

THIRTY-SIX YEARS OF SERVICE!

Jim Breeden Hands PIC Board Chair to Pope Ward

It was typical that after 36 years as head of the Pine Island Board of Directors, Jim Breeden wanted no fanfare to mark his extraordinary record of wise leadership, energy, humor, and hard work. However, in a move that was a radical departure from the norm of the past four decades, the Board ignored its chairman's wishes. Board members Lisa Regier Ward and Tim Nagler put together a lovely evening of stories, gifts, and tributes aimed at thanking Jim Breeden for his extraordinary devotion to Pine Island Camp. The night of August 4th, 2004 was clear and warm, a perfect one for the first-ever catered dinner in Honk Hall. Pine Island alumna and Whitehead Program director, Anne Stires, and her husband John Weislogel catered the event and produced elegant hors d'oeuvres and a sumptuous lobster feast that almost made director Ben Swan feel guilty that his two assistant directors, Joe Kovaz and Chris Newlin, were in the chowline at the War Game site.

It would, of course, have been impossible to tell enough stories to do justice to Jim's 36 years as head of the Pine Island Board, but Mssrs. Swan, Bates, Ward, Yoder, Crane, Eginton, Nagler, and Ball gave it a try. Remarks from each of these observers of different aspects of Jim's career at Pine Island were scattered throughout the dinner hours and they

included the presentation of a silver champagne bucket, made in Italy and engraved with a variety of Pine Island symbols, the signatures of past and present Board members and a message of thanks:

Presented to

James C. Breeden

with Grateful Appreciation
for Thirty Six Years of
Distinguished Service
as Chairman of the Pine Island Camp
Board of Directors
&
as an Exemplar of Loyalty

Akka Lakka!

from an Admiring Board of Directors
at Honk Hall on Great Pond
August 4, 2004

The Pine Island Board of Directors was formed in 1968 by Jun Swan as he began to consider how Pine Island Camp would continue to find solid leadership when he retired as director. This was long before Pine Island became a non-profit organization and by law was required to have a board. Jun asked Jim, who at that point was just starting out as a lawyer in Virginia's Northern Neck, to serve as the Board's chairman, and this began the tenure of Pine Island's first, and until last August, only board chair-

man. Jim missed only one Board meeting in 36 years, and during his tenure he guided Pine Island through many difficult and even threatening times, including financial worries, low enrollment, changing tastes and expectations among parents and alumni, the great fire of '95, and the complex challenges of becoming a non-profit organization. There can be no doubt that, due in large part to Jim Breeden's energy and focus and that of the great people he drew to serve with him, Pine Island has emerged from each challenge stronger.

As he handed PIC's helm to Pope

Ward at the August 4th Board meeting, Jim was handing him a financially sound non-profit organization with a full enrollment, a much-improved physical plant, established and growing endowment funds, and a diverse and active Board. What a gift and what an extraordinary record of service to this unique institution. Happily, Jim will remain active with Pine Island. His next project is to spearhead the campaign to bring the Sidney Lovett Scholarship Fund up to the target level of \$500,000. Akka Lakka, Jim! We can never thank you enough.



Jim Breeden at the Honk Hall dinner in conversation with Monte Ball and Warren Eginton

PINE ISLANDERS' GENEROSITY SAVES MT. PHILIP Fundraising Effort Completed in Record Time

It was less than a year ago that Great Pond resident and Pine Island parent Jack Schultz contacted Ben Swan and the Belgrade Regional Conservation Alliance (a highly effective local land trust) to alert them that a large part of Mt. Philip would soon be put up for sale by a large paper company. Jack urged both Pine Island and the BRCA to move to protect the property from development, and he got things started by funding the purchase of the top ten acres of Mt. Philip from a local landowner and proposing that Pine Island be the land's owner, with a conservation easement to be held by the BRCA. Jack also made a pledge of \$25,000 toward the purchase of the paper company land, 197 acres comprising all of the southern face of the mountain.

The top ten acres of Mt. Philip will soon be deeded to Pine Island in memory of Jack and Jane Schultz's two sons, Andrew and Thomas, both of whom died young in separate incidents involving instruments of war. Andrew died before he was of camp age as a result of

the accidental detonation of a hand grenade, and Thomas died in the 1988 bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland. It is Pine Island's hope that eventually all of Mt. Philip will be preserved in memory of Andrew and Thomas.

Pine Island's Board of Directors met members of the BRCA Board last August and agreed to appeal to Pine Islanders to fund half the purchase of the 197-acre parcel. Pope Ward, alumnus and new head of the Pine Island Board, agreed to spearhead the campaign to raise \$85,000. He appealed to the Pine Island friends of Tom Schultz, and Ben Swan announced the fundraising effort at the 2004 Farewell Picnic.

We are thrilled and touched to be able to announce that by mid-October we had completed the campaign through the generosity of 22 donors. This is truly wonderful news for all Pine Islanders and a fitting tribute to the memory of Andrew and Thomas and the courage of Jack and Jane Schultz. Pine Island campers will maintain the

trail to the summit, and we will place a memorial plaque there.

BRCA is actively working on other projects important to the future of Great Pond and Pine Island and cur-

rently holds an option to purchase another 200 acres that comprise most of the rest of Mt. Philip. Stay tuned to learn how you might be able to help with that effort.



Pine Island with Mt. Philip in the background. Fall 2004

COOL IDEA WARMS UP

Enthusiasm Not Dampened by Rapid Melting in New Ice House

If enthusiasm were a refrigerant, we'd still have ice in the new icehouse built in the cove at Pine Island during the summer of 2003. But it isn't, and we don't. The 2003-4 winter was unusually cold in Maine, and by the time a crew of over twenty volunteers assembled at Pine Island last February, the ice was nearly thirty inches thick. This caused some problems, but these and many others were solved by Yankee ingenuity and the sheer energy of those assembled. It was a spectacularly beautiful day – cold and sunny, and windless. Volunteers arrived throughout the morning, looking like Siberian refugees as they came in small groups across the expanse of ice from various points along the shore.

Work began with an ice auger, with which we easily drilled a hole large enough to put a chain saw blade into. It immediately became clear that the thickness of the ice was going to be a problem. First we realized that the hole was too close to shore as the ice reached to within a few inches of the bottom. Our second hole was far enough out, but it became clear that the chainsaw blade was not nearly long enough to cut through the ice. We eventually devised a method: use the chainsaw first to cut a

deep groove and then use the big hand ice saws to finish the cuts. The next challenge was to get the first block out. We quickly remembered that one pushes the first block down under the ice rather than trying to lift it straight out. However, even with the first block out, getting the others out was very frustrating work.

Eventually we extracted enough of the 2' x 2' blocks to make pulling the others out a lot easier, and we found that getting out enough blocks to fill the small ice house went pretty quickly. We learned that the bottoms of the blocks were very uneven and the tops were covered with hard-packed snow so both tops and bottoms needed to be trimmed with the chain saw. The children present pulled the blocks on plastic sleds from the hole to the icehouse, and a couple of volunteers put them in the house and packed sawdust around them.

Everyone enjoyed a potluck lunch served on the beached swim float, and afterwards people skied and tried out the ingenious "Ice Junk," a vehicle constructed in the Swan's basement by Harry and Rippy Swan and Benjamin Herman. It appeared the Junk was a failure until amateur bike mechanic Peter Ward

made a few minor modifications. We wrapped up work mid-afternoon and put up some barriers to keep unsuspecting ice fishermen from dropping into the approximately 10'x12' hole that was a menacing black rectangle in the white snow.

Ben and Harry Swan, Ben Herman, Doug Faherty, Brooks and Percy Stoddard, Peter Ward, Joel Taplin, and McKenzie Burrus-Granger all spent that night in the Honk Hall library with an oak fire blazing. Spending the night seemed like a great idea until the sun went down about 5:00, the temperature outside dropped to 8 degrees, and it got harder and harder to keep the library warm. We all survived but determined that next winter it would be a day trip!

From our limited research, we believed the sawdust would keep the ice frozen through the coming summer. We were wrong. By the time camp opened in late June it was clear we were losing the battle as the ground around the icehouse was suspiciously damp. Finally, on the 4th of July, we decided to extract what little ice there was left and found just three small blocks. It was, to say the least, a disappointment, but we made the most of the remaining ice by using it

to make strawberry ice cream with strawberries picked by campers. We resolved to do more research, and at this writing we believe we can make a few changes that will improve our ability to keep the ice through the summer.

We have modified the roof of the icehouse to create more ventilation so that the air inside the house does not have the chance to warm up. We replaced the black asphalt shingles with cedar. We are looking into the type of sawdust used, thinking the sawdust we used may have been too coarse. We will also be more careful about cutting the blocks of ice to fit more closely together. We are hoping to get out on the ice earlier and that it will be only 15 or so inches thick. Undoubtedly a new version of the Ice Junk will be produced in the Swan basement. Come join the fun!

In attendance:

Nick Buck; Sloan and David Critchfield; Lauren Hendrickson; Nico, Ellen, Willie, Jack, and Phoebe Walsh; Peter Ward; Joel Taplin; McKenzie Burrus-Granger; Ben and Molly Herman; Henry Clauson; Brooks and Percy Stoddard; Doug Faherty; Barbara Allen and Elliot Reich; Ned Donovan; and Ben, Emily, Rip, Rippy, Harry and Katie Swan.



Most of the Ice Cutters



Sloan Critchfield pulls a block out off Great Pond assisted by his father David

SMALL VOYAGE, BIG REWARD

by Ben Swan

I love my job, but sometimes I really love it. I really loved it on October 28th. That was the day boat builder David Stimson and I had the enviable task of transporting the Whitehead launch, Billy Whiskers, from Whitehead Island to Boothbay Harbor by water. David is about to become the manager of a recently purchased boatyard in Boothbay and it is the new winter home of the Billy Whiskers.

I had made the 4-hour journey from Boothbay to Whitehead in the spring of 2003 with Pine Islanders Peter Ward and Henry Clauson, and as always I was eager for another journey on the water in that great boat. We checked the weather and chose a day on which it was to be about 50 degrees, sunny, with a 15 to 20 knot northwest wind. This would put the wind behind us, a critical component in late October.

I rose at 5:00 a.m. and picked David up at the boatyard where he was leaving his truck at about 7:00 and we drove to Spruce Head. On most days it would be hard for me to get up that early, especial-

ly since the night before I had gotten to bed after midnight. However, on this day I sprang out of bed as though I had had ten hours of sleep because the reason I had been up so late was that Emily and the children and I had been busy celebrating the first Red Sox World Series victory in 86 years! After a stop at Whitehead on the way out to the channel, we headed southwest and had a glorious run down the coast, surfing along with a stiff breeze at our backs and bright sunshine warming us the whole way.

We passed a number of lobstermen out pulling their traps. One usually gives a barely perceptible wave when passing these rugged fishermen, but on this day I took the liberty of holding up a single finger indicating #1! This drew big smiles and an occasional cheer. For those four hours, on the Maine coast, in a beautiful wooden boat, with a cloudless sky, with the wind behind us, and the Sox victorious at last, things were pretty darned wonderful.



Rippy Swan pedals the "Ice Junk" on Great Pond



Peter Ward with some of the tools of the trade

FAMILY CAMP 2005

Has reading this issue of the Pine Needle made you nostalgic for Great Pond? Eager to take a turn around the lake in a sailboat, do the limbo at campfire, enjoy scrumptious food in the dining hall, spend leisurely hours in the Cove talking to old PIC friends?

Then Family Camp is the thing for you. Family Camp comes the first weekend after the close of the regular camp season each summer and is open to any

and all. Family Camp 2005 will take place August 11-14. Come on your own or with your family. Create your own mini-Pine Island reunion by meeting up for the weekend with old PIC buddies and their families.

If you are interested in finding out more about Family Camp, contact Ben or Emily Swan at benswan@pineisland.org, or (207) 729-7714, or PO Box 242, Brunswick, ME 04011.

A DEFENSIVE STRUGGLE: THE 2004 PINE ISLAND WAR GAME

by Michael Robertson (Blue General)

Niel “Jackrabbit” Kasper, veteran Gray General, stunned his own army by inadvertently scoring himself twice on the first day of play, setting the stage for a closely contested Blue victory in this year’s War Game. The two armies fought to a draw until the end of the last quarter, when the Blue defense managed a series of challenge plays to take a lead they would not relinquish. Solid play on both sides, with few mistakes, led to a low score (Blue 112, Gray 98).

The armies accumulated a total of ten challenge points in the first quarter of play, an unusually low number, and the Grays managed to score all but four of their players despite a robust Blue defense. The Gray General’s early demise took some of the joy out of such inspired offensive play. In a chaotic play at West gate, Kasper stepped with his party into the gate and scored his second point. “I didn’t mean to step,” he said,

but when you’re leading that cadence—it just happened. Still, things did not look very promising for the Blues either; the first quarter ended with Grays leading 55 to 6.

Blue General Michael “Walrus” Robertson had entered the game known primarily for defensive ability, yet the Blues began the second quarter of play trailing by a fair margin, and would need to perform brilliantly on offense to even the score. Inexperienced gateleaders on the Gray army provided an opportunity, yet Kasper had also devised a ridiculously complex and effective squadron rotation that initially stymied the Blue attackers. Blue party leaders regrouped and persisted until holes appeared in the defense, and by the end of the day had scored one more person than the Grays had earlier. Amazingly, the Blues did not give up a single challenge point in the second quarter, a testament to their tra-

ditional conservative play. At the end of the first day the Blues had pulled ahead, and the score was 66 to 55.

It appeared to some, however, that General Robertson had made a dangerous miscalculation. In scoring 52 points, the Blues had killed many more of their players than intended, leaving them with a deficiency in numbers sure to cause problems in the next offensive period.

This mistake would prove costly. Kasper’s dynamic strategies and innovative squadrons held the second Blue attack to a total of 34 points, while the Grays gained 9 challenge points, putting the score at 100 to 64. During this period, General Robertson also became lost in the swamp between East and Southeast gates for 25 minutes. This unimpressive performance from the Blues put the Grays in an excellent position to capture the victory.

The Blue defense, traditionally cautious, took a riskier stance for the final period of play: the closeness of the margin forced them to play for challenge points. Deprived of Kasper’s leadership, the Gray army fell into the Blue traps, losing a few challenge points each time. The same mathematics that had hurt the Blues inhibited the Grays once a few of their players had scored twice. The growing desperation of the Grays created more mistakes, and more challenge points for the Blues.

When the umpires announced the score it became clear that the Blue defense had lived up to its reputation. Yet both teams celebrated and cheered, and exchanged congratulations, and with the chanting of Akka Lakka it became clear who had really won the War Game.



POPE WARD TAKES THE HELM TO STEER PIC INTO SECOND CENTU-

Though few were aware of it, it was a great and lucky day for Pine Island Camp and for hundreds of loyal Pine Islanders when Pope Ward agreed to shoulder the heavy burden that Jim Breeden had carried for 36 years. Being head of the board of an institution as unusual as Pine Island is at the very least an adventure, but Pope is ready for whatever lies ahead.

Pope, born in 1967, grew up in Washington, D.C. and in Lynchburg, Virginia. He and his older brother Peter started their camp careers together in 1978. Pope was a camper for four summers and then a counselor in 1984-86. It was in 1986 that Pope met Lisa Regier, sister of Pine Islander Andrew Regier and Smith College student who was Pine Island’s assistant cook. Fortunately, Pope was a student at nearby Amherst College and so the romance, just barely ignited that summer, was not extinguished that August. Even family ties to opposing armies could not dampen the flames, and in 1994 former Gray XO married former Blue Army Supply Master, in Washington, D.C.

The union has remained strong and Pope and Lisa have stayed in close touch with Pine Island directly and through their many friends and relations who are Pine Islanders. Lisa joined the Pine Island Board in 1997 and has been a tireless worker and strong voice for many years. While working full time at the Peace Corps and devoting herself to her threeboys, Tucker (6 ?) and Chris (2 ?), Lisa was one of the key organizers of the hugely successful centennial celebrations throughout the winter of 2001 and the summer of 2002. As of this writing the Wards newest addition, a boy, Briley Regier Ward, is five days old.

Pope graduated from Amherst College in 1989 and went to work almost immediately for a small, growing company for which he still works today. When he joined the company it was called The Advisory Board Company and is now the publicly traded Corporate Executive Board. The company provides best-practices research and decision-support tools for memberships of large corporations. Pope is currently an executive director responsible for ensur-

ing research quality for a portion of the business. He has served on Pine Island’s Finance Committee for the past two years.

Pope’s almost completely nonexistent free time over the past several years has been spent reading, and bird watching, both lifelong passions. Pope’s most recent non-work project has been col-

laboration with son Tucker in writing a novella, Happy Hens and the Rocket.

Pope’s long and deep association with Pine Island, his great energy, his lively and active sense of humor, his intellect, and his strong desire to serve the Pine Island community are all great news for the future of Pine Island. Welcome aboard and Akka Lakka! Pope.



Pope and Lisa Ward outside Honk Hall last August

ANOTHER GREAT LTIP SUMMER

by Will Mason (LTIP, 2004)

The 2004 camp season marked the fourth generation of Pine Island's successful Leadership Training Internship Program (LTIP), a counselor-in-training program unique to Pine Island. Director Ben Swan and Assistant Director Chris Newlin created the program in 2001 as part of a continued effort by the camp to incorporate staff under the age of 18 into summers at Pine Island, and each year four young men sign on for the job. Over the course of the next six weeks, each LTIP learns how to be useful and competent around the camp and gains the skills necessary to be an effective tent counselor.

This past season's LTIP staff was comprised of Jonathan Irvine, Will Mason, Jamie McMillan, and Wright Smith. Hailing from around the country, the quartet quickly adapted to life as an LTIP. Under the close guidance of Assistant Director Chris Newlin, the four counselors-to-be quickly learned how to complete a variety of tasks around the island, which ranged from learning from skipper Eben Hall how to operate all of the boats on Pine Island, to taking care of general island maintenance. The LTIPs also filled in for tent counselors away on trips or time off, putting boys to bed after campfire, pro-

viding supervision during rest hour and tent cleanup, and occasionally spending the night in the tent with them.

In early July the LTIPs left Pine Island to embark on a five-day training trip in the White Mountains of New Hampshire with expert trip leader Jason Fischer. The trip taught the LTIPs the fundamentals of trip leading and first aid, and provided an enjoyable interlude in the summer for the young men. The LTIPs further readied themselves for trip leading by helping counselors in the trip locker prepare for the many excursions Pine Island sends out every summer,

lending a hand with food preparation and inspecting gear.

Each LTIP was given a portfolio at the beginning of the summer to track their progress in each of the different facets of Pine Island life. These written entries helped Newlin monitor their progress.

The LTIP program has already proven to be an effective means of producing competent Pine Island counselors. LTIP applications for the 2005 camp season continue to come in and the future of the program appears to be brighter than ever.

BACK TO THE ALLAGASH!

by Lindsay Clarke (Counselor, 2004)

The Allagash Wilderness Waterway is one of Maine's most famous paddling routes, stretching northbound from near Baxter State Park to its confluence with the St. John River just south of the U.S.-Canadian border. Though low water often makes the river impossible to navigate by late summer, this summer's rain and cool temperatures provided the perfect conditions for paddling the ninety-three mile waterway. So it was with excited anticipation of a long-awaited return that counselors Niel Kasper and Lindsay Clarke chose the Allagash for the senior canoe trip and departed in late July with a group of ten older campers, including Jake Pressman, Nick Maura, Tommy Scanlon, Ben Piemont, Tom Ryan, Tiger Killhour, Ben Herman, Morgan Patterson, Luke Siebert, and Willie Walsh. Encountering some Class Two and Three rapids, as well some daily mileage of often twenty or thirty miles, the trip tested the endurance of every paddler while allowing for complete immersion in one of Maine's most pristine wilderness areas.

On July 28th, after a long drive through the North Maine Woods, the Pine Islanders put their canoes in at the bridge dividing Chamberlain Lake from Telos Lake. Paddling against a mild headwind, they traveled eight miles northwest to the spacious Shady Campsite, a distance that was to be dwarfed by the mileage of the following days. They got an early start the following day and made an easy crossing of Chamberlain Lake in calm weather and made it to a

small portage at Lock Dam. The paddle down Martin Stream was slow because of shallow water, but the stream opened up into the deeper water of Martin Cove. As the group proceeded north onto Eagle Lake, the morning's calm weather gave way to a strong headwind and overcast skies. After a significant amount of searching, the paddlers found the narrow and concealed cove and trail that led toward the most visited historical site on the waterway, two abandoned tram cars and an old tramway. The site served as both a pleasant lunch spot and a unique playground, and after eating, relaxing, and going over the maps, the group set off for what was to be the most difficult portion of the trip. Battling a ferocious northwest wind, the paddlers slowly made the crossing of Eagle Lake into Round Pond, narrowly dodging some ominous looking rain clouds. The winds eased slightly as they crossed Churchill Lake to the stunning sandy-beach campsite called The Jaws. Having paddled nearly twenty-two miles in rough winds that day, the group enjoyed a much-needed swim in the narrow northern tip of Churchill Lake.

Though the following day's paddle was again twenty-two miles, it was marked by the first swift currents of the trip and by a helpful tailwind. From The Jaws, a short paddle brought the group to Churchill Dam, the beginning of the Allagash River and site of a ranger station. For a small fee, the welcoming ranger loaded her truck with all of the

Pine Islanders' gear and shuttled it to just below the Chase Rapids, allowing the group to paddle down the challenging stretch of river without the risk of soaking their equipment. The Chase Rapids, a fifteen-mile stretch of Class Two and Three rapids, provided undoubtedly the most exciting paddling on the trip. The river below the rapids was smooth with occasional rips, and after several miles of calm water paddling, highlighted by the first moose sightings of the trip, the river opened up into Umsaskis Lake. After the disappointment of not seeing any eagles on Eagle Lake, the Pine Islanders enjoyed a quick paddle across Umsaskis, aided by a south wind, as an eagle soared above them. Upon arriving at Long Lake, a body of water that stretches directly north, the group took advantage of their south wind by rafting their canoes, rigging sails with tarps, ponchos, and paddles, and sailing the length of the three and a half mile lake. Arriving at Sweeney Brook Campsite in the early evening, the Pine Islanders found themselves in the company of a moose and her calf that grazed, apparently oblivious of their new neighbors, in the river just below the campsite.

The next day was the longest of the trip. The thirty-five mile day was marked by numerous moose sightings, a close-up sighting of a bald eagle pair, lots of quick water and rips, a portage around the spectacular, forty-foot Allagash Falls, and heavy late afternoon rain. Despite spending a full twelve-hours on

the water and being forced to by-pass several full campsites in search of an open one, the Pine Islanders spent the final hours in good spirits, singing camp songs in the pouring rain as puddles formed in their canoes. By the end of the day, the group had paddled almost twice what they had expected to accomplish, and though they were forced to set up camp in the downpour, they did so knowing that the following day would be one of rest.

After a night of continuous rain, the morning sun came as a relief. The water level had risen remarkably, and the local ranger, passing by on his trip to Allagash Village downstream, reported it to be the fastest water level change in his time with the park service. The group spent their day drying their soaked gear, swimming in the river, napping in the sun, and playing cards.

The following morning, a leisurely paddle of five and a half miles brought the group to their pick up point, where, met by driver Chris Shubert, they began the six-hour drive back to Pine Island. The six-day, ninety-three mile trip was an enormous success, highlighted by exhilarating rapids, unspoiled wilderness, and too many moose and eagles to count. Despite long days, headwinds, and rain, the Pine Islanders remained positive, driven forward by the challenge of the task and the enthusiasm of the group as a whole.



Rafted up and sailing on a lake in the Allagash Wilderness Waterway



On the Allagash

WHITEHEAD LIGHTKEEPERS 2004

by Peter Ward (director)

In mid July, a group of nine Whitehead Lightkeepers moved onto Whitehead island to continue the restoration of the Lightkeepers house on the east side of the island. This year the Lightkeepers worked on a variety of jobs. Their goal was to be the first group to live in the Lightkeeper's house since the Coast Guard abandoned it twenty-six years ago. They began the three-week program living in the compound for two weeks. They were joined on the island by skipper Chris Burns, cook Marielle Vander Schaaf, Assistant Director Chris Gardner, and Director Peter Ward. Most of the scraping and painting had been accomplished by previous Lightkeepers and while there was still painting and finish work to do, this summer's group worked on many other tasks that would make the building ready for occupancy. They built kitchen shelves, moved a kitchen stove into the house, and completely set up the kitchen. A new wellhead and pump were brought over from the mainland and installed on the Coast Guard well. This unwieldy equipment was successfully landed at the boathouse and brought up the ramp using the sled and new winch. This was not the only unwieldy shipment which the Lightkeepers brought to the island. One day, with the help of

Pine Island director Ben Swan, the Lightkeepers brought twelve new beds and mattresses to the island using the Billy Whiskers and the whaler. Friends of Whitehead Island, John and Coco Harris, owners of a Maine furniture store generously supplied the beds at cost. This procession of mattresses across the harbor raised an eyebrow or two amongst the lobstermen out on the water that day. The Lightkeepers assembled these beds and began the process of refitting doors to doorways and re-hanging them. The kitchen was completed and now the sleeping quarters were coming together as well. The plumbing in the house would not be ready for a while so the Lightkeepers had to build a men's and women's perch. This structure had to be accessible yet discretely placed. A secluded spot with an ocean view was chosen and the base platform placed. Various members of the Lightkeepers worked to assemble the frame, roof and sheathing as well as smaller but nonetheless important details of Whitehead island waste treatment infrastructure. By now The Lightkeepers had created the essential elements they needed to be able to live in the house. They cleaned the floors and walls three times to remove dust from previous construction. They cut new

thresholds to replace those that were missing downstairs. While this was going on other Lightkeepers scraped and painted doors. Chris Burns opened up the little brick Fuel House and set it up as his living space. Finally with a little more than a week left, The Lightkeepers moved in to the Lightkeepers house. From that point on they lived, ate, worked, and slept in the house. They ate breakfast around the large round table in the dining room but often had dinner and lunch by the bluffs. Each night they held a campfire meeting by the bluffs. Once the Lightkeepers moved into the house, work continued on a variety of projects. They cleared the power line path used by the Coast Guard and scouted potential new paths on the west side of the island. They built wooden hammocks that sit in the old concrete oil tank foundations in front of the Lightkeepers house. The Lightkeepers cleaned out the schoolhouse, organized the materials, and set up a new workshop in the Whistle house. The Lightkeepers also weeded the brick path in front of the house and mowed the fields around the house. The summer 2004 Lightkeepers developed routines that were somewhat different from years past. They took their morning dip from the steep rocks near the boathouse,

often lowering themselves into the water down a rope. The new perch required some discretion, understanding, and compromise. Additionally they carried their water in from the other side of the island, taking it from the well by the Life Saving Station. Mercifully, unlike the previous year, the weather was bright and sunny with a steady breeze for a large part of the Lightkeepers stay on the island. This was especially notable since Whitehead is one of the foggiest places on the east coast. They sometimes saw seals and porpoise. They also saw deer and, fleetingly, wild turkey on the island. The 2004 Lightkeepers began their stay with a lot of work ahead of them and the challenge of living together in the Lightkeepers house. They met each task with enthusiasm and in fact often had to be forced to stop working at the end of the day so that an evening schedule could be maintained. They worked hard, played music, and laughed a lot. Living in the lightkeepers house will always be a privilege which is limited to a few. The 2004 Lightkeepers were a deserving bunch to be the first. The 2004 Lightkeepers were: Keefer Blum Jim Kane Will Morrison Alice Packard Dan Piemont Romy Rombach Mimi Webb Eve Whitehouse Ben Wisoff



The 2004 Whitehead Lightkeepers



Dan Piemont greets the salt spray



At rest in the new "Hammocks"

The 2004 Whitehead Lightkeepers Program has a few spaces open for 15 and 16-year-old young women. Peter Ward will be running the three-week session this summer to continue the work on Whitehead Lightstation. It is the chance of a lifetime to be part of the 175-year tradition of keeping Whitehead Light.

**NEEDED: A
FEW GOOD
YOUNG MEN
AND WOMEN!**

July 21 — August 11
Build friendships and skills this summer.

Preserve a piece of history.
Call Ben Swan at 207-729-7714 or e-mail him at benswan@pineisland.org



Willie Walsh



Peter Baggaley, Worth Smith, and Will Stewart



Pamela Ackerman and Ira Schackner reunited with sons Ben and Adam



Luke Siebert



Max Patinkin



Henry Gabriel



Rippy Swan



Finn Stern



Katie, Mike Robertson, and Max Patinkin



Reed Harvey helps Merritt Gasko



Jen Thompson



Sam Hoyt



The Sacred Journey



Jake Pressman



Tiger Killhour and his tea



Tommy Christopher, Steve Fisher, Katie and Emily Swan



Khutug Dorjsuren, Harry Swan, and Ned Donovan



Tommy Nagler



Skipper Eben Hall



Maine Woodsmen



Josh Treat



Katie and Bianca



Nikita Wilcox



Tom Ryan



Lindsay Clarke



Gregory Manker



Will Pederson



Will Stewart



"Hallaway" by Jake Pressman (age 13)

SHOP VAN GO PRODUCE FINE PAINTINGS

Shop counselor Jake Wheelless took the annual Shop Van Go trip to a new level this past summer by introducing some new materials. The boys did paintings of the local landscape in acrylic on canvas and used local materials to add depth and texture. The boys used rocks, branches and ferns on the paintings to great effect.



Nick Goodhue (age 13)



Tiger Killhour (age 14)

GLORY ON A TRUCK: A PINE ISLANDER'S MEMORY FROM WW II

by Max Exner

Max Exner was at Pine Island from 1930-1936. He now lives in Ames, Iowa with his wife of 59 years, Eileen. Max worked for over 20 years at Iowa State University. His main job was to travel the state organizing and supporting women's choruses in rural communities. Eileen reported in a recent interview that he had a fall recently and is in a rehab facility, doing well and organizing a chorus there!

By popular acclaim I was once the most celebrated pianist on the continent of Africa – for about eight minutes.

The Ninth Infantry Division landed in the bombed-out harbor of Casablanca on Christmas Eve, 1942, and I was charged with a squad of men to unload 20,000 pounds of frozen turkeys for the troops' Christmas dinner – of which we tasted not a wing. In the wee hours, our task done, we were marched up a grassy hill north of town to roll up in our blankets on the open ground.

As the sun rose on Christmas morn, same blankets were rimed with frost. But more disturbing was the sight of undetonated 16-inch shells scattered on the hillside about us, where they had missed their targets, skipped across the ocean surface and slid up the slope to their present resting place. But our prospects brightened when a convoy of trucks appeared to haul us northward up the Moroccan coast to the pretty little city of Port Lyautey (now Remsen), where we bivouacked for a few weeks on the outskirts of town.

One day in Port Lyautey the news flashed across town that the comedi-

enne Alice Faye, with her wide grin and raucous laugh, was to put on a USO show for the troops! Forthwith, a piano was found in a boarded-up theater, and a detail of men and I hoisted it up on an open truck and tooled down to the local soccer field to set it up in front of the bleachers for the evening show.

As we were rolling along into town, I sat looking at the piano with the sad thought that it had stood silent in an abandoned theater for the duration of the German occupation. The thing just needed playing! So I plunked myself down on the bench and . . . what to play? A happy answer flashed in my mind, and I started playing the Marseillaise, the national anthem of France.

And what an eruption! People streamed out of doorways into the street. Hats were thrown into the air, with shouts of "Vive les Americains!" And they sang, how they sang! The song, that had been verboten by their Nazi oppressors up to just weeks ago, burst from their lips with pent-up fervor. Our progress was slowed as they swarmed around the truck, and I continued pounding out the song and bellowing it along with them clear to the end of town.

I can say that never before or since have I received, either as conductor or performer, a reception from an audience even approaching the one showered on me that day in Morocco. But that night I sat laughing my head off at Alice Faye in her road show, just another dogface in the dusty North African campaign.



Abe Stimson at the helm of the compact yacht

THE BOATS OF PINE ISLAND

by Luke Siebert (age 14) written July 2004

As anyone who has been to Pine Island or even heard about it knows, boats are a large part of life there. This past summer was a very good year on the water. Two new boats, the "Compact Yacht" and the "Waryak" made their Pine island debut. They joined a fleet that includes 4 JY's, two Opti's, an O'Day daysailer, 9 dories, the War Yacht, an Alden Shell, and numerous canoes and kayaks.

The Compact Yacht is a 16-foot sailboat that has a small cabin with two pilot berths, a type of bed on a boat for which there is headroom but only a tunnel for your legs. Throughout the summer it was used as a place for various lucky pairs of campers to spend the night out on the water. The tiny yacht was given to Pine Island by Joe Cray, a former camper who found it was sitting unused at his home in downeast Maine. The boat is well suited to Great Pond. Its shallow draft of just 18 inches allows easy access to every cove and inlet of the shallow lake. To be sure, it will be a valuable addition to the fleet.

The other addition, the Waryak, as it was dubbed by campers and counselors alike, was given to Pine Island by the Rossman family of Brooklyn, New York. It is a large, orange, plastic double sea kayak. The name "Waryak" stuck because, as the War Yacht is more than just a canoe, the Waryak is more than just a kayak. So far, it has been used in numerous kayaking classes, on one local trip, and during Boats Out. At first we were unsure what to do with it, but it has become a very popular and useful boat,

especially on rough days.

Along with additions to the fleet at Pine Island, there was a loss. The John G., a small dory built by David Stimson, who also built the War Yacht, the dories, and the Billy Whiskers at Whitehead, sprung a leak. One day, while kayaking in the Cove, I noticed that the John G. had about six inches of water in it. The boat was immediately taken out of the water and a brief inspection revealed that the seams in the bottom were opening up. The boat was later taken to the home of the builder for repairs and it will return, leak-proof, to the dory dock next summer.

Meanwhile, in the boathouse, two new boating ranks came into being. First was the "Nessy" rank in kayaking, invented one rainy day by kayaking counselor Woody Hoyt and a group of campers. The requirements for the new rank are ridiculous and yet perhaps doable. They include properly camouflaging a kayak, rolling the Waryak, sailing a kayak, carrying a kayak the length of the island and back, and rolling a kayak without a paddle. Second was the "Jedi Master" rank in rowing. This rank is slightly more ludicrous. It involves rowing in a straight line with one oar, rowing the War Yacht with your mind, showing true Force mastery, and defeating the rowing instructor in a light saber duel.

All in all, it has been an exciting summer on the water. New boats, new ranks, and great counselors have combined to make the summer great.



A LETTER FROM INDIA

by Reed Harvey (counselor 2003-4)

Three months ago I was watching Honk Hall dissolve into the mist in the wake of the K.W.S. as I bade farewell to Pine Island early on an August morning. As Honk disappeared, the stark reality of my upcoming adventure came into sharp focus. I am from Washington State, and if I was a stranger in a strange land in Maine, India would certainly be a bit more difficult. I boarded my flight in Portland with a ticket for New Delhi and the expectation that things were about to become very new and very hard. I was wrong. India has been the most freeing experience of my life.

I have been involved with the Bahai religion for about five years, and my only scheduled time in India was to involve work in a Bahai house of worship known as the Lotus Temple. I began work soon after I arrived. A normal day at the Temple involved ten hours of service, broken up by meals and meetings. I found that Indian food is almost always a treat, no matter if it's rice and dhal or a fried fish from the waters of Bengal. Often I saw the meetings through eyes dull with fatigue. I had just

one day off each week, and I worked as hard or harder than any job I've ever held, but with no paycheck to rejoice over at the end of the month.

Many visitors to India feel that by seeing as much of the country as possible, they will take away a complete mental picture of Indian culture. During my stay at the Lotus Temple, I found that India came to me – from the villages and cities, from north and south, the poorest beggars and the wealthiest landowners, humble Buddhist monks and self-important diplomats. All came to see one of the most peaceful prayer halls in Delhi and one of the greatest architectural achievements in the world. My second day alone, 50,000 people spent a part of their day inside the Temple! I was so moved by my work at the Temple that what I had once figured would be a small element of my journey in India became the focus of it and I extended my time at the Temple an extra month. I have become friends with young volunteers from many different countries, including Nepal, England, and Bangladesh, where I am now staying

with a family. I have now been traveling for about three weeks with an English friend, and I have come to learn a great deal through experience about how we are perceived in this very different culture. It is unfortunate that we are very often a target for those trying to sell drugs because we are instantly recognized as Westerners.

India is certainly a world apart from our small island on Great Pond. Pine Islanders often remark that our personal space is reduced during those six weeks at PIC, but after a 38-hour train

ride spent stacked amongst so many Indians that neither floor nor ceiling was visible, Pine Island seems like a vast continent of unspoiled land. Tomorrow I leave the town of Sylhet for the capital of Bangladesh, Dhaka. Then it's back to India for a few more weeks. I don't know what's in store for me, but looking at the past three months I don't think I will be bored! To my PIC friends, I hope our paths will cross soon, and keep living the principles taught at Pine Island. They're applicable everywhere in the world. Namastay and Akka Lakka!

FALCONRY

by Zander Abranowicz (age 12)

Falconry has been called the “Sport of Kings” by many, and I have always been fascinated by it. Falconry is the ancient sport of training wild birds to hunt anything from starlings, to fox, to jackrabbit for the falconer. The sport has been around for over 4000 years. It started in China and then moved into the Middle East, where most of the greatest falconers are from, and then into Europe. In the Middle Ages, falconry was one of the ways people actually hunted for food. There were rules about what class of society could get what kind of bird. For example, maidens got Merlins, slaves got Kestrels, and knights could get Peregrines or Lanner’s falcons. Falconry has been a popular sport throughout history, and I hope to carry on the sport into the twenty-first century.

My first attempt at trapping a hawk was unsuccessful, but as always it was fun. We had about twenty people crammed behind a stone wall, or blind, overlooking a valley in Goshen, New York. These included my sponsor, Robert Kennedy Jr., my parents, master falconer Tom Cullen, and Pine Islander Henry Gabriel and his brother Beau. We set up a nearly invisible net called a mist net behind which there is a live pigeon on a harness attached to a cord that runs over a pole and then into a slot that goes into the blind. When we see a hawk, we pull the cord, so that the pigeon is lifted into the air and brought back down, so it looks injured. When anyone sees a raptor he or she yells, “Down!” and everyone dives into bushes behind the blind, under camo umbrellas or anything. Then, with luck, the raptor flies into the net and someone yells, “Get it!” Someone runs out, grabs the hawk the right way (under its breast) and brings it back to the blind. That day, we caught three beautiful Sharp-Shinned hawks, two Cooper’s hawks, but no immature male Red Tailed hawks, which was the one my sponsor had a permit to catch. Even though I didn’t catch my hawk, I still had a blast.

The second, third, and fourth times were not successful either, but then my mom got a call from a falconer who knew that I was looking for a male Red Tail. He had been looking for a female Red Tail with which to hunt squirrel, and he caught a male, so just in case he didn’t catch a female, he kept the male. But then he caught a female, so he was going to give the Red Tail male to me! I heard this wonderful news on October 12th in my homeroom. I got a note that said, “Your mom called. You have a hawk.” That got me through the day! That evening, we drove up to Goshen to pick him up.

The first time I saw Sherlock, I thought it was a prairie falcon or a fancy hybrid hawk. Then when Tom Cullen said, “That’s him!” my jaw dropped. It was the most magnificent creature I had ever seen. Tom came closer, the hawk perched on his gauntlet. The hawk was hooded, so it was very calm. I was so excited to start to train and feed the hawk. It hadn’t eaten in a few days, but that is normal for any newly trapped hawk. When Tom unhooded him, I was even more amazed. He had yellow eyes and a beautiful reddish brown crest on the back of his head. I loved that bird. That night, I tried to feed him, but that

was unsuccessful, but just getting to hold my own bird that I have been working up to for almost two years was amazing.

I loved Sherlock, and I spent a lot of time with him right away. He is an amazing animal and every morning it was a great pleasure to wake up early and to go and spend some time with him before school. My first skill was to get him hooded, then, to “man” him, or to get him used to me and trusting me. I was making good progress, when it happened. . . .

It was a cold Saturday morning, and I was excited to get going on a day of training with Sherlock. My parents were out on a run. I had him on my wrist, and his lash was properly woven through my gloved hand. Then all of a sudden a fat squirrel jumped out in front of us, and my brother’s bike tipped over. Sherlock got spooked and tried to fly away at an angle where the safety weave on my hand slipped out. I dove off my porch behind him and grabbed onto the wrong side of his leash. He seemed confused at first, but then flew into a small tree in our yard. I got a ladder and tried to go up and get him, but he flew away. In a heavy sweater and boots I ran about a mile and a half to find my parents and they immediately knew what had happened. We quickly drove back home and for about three hours we walked around the neighborhood looking for Sherlock. No luck

We called my sponsor and he assured me that it happens sometimes and that we would get another bird. About two weeks passed and one day I got picked up from school by my mom and she told me the good news; a falconer from Goshen had trapped three hawks about two hours before and one of them was perfect for me. I named him Achilles because he was large, eagle-like, and he had massive talons

Achilles was a fast learner. He was flying to my wrist from thirty feet in five or six days. After that flight, we knew he was ready to fly outside, leashed. We got a long coil of thin string and attached that to his jesses. I placed him on a goal post and ran about five feet with some food in my hand. Every time I walked farther and farther, feeding him very small tidbits from wrist. Eventually, he was flying fast from our goal to me fifty yards away, all on the first outside flight. Next, we taught him to fly to perches when I throw him up in the air. After that we got him flying to a lure, a bird-shaped leather thing that is attached to a



Zander Abranowicz and his first hawk, Sherlock (photo: Alice Gabriel)

PINE ISLAND MOM’S ON FRONT BURNER OF COOKING WORLD

Eleanor Klivans, mother of Laura Klivans Williams and Peter Klivans is about to have her 6th cookbook published and has plans for a seventh. Her first one, *Bake and Freeze Desserts* was a great success and her latest is called *Big, Fat Cookies*. Now two more Pine Island moms are hot authors and personalities in the cooking world. Jessica Bemis (how’s that for a PIC maiden name!) Ward, mother of Peter and Pope Ward and mother-in-law of Lisa Regier Ward, has recently penned *Food to Die For: A Book of Funeral Food, Tips and Tales*. This light take on a funereal, but unavoidable, was a product of Jessica’s work with the Old City Cemetery in Lynchburg, Virginia. This nearly two hundred page book includes recipes and menus but also chapters on “Funeral Phrases”; “Writing Condolence Notes”; “Obituaries and Thank You’s”; “Advice Pertinent to Food for Funerals”; and “Extraneous Advice”. The book also includes a history of and guide to the

Old City Cemetery that was founded in 1806. It is already in its third printing. To order your copy go to www.gravegarden.org or call 434-847-1465.

The book will come later, but right now Daisy Martinez, mom of Angela, David, Marc, and Erik Lombardo is eagerly anticipating the premier of her Latin-American cooking show, *Daisy Cooks*, on public television stations across the country. Daisy, a native of Puerto Rico, has always been a fabulous cook and an actress. *Daisy Cooks*, combines her two loves and after filming 26 episodes for the first season, she says she still enjoys both. In *Daisy Cooks*, Daisy illustrates simple steps to make classic dishes. Each episode is set in Daisy’s studio kitchen where she prepares two or three recipes, what she calls “real cooking from scratch.” She also familiarizes viewers with food markets and favorite ingredients of the Latino kitchen and meets the people behind them. Hola Lakka, Daisy!

BIRD LIFE ON PINE ISLAND

by Zander Abranowicz (age 12) written July 2004

Here on Pine Island you’d be surprised at the different kinds of birds on this small island. There are goldfinches, mourning doves, loons, herons, ospreys, and many others. That’s a lot for such a small island!

The goldfinches migrate here every summer from the south. The females have duller coloration and the males have a bright yellow breast and black wings with a white stripe through them. You will see them on the island in low brush and low trees, and you can get pretty close to them. They often migrate with other birds, and they are quite a beautiful sight.

There is a pair of ospreys living on Pine Island. I am personally most fond of these beautiful animals. They live above our campfire and have a new bunch of little osprey babies. Ospreys are a very interesting kind of bird. Also known as the fish hawk, the osprey is a familiar sight on the Atlantic coast, building large, bulky nests in high trees and on platforms put there for their use. One really cool fact about ospreys is that their third front talon is on a swivel so that the osprey can catch squirrels or

fish. If it wants squirrels, it has three talons in the front and one in the back, and if it wants fish, it has two in the front and two in the back. Osprey are really interesting and we’re really lucky to have them on our island.

Another bird on Pine Island is the mourning dove. When you hear a melancholic “coo-coo-coo,” you know a mourning dove is near. Mourning doves love feeders and they don’t live in cities like rock doves. You can identify mourning doves by their pointed tan and white tail. They also have stubby-looking black wings.

A camp favorite is the loon! The loon is commonly seen off the docks, swimming underwater and singing to each other, a sad dirge-like song. In the summer, loons are mostly black with lots of white specks. They have two black stripes around their necks and red, beady eyes. In the winter, they have a white breast and neck. They are mostly black and tan and are not as beautiful as they are in summer plumage. There are 20 species of loon in the world – 5 in North America. They cannot walk and go on land only to nest.

This summer a great blue heron was much in evidence at Pine Island. It would be seen often in the morning standing on one of the many docks. The heron is a wonderful bird and their grace and beauty catches many people’s eye. The great blue heron is on average 4 feet tall. It has gray wings and lives all the way from Southern Canada to Mexico. They come to Pine Island in the summer. Herons are a beautiful sight and they are a very interesting bird.

So now you know what birds to look for out on the water, in the trees, or above our campfire. We’re really lucky to have such great birds at our camp.

REMEMBERING ALEX "BURBEAR" BURLAND

It is with great sadness that we report the death of Alex "Burbear" Burland, 72, of a cerebral aneurysm in Philadelphia. Burbear was a counselor at Pine Island from 1948-1951 and then a senior counselor in 1958 and 1960 while he was working as a psychiatrist in the U.S. Navy. Burbear went on to a career as a psychoanalyst and a nationally known leader in the psychoanalytic profession. Most recently Burbear was instrumental in bringing together two elements of the Philadelphia psychiatric community that had long been at loggerheads through the establishment of The Psychoanalytic Center of Philadelphia, made up of over 300 professionals, in a renovated historic building in a Philadelphia park. He was director Ben Swan's godfather and lifelong close friend of Jun and Tats Swan. He is survived by his wife of 41 years, Pat, who traveled many times to Maine with Burbear to visit the Swans at Pine Island and at Whitehead Island, and to spend vacations on Great Pond. Burbear and Pat's most recent visit to Pine Island was for the Centennial Celebration in August of 2002. Below are a few of the countless memories Pine Islanders have of Alex Burland.

George Morfogen

Alex's death is a huge loss to the Pine Island family. He was one of the great counselors. He was adored. He never sacrificed or compromised his standards, nor did he court the adoration. He was unique. I saw in the late 40's and early 50's how special and important he was when he was part of the staff and how his special gifts resonated from afar. He was a rare spirit and as a counselor he brought joy and a keen intelligence to his camper relationships. I have a vivid memory of him walking along the Ridge with several campers virtually clinging to his heels and to his sides. There was no doubt that being close to Burbear was an event for them. He had a contagious energy and generosity and he was also a very special colleague and friend.

Sam Brown, Jr.

There were few on the staff in the rainy summer of 1951 who had the patience to pay attention to the moans of the eight-year-old first-year homesick camper that I was. Al Burland was one of them, and I followed him around quite a bit. He had a knack of listening to a tale of woe and then gently changing the subject to something positive and active, such as going to find a buddy for general swim, or helping the skipper

unload the Mollie S. Almost every encounter ended with Burbear offering a small joke and his inimitable chuckle. It made me feel better to talk with him.

At the end of my first summer, I discovered that Burbear had left behind his own copy of Milne's *The House at Pooh Corner*, from which he had read aloud to us. I took the book home, and then carried it back each of the following summers, hoping to return it to Burbear. He did not show up until 1954, when he visited for several days and staged a memorable Saturday Night Show based on *Streetcar Named Desire*. When I proudly gave him back his book, he expressed astonishment, and thanked me warmly. After he left, I found a note in my mailbox that read, "Sambo! Look in the library, on the mantelpiece." I ran to the Memorial Library, where, on the mantelpiece was *The House at Pooh Corner* and another note that read, "Sambo! You did it!"

Stewart Pierson

To be with Al Burland was to be in a constant state of wild creativity and fun. Beneath the wonderful craziness beat a warm and tender heart that reached out to everyone with loving kindness.

When it was time to lead a camping trip, Al took one look at the camping supplies and said: "We will have none of this. We will eat from china plates, drink coffee from china cups and sip wine from glass wine goblets. We will bake our own bread, we will get Russian recipes from my family cookbook, and we will carry tightly furled umbrellas wherever we go." He selected me as his assistant counselor and selected a jewel of a lake about five miles from the nearest road. "We will sleep late, and we will eat well. We will have discussions about world topics and teach the boys how to play bridge." The roster for campers filled instantly.

On the five mile walk in, a camper stepped on a rusty nail which went entirely through his foot and came out the top of his boot. Al was totally relaxed, so the boy also relaxed. The wound was bandaged and off we went. The first night it poured rain and the Russian cookbook was soaked, the special pasta got bugs in it and the tent collapsed. But by 10 am we were all dried off, sunning ourselves on the shores of Enchanted Pond and beginning to think about world affairs. Two of us were baking bread for dinner, others were learning to play bridge and a few were playing war with our tightly furled umbrellas.

SLOAN CRITCHFIELD 1985-2004

It is with tremendous sadness that I report the death of Pine Islander Sloan Critchfield. Sloan, of South Portland, Maine died suddenly, on November 23rd, at the University of Virginia where he was a sophomore. His memorial service was held on Saturday, November 27th and was attended by over 600 people, including many Pine Islanders. I was one of the speakers at the service and I include below my remarks for those of you who could not be there. - Ben Swan

I am Ben Swan. I am the director of Pine Island Camp, where Sloan was a camper during the summers of 1999 and 2000. David, Triss, and Betsy, I bring to you the love and support of the entire Pine Island community and in particular the love and support of the dozens of young people at Pine Island who loved Sloan and who gained so much by his presence.

As most of you know, Pine Island Camp is an unusual place. It is an old boys' summer camp on a small island on Great Pond about an hour and a half north of here. Our only electricity and running water are in the kitchen. We live in tents. We spend a lot of time in boats and we go camping a lot. Each night we gather around a campfire and tell stories, sing, and often act amazingly silly - all in the name of entertaining each other.

It was clear from the moment Sloan stepped off the boat his first summer that in Pine Island he had found a second home. Sloan's only problem as a camper was that he couldn't be out in a boat and out hiking ten miles a day all at the same time.

I am proud to say that Pine Island attracts lots of wonderful people, and there is no doubt that Sloan was a standout among them right from the beginning. I looked back at the letter I wrote to David and Triss after his second summer as a camper when he was fourteen. In September of 2000 I wrote:

"He is such a thoughtful, enthusiastic boy, and he had a strong and positive influence on his peers, a group that can be notoriously negative. The great thing about Sloan is that he is able to set a good example and be loose and funny and a bit wild and crazy while doing it."

I also wrote: "Sloan spent most of his time in camp out on the water. He became a Racing Skipper in sailing with ease and helped others in the program. My son Harry was just getting interested in sailing and was quite timid about going out. Harry is no dummy and he would only go out with skippers in which he had a lot of confidence. His best times out on the lake this summer were with Sloan at the helm, something for which I am very grateful."

At the end of that season the Pine Island staff unanimously chose Sloan as recipient of the Watermanship Award for his skill, enthusiasm, and judgment on the water, and his generous eagerness to share these attributes with other members of the Pine Island community, just as he had with my son.

It was this quality in Sloan, his eagerness to share his interests and skill with others, that really made me sit up and take notice. It is something I am always looking for. Many young people are enthusiastic, charismatic, funny, and

skillful, but few combine those characteristics with an eagerness to share all that with others. Sloan did.

In 2001 Sloan was a leader among Pine Island's Whitehead Lightkeepers, a group of about ten young people who sign on to work for three weeks on the restoration of a lightkeeper's house on a lovely island at the mouth of Penobscot Bay.

His performance that summer led me to recruit him to join our counselor-in-training program in 2002. Sloan was young for the program, but he was a standout, taking on many of the duties of a full-fledged staff member and quickly becoming a virtual rock star to the campers. They just wouldn't leave him alone.

My appreciation for Sloan's gifts deepened the next summer, 2003, when as a 17-year-old he became a regular member of the staff and, seemingly effortlessly, did a job considered challenging and exhausting by men and women many years his senior. He taught sailing, helped lead trips, guided three boys through the summer as their tent counselor, and added immeasurably to the hilarity of our evening entertainments. He did all this with tremendous energy and integrity because he loved it, all of it.

Sloan had become what I felt sure he would become: a person on whom I knew I could rely to care for those boys. To keep them safe, to listen to them, to help them to appreciate where they were and what they were doing, to teach them useful skills, and to convince them that each one of them had something important to offer.

I have learned that I will not come across these people very often, and so I both cherish them and lean on them because I know that as I lean on them they become stronger. Sloan called me in late August of this year to ask me to send him a contract for the summer of 2005. I sent it knowing that Sloan would be stronger still in the coming season.

And so, like all of you, I feel adrift. I am confused, angry, frightened, and selfishly disappointed. In such times I am usually drawn to literature, to stories that connect me to others, that connect all of us so that we do not feel so alone.

In *Pharaoh's Army* is a memoir of the Vietnam War by Tobias Wolff. Wolff saw no combat in the war and he went on to attend Oxford and to a successful writing and teaching career. He had a great friend in training camp named Hugh Pierce who did see combat and who, when he was about Sloan's age, was killed in action. At the end of the book, written years after the war, Wolff writes:

"Instead of remembering Hugh as I knew him, I too often think of him in terms of what he never had a chance to be. The things the rest of us know, he will not know. He will not know what it is to make a life with someone else. To have a child slip in beside him as he lies reading on a Sunday morning. To work at, and then look back on, a labor of years. Watch the decline of his parents, and attend to their dissolution. Lose faith. Pray anyway."

Wolf goes on to write: "I know it's wrong to think of Hugh as an absence, a thwarted shadow. It's my awareness of



Ben Swan (age 6) with Burbear Burland
(Note the black umbrella—Burbear's trademark)

NEEDLENOTES FROM NEEDLENEWS THE NEEDLENOSED NEWSHOUND

Pope, Lisa, Tucker and Chris Ward welcomed Briley Regier Ward on December 1, 2004. Pope remarked that with three boys they almost have a tent. Allison Martin Mertens and Kevin Mertens welcomed James McCoy "Mac" Mertens, born on May 5, 2004. Radha Rogers Geigel and husband Carlos welcomed Rosa Geigel, born on June 16, 2004. Will Sahlman and Nan Strauss welcomed Robert Strauss Sahlman, born on July 12, 2004. Zach and April Gardiner welcomed Graham Maxwell Gardiner, born on January 14, 2004. Ben Swan and family, including Harry, Rippy, and Katie and Will Morrison caught up with the Gardiners all the way down in Alexandria, Louisiana in November. Thomas Clauson was christened recently in Readfield, Maine, and Harry Swan was chosen to be his Godfather. Howard Smith and family, including camper Worth Smith welcomed Elizabeth Sydney Smith on November 5, 2004.

Greg Castell was married to Amber Senter on August 28, 2004 in Walpole, New Hampshire. Other Pine Islanders in attendance were brother Bill Castell and father George. Abe Tucker is engaged to be married in August to

Antoinette Odendaal. They are living in Dover, New Hampshire. Antoinette is originally from South Africa. Rylan Hamilton was married on December 4, 2004 to Kristin Emartino. He is an Ensign in the Navy stationed aboard the *USS Ponce* in Norfolk, Virginia. Attending the wedding were brothers Clyde and Willy Stemberg. On September 25, 2004 Rawson Gamage was married to Kristina Rodriguez in New York City. The reception was at the Explorer's Club, venue for the 2002 New York Centennial Dinner, Rawson's second date with Kristina! Nick Grant married Mary Wolf on May 29, 2004. They live in Boston and both work at Hubbard Harpsichords.

Jim Nagler has returned to Bates College after spending a year in China. Also at Bates, in his first year, is counselor Max Patinkin. John Nagler is at Brown University along with Pine Islanders Ed O'Neal, Robert Moore, Scott Nelson and Max Huber. Also in Providence is Peter Ward, who was married this spring to Amy Wolf. Ben and Emily Swan attended the wedding, along with their children and Joe Kovaz, Andrew Regier and Sarah Wendt, and Joel Taplin. Andrew and Sarah were married

just about a month earlier. Rhoads Miller has returned from the West Coast and has settled in the Waterville area. Brother Ned Miller is proprietor of Miller Metals in Rhode Island. Matt Clarke is teaching at Greenwich Country Day School and frequently is in touch with New Yorkers Michael Robertson, Seth Aylmer, and David Olsen. Lindsay Clarke, back at Wesleyan after traveling the globe and working in Camaroon, joined the Swans and Kelly Kasper on a fall hike of Mt. Katahdin. They stopped in Orono on the way back to Brunswick to visit with Niel Kasper. Robbie Boutwell is a junior at Harvard and busy working with the radio station and celebrating the stunning Red Sox victory. Brother Charlie is a junior at B,B&N. Jason Fischer is a junior at Yale and occasionally sees Matt Kennard around the campus and Tyler Coffey, a sophomore at George Washington University, at national Model United Nations events. Abe Stimson reports life as a first-year student at Marlboro College in Vermont is busy and wonderful while just up the road Nikki Pickman was a star on the St. Michael's field hockey team and Bill Nagler is finishing up at the University of Vermont. Marc

Lombardo is in his first year at Arcadia University outside Philadelphia and is a theater major. Brother Eric is working in Brooklyn and preparing to apply to medical school. David is a junior in high school and looks forward to working at Pine Island as an LTIP this summer. Betsy Enck has moved from New York to Chicago. John Eginton continues his salty career as owner and captain of the *Mystic Whaler*. He presides over a full year of a variety of cruising opportunities, including conducting environmental education cruises with the Clearwater organization on the Hudson River. John says he really enjoys the combination of seamanship and teaching that this part of his year provides.

1st Lieutenant Sam Meites will be leaving the Marine Corps after serving for 4 years. He is grateful to have returned safely from twelve extremely hazardous months in Iraq. He caught up with fellow Whitehead boat boy, and long-time PIC buddy and fellow Chicagoan Robert Brent while he was home at Thanksgiving. Marine Lance Corporal Tucker Bilodeau is nearing the end of his second tour in Iraq.



Sloan Critchfield (left) with O.D. Sam Weeks in 2003

his absence that I'm describing, and maybe something else, some embarrassment, kept hidden even from myself, that I went on without him. To think of Hugh like this is to make selfish use of him. Let me at least remember him as he was."

I too want to remember my young friend Sloan as he was. I feel I owe it to him.

I have many good memories of Sloan as a camper and as a member of the Pine Island staff. I would like to share two with you. One is a "camp director" memory and one is a personal memory.

Sloan was not a counselor last summer. He had chosen to spend part of the summer traveling with his family. It was a hard decision for him, but he was always torn between his family and other things in his life he loved. But Sloan came for a visit, and it was quite an occasion. Word spread through camp that Sloan was coming and it was as if some famous person was to visit. "Sloan is coming!"

Sloan was mobbed by the campers who were waiting for him as the boat docked on the island, and he was mobbed all day long. I remember him staggering

into the Staff Office at one point, sweating, as though he were ducking into an alley to avoid a mob. He did not court this adoration. It simply was a fact.

My personal memory of Sloan is, ironically, from last winter. Pine Island had built an icehouse on the island, and we scheduled an ice-cutting party for early March. Sloan was home on vacation, and he volunteered to spend a day with me getting things ready. We drove my truck out onto the ice and out to the island. We had a great time getting things ready for the ice-cutting volunteers who would show up that weekend.

When we were finished we, foolishly, decided to take a spin around the island in the truck. We thought it was a great idea. We did not figure on the fact that the sun had been working on the ice on the western side of the island all afternoon. As we reached the ice off the West Range, we began to bog down. There was plenty of ice to hold up the truck, but there was a shell on top of about a foot of slush and we broke through. We were really stuck!

We tried without even a hint of success to get the truck out, but it was clear,

as the shadows were lengthening, that we were not getting out. We looked around. The ice was a vast, empty expanse. There was one truck way off down the lake. I didn't put much hope in it, but Sloan was sure that was our salvation.

He took off his fleece and ran off across the ice. That truck was a long way off, at least a mile and a half, but he got there and then he came back. Out of breath but smiling he announced that the guy was willing to help us. And he did, much to my amazement, come and pull us out.

My memory of Sloan will always be of him, in his t-shirt, optimistically, purposefully, running across the ice of

Great Pond, getting smaller and smaller on the white expanse.

Goodbye, Sloan. Pine Island is grateful for your gifts and we will nurture them so that they will be remembered and passed on for generations to come.

Sloan's family asked that memorial contributions be made to the Waynflete School or to Pine Island Camp. Contributions to Pine Island Camp in Sloan's memory should be made out to Pine Island Camp and can be sent to Pine Island Camp, P.O. Box 242, Brunswick, Maine 04011. We will, in time, use these contributions to create a fitting memorial to Sloan.

PINE ISLAND ORAL HISTORY PROJECT PRODUCES SECOND VOLUME

Tats Swan's father Graham Blaine, upon his first somewhat skeptical visit to Pine Island Camp after Tats married Jun Swan, was heard to observe, "This place is the greatest triumph of mind over matter I've ever seen." Although I don't think he intended a compliment by this remark, in today's excessively materialistic culture we can rejoice in Pine Island's enduring ability, during each camp season, to pull off a spectacular triumph of mind—and heart—over matter. Although there are certainly physical structures at Pine Island that are comfortable and substantial and that hold our strongest affection, the Pine Island we take with us at the end of each camp summer consists of the intangible elements of our Pine Island experience—our friendships, our achievements on the trail and in activities, the summer's campfire hits, a funny Saturday Night Show, the War Game.

In the end, it consists of thousands of

stories. Each Pine Islander has them and, perhaps because the oral tradition continues to thrive at Pine Island thanks to our low-tech summer existence, most are darn good at telling them.

In 2002, in conjunction with Pine Island's Centennial Celebration, we launched the Pine Island Oral History Project. During the Centennial Celebration that August, many Pine Islanders told their stories at one of three tape recorder stations set up around the island. We also collected written reminiscences, and several of them were published in a special Centennial Edition of the Pine Needle the following winter. Since then we have continued to collect, transcribe, and edit these wonderful stories and are happy to be sending you Volume 2 of these Pine Island memories along with this year's Pine Needle. Enjoy it, and stay tuned for Volume 3 somewhere down the line!

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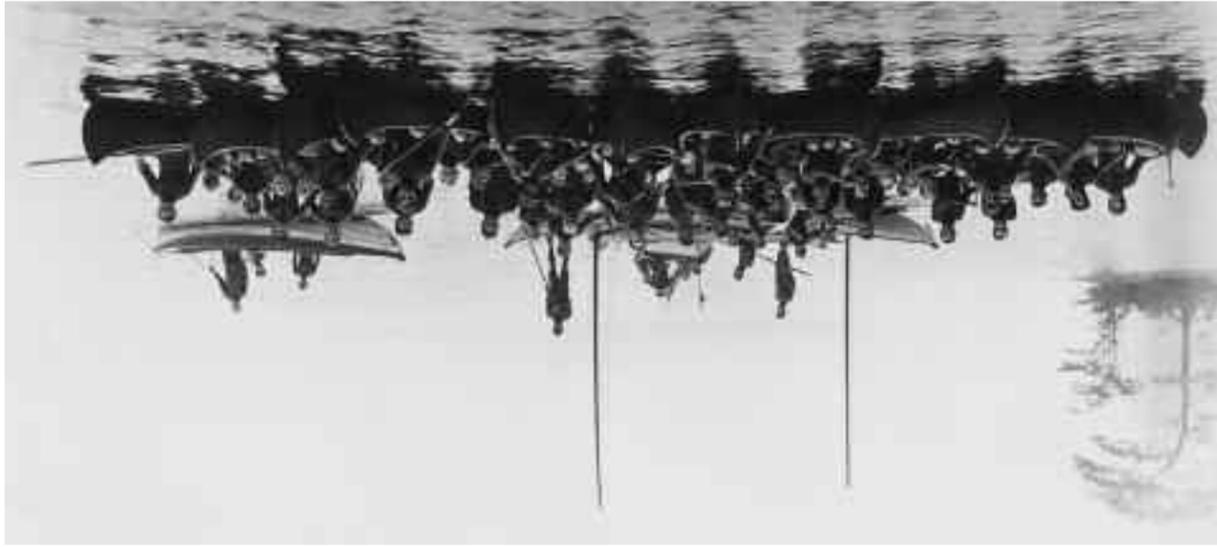
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