

GAP YEAR

PINE ISLAND MISSES A BEAT FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 118 YEARS

Pine Islanders have long been known for their ability to make do with less. The expression “less is more” has been a hallmark of life at Pine Island since the very beginning, when traveling by train and dirt roads brought campers and staff to a remote island. Since 1902 Great Pond and Pine Island have become less remote, but the camp has consciously maintained a facility that feels remote and where making do with less is providing an even more valuable experience as boys and staff are given the opportunity to unplug and lose the myriad distractions of the modern world. Making do with less is one thing, but this past spring the 90 or so boys and nearly 40 staff who were planning to make do with less learned that they would have to make do with... nothing.

After weeks of careful research and communication with Maine Summer Camps, the professional association to which Pine Island belongs; the Maine CDC; and infectious disease experts and prospective parents, the Pine Island board of directors decided, out of an abundance of caution, not to operate for the 2020 season. Director Sumner Ford, instead of preparing for his first season at the helm, spent countless hours doing research, having long conversations, and creating a range of scenarios for operating camp in the COVID era, in the event we decided to open camp. Ultimately Sumner’s efforts went into creating a successful and safe “Skeleton Crew” (see



Pine Island awaits the arrival of PIC 2021.

article on page 16) of would-have-been counselors who lived and worked on Pine Island for six weeks, completing many projects and providing on-line “content” for those boys who wanted to maintain contact with PIC during the summer months. Sumner spent many hours on the phone checking in with 2020 campers and their parents and was at the helm of a very different ship throughout the summer. In addition,

Sumner, along with Communications Director Sarah Hunter and a generous and energetic board of directors and Shortfall Task Force, was instrumental in rallying the PIC troops to provide crucial financial support to make up for the shortfall caused by zero tuitions.

Pine Islanders made do, but campers, staff, and parents acutely missed taking part in the creation of another successful community on Pine Island and all the

wonderful things that being part of the effort provides. And alumni and friends the world over missed the comforting knowledge that whatever else was going on, the Pine Island adventure was underway. At this writing, plans are being made for a robust, safe camp season in 2021, and dozens of boys are already looking forward to hopping aboard the KWS on the 25th of June to head to the island.

SUDDEN TUITION VACUUM UPSETS PIC BUDGET — HUNDREDS OF ALUMNI, PARENTS AND FRIENDS RESPOND

Pine Island Camp has faced many challenges during its long history. There have been lean years and not-so-lean years and even some moments in the past when the future of the camp seemed to hang in the balance. Over the past 30 years or so, a great deal of work has gone into stabilizing the camp’s budget and planning carefully for the future. One of the silver linings of the dark cloud of smoke from the fire of 1995 is that Pine Island Camp, Inc., which had recently become a 501(C)(3) non-profit institution, connected with many generous alumni, parents, and friends and increased its ability to raise money the camp needed both to rebuild after the fire and to begin the process of securing the camp’s future. Ironically, this spring, with a campaign underway to increase Pine Island’s invested funds,

partly to provide a cushion to mitigate the financial impact of “unforeseen circumstances,” unforeseen circumstances came calling and didn’t knock.

Although the shock of going from 96 tuitions to zero was eased considerably by the many 2020 parents who rolled over their tuition payments to 2021, it was nonetheless severe, even more severe than the necessity of rebuilding seven buildings following the fire. Many years of work by the Finance Committee, board chairman John Goodhue, and the indispensable and tireless Emily Swan made it easy (never a given in a small institution) to figure out what Pine Island needed to make up the shortfall and stay healthy. In short, Pine Island needed gifts totaling \$600,000 over the next few months. Board member Nick Bellamy and Executive Director Ben

Swan asked several Pine Islanders to join the Shortfall Task Force, dubbed “The Force,” and all of them immediately said yes. Within a couple of weeks 22 individuals, either on the Force or on the Board of Directors, had provided a stunning \$300,000 matching gift fund, providing an important incentive to offer potential donors. Through the US Mail and various on-line appeals, in just a few months over 400 Pine Islanders made gifts large and small and we reached the goal early this fall.

Thanks to this immediate and generous response, Pine Island Camp heads into the coming year in excellent financial shape with the funds needed not just to make it to June but to handle the added expenses that are inevitable in this unusual and unpredictable environment. The appeal for the once-a-year

Annual Fund arrived hot on the heels of the Shortfall appeal, but true to form Pine Islanders are responding generously, again. To all of Pine Island’s supporters around the world a huge *THANK YOU* and *AKKA LAKKA!*

On the next page are the names of the Pine Islanders who responded generously and quickly to plug the hole created when the board of directors made the difficult decision not to open camp for the 2020 season. We are very proud to list these many names, but we do so with some trepidation since it’s almost impossible not to leave someone out. And donations to our shortfall campaign continue to come in as this issue goes to press. If you made a gift and your name does not appear below, please forgive us!

Many Thanks To Our Generous Donors!

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| | | Max McKendry | | |

KING KABABA ELUSIVE DURING 2020 SUMMER... AS USUAL

By Matt Miller, KhD, Yale School of Kababalogy

Even without camp in session this summer, King Kababa made his presence known. The small coalition of staff members who lived on Pine Island this summer expected minimal, if any, communication with the King. Much to their surprise, throughout July and August multiple sacred signs arrived on the island. Luckily kababalogists were on hand to collect and interpret the King's messaging. The King was just as crestfallen as we were that the campers could not gather on the island this summer; however, he was astonished and proud of the way everyone put in the extra work to stay connected. This has been a difficult year, but the King has seen Pine Island rally together through tumultuous periods before, and he made a point to applaud the community's continued resilience. He even rewarded Pine Island with an unexpected arrival at the end of the summer! The night before the small staff was to depart, a cacophony of shrieks, drumming, and chants erupted

from the campfire circle. Recognizing the sounds in an instant, the staff turned their shirts inside out and backwards, covered their hair, and respectfully bowed their heads, making their way to the cove. When they arrived, they found nothing. Nothing except a small pair of eyes peering through the dark. A kababalogist moved aside a pile of pine branches to uncover... a baby



The State of Maine clearly recognizes the importance of the King's wellbeing.



Zingha with daughter Lady Zinghaga

Zingha! The daughter of Zingha the Ghalli Ghalli Porcupine, named Lady Zinghaga, was bestowed upon the is-

land this summer as a beacon of hope, a promise of a joyful future, and a sign of light at the end of the tunnel.

RENOVATED “TOPSIDE” AN IDEAL COASTAL RETREAT

The late Ripley Swan, Jun Swan's brother, was a Pine Islander and had a long career as a master builder in South Londonderry, VT. Rip and his wife Lilian joined Jun and Tats Swan in the purchase of most of Whitehead Island in 1957 and visited the island every year in the late summer. A man who was always looking ahead, Rip thought it would be prudent to own a bit of land on the mainland, and in the early 1960s Rip and Lil bought an old quarry with a granite wharf and three acres of land situated in a protected spot behind Rackliff Island about a mile across Seal Harbor from Whitehead. Soon thereafter Rip built a very basic storage building with a dirt floor that was also a place one could camp out if the weather or other factors made it impossible to get to the island. The editor remembers how it came in handy when he was a boy and some combination of outboard breakdown and sunset stranded the family. Lil named the building the “Swan Dive.” It was later improved enough so that Rip and Lil could live there comfortably while Rip and friends were working on his next mainland project, which Lil dubbed “Topside.”

Topside is the manifestation of Ripley Swan's extraordinary building skills and his whimsical sense of fun. Over many years (and it was never fully finished) Rip built a boathouse on the very edge of the granite pier with an apartment above and a huge deck from which Lil, into her late 70s, used to dive at high tide into the frigid water. The spiral staircase runs up a faux lighthouse tower. As was everything that Rip Swan built, Topside was built to last, very comfortable, and designed to take advantage of the local surroundings. The kitchen corner windows receive the sunrise and the deck gives a great view of the sunset. And there are many unique features. The

pier at the mouth of the boathouse was reduced in height so that the very high tides that occur regularly in the fall allow one to float a small boat right up to the doorway, from where it can be pulled the rest of the way on rollers. The outside of the lower half of the boathouse is coated in stucco that Rip scored to make it look like granite blocks, adding glitter to simulate the quartz in the local granite. The tower housing the staircase has a lantern deck glazed with plexiglass and harboring a single lightbulb. Half-way up the stairs there is a narrow window accessible from one of the steps that gives out onto a tiny deck, complete with balusters and a railing, hung on the outside of the tower to give Rip and Lil's fox terrier a convenient place to stand guard and nap. Topside was always under construction until Rip was unable to work on it any more and simply enjoyed staying there with Lil.

When Rip and then Lil died, the building and property passed to their nephew Ripley Swan II, who rented it for a few years and then sold it to Pine Island Camp, which, since taking ownership of Whitehead Light Station, had a greater need for a mainland base. For many years Topside was kept minimally intact and structurally sound, but there were no real improvements beyond a new roof and a rebuilt deck. Over the past two years, volunteers and some paid contractors have finally actually finished the interior of the apartment, most notably finishing the ceiling and completely renovating the bathroom, and upgraded the lighting and furniture. Topside still has a somewhat rustic feel, but it offers a coziness and privacy that is hard to find in most rentals. Work on restoring the lantern deck is planned, along with other improvements to the exterior. Stay tuned!



The luxurious “new” Topside



New beds, mattresses and linens in the guest room

VIEW FROM THE DOCTOR'S CABIN PORCH

By Sumner Ford, Director

When I was a camper I used to love driving up to camp. Car rides were rare in our family, so four hours of driving from Vermont to Maine felt more like an all-day affair. Despite the relatively long journey, the miles flew by. During my first trip, I was so nervous, so excited! I will always remember my first journey down the Camp Road, that tunnel of pines delivering me to our mystical land. When I arrived, it felt like I'd been teleported to a new world. In subsequent years when I returned to Pine Island, familiar sights and familiar memories would peel through my memory. I'm sure my parents snuck peeks back at me, and in later years my brother, and saw smiles of contentment on our faces.

This year's drive was strange. Visions of empty cities cycled through my mind

as familiar sights passed by, and I wondered if Pine Island would feel empty too. I missed our community before I arrived. I worried. How much would I feel the emptiness of the island, an extraordinary place missing the people that make it unique?

Early on, the island felt empty. Towering pines and infrequently glimpsed lanterns made the island feel bigger. It is the presence of campers that makes the island come truly alive. Thousands of footsteps pounding on its dusty surface are like a heartbeat, the laughter and shouts of joy its breath. This summer, our world was often silent. Cobwebs around the doorframe of the perches greeted us. The pump squeaked and coughed as its dry leathers tried to pull water. A pail of water sat next to the basin, ready to soak the leathers left dry

for an hour too long. Ducks scampered around and chose the Aristocracy dock as their perch.

As I wandered the island each day, I often found myself in a haze of nostalgia. Despite my efforts to live in the now, I lived in the past. Daydreams of campers populating the Boathouse, excited about their activity, eagerness bubbling over about polishing learned skills and acquiring new ones, often left me distracted. Buildings and landmarks were silent, but they were not empty. I found that they were alive with memories of past joy and future delight.

The island sprung to life at times, most of all when we connected with the Pine Island community out in the world. For the first time at Pine Island, I most enjoyed connecting with people off of the island. Each Campfire was a

joyous affair: watching Arlo and Owen say hello to each other, a stream of Akka Lakkas, seeing a new guest join our weekly gathering, and seeing them return the following week.

Pine Island was quiet this year, but it was not dormant. It drew its breath around the world with thousands of you keeping us in your thoughts. A flipbook of memories cycled through my mind throughout this summer, and for me, that flipbook kept our community together. I hope that as we all absorbed the shock of not having a camp season, you all found moments to reflect on *your* time on our magical island. By thinking of this place, by using all the lessons it taught you, you are keeping the Pine Island spirit alive and well and ready to leap back to life next June.

PINE ISLANDERS REPORT IN FROM AROUND THE WORLD

Pine Islanders live all over the world (none in Antarctica that I know of...yet) and it is always great to hear from them. Below are some great reports sent in from the far corners of the globe.

From Monte Ball — Chaing Mai, Thailand

สวัสดีจากประเทศไทย, which translates to: HELLO FROM THAILAND!

I live in Chiang Mai, Thailand's second largest city where—as in the United States—winter has set in. A couple nights ago the thermometer plunged to a frigid 62 degrees. Thai people are COLD, all bundled up in jackets, scarves, and gloves. We *farang* (foreigners) wander around in shirtsleeves enjoying the “air conditioning.” Nearby is Thailand's tallest mountain, Doi Inthanon, where occasionally during the winter some snow falls.

From Ted Montague — Wellington, New Zealand

Akka Lakka everyone and especially to old friends and fellow residents of Magoon, Tent 3, Tent 7 and Tent 9.

I am writing from a different season (Spring), time, and country (New Zealand). Still, the landscapes and weather kindle memories of many friendly Pine Island faces.

I can see Tyler Vickers pitching his tent and Jake Smith pontificating on the virtues of catapulting to the rank of Junior Maine Woodsman. Nate Lane is insulting Pierre while relinquishing the cooking duties at Middle Carry Lean-to. Chuck Edgerton has lost his knife again and Bill Nagler and I are going hypothermic while trying to erect the kitchen dock in what seems like polar conditions.

Somewhere beyond our pohutukawa trees, Dave Carmen is still leading an intrepid troop up Tuckerman's Ravine (the single canteen for a party of 10 is empty). Al Bullard is searching for his lost contingent of Grays adrift in the swamps around Fogg's Forks. John Bunker has permanently impaired my hearing while banging a “Leroy” at the NW breach. Potwarp adorns the ceiling of the Dining Hall. Meanwhile, Lee Torrance curses the mosquito cloud near Mt. Bigelow while Phil Fernside is yelling at me to paddle harder through the headwinds on Lake Whatchamacallit....

Just beyond Barret's Reef at the entrance to Wellington Harbour, I see the schooners *Victory Chimes* and the *Stephen Tabor* cruising past Whitehead lifeboat station. Jun Swan sings sea shanties; Andy Chapman consumes a *bulk* no. 10 can of fruit, precipitating the first Hoover Fest. Peter Lawrence has just short-sheeted my bed yet again... (PIC counselors get no respect). Jim Breeden is allocating precious cooking equipment by conducting a historical quiz competition (Chuck Edgerton won the good frying pan by recalling the main event in *Northwest Passage*).

Behind our house here in Eastbourne

the bush rises 180 m up to a craggy dale. In bad weather, walking along the crest reminds me of scaling Mt. Success in a driving rainstorm; Hoppy Barringer and Ken Howe are cursing their luck and the wind. In my memory, I am cruising up the Ridge; Wig Adams waves hi; Barky Jones kicks me in the shin; Wayne Sinclair hovers like a highwayman by Tent Zero; The Beatles are singing “Paperback Writer” on someone's transistor radio; and Hispah ta Dispah greets me as I enter Honk Hall to check for letters.

Wellington is a small city but enjoys many of the cultural amenities of a larger capital. My thoughts anticipating the upcoming symphony are rudely interrupted by appalling images of theatrical masterpieces such as *Pineladesh*, *From Runoia With Love*, *Molefinger*, *In Kababa's Secret Service*, *Spamlet*, and, of course *Maintenance Man verses the Ralph Gang*.

Meanwhile, the Coast Guard is rescuing Gordon Hafner and me, together with the war canoe party, from the tyranny of the incoming Kennebec tide. Horace Henriques sails on across the horizon of Great Pond. Mark Libby continues his gymnastics at the cove while ridiculing city slickers. Tom Brown pumps iron and his guitar as Al Blunt dances the can-can.

For the past 25 years I have tended the wells of New Zealand's geothermal fields. These supply almost 20% of the country's electricity. The steam surges from the deep fires that forge continents. Ironically, Mt Phillip, home of King Kababa, is a remnant of similar rising magmas long before there was an Atlantic Ocean.

I have not seen anyone from Pine Island for almost half a century. Yet the people and memories remain fresh, almost tangible. This can only happen in a great place and special time.

We Kiwis have escaped the rigours of COVID-19; my sincere wishes for good health to you all. If your travels take you this way, please drop by to say Kiaora.

From Felicien Dillard — Dubai, UAE

“A Warm Winter and Local Discoveries”

As cabin fever grew in our locked-down, home-schooled family, we looked for fun new ways of discovering Dubai and the United Arab Emirates. The blazing hot summers prevent almost all outdoor activity, but winters (from October to April) are when this country reveals itself to outdoor enthusiasts. In classic PIC tradition we have been going on monthly hiking day trips to introduce the youngest ones to 5, 10, and 15km walks and climbs. Our youngest Henri naps in the backpack, waking up just for snack breaks. The lunar-type surroundings are beautiful and make the occasional green oasis all the more enjoyable. Given the general state of things, we have enjoyed our generally stable and manageable situation — only one school term from home and a quick re-opening of the economy with lots of

mask wearing and temperature checks. I am grateful for the opportunities that 2020 has brought to travel much less, spend time with my family, and discover more of my local surroundings. There has been a lot of hardship and forced changes for friends, loved ones and more broadly, and where we can, we have been supportive. Aline, who is Lebanese and whose parents still live in Beirut, also struggled with the explosion that destroyed so much of the city center. It rocked our world a bit more and added a major chink to what was once the beacon of multiculturalism and modernity in the Middle East. Over the early summer I was inspired to see the professionalism and courage with which the PIC leadership team managed the difficult decision not to hold camp. You all set an example of how to do it right with the information at hand. With every passing year, I look forward to my boys' summers being enriched by PIC and their discovery of new horizons on Great Pond. Wishing you, and every Pine Islander a happy holiday season as well as all the best for 2021. Akka Lakka!

From Robert Moor — Smuggler Cove, British Columbia

It was a long, strange summer here in Smuggler Cove, British Columbia. In fact, the summer never really materialized. It remained cool and rainy throughout June, which isn't unusual, and then through July and August, which is. I had a number of big trips scheduled for the book I'm writing—including an expedition to Tanzania, where I had arranged to sleep in a chimpanzee nest—but they were all canceled due to the pandemic. Instead, I spent a lot of time in the forests and seashores around our house, running, hiking, and fishing. We expanded our garden, which took most of the summer, at which point it was too late to grow anything substantial (and in any case, I accidentally left the gate open one day and a deer ate all of the seedlings we'd managed to plant). Long days were spent in what I termed “the dirt mines,” pulling huge rocks from the earth and hauling loads of soil in a wheelbarrow. While I toiled, I listened to eternal Russian tomes on audiobook (*Dr. Zhivago*, *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*), and fancied myself a Tolstoyan farmer-intellectual, like Levin, minus the romantic fretting, religious terror, and owning-of-other-human-beings. We completed a couple long canoe trips and, on one occasion, came home with a trap full of Dungeness crabs. I still have yet to see a whale here, though everyone else who lives here has. I will, as my mom says, keep my eyes peeled.

Since there was nothing much to do in town, we used our Canadian stimulus checks to buy a movie projector (don't tell Justin Trudeau) and began hosting backyard movie nights for our neighbors and their kids. So far we've screened *Jaws*, *ET*, *Point Break*, *What We Do in The Shadows*, *The Simpsons Movie*, and *The Princess Bride*. I tried to

get my neighbors interested in a screening of *Waterwalker*, but, surprisingly, there were no takers for a full-length film about an old guy who slowly paddles around lakes and paints trees. (Philistines!)

Cheated out of a sunny summer, we were meant, by cosmic right, to have a long hot September, but then, just as things were warming up, the wildfire smoke blew up from California and sat on top of us, like the folds of an enormous wedding dress. At times it was thick enough to make your lungs ache and your eyes water. We made an impulsive decision to get in our little Subaru and drive north until there was no smoke. We ended up driving for three days, until we reached a little town called Hixon, halfway to Alaska, where, when we looked up, we were amazed to find that half of the sky was blue and half of the sky was white—we were on the very edge of a cloud of smoke that, we later learned, covered much of North America. We rented a cabin for \$35 a night, with solar power and no running water (we washed up in a nearby waterfall), and stayed there until the smoke cleared.

It's winter now, and still rainy. We collect oysters from the sea, mushrooms from the forest. I do my best to carry on the tradition of being a ‘one hundred percenter’—gleam in eye, spring in step, etc.—though the sea gets colder every day, until, right around now (early November), the feeling of chilliness becomes more of a frosty, pins-and-needles sensation. (Those who have swum off Whitehead Island know the feeling.) The nice thing is that when you get out of water that cold, your skin burns pleasantly with the contrast. There's a lesson to that, I think, which could also apply to this long dark summer-that-wasn't: the cold makes us feel the warmth more keenly, and the dark brightens the light. Which is a rather poetic way of saying: can't wait for next summer!

From Philippe de Beistegui — Paris, France

As I am writing to you, France has just plunged back into its second lockdown after the three-month first episode in March. This time, I had the brilliant idea of staying in Paris, where the restrictive measures are at their best and the government can display all of its protective but slightly maddening talents.

I didn't see a single policeman going down to the South of France last weekend, but I got fined yesterday for walking alone in the Parc Monceau, a public park, because I wasn't within the allowed half-a-mile distance from my apartment. One day you can go to school, the next you can't. Store book departments are closed, but you can collect books from adjoining Amazon lockers.

By now you're probably wondering, thanks for the update but what does this have to do with Pine Island? Well, one thing PIC has taught me and truly helps

in these odd circumstances is to let go and enjoy what is around you. Each day is different from the previous, even if like me, you take the same ROW-CAN on a weekly basis — yes, I didn't make it to the "French guy loves riflery" stereotype.

Not knowing what is coming next can sometimes be frustrating — sort of when you learn for the first time that you won't be keeping your watch on a trip — but it also makes you focus on what matters, to you and the people you know. A great conversation with another camper or yourself while hiking, a gripping book at naptime, a delicious Sunday meal; all these simple yet essential things have turned out to be especially relevant in the past few months.

Writing this letter has reminded me of how much fun I had during my four summers at Pine Island, so I hope I'll make it across the Atlantic to Belgrade Lakes the next one!

**From Krista Wiberg —
Shenzhen, China**

Greetings from Shenzhen, China! This year has been an interesting one to say the least. I returned to China in late March, barely squeaking in before the country shut its borders to foreigners. I spent two weeks in an intensive hotel quarantine, then headed to Shenzhen to resume my life as an international school teacher. Life here has gone back to normal as much as it can with minimal cases of COVID and fewer restrictions. Despite this, mask wearing is still prominent, and temperature checks are required everywhere.

It was difficult to not be home over the summer, and thoughts of Pine Island and cool lake temperatures often came to mind as I sweltered in the Shenzhen heat. Seeing so many great acts and familiar faces as I tuned in to Facebook campfires was a welcome comfort. The summer months will always remind me of the many years I spent in the beloved Pine Island kitchen.

Pine Island taught me so many things, but the most important one was cooking. Starting as a Kitchen Crew member in 2008 and working my way to Head Cook through several years is such an important piece of who I am. This year, I began running a cooking club after school, where I teach my Chinese students many PIC classics like pizza bagels, mac and cheese, fettuccini alfredo and more. We may even tackle a sweet and sour brisket if the kids are up for it!

I am eternally grateful for my time spent on the island and hope that the 2021 season is a triumphant return that can provide the boys and staff the same quality of precious memories I will forever hold dear. I will absolutely be stopping by Belgrade to visit as soon as it's safe and I'm back in the country. Until then, Akka Lakka!

**From Victor Dillard —
London, Great Britain**

Trip report: Isle of Skye (November 2020)

Being on an island, so far away from Great Pond, I often think, "What would I do if I were at PIC right now?" Archery or riflery in central London would surely see the Bobbies come running down Piccadilly Circus to hand me over to the Beefeaters to lock up me in the Tower of London. Try sailing down the Thames yelling "Pine Island Rules the Waves" and I'd get the Royal Navy chasing me chanting "Rule Britannia." Get into a Beatles dory at Henley and the Oxford & Cambridge varsity race would leave me in the dust (I'm no Baldwin legend after all). I'll skip bird-watching, as those one-legged one-eyed pigeons aren't very interesting. So, what would you do if you couldn't do activities? Why, sign up for a trip of course!

Current circumstances meant I couldn't really leave the island, so my girlfriend and I decided to take a trip to a sort of 'second island' and ventured up to the Isle of Skye, in Scotland. We found a cottage, high up on a moor, in Glenmore, a village of four other houses (one of them empty), far, far away from any other human life. The cottage was of course facing Mount Philip, and between us and the King's residence lay an endless expanse of Scottish countryside. Rolling hills of orange, brown and green, spotted with the white coats of tweed sheep and brown coats of highland cows. Not a Scotsman in sight, although I wouldn't have been surprised if henchmen were lurking around (rumor has it they look like Scotsmen minus the beard). Like Great Pond on the 7 am skipper's run, peace and quiet as far as the eye could see and the ear could hear.

The drive to our cottage was memorable. A long single-track road weaving through the vast expanse of Scottish highlands. Not a house or person in sight. It was like a scene out of James Bond's Skyfall, minus the disgruntled MI6 agent hunting us down. And sadly, minus the Aston Martin. It was the weekend that storm Alan hit the UK. Horizontal rain coming at us at 65 kmh (sorry, 40 mph). But I was a camper at PIC and so I packed appropriately: Barbour jacket, tweed cap, knee-high wellies (sorry, Wellington boots). The next few days were spent exploring the wonders of the Isle of Skye. Rubha nam Brathairean, Rubha na h-Eist, Glumagan nan Sithichean, Talasgair, the Cuillin (Skye's Appalachian mountain range). I'll let you translate the Scottish Gaelic. There was of course the mandatory stop at the Talisker distillery for a 10 am whisky tasting. At Kinloch we enjoyed langoustines (basically mini lobsters) on the rocks overlooking the Atlantic Ocean (the Scottish version of lobster at Whitehead). Sadly, the ascension of Sgùrr Alasdair (Skye's Mount Washington) was cancelled due to weather (predictable). In the evenings we would light a one-match fire and enjoy a glass of fine Scottish bug juice.

It was sad leaving this magical place. Far away from civilization, cut off from



Felicien, Henri, Alexandre, Vincent, and Aline Dillard in Dubai



The Dillards in search of the next oasis

the real world, almost alone on our little island. The return home to London was uneventful, landing in a deserted Heathrow airport, with no pizza stop, no van or skipper waiting for us, and no Akka Lakka on arrival. The one consolation

was the timely arrival of our puppy the same day, a four-month old lurcher discovering the joys of apartment living in London (and all its treasures to chew). We named him Whisky.

OPEN FOR BUSINESS! BEEN TO THE CAMP STORE LATELY?



We have new PIC merchandise! We've partnered with Brio, a company in Rockland, ME, that offers high-quality custom products, including in-house screen printing, engraving, and embroidery work. The new PIC Camp Store offers traditional favorites like our PIC blue cotton tee and logoed Darn Tough socks, and some brand-new items, including a women's tee, baseball tee, hat, tote bag, farmer's market bag, and a cribbage board. Our tees and sweatshirts include the legendary PIC logo on

the front and a beautiful silhouette of Pine Island on the back. Special thanks to alumnus Simon Abranowicz for creating this stunning design of our island.

In order to keep costs to the bare minimum, the store will be open only a few times each year. To stay in the know about the next opening, visit our website and click *Join Our Email List*. Thank you for supporting the PIC Camp Store. All proceeds benefit the Lovett Scholarship Fund.

WAR GAME 2020 — REPULSE! GAME ENDS IN TIE FOR FIRST TIME IN HISTORY

I doubt there have ever been as many spectacular plays in any War Game during its long and storied history as there were this year. Grays and Blues made flawless attacks over and over and both armies' defense strategies admitted no attackers to the center of town. Both Blue and Grays executed at least five normally elusive massive blue flag challenge plays, and both armies moved through the York's Crossing piny woods silently and fast with no stragglers. Gate

leaders on both armies were stunned and caught flat-footed over and over again by stealthy and clever attackers and scouts never missed a party. Squadrons were always just in time and just a fraction of a second late. Both armies tried innovative plays that worked perfectly and the defenders always figured out what was happening just in time. The weather was sunny and cool and there were hot showers, spacious tents to sleep in and no bugs. And no tire-

some practice day! Reached at his home in Seattle, WA, head umpire Nicky Isles remarked, "What a game! I've never seen anything like it! No, really, I've literally never actually seen anything like it."

Sadly, as always, the head umpire was again 100% right — all of the above happened I'm sure, but only in the minds of dozens of Pine Islanders whose dreams of glory for the 2020 Game never materialized. We know that the would-be

players of the 2020 War Game would gladly have traded a few bug bites, a cold shower or two, and even the disappointment of a score that didn't go their way to have actually played, but this year's dream game will stay intact forever or at least until their pulses quicken at the sound of an umpire's whistle and the shout of "Play is on!" echoing through the woods and fields of Norridgewock in August of '21.

GOATS OUT! — ORGANIC, SELF-PROPELLED WEED KILLERS JOIN SKELETON CREW

POISON IVY... words that strike fear in the hearts and memories of extreme discomfort in the minds of many people. Anyone who played the War Game at Fogg's Forks knows how brutal it can be. This tough and horrible vine's profusion on Pine Island's mainland, both around the cabins by the lake and at the head of the Camp Road, has plagued Ben Swan (and his father Jun Swan before him) for decades. Ben is old enough to remember the three big elm trees that absorbed water and provided shade for the area to which we refer as the Mainland. They stood between the Office and the 3rd Cabin. Dutch Elm disease took those trees many years ago, and the Mainland reverted to a wilder, less attractive state. The head of the Camp Road became overgrown as well, and the main reason for this neglect has been the presence of poison ivy, especially around where the 2nd Cabin once stood and where the Santa Maria now stands. Mowing and even using clippers could come with a heavy price, so these areas were mostly neglected, frustrating Ben who likes things to look shipshape. What to do? Eschewing the toxic poisons that could run into the lake, Ben tried the "organic" weed killer he made from salt, vinegar, and a bit of dishwashing liquid. He even bought a state-of-the-art sprayer to distribute it. Result: zero effect.

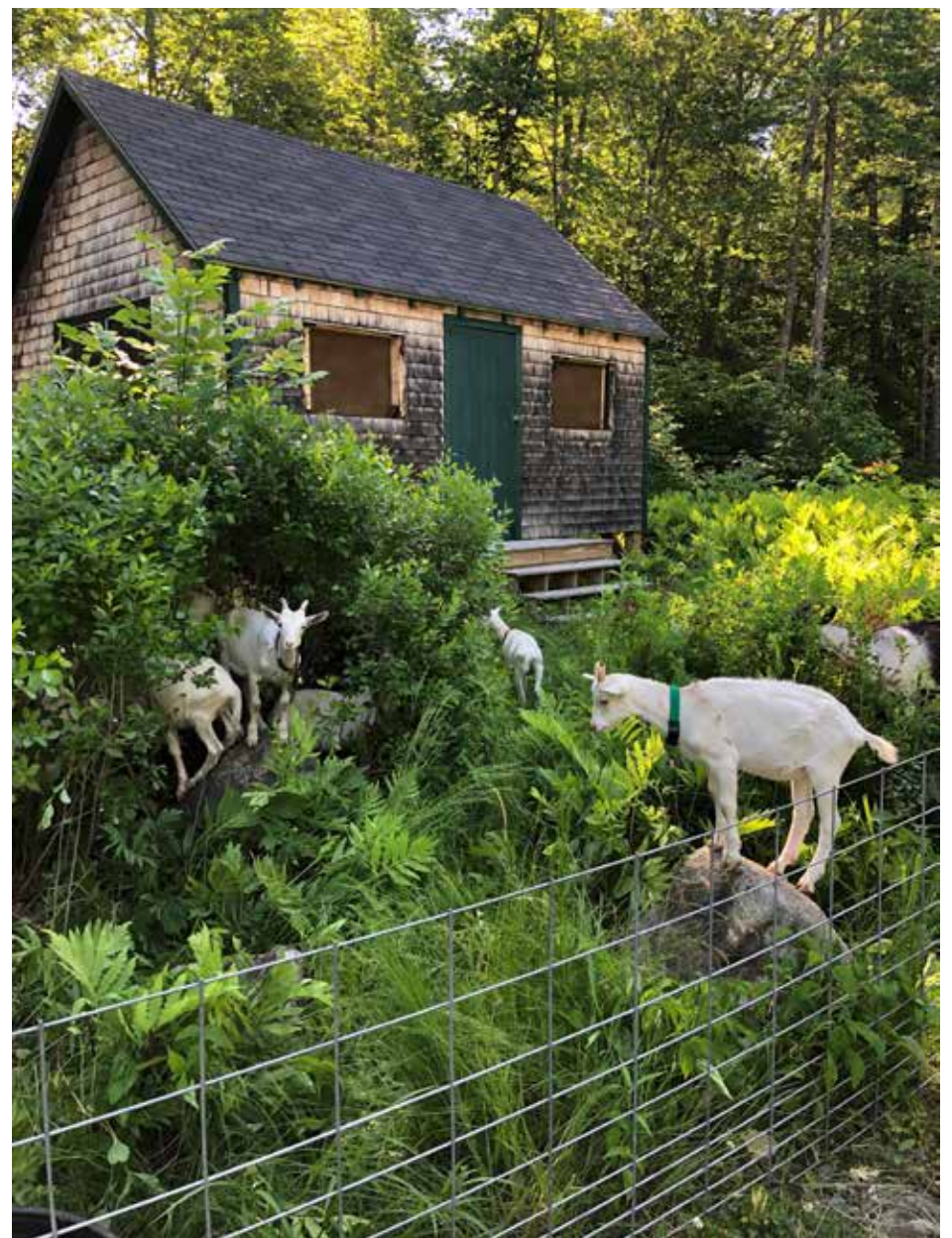
Enter... the goats! By the time Ben spied a bunch of small goats munching away at bales of hay at a farm on Route 8 on the way to Norridgewock last spring, the poison ivy problem had been bothering Ben like a really bad itch for years. Quoting Wag Dodge, in a popular campfire song, Ben said when asked what gave him the idea, "I don't know why/I just thought it." Somewhere, (perhaps it was the line from the children's song, "a kid'll eat ivy too") he had heard that goats will eat poison ivy, so he and Sumner stopped at the farm and asked if they'd rent out the goats. A few days later a deal was struck and a dozen goats arrived with some fencing to enclose the offending area. The farmer figured a couple of weeks would do the trick but

he underestimated the efficiency of his goats, which he had never rented out before. Within three days the goats had eaten every leaf in the area, including poison ivy!

A solution at last! Ben pictured mowing and planting starting immediately. But of course this would not be the end of the story. Jack Reed, who had recently graduated from Bowdoin College and would be working as part of the Skeleton Crew during the summer, was living in the 1st Cabin and agreed to keep an eye on the goats and make sure they had enough water. Well, the goats pretty much laughed at the fencing, prompting the Skeleton Crew to create a new Pine Island after-dinner activity called "Goats Out." Several times a day Jack was lifting the little goats up and putting them back in the pen. Then the goats started congregating on the 1st Cabin porch and keeping Jack awake at night as they tried to join him inside. Sadly, because Jack was often shirtless or in a t-shirt when he lifted the goats to put them back in their pen, the oil they had picked up from the devilish poison ivy plants rubbed off on Jack's chest and arms and he ended up with a bad case! In addition, while the goats ate everything green in their paths, they did *not* eat the poison ivy vines, some of which were partially buried. Insisting that they'd never had poison ivy, Sumner Ford and Corinne Alsop bravely(?) entered the fray post goats and pulled up a lot of vines... and *they* then developed pretty severe rashes.

Sumner feels that another round of goat munching next spring, with better fencing, would be beneficial because even this past spring they were beginning to eat the bark off the poison ivy vines. We're not giving up. The ivy must go, whatever it takes, excepting more cases of the dreaded rash.

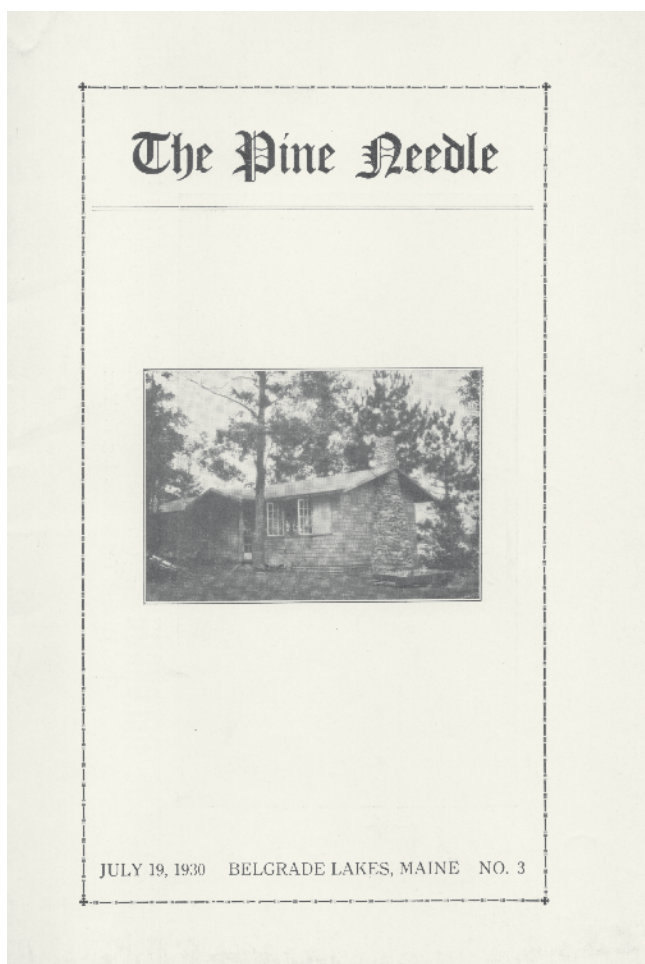
Once the ivy is gone, and we hope that will be soon, plans are afoot to plant trees that will provide shade and dry out the soil somewhat, and to mow often to encourage the growth of grass and discourage the growth of the evil weed.



Before...



...and after just two days' work



JULY 19, '30 5

The First Five Lakes Trip

The first canoe trip of this season departed from the Island on Monday, July 7. The occupants of the four canoes which were to traverse five different lakes were: Mr. O'Brien (the leader) Mr. Roane, Mr. Hoogland, Jack Steffins, T. Duncan, J. Nollman, Baldwin, J. Wiggin, Learned, G. Feland, E. Jacobs, E. Risley.

These spirited paddlers arrived at the Mills at about 11 A. M., and here a sudden thunderstorm was experienced. Some supplies were purchased and then the crews crossed Long Pond, and consumed lunch at the beginning of Belgrade Stream. This rather uninteresting stream was covered in rapid time, and Lake Messalonskee came into view. It was on this lake that a thrilling adventure was to be had by all. The canoes were approaching Mosquito Island when a very windy, squally, and fearful thunderstorm took us very unexpectedly. With a strong head wind, with heavy rain blinding us, we advanced slowly; and succeeded in reaching the island which was our place of refuge. Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer who lived on the island extended hospitality to us; and we were very grateful to them for this, because we were able to dry ourselves. Since the kitchen was at our disposal, Mr. O'Brien cooked us a warm supper which was readily eaten. Then we set out once more. We sought a suitable camping spot; finally we camped in a vacated house at North Belgrade Station. Despite the weary hardships of the day—and sore muscles—we were all in good spirits.

Tuesday morning found us rather stiff from our sleep on the hardwood floor. This malady, nevertheless, was forgotten after we had consumed cereal and eggs. Then our belongings were amassed, and the journey recommenced; this time with Oakland as our goal. This small metropolis was reached at about 10 A. M. Then Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Hoogland walked up town and made arrangements for the portage to East Pond.

Mr. Ben Williams performed this necessary carry, but alas, our arrival at East Pond was somewhat depressing

6 THE PINE NEEDLE

since we discovered that there was a strong head wind against us. Spurred on by hunger, we paddled steadily, with the result that we had lunch at the end of this lake. Attempts to swim were futile, because there was no sandy beach. A short rest rejuvenated us; so we pushed onward to the small town of Smithfield. This time luck was with us for we missed a large thunderstorm and were able to find two convenient sheds in which to spend the evening. As it was impossible to obtain dry wood, our chef prepared a hearty supper of sandwiches and watermelon. An amazing discovery was the tremendous quantities of watermelon which the boys were able to devour! The general store supplied additional delicacies—then comfortable accommodations offered us a good sleep.

Due to the fact that we had all day to reach the Island, Mr. O'Brien thought it advisable to give us a long rest. Thus we did not arise very early. Later we crossed North Pond, and entered the famous Meadowbrook Stream. This year the brook was remarkably free from snags and fallen trees. The one difficulty was caused by an annoying hornets' nest which was situated directly under a bridge across our path. With this obstacle vanquished we saw the familiar outlines of Great Pond. A half hour's paddle brought us to White's Island where a swim was enjoyed by all. Also a satisfying lunch was ravenously eaten. Urged on by a glimpse of Pine Island in the distance, we launched our canoes for the last time, with a light wind at our backs. Shortly we rounded the point of the Island, beached our canoes, and set foot on this secure port.

In conclusion, I may add that we are all very glad to have taken this trip—notwithstanding the adverse winds and the troublesome thunderstorms. Too, we appreciate the care and forethought which Mr. O'Brien exercised in making the trip a success.

FREDERICK V. HOOGLAND.

JULY 19, '30 9

The Second Cruise

Amid a cloud of waving handkerchiefs, a rousing "ack-a-lack-a-ching" and the muffled murmur of the Gray Swan, the second cruise left the camp dock on the morning of July 8, and sailed out to meet the sun. It was the bright beginning of a happy cruise and the glittering chariot so vulgarly called the "camp bus" smiled as we piled in. Eleven noses were counted after some digging and search, and the bus "took off" with injury to no one. The roll read as follows: Sperry Andrews, first mate; Edward Condit, second mate; Gordon Wendt; Robert Lee; Lawrence Whitehouse; Quincy Emory; John King; George Skelton and Allen Skelton.

Immediately upon our arrival at Camden we notified the town (and vicinity) with a lusty "ack-a-lack-a-ching" for the first cruise, and straightway sampled some of that town's excellent lunches—and cherry pie that Bunny Shelton still dreams of at night.

A hike was staged after dinner with Mt. Batty as the objective. The mountain was reached without loss of a man, but halfway to the summit several took such keen and sudden interest in the view that they were persuaded to remain to enjoy it while the others pressed on to greater heights; and they were well rewarded. From the stone tower that tops the summit, the view is awe-inspiring in its grandeur. The white clouds above black mountains were like majestic ships riding gigantic waves. Strange that, on the sea, white ships upon black water are like great clouds upon towering mountains.

Finally the descent was started. Each man took something back with him in his heart from that old stone tower;—and in his pockets, as well, for a prize of free admission to the show that night was offered by Mr. Armbuckle for the most interesting article found on the trip. Bob Lee won with some queerly covered stone and a witch-hazel leaf. The most interesting article lost on the hike was Eddie Condit's glasses. He didn't receive a prize, but, cheer up, Eddie! the deed did not go unsung. Mr. Exner lost much

10 THE PINE NEEDLE

shoe-leather and came very near bringing down a young avalanche for his most interesting object.

All went aboard at 6:00 and the new boys had two big surprises; first, the "Cygnus", then a supper by Mr. Armbuckle. Tastes aesthetical and physical were immensely pleased.

After supper, all went ashore to see "The Vagabond King". We were greatly pleased to have Captain Pratt accompany us.

"All aboard," again, "and so to bed," "rocked in the cradle."

Anchor was weighed early next morning and rather jerkily. The Captain, however, was very tolerant to the green crew. Then followed a perfect day—fair wind and fair weather. All morning, the "Cygnus" threaded a maze of islands, great and small, rock-bound, spruce-capped and uninhabited.

At noon, the crew was called below and ordered to eat a chicken dinner—no less! As there were no dissenters, the meal went swiftly—though the memory lingered on, and our Senior Councillor ascended still another notch in our estimation.

The "Cygnus" now headed across the bay. Warm sun and fair breeze again; and the crew spent the afternoon lounging about the deck. Many lay along the bow with their heads over the rail, listening by the hour to the green water slipping under the long proud bowsprit and whispering strange and secret things to the eager prow.

Laurence Whitehouse, however, was fired by nobler ambitions. It was he who piloted the "Cygnus" across the tortuous bay. In one afternoon, he learned everything there was to know except how to spit with the "Capin's" unerring precision.

We arrived at Northeast Harbor at 4:30 P. M. A cold swim, a hot supper and a movie, made a perfect end to a perfect day.

Thursday and Friday were spent at Northeast Harbor. Two short hikes were made—one into the mountains and another along the shore. Many turned professional fishermen. They considered it good business to hire a boat for

JULY 19, '30 11

fifty cents and catch twenty cents worth of fish. The others couldn't quite see it.

Every inch of the town was covered by the sight-seeing tours—and, especially, the antique shops. Most of the crew seemed rather hard-hit by the antique fever.

Comic relief was furnished when John King, the eminent hunter, brought home, alive and fighting, a brown gray mass of fluff which was pronounced a duckling and set free at once. That night, Quincy Emory obliged us by walking nonchalantly off the end of the dock. He had difficulty convincing the rest that it was unintentional.

The return trip was rendered exciting as well as beautiful by the fog. All eyes were strained forward for such landmarks as buoys, islands and light-houses. Finally we had to anchor for twenty minutes, until the fog cleared somewhat. Things went smoothly under the expert direction of the Captain and the two mates, Sperry Andrews and Eddie Condit.

When the Cygnus set sail again it was in a different world; the mist still hung heavy—we were sailing a strange sea, between dream islands, dimly seen, in a winged ship of fancy.

Sunday was spent in more sight-seeing. The giant yacht "Lindonia" which had anchored in the harbor the night before, was a keen rival of the antique shops for the interest of the crew. In the afternoon, instead of a hike for exercise, six of the crew found a lonely field and gave Mr. Exner the "bums rush". Technically, Mr. Exner won;—he was also able to drag himself from the field unassisted.

It was hard to back up the next morning. The crew had had a taste of salt and wanted more. However, it was good to see the third cruise roll in, and much advice and many tales were told in the twenty minutes before we "piled in" and were off.

A picnic dinner on the way home was completed before the rain, which had held off considerably for the whole cruise, struck. But what cared we? Sight of Camp, welcome home, a swim and a hot supper are joys that gray skies can never dampen.

M. V. E.

BUILDING *BUTTERCUP*

By Sumner Ford



Jono Bryant and his dog Buster admiring Buttercup ready for the mast and sail

After the 2019 camp season, I had the good fortune of sailing over 90 miles through Penobscot Bay with our fabulous Wilderness First Responder (WFR) instructor, Jono Bryant. We both left the adventure yearning for more.

Years ago, Jono built a boat called a Featherwind and sailed it along part of the Maine Island Trail off Stonington. We wondered if it would be possible to build a boat in a week and sail it on the coast shortly after the paint dried. Jono's summer plans were uncertain of course, but he called me in July and said that, with fewer WFR classes to teach, he had found more time in his schedule to work on building a boat. Jono reviewed plans, collected supplies, and sewed a sail. He was ready to go.

It was shortly after the Skeleton Crew departed that Jono arrived at Pine Island and the two of us spent a few days gathering materials and tools. We reviewed Jono's plans and started to work. The following six days were a whirlwind. We epoxied marine plywood together, cut the sides of the boat, built chines and gunwales, and pretty thoroughly underestimated the challenge of building a boat. Jono's dreams of evening sails on Great Pond disappeared after day two. We worked from sunup to sundown each day with dreams of sailing our new boat on Penobscot Bay. Arni and Janetha, our neighbors from the top of the camp road, were frequent visitors and helped us keep our spirits up with many gifts of fruit and other delicacies. The visible progress was slow at first. Our visitors appeared disappointed with a boat that, for many days, was full of holes.

On the fifth day, the collection of

materials finally resembled a boat. It was 14 feet long, with a 15-foot spruce mast, and each curve was beautiful. The symmetry and the asymmetry were the fruits of our own calloused hands. There were plenty of mistakes, mostly mine, but we both swelled with pride and satisfaction as we surveyed the little craft.

As the sunset on our sixth day working on our boat, we applied a coat of paint called "Bling Bling Yellow," which immediately made me think of Nicky Isles. Now, what to name her? We struggled for a time but Jono suddenly arrived at perfection. Our boat's name would be *Buttercup*.

Incredibly satisfied after days of backbreaking work and toiling in the hot sun of the Ballfield, we checked the weather and prepared to sail. Much to our disappointment, gale force winds and a small craft advisory illuminated our screen and depressed our mood. We rigged *Buttercup* in a ripping wind on the Ballfield, and she wanted to sail while drydocked.

We carefully towed her down to the mainland dock, and again our hopes were dashed. Massive waves lapped upon the shore, and there was no way our first sail could be in such weather. We gulped down our pride and waited for the wind to drop to 10 knots, at which point we very cautiously set out in the lee of Pine Island's eastern shore where the wind was almost non-existent.

Jono's plans were those of a mad scientist. He drew his plans, shortening the boat and requiring a reworking of the stem and bulkheads. Instead of a Sunfish-like sail, he sewed his own, and the complex system of lines indicated

that this was no ordinary boat. Jono designed a junk rig to power our boat. Junk rigs date back to 700 years BCE, and they are distinguished by their battens—stiff, round tubes that provide structure for the sail. The junk rig's chief advantage is that it is incredibly easy to reef or reduce the sail's size. After years of sailing Pine Island's Bermuda-rigged JY's, I was skeptical.

We finally set sail in heavy winds and prayed that our hard work would not end up at the bottom of Great Pond. I instantly became a massive fan of junk rigs, when I was able to reduce the sail area to about 15 square feet with ease.

Nonetheless, we returned to shore with our tails between our legs. We had sailed safely but did not feel like capable skippers. We did not doubt our sailing abilities, but we were uncertain of how various parts of *Buttercup* would hold up on a journey of some length. Would the mast snap? Would the rudder work? We had too many unanswered questions about our boat to do the testing in such high winds.

By the time the wind had died a touch, our patience had run out. With our hearts pounding, we set out to sail around Oak Island. Whitecaps continued to turn Great Pond into a roiling mess of brilliant whitecaps crashing upon dark water. With only one panel of the junk rig catching the wind, we zipped along the line of buoys marking shallow water. As every part of *Buttercup* handled the whipping wind, our tense nerves relaxed. Jono and I began to smile and laugh, and we couldn't stop. Despite many setbacks and our dreams of sailing on the coast dashed, we'd succeeded. We'd built a boat in a week and were enjoying each-other's company on a beautiful late summer day.

Jono and I continued sailing *Buttercup* as much as possible for the next couple of days. From sunup to sundown, we were in our boat. Each of us took her out solo and reefed her solo. We lapped the island. But her camping ability, a priority of ours, was untested. I drove *Buttercup* to Vermont as Jono headed south to return to North Carolina. In Vermont, I took *Buttercup* across Lake Champlain and camped on a secluded beach almost in the shadow of the Adirondack Mountains.

Jono and I learned a lot, and there is still much more to learn about the possibility of building a boat at Pine Island someday, but I am looking forward to the journey. It's been a great one so far!

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACK TOMATOES

One of the more challenging projects undertaken at Whitehead Light Station was figuring out how to "bury" the new waste disposal system tank on a site that rarely offers more than about eight inches of topsoil before one's shovel hits granite ledge. By digging into the steep hillside (that turned out to be an old dump), the crew was able to bury most of the tank but not all of it, and even with a wooden frame placed over the protruding tank more soil was needed. The solution was a Gator-load of what is politely called night soil. The waste from the outhouses at the Swan compound sits all winter and becomes great

soil for ornamental plantings so, with soil so hard to come by, it made sense to pile it up around the tank. WLS director Gigi Lirot figured she would plant some flowers in the new soil. But after only a week or two plants started coming up on their own. Eventually it became clear that they were tomato plants! And then...tomatoes appeared... and they were jet black! No one had ever seen jet black tomatoes before! Needless to say, Gigi was not putting them in the salad. While it is not hard to figure out where the tomato seeds came from, why the fruit was jet black remains a mystery.

SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW REVIEW — THE TOP 10 MOST INFLUENTIAL ACTORS OF THE PAST 25 YEARS

By Matt Miller

Herman Herder-Condé may have only taken to the stage once during his tenure as a Pine Islander, but his singular performance left a lasting impression deserving of a spot on this list. Herder-Condé was hand-picked for the title role in 2017's *Harry Swanka and The Trip Locker*, a no-brainer casting choice. For a role that fit so snugly into Herman's repertoire the actor could have merely phoned his performance in, but instead he went full-method. Herman disappeared into the role, delivering a performance so detailed and specific viewers could hardly shake the feeling the real Harry was on the stage before them.

Peter Kulko was considered by many to be the Adam Sandler of his day. He delivered go-for-broke, risky, high-octane performances every time he took to the Honk stage. Never did he shy away from doing whatever he had to do to get the laugh. Few could forget his side-splitting turn as the romantic lead in *Pinetanic*. His comedy chops were undisputable, but critics were left speechless after his dramatic turn in *A Game of Cones* proved he was no one-trick pony.

Will Webb is perhaps best known as a counselor who made the entire camp weep with laughter in many memorable campfire skits, but his earliest performances at Pine Island trace back to the late 90's and early 2000's. Will's ability to improvise and imitate was noted early on in his career as a stage actor in the sketch comedy-based SNS, *Live From*

Honk Hall, It's a Saturday Night Show!, and he is credited with later developing similar skills in Pine Islanders as a writer, director, and producer. Today Will works in technology.

Ned Donovan's introduction as an SNS actor at Pine Island was standard. He began with some minor roles, eventually working his way up to playing key figures such as Ben Swan. His portrayal of Ben is unforgettable to those fortunate enough to witness Ned in the role. Some thought that Ned may have sold his soul, as he achieved a quintessential Ben Swan gleam in his eye and well-timed chuckle. Although Ned has retired from the Honk Hall stage, you can still find him on stage in various musicals, and in his podcast, *Encounter Party*.

When Marc Lombardo took to the Pine Island stage, whether it was at campfire or in a Saturday Night Show, the audience was engrossed. Mark made each stage his. The mumbles of the crowd went silent, and yet his performances were the talk of camp the next day. As LTIPs were a recent introduction to Pine Island when Marc was an LTIP in 2002, his LTIP skits were a thing of legend. Marc's direction led to the LTIP skits involving drive-by KWS drop-offs and flaming battles on the Swim Float, and they helped establish the LTIPs as a band of hardcore, hardworking cool individuals. And who could forget his appearance on the *Johnny Kababa Show* as the washed-up has-been Dragon of

Dust Ball legend. Pine Islanders may have seen Marc in a recent Coca Cola commercial, where he similarly stole the show.

Matt Miller makes this list due to the sheer volume of SNS appearances. He is a performer near and dear to my heart. When he took the stage it was as though he was in my own mind... reading my thoughts... feeling my emotions... wait a minute...

Buckley Livingston's reputation as a skilled actor preceded his first appearance in a Saturday Night Show. He is one of the most influential writers, directors, and performers in recent Pine Island memory. Livingston worked alongside close friends and collaborators Will Napolitano and Alex Lanoff to forever change the campfire landscape with their critically acclaimed series of skits, *The Expandables*. The trio made history as the first campers to direct and star in multiple original SNSs. Buck's finest work, however, was his magnum opus and swan song, 2018's *Buckhood*. This masterful and moving autobiography remains a gold standard for the genre.

Christian Schneider is easily one of the most versatile actors to grace the PIC stage in recent history. His uncanny ability to turn on a dime into a completely different character was what first caught the camp's attention. He grew famous for his one-man performances of entire scenes from iconic movies such as *Monty Python and The Holy Grail* and

The Lord of The Rings at campfire and even while bored campers waited at the end of a trip for a late van pickup. Christian has taken his talents off the island and is now an LA-based actor.

Harry Swan is an exceptional actor but his place on this list is due to his abilities as a writer and director. He introduced the innovative traveling show concept with *District Pine* and took special effects to a new level in *Beaks 3-D*. Harry also paved the way for many of the skit writers and performers who came after him. With his quietly intelligent and witty brand of comedy, he broke through the clutter of classic but tired skits to create a collection of brand new classics. Some of his best works include *Stellar Earth*, *Mind Wrestling*, and the inimitable *Punt the Dessert*.

Throughout his time at Pine Island, Josh Treat proved time and time again that he is a natural showman. His personality shone through no matter what the role and heightened any skit or show he appeared in. One role in particular cemented Josh's legacy and that is without a doubt... Cowboy Bob. He took an unremarkable camp classic and turned it into an unforgettable star vehicle. Many others have donned the Stetson of Cowboy Bob but none have worn it quite as well.

In the next issue: a top ten of SNS posters!

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL — TRAVELS WITH SILAS AND AKUL



Silas and Akul on the Long Trail

We hiked Vermont's Long Trail this summer! We started on August 2, at the Massachusetts/Vermont border, and finished on August 22, at the Canadian border. It was a 272-mile walk through the Green Mountains and it was challenging, scenic, and lots of fun. Our lon-

gest day was 21.8 miles, but we averaged about 14. Our favorite lodge was Skyline lodge. We were the only people there that night, and the sunset was incredible. Our fastest "break camp" time was at Battell Shelter; we were on the trail just 12 minutes after our alarm went off.



Resupply!

We made it to the summit of Abraham in time to see the sunrise that morning. We sometimes took naps on the trail in the middle of the day, we swam whenever we could, and we loved that every day all we had to do was hike and eat. We're grateful for everything we learned

in Expedition Camp that prepared us to take on this adventure, and to our parents, for letting us do it.

— Silas "Inchworm" Hunter and Akul "Gravy" Sethi

PINE ISLANDERS IN THE PRESS, PUBLISHING ARTICLES, ALBUMS, BOOKS AND MORE

Pine Islander and Whitehead Light Station instructor **Charlie Papazian's** world-wide reputation as the "Godfather of Home Brewing" might as well have been set in stone when he was the subject of an article in the June 2020 edition of *Smithsonian Magazine*. And this was no brief mention. It was a multi-page spread that included great photographs and describes Charlie's career in detail, revealing some amazing things such as the fact that a museum in Denver has carefully recreated the kitchen in Charlie's first Boulder home where he began his career as a brewer and offered brewing classes to the locals. And the fact that, although when Charlie started brewing beer in Boulder in 1975 the only brewery in Colorado was Coors, now there are over 400. The article underscores just how important Charlie was to the blossoming of the home brewing and then the craft beer movements across the globe, having written the bible of home brewing, *The Complete Joy of Home Brewing* (1.3 million sold), started *Zymurgy Magazine*, and founded the American Association of Home Brewers (now the Brewers Association of which Charlie was the President for many years), and eventually starting the annual Great American Beer Festival to which well over 100,000 brewing fans flock every year. As impressive as the article is, the thing that truly enshrined the former Pine Island truck driver as an icon was the addition of the wooden spoon Charlie used to stir his first batches of beer, an annotated beer recipe, and a first edition copy of his book to the Smithsonian Museum of American History collection! We still have the sign he made to celebrate the Bilbo's passing the 50,000-mile mark in the early 1970s. Perhaps that will join the collection someday too.

Robert Moor, author of the popular book *On Trails*, recently published a lengthy and gripping article in *Outside Online* entitled "We're Here to See the Great Doomed Thing" about visiting the Great Barrier Reef and a lot more. Rob's reputation as a skilled and adventurous writer is more solid than ever. Rob is also writer and voice of the Wondrous podcast called *Joe Exotic, Tiger King*.

Anne Stires, who has directed the Pine Island programs at Whitehead Island for the last 20 years, is also the founder of Juniper Hill School in Alna, ME and now a nationally recognized expert on place-based, often primarily outdoor, education. The COVID pandemic has prompted a pivot to outdoor learning, and there has been no shortage of press and recognition of the school. The highlight (so far!) was an article in the *New York Times* on November 20. This is on the heels of much other press for the little school this fall and its efforts to be a model for others. WCSH6's 207 and news programs covered a two-part story on outdoor learning that was based at Juniper Hill School, highlighting the remarkable day-to-day operations of the

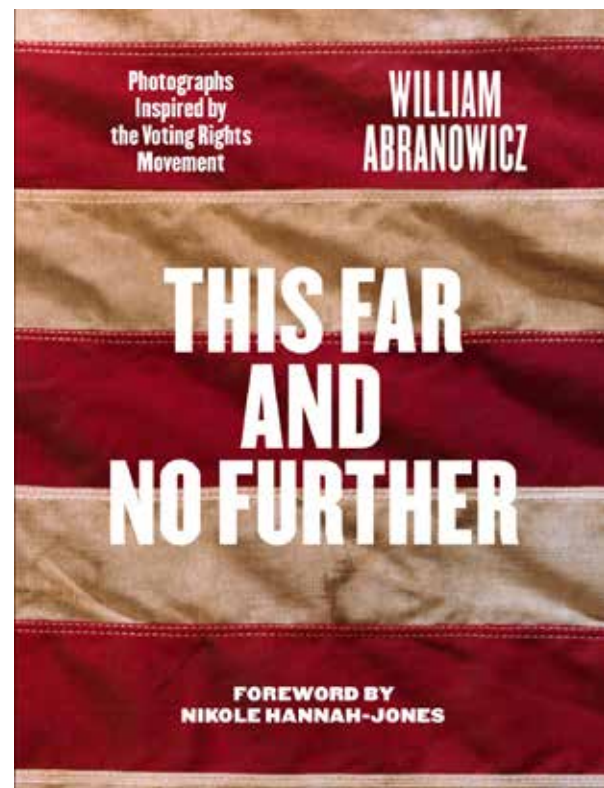
school this past fall. The *Boston Globe* and the *Portland Press Herald* included Juniper Hill School in recent stories on outdoor learning as well. Eyes are upon Juniper Hill School to continue to be a model for outdoor, nature-based schooling.

Harry Swan wrote a piece that appeared in the "Currents" section of the November/December 2020 edition of *Wooden Boat* magazine describing the genesis of the Pine Island Skiff, the recent work by **Rob Whitehouse** to create plans for the rowboat designed by David Stimson, and the building of *Pete*, the sixth Pine Island Skiff to join the fleet (see "Pete Complete!" on page 13). Harry appears in a photo showing solid OAR form rowing *Pete* on Great Pond last spring. You can read more of Harry's writing at his website *rewatchlist.net*, *Good movies for the new millennium*.

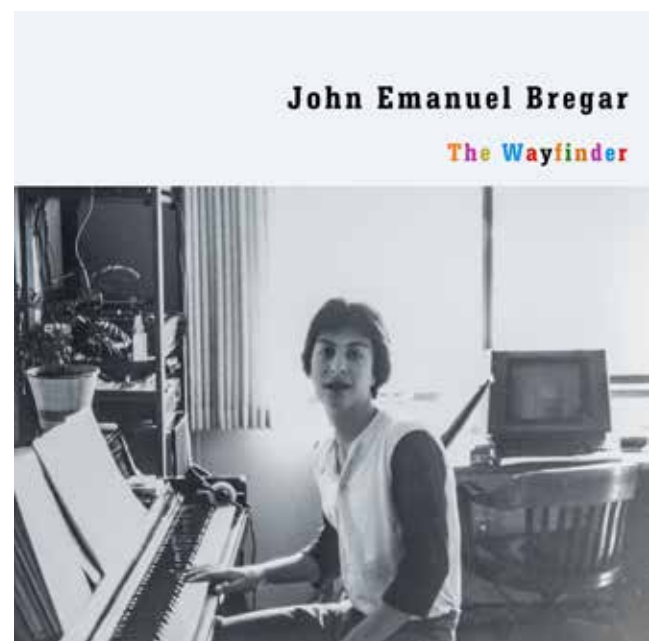
Pine Island Director of Communications **Sarah Hunter** has begun a secondary career as a freelance writer. An inveterate outdoor enthusiast who has chronicled her travels and adventures for various publications gratis, she is now being paid to write. Her first paid gig is a great article in the EMS on-line publication *GoEast* (<https://goeast.ems.com/son-hiked-vermonts-long-trail-by-themselves/>) about helping former campers Silas (her son) and Akul Sethi prepare for and then launch their Long Trail hike last summer. Sarah has been commissioned to write another article for *AMC Outdoors* magazine.

Zander Abranowicz, who moved last summer from Brooklyn, NY to Richmond, VA, has picked up speed in the publishing world. His most recent published essay was "Growing Up Greek," published in *Greece Is*, the weekend magazine of *Kathimerini*, which is sort of the Greek NY Times, and another travel essay, "Scenes from a Grand Tour," published in 2019 *Kennedy Magazine*, a publication based in Athens, Greece. Zander also wrote about his evolving sense of sound amidst the pandemic for his agency, *Athletics*, where he serves as Senior Strategist. Zander worked in collaboration with his father and Nikole Hannah-Jones of the 1619 project, on his father's forthcoming book, *This Far and No Further*, a book of Bill's photographs of 100 places important in the struggle for civil rights. Zander wrote the historical captions and edited the introduction. He is currently working on a travel essay about a visit to Ocracoke Island on the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

Will Mason and his *way* out there avant-garde jazz group Happy Place has released his second album *Tendrils* to critical acclaim and was chosen for one of the *New York Times's* "7 Things To Do This Weekend" section, where the release was described as a noteworthy cultural event. In the Weekend Round-up section of the October 8 *Times*, critic Seth Colter Wallace wrote:



The cover of William Abranowicz's new book



The cover of Johnny Bregar's new album

"Composers working with microtonality — or with the pitches found between the notes on traditionally tuned Western instruments — are having a banner year. And that's particularly been the case when they're simultaneously embracing pop, rock or jazz flourishes. Microtonal projects led by the pianist Cory Smythe and the guitarist David First have impressed in the past few months. And now drummer Will Mason's most recent works for his band Happy Place join those experimental-yet-still-catchy ranks. Collected on an album titled "tendrils," which is scheduled for release on Friday, Mason's latest opus builds on his band's 2016 debut. This time around, in addition to the two-drummer, two-guitar attack — with select strings tuned to microtonal intervals — the bandleader has added a pair of vocalists. That expanded ensemble sound has only deepened the range of Mason's writing. On the new album's opening piece, "illuminations," the singers at first execute parts that echo the quarter-tone dissonances between the guitars; in the final minutes, some of the more traditionally melodic vocal lines give the track a mournful, indie-rock glamour. And while "tarnish" wouldn't

have been out of place on the roster of K Records in the late 1990s, the two different two-part compositions that close the record firmly establish the album's bleeding-edge bona fides."

Wow, not sure Club Honk or Campfire are ready for Happy Place, but clearly those in the know are thrilled with the group and Will's complex and skillful compositions. One can only imagine the kind of work involved in putting something like this album together. Congratulations to Will, who is a full-time professor of music at Wheaton College.

Johnny Bregar, parent of Pine Islanders Toby and Jameson Bregar and producer of the hit album *CAMPFIRE*, has released his own album and writes: "Ever since I was about the age of the kid on the album cover, I've always wanted to make a record. I've had a great run with my kids/family music, but a couple of years ago I decided I was going to release something more mature. *The Wayfinder* is the result of a lot of hard work and time. Everything you hear is real - there are no loops, samples, or anything other than acoustic instruments, played one by one, by myself or a couple helpers.

I hope you'll enjoy listening."



THE KEEPER'S LOG

Another Busy Season at Whitehead Light Station

It was a busy, if unusual, season at the Whitehead Light Station. Under Gigi Lirot's direction volunteers worked throughout the summer and fall clearing lots of downed trees; deep cleaning buildings; painting parts of the exteriors of the Tractor Shed, Hilltop House, Keeper's House, and boathouse; cleaning and touch up painting in the lantern room of the lighthouse tower; building a new communications tower; stripping and re-shingling half the boathouse roof; clearing brush by the dock; transporting and stacking firewood; putting casters on all the shop tools, restoring their surfaces, and replacing blades

where needed; installing lighting in Yoder House II; and reglazing several windows. Learn more about their efforts on page 15.

WLS was rented for three weeks during the summer and fall, and we were able to run safely two well-attended programs: the Knitting Retreat and a Farm-to-Fork program. The newly renovated Topside attracted renters for eleven weeks and provided much-needed income to support the facility, and 26 generous friends made gifts that increased the WLS annual fund to a record high. The Light Station's aging but indispensable vehicle the diesel Gator,

which was a gift of David and Lee Bryan in 2012, was replaced by a spiffy new *electric* Ranger, a gift of the Swan family. The Gator headed off to the other end of the island where there is no electricity. The Ranger has proven to be more than up to the task and has the added advantage of being almost silent. WLS's classic wooden dinghy, nearly 50 years old, is at this writing in Rob Whitehouse's Brunswick, ME shop receiving a complete rebuild. Two fiberglass dinghies are receiving attention from Ben Swan in his "shop," one half of the Swan's garage. Gigi is currently juggling all the uncertainties surrounding the 2021 sea-



The spiffy new Ranger

son, so check the website for news and stay tuned! Most importantly, find a way to come to Whitehead Light Station and enjoy one of the most beautiful, restful places anywhere.

FROM THE HELM

By Gigi Lirot, Director Whitehead Light Station

As was so true for virtually everyone the world over, this past spring I was unsure what would unfold during the summer of 2020, and I had to plan for a wide range of possibilities. Heading to Maine in June, I had barely enough room for myself in my vehicle, which was so packed floor to ceiling that the rear-view mirror was useless. I had vegetable and herb seedlings protected either by being stowed underneath the car seats or squeezed into milk crates atop coolers, bins of frozen and non-perishable food, and supplies, including two 50-pound bags of flour. I made a plan to drive non-stop from Arlington, MA to Emery's Wharf and to be able not only to quarantine solo for two weeks, but also to potentially be on the island with a few volunteers at a time for as long as possible without needing to make trips to the mainland.

I found myself thinking that this type of planning may not have been too different from how many light keepers of long ago had to prepare on a regular basis. Being isolated on their off-shore islands left them often unable to get supplies for weeks if not months at a time, and they had to be self-sufficient. Despite Whitehead's proximity to the mainland, supplies surely weren't easy to come by in winter months. It must have been worse for the more isolated light stations such as the small barren granite island of Martinicus Rock, which is about 16 nautical miles offshore from Whitehead.

The summer of 2020 left no doubt as to why Whitehead is called the foggiest place in Maine. I made two full boat trips to the island with my supplies in dead calm conditions with such dense fog that the boathouse only appeared once I reached the mooring ball just a few yards off the dock. The foggy trip was quickly forgotten as my quarantine

time flew by and I felt grateful to experience the beauty and peace one always feels being at Whitehead, with the added benefit of being away from the troubles on the mainland and around the world. Despite not holding any of our previously scheduled programs, July was a productive month with hard-working volunteers and interns sharing my appreciation for the island's splendid isolation. I took on the cooking responsibilities with help from some of the volunteers. The fare was simple, but always appreciated. If work on our projects had taken longer than expected, the quick-to-put-together meal of pizza was on the menu. In fact, we often baked pizza, fresh rolls or bread, making good use of all that flour.

It remained very foggy for the early part of the summer, but when the fog lifted and we looked up from our work we were treated to wonderful natural marvels such as double rainbows, the bald eagles doing their typical island rounds, and chatty otters playing at the dock. At night when we weren't too tired to stay up, we enjoyed the beauty of the Milky Way, meteor showers, and even the comet Neowise, which could be seen by simply walking out onto the front porch of the Keeper's House.

The maintenance projects were paused during much of August while the groups who rented the Keeper's House enjoyed having the Light Station to themselves. I was so glad that we could safely welcome the rental guests and those who came for the Knitting Retreat and Farm-to-Fork programs in September and that they ran without a hitch. The final group of volunteers included some very helpful local folks, some from right across the harbor who even continued to work hard helping out after they had left the island.



WLS Director Gigi Lirot and intern Thomas Clauson celebrate finishing the boathouse roof.

As I'm sure you can imagine, precautions were taken for and by all who came to Whitehead. I'm glad that the worst-case scenario protocol if someone had become ill on the island never had to be put into practice.

I'm appreciative of all the hard work put in by our interns and volunteers this past season. It was their vigilance as well as that of our program participants that made our modified 2020 come together safely.

As we continue to go through times of being unable to gather as we may want to, I again think of those who served as light keepers in the past, especially those at far off island locations, and how they must have rarely been able to gather with relatives and loved ones during holidays or special occasions. I look forward to next season and echo what I'm told the light keepers of Martinicus Rock would say to help them get through tough times in the isolation of



The lucky participants in the 2020 Knitting Retreat



The bunkbeds built by volunteer David Pope

a long frigid winter — "Better days are coming."

Oh, yes, by October we actually had baked so much that we did go through ALL 100 pounds of that flour!

WHITEHEAD 1.0

by Sam Brown, Jr.

Five Pine Island campers were privileged to be the camp's first visitors to Whitehead Island in 1957, a few months after the Swan family purchased most of it. I was one of those first visitors. We came onto the island after three days cruising Penobscot Bay in a 35-foot sloop under senior counselor and veteran skipper Bob Eaton. We were welcomed by Tats Swan, who, with her children, was occupying the cabin called Starboard, the only one of the three habitable cabins in the island's center clearing with an operating kitchen.

Naturally, the first thing we noticed was the large, house-size building in the clearing adjacent to Starboard and its two companion cabins. It was a former U.S. Coast Guard barracks, built in the early 1920s and most active during World War II. Because it was marked NO TRESPASSING, we Pine Islanders, being boys, entered it at once and searched its two floors and several rooms. It was totally vacant, save only for several plastic signs saying NO SMOKING, which we quickly requisitioned.

We were assigned to sleep in the second of the three cabins, the one called Port, but Jamie Campbell and I felt adventurous on this exotic isle. We took our sleeping bags and flashlights about a hundred yards down the road toward the Coast Guard settlement at the lighthouse to a deserted cabin with two small vacant rooms. Here we spent our three nights on Whitehead, feeling very much as if we were in an Alfred Hitchcock movie.

Besides the barracks, the most intriguing item we discovered was an ancient Model T Ford, stripped of everything but four metal wheels with no

tires, one seat, and a steering column with the steering wheel. We pushed it around a bit, but it served more as a curiosity than a vehicle. We did wonder why it was on the island.

Most of our time was spent exploring, drawing water from the one extant well, and visiting the active Coast Guard Station at the other end of the island where the friendly Guardsmen explained the operation of the fabulous lighthouse and the ear-splitting foghorn. In the good weather that blessed us, we fortunately never heard it.

Of considerable interest was the old, tall, wooden Life Saving Station, which stood on an ocean-side bluff looking seaward toward Metinic Island several miles away. The architecture of this abandoned structure, which once housed the life-saving boats and the crew, was both Victorian and Nordic, earning it the name Viking Hall. It was a surviving relic, we were told, of the age of wooden ships and iron men. PIC has put a good deal of time into painting the outside and shingling the roof (twice!) so that it remains structurally sound.

One year later, Mr. George Uhe and his wife Evelyn and their two small children spent the summer on Whitehead. Mr. Uhe, a professional botanist and biology teacher, taught that summer's Pine Islanders about maritime history, native plants, and edible wild plants. I was fortunate also to make a visit that summer, but I was forever proud to have been among the very first campers to come ashore on this wonderful wild seaside outpost. I therefore like to call that initial venture by a modern title recognizable in today's cybernetic age: WHITEHEAD 1.0.



The Model T kept "running" for at least a few years.



ZOOM MEETING — TWO PINE ISLANDER FIGHTER PILOTS WEAR PIC "COMMANDER" PATCHES ON THEIR JUMPSUITS



Marine Corps officers Jason Schachner and Robbie Leahy last year in front of a T-45 Goshawk Navy/Marine Corps trainer somewhere in Texas

Both Jason Schachner and Robbie Leahy were long-time campers and counselors. Robbie was a camper for several summers during which Jason was a rowing instructor. Jason earned his Commander while a camper and awarded that same rank to Robbie several years later. When the two of them happened to join the Marines at the same time and both qualified to fly jets, and ended up in the same training squadron (woah, King Kababa...), and their instructor asked all the trainees to attach something that meant a lot to

them to their jumpsuits, Jason and Robbie chose the "Commander" patch, representing the top rank in the OAR program at PIC. If you look closely at the photo above you can see the patch on their right shoulders. My guess is that those patches may have traveled faster than any activity patch thus far.

Both Jason and Robbie received their wings during the past year. Robbie is flying the FA-18 Hornet out of Lemoore (CA) Air Force Base, and Jason is flying the F-35 Maco out of the Marine Air Force Base in Beaufort, SC.

MATT KENNARD JOINS THE PIC BOARD



We are very happy to announce the addition of Matthew Kennard to the

Pine Island Board of Directors. Matt was a camper from 1994-1997 and is a graduate of Yale University and the University of Chicago Booth School of Business. Currently CFO & Head of Operations for LearnZillion, Inc., a K-12 digital core curriculum provider based in Washington, D.C., Matt is a seasoned finance professional with significant experience in the technology sector. He lives in San Antonio, Texas with his wife Thais. Akka Lakka, Matt!

A SERIOUS HIKE — GEORGIA TO MAINE

By Ryan Schlosser

Three days after my nineteenth birthday, I drove nine hours from my hometown of Allegany, NY and finally I reached a dirt road that ran through the woods near Waterville, ME. A few months before, some random dude named Sumner had offered me a job after we met in St. Lawrence University's student center. He seemed like a pretty neat guy, so I decided to leave everything I knew behind and head off to spend my summer of 2018 at PIC, a place I had never seen, full of people I had never met. As I drove down the dirt road towards Great Pond, I was terrified.

You probably already know, based on the fact that I'm writing this piece for the *Pine Needle* years later, that things turned out pretty alright for me that summer. In fact, after months of Jono scenarios, campfires, staff ball, some absurdly confusing three-day event in Norridgewock involving a fake town and decades-long blood feuds, getting rained on for 72 consecutive hours in

the White Mountains, super rad racing stripe haircuts, tennis lessons that Bobby wishes he could understand, aggressively dancing in a cow suit, building my technical skills and confidence leading trips, and making friends that I still think about every day, I had absolutely no idea how I was going to leave and return to society.

In the last few days of the summer of 2018, as I thought about the journey home and back to school, I decided that I needed my own form of Pine Island's Expedition Camp. The summer had been a transformation for me, and I didn't want the adventure to stop. I had come to realize the benefit of leaving what I knew behind and half-blindly throwing myself into a new and possibly difficult situation. I decided I would thru-hike the Appalachian Trail.

A little over 18 months later, I stood on top of Springer Mountain, the southern terminus of the AT, with a 33-pound pack on my back, a Snickers bar in my hand, and a familiar feeling of excited

terror. On that first of what became 160 days of walking from Georgia to Maine, I reflected on the role PIC has played in my life. As I look back on my completion of a hike that was far more difficult and complex than I anticipated, it is obvious to me that my thru-hike was made possible by the skills I learned working at Pine Island, the confidence and love of adventure built into daily life at PIC, the guidance and encouragement I received from my fellow Pine Islanders (especially you, Natalie!), and the will of King Kababa. Many thanks to everyone who helped along the way and... Akka Lakka!

Check out my podcast: "Walking and Talking: An Appalachian Trail Thru-Hike" at www.ryanschlosser.com if you want to hear adventures from the trail or interviews with other hikers!

Dawss and Schloss atop Mt. Katahdin at the end of Ryan's epic journey by foot from Georgia to Maine



PETE COMPLETE! ROB WHITEHOUSE AND THE PINE ISLAND SKIFF PROJECT A SUCCESS

Though the boat was completed in the spring of 2020, we will have to wait another few months for the sleek new Pine Island Skiff called *Pete* to be given the seal of approval by the Organization for the Advancement of Rowing (OAR). However, the early reviews are in and they're very enthusiastic. *Pete* is the sixth Pine Island Skiff to be built and was named for Pete Best, one of two people often referred to as "the fifth Beatle." David Stimson, who designed the Pine Island Skiff, built the first four boats in 1997 and they were named *John*, *Paul*, *George*, and *Ringo*. The fifth Skiff, *Stu*, named for Stuart Sutcliffe, arrived a few years later. Rob Whitehouse slaved away during the winter of 2019 at his shop in Brunswick, ME, where he took the lines off *Ringo* and converted them to a complete set of plans and then built *Pete* from the plans. *Pete*, sporting a Pettit Bikini Blue stripe, has benefited

from a few small improvements to the design, is the most beautiful Skiff yet, and will certainly be a favorite among campers and staff for years to come.

Thanks to countless hours and a lot of expertise contributed by Rob, you can now buy a set of Pine Island Skiff plans, complete with a thumb drive that can be used to have parts for the boat cut by a CNC machine. The first tube of plans went out the other day to a man in Texas who read about the boat in the *Wooden Boat* article (see "Pine Islanders in the Press" on page 10)! This project is not to be undertaken as a lark! The best thing to do is to have us send you a PDF of study plans that will give you a clear idea of what you'd be getting yourself into. That said, in the realm of boat building, making your own Pine Island Skiff would not be considered very complex, especially using Rob's clear plans and notes. But what to name it... Mick?



Rob Whitehouse at the helm of Tip Your Cap, the cruising boat he built in his shop in Brunswick, ME



Pete, the newest Pine Island Skiff, built by volunteer Rob Whitehouse, in his back yard in Brunswick, ME



Harry Swan rows Pete for the first time in Great Pond — May, 2020.

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

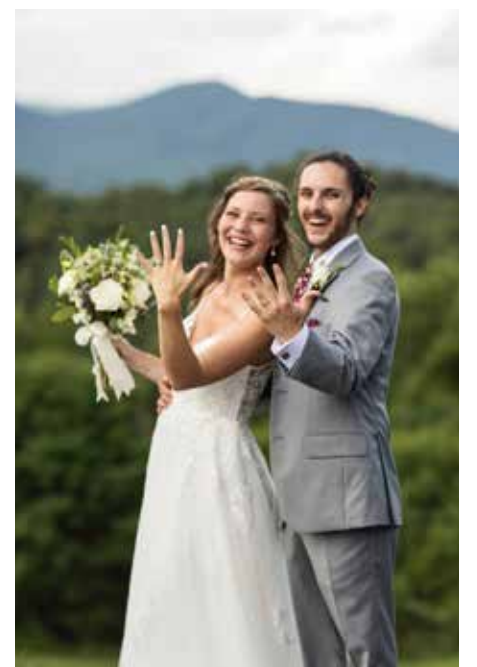
Lindsay Clarke and her daughter Sagan welcomed Silas Warner Clarke on October 5, 2020. Lindsay is a teacher at the Waynflete School in Portland, ME, and will begin working as PIC's summer office manager in 2021. **Cecily Pulver** and her husband Nick Tapper welcomed Daniella (Dani) Irene Tapper on July 10, 2020, meaning that if she ever works at PIC, she will get a cake made for her and all of camp in the summer! Aunt **Amanda** spends one full day a week babysitting and always hates to leave. Cecily is a full-time teacher. Amanda continues her work at Wegman's. **Mahesh Francis** popped the question to Melina Polit Dilion this fall and the answer was yes! The couple, now living in Concord, CA, hope for an in-person wedding in 2021. Mahesh is the Associate Director of Admissions at the California Institute of Integral Studies. **Jacob Ronson** and **Amber Walker** were married outside of Lexington, VA on August 22, 2020. **Paul Ronson** was best man and **Cole Gibson** was a groomsman. The couple honeymooned in New England, having put off their planned trip to Hawaii. Jacob and Amber live in the house they just bought in Ashland, VA. **Tom Nagler** lives in Portland, ME and works in procurement for the Hannaford grocery chain. He and **Rip Swan** renovated a rented barn in Portland where Tom has been working to restore an ancient Land Rover and Rip has been working on multiple woodworking projects that many enjoy following on Instagram. Rip works full time for a mid-coast contractor on a beautiful new house down near the mouth of the Kennebec. **Katie Swan** also lives in Portland. She is working from home and hoping like so many others to go to work sometime soon at her new job as a digital marketing specialist at Helm Digital. **Harry Swan** is living in Ho Chi Minh City, Viet Nam and teaching English. **Joe Kovaz** has moved with his wife Susan and daughter Anna Kendall from Columbia, SC to Belfast, ME. Joe is teaching various courses in science at a brand-new school in Unity, ME. Joe ran into Belfast resident **Chris Gardner** while buying bike supplies at Chris's combination coffee shop and bike shop. **Victor Dillard** started a new job in January 2020 at a company called Owkin. He lives in Islington (London) with his girlfriend and their puppy called Whisky. **Caleb Hunter's** high school Nordic team took first place in States last year (he won 2nd place in the Classic event), and his shooting skills (which he learned at Pine Island) have won him competitive results in biathlon races around New England. Since graduation in June 2020, he has been participating in the Fort Kent Outdoor Center's post-grad biathlon training program, with the goal of performing well in the junior world championship trials. He's also working towards his EMT certification. **Charlie Papazian**, the acclaimed Godfather of the Craft Beer movement writes: "I'm

growing hops that I found growing wild around the foundation of the light-keeper's house at Whitehead Light Station. I took cuttings in July 2019 from there and planted them in Colorado on our property. They are thriving. I call them Whitehead hops. I have a batch of German-style lager now aging and am optimistic that they will be very good hops for brewing. Though there is no apparent mention of the history of these hops, I suspect that they were brought over to the island perhaps 100 years or so ago by someone who had the idea of making homebrew on the island. What kind of hops were there available during that period? I'm hoping to offer some of the beer brewed with these hops during my beer classes scheduled for July 2021." **Rob Whitehouse** recently wrote: "*Tip Your Cap* went out on her first cruise this summer. A Doug Hylan design called Bowler, she is a 26-1/2' raised sheer cruiser with modest accommodations for two, and I built her over a number of years in my shop. This year's dreams of a long coastal cruise were dashed by the pandemic. Not being willing to stay at inns and eat in restaurants meant I would be traveling solo. The first stop after departing Brunswick was Tenants Harbor. I wangled a mooring at Whitehead, had a lovely walk about the island recalling life on the island as a 15-year-old on the 1972 Whitehead Work Crew. We are headed back next year with the hopes of renting a home base from which to cruise the area." **Kit Smith** writes from Los Angeles, "Getting catapulted into the organized mayhem of LA's garment industry has been wild." StringKing, the company he helped found to make lacrosse equipment and custom-fitted apparel, has recently won four Defense Logistics Agency contracts to produce 19 million disposable isolation gowns over the next 12 months. In April, StringKing was leading a team of 1200 people producing 140,000 cloth face masks per day in Los Angeles. They are continuing efforts to secure contracts to provide custom fitted shorts and t-shirts to the Marine Corps. **Gray Hill** left Auburn University last March and spent the spring and summer fighting wild fires in Colorado for both the state and federal governments. Brother **Reid Hill** has mostly been in school at Montana State University with time at home as the pandemic dictated. He too has been learning the art of fighting fires while also learning biodynamic farming at a farm near his home in Boulder. **Jason Fischer** and his young family stopped at PIC on their way home to Norwell, MA from Rangeley just before Thanksgiving. The gate was open because Ben was up doing some work and he got to meet the whole gang, including Jason's wife Linden, his oldest Lyle, his daughter Merin, and his twin infants Reid and Keaton. It was freezing cold and blowing about 20 mph, but it was a nice visit and they managed to get a group photo. Jason is now an Attending

Physician at Boston Children's Hospital and an Instructor at Harvard Medical School. **Peter Nagler** and his wife Ida welcomed Paulina Leone on July 16, 2019 and brother **Bill Nagler** and his wife Kirsten Lewis welcomed Katherine Diane on September 18, 2019. **Reed Harvey** is living in Milwaukie, OR and married his longtime girlfriend Devon Fredericksen on September 21, 2019. He gave up the life of a "vagabond rock climber" and entered a career in audio post production. COVID did him out of a job so he started his own post production company, Steambox, and he's loving it. Reed is in close touch with **Evan Larsell** who, with his partner Chantel Alcaraz, welcomed a baby boy, Bearett Leigh, on July 23, 2020. **Chase Ijams** is working on a Master of Social Work degree at UNC. **Erin Lobb** is working as an occupational therapist in Rhode Island treating patients recovering from COVID and has sewed and distributed several hundred masks. Her husband **Will Mason** adds, "She's working up a rippin' banjo set that hopefully will grace the sandy stage before too long." **Doug Phillips** and his wife recently relocated to Chicago from Brooklyn. Doug works in research on criminal justice reform. They are expecting their first child (a boy) in January. **Will Clark** got married to his high school sweetheart on 9/10/20. He will be applying to medical school in May. **Peter Zeman** writes: "My family and I are all well. I'm following the Zeman tradition of not retiring by still working four days a week as a psychiatrist at the Institute of Living, Hartford, CT. It's hard for me to believe that I was a counselor at Pine Island (and Blue General) 55 years ago!"



Lindsay Clarke's daughter Sagan with her new brother Silas



Just Married! Amber Walker and Jacob Ronson



Daniella Tapper



Caleb Hunter takes aim.



Jason Fisher and family on a very chilly visit to the PIC mainland in November.



Mahesh Francis with his fiancée Melina

VOLUNTEERS ON THE JOB IN SPITE OF COVID HURDLES

Lining up volunteers to come and help with projects on Pine Island or at the Whitehead Light Station is not simple in the best of times. Everyone's busy, and finding a date that works for enough volunteers is a jigsaw puzzle, and then one must order food, have a cook on hand, order materials, be sure there are the right tools on site, and arrange boat transportation. The spring arrival of COVID-19 added another layer of complexity to arranging volunteer projects, but we managed and we got a lot of good work done this past summer and fall.

John Alsop, daughter Corinne, Matt Miller, and Harry Swan joined Director of Operations Ben Swan for a day this spring clearing the area around the head of the Camp Road. The entrance to Pine Island's road has grown in over the years with a tangle of vines and truly horrible brambles. It took most of a day for the crew to cut, drag, and dispose of several pickup loads of the stuff, leaving the area around the entrance clear and ready for the planting of grass and a few white pine trees. A little of that work goes a long way (some blood was shed in spite of heavy gloves), but John was undeterred and has joined Ben for further road improvements. John has also become the leader of the York's Crossing Improvement Society, working with Ben to create a master plan that is transforming the War Game site into a "pleasing park-like landscape." Don't worry, it's still really hard to get from Southeast to East.

We were unable to run the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend, an eagerly anticipated annual fall event, because it involves as many as 30 volunteers traveling to Maine and working, living, and eating together. While there is always work to be done to the fleet, it was not as urgent this year because the boats did not undergo the usual rigors of a camp season. We missed the Sloan Weekend for sure though and hope very much we can invite volunteers to attend next September.

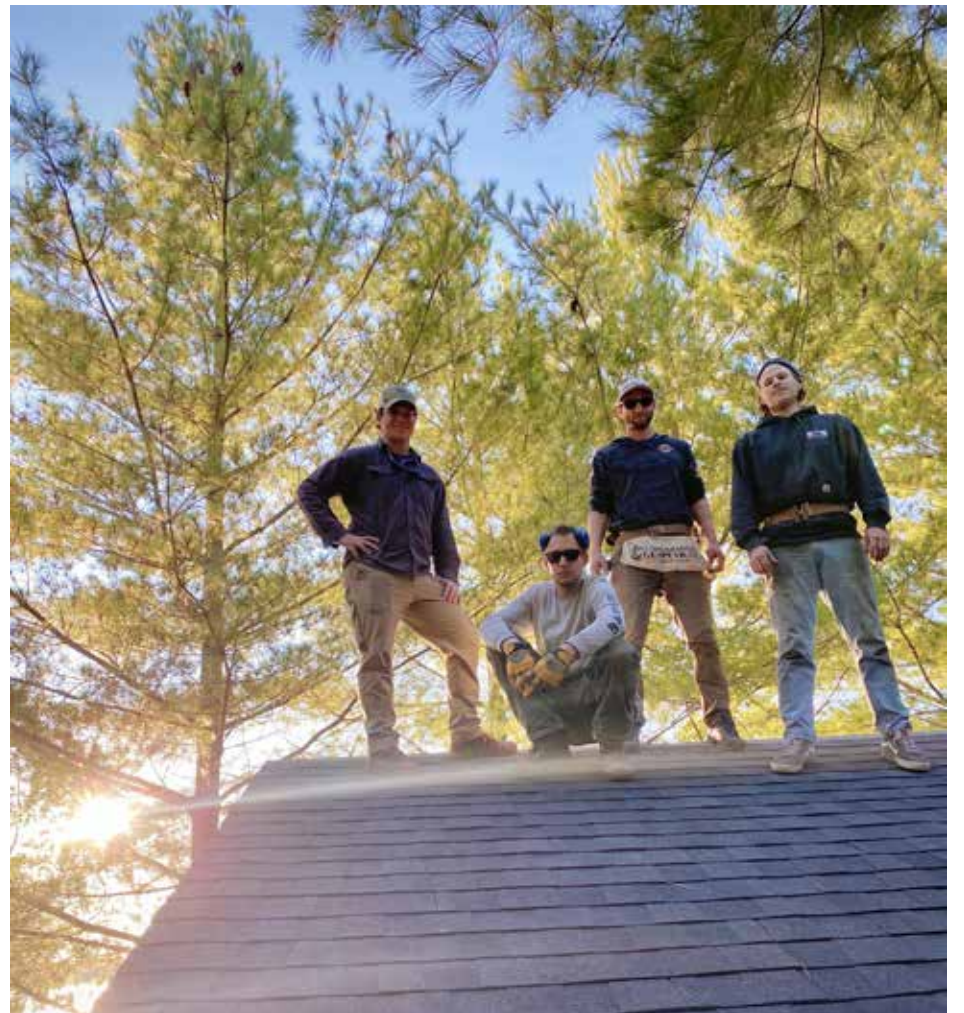
Since the fall of 2019 volunteers have completed many projects. David Pope, John Rogers, Rip Swan, and Tom Nagler did major work in "Topside," the super-cozy apartment above the boathouse on the Whitehead Light Station mainland property, completing work started decades ago by Ben's uncle Rip Swan, who designed and built the building in the 1960s. They finished the ceiling, removed lots of stuff, rewired much of the building, and installed new lighting. The result of their efforts, some new furniture, and a minimum of paid work transformed Topside into a perfect get-away spot right on the water that was booked by renters for many weeks, providing much-needed income for PIC.

The Yoder House II workshop at Whitehead Light Station is now very nearly complete. Volunteer Matt Wall finished the wiring and lighting and Rob Whitehouse repaired and de-rusted the surfaces of the many wonderful shop tools donated to PIC several years ago

by Whit Fisher and Dennis Gagne. John Alsop used his sawmill to mill some big pieces of lumber that are now drying in preparation for the installation of a fine workbench that will be the final touch. It may be hard to get much work done in the shop because the view from the four windows over the bench out over Penobscot Bay is so spectacular. In July John Alsop, David Pope, Silas Hunter, and Penny Alley transformed "Hilltop" house, a structure built to house staff at Whitehead Light Station. What began as a single room with plywood walls and floor morphed into an insulated two-room bunkhouse that is now ready for occupancy. The little building with a big view now has a spruce floor and walls and bunks made from white pine milled from two huge pine trees cut on the Camp Road. Hilltop can now house a maximum of four staff and has a small "mudroom" for raingear and boots and a "kitchenette."

Many other volunteers joined Gigi and Ben this summer at Whitehead Light Station and put in lots of valuable work. They scraped, painted, sawed, clipped, hauled, planted, mowed, repaired, cooked, cleaned, and organized. The list (our apologies to those we forgot...) of volunteers includes: Rip Swan, John Alsop, Janice Stuver, Matt Wall, Joan Gonser, David Pope, Linda Pope, David Bryan, Lee Bryan, Ed Williams, Rich Bradley, Ellen McCarthy, Meg Bradley, Moss Bemis, Wes Lirot, Pennie Alley, Beverly St. Clair, Marcus Rhineland, Anne Stires, Eben Weislogel, and Rob Whitehouse. Interns Thomas Clauson, Silas Hunter, and Abbie Ames did yeoman service as well.

As part of a master plan for keeping up with the maintenance and improvement of Pine Island's 37 buildings, re-roofing the Infirmary on the island was scheduled for a weekend last September. A hardy crew of "A Team" volunteers - Sumner Ford, Ben Schachner, and Sam Hecklau - were to travel on Thursday from Vermont, part of the Maine COVID travel bubble, get the job set up, and work with Rip and Harry Swan and Tom Nagler to strip and replace the roof. However, COVID indirectly raised its ugly head just prior to the weekend when a student at the school where Sam teaches was found to have been in contact with another student who tested positive for the virus, and the team had to stay put. Harry Swan and friends from Brunswick, including Pine Islander Percival Stoddard, stepped in and had a strenuous Friday transporting the 75-pound bundles of asphalt shingles and some scaffolding to the island. Former camper and counselor and current PIC board member Charlie Boutwell arrived that evening, along with Rip Swan, who came straight from his contracting job. Former KC member Katie Swan, along with former Head Cook Corinne O'Connor, did the shopping and cooked at the Rink, and Tom Nagler was on hand for the start of work on Saturday morning. What was billed as a somewhat relaxing work weekend



Volunteers Charlie Boutwell, Harry Swan, Rip Swan, and Tom Nagler on the recently completed Infirmary roof last fall



David Pope at work on the interior of Hilltop House at Whitehead Light Station

turned into a work-until-dark two-day sprint. Fortunately, the Infirmary roof is neither high nor steep and the weather was sunny if unseasonably cold. As the light was fading Sunday night the whole job was finished except for a few shingles on the ridges, completed the following week by Ben and Harry Swan. Dang that COVID! Many thanks to everyone, including the Vermonters who prudently acted out of an abundance of caution and missed all the fun. On to the next roof with hopes for a big crew and more great fall weather!

Eagerly anticipating the suppression of the COVID problem, Board member Charlie Boutwell is working with Ben Swan, Miles Frank, and Gigi Lirot to create more volunteer opportunities for Pine Islanders. Ben says, "It's the best way, once you are sadly too old to be a camper or counselor, to return to Pine Island and Whitehead Light Station. Good work that is really helpful to PIC and WLS, wonderful food, and great people." Stay tuned and sign up!

SKELETON CREW

By Sumner Ford, Director

What a strange time. Pine Island did not operate for the first time since the early 20th century. Such a strange fact to absorb.

After deciding to cancel camp, we considered options for the summer. We agreed that there were enough work projects to keep a small crew busy, and this summer would provide a unique opportunity to work on the island. We also recognized that campers, who were having the rug pulled out from under them right and left, could use Pine Island's help this summer more than ever. I reached out to a small group of senior staff and invited them to work on the island for scant pay. The staff's world had also been turned upside down. Some of them were home with their dorm rooms still full of their belongings. They recognized that PIC would provide some normalcy and that it would be an opportunity to give back to Pine Island.

Over the six weeks we spent on the island, the staff worked incredibly hard. While our counselors and other staff always work hard, during a normal camp season they reap the reward of seeing a camper grow, seeing his passion for an activity that develops during a summer, or the unmistakable look of pride as he

comes off the kitchen dock after returning from a camping trip. That reward was not present.

Miles Frank and his crew, Justin Gaspard and Bobby Flynn, worked from 8 am -6 pm every day. They took pride in skipping every rest-hour. Come baking hot sun or deluge of rain, they could not be stopped. From the perches to the Dining Hall, they worked on countless projects this summer, and the island looks much better than it did when we found it.

Our content team, Corinne Alsop, Mark Pierce, Matthew Hawkins, Jack Reed, and Matt Miller, came up with ideas non-stop. The crew stressed endlessly over the production of each video. From their first video to their last, I was thrilled with the content they created this summer. They demonstrated what phenomenal teachers we manage to hire every summer. If you haven't seen their instructional videos, I encourage you to check them out at www.pineisland.org.

Our head cook Madison Olds was a veteran of several summers on the Kitchen Crew, so she was familiar with the PIC kitchen. We thought that cooking for 12 might be an easy introduction to the Head Cook job. It was not. Our appetites proved to be quite large, so Madison was preparing a *lot* of food three times a day. She was both managing our menu and safely procuring food. After a fantastic summer of filling our bellies with delicious food, I am thrilled that Madison is rejoining us as Head Cook in 2021.

This summer was far from ideal, but yet again the season revealed one of Pine Island's most valuable assets – the hard-working, caring, funny, smart, talented young people who are drawn to the challenging and rewarding work of being on our staff. I can't thank this year's Pine Island staff enough, and I can't wait for many of these remarkable Pine Islanders to return next summer with, at last, campers' smiles and joy to reward them.



Sumner and the Skeleton Crew "dressed like Ben Swan" on July 12, his birthday



New and improved basketball hoop pole



Miles, Bobby, and Justin with new cribbing to prevent further erosion on the West Range



Projects head Miles Frank on the partially sanded Dining Hall floor



Refinished Dining Hall floor all done!

WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION — CAMPERS WRITE

Sadly, it was a “vacation” from a Pine Island season, but Pine Islanders are resourceful and flexible and aren’t prone to sitting around. Here are some reports from would-have-been 2020 campers.

From Simon de Beistegui — Paris

During my summer vacation in France I did a road trip with my family. We left from Paris to go to Cligny in Bourgogne. It took us four hours. Over there we visited the abbaye and we stayed there for two days. Then we went to visit friends of ours in the Drome Provençale. Over there they make wine and olive oil. We stayed there for two days. After that we went to visit other friends of ours, but this time at Cap Benat next to Bormes les Mimosas. We went swimming and we went on a boat. We spent three days there. Then we visited Carcassonne. It is a medieval city. And finally we went to our house in the Pays-Basque. We went hiking in the mountains and swimming in the ocean.

From Wells Adams — Republic of Georgia

This summer I did a lot of things. A lot of things that weren’t Pine Island, but fun, great, adventurous things. One of those things was becoming committed to a sailing club. I train on Saturdays and Sundays when it’s not cold or too windy. Although the coaches and other kids were Georgian, we got along well and I understood most things. Their fleet consists of about 25 Opti’s, Lasers, and Cat-2’s. Even though it’s hard sometimes, it’s still hugely fun. Another thing was playing tennis. I train three days a week when the weather is good, so it helps me to get better. My coach is a Georgian tennis coach whose name is Vasiko.

From Will Regier — New York, NY

This summer, my dad and I day hiked Mt. Washington. It was really fun and the view was amazing but it was hard on the way up. Definitely worth walking up instead of driving though. Anyways, see you this summer!

From Luke Beatie, Chatsworth, CA

My Summer (Looking) at Pine Island — When I heard that Pine Island had been canceled for 2020, I almost cried. I was so sad that my summer home was closed, and I was going to miss out on all the amazing things PIC provides for everyone fortunate enough to go there. Luckily, I had another option...a place not unlike camp. So, my family took me there instead, and I was able to spend the entire summer in one of my favorite places on Earth...Belgrade, Maine...all while staring longingly across the lake at Pine Island.

My family has been spending summers on Great Pond since before Pine Island Camp existed. Every summer I would go there and play in the lake as PIC rested in the background, her boats and the KWS cruising back and forth. This past summer, I was fortunate

enough to be there again doing many of the activities I would have been doing at camp. I swam, canoed, and sailed on the lake. I learned to tie dozens of knots. Riflery...I had an airsoft target range set up in our back yard. I camped out on Oak Island and roasted hot dogs and s’mores over a fire I built (thank you, Woodcraft). I watched 4th of July fireworks from the shore of the lake. I even got to do some things I would not have been able to do at PIC...like learn how to knee board and water ski. I also enjoyed several visits from Sumner, who would boat over to our dock and chat with us (from a distance, of course) about the work happening on the island, how sad we all were to miss out on camp, and how the Yankees were WAY better than the Red Sox this year. I then kayaked over to the island where I was able to float in the water and visit with all the counselors and staff who were working away to make camp even better for next year. The best part was getting to water ski past the island while the staff stood on the dock cheering as I zoomed by trying not to wipe out in front of everyone.

In all, it was an amazing summer. Even though I never set foot on Pine Island, I almost felt like I was there...until I remembered all the campfires and trips and songs and stories and friends I was missing...all the things that make summers on Pine Island so special. So, I hope we are all together there again next summer. Until then...AKKA LAKKA!!!

From Jax Lou — Richmond, VA

Virginia X-camp was mostly a success! Except Madron’s boots were too small so he got huge blisters after our 15-mile first day hike. We got picked up two days later instead of four, but we had a great time together!

From Benjamin Lew — New York, NY

I took an eight-week sailing program at the Shelter Island Yacht Club so I spent a lot of time on the water.

From Gabriel Egeman — Brooklyn, NY

We ended up getting a small dingy/sailboat and I taught my dad to sail, which I was able to do from my time at PIC the summer before.

From Max Bell — Atlanta, GA

Burgers Am I Right? Potato Haven Offers America’s Best Burger.

Last summer, because of the pandemic, I went with my family to Telluride, Colorado instead of spending it on Pine Island. Telluride is a 26-hour drive from my hometown of Atlanta, or as we Pine Islanders call it: a 517-hour hike! Because of the pandemic we drove and thus broke the road trip into two days. We stopped in Topeka, Kansas on our first night of the drive. Fun fact: Topeka means, “Place where we dug potatoes” in the native Kansa-Osage, the people who originally inhabited the area. After extensive research in the car throughout the day, we decided for dinner we would

pick-up from a place called The Burger Stand.

I was not surprised to find that The Burger Stand serves burgers, however I made a discovery that shook me to my very core: THE QUALITY OF THE FOOD WAS HEAVENLY. The fries were to die for (perhaps that is why they dug potatoes there) and not only because butter makes everything taste great. The burgers were made with meat that was fresher than any meat I have tasted before and the buttery bun made my mouth water. Even my father’s Veggie burger was transcendent. Every night in Telluride my brother and I dreamed of these divine burgers, so much so that on our drive back to Atlanta we revisited this most revered Stand of Burgers to confirm its definitive status as The Greatest Restaurant on the American Supercontinent. So, should any of you happily find yourself in the “place where we dug potatoes,” let there be NO doubt as to where you should find your meal. Next year, I hope not to go to The Burger Stand because I really want to be on Pine Island. But, it is just possible that while sleeping in my tent while the waves lap PIC’s shores, I might be dreaming about America’s best burger in “the place where we dug potatoes.”

From Anselm Bell — Atlanta, GA

Meadow a la Vertical

I am Anselm Bell, a 12-year-old second year, and last summer I went to Telluride, Colorado because the pandemic prevented me from spending my third summer at Pine Island. Telluride is a small town in the mountainous, southwest corner of Colorado. While my family did a lot of hiking during our time there, this is a story about one hike that really stood out (or maybe I should say “up”).

The hike was supposed to be about seven miles and fairly flat with a few steep bits to end at an alpine lake. We set off early the morning of the hike to avoid the afternoon mountain thunderstorms. The first two miles of the hike were gentle with some steep, rocky parts and we soon found ourselves at the top of Bridal Veil Falls. We stopped there for a water break and to see where the trail would take us next. In order to reach our destination, Silver Lake, the trail then split off from the large flattish trail we had been on, crossed a stream, and then veered up into a steep rocky section. We set off eager to see Silver Lake. When the turnoff for another vertical section came, it became apparent that the steepness of this trail may have been seriously downplayed in the guide book. This section of trail was made up of little rocks jutting out of what seemed like an 80-degree uphill incline. After a short stint scrambling up this section of rock, we stopped on a fairly level trail and checked the GPS. We were excited to find that we were only two miles away from Silver Lake!

After this level section of trail, which turned out to be quite short, we found

ourselves at the bottom of what will forever be known to my brother Max and me as “The Vertical Meadow.” The Vertical Meadow was two miles of, you guessed it, a vertical meadow. It was only rivaled in steepness by the saddle on Katahdin, but The Vertical Meadow was four times the length. It consisted mostly of small flowers growing parallel to the ground and an occasional horizontal tree. We clung to roots and tufts of grass as we made our way step by step up the meadow floor. It took us about two hours to climb it but it was two unforgettable ones. When we finally reached Silver Lake we let out a sigh of relief and enjoyed some gummy bears as we reflected on what we had achieved. Next summer, I hope to be hiking along the AT, not only for the company of my friends from Pine Island, but also for the sake of my calves.



Andrew Regier and son Will atop Mt. Washington



Wells Adams setting sail in the Republic of Georgia



Luke, Boden, and Ben Beatie spell out a message from their beach to the island



Virginia Expedition Camp: Jax Lou, Ian Wofford, and Madron Joyce

IN MEMORIAM

Lynn “Kippy” Kippax, Jr. died at his home in York, ME on March 4, 2020. He was 71. Kippy, originally from Swarthmore, PA, was a camper and counselor at Pine Island during the early and mid-1960s. A dynamic personality and superb photographer, Kippy lived in Maine most of his life and served as chairman of the State of Maine Media and Film Commission and throughout his life worked to promote filmmaking and all forms of the arts in Maine. He was press secretary for Maine governor John Baldacci, wrote for TV and radio productions, was a production and location manager for films and TV shows, and was the Maine AP wire correspondent during the Bush presidencies. During the Iraq War, Kippy also taught broadcast techniques to soldiers in Baghdad who were making weekly TV and radio broadcasts. His still photography appeared in United Press International, *The New York Times*, *National Geographic*, *Time*, *Down East*, and *The Pine Needle*. Kippy’s brothers John and Jeff and his nephew Teddy were also Pine Islanders.

Porter Breeden died on July 17, 2020 in Virginia of a drug overdose. He was 48. Porter, a Pine Island camper for five summers during the 1980s, struggled valiantly and knew much darkness in addiction, but in the last five years he made a new life of sobriety for himself in Winchester, VA, creating a committed relationship with his life partner Amanda Cox, repairing relationships with parents and friends, and making many new friends. Porter was looking forward to the birth of his daughter but was overwhelmed by the stresses brought on by COVID-19. Porter will be sorely missed by his partner Amanda Cox, his parents Jim Breeden and Sandra Whitfield, his step-father Roger Whitfield, his half-sister Ann Breeden, and scores of family and friends.

Bill Dean died at his home in New York City on August 17, 2020. Bill was a counselor at Pine Island and served as skipper of the *Jubilee* for four summers between 1954 and 1961 and maintained a close friendship with Jun and Tats Swan and Lise Aubry throughout their lives, visiting the three of them several times at Whitehead Island. As a lawyer, he was deeply involved in the life of the city, serving as executive director of Volunteers of Legal Service. As a volunteer, he served as chairman of the Correctional Association of New York, chairman of the New York Society Library, the Wednesday night driver for the Coalition for the Homeless food van, an almoner for the Havens Relief Fund Society, and a legal adviser to the Greenmarkets in New York City, and he was a proud member of the Century Association. Hundreds of his personal essays on a wide range of subjects have appeared in the op-ed pages of *The New*

York Times, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Christian Science Monitor* and *Indian Economy & Markets*. When not lawyering, writing, or volunteering, Bill enjoyed traveling the world, especially to Venice, and teaching in Puerto Rico and in India, attending the Opera, appearing once as a supernumerary in “Don Carlo” at the Metropolitan Opera, and playing basketball regularly at the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House where he was known for his devastatingly effective hook shot.

George Castell of Darien, CT and New York City died from complications of a stroke on October 24, 2020 surrounded by his family. He was 84. George was a counselor-in-training for just one summer, 1955, but maintained a friendship with Jun Swan, who was George’s fifth-grade teacher at the Collegiate School in New York, a friendship that was continued after Jun’s death with director Ben Swan. George’s two sons Bill and Greg were campers at Pine Island in the early 1980s, and George joined the finance committee of Pine Island’s board of directors in 2002. While George once told then-director Ben Swan that his idea of roughing it was slow room service, he took a strong interest in the well-being and future of Pine Island and, during long phone calls and many face-to-face meetings, offered invaluable advice and encouragement to Ben, often challenging him with the question, “What do you want to be, Ben? You can be anything you want. What do you want to be?” It was George’s way of insisting on focus, facts, dogged work, and realistic planning, the value of which George learned in the course of a dazzling business career. After graduating from Columbia University in 1958, George immediately entered the Chase Bank Training Program, but instead of pursuing a career in banking, he decided to work in the “new technical world” of cable at CBS, where he became Assistant Treasurer prior to becoming Vice President of Corporate Development at Viacom International, Inc. After playing a major role in the rise of Viacom, including the founding of MTV, George served as Managing Director, Apollo Partners Ltd.; Chairman, Apollo Radio Ltd.; and Managing Director, Wertheim Schroder & Company. He retired as Managing Director, Abernathy MacGregor. Ben visited George and his wife Marian frequently over many years in New York City and at the Castell home in Darien, CT where there were lots of laughs and a wealth of encouragement and sound advice. George was robbed of speech by the stroke he suffered years before his death, and many were deprived of George’s near clairvoyant wisdom, but Ben’s visits continued and in spite of a very tough row to hoe, George never lost the twinkle in his eye and the warmth that was always there for Ben.

BULK LEGACY — TIM NAGLER 1947–2020

Tim Nagler died surrounded by family in Indianapolis, IN on February 16, 2020 from complications of two rare cancers. Tim began his association with Pine Island Camp during the winter of 1967 when he wrote to then-director Jun Swan about a job. Tim went on to be an irrepressible force on the Pine Island staff and then an innovative and energetic assistant director to Monte Ball, bringing many Carleton students to Pine Island to serve as counselors. All five of Tim’s sons were campers and staff members, and Tim met their mother Katherine while they were both working at PIC. Tim served on the board of directors for over 40 years.

“We’re builders! We build!” was the required response by those engaged in Island Buildup, when Tim, who created the “activity,” would shout, “Who are we?!” Island buildup consisted of standing knee-deep in Great Pond on the north side of the island throwing, or struggling ashore with, stones from the bottom of the lake. I think campers actually signed up for Island Buildup, a fact that illustrates the power of Tim Nagler’s persuasion born of sheer energetic enthusiasm. It was like a spell cast. You were powerless in the face of it. During his many years as a counselor, assistant director, and then member of the board of directors, Tim has always been building up Pine Island. And it is not just the stones still protecting the north side of the island from erosion after 40 years that have endured.

Tim majored in English at Carleton, taught English at the Hotchkiss School in Connecticut, received an “ABD” in English at the University of Virginia, was a stringer for the *New York Times* and an editorial writer for the *Montgomery Advertiser* in Montgomery, AL,

and ultimately moved to Indianapolis, IN, where he helped raise five sons and worked for Jungclaus-Campbell, the venerable construction firm of which he eventually became owner.

Tim made an indelible and wonderful mark on Pine Island Camp during his more than 50 years of association, and his contributions to PIC will be honored by the construction of a new building in his memory. The new residence, to be built on Honk Hill to house the five rising high school seniors selected to participate in the Leadership Training Internship Program (LTIP) each summer, will be named “The Bulkhead.” The Bulkhead, designed by builder and engineer Rip Swan, will be located in a grove of trees to the northwest of Honk Hall, looking out past Magoon with a view of Oak and Hoyt’s Islands and of course Mt. Philip. Its design reflects the Honk design, complete with cedar shingles, a scaled-down diamond window, and of course a skylight, one of Tim’s favorite Pine Island innovations that have brightened the interiors of PIC buildings new and old. It is supremely fitting that a building named in Tim’s memory should house five young men whose job for the summer is to take care of Pine Island and to make sure that all is shipshape at all times, and to do so with good humor and enthusiasm.

Tim is survived by Pine Islanders Katherine Nagler, brother Bill, and sons Bill, Jim, John, Peter, and Tom, and by countless Pine Islanders whose lives Tim affected over many years with his limitless energy and deep love of Pine Island Camp. If you would like to contribute to the cost of the materials for “The Bulkhead,” please contact Tom Yoder at tyoder@quarterfold.com.



No megaphone needed... Tim Nagler at Fogg’s Forks 1969



Tim Nagler with Jun Swan in the 1969 staff photo



TIME AND TIDE — THREE MONTHS ON WHITEHEAD ISLAND

By Ben Swan

At the risk of making every single person who reads this insanely jealous, I wanted to share with *Needle* readers what I did on my summer vacation. My plan pre-COVID was to *not* visit Pine Island this summer in order leave the running of the camp entirely to our wonderful new director Sumner Ford. I would spend the summer at Whitehead Island doing projects and visiting with campers and staff when they came out on the seven Whitehead trips. Well, we all know what happened to the 2020 PIC season and the curtailed activities on Great Pond are chronicled elsewhere in this issue, but in some ways my plans didn't change. What changed was that for nearly three months, from late June through early October, I was living pretty much alone in the Swan compound. It was a bit like being the only resident of a small town. At first it was a bit eerie, especially with the Barracks empty and looming in the moonlight, but I got used to it very quickly.

My original plan was to split my time between working on Haulaway, the cabin where my parents spent 25 summers after my father retired from teaching and from being the director of Pine Island Camp. The cabin, moved in two pieces from down the road to its current location in the Compound back in the '60s, was in need of some structural work and sprucing up, but when I learned that there would be no

Pine Islanders using the Barracks, my focus shifted quickly to a long-overdue renovation of the Barracks kitchen and pantry. With the sun rising a little before 5:00 and setting around 8:30, I had plenty of daylight and could put in some long days. Of course, the project grew as I got into it, but, with some timely help from occasional visitors, by early fall I was able to move everything, including the beautiful Wolf cooking range donated by Rob Whitehouse, back in. The pantry has a new floor, walls sheathed with sweet-smelling white pine, and new shelves built by Rip Swan. The kitchen improvements are many: old heating pipes removed; ceiling patched and painted; walls scrubbed, patched and painted; new wooden counters; floor patched, scraped, sanded and finished; great *New Yorker* covers, mined from the 300+ vintage magazines stored in boxes in the library, installed on the east wall. In a move recalling either Tom Sawyer or Tim Nagler, in preparation for a visit from a flock of his friends, Rip Swan marked the kitchen floor off in squares with tape and assigned each person to a square. They had to complete scraping their square before departing. He left a couple of squares blank to be assigned later to the losers of various games. This saved me countless hours of painful scraping and really sped up the project.

Not every day was spent working on

the kitchen. Gigi Lirot was in residence at the other end of the island and often had volunteers and interns on hand to work. I commuted the quarter of a mile to the Light Station and weighed in on the renovations to Hilltop House and the extremely challenging re-roofing of the old Coast Guard boathouse. I hasten to add for those insanely jealous, that it was not all relaxing and enjoyable work. We managed to pick the hottest week of the summer to do the roof. The boathouse just happens to be in a spot that gets direct sunlight all day and *none* of the daily southwest breeze. In addition, it is a very steep roof surrounded by rocks, and the whole thing is on a slant. We only had to do half the roof, the half not in the shade. Gigi, interns Thomas Clauson and Silas Hunter, and I spent three days just putting up staging that would keep us safe and then stripped, repaired and papered the roof and applied the traditional Coast Guard red asphalt shingles. Son Rip Swan, now well known for his engineering and building acumen, showed up at a critical moment to get us started on what was essentially trying to apply straight rows on a parallelogram. I nearly expired but the rest of the crew never flagged and the job is done!

Life back at the Compound was truly a magical experience, and I fully appreciated how lucky I was to be there without much thought to the pandemic. Unless a

stranger wandered up the path, I never had to wear a mask. I ate when I was hungry; entertained a few friends who pitched in with the work; welcomed Emily for several visits (during which I ate a *lot* better!); watched the tides, boats, fog, moon, sun, deer, red squirrels, and birds come and go; took glorious solar-heated showers; and made only a few trips to town for supplies. The pace of my summer could not have been more different from that of the previous 33 at Pine Island and I was extremely grateful for the rest and for the opportunity to make some headway on projects that had been put off for too long.

I stayed on the island late enough to undertake a renovation of the Barracks dining room as well, and I'll be able to finish that before the boys and staff arrive in late June. It was a great luxury to stay at Whitehead long enough to see the days shorten and the weather turn cold and windy and for the first time in decades feel the urge to head back to Brunswick instead of longing to stay on the island. As always, a few days after coming ashore I was already looking forward to getting the boats shipshape and back in the water in the spring. I'm very excited that the Compound will once again be home to Pine Islanders next summer and I'll look forward to seeing many familiar faces and to meeting the new campers and counselors!



Most visitors just dropped in.



The fully renovated kitchen in the Whitehead Barracks



Still plenty of light after dinner



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“TOPSIDE” BOATHOUSE APARTMENT FOR RENT NEAR WHITEHEAD

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

Cost: \$1000 per week

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



The deck at Topside early morning



Eat here or out on the deck overlooking the water.



New bed, mattress and linens in the master bedroom

WHITEHEAD LIGHT STATION FOR RENT

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

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



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