

The Pine Needle

BELGRADE LAKES, MAINE

JULY 2016

Trip Report: ONG-BAK by Alex Sidorsky

ONG BAK is a 4-day, 3-night rowing trip along the Kennebec River. It covers 40-50 miles and was an extremely exciting adventure.

Day 1:

Our journey began with a 30-minute drive to a boat ramp. We drove through Waterville very slowly, for we had five row boats strapped to our trailer. Once we dropped our boats in the water, we had an easy five-mile row to our first campsite. It was a beautiful day, not a single cloud in the sky and the sun shimmering on the water. After we pulled in to our campsite, we hauled up our boats and brought all of our group gear to the campsite. Everyone took a rest hour, and eventually we had dinner, created a fire, and had a very relaxing evening.

Day 2:

A second day started with a 7:00 wake-up to breakfast burritos cooked by “Master Chef Noah Brodsky and assistant Jacob Ronson.” We finished breakfast, got in our boats, and began rowing. After eight miles of easy rowing, we arrived at our grassy, “urban” campsite. It was only 11:30, so we had lunch, a dip, and a long rest hour. After the mellow afternoon, we had some fantastic spammies for dinner and entertainment provided by a band playing in the

Continued on page 2



Ong-Bak illustrations, day 1 and 2, by Daniel Ostling

PIC Acrostic by Will Napolitano

Come
And
Make
Plays
Fun
Inside
Random Acts
Everyday



A Typical Day at PIC by David Donoghue

I wake up at 7:00 and go to the Perch. When I get back to my tent, I read until the O.D. blows the wake-up whistle. I get into my towel, go down to the dock for 100%, and jump in! Then I go back to my tent, get dressed, and head down to the Dining Hall for breakfast. I sit at which ever table has the best cereals – usually CTC (Cinnamon Toast Crunch) or Frosted Flakes. After we finish eating, the O.D. dismisses the cleanest table to sign up for activities first. Woodcraft and Shop are usually killed first; people at the back of the line usually get Rowing. All activities are good, though!

Continued on page 3

Trip Report: ONG-BAK, *continued from pg. 1*

town of Hallowell right across the river. It was great weather and a very enjoyable day. We wound down the day in high spirits, played some Frisbee, and danced until sundown.

Day 3:

Our third day was strenuous. It commenced with oatmeal overloaded with M&Ms and almonds. We started with a leisurely row. As the day went on, the wind started to pick up, and by mid-day there were whitecaps on the river. The last four miles was the most difficult day of rowing I had ever had – until the next day! Though we hugged the shore, there was still a large headwind that was extremely hard to row through. We even had to cross the river multiple times and had to row as hard as we could through the waves and wind. Eventually, after hours of battling the wind, we arrived at our magnificent campsite called Swan Island. We stayed in lean-tos along the edge of a lawn. We played Frisbee and had gado-gado (peanut pasta) for dinner and prepared for our last day, the most challenging of all.

Day 4:

We awoke at 5 a.m., for we had a long day ahead of us. Our pickup was at 1:00, and we really wanted to make it on time. We loaded our boats and left camp at around 6:30. We rowed along Swan Island, and as we approached the end of the island, the river started to open up more and more and the wind started to pick up. The river continued for many miles of brutal wind. Getting closer to our pickup, we reached the Chops, a narrow strip of river surrounded by radio towers, with whirlpools in the water. The river continued



Ong-Bak illustrations, day 3 and 4, by Daniel Ostling

around islands and in curves along the land. As our glorious adventure came to a close, there was still one more arduous section of our journey to complete, the Bath Iron Works. There was one last mile of the biggest headwind and monstrous waves. The kept rowing through the tempestuous waves. Our blisters were bleeding, but we just had to keep going, for we had no choice. Everyone was screaming words of encouragement. Finally, after hours of rowing, we reached our destination. We put our boats on the trailer and were treated to lunch at Fat Boy’s, a famous drive-in in Brunswick. It was an awesome trip and a fantastic experience.

Fishing by Jack Chorske

The whip of the line,
 The plop of the fly,
 Bass feeding on mayflies,
 The bend of the rod,
 With the fish on the line.



A Typical Day, continued from pg. 1

We then procrastinate cleaning our tents, usually by playing the ring game. But the job finally gets done and we go to Honk Hall for Password. Password starts with a song, then the O.D. gives a talk that has a moral.

We then have the first activity we signed up for after breakfast. Next is General Swim, when one can either swim, play dustball or staffball, or hang out with your friends. We then have lunch, where the Kitchen Crew prepares a delicious meal. My favorite is pastrami pretzels. Rest Hour follows, during which we can write letters, play the beloved ring game, or sleep. We then have our second activity period, followed by another General Swim. Dinner follows, another fantastic meal.

Boats Out is after dinner, during which we can play dustball or staffball or take out a boat. Finally, we have Campfire, which is jam-packed with skits, games songs, and, if we are lucky, a story from Ben. After Campfire some nights there is a dip in the lake. We then tuck ourselves into bed, fall asleep, and do it again the next day!

100% by Jack Chorske

We do it every day.
It may be cold and windy
Some days, but the gleam
In our eyes and the spring in
Our steps keep us
Jumping off the dock.



Man down on Saddleback! – Maine Peaks Trip



Crocker-Sugarloaf trip.



A letter home!



Water skiing, Pine Island Style

More Poetry by Jack Chorske

Sacred Animal Art by Jacob Merrill

Activity Sign-up
 Crawfish are red,
 The lake is blue.
 Canoeing is dead
 But kayaking will do!

Dustball
 The sting on my arm,
 The dust in my eyes,
 The kids getting out,
 Shouting for mercy.
 They will soon be on the wall
 Hoping for revenge . . .



Sunday Funday by James Burrell

