playing site for their attack period. Immediately the Blues found success; their long nights of planning were paying off. When the afternoon came to a close, almost every individual on the Blue Army had scored at least once. However, while the Grays did not score as many men the first day, they had displayed a cunning attack and an aggressive defense, racking up 44 challenge points. With the score, Gray Army 123, Blue Army 122, the War Game already had the makings of a classic.

Everyone had fallen into the rhythm of life at Norridgewock. Hoarse voices recounted myriad experiences of the summer now almost passed, and tired bodies found minutes of sleep wherever possible. With stomachs full of more delicious food, everyone staggered from another beautiful campfire and into a deep slumber.

The first group to wake on the final day of the War Game was the Kitchen Crew. For the second morning in a row, they began cooking in the dark and schlepped breakfast from Pine Island to Norridgewock. The campers rose and scurried down to 100%, immersing themselves in the frigid showers one final time. With exhaustion clearly showing on the faces of all the players, it was difficult to imagine another five hours of the War Game ahead, but the shout of, "Play is on!" injected more than enough adrenaline to keep everyone's energy up.

The Blue Army began play by attacking again and again and scoring seemingly at will. Soon a large portion of the Blue Army had scored their allotted three points and were resting comfortably in the center of town. The whistles notifying action became few and far between as the Gray defense tightened, and the penultimate playing period was drawing to a close. The "Play is Off" whistle sounded, and both armies' adrenaline surged as they joined their comrades in the center of town. Satchel Toole declared that the Grays had delivered one of the great defensive performances in War Game history, limiting the Blue Army to 40 scoring points and 183 total. The Grays would be attacking in the fourth and final period of play and needed a mere 32 points to seal their victory.

During lunch, General Miles Frank, who had led his army through three play periods was heard muttering "I must keep my nerve, I must keep my

nerve" as he prepared his army for their final stand. Campers and staff packed up the campsite and headed back out to the field of play.

The Grays were tentative, or maybe the new Blue tactics had thrown them off. The Gray Army was not scoring. The umpires' watches seemed to be going in slow motion. The game was at a standstill. The Grays, hampered by the archaic forms of communication dictated by the War Game rules, could not coordinate attacks and so were attempting to break the Blue stranglehold one group at a time, but time was running out and the Blue Army appeared to have pulled off the impossible.

All of a sudden, a flurry of whistles was sounding. The Gray Army had awakened. From the smallest camper to Dan Bristol, energy was exploding from the Grays! In a last-ditch effort, they had found a way to score. At Northwest Gate over 15 points were exchanged between the armies in the final minute of play. Had the Gray Army risen from their slumber to vanquish the nightmares of their recent past?

As the final whistle sounded a mass of campers, counselors, umpires, and spectators gathered in the center of town. Both Generals addressed their exhausted but hopeful ranks and celebrated their armies' efforts. There was no doubt that every member of each army had given it their all. Sandy Crane, stoic as always, returned from the conference of umpires to deliver the final tally. He would read the score of the War Game for the final time as Head Umpire before passing the torch to Nick Isles next summer. Sandy commended both armies on a phenomenal War Game, a game in which both armies had displayed great spirit and sportsmanship. He then announced that the Blue Army was once again victorious by a razor-thin margin of 225 to 223.

Anxiety gave way to joy, celebration, and exultation amongst the ranks of the Blue Army. The opposite was the case for the Grays. Four hundred forty-eight points were scored over the course of an epic two days, and the difference between triumph and disappointment was a mere two points. An unabashedly emotional Satchel Toole told his stunned troops that they were the greatest Army he had ever played with and that he would march anywhere with them. No one doubted him. The Blue Army quickly abandoned their celebration and flocked to their Gray Army counterparts. Among the consoling hugs was a deep appreciation for the fact that the Pine Island community had again passed its greatest test, and as we gathered among the pines under a beautiful Maine sky, everyone present knew it was once again a Pine Island victory.



Blue defenders Chris, Owen, Matt Miller, and Daniel ready(?) for a Gray attack



Gray gate leader Walker McDonald on the pole



Gray generals orderly conferring with gate leader Sam Bristol



Party of Gray attackers led by Garth Sopko approaching a gate in the road



Action at the new minigate



Blue gate leader Natalie Burr with Max, Jack, Anselm and Max on the pole



Somewhere in Norridgewock — Grays on the march



Lone Gray defender Ben Schachner at the new Southwest mini-gate

SARAH'S MOUNTAIN ADVENTURES CONTINUE...

By Sumner Ford

The first known ascent of New Hampshire's Mt. Washington was in 1642 by Darby Field. It's said he summited the Northeast's highest peak to prove that Abenaki gods did not live on top of the mountain. Pine Island's own Sarah Hunter, along with her husband Jason and their sons, long-time Pine Islanders Caleb and Silas, made the trek up Mt. Washington last spring, but with a far different goal in mind.

In September of 1999, Sarah was asked to join a friend on a mission to summit Mt. Hale in the White Mountains. Cold rain and a tree-covered summit did not inspire Sarah to continue hiking in the Whites. The only reason she was on the proverbial dull peak was to help her friend toward her goal of hiking the 48 4,000-foot peaks in the White Mountains.

Caleb Hunter's first summer at PIC was in 2014, and Silas arrived the following year. Both proved to be "tripping fools," spending large chunks of the summer out on trips, hiking trips in particular. They returned home with spectacular tales of time on the trail and a newfound passion.

With both boys at camp, Sarah and Jason decided to see if they could handle the torturous White Mountains. Sarah immediately caught the hiking bug. The following winter she began bagging peaks in the snow, ice, and cold. We can only presume that this is because she found hiking in the summer to be too easy. As her list of summited peaks grew, Sarah realized that she could hike all 48 of the 4,000-foot peaks in the

Whites. The pursuit would bring her to mountains off the beaten path and push her to hike when the weather was less than perfect.

This past spring, on Father's Day weekend, Sarah, Jason, Caleb, and Silas pushed to the summit of Mt. Washington, Sarah's 48th summit, and Sarah became a member of the exclusive 4K Club.

Sarah has not retired from hiking. She continues to help friends and family in their quests to become 4K Club members, sometimes re-climbing 4,000-footers she has already summited — Sarah has hiked Eisenhower five times! Sarah is also attempting to complete her New England 67 — a compilation of all the 4,000-foot mountains in New England. She has bagged 58, and by press time she should have 59 after her trip to Baxter State Park to summit North Brother on January 13. Both Silas and Caleb have summited nearly 40 of their 67 New England peaks, many of which they climbed on Pine Island trips.

Sarah's pursuit of 4,000-footers, as well as the impressive array of cycling vacations she has taken with her family in Maine, Canada, and the mid-Atlantic states, have led her into a whole new area of volunteerism with the Appalachian Mountain Club and the Bicycle Coalition of Maine. In September 2017 she participated in an AMC leadership training class, after which she began co-leading day hikes under the supervision of several highly experienced trip leaders. In April 2018 she added Wilderness First Aid certification to her list of



Caleb, Silas, Sarah and Jason Hunter

credentials in a course at Knubble Bay Camp in Georgetown, Maine (during which there was an actual emergency that required her to accompany one of her classmates to the ER!). She took the final step in becoming an AMC leader in June 2018, when she was required to plan and lead a trip independently while being evaluated by a seasoned leader. She planned and led a very successful three-day, 100-mile cycling and camping tour of a section of mid-coast Maine not far from Whitehead Island.

Since then she has led several hiking trips in Maine and one other bike trip — a 130-mile tour of New Hampshire's White Mountains. She has contributed several pieces to the AMC's quarterly newsletter and this spring will take over

as interim editor of *Wilderness Matters* while the editor is away hiking the Pacific Crest Trail.

This fall she took part in the Bicycle Coalition of Maine's Community Spokes(person) training and is currently working with a member of the coalition's board of directors to create a signed bike route through communities in her area.

As we wrapped up our conversation, Sarah emphasized how essential her family's experiences at Pine Island have been in their discovery of the joys of hiking in New England. Sarah has inspired us so much that we hope to create a 48 program of our own, attempting to put a camper on every 4,000-foot peak in the Whites sometime soon.

SIXTY YEARS AGO

By Montague G. Ball, Jr.

This past camp season was a milestone for everyone at Pine Island—another great summer for campers, counselors, and everyone else connected with PIC. Even here, in the far reaches of northern Thailand, there were reports of splendid weather, vigorous activities on the mainland as well as on Great Pond, epic trips, brilliant campfires, and entertaining Saturday Night Shows. Although the island is quiet now, those happy memories will abide—and last a lifetime. Indeed, they remain with me still, reminders that exactly 60 years ago this past June I arrived for my first summer at PIC.

I was most unlikely counselor material, never having spent a night outdoors in my life. The only reason Ben Swan's father hired me (sight unseen!) was that I came on the recommendation of my college roommate, Monroe Baldwin from Lynchburg, Virginia—who had acquitted himself creditably the previous summer. It also helped that I was attending the same college which Jun Swan himself had attended, the

University of Virginia. More likely, Jun needed counselors, and Roe pointed out to him that I was available. As usual, I had made no summer plans—never being one to think very far ahead.

My parents had made their plans, however—a trip to Europe, leaving the family Pekingese in my care. ("Pine Island sounds like a great place for the dog," my father said—not knowing that Jun Swan couldn't abide them.) Anyway, in early June I struck out for the State of Maine in my '53 Ford, turning on the car heater upon crossing the border from New Hampshire. It had been a brief spring; only the birches had leaves. Tourists were few, and there was almost no traffic north of Portland. At Augusta I followed Routes 8 and 11 where they forked at the camp road. Pine Island's sign pointed the way. Someone had forgotten to take it down at the end of the previous summer...

The camp road was in awful shape. A rugged winter had heaved boulders; potholes were deep; shoulders had vanished. Even more disconcerting, there

was no trace of any vehicles coming or going. Who was looking after this place, I wondered. Turns out, nobody... Anyway, arriving at the mainland shore, there was not a sign of life—but from Roe Baldwin's description (and a famous PIC post card) I recognized the signal. Duly hoisting notice of my arrival, I sat on a bench and waited—wondering how a boat could land without a dock. An hour or so passed with no launch to my rescue; the dog and I were starting to worry.

And just about that time, I heard a car coming down the camp road. It was an ancient Chevrolet station wagon with luggage strapped to the roof, towing a splay-wheeled trailer behind. A man with his bow tie askew leaned out the window from behind the wheel and said, "Hi, I'm Jun Swan. Who are you?" The owner and his wife had arrived, and I had beaten them to camp!

My dog and I were led through a dark forest to the Rink—a wet and muddy trek that neither the dog nor I enjoyed. Loaded with the Swans' luggage,

I looked around for a light switch—but, of course, no electricity. In a wood stove, Mrs. Swan built a fire, then opened a #10 can of pork and beans. My first meal in Maine! By now it was cold and dark. I found my way to a bunkroom upstairs, borrowed a sleeping bag, and told the dog in no uncertain terms, "We're not staying! First thing tomorrow morning, we're out of here." No objection from the Peke.

And, of course, I did stay. Morning brought a great breakfast in the nearby town of Oakland. The sun came out, and it warmed up a lot. More counselors appeared, and before I even realized it, I was wholeheartedly involved in opening camp and Another Great Summer. I returned for three more seasons, then directed Pine Island for 20 years. It all seems like yesterday to this old man who now lives on the other side of the world...

Jun Swan's words echo in my ears:
Akka Lakka! Rigga Jigga!
Summer's big—and getting bigger...

IN MEMORIAM

Mike Monahan died on March 26, 2018 in Farmington, ME, his home for much of his adult life. Mike, born in 1949, was a Shop counselor at Pine Island in the early '70s and director of the Pine Island Whitehead program for several summers after that, and he was unforgettable to anyone who met him. He was a man in motion with what might be considered the archetypal twinkle in his eye. Mike came to Pine Island in 1970 while a nuclear engineering student at the University of Virginia after being interviewed by Jim Breeden, then a law student at UVA and assistant director to Jun Swan. Jim is fond of recalling that his meeting with Mike produced one of the most inaccurate post-interview comments in Pine Island history: "...seems to lack imagination!"

Mike, an exceptionally bright young man with a wealth of artistic and musical talent and a limitless capacity for fun, went on to live up many Pine Island summers. He introduced screen printing, something he had started experimenting with while Charlie Papanian's roommate at UVA, and produced many funky t-shirts along the way. Mike graduated with a degree in Nuclear Engineering and turned down a lucrative job offer at the Newport News shipyard, instead heading back to Maine, where he found work with Gardner Defoe and continued his work for Pine Island at Whitehead. While living in Kingfield, Mike married Darby Babson and started a family and a small sign-painting business called Signworks that eventually grew into the thriving business run by his son Sam that exists today in Farmington. Drive anywhere within 50+ miles of the Carrabassett Valley and you will see Mike's original and beautiful work on display at businesses large and small. You will also find Mike's talent on display at Pine Island Camp. A remarkably able calligrapher, each August, with the pressure of a very quick turnaround, Mike lettered the names of the winners of Pine Island's major awards on wooden plaques prepared

ahead of time and on the larger plaques that hang in Honk Hall. Mike usually delivered the completed plaques in person, which gave him the opportunity to reconnect with Pine Island and sometimes take a dip in Great Pond. In 1999, Mike wrote (free hand!) *all* of the information on the timeline created for Pine Island's centennial that stretches all the way around the walls of the dining hall. It will be very difficult to find someone with Mike's talent to fill in the timeline as Pine Island heads further into the 21st century, and it will be impossible to replace Mike Monahan, who was one of a kind and a great Pine Islander. Akka Lakka, Mike!

Nancy Taplin died at her home in Warren, VT, on September 22, 2018, surrounded by family and friends. Nancy married Randy Taplin, brother of Jon and Bobby and the only one of the three who *didn't* attend Pine Island, in 1970. Their son Pine Island camper and counselor Joel Taplin was born in 1977. Nancy's grandson, Derek Fecteau, will be at PIC for his third summer as a camper in 2019, and her daughter-in-law Mackenzie Burrus-Granger and granddaughter Gere spent the summer of 2010 at PIC while Joel was the shop counselor. Nancy was a talented and dedicated artist whose work sparked and supported wonderful community events throughout her life, including, the "...Bread and Puppet Theater, when peaceful, playful, papier-mâché uprisings made worldwide spectacles for meaning and change. Her puppets and performances added voice to the strength of grassroots rising, still resonant and, perhaps, even more important today."

Pine Island Camp was the beneficiary of Nancy's energy and community spirit during the summer of 1995. Joel was the OD the day of the fire, and it was not long after that Nancy and Randy appeared, ready to lend a hand. They and their long-time Warren neighbors, friends, and partners in community events, Ellen Strauss and Jim Sanford,

themselves Pine Island parents, made the many trips back and forth to Warren and devoted many days to help at a critical time. On one trip Nancy and Randy brought with them a 40'x60' yellow and white striped circus tent (that they happened to have!) that became Pine Island's dining hall that summer and enabled everyone to start eating on the island again just a couple of weeks after the fire. The Taplins and Sanfords then designed and built the new Northampton, completing the elegant little building well before the season was over. Nancy continued to be an energetic supporter of Pine Island for many years, hosting gatherings at their home in Warren and recommending the Pine Island experience to all her acquaintances far and wide. Pine Island Camp's goal each summer is to build a successful community. The more I learn of Nancy Taplin's remarkable life, the more certain I am that this is why she was a natural Pine Islander.

Akka Lakka, Nancy.

Nathan Spiro died May 1, 2018 from injuries suffered as the result of a motorcycle crash near his home in Bedford, NY. Nathan was a camper at Pine Island for three summers, 2009-2011. Nathan was 19 and had begun a culinary career, a profession in which he showed strong interest from a very young age. At the time of his death Nathan was working full-time at the Inn at Pound Ridge. "I love to cook and there's nothing I'd rather be doing," Nathan told a local newspaper in an interview last year. "From the moment I stepped into the kitchen at the Inn at Pound Ridge, I felt like I found something I had been searching for my whole life." Our deep sympathy goes out to Nathan's parents, Marc and Debbie, and his brother Perry.

Randy Wilson died unexpectedly of a heart attack July 7, 2018 after returning from biking with his wife Lindsay. He was 65. Randy was a lively and talented counselor at Pine Island in 1971

and 1972 and stayed in touch with Jun and Tats Swan and Ben and Emily Swan throughout his life. During the 1980s and '90s, he and Lindsay were regulars at the wonderful Thanksgiving gatherings at Jun and Tats's home, Wolf River Farm in Athens, ME. Randy was a lifelong journalist, first with the *Maine Times* and for over 20 years as city editor and then managing editor for the *Flagstaff Daily Sun* in Flagstaff, Arizona. A brief internet search will reveal the enormous respect Randy gained as a journalist and as an active member of the community. Below is just one of the dozens of tributes paid by his fellow journalists, for many of whom he was a generous and exacting mentor:

You were the most stubborn bastard I ever met, but you were also the most beautiful. You never hesitated to stand up to a bully — even when they were inches from your face and the spit was flying, even if your voice quaked and your hands shook. You held to your convictions — even when they were unpopular. Your passion and fire for journalism as a way of life inspired me. Your dedication to this community and the narratives that give it its character has been unparalleled. I, like the dozens of reporters under your wing over the years, know how much of yourself you gave to the Flagstaff community through the newspaper — the late nights, the weekends and the holidays. You wanted to see the human element in every story — how events, policy and the decisions by elected officials affected people. "What's the story?" was one of your go-to questions to challenge your reporters, and we all learned what it meant to be able to adequately fight for a story's existence among the continuing storylines of this community. You were humble and fiercely private, but you were always present. When it was appropriate to shout, you were calm. When an unkind word seemed necessary, you responded with kindness and tact.

BIRTHDAY WISHES LAND IN LOVETT SCHOLARSHIP FUND

By Sarah Hunter

What do I really want for my birthday? Alumnus Josh Treat considered this question recently and his thoughts turned to Pine Island, to the place where he spent 12 summers as a camper and counselor and many more since as a volunteer. Josh Treat decided that he wanted to introduce his friends to Pine

Island, tell them why it was special, and invite them to support our work on his birthday. Using Facebook's fundraiser tool, he created a campaign and asked his friends to consider donating. "Where else but Pine Island can you canoe down the Allagash, hike the White Mountains, row a dory down the Ken-

nebec, and help clean and preserve parts of the Appalachian Trail, all in the same summer, while building life-long friendships and maybe a wooden boat in the shop?" Josh's campaign raised nearly \$800! Thank you, Josh! Pine Island is fortunate to have a strong alumni network full of folks who are generous and

loyal. If you are interested in creating a fundraising campaign on Facebook for your next birthday and you have questions about how to do it, please contact Sarah Hunter at shunter@pineisland.org.

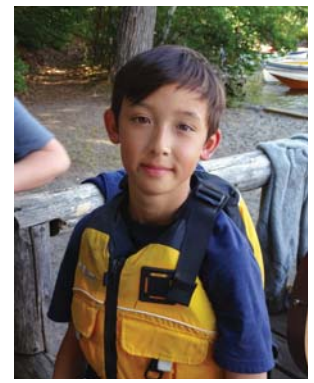




Akul and Johnson Pope



Tent 7: Isaac, Arlo, Oliver, Daniel, and Sam Chester



Jet



Luke



A beautiful day on Katahdin



Max, Teddy, and Patrick



Instruments at the War Game campsite



Navi and Reed



Award winners Will, Max, and David



Derek



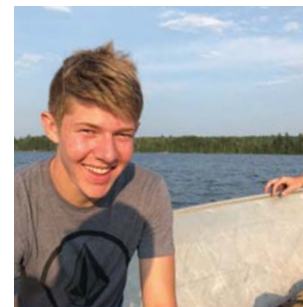
Patty Morel working on knots with campers at Whitehead



Evening on the Magoon Expressway



Ian and Kip



LTIP Tyler Hartley



Victor



O.D. Garrett "Garth" Sopko



Head Cook Amber Walker and Co-Assistant Cook Patty Morel



First view of the army lists on declaration day



Heading for another great trip to Whitehead Island



Sr. Katahdin at the summit



The Green Army: Lauren, Maya, Madison, Patty, Amber, and Quannah



Will



Dimitri, Melchior, Patrick, Jack, and Chris with completed Shop projects



Will



Sam and James



Anselm and Max



Summer Ford

HOW 'PASSWORD' SAVED MY LIFE

By Sarah Hunter, Director of Communications

"This is not a trash can." "Remember the Macaroni and Cheese." "Let the Mud Dry." These statements may not seem to hold much value, but if you were in attendance for Password on the day they were delivered, you know they mean much more. Every day at camp between tent cleanup and morning activities, campers and counselors gather together in Honk Hall on well-worn wooden folding chairs to hear a story. The role of storyteller falls to a different counselor each day and their task is simple: tell about a moment when you faced a dilemma or a tough situation, when you found humor in an unexpected place, when you stepped outside your comfort zone, when you failed or made a mistake. At the end of the story, the password of the day is declared, a simple statement to remind everyone about the lesson. The password might be referenced during the course of the day or at another time during the summer. Or, like so many experiences at camp, it might be recalled much later. In my case, it was long after everyone had left the island, when it was isolated in the weakening grip of winter and could not be reached by foot or by boat. That's when Password saved my life.

It was April break and I had driven to Cumberland, Maryland with my sons, Pine Islanders Caleb and Silas, to cycle phase two of our Pittsburgh to Washington D.C. bike ride. A year earlier we had cycled the first half of the trail, the 150-mile Great Allegheny Passage, and this year we would tackle the 185-mile Chesapeake & Ohio (C&O) Towpath.

We started off in high spirits. It was a warm morning and we were overcome

with the simple joy of t-shirt weather after being bundled up all winter in Maine. The grass was a brilliant shade of green. Birds were singing. Baby turtles were lined up on fallen branches, perched over the quiet river, basking in the sun. Back at home, there was still snow in our yard. We were thrilled to be starting the second leg of our journey in warm sunshine. But as we cycled along the Potomac River that day the sun rose higher and the novelty of the warm weather slowly faded. Soon it was just plain hot. That first day on the trail the mercury climbed to 90 degrees. We stopped often to drink water.

Thirty miles into our day we encountered the Paw Paw tunnel detour, which we had been told was "no picnic." We were supposed to be rolling comfortably through the historic tunnel, but it was closed for restoration and the detour, of course, was to go over it. So, we found ourselves pushing our fully-loaded bikes up a steep path through the woods at the peak of the early-afternoon heat. The boys didn't waste time; they put their heads down and started up the path. I drank more water and followed. The tread on my old sneakers was not up to the task and the loose gravel slipped beneath my feet. I alternated between pushing with my arms extended and slumping my body over the bike. I made slow progress up the hill.

When I reached the overlook, Caleb and Silas were waiting for me. "I need to rest," I whispered. My t-shirt was drenched. I felt dizzy and nauseated. The view was lovely, and Silas commented on how we would have missed this vantage point if the tunnel had been

open. Even though I felt terrible, I appreciated his outlook.

We continued our journey and I continued to take breaks, drink water, and eat Snickers bars, which was a messy business that involved licking the inside of the wrappers and then my fingers. When we made it back to the towpath I told myself the worst was over, that I would start to feel better soon. We rode until dusk, pitched our tents next to the Potomac River, and ate dinner as the sun was setting. It had been a tough day and I was still feeling shaky, but I hoped for renewed strength in the morning. It didn't come.

In the morning, I was still weak and I was now plagued with muscle spasms in my arms and legs. We made breakfast, oatmeal eaten in the packets, a handy trick learned at camp, and I drank more water. After a few miles we picked up the paved Western Maryland Rail Trail, which should have been an easy, smooth ride, but even that was a struggle for me and I realized with some alarm that I was moving in slow motion, physically and mentally. That was when Caleb rode his bike up to mine.

"I think you have a sodium deficiency," he said. He went on to explain that it's called hyponatremia and it's a condition that feels like dehydration, but it's actually made worse by drinking more water. "I remember last summer John-son Pope gave a password about this. He had gone on a hiking trip with a group of friends and a few parents, and one of the parents suffered from the same symptoms you're having. He ended up being unable to walk and needed to be carried to safety. Your water intake

is making you worse. You need salt." I suddenly knew he was right. I was in a dangerous situation and if I continued without making a change, I was going to need medical attention, which wouldn't be possible on remote stretches of the trail.

I focused on one pedal stroke at a time as we made our way to the next town. When we arrived, we pulled out our trail guide, called for a shuttle, and booked a hotel room. For the next two days I drank gallons of Gatorade and ate pounds of Chipotle. As we binge-watched *The Big Bang Theory*, the *Bourne* series, and *The Office*, my strength slowly returned. When we got back on the trail, I was feeling like myself again.

Two days later we were cycling through the National Mall in Washington D.C. on our way to meet Senator Angus King, a meeting we had arranged before we left. We made our way to the Senator's office, stashed our backpacks and panniers in the corner of the lobby, and found the donuts and coffee. As we chatted with Senator King, the room was filled with conversations; many families were taking the opportunity to meet with him. After learning about our trip, he interrupted the crowd for a moment. "I don't know how all of you got here this morning, but these folks arrived on their bicycles!" We did. I was grateful to be there, to be strong enough to finish the ride, and to be in the company of two young men who carry with them wisdom beyond their years, wisdom they've gathered while sitting on wooden folding chairs in a simple building on a little island in central Maine.

FREQUENT KABABOLOGICAL ACTIVITY LEADS TO FABULOUS SACRED ANIMAL

By Matthew Miller, KD

North of Pine Island, glimpsed on the horizon, the wave-shaped Mount Phillip stands tall and proud. Somewhere upon this mighty hill, although never seen, he resides: King Kababa. Making his presence known from all the way across Great Pond, the King sends glyphic sacred signs to the island to be interpreted by the resident Kababologists, Noah Brodsky, Matt Miller, and first female KIT (Kababologist-in-Training) Corinne Alsop, who followed her father John Alsop's footsteps to the Yale School of Kababology and who will be returning for the 2019 season as a fully fledged Kababologist. Through these signs, the King communicates what he is pleased with and what he hopes to see improved upon as the summer progresses.

One particular sign received at the end of the 2018 summer sent most of the youngest campers out on the Sacred Journey, a trip to Mount Phillip where

the campers brave the ascent of the mountain while keeping eyes and ears alert for signs of the King or his henchmen. The King often includes symbols on the signs hinting at the arrival of a new sacred animal at the summer's close. This summer saw the return of Phisto the Phiere Phiendish Phoenix, who was discovered in the smoldering embers of the campfire circle, sporting his signature fireman's hat and beautiful new red plumage. Phisto, however, was not the only sacred bird to join the ranks this summer. On the night before the Farewell Feed, campfire was interrupted by the sound of drums and chanting henchmen in the distance: the Sacred Ceremony had begun! With shirts turned inside out and backwards, towels draped over hair, and heads down, the entire Pine Island community filed into the dining hall to receive a brand new Sacred Animal. This year's new arrival,

Major Tom the Heterochromatic Tryp-tophanatic Meleagris, is an imposing lizard-turkey hybrid. His chant is sure to become a new mealtime favorite:

"Turkey BREAST, Take a REST, Time to curl up in my NEST!" This animal is a gift from King Kababa to commemorate another excellent summer at PIC.



Campers and Kababologist Matt Miller and KIT Corinne Alsop prepare for the mysterious Sacred Journey

TAKING PINE ISLAND WITH ME

Winter Camping with the Holderness School

By Sumner Ford



Sumner Ford with Holderness student winter camping

In March of 2018, I set out with seven juniors and my co-trip leader from the Holderness School for a two-week winter camping expedition. I had gone on a similar adventure ten years prior, as a junior at Holderness myself. Just as I had ten years before, during the days leading up to my trek into the White Mountains, I entered the camping mindset. I organized my gear. I filtered out any unnecessary items but still prepared for anything from rain to minus 20 degrees.

On our third day out, the weather radio forecasted precipitation and we could feel it. Like a big puffy comforter, the low, thick cloud cover kept the air warm and moist. In preparation for the inevitable, we tightened up camp. We double-checked guy lines, tightly packed away personal gear and group gear, and crawled into our tents. The coziness of the orange nylon walls around me seemed to have increased. I knew they would shelter me from the coming onslaught.

I awoke with a start. The need to use the Perch overtook me. The darkness was total, and I scrambled to assemble a coat, headlamp and boots. With my clothes half on, I stumbled through the opening of our vestibule. Eighteen inches of fresh snow greeted me. Our tent had transformed into an igloo. Soft pillows of snow blanketed the landscape. Fat snowflakes the size of quarters blotched out the sky. The flakes hitched rides with bigger flakes, gaining momentum as the gobs of snow tumbled through the air.

I returned from the "necessary" and made for the comforts of my sleeping bag and tent. I shone my headlamp at the campsite down in the small depression below. I felt relief when through the falling snow I picked out the tent/igloo, but what I didn't see sent a shock through my body. Where was the tarp shelter where four students were sleeping? Flecks of blue were all that remained of the once proud tarp we had set up. Armed with snowshoes and my raincoat and pants, I set to uncovering our buried crew.

Digging with extreme care, I released the 17-year-old Holderness students from their snow prison. Movement under the remaining snow and tarp relieved me of my gravest concern that had been pushing its way to the front of my mind.

Unfortunately, once we relieved the tarp of its 100-pound weight, it did not return to its original form. Our once tight campsite was... not. Sloppy knots came untied in the night, and anything exposed to snow disappeared. With ten miles of hiking ahead, the usually mindless task of breaking down camp was quickly becoming a headache. The group I was with included students from Miami and Singapore. It featured lacrosse and basketball stars but included little camping experience, and the night's semi-disaster had made this starkly apparent.

Camping at Pine Island was a source of so many valuable lessons for me. Most of all it taught me to sweat the details. A tarp with a loose corner could lead to wet and ruined food; a sloppy kitchen could lead to lost utensils or cookware. I found myself wondering how a group of experienced Pine Islanders would fare on this winter camping expedition. I knew they would laud the lack of bugs, the ability to camp anywhere, and the excellent campsite furniture built out of snow. How would they handle the extra stresses of the dangerously cold temperatures and trudging through the snow? My sense was that they would have handled it well because the six P's apply no matter what the season.

A second Nor'easter was forecast to deliver another 15-20" of snow. We doubled up our days, pushing forward while there was only a foot of soft snow as opposed to the three feet that would soon blanket the trail. We settled into a high mountain valley we hoped would shelter us from the 40 mile per hour winds that would soon shake the trees and try to steal our warmth. A small patch of spruce trees yielded flat ground and further shelter. A short hike up the trail led us to a deposit of massive glacial er-

WHAT'S IN A NAME? LOTS!

Acronyms Blossom at PIC

Pine Island's sense of humor has always been near the surface and *usually* operating at a very high level. Campfire skits, trip announcements, passwords, Saturday Night Shows, and even trip reports are often hilarious. No doubt what was funny in 1910 differs significantly from what cracked people up last summer, but the subtle art of acronyms, now very active at PIC, has been a feature of Pine Island summers for a long time. A flurry of acronyms surfaced in the 1960s and these days every activity produces an acronym to put at the top of their ranks chart. Below are some memorable acronyms in approximately chronological order. Thanks to Harry Swan, who collected as many Pine Island acronyms as we could find.

KILL – team responsible for eradicating insect scourges.

The Kababa Insect Liquidation League

OAR – formed after the arrival of the Dynamite Payson-built dories.

The Organization for the Advancement of Rowing

DORY – booster organization for O.A.R.

Don't Overlook Rowing, Y'all

DIVE – in which a swimming class is devoted to combing the bottom of the lake around the island, using fins, goggles, and snorkels, in search of interesting objects.

Dive Investigate Verify and Extract

PILE – the pre-camp work of removing all lumber, brush, and other refuse from the island.

Pine Island Lumber Extraction

ROTGUT – the pre-camp work of mowing, raking, trimming, and pruning on the mainland.

Removal Of The Grass, Ultra Team

WHAMWOW – the pre-camp work of washing windows and removing cobwebs and spider eggs from the exterior of buildings.

White-Hot Anti-spider Magic World Of Window Washing

FETID – an effort to locate and remove any dead fish, mice, birds, or squirrels causing foul odors on the island.

Find Everything That Is Dead

FAD – in which a fly-fishing instructor takes a few campers on a day trip to another body of water.

Fish All Day

FADED – an interest in fishing that threatens to override engagement in all other aspects of camp life.

Fish All Day Every Day

CLIK – a 4-day, 3-night kayaking trip that paddles the same waterways as the Chip Lakes canoe trip.

Chip Lakes In Kayaks

ONG-BAK – one of the most badass trips Pine Island sends out.* A 4-day, 3-night rowing trip on the Kennebec River, beginning in Waterville and ending in Bath.

OAR Navigators Going Backwards Along the Kennebec

*according to Harry Swan, rowing instructor and inventor of the trip

CAVALRY – the general effort to contain the spread of a stomach virus (commonly known as a "barf bug") within camp.

Clean All Vomit And Locate Remaining Yackers

FEATHERBRAINS – any effort to free birds that have become trapped in camp buildings.

Forcibly Extracting Avian Tenants of Honk and Elsewhere, Result of Bad Radar and Inadequate Navigational Skills

BEARS – in which a camper's stuff is in such irreparable disarray that it is necessary to remove his bed from the tent in order to better facilitate tent cleanup and reorganization.

Bed Extraction And Reclamation Service

atics: three 50-foot-tall rocks, one split in two. One half formed a platform, the other a shield. We anchored a tarp at the top of the massive granite wall. We set up two other tarp structures nearby, one to protect our gear from the snow that would act as an invisibility cloak to anything not under shelter and the other tarp for a group to sleep under. We paid special attention to each knot.

I woke to find a similar site to the week prior. The snow erased the orange of our tent, the spruce trees were steep, white A-frames. As I approached the camping tarp, I was pleased to see that the knots had held and our snow walls had protected the occupants from the

snow billowing in through the sides. Our tarp was as sturdy as it had been the moment we set it up. Like so many Pine Islanders, the Holderness students had seen first-hand the payoff for sweating the details.

We spent the day under the tarp along the side of our massive rock wall with a fire blazing as snow collected inch by inch and foot by foot. I sat back and let my exposed feet toast by the fire. Reading *Lonesome Dove* while enjoying my third cup of hot cocoa, I thought to myself, this is how a Pine Islander should enjoy a winter camping trip.



THE KEEPER'S LOG

Another Busy Season at Whitehead Light Station

Gigi Lirot Will Serve as First Year-Round Director at WLS!

Great News! We have secured donations that have enabled us to hire a year-round director for Whitehead Light Station and nearly enough to fund the position for a second year, and Gigi Lirot has agreed to fill the position! It is truly wonderful that Whitehead Light Station will have Gigi giving her full attention to this remarkable facility and to developing programs and relationships that will thrive there, ensuring that many, many more lucky people will have the opportunity to experience the re-creation, not mere recreation, that nearly 500 people have already had.

If we dreamed up the ideal candidate for this job, Gigi's talents and experience would answer every one of our criteria. Gigi holds a 100-ton captain's license and is comfortable operating a wide variety of boats, under sail or power, in all kinds of weather. She is thoroughly familiar with all the details of life at Whitehead Light Station. She has made many important contacts ashore and has earned the respect of local fishermen and residents. Gigi has a wealth of experience managing groups of people on and around the water. She is an enthusiastic, imaginative, and resourceful cook and has proven to be amazingly even-tempered and unflappable in any situation. Gigi is familiar with all forms of digital communication and she's not afraid to use them. And, she is an avid gardener! In short, we are thrilled to be able to hire this warm and multi-talented WLS veteran to lead our efforts to create a self-sustaining institution that will continue to provide meaningful and restorative experiences for dozens of participants each year.

Volunteers Build Workshop, Install New Sewage Treatment System

The fire that consumed the building housing Whitehead Light Station's sewage treatment system burned it to the ground just three days after we closed up WLS for the winter of 2017-18. The new system did not require a building, so, with help from many volunteers, we were able to install a new system *and* build a workshop/storage building where the burned building stood. For a detailed account see the article on page 1.

2018 Season: Music, Writing, Knitting, History, and Lots of Great Food! 2019 Season Will See the Return of Charlie Papazian and Other Favorites

We pulled the shrinkwrap off the boats and slipped them into the very cold Atlantic in April and they were busy making runs until we pulled the last one up the ramp at Emery's Wharf in late November. In between, over 150 people came to WLS for a great variety of events. These included four rentals, Open Lighthouse Day, two getaway weekends, and courses in knitting, writing, blues guitar, and Maine island life. Some pretty gnarly weather arrived at the end of the season, including very early snows and a nor'easter that yanked the float on the island off its chains and dropped the end of the ramp into the drink.

To the right is the schedule, so far, for the 2019 season. If you would like to find out more, please visit the WLS website at www.whiteheadlightstation.org or contact Gigi directly at 207-200-7957.

Whitehead Light Station Schedule 2019

Volunteer Opportunities

May 2-12 — Opening Up: Painting, cleaning, mowing, etc. to prepare the Light Station for the coming season.

October 15-25 — Closing Up: "Leftoverfest" to consume delicious leftovers from the summer, paint, clean, shutter, etc.

Programs

July 11-14 — Knitting Retreat with Mim Bird

July 18-22 — Craft Beer with Charlie Papazian

August 1-4 — Writing Workshop with Linda Buckmaster

August 8-11 — Lighthouse History with Jeremy D'Entremont

September 6-11 — Knitters Week

R&R Weekends

August 5-8 — Summer R&R
October 4-7 — Fall R&R

New! Stack of Books Week

September 13-18 — This new offering is designed for those who want to come to the Light Station, not for a specific course, but to live by the sea, eat well, read, write, and rest. The week may include opportunities to learn or practice yoga and some optional lectures. If you are interested in participating in this new opportunity, please contact Gigi Lirot at 207-200-7957.

Rentals

June 22-28
July 26-August 1
August 18-24
September 23-29



Gigi Lirot, new Whitehead Light Station director, at the helm



The septic house at Whitehead Light Station before it burned



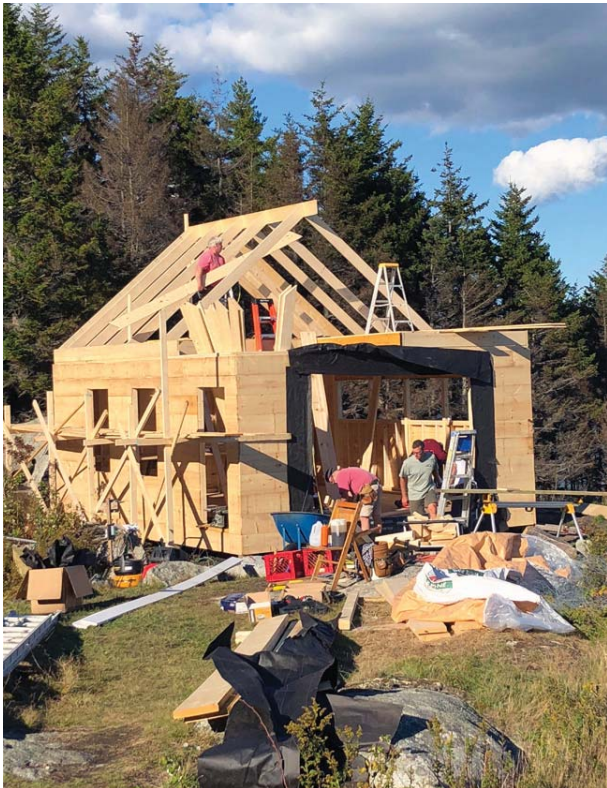
Volunteers preparing the site for the new shop building



Completing the deck for the new shop



Deck completed awaiting the volunteer framing crew



Rafters going up



Nearly fully sheathed after just two days' work



Roof shingles are going on



Shop, complete with stove pipe, buttoned up for the winter

INNOVATION, IMAGINATION, AND INTRIGUE: A SUMMER OF SENSATIONAL SATURDAY NIGHT SHOWS

By Corinne Alsop

The 2018 Pine Island community was treated to imaginative and hilarious productions every Saturday night this summer. The season began with an original production, *Disappearance*. Directors Mark Pierce and Matt Hawkins wrote, casted, and directed a thriller based on the real-life disappearance of Tent 15 several years ago. The curtain opens to new campers, played by capable leads Will Hartley, Arthur de Rochefort, and James Burrell, questioning counselor Bobby Flynn (himself) about the missing tent. Skipper Ben Schachner, played with proper level-headedness by Irving Baldwin, sends the boys to counselor Nico Ramirez, played by the skilled Caleb Choe. Ramirez runs an underground anthropology lab near Colby College that contains records of every Pine Islander in history. Hearing Nico whisper, “Find Rhoads” as he dies, having eaten a poisoned Charleston Chew, the trio returns to the island to find Rhoads Miller (Eben Weislogel) who leads them to the trapdoor beneath the old Tent 15 site. This is the first of Weislogel’s excellent performances this season. Soon the group must complete trials that The Guardian, also played by the versatile Caleb Choe, has planned for intruders. After Will and Arthur fall victim (yet again!) to poisoned Charleston Chews, Rhoads and James must face the evil Perch Monster (Navi Vaisbort). An epic battle ensues, and Rhoads chases the monster away. James, the only camper left in the Perch chamber, finally discovers that the real monster is Charles Tonchew, also played by Vaisbort. Charles explains, in an extensive monologue that gives the villain’s backstory, the history of Tent 15. James and Tonchew duel using Chews as swords. James is victorious, putting an end to crime once and for all at PIC.

The following week brought a charming adaptation of *Boyhood* entitled *Buckhood*. This show was written, directed, and narrated by seasoned Pine Island thespian and senior camper Buck Livingston. Teddy Mottur takes the stage, portraying the charming Young Buck. Soon, he meets Ben Swan (Victor Clamageran). Clamageran’s Swan is strong and captivating. Young Buck then finds his way to tentmate David Efron, whose welcoming attitude is portrayed well by Eamonn Daniels. Eventually, Young Alex Lanoff (Ben Lew) and Young Will Napolitano (Luke Beatie) enter the scene: the trio of actors’ camaraderie and goofiness parallels the real-life bond between the three boys. They begin their rise to fame as campfire performers in the skit series “The Expandables,” which in real life extended over five summers. Then Buck (Max Klivans), Lanoff (Alec Ritchie), and Napolitano (Arthur de Rochefort) take the stage as the winsome threesome, a few years older and wiser, while they struggle through a heroic downfall, which

includes a terrible Maine Woodsman experience, campwide skit-fatigue, and the trio’s breakup because of Expedition Camp. Klivans, Ritchie, and de Rochefort bring truth and maturity to their portrayal of the tragic heroes. The mood is kept light and jovial, however, through Livingston’s expertly written and delivered narration. And it’s a happy ending for all: the trio is asked to produce one last skit that earns them such fame and glory that Ben Swan asks Buck to take over his job as Director, with Lanoff and Napolitano as Assistant Directors. A heartwarming tale, expertly acted, narrated, and directed entirely by campers.

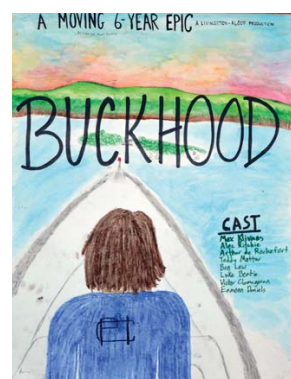
For the third show of the season, both groups of Expedition Campers, sixteen in all, directed by XCamp leaders Ian Ford, Satchel Toole, Nick Miller, and Cole Gibson, produced *eX-Camper*, based on the movie *Big*. The curtain opens on an alternate Pine Island universe in which counselors Matt Miller and Noah Brodsky (Sawyer Carson and Alex Lanoff) are wreaking havoc upon island life. Carson and Lanoff’s confident and audible performances brought life to their portrayals of the goofy pair. Miller’s own tent experiences the worst of the abuse of power: Will Napolitano, Tom Straus, and David Austin (themselves) suffer nobly through Miller’s treatment. Ben Brill, leading the first half of the show with his usual charm, gave a memorable performance as himself. Soon, Brill meets the stuffed cow genie, played with whimsy and excellent comedic timing by David Donoghue, who offers to grant Brill a single wish. The next morning, they awaken as fully-fledged counselors: Cole Wofford fearlessly takes on the role of Counselor David Austin, Garrett Gellert as the charismatic Counselor Ben Brill. But being a counselor is not as easy as it once seemed: in a single day, they’re accosted by a nervous mother (Alex Dhawan) and her first-year camper (Dylan Ashby), who hilariously list their concerns with the son’s many allergies. Austin is awakened by his camper (Anders Westermann) and learns he has overslept on his OD day. Other campers, played by Alex Sidorsky and Alex Desjonqueres, make life miserable with constant questions throughout his day. Even payday is a disappointment — Emily Swan (Anders Westermann) distributes paychecks that are a meager seventeen dollars. The pair wish desperately to return to their original camper form, and with lesson learned, the wish is granted. Through this show, the Expedition Campers proved their ability to work as a team to create something sensational.

Another smashing success was *The Pinceredibles*, a retelling of Pixar’s *The Incredibles*, directed by Mark Pierce and Will Pomerantz. The story begins during a thunderstorm, when Daniel Leonce, Patrick Holden, and Navi Vaisbort, playing themselves, manage to

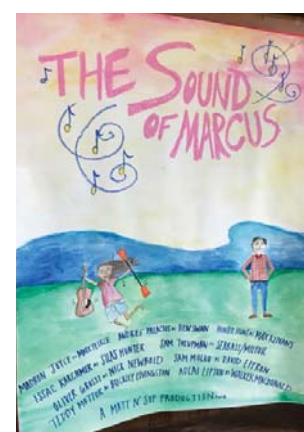
sneak into the library. Here, Patrick discovers a picture of the trio’s superhero grandfathers in an old PIC book. This sets the three on a journey to unearth the truth about the “Pinceredibles.” One by one, the three realize that each possesses powers passed down to him by his grandfather. Holden assumes the role of “Invisiboy,” Leonce the role of “Shop Guy,” and Vaisbort “Kid Kababa.” The trio sets out to fight crime and improve life on the island. Each provides a strong, heroic, performance. After talking with Rhoads Miller (once again, Eben Weislogel), they learn that years ago superheroes were brought to the island to be trained, but Ben Swan, bitter about his own lack of superpowers, outlawed them once and for all. Ben Swan, played with evil grin and voice by Choe, and Emily Swan, played by Hans Bauermeister with evil poise, hypnotize everyone and cause them to misbehave. Even mild-mannered Assistant Director Dan Bristol, whose friendliness is portrayed skillfully by Teddy Mottur, is compromised. Ben and Emily turn counselor Ryan Schlosser (played by Jax Lou, perfectly embodying Schlosser’s essence) into “The Schloss,” a terrifying monster. Desperate for a solution, the trio realizes that counselor Dawson Loewen (also the versatile Bauermeister), can bring Schlosser back from his monster form. All is eventually resolved, and the supers bring a new era of peace to the island. *The Pinceredibles* was an action-packed SNS, keeping the audience on their toes throughout.

The finale to this SNS season was *The Sound of Marcus*, written, composed, and directed by Matt Miller and Corinne Alsop. This production was a full-scale musical, featuring Pine Island parodies of most of the tunes from the original *Sound of Music*. In this version

of Pine Island, Ben Swan, played with gravitas by Andres Palacios, has banned music forever, replacing it with strict rules and a fear of the invasive plant species, Milfoil. New counselor Mark Pierce (played with precision, truth, and excellence by Madron Joyce) comes to PIC after learning about it through his best friend, counselor Walker McDonald (Adlai Lipton portrays McDonald’s friendly disposition perfectly). When Mark arrives, Swan sends him to Northampton — home of the most mischievous older campers. There he finds Sebastian Sahlman (Sam Tulupman), David Efron (Sam Molk), Silas Hunter (Isaac Karchmer), and Nick Newbold (Oliver Grossi). They form an excellent ensemble, with hilarious frenetic energy, accomplished singing, and choreographed dancing. They are led by Max Klivans, played by Hunter Hunt, who delivers a stellar performance as a ringleader. Despite Swan’s continual punishments, Mark continues to use music to teach the boys to be polite and respectful, and Joyce’s ability to lead the ensemble in song is a delight for the audience. Eventually, the boys find the courage to perform a song at campfire in the hopes of changing Swan’s heart. The plan works: Swan welcomes music back to the Island and all seems to be resolved. Suddenly, the campfire is interrupted by the villain Swan has been warning everyone about throughout the show. Running in cackling, Milfoil (a memorable performance by Sam Tulupman) overtakes Great Pond. As the curtains close, each cast member sings a solo farewell to the audience, receiving well-deserved applause for excellent singing, dancing, and acting all around. All in all, this season brought new faces, new plots, new songs, and a new level of creativity and passion to the stage.



Poster for *Buckhood*



Poster for *The Sound of Marcus*, the first complete musical produced in Honk Hall since the early '60s production of Gilbert and Sullivan's H.M.S. Pinafore

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

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

Will Webb was married to Lorraine Jabine on October 6, 2018. In attendance were Pine Islanders **Mal Webb**, **Ben Schachner**, **Sumner Ford**, and **Josh Treat**. Will is a teacher in Portland, ME. Also in the education biz in Portland are **Ben Mini**, **Lindsay Clarke**, and **Carey Turner**. **Gene Brown** and Heidi Bacani were married on October 14, 2018 on Cape Cod. Gene's cousin **Ned Bishop** was the best man. Gene and Heidi, who live in Redondo Beach, CA, honeymooned in Camden, ME and spent a day at Whitehead Island with director **Ben Swan**. Gene was the director of the Pine Island Whitehead program in 1984. Ned continues as women's cross country and track and field coach at Connecticut College and serves on Pine Island's board of directors. **Hannah Nagle** welcomed her second child, Iris, on February 1, 2018. She lives in Tacoma, WA. Hanna's cousin **Ruth Tucker** lives and works in New York for the Office of the NYC medical examiner at the Brooklyn office. Brother **Abe Tucker** is a professor of biology, teaching evolution at the University of Southern Arkansas. **Dr. Jason Fischer** and his wife Linden welcomed Merin, their second child, to their home in Philadelphia, PA on July 7, 2018. Jason is completing a fellowship in pediatric emergency medicine at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. **Page Dunbar Muthusubramanian** and her husband Arjun welcomed Xavier on July 6, 2018. They live in Charlottesville, VA where Arjun is an MD and Page is a nurse practitioner. Page was the first UVA Nursing student to serve as Medic at Pine Island. **Lauren Brill**, our fifth wonderful UVA Nursing medic in a row, will return to Pine Island this summer for her second season. **Caroline Moughon**, **Mary Harrington**, and **Natalie Miner** are all practicing nurses. **Marty Hale** and his wife Pippa welcomed a baby boy named Augustus. Brother **Charlie Hale** and his wife Ann snuck one by the Needlehound, and their son Will was born June 12, 2017. Son **Charles** was a first-year camper last summer.

Natalie Burr, a swimming instructor at Pine Island last summer, is finishing her undergraduate career at the University of Michigan. Her father **Ty Burr** continues as one of the principal film reviewers for the *Boston Globe* while teaching at Emerson College and Boston University and writing books. Both **Lucien Malle** and **Noah Brodsky** are students at Colorado College. **Will Pomerantz** will join them next year after his gap year. Brother **Ethan Pomerantz** is at Colby. **Carson Peck**, **Jacob Donoghue**, and **Danny Hincks** are all freshmen at Dartmouth. Brother

Johnny Hincks is a junior at Williams and **David Hincks** graduated last spring from Boston College. Their dad **Ben Hincks** has, with colleagues, started his own law firm in Boston - Torres, Scammon, Hincks & Day. Ben's old tentmate and fellow **Linh Nguyen** emailed recently to announce a website displaying his latest paintings. Linh wrote, "I've finally launched my art website where you can follow my work. Please visit me at: www.linhcnguyen.com. You can also find my work at: facebook.com/lcnguyenfineart and on Instagram at: [linhnguyen3145](https://instagram.com/linhnguyen3145)." Linh has been in the finance world for many years but was an art major at Yale and is now following his primary interest. **Teddy Hincks** is in his second year at Champlain College in Burlington, VT and is pursuing a degree in cybersecurity. His sister **Leah** is in her first year at the University of Richmond, where **Dario Falcone** is a senior. **Will Stack** is in his first year at St. Lawrence and recently had dinner with associate director **Sumner Ford**, and counselors **Hunter Corliss** and **Garrett "Garth" Sopko**. SLU grads **Ian Ford** and **Satchel Toole** have set up housekeeping with UVM grad **Max McKendry** in Jackson, WY for the winter. No doubt they will have a lot of visitors eager to ski. **Tom Duggan** is teaching at the Teton Science School in Jackson Hole. **Rip Swan**, the elder, is happily farming in Lisbon, ME. **Rip Swan**, the younger, is living with **Jasper Lowe** and **Jack Faherty** in Portland, ME and working as a carpenter for Barrett Made, a design/build firm in Portland. He returned last winter from his trip around the world and spent last summer with **Oliver Lowe** at Whitehead Island rebuilding and adding to Flawless, one of the ramshackle cottages in the Swan compound where the Pine Island boys and staff live during the summer. Ramshackle no more. "It's almost too nice for Whitehead," was a common reaction to the lovely structure. Jasper continues to make awesome short videos for Pine Island Camp. You can see them if you visit PIC's website. Jack is the Maine communications director for the recently re-elected Independent Senator **Angus King**. Angus's law school classmate **Jim Breeden** says he's slowing down his law practice, but that may be fake news. Angus's son **Ben "Shop Guy" Herman** continues to work on the renovation of a building in Brunswick, and his grandson **Josh King** will be at Pine Island for his fourth summer in 2019 and played a few games of *Risk* (unable to spend time outdoors because of the smoke from the wildfires) with LA resident **Harry Swan**, who was up in Mill Valley for Thanksgiving with the Herman Kings. While in the Bay Area he visited with his cousin **Mahesh Francis** and aunt **Kate Swan** at Mahesh's new condo. Mahesh is working as an admissions counselor at a San Francisco community college and working on his Master's degree. Harry's sister **Katie Swan**, also an LA resident, spent

the same holiday in Minneapolis with **Tommy Nagler** and former Whitehead skipper **Brent Cleveland**, who is in his residency on the way to becoming a urologist. LA is also home to **Kit Smith**. Actually, Manhattan Beach, where he surfs every chance he gets, which is not often enough because he is Vice President for Product Development for String King, an athletic equipment and apparel company he helped found several years ago. String King started out designing and manufacturing better mesh and sticks for men's lacrosse and has since launched lines of women's lacrosse equipment, sticks for young players, and apparel. Next comes a wider range of apparel, hockey sticks and baseball bats! How about poles for defending gates in the War Game? Brother **Cody Smith** is living in Rockland, ME and doing boaty things. So is **Abe "Dagger" Stimson**, who was at Pine Island this fall to head up the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend.

Also working in the medical field are former PIC board member **Whit Fisher**, soon to partially retire from the amazingly stressful work of emergency medicine in Rhode Island, and current PIC board member **Max Huber**, who is at Brown Medical School waiting to hear where he will do his residency for general surgery. **Casey Alsop** is an emergency room physician in Portland, ME. Casey's dad **John Alsop** is hoping to retire soon from his job as an assistant attorney general for the State of Maine, but in spite of his busy schedule he finds time to paint, volunteer in a number of ways for PIC, take violin lessons, and recreate on his skidder near his home in Cornville, ME. John's daughter **Corinne Alsop** is a sophomore at NYU and recently played Jaques in Shakespeare's *As You Like It* staged outdoors in Washington Square Park. All the world is, indeed, a stage for Corinne, who went directly into another role and will return to PIC this summer as a counselor and will undoubtedly direct at least one Saturday Night Show. **Henry Beck** was recently elected by the Legislature to become the next Maine State Treasurer. Henry served for many years as a Democratic member of the Maine House of Representatives, to which he was first elected during his senior year at Colby College! **Cecily Pulver** sent an update on the Pulver sisters: "I'm in the Integrative and Evolutionary Biology PhD program at USC. I am engaged to Nick Tapper, but so far no actual plans for a wedding. **Amanda Pulver** is currently the salad overlord of Wegmans and is the head of the new prepared salad department at the new store in Natick, MA. **Millie Pulver** has started her own PhD in Jos Jonkers Cancer Research Lab in Amsterdam. **Maddie Pulver** is in the second year of her doctorate of pharmacy in Minnesota." Amanda returned to PIC for most of the volunteer week this fall with former KC member and driver **Alice Packard**. Alice is living



Page Dunbar Muthusubramanian's son Xavier

in Chicago and recently became a member of the Union International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees 476 and has worked recently in the art departments of Showtime, HBO, Fox, Bad Robot, Participant, and Warner brothers.

Victor Dillard writes from London that the company he started, Desktop Genetics, was acquired by Celixir, a UK-based biopharmaceutical company and long-standing client of DG. Victor is very pleased with the outcome of the deal and says it means his life is less hectic and more fun, while he gets to continue with a leadership position in the company. A photo recently popped up on his Facebook page of the ATC Hawg trip in 2007, which included **Lucien Malle**, who is now a junior at Colorado College. "I immediately messaged Lucien," wrote Victor. "I have such great memories of the trip and the campers who came along to maintain the trail with **Alex Kasper** and me. Lucien in particular. He was always so enthusiastic, happy, positive...and hungry. He ate so much bacon I thought we'd have to deal with an emergency evacuation for indigestion!" **Paul Malle** is living in LA and working in the film business, while father **Frédéric Malle** continues to direct Editions de Parfums Frédéric Malle, the unique perfume company he founded and recently sold to Estée Lauder. **Josh Treat** lives in Rockport, ME and works on Republican political campaigns and initiatives. Josh founded Ingersoll Partners a couple of years ago with two fellow campaign staffers. A photograph of one of the three interior gardens designed by landscape architect **Jack Ohly** was used as the lead photograph in a major *New York Times* piece on the recently opened new building at the Menil Drawing Institute in Houston. Jack, who lives in Brooklyn with his family, was both a camper and a counselor at Pine Island and performed at last year's Winter Campfire in New York.

Jacob Ronson passed his national certification exam and is now a CTRS (Certified Therapeutic Recreation Specialist) and received his BS in Recre-

(Continued on page 20)

(Continued from page 2)

housed in a building. This left Whitehead Light Station with the go-ahead to build a desperately needed workshop and storage building where the burned building had stood. After purchasing and installing the new tank and other equipment, it was clear that WLS could afford to buy the materials for the new workshop but that it would be necessary to use as much volunteer labor as possible.

Nick Buck, who designed the original building, put together a design for a building a bit wider and a bit taller to accommodate storage on a second floor. He and James Eklund finalized the materials list and Ben got an estimate. The materials were delivered in the nick of time by WLS friend Art Tibbetts on his barge to the WLS pier, and Rip Swan and friends spent a day hauling them up to the station and staging them there. A couple of weeks later James Eklund arrived, along with David Pope, Rip Swan, Matt Wall and newcomer John Rogers, with Gigi Lirot providing amazing meals for the crew. In less than two days James and his team assembled the sturdy deck that would be the foundation for the new building. It had been raining a lot, so the first task was to drain as much of the water from the building site as possible. This required quite a lot of mucking around in sooty mud and moving some big pieces of granite. By the time James and his crew left, we had a level and super sturdy deck with the framing plan laid out in pencil along the plates.

Two weeks later the next team of volunteers arrived, including former Whitehead Coast Guard lightkeeper and director of the Whitehead Work Crew Nick Buck, Spruce Head resident Ed Williams and his wife Patti, and Pine Islanders John Alsop, Rob Chandler, and Charlie Krause. With Gigi again keeping everyone fueled with beautiful meals and even on-site snacks, the work proceeded with amazing speed. Two days later the building was framed and sheathed! Overlapping with this team were the twenty-somethings - Ben Schachner, Satchel Toole, and Ian Ford, who helped with the sheathing and then stayed to shingle the roof, build the big barn doors, and apply the trim. Ben Swan, Matt Wall and Gigi Lirot returned later to finish the last few rows of shingles on the roof and to wrap the building and put up shutters for the winter. This coming April volunteers will assemble again to install the windows and doors, shingle the walls, build some benches, and move the big shop tools from the mainland. Thanks to all the volunteers who pitched in and will pitch in this spring to make this much-needed building a reality.

Matt Wall's Gift of Dozens of Hours of Expert Work is Key to New System

Matt Wall has been a helpful and skillful presence at the Whitehead Light Station for many years. Matt is an MIT grad with an astonishing array of skills and what seems like endless energy and the enthusiasm of an 18-year-old. When he is not running his various businesses

and projects from his home in Cambridge, MA, bicycling from Cambridge to Spruce Head, traveling to Korea or Cape Canaveral for work, or performing choral music in Germany, Matt is deeply involved in making WLS a well-organized, safe, welcoming place for program participants. Matt has taken on dozens of tasks, including skippering the boat for WLS programs, building and maintaining buildings, boat maintenance, vehicle maintenance, wiring and plumbing challenges, organizing records and files, landscaping, assisting in the kitchen, setting up communications, and planning for solar and wind energy production. Matt has also taken a strong interest in the history of the Light Station and shares his extensive knowledge with visitors to the station. Much of the time Matt is paid for his work (well below the paygrade of someone whose work was recently launched into space), but he donated all of his time to the installation of the new sewage treatment facility that resulted from the 2017 fire.

Matt was involved in the selection and purchase of the FujiClean sewage treatment system from the beginning and in the course of the late winter, spring, summer, and fall spent dozens of hours to making sure that it was installed properly and, perhaps at least as important, on time. Because the new system required only one tank, it was determined that it could be buried by digging into the bank in front of the Whistle House. After conferring with advisor Henry Clauson, Ben Swan undertook the big dig. It was early in the spring, not an easy time of year to find volun-

teers, so Ben turned to Maine Works, a non-profit organization that connects formerly incarcerated, mostly young men to work opportunities. Twice Ben picked up a small crew near his home in Brunswick and took them out to Whitehead for the day. They had been told what the work would entail, but they signed on anyway, and everyone worked extremely hard to dig both the hole for the tank and the trenches needed for the sewer pipes. Once the hole was dug Matt, with help from Spruce Head resident and retired contractor David Pillsbury, set up an ingenious system for lowering the heavy tank into the hole. Once it was in the hole, Jim Nagler and Jasper Lowe spent two days working to fill around the tank and finally construct a temporary roof over it. The roof will be removed this spring when the tank is completely buried.

Matt then undertook the actual hooking up of the sewer pipes from both the Keeper's House and the Schoolhouse and the technically challenging commissioning of the system. It works! Thank you, Matt, for your time and for making sure the least glamorous and most important element of the WLS facility was ready on time.

You Can Pitch in at Whitehead Light Station

If you would like to find out more about volunteer opportunities at Whitehead Light Station, contact director Gigi Lirot www.whiteheadlightstation.org or call her directly at 207-200-7957.



Maine Works crew digging the old-fashioned way



Maine Works crew at WLS after some hard digging



The new sewage treatment tank is lowered into the ground in front of the Whitehead Lighthouse

Needlenotes (Continued from page 19)

ational Therapy from Longwood University on December 14th. **Paul Ronson** retired a year ago after a long career as a detective in and around the city of Richmond, VA. Paul is still enjoying his second career as a Safety Manager working on the construction of a massive Facebook Data Center. **Amber Walker** is now the Richmond office manager for DPR Construction. Marine officer **Jason Schachner** has recently started training to be a fighter pilot. Brother **Ben**

Schachner is associate director **Sumner Ford's** housemate in Burlington, VT and is working as a carpenter for a small company. In Burlington they might run into **Stewart** and **Julie Pierson**, **Becca Waldo**, **Teddy Hincks**, **Matt Saltus**, or **Ben Cabot**, all of whom are living in the area. Brother **Adam Schachner** is living in Chicago pursuing a career in the arts. **Sarah Hunter** continues her hiking and biking exploits year-round with her two sons **Caleb** and **Silas Hunter** and

her husband **Jason Hunter** (See article on page 10). Caleb has been putting his riflery skills to use on biathlon courses throughout Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont as he trains with the Jackson Biathlon team. After several rounds of school, district, and regional contests, Silas Hunter earned a spot at the MathCounts Maine State Competition last year, finishing with the 12th highest score in the state. In early December, Sarah and Silas zipped up Mt. Flume in

the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Brrrrrr!

Otto Lyon graduated from Tulane in 2017 and is putting his physics and architecture degrees to use working on a large solar farm in the Australian outback while continuing to pursue his interest in music.

Eloise Nimocks is working at her alma mater Mt. Holyoke College as lab manager for a project studying reading comprehension in small children.

NEEDLE NEWS BRIEFS

Another Enrollment Record!

The mantra for completing camper enrollment for the coming season used to be “Full by February!” but that suddenly became obsolete this fall when we started a waiting list for the 2019 season before Thanksgiving. Diligent work by director of communications Sarah Hunter, associate director Sumner Ford, and many wonderful camp parents, along with the increasing importance of what Pine Island Camp offers boys - the opportunity to painlessly unplug, to enjoy living close to nature, to learn worthwhile skills well away from competitive sports, and to participate in building a successful community — have delivered PIC the success it so richly deserves. We never stop looking for the next great Pine Island family, so don't hesitate to recommend PIC to friends and family and/or contact Sarah Hunter so she can make contact.

More Unsolicited Kudos for PIC Counselors and Campers on the Trail

Below is an email we received from a hiker who encountered one of the two Expedition Camp groups that hiked part of Vermont's Long Trail last summer.

Dear Ben Swan,

I just wanted to drop you a quick email giving some props to your group of 15-year-olds and their 2 leaders who are on the Long Trail right now. I was just out for a 3-day trek with my father-in-law and happened to be at the same shelters and the same route as them for 2 nights. The two trip leaders were super cool and very competent. They were great with the kids and it was evident that the boys respected and admired them. The boys were so respectful and had amazing trail and shelter etiquette and were very comfortable having conversations with their fellow trail and shelter mates. I am a high school teacher and would happily have any of those kids in my class.

Kudos to your camp and your staff. It

was very clear how important the camp is in their lives.

Keep up the good work,
Dusty S. of Colchester, VT

Will It Float? Of Course It Will!

And yet, this has to be the question on any first-time boat builder's mind as he or she nears the moment at which the craft must slip off the trailer and into the water. In our third installment over three years, Pine Islander Rob Whitehouse brings us up to date on his ambitious project.

Dear Pine Needle,

Building the 26.5' Bowler continues into its third year. The aft hull structure now holds a very efficient 60hp outboard sitting in a well. It will have a hatch over it and a bench seat in front. The cockpit is complete with the exception of its sole. The plywood will be replaced by a sole of mahogany planks once the shelter goes up and before helm station & seating construction starts. The forward deck is a single assembly of laminated marine plywood, so we can complete almost all of the cabin work before putting the deck down. The deck hogs up all of the remaining floor space in the shop, so I can't wait to install it in a week or two. All of the plumbing is in place right down to the head and the galley sink. The four round portholes and the raised sheer remind me of the elegant 1930s cruisers. She will float in mid-May with some luck. Retirement in January should help speed things along. A name continues to elude us, and suggestions are welcome.

I enjoyed a great Sloan Critchfield weekend and extended maintenance week. What a superb time of year to be on Great Pond what with wonderful people, good food and needy boats. The lake temperature was perfect for a before-dinner soap swim. The extension let the crew tackle larger jobs than in years past. The boats look great!

Akka Lakka,
Rob

Singer Songwriter Edwin McCain Receives Kudos from *Rolling Stone*

Former Pine Island counselor and current Pine Island parent Edwin McCain performed at musician Warren Haynes's 30th Christmas Jam in Asheville, NC. The Jam is an annual gathering of musicians to benefit the Asheville Area Habitat for Humanity. Through Haynes's efforts and the generosity of musicians such as Edwin, over the past 30 years they have raised over \$2.3 million and been responsible for building over 40 houses for people in need. In a recent *Rolling Stone* article about the 15 best things they saw at the Jam, Edwin was named “Best Person to Run into Backstage.” *Rolling Stone* writes:

“Hailing from just down the road in Greenville, South Carolina, McCain, a beloved songwriter in his own right (“I'll Be” and “I Could Not Ask for More”), has been involved in Christmas Jam for 29 of its 30 years. Wandering around the backstage area, McCain (who also performed on the side stage Saturday evening) is a pillar of what the gathering represents — camaraderie and compassion through musicianship. “This is a collection of musicians that understand the difference between trying to be the genesis and trying to be the conduit. Most of the musicians here are a conduit for this music and this energy, without a lot of pretense around someone being the genesis of it,” McCain said. “The audience here has been here for 30 years, the same audience that was with the Allman Brothers Band and the Grateful Dead. And every year, there's a whole new generation of conduits.”

On a Roll — Andrew Irvine Takes Kayaking to the Next Level

Kayaking was introduced as an activity to Pine Island in the summer of 1994, Andrew Irvine's first summer as a camper. He broke three of our brand-new paddles that summer, which indicated both that we had chosen the wrong paddles for the activity and that Andrew paddled hard, really hard. Over 20 years later Andrew is still paddling very hard, now as a member of two Kayak Polo teams in the San Francisco Bay area, where he has been teaching honors and AP Chemistry at the Harker School since 2007. Kayak Polo is a combination of water polo and kayaking. Paddlers use special boats that have bumpers and are easy to turn and roll. And, it's a contact sport! A “tackle” involves slamming into opponents who have the ball and capsizing them. Players use a water polo ball, wear helmets with face masks and use paddles with thick blades to avoid cutting one another. Andrew, who was a camper for two summers and a counselor for five, is remembered by many as the counselor with a pet tarantula and star of the hilarious “Camper Hunter” and “Little Jimmy” skits at campfire, in addition to being an enthusiastic and demanding kayak instructor and skilled trip leader. Andrew proudly pointed out that he took Sumner Ford and Harry Swan on their first hiking trip up Saddleback Mountain. Andrew's kayak polo career started in 2010 and is taking off. His team competed in KP Nationals for several years in the B division and in 2017 competed in the A division for the first time. In 2018 he was invited to be in the US men's development squad looking ahead to the KP World Championship in Canada. He will be attending the A Division Cup of the North 2019 in February as goalie for his club team, the San Francisco Pelicans. Andrew's current goal is to compete in the 2020 KP Worlds in Rome.



Andrew Irvine, (#13) breaking the Cove Rules in the full contact sport of Kayak Polo



Rob Whitehouse's boat is outgrowing his shop

MAJOR MAINTENANCE 2018

Santa Maria Heads Down the Camp Road in the Snow Fall Crew Busy, Aided by Generous Gift of Tools

Gift of Shipping Container Frees Up Santa Maria for Additional Expedition Camp Housing

It all started in the fall of 2017 when Sumner, Ben and Sarah faced the happy prospect of Pine Island's wonderful Expedition Camp being oversubscribed. By October it was clear that, rather than turn away eight qualified 15-year-olds who were ready to sign on for the 2018 Expedition Camp season, we should hire two more trip leaders and run a double X-Camp. The only difficulty we faced was figuring out where 16 large boys would live.

In recent years, with the island at capacity, we completed renovations on the KCI and the Third Cabin, providing relatively luxurious accommodations for X-Campers and their counselors during the brief periods they are not off on their two lengthy wilderness expeditions, but Camp X had beds for only nine boys. The solution was to put a 40' shipping container... in Norridge-wock... Fortunately for the 2018 Expedition Campers and staff, the cavernous shipping container would not be their new bunkroom, but rather would allow us to move War Game gear out of the Santa Maria, which could then be moved down the camp road into the space between the First Cabin and Third

Cabin where the Second Cabin stood before it burned down during one winter in the late '60s.

Installing a shipping container to house all of the War Game equipment was the brain child and very generous gift of alumnus and camp parent Edwin McCain. While visiting with Edwin in the center of town during the 2017 war game, director Ben Swan was lamenting both the hassle of moving tents and War Game gear from the Santa Maria at the head of the camp road to York's Crossing and back each season and the fact that any building we might construct to house the gear would probably be vandalized by the notoriously lawless residents of the Martin Stream Road. In a flash Edwin said, "You need a shipping container! I'll buy you one!" It was a brilliant solution and a wonderfully generous offer. Early in the summer of 2018 a light red 40-foot shipping container arrived at the War Game site and was placed just 50 yards from the campsite. We moved all the War Game tents and gear to their new home, christened "Rosie" by associate director Sumner Ford with a nod to Edwin's hit album *Misguided Roses*.

Emptied of its contents, the Santa Maria was ready to set sail for the journey down the camp road. Local house movers arrived late last winter with all

kinds of jacks, blocking, a bulldozer, and a lot of know-how. It took them just two days to bring the building down the mile-long camp road and set it up on sturdy posts. A spring crew put in some new windows, a new floor, a set of steps, and screens for the doors and windows. We added bunks a few days before the boys arrived and Expedition Camp got off to a smooth start.

Fall Crew Busy and Productive

Fresh off a successful summer at Pine Island and with a few weeks to fill before starting their winter jobs, Ben Schachner, Satchel Toole, Ian Ford, and Max McKendry signed on to do off-season work at Pine Island and enjoy the good life as autumn First Cabin dwellers. Their work included a much-needed paint job on the Trip Locker floor, a complete makeover of the Bunkhouse (the old Staff Office and most recently Sumner Ford's dwelling), some major clearing of brush and small trees on the Mainland, cutting firewood for next season's campfires, interior work on Rosie, the shipping container at York's Crossing, and several days' work on the new workshop building at Whitehead Light Station. Some of the crew were also on hand to help with the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend and the volunteer week that followed.

The crew's most significant project was the Bunkhouse makeover. First constructed as an addition to the Doctor's Cabin to house the young children of assistant director Tim Holbrook and his wife Franny in the mid-sixties, the little building became the Staff Office during the years when Jim Breeden and Monte Ball were running the camp. As

part of the major renovations done the year before Pine Island's centennial, the little addition was detached from the Doctor's Cabin and fitted with three west-facing windows, a new roof, and new cedar shingles. The addition of a bunk bed made it a dwelling for whoever needed it. During the past few summers it has been the lair of Sumner Ford, and this fall we undertook a second makeover. One of the least desirable features of the Bunkhouse was that it was one very hot place in the warm weather. The fall renovations included replacing the windows with larger ones (the old ones will be used in the newly-repurposed Santa Maria), the addition of a window on the south side to admit the breeze in hot weather, the addition of a small deck on the west side, and a second door for access to it. Thanks to Ben Schachner and his crew, the renovations are complete, and it looks great and will be much more comfortable in the future.

The deck deserves special mention. It is a small deck, just big enough for a couple of chairs. The original idea was to build a railing out of dimensional lumber, but during a visit to the project Ben Swan suggested they consider an Adirondack-style railing. Ben and the boys headed to the mainland between the Third Cabin and the Rink, where they found an abundance of small cedar that had been twisted by wind and the rocks around which they grew. They returned to the island with a boatload, and about a week later the crew had assembled a railing and frame complete with logs to support whatever materials or plants we decide to use to create needed shade. Step out the door onto the deck and one might as well be in one of the great Ad-



Cedar cut on the mainland by the fall maintenance crew headed for Pine Island



Adirondack-style railings and lattice on the new porch of the Bunkhouse

ironhack camps built in the 19th century. Be sure to come see it if you are on the island this summer!

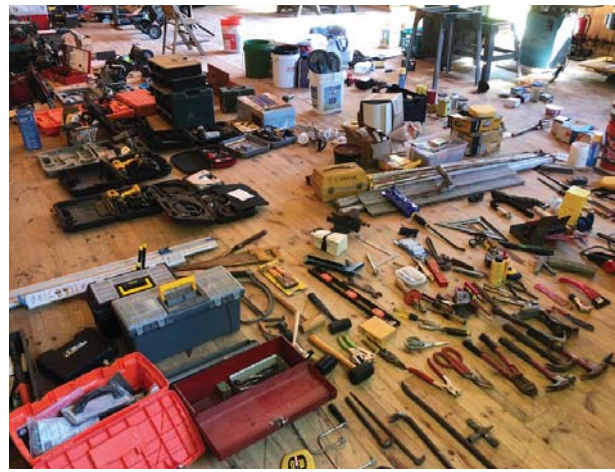
Always a little desperate to stay a step ahead of the chaos created by disorganized storage areas at Pine Island, Ben Swan insisted that the interior of Rosie, the new shipping container storage facility out at Norridgewock, be set up in a way that would, perhaps, keep it from becoming a dumping ground for old tents and esoteric War Game equipment. After having two rows of horizontal metal strips welded along the sides and across the end with holes drilled to receive bolts and hooks, Ben consulted with the crew and sent them out to set it up. Just one day's work yielded a truly wonderful storage facility that contains tents, poles, tarps, ladders, rope, mowing equipment, air raid sirens, a large bell, and all the materials needed to set up the gates for play. It all fits, and it is all beautifully organized on ingeniously-designed shelves and many hooks. There is even a small workbench. Rosie is made of very heavy-duty steel and has double locking doors at one end to foil any curious denizens of the Martin Stream Road. Thank you, Edwin!

As the weather closed in and 100% became a serious challenge, the Fall Crew accomplished many other small but critical jobs. They cleaned, sanded, primed and painted the Trip Locker floor so that it looks great and will be much easier for the LTIPs to keep clean. They brought down a few trees along the Camp Road and cut them up to

supply dry firewood for next summer's campfires. They cleared brush and small trees from around the Office, KCI, and other cabins on the mainland, replaced missing panes of glass here and there, cut dead trees and brush on the island, helped with the end-of-season removal of the floating docks, and repaired some furniture. They also put in several days of demanding work (but with Gigi's cooking and an unparalleled view) shingling the roof of the new building at Whitehead Light Station, putting on trim, and building the large doors.

Finally, the outside world was calling and they headed out, and Ben Swan finished the final close-up with help from Sumner Ford, Jasper Lowe, and local contractor Dan Trembly. The final project of the fall was to straighten up and strengthen the Freight Shed, which nearly gave up the ghost under the snow load last winter. Never one to pass up an opportunity to improve our organizational prospects, Ben took advantage and set up the former trash shed as a large-tool storage shed and finally rebuilt that shelf in the Freight shed whose main attribute was making it impossible even to know what was on it. And not a moment too soon; the day after Ben closed the last padlock, it snowed enough to close the camp road, probably for the winter.

It was a productive fall season in spite of the early snow, and we are hoping for an early spring so that we can get down the road and start getting ready for the 2019 season!



Vast array of tools donated to Pine Island by Whit Fisher and Dennis Gagne spread out in the Smith Range/Barn

GIFT OF TOOLS EQUIPS PIC FOR FUTURE PROJECTS

As any PIC maintenance man can tell you, having the right tool for the job at hand is essential to working efficiently and doing quality work. Almost as certain is that, up until now, just about every time one needs a particular tool, we either didn't have it or we did have it but it was somewhere else. If you were doing a project on the Mainland at Pine Island, the tool you needed was on the island, and vice versa, or it was down at Whitehead Light Station or perhaps even down in Brunswick. An extraordinarily generous and thoughtful gift from Pine Islander Whit Fisher and his husband Dennis Gagne has made it *much* more likely that future maintenance men at PIC and WLS will have the tools they need when they need them.

Whit and Dennis live on a beautiful stretch of the Wequetequock Cove in Pawcatuck, CT. Whit is an emergency room physician and Dennis is retired and the default financial advisor and counselor to many of their neighbors. After the unexpected death of local contractor and neighbor Charles Taylor in November of 2016, his wife Beth was having a difficult time making sense of her future, and Dennis offered to help. Beth gratefully accepted and, as part of helping her figure out her finances for the road ahead, Dennis found that she needed and very much wanted to find a good home for all of Charles's tools, collected during a lifetime as a contractor. Whit and Dennis immediately thought of PIC and agreed to buy the entire collection of tools and then donate them to Pine Island Camp.

What a gift! Three trips to Connecticut and back brought an incredible array of tools, scaffolding, ladders, compressors, generators, and even a contractor's trailer to Belgrade. With the 2018 season about to start, the tools and trailer were stashed here and there, and last September Ben Swan collected them all and laid them out in the Smith Range/Barn for inspection and distribution. First he equipped the trailer, now known as the Taylor Trailer, with a full set of mobile tools, including a table saw, a chop saw, a generator, screw guns, a compressor and hoses, and dozens of other electric, pneumatic, and hand tools. The Taylor Trailer will be on call before, during, and after the camp season to serve wherever it is needed. The large, heavy, and beautiful shop tools, including a band saw, table saw, planer, jointer, bench grinder, and drill press, have been transported to one of the camp's mainland buildings at Emery's Wharf near Whitehead Island and will be installed in the new workshop at the Whitehead Light Station when it is completed this spring, at last giving WLS a real shop for future work. The Maintenance Shed on Pine Island has also benefitted from the gift, and many of the hand tools now reside there.

While there is no guarantee that the anguished cry of, "We've got one, but it is on the island... on the Mainland... down at Whitehead..." won't ring out in the future, it is far less likely, thanks to the generosity of Whit and Dennis.



Interior of the new shipping container with War Game gear neatly stowed





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“TOPSIDE” BOATHOUSE APARTMENT FOR RENT NEAR WHITEHEAD

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

Cost: \$750 per week

Contact: 207-200-7957 or info@whiteheadstation.org



The deck at Topside early morning



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



Master bedroom at Topside

WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION FOR RENT

You can rent the entire Whitehead Light Station! Seven bedrooms, each with its own bathroom, all linens provided, transportation provided by a skipper who will live at the facility and be available for trips ashore or excursions in the Light Station’s launch. This is an amaz-

ing place for a family reunion or a reunion of friends. For more photos and information go to www.whiteheadlightstation.org.

Cost: \$6900 per week

Contact us at 207-200-7957 or info@whiteheadlightstation.org.



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