

Pelican Pages (aka Boat News)

Special Mainland Editon, September 2010

Edited by Debbie Weiner Soule and Nancy Meyer

All the news that fits we print!



Mark Nash, Peter Kolbjornsen, and Chris Harris, some of the Pelicans who rebuilt the wellhouse in 2003.

Hurricanes and Star

by Debbie Weiner Soule

We were all supposed to be celebrating on Star Island this weekend, but Hurricane Earl's appearance has changed our plans and so we remain on shore, waiting to see what will blow in over the next twelve to eighteen hours. It's hard to imagine that big storm while it's still relatively clear in these parts, sunny and warm, but sure enough, a still-dangerous storm is churning its way up the east coast.

One of the worst storms to hit the Isles of Shoals was Hurricane Carol - which struck the northeast coast in 1954. It's a storm that my husband, Ben, remembers as a very small child. His family was visiting relatives who had a beach cottage on Chalker Beach in Connecticut. Warning systems were not what we have now, and Ben's dad loaded the whole family - including the dog - into the station wagon to ride out the storm. The roads were blocked with falling trees and power lines, and they ended up sitting in a parking lot for hours. When they returned to the beach house, Ben's dad remembers that the place had been flooded, and they found the silver drawer in the refrigerator, which was full of sand...lots of damage and much to clean out. On Star and neighboring Appledore island, things were dicey as well. Writer *continued on page 8*

Thank you Steve and Edie

No, Not That Steve and Eydie!

This year, Steve and Edie Whitney retired from the Pelican Reunion Conference Steering Committee. They are two of the founders of the Conference and have nurtured and supported us these last 30 years. Steve and Edie have been steady, strong, involved leaders and their guidance and mentorship will be missed. We're so grateful to them for all they have given to the conference.

Past Pel Reunion Chairs share their reminiscences, starting on page 4.



Honoring Dave and Edith Pierson with the “Maker of Light” Award

Presented at the 2010 Star Island Annual Meeting

by Debbie Weiner Soule

I know that, with your help and participation, we could fill several hours sharing stories about Dave and Edith Pierson, who the Corporation honors today with this award. Why do we honor them today? We know that Star Island is that unique place, where families come for generations, and then pass the traditions on. And Dave and Edith were central in shaping both traditions and the Star experience for many of us, me included.

They were indefatigable, and took their role as senior staff seriously, knowing that their mentoring could help young adults not only come back, but lead in turn. They led by example. There was no task that he wouldn't do and that made us want to work all the harder.

Nancy Meyer remembers, “Dave was quiet, patient, and unfailingly kind. He used to urge us to take days off, to avoid burn out. When we'd ask when his last vacation was, he'd answer, ‘every day is a vacation.’ And there was even a song made up about Dave: “Roll, roll, roll your boat, gently down the lawn. How can a man who's twice our age still be twice as strong?”

Bruce Parsons said, “There was a reason why we called Edith, ‘Ma.’ She and Dave taught us about work ethics, global and environmental awareness,” and what it means to be a caring community: Although Edith was violently seasick – she always took trips on boats by lying on the floor of the boat as it crossed – she was the quintessential island presence. And she, too, was an incredibly hard worker and role model. Scott Stewart remembers, “In 1975 I was working for Edith during open-up, moving rocks from one side of the Island to the paths leading out to the John Smith monument. This was tiring work, and one afternoon, I was pleased to see rain coming, figuring this would allow me to get some rest from moving rocks. “So the rains came, and in my best acting performance, I went up to Edith with tears in my eyes and told her I would not be able to move any more rocks that day because of the rain. She said, “this

is great, because now you can go out in the rain and rock back and forth on the rocks and settle them nicely in the mud.” Which I proceeded to do, because when someone tells you to do something with that much joy in their voice, you know it must be the right thing to do.”

Dave showed up in the kitchen every single lobster night and stood there, making sure the steam worked – not a dinner where you wanted problems! When something was broken, he would appear, almost without being called. Nancy Meyer reports, “We used to joke, if you needed to see Dave all you had to do was stand on a chair to paint a ceiling or reach something high up. (We weren't supposed to use chairs as ladders and he had an UNCANNY knack of showing up just as we were doing the thing we weren't supposed to be doing.)”

They lived for a while in the Engineers Cottage, near the back door of the kitchen, and it wasn't long before it became known as The Piersonage. Dave became known for his dry, humorous quips: “We started late, so we'd better end early,” and “Working hard, or hardly working?”

Scott Stewart said, “Dave is one of the great teachers I have ever been around. What made him great was his use of the word “oh”. Dave would come up to you when you were working on a project and ask you how it was going. He would intently listen, and if at any point you described something that didn't sound right, Dave would simply say “oh”-- which meant either that you were on the wrong track or that you should explain more. A soft “oh” meant you probably did something a little wrong, but the louder or more toned the “oh”, the more you were doing it wrong. And he would engage you, and sometimes you would convince him that what you were doing was right and sometimes he would gently lead you back in the direction of the correct fix. He rarely if ever lost his temper. He always could do a project faster and better than us. But he understood that if he taught us, together we could accomplish great things. And we did.”



Edith's sense of social activism led her to pen "Star Island is our Spirit's Home" so that the racist "Marching to Praetoria" words that ended every Pelican Show were replaced with something that fit more with Star Island's values. She was a passionate advocate for justice and equality – which the Pelicans adored.

Both Dave and Edith were modern models of the fishermen and their wives who lived on the Shoals for centuries. Although they would receive occasional deliveries of their standard order -- milk and broccoli -- from the mainland during the winter, they gleaned what they could from the sea, walked the rocks and the closed buildings, and, accompanied by their dog, SmuttyToes, checked the neighboring islands to make sure that all was well. Their boat was the Sturgeon, and those Pelicans who were out on the water with Dave would sometimes hear the call between island and boat: "Sturgeon, Sturgeon, Sturgeon. This is Sturgeon on the island calling Sturgeon on the water."

Carey Kasky summed them up this way: "Dave taught me about quiet leadership and how to set a good example. Edith taught me how to respect nature and find beauty in all that is." They were, and are, island originals, and richly deserving of the Star island Corporation's Maker of Light Award. Bravo!

The Next Generation of Heroes

What does it take to Chair a conference? It takes a leap of faith to sign on; a vision of what you hope to create; a loving willingness to give back to the community that has given us so much and, let's face it, tolerance for some uncertainty about what exactly you've signed on to do. Kris LoFrumento and Sue Flynn are Co-Chairs of the 2010 Pel Reunion Conference, AKA Pelican Homecoming. They have embodied the best of Pelican leadership this year. Their grace under pressure and caring leadership has been both an example and an inspiration. This has been a transition year for our conference; some stalwarts of our leadership structure have retired. This created new opportunities to re-imagine ourselves to meet the current needs of all Pels. But there have also been some uncertainty, frustrations, and gaps in leadership as we transition. Through it all, Kris and Sue have kept their energy and spirit high and worked hard to create a rich, fun conference meant to bring all generations of Pelicans together to play and learn and just be together.

Just as all their hard work and visionary planning was about to come to fruition we were faced with one more challenge in the form of Hurricane Earl, which has forced the postponement of the conference for many and cancellation for most. True to the spirit that has characterized their commitment this year, Kris and Sue reacted to this newest challenge with heroic creativity and resourcefulness. They pulled together a gathering in Seabrook, NH for any and all Pels who could come, with special thanks to Mark Wooley, who manages a hotel in Seabrook and graciously offered us space. Thanks are also owed to Matt Baya who managed the complicated information flow during the cancellation. All of you, and especially Kris and Sue, deserve a great big RATS!, with love and gratitude for your hard work and commitment to the conference.

~ The Pelican Reunion Steering Committee

Thank You Steve and Edie Whitney

Reminiscences from Past Chairs

From Susy Mansfield

Do you know that Tom and Steve are related? In 1640 Robert Mansfield and his sons Joseph and Andrew came from England to Lynn MA, on Cape Ann. Steve is an 11th generation direct descendent of Andrew, Tom is a 10th generation direct descendent of Joseph. We learned this in. Though we were all Pelicans together in 1968-9 we didn't hang out with them then. Steve was a kitchie and Edie a waitra, both white knights and already in love. We were both black(ish) knights and not rabid Red Sox fans as they were (and are).

It was through the early Pelican Reunions that our friendship bloomed. A few years back someone asked me to write about how Pelican Reunion came to be. "Pelican Reunion had it's beginnings in a boozy haze," I wrote.. Steve and Edie lived on Cape Ann then, not far from Steve and Faith Honer. (For those of you who don't remember the late great Steve Honer, he was the Head Desk Clerk back in the day.) In early 1981 the Whitneys and Honers and maybe the Fenns (Peter and Alison) got together over drinks and came up with the idea of a Reunion of Pelicans who had worked at the island during the four years 1966-69. Honer was deputized to approach the SIC Board; we met at the Boston office and he took me to a 3-martini lunch to sell the idea and enlist help. No worries. The SIC Board had already approved the first-ever conference after Labor Day - the Shoals Reunion Conference, aka Old People's Religious Union - so how could they turn down old Pelicans? Besides, Faith Kimball was on the SIC Board then, as were both Dickie and Charlie Case; Pete Mercer was the Island Manager and Jim Smith the AssMan. Who would vote against us?

To help with the planning - creating a good mailing list and the List of the Lost, finding and recruiting the 1966-69 Pelicans by phone, US Mail, and tell-a-Pelican, Sara Frost Schoman was recruited. The program was easy: we'd do what we always did: Pelican Show. Lobster Night. Softball Game., and the First Ever Legal Happy Hour.

A golden memory from that one-day Reunion is of Steve, Edie, Honer and Bob Lightfoot turning up on the Front



Porch in their original Pelican work clothes to greet the arriving Pelican Boat. The current Pelicans commented freely that we had "brought more booze on-island than we brought for the whole summer." The 1981 pelicans were also curious about which team would be considered the Home Team. When we took the field for practice, they watched in silence - John Lintner in the graveyard, Jack Alberti at the flagpole at shortstop with Pete Mercer pitching for the 1981 team - and murmured, "They know this field." There were no pinch-hitters. Sara Schoman caught a ball with her jaw and Whit had a bad knee. The rest of us ran the bases ourselves and beat the incumbent Pelicans 16:7 with Leehman and Lightfoot sharing MVP. Sweet.

The Pelican Show that year reprised our best, with Leehman doing "My Brother Esau," Bill MacLeod doing stand-up comedy, and music from both MadRedGulls and the Pelican Chorus. The Whitneys were the Pelican Papers Editors - produced in purple spirit duplicator ink! - which included metaphors, and it was dedicated to Sara Frost Schoman "who made this Reunion a success in the face of adversity and the organizing committee." The Mansfields were drafted onto the Organizing Committee for the next several years and acted as Chairs in 1984. Tom invented the term Pelicans in Training, aka PIT Crew, because we had so many kids by then. We asked Ruth Koe to mastermind that program and she did for many years. We brought Margret and John Kolbjornsen

(my folks) along as babysitters and that lasted a long time too.

All the while the Whits worked quietly in the background and did the hard stuff: budget, SIC contact, mailing list. The conference rules changed to invite Pelicans who were ten years out from their active Pelican days, and more recently the conference was opened up to everyone who had ever been a Pelican ever. Everyone who has chaired this gig has benefited from the Whitneys years of steady reassurance and attention to details.

From Ted Lylis:

It has been years, but whenever I think of Steve and Edie it has always been with fondness. Remember where some pictures are of the year I was chair? - surely you jest. I can barely remember the year I was chair. And that's not the only thing I'm having trouble remembering. But I will always remember what fine people Steve and Edie are.

From Debbie Weiner Soule:

Steve and Edie Whitney were the Pelicans I wanted to be. I remember arriving on Star, just out of high school and seeing the 'experienced' Pels including the Staff Waitress, Edie, and the Kitchie, Steve, I thought about how much I could learn from them. Of course, I soon found out how much fun they were. I learned about Pickle Rickeys, the rituals of a Star Island baseball game (red licorice all around, please); bridge; eating lobster on the rocks in back of the kitchen; fishing with mixed veggies for chum, and much more. And when I landed in the infirmary on Pier Party night because of strep throat, Steve and Edie were the ones who showed up with my dinner tray, and they made me considerably less miserable than I might otherwise have been by handing me a 'cigar' - a metal cigar holder which was filled with vodka!

As the founders of Pel Reunion, Steve and Edie envisioned a gathering where their friends and former Pels could come back and celebrate the joys of Star together. Their very good idea has grown and taken flight, and the fact that the conference has earned a place on the permanent Star conference calendar speaks to their wisdom and creativity.

I chaired the conference just after Ted Lylis, and had a great time doing it - how could you go wrong running a conference with so many of your friends present? One of the things we did that summer - or heck, it could have been another summer, but who can remember the fine points? - was a social hour that was dubbed the Mad Hat-

ter's Tea Party. This was secretly a way for Ben and me to get rid of a giant overstock of gourmet tea which we had around...but also a way to have a social hour which encouraged people to bring unusual beverages and snacks to share...and leave with a little gift of tea from the Dor-Mouse (aka our daughter, Emily, in a large top hat we had acquired for the occasion)

A minister friend of mine said, "The most radical thing we can do is bring people together." Steve and Edie, thank you for having such a radical idea so many years ago. Clearly, it was the right thing then, and it remains so today!

From Arlyn Weeks:

I was chair fairly early on. (The Steering Committee sent Bob Lightfoot to "invite" me to serve; he took me to lunch at a VERY nice restaurant. I should have been immediately suspicious.) At that point, I believed that Pelican Reunion was really trying to be a "conference," so I recruited theme speakers (a family that had never been to Star before and probably had never heard of it) and set up many "workshops" and "discussions," most of which went unattended. This approach was certainly ironic, as at that time I had never actually attended a conference myself. The actual three days are a blur in my memory. I do recall having to find the acting manager (Tony C. was off island for most of the weekend) to reverse the dismantling of our silent auction by Pels who decided it was time to wax the floors in Newton. And my conference minister, carefully recruited at the Pelican Reunion preceding "mine," managed to get pregnant in the interim and could not attend at all; my father filled in. Fortunately for us all, having a parent at Pelican Reunion has worked just fine for the Kolbjornsen Kids, but I found it very distracting.

I was very happy to "pass the torch" to Nate and Stephanie Hubbard on the Monday of "my" Pelican Reunion. (I think it was at the next Steering Committee meeting that Edie observed, gently, that incoming chairs could certainly learn from the experiences of past chairs.) The food at Steering Committee meetings at the Whitney residence was always fabulous. Lenny Reed attended some of those meetings in the early years. (He didn't seem to remember me at all, for which I was grateful.) The Whits always pushed to involve more recent Pelicans in our conference leadership, a very wise approach. They managed to bring order out of the chaos that is to be expected when more than 3 or 4 Pelicans gather. I can't imagine my life without them.

From Carey Kasky:

My memories are many and I am not sure I can think of one so I will give you a glimpse of warm thoughts that ran through my mind when I read the request:

Being welcomed at their house for lunch and everyone looking at me like I knew what to do! Leaving that lunch with thoughts that I was crazy to chair but feeling like I had a plan. Steve smiling at me walking out of my chapel service...Edie making me laugh at the Arts and Craft table, every year looking at Pel papers to see what profession Edie would write this year, Edie making room for me on the porch so I could join Stitch and Bitch - These are the times that made me feel like I wasn't just Cathy's sister or an '85 Pel but I had transcended "my year" and was part of something bigger....the Star community.

Before orientation of my conference I put a stone on each chair and during orientation I asked everyone to keep it close when they left the island as a way to remember the time spent 10 miles out -(or something of the sort- I was thinking that life was short and hoping we could carry the warmth of the conference to our every day life) any hoo - Edie told me Steve kept his stone for a long while.. It touched me and made me feel connected to them.

From Brad and Catherine Greeley:

I think the metaphor that best describes the way the Whitneys helped us during the preparations and delivery of "our" Pel Reunion is that of a boat (not surprisingly). The Pel ReUnion was a pretty well designed craft by the time we took the helm for its 25 anniversary voyage. There was a good working crew (yourself included) and things were pretty shipshape. But the winds always blow a bit along the way and seas roughen up some. The co-captains were scurrying about on the deck and the crew was asking appropriate questions. Whatever else was helpful to us as we worked to keep things on course, the real answer was the keel. The steady, experienced and well aimed direction that was offered by Steve and Eddie. We wouldn't have made harbor without it/them.

As a relative aside, they got made, brought and distributed the classic, now sought after heritage 25th anniversary Pel T-Shirts. Plenty of work in its own right.

From Laurie Lentz Marino:

One of my favorite memories was of a steering committee meeting in '08. There was a running joke about how

much ham Edie had cooked for the meeting and this was at the end of the minutes email she later sent. I also noted that she wrote 'adorned' instead of adjourned. It made me chuckle: "Meeting was adorned at 4:00 and no one took home any ham!"

From John Lintner:

I want to add praise, here, in the Boat News for Steve and Edie Whitney and their leadership in the past in establishing and guiding Pelican Reunion for 30 years. Leslie and I had the honor to chair the reunion in 1990. We particularly appreciated their guidance and suggestions as we worked through the process of leading that conference. Steve and Edie have done that for 30 years and that is remarkable. Leslie and I celebrate our friendship with them. Hoping that Hurricane Earl will leave us alone, we look forward to a great reunion and continuing good times with Steve and Edie and all the rest of you who can join us. R.A.T.S. times 3 to Steve and Edie!

From Liz Erickson:

When I first agreed to chair the Pel Reunion conference, I wasn't sure what I was getting myself into. However, Steve and Edie demonstrated enormous hospitality, welcomed me into their home (with the Pel Reunion Committee) and showed me the ropes. They were gracious when Erik Mercer (the co-chair) or I was outrageous and helped us bring to fruition what I hope was a successful Pel Reunion weekend. Steve and Edie worked hard to keep us "on track" (not necessarily the easiest of jobs considering the co-chairs) and maintain the vision of the weekend for former Pels. For Steve and Edie's many years of service to Pel Reunion Weekend, I am tremendously grateful. They have inspired many of us to stay connected to Star Island in a meaningful way.

From Nancy Meyer:

In 1999 Steve convinced me to be Pel Reunion Chair with the sales pitch, "Look at it this way, you'll get it over with early." Good advice that still makes me laugh.

They have felt like the parents of Pel Reunion, giving each new Chair enough latitude to feel ownership and excitement about "their conference" but always there to keep us from going too far off the deep end and help in times of trouble. It was reassuring to have them at my back. Their stewardship and guidance will be missed.

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May the Circle Be Unbroken:

Mentors Nurture Our Pel Community

Many Pelicans will tell you that they found their career, or deeper meaning in life, or ended up with a more intense commitment to Star Island, because of someone they met on Star who influenced them as a youth or young adult.

Different generations have named carpenter Cliff Bourne; housekeeper/ registrar Roz Holt; chef Lenny Reed; island hostess Ginny McGill; Assistant Manager Peter Mercer; Edith and Dave Pierson, respectively groundskeeper and engineer and together, winterkeepers; contractor Dick Soule; and Assistant Manager/ Historian Fred McGill as major influences on their lives. Sometimes, however, the mentors were unofficial and were peers; sometimes those being mentored didn't realize, till much later, what an influence someone had had on their life.

Tryst Chagnon writes, "I grew up

All Star II and (of course) looked way up to the Pels, and specifically the waitrae. I would pick one to worship each year. Twice the women that I chose, Jennifer Smith and Cecelia (Cee) Jones, a baker, wrote to me during the winter. I think they both even met with me after they were moved into the kitchen while I was out on Island. I saw Cee once when I was a Pel, years later.

"They really went an extra mile and probably had everything to do with me pursuing becoming a Pel, years after my family stopped being able to afford Star. In my years as a pel, I never saw anyone who really went as far as writing letters, so I think it says a lot about both of those women (and their Star spirit) that they did that."

Sean Elliot says, "I can't imagine I won't be among the throngs to cite Dave Pierson as a Star mentor. I will always be amazed at Dave's patience

at working with kids and helping them learn some pretty esoteric skills related to island maintenance. I might have been a couple years older than the average first-year Pel, but I still had no experience in the various plumbing/electrical/ mechanical skills required for the job and Dave was more than happy to spend the time to train me to the point where I was able to head the crew and actually contribute to the operation of the island. I learned skills that I have to this day, the same ones that serve me in the maintenance of my own home, and I owe that all to DDP and his patient and thoughtful approach to teaching those skills.

"I cannot count the times in my life, up to this very day, when I quote Dave to myself... "Well, that's not the way I would have done it, but seeing as it's done ..."

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One little sidebar note: the Steering Committee was involved me getting married to Dick. He and I drove together to the 2001 meeting at the Whitneys. Afterwards, we went out to dinner and that was our first date, although at the time we were too shy to actually admit it was a date. So, thanks Steve and Edie, for Pel Reunion and the wonderful memories -- and for the unfolding future.

From Nate Hubbard:

I don't have any specific memories of Steve and Edie from the Pel Reunion but more from my youthful years as a Pelican. When I came out in 1970 for the first of my three fabulous years as a Pelican, I remember Whit and Edie already as a couple. Although I was a young 18 and

they were only a few years older than me, they seemed so "adult" to me. I may not have even uttered a sentence to them, being intimidated by these old shoalers. Steve may have not known who I was but he always said hi in passing. In the 3 Pelican years I got to know them better.

A decade later we communicated about Corporation business with Smuttynose and then I was delighted to refresh our friendship with them when the Pel Reunions started. As our family grew, our need to find a family conference took us to All Star II where we've been for 12 years.

I'd like to thanks the Whitneys for their stewardship of Star Island in their many capacities of Pelicans, Corporation Board Members and Board Members of the Pelican Conference!

Hurricanes and Star

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MarJean Hillman, who lived on the Isles of Shoals (Appledore) as a child, recalls, "Island life can also be dangerous. It was there that, at age 7, my family lived through Hurricane Carol, losing three quarters of the roof, two second story porches and 15 windows. My much older sister's two toddlers and I were sequestered under the dining room table. I remember the carpets in the living room floating 6 inches off the floor, the main cross beam of the house holding up the second and third floors swaying, and my father, mother, sister and brother bracing themselves against the four big east windows every time a 120 mph gust came. I guess they figured that if these big windows went, so would the house. We did evacuate, but after the worst of the storm had passed. We crouched as we made our way down the hill as bricks and pieces of other cottages sped by us in the air. When we reached the bottom of the hill we sat against a porch wall of a vacant house. Eventually, a neighbor invited us all into her home. My parents had not passed papers on the heavily damaged cottage and were awarded a substantial discount to make repairs. My fragile sister had one of her any breakdowns later that fall."

In 1991, we got to experience Hurricane Bob, which was projected to make a huge hit on the Massachusetts coastline. This is noted as the last 'big' hurricane to hit this area, at least until Earl. When Bob hit, the electricity went out and we amused ourselves by playing board games, making cards with our extensive rubber stamp collection, having real 'family time' as candles burned, and we made dinner on our camp stove on the porch. We called Star Island to see how our friends were doing, and spoke on the phone with the iconic Fred McGill, who had been asked to man the phone to provide comfort and reassurance to the nervous parents of the Pelicans still on the island. Star escaped serious damage; Martha's Vineyard, however, was clobbered and when we went camping there later in the summer, the damage was sobering.

A number of us recall the squall that hit Star Island in the early-morning hours of (I believe) 1997 during Pelican Reunion. Water poured down and through the walls of the hotel, glass shattered, winds were clocked at over 90 mph on Appledore and, for a short and terrifying time, things were more 'exciting' on Star Island than one might wish.

Food for Thought....

At the second Reunion in 1982 it was suggested that we come up with 'a more creative name for this conference than 'Pelican Reunion'. Suggestions were:

- Life on a Pelican I & II
- Lay-Pelican Weekend
- R E - Revisited Experiences
- IRIS - Itinerant Refugees to the Isles of Shoals
- Natural Pelican History Conference
- Pelican Affairs
- LRY - Lost Remembrances of Youth
- All Celia I & II

From Susy Mansfield

More recently there was a microburst over the island which destroyed the well house, took out windows and part of the wall of Brookfield, and blew out windows, shingles, and much more. This is not common, but weather does happen on the Shoals, sometimes in very dramatic ways.

And now there's Hurricane Earl, barreling up the coast past the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and threatening Nantucket and Cape Cod. While it's overwhelmingly likely that the northeast won't be pounded heavily -- with the possible exception of Nantucket - with the full force of the storm, the seas are already running high, and the Star management made the decision that evacuation was the best course.

Aside from those who remember the Hurricane of '38, most folks who reside in the northeastern part of the US probably haven't experienced anything close to the kind of horror and disruption of life that those who live in the Gulf Coast area have survived, more than once. Last week, the 5th anniversary of Hurricane Katrina was observed with music, flowers thrown in the river, with prayers and remembrance and solemnity. I thought about those who I've come to know who call the Gulf Coast home, knowing that their life has not returned to normal in the Gulf Coast region. It has gone on...different from what it was. Still, these remarkable people have endured and many have made a commitment to come back to the region they call home.

We all long for a place called home... whether it's in Louisiana or Mississippi, on Cape Cod, or on Star Island. And while we wait for the eye of the storm to pass over, we pray for the calm that we hope will follow. Peaceful, without loss of life or property. May it be so.

Treasure Hunt!

by *Debbie Weiner Soule*

My father-in-law, Dick Soule, is a 90-year-old former Pelican with tall tales to tell. Although he can't join us on Star Island for Pelican Reunion, Dick recently regaled us with his stories of the early days of the Star Island conference era.

Dick, a licensed contractor, was hired by architect William Roger Greeley to come to Star after World War 2 ended and help re-open the island. He and his crew cleared debris from the pier, repaired the hotel, and built Vaughn Cottage, and Parker and Newton Centre to join the Parsonage as the "Stone Village." Dick's crew also built the motel units – starting with Founders and Sprague, and then continuing with YPRU and Baker – to erect some additional housing to accommodate burgeoning conference attendance and to offset the loss of beds when the fourth floor of the hotel was deemed unsafe for conference use. (Interestingly, the original plan for the motel units was to add stone facing to their ends, to tie them in with the look of the stone village – but that additional cosmetic work was never completed. You can see the 10" overhang as you take the boardwalk past the end of Sprague.)

One of Dick's most intriguing stories, however, was of guarding a suspected cache of buried treasure on Star, over sixty years ago. Dick recalls that he was visited in the late 1940's or early '50's by Rev. Lyman Rutledge, who was then serving as Executive Director of the Star Island Corporation, informing him of the results of aerial surveillance of Star Island, which indicated – at least to a private treasure-hunter and newspaperman from New York City, Mr. Greenhagen - that there was buried treasure on Star. Greenhagen had come to agreement with the Star Island Corporation around the terms surrounding his search for the bounty, and he wanted to make sure that no one would get to the island before he did to claim the riches!

Soule took a crew of five out to the island, including Joe Pinchon, Bobby Wharem, and several others, and they huddled in Cottage D as fall set in, alongside Lawrence Sullivan, the year-round caretaker who lived in the Cottage with his wife and daughters. The men

were equipped with food, cigarettes, and guns belonging to Judge Charlie Bolster (the Clerk of the SIC Board). They stayed out on the island for nearly two weeks, patrolling and keeping watch, while the Corporation waited for the treasure to be dug up. Three boats were hired, one for collecting the treasure, the others to act as decoys to divert possible modern-day pirates. The men guarding the treasure were ordered not to dig for the treasure themselves, although Lawrence Sullivan disclosed that he had once been asked to dig for treasure on Smuttynose, but had run into rocks and had to abandon the search.

Soule recalls, "We got into a rowboat with a case of beer and a case of dynamite, and found the place where Sullivan had been digging on Smuttynose. I tucked some dynamite into the area and blew it up. There were sea-washed stones and then we dug down six feet more, then there were more stones, so I blew those up. But then we ran out of beer and dynamite and a thunderstorm was brewing, so we gave up and went back to Star.

"On Star, we waited day after day and went to the dump and shot rats, ate, smoked, stood at the Pier with our guns, and toured the island. And after a number of days, we found out that Greenhagen had a similar project going in Canada. He had lost all his money on that one, and came out to Star and went to Betty Moody's cave with Lyman, and then said that he couldn't find treasure there. So we were ordered to go home. We packed up and went off. The treasure hunter paid the Corporation something each year to keep his claim open, and after four or five years, SIC got embarrassed taking his money and gave it up. But Greenhagen said the treasure was gold, silver, and some diamonds, and worth some millions of dollars, even back then. And he said that it was buried 11 feet down on Star Island... I think it's got to be between where the sewage treatment plant and Star Loft. That's the only place where you could dig eleven feet down, so it must be there. "That treasure's still there," Dick Soule said. "It's just waiting for someone to dig it up!"

Dick lives on Cape Cod at the Orleans Convalescent and Retirement Center, along with his wife, Phoebe, who just celebrated her 92nd birthday. They welcome visitors and letters: 60 Daley Terrace, Orleans, MA 02653; phone: 508-255-3657. And Dick has more tales to tell, so it's well worth the visit!

Bird Droppings

From **John Lintner**, Pelican from '66 to 1969. The highlight for our family (including John, Leslie, and our daughter and family) was 8 days in Bend, Oregon, where our son lives with his family. Blue skies, great mountains and water! Just before that, we enjoyed NHC on Star Island.

From **Priscilla Swope Roggenkamp**: Greetings Pelicans, especially ones from 1979! My sisters (**Linda Swope Linnell**, **Nancy Swope Sowders**) and I (Pelicans all) enjoyed a personal retreat this summer. The island looks great, thanks, I'm sure, to the awesome group of current Pelicans! (Go Shawn!) When I first came to Star, Ohio seemed a long way from New Hampshire...and not just geographically. After spending time as a Pel, and returning to spend time later in life, the distance is irrelevant as I carry the experience of the island with me. Enjoy the reunion. If you remember me and wonder what I'm up to check out: the art website: www.studio-twofourteen.com or my band blog: rsn-band@blogspot.com or drop me an email: pkamp41@hotmail.com.

Anne Ogilvie (EOS'91, Snackie '92, Marine Lab '93, '94, SML '98, '99, '00) and her husband **Justin Smith** (SML '99, '00) welcomed their first child, son Stellan Calder Smith Ogilvie, born on February 19, 2010. Anne, Justin and Stellan live in Gloucester, MA. Anne works as International Director of Field Management at Earthwatch Institute in Cambridge, MA and Justin is a Pediatric Optometrist with Harvard Vanguard Health Plan in Boston.

From **Ethan B. Eilertsen**, Engineer '79 and '80, carpenter '82: After college at New Mexico School of Mines (Mining Engineering, '87), I met and married a Colorado girl (Theresa) and we are currently living in Berthoud, CO in an old farmhouse we restored. I'm working as an engineer at Ball Aerospace, and would be interested in getting in touch with any other Colorado Pelicans. Please email me at: eeilerts@ball.com

Hillary Adams Case: As far as updates for Pel Reunion weekend, the big news is that **Greg (Case)** and I were married on August 1 at the island. :)

From **Sherry Walworth** (waitrae '70) and **Charlie Case** (oh heck, what didn't he do!): Hello Pels of the past! We are MAINLY boaters now, coming to Gosport whenever we can. Our best stopover at Star this season was in early August when our son, Gregory, married his longtime girlfriend and fellow Pel, Hillary Adams, in a magical ceremony at the turnstyle. Another big enjoyment for us of late has been connecting with the Gundalow Co. (see www.Gundalow.org). This also includes our Kittery house (still for sale and maybe for rent - please contact us with interests, but you must have Maine license plates to rent!). The 70-foot Gundalow boat actually came to our dock in Kittery's back channel waters for an open house in June. We've now ridden many Piscataqua waterways on the Capt' Adams; this fabulous historic barge-like-vessel-with-sail that carried bricks/timbers/goods from the 1600's on. Boats are good! Our Kittery house is still for sale and maybe for rent - please contact us with interests (but you must have Maine license plates to rent!). As to our daughter, Julia, she's a happy camper living in Portsmouth, working at Measured Progress in Dover where her significant other, Ian, also has a job. We feel blessed to be living in Seacoast surrounds. Reach us at Casewalworth@aol.com or at 135 Pleasant St Eliot, ME 03903, 207-439-1486. Cheers

Hello from **Becky May** (Kitchie 84-90)! Sorry I couldn't be there this year - we're camping in the White Mountains. Bobbi and I are still enjoying living and playing in Portsmouth and would love to see you if you're in the area. I'm still working for ServiceLink, helping seniors and disabled adults connect with services, and I'm still singing with Voices From the Heart.



My big news from this year: on June 13th I was ordained by the Chaplaincy Institute of Maine as an interfaith minister! A fun story from the Ordination, which was held at the UCC church in Saco, ME: We were walking down the stairs for the start of the ceremony, and I looked up to my right and there was **Peter Mercer**'s picture smiling down at me - we were at his former church! Part of this new role will include being on-call for the hospital and hopefully working with hospice patients. I'm also available to officiate at weddings and to help create meaningful ceremonies such as memorial services, baby naming, vow renewals and other rites of passage. If you're interested, my e-mail is: becky-may27@gmail.com. Enjoy Pel Reunion and I hope to join you next year!

From **Melissa Flanagan Bailey**, Pel '85-'88; (and Pete Sykes' big sister): My big news is my upcoming deployment to "an unnamed location in southwest Asia" in support of Operation Enduring Freedom. I leave at the end of October and will be gone for six months. Keeping the home fires burning will be my husband, Sr. Master Sgt. Dave Bailey, USAF, Retired, and our son, Stephen, 7.

From **Robin Temple Smith**: I am getting married on 10/10/10 in Ogunquit! The groom is Roscoe S. Diamond from Nashua NH. We were high school (Littleton MA) sweethearts who met again 32 years after our first meeting! We may try to come out for one day to visit reunion.

Emily Cann, Pel 2001-2005 and **Tyler Dumais**, Pel 2004-2005, were engaged on June 15! Hurrah! :)