“Ten More!” were the words you loved to hate. You had just swung a sledge hammer thirty or so times, or worse, held a 2x4 while someone else swung the sledge in an attempt to drive a somewhat sharpened 2x4 into the bottom of Great Pond. “Ten more” meant you were almost done and ten more well-placed whacks with the sledge might just do it. Or, it might just split the 2x4 and you would have to start over.

In any event, this would be only one of about thirty 2x4s you would have to drive in to create a dock that just might last the summer, depending on how skilled the skipper was. Many things conspired to torture you while you put in the dock: wind, rain, cold, heat, black flies, aching muscles, broken tools, dropped (into the freezing lake) hammer, twisting uprights, whacked digits, and the occasional near clobbering of mers, twisting uprights, whacked digits, and the occasional near clobbering of a fellow toiler. Underwater hammering might sound cool, but you know that it is not. If you were lucky, you arrived to a cool (no bugs), clear day during which the wind did not kick up, and you put in a sturdy, level, straight dock that could be anchored to the mainland and that projected far enough out into the lake to make it possible to build a ramp of reasonable length. Ben’s son Rip Swan, a civil engineer comfortable with his hydraulic crane was awe-inspiring, and the great installation proceeded with remarkably few delays. In just a few hours the new dock was secure and ready for use.

A few days later the K.W.S. arrived from her winter quarters and the new dock system underwent rigorous trials when a 20-30 m.p.h. north wind, gusting to 35 m.p.h., blew for three days and two nights without respite. The dock didn’t budge during the blow and didn’t budge the entire summer. The new dock proved to be so wonderful that it is already hard to believe we ever did without it.

At the end of the season the swim float and the Boathouse floating dock were towed to the mainland, and the next day Chuck Wrigley appeared with his mighty crane and lifted them and the three sections of the new dock out of the lake and set them down by the shore for the winter.

Phase Two Seeks Funding — On to the Island!

As if to heighten the contrast, shortly before the crane did its work in the spring, a small crew of iron men showed up to put in the Kitchen Dock and the Outboard Dock the old fashioned way. The island dock installations, while free of the torment of black flies and with easier sledding, are nonetheless notoriously onerous tasks, always coming at a time of the year when there are a million otherwise onerous tasks, always coming at a time of the year when there are a million.

The island dock installations, while free of the torque of black flies and with easier sledding, are nonetheless onerous tasks, always coming at a time of the year when there are a million other things that need to be done. The Kitchen Dock barely made it through the summer with some mid-season repairs, while the new dock took a few whacks and seemed not to notice. With both the Kitchen Dock and the Out-
(Continued from page 1)

board Dock scheduled to be replaced this fall, the time was right to push on to raise the funds to replace both of them with floating docks. Some quick design work and a trip to Shed City produced a price of $30,000 for both the docks and ramps. Thanks to a rapid and generous response from alumni and friends, we have reached the fundraising goal and expect to put in an order with Terry and Terry in plenty of time to have the docks built and dropped into Great Pond to be towed to the island along with the swim float and the Boathouse ramp.

“Socks to Docks” Collaboration is Win-Win

Last year’s Needle featured a short piece about Darn Tough socks, the fabulously durable and comfortable socks all made in Vermont by Pine Island parent Ric Cabot’s remarkably successful (and growing!) family sock factory. This past fall Ric generously suggested that Darn Tough design a sock exclusively for Pine Island Camp, making it the official sock of PIC. An anonymous donor then stepped forward to fund the purchase of 250 pairs of gray Darn Tough hiking socks with the distinctive blue PIC logo woven into them. Within 36 hours of the socks being offered on line, they had sold out, adding nearly $6000 to the new floating dock project! Ric Cabot has offered to make more of these popular socks available again next Christmas, so read your emails and check in with the website from time to time!

Socks to Docks

Central Maine Crane moving the float to Great Pond

Out with the old: the last of the old Kitchen Dock ready to be removed

Granite blocks to anchor the platform to which the ramp is attached

Rip Swan at the controls of “the best toy ever” digging a hole for the granite blocks
It is with great pleasure that we announce the appointment of Rhoads Miller as PIC Director of Operations. Rhoads, 41, will begin working year-round for PIC on May 1, 2017, and will join director Ben Swan as one of only two people working full-time year-round for Pine Island Camp. “I am so excited that Pine Island has made this move,” said Swan in a recent interview. “Rhoads is a good friend, a great and long-time Pine Islander, and he brings to the job so many needed skills, and a deep understanding of and appreciation for the enduring spirit of this great institution. May can’t come soon enough!”

Rhoads, whose late grandfather was the revered and irrepressible camper, counselor and assistant director Chalmers “Chip” Handy, began his career at Pine Island as a counselor in 1986, and went on to be a boat boy at Whitehead Island, and then skipper, rowing instructor, LTIP wrangler, and assistant director at PIC.

Rhoads, his wife Michelle and their two children, Johnny, 5, and Lillian, 2, live just a few miles from Pine Island and are visibly in the shadow of Mt. Philip in Rome, ME, making it possible for Rhoads to make frequent visit to Pine Island during the long off-season to plan and complete projects, oversee volunteer opportunities such as the Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend, and keep an eye on the place throughout the winter. Rhoads will also plan and complete projects and oversee volunteer opportunities at Pine Island’s Whitehead Light Station facility in Penobscot Bay. Rhoads serves on the board of directors of the venerable Belgrade Lakes Association.

“I am really looking forward to coming on board,” said Rhoads in a recent interview. “It feels like a cross between a leap of faith and a homecoming, and everyone in the Miller household is stoked for what’s ahead!”

Rhoads will begin work with an extraordinary breadth of skills and experience that will be immediately applicable to the myriad tasks he will undertake. Rhoads is a licensed arborist, an expert landscaper with experience in stone masonry, an experienced carpenter, an expert roofer, an amateur welder and mechanic, an avid fly fisherman and outdoorsman, and an expert in anything that floats. As a counselor, assistant director and LTIP wrangler, Rhoads was always a patient teacher and a great favorite among the campers and staff at Pine Island. No one who experienced the 2008 War Game will ever forget how Rhoads’s ingenuity and tireless toil saved the day by erecting enormous tarps and building bonfires by which drenched and shivering campers and staff warmed themselves and dried out soaked clothing and sleeping bags.

Rhoads’s responsibilities will be many and will undoubtedly keep him very busy throughout the year. Pine Island Camp owns and maintains 35 buildings, including one lighthouse, a couple of miles of dirt road, and dozens of docks, tent platforms, boats and trailer. After the Fire of ’95 Pine Island built seven new buildings that have needed little maintenance for the past twenty years. The maintenance they and the older buildings needed could be accomplished by local contractor and friend Dan Trembly with the aid of the annual First Cabin Crew, made up of as many as four recent counselors looking for off-season work. However, as Dan’s contracting business has expanded and demanded more of his time, the attention of a full-time person with Rhoads’s skills and experience have become the clear answer to not deferring important projects. Since Rhoads accepted the post of Director of Operations, Ben Swan has been compiling a list of jobs that need attention in the off-season at Pine Island and Whitehead Light Station, and the initial question in board of director discussions, “Will there be enough to keep Rhoads busy year round?” has morphed into, “How will we not overwhelm Rhoads on May 1?” One of the many benefits of having Rhoads on board will be Pine Island’s increased ability to plan ahead, and to carry out maintenance plans in a timely fashion. In turn, this will lead to a more predictable maintenance schedule and efficient and more accurate budget planning.

Rhoads’s presence on the island during the summer will also be a major plus for PIC. Rhoads’s primary responsibility during the camp season will be as the LTIP wrangler. The wrangler schedules and instructs the five seventeen-year-old members of the Leadership Training Internship Program, overseeing their attention to all areas of maintenance, including care of the perches, landscaping, and emergency repairs. The LTIPs also learn to operate and care for Pine Island’s motorboats, fill in for tent counselors who are out on trips or on days off, and work with activity counselors to gain an introduction to teaching. The LTIPs of the future will find Rhoads an exacting but patient boss and work undoubtedly feel lucky to have worked with him so closely. While the job of LTIP wrangler will certainly keep Rhoads busy during the camp season, his experience, excellent judgment, expertise in virtually all areas of camp life, deep commitment to providing the best of what Pine Island has to offer to young people, and the gleam in his eye and the spring in his step will have us all wondering how we ever got along without him. Welcome aboard and Akka Lakka, Rhoads, Michelle, Johnny, and Lillian!

Rhoads Miller with his wife Michelle and their two children, Lillian and Johnny, outside their home in Rome, Maine

PIC COMMUNICATIONS DIRECTOR SARAH HUNTER REACHES NEW HEIGHTS

Pine Islander Sarah Hunter is more than just our fantastically competent and organized director of communications. She is also an avid athlete and outdoorswoman, and just about any day of the week might find her squeezing in a 2.5-mile hike ride or a 10 mile walk or run after work in the warmer months, or a two-hour cross-country ski outing in the winter. Inspired by her sons’ impressive accomplishments on the trail at camp, Sarah has recently set herself a new challenge—summiting all 67 of New England’s peaks 4000 feet or higher in elevation.

Most weekends this summer and fall (and even winter!) have found Sarah out on the trail, either with members of her family or on hiking trips organized by the Appalachian Mountain Club. So far she has hiked seventeen 4000-footers (her 14-year son Caleb has done 16, and 12-year-old Silas has done 14).

Next time you see Sarah, ask her what peaks she’s conquered lately — and if she managed to pull off a headstand at the summit (see photo right)!

Communications Director Sarah Hunter celebrates at the summit after a climb

RhoaDs MIlleR NaMeD DIRectoR oF oPeRatIoNs
I volunteer year-round with an organization called Horseability. My love for horses began at Horseability when I was a toddler recovering from a birth injury. My success in traditional physical and occupational therapy was slow and uncertain. My parents, looking for something different to help with my strength and mobility, found a program offering hippotherapy. “Hippos” is the Greek word for horse. Hippotherapy translates as therapy with the use of a horse to promote motor planning abilities. It also stimulates the central nervous system and activates weak muscles. Therapy can be done with or without a saddle and is given by a physical or occupational therapist. The goal is to improve the rider’s posture, mobility and balance. The greatest gains in my recovery came from hippotherapy. For the first time, the therapy I needed did not hurt. My therapy horse, Henry, became a beloved teacher and I could not get enough time in hippotherapy.

As I healed, I moved into therapeutic riding (actual horseback riding instruction) and now I am an equestrian and compete on the IEA team for my home barn. I have never forgotten how it feels to be in hippotherapy. It takes a tremendous amount of courage. I work in any capacity needed at Horseability but I am always drawn to hippotherapy sessions. In my role as a sidewalk, I provide both physical and emotional support to the rider. If I am working as a leader, I am guiding the horse through the session.

There are of course many barn chores to be completed. Often my time is spent working in the barn grooming and tacking them for their lessons. One of my favorite chores is working when there is a 15-ton hay delivery to the barn. The hay is sent up to the loft on a conveyor belt from a tractor-trailer. The bales are very heavy and we work as a team to catch and stack the hay.

Horseability riders in the therapeutic riding program have the opportunity to showcase their skills in the Long Island Horse Show Series for Riders with Disabilities. I enjoy assisting at their competitions and celebrating their successes.

As soon as I return home from Pine Island in August, I volunteer at Horseability’s week-long camp for individuals with special needs. It’s a great week sharing the joy of horses through equine-centered activities!

I work at Horseability every weekend and during school vacations. My favorite horse in the herd is named Gunther. He’s a chestnut Belgian Draft horse born in 1992. In his past he was a jousting horse. He is a gentle soul and a blessing to everyone at Horseability.

Only three summers in Pine Island’s history qualify for the term “annus horribilis.” The one in most recent memory, of course, was 1995, the year of the Great Fire. The first, which occurred in 1904, was actually more devastating, as a camper lost his life when struck by lightning while hanging a lamp in the rafters of the Bungalow (later called Honk Hall). The second annus horribilis fell during the nationwide epidemic of infantile paralysis, or polio, which almost killed one camper and threw the rest of Pine Island into an isolating and worrisome month.

The boy who came close to death was Fritz Farquhar, who woke up one morning on a normal canoe trip unprepared for anything. While Fritz lay in the iron lung, able to communicate with his parents and the doctors only by blinking his eyes, the rest of the camp was put in quarantine. No further evidence of the disease was found, and that of the boys on the mainland, when visitors arrived both they and their campers were confined to the mainland ball field, where physical contact was prohibited. This quarantine, and that of the boys on the mainland, lasted one month, during which time no further evidence of the disease was found. By the time of the Farewell Picnic, everything seemed normal.

Except for Fritz, you will have to consult him directly to learn more of his ordeal, like everyone else, I was greatly relieved when I learned that he was out of the iron lung and had gone home to Hartford for rest and therapy. He was one of the “lucky” victims of polio, living through years on crutches and finally recovering enough to return to Pine Island as a young staff member. Ultimately he attended Harvard and UPenn architecture school and established a successful practice in Hartford, married Cyndy Jepson, and had two sons, Doug and Ben, who followed him, and their grandfather, to PIC.

The camp gathered on campfire benches facing the lake, with young staff positioned like guards at water’s edge and carrying an oar and a garbage can lid each. Bob Porter, head swimming counselor, sat in his bathing suit and Mr. Parkhill decided it was time to celebrate the event.

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As you can imagine, this escarpade provided considerable distraction from the continuing worry about Fritz Farquhar and his quarantined canoe-trip companions. When the island’s quarantine ended, relief spread as one of Great Pond’s southerly breezes. Mr. Parkhill, clad in a smart summer suit and bow tie, taught the camp a chant for the Jubilee, which we shouted at his direction. He then leaned over the bow of the vessel to empty the sea water over the bow in inauguration — and promptly fell into the lake!

Bob Porter, apparently on cue, dove headfirst into Great Pond and made a mock-heroic rescue of Mr. Parkhill, who merely stood up in the waist-deep water. “My glass!” he said. “I’ve lost them!” (They were found at the lake bottom a short time later by a senior camper with swim goggles.)

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A Typical Day at PIC
by David Donohue (12)

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 whichever 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!

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 pasta-mi 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 the O.D. dismisses the cleanest table to sign up for Password. We then have the first activity we signed up for after dinner. 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 pasta-mi 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.

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Trip Report: ONG BAK
by Alex Sidorsky (13)

ONG BAK (Oarsmen Now Going Backwards Along the Kennebec) is a four-day, three-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 rowboats 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 into 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 sammies for dinner and entertainment provided by a band playing in the 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 were 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 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. We 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.

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 . . .

100%
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.

Shop
The sawdust in my eyes The screech of the saw The voice of Shop Guy Instructing to rasp.

Sunday Funday, James Burrell, age 10

Sunday Funday, James Burrell, age 10

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**IN MEMORIAM**

Chris Cox (1995-2017) was a Pine Island parent and a member of Pine Island’s Board of Directors for several years. Director Ben Swan came to know Chris through Pine Islanders Lynn Kip-pax and Chris’s sister Molly Cox-Chapman and her husband Jim, and Ben has always been glad he did. After the Great Fire of 1995, Ben was suddenly faced with a seemingly insurmountable task — raising over half a million dollars to rebuild the camp. Ben thought of Chris Cox, who was the director of communications at Mystic Seaport and a truly gifted fundraiser, and gave him a call. Chris, who was already overbooked with his own work, responded immediately and generously with his advice, support and expertise. Ben remembers most clearly a piece of advice that was typical of Chris’s wonderfully direct way of putting things. Chris said, “You are not a professional fundraiser. If you try to act like one, you will just make a jerk out of yourself. Just tell people what you are doing and tell them what you need.” Ben did just that, the goal was reached quickly; and the camp was rebuilt, leaving generations of Pine Islanders indebted to someone they never knew.

Chris was an educator, a historian, a great lover of all manner of boats, an expert mariner, and a spinner of hilarious yarns, who possessed a truly generous spirit. Akka Lakka, Sam.

Sam Bowman (1936-2016) was a great friend of Pine Island Camp, caring with great skill and foresight for Pine Island’s investments for over forty years. He was godfather to Pine Island campers, counselor, assistant director, board member, and 2017 camp parent Henry Clauson. Though he never attended Pine Island, Sam was a friend of the Pine Island family with a gleam in his eye and spring in his step that always made you wonder if he might have taken a 100% dip that morning. Sam grew up on a farm (which he still owned and operated at the time of his death) in Springfield, OH, attended Exeter and Princeton, and moved to New York City, where he went to work for Graham Blaine, Tats Swan’s father, at Tucker Anthony and R.L. Day on Wall Street. In the early 1970s a number of PJC alumni made contributions totaling $20,000 to establish the Sidney Lovett Memorial Scholarship Fund. After a short period of flat (at best) performance, Tats and Jun Swan asked Sam if he would take on the responsibility of investing this tiny nest egg. Sam accepted immediately and it was through additional contributions and his expert investment strategies that the Lovett Fund steadily grew (suffering almost not at all during the various downturns) and today has assets of approximately $800,000. Sam cared for Pine Island’s smaller funds with equal attention and they too have grown at a very good clip.

Ben and Emily Swan will miss their occasional dinners with Sam Bowman and his wife Grace in New York City and in Millbrook, NY. Sam was a man of good humor, independence coupled with a concern for others, and a truly generous spirit. Akka Lakka, Sam.

**THE PINE ISLAND MIGHTY DUCKS**

by Emily Swan

Normally the water birds attracting the most attention at Pine Island are the loons, who for decades nested on the Second Island and hatched one or two chicks each summer to the delight of the PIC community. Everyone enjoyed watching these majestic birds and their adorable babies, who could often be seen resting on a parent’s back or gallantly paddling alongside their parents as the family circumnavigated the island. This year, however, “our” loons, if they are even still in residence on Great Pond, bore no chicks, and although loons could often be seen around the island, none seemed particularly attached to the island as they had been in the past.

Into this void, enter the ducks! Now ducks are nothing new on Great Pond. Every summer families of mergansers, mallards, and black ducks come and go around Pine Island. Pine Islanders from a couple of summers ago will remember the family of ducks whose peaceful paddling around the island on the day of PIC’s “Kiddie Day” around Pine Island was delightful to watch. Every summer families of mergansers, mallards, and black ducks come and go around Pine Island. Pine Islanders from a couple of summers ago will remember the family of ducks whose peaceful paddling around the island on the day of PIC’s “Kiddie Day” around Pine Island was delightful to watch.

**A few of the many Mighty Ducks in the Cove**

But this year was different. This year flocks of black ducks, often with a few mallards thrown into the mix, seemed to decide that Pine Island was the perfect place to spend the summer, and some days we would see as many as three dozen paddling around together amid the row boats or playing in the Cove. At risk of anthropomorphizing, we even observed them falling into a rhythm that mimicked camp life at PIC. Early mornings would find them arrayed on the beach as if lining up for 100% dip. After lunch, we often observed groups of them gathered in a protected spot of beach behind the dory dock, heads tucked under their wings, enjoying a peaceful rest hour. Their more active times seemed to fall during activity periods, when they would travel around the island just doing what ducks do. And even when they stayed put, there were still too many of them at the end of a dock in apparent restful contemplation of the sunset.

All right, maybe just a bit of anthropomorphism! But they really were a delightful presence on the island last summer, and many of us are very hopeful they’ll be back for more fun at Pine Island in 2017!

**Two of the Mighty Ducks on the Magoon Dock**

Lynx (1999-2016) was the Swan family’s beloved cat who was especially close to Harry Swan. Lynx spent sixteen very happy summers as a resident of Magoon on Pine Island. He was a somewhat elusive presence, spending long periods of time, especially in the hot weather, underneath Honk Hall or on the corner of the Magoon porch where he could lie in the shade and catch the breezes off the lake. However, Lynx was a good and patient friend to those boys who, perhaps missing a pet of their own, needed a bit of attention. Lynx was predeceased by his sister Tippy in 2012.

**Chris Cox (1995-2017) was a Pine Island parent and a member of Pine Island’s Board of Directors for several years. Director Ben Swan came to know Chris through Pine Islanders Lynx Kip-pax and Chris’s sister Molly Cox-Chapman and her husband Jim, and Ben has always been glad he did. After the Great Fire of 1995, Ben was suddenly faced with a seemingly insurmountable task — raising over half a million dollars to rebuild the camp. Ben thought of Chris Cox, who was the director of communications at Mystic Seaport and a truly gifted fundraiser, and gave him a call. Chris, who was already overbooked with his own work, responded immediately and generously with his advice, support and expertise. Ben remembers most clearly a piece of advice that was typical of Chris’s wonderfully direct way of putting things. Chris said, “You are not a professional fundraiser. If you try to act like one, you will just make a jerk out of yourself. Just tell people what you are doing and tell them what you need.” Ben did just that, the goal was reached quickly; and the camp was rebuilt, leaving generations of Pine Islanders indebted to someone they never knew. Chris was an educator, a historian, a great lover of all manner of boats, an expert mariner, and a spinner of hilarious yarns, who possessed a truly generous spirit that made him an exceptionally valuable member of many communities, including Pine Island Camp. Akka Lakka, Chris.

Lynx (1999-2016) was the Swan family’s beloved cat who was especially close to Harry Swan. Lynx spent sixteen very happy summers as a resident of Magoon on Pine Island. He was a somewhat elusive presence, spending long periods of time, especially in the hot weather, underneath Honk Hall or on the corner of the Magoon porch where he could lie in the shade and catch the breezes off the lake. However, Lynx was a good and patient friend to those boys who, perhaps missing a pet of their own, needed a bit of attention. Lynx was predeceased by his sister Tippy in 2012.

**Lynx on the Magoon porch**
People often ask why Pine Island Camp doesn’t expand its enrollment, given how popular and relevant the PIC experience is. The answer is always the same: there is simply nowhere to put even one more bed. It is arguable that the island’s very real space limitations are central to the increasingly unusual fact that Pine Island Camp has changed very little over its 115-year history. Many mainland camps have expanded slowly to meet financial demands, and perhaps just because they could, and have morphed into year-round institutions. Pine Island is still just Pine Island, and it still feels like a summer place, having avoided the necessity of converting simple structures to year-round buildings, and the loss of the beloved feel and even fragrance of distinctly camp buildings. However, last summer we did manage to squeeze in one more tiny camp building, an 8’x8’ one-cot dwelling to house one more counselor.

With a full camp, we have room for just 23 tent counselors and four female counselors in addition to the medic, skipper, cooks and kitchen crew, assistant directors, LTIP wrangler, drivers, and Ben and Emily Swan. In a very successful bid to make the workshop program more consistent from year to year, Pine Island has created a position for a shop instructor whose sole responsibility is the shop. While being a tent counselor is a joy for young men 18 to about 23 years old, it does not work as well once they reach the advanced age of 25 or so. Thus the need for one more bed. Taking a cue from the currently popular trend of building “Tiny Houses,” Ben Swan and his son Rip put together plans for the smallest possible dwelling that could fit into the landscape of the island and reasonably house one person. The little structure was built in pieces in the Smith Barn on the mainland and transported aboard the K.W.S. by early-arriving staff and participants in the Wilderness First Responder course. Because it came in pieces, the structure could be located among some trees up on the Honk hill and looks like it has been there for many years.

Recent counselor and LTIP Wrangler Rip Swan generously volunteered to lend his expertise to cut and assemble the rafters, a task his father, who had managed to build most of the rest of the building, did not feel confident (to put it mildly) to undertake. Once the rafters were up, various volunteers were able to board the exterior and roof, put in a few windows cadged from former PIC buildings, and build a small porch and front door. The 2016 resident of the new building would be Ben Herman, known to campers as “Shop Guy,” and he set to work building a cot-sided bed, some shelves, and other conveniences. The building, which sits just to the south of the Baita House, (see cover story Pine Needle 2016) is sited to take full advantage of the southerly breezes that accompany the hottest weather during the summer. It was quickly dubbed “Herman’s Hermitage” by the staff, even though none of them were born until at least 30 years after the heyday of the British pop sensation after which it was named. After just one night in the Hermitage, Ben Herman proclaimed it the best place to live on Pine Island!
It was the Grays who held the record for consecutive War Game wins — six (1962-1967) — for nearly fifty years, but the Blue Army’s 185-166 victory in the 2016 game went one better, giving the Blues their seventh straight victory under the leadership of General Ian Ford. The Grays, under able veteran Max McKendry, fought valiantly and outscored the Blues on the second day of the game, but they could not overcome the 31-point deficit in challenge points that a few blunders cost them on the first morning of play. The weather was excellent, the Kitchen Crew did a fabulous job of feeding the troops, and the two days of play were intense. Most importantly, nobody was injured playing Steal the Bacon! The Grays are undoubtedly back at the drawing board, having come very close to victory many of the past seven years. Our thanks to the stalwart umpire crew under the leadership of head umpire Sandy Crane.
Grey Counselors Kyra White and Nick Toole confer

Blue general Ian Ford with Nick

Noah Brodsky, Cole Gibson, and Anna Ashby confer during play

Gray veteran Matt Moss-Hawkins

Squadron communicating with North Gate

Gray general Max McKendry

Blues await the announcement of the final score of the War Game

Grays Alex and Ben during play
FRENCHMAN SETS WATERSKIING RECORD AT PINE ISLAND

July 15, 2016 was a day packed with eagerly anticipated activities. All campers and staff were in residence for only the second time all summer; the annual camp photo would be taken just after lunch; it was the day of the Regatta; and that night instead of campfire it would be Club Honk, a musical extravaganza, complete with a stage, elaborate lighting, and supergroups. However, perhaps the most eagerly anticipated event would come at the end of the regatta — the annual attempt by the burly Expedition Campers paddling the war canoe to get a camper up on water skis. The search had begun earlier in the day for the perfect skier — he must be the smallest camper available who has some experience in the sport. Impromptu interviews discovered a promising candidate in Dimitri Clamageran, a first-year camper from Paris.

Dimitri seemed remarkably calm in spite of the weight of history — success in all of the three previous attempts — on his young shoulders. He seemed confident in the strength and stamina of the men of Expedition Camp. Dimitri donned his life jacket and two staff of the men of Expedition Camp. Dimitri donned his life jacket and two staff members helped him get set up in the Cove with two ancient water skis while the paddlers attached the extra-long tow rope to the war canoe and prepared to paddle. A large crowd gathered on the beach and chants of “Ku-Mi-Tri!” rang out. Would it work again this year? Then they are off...paddling madly...the tow-rope comes taught...the alert counselors give a push...and...

his skis nearly make it to the surface but he pitches forward. The crowd groans, Dimitri waves unadulterated, and the war canoe makes a long loop back around to start again. Again the big blue Old Town surges forward with cries of “Stroke! Stroke!”...the line comes taught...the skier wavers briefly but leans back and...he’s up! Huge cheers from the crowd on the beach who watch as Dimitri skis out across the lake...farther and farther...getting smaller and smaller...far enough so that an alert counselor hopped in the Cove Boat to be in attendance when the skier wavers briefly but leans back and...he’s up! Huge cheers from the crowd on the beach who watch as Dimitri skis out across the lake...farther and farther...getting smaller and smaller...far enough so that an alert counselor hopped in the Cove Boat to be in attendance when the

PINE ISLANDER RIP SWAN DISCOVERS SHIP DURING BOSTON EXCAVATION

Rip Swan graduated from the Tufts University School of Engineering in May of 2015 and began work for Skanska USA Foundations the following July. The project on which he is working is an 18-story office building in the Seaport area of downtown Boston. A lot of Rip’s work involves overseeing the digging of some very deep, very large holes and, given the location of the project, the foundations crew is always on the lookout for things that might be buried there, including the Silver Line subway tunnel and a variety of debris that might have been dumped there as fill over the past 200 years.

One sunny day last May Rip was out on the site and saw something partially buried in the mud that he thought he should investigate. It was clearly a piece of milled lumber and his curiosity was piqued. Further investigation revealed that he had found the remains of a ship! Rip alerted the Skanska project manager who, though he was not obligated to do so, gave the crew permission to dig carefully enough to see how much of the ship was there, and in an even more unusual move, contacted the City of Boston to tell them of the discovery. As it turns out, pretty much all of the hull of a 50-foot ship was there, and parts of it, particularly the bow section, were remarkably intact. In the meantime, Rip had picked up a piece of wood among the ship’s timbers that turned out to be the only piece on the entire site that actually identified the vessel. It was half of the top of a wooden barrel on which was stenciled the word, “Rockland.” Further examination of the cargo, a white substance in barrels, and some sleuthing on the internet led all to surmise that they had found a ship that once carried lime down the coast from the lime kilns of Rockland, ME for use in making cement. The owner was probably the Rockport and Rockland Lime Company and the ship certainly passed close to Whitehead Light Station many times during its career. It is likely that the ship ran aground on the flats in what was then part of Boston Harbor and the lime aboard got wet and caught fire. Much of the wreck and some of the artifacts found abroad are charred. Once the crew salvaged what they could, it is supposed that they simply left the ship where she lay, and she gradually sank into the mud and was later covered by fill.

Rip reported that things got a bit crazy when the press learned of the discovery. Reporters and television trucks showed up and got in the way while helicopters buzzed around for several days. What the Skanska crew was now calling the “Swan Boat” made it into the local news and even onto CNN. “It’s the first time a shipwreck has been found in that section of the city and only the second one found on land that was filled in to expand the city’s footprint,” said city archeologist Joe Bagley, who went on to say, “Also, unlike most other wrecks, its cargo is mostly intact. This has never happened in Boston.” Construction was virtually halted on the site for nearly a week as experts, including a Harvard professor who was flown in from Italy, gathered, scanned the entire wreck, and oversaw the removal of the ship’s remains. The ship was too far gone to remove intact, but Skanska was able to remove the entire vessel, load the pieces on trailers, and take them to a site where they could be more carefully studied.

It is fortunate that Rip took a photo of the barrel top that identified the ship because since the identifying piece was unearthed in May, the stenciled writing has disappeared completely!
Across Canada with My Father and The Spirit of Pine Island

by Zander Abranowicz (Pine Island camper and counselor)

As a nominal adult, I’ve come to realize that my inner Pine Islander emerges most clearly when I’m traveling. From methods of packing, to tenets of planning, to expectations of behavior on route, my years at Pine Island prepared me for efficient and curious travels through my high school and college years, into my early twenties. Recently, I had the opportunity to travel with the other most significant influence on how I travel—my father Bill, whose career as a photographer has taken him around the world, from Vietnam to Patagonia. In early 2016 we were contacted by Travel + Leisure magazine with a dream offer: to travel, father and son, from Vancouver Island off Canada’s west coast, through Vancouver, to the east coast, where we end our journey on Fogo Island, a remote fishing island off the northeastern coast of Newfoundland. We were to document a luxury travel itinerary that the magazine would later offer to readers. Bill would photograph, I would write. I had just quit an unpleasant job, and was reading On Trails, a remarkable book by fellow Pine Islander Rob Moor, inspired by his time hiking in the Northeast with P.I.C. I had terrible wanderlust. The timing was perfect.

Bill and I flew from New York to Vancouver, then caught a seaplane that took us across the Strait of Georgia and Vancouver Island’s mountains interior to Clayoquot Wilderness Resort. Clayoquot sits on 600 acres of pristine wilderness. Guests stay in white canvas tents perched on the edge of the Bedwell River, close enough that the lapping of the water can be heard from bed. Sound familiar? It was in many ways a luxury version of Pine Island—from the communal dining hall to the activities-based schedule that included hiking in old growth forests and kayaking, to the en

(Continued on page 12)
“Whereas the Pacific Northwest, with its dramatic fjords and lush forests smelling of loamy earth, had a distinct sense of grandeur and mystery, this craggy eastern coastline had a certain intimacy that reminded me of Maine.” We spent our days cycling, jogging for cod, hiking, relaxing in the Inn’s Finnish sauna, and immersing ourselves in the philosophy of the Inn and its owner, Zita Cobb. Cobb is rightfully credited with Fogo’s revitalization by her support of local culture and craft after the collapse of the cod fishing industry. She is a perfect distillation of the Pine Island principle of “gracious living”—living proof that this communal philosophy can provide economic security to imperiled communities.

The article that came out of the trip, my father’s incredible photographs, and a short video we produced, are all available at the link below. Akka Lakka! http://www.travelandleisure.com/trip-ideas/nature-travel/canada-cross-country-trip

SLOAN CRITCHFIELD MEMORIAL BOAT MAINTENANCE WEEKEND 2016

The tenth annual September boat maintenance weekend honoring the memory of Pine Islander Sloan Critchfield was another great success. About twenty alumni, parents and friends began arriving the afternoon of Friday, September 9. Veteran Sloan Weekend organizer Abe Stimson and director Ben Swan and chefs Emily Swan, Sandy Holland and Barb Swisher had prepared for the volunteers’ arrival so they were able to get right to work. A good deal was accomplished Friday and with the arrival of more volunteers on Saturday the island became a beehive of activity. Volunteers could be seen in various locations on the island sanding, painting, and repairing boats, buoys, spars, oars and paddles. Kevin Hubbard returned to the island to step into his familiar role as skipper of the K.W.S., while Emily Swan and Barb Swisher whipped up the great meals and snacks to which Sloan Weekend volunteers have become accustomed. A special treat this year was the presence of the man who designed and built all but one of Pine Island’s beautiful wooden boats, Abe Stimson’s father David. As always, the long work day on Saturday culminated in a feast fit for a king in the dining hall lit by kerosene lanterns and topped off by the spectacular desserts provided by master baker and Pine Island parent Sandy Holland. The weather cooperated wonderfully and once again Pine Island’s fleet was completely shipshape by the time the last volunteer departed Sunday afternoon. On hand throughout the weekend was videographer Jasper Lowe, author of the acclaimed A Day in the Life of Pine Island, and you can view his short video of the 2016 Sloan Critchfield Memorial Boat Maintenance Weekend by going to Pine Island’s website: www.pineisland.org. Our thanks to the 2016 volunteers: Sawyer Carson, Paula Cournoyer, Julia Cox, Bob Flynn, Kevin Hubbard, Max Huber, Alexa Irish, Skip Hudson, Jasper Lowe, Connor Shields, Greg Skillman, Jay Steiner and his brother-in-law Dan Bainbridge, Abe Stimson, David Stimson, Ben Swan, Emily Swan, Barb Swisher, and Rob Whitehouse.

WAR YACHT FOUND FLOATING ON AIR IN SMITH BARN, NEW TRIPS ENVISIONED

by Perky Bartholomew

“In the spring of 2016, a group of volunteers discovered an interesting and perplexing discovery. A War Yacht, a type of small sailboat that was used during the Second World War, was found floating on air in a barn on Smith Island. This discovery has sparked new interest in the construction, history, and potential of this type of vessel."
FROM THE ARCHIVES, CIRCA 1920

The Mt. Bigelow Trip

A wonderful day greeted twenty-two Pine taheackers as they started over to the Mills. This trip was one of the largest that left camp this summer. Those who made up the trip were: Frank Mile, Dick Field, Willy Selvidge, Herbert Morgan, Severn Joanne, Harry Morris, Lavinia Hart, Herman Willingham, Bob Olin, Chalde Ashburner, Frank Joshua, Louden Blackwell, Matt Younger, Carl Atto, Frank Clark, Blake Center, Kenneth Selvidge, Mr. Reawyer, Mr. O’Brian, Mr. Wolfe, and Mr. Smith.

On arriving at the Mills the camp Ford took boys and pack to New Sharon and on to Farmington, and there took the narrow gauge railroad to Carrabassett Spring Park, situated there over every vista, and we started up the Mt. Bigelow via Tuesday afternoon. When we got there we hiked up, Kenneth Selvidge gave 250’s before fifty cents to make his pack up the mountain. When we got there it looked as if it were going to rain so everybody had to get lunches brought to get all over the boat to sleep on, and Mr. O’Brian and Harry Morris, filled up bales in the cabin and next morning we started for Dead River Post Office again. Going down the mountain we had all kinds of clips and slides but the trip was uneventful.

At about two o'clock we started for the Taylor Camp, and when we got there we had a joyful swim and everybody got changed and brushed up. We had a wonderful supper and sleep and a wonderful breakfast and then Mr. Taylor took all the boys into connection across the lake and then we started on a trail very seen late. Soon we came across a Jerryman and he was all served up and was going to shoot quids but then he climbed a tree. We came to the Remington about three o’clock and had a swim, and Mr. Bill Henderson street on legs and fished some stunts and swim laws. The lumber jack’s camp was on the other side of the river, and as we feared that it would take us across. We started for Hollings about half past three, and then boys and councilors took hitches into the town but some of them walked all the way. We stayed in a barn about a mile away from the town and then we all decided to take the train from Hollings to

Packing

The subject of packing is a delicate one; everyone who has been on a pack trip will have his own personal ideas on what to carry and how to carry it; what one person will regard as essential, another will regard as superfluous. We have asked everyone to consider that comfort is the main thing—to go into the woods in “smoothies” but not “clumsies.” And all will agree that certain things cannot be dispensed with.

First, as to the packs themselves. There are three main classes of packs: the backpack, the cylindrical canvas bag, and the extra pack which we used. The backpack is self-originated, and best-known by many because of two distinctive features. The pack which comes next to your back will hold your blankets and other camping gear. The back part is covered with small and large pockets. So this pack has a place for everything, and can be made so small that it will just hold everything that is put in it. The top-right type of bag also includes the rigid pack-back; this pack is commonly used in taking hours’ loads, but would find little favor here at camp. The canvas bag we use is slouchy and comfortable; it rides easily on your back, and will hold all that is necessary for a week’s trip. In choosing your pack avoid anything that has wood or iron in its construction—extra weight is suspect toward the end of the day. Small haversacks of the type shown are particularly useful, since they accumulate the heavier roll, and blanket rolls are just as good for long lines.

Don’t carry too much on your belt; put most of it in your pack; above all, avoid anything that rides against your bag, or on your back. A famous trade of ‘The Pine Needle’ contains a list of all that is necessary for the trips that run from camp, but if you are going into the woods with a small party, other things are necessary. Besides food, cooking utensils and personal equipment, a good, large, hatcher and compass are indispensable. Be comfortable, but go light!
Elie and Ben happy to be home

K.C. member Morgan Moffat and O.D. Ben “Gravy” Garvey

Medic Natalie Miner and Head Cook Corinne O’Connor

Assistant Director David Greene with Daniel and Nikolaus

A.J., Sawyer, and Tanner

Xander

Mateo and Elie returning from a senior trip

Skipper Gaelen Hall

Melchior

Checking out the just-posted army lists

Andrew

Calix

Lucas
Teddy Hincks, James, and Josh considering the next Risk move in the library

Isaac, Julian, and Chris back from Sr. Whites

Sam Hecklau

Kip

Silas

Jamie securing the K.W.S.

Expedition Camp 2016: Ian Ford, Max Mckendry, Reid, Carson, Seton, Colin, Nathan, Tyler, Noah, and Oliver

Tanner and Jimmy

Dimitri

Getting caught up on some old news on the porch of the Kopa

Will hanging out under Tent 19
Nobody ever leaves Whitehead Light Station without the feeling that they really would like to stay for a while longer.

Facing that twinge of regret, however, should not discourage you from signing up for one of the many interesting programs that will be offered in the summer and fall of 2017 at Whitehead Light Station, a place where adults can get off the mainland, unplug, observe nature, learn something, and engage in re-creation, not just recreation, just as boys and staff do at Pine Island Camp. In 2016 nearly 100 people came to Whitehead Light Station to enjoy the extraordinary beauty and peace afforded by Pine Island’s newest facility. It was a busy season of courses, volunteer opportunities, rentals, and capital projects. Matt Wall and Gigi Lirot were again in a busy season of courses, volunteering by Pine Island’s newest facility. It was extraordinary beauty and peace afforded by Pine Island’s newest facility. It was a busy season of courses, volunteer opportunities, rentals, and capital projects. Matt Wall and Gigi Lirot were again in a busy season of courses, volunteering.

In 2016 Matt Wall and Gigi Lirot were again in charge at Whitehead Light Station last season and served as captain, cook and bottle washers, directors, organizers, and fixers of all things that needed fixing. Their good humor and astonishing array of talents kept everything running smoothly throughout the summer.

Jim Leslie and Crew Undertake Two Special Jobs

We had boats in the water and the floats and ramps deployed at Emery’s Wharf on the mainland and at the Light Station pier on the island in April, and the season began with another visit from Jim Leslie and his remarkable crew, whose entire business consists of working on lighthouse facilities in New England. There is little having to do with such facilities that they have not already done at least once. Thanks to generous donations from a number of Pine Island and Whitehead Light Station alumni and a grant from the New England Lighthouse Lovers, Jim and his crew undertook two major projects — the completion of the floor of the Whistle House and a total restoration of the lantern deck of the lighthouse.

In 2015/16 Jim and his crew put a new roof on the Whistle House, repaired and repainted two of the four exterior walls, put in a new ceiling, removed two concrete footings (once used to secure a large air compressor and a large generator), and put down a new concrete floor with tubes running through it that will someday heat the building. After conferring with Ben Swan and others involved with the project, they returned in the spring to apply a super-durable epoxy paint. The paint is often used in high traffic areas such as airplane hangars. The result is a beautiful floor that will stand up to heavy use and unheated winters and that will be very easy to clean. With the addition of some lighting, the Whistle House is now ready for use as a versatile classroom/studio/workshop.

We have known for years that the metal and glass structure that houses the light for the Whitehead lighthouse was deteriorating, but it was not until Ben met Jim Leslie that there was any hope at all of actually doing the work. Contractors, steeplejacks, and boat builders all turned the job down over the course of a few years, but Jim hardly batted an eye when faced with work high in the air with rusting metal and huge panes of glass. Jim and his crew set to work removing all the paint and rust from all of the metal on the structure, repairing some of the metal that was too far gone, and then coating it all with a three-part special paint that is made to stand up to the extraordinarily harsh conditions of a structure standing at the edge of the sea. They also, incredibly, removed all fifteen of the approximately 2’ x 6’ panes of old glass and replaced them with new panels… without breaking a single one of them! Ben arrived for a visit one foggy spring day to find them unloading the new (and wet!) panes of glass one at a time from a tossing boat onto a tossing float. The lantern deck now looks practically brand new and will look great for years to come.

Volunteers’ Time and Energy Critical in WLS Maintenance

Under the able direction of Gigi Lirot and Matt Wall, volunteers worked both in the spring and in the fall. The spring work consisted mainly of cleaning the Keeper’s House, cleaning up the construction debris left by Jim Leslie’s crew, and basic mowing and raking. Matt spent his precious free time during the summer rebuilding the bathroom in the Whistle House that he had dismantled prior to the work on the building’s floor. Gigi and Matt invited volunteers up for a full week in the fall and they accomplished much in spite of the annual storm that struck mid-week. Under the direction of uber-volunteer James Eklund, the crew straightened and secured the underpinnings of the new staff house and then sided the building with clapboards. Others patched and painted several walls on the interior of the Whistle House, built a storm door to keep the weather out of the lantern deck on the lighthouse, built new shelving for storage in the Keeper’s House basement, stripped the paint from the hull of Wervil, rebuilt the foundation under the west vestibule of the Keeper’s House, and repaired damage to the septic system caused by last year’s winter storms. As always, Gigi cooked amazing food for everyone. Many thanks to Matt and Gigi, James Eklund, David and Linda Pope, Jonnie Larson, Rachel Boyce, Amber Taylor, Richard Vincent, Jess Venezia, Jessica Heiner, and Neil Jenkins.

2016 Programs and Rentals Give Many the WLS Experience, 2017 Schedule Already Filling Up

Visitors to Whitehead Light Station during the 2016 season included participants in programs, two long weekend retreats, and several rentals. The programs included the popular Knitting with Mim Bird and, in association with Down East magazine, The Island Light House Experience, during which participants engaged in a variety of activities and lectures.

2017 is shaping up to be the busiest season yet at Whitehead Light Station. Two weeks are already booked as rentals, there will be two long weekend retreats, and the following courses will be offered: June Island Light Keeper Experience with Down East Magazine (June 22-25), Knitters Retreat with Mim Bird and Heather Monroe Kinne (July 13-17), Craft Beer Appreciation with Charlie Papazian (July 27-31), Applied Mindfulness with Dr. Robert Cox (August 10-16), Writing with Nature and a Sense of Place with Linda Buckmaster (August 17-20), Seaweed Use Retreat with Hillary Krupf (September 7-10), September Island Light Keeper Experience with Down East Magazine (September 14-17); and History of New England Lighthouses with Jeremy D’Entremont (September 21-24). The knitting retreat and Charlie Papazian’s beer course have already sold out, but we are looking into adding a second knitting retreat in the fall.

To keep up with the latest goings-on and opportunities at Whitehead Light Station go to our website, www.whiteheadlightstation.org and figure out how you can spend some time at this amazing place to unplug and recharge.

The Keeper’s Log

Three Key Projects Completed, Programs and Rentals Continue

Matt Wall at work on the storm door for the lighthouse lantern deck

Rugs on the new floor of the Whistle House
Volunteer James Eklund at work on the new staff house

Jim Leslie’s crew atop the Whitehead Lighthouse

Before: rusting and looking kind of sad

After: ready for the weather and looking good

Repaired and painted metal and new glass in the lighthouse

Repaired and painted metal and new glass in the lighthouse
Thanks to the generosity of dozens of Pine Islanders, when the campers and staff arrive they will find a fleet of beautiful and functional sailboats and rowboats, almost all of which are made of wood, and thanks to the volunteers who travel each September to our boat maintenance weekend, all the boats will be in mint condition. That Pine Island’s sailing and rowing fleets are comprised of mostly wooden boats might come as a surprise to campers and staff who were at Pine Island during the 1960s, ’70s, and ’80s. It was in the late 1950s that affordable, small fiberglass boats were introduced, and, sick of trying to repair and care for leaky old wooden boats, PIC jumped aboard the fiberglass bandwagon around 1965 and bought a fleet of “Sprites” to replace the ancient wooden sailing fleet. At the end of the 1966 camp season, the old wooden sailboats were made available to anyone who wanted them. Counselor Tom Brown took a Cape Cod Junior Sloop called Wood Tick. Below is his account of his hopes and the eventual demise of Wood Tick, along with some interesting background.

She was built by the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co. of Wareham, MA c. 1931-1939. The CCSC catalogue described her as “an inexpensive one-design of lap strake construction with liberal beam and somewhat higher freeboard forward than would be expected in a sailboat of this size. The Junior Sloop is unusually sturdy, will stand up under hard usage and perform well in rough, choppy waters. These characteristics make it a particularly desirable boat for schools and camps.” The year that Wood Tick joined the rest of the fleet at Pine Island is a mystery, but I can at least attest to the fact that she was in service at PIC in 1956, was in pretty good condition, and was sailed and enjoyed by many counselors and campers for many summers.

When the opportunity arose to take Wood Tick home with me, I jumped at the chance. I trailered the boat down to Martha’s Vineyard toward the end of August, where fellow counselor John Franz and I worked to fiberglass her seams in order to hold her together as many of her fasteners were rusted away and her lap strake planking was detaching in places. Our hopes were that we could make her seaworthy again. We stopped at the CCSC in Wareham on the way to the Vineyard to learn more about the boat and found that the plans for the boat were in the head of the designer and remained so until his death. She was under cover on the Vineyard for a few years while I was away and then in 1972 I took her up north to Canaan, NH, where I put her in the barn that came with the old farm my wife and I had purchased. She was up in the hayloft of the barn until 1980 when we moved to Norwich, VT. During the winter of 1980-81 she was stored upside down on sawhorses under a tarp down in Meriden, NH. Unfortunately her caretaker was careless and let the tarpaulin fall off during the winter. When I went to retrieve her early in the summer of 1981, she was on the ground, off her horses and full of water, leaves and other debris.

Sadly, Wood Tick was beyond repair at this point, though frankly restoration at any point would have required replacing much of the planking and all of the fastenings. Wood Tick remained here in Norwich under cover until I fully accepted her demise and decided the best thing I could do for her was cut her up and restore and save her transom as a record of her service. I did so recently and next summer will bring it to Pine Island where it will hang with some photos and a history describing her long and storied life at Pine Island.

— Tom Brown, PIC counselor 1964-66

The promise of the wonders of fiberglass were in some ways not realized, and hundreds of thousands of fiberglass boats now sit in barns and yards with owners uncertain about how to dispose of them. It is very nice to consider that, except for her transom, Wood Tick has returned to the soil to nourish the next crop of trees from which another fleet of boats might be built. Our thanks to Tom Brown for his efforts at preserving a piece of Pine Island history and for taking the time to provide Wood Tick’s story.
have Robert as a trip leader, a tent coun-

To those who had the good fortune to

world, he teaches you amazing things

Islander

rent camper will probably see himself in

mer / Giacinto Scelsi super group the

tooth of the Appalachians north to

spine of the Appalachian Trail. His tone suggested we

I was ten years old when I first

ting the wide rocky trail lead-

bling up Tuckerman Ravine, my stiff

I was wrong, though; it was

I was completing my PhD at Columbia

is consistently fascinat-

On Trails, an Exploration by Pine

On Trails was featured in the New York

is one of the book covers of 2016, "The Best Book Covers of 2016," and the interior of the book easily lives

I still recall the tingle of wonder

Robert has been hiking and explor-

Robert is a graduate of Brown University and

A hot liquid ache per-

I had been a champion sleeper all my life and then one day I simply became bad at it — it was a watershed year in both my academic and musical life and I couldn't shut my mind off at the end of the day, and irritation at being unable to sleep only compounded the situation. It began to interest me that insomnia, mania, anxiety, hallucinatory states, and the agonizing non-time of restless nights have been thematic red meat for card-carrying musical modernists for at least the last 120 years. They've also, curiously, been areas that metal music has explored productively — in music by bands like The Locust, Kealcile, Isis, Celestial Season, to name just a small off-the-cuff handful. For my part, I was starting to work on mu-

during ever since and eventually hiked the

Robert is working on a new journ-

to grasp something so immense, if

I felt upon hearing these words. The

In December provided an exception to

I was turning onto a leg of the Appa-

that insomnia, mania, anxiety, hallucinatory states, and the agonizing non-time of restless nights have been thematic red meat for card-carrying musical modernists for at least the last 120 years. They’ve also, curiously, been areas that metal music has explored productively — in music by bands like The Locust, Kealcile, Isis, Celestial Season, to name just a small off-the-cuff handful. For my part, I was starting to work on music for a double drums/double guitar noise band drawing inspiration from both of those worlds, I also was doing research for my dissertation and spending a lot of time thinking about asceticism and trance states, and musical cultures which prioritize these in both the making and receiving of music... I started to think about insomnia, anxiety, and mania as trance states, ones which I entered as I sketched a variety of music in my cramped and dark kitchen at 3:00 in the morning. (Most of that music ended up on the Happy Place album; some of it, a set of slow and whispery pieces scored for cello, piano, percus-

The Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt. He

Renowned sculptor and alumnus Robert “Bobby” Taplin’s work was on display recently at Kent Fine Art Gallery in the Chelsea gallery district in New York. His sculpture has steadily gained recognition and has been shown at gal-

were turning onto a leg of the Appa-

I was considerably better for it

appear from time to time in plays in New York. Christian Schneider still has a
day job, but is working overtime to es-

Robert has been hiking and explor-

Robert was a trip leader, a tent coun-

I made pleading, pained faces at pass-

That summer, my parents shipped

I was ten for the NYU School of Journalism, has written for Harper’s, New York Magazine, and the New York Times among other publications, and, most notably for Pine Islanders, wrote a feature-length article for Down East commemorating the 100th anniversary of Pine Island’s War

The NYU School of journalism, has writ-

A hot liquid ache per-

In the morning. (Most of that music

I recall the tingle of wonder

I looked up Tuckerman Ravine, my stiff

I was turning onto a leg of the Appa-

At 3:00 in the morning. (Most of that music

I felt upon hearing these words. The

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Gracious Living And Great Food Is Their Goal

Three Pine Island parents are at work making and serving fantastic food in restaurants that they own. Chef Jason Merrill, father of camper Jacob Merrill, is the owner of two highly acclaimed restaurants in Vermont. The Worship Burger is located in a former freight shed by the tracks in South Royalton, VT and attracts beer connoisseurs from all over to sample its dozens of local craft beers and great food. Zagat says, “Worship Burger has not only all of the area’s best burgers, but also one of the widest, and most interesting, selections of craft beer. Burgers are all grilled over Vermont hardwood—the restaurant calls this “The Worship Difference”—which produces a supremely smoky, juicy patty!” The success of the Burger led Jason to open the Worship Kitchen just down the road in Woodstock, and it has also been a great success. Local and fresh is always the order of the day at both restaurants, and plans are in the works to open another Worship restaurant in Brookline, MA.

Chef Ned Baldwin, father of Irving Baldwin, is the owner of the new and quickly popular Houseman restaurant in the Hudson Square section of New York City’s TribBeCa that has recently become home to the super hip. Ned was in the Hudson Square section of New York for years, not one of them had ever even glimpsed a mountain lion!

Bumper Sticker Samaritan

Jack Lord was a counselor at Pine Island 1957-59 and has lived for most of his adult life in Southern California. He owns an aging Volkswagen van that he parks on the street in front of his home in Santa Monica. The van had a very faded Pine Island bumper sticker peeling off the rear bumper. Jack wrote to report that one morning he came out to the van and saw what he thought was a parking ticket under his windshield wiper. Just as he was about to begin cursing the local constabulary he discovered that instead of a ticket he had received a spiffy new Pine Island bumper sticker from an unknown Samaritan. He wishes to thank the kind Pine Islander who saw his need and met it!

Pine Island Camper Serves As Page In Maine Legislature

Camper Henry Heyburn, a student at Brunswick (ME) Junior High School served as an honorary page in the Maine State Legislature last year.

King Kababa Kismet—Again

While we have long ago given up being amazed by the places Pine Islanders find each other and the ways in which they do, we have not given up being super happy to hear. Recently Pine Islander Steve Fisher (camper 2001-05) wrote this from southern California: “So, I’m currently in the last desperate attempts of moving house. I’ve listed a bunch of items on Craigslist to sell and tonight got a response from one Lizzie Collins regarding my dining room chairs. She came to pick them up about an hour ago with her boyfriend... Sam Weeks, who was a counselor while I was a camper, and whom I had not seen in at least twelve years. I recognized him at once, we traded some stories (and chairs and money), and are now planning on grabbing a beer later on this week to catch up. I just thought I’d let you know that the world seems hell-bent on keeping our island community always in mind and in heart.”

Southeast Asia Is Destination, Home for Several Pine Islanders

Pine Island camper, counselor, and assistant director Harry Swan and kitchen crew member, assistant cook, and head cook Krista Wiberg returned to the US this fall from Ho Chi Minh City (Saigon), Vietnam where they had spent a full year teaching English and doing a bit of traveling. Assistant cook and canoe instructor Anne Read visited Krista there last winter. Both Krista and Harry said the work took more of their time than they had anticipated and that they would have traveled more if they had had more time. Both became adept at navigating the city on a motorbike!

Former director Monte Ball is still residing in Chiang Mai in northern Thailand, though he is not at home much because he is always traveling with family and friends to Laos; Cambodia; Green- ville, SC; Cape Cod, and Indonesia. Rex Bates is a frequent visitor to China, Viet-

mam, and Laos, where he rendezvoused recently with Monte in Luang Prabang. Rex and Monte are long-time supporters of the Lao Children’s Workshop, a facility for Hmong orphans where they learn, among other things, filmmaking. Monte reports that he has also had great visits from his former shipmate and current Pine Island benefactor Barry Lindquist and many others. Monte asked me to pass along this message: “I’m always ready to embark on a tale of action and adven- ture, provided we agree that gracious living is our goal, so don’t hesitate to get in touch.”

2016 LTIPS ACCOMPLISH MUCH WITH SMALL CREW

LTIP wrangler Nick Toole was a busy man this summer, responsible for training and scheduling the four seventeen-year-old member of Pine Island’s Leadership Training Internship Program. With four instead of the usual five LTIPS, they were stretched a bit thin to begin with, but when two of them went down with the illness d’êté, each for a week or more, things got stretched even thinner. However, as always the LTIPS found a way to get everything done and even completed their “signature” project, replacing the hand-washing dock by the entrance to the dining hall with a hand washing “jetty.” LTIPS James Berger, Philipp de Beistegui, Addison Wakeman, and Sam Spencer accomplished the seemingly medieval task of transporting large stones from the north side of the island to the building site. After some experimentation they discovered that the best way to transport the stones was to suspend them beneath an old aluminum canoe and then paddle the canoe to the site and drop the stones. The jetty was an immediate hit and we are all eager to see whether or not the ice going out this spring affects it. It certainly looks like it would take a lot to put a dent in it!
PINE ISLAND’S CONTINUES HEAVY TRIPPING SCHEDULE

Heading for Saddleback!

At the start of the ONG BAK rowing trip, just below Waterville on the Kennebec

Taking pictures of Chris taking in the view on a perfect day to summit

Looking along the Knife’s Edge toward Pamola Peak from Baxter Peak on Mt. Katahdin

Looking toward the tableland from the summit of Katahdin

Bundled up but happy at the summit of Katahdin
Marc is just trying to farm-raise a team and Daisy Martinez and Gerry Lombardo were married on November 9, 2016. All the Lombardos are living in NY and Daisy, Erik, Mark, and David are all only slightly less excited than grandparent attendance were: Heathen (Strickland) Barger, Virginia Page (Snell) Barth, Laura (Klivan) Williams, Whit Fisher, John Quintelbaum, and Pope and Lisa (Regier) Ward. What later checked in from Arizona where he was visiting Dan Hollnagel. Bill Nagler was married to Kirsten Lewis on September 17, 2016 in Indianapolis, IN. Lindsay Clarke and her husband Shea Gunther welcomed Sagan Brandes Gunther on May 4, 2016. Lindsay has taken a leave of absence from her teaching job at the Waynflete School in Portland, ME, where Ben Mini is also a teacher and where Lindsay's cousin Carrie Turner is the Middle School Assistant. Sarah Mason is teaching in Freeport, ME. Dr. Jason Fischer and his wife Lindy welcomed Lyle Fischer on November 22, 2015. Jason is finishing a year as chief resident at a hospital in Ann Arbor, MI and is headed back to Philadelphia where he has received a pediatric emergency medicine fellowship at the Children's Hospital of Philadelphia. Marty Hale and Philippa “Pipsy” Lord were married in Brooklyn, NY on October 22, 2016. Erik Lombardo and Alicia Leslie were married on November 9, 2015, and their son Malcolm was born on September 20, 2016. Malcolm’s uncles Marc and David Lombardo are only slightly less excited than grandparents Daisy Martinez and Gerry Lombardo do. All the Lombardos are living in NY and Daisy, Erik, Mark, and David are all in the food biz. Erik reports that “Marc has finally convinced David to take acting classes to explore the more expressive side of his passion, though I think Marc is just trying to farm-raise a team to make his own movies.” Jack Ohly and his wife Tanya and son Ben welcomed Raya Blair Ohly on April 30, 2016. They are living in Brooklyn, NY. Derek Ohly and his family live in Arlington, MA and their son Miles is on track to become a 4th generation Ohly at PIC in 2018. Robert “Chip” Liversidge recently moved to Rome, ME, where he will find Pine Islanders Rhoads Miller, Jack Schultz, and Richard Beck. Cody Smith is living in Camden, ME and building a small boat for himself with “friends who know a little bit more than I do.” Rob Whitehouse is in Brunswick and making excellent progress on his boat. David Greene, who was an assistant director at Pine Island last summer, is teaching in Lexington, MA, and cousin Eve Whitehouse continues her work at the Millbrook School, where Bill Costell is also working. Brother Greg Costell is working at Dartmouth and living with his family in Meriden, NH. Cecily Pulver is living in Paris after a stint in Uganda studying chimpanzees. She is now applying to PhD programs in the US. Henry Gabriel continues his work as a researcher for executive search firm Russell Reynolds. He has moved recently from New York to the San Francisco Bay area, home to many Pine Islanders including Peter, Max, and Kip Klivans, Mahesh Francis, Richard Holden, Gates Sanford, Luke Mondello, Josh King, Brad and Will Drury, the Hartley boys, Duncan Lowe, Jim Parton, Devin Beliveau and Tyler Coffey. Clem Wright is still working at Google and living in San Francisco but managed to spend the Christmas holiday in the snow in his hometown in Vermont. Take a trip down the coast of California and you may run into John Nagler, Kit Smith, Jack Lord, Gene Brown, Doug Farquhar, Ben Farquhar, Alfredo Schlesuz, Nate Parton, Sam Meites, Adam Peck, Christian Schneider, Drew Skelton, Chris Skelton, the Boldt boys, Ben Brill, and many more. Head east and you will find Ben and Nid Kasper and cousin Nathan Chorey in Tahoe City, CA; Karl and Debbie Kasper and Becca Waldo in Bozeman, MT; Sunner and Ian Ford, Harry Swan, Tom Duggan, and Max McKendry in Jackson, WY; Harry Teague, August Teague, Arie Van Vuuren, Kyra White and Sam Hecklau in Aspen, CO; Ben Schachner in Steamboat Springs, CO; Tom Nagler in Driggs, ID, where he is living in a yurt and is managing the kitchen for the NOLS school there; Mary Harrington in Boise, ID, where she is a pediatric ICU nurse; Ben Herman is working again at the Sugarloaf Mountain Ski School and will be the “Shop Guy” at PIC in 2017. Nick Toolie is working at the Allagash Brewing Company in Portland, ME. Pat Voigt wrote recently from his home in Berlin, Germany that he and his wife had a wonderful reunion on the Spanish island of Mallorca with Tim and Franny Holbrook. Jason Schachner is finishing OCS at the Marine Corps base in Quantico, VA and will head from there to flight school in Pensacola, FL. Terry Coogan is a Marine Corps veteran, a firefighter in Cambridge, MA, and the proud father of two girls. He writes, “I have not been out in the wilderness for a while, but I am making it a goal of the new year to start exploring again. Thankfully, I have not forgotten what Pine Island taught me!” Charlie Krause is working for Wayfair. He started in the new Wayfair offices in Brunswick, ME and has now moved to the company headquarters in Boston. The Boston area is also home to Rip Swan (his uncle Rip Swan is living on his farm in Lisbon, ME), who continues his work as an engineer working for Skanska USA Foundations; Windthrop Roosevelt and his father Tweed Roosevelt, Alex Tooche, who finished two years with Teach for America in Baltimore and is now working as a teacher in a Boston charter school. Matt Clarke is also teaching in the Boston area. By Hamilton is laboring as one of the principals in a startup company doing something under the radar (for now) with robots. His brother Will Stemberg is also in Boston and is the Deputy Director for Financial Strategy at MBTA. Linh Nguyen lives in Kalamaazoo, MI and is the C.O.O. of the WW. Kellogg Foundation in Battle Creek. Matt Kennard lives in San Antonio, where he works in mergers, acquisitions and liquidity for I Heart Media. This after getting his undergraduate degree at Yale and working in New York and then in Boston. He was married in November 2016. Matt’s brother Lindsey Kennard is in the second year of a PhD program in computer science at RPI, where he also received his undergraduate degree. He got his master’s at Northwestern. His mother writes, “He is teaching undergraduates and becomes very cross when they are not organized. Boy, do we have fun with him on that one!” Recent, former, and future staff are scattered about the country in various colleges and universities. Noah Brodsky and Lucien Malle are at Colorado College, Ethan Pomerantz just started at Colby College, where he might have Kate Heideman as a music professor. Walker McDonald is at Clemson. David Hinck is at Boston College. Brother Johnny is at Williams. Robbie Schwartz is at Amherst. Nick Miller is at UMass Amherst, Tommy Ryan and Jordan Kindler are at Yale. Walker Conyngham and Dylan Dilla are at Bowdoin. Ceci Carey-Snow, Camilla Walker, Matt Moss-Hawkins, and Maggie O’Shea are at Bates. Lila Reynolds is at Northwestern. Rob Young, Duncan Fort, Miles Frank, Stark Johnson, and
Visitors to Pine Island last winter noticed that Dopp Dopp, the Doleful Durr, Dopp Dopp, Jr. and Foster the Ubabat were not in their traditional spots in the dining hall. One might ask, “Who could blame them?” given the freezing temperatures much of the winter. Kababalogists rarely agree when faced with the question, “Where do sacred animals spend the winter?” Some argue that sacred animals hibernate, while others insist that while we are away they move about freely, revisit Mt. Philip, and even travel to foreign lands. Of course both theories could be true, but evidence supporting the latter would be coming soon.

Pine Islanders were delighted with the return of these animals and with their revitalization, but the question on every camper and counselor’s mind throughout the summer remained the same as in years past: “Would the King send us a new sacred animal this summer?” The King sent many signs to the island during the summer, all written on the traditional birch bark with the traditional blue ballpoint pen, with comments on the ups and downs of the camp season. Each sign was studied and eventually illuminated at campfire by Yale School of Kababalogy graduates Jacob Ronson and Tommy Mottur and graduate assistant (K.I.T) Noah Brodky. At the very end of the season, a group of first-year campers were selected by the King to embark on a mystery trip known as the Sacred Journey that took them on a zigzag trip around the local area that of course included an ascent of Mt. Philip. On that trip the boys found many interesting signs, some of which indicated that a sacred animal would be coming soon.

Anticipation mounted as the days, and then the hours, of the summer ticked away, but as is so often the case, the normal campfire of the summer was interrupted, this time with lots of noise coming from around the Kitchen Dock. Campers and staff had been instructed to bring towels (to cover their heads) to campfire just in case, so everyone was ready when the event began. While there was some minor panic among new campers and staff, the unflappable Kababalogists, experienced with henchmen contact and Kababanean, restored order and eventually everyone was led to the steps in front of the Pump House, where what seemed like more than a dozen henchmen clad in masks, body paint, and hemlock and fern skirts, circulated among the crowd. After many sacred animal chants performed at the request of the head henchman and some high-pitched conversation between him and the Kababalogists, the wondrous new sacred animal — Spamson, the Somnolent Sloth — was revealed and his chant taught to the eager crowd. Spamson is a large sloth with two different colors of green fur, long claws, and blue eyes, and he hangs from a stout birch branch clutching a can of Spam to his breast. His chant is: 

Box of Annie’s
CRACK THE CAN
Spamson...Spam...Man!

Once again the campers and staff at Pine Island were rewarded for the good humor, independence coupled with a concern for others, flexibility and generous spirit that King Kababa insists upon. Welcome, Spamson!

**Sacred Animals Disappear for Winter, Return Revitalized**

King Sends Sacred Sloth to 2016 Campers and Staff

Tomas Cespedes are at St. Lawrence. Tommy Mottur and Anna Berger are at Washington and Lee. Katie Swan is at Elon. Tucker Ward is at Hamilton. Dan Brislol is at Hobart, Jack Larkin is at the University of Chicago. Connor Ozer is at NYU. Ezra Dulin-Greenberg is at Brown, where Max Huber is in medical school and Peter Nagler is about to receive his PhD in Physics while working full-time for NASA. Paul Webb is in Tanzania last summer and make it to the top of Mt. Kilimanjaro. Jack Walsh is in his first year of graduate school at Johns Hopkins University’s Nitze School of Advanced International Studies.

Dan Steinbacher is teaching in St. Paul, MN; Will Webb is teaching in Portland, ME; Chris Newlin and his family are living near Madison, WI; Josh Treat recently finished work on the successful election of Chris Sununu as governor of New Hampshire; Jack Faherty is working for Maine senator Angus King. Rich Boullet continues his work at the director of the Blue Hill, ME public library.

Visitors to the island during the camp season this summer included David Starr, Devin Beliveau and family, Randy and Lindsay Wilson, Erin Lobb and Will Mason, Harry Swan, Rip Swan, Katie Swan, Barbara Sullivan and her daughter Gabe Padgett, Carrie Turner, and Tom and Pamela Macafee.
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"Topside" Boathouse apartment for rent near Whitehead
Pine Island Camp is offering for rent a charming two-bedroom apartment with a deck that hangs right out over the water. The late Rip Swan, a master builder from Vermont, Pine Islander, and brother of Jun Swan, built Topside as his personal vacation project over a period of years in the 1960s. The apartment is small but complete, with a kitchen/dining/sitting area with a propane "wood-stove," a full bathroom, two bedrooms (one with twin beds, one with a queen), and a large deck. The building is perched on the edge of Emery’s Wharf, a granite pier built to handle freight traffic for the old quarry that sits on the property. Pine Island’s new ramp and float are available for launching kayaks or for tying up other boats. Great birding on the flats at low tide. Activity by lobstermen next door is fun to watch. Available early June–end of September.

Cost: $750 per week
Contact: 207-729-7714 or shunter@pineisland.org

FOR RENT

FOR RENT

WHITHEHEAD LIGHT STATION

You can rent the entire Whitehead Light Station! Seven bedrooms, each with its own bathroom, all linens provided, transportation provided by a skipper who will live at the facility and be available for trips ashore or excursions in the Light Station's launch. This is an amazing place for a family reunion or a reunion of friends. For more photos and information go to www.whiteheadlightstation.org.

Cost: $6900 per week
Contact us at 207-200-7957 or info@whiteheadlightstation.org.

Plenty of room and plenty of view at the Whitehead Light Station

The deck at Topside early morning

The deck at Topside early morning

Living/Dining/Kitchen area looking out on the deck at Topside

Master bedroom at Topside

You can rent the entire Whitehead Light Station, seven bedrooms, each with its own bathroom, all linens provided, transportation provided by a skipper who will live at the facility and be available for trips ashore or excursions in the Light Station’s launch. This is an amazing place for a family reunion or a reunion of friends. For more photos and information go to www.whiteheadlightstation.org.

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