A Mythical Place

Chewonki lands a piece of Maine’s history

Chewonki President Don Hudson remembers the day he learned Big Eddy might be up for sale. Barely able to contain his enthusiasm, he walked the Farm House hallway to Wilderness Programs Director Greg Shute’s office and, with his best attempt at understatement, casually mentioned the news. “Greg’s jaw nearly hit the floor when I asked him if buying Big Eddy would be a good idea,” recalls Don.

Indeed, it was a very good idea, and Don and others worked hard to make it happen. In August 2002, Chewonki purchased Big Eddy Campground, situated on a famous salmon pool on the West Branch of the Penobscot River. The deal protected one of the most valuable recreation properties in the Northeast and was made possible by the generosity of one anonymous donor. With its purchase, Chewonki has taken title of more than just a campground. It is now the custodian of a piece of Maine history.

Continued on page 16
On August 25, 1930, in his annual Parents' Bulletin, Camp Chewonki founder Clarence Allen wrote “I want all of you to know that throughout every day there has been constant striving here to create an atmosphere of sincerity, of joy in doing for others, and of joy in the doing of hard work.”

The essence of a Chewonki experience is captured in those words, offered by the Boss almost 75 years ago. Our mission statement—written in 1962 when the year-round Chewonki Foundation was created—was drawn from these sentiments, which have echoed through the ages. We say that Chewonki “is dedicated to helping people grow individually and in community with others by providing educational experiences that foster an understanding and appreciation of the natural world and that emphasize the power of focused, collective effort.”

I like Clarence Allen’s treatment of the mission! Over the years we have applied this vision to one wonderful program after another. Where campers
and counselors sailed in sloops in the 1930s, we now paddle kayaks built in our shop. Maine Coast Semester students struggle to understand the intricacies of fisheries management in the Gulf of Maine. Thirty years ago, Maine Reach students explored forest management issues and a proposal to build an oil refinery near Eastport—with the same dedication and passion as their modern-day counterparts. Students in our residential environmental education programs have had the most constant experience, I believe. We remain the only environmental and conservation education center in the country—the world—where small groups of students camp with their teachers and Chewonki staff while learning about life in coastal ecosystems and learning to work together.

When the opportunity came to purchase the Big Eddy Campground, we reflected for a moment and said, “We can do this!” The months have flown as the work and future plans have unfolded. The summer experiences envisioned for the Big Eddy are built on the solid foundation of 88 years of summer camp experience. Young people who learn to paddle a kayak and hike the slopes of Katahdin, or paddle a canoe to a quiet corner of Third Debsconeag Lake, will be sharing a Chewonki experience with thousands of others who came before them.

If we continue to create an atmosphere of sincerity, of joy in doing for others, and of joy in the doing of hard work, we shall succeed at the Big Eddy and at all of our endeavors at Chewonki.

W. Donald Hudson, Jr.
Of boats, swinging on their moorings at the waterfront. Of Tent Days and Cabin Trips. Of Saturday night campfires and hiking in the Camden Hills. Of racing for the dining hall and scrambling to make a line when the big bell rings. “A few folks are initially disconcerted to see some new buildings,” Dick says. “But the moment they see the lower field, with the baseball diamond sitting amid that cluster of simple red screened cabins, the years slip away and they feel like they never left.”

Not everything is as unchanged as the road and the lower field, of course, but it’s remarkable how similar the place does remain. “A lot of people comment that the trees look taller than they remember—which they are—and that the campus and buildings look smaller—which they aren’t,” Dick says. “But overall people are usually amazed at how much they recognize, whenever they were here.” It’s no wonder, really. Most of the cabins built in the ’30s and ’40s, for example, are still home to campers each summer: Jungle, Long Hall, Crow’s Nest, Fenway, Stockade, Quarter Deck, Fo’c’s’le, New Hall, and Outhaul among them. And campers still brush their teeth and wash their faces at the Plaza and the Palace. Anyone looking for the Nature Museum, which Roger Tory Peterson created out of an old chicken coop, probably in the summer of 1929, can find it on its original site behind the Farm House—and may well recognize some of the items in it. There’s still a lean-to at The Point,
which remains a place of great beauty and significance for campers, and there's still a well-trodden path to the Pumphouse, that beautiful gully deep in the woods. And even with its enlarged grandstand, and the addition of kayaks since the mid-1970s, the waterfront looks much as it did more than half a century ago.

Interestingly, what many former campers note as the single most significant change, says Dick, is the absence of one tree—the magnificent old pine that used to tower over Campfire Circle. It succumbed to old age and had to be taken down a few years ago, but its large stump, topped with a beautifully inscribed brass plaque, remains an important gathering spot. Campers still sing and tell stories and have Saturday night campfire here, and 'Neath the Pine Tree is still a much-loved camp song, even if the tree itself is gone. And although less formal than it used to be, Sunday morning's worship service continues to be held here, too.

It's probably not surprising that in a place where a vanished tree can still cast a spell, traditions also
endure—and endure in abundance. “We tend to hear from a fair number of former campers,” says Dick, “and it’s always striking how many of their most vivid memories are of things we still do at camp today.” Sunday afternoon Scouting Games between the Sags and Hocs. Sag-Hoc sailing regattas. Cabin Trips. Hikes up Katahdin, Saddleback, and Mt. Washington. Tent Day and Tent Day lunches (and how amazing that those terms are still used, given that almost no campers have lived in tents since the early ‘30s!). Nature study and woodcraft. Baseball. Ice cream on Sundays. Tennis games beneath the pines. The summer Chronicle, though it’s now an “irregular” rather than a weekly. The list goes on and on. And of course there’s still time for quieter pursuits, such as reading and chess, picking wild raspberries, visiting the barn, or walking up Blueberry Hill to lie on a sun-warmed rock and simply daydream. Even the daily schedule—with the bell ringing for activity periods, appetizers, rest hour, and lights out—remains largely unchanged. 

None of this is meant to imply, of course, that there have not also been substantial changes at camp. There have been. Most notably, Camp Chewonki now includes several additional programs, among them a fledgling girls’ camp in northwestern Maine, co-ed wilderness expeditions, salt marsh farm experiences, and two one-week environmental education camps. Relative newcomers they may be, but all of these programs are thoroughly infused with the Chewonki spirit and beautifully complement the traditional boys’ camp that preceded them. “What we’re able to do now,” says Dick,

CAMP CHEER
Still heard countless times a summer!
Kennebec-bec-coek, coek,
Sagadahoc-ahoc-amock,
Wiscasset chow, Nequasset chaw,
Chew 'em up quick, Chewonki,
Chewonki, Chewonki!
Old Traditions Gone for Good (We Think!)

Fourth of July Horribles Parade
Haircuts
The traveling library that drove into camp once a week
(far more books are now available in the permanent
Roger Tory Peterson Library)
Outhouses
Gray flannels and “Kay” clothes
Gilbert and Sullivan productions (learning all those parts
was too much pressure)
Mail call (too demoralizing for kids who never got any)
Horseback riding
Riflery

...And New Traditions Here to Stay (We Think!)

Sea kayaking and whitewater kayaking
Cabin read-alouds at bedtime
Annual Camper-Counselor Tennis Tournament
Making solar-operated battery rechargers
Capture the Rocks (a giant Capture the Flag, played on
Sunday evenings)
Mastering the ropes course in the barn
Resupply for longer wilderness trips
Gorp and Bricks (trail food)
Kingdoms (a game with three teams—each divided into
Kings, Knights, and Bishops—played on the lower field)

"is provide the Chewonki experience to a much
wider spectrum of young people. It’s a thrill to have
sisters, nieces, and granddaughters participating in
our programs now."

On August 25, 1930, in his annual Parents’
Bulletin, Clarence Allen wrote “I want all of you to
know that throughout every day there has been con-
stant striving here to create an atmosphere of sin-
cerity, of joy in doing for others, and of joy in the
doing of hard work.” In a world of rapid and enor-
mous change, and sometimes anxious uncertainty,
the Boss’s words are still apt. And a Chewonki
summer is still full of excitement, enrichment, and
in the words of one longtime camper, “adventure
without parallel.” •
TAKING THE MCS SCIENCE EXAM
A simple declarative sentence at the top of page 2 in the Maine Coast Semester brochure sums up the academic program this way: “Although much of [it] is similar to what students would expect to find in their sending schools, there are also many differences.” A perfect case in point is the final exam given by science teacher Bill Zuehlke. Like many finals, it seeks to synthesize a semester of learning, to illuminate for students how much they’ve learned, and indirectly to foster a sense of accomplishment and pride. But the dress code? “Well, that’s a little different,” Bill admits. A little? Even at MCS there’s no other final that requires students to show up (whether in May or December) with plenty of warm clothing, hat and mittens, boots, sunscreen, water bottle, clipboard, and backpack. It’s all essential, however, because there’s also no other final that’s six hours long and takes place entirely outdoors.

To fully appreciate this unconventional exam is to know something first about what it examines. Bill’s course is officially known as The Natural History of the Maine Coast, and it is one of two required core courses at MCS. (The other is the English course, Literature and the Land.) Assisted by Head Naturalist Lynne Flaccus and President Don Hudson (who started the course 15 years ago and now teaches the ornithology supplement), Bill introduces every MCS student to the organisms and ecological processes of the Maine coast. Although he readily acknowledges that lectures, textbooks, and labs all have their value in a natural science classroom, he relies on a more exciting method to bring his subject to life. “We open the door and go exploring,” he explains quite simply. Once a week the students complement their four hours in the classroom with an afternoon field trip led by Bill, Lynne, and sometimes Don, visiting nine different habitats over the course of the semester. Whether they set up and survey a forest plot, census a bog, or kick-net insects in a river, they take copious notes on each habitat, key out the flora and fauna, make sketches, and later write up detailed field reports.

Students encounter a significant new learning experience, even on the last day of class
“When students have been such active learners in a class, I think their final exam should reflect and capitalize on that.” – Bill Zuehlke
By the end of the semester each student has also produced his or her own “Field Guide to the Maine Coast,” based entirely on personal observations and typically replete with 200-plus organisms. “When students have been such active learners in a class,” says Bill, “I think their final exam should reflect and capitalize on that.”

Whether it happens in December or May, on a day of snow or of luminous sun, the scenario is remarkably consistent. At 8:00 A.M., the students assemble at the vans and leave Chewonki for the 30-minute ride to Reid State Park in Georgetown. Reid lies on the open ocean due south of Chewonki Neck and is the quintessence of coastal Maine: 800 acres of coniferous and deciduous woods, salt marsh and lagoons, rocky headlands, tide pools, and more than a mile and a half of sandy beach. In short, it’s a perfect place for an exam on the natural history of the Maine coast. It’s also a place the students deliberately are not brought before the exam, thus requiring them to apply their knowledge and skills in a new setting.

As the students tumble out of the vans and get organized, it’s obvious they are indeed prepared for anything a day of Maine weather can throw at them. There are backpacks, outerwear, boots, and water bottles in just about every color. There are also binoculars, water analysis kits, tape measures, meter sticks, compasses, magnifying glasses, dip nets, and carefully tucked into backpacks and pockets, the students’ own beautiful field guides (which may be used on only certain sections of the exam). Courtesy of the kitchen, there are even bags of gorp, to tide anyone over should their energy start to flag. Several faculty members are on hand to help, Lynne and Don among them, and spirits are high. When everyone is ready, Bill explains how the day will work. It is no mean feat to orchestrate this exam (or later, to grade it), and he must be sure all parties know what to do.

The gist of it is this. Beginning about 9:00 A.M., the students answer questions and complete a series of tasks at nine different stations, all of which are allotted a set time (in most cases 20 minutes). At four of the stations they take individual written tests, but at the five habitat stations they work together in small groups. The groups comprise the same students all day, and a faculty observer accompanies each one. Their role is not only to lend a hand logistically but also to note how individual students contribute to their group, which Bill takes into account when he grades the exam. There’s a 50-minute break at noon for a cookout—and the requisite game of Frisbee, of course (this is the beach, after all!)—but otherwise there isn’t a spare minute until mid-afternoon when the exam is finished. Before the students divide into their groups and head for their first station, Bill always has one final reminder: “I wish you all the best of luck,” he says. “And remember to have FUN!”

If it sounds like a long and demanding day, it is. It is also a somewhat frantic day, punctuated at each station by countless calls of “Amy!” (or “Paul!” , “Scott!” , “Meadow!”) “How many minutes left?” By all accounts, though, especially from the students, the day is also “exciting” and, yes, even “fun.” The fact that the exam is essentially a community event is especially appreciated. Also, like so many other things MCS students encounter, an all-day outdoor exam is a first, and they take pride in stretching themselves to meet that challenge. They know beforehand that anything covered in class or on field trips, including their weekly bird class with Don, will be fair game, and they study hard to prepare themselves. “It’s an exam of biblical proportions,” said one wag who took it last May. “You better study for it.” Her cabin-mate assessed it a bit differently: “I think their final exam should reflect why he became a high-school science teacher, but it’s not entirely off-base. As a biology/environmental science/geology major at Colby College in Waterville, Maine, he always assumed he’d pursue a research career, as his oceanographer father had. Then came a curve ball. In his senior year, a family friend and private-school headmaster asked Bill if he’d ever considered teaching. “When I told him no,” recalls Bill, “he all but dared me to give it a try, telling me I could always move on to research if I didn’t like it.”

Today, armed with a master’s degree from Wesleyan University, where he concentrated in field studies, Bill is in his 17th year of teaching high-school science. After three years at Kents Hill School in Maine and ten years at The Taft School in Connecticut, he came to MCS four years ago, drawn specifically by the opportunity to teach field-based science. “There aren’t many high schools where you can do that,” he says. “Taft is a sending school for MCS, so I knew all about the program. And when a letter came across my desk from Scott [Andrews] saying there was an opening for a science teacher, I couldn’t resist applying.”

Bill lives on the Chewonki campus with his wife, Elizabeth, and their two young children. “I love what I’m doing,” he says. “I spent a lot of time at sea when I was a kid, and a lot of time fooling around in tide pools, so I know firsthand how exciting it is to learn outdoors, poking around and investigating and asking the questions that naturally follow. Unfortunately I also have some firsthand experience with how boring traditional high-school science classes can be. To be able to teach a course like The Natural History of the Maine Coast, and to help open my students’ eyes to the physical world around them, is a great privilege and a great joy.”
"A FINAL EXAM CAN BE A POWERFUL EXPERIENCE FOR STUDENTS. IT'S EXCITING FOR THEM TO DISCOVER FIRSTHAND THE DEPTH OF KNOWLEDGE AND TALENT THEY'VE ACQUIRED OVER THE SEMESTER."

more circumspectly: “Bill’s final is hard,” she said, “but it isn’t unfair. I liked it because it really does draw on everything you learn during the semester.”

“Everything you learn” turns out to be remarkably impressive. Consider, for example, what the students must accomplish in 45 minutes at the rocky intertidal station. This is the longest section on the exam and, because it must be timed for low tide, the only one every group does together. This past December, each group was given a four-page handout on which they had to (1) briefly describe how the rocks they were standing on came to be formed and positioned; (2) establish a transect line from the water level to the supralittoral zone and describe what intertidal zones were present in it; (3) measure pH, dissolved oxygen, salinity, carbon dioxide, temperature, and hardness in a tide pool and define and describe their importance in an ecosystem; and (4) draw a scaled sketch of the tide pool and list all the organisms in it, including either their abundance or approximate cover. For extra credit they could explain why fog melts more of a snow pack than a rainstorm does. “Do ONLY if you have time!” said the top of that page. Amazingly, most groups did.

There are similar challenges at the salt marsh, stream velocity, forest survey, and beach stations. Please set up a 15- by 15-meter forest plot and carry out a tree census on it. Describe the stages of succession a freshwater lake would undergo to reach the forest climax community of this region. Design an experiment to show that the flowering of American Beach Grass is a result of the rhizomes being exposed to light, and make sure your methods are able to discount all other possibilities except sunlight. And so on. Groups quickly realize that their only hope for answering so many questions in such a short time is to divvy up the tasks, so the first order of business is usually deciding who will tackle what. Consequently, it’s not unusual for Bill to see three or four people’s handwriting on one section of the exam. “Hey, sometimes I see that in a single question,” he says. “The fact that the writing is often done by someone wearing mittens or gloves is what can really stump me.” The individual portions of the exam are at least in a uniform handwriting, but they are no less challenging for the students: a multiple-choice and short-answer test taken at the picnic tables in the park shelter, two stations on field identification of plants and animals, and a birdwatching quiz with Don.

When the exam is finally finished, about 3:00 P.M., it’s no wonder students and their teachers alike are exhausted. But they are usually enthusiastic as well. “Most students view a final exam as a stressful way for a teacher to evaluate their progress,” says Bill. “But a final exam can also be a powerful experience for students. It’s so exciting for them to discover firsthand the depth of knowledge and talent they’ve acquired over the semester.”

Students and other MCS faculty echo that sentiment. As a Maine student who took the exam last December said, “Doing all those things in one place, on one day really does make you realize how much you’ve learned.” Longtime English teacher Amy Rogers concurs. “I usually see a growing sense of satisfaction as the day progresses,” she says. “I think the exam really is a revelation for the kids.” She also notes how wonderful it is to watch them pool ideas and work so well together and “how adept they are at knitting together abstract concepts with practical skills.”

It’s usually about 4:00 P.M. when the vans pull into Chewonki. For everyone involved, it’s been a good day. It’s also been a very long day. Did I forget to mention that this exam actually started before breakfast, when the students were excused from morning chores so Don could test them on their bird calls? For Bill, it’s time to start thinking about grading this whopper of an exam. For his students, it’s time to start celebrating it. Cartwheels across the quad, anyone? “It’s certainly been known to happen,” says Bill. He shakes his head and smiles. “Last May they didn’t even wait to get home. MCS 28 turned cartwheels right down the beach.”

ELIZABETH PIERSON

MAINE COAST SEMESTER CELEBRATES 15 YEARS!

If you’re an MCS alum, we hope you’ll save the date of Saturday, June 7, and join us for a celebration on Chewonki Neck. You’ll have a full day to catch up with old friends, meet and mingle with students from other semesters, and visit with past and present faculty. In true MCS spirit, you’ll also be able to help out on the farm, practice your spinning and weaving, canoe the salt marsh, hike up Blueberry Hill or out to The Point, visit your solo site, or go on a bird walk! Lunch and dinner will be provided, and in the evening we’ll kick up our heels with a contradance. Those who wish to spend the night may stay in single-sex cabins or pitch a tent in the lower field.

The cost is $25 per person, to cover expenses. Since anything beyond that will be donated to the MCS Scholarship Fund, however, we suggest payment of $50. For more information or to register, contact Robin Dabney, Director of MCS Alumni Relations, at rdbney@chewonki.org or (207) 882-7323 ext. 27; or download a registration form, available on our new Alumni Page at www.chewonki.org.
This has been an important winter for taking stock. New England farmers routinely check in early February to see if they have half their hay remaining in the barn and half their firewood remaining in the woodpile. Generations of New Englanders used one almanac or another to gauge their needs in the months leading up to winter. We would have learned last July that the winter ahead would be hard and long had we remembered to check the almanac!

When we took stock in early February, we knew we had enough wood to heat the Wallace Center, the Gatehouse, and the Maine Coast Semester cabins. The wood was not where it needed to be in all cases, but with a little work we could ensure that dry, seasoned hardwood was available for everyone’s needs—and just outside the door. The hay is another matter! If the greening of Hoyt’s pasture is delayed this spring, we may need to supplement our supply from a neighbor’s.

Planning for the future is fairly routine work around Chewonki Neck. If we did not think ahead, we would not be able to respond to the needs of the moment. Cabin counselors, Maine Coast Semester faculty, Environmental Education instructors, the Farm Manager, and everyone else at Chewonki make plans every day. They gather their tools and their charges together and create the myriad experiences that make this place hum.

The manner in which people experience Chewonki varies. A day program here, an hour-long traveling natural history program there. We paddle kayaks along the coast of Maine and the coast of Australia. We hike the Barren Chairback Range near Gulf Hagas and walk the shores of Baffin Island. Campers lend a hand by scrubbing the showers on the field, just as MCS students wash dishes and attend to farm chores. We have made headlines (and received awards) with our renewable energy project, and we are transforming a wonderful campground on the shores of Maine’s pre-eminent whitewater river.

As we take stock, I am touched by the large number of people who remember their time here or who appreciate the experience their children and grandchildren had at Chewonki. You can’t imagine how much support we feel by your letters, calls, questions, visits, and gifts. When the nights are long and the days short, when a group is struggling to build bonds of friendship and cooperation, you provide the strength and wisdom that come from past experience. When the world and its future seem uncertain, you help us see bright visions of the future—and remind us that what Chewonki has to offer remains even more important and more relevant than ever.

Chewonki is the sum of all our energies and efforts. I hope you enjoy reading this catalogue of activities, and I hope you see yourself reflected in some part of it. Many thanks for your continued interest and support.
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Mr. and Mrs. Norman C. Cross, Jr.
Dr. Raymond Culver
Ms. Suzanne R. Culver
Mr. Paul L. M. Davis
Tim and Margaret Ellis
Bee and Bob Elmore
Rev. and Mrs. John D. Eusden
Susan and John Gillespie

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT
Chewonki is proud to be a member of MaineShare, working with 35 other non-profit organizations to build a bright future for the people of Maine and our natural environment. Donors across Maine have raised almost $1.1 million since 1989 to address root causes of problems, to find permanent solutions, and to advocate positive change. Through payroll deduction contributions and direct gifts, MaineShare donors help to achieve good health, safe communities, economic opportunity, human rights, and a healthy environment. We are very grateful to each of the many donors who have supported Chewonki through MaineShare.

If you are interested in joining the over 60,000 Mainers who already participate in a MaineShare workplace giving program or if you would like to learn more about MaineShare, please check their website at www.maineshare.org or contact Chewonki's Development Office.
### BALANCE SHEET

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<tr>
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<th>Unrestricted</th>
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<th>Permanently Restricted</th>
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<td><strong>Total Assets</strong></td>
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<td>266,578</td>
<td>1,129,336</td>
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|                  |              |                        |                        |               |
| **LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCE** |              |                        |                        |               |
| Current Liabilities | 805,592     | (95,031)               | 710,561                |               |
| Long-term Debt    | 282,324      |                        | 282,324                |               |
| Fund Balance      | 6,525,286    | 266,578                | 1224,367               | 8,016,231     |
| **Total Liabilities** | 7,613,202 | 266,578                | 1,129,336              | 9,009,116     |

### STATEMENT OF REVENUE AND EXPENSES

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<td>Program:</td>
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Environmental educator Ben Urquhart is standing in the Chewonki woods, surrounded by a group of third and fourth graders. He bids them to close their eyes and imagine this property 100 years ago. “It’s 1902, and there are no trees here. This is a farm.” The children—all students at the Plummer-Motz School in Falmouth, Maine—happily comply, then bubble over, open their eyes, and start asking questions. “How’s that possible?” “Where did the seeds come from?” “What species are these trees?” Ben breaks into his “Well I’m about to tell you” smile, and the journey back in time begins.
The children are on a day-long visit to Chewonki, and by the time they leave they have traveled back more than two million years, to a time when mile-thick glaciers covered the Gulf of Maine and the land was 400 feet underwater. They have imagined humans first encountering Chewonki Neck, an estimated 10,000 years ago, and have pictured what their landscape, newly relieved of glacier, must have looked like—a tundralike expanse covered with a patchy mix of birch and pine. They have walked through Chewonki’s Pine Apple Forest, named for the apple trees that grew there many years ago and for the pines that succeeded them and are now the dominant species. The children have also created an enormous time line illustrating their journey. Myriad pictures and notations document and visually represent all the students have learned about the ecological and cultural history of Chewonki Neck.

The 150 students—divided into two groups of 75 each day—spent weeks preparing for their visit. By the time they arrived in Wiscasset, for example, they already knew the definition of detritus, understood turbidity, and could name the four zones of marsh life. The seven teachers who accompanied them had also prepared. Working from a preliminary list of objectives prepared months earlier, they had created and taught lessons that skillfully integrated their science and social studies curricula, producing a model program that culminated with a visit to Chewonki. “It was one of the most rewarding programs I’ve ever worked on,” says Katie Tremblay, Assistant Program Director of Environmental Education at Chewonki, “because the students arrived here ready to build on what they already knew.”

That was all part of the plan, of course—a plan that took shape in 1998 in the mind of Margaret Merrill, a third-and-fourth-grade teacher at Plummer-Motz School. Merrill knew Chewonki well because her son Loren had attended the Maine Coast Semester (Chewonki’s program for high school juniors) in 1995, and she was determined to introduce her third and fourth graders, and her fellow teachers, to the experience. “I really wanted teachers to have an opportunity to experience Chewonki and the Center for Environmental Education,” she said recently. “Plus, getting kids out there with their hands in the dirt and the mud—there’s nothing more meaningful.” The beauty of the program was that by combining salt marsh, forest, human history, and geology study, Merrill, her colleagues, and Chewonki staff artfully designed a program that covered the Falmouth school’s Maine History and Natural Science curriculum.

A lot of preliminary work went into the visit, but Merrill believes it paid off handsomely—for teachers as well as students—and recommends the experience “wholeheartedly” to other schools. “It was a really beneficial and enriching experience,” she reports. “There’s nothing like being on site to experience each habitat and its various components.” Merrill stresses that in order to make such a visit meaningful, however, students need to integrate it with lessons beforehand and afterward. By meeting with Environmental Education Program Director Michelle
Morgenstern and touring the Chewonki campus while still in the planning stages of the project, the Plummer-Motz teachers achieved that integration very effectively.

Merrill and her colleagues also needed to plan how to pay for their visit. Merrill began by approaching Chewonki President Don Hudson (“Because he knows how to raise money,” she says forthrightly), and he was quickly taken by her proposed project. If the Plummer-Motz School could raise money for this innovative project, Don said, Chewonki would work to do the same, primarily through donations to its Fund for Teaching and the Environment, an endowed fund that supports all of the CEE’s programs. Together the two hoped to create a model for how public and private schools across Maine can introduce students to meaningful environmental education.

Last October was the test run for the program, when the Plummer-Motz students and teachers and seven CEE faculty spent two days traveling together through history and over the Chewonki campus. Don believes the program not only worked but that it flourished. “We had an incredibly creative teacher in Margaret Merrill—a recipient for a 2002 Presidential Award for Excellence in Mathematics and Science Teaching and runner up for Maine Teacher of the Year 2002,” says Don. “She sought us out and showed us a creative way to use our skills and experience.” Don hopes other schools will follow that lead and that the Plummer-Motz visit was only the first of its kind. He also hopes the Fund for Teaching and the Environment will continue to grow, strengthening Chewonki’s ability to support and encourage innovative schools and teachers.

BETTA STOTHART

NORTH PASTURE COTTAGE

There’s a lovely new home on the Chewonki campus, and its first occupants—Assistant Farm Manager Brad Johnson and his wife, Emily LeVan—have pronounced it “wonderful.” Construction on North Pasture Cottage began last spring, and the interior was completed in late October. Brad and Emily moved in on Halloween Night—“just in time to welcome the Maine Coast Semester students who came trick-or-treating,” they reported. The last of the exterior work will be completed this summer.

The two-and-a-half story, 24- x 24-foot home was designed by Wiscasset architect Wiebke Theodore, who with her husband, Steven Theodore, also designed Chewonki’s Center for Environmental Education. Chewonki carpenters Ken Wise and Don Lamson built it with help from MCS faculty and students, Doug Lakin (former Camp and EE Staffs), and local carpenter Lou Delano, who built the kitchen and did much of the finish work. Renewable Energy Pathways Coordinator Peter Arnold oversaw the installation of the photovoltaic system.

The cottage is beautifully sited on a gentle slope above the Gatehouse, overlooking woods, fields, and pastures. It was built almost entirely with Maine lumber and includes several energy-efficiency and “green” features, among them renewable cork flooring, solar hot water, and a composting toilet.
The area north of Millinocket is a vast sweep of forest, dotted with lakes and ledge and cut by one of the most fabled rivers in Maine, the West Branch of the Penobscot. This is Thoreau country—the setting for the two journeys described in The Maine Woods and the wildest country the Concord pencil-maker would see in his lifetime. It is also the setting for The Penobscot Man, Fannie Hardy Eckstorm’s 1904 homage to the log drivers. This is a land rich in human and natural history, and nowhere more so than at Big Eddy, where the Penobscot finally slows after a 5-mile tumble through the rapids of Ripogenus Gorge. The area around Big Eddy remains a place modern civilization has not quite reached.

When Peter and Bunny Pray established a commercial campground here in 1967, on land leased from Great Northern Paper, logs in the West Branch region were driven each year by river, not by truck. The Golden Road, a major logging artery, did not yet exist, and it was possible to watch an angler pull a 13-pound salmon from the pool at Big Eddy. Their campground was small, isolated, and “not too many people” came to camp, they remember.

In the late 1960s, Great Northern began constructing the Golden Road to haul logs to the mills in Millinocket and East Millinocket. The road ran right past Big Eddy, and after it was completed,
camping picked up. The Prays' best customers were truck drivers, who would arrive each summer for work and leave their families to camp at the Eddy. Soon after, in 1974, the first whitewater rafting company starting running the West Branch, and Peter and Bunny watched the region transform from a sleepy backwater to a major recreational draw.

A WORLD AWAY

A 4-hour drive from Wiscasset, Big Eddy Campground is a world away from Chewonki's main campus. But in a state like Maine, news that it might be up for sale traveled fast. Don Hudson learned of the opportunity early last year from Karin Tilberg, now Deputy Commissioner of Conservation in the new administration of Governor John Baldacci. At the time, she was the interim Executive Director for the Northern Forest Alliance and was working on a project to protect 200,000 acres of forestland in northern Maine, including the land around Big Eddy. When the campground opportunity arose, Tilberg thought of Chewonki—“in part because of the organization's interest in river instruction, in part because of its conservation ethic, and also because of the appreciation for cultural and community values that I knew were shared by board and staff,” she says. “I could visualize Chewonki maintaining sporting camp traditions and building on those with state-of-the-art recreation.”

Like others, Tilberg is not demure about putting the offer into context. “The opportunity to acquire [a place like] Big Eddy probably emerges only once in a lifetime,” she says. “Sporting camps such as these usually are owned for many years and are more of a lifestyle than a business to the owners. Sales are very infrequent and are a very serious matter.”

For Chewonki, the opportunity to buy the campground came with an almost magical offer: an anonymous donor volunteered to foot the entire bill. The donor’s identity is known only to a handful of people, but Karin Tilberg attests to the person’s deep conservation ethic and interest in natural resource protection. Whoever it is, it is one of many individuals “working hard to retain the naturalness and wildness of this place,” she says. From Don Hudson’s point of view, the choice was clear. “Because there was an angel out there who was eager to see Big Eddy preserved and improved, and who was willing to provide the funding, it made the purchase easy for me and for Chewonki’s board to support. This was one of those wonderful opportunities, one of those synergies, where everything came about at the right moment.”

In May 2002, Chewonki purchased the 63-site campground. But the story does not end there. A few months later, as Chewonki was finalizing the campground purchase, Don learned that a cash-strapped Great Northern Paper was willing to negotiate a sale of the land the campground leases. Armed with this news, Chewonki worked quickly, and by September 2002 negotiations for the land purchase were complete. Chewonki now owns 75 acres of the North Woods, in a parcel straddling both the north and south sides of the West Branch.

The significance of the purchase goes well beyond the logic of numbers and appraisals and can be quickly felt by standing on the banks at Big Eddy. “Big Eddy is a place of mythical qualities,” says
At the same time, the recreational draw has steadily increased. The number of people visiting nearby Baxter State Park has increased to the point that Park Director Buzz Caverly has considered closing some roads and campgrounds to preserve the park’s wild feel. On summer Saturdays alone, 560 rafters pay to float the West Branch from Ripogenus Gorge down. The tally for the season: 18,000 rafters, not to mention the thousands of private canoeists, kayakers, and fishermen who are also on the river.

Matt Polstein, a member of the Millinocket Town Council and owner of the New England Outdoor Center, the largest rafting company in the area, says that while rafters and hikers were once seen as interlopers, more people now view recreation as a new pillar of the local economy. “Recreation is important and growing daily,” he says. “It will be a cornerstone of the local economy. It must be a cornerstone.”

The drive to Big Eddy is equally stirring. Just beyond Millinocket, the grand Katahdin Range looms on the horizon, the summits of Doubletop, The Owl, the Brothers, and Mt. O-j-I all visible on a clear day. “This is an area all mossy and moosy,” Thoreau wrote, and it is still possible to see more moose than cars on an early morning drive on the Golden Road. Then there’s the river itself, a dark constant cutting through the region’s geology and culture. Big Eddy remains one of those rare places that seems unchanged each time you return.

**TRANSFORMATION OVER TIME**

Yet, inevitably and incrementally, change has come. Although timber is still the engine that drives the area’s economy, the industry has faltered. The mills in Millinocket and East Millinocket, once the world’s largest, have been sold four times in little more than a decade. In January 2003, the most recent owners stunned the area by filing for bankruptcy, raising the specter that the mills may close for good.

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Although a few other rivers boast a similar gradient, Polstein says what makes the Penobscot unusual is an extensive series of dams built by Great Northern, which provide a steady water flow year-round, meaning the river sees peak flows in the warm water of summer.

The most challenging rapids on the river—the section through Ripogenus Gorge and the Cribworks—vexed boatmen and log drivers long before the recent wave of rafters. Ripogenus Gorge was the site of some of the worst log jams in Maine history, and lumbermen built an impressive series of locks and wilderness railroads to divert logs away from the West Branch to the more navigable East Branch. In the early 1900s, Fannie Hardy Eckstorm referred to Ripogenus as “five miles of pure foaming hell.”

Watching boats run the Cribworks, just a few minutes walk from Big Eddy, has more recently become a kind of wilderness spectator sport. On many days, onlookers from the campground applaud each successful run. Until recently, a rock called Guardian jutted above the rapid’s final chute, and boaters had to execute a difficult maneuver to avoid pinning on the rocks. Guardian was recently dislodged by a spring flood, but Polstein says the Cribworks remains the most technically difficult rapid on the river and can be “especially intimidating to new guides.”

For fishermen, the river’s allure is just as dramatic. Big Eddy has been something of a mecca for fishermen for at least 100 years and is widely considered a world-class site for landlocked salmon. Peter Pray reports that 2- to 3-pound salmon are regularly landed there. “About 4 or 5 years ago we saw a 9-pounder,” he says. The best times to fish are the second week after ice out at Chesuncook Lake and around the third week in June, “after we get the caddis and stone fly hatches.” On summer weekends, it is not uncommon to see 20 canoes floating in the Eddy.

THE CONSERVATION CONTEXT

The region north of Millinocket has tremendous ecological, botanical, and geological significance. Home to Maine’s highest mountain (Katahdin) and largest lake (Moosehead), home to 204,733-acre Baxter State Park, the land is rich in history and wildlife and boundless in stunning beauty. Several conservation groups have joined in the West Branch project, spearheaded by the Forest Society of Maine. The project will eventually protect more than 650,000 acres in the region, an area three times the size of Baxter State Park. This protection includes conservation easements on private lands and outright purchases by The Nature Conservancy, Maine Department of Conservation, and Chewonki.

With the land and business deals behind it, Chewonki is only beginning to realize the possibilities Big Eddy represents. An immediate priority is to bring the campground into compliance with standards set by the Land Use Regulation Commission (LURC), which serves as a zoning and planning board for Maine’s unorganized territories. This will involve moving campsites farther away from the river, removing hundreds of pounds of gravel from the river’s edge, improving the boat launch so the river is not affected by the putting in and taking out of boats, and asking some resident campers to reduce their impact or even move off site. For example, three rafting companies that were doing business out of the campground have been asked to leave.
CAMPING AT BIG EDDY
Big Eddy Campground is open from May 1 to October 15. Our 63 campsites, many of which are located on the river’s edge, accommodate tents, pop-ups, and RVs. Although most sites have only a simple fire pit and picnic table, some have electrical hook-ups and tent platforms. The sites vary in size to accommodate between 1 and 6 people, and group sites accommodate up to 12. The main area offers flush toilets, hot showers, a boat launch, common area for day use, trash disposal and dumping station, coffee shop, and potable water.

To register for a campsite, visit www.bigeddy.org. Or contact Big Eddy Campground at P.O. Box 238, Millinocket, ME 04462, tel. 207-350-1599.

Perhaps most critical, says Don Hudson, is coming up with plans to manage human waste and potable water. “We’re looking into a new system for drinking water, solar-powered hot water for bathrooms, composting toilets, and a solar graywater septic system,” he says. Don and Greg Shute are also in an ongoing review process with LURC which will continue well through and perhaps beyond 2004.

Although Chewonki will still operate Big Eddy as a family campground and continue to serve the hundreds of fishermen, boaters, and recreationalists who have enjoyed it for so many years, the campground will also be available for Chewonki’s own programs. With an ever-growing demand for whitewater kayaking programs, for example, Greg Shute and his assistant, Ryan Linehan, will be able to better accommodate all age groups now—especially 13-year-old boys, who are often wait-listed for camp. Maine Coast Semester students will be welcome to explore the area, and Environmental Education faculty may lead trips designed to increase awareness about wildlife habitats, botany, geology, global warming, or renewable energy. Big Eddy could also provide a powerful backdrop for arts programs, such as music or painting.

Other long-term possibilities include a small family lodge that could provide day capacity for 40 to 50 people and perhaps overnight capacity for 10 to 12. In fact, Don has already envisioned a process: “We could use local lumber to build the facility. And use staff, alums, campers, and MCS students to help build it—in the good old Chewonki tradition!” he notes enthusiastically. That enthusiasm is not without foundation, as word arrived in January that another donor with close ties to Chewonki has offered to make a generous gift toward building a small lodge.

In the meantime, work is already proceeding at Big Eddy. Last summer, Hauns Basset (Camp and EE Staffs ’00–’01) and Kimberly Pelletier co-managed the campground and began the process of transformation. With one year under their belts, they are already well into several on-the-ground improvements. A new website, brochure, and on-line registration system are in place, as well as a Junior Ranger program for youngsters who are camping at the Big Eddy with their families.

Hauns and Kimberly, both from Maine and now engaged to be married, are ready for the challenges ahead. They stress the importance of building ties with the local community and with fishermen who use the river. “We spend hours listening to people’s questions and concerns about upcoming changes,” says Hauns. “Folks seem genuinely pleased with Chewonki’s vision of the campground. Even those who were asked to move their campers back off the river have come to see the benefit this kind of change affords the people and the place.”

Indeed, Chewonki will continue to provide shore access to fishermen, a step Matt Polstein also agrees is critical. “Big Eddy is such as incredible resource for drift boaters and people like myself who love to fly fish. Fishing is also an important part of the local economy.”

Karen Tilberg is confident that the transition in ownership will go smoothly. “Chewonki has a superlative reputation for outdoor recreation, for a visionary approach that integrates the enjoyment of the natural environment with learning,” she says. Former owner Peter Pray is also optimistic. “Back in 2002, I had never heard of Chewonki. Since that time I’ve done a lot of listening about them and I’ve met a lot of people. I’m very impressed. Gordon [Hall, Board President] and Don are very down to earth people.”

At Chewonki, the enthusiasm for Big Eddy is boundless. “The project has been a tremendous success,” says Don Hudson. “We worked under an incredibly tight schedule. We bought the business and the land. And now we have to raise the final 10 percent.”

BETTA STOTHART

NEW SUMMER PROGRAM: PENOBSCOT WHITewater KAYAKING
A 3-week whitewater paddling program is being established at Chewonki’s newly acquired Big Eddy Campground on the West Branch of the Penobscot River. The program is designed for beginner paddlers, with a slow-paced progression of instruction that will enable them to challenge themselves while learning safe paddling techniques. Participants will paddle several sections of the West Branch and will learn about the human and natural history of the region en route. A day hike up Katahdin and service projects along the river will round out the experience.

Two sessions will be offered: June 24 to July 16 for boys and girls ages 14 to 17; and July 20 to August 11 for 13-year-old boys. For more information, contact Camp Director Dick Thomas or Wilderness Programs Director Greg Shute (tel. 207-882-7323; dtomas@chewonki.org; gshute@chewonki.org).
PEOPLE

Ed Andrews (Foundation Member), who has had a long career in camp leadership both in Maine and at the national level, recently announced his retirement from consulting for the Maine Youth Camping Association. He continues to be active with the American Camping Association, to serve as a trip leader for a girls’ camp, and to work on the trail crew that maintains the last 5 miles of the Appalachian Trail to the top of Katahdin. In his “free time,” Ed skis, snowshoes, swims, and kayaks.

Jonathan and Ruth Appleyard (Camp Staff ’69–’70) have recently moved back to Maine after several years in New York State and Massachusetts. Jonathan is the new rector at St. Saviour’s Episcopal Church in Bar Harbor. Ruth has begun Hospice training and is studying for the National Licensure Exam in Muscular Therapy. They are the parents of Gus Poole (Camp ’89) and Elizabeth Appleyard (Mistassini ’00).

José M. de Areilza (Camp ’79–’80; Camp Staff ’83, ’85) married María Salgado last August. He teaches European Union law in Madrid and says, “I’ve got a good fan”: Emma Ruesink Barker, born joyful news of “another budding Sox (’93–’95) and Ana Staff ‘93, ’96; MCS faculty ‘96; Farm From wishes to Nate for a safe journey. Friends from far and near send best wishes to Nate and his wife Dawn. They have a 1 1/2-year-old daughter, Kiara, and expect their second child in May. Chewonki friends from far and near send best wishes to Nate for a safe journey.

Nate Arnold (Camp ’83–’87; Camp Staff ’93; Camp & Year-round Staffs ’97–present) is a 1st Lieutenant with the Army National Guard 112 MED Company which is based in Bangor, ME, and does medical evacuations. After spending 15 months in Alabama learning how to fly helicopters, with a specialization in Black Hawks, he is currently at Fort Drum, NY, “waiting to move forward”—possibly to Iraq. Nate and his wife Dawn have a 1 1/2-year-old daughter, Kiara, and expect their second child in May. Chewonki friends from far and near send best wishes to Nate for a safe journey.

From Andy (Camp ’82–’84; Camp Staff ’93, ’96; MCS faculty ’96; Farm ’93–’95) and Ana Barker comes the joyful news of “another budding Sox fan”: Emma Ruesink Barker, born on April 16, 2002. “I’ve got a good feeling she’s the answer to the Bambino’s Curse,” writes Andy.

Jenn Barton (EE Staff ’98–’01) will finish the Field Naturalist Program at UVM in May and is “waiting for another naturalist position to open up at Chewonki!” She sends her love to all on the Neck.

Maureen Bayer (Camp Staff ’97–’98) moved in February to Sydney, Australia, for 4 months. She was looking forward to “a nice break from the corporate world” and will be back in San Francisco in June. Brother Colin Bayer (Camp ’93, ’95–’96) is moving back to Boston from NYC and is enrolling at the New England Art Institute.

Angus Beal (Camp Staff ’98) is a senior at Williams College. He hopes his post-graduation plans will include leading wilderness trips.

Betsy Bennett (EE & Camp Staffs ’96–’99) enjoys working in Vermont, at The Nature Museum at Grafton. She lives across the Connecticut River in Walpole, N.H., and sees a lot of Hans LaBarre (EE & Camp Staffs ’96–98, ’00–’02), who is teaching 8th grade science.

From their new home in Panama, Merril (Staff ’01–’02) and Jen (MCS faculty ’97–’01) Bennett report they have survived two earthquakes (one of them a 6.0) and some torrential downpours. “We still have oodles of work to do until the inside of the house is finished (we are making our own wood flooring, for instance), but we’re ready to tackle it after a nice vacation in Oregon. We are now getting approached by other people who are just moving to the area and would like to build houses similar to ours. Maybe we’ll start a construction company—it certainly pays better than growing coffee does these days.”

Husband and wife Twain Braden and Leah Day (Camp & EE Staffs ’92–’94) live on Peaks Island, ME. Twain is captain and co-owner of Bagheera, a 72-foot Alden schooner built in East Boothbay in 1924. Bagheera will operate day sails out of Portland beginning in late May.

An ocean away in Cardiff, Wales, Simon Bradshaw (Camp ’92; Camp Staff ’99–’00) thinks often of Chewonki. “As I write I can imagine looking out from the waterfront on a perfectly still morning, breathing the salty air and listening to the birds as though I were there yesterday.” Having graduated from college last summer, Simon set about “piecing together a plan for the coming years.” Possibilities include returning to Crete to continue work on the sea turtle conservation project, moving to Australia for a year, and maybe a visit to Chewonki.

Jonathan Breen (EE & Camp staffs ’97) is Assistant Director of Student Services at Colorado Outward Bound in Golden. On a vacation to the Northeast last fall, he spent a few days volunteering at Chewonki, where his skills in Excel were especially appreciated.

Tomas Bril (Camp ’98–’99), who still holds the claim of being Chewonki’s only Argentine alum, says he is well, “despite Argentina’s collapse.” He is studying political science in Buenos Aires and working with Canadian journalists on a documentary project about his country.

After several years in the Navy, Dan Deutermann (Camp ’84, ’87–’88) now flies Search and Rescue helicopters for the Coast Guard in Savannah, GA, where he lives with his musician wife, Trisha. “Let your Florida and Georgia trip leaders know there is a fellow Chewonki type watching over them from the air and to look me up if they need anything,” he says. Dan recently finished building an 18-foot wooden sea kayak, evoking “big-time Chewonki flashbacks.”

January brought a newsy e-mail from Will Downing (Camp ’94–’99, ’01), who had been abroad for the past 4 months. “The first three were spent in South America with a semester program targeted at kids taking a year off between high school and college. There were 18 of us, and we traveled in Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru. It was a wonderful trip, filed with language study, cultural immersion, and volunteer work. Since December I have been in Costa Rica whitewater kayaking and working on my Spanish. For the next 5 months I will be here traveling on my own and doing more language study and volunteering.” Will thanks Dick Thomas and Chewonki for “helping me become the kind of person who would embark on this type of adventure.”

Retired pathologist Robert Ehmann (Camp ’30) lives with his wife, Janice, in Waban, MA. They have two daughters, Lisa, a lawyer, and Matha, an obstetrician.
Jeff Evans (Camp ’90–’91, ’94; Camp & EE Staffs ’96–’97, ’99–’00) is about to take the GREs in biology and will be applying to graduate schools for a Ph.D. in plant ecology. He’s also building a sailing dory in his basement.

From Freeport, ME, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Farnum, parents of Bob Farnum (Camp ’59) and Peter Farnum (Camp ’69–’70; Camp Staff ’73–’74, ’93–’95) write: “We are thrilled that our granddaughter, Sara T. Farnum, will be attending the second half of her junior year at Chewonki.”

Courtland Fowler (Camp ’96–’99) is a freshman at Colby College and loves it. His parents report he may well be a biology major and “credit this to his years at Chewonki.”

“Hanging in there at 88, with happy memories of Chewonki in the early ’50s” writes Stanley Gascoigne (Camp ’49–’53). He lives in Paget, Bermuda.

Charles Hamm (Camp ’50) writes from his home in Mystic, CT: “Retired from active management (still Chairman) of Independence Community Bank. Plan to ‘give up’ sailing—having a lobster boat built. Just elected to Mystic Seaport Museum Board.”

Ryan Harrington (Camp ’92; Umbagog ’97) is a senior at Keene State College in New Hampshire. He is majoring in chemistry and plans to pursue a Ph.D.

Sinclair Hart (Camp ’34–’35) turned 80 in October and is a retired Episcopal priest living in Williamstown, MA. He has crystal clear memories of Camp Chewonki and says his two summers there “remain well wrapped in my heart.” He lived in Jungle with Nicky Davis, Alan Hawkrige; and Marlena Parker Butts, and Franny Sayre was their counselor. “I have great memories of campfires under the Pine Tree, Tent Day, and the Sunday afternoon game called Scouting,” he writes. He also has fond memories of Sunday dessert, “which was always banana splits with chocolate sauce!”

Peter Herrick (Camp ’82–’84; Camp Staff ’90) and his wife, Sharon, live in Portland, ME. Peter does educational presentations on domestic violence in Cumberland and Sagadahoc Counties and in his off time continues to ski and rock and ice climb.

After working on oil tankers and missing home too much, Porter Holmes (Camp ’88–’89, ’93; Camp Staff ’94–’95) has come ashore and is now working for Florida Power and Light on Long Island, at a small gas turbine peaking facility. “We are a very environmentally friendly plant, I assure you,” he says. “Living down here sure does make me appreciate Maine even more.”

Dan Hudnut (Camp ’79; Family St. Croix trip ’81) lives in Bradford, VT, and works for Wagner Forest Management. “I have enjoyed my involvement in conservation deals,” he writes, “including the West Branch Project, with Liz Burnoughs (MCS ’89) at the Forest Society of Maine, and the St. Croix/Spednic corridor sale, both of which harken back to Chewonki days.”

Sam Jackson (Camp ’75–’79) is an Emergency Room physician in California.

After working for 3 years for the U.S. Embassy in Prague, Vaclav Kolar (Camp Staff ’90) is now well established in a real-estate career in his native Czech Republic. Reminiscing about his summer at Chewonki, where he arrived speaking “almost no English,” he says “you cannot imagine how this trip changed my life. Chewonki is with me forever. I would like to come back, probably for some wilderness trips.” Vaclav hopes one of his children—a 15-year-old daughter and 12- and 9-year-old sons—will come to Chewonki.

Brothers Jon (Camp ’96; Camp Staff ’98–’99) and Kai (Camp ’98–’00) Kruger of Cambridge, MA, are both on the move these days. Their parents write that Jon is spending the spring semester in the Netherlands and that Kai plans to be in Mexico this summer, with the Chewonki/Alford Lake Camp exchange trip.

Daria and David Lamb (Camp ’65–’66, ’68; Camp Staff ’69–’70) have two children, Lucy and Wilbur, who are 3 and 7. They look forward to reuniting with the Chewonki community when they bring Wilbur to camp for his first summer.

While in NYC for camp promotion trips recently, Dick Thomas enjoyed visiting Jamie Lister (Camp ’77–’79), who is a Managing Director at Lehman Brothers. Jamie and his wife, Carol, have two children, Jeremy and Sydney.

John Little (Camp ’70–’72, ’76; Camp Staff ’77–’81) isn’t letting any grass grow under his feet. He’s a high-school science teacher at Richford Jr./Sr. High in Richford, VT; is in his 9th year of teaching a class on building wood strip canoes; is a ski instructor at Jay Peak on weekends; and is chairman of the Missiquoi River Basin Association, an all-volunteer citizens’ group working to improve watershed quality.

Jackie MacNeil (Camp ’91; Camp Staff ’92) is in her second year of a Masters in Environmental Leadership program. “I am enjoying Boulder, CO, living near the foothills of the Rockies, and planning my thesis project—perhaps developing an outdoor school.”

Claire and John Mannheim (Camp ’52–’53) winter in Concord, MA, and summer in Southport, ME. They send best wishes to all at Chewonki for a wonderful summer.

Anne Pearson sends word of her daughter, Rebecca May (Maine Reach ’78–’79; EE Staff ’86–’89, ’99–00), who was instrumental in establishing Chewonki’s Outreach programs: “Good reports from Rebecca, who is still in India/Nepal, where I visited her in spring.”

Living in St. Paul, MN, Kate Dolan McGowan (Camp Staff ’83–’84) and husband Jordan have an 18-month-old son, Booth. Their second child is due in May.

David Mehr (Camp ’78–’81; Camp Staff ’84–’85) and his wife, Jennifer, have had a big year in Cranford, NJ. They purchased their first home in June, David started a job as Director of Development at Seton Hall Preparatory School in August, and baby #2 was due in February. “We’re already talking about Chewonki summers for the wee ones,” they say.

From Los Angeles, Christian Melbostad (Camp ’91–’92; Camp Staff ’96–’99, ’01) writes that he is working for Raytheon, “on optics and electronics in space and airborne systems.”
Rich Mummy (Camp ’93–95) has gone the corporate route and is working for American Express in NYC. “I really enjoy my job and living in the city but often find myself missing the outdoors. I will have to come up with a solution to that. I am running the NY Marathon this November, which is exciting—one of those things to check off life’s ‘to do’ list.”

Jake Nunes (Camp ’75–’76; Camp Staff ’77–’81) teaches math at the Shady Hill School in Cambridge, MA.

Philip Obbard (Camp ’74–’76; Camp Staff ’77–’80, ’82) sends two news items from his home in Albany, CA: (1) David Buckie Obbard, “potential camper in about 2012,” was born on 9/27/02; and (2) he’s glad to hear about the Canoe Expedition for Maine Girls, as “daughter Kyle, 13, may go in years to come.”

Chris Pye (Camp ’81–’82) lives in Brisbane, Australia, and runs a small business designing and facilitating drama-based programs for marginalized young people. “Very rewarding work,” he writes.

Nancy (year-round Staff ’84–’00) and Gene Raymond (Camp Driver) haven’t slowed down one iota since retirement. They are volunteering in their new community of Englewod, FL, and keeping the fairways busy from there to Maine. They managed to include Chewonki in their 2002 summer plans, volunteering several hours in the Development Office and driving wilderness trip participants to and from their destinations.

Beth Reicheld (EE Staff ’91–’92; Boat Builder ’99) writes from Lake Hill, NY: “Recently saw Jen Sage Smith [EE Staff ’89–91]. Traveled the Rupert River this summer with Wendy Whitehaws [EE Staff ’85–’90] and other friends. I miss Maine!”

David Reynolds (Camp ’70–’72; Camp Staff ’75–’77, ’79, ’81) lives in Arlington, VA, and works in D.C. on California water issues, particularly the San Francisco Bay Delta/Ecosystem and Water Supply Program (CALFEE). “Challenging work,” he writes, “trying to bring agricultural-urban-environmental interests together.”

From Zoe Richards (MCS faculty ’91–96) and Josh Brown (MCS faculty ’92–96) comes the lovely announcement that “on the first day of spring, March 20, 2002, Silas Armstrong Brown was born to the world and to his delighted parents.”

Shawna and John Sassy (Camp ’80–’81) live in M’CLean, VA, and have two daughters, Emma (2 1/2) and Nia (5 months). Last year John took 9 months off work and applied his Chewonki skills. He spent 8 days hiking the Appalachian Trail through the White Mountains of New Hampshire (Mossilauke to Mt. Washington) and a week hiking and sea-kayaking in Alaska.

Sarah Schmidt (Staff ’89–90) has been busy in the years since she left Chewonki. She earned an M.S. in Wildlife Ecology from the University of Arizona; relocated to Whidbey Island, WA, with partner and high-school science teacher Bill Rick; and now coordinates the WSU Beach Watchers, an environmental education, outreach, and research cooperative extension program in Island County. “Best wishes to my old friends at Chewonki,” she writes.

Michael Silberman (Camp Staff ’99) graduated from Middlebury this winter—on skis!—with a joint major in political science and environmental studies. Although “sad to leave Middlebury,” he said it’s good to know that “many Chewonki staffs and alums remain on campus.”

From Peter Slovenski (Camp ’64–68), men’s and women’s cross-country and track coach at Bowdoin College, and Coty Saltonstall (Camp ’52; Camp Staff ’57–60, ’62–66, ’71) in Florida comes word of Peter’s former Chewonki counselor, Earle “Peter” Cooper (Camp Staff ’63, ’65). Pete was for many years the football coach at Lawrence High School in Lawrence, M.E., and in May ’01 he received the Contribution to Amateur Football Award from the Maine Chapter of the National Football Foundation and College Hall of Fame.

Susan Stanger (Camp Staff volunteer ’85) is living and working as a graphic designer in San Francisco and was married in October to Mitchell Nemeth, “a wonderful man.” They honeymooned in Fiji, diving and snorkeling.

Shelia Sullivan (Camp & EE Staffs ’93–’95, ’97–98) married Cory Snow in Bridgton, ME, in September 2001. “We’ve bought a house in Portland,” writes Shelia, “and have been working on our flower and vegetable gardens. I continue to work with Tim Ellis on our GlobalQuest/Thailand project, joined recently by Chewonki alums Melissa Quinby [Camp & EE Staffs ’92–’01] and David Terry [Camp & EE Staffs ’01–’02].”

Kaz Thea (FOLS ’85; Camp & EE Staffs ’85–’87) and Kurt Nelson joyfully announce the birth of Kaiden Thea Nelson on September 6, 2002.

Seth Turner (Camp Staff ’98–’99) spent November kayaking in Ecuador and the winter in Big Sky, MT, working as the assistant manager of a ski shop.

Richard Veit (Camp ’68–’71) is a professor of biology at City University of New York and studies the ecology of birds in the Antarctic and on Nantucket Island, MA. His two sons, Darren (12) and Brian (10), live in Seattle.

Matthew Weeks (Camp ’98–’02) looks forward to being a Chewonki Guide this summer. In the meantime, he’s working hard at Belmont Hill School outside Boston and enjoying sports, especially wrestling.

Having completed an MA in East Asian Studies last year at Stanford, Stephen Whitesman (Camp ’85–’86, ’90; Camp Staff ’97–’98) is now working on his Ph.D. in Art History there. “It certainly is not the East, yet alone the Maine Coast,” he says, “but these days being a graduate student feels like pretty stable employment.” He hopes to lead a group of young people to China this summer, combining outdoor, cultural, and historical education.

From Hamilton Parish, Bermuda, David Wingate (Camp Staff ’66–’67) writes that he “faced compulsory (age 65) retirement from Government service in October 2000 but managed to negotiate an arrangement whereby I retain a cottage residence on Nonsuch Island Living Museum Nature Reserve and serve as a volunteer and consultant.” He continues his work on conservation projects under his successor and leads weekly excursions of the island and many other field trips.

For MCS news, see Coastlines.

IN MEMORIAM

We were saddened to learn of the death on December 5, 2002, of Phil Schepps (Camp ’92–’96; Family trip ’97), of Dallas, TX. As a relatively recent camper, Phil is vividly remembered by many at Chewonki. “In particular,” says Dick Thomas, “I remember his ‘nonchalant enthusiasm’ for all Chewonki had to offer. He was always a full participant in every activity and especially enjoyed the freedom Chewonki gave him to pursue fun activities during his free time.” Dick’s assistant, Justin Reich, has many happy memories of Phil. “I’ll never forget the day Phil cut the sleeve off his shirt, poked eyeholes in it, wore it as a mask, and declared himself Don Juan,” recalls Justin. “It was priceless.” We extend our sympathy to Phil’s family, which includes his twin brother, Ben, and stepbrother, Jake Schepps, also former Chewonki campers.

Our sympathy also goes to Mrs. Ruth Stevens of Cape Coral, FL, whose husband, Dr. Dave Stevens (Camp Staff ’53), died on May 7, 2002. Dave was a well-known name in high-school sailing circles, having been one of the founding coaches of the New England School Sailing Association and the sailing coach at Williston Academy in Massachusetts. “He loved Chewonki,” Ruth wrote, and always remained interested in what was happening on the Neck. Dave was the father of Daniel Stevens and David Stevens, Jr., and the stepfather of Tom Cross.
CHRONICLE GOES ON LINE

After months of talking about it, we’re delighted to announce we’ve finally done it: the Chronicle is now on line, including this very issue. You can find it by visiting us at www.chewonki.org and clicking on “Our Newsletter,” right under “Foundation News.” Each issue is presented in a PDF file, complete with all photos and graphics, so what you see on your computer is exactly what we print on paper. We currently have two back issues up (Spring 2002 and Fall 2002) and will gradually add more. New issues will be posted as soon as they’re mailed.

This is a great way for the Chronicle to reach a larger audience—and a great way for our readers to print out or e-mail selected articles, or even entire issues, to friends. Want your environmentally minded cousin in Chicago to know about the Earth Charter? Or your grandchildren in Gainesville to know what’s happening at a terrific camp in Maine? Sharing the news from the Neck is easier than ever now!

When Spring was but a dream...
A cold and snowy winter helped make our February Vacation Camp a huge success.