

RETURN OF THE CAMPERS!

By Sumner Ford, Director

This summer was different. At a meeting in January 2021 with health professionals advising summer camp directors, they told us that the most frequent question they fielded was, “When can we have a campfire and burn all of our masks?” We were disappointed to hear them say that this was not going to happen. There was no way we would be able to create a camp experience that would be essentially like the 2019 season and Pine Island’s 118 prior camp seasons.

With the reality that COVID was not going away despite our best wishes, we set about defining our goals. We decided our focus would be on achieving as close to a normal Pine Island experience as possible, while continuing to have a safe, COVID-free space. We wanted the burdens of COVID to be shouldered by our administration and staff, so that campers would only need to worry about when to put on a mask.

Our plan relied heavily on our Whitehead outpost. Our Whitehead staff — director Anne Stires, assistant directors Joe Kovaz and Sam Hecklau, head cook Susan Nelson, boat boys Buck Livingston and Ben Cabot, and babysitter/cook/do-everything person Azure Walauski — faced a heavy workload. We used Whitehead from the first day of camp until just before the King’s Game. Campers went on weeklong trips with their tents. Utilizing Whitehead

gave us more space on the island and fewer bodies to manage.

Life on the island was as pleasant as ever. I, along with many others, avoided indoor spaces as much as possible. The sweet Pine Island air made it possible to spend much of our time without a mask. We mostly needed to don them when we entered the Dining Hall or Honk Hall. Singing before Password did not carry its usual booming echo as we contended with wind and waves down in the cove. Trips went out with near normal frequency and campers summited peaks throughout Maine and paddled the rivers and lakes that make the north Maine woods famous.

As we rounded the midpoint of the summer, everyone tested negative, and we gathered on the Honk lawn for Club Honk, rebranded as Honkapalooza. We breathed a sigh of relief until news of the Delta variant reached our shores. While we fretted, campers knew nothing of the news that was pulling the rest of the world back into COVID anxiety.

The end-of-season departures were as tearful as ever, perhaps more so than in the past. Our farewell award ceremony was filmed expertly by counselor Robby Kasten, but it felt strange to look out into the campfire benches as usual, but to see only campers and counselors and no parents. We enjoyed a final campfire, and waited until the next day to sing “My Sweet Pine Island”



Canoe-over-canoe rescue in progress



Another great campfire



Look Ma, no mask!

and “Abide with Me” once more as our entire community gathered arm-in-arm and sang together one last time. It was a pure moment, with just those of us who had spent a summer during COVID living together, relying on each other, and enjoying the refreshing waters of Great Pond.

2022 will bring more challenges, but

we are hopeful that we will be one step closer to a normal summer. Thank you very much to everyone who gave to our Shortfall Campaign and helped us make the 2021 season possible. This summer was different, but it was definitely *another great summer* for Pine Island Camp.

MILES AHEAD OF OPERATIONS

We are pleased to announce that as of April 1, 2021, long-time Pine Islander Miles Frank has joined the small year-round staff that works to make sure PIC is ready to roll when opening day rolls around. A glance at his article on just the fall work at Pine Island will tell you that he’s been busy and that Pine Island is better for it. But the fall work is only a portion of all the great things Miles has been up to and he’s got many plans in the works.

Miles, older brother of Pine Islanders Evan and Isaac, was a camper for four summers, an Expedition Camper, an LTIP, and a counselor for six summers, during which he taught Kayaking and Woodcraft. During the 2019 summer Miles was the LTIP director and during the 2020 summer he was in charge

of the skeleton crew that completed several important projects on Pine Island, which was sadly missing campers and most of the staff. Miles hails from the New York area. He started his college career at St. Lawrence and then transferred to Fordham, from which he recently graduated with a B.A. in Environmental Studies. He spent the fall and winter of 2020 in Vermont and worked for a timber framing company. He enjoyed the work and learned a lot before joining the PIC team as Director of Operations on April 1, 2021.

Miles didn’t waste any time (he doesn’t, ever) and he moved to the Topside apartment on the camp’s Emery’s Wharf property near Whitehead Island.

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EXPECTING A CROWD, WHITEHEAD ISLAND AIDS IN PINE ISLAND'S REOPENING

By Ben Swan

Ever since the summer of 1958, Pine Islanders have sent many groups of boys and counselors to Whitehead Island. In the beginning it was Jun and Tats Swan and Lise Aubry who received Pine Island's Whitehead trips. Jun picked the boys and counselors up at McLoon's Wharf, a lobster buying station on Spruce Head, for each five-day trip, unloaded people and gear at what was then the Coast Guard pier (now the Whitehead Light Station Pier), and organized their activities. Tats and Lise did the cooking. Until the Swans purchased the Barracks, the Lifesaving Station, Birdoo, and what is now known as Breeden's Boathouse, the boys and counselors lived in Port and in a tent pitched on the Barracks lawn. Jun and Tats lived in Ploop and Lise Aubry lived in Starboard, which was where she and Tats prepared meals and served them in two small rooms in that cabin.

Pine Island Camp groups ranged in size from 10 to 12 with two counselors. The Barracks was renovated in 1970 by the first of several Whitehead Work Crews (the author was on that first crew at age 15), and from then on it housed all of the boys and counselors and boasted a large kitchen, dining room, ping pong room, and a library/sitting room. Several different people have run Pine Island's Whitehead Program over the years, including Mike Monahan, Ben Swan, David Pope, Kinne Stires, Liz Pierson, Stewart Pierson, Jr., and for the past 20 years Anne Stires. The activities have varied and games have been invented (Noopletucker, the Whitehead Game, etc.). The Whitehead Work Crew shared the island for many summers, and the trips were shortened to four days when the length of the Pine Island season changed from six to eight weeks, but the number of boys and staff on each trip remained the same... until the 2021 Pine Island camp season.

Director Sumner Ford's incredibly demanding, fluid, and complex plan-

ning for the first season since the onslaught of COVID-19 (his first summer as director!) required that, especially during the first week of camp on Pine Island, Pine Islanders have as much opportunity as possible to spread out. Part of the solution was to increase the size and duration of Whitehead trips and to have one full trip — 16 campers and four counselors — and all 16 Expedition Campers and their leaders start the 2021 summer at Whitehead Island. In order to accommodate this increase in the summer population of the area known as the Compound, Executive Director Ben Swan and the newly-minted Director of Operations Miles Frank set to work planning and implementing needed upgrades. Miles and Ben spent many days in April and May of 2021 at Whitehead and completed several projects.

Getting Ready

The first project was to replace the aging back porch of the Barracks that leads to the kitchen. The need for an upgrade was underscored by how easily the old porch came down. It didn't take much. Miles did most of the work and the results were great. Next came the construction of a spiffy new men's perch. Ben constructed the deck and Miles did the rest, and the result was a spacious new perch located in a grove of trees near the old men's perch, which remained in place for the season to provide two perches for the increased population. The new perch, dubbed "the Port-a-Potty," was built on skids so that it could be towed to the location of the old perch at the end of the season, when the old perch would be move over to Flawless to provide a perch for that building. Miles put to good use the skills he picked up working for a post and beam construction company during the year before signing on with Pine Island and, by himself, cut and peeled several trees and erected an extremely sturdy and beautiful new frame for the Noopletucker "net."

Given that campers and counselors would be in residence for a full week during each of the five Whitehead trips during the 2021 season, it was important that they could get clean in fresh water at least once during the week. To make this possible, PIC purchased several solar bag showers and the old well down on the Brown's Island path was reactivated. Miles constructed a shower platform with overhanging hooks for the shower bags, and the bags were filled at the old well and set out in the sun to warm. Campers and counselors still enjoyed bracing dips in the frigid waters of the Atlantic, but they were able to wash off the salt and grit after a few days, enjoying something Pine Islanders found novel — hot showers!

Having gained special permission from the owners to house campers and

counselors in the old Lifesaving Station, Ben and Miles cleaned the building thoroughly and new beds and mattresses were installed upstairs. Downstairs was transformed into a beautiful and spacious meeting place since the library of the Barracks, the traditional indoor meeting space, would be too small. The camp purchased four new picnic tables to provide plenty of space out on the Barracks lawns for outdoor dining. Ben and Kate Swan, and a crew of volunteers led by Rip and Katie Swan, worked to improve the look and feel of the interior of the Barracks bedrooms, and several new beds and mattresses were added.

Rip Swan built a new ladder for the Swan Dock and Joe Kovaz and his 84-year-old neighbor Bob Stover resuscitated the 2007 Gator so that Pine Island had the use of two Gators for the season.

Expedition Camp Lands at Breeden's Boathouse

Jim Breeden, Pine Islander and owner of the boathouse dwelling down at the Coast Guard Cove, graciously allowed Pine Island's Expedition Camp crew to use the building as a dorm, meeting place, and kitchen for the first week of the season. Sixteen Expedition Campers and four counselors lived, ate, and had their Wilderness First Aid classes at Breeden's Boathouse. Jono Bryant, the much-loved instructor of the rigorous WFA course, bunked up at the Whitehead Light Station and minted 16 new WFAs after four busy days of instruction.

Opening Day 2021

There was a steady drizzle and a bit of fog on June 25, but the weather did not dampen the enthusiasm of the small crowd of boys and parents who found their way to Lyman's Landing on Spruce Head Island. The invaluable Sarah Hunter was there to greet them, to perform all-important COVID tests, and to organize the boys' gear so that some of it went to Whitehead and some went by van back to PIC. Two boats ran back and forth across Seal Harbor and delivered boys and their parents to Whitehead Island. For many parents it was a first in-person glimpse of a place about which they had heard so much from their sons. The Whitehead Staff included director Anne Stires, assistant director Sam Hecklau, assistant director and skipper Joe Kovaz, head chef Susan Nelson (Joe's spouse), babysitter and assistant cook Azure Walauski, LTIPs Buckley Livingston and Ben Cabot, and helpers Gigi Lirot, Ben Swan, and Joe's daughter A.K. Kovaz. The Kovazes' cat named Mouse was asleep most of the day.

As always seems to be the case no matter the weather conditions, those who had to leave Whitehead after a visit were very reluctant to go and the last

boat of parents headed for the mainland around 4:00. It was a very busy evening, but by the start of the first campfire of the summer everyone was settled in and Susan and Azure had fed everyone with the first of dozens of great meals served outside on the picnic tables. Thanks to the herculean efforts of the Pine Island Whitehead Program staff over the next five weeks, the novel presence of such a large contingent living and playing in the Compound went off without a hitch. Special mention should be made of the extraordinary work put in by Susan Nelson, who toiled from dawn to dusk seven days a week for pretty much the entire five weeks to be sure the boys and their counselors had three great meals a day. As always, Whitehead Island itself worked its magic on each Pine Island trip, and this season the island's gifts were even more important given the year that led up to this past June. It was a joy to see boys able to put their masks away and just run around unfettered by COVID fears and all the restrictions with which they had been living for the past year. In five weeks I observed *one* argument among some boys and it was not a serious one, a testament to the balm physical freedom was for the boys. The Whitehead staff made many adjustments on the fly and the Pine Islanders' Whitehead experience was very much what it has always been — lots of fun, learning disguised as adventure, games unique to the island, and of course lobsters at Lobster Rock! Whitehead Island did its job for Pine Island Camp during the 2021 season, but all agreed that a return to the good old days of smaller groups of boys with everyone starting the summer together on Great Pond is desirable. At this writing this seems very likely.

Thank You, Anne Stires

Alas, 2022 will be the first Pine Island season in 20 years that Anne Stires will not be the Whitehead Director. Anne's ability to share with campers and counselors her deep appreciation for one of the truly special places on earth has been a tremendous asset to the camp. Anne was always teaching but Whitehead never felt like school, and hundreds of boys and counselors benefited from her leadership. Anne's experiences at Whitehead led her to become a renowned expert in the field of place-based education and she is much in demand these days. Our sincere thanks go out to Anne and I know that her successor, Sam Hecklau, also a skilled teacher and Anne's assistant for two summers, hopes Anne will have the time to visit next summer and once again head for the tide pools at low tide and pull the curtain back on a fascinating world for those lucky Pine Islanders who find their way to Whitehead.



The new men's perch



Whitehead Pine Island director Anne Stires at work



The new back porch and steps on the Barracks



New picnic tables arrive.



Campfire in the usual spot

(Continued from page 1)



New Director of Operations Miles Frank cheerfully hauls a propane tank down the ramp at Whitehead Light Station.

He and Ben Swan worked together (see “Expecting a Crowd”) for a few weeks at Whitehead, and Miles pulled together his first Volunteer Crew to complete the restoration of the exterior of the Whitehead Light Station boathouse. Soon it was time to move to the First Cabin and begin the hectic work of preparing the mainland and island for the arrival of the campers. There was a *lot* to do after a season without campers and staff and much of it Miles was doing for the first time. Undaunted, Miles kept busy and kept others busy as they trickled in. The invasion of the Browntail Moths added a maddeningly itchy layer to that stressful time, as did the hot water heater, whose bottom gave out suddenly, but Miles hung in there and PIC looked *great* when the happy and expectant campers rolled down the camp road with their parents.

Throughout the camp season Miles served both as the head of all things having to do with maintenance and systems and as the LTIP director. Five lucky 17-year-old former campers toiled away under Miles’s expert leadership and both learned how to take care

of the island and mastered many other skills that would prepare them to be expert counselors in the future. The two Whitehead LTIPs joined the PIC LTIPs when the Whitehead trips were finished and pitched in to help with the elaborate preparations for the King’s Game, including a complete rebuild, guided by Miles and volunteer John Alsop, of the famous showers by Alder Brook. Miles’s timber frame expertise is amply evident in the new structure.

Having Miles on board has already proven how much PIC needs a Director of Operations. He is in catch-up mode right now, but he is also planning for projects that will go beyond merely holding the place together. In addition, and also extremely important, Miles will be working with board member Charlie Boutwell to create a forward-looking maintenance and capital expenditures schedule and accompanying projected budget. While much of the sometimes inglorious work done by the LTIPs goes unnoticed by many campers and staff, having Miles on the job is a huge plus for Pine Island now and bodes very well for the future.

THE KING'S GAME

Starks Victorious over Mercers 190-188

By Sumner Ford

The morning of August 5th brought familiar sights, sounds, and scents to Pine Islanders: old canvas tents shimmering with morning dew, an eerie quiet as 140 campers and staff neared the end of their deep slumber, and the fresh scent of pine needles in the air and decades of old ones decomposing on the Norridgewock forest floor. Soon, we would wake to play a familiar game with a new look and feel.

Much had changed about this year's version of our season-ending game. After a raucous and wonderful mid-season Club Honk celebration outside on the Honk lawn, our Kababologists, Isaac Frank and Xander Schwartz, interrupted our departure with an announcement. A sign from King Kababa required immediate attention. It told us that the game that has been one of the most memorable events of every camp season since the summer of 1912 would permanently change. Added to the responsibilities of the generals was taking the King's direction and changing their armies. The armies, their cultures, and the game's name had changed — the Grays became the Starks, and the Blues became the Mercers (each army named for one of the two towns between which the original games were played). The War Game became the King's Game, emphasizing the importance of the game's purpose, to test the strength of the bonds of the community we had built during the season and our loyalty to King Kababa's core tenants — to be independent but also show strong concern for others, to act responsibly without having to be reminded, to cooperate cheerfully with good humor and a generous spirit.

So we returned to York's Crossing, where so much was familiar. To a place steeped in tradition and the legendary stories that dwell in the surrounding forest. A space that sat vacant for the past year — a void in time that seemed to disappear the minute the Starks and Mercers cascaded onto the familiar paths and returned to familiar routines — stepping, poling, and strategizing.

The new armies were made up of familiar faces; friends who had played many "War Games" would now play the very first "King's Game." Campers and counselors found themselves side by side again, united as either Starks or Mercers with a single purpose — to win. On practice day the forests of Norridgewock rang with the reassuringly familiar sounds of stepping, poling, and "Squadron!!"

After a wet day of practice, both armies gathered around their generals. Their preparations were complete. The success or failure of their army would come down to execution. Then, as always, campers and staff came together again in the campsite and shed their army personas. Old friendships resumed as if the past few hours did not

exist. They joked, chatted, napped, and assembled skits and songs for campfire.

The next day new chants rang out. The words and meaning of the armies' chants were different, but they created a familiar air of excitement. The armies marched out to the playing site and prepared to play what became an epic King's Game.

For the first time in my career as a Pine Islander, I slept back at Pine Island during the game, and I saw a new side of this fierce contest. I saw the often mentioned but chronically underappreciated work of our kitchen crew (KC) and cooks. As everyone is resting peacefully out in Norridgewock or playing the game, they are cooking and making countless trips from boat to kitchen — loading hundreds of pounds of food and goods onto the boat, off the boat, and into a van, and finally onto the tables at the campsite to serve hot and wonderful meals to the campers and staff, after which the whole process is reversed. All the dirty dishes, pots, pans and silverware go back to the island, where everything is cleaned and the next meal for 140 hungry people is prepared. At the end of the day, as everyone's exhaustion demands sleep, the KC do their final clean-up by lamplight and sleep for a few hours before returning to cook and serve more delicious food the next morning. Every year we try to sing the praises of those who don't actually play the game but make it run smoothly — our skipper, assistant directors, umpires, cooks and KC, but even I did not fully appreciate the work they put in until I saw it myself.

As I arrived back at the site, the campers and staff were fast asleep. The XO's of the Mercer Army, Will Pomerantz and Ethan Morrison, were in charge of the logistics for both armies for the day and appeared with bags under their eyes. We started the ancient water pump to feed the brand new, exquisite showers built by the LTIPs and volunteer John Alsop. Some campers jogged to the showers eager for the events to come, while others seemed to be sleepwalking, perhaps nervous about the day's events.

After breakfast, Medusa's new brother, Odin, rang out clear, and a cacophony of air-raid sirens cut through the air. Campers gathered under their armies' banners. The volume of their chants grew as they marched to the playing site and prepared for battle.

The first day of play was in many ways similar to the first day of play in 2019. The Mercers operated with near clockwork precision, their strategies mirroring those used two years earlier. Meanwhile, the Starks employed defensive tactics that led them to victory in 2019. Many veteran Starks returned to senior positions. Most of their gate leaders were battle-hardened veterans, and general Bobby Flynn returned to his role as Squadron Master — running

around the town line deploying squadrons where they were needed most.

While their strategies were well thought out, both armies spent some of the first period shaking off the rust that had developed during the hiatus. The year off left some rustier than others and in some ways made the King's Game more interesting; mistakes led to opportunities, and umpires ground their teeth as they observed many missed opportunities.

After the first period of play, the Mercers, having attacked first, held a commanding lead in both scoring points and the all-important challenge points. The next period of play brought the first twist to the game. The Mercers employed a new strategy, where one-person squadrons tagged armies and used little bells to notify gate leaders of the impending attack. The strategy worked, and the Starks found themselves stonewalled after scoring a couple of parties. Frustration boiled amongst them, but a flurry of scores toward the end of the period suggested that perhaps the Starks had found Mercer defense's Achilles heel.

At the end of the first day, while wet (it had rained much of the day) and exhausted campers buried themselves in dry, warm sleeping bags, the Mercer staff celebrated quietly as they were up by nearly 30 points. They found themselves perfectly positioned to bring their success into day two, and their margin for error was far greater than that of the Starks.

Day two brought better weather and new strategies. The Starks attacked first. They approached their last chance to amass scoring points with impressive energy. With a large margin to overcome, they attacked with vigor, dissecting the Mercers' new strategy effectively. Where previous armies facing the seeming likelihood of defeat have crumbled, the Starks rallied. Slowly but surely, they reversed the margin and took over the lead. By the end of the penultimate period of play, the Starks led by over 30. The Mercers had scored nearly 100 points in their first attack period, so the

Starks defense would have to find the same mojo they found on offense. The Mercers scored early. The Starks' margin slipped away, and it seemed to be only a matter of time before the Mercers' victory was in hand. It seemed the Starks needed a miracle or a series of miracles. Indeed, the tide turned, but the miracles that turned it were not large. Throughout the last period of play the umpires' whistles often did not bring news of Mercer scoring. Instead, they announced Starks challenge points. There wasn't one big play or even a series of significant points. Each gate leader won points, and the momentum eventually changed. The Mercers' initial conservative play turned to desperation, which led to mistakes, and the Starks, now playing with confidence, capitalized on every error.

The final whistles from our volunteer crew of umpires sounded, and they marked the end of play. Everyone's efforts were complete. No more strategizing, stepping, poling, or scouting would affect the score. It all came down to the umpires' tabulation.

Everyone knew the score was close, but not even the umpires knew who had won. As the umpires counted and recounted scoring and challenge points, Starks and Mercers roared out their chants to diffuse the nearly unbearable tension of waiting to find out who had won the first King's Game. At last head umpire Nick Isles left the huddled umpires and walked to the space between the armies. Silence fell upon York's Crossing. Nick thanked both armies for their incredible efforts, sportsmanship, and comradery. He then announced the score. 190-188 — Starks had found victory again. General Bobby Flynn and his XO's Matthew Hawkins and Xander Schwartz embraced their army. Starks counselors Sawyer Carson, Alex Sidorosky, George Baldwin, and Alex Dhanwan had never tasted the sweet flavor of victory over their collective 21 years at camp and tears of joy streamed down their faces, while sorrow and disappointment emanated from the Mercers.

Many things at Pine Island are famil-



Starks and Mercers joined together after a successful King's Game

iar: wooden boats, canvas tents, and how we end the summer. Some parts of the Pine Island experience have changed. Change is inevitable, and at Pine Island the changes are purposeful and make Pine Island a better place without affecting our core principles. Hot water to wash one's hands, always wearing life jackets, and an abundance of fire extinguishers have undoubtedly made Pine Island a safer place. Bringing women into leadership roles and making Pine Island a more welcoming place to more people have enabled Pine Island Camp to fulfill its mission more effectively and to continue to send young people into the world ready to be effective leaders.

While we outwardly were confident when we made this change to the game, each of us fretted that the King's Game would feel different from the War Game

and that we might damage the essence of what may well be the greatest game ever invented. Removing the negative elements of the War Game makes Pine Island a more welcoming place to all, and watching the camp come joyfully back together after 10 hours of intense conflict confirmed that the King's Game had indeed achieved its age-old goal. It gave Pine Island an appropriate ending — a test of our community and a chance for the community to recognize its own value. As campers embraced, walked arm-in-arm, and headed back to camp to tend to the myriad details that lead to heading back to homes around the world, the new era of the King's Game cemented itself in Pine Island's tradition. Once again, Pine Island was victorious.



Mercers carrying Medusa's new brother Odin

LOON CHICK

Avian Observations: A Loon Is Born

By Natalie Burr

Pine Islanders are treated each summer to a rotating cast of wildlife: ospreys nesting atop the Island's tallest pine; pike and bass idling in the clear waters of Great Pond; a glimpse of a moose while paddling a quiet stream in Maine's north woods. Bald eagles frequently soar low over the woodcraft area, hummingbirds hover at the touch-me-nots, and ducklings scoot nervously around the 'Stock dock. The most reliable and ubiquitous of all, however, are the loons. Their inky silhouettes are a constant contrast against the sun blinking brightly off of Great Pond, and their haunting calls echo most mornings and evenings. On the third Saturday in July for the past three decades, Pine Islanders, led by Emily Swan, have participated in the Audubon Society's Annual Loon Count, gathering important data to help preserve Maine's loon populations. Many Pine Islanders, when asked what it's like at camp, will describe falling asleep to the calls of loons on Great Pond. I remember being told that loons are huge — closer in size to a dog than a cat — and then going in for my first One Hundred Percent Dip and seeing a loon lurking a bit too close to the dock for my liking. Since then, I have grown to love these avian members of the Pine Island community.

For many years, families of loons have nested on the Second Island, fishing and rearing their chicks between the island and the mainland. Loons are seldom seen on land around Pine Island and the nest on the Second Island is only a few feet from the water's edge. Loons' feet are located far back on their bodies, making it difficult for them to maneuver on land — they spend most of their time on and around water. Male and female loons build their nests together and take turns incubating their eggs for about a month until their chicks are hatched. In summers past, being privy to loon life has provided harsh lessons on nature red in tooth and claw, but this summer,

Pine Islanders were afforded a unique glimpse of a loon family's domestic bliss. During the first week of camp, the resident loon pair inhabiting the Second Island proudly displayed their newborn chick — a tiny dark brown ball of fluff riding shyly atop its parents' backs. When any baby birds are present on the island, the camp community quickly adopts a maternal instinct: campers and counselors proudly and protectively kept tabs on the loon chick over the course of the summer, stopping to peer through binoculars as the family floated by the kitchen dock. When a few days passed without a sighting we reminded ourselves not to grow too attached.

While at times we worried about the loon chick's whereabouts, there were few doubts about whether it was growing fast enough. By the time we enjoyed "Club Honk" midway through the summer, the loon chick was swimming on its own, trailing closely behind its parents. Its downy brown fluff had molted away to its second coat of down feathers (loons are one of the few groups of birds to molt into a second down coat before their adult plumage), its beak grew long, and by the King's Game the chick was calling to its parents in a voice that squeaked, honked, and cracked with each awkward adolescent effort.

By the time campers left for the season, the loon chick had molted again and was now bluish gray with a white chest and neck. It made frequent trips between the island and the mainland, diving beneath the lake's surface on its own for fish. Miles and I stayed on as the fall crew into September, and we continued to observe priceless moments, such as one loon parent disappearing underwater for a minute to catch a fish just off the island's shore, then calling the chick over to transfer the meal in its beak to its offspring in a tender exchange. Unlike other birds, loons have bones that are solid instead of hollow, enabling them to be less buoyant and better div-

ers. They can remain underwater for 90 seconds, their hearts slowing down to conserve oxygen on long dives.

Though the chick was just over three months old, it was quickly approaching its parents in size. Fly fishermen on Pine Island will be dismayed to learn that two loon parents and two chicks will eat roughly *half a ton* of fish over a 15-week period! Despite this astonishing figure, no Pine Island fly fishermen complained of a depleted lake this summer. In fact, loons are important members of Great Pond's ecosystem.

By October, the loon chick and its parents were sometimes difficult to tell apart immediately. The chick's high-pitched call and sometimes strange behavior were key indicators. For a week or two, the chick would pull its black, webbed foot out of the water and waggle it around in the air for a few seconds. We speculated that it was perhaps waving at us as we made our daily commute from the mainland to the island to put in a day's work. The foot-wagging continued, and we became worried that the loon chick required the attention of an avian podiatrist. Our fears were quelled when we learned that adolescent loons have been observed engaging in foot-wagging behavior to combat some of the itchiness that comes with the molting of down feathers for adult plumage.

The loon chick's calls continued to serve as the soundtrack to increasingly crisp days of fall work. The constant creak of crickets and katydids fell silent, replaced by the formidable hoots of barred owls. The osprey's nest sat vacant for a period before a bald eagle moved in. The maples, oaks, and birches along the lakeshore burned fiery colors before dropping their leaves. The loon chick fished alone, its parents having already flown to the coast.

In the fall, adult loons meet up in large groups (a group of loons is called an 'asylum,' a name derived from the phrase 'crazy as a loon') and fly to the

coast to spend the winter on waters that are unfrozen and fishable. While the loons on Great Pond have a shorter commute, inland loons can travel great distances in short periods of time. One asylum of loons was recorded traveling 670 miles in a 24-hour period, and flying as fast as 70 miles per hour. Parents leave their chicks at around 12 weeks, and juvenile loons continue to grow and fish on their own for a few more weeks before meeting up with other yearling loons in the area and flying to the coast together, where they remain for several years until they are ready to return to the lakes to have chicks of their own.

In mid-November, on a cold but cloudless and calm day, Miles was standing at the edge of the water looking out at the lake when he called me over to look at the loon chick, now hardly a chick except for its stony coloring. The bird we had observed all summer was calling to another bird — also grayish blue, a bit smaller in stature — a juvenile loon we hadn't seen before. The two crooned nervously, gliding closer along the lake's glassy surface. We watched as their two paths met, feeling like parents dropping their child off at their first day of kindergarten. The two loons paddled together along the shore of the mainland for some time, getting acquainted, before the newcomer disappeared from our view. We stood for a while on the edge of the water, which showed early signs of freezing, watching the loon, trying to imagine the journey it would soon embark on, laughing at the mingling feelings of pride and relief that our bird had made a friend.

Winter has now settled over Great Pond, and Belgrade Lakes saw its first snow over the Thanksgiving holiday. The loon chick will not return to Great Pond next spring, but in a few years, we hope to see it again, nesting in the brush on the second island.

A SKIFF NAMED *STU*

Rob Whitehouse at Work Again! *Pete* Celebrated in Boating Press

The Pine Island Skiff, designed by renowned boat designer and builder David Stimson nearly 20 years ago for the Pine Island Camp rowing program, was the subject of both a “Currents” piece in *Wooden Boat Magazine* and a big spread in *Maine Boats, Homes & Harbors* (May/June 2021). The former was penned by Pine Island rowing instructor and creator of the popular ONG BAK rowing trip Harry Swan, and the latter by Donnie Mullen, who has never been to Pine Island and did a remarkable job capturing the spirit of Pine Island and the love for the Skiffs several generations of campers and counselors feel.

The *Maine Boats, Homes and Harbors* article, which spans several pages and includes six photos, describes the origin of the design and ends with an account of Pine Islander and super-volunteer Rob Whitehouse’s construction of Pine Island’s sixth Pine Island Skiff. The original four Skiffs were *John*, *Paul*, *George*, and *Ringo* and the fifth Skiff was named *Stu* after Stuart Sutcliffe, one of two “fifth Beatles.” The gorgeous new Skiff built last winter in Rob’s Brunswick, ME shop was named *Pete* after Pete Best. Having run out of Beatles and feeling that six Skiffs are the right number to have in service, Pine Island’s Organization for the Advancement of Rowing (OAR) decided to replace the Skiff most in need of repair and to keep the name, which is *Stu*.

In the best tradition of the late great boat designer and author John Gardner (Pine Island counselor 1930-37) and Skiff designer David Stimson, Rob Whitehouse was not content with a simple reprise of *Pete*’s construction. A

retired engineer may not be working as an engineer, but he is still an engineer. Rob loves building boats and other cool stuff in his beautiful shop, but he understandably would like to make this his last Pine Island Skiff. Thanks to Rob’s hundreds of hours of volunteer work and donations from nine loyal members of OAR, the “*Pete* Project” did not make a dent in the PIC budget. Rob has again offered his time gratis, and this year he has been working to reduce the time needed to build a Skiff so that, should the camp need to hire someone to build replacements for the original Fab Four, the cost would be as low as possible.

CNC, Computer Numerical Control, is a process by which the parts for pretty much anything you want to build (spacecraft, skiff...) can be cut by computer-guided machines. Last year Rob did a huge amount of work (I think maybe he used some kind of magic) and put the plans for the Pine Island Skiff into a Computer-Aided Design (CAD) file. Line drawings of the parts for the skiff are transferred from CAD to a CNC machine which cuts the pieces very precisely. The CNC machine used for the Skiff is like a router mounted on an X-Y table with a 4’ x 8’ piece of plywood held down by vacuum. The router can be moved by computer very precisely in both X and Y directions. It can cut parts to within a few thousandths of an inch, and curves are no problem at all. The result is a bunch of pieces of plywood with virtually all the parts of the boat already precisely cut. They are held in place for transport by small tabs that are left by the cutting machine. Once in the shop, the tabs are cut and the skele-

ton of the boat goes together like a cardboard model. The hard part comes next — fitting the pre-cut bottom and planks to the frame. Once that is complete, all the frames except three are removed and then there is a lot of finishing to do, including applying goopy Dynel cloth to the bottom of the boat. Building the boat with this method is by no means a job for an amateur, but Rob figures he will be able to build *Stu* (II) in about half the time it took him to build *Pete*. As a bonus, Rob made two sets of fine oars for the new boat, saving PIC the cost of

the frighteningly expensive oars from Shaw and Tenney.

2022 Pine Islanders can look forward eagerly to having *two* Whitehouse-built Pine Island Skiffs in which to ply the waters of Great Pond, the Kennebec River, and perhaps beyond... The retired *Stu* will go down to the Whitehead Light Station to live out his days in the salt water.

If you would like to help defray the \$5000 cost of materials and CNC cutting, contact Ben Swan at benswan@pineisland.org. Akka Lakka, Rob!



Rob Whitehouse begins frame assembly.



*Parts for *Stu*’s frame cut by computer and ready to be freed up*



About half an hour later the frame is ready for beveling and planking.

KING KABABA CELEBRATES RETURN OF CAMPERS TO PINE ISLAND

By Xander Schwartz, K.D.

A year-long hiatus from campers on Great Pond only served to strengthen the camp's connection with the King upon campers' return. This summer marked a seminal year for King Kababa, from the shift to the King's Game to a record number of sacred signs to the blessing of not one, but two sacred animals. Early in the summer, the King was pleased with how the camp responded to a challenging plague of rash-inducing caterpillars with togetherness and a healthy chorus of sacred Honkabionk and Nukapillar chants at mealtimes. At the midpoint of the summer, the camp was bombarded with a series of blue ballpoint pen ink-adorned birch bark signs signaling something monumental was about to occur. After many hours of sign interpretation, the Kababologists determined that the King was signaling a need for the War Game to be reborn as a new and improved King's Game. Later on in the summer, due to the strong good humor, independence coupled with a concern for others, and above all a deep belief in the King, the youngest campers on the island went on the adventure of a lifetime, the Sacred Journey. The Sacred Journey consisted of, among other things, a pilgrimage to the top of Mount Philip and a visit to Norridgewock. At Norridgewock, the campers found themselves surrounded by peaceful but still somewhat frightening sacred henchmen, who delivered the first sacred animal of the 2021 season: Zonule of Zinn, the Omnicular Wiggling



Zonule of Zinn, the Omnicular Wiggling Ziggler

Ziggler. After the successful completion of a well-fought initial King's Game, the King was so pleased that he bestowed another sacred animal on Pine Island at an eventful Sacred Ceremony. Presented by a legion of exuberant henchmen, Louis DeJoyless the Mail Carrier Pigeon was delivered to Pine Island to mark the end of another great summer at Pine Island. As always, the henchmen delivered a chant with each sacred animal:

Chant for Louis

Louie D
Absentee
Get this to my grandma please!

Chant for Zonule of Zinn

Wiggle wiggle wiggle wiggle ziggler, yeah! (Head turn on yeah)



Louis DeJoyless the Mail Carrier Pigeon

CLUB HONK '21 HEADS OUTDOORS

By Corinne Alsop

Early one morning near the midpoint of the 2021 Pine Island season on the day of Camp Picture, Club Honk, and the Regatta, the camp vans departed from the Whitehead boat landing full of campers and staff who were in the middle of their week's stay on Whitehead Island. The Pine Islanders on their way from Whitehead would be staying only through the end of the day, but what a day it would be! Because of Covid protocols, this would be the first time the camp community would all convene in one place this summer.

Despite a morning rain squall, when the time came to head up to the Honk lawn for the show, the sun was shining, the camp was fed, and the island was freshly cleaned by the squall. Campers and staff, greeted by waiters in their usual silly garb pulled from the costume box, took their seats in the outdoor amphitheater the LTIPs had spent the morning arranging. Chairs and benches fanned out from the back porch of Honk Hall across the entire lawn. Streamers stretched out from the eaves of Honk to the trees that surround the lawn. Nalgens, strung like multi-colored lanterns, swung lightly in the cooling western breeze. The osprey, perched in her nest, watched as the first performers took the stage. "It feels like a music festival. More fun than Coachella!" said Madison Olds, distinguished Pine Island Head Cook.

Campers took the lead in this year's show. The show began with "Club Honk," a rewrite of "Roxanne" by the Police, led by Kathy Flores and Corinne Alsop, and was followed by a stunning rendition of the Talking Heads' "Burning Down the House," performed by Arlo Skogen, Wyatt Thornton, Charlie

Johnson, Santi Costa Peuser, Nat Burr, and Matthew Hawkins. Daniel Leonce once again thrilled the audience with his beautiful voice as he performed in the waning light. George Baldwin, swimming instructor and accomplished singer, belted out an impressive medley of his favorite country songs. David Effron showcased an original composition entitled "Way of the Lake." The Club Honk favorite, "Piano Man," was taken on by Wyatt Thornton and Charlie Johnson alongside Matthew Hawkins.

Not only were the acts well rehearsed and excellently executed, but the nature of the outdoor venue made the audio and visual experience better in a big way. Singers and instrumentalists were able to belt it out without any overwhelming reverb or other auditory interference — the music wafted over the audience with ease. Oftentimes, because Club Honk takes place in the middle of July, the event can get uncomfortably hot and sweaty in the dim light of the indoor stage. Outside, with the sun setting gently over the Kennebec Highlands, the air stirred with passing lake breezes and the audience was continually cooled and comfortable.

Once the Hippy Cowboys took the stage to close the show, the audience couldn't help but leap to their feet and begin dancing around. Outside, there was plenty of room to move chairs aside and cheer and dance to the Hippy's rockin' set as a community, all together at last, celebrated reaching the halfway point in the summer with great success. After a year apart, Club Honk was a reminder of the importance of music, performance, and tradition at Pine Island Camp.



The ageless Hippy Cowboys and their fans rock out at Honkpalooza

CAMPERS WRITE...

The editor would like to thank editors Rachel Effron and Kaja Surborg, along with all the campers who submitted pieces to the Summer Pine Needle. The submissions were of unusually high quality.

Pine Island Trips

by Adlai Lipton

While there are many unique aspects of Pine Island that make it so special, the thing that truly makes it stand out is the tripping program.

In most summers an average of over 40 trips are sent out. These trips range in difficulty and mode of transportation, so there's something for everyone.

For example, some trips are hiking, some are canoeing, kayaking, or rowing, and there are a few trips that use the War Yacht, an 18-foot boat that seats 10 campers and two counselors.

Many of the hiking trips follow sections of the famous Appalachian Trail up beautiful (and tough) mountains in Maine and New Hampshire. On hiking trips, you carry everything you need on your back, so you really learn the importance of packing light.

Boating trips are sent out on many clean, wild rivers in Maine including the Kennebec, Penobscot, Allagash, St. Croix, and others. On these trips you can carry more gear, and you learn how to "read the river" and maneuver on white water, which is really fun.

I love Pine Island trips. They've made my summer experience even better than it already was.

Attack of the 'Pillars

by Frank Brockett and Rachel Effron

Due to a particularly dry season in Maine, there has been a state-wide invasion of the browntail moth caterpillar. These monstrous creatures have spread far and wide across the state, and have now set foot on Pine Island. They attack by shedding their hairs. When these hairs make contact with our skin, we immediately break out with mountainous lumps that cause severe irritation and extreme itching. Many of us Pine Islanders have been or are currently victims to this horrendous invasion. Some haven't made it out alive.* They've itched to the point of no return! It's not in the caterpillar's nature to be merciful or show remorse. Our only hope of survival is that our saviors, the LTIPS and Kitchen Crew, successfully eradicate THE 'PILLARS.

*Disclaimer: This article is slightly exaggerated.

Bug Juice at PIC

by Charlie Gibbons, Oliver Grossi and Zaid Palanswamy

A team of investigative reporters look into the disappearance of a beloved sugary drink.

This year is a very different year at Pine Island but one of the most shocking changes for returning campers is the lack of bug juice at lunch. Lately there have been rumors of bug juice returning. But is it true? An anonymous source reported seeing "some unmarked pack-

ages coming off the KWS one morning." Our source thought this might be bug juice. "I smelled sugar and the kitchen crew would not tell me what was in the packages." When Bobby Flynn, the skipper, was asked if these mysterious packages could be bug juice, he could neither confirm nor deny this theory.

This investigation caused our reporters to question what had happened to the bug juice. We were able to snag an exclusive interview with the camp's director, Sumner Ford. "Campers were consuming too much sugar," said Ford. "The main sources were bug juice and care packages. Over the past 10 years the number of care packages has increased dramatically." Bobby Flynn confirmed this. When asked if Sumner missed bug juice, he responded, "I have never been a big bug juice fan. However, there are days that I greatly appreciate a lemonade or iced tea."

Our reporters asked if lemonade and iced tea might replace the missing bug juice. "There may be some days where lemonade and iced tea are your future," said Ford. When asked if red and purple bug juice would return, he responded bluntly, "No."

In conclusion, if our sources are correct, our traditional red and purple bug juice is not likely to return, but not all hope is lost. It seems we may indulge in the sweet deliciousness of lemonade and iced tea sometime soon.

A Third Island Cat?

by Arlo Skogen

As most of you know, there are two island cats — Corinne's cat Otis and Lindsay's cat Moxie. But lately rumors — true or false, I cannot say — have been spreading of a third cat. Some even claim they have seen this mysterious feline. Those who have witnessed this cat say she has a ginger fur coat, sparkling blue eyes, and an attitude. As of right now the owner is unknown, but we have some ideas.

An anonymous camper says, "My cat would love to live here on PIC for six weeks." Another source has speculated that Ginger is the cat's name, judging by her coat. I have also heard that "Ginger" is Otis or Moxie's mate, but neither Corinne nor Lindsay have claimed ownership of this feline. It's possible, though, that they might not be telling the whole truth. It's up to you to ultimately decide whether or not "Ginger" is real.

On the Record with Otis

by Heath Wenchel and Desmond Taylor

We sat down with Otis to get his unique perspective on island life, talk about the mystery cat, and gather some day-to-day cat opinions.

Q: What is your favorite part of Pine Island?

A: The Bunkhouse bed window and climbing up the Staff Office poles.

Q: What kind of food do you like?

A: Wet food.

Q: What is your relationship with Moxie?

A: Strictly professional, but Moxie is a great mentor.

Q: Why did you chase the duck?

A: I thought the duck just wanted to play.

Q: Is there a secret third Pine Island cat?

A: I can't say anything for sure, but yesterday I saw some paw prints I didn't recognize.

Q: Where did you see the paw prints?

A: Behind the South Perch.

Q: Have you seen any other signs of a third island cat?

A: Yesterday some of my food was missing from my bowl.

Pillar Haiku

Concealed in the brush
With such irritating fur
Please go away moths

A Day in the Life of Camper

by Anonymous

I was a little hesitant to sign up for archery. I had never done it before and the sheer power of the bows was a little frightening. I knew that archery was likely to be the first activity to be completely filled due to its immense popularity, but today I had volunteered to be a waiter for breakfast, which had earned me a spot at the front of the activity sign-up line. As the line inched forward, I decided to take a risk. When it was my turn, I did it. I signed up for archery in the morning.

The archery range is on the mainland, and as I rode over in the KWS I admit I was feeling anxious. However, my fears were quickly set aside once we got to the range and I got to know our instructor — Chris Ward. As a camper Chris was a highly skilled archer who had trained

with elite master archers from around the country. He explained to me the proper ways to string a bow and nock arrows. He showed me what good technique looked like and how to improve my aim. Before long I had gotten into a groove and was consistently hitting the target and even got a bullseye!

By the end of that first day, I got my first rank, which I achieved by getting a score of 24 in two separate rounds. I even got well on my way towards my second rank! All in all, my day was awesome and I can definitely say archery is my favorite activity.

Pandemic at PIC

by Frank Brockett

Things are a bit different this year, but it's worth it because, hey, it's PIC. For the first five days of camp we had our meals outside in the dust ball court. We're back in the Dining Hall now, but I have to admit that it was kind of nice to eat outside.

Our morning Password is in the cove instead of in Honk Hall, and that's not too bad. But, it's annoying to wear face masks inside and in line for the Dining Hall. And in the Boathouse. Jeeze! Trying to get life jackets on in that place while wearing a mask is...hard. So is shop. Sawing wood in that small building with a mask on is a challenge. Luckily, we can usually go outside and do that work on the deck.

So, in the end the annoyances are, well, annoying, but not that bad. It's still PIC. The pandemic hasn't changed that. The outdoor activities, trips, and the hilarious nightly entertainment — they're all still great. PIC is surviving covid!



by Kai Harashima



WINTER IN A CANVAS TENT: SQUARE YURT V1.0

By Miles Frank

Those who have had the privilege of an extended stay in a canvas tent will understand its appeal. The Pine Island tent, manufactured by Rockland sailmaker Bohndell, is the quintessential indoor-outdoor space. The calls of birds, the sound of waves, wind and rain, and abundant natural light are all unobstructed for the occupants of a tent. Above all, the ability to step directly outside and immediately into a scenic vista is its principally superb feature. It's good living. A six-week stay in Pine Island tents #1-21 leaves virtually every occupant wanting more. Some are tempted to take the traditional final password "Take Pine Island with You" literally. Well... tents *are* portable. Generally, they are rolled up and carried up the Ridge, then placed in storage inside Honk Hall for the winter. This is where they spend the majority of their lives, which prompts one to consider: how much more could one get out of such a tent? Just how would a canvas tent fair as a four-season living space? This is what Natalie Burr and I decided to find out.

The many benefits of tent life are affected by climate, of course, especially in Maine, where winters are no small ordeal. Generally, pitching a canvas tent takes about 15 minutes for the experienced tent-dweller. The posts with the ridgeline atop them are raised, the guy lines are tied, and the whole thing is already set for occupancy. Converting a summer tent for winter occupancy

required some modifications: some essential, some for safety, and others for comfort. The first question was... where? Pine Island's long-time neighbor Janetha Benson generously offered us the opportunity to pitch the structure on her land, where she serves as steward-extraordinaire. Janetha and her two black labs Molly and Lucy maintain miles of trail in the watershed area, offering safe haven for wildlife (including us). Pine Island is truly fortunate to have such a land-conscious and generous neighbor. We began the build in mid-November. We built a 20x14-foot platform raised on cedar posts, insulated it, added a vapor barrier and plywood subfloor, and decked it with common boards. Next, we pitched the tent and framed it out with standard 2x4 studs and rafters. With the ridge beam now supported, we removed the front post and installed a door. We installed our wood stove, a vintage Vermont Castings that we acquired during our time in the Green Mountain State. Next, we insulated the wall cavities and applied a sheet of canvas across the interior walls.

The space was immediately livable and very comfortable. Our first night the temperature was in the 20's and a small fire warmed us swiftly. We learned how little energy it takes to heat such a small space, as too much wood on the fire turns the place into a hot yoga studio rather quickly. Now that we had guaranteed warmth, it was time to fo-

cus on staying dry. We took down a number of small birch trees and used them to build an external frame. Over this structure we draped and fastened a massive waxed-canvas tarp. The tarp covers the tent and our deck, which we use for food storage (since the whole outside world is our freezer!) and for cooking on a propane camp stove. Then we installed a window on the back wall. During evenings and early mornings, our interior light is provided by kerosene lamp and solar-powered LEDs. We built an outhouse using slab wood from a nearby backyard sawmill and hung the old red perch door on it. We enjoy no electricity, wifi, or plumbing and yet we're mighty comfortable!

It is not a big space, and most of our

time is enjoyed outdoors, anyway. As former residents of Manhattan, we affectionately refer to this 200-square-foot abode as our central Maine studio apartment. More commonly, though, we call it the square yurt (or Squrt). Although the tent is home, it is temporary and was built to be disassembled. There is not a single nail in the construction, as it is fastened entirely with GRK screws. A dedicated crew could probably disassemble and pack up the whole thing in two days. Then, its component parts can fit on any mid-sized utility trailer. But for now, we are enjoying it off-grid in the woods of Maine where, at the time of this writing, we have just received our first good snow.



Miles and Natalie on the Squrt's front porch

BEN HINCKS NAMED NEW HEAD OF PINE ISLAND'S BOARD OF DIRECTORS

At its August 2021 meeting, Pine Island Camp's board of directors ushered in a new era of leadership as it bade outgoing board chair John Goodhue farewell with heartfelt thanks, a thunderous round of applause, and a hearty Akka Lakka, and welcomed incoming chair Ben Hincks.

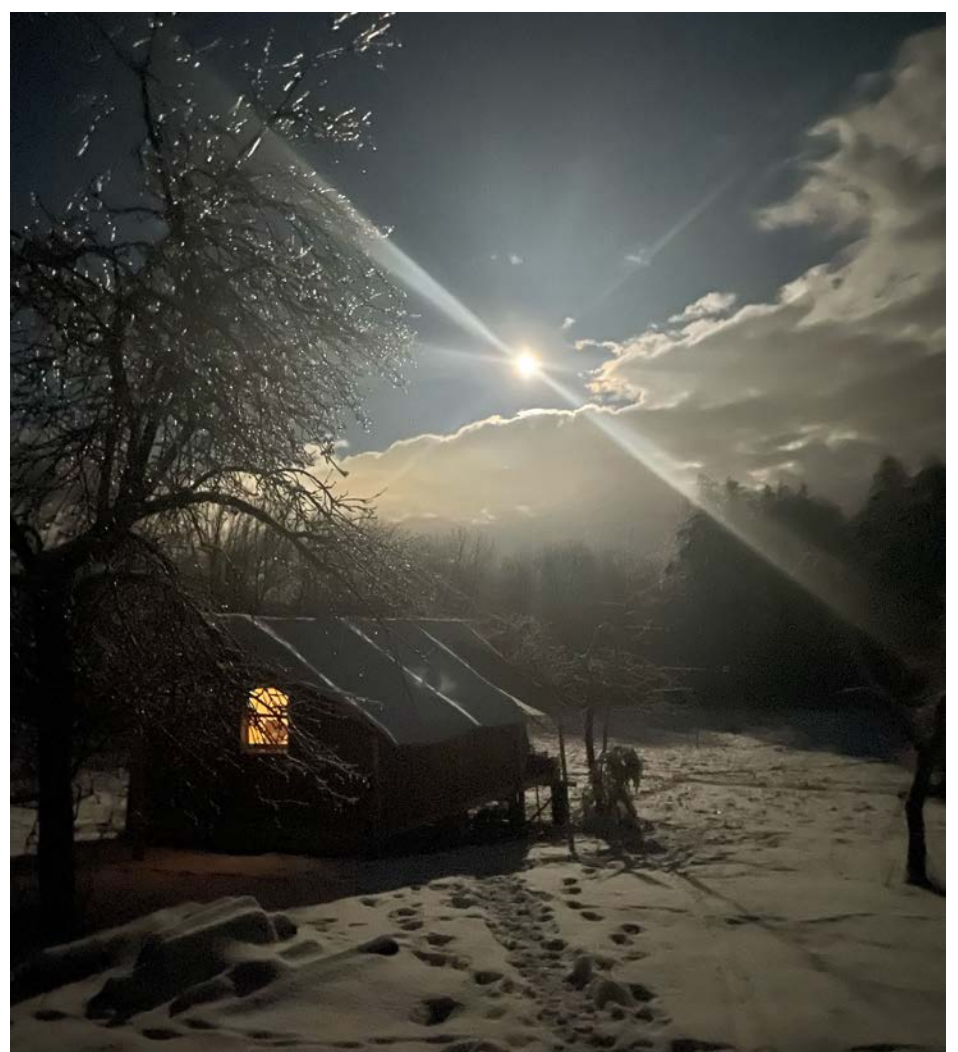
Ben's Pine Island roots run deep. He was a camper for four years in the late seventies and a counselor for two in the eighties. His brother was also a camper, and in more recent years his sons, nephew, and two nieces have attended and/or worked at PIC. He was a member of the board of directors from 2011-2017, then served as pro-bono counsel to the camp before returning to the board this summer to take the reins of leadership.

In his day job, Ben is a lawyer specializing in civil litigation in Boston. He graduated from Yale University and received his law degree from Northeastern University. In addition to his many years of volunteer service to PIC, Ben

is active in his community, including heading the Boston advisory board of non-profit Self Help Africa. Ben is married to Martha Molumphy Hincks, a professor of English literature and writing at Boston College, and is the father of David, Johnny, and Danny, all PIC alums.

Ben has been actively involved from the beginning in the leadership transition underway at Pine Island and possesses the perfect combination of skills and temperament to see the process through while navigating the countless, unpredictable challenges COVID continues to throw at us. About his new position, Ben said, "I am thrilled to re-join Pine Island's board and to continue working with a very talented staff and board of directors to help usher the camp into this exciting new chapter of PIC's wonderful story."

Welcome, Ben! Thanks and a rousing Akka Lakka to you for taking on this responsibility.



Early sunset at the Squrt

ANOTHER GREAT SUMMER!



Charlie on the dustball court



Fly fishing between Pine Island and the Second Island



Charlie, a tripping pro, at home on the river



Sam and Teddy



Pablo and Sebastian



Otey unloading from a long canoe trip. Reed gives Jojo a welcome back hug.



OD Will Stack on the job



Akiro grinning while enjoying another day in a canoe



Cosmo enjoying work on the Shop porch



Zaid, Elliott, and Charlie in the activity line



Summer manager Lindsay Clarke



George and Heath



Assistant Director Matt Miller inspects a COVID test while assistant and sailing instructor Robby Kasten looks on.



Matthew enjoying a beautiful day in a kayak



Sumner and Robby loading the last of the laundry

VAUNTED PIC COUNSELOR TRAINING PROGRAM NOW OPEN TO WOMEN

By Miles Frank, LTIP Director

Each member of the Pine Island community plays an integral role in keeping the island in working order. For generations of Pine Islanders the island itself has always been a familiar, comfortable home base from which they venture out into the greater outdoors of New England. Keeping this home base in tip-top shape has long been the responsibility of a small, dedicated group: the LTIPs.

For the past two decades, the *Leadership Training Internship Program* (LTIP) has been an important part of life at PIC. Most camps offer “counselor-in-training” positions (often for a hefty tuition), but few offer paid positions to 17-year-olds that include the robust and varied training of the LTIP program. It is an internship program for rising high school seniors interested in working as counselors and staff in the future. The program is a starter course in outdoor education and hands-on skills, offering a level of responsibility which is quite rare in the current world of pre-college internships.

The average day of an LTIP is a busy one. LTIPs learn and practice how to

drive motorboats, use power tools, work in the kitchen, and perform countless other crucial maintenance tasks, including the mysterious and fabled work on the perches. Their work requires a lot of energy and ingenuity (and work boots). Each summer, the LTIPs can proudly hang their hats on a few key work projects, which often define that year’s crew. Among this past summer’s projects was a monumental outdoor shower structure for the King’s Game site in the woods of Norridgewock. Work typically includes lots of erosion control: installing water bars and positioning cedar logs. In recent years, the program has included several more artistically oriented projects, including hand-painted PIC cornhole boards and a splendidly designed crayfish-racing arena. Learning to split firewood safely and effectively is also fundamental to the LTIP experience. The 2022 summer will include many exciting new projects!

This year, we are excited to announce that for the first time we will welcome women to the LTIP ranks. Over the past 25 years, women have done nearly every

job at Pine Island. Women have been assistant directors, Expedition Camp leaders, activity counselors, army generals, head cooks, kitchen crew, medics, skippers and drivers, but they’ve never had the opportunity to join the staff at the LTIP level, the perfect place for a young woman to start her career as a Pine Island counselor, especially since she will not have spent summers at PIC as a camper. Working as an LTIP offers a view of the inner workings of life at Pine Island, one which few others attain. Including women as LTIPs will ensure new generations of female staff can take on every role at camp with confidence.

Working as an LTIP not only prepares one to be a great counselor, but also offers experience that has proven hugely valuable entering college and the working world, where challenges arise that require creative solutions, teamwork, and determination. At the end of

each summer, our LTIPs reflect on the work they’ve done, the projects they’ve completed, and the community they’ve helped build. Above all, they leave Pine Island having built bonds with one another, emerging as a team in the truest sense of the word.

The LTIP position includes a modest salary (\$1200), three home-cooked meals a day, lakefront accommodations, and an active outdoor lifestyle. If you know of a woman who is a rising high school junior or senior who you think would be a good fit, we’d like to meet her! I’m excited to meet any interested applicants. Please encourage anyone whom you think would be a good candidate for this position to email me at mfrank@pineisland.org as soon as possible. We already have a lot of fun projects planned for this summer and a number of applicants.



Heath reads comics while Asher, Emmon, and Cosmo play cards.



From right to left, back row, Arthur, Kiran, Wyatt, P.V., Jameson, Reed, Derek, Adlai, Darien, trip leader Louis Effron. Kneeling, Will and trip leader Kaja Surborg, excited to depart on what would become an epic Old Speck journey

Volunteer John Alsop Leads LTIPs in Major Norridgewock Shower Rebuild



Thomas Clauson, Irving Baldwin, Max Klivans, and John Alsop at work on the new showers



The new Norridgewock showers ready for action!

A BANNER YEAR FOR FALL WORK AT PIC

AMONG MANY PROJECTS, HONK HALL GETS A FACELIFT

Island Close-Up

When the echoes of this summer's final "Akka Lakka" grew distant across the lake, a skeleton crew remained to close down the island for the season. They engaged in four days of taking down tents, shuttering windows, carrying campfire benches, and the like. The close-up process also includes a number of admittedly strange (albeit time-honored) tasks: dories are carried up the hill and stored in Honk Hall, canoes are brought into the Dining Hall. Battling ever-encroaching and increasingly emboldened hordes of ducks, the crew removed all but the largest of the island's docks. In every moment of downtime, Ethan Morrison could be found flyfishing from the Cove Boat. Kaja Surborg, Needlepoint's final remaining occupant, braved high winds in a late-summer storm. And after a ceremonial last-supper-on-the-Tent-12-platform, the crew left for school, jobs, and other endeavors in the *real world*.

The Great Shingling Project Continues: Step III

As noted in previous editions of the *Pine Needle*, there are indeed lots of shingles on Pine Island. Roof shingles tend to last about 20 years, while cedar shingles on exterior walls generally last much longer. However, many of the Island's buildings are more than 100 years old and even the exteriors of two of the newest buildings, rebuilt in 1995, now need attention. Some missteps in the staining of the Dining Hall/Kitchen and Honk Hall (by professionals, with latex stain; the buildings stained by volunteers, with oil-based stain are fine) left us with only one option — new shingles. Local contractor Dan Trembly completed Step I, replacing shingles and trim on most of the kitchen section of the Dining Hall, in 2017. The 2018 First Cabin Crew (Sam Bristol, Cole Gibson, Dawson Loewen, and Satchel Toole) completed Step II, reshingling the rest of the kitchen and Dining Hall. Step III of the project commenced this fall, focusing specifically on the next two largest of Pine Island's cedar-shingled buildings: the Boathouse and Honk Hall.

The Boathouse, positioned at the northern end of the Cove, is one of Pine Island's earliest constructed buildings. Exposed to the elements on three sides, it is also one of its most weathered. Nonetheless, many of its original components remain, contributing to its uniquely rustic feel. The interior is crammed with rows of lifejackets, paddles, and sailboat parts, some to boats long gone. Antique dories and canoes rest on the ceiling joists and a massive tangle of knotted rope hangs from the rafters. The building simply feels old. Its structural components are sound, complemented by a recently replaced floor, but the evidence of a century of waterfront activity is apparent. And it remains a hub of activity during any given activity period; the bustle of an average



The newly shingled north side of Honk Hall

day in the Cove is set against the backdrop of this timeworn building.

The building's northern side demanded specific attention. Probably not shingled in the last five or six decades, it was pockmarked with the remains of various hooks, racks, and miscellaneous holes, its original red stain almost faded. This fall, the wall was re-shingled and a new window was cut to provide more light and air into the building. Finally, a fresh coat of red stain was applied by volunteers Justin and Byron Gaspard. Now, with the demolition of an unsightly old kayak rack, the area has been reborn. Plans to add a collapsible awning, wooden benches, and perhaps even a ping-pong table (there was one there back in the 1960s), are in development.

Although conventionally performed inside Honk Hall, this summer's Saturday Night Shows were staged outdoors whenever possible. With this in mind, it became clear that Honk's north-facing porch offers an ideal raised stage. Campers and staff convened each Saturday to watch shows, seated on the Honk lawn facing the building. It was with such an audience that the Honk's need for cosmetic attention became glaringly obvious. This fall, new cedar shingles were applied to the large wall on northern face of the building. This endeavor was largely undertaken by Natalie Burr, who valiantly and patiently shingled the entirety of the gable section by herself! (That's a lot of trips to the chop-saw.) The result is a grade-A job which should last many years.

Major Restoration on Honk Hall

What was intended to be a mere facelift became something more like reconstructive surgery as repairs became true operations. As noted, the north face of Honk Hall had been newly shingled. However, intentions to provide only such cosmetic fixes were short-lived. The discovery of a number of issues prompted the immediate attention of the fall crew. After the removal of the old shingles, rot was discovered on the sheathing boards. Rot! This was an easy

repair, and the shingling operation continued. These new shingles complement the new windows and trim installed last spring.

Re-installation of the double-doors and door-area floorboards had also been anticipated. For years, Honk Hall's doors have been stubborn, refusing to stay shut. Upon inspection, it seemed that the doorway was bowed up. Lots of crawling around under the building with a level indicated that the posts are in good shape. So, what was the culprit? Further demolition of the doorway area made it clear: water damage. Years, maybe decades, of water seepage into the doorway had caused the threshold to deteriorate, the floorboards, the subfloor, and the timber sill to rot away, and the joists to swell. In short, it was a real mess. The discovery of the extent of the damage was at once disheartening and exciting; a series of new projects had jumped to the front of my priority list! For those interested: the damage seems to have occurred because the doors were flashed improperly during original construction, promoting water to collect inside the building.

After consultation with talented builder and experienced timber-framer Pine Islander Ben Schachner, we devised a game plan. First, the rotted-out sill needed to be replaced. Honk Hall is a massively strong post and beam building and would have been structurally fine without a new sill. But the repair was necessary for the purposes of fixing the doors and floor. Replacement took some creative consideration. Accessibility was highly limited and complete removal and replacement of the sill was an impossibility. So, the existing sill was cut and partially removed, a new post footing was poured underneath the break, and finally, some in-field timber-framing was undertaken. Ultimately, after many hours below the building, the repair was made. Then the joists were planed until level, new subfloor was reinstalled, and fresh flooring was laid. Finally, the area was prepped for work on the doors.

Research indicated that contracting out the cutting of a new doorframe and threshold would have been neither timely nor cost-effective. So, this work was done in house. Volunteer extraordinaire Rob Whitehouse graciously offered his time and his marvelous Brunswick shop space for the cutting of a massive plank of ribbon sapele. The result is a gorgeous double-wide threshold which should last many decades. Not quite so involved was the cutting of the door frame, manufactured in rather less elegant style on the Honk Hall porch. The final result is a hugely renovated space.

As is often the case with working on such buildings, one small repair can reveal the need for other, much larger repairs. Sometimes a system of architectural triage must be employed. In this case, working on Honk Hall was like going down the rabbit hole. But there is something to be said for following it to its conclusion.

K.I.L.L. (*Kababa Insect Liquidation League*) Deployed

Browntail moths have made it to central Maine. Originally from Europe, they have been in the northeast United States for over a century but are just now becoming prevalent in central Maine. They are a hazard to the environment, often killing trees through incessant feeding. The caterpillars' hairs cause a maddeningly itchy rash when they come in contact with human skin. This is a problem for Pine Islanders, who are surrounded by wildlife and spend virtually all of their time in the outdoors. Once identified, the moths became an obvious cause for concern and a serious priority. In short, all possible measures were taken to see the depletion of these moths. Decked out in all available PPE, the K.I.L.L. was promptly deployed to cut down and incinerate any remaining nests on site. The remainder of the staff was arranged to gather and remove or burn all likely areas of concentrated caterpillar hair (piles of leaves, especially). Meanwhile, the squashing of caterpillars

lars and moths was constant. Luckily, due to the persistent effort of this summer's staff (and those of the WFR crew who were particularly afflicted by the moths) much of the impact of the BTMs during the camp season was avoided. In comparison, nearby Waterville declared a *state of emergency* in response to the threat.

Going forward, it is imperative that camp manage the pest to the best of its ability. This fall, Hawkes Tree Service treated all at-risk trees for the moths. And continual effort has been put into cutting out any identifiable nests. If all else fails, the removal of many hardwood trees may be a necessity. Hopes for a wet spring persist, as fungi and plant growth can help outcompete caterpillars. Nonetheless, it is likely that the moths will remain in the state and it is our goal to maintain on our island a safe haven from these aerial pests.

Fireplace Repairs

Pine Island's fireplaces make shoulder season and chilly summer mornings much more comfortable and encourage indoor campfire when it rains. All built after the Great Fire in 1995, they are key features of our biggest buildings, Honk Hall and the Dining Hall. However, after nearly 30 years of seasonal use, they needed a bit of touching-up. This summer, an old-time stonemason came out to the island to show me how to do the necessary repairs. He recalled doing work on the chimneys at PIC back in the 1970s. At that point, the chimneys were already very old. By comparison, what was needed today was just a bit of touching up: re-pointing the very sooty chimney interiors and re-installing a row of stone that had broken away in the library fireplace. This nonetheless proved to be very messy work. Decked out in hardhats, goggles, respirators, and headlamps, we looked something

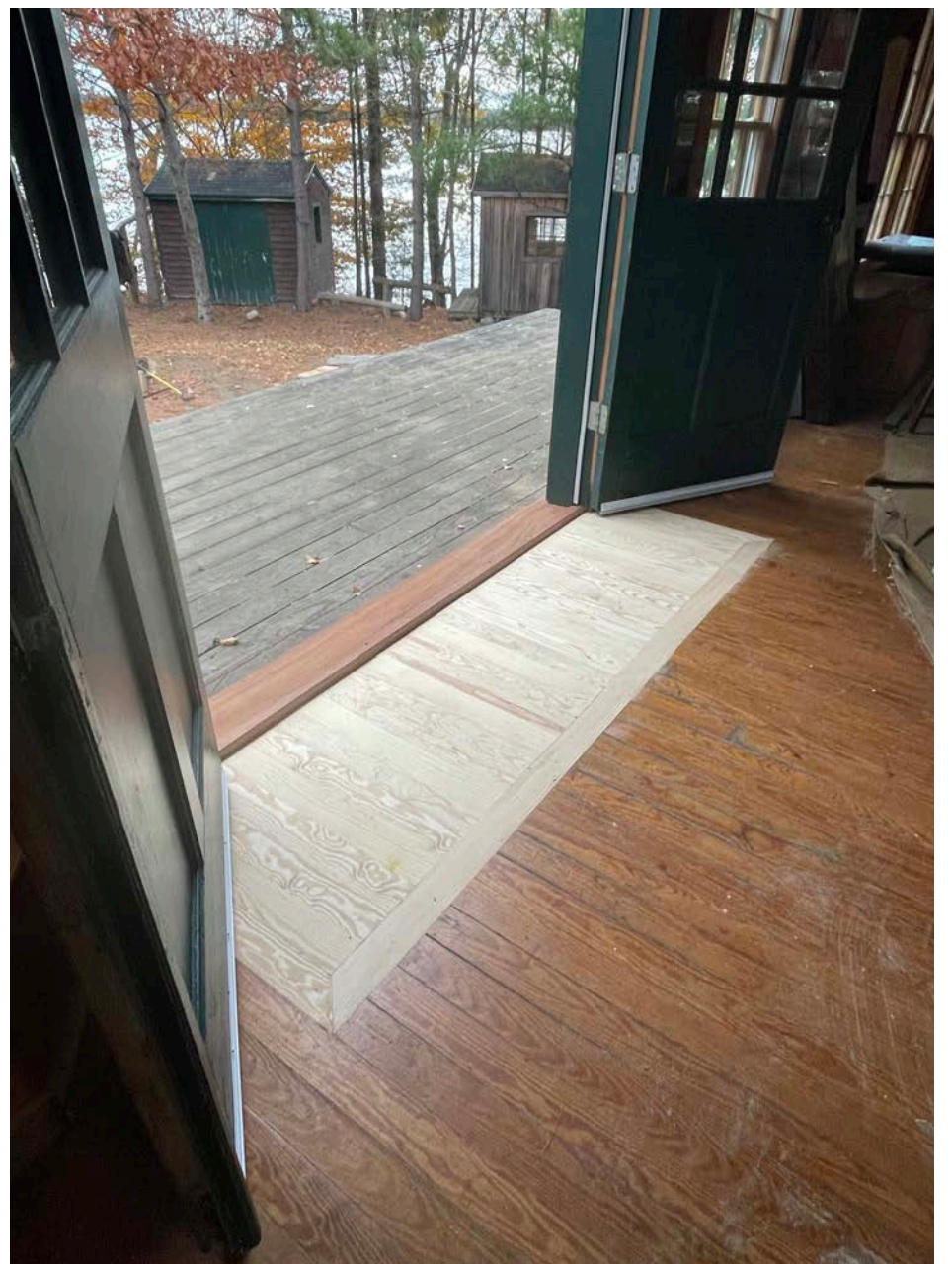
like coal miners. Lots of mortar mix and spent wire brushes later, the fireplaces were repaired.

Overflow: New Storage for Old Town Canoes

What is a canoe rack doing in the ballfield, so far from the water? The life of a Pine Island canoe can be a hard one. Rugged trips, bulk loads, and whitewater can take their toll on even the sturdy Old Town 16-footers which make up the bulk of the fleet. Each summer, Pine Island campers work to repair some canoes in need of attention, earning a block for their Roughwater Sternman rank in the process. But some boats need more attention. Enter the *overflow canoe rack*, the first of its kind. This straightforward cedar post rack is actually rather unremarkable but houses those canoes which would otherwise lie neglected. Located next to the Smith Barn, these boats are now in prime location to be repaired and attended to. And, at the very least, they now allow more room on Pine Island for spiffier, speedier canoes.

Covered Lumber Rack

There is always quite a bit of work occurring at Pine Island, and this requires quite a bit of lumber. The Smith Barn offers a great place for medium-to-long term storage of materials. But a staging area closer to water is needed for that which is going over to the Island. This summer's LTIPs did the very bulk work of landscaping the swampy, rock laden area behind the freight shed. After moving some boulders and mulching the space, the LTIPs prepped it for the building of a new lumber rack. Now complete with a roof and a deck, the rack offers a place near the dock where lumber can be stored more efficiently and effectively. Thanks, LTIPs!



New sill, new flooring, new threshold, new doorframes

Woodcraft's New Digs

Woodcraft is one of Pine Island's longest-enduring and arguably most essential activities. In a campsite located down a path behind the Freight Shed campers learn the essentials of camping and backcountry skills: knife, axe, and tool safety; fire building; tree and wildlife identification; map and compass orientation; weather patterns; etc. The entirety of the activity is spent in the woods by the mainland waterfront. However, tools and supplies are stored

in the Freight Shed, a utilitarian structure so named because it was modeled on the freight sheds at train stations. This fall, the "woodcraft shed" section of the building received some attention. Now complete with rough-sawn siding, built-in Adirondack shelving, tool hangers, and a substantial work bench, the space is more fitting for the activity. And stashed under the bench is a shave-horse set for the production of new PIC-made tool handles... As if one didn't already have a reason to sign up for woodcraft!



Miles with the sill he removed from the Honk doorway



New canoe rack on the mainland

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

Zander Abranowicz married Taylor Renn on August 21, 2021 in Richmond, VA. They live in Richmond. **Ben “Shop Guy” Herman** married Libby Simpson on July 31, 2021 in Brunswick, ME. They live in Brunswick, where they are fixing up an old farmhouse. **Mary Harrington** married Graham Siegfried on September 11, 2021 in Sebago, ME. They live in Topsham, ME. Also married on the 11th but in Lincolnville, ME was **Sarah Mason** to Alex Brookings. They just bought a house in Lisbon Falls, ME. Pine Islanders **Olivia Lobdell** and **Cece Carey-Snow** attended the wedding. **Will Durkin** married Taryn Kilmer on July 24, 2021. They live in Brooklyn, NY.

Rob Boutwell and his wife Paula welcomed a daughter, Lillian Louise in January 2021. Brother **Charlie** has joined Square Mile Capital in New York. The Naglers seem to have reversed the male trend and **Peter Nagler** and his

wife **Ida** have welcomed their second daughter **Elsabet Lillian**, born on September 23, 2021. **Lili Biesemeyer** and her husband welcomed **Alex Vivas** on August 17, 2021. **Phoebe Bunker** and her husband welcomed a son, **Richard William**, December 11, 2020. **Tom Nagler** is working on a Master’s degree in Analytics at the Roux Institute in Portland, ME. The Portland, ME area is becoming populated with many Pine Islanders. **Lindsay Clarke** lives there with her two children. So does **Will Webb**; **Alex, Nick, and Satchel Toole**; **Corinne O’Connor**, who recently got her MSW at U.T. Austin and is a clinical social worker at Spurwink Center for Safe and Healthy Families; and **Katie Swan** who is a Digital Marketing Specialist at a company called Helm. **David Kemp** is working on a master’s degree in Economics at Johns Hopkins University. **Harry Swan** is living in Ho Chi Minh



Zander Abranowicz and bride Taylor Renn

City, Vietnam, where the lockdown has at times been severe, confining Harry and his girlfriend to their apartment for weeks at a time. As of this writing they had recently taken an actual trip out of the city. English teaching has been curtailed. He continues to write his rewatchlist.net monthly film essays and is applying to MFA programs in the US. **Monte Ball** has been locked down next door in Chiang Mai, Thailand, but he too has seen restrictions relaxed enough to move about a bit so he can continue his travels. **Jack Faherty** has moved back to Washington, DC and is serving as a foreign policy aid to Senator Angus King of Maine. Also in the DC area are **Howard Smith; Pope, Tucker, and Briley Ward; Lisa Regier Ward, Ben and Josh Byman**, the irrepressible **Jack and Oliver Grossi, Jet Wah, Tommy and Teddy Mottur, Cole and Ian Wofford**, and **Jojo and Maxx Murray. Rich and Ellen Bradley** still live in DC but spend about half the year at their home in Camden, ME, from which they travel frequently to pitch in at volunteer events at the Whitehead Light Station. Just down the coast are **Abe Stimson, Cody Smith, and Matt Wall** and up the coast are **Joe Kovaz** and family, **Chris Gardner, Matthew Hawkins, and Josh Treat**. Inland at Colby College are **Chris Ward and Elliot Woodwell**.

For the past two summers we have, due to COVID restrictions, sorely missed the Rioux boys, sons of successful Quebec dairy farmers and PIC alums **Charles and Yann Rioux**. A whole herd

of Rioux is expected to be back at camp in 2022. While some of our French boys made it last summer, we are hoping to reenergize our French connection. Speaking of which, **Frédéric and Marie Malle** have moved out of New York City to a new home in Hampton Bays, NY, leaving son **Lucien** in the city hard at work for cosmetics firm L’Oréal. Brother **Paul** is out in Los Angeles working in the film industry.

Mateo and Lucas Rodriguez Cortina are now first-year students at Cornell and Colgate respectively. They, along with their parents who are now living in Cambridge, MA, joined the Swan family in Brunswick, ME for a jolly Thanksgiving. Both Mateo and Lucas reported that they are working hard on their schoolwork and enjoying being contributing members on their school’s division one soccer teams. **Joe Kovaz** is teaching high school in Unity, ME and he and his family live in Belfast. **Matthew Hawkins** is the music teacher at the same school. **Eve Whitehouse** and her husband Billy, both teaching at the Millbrook School, finally were able to schedule the honeymoon trip they had expected to take last year and headed off to Puerto Rico to celebrate their marriage. **Jacob Ronson** recently started a job with Henrico County Fire Department and will start their 30-week fire training academy on January 31st. When he graduates, he will be placed in a fire house in Henrico County. **Noah Donoghue** is living and working in Richmond, VA.

Will Mason is now a tenured professor at Wheaton College. He was offered tenure early, after only three and a half years, which is no surprise to anyone who knows Will. He will be an associate professor of music and chair of the music department. He and **Erin Lobdell** are enjoying life in Rhode Island. **Max Huber** soldiers on in his surgical residency at Mt. Sinai hospital in Manhattan. **Robert Moor** lives in British Columbia but is now in Mexico working on his next book entitled *In Trees*. He has been doing research that has included being chased out of a treehouse by a Canadian S.W.A.T. team. His popular podcast on Joe Exotic has been made into a television series for NBC/Universal.

FROM THE DOCTOR’S CABIN PORCH

By Sumner Ford, Director

Each fall, I spend some of my time wandering around in the cold dark woods of Vermont. It’s too cold to bike and not snowy enough to ski. Each time I venture out to listen to the creak of the sugar maples and ash trees, my thoughts cycle back to Pine Island. I find a cold seat and become part of the forest. Coyotes, fisher cats, and other wild creatures will wander by, paying no attention to me. It’s a treat to see nature’s machine operating smoothly.

There’s a moment each summer when Pine Island operates in this way. After a couple of weeks, new campers are no longer new. They move about camp almost like a coyote in the forest. They don’t require much direction and they are not bored. They go about their days with a great deal of freedom and independence while being protected by the surroundings that have become familiar and easily navigated. It is always remarkable to me how much happens on a given day on that very small island, much of it without direct supervision or apparent organization. The campers are always busy. They come up with games, skits, and activities on their own. They push themselves in activities and sign up for challenging hiking, canoe, kayaking, or rowing trips.

When I am given the chance to explain life at Pine Island, I hear various reactions from prospective parents, but the primary one is amazement that their boys will be able to navigate life without them, some at just nine or ten years old. I am always confident when I tell parents that beyond the specific skills boys learn, the main thing they gain from the

Pine Island experience is greater independence and the increased self-confidence that comes with it.

While we avoided COVID this summer, we did not avoid the rain. It fell often, with a bizarre regularity. Wet weather is one of the many tests of our campers’ independence and their ability to look out for other members of the community. Do they give themselves an extra five minutes to bring in their clothes off the line before activities? Do they batten down their tents? During the first couple of weeks they do, but pretty much always with some prodding and reminding.

As we rounded the halfway mark of the summer, I was very happy to note that instead of rushing around doing half the work myself, I could sit at the bottom of the Ridge as rain approached and watch the campers work together to make sure their tents, and those of their neighbors, were secure. They then donned raincoats and headed off to sign up for activities in spite of the rainy day ahead. It was their summer and their place and a bit of rain should not get in the way. I felt a bit superfluous, always a good sign.

As I walk through the woods each fall aspiring to become a wordless observer of the life of the forest, I harken back to similar moments during the summer at Pine Island when I could disappear into the background and watch as campers comforted, laughed with, and relied on each other. These moments of independence are achieved by each camper, and they are Pine Island in its purest form.



GENEROUS RECENT BEQUESTS

Two large gifts came to Pine Island Camp in 2021 as the result of bequests. **Alex and Pat Burland** (see “In Memoriam”) have left Pine Island \$250,000, the largest bequest to date. **Simone Aubry** left a gift of \$50,000 to Pine Island. **Simone** is survived by her sister, **Lise Aubry**, **Ben Swan’s** babysitter and godmother and 50-year summer resident of White-

head Island. **Simone** had a great affection for Pine Island though she never worked at PIC. She had made small gifts to the Annual Fund for many years and her remembering Pine Island so generously was a wonderful surprise. Thank you, **Pat and Alex and Simone**. Both gifts will be put to work as part of Pine Island’s invested funds.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

For those of us of a certain age, the 1960s don't seem very long ago, but to many recent and even not-so-recent campers and counselors the '60s are a far off and exotic time. We often marvel at how little Pine Island Camp has changed, but below are some photos that may surprise young alumni. Fortunately, while some of the boats, buildings, and flora may look different, life at PIC and the essential Pine Island experience endures intact.



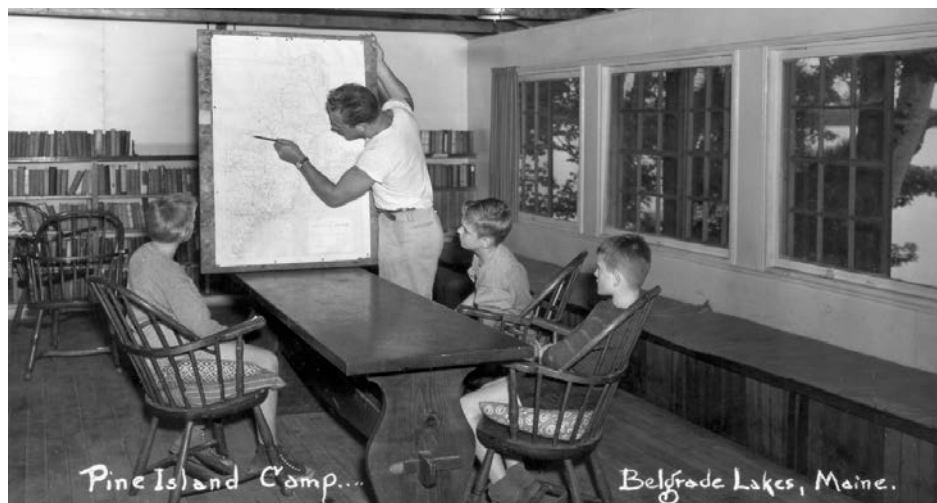
The Dining Hall c.1960



Mal Jones (center) and students at the Kababa Classical Institute (KCI). These guys had "school" for every morning activity!



Campers in the living room portion of Honk Hall, then called the Big Dorm



Taken in Magoon, which was originally built to be the library



Loading one of the original war canoes onto the top of the camp truck named the Bilbo by Charlie Papazian, a driver in the late 1960s. Campers and counselors sat on benches in the back!



Campers' cots in the Big Dorm, now known as Honk Hall. Campers lived there until the late 1950s.

ISLAND BUILD-UP

By Pope Ward

Once each summer during the late '70s, an alarm bell sounded at campfire, and the camp's launch sped into the Cove with a rooster tail of spray. Clutching ropes and chains, counselors dove from its gunwales into the icy depths. Pine Island had come untethered from its moorings (again) and was at risk of floating away!

In light of this annual drama, it was unclear to my 10-year-old self whether another activity — Island Build-Up — was grounded in truth or myth. A couple of Sunday mornings each summer, those in authority asked us to wade into Great Pond and throw stones onto shore for an hour or two. Without regular fortification, we were told, the island would erode to nothing. I was an adult before I was sure there was truth to the story.

Today, you can see proof along Pine Island's western shore, where gabion walls prevent the Range path from sliding into the lake.

This year, Pine Island's board is reinvigorating the camp's planned-giving efforts. We're calling the legacy-gift society "Island Build-Up" because planned giving serves the same fortifying role for the camp's finances as stones do for the island itself.

For a small operation like Pine Island, estate gifts are especially important. Since it became a not-for-profit in the mid-1990s, Pine Island has overcome three existential crises. The camp relies on giving beyond annual fund contributions to weather disruptions, capitalize on opportunities and build financial stability.

In the past several years, Pine Island has received estate gifts from at least six families in the camp community: Simone Aubry, Sam Brown, Jr., Alex and Pat Burland, Nick Ohly, Kimme Sloane and James Vaughn. Six more (that we know of) have included Pine Island in their estate plans: Ned Bishop, Jim Breeden, John deForest, Tom Macfie, Ben Swan, and Tom Yoder. We would love to find at least 50 new Pine Islanders willing to include camp in their estate planning.

People articulate all kinds of motivations for including Pine Island in their estate plans. For some, it's a 'thank you' for the role Pine Island has played in their own development or in the life of loved ones. Others want to keep camp affordable for future generations or "endow" a stream of income on par with

their annual fund contributions. Fundamental to every legacy gift is a desire to preserve a place where a simple, unplugged experience close to nature remains possible in an increasingly wired world.

While we're pretty sure that few people call their estate lawyers because of an article in the *Pine Needle*, we hope that, when you are ready to think about these things, you'll consider including Pine Island as part of your estate planning. Making a planned gift is not hard, and we can promise you that it will go a long, long way at Pine Island. If you need help, just reach out: estate@pineisland.org. If useful, we can put you in touch with someone who can help you with your planning.

SNS SEASON

By Matt Miller

After two whole years, Pine Island's greatest actors and directors have made their triumphant return to the Honk stage. While the drought of Pine Island theater was mercifully eased by some excellent virtual entertainment in 2020, it could never compete with the real deal. This past season of Saturday Night Shows was perhaps one of the finest I've seen in my many years as a connoisseur of Pine Island's fine arts. Clearly the season away led to renewed passion for the theater: voices were louder, choices were bolder, stunts were more daring than ever. These performers left it all on the stage. This summer brought us five new masterpieces to be added to the upper echelon of SNSs.

The season began with something ever so exciting: a complete original! While I of course adore a Pine Island parody of a recent hit or a classic, there's something about a brand-new story I find so thrilling. This piece, *The King*, was the perfect way to launch the season. It told the story of two campers on an arduous quest to meet the titular King Kababa. Along their way they ran into a wild cast of friends and foes including a mysterious Waterville local and Kababa fanatic, Chris Ward. These two roles were brought to life by newcomers Cosmo Oglesby and Jack Johnson. Keep an eye on these two, they're not to be missed!

Up next, we were treated to a spot-on send-up of the film *Baby Driver* entitled, *Bobby Driver*. Centering around this past summer's skipper, Bobby Flynn, the show told the story of the young Flynn attempting to escape his life as the Pine Island getaway driver. But how can he give up what he is so good at? This high-stakes drama required some serious acting prowess and thankfully its leads Teddy Mottur and Kiran Dhawan were able to deliver. Portraying Bobby and Matthew Hawkins, these two veteran thespians brought humor and heart to a hard-hitting piece.

The middle of the SNS season is always a treat as it falls upon the oldest campers, the Expedition Campers, to entertain us. As always, they did not disappoint. This summer they did something out of the ordinary and delivered possibly the first Pine Island reality competition show: *Pine Island's Got*

Talent! The show followed the beats of the similarly named *America's Got Talent!* except with each Ex Camper getting their chance to showcase a talent. Whether it was a mesmerizing interpretive dance, a side-splitting stand-up set, or acrobatics, there wasn't a weak link in the bunch. However, in the end the show-stopping vocals of one Hunter Hunt took home the big prize. A well-deserved victory.

The penultimate show, *The Counselor Trap*, was a long overdue parody of *The Parent Trap*. The concept for this show is so ingenious it's a marvel it's never been done before. Two identical twin campers hatch a plan to deceive their counselors and swap places, leading to all sorts of hijinks and even an epic duel in the end. Perhaps the reason this parody hadn't been done yet was it was waiting for the right set of stars. This summer just the right pair of brothers were on hand, the Bell Brothers. Max and Anselm Bell were born to fill these roles. They made their characters just similar enough to make their swap believable, while still imbuing them with their own personalities and mannerisms. A tour de force from each.

The grand finale of the SNS season was a true ensemble piece, a sketch show entitled *P.I.C.T.V.* This non-stop laugh riot moved at a breakneck pace, skewering one television cliché after the next. Highlights included *Extreme Tent Makeover*, *Pond Trek*, and the crime procedural *Kababa Kourt*. The cast and the writing were so tight, it felt like viewing a really stellar episode of another famous live Saturday night program. My personal favorite sketch featured brothers Asher and Sam Tulupman advertising their services as a pair of bumbling yet passionate attorneys. An SNS that had me in tears from start to finish. Well done!

It is rare that a lover of the arts, such as myself, gets the opportunity to take in so much great theater in one single summer. I am incredibly lucky to have shared the island with so much talent this past summer. It'll be no mean feat to top these five incredible hits next summer but I have no doubt the brilliant minds at PIC are up to the challenge. I look forward to taking my seat in the audience.

MAGOON'S NEW RESIDENTS

By Lindsay Clarke

As the days grew shorter and sweater weather arrived in Portland this fall, a distinct yearning washed over me, a longing not just for Pine Island, but for the simplicity of life in Magoon. As a teacher and a mom of two, I brace myself in September for the return of the school year hustle and bustle that does not slow until June: lunches to pack, school clothes to launder, dinners to make, dishes to wash, lessons to plan, papers to grade... the list goes on and on! Thus, before the first leaves had begun to turn their autumn colors, I found myself humming "We're Women at PIC" and wishing I could be "driving down that old camp road."

Magoon is a quaint three-room cottage adjacent to the Boathouse and just down the hill from Honk Hall. Boasting its own dock, a porch sheltered by pines, and a kitchen equipped with both a refrigerator and stove, it offers the perfect hybrid between the backcountry experiences I crave and the domestic conveniences that make caring for children so much easier. I should not pretend, however, that our lives in Magoon were a perfect picture of spartan simplicity. Long gone were the days when I arrived at camp with a simple trunk and pack, room in each to spare. When my daughter Sagan (5), son Silas (8 months at the time), and I arrived at camp in June, we did so with a U-Haul trailer in tow, packed with the equipment of childhood: a crib and mattress; two highchairs (one for Magoon and one for the Dining Hall); a miniature kayak and paddle; a trunk full of puzzles, games, and toys; life jackets, swim noodles, goggles, and the like; bedding, towels, and clothes galore; and so much more!

Adjusting to housework and parenting in Magoon for the first time also brought its own learning curve. Drinking water must be hauled across the island from the pump, and wash water from the lake. Silas's bathtime involved boiling a kettle of water in order to fill a purple gardening tub on the porch with warm water, and then inevitably chasing a crawling naked baby around to keep him in said tub. Sagan's normal summer bedtime coincided with the start of campfire, and as uproarious laughter and applause made their way across the cove to Magoon each evening, I often had to give in and let my pajamaed five-year-old join the fun for just one more skit or song. Each evening, however, once Silas and Sagan were asleep and campfire had come to a close, the golden glow of kerosene lamps filled Magoon's kitchen and I found great solace in knowing that the only housework ahead of me, if any, was washing the day's dishes before retiring to bed to read in the company of our cat Moxie.

Relative to the alarm clocks and rushed breakfasts of the school year, mornings in Magoon were luxuriously slow. The children — even Silas — often slept well past the OD's morning whistle, allowing me time to take my 100% dip,

make a cup of coffee, eat breakfast, and sweep the porch of fallen pine cones and bark, items Silas considered delicacies. On mornings when Silas awoke earlier, he was content to play independently for ages on the porch, a milk crate of sand toys providing endless entertainment. Most mornings, Sagan awoke in time for me to make her a stack of her favorite pancakes before the babysitter arrived and I headed to Pine Island's mainland office. Our afternoons were bound by no schedule other than Silas's frequent naps. While he dozed, Sagan and I swam off Magoon's dock, played board games or did puzzles, or each retreated to our own books for quiet time. Other days, both children played in the cove, Sagan swimming or kayaking while Silas played on the sandy shore of the swim area. On rainy days, of which we had a number last summer, we concocted scavenger hunts and roamed the island in search of clues, or we wrote postcards and drew and mailed pictures, hoping for our correspondence to be rewarded by letters in our own mailbox.

Admittedly, last summer at Pine Island brought its own challenges — COVID protocols, browntail moths, and filling the enormous shoes of Emily Swan as Summer Manager, to name a few. The pace of life and closeness to nature, however, are rare treats in our normally busy world. On one of our final days of camp, I was reminded of this as I floated in an inner tube and was towed around by a splashing Sagan while Silas napped. Suddenly, the calls of loons were startlingly close. We paused and observed our resident pair swimming and diving just a short distance from our dock, accompanied by their fluffy chick. "Sagan," I said, "don't ever forget how special it is to call these loons our neighbors." She hasn't and nor have I, and knowing what awaits us in the summer of 2022 makes the pace of this school year all the more bearable. Before we know it, we'll be "driving down that old camp road," thankfully with less baby gear in tow!



Sagan and Silas enjoying a sunny day on the Magoon porch

MISSING AWARD WINNERS

The Search Continues

We are still trying to fill in the blanks on the plaques in Honk Hall listing award winners in past decades. Here is a list of what is missing. If you won one of these awards or remember who did, please email the editor at benswan@pineisland.org.

Workshop: 1951, 1960-71, 1986, 1989, 1990

Loyalty: 1989, 1993

Best Camper: 1961

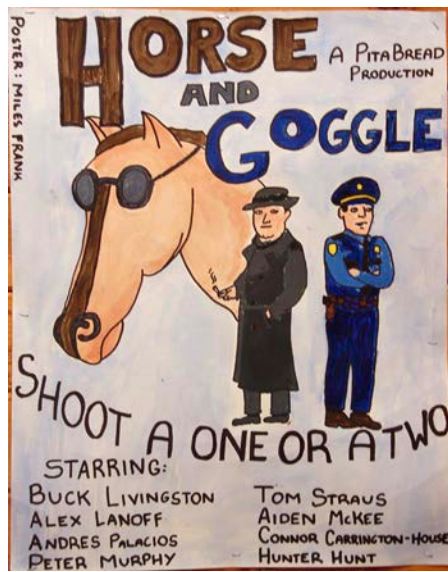
Watermanship: 1987, 1989, 1990

Game scores: 1951, 1960-67

THE TOP TEN SATURDAY NIGHT SHOW POSTERS, A CLOSER LOOK

By Matt Miller

A Saturday Night Show's flame burns bright but briefly, only to be remembered by the few in attendance during its singular performance. Despite this I somehow have a fondness for dozens of SNSs I have never even seen. I know the titles and casts of shows that came out before I was even born! This is thanks to the decades worth of SNS posters adorning the walls of Honk Hall. An SNS's legacy is only as good as its poster. It is my pleasure to break down the Top 10 SNS Posters of the last 30 years (in no particular order). My apologies for not being able to name all the artists.

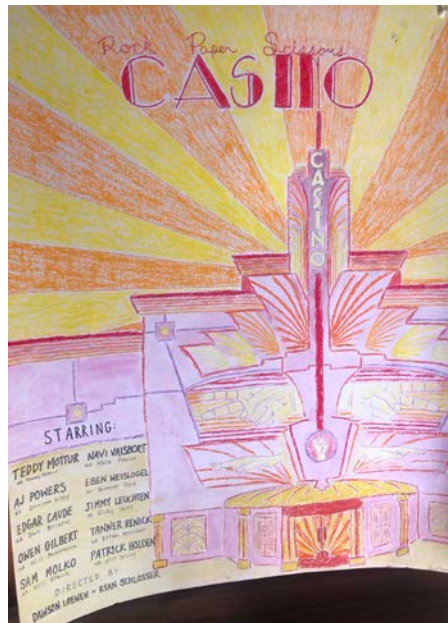


paired with a pair of hard-boiled criminal investigators tells you everything you need to know about the tone of this send-up of the buddy cop genre. Additionally, the perfect tagline for this waiter game-themed SNS.



Latex (Robert Brent)

I remember this poster from my time as a camper. At a glance it seems to hold no connection to Pine Island. A completely original concept? Count me in. It screams mystery and intrigue and on top of that it's simply beautiful. This poster conveys an atmosphere like no other. It puts you right into the scene and you don't want to leave.



Rock Paper Scissors Casino (Jack Reed)

It's a bold choice to attempt to put an image to this ethereal Pine Island location but somehow the artist has pulled it off. This is the definitive depiction of the Rock, Paper, Scissors Casino: bright, decadent, beckoning you to come in and try your luck.

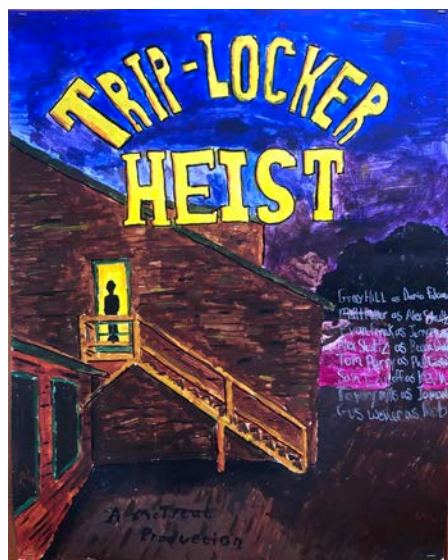


C.I.P. (Jack Ohly)

This poster is just such a sumptuous feast for the eyes. The beautifully rendered figure on the dock and its menacing doppelgänger staring back from the lake. It's a simple concept that has been executed with such craft. This is one SNS poster I wish I could hang in my home.

Horse and Goggle (Miles Frank)

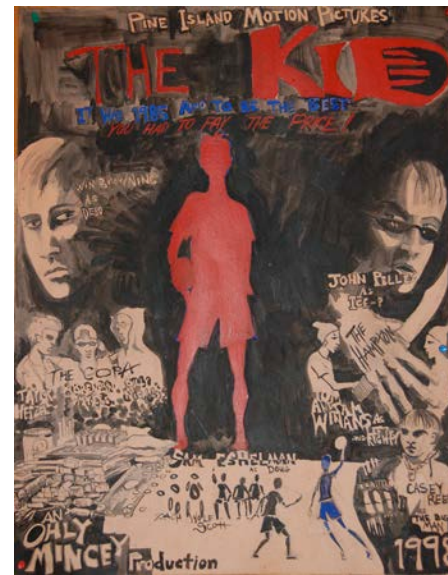
It's that horse. That goofy old horse. The silliness of a horse in swim goggles



Trip-Locker Heist

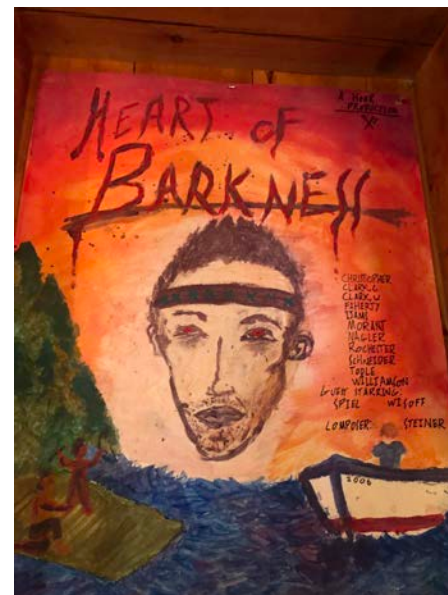
A lovely rendition of the titular Pine Island locale. Its rich murky colors give the whole poster an air of mystery, and the glowing light of the doorway catches

your eye. It's no wonder campers can't help but wonder what's up there.



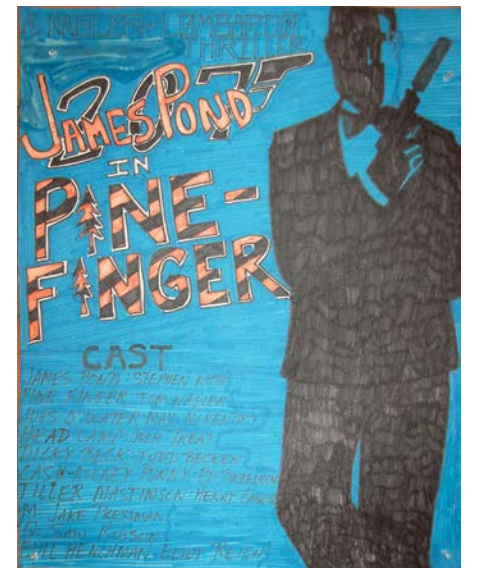
The KID (Jack Ohly)

This poster pulls off something many fail to achieve. The poster for *The Kid* is made up of several scenes from the production. It risks being too busy, but luckily each and every image was drawn with such detail and care. I can't help but want to know the context of all of these disparate images.



Heart of Barkness (Robert Moor, Max Huber, Alice Packard)

This poster does its job. A lovely piece of art all around but it's the mesmerizing face in the center, a preview of one of the great special effects feats of all time — Andy Spiel's severed head on a pole — that puts it on this list. Those eyes. What're they hiding? What dark secrets will be revealed in the show?



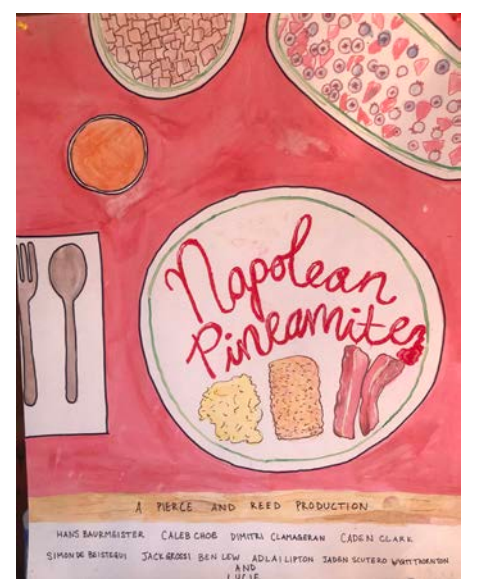
James Bond: Pine-Finger (John Nagler)

What an immaculate send-up of an actual James Bond poster. It's sleek and sharp just like the titular Bond. Gets you excited for an old-fashioned campy spy thriller.



Pulverfield (Will Webb)

You may be surprised to see the *Pulverfield* poster on this list given its barebones nature. But it's that minimalism that earns it the spot. No cast list, no production company, just that name smeared in red. Sends a shiver down the spine and draws you in.



Napoleon Pine-amite (Lauren Brill)

This poster fills me with a certain nostalgia thanks to its accurate representation of a Pine Island breakfast. It's the attention to detail and sense of whimsy and humor that puts this poster on the list.

IN MEMORIAM

Sam Brown, Jr. of Saratoga Springs, NY died on September 23, 2021 after over 60 years of close association with Pine Island. He was 78. Sam was a life-long enthusiastic and loyal Pine Islander. He was a camper from 1951-1956 and a counselor from 1957-1963. When Jun Swan formed an advisory board to help with the transition to new leadership, Sam was among a small group of Pine Islanders selected to help ensure that the camp continued to provide great and worthwhile summers for many generations to come. Sam's contributions were many. In addition to being a member of the board of directors, which became an official board when the camp became a not-for-profit, Sam was a War Game umpire for decades, assembled an extraordinary set of photo albums chronicling the history of Pine Island, wrote often for the *Pine Needle*, submitted wonderful cartoons, and corresponded often with Jun Swan and then Ben Swan after Jun's death. Sam is best known by recent generations of Pine Islanders and staff as the author of "The Lesson" (fwat-tasapsapsap!), a short story read each summer by his nephew Ned Bishop at one of the last campfires of the camp season. Sam graduated with honors from Williams College and earned an M.A.T. from Smith College. Sam's natural exuberance and energy were sorely challenged throughout his life by two serious chronic illnesses, which caused him to disenroll from the U.S. Navy Officer Candidate School and to turn from teaching to his hobbies from childhood, writing and cartooning. Thereafter he worked at home, keeping house and raising his son, Pine Islander Gene Brown, while his wife Baya pursued a teaching career as a member of the dance faculty of Skidmore College. Being a "house husband" was unusual for the time and landed Sam a spot on the popular television game show "To Tell the Truth." In addition to serving on Pine Island's board of directors, Sam served for seven years as local liaison for the PBS Channel 17 Auction, nine years as a member of the Saratoga Spring's Zoning Board

of Appeals, and three years as a leader of the boys' Urban 4-H Program. He also spent 18 years as a route driver for Home Delivered Meals and 10 years as class cartoonist for his college class. Sam is survived by his son Gene, his wife of 55 years, his brother Andrew, his sister Susan and many nephews, nieces, great-nieces and nephews. There have been few more loyal and dedicated alumni of Pine Island than Sam Brown, Jr. He believed deeply in what Pine Island offered its campers, counselors, staff, and the world. Akka Lakka, Sam.

Pat Burland of Bala Cynwyd, PA died June 11, 2021 at the age of 94. Pat was a great friend of Pine Island Camp. She became connected with Pine Island when she married Alex "Burbear" Burland and was a true Pine Islander from then on. Alex, who was godfather to Executive Director Ben Swan, died in 2004. Pat and Alex were lifelong friends of Jun and Tats Swan and made annual trips to Maine to visit the Swans and to spend a week at Bear Spring Camps, an old school vacation establishment just across the lake from Pine Island, where they rented a cottage and a small outboard. They often stopped by the island to visit and occasionally caught a fish that the kitchen at Bear Spring Camps would prepare for dinner. Ben visited Pat and Alex at least once a year at their home in suburban Philadelphia and they would often entertain him with a "mystery trip." They would set out together for some local adventure Pat and Alex had cooked up. One year the city of Philadelphia was working on installing public toilet facilities in the city and had set out a variety of facilities for the public to see, use, and comment on. The tour of potential perches was typical of Pat and Alex's wonderful sense of fun and was followed by an excellent dinner. Alex was a psychoanalyst and Pat was a clinical social worker, having graduated from Smith College and the Bryn Mawr College Graduate School of Social Work and Social Research. She was in private practice in Bala Cynwyd for over 50 years, in the course of which she



"I told you we ought to go to Oak Island for the 4th!"

One of the many wonderful cartoons Sam Brown, Jr. created for the Pine Needle.

also trained and mentored a generation of practicing clinical social workers. In 2008 Bryn Mawr presented Pat with a Lifetime Achievement Award and she was honored as one of 100 distinguished alumni at the centennial celebration of the school. Ben was able to visit Pat just two weeks before she died, and she was, as always, eager to hear news of Pine Island Camp. The Burlands expressed their love for Pine Island with a significant bequest described elsewhere in this issue. Akka Lakka, Pat.

Marcia Salmon of Oakland, ME died March 13, 2021. She was 77. Marcia was

an enthusiastic Pine Island mom and grandmother for many years, starting during Monte Ball's directorship. Her son Ian Salmon was a camper and counselor 1980-85 and grandsons Alex and Kiran Dhawan, and Sawyer, Tanner, and Shane Carson have been campers and most recently counselors since 2013. Akka Lakka, Marcia.

Brackett "Beau" Clark of Welfleet, MA died May 12, 2021. He was 81. Originally from Rochester, NY, Beau was a camper for six summers from 1948-1953. Akka Lakka, Beau.

HONKABIONK'S REVENGE

by Xander Schwartz, K.D.

When the staff first arrived at Pine Island in early June, we were greeted by a legion of tiny foes in the form of brown-tail moth caterpillars. While these 'pillars at first seemed like an unfortunate itch-inducing coincidence, it may have actually been a sign from one of the most important sacred animals of them all: Honkabionk the Caterpillar.

When Honkabionk, who no longer resides on the island, arrived in 1919, it was a monumental event. In particular, Honkabionk's ceremony was capped off by the introduction of the longest sacred chant currently known. The chant goes as follows:

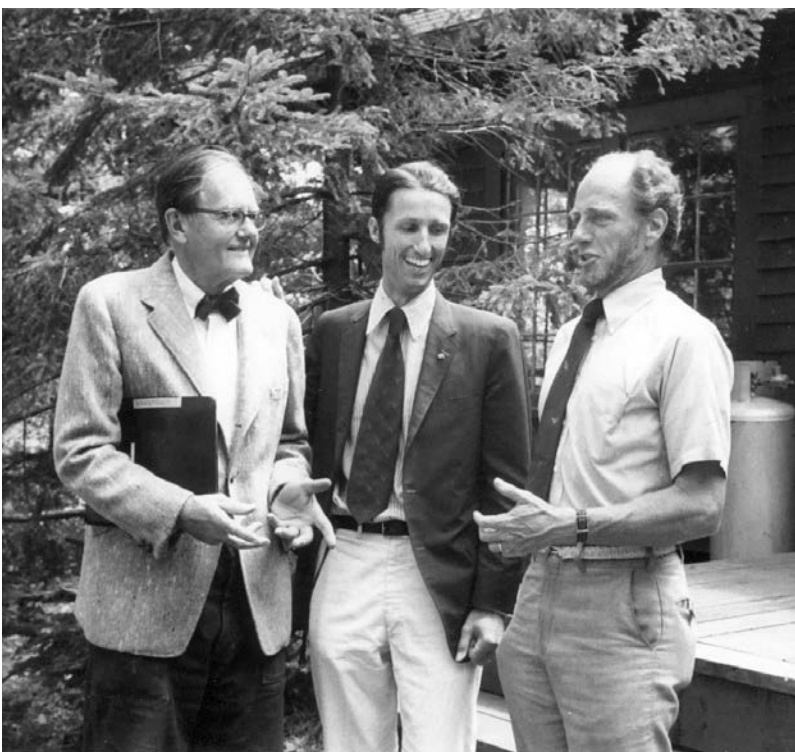
I am a sacred caterpillar
Honkabionk's my name!
I am a sacred caterpillar
Honkabionk's my name!

I'm not too big, I'm not too small,
Of sacred caterpillars,
I'm king of them all!
Honkabionk's My Name!

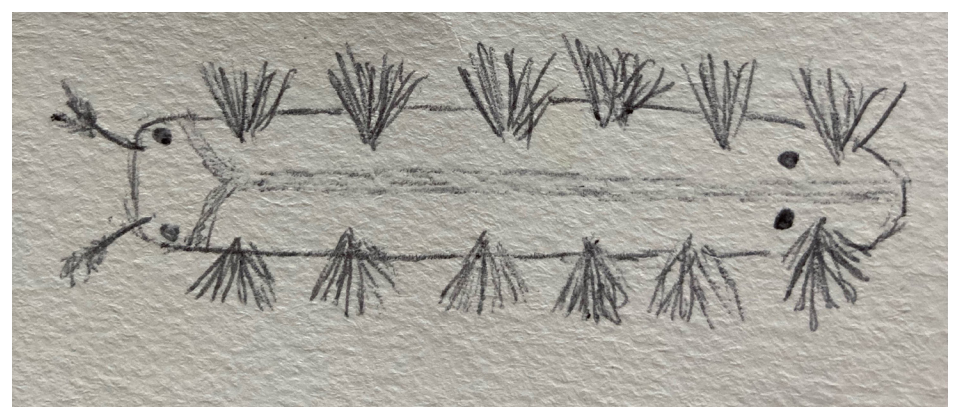
The chant is recited three times followed by three "Woahhh King Kababa's" and a bow toward Mt. Philip.

In recent years, Honkabionk's chant had fallen out of favor due to its duration and the disruption it causes to our dining. However, this recent infestation seems too improbable to be purely coincidental. Furthermore, after an enthusiastic revival of Honkabionk's chant last summer, the caterpillar-to-tent ratio substantially decreased.

It seems clear that our best protection against the evil caterpillars in 2021 was Honkabionk's chant.



Sam Brown, Jr. (center) with Jun Swan and Stewart Pierson in 1980



A camper's sketch of the Browntail Moth caterpillar

THE RETURN OF EXPEDITION CAMP

By Will Pomerantz

This summer's Expedition Camp presented some unique challenges to overcome, but the 2021 crew was certainly up to the task. With the added complications of COVID the Ex Campers began their summer at Whitehead Island instead of on Great Pond. After setting up in the loft space of Jim Breeden's boat-house, which sits right on the edge of the water, everyone did some exploring and caught up after a summer without Pine Island. I was thrilled to see, right from the start, the boys' eagerness for independence and their light-hearted humor, knowing it would set the stage for what would be a heck of a summer.

The program began with a two-day course in Wilderness First Aid taught by Jono Bryant. From 8:00 am until 5:00 pm the boys were engaged in lectures and discussions on topics like dehydration, anaphylactic shock, soft tissue injuries, wilderness survival skills, CPR, and more. Jono was also the instructor for the WFR (wilderness first responder) course that all of the Ex Camp leaders had taken, so we understood the intensity of these days. I quickly noticed the group's ability to immerse itself in wilderness first aid scenarios and tackle issues with thoughtful efficiency as a team. After practical and written exams, everyone passed, and now as certified WFAs, the group gained more confidence for the challenges ahead through new skills both in first aid and in teamwork. After the course was over, the boys

offered their help to improve conditions on the island by moving multiple boat-loads of firewood to the island for use by the younger campers when they came out to Whitehead for their trips, and we all began to look ahead at the upcoming canoe trip.

There were two Expedition Camp groups this summer. My group's first expedition was the canoe trip, which took place in northern Maine's Allagash Wilderness Waterway and covered a total of 163 miles over 13 days. We were fortunate to have beautiful weather, many memorable campsites, and some delicious food. There were also a fair number of obstacles to overcome. With a different job assigned to each member of the group every day, it took a few days to get into a flow. The jobs included head chef, journal writer, "auxiliary man" or jack-of-all-trades, among others. Everyone had his own strengths and weaknesses, and meetings with the team leader at the beginning and end of each day gave everyone a chance to reflect and learn so that the next day we could do it all again better. By the time we reached our resupply we were in a groove, and everyone was developing his individual leadership style. Possibly the most grueling part of every Allagash canoe trip is the Round Pond portage, a three-mile stretch of dirt road to Allagash Lake and the miles of pristine north Maine woods we had yet to discover. After hydrating and enjoying some sun-butter

and jelly sandwiches sent to us from the Pine Island kitchen, we were ready, and after a few hours of character-building sweaty work, the crew, along with all the gear, were loaded up and everyone was ready to keep on trucking. We paddled through a lake and a fun fast-moving stream and enjoyed lunch by the site of the inactive Eagle Lake Railroad. Some other highlights included getting the chance to run Chase Rapids after Churchill Dam released a significant amount of water, and completing our longest paddle of 25 miles through winding rock and wetland mazes. By the end of the trip, the boys were proud of all that they had accomplished. With 13 days on the water, everyone was ready for some time on the Island, but it was hard not to look forward to our hike.

With some time on the Island reunited with the other Expedition Camp group, the boys prepared the Saturday Night Show, which was an excellent performance of *Pine Island's Got Talent* that featured acts such as solo singing, dance performances, poetry, magic, and freestyle *rasping*. The boys delighted the crowd with their energy and lighthearted attitudes and the evening ended with a round of loud and prolonged applause from the rest of the camp.

It was now time to get back to business, and the boys entered expedition prep for the upcoming hike that would cover the northern half of the Long Trail in Vermont. The hike covered a total of

120 miles over 13 days, venturing north-bound through Vermont's most beautiful rugged trails and peaks such as Jay Peak, Mt. Mansfield, Smuggler's Notch, and Mt. Belvedere. The boys learned how different preparing for a hiking trip is from preparing for a canoe trip. They had to consider thoroughly every aspect of this trip, including food planning, pack weights, weather forecasts, and daily mileage and elevation gain. Some highlights of this trip included the countless views atop mountain peaks and meeting and getting to know several thru-hikers who were all thoroughly impressed with the boys' choice of how to spend their summer. Throughout the trip, the boys experienced several challenging moments, including many rainy days, long and grueling steep days, coordinating our food resupply, and cooking all meals in just one pot. Despite these hardships, the boys persisted, made informed choices, perhaps based on mistakes made in the past, and finished strong on Jay Peak with light packs, strong legs, and huge smiles.

We got back to our home base on the mainland at the end of Pine Island Road with a greater understanding of leadership and teamwork along with countless other skills we all need, whether we are deep in the wilderness or living everyday life out in civilization. My thanks to my three co-leaders: Ethan Morrison, Jack Reed, and Sophie Nicolenko.



Ex Camp Director Jack Reed, LTIP Max Klivans, Ex Campers Tanner, Tanner, AJ, Ben, Jimmy, and Ex Camp Director Sophie Nikolenko



Ex Campers Ben, Jimmy, Tanner, and Tanner enjoying the view from the top of Jay Peak



Jimmy with a couple of nice mackerel at Whitehead Island



Misty evening in the Green Mountains



Ex Camp Director Ethan Morrison, Ex campers Melchior, Jet, Madron, Ian, Will, Hunter and Ex Camp Director Will Pomerantz return to PIC after two weeks canoeing in the north Maine woods.



Early start on the Allagash



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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

SHOW YOUR STRIPES!! *and* Support the Lovett Scholarship Fund



As this photo of Jun Swan and his brother Rip in about 1912 shows, blue stripes on a dark gray background go *way* back at Pine Island Camp. For many years Pine Islanders wore those awesome sweaters made by W.H. Brine, makers of wool football jerseys. When the Cabot family of Stowe, VT who have already donated hundreds of pairs of the world’s best socks to Pine Island to support the Lovett Scholarship Fund, offered to donate both the design work and 400 pairs of the new design, we thought it would be great to make a nod to the old sweaters in the new Darn Tough PIC logo socks. The new socks are a bit lighter weight than the originals and are among the most popular Darn Tough Socks.

So, show your stripes and support the Lovett Scholarship Fund. These socks made their first appearance in the Pine Island Camp Store this fall and were a big success. If you missed your chance, don’t worry. Our Camp Store will open again soon. Visit www.pineisland.org and click ‘Alumni’ to find the store and order a fantastic pair of socks. Price: \$35 per pair. Now, wouldn’t it be cool if you could buy one of those sweaters...



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