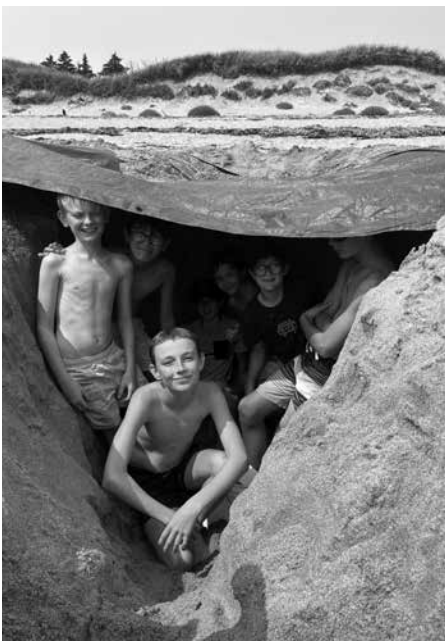


TWO CLASSIC TRADITIONS RETURN TO PIC

By Alex Toole, Director

When I was planning for the summer of 2025, I wanted to bring back some of Pine Island's old traditions as a novel way to maintain the continuity of our camp's unique culture. I started combing through archival photos and documents, searching for events or activities that had been done regularly in decades past. Two immediately stood out: Beach Day and the Really Minor Memorial Baseball League.



Campers relax in a giant trench turned improvised shelter.

Beach Day, as I understand it, was a creation of the late, great Director Emeritus Monte Ball. The tradition went something like this: Monte and a counselor would put on a skit at breakfast, pretending to get into an argument. Monte would then "fire" the counselor, who would announce that as a revolt of sorts, he was taking the entire camp to the beach. At that moment, all the other staff would rush in to celebrate, and soon the campers would be boarding buses bound for Reid State Park. It hadn't happened for about 40 years! This summer, Associate Director Hannah Gordon and Assistant Director/Head Counselor Ben Cabot pulled off a modern version while I was away handling out-of-camp business. Their skit culminated in a full day at Reid State Park for the whole camp, and it was a smashing success. I was glad to be able to meet them there and even help dig a giant trench! Everyone loved the day, and Hannah's planning and leadership made the trip run seamlessly.

The Really Minor Memorial Baseball League, played with a tennis ball and spearheaded by longtime Assistant Director Ned Bishop in the 1970s and 80s, also made a return—though with



The big game in progress on the Ballfield

a few updates. This year we organized a full camp wiffleball game on the Mainland Ballfield, named, in a nod to its predecessor, the Really Minor Memorial Baseball League Annual Duck Itch Awareness Competition of Wiffleball. Campers and staff were split

into two teams, the Henchmen and the Sacred Animals, for a full nine-inning showdown. Temporary walls from the riflery range served as outfield fences, an American flag was raised in center field,

(Continued on page 2)

GENEROSITY OF PINE ISLAND ALUMNI, PARENTS, AND FRIENDS ABOUND!

Next Century Campaign Creates the Pine Island Endowment

Thanks to the generosity of over 100 Pine Islanders, the new Pine Island Endowment joins the A. Sidney Lovett Memorial Scholarship Fund, the Swan Fund, the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Fund, and the Monte Ball Memorial Fund as another important piece in the quest to ensure that Pine Island Camp is financially healthy and able to offer the unique and more-valuable-than-ever Pine Island Experience well into the 21st century and beyond.

PIC's fundraising history actually predates the camp's becoming a not-for-profit institution. Even when the camp was owned by the Swan family and donations were not tax deductible, Pine Islanders made gifts to help fund

vital projects. No doubt Doctor Eugene Swan solicited funds from time to time, especially to help families who needed help paying for the tuition (then less than \$200), travel expenses (by train to North Belgrade), and camping equipment (how much was a wool blanket, a tin cup, and a knife in 1910?). Jun Swan raised funds to build the launches *Jubilee* and *Edith M. Rockwell*, and to purchase the 200-acre tract of land in Norridgewock known as York's Crossing, giving what was then called the War Game a permanent home. Other projects partially funded by donations during Jun and Tats Swan's tenure included a major kitchen rebuild in the late 1950s, the restoration of the Steinway piano in the 1970s, and individual scholarships

for many campers. The members of the then-unofficial Board of Directors decided in the 1980s to create a non-profit fund so that Pine Islanders could make tax-deductible gifts to support scholarship assistance. The A. Sidney Lovett Memorial Scholarship Fund was named for Pine Island's first camper and began with an initial balance of \$20,000. Today, the Lovett Fund is valued at around \$1.5 million and provides tuition assistance to about a dozen families each year.

In 1990 Ben and Emily Swan took over direction of Pine Island from Monte Ball, who was eager to retire after 20 successful years, during which he singlehandedly ran the camp while also serving as a full-time teacher and

assistant headmaster. Shortly after taking the helm, Ben and Emily determined that it would be wise to make the whole Pine Island entity a not-for-profit institution. It was during the IRS trial period, determining whether Pine Island would qualify to be a legally recognized 501(c)(3), that the camp experienced the devastating fire of 1995. Fortunately, any gifts made to the camp in 1995-96 would be tax-deductible, lightening the burden of having to raise over half a million dollars quickly to rebuild the camp. Pine Islanders responded to Ben's unsophisticated but direct appeal in droves and with exceptional generosity, and Pine Island was able to rebuild in

(Continued on page 3)

(Continued from page 1)

and PIC-themed sponsors were posted on the scoreboard (SPAM, Boston Whaler, Hammond Lumber, and more). With a battery-powered speaker and microphones in hand, Assistant Director Taylor Clyde and I provided play-by-play commentary for the entire game. The energy was incredible; campers and staff alike were fully engaged, and it was one of the most fun full-camp activities we’ve had in years.

Bringing back these traditions was about more than just nostalgia—it’s a way to honor Pine Island’s history and maintain the cultural through-lines that

connect generations of campers and staff. Seeing the excitement and joy from both Beach Day and the Really Minor Memorial Baseball League reminded me why traditions like these are worth preserving: they create shared memories, strengthen our community, and ensure that the spirit of Pine Island continues to thrive.



RHE Really Minor Memorial Baseball League											
SA	9	104	90	Annual Duck Itch Awareness Competition OF Wiffleball							
HM	12	127	84	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
HENCH MEN				3	0	2	2	0	0	0	5
SACRED ANIMALZ				2	0	0	0	0	0	4	2
BOSTON WHALER				YETI		SCRAP DOGS COMPOST		SPAM		HAMMOND LUMBER	
AUBUCHON HARDWARE				BUSH'S BEST		DD		HYDRANT BY PICH			

The final result: a close win for the Henchmen, with abundant hits and errors.

NEW VESSELS JOIN PIC FLEET!



Fishing from one of the new Rushton solo canoes

This past summer, Pine Island was thrilled to welcome four wonderful new boats, donated by generous alumni and friends of the camp, to our waterfront fleet. Two of these are replicas of the ten-foot Rushton canoes made famous in the early 1900s by canoe maker John Rushton on the waterways of the Adirondacks. These solo canoes—one blue, one gray—each feature the Pine Island logo sealed onto the bow deck piece and were donated by PIC alumnus Joe Crary. We put them to good use during the 2025 camp season for special occasions, and older campers especially enjoyed fishing from these classic, elegant little canoes.



Geoffrey and Elizabeth Grout at their home in South Carolina, with Katie ready for its journey up to Belgrade Lakes.

We also received two larger boats. *Katie* is a 13-foot “Beach Pea,” designed by highly respected boat designer and builder Doug Hylan. She was built in 1999 by The Landing School in Arundel, Maine, and was donated by alumnus Geoffrey Grout. This remarkable craft is a double-ended peapod, a lighter version of the peapods used all along the Maine Coast in the 19th century for fishing and lobstering. *Katie* rows well and when the wind is right, rowers can hoist a single spritsail much like those on the popular Bezumarangs. Towed from Geoff and Elizabeth Grout’s home in South Carolina by Ben Swan, *Katie* arrived in mint condition, complete with Shaw and Tenney oars and many beautiful details. She has already proved to be a beautiful and versatile vessel, serving both sailing and rowing activities throughout the summer.

Looking ahead to 2026, we are excited to add *Haida*, a 14-foot Whitehall rowboat built in 2022 by the WoodenBoat School in Brooklin, Maine, and donated by friend-of-camp Soozie Large. The Whitehall is an elegant and fast lapstrake-built rowboat of the sort developed in the United States in the 19th century. The basic design is much older and of European ancestry. It strongly resembles a sailing ship’s gig, or a wherry



Katie under sail on Great Pond

once used by watermen for ferry service on the Thames River. They were first built in the U.S. at the foot of Whitehall Street in New York City to ferry goods and people to ships in New York Harbor. *Haida* adds another classic boat to the exceptional Pine Island fleet and will

provide even more opportunities for campers to develop their rowing skills and enjoy time on the water. These new boats are a wonderful enhancement to our program and a testament to the generosity and support of the Pine Island community.

time for the 1996 season without going into debt.

There is no doubt that the sudden and intense effort to rebuild after the fire increased awareness among alumni, parents and friends that Pine Island Camp was (and is!) a not-for-profit institution deserving of their financial support. An Annual Fund was established. The Lovett Fund increased significantly. Generous supporters funded special projects, including the purchase of a diesel engine for the *Katharine W. Swan*, the design and construction of over a dozen beautiful wooden boats, the construction of the Smith Barn, the rebuild of the Kopa Kababa in memory of Tom Schultz, the purchase of a significant portion of Mt. Phillip, and the construction of the floating docks so well loved by those who once risked hypothermia putting in the old mainland and kitchen docks in the spring. Alumni, parents and friends began including Pine Island in their planned giving.

Pine Island Camp is a small institution with a mission that has not changed in well over 100 years, and is, if anything, *more* relevant and important

than it has ever been. The world has changed significantly since Pine Island was founded thirteen years before the first stop sign was erected in the US, and PIC faces pressures and realities undreamed of by Clarence Colby, Dr. Swan, Jun and Tats, Monte, or even Ben and Emily. When Ben retired as director in 2019, he had begun the work of creating a restricted endowment fund similar to that of countless not-for-profit institutions. He made some progress, then the effort was interrupted by the pandemic, and it was necessary to raise a substantial sum to make up for a summer without tuitions. That effort was successful, thanks to many generous alumni, parents and friends of Pine Island. In 2021, Ben reorganized the endowment effort with the invaluable assistance of Doug Orr, a fantastic part-time fundraising advisor.

Doug’s sage advice and hard work set Ben and the hardworking Development Committee on a clear path with a clear goal and gave Ben the confidence he had been lacking as an amateur fundraiser. The goal was set at \$2.5 million of fully restricted endowment funds over a period of four years, the income from

which would provide financial stability and help to curb rising tuition. Thanks to the gifts and pledges of so many generous Pine Islanders, that goal has been reached and PIC is on its way to having \$3 million in fully restricted endowment funds. Woah, King Kababa! Akka Lakka! Rigga Jigga!

Income from the Pine Island Endowment, combined with that of the Lovett Scholarship Fund, will help enormously, and both of these fully restricted funds will continue to grow. The board-restricted Swan Fund has reached its goal of holding funds to equal the cost of two back-to-back PIC seasons with no tuition, and is currently at about \$1.5 million. The board-restricted Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Fund is currently at \$131,000 and provides all the necessary funds to make sure that PIC’s remarkable fleet of beautiful wooden sailboats and rowboats stay in perfect condition.

Pine Island Camp has always forged its own path, and through thick and thin has maintained its integrity with a clear focus on its mission for 125 years. Many not-for-profit institutions that already have astronomical endowments move

from campaign to campaign, barely giving generous donors a chance to catch their breath before they are asked for more and even larger gifts. PIC will not take this path; its fundraising efforts for the foreseeable future will focus on the Annual Fund (Read recent camper and counselor Will Stack’s great letter online or on page 16!), Planned Giving (Put PIC in your will!), and smaller drives to fund special projects from time to time (Stay tuned!).

Saying a simple thank you to all of you who have made gifts to PIC over the past several years is inadequate, but it will have to do. The hope is that you all will take great pride in having helped Pine Island Camp reach this vital goal, and that you will continue to support PIC through generous gifts to whichever fund appeals to you.

On to the 2026 season and Akka Lakka!



THE KING’S GAME

Contrasting Attack Styles and Bold Gambits Result in Close-Fought Mercer Victory

By Nick Isles, Head Umpire

In early August, after a peaceful summer in which kindness, good humor, and concern for others were on full display at PIC, campers and staff found themselves once again in the woods of Norridgewock, engaged in one of the most competitive activities known to man.

Day One of the 2025 King’s Game began with the Mercers, who had declared a few days before, on attack. This was an inherently disadvantageous position, as the declaring army had not won a game in the past eight years. In spite of this challenge, the Mercers forged ahead and stuck to their game plan, which turned out to be stunningly effective; by the end of the morning play period, they had very nearly succeeded in scoring their entire army twice, while minimizing challenge points on both sides.

The afternoon period saw an effective Starks attack that in many ways mirrored the Mercers’ strategy. There was a major difference, however, as the Starks elected to score each member of their army only once (out of three possible scores). The idea was to follow up the attack the following morning with challenge attempts and a scoring blitz, overwhelming the Mercers with the far more numerous scoring points still available to them.

The Starks thus began Day Two with an ambitious, large-scale maneuver headed by General Alex Sidorsky. It was well executed and very nearly worked—two dozen attackers managed



Starks attackers execute a successful mixed step at North Gate.

to get into position undetected—but the impressive poise and sound fundamentals of East Gate leader Will Regier prevented the massive, potentially decisive challenge play. The Starks thereafter remained effective in

scoring and keeping challenge points to a minimum, but it was not enough to match the major Mercer scoring barrage of the previous morning. Going into the afternoon, the Mercers played conservatively, doing what was needed

to minimize damage from challenge points, and scoring themselves to a point of certain victory. When the armies gathered in the center of town, the umpires announced the final score: 150 to 137 in favor of the Mercers.

PIC HIRES NEW ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR!

We are thrilled to announce that Hannah Gordon has started working for Pine Island Camp year-round as our new Associate Director! Hannah first joined Pine Island in 2021 and has since worked in a wide variety of roles—including Caregiver, LTIP Wrangler, Driver, Medic, Skipper, and KC—earning the trust and admiration of both campers and staff. She has been a regular contributor to volunteer weekends and off-season projects, bringing a steady, compassionate, and dependable presence to the island each summer.

Hannah was born in California and moved to Maine as a child, where she grew up in the town of Minot, near Lewiston. She attended Poland Regional High School and Thomas College in Waterville, studying Criminal Justice with a concentration in Forensics. Hannah discovered Pine Island in 2021 on Care.com, where she was looking for roles working with children. As Associate Director, Hannah works full-time at camp during the summer and in the camp office during the off-season, supporting Director

of Operations Sarah Hunter with administrative work, fundraising, and content creation, as well as helping Director Alex Toole with summer program planning, hiring, and camper recruitment. She also spearheads the Waynflete program and helps Facilities Manager Peter Thompson supervise our annual Fall Crew. This is her first off-season on the job, and we couldn't be more excited for the impact her year-round presence will have on our community.



WHO, GAROUGH?? Kababologists Intrigued By Possible Shift in Sacred Animal Trends

Ask any of its distinguished graduates, and they will tell you that despite its venerable reputation, the Yale School of Kababology is typically a rather stuffy, serious-minded sort of place. This may come as a surprise to most Pine Islanders, accustomed as they are to the unannounced, high-octane ministrations conducted by Kababologists between Campfire performances. But as is so often the case, the inner workings of this rarified academic institution are far more prosaic, defined by long hours of study and decorous, esoteric debate that would cause the lay Pine Islander's eyes to quickly glaze over. And yet, this past August, the YSK's nondescript New Haven offices were fairly abuzz with excitement and speculation when news arrived of the Sacred Animal that King Kababa had just bestowed upon the camp: a stocky, fish-like creature known as Garough (pronounced 'Gah-roo') the Dumbah.

The origins of the (relative) uproar engendered by this news can be traced back three decades, to the Great Fire of 1995 and its profound impact on the field of Kababology. As all Pine Islanders know, the conflagration destroyed the Sacred Animals' two principal island residences, Honk Hall and the Dining Hall, but the Animals themselves escaped harm, fleeing across the lake to King Kababa's new home on Mt. Philip. At the Sacred Ceremony

that summer, when the King rewarded the PIC community for its adherence to his principals of honesty, good humor, and respect coupled with a concern for others, he presented us with Phisto the Phiery Phiendish Phoenix—a previously unknown Sacred Animal, as usual. But the following year, Kababologists were thunderstruck when the King abruptly broke with this long-established practice. In 1996, Dopp Dopp the Doleful Durr, who had first appeared in 1955, became the pre-Fire Sacred Animal to return to the island. He would not be the last. "It really was a seismic shift," recalled longtime Kababologist Whit Fisher, whose groundbreaking work in the 1980s remains highly influential to this day. "Before the Fire, the parameters of Kababology were fairly well-defined, and still daunting; incremental advances in birch-bark sign interpretation or Henschman language studies could (and still do) consume entire careers. And then suddenly, we were faced with an entirely new phenomenon: the 'returning' Sacred Animal! It was absolutely jaw-dropping—overnight, the status quo was completely upended. To be honest, I was glad I retired the next year. That was a subject for the next generation to tackle."

The tumult eventually subsided; orthodoxies were questioned, paradigms shifted, and with the application of 21st-century analytical tools, a new discipline



Garough in the 1970s. Note the immature markings and less-developed horn and teeth.

was born. While initially dismissed by some of the more traditionalist elements of the Kababology community, Long-term Sacred Animal Trends, or LSATs, gradually gained traction as a legitimate field of study, and its work is now regularly featured in the academic literature. With 30 years of data now available, the major trends have begun to come into focus. After some initial back-and-forth, returning Sacred Animals became increasingly prevalent in the decade following the Fire, culminating with four in the first half of the 2000s. But after the return of Wiavno the Wanderoo in 2005, King Kababa again changed course, bequeathing us almost exclusively new Animals for the next decade and a half, up through the summer of 2019. In those 15 years, only two pre-Fire Animals—Terrible Thomas the Terrapin in 2011 and Elbee the Outbird in 2017—returned to the island. The current decade began the same way, but with one notable exception. The Covid pandemic of 2020 saw the world thoroughly upended, and with PIC shut down for the first time in over a century, the King rewarded our continued love and support for the island with not one, but two Sacred Animals. Zonule of Zinn the Omnicocular Wiggling Ziggler was a previously unknown Animal, but he

was accompanied by Baby Zingha, the young, diminutive offspring of Zingha the Ghalli-Ghalli Porcupine. "Baby Zingha wasn't a returner per se, but with his unique link to such an iconic pre-Fire Animal...well, I don't think his arrival was a coincidence," said Xander Schwartz, the island's resident Kababologist during that period. "We didn't fully grasp it at the time, but in retrospect, I think the King may have been signaling another shift." This is why the recent return of Garough the Dumbah has caused such a stir in the Kababology community. The procession of new Animals had continued into the 2020s, up through Dr. B. the 18-in-1 Pure Hemp Castile Bee in 2023. But last year, King Kababa saw fit to send us another iconic returner: Magoon the Sploon. The subsequent arrival of Garough the Dumbah marked the first time in exactly two decades that pre-Fire Animals have returned in consecutive years. Could it be the start of a new trend? In the coming months, that question will be foremost in the minds of Kababologists as they go about their usual work of data analysis, interpretation of various signs, and rampant speculation. Only at the Sacred Ceremony of 2026 will we have new, hard evidence of the King's intentions.



The recently returned Garough the Dumbah, 2025.

WHOA! ADVANCED STATS AHEAD!

New Analysis Provides Answers in Long-Running Debate Over Rank Difficulties



Will Stack comes in for a mooring attempt, c. 2012.

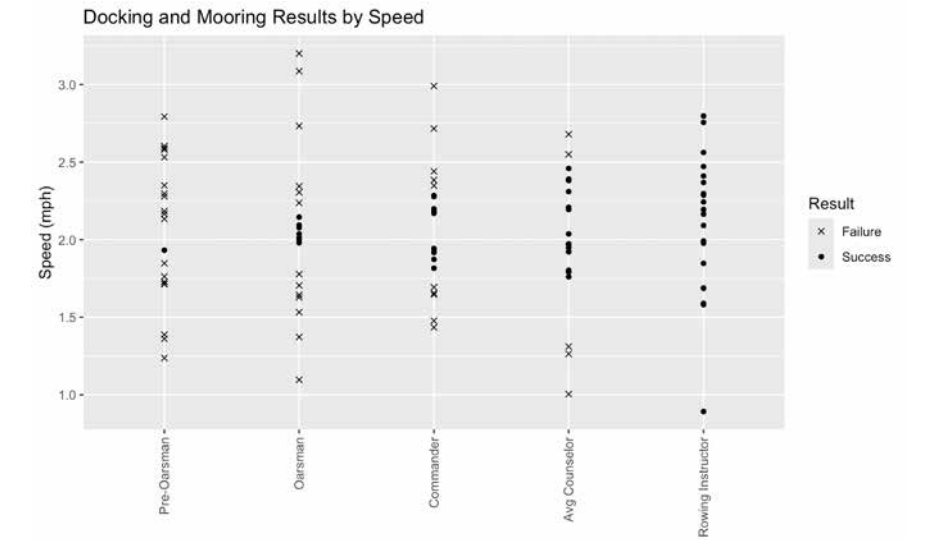
As Umph the Livepig once said: all activities are equal, but some activities are more equal than others. As all Pine Islanders know, instruction in most activities is structured around five ranks, each consisting of six requirements, or “blocks”—skills or knowledge that must be mastered before that magical moment when the instructor grabs a magic marker and fills in the corresponding square next to one’s name on the activity chart. The ranks naturally increase in difficulty,

This past year, PINE SAP (Pine Island’s Newly Exhaustive Statistical Analytics Program) has launched a comprehensive investigation to try to settle the matter once and for all. After speaking with 234 anonymous sources and poring over 1,902 pages that have not previously been made public, PINE SAP, with the help of local Kababologists and Polly Juana Caracas’s exceptional counting abilities, can now conclusively show that when it comes to rank difficulty, not all activities are, in fact, created equal.

There are many blocks at Pine Island that could plausibly claim to be the most challenging. And while it’s certainly no small thing to perform a backflip off the swim dock, build a one-match wet-wood fire, or execute a successful “wet water exit” from a kayak, one block has risen head and shoulders above the rest: Rowing’s infamous “docking and mooring.” Although this block is required for the mere introductory rank of Oarsman, exhaustive analysis of the archives clearly shows that on average, no other requirement takes nearly as many attempts to complete (see Chart 1).

Despite the block’s great difficulty,

Chart 2



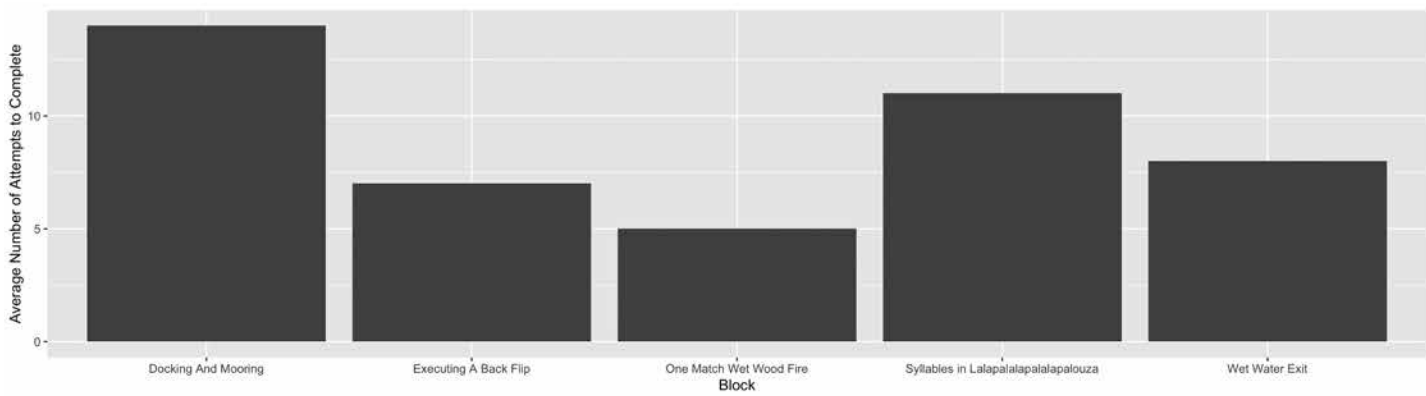
make their way to the bow of the dory before it strikes the dock and clip the bow painter to its corresponding ring. Proper mooring requires a combination of timing, momentum, precision, and grace that can only be described as exquisite. Docking, on the other hand, is relatively straightforward. The rower must approach at an angle, ship their inner oar, and hold water with the outer oar such that, without touching the dock, the boat comes to a stop parallel to it and close enough to safely exit. Combining two such beautifully complex maneuvers

has a minuscule 7.1% success rate, lower than any other block in the Pine Island activity ecosystem.

Interestingly, this data points to another surprising finding, namely that although Oarsman is the first rank in Rowing, it is arguably the most difficult Rowing rank to attain. We found that while only 14% of campers are able to earn their Oarsman each summer, a staggering 88% of Oarsmen go on to earn their Grand Oarsman the following year—far more than any other second rank. Furthermore, 36% of Oarsmen eventually go on to earn the top rank of Commander, the highest such ratio for any activity.

So, while it pains this former canoeing instructor to admit it, the numbers don’t lie: docking and mooring is definitively the most difficult block in any Pine Island activity chart. And while attaining the rank of Commander is certainly no small feat, the hardest and most rewarding part of that epic journey comes early on—in the course of earning one’s Oarsman.

Chart 1



and if a camper completes all five ranks (always culminating with the vaunted and somewhat mysterious “Approval of Instructor” block), they are deemed to have mastered the activity. For much of Pine Island’s history, all instructors have vigorously contended that *their* activity represents the greatest challenge, and thus provides the greatest reward when its ranks are finally attained.

to include docking and mooring in Rowing’s first rank is perfectly sensible; these are the basic skills required to safely return one’s dory to the dock at the conclusion of an activity period. To moor, a solo rower must approach the dory dock straight on, ship their oars at the right moment, clip the stern painter to the ring of the passing buoy, and then (maintaining three points of contact!)

in a single block results in a requirement of unrivaled difficulty.

As Chart 2 indicates, no subgroup of rowers (apart from seasoned professionals) can consistently dock and moor. Moreover, to earn the block an aspiring Oarsman must execute both maneuvers two consecutive times without error. Our number crunching has found that the average candidate

Till next time, Akka Lakka!

Xander Schwartz, K.D.
PINE SAP Founder and COO
(Communications Optimization Officer)

THANK YOU, LINDSAY!

The summer of 2025 marked Lindsay Clarke’s fifth and final season as Summer Manager, and we want to take a moment to celebrate her incredible service to Pine Island Camp. Lindsay brought maturity, experience, and a mother’s wisdom to the role, and her unwavering loyalty to the camp, its staff, and its campers made her an invaluable presence. Who can forget her dedication to executing the loon count every summer, and her fastidious upkeep and curation of the PIC Library?

Lindsay’s history with Pine Island is long and distinguished. She first joined the camp as a high schooler with the

Whitehead Light Keeper program in 1999 and returned in 2000 to fill in on the kitchen crew. She spent the next five summers, from 2001 to 2005, as head Swimming instructor and an exceptional leader on hiking and canoeing trips. After serving as Assistant Director in 2007, Lindsay stepped away to pursue a career as a nonprofit leader and educator, running an aid organization in Cameroon and teaching history at Waynflete School in Portland from 2007 to 2023. Through it all, her family—daughter Sagan, son Silas, and their beloved cat Moxie—have been at her side, on and off the island.

Lindsay’s thoughtful leadership, deep knowledge of camp operations, and genuine care for every member of the Pine Island community have left an enduring mark. We are deeply grateful for her years of dedication and for the countless ways she shaped and improved our camp. She will be challenging to replace, but we are fortunate that Associate Director Hannah Gordon will be stepping in to assume Lindsay’s duties in the years ahead.

Thank you, Lindsay, for everything you’ve given to Pine Island! You will be missed, but your legacy will continue to guide us in the summers to come.



NEW SEEDS

By Ben Cabot

Ofentimes, Pine Islanders are rooted from a young age in the longstanding traditions of our century-and-a-quarter-old institution. For the most part, the culture of Pine Island Camp is one of seeds planted long ago, with roots driving further downward and branches reaching ever skyward. With such a dense forest of tradition now standing on Pine Island, it may seem that a new seed wishing to take root here would find the soil somewhat crowded.

But this summer, an unprecedented number of brand-new international staff members did just that, bringing with them diverse cultural perspectives and experiences. Marianna Sáñez and Corina Huertas, best friends from Colombia, taught tennis to the tune of upbeat Latin music, while their countryman Juan Nunez Molina presided over the Woodcraft area, bringing his experience as a volcano hiker to our humble tract of forest on the Mainland. Swimming was

taught by Diego Morales and Sofia Perez, from Mexico and Spain respectively; they made sure campers learned their strokes, tucked their dives, and executed some of the biggest cannonballs in PIC history. Alex Eisen of Great Britain may not have crossed the Atlantic aboard a ship, but on Great Pond he taught campers how to pilot a far mightier vessel: the kayak. And it was thanks to Joan Palau of Spain, Pine Island’s first ever Paddleboarding instructor, that campers instantly fell in love with the activity.

In the Workshop, Shay Usdin du Toit brought his skills from South Africa and helped campers complete impressive projects, from the classic PIC shelf to a card table for the Kopa. The remarkable number of fish caught by campers in Fly Fishing was a fitting metaphor for the larger-than-life enthusiasm of their instructor Oliver Walters, who came to us all the way from New Zealand. And

while we never learned the truth of the rumors of Diwa Guangcairen, who hails from Xinjiang, shooting bullseyes with a bow and arrow on horseback, her incredible expertise and sense of humor drew large crowds to the Archery Range.

It’s never easy to go to work in a foreign country, and to attune oneself to the ancient, unique, and occasionally esoteric traditions of a place like Pine Island must surely be an even greater challenge. And yet at this year’s Sacred Ceremony, one could observe all staff members, new and old, honoring the rites and rituals of King Kababa, complete with towels, inside-out and backwards t-shirts, and frequent Sacred Animal chants. This moment above all spoke to the can-do attitude of every new staff member, and to the fresh perspectives they brought to camp this summer. To those that ventured far and wide to become a part of PIC in 2025, we thank you, both for your trust and

for your “buy-in” to the place we love the most. May the new seeds planted upon the soil of Pine Island continue to flourish!



Oliver Walters with one of the many bass caught in his Fly Fishing classes

PINE ISLAND CROSSWORD

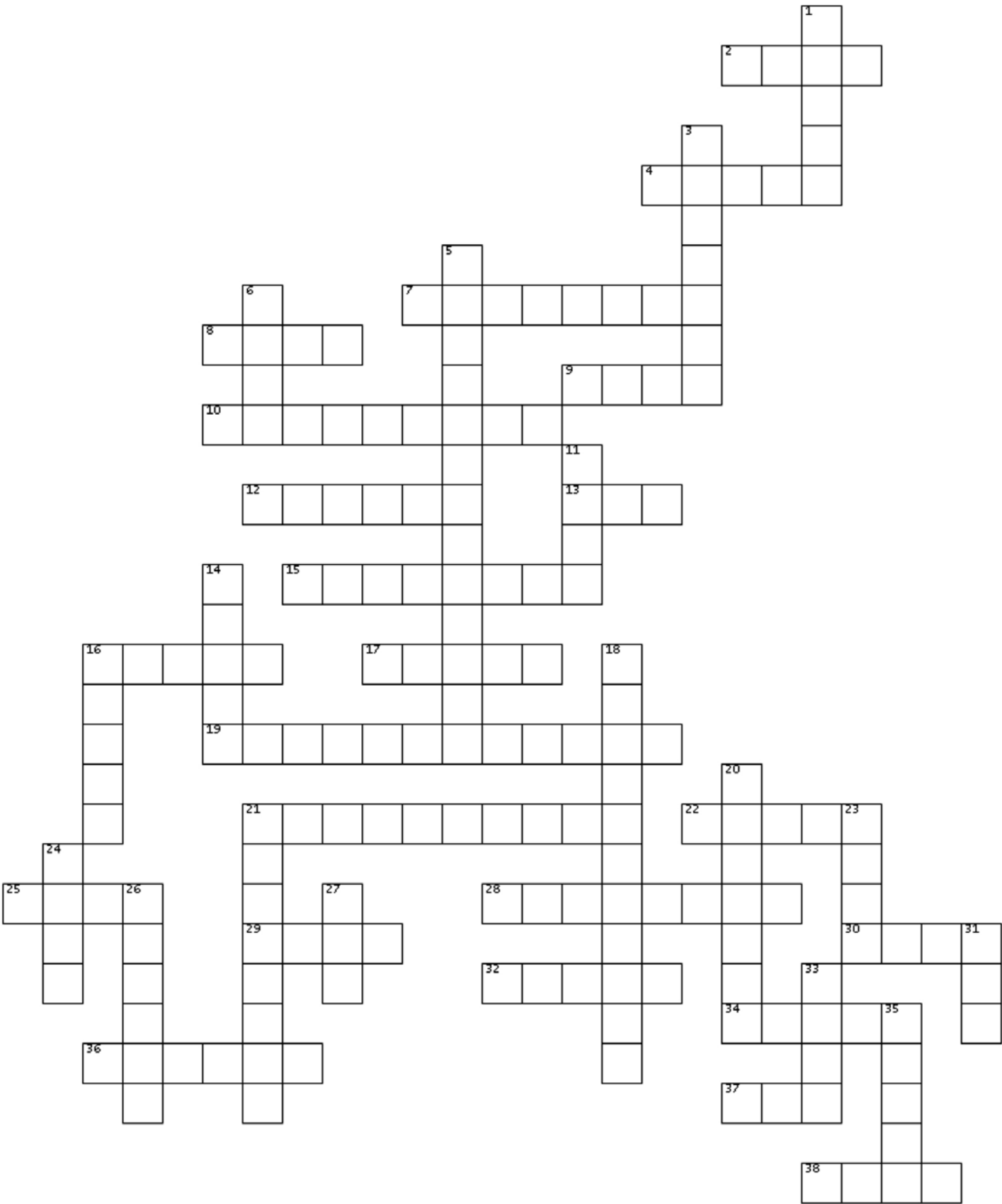
By Hannah Gordon, Anders Westermann, Angel Brackett, and Sawyer Carson

ACROSS

- 2. Island maintenance team member, for short
- 4. Tents with best sunset views
- 7. Nightly blaze
- 8. ____ the Moose
- 9. Evergreen tree
- 10. PIC trip, off the coast
- 12. Mt. Philip’s most famous resident
- 13. Belliger ____, singular
- 15. ____ Living is Our Goal
- 16. Pine Island swat team practice
- 17. Watercrafts
- 19. End-of-week feast
- 21. Island eatery
- 22. ____ or canoe, which one for you?
- 25. Shop’s greatest resource
- 28. Sacred animal, Sr.
- 29. Unit with a shared goal
- 30. Ghub Ghub, by half
- 32. In nursing school
- 34. Man’s best friend
- 36. A Pine Publication
- 37. Activity for racket lovers, for short
- 38. Found on activity sheet for AM anglers

DOWN

- 1. Group of tents, rising upwards
- 3. Trail-ready bottle brand
- 5. Moved to Mt. Philip in 1902
- 6. ____ King Kababa!
- 11. Island felines
- 14. Island residences
- 16. Oldest campers’ neighborhood, for short
- 18. Island’s female residence
- 20. Those who populate the island
- 21. 3 steps only!
- 23. Crowned head
- 24. Adventure on one’s own
- 26. Gets us there safely
- 27. Shorthand for paddle boarding
- 31. Archery implement
- 33. Water bird with haunting call
- 35. Getaways



IN MEMORIAM

By Ben Swan



Stewart Pierson with Jun Swan (left) and Sam Brown, Jr. (center) following the dedication of the Steinway baby grand that Stew gave to the camp, 1980

Stewart Pierson died on January 31, 2025, at the age of 87. Stew was a counselor at Pine Island from 1955-1959 and an assistant director in 1962 and '63. His children, Sarah and Stewart, each worked for one summer at Pine Island as well. Stew was a sailing instructor, and his enthusiasm for getting out on the water lasted his entire life. Starting in 1966, he and his wife, Julie Berger Pierson, spent summers at their home on Deer Isle, where Stew sailed his 18-foot Flying Scot any day that the wind allowed. He was also an excellent pianist; one of Ben Swan's most difficult calls after the Fire of 1995 was to break the news that the Steinway baby grand that Stew donated to Pine Island had been lost when Honk Hall burned. Stew's lifelong love for Pine Island Camp was expressed through his close and lasting friendship with Jun and Tats Swan and their family long after Stew's tenure at PIC ended. He became an Episcopal minister, serving four parishes over 40 years, in Pittsburgh and Wilkes-Barre, PA; Lakewood, OH; and South Burlington, VT. Stew enthusiastically supported and encouraged Ben Swan (born in July of Stew's first summer) during Ben's tenure as Director. Ben gained confidence, especially early on, from the energy, warmth, and humor



Stewart Pierson at the helm of a Woodtick with campers Allan Bullard and Harry Teague, 1956

for which Stew was known by countless others throughout his life. Ben and Pine Islander Tom Yoder, a neighbor of the Piersons on Deer Isle, attended a beautiful and moving memorial service at St. Brendan's Episcopal Church on Deer Isle last June. Akka Lakka, Stew!

Peter Siebert passed away peacefully at Emerson Hospital in Concord, MA on February 22, 2025, at the age of 70. Peter was a camper in 1966 and 1967 and shared his Pine Island experience with his father; his three brothers, Charlie, Tom, and Ted; his son Luke and his nephew Will. Charlie was a perfect fit for PIC, who skied, hiked, rowed, paddled and sailed with enormous enthusiasm throughout his life. Peter was valedictorian of his Concord-Carlisle High School class, graduated from Dartmouth, received an M.A. from the Middlebury Language School, and earned a second M.A. in Geographic Information Systems from Clark University, thus enabling him to apply new computing tools to his personal fascination with geography and maps. He eventually joined the Harvard University Planning and Development office, where he spent the last 17 years of his career. Peter shared his love of outdoor adventure throughout his life with his wife Candace, his children, his sister Terry, his brothers and their children. For the last 25 years of his life, Peter was plagued with a parade of serious health problems that gradually curtailed some of his more strenuous adventures, but he never gave in. He sailed as long as he could and insisted on getting outdoors, one way or another, until the end. When Peter's health woes included failing kidneys, he put his dialysis supplies in kayaks, carried them into lodges, and had them delivered to sailboats in the Caribbean. His son, Luke, recalls Peter retrieving his high school French to explain to the ski patrol in Quebec why he needed to spend an hour in their room; another photo documents him lying on an island beach with a piece of driftwood serving as an IV stand. The Siebert clan will miss Peter and so will the greater Pine Island community. Akka Lakka, Peter!

Mary Crary died on June 6, 2025, at the age of 97. Mary, mother of Pine

Islander Joe Crary and longtime Pine Island supporter Margot Crary, was herself an enthusiastic supporter of Pine Island for over 70 years. Her relationship with PIC began in the 1950s, when Tats and Jun Swan moved to 1901 Asylum Avenue in West Hartford, CT, which happened to be across a cornfield from the home of Mary and Noyes Crary on Hickory Lane. Mary and Tats had both attended the Chatham Hall School in Chatham, VA, and immediately became fast friends. Mary was an insuppressibly positive, generous, enthusiastic person throughout her long life, and her enthusiasm for and generosity to Pine Island Camp was a constant throughout the tenures of Jun and Tats Swan, Monte Ball, and Ben and Emily Swan. The guest room at Mary's home was open to all Swans, and Ben spent many nights on his recruiting travels at 1 Reservoir Road in Farmington, CT, where Mary provided sustenance and much-needed encouragement. She was among the earliest financial supporters of Pine Island Camp, and one of the first to make a major gift following the Fire of 1995. Mary and her family and friends were also annual visitors to the Swans on Whitehead Island for over 50 years, where her infectious laugh and keen interest in everyone's wellbeing and goings-on at both Whitehead Island and Pine Island never flagged. Akka Lakka, Mary!

William Langewiesche died of cancer on June 15, 2025, at age 70. William was a camper for three summers, 1966-1968. He became a renowned journalist, as well as an experienced and adventurous pilot. Pine Island parent Trip Gabriel, a longtime *New York Times* staff writer, wrote in William's obituary, entitled "William Langewiesche, the Steve McQueen of Journalism":

"Mr. Langewiesche ... was one of the most prominent longform nonfiction writers of recent decades. He was an international correspondent for *Vanity Fair*, a writer-at-large for *The New York Times Magazine* and a national correspondent for *The Atlantic*. For ten years running, from 1999 to 2008,

his pieces were finalists for the National Magazine Award, and he won it twice: in 2007 for "Rules of Engagement," about the killing of 24 unarmed civilians by U.S. Marines in 2005 in Haditha, Iraq; and in 2002 for "The Crash of EgyptAir 990," about a flight that went down in the Atlantic Ocean in 1999. He chose to write often about calamitous events, piecing together a meticulous explanation for what went wrong while portraying the human subjects under his microscope with sympathy."

William went on to write many well-received non-fiction books, including *The Atomic Bazaar*; *The Outlaw Sea*; and *American Ground*, *Unbuilding the World Trade Center*; as well as dozens of longform articles for *The Atlantic*, *Vanity Fair*, *Flying* and many others. He was a charming and charismatic guest at Monte Ball's retirement party at the Explorers Club in New York City in 2010. Akka Lakka, William!

Pat Voigt died on November 13, 2024. Pat, his brother Uli, and their close friend Chris Krause were all counselors in the mid-1960s, coming to PIC from what was then West Germany. Tim Holbrook was assistant director at Pine Island at the time, and he and his wife Franny had a lifelong close friendship with Pat and his partner Sabina, visiting and traveling together many times, including to Pat and Sabina's favorite vacation home in the mountains of Spain. Pat also visited Jun and Tats Swan at their homes in Maine and remained close through written correspondence. Pat was a very talented artist and art teacher throughout his life. When he was the Workshop counselor at Pine Island, Pat decided that the Shop needed repainting, and the result was the much-loved dragon paint job, faithfully reproduced in recent years by John Bunker and his daughter Phoebe. Pat and Uli had a very close relationship with King Kababa and especially approved of the original Potwarp, the Lalapalooza Lobster. Akka Lakka, Pat!



Pat Voigt with campers in the window of the newly painted Shop, 1964

CAMPERS WRITE...

The following contributions first appeared in the 2025 Mid-Summer Pine Needle: a collection of articles, poetry, and artwork that seeks to provide a glimpse into the creative, imaginative, and active lives of campers at Pine Island.

Why I Love Fishing

By Griffin Luckhurst-Fletcher

A few days ago, during Fly Fishing class, I caught a bass. It was nine inches long. (I also almost got my “25-foot cast” block.) At first, I thought the hook was caught on the bottom, because that had happened a few times before. But instead, it was a bass! That’s what I love about fishing: you never know if what you catch is going to be big, small, or nothing at all. You also never know when you might catch something, so you have to be patient and alert. Everyone should fish, because it tests your patience, and the more patience you have, the easier it will be to help people.

PIC Conspiracy Theories

By Tom Viennot

Ford Skogen: Alex Toole is rigging tent inspection and is also turning Pine Island into a baseball club.
Hudson Eklund: Buckley’s feet have an infinite stink.
Ben Ohly: Tent 15 never existed.
Taylor Clyde: Alex Toole didn’t actually hire international staff; they’re just very well-trained actors.

Fourth of July Report!

By Isaiah Sherman

Every year, PIC has an amazing tradition for the Fourth of July. A select group of campers are picked to build a giant raft, and after Campfire, the rafts are set ablaze. This year the two rafts were a cowboy hat and a tank. The tank burned for much longer than the cowboy hat. We also enjoyed a fireworks show put on by one of our neighbors across the lake. It was a very fun event, and I recommend getting as close to the front of the activity line as possible so you can help build the rafts.



Cardboard Rafts Set Ablaze by Isaiah Sherman

The Game of Dustball

By Ben Ralles

Dustball is a very special game that is only played at Pine Island. There are many aspects of the game, like dodging and alliances. Dustball is a game kind of like dodgeball; there are many rules that are the same and some that are different. Some rules that are the same are: no headshots, and if you catch the ball, the person who threw it is out. On the other hand, some rules that are different are: there is only one ball, and you only have three steps. Many people play dustball; even some counselors do. The three best players are:

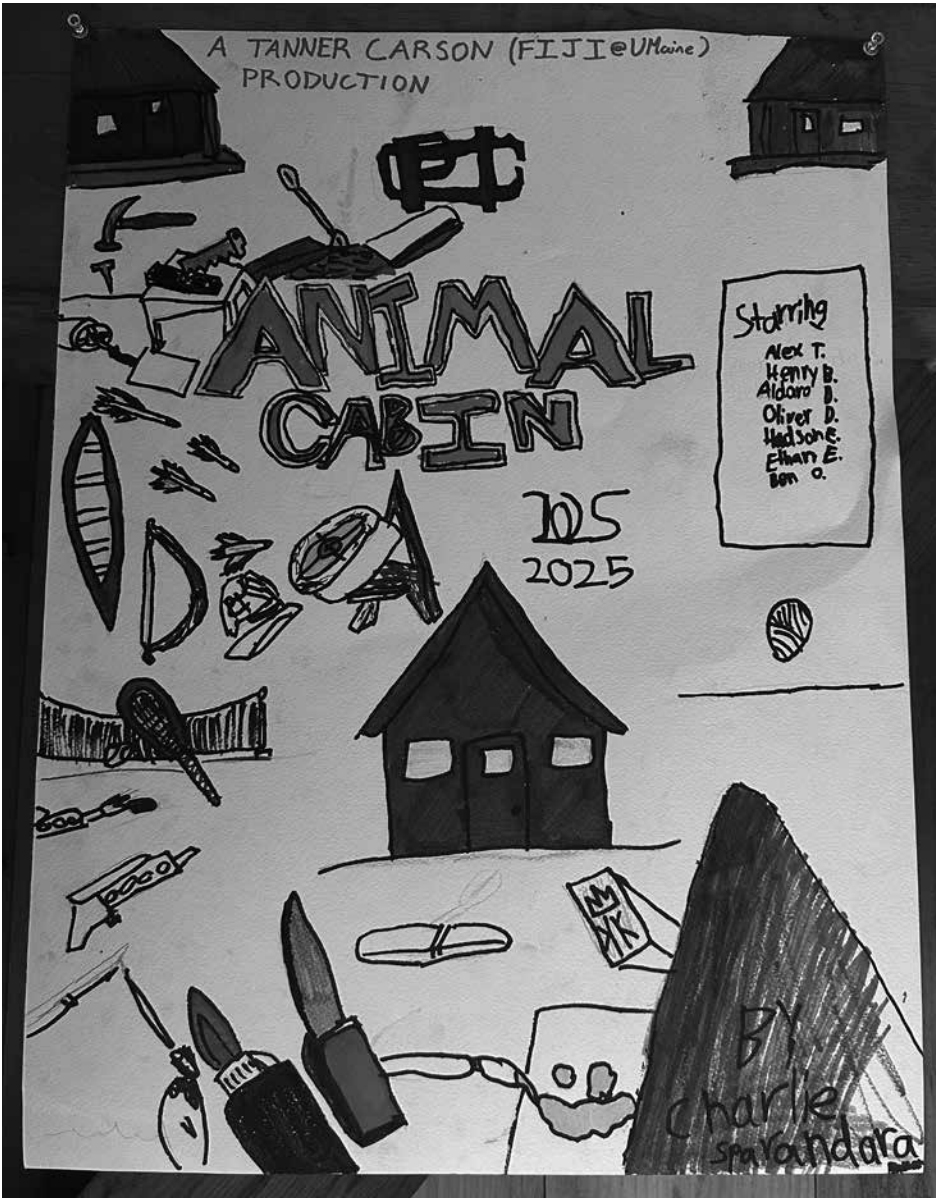
Campers	Counselors
1. Averill M.	1. Max B.
2. Desmond T.	2. Anselm B.
3. Baadj A.	3. Will R.

Old Speck Trip Report

By Christian Everhart
and Desmond Taylor

Day 1: Scott dropped Buckley, Juan and our crew off at the head of Austin Brook Trail. We received ham and cheese sandwiches and hiked 3.6 sweaty and rainy miles until we reached Gentian Pond campsite.
Day 2: We hiked 12-ish miles over peaks and ridges, while sweating non-stop. Constant “encouragement” from Buckley kept our gang moving until we got to Full Goose campsite, where we had buffalo chicken mac n’ cheese.
Day 3: We woke up to dried ramen and Belvita bars, which helped us get through the icy Mahoosuc Notch and Arm, which were extremely draining.* From there, we had a smooth journey to Speck Pond campsite, where we had pesto Spammies and swam in the pond.
Day 4: We hiked 4 total miles in which we ventured to the top of Old Speck Mountain, where we burned our sacred unicorn stuffed animal next to the Speck Fire Tower. We then continued downhill slowly and back to Scott to finish our trip.
**Editor’s Note: This section is widely considered to be the hardest mile on the entire Appalachian Trail.*





SNS Review: Animal Cabin

By Ben Ohly

So far this summer we have had one SNS (Saturday Night Show), called Animal Cabin. It was based on the 80s movie Animal House, which is about two rival college fraternities. The SNS was about the two cabins for campers on the island: North Hampton and Kopa.

One of the most entertaining parts of the show was seeing how parts of Animal House were reimagined in the Pine Island setting. For example, instead of students failing their classes, the campers were doing badly in activities. And instead of stealing from a grocery store, the campers steal candy from the Trip Locker.

There was also a good variety of humor. The jokes were kept appropriate, but remained funny and got laughs from campers of all ages. (For example, one of the characters tries to give an inspiring speech, but loses the inspiration effect when claiming it was the Germans who bombed Pearl Harbor.)

Another aspect that made the show so enjoyable was its relatability. There were lots of references that only a Pine Islander would understand, making the entire show feel unique and special. For example, the pranks that the two cabins pull on each other are all pranks that could only be pulled at Pine Island, like soaping up the dock or hiding Alex Toole’s dog, Scout, in another person’s bed. The show was a great balance of parody and original ideas, making it an interesting and entertaining piece of work. And for that, it deserves admiration.

The PIC Banana Hunt

By Charlie Sparandara-Bauer

As the kitchen crew moves fast for another bowl of apples, campers rampage into the Dining Hall for bananas.

It all started when one camper desired more than just apples, and got a banana. When he tried this new fruit, he wanted more! The word spread. Soon 10 campers wanted bananas. Then 30. Then 40. And it went on. Bowl after bowl. Box after box. Truckload after truckload. Pine Island was obsessed with bananas!

Soon bananas became famous. Dustballers, swimmers, rowers, kayakers, and woodcrafters all ate bananas for snacks. It was madness. Some campers called it: The PIC Banana Hunt. And so it was.

The banana hunt may have died down now, but there are still those who lurk to take the leftovers.

The Secret Fishing Trip

By Ford Skogen

One day on the Isle of Pine, invites went out to six lucky people: Buckley Livingston, Desmond Taylor, George Stanley, Sam Breese, Johnny Miller, and me, Ford Skogen. We were invited on a fishing trip for most of the day. It was an eight-minute drive to a neighboring lake called McGrath Pond and during four and a half hours of fish-eat-fish, George, Ford and Johnny each caught a smallmouth bass, Sam caught a big largemouth bass, and Desmond caught three pumpkin seeds and a yellow perch—all after a lunch of hamburgers, corn, and red hot dogs.



PINE ISLAND CAMP 2025—ANOTHER GREAT SUMMER!



The Day Sail trip enjoying their store stop



George caught a bass!



Sailing class makes the most of a breezy day.



Sebastian hones his piano skills.



Thomas digs deep in a kayak race at the Regatta.



A photo finish for a canoe race at the Regatta



John Henry and Spencer pulling for first place at the Regatta



David, Scott, Caleb, and George playing cards in the library



Campers learn about sea urchins at the tide pools on Whitehead.



Abe water-skiing behind the War Canoe at the Regatta



Some paddleboarding antics



Ferris and Diego decide what block to work on next.



Ben and Ethan get ready for the Lobster Feast!



Senior Whites at the summit of Mt. Washington



Strike one for Cade



Scott and Liam play cards during rest hour.



Senior Canoe, geared up and ready to go



George and Charlie pilot 'Evelina' on a windy day.



Campers stand proudly over the massive trench they dug on Beach day.



Campers on Maine Peaks



Averill and Johnny sailing 'Merganser' in perfect conditions



Brothers Alvaro and Sebastian row double-banked in one of the Stimson dories.



Campers resting on Old Speck



At the summit of Saddleback



Artwork during downtime



Expedition Campers enjoying a beautiful sunset



Enjoying the views on Bald Pate



Campers look on as rafts burn on the 4th of July.



Getting ready to hike Mt. Katahdin



Berly caught a pike!



Ollie shows Alex proper fly fishing technique.

ANOTHER YEAR OF REPAIRS AND IMPROVEMENTS!

By Peter Thompson, Facilities Manager



The newly re-shingled eastern side of Honk Hall

2025 was a productive year in which Pine Island Camp saw plenty of upgrades, repairs, installations, and replacements. In the spring, we hit the ground running with three large projects. First on the list was replacing a 30-foot section of our power cable where it enters Great Pond from the mainland shore, followed by upgrades to both perches to improve bacterial composting action and waste removal from the island. But by far the largest improvement was a complete makeover of our water system. PIC is now a registered Public Drinking Water System through the State of Maine's Drinking Water Program! Congratulations to ID# ME0092904!

Just before camp started, four outdoor showers and an infirmary shower were installed to comply with new state regulations. I don't think King Kababa was too impressed with these additions...but the law's the law, and over time he may come around! As staff arrived, Alex and Hannah did a beautiful job of rebuilding the two 20-foot swim docks. They're so sturdy (and correspondingly heavy) that it took the whole crew to launch them from the kitchen dock. There was a noticeable sigh of collective relief as we watched Hannah tow them off towards the Cove in the Lund.

When Camp is in session, I oversee certain operations from the sideline.



The new Archery range platform

This year in particular, as the new water system requires daily monitoring and recording and I am not scheduled in every day, I have two "shout outs" I would like to make. First to Lindsay Clarke, who did a wonderful job monitoring the water system when I wasn't on site. The other one goes to Alex Sidorsky, an awesome LTIP Wrangler who kept his crew busy changing propane tanks, supplying firewood, removing waste, and so much more!

As summer came to a close and the campers and staff departed, it was time for the Fall Crew to get into gear. What they accomplished was quite impressive, far too numerous and varied to provide a complete list—but

here are a few highlights. Honk Hall is now completely re-shingled. The platforms of Tents 1 and 3 have been replaced, with five more on the docket for replacement next fall. Magoon boasts a beautiful new wraparound deck. There is a new firewood shed at the Campfire Circle, and the Archery range has been transformed with a new deck and outdoor benches.

As Alex and I look forward to 2026, we have planned another busy year of island maintenance and beautification. It's very exciting to be a part of these wonderful changes!



The newly rebuilt Tent 3 platform



Magoon's new porch!

“THAT’S NO LOON...” A Moose Pays a Visit to Pine Island!

It was a quiet afternoon during Staff Week when Taylor Clyde, ever vigilant and apparently overdue for an eye exam, spotted what he thought was an unusually large loon swimming toward the western shore of the Second Island. “That’s no loon,” he quickly realized, as the creature’s long snout and perked ears came into focus. Taylor called out to Director Alex Toole, who sprinted to the scene, prepared to defend Pine Island from this mysterious invader. Fortunately, the uninvited guest had

no interest in conflict. Instead, a moose calmly emerged from the water, took a short, dignified stroll across the Second Island as if inspecting our pre-camp progress, then slipped back into the lake and swam off toward the mainland, leaving an audience of stunned counselors in its wake. We all stood there open-mouthed, realizing that none of us had actually known moose could swim across open water, let alone do it so gracefully. But as we later learned, moose are excellent

swimmers, capable of cruising at up to six miles per hour and covering several miles without breaking a sweat. They can even dive up to 15 feet underwater to nibble on aquatic plants! This one seemed perfectly at home in Great Pond, gliding between islands like it was out for a morning stroll. The encounter reminded us that even before the campers arrive, Pine Island never lacks for visitors—or surprises.



The moose off the western shore of the Second Island, photographed from a respectful distance

A SHOP VAN GOGH HOMECOMING

By Zander and Simon Abranowicz

From painter Fairfield Porter to photographer George Tice, the Maine Coast has long attracted artists seeking inspiration from its singular scenery, culture, and climate. For many years, it's also been a magnet for the young artists of Pine Island.

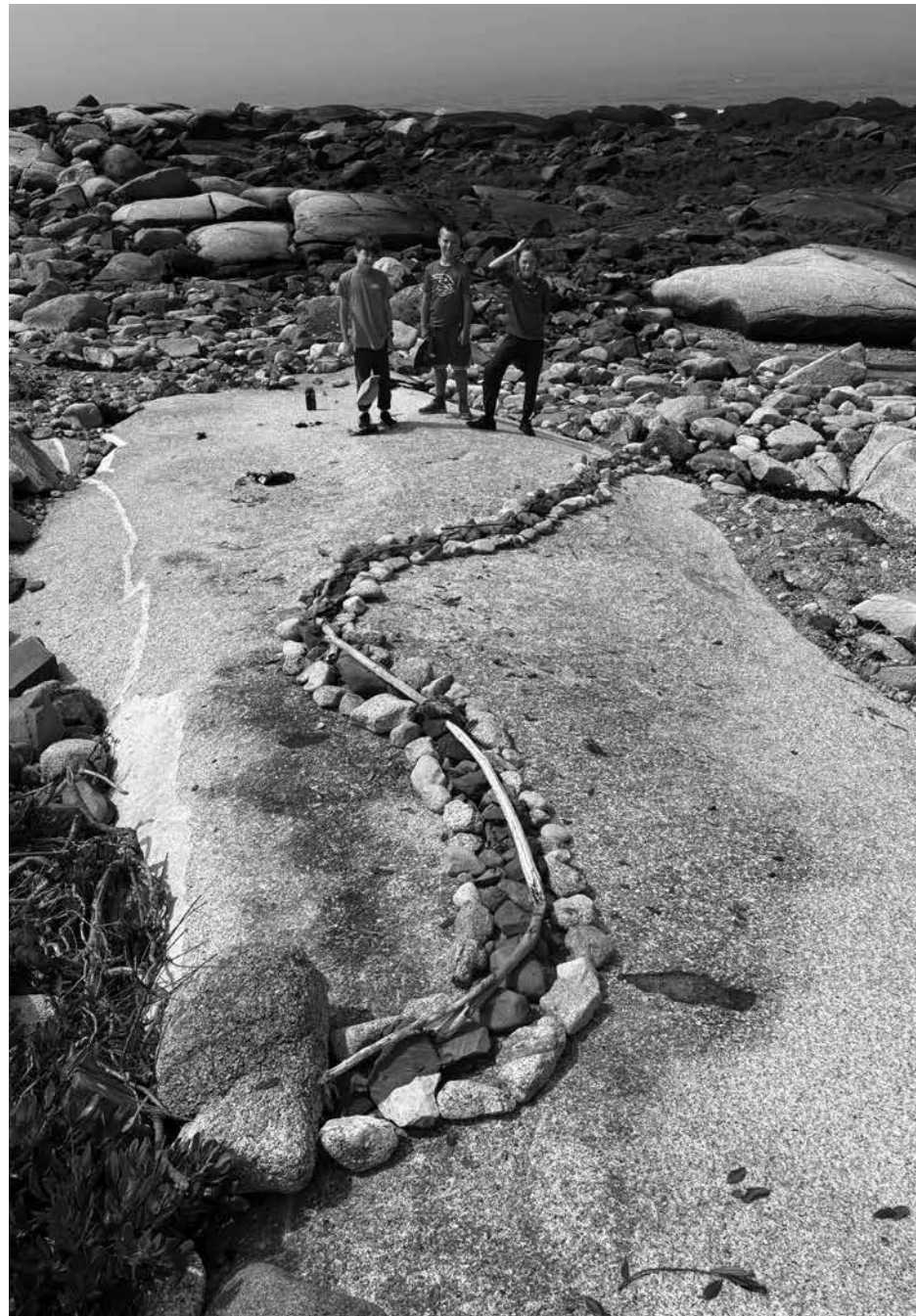
When we were campers, we'd eagerly await the annual art-centric trip to Whitehead Island known as Shop Van Gogh. We'd pack up our drawing pads and colored pencils and venture out to the island for a few days of artwork, along with the customary Whitehead games and rituals.

So when Alex Toole invited us to lead last summer's Shop Van Gogh, we jumped at the chance. We're two brothers who run a design studio together, and we were keen on sharing the joy of creative expression with the next generation of Pine Islanders.

With Simon flying in from Los Angeles and Zander driving up from New York, we converged at the landing, where the boat took us through the fog to the shores of Whitehead. We met the able Director Sam Hecklau, his LTIP-like lieutenants, and 11 lucky campers in the compound.

Over the next four days, we revived some classic Shop Van Gogh activities. For Goldsworthy Bemis, we split up into small teams and spread out over the rocky coastline, using the palette of nature—from stones and pine needles to driftwood and colorful leaves—to make land art installations in the style of artist Andy Goldsworthy. We also introduced some new traditions like Exquisite Corpse Comic Books, in which campers collaborated to write and illustrate a story set on the island.

Between activities, we recharged our



August G., Lyle F., and Ford S. with their Goldsworthy Bemis sculpture

creative batteries with frequent games of Noopletucker, delicious Kababa Burgers, frigid dips in the Atlantic, campfire songs performed by Whitehead chef Matthew Hawkins, an especially competitive afternoon of the Whitehead Game, and

a remarkably peaceful meditation guided by Sam out on Lobster Rock.

From the time we could hold pencils, we learned that if you can make art, you'll never be bored. Pine Island honed our ability to make our own



Artwork by Anonymous



Artwork by Dathan Nesbitt

entertainment and share it with friends. The most special part of the trip was finding that while more than a decade has passed since we were campers and counselors, the creative spirit of Pine Island is as strong as ever.



Simon Abranowicz leads a Goldsworthy Bemis discussion group.



Artwork by Zander Abranowicz



WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE, BUT NOT A DROP... OF RAIN?

PIC Experiences Driest Maine Summer in Decades

This past summer at Pine Island felt like something out of Hollywood—blue skies, clear air, and uninterrupted afternoons of sunshine. After an absolute downpour on the first full day of camp, we rarely saw a gray cloud for the rest of June, July, and August. While the beautiful weather was a gift in many ways, it was impossible to ignore what was happening across Maine. The numbers tell the story: Summer 2025 was the sixth driest on record for the state, and the driest since 1995. Many regions received less than half their usual rainfall, and by mid-August, roughly 80% of Maine was experiencing moderate to severe drought conditions. In some places, the rainfall deficit topped nine inches over the three summer months.

“Drought” sounds dire—and in some respects it was—but the dry conditions also brought real silver linings to camp life. With hardly a rainy day, trips ran on schedule and daily activities unfolded without interruption. On the trail, we avoided slippery hiking conditions and mountaintop thunderstorms. Lightning never threatened our fun during activities, and the endless sunshine encouraged campers and staff alike to embrace the unplugged, nature-based rhythms that define Pine Island. Indoor campfires were nearly nonexistent, and the Regatta went ahead without a hitch. Even the oft-repeated, never-verified truism that it always rains during the King’s Game was called into question; we had gorgeous weather for all three days in Norridgewock. In short: beautiful

days, active boys, and very happy trip leaders.

Still, the dry spell came with challenges we couldn’t ignore. Fire risk across Maine was unusually high, with the state reporting more wildfires and elevated danger levels throughout the summer. On the island, we tightened our fire-safety protocols—around campfires, in the Woodcraft area, and on trips—to ensure caution matched the conditions. The other major challenge was low water: Great Pond dropped about 18 inches below its usual midsummer level! A few of our sailboats, normally unhindered, ran briefly aground near Needle Point and other shallow areas. It took extra vigilance from our waterfront staff, careful monitoring of channels, and a bit of mid-season maintenance to keep

things running smoothly. Thankfully, our amazing volunteers handled the bigger repairs during the annual Sloan Critchfield Boat Maintenance Weekend!

As we look back on a season of sunshine and adventure, we also carry forward a few lessons. We’ll hold on to the joy of dry, clear days and the freedom they bring, while planning ahead with greater awareness: more fire-risk preparedness, more careful monitoring of lake water levels, and flexible systems in place for whatever Mother Nature sends next. In so doing, we stay true to Pine Island’s mission: to nurture independence, concern for others, honesty, generosity, and good humor—and to help boys find joy in nature, even as nature continues to change.

MY FIRST SLOAN WEEKEND

By Sam Lanoff

Every year, some six weeks after the Farewell Feed, a number of staff, alumni, parents—and even some especially brave significant others—return to Pine Island to help repair and maintain the camp’s fleet of wooden boats, the lifeblood of its waterfront activities. This September, I left the serenity of my yuppie Washington, DC apartment to take part in this tradition for the first time.

My journey began at Union Station, a few blocks from the Capitol Building, riding to New York’s Penn Station and then trekking (with a somewhat out-of-place Everest-equipped hiking pack) across town to Grand Central. I rode out to suburbia to spend the night with my parents, rented a car the next day, and some 500 miles and 30 hours after departing Washington, I found myself at the end of the Camp Road with an hour of daylight to spare.

I stepped onto the mainland dock, where I had gazed out at the waters of Great Pond many times before, boarded the KWS with Alex Toole at the helm, and soon pulled up to the kitchen dock, the only dock still in place. I unpacked in North Hampton, where I had lived as a camper 11 years prior, and unzipped my sleeping bag for the first time in nearly as many years.

As I roamed the island, I was struck by a familiar sense of creature comfort, similar to the way I once felt returning to a platform tent after days or weeks out traversing the mountains and waterways of New England. And yet there were obvious differences; when we entered the Dining Hall for dinner, the only light came from the fireplace and kerosene lanterns.

By 7:30 the next morning, a group of former Kitchen Crew had already prepared the second of five five-star meals. After some opening instructions



Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend volunteer Whit Fisher gives one of the Stimson dories a fresh coat of paint.

from Alex, we proceeded down to the dock to greet our day-laborer volunteers, and with my ears still full of water from 100% dip, I followed the group up the Ridge. Shielded by long pants, hiking boots, and Covid-style masks, we took stock of the fleet: the Cove Boat, *Mr. Batty*, and the legendary Stimson dories in Honk Hall, the Bezumarang sailboats on the Honk lawn, the war canoe in the Dust Court, and the mast-less Catboats

in the Boathouse.

Our wrangler for the weekend, Cody Smith, had always been one of my favorite counselors, but I hadn’t seen him since 2013, when I’d been his caller at West Gate. 12 years later, I was relieved to learn that I hadn’t given him any permanent hearing damage.

At Cody’s meticulously planned direction, we commenced sweeping out (and sometimes, rather sheepishly,

vacuuming out) the cobwebs, dust, and pine needles that had accumulated in the dories. Once the debris had been cleared, working in teams of two or three, we began sanding the interior surfaces with the same care and rigor that the artisans applied to their restoration of Notre Dame Cathedral. With time and elbow grease, progressing from 150-grit sandpaper to 400 and then 600, the splinters and rough patches gradually receded. We passed the time discussing school, work, travel, and the artistic merits of the numerous Saturday Night Show posters adorning the walls—my favorite being *PineTanic*, in which I’d had a small role as a first-year camper.

Once the wood was smooth to the touch, we secured painter’s tape along the straight edges and formed dozens of small fragments into a mosaic of overlapping pieces to follow the curves of the dories’ distinctive colored stripes. Then, taking the cup of Benjamin Moore paint that Cody had parceled out, I began to paint the exterior of the *George*, only to quickly learn that when it comes to paint color, cream is not the same as white. Fortunately, I only had to repaint the dories a few times.

After a full day of sanding, painting, and pleasant conversation, it was nearly time for dinner. I walked down to the Boathouse ramp, taking in the views and remembering how at age 11, at that very spot, I was convinced by a counselor that the island had become detached from its moorings and was drifting slowly but surely towards Oak Island, making it imperative that my tent go to sleep early so the counselors could don SCUBA gear for a daring nighttime reattachment operation.

(Continued on next page)

In the evening, we gathered for a campfire. Although scenic, it lacked the traditional musical elements, since someone who shall remain nameless had recently snapped the camp guitar’s high-E string. Still, watching at the flames and the starry night sky, which is particularly clear in the fall, it felt like an appropriate coda to our time on the island.

The next morning, we woke with the sun beaming horizontally into North Hampton and began the day with another brisk 100% dip. For the second or third time, I mentioned to Alex that even under his new management, PIC was apparently still too stingy to install a single heater in the lake.

After breakfast, we finished sanding the buoys while admiring our prior days’ handiwork; the fleet looked pristine.

After saying our departing *Akka Lakkas*, I was ferried back to the mainland and started on my way back down I-95.

Throughout the long drive home, I reflected on how, with just a little rekindling, my friendships and memories of camp could be set ablaze. Who says you can’t go home again?

PIC CROSSWORD ANSWERS

- ACROSS
2. LTTP
4. Range
7. Campfire
8. Honk
9. Pine
10. Whitehead
12. Kababa
13. Ant
15. Gracious
16. Sting
17. Boats
19. SundaySupper
21. DiningHall
22. Kayak
25. Wood
28. DoppDopp
29. Team
30. Ghub
32. Medic
34. Scout
36. Needle
37. Ten
38. Fish
- DOWN
1. Ridge
3. Nalgene
5. SacredAnimals
6. Woah
11. Cats
14. Tents
16. Stock
18. NeedlePoint
20. Campers
21. Dustball
23. King
24. Solo
26. Driver
27. Pad
31. Bow
33. Loon
35. Tips

THE MAINE ISLANDERS

By Sam Hecklau, Whitehead Program Director

When the eight senior campers arrived at Whitehead Island this summer, they didn’t know what to expect. They openly expressed their excitement, but also shared their nervousness about the moment when they would embark on the first ever Maine Islander trip.

The genesis of this adventure was the simple truth that every 14-year-old at Pine Island seeks three things: independence, adventure, and camaraderie. Maine Islander, modeled on PIC’s famous Maine Woodsman trip, provides all three, utilizing the natural abundance of Whitehead and the skills these senior campers develop from their many years of visiting the island to create an adventure that challenges them as woodsmen, as team members, and as individuals.

Trip preparations began with a safety briefing. First aid, shelter building, water consumption, and food acquisition were all discussed at length. The boys learned the proper methods for harvesting and cooking clams and mussels. With resolute attention, they learned the implications if their friend George consumed even the slightest trace of shellfish, giving deeper meaning to their lesson on the functions of an EpiPen. They learned what could go wrong out there on the Browns Islands when they were separated from Whitehead at high tide. Practice with their marine radios and emergency air horn signals solidified the reality of their isolation on those three small islets off Whitehead’s western shore. As the briefing came to a close, I could tell it had served its purpose, underscoring the seriousness of the endeavor but also the impressive amount of responsibility they were being entrusted with.

After bags were packed that afternoon and the boys had eaten their final prepared meal, the group sat around the campfire and reflected on what they were about to do.

“What makes you nervous about this trip?” I asked.

“I worry I won’t be able to make a shelter.”

“It’s a long time and I don’t want to get bored.”

“I want to be independent, but I also want to be with my friends.”

“What if we don’t find food and we’re hungry the whole time?”

“Gentlemen, you’ve prepared for this. How many shelters have you made in woodcraft or out here on Whitehead? You’ve learned games to play outdoors. You know how to dig for clams and identify wild edibles. You’ve built and stoked fires to cook over. You know how to carry yourself through the woods and you know how to carry a team to success.”

As the discussion went on, the mood shifted. The boys better understood their reservations and those of their friends. They recognized that nervousness is often intertwined with excitement and



Campers look from Lobster Rock across the cove to the third Browns Island.

that with reflection, the two can begin to untangle. A mood of apprehension, superseded by excitement and anticipation, was palpable as the boys went to sleep in the Barracks that night.

The next day brought a heavy fog, one that would linger for the next few days. After a hearty breakfast, the boys headed for the boat, prepared to spend three days and two nights camped out on the Browns Islands. Equipped with little more than sleeping bags, cooking pots, water supplies, emergency equipment and rations, and the clothes on their backs, the boys disembarked. They established their campsites; three campers on the first Browns Island, three campers on the second, and two campers on the third. With a final promise to return twice a day as the tides allowed, they were left alone.

What happened in the three days that followed can only be inferred from brief morning and evening check-ins and periodic observations from Lobster Rock across the cove, but the details will be carried by each of these boys for a lifetime. On Day One, shouts of success were heard after the first clams were harvested from the intertidal zone. Plumes of smoke from each island assured us that boys there were warm, fed, and likely socializing around a campfire. Still, some weariness and boredom were evident at evening check-in.

Though the weather stagnated on Day Two, the boys did not. Sounds of laughter came as a satisfying indication that they had remedied their boredom by playing one of the many island games they had learned on Whitehead. That afternoon, as dinner time approached, shouts of “MUSSELS!” provided solace

that they had persevered and reaped the rewards of persistent foraging. They could be seen congregating on the second island and soon the plumes of smoke of their fire were wafting across the cove. One could only imagine the mood around the fire as the boys feasted on food they had caught themselves, cooked over a fire they had built, on an island at sea, without a single adult there to direct them.

When they were picked up the next day, the boys broke down their camps and headed back to the campfire circle on Whitehead to debrief. The stories told and feelings shared all expressed an overwhelming sense of accomplishment:

“I made my shelter and I stayed dry the whole time.”

“We finally found mussels and they were actually good.”

“We organized a game of Crow Spirit and we found Berly so quick!”

“The first night we cooked separately, but we decided to eat together on the second night and it was nice to be together.”

Being challenged to demonstrate aptitude—that’s what Maine Islander was all about, and these boys demonstrated their aptitude in spades. The trip served as additional proof to themselves that they are smart, capable, independent, and dependable. It was a perfect culmination of the skills they acquired at Pine Island, not to mention a shared memory of perseverance and success that they will carry with them forever. The Whitehead crew is looking forward to many more Maine Islander trips in the years to come.

THANK YOU TO OUR 2025 DONORS!

Alumni and Friends Respond Generously to PIC’s Annual Appeal

Dear Pine Islanders,

There’s an old adage that, for me, perfectly sums up the goal of a Pine Island summer: A teacher’s job is to prepare the child for the path ahead, not to prepare the path for the child. The saying isn’t new, but when I first heard it at a teachers’ conference this summer, I immediately thought of the way that Pine Island prepared me for my path.

When I was thirteen and going for my Oarsman rank in Rowing, I

struggled (as so many do) with the “docking and mooring” block. The instructor took me out in a dory to help me master the maneuver. We worked on it all week, spending hours in the boat. I rowed and he sat in the stern, offering tips and advice but never taking the oars. When I got frustrated, he never showed me special treatment or gave me a pass because I was struggling. Instead, I was given all the tools, knowledge, and time to master that skill on my own. “I FINALLY GOT IT!!!!” was the opening

line of my letter home that week.

This teaching style has been a part of Pine Island’s philosophy since 1902. I believe it’s now more important than ever that boys get to experience this kind of learning environment.

Children today live in an overly engineered world, where structure and supervision often crowd out opportunities to build confidence and agency. It’s a rare thing to have the space and time to develop grit and to learn through failure. The “habitats” where

such experimentation is possible are dwindling.

I hope you’ll join me in making a gift to Pine Island’s 2025 Annual Fund to ensure the next generation of boys learn how to handle the rain, to master hard skills, and to prepare their own paths.

- Akka Lakka!
- Will Stack
Camper (2012-14)
Counselor (2017, 2019, 2021-22)

Zander Abranowicz
Charles Albers
Christian Albert
Anonymous (12)
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Anonymous - *in honor of David Judson*
Appy Apperson - *in memory of Monte Ball*
Andre Appignani
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Tom Siebert
Andrew Sims
Chris Skelton
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Kate and Christopher Skogen
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Kristen and Robert Williams
Sandy and Sandra Winans
Constance Wolfe (Zach Congdon’s Aunt Connie)
Sean Wood
Ethel M. Woolverton
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Tom Yoder
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*If you gave in 2025 and we have mistakenly omitted your name, please accept our apologies.

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS

THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

Ben Swan recently had much-needed help rebuilding the Swan Dock at Whitehead Island (which had been lost in the storms of January 2024) from a number of PIC alumni. Retired Boston architect **Rob Chandler**, who now lives in Gloucester, MA, helped Ben avoid a number of fundamental mistakes building a super-bulk platform, designed by board member **Rip Swan** and dubbed “The Dock of Gibraltar,” on which the land side of the new 60-foot aluminum walkway sits.

In October, **Rip** and **Harry Swan**, **Jasper** and **Katie Lowe**, **Tom Nagler**, and **Johnny Swisher** successfully pulled the new walkway over the Dock of Gibraltar and into the bushes, where it will be well out of reach of even exceptionally high tides. This intricate operation was made possible by a gantry on the platform and a center support beneath the walkway, built earlier that month by Ben and **John Alsop**. John, retired legal eagle, lives in Cornville, ME and has been in touch with old friend and fellow counselor **John Bunker**, the “apple whisperer” of Maine. Bunk writes on his website, *Out on a Limb Apples*: “We are a small, off-grid homestead farm and experimental orchard in central Maine. We grow several hundred apple, pear and plum cultivars, most of which are unusual, historic or rare.”

Rich Bradley lives for much of the year in nearby Camden, ME, and is a frequent volunteer at the Whitehead Light Station.

Cody Smith and his family are also in Camden, putting the finishing touches on their new house.

Sawyer Carson is now officially PIC’s most overqualified skipper, having graduated from Maine Maritime Academy in Castine, ME this spring. He recently served as Third Assistant Engineer on the tanker *Brenton Reef* as it steamed from Philadelphia to Cape Canaveral, FL, and then to Freeport, Bahamas—the first of many such voyages he’ll take as a full-time mariner.



Sawyer Carson’s first home/workplace on the high seas, the Brenton Reef, with a total length 626 feet (or approximately 22 KWSes)

Meanwhile, **AJ Powers** is in his junior year at Maine Maritime, majoring in marine transportation.

Anne Stires lives with her partner, Dave (and their dog, Willie) in Lincolnville, ME. She is pursuing a PhD in Educational Leadership and Policy at the University of Southern Maine,

while working as an outdoor learning educational consultant and doing integrated curriculum with schools all over the state and beyond. Her parents, **Kinne** and **Susan Stires**, live on Westport Island, ME and recently celebrated their 80th birthdays and 55th wedding anniversary. They tend a huge garden and harvest many cords of firewood each year, and Kinne is barefoot as often as possible.

Sarah Mason Brookings is teaching at her son Teddy’s preschool, and recently got together with **Olivia Lobdell** and **Cece Carey-Snow** at her home in Lisbon, ME. Sarah and her husband, Alex, are expecting their second child soon.

Gates Sanford lives in Portland, ME, where he works in the renewable energy and decarbonization sector. He and his wife welcomed their third child, a boy, in July.

Satchel Toole works for Efficiency Maine in Portland and lives with his wife, Monica, in nearby Falmouth, ME. Satchel ran the Millinocket Half Marathon in December with his brother **Nick Toole**, who continued on to run the full marathon.

Doug Handy lives in Gorham, ME, and recently retired from the U.S. Postal Service after a 30-year career.

Kyle Bucklin and his wife, Elena, live in South Portland, ME and welcomed a son, Sam, in April.

Carrie Turner Chamberlain and her husband, Kevin, live in Scarborough, ME. They visited **Lindsay Clarke** at PIC this summer, where the highlight for their two-year-old son, Trevor, was (unsurprisingly) sprinting around the Dust Court.

Cole Gibson lives in Stratham, NH. He recently finished up a master’s in information technology, and works as a business analyst at Fidelity. He has been making good use of his PIC tripping skills with a few “bikepacking” trips this year.

Alex Sidorsky started his Master of Architecture degree at the Harvard Graduate School of Design in Cambridge, MA this August.

Xander Schwartz got engaged this summer and recently moved back to Boston, where he continues to work for the Cleveland Guardians.

Chris Brunet and his family also live in Boston. His son, **Benjamin Brunet**, was a second-year camper this summer.

Joe Kovaz and his family live just north of Boston in Somerville, MA. Joe is teaching at a Wildflower Montessori elementary school in Cambridge and his wife, Susan, works remotely for Unum. Their daughter, A.K., recently played an orphan in a production of *Annie* and will star as Fern in *Charlotte’s Web* in the spring. They took a wonderful trip to the Lakes District of England this summer, and Joe has been enjoying the *Swallows & Amazons* book series (set in that region) ever since.

Matt Clarke and his wife, Gina, live

in Boston with their eight-year-old son, Asa. Matt teaches middle school systems design in Wellesley, and Gina teaches English language learners in Somerville. They recently took Asa on a five-day trip to the Allagash wilderness, where they saw numerous moose and eagles. Matt finished in the top quartile for his age group in two Ironman 70.3 races this summer, and caught up with **Charlie Boutwell** at a concert in New York City this spring.

Cecily Pulver and her husband, Nick, live in Marlborough, MA. They welcomed their third child in August, a son named Royce who is the first non-female child in the Pulver family (her father’s whole extended side) in 62 years! Her sister **Amandine Pulver** is also in the Boston area, crushing life in the management training program for Wegmans, where she’ll surely take over the world.

Millie Pulver lives in Amsterdam, Netherlands, where she continues to close in on her PhD in male breast cancer at the Netherlands Cancer Institute.

Victor Dillard and his wife, Francesca—along with their daughters, Ayla and Flore, and their dog, Whisky—have recently moved to Copenhagen, Denmark. Victor is still working in biotech, now sitting on the other side of the table as an investor with the Danish sovereign wealth fund.

His cousin **Charles-Elie Laly** works in the family business, providing additive manufacturing services to the space and aviation industries, and recently crushed a big Japanese language exam. He and his wife live in Paris and welcomed a son, Kazu, in March. Another cousin, **Pierre-Victor Sanson**, has recently started university at King’s College London.

Hans Sprecher went on an epic motorcycle trip in India this fall, traveling the Brahmaputra River in Assam and the mountains of Maghalaya. He found chartering a ferry across the river to be nearly as exciting as canoeing the Allagash two decades ago.

Lucien Malle has recently moved back to New York City after completing an MBA at INSEAD, spending half the year in France and the other half in Singapore.

Andrew Chapman recently celebrated his 70th birthday at the Boathouse Restaurant in Central Park; Ben Swan was in attendance. It was also Andrew’s retirement, after a long career as an executive with large water utilities in New Jersey. He now lives in the city and spends lots of time at his house on Shelter Island, fishing for blues, doing work on his antique house, and advising the Shelter Island community on issues concerning the ins and outs of water use. He is also training to become an active part of the Coast Guard Auxiliary. One hopes that he will not have to be rescuing any of the Shelter Island **Eklunds**, including **James**,

sons **Jonathan** and **Andy**, and grandsons **Hudson** and **Cade**.

James’ brother **Jim Cox-Chapman** graduated from Yale Divinity School in May at age 74 (!), and now has a volunteer position at his local church, preaching occasionally, doing pastoral care, and leading the church’s Creation Care Team. He and his wife, Mally, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in June, and in September welcomed their third grandchild, Gordon Thomas Chapman, born to their son, Jay, and his wife, Kate. Jim also recently caught up with Ben Swan on a boat journey from Harpswell, ME to Jim’s dock at his home on Chebeague Island in Casco Bay.

Nat Burr is in New Haven, CT, in their second year of a master’s degree at the Yale School of Forestry. For work, Nat is developing projects and research for the Northeast Forest Farmers Coalition.

Ben Swan caught up with **Cecil Adams** and **Jonathan Edwards**, along with **Whit**, **David**, **Chris**, and **Christopher Seymour** at the memorial service for Mary Crary, mother of Pine Islander **Joe Crary**, in Hartford, CT.

Justin Gaspard lives in Groton, CT, working as a mechanical engineer at GDEP.

Eve Whitehouse lives in the Hudson Valley, where she is an academic dean at the Millbrook School. She and her husband, Billy, have a hilarious and goofy three-year-old named Cora and are expecting a baby boy in June.

Carson Peck is in Westchester County, NY, working as a medical technician while he applies to medical school.

Miles Frank lives in Brooklyn. He works for an architecture firm in NYC, and has also started his own design atelier. He still makes it up to Belgrade regularly to ski, care for his cabin, mess around in boats, and spend time in the woods.

Corinne Alsop has found a new way to “Take Pine Island With You,” working as the Logistics Coordinator for NYC Outward Bound Schools. They love being outdoors and working with kids again, and find themselves using skills from their Kitchen Crew days just as often as best practices from their AD years. Corinne has even introduced a few Pine Island-isms, like “Special Sauce” and Spammies.

Anders Westermann graduated from Vanderbilt University in the spring and now lives in New York City, working as a consultant for Deloitte.

Will Pomerantz is also in New York City.

Adam Schachner lives in Philadelphia, PA, where he works as an archival photographer at UPenn and is the president of the board of directors for a community dark room. He and his wife, Lily, are expecting their first child this spring.

(Continued on next page)

Mary Harrington and her husband, Graham, are also in Philadelphia. Mary graduated from UPenn last year and is working as a nurse practitioner in the Pediatric Intensive Care Unit at Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. Her in-laws, including 2021 PIC stand-in medic **Deb Siegfried**, talk about Pine Island all the time and recently returned from a three-month trek around Nepal.

Ezra Dulit-Greenberg married Talia Bernhard in June; PIC alumni **Josh Greenberg** and **Adam Greenberg** were in attendance. They honeymooned in Indonesia, where they climbed (most of) Mount Rinjani, an active stratovolcano. Ezra works as a lawyer in Washington, DC and lives part-time in Philadelphia, where Talia attends medical school.

Sam Lanoff is also in Washington, DC, having recently moved there after several years in New York.

Thomas Clauson is a senior at Georgetown University, and recently started a new position at the law firm Holland & Knight.

David Kemp and his wife, Sam, live in Alexandria, VA and welcomed a

in Japan. He is now in San Diego, CA, where he is an instructor pilot at the Marine Corps' West Coast F-35B Fleet Replacement Squadron, teaching newly winged aviators to fly F-35s.

Morgan Patterson is also in San Diego, where he works for the city's housing commission. He and his wife, Rachel, welcomed a son, Kai, in October.

Kit Smith and his wife, Jaye, were married in May. They live in the Venice neighborhood of Los Angeles, after tragically losing their house in the recent Palisades Fire. Kit works for StringKing, focusing on protective equipment such as arm pads and gloves.

Simon Abranowicz lives with his wife in Los Angeles and runs a strategic design studio, Abbreviated Projects, with his brother **Zander Abranowicz**, who lives in New York City with his wife, Taylor, and their dog and cat.

Christian Schneider and Sarah Burkett were married in June. They live in Los Angeles, where they are both teaching as well as co-coaching their school's debate team, while Christian remains "on the writing grind."



Left to right: Mike Lieder, Jeff Cundey, and Nick Lieder, summer of 1972 or '73

health facilities, leading improv, creative writing, and storytelling workshops as part of multi-modal therapies. He is also meeting with production companies, pitching a "very weird TV show" about Frankenstein's monster deciding to become Santa Claus.

Andrew Irvine and his family live in Boulder Creek, a small town in the Santa Cruz Mountains of California. His brother **John Irvine** is a preschool teacher in the nearby town of Santa Cruz. Andrew is in his 19th year teaching high school chemistry at the Harker School in San Jose and has been on several epic outdoor adventures recently, including a high-elevation trek in Kings Canyon National Park and a solo hike on California's Lost Coast. He also tries to get his daughters, Willow (age thirteen) and Ripley (age nine), out hiking as often as he can.

Duncan Lowe and Olivia Kronemeyer got married this summer and live in Sausalito, CA. Duncan recently completed a 50k ultramarathon, training often with his brother **Oliver Lowe**, who recently completed a 50-miler.

Mahesh Francis and Melina Polit also live in the Bay Area and welcomed a son, Rio Francis, in March.

Jack Faherty and his wife, Bekka, live in Stanford, CA, where Jack works at an international policy institute on the university campus and Bekka, is a nurse practitioner at Stanford Hospital. They recently had a nice meetup with

Ben Schachner during **Doug Faherty's** annual Yellowstone fishing trip. Ben has just finished up year three of owning and operating Stillwater Builders in Bozeman, MT, where he lives with his partner, Lauren, and their pets, Leo (a cat) and Nero (a dog).

Angel Brackett worked on this year's Fall Crew at PIC and has now moved to Bozeman for the winter, working at Big Sky Resort.

Eben Weislogel spent last year traveling far and wide, getting his recreational and fishing Maine Guide licenses, and working at a wooden boat yard in Rockport, ME. He is now a freshman at the University of Montana in Missoula, majoring in aquatic wildlife biology, and often sees **Henry Heyburn** around campus.

Nick Lieder lives in Hailey, ID. His brother **Mike Lieder** lives across the country in Westport, CT. Their old camp friend **Jeff Cundey** sadly passed away in 2018 after a long illness.

Ian Ford lives in Jackson, WY, where he spends the summer as a fly fishing guide and works with **Tom Duggan** on the Jackson Hole Ski Patrol during the winter.

Deb Hummel and her husband, David, live in Longmont, CO and welcomed a son, Linn, in March.

Steve Kemp and his wife, Erin, live in Denver, CO, where Steve works with oil and gas companies to help them reduce methane emissions.

Josh Treat is back in Iowa, running a gubernatorial race for former King's Game umpire Zach Lahn.

Stephen Christy lives in Chicago, and recently retired after a long career in land conservation and landscape architecture. He and his wife, Jennifer, have two grown children, and became grandparents around Thanksgiving. He has fond memories of his time at PIC, and still keeps in touch with his former "nature counselor" **Jack Lord**, who lives in Los Angeles.

Tom Yoder splits his time between Chicago and Deer Isle, ME. His stepson, **Manton Carl**, is the father of no doubt the world's cutest 2-year old boy, Kaiden Thomas Carl.

Andy Schnacky lives in Rochester, NY, where he works as a research analyst, analyzing market trends, government policies, and program data to support federal health and human services programs.

Will Mason and his spouse, **Erin Lobb Mason**, are living in the foothills of



David and Sam with their daughter, Emma

daughter, Emma, last January.

Jacob and **Amber Ronson** live in Ashland, VA, where Jacob is working as a firefighter and Amber is living her best life raising their children, Reece (age three) and Marlowe (age one).

Maddie Pulver and her husband, Ben, live in Greenville, SC. Their second daughter, Sylvia, was born last February, joining her older sister Coretta.

Walker McDonald lives in Columbia, SC, where he is working on an International Master of Business Administration at the University of South Carolina. He and **Stephen Kovaz** are both active in the local music community, and see each other often.

Robby Schwartz is living in Atlanta, GA, having moved there from San Diego this past spring.

Taylor Clyde moved to Paraguay in September to work on sustainable development for the Peace Corps. He is enjoying the new and abundant nature, culture, and fly fishing opportunities.

Shannon Bittner graduated from UVA this spring, did Air Force ROTC training as well, and is now stationed at the base hospital at Joint Base San Antonio-Lackland in Texas.

Jason Schachner returned to the US last February after several years stationed

Sam Hoyt is also in Los Angeles, where he and his family frequently meet up with **Clem Wright** and his family.

Steve Fisher and his fiancé, Erin, plan to get married in Scotland next year. They live in Los Angeles, where they have started an acting school and arts education non-profit. Steve has also been working in rehab and mental



Clem and Wiley Wright (left) with Sam and Helen Hoyt (right) in Los Angeles



Kaiden Thomas Carl, son and grandson, respectively, of Manton Carl and Tom Yoder

the Adirondacks. Will is now Associate Professor of Music at Skidmore College in nearby Saratoga Springs, NY. Erin is working full-time as an artist and had a solo show of her woodcut prints at New Era Gallery on Vinalhaven last summer. They waved at Whitehead en route, naturally.

Ben Cabot is at St. Lawrence University in Canton, NY, majoring in Business and Philosophy.

Ryan Gilbert is also at SLU.

Alex Whitehouse and Emily Purcell were married in October 2024 and now live in South Burlington, VT.

Baxter Worthing lives in Burlington, VT, and will actually, really, for real this time, defend his PhD in Plant Biology at UVM this year.

Sumner Ford is Associate Director of Philanthropy at the Vermont chapter of The Nature Conservancy. He and his wife, Lizzie, live in Williston, VT and welcomed a son, William Favor Ford, in May. Proud new uncles include **Will Durkin**, **Alec Durkin**, and **Ian Ford**.

Becca Waldo lives in central

Vermont, and cherishes her spontaneous biannual run-ins with Sumner at concerts or on trails.

Nick Miller and his wife, Erin, were married in August. They will soon be moving into their tiny house in Cabot, VT to live with their cat, Gandalf.

John Treadwell interned for the first half of this year at a robotics startup in New Hampshire called Neo Cybernetica. As the only electrical engineer on the team, he had the unique opportunity to take full ownership of several projects, designing and building five custom printed circuit boards for humanoid robotic applications. He will be joining a drone company called GreenSight next year.

Will Webb and his wife, Lorraine, live in Gorham, ME. Will works as an implementer at Tyler Technologies, traveling around and teaching older folks how to computer. He recently caught up with **Sam Wood**, who lives with his wife and son in Seattle, WA.

Katie Swan and **Tom Nagler** recently bought a house in South Portland, ME.



Rob Whitehouse with his latest completed project, a mahogany 20-foot Albury Runabout

Their dachshund, **Jones**, is beyond excited to finally have her own yard.

Rip Swan lives in Portland, ME, and recently completed his purchase of Brunswick-based G.M. Wild Construction Inc.

Corinne O'Connor is also in Portland, working at WellSpace Maine as a child and adolescent therapist.

Rob Whitehouse and his wife, Sophie, live in Brunswick, ME, where Rob has set up an awesome workshop. He built and launched his fifth boat in June, a mahogany 20-foot Albury Runabout from a design by Doug Hylan. His two previous boats were Pine Island Skiffs generously funded by and given to the camp.

Ben Herman and Libby Simpson welcomed a daughter, Zara Gale Herman, in April. They live in Brunswick, where Ben is the head coach of the high school boys' lacrosse team.

Percy Stoddard and Tessa Weber got married in December, and are still hard at work turning their house in Bowdoin, ME into a bucolic paradise.

Percy recently started a new job with the Senate Chamber Staff at the Maine State Legislature in Augusta, and still occasionally tends bar at Moderation Brewing in Brunswick.

Harry Swan and Quynh Nguyen live in Topsham, ME. **Ben**, **Emily**, **Rip**, and **Katie Swan**, along with **Tom Nagler** and **Percy Stoddard**, will be in attendance at their third (and final) wedding in Vung Tau, Vietnam in February. Quynh is the Operations Manager at Maine Connectivity Authority, while Harry works in the warehouse at Partners For World Health and still moonlights as the editor of this here publication.



Sumner and Lizzie with their son, William Favor Ford

WHO ARE THE OLDEST PINE ISLANDERS?



Our records go all the way back to 1902, but not every camper and staff entry includes a birthdate, and we don't always know when an alum has passed on. So, when an alum asked us recently who was the oldest among them, we couldn't answer definitively. That's where you come in.

Are you Pine Island's oldest alum? Do you know someone

who might be? We'd love your help piecing together this bit of Pine Island history. Please email Sarah at shunter@pineisland.org with your date of birth if you think it could be you, or with the name of a possible candidate.

We're excited to celebrate our oldest Pine Islanders!



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Check Out the PineCast!



The PineCast is Pine Island Camp’s very own podcast, featuring stories, interviews, reflections, history, and trivia from your favorite summer camp. Each episode offers a behind-the-scenes look at PIC life on and off the island—its traditions, adventures, and the people who make it special. Whether you’re a current Pine Island family or an old hand, it’s a great way to stay connected year-round. Give it a listen and bring a little bit of PIC spirit into your week!

Apple Podcasts:



Spotify:



Winter Campfire in NYC is Back!



Listen for the OD’s whistle! After a brief hiatus, Winter Campfire will return to the Big Apple on Saturday, February 28th, 2026 at 6 pm! Join us for pizza, snacks, and socializing, followed by an evening of classic Pine Island songs, games, skits, and other merriment. The event will be held at the Sweet Fire Café and Studio on Broadway in Brooklyn. Tickets are pay-what-you-can, with a minimum suggested amount of \$25 per person. Performers are free! To RSVP, please visit our website, scan the QR code below, or email Hannah Gordon at hgordon@pineisland.org. After RSVPing, we will send you a link to purchase your tickets. Be sure to let us know if you’d like to perform!



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