

# White Birch

CAMP PASQUANEY

WINTER 2000

## Pasquaney Community Remembers “Mr. Charlie”

Vin Broderick’s Memorial Talk on Trustees Sunday

*Let us now praise famous men —  
Men of little showing —  
For their work continueth,  
And their work continueth,  
Greater than their knowing.*

Mr. Charlie used this excerpt from Rudyard Kipling’s “A School Song” in his chapel memorials for both Father John Spaeth and Marshall Bartholomew. Clearly this poem that praised the quiet service of educators and the deep power of their teaching resonated with him.

Letters coming in about Mr. Charlie since his death show how his work continueth:

“Mr. Charlie was one of the great and formative influences upon my young life.” *John N. Curtis 1946-49*

“Not a day goes by that I don’t ask myself ‘what would Mr. Charlie have thought about this?’”  
*Lynn “Monkey” Montgomery 1958-62*

“If it hadn’t been for Mr. Charlie, I would have never made it through adolescence.” *Don Winslow 1941-43*

“He more than anyone I have met, made me understand the value of living for something — some ideal, set of beliefs — that is more important than oneself... Before we can be true to ourselves, we must know who we are and what we believe and what we want to be true to. Mr. Charlie made me see this relationship, and it has guided me through some pretty tough times.”

*George Reigeluth 1961-64*

“His influence to do one’s best, to observe good sportsmanship, and to achieve excellence in all one’s activities

will go on in the several generations of campers he taught, coached, and led.”

*J. Sinclair Armstrong 1928*

And so his work continueth...

Charlie Stanwood arrived at Pasquaney in 1921 as Charles Fuller Campbell. He told Bard Luippold, a current counsellor, that his mother first sent him to camp in part because he kept breaking windows while playing stick ball in Washington DC.



*Charlie Stanwood at age fifteen (1925).*

Mr. Charlie was always good with homesick boys, perhaps because his career began with homesickness. But in one of those early days, he used his stick ball skills to whallop a baseball and got a pat on the back from someone who said “Nice going, Monkey.” His homesickness vanished.

The Monkey thrived at camp. His tangible work is easy to document: he won canoe races, acted in Water Sports plays, coxed the senior Birch crew for four summers through his 15th year,

won tennis championships, received the Harvard Cup for baseball. Later at Oxford, he became the first man to win three events in track and field for Oxford against Cambridge. He repeated the feat the next year, set several meet records, and became a national celebrity in Britain. He set a world record in the 220 low hurdles on a curved track. H.M. Abrahams, winner of the 100 meter dash in the 1924 Olympics whom many of you will remember from the movie *Chariots of Fire*, called him the greatest athlete who has ever taken part in those inter-varsity events.

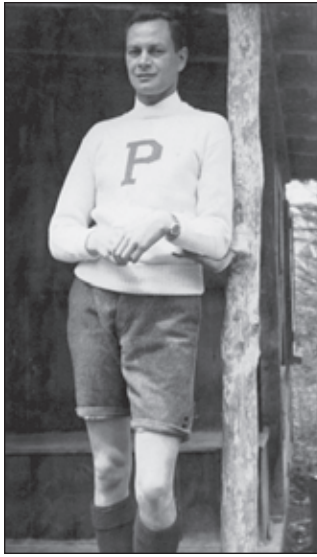
But Mr. Charlie certainly would not consider these accomplishments his most important. I have heard him talk of his track experience only in reference to what others on his team had done. His Bowdoin coach called him the best athlete he ever coached “and that is taking everything into consideration: conduct, accomplishments, faithfulness, and leadership.”

At Oxford, Charlie Stanwood nurtured his love of language under the guidance of his tutor, C.S. Lewis. He also nurtured his love for Rosemary Culme-Seymour, who later joined him in the United States as his wife and with him raised their three children, Carol, Michael, and Tessa. Her curiosity was aroused about this place called Pasquaney and his loyalty to it when he turned down the chance to compete internationally in 1934 to return to Pasquaney for the second half of the summer.

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That loyalty was crucial to us all. In a talk he gave in 1980 I recall his appeal to each of us to keep alive this fragile place, this Pasquaney.



As new Director in 1940

No one was more aware of the fragility of Pasquaney than was Mr. Charlie. Camp would not be here but for his sacrifices. He led Pasquaney through many crises: when Mr. Teddy Jackson died on the way to camp in April of 1940, Charlie Stanwood assumed the directorship at the age of 30; he led Pasquaney through the last years of the Great Depression; through World War II and the Korean War, when there was a struggle to find counsellors; and through the polio epidemic of 1947. He turned down salary

increases because the money was not there to pay for them. But when Mr. Charlie talked about the frailty of Pasquaney, he was talking as much about the challenges to its spirit from changes in the outside world as he was about its financial and physical strength.

For most of the time he was director of Pasquaney, Mr. Charlie was also teaching at Choate School. Bill St. John, grandfather to Chris and Peter, was raised at Choate across the street from the Stanwoods and wrote:

“As teacher, track coach, and assistant Headmaster to Seymour St. John, Charlie set an example of energy, wisdom, loyalty, and common sense that was sorely missed once he made the decision [in 1964] to devote his life to Camp. He was known everywhere for his impeccable standards, his concern for kids, and his high ideals. Choate was less of a place for a long time after he left.”

Mr. Charlie had a passion for trains and fire engines. Bill St. John describes it:



Mr. Charlie with the Pasquaney fire truck in 1965.

“In the dead of night, we would hear the town fire alarm hoot its signal, and shortly thereafter, no matter the weather, no matter the time, we would hear Charlie’s car start, and off he would tear to another fire. He was particularly happy when the Backes Fireworks factory blew up!”

That interest served his community as well. With several neighbors he organized the first Hebron Fire Department after the Hebron Store and Church fire in the mid ‘40s.

In 1963 Rosemary Stanwood died an untimely death. The camp library and the Rosemary Stanwood Cup in tennis are dedicated to her memory. In 1964 Mr. Charlie moved to Pasquaney full time and became even more involved in the local community. He served as chairman of the planning board in Hebron. In 1968, he, in the words of the Mayhew Staff Handbook this summer, “germinated the seed” of our partner Mayhew Program, which has enriched the Pasquaney community for years and serves as a model program nationally.

In 1967, Mr. Charlie married Eleanor Little Buell, then director of Camp Onaway. They shared a love of the outdoors. Last winter Mr. Charlie recalled the good times they had together spending winters at Eastbourne, snowshoeing with the hillside buried deep in snow.

Mr. Charlie had a passion for the outdoors, for words, and for jazz. He would have glowed at the spontaneous jam session on Jackson porch last Wednesday night. He might have said it made him delightful. Full of delight. His jam sessions on the clarinet by the shack in the evenings did the same for us.

Mr. Charlie’s work continueth, even for those of you who never knew him. As it says on his plaque on flagpole rock, his words and acts continue to thunder in our daily lives. How is that possible if he last served here twenty-five years ago?

They thunder, of course, in the physical reminders of his years as director: Wilson, Jackson, Adams, Watson Theatre, the library, and our Notch Post land.

They thunder in his *Portrait of Pasquaney*, one of our important links to our history.

They thunder in our routine. In his last years as director, in 1970 and in 1972, Mr. Charlie initiated intense self-examinations of everything that we did at camp. The changes that resulted, in our schedule and in the Sigma Alpha most specifically, forged the growth of the Pasquaney we know today. This last change led to the wonderful surge in older boy leadership that has been the hallmark of Pasquaney’s recent years.

His words thunder here, in our chapel talks. Those of us in camp with him remember his resonant voice ringing in these woods. His words spoke to our souls in a way we had not heard before. From all I can tell in reading Mr. Ned’s and Mr. Teddy’s chapel talks, it was Mr. Charlie who brought the eloquence, structure, use of repetition, and many of the quotations that we now associate with a Pasquaney talk:

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“To have a friend; be one.”  
(Emerson)

“His need is greater than mine.”  
(Sir Philip Sydney)

“No man is an island.” (Donne)

“Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.” (Ecclesiasticus)

He appealed to us to pursue our best with words such as these:

“Is the kind of life I am describing impossibly ideal? You know it’s not, you know it’s not. I charge you — I charge us ...to remember not so much the words spoken here, but the way we felt... to leave this sermon determined to be our best selves.”

His image thunders in the minds and actions of all who were here with him. He inspired many of us to go into teaching. In Bob Bulkeley’s words, “He gave us a sense of what education is... he made us revere excellence, demand of ourselves that we be our best. And he did it with charm, wit, and charisma as well as courtesy.”

And we continue to hear his call to be our best.

“Then on, ye pure in heart, rejoice, give thanks and sing” that a man with a love of fire engines quenched the fires of many crises, a man with a love of jazz brought music to his words, a man with a love of trains kept this precious engine, this Pasquaney, on track, for his work continueth, and his work continueth, greater than his knowing.

### Baltimore Party Planned

Alumni, parents, and friends in the Baltimore area will be invited to a cocktail party on Wednesday, May 10, 2000, at the home of trustee Butch West and his wife Peggy. Invitations will be sent to everyone in the Baltimore area. If you do not live near Baltimore and would like to attend, please contact the Pasquaney winter office to be added to the invitation list.



From the left, Dave Ryder, Vin Broderick, Helen Gemmill, John Arnold, Priscilla Gemmill, Hugh Antrim and Art Mudge gather at new Gemmill Glade rock after the dedication.

## The Glade is Spruced Up and Rededicated: The Gemmill Glade

For the first five years that John Gemmill served on the Council (1960-1964), he was the director of the Stage Crew. Then, the next nine years, 1965 through 1973, he directed the plays in the Pine Glade. Five of those productions were Shakespeare plays. He directed *Tom Thumb the Great* three times, as *Thorn Mead* (1966), *Henry Heyburn* (1969), and *Tyler Blue* (1973) will remember (all played Tom Thumb).

Feeling that Mr. Gem-John had a special love for the Pine Glade, the trustees voted last winter to rename it the Gemmill Glade. A dedication ceremony was held on Friday, August 6th as part of Trustees Weekend. As camper Jeff Antonucci recorded in the log that day, “it included a cannon salute, ribbon-cutting ceremony, and a brief review of the Glade plays directed by Mr. Gem-John.”

It was a nice coincidence that this year’s Glade play counsellors, Scott Fulford and Bard Luippold (Bard is his real name), chose to direct *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* — even before they were aware of the renaming of the Glade. The 1999 production was a magnificent performance — one which would have given Gem-John great joy. He last directed that Shakespeare classic in 1968.

## Trustees Vote to Rename Dormitory Stanwood Porches

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees held at Eastbourne Place in early November, it was unanimously voted to rename Porches dormitory the Stanwood Porches. An appropriate dedication ceremony will be held during the upcoming 2000 season.

The trustees recalled that for many years Charlie Stanwood served as a counsellor on Northern Porches, where he could be close to the Shack and in easy touch with Mr. Teddy while he was Director. The renaming is the first tangible memorial for Mr. Charlie, intended to ensure that future generations of campers and counsellors are aware of his thirty-five years of strong leadership and his contributions to the camp as we know it today.

A committee of trustees, in collaboration with Charlie’s family, is discussing other possible memorials, more related to the camp program, and the use of the memorial donations which have been sent to honor him over the past six months. During the Centennial “Second Century Drive,” the Charles F. Stanwood Scholarship Fund was established. That fund now totals over \$94,000. It currently supports a full camper scholarship, or several partial scholarships, each summer.



*"I can see Mr. Charlie's smile as I shook his hand those thousands of times over the years. All I can think of is how he got up so early and stayed up so late just to smile at me. Every morning and every night, it seemed so personal."— Gil Jones, Jr. (1963-66)*

## Mr. Charlie Talks on Leadership In His Final Summer as Director

*On Trustees Sunday in 1974, his final summer as Director, Mr. Charlie delivered a chapel talk on Leadership. Here are some excerpts from that talk:*

On this particular Sunday my heart and my head are full of Pasquaney's documented past and unwritten future. I trust you will be patient if, in this last chance to speak to the intimate Pasquaney family as Director, I dwell on the thing that is uppermost in my mind. Everything that has so far been read in the service this morning is a preamble to the subject of "Leadership."...

What about Pasquaney's unwritten future? The camp is small in actual size and numbers, but has always had the possibility of being important out of all proportion to its relative smallness. To justify our belief in Pasquaney, the camp's business must continue to be the study and practice of the moral and ethical wisdom of the centuries — not in a detached academic atmosphere, but in the context of our simple and active life together. Here in the everyday affairs of Pasquaney, boys and young men ought to build the basis of character which will enable them to lead and influence in the lives they lead elsewhere. This progression is at the very heart of the Pasquaney tradition about which so many of us care so deeply — the tradition we have freely inherited from previous generations and which we are honor bound to pass on to the unwritten future...

What is this thing called "leadership?" It will, perhaps, be easier to begin by stating some of the things it is *not*. It is emphatically *not* the mere issuing of loud orders and commands. It is *not* personal ambition for power. It is *not* the selfish determination to impose one's will or ideas on others. It is *not* a thirst for personal fame and glory. It is *not* a thing we automatically deserve because of our backgrounds or imagined worth. It is *not* "lordship," but "service."

Much has been written about the mystique of leadership, and it is probably true that some of the greatest leaders in

history have had an undefinable aura about them which had more to do with heavenly gifts of personality than with sheer character and self-discipline. Yet we can be sure that more often true and constructive leadership depends upon traits of character which can be developed: (a) humility, (b) courage, (c) a thoughtful belief in the "moral and ethical wisdom of the centuries," (d) self-forgetful dedication and commitment to something bigger than one's own petty self, (e) an urge to create and contribute — never to ask "What's in it for me?" (f) the ability to speak up — to risk the snide remark and to want self-respect more than shallow affability, (g) the self-discipline to achieve excellence and expertness, (h) the understanding and practice of what it takes to be a good follower. These are the specific things which have been stressed at Pasquaney through the years, which we have heard discussed and held up for us in sermons and tree talks. As we are successful in developing these specific traits, we can achieve by indirection the respect and trust which must underlie all good leadership. Leadership is thrust upon us.

A few of you who are here this morning will make future headlines — but only a few. Leadership and fame are not strictly synonymous. Our country is desperate for positive, constructive leadership at all levels. Each of us can surely find a spot at school, in our families, in our local communities where with unselfconscious dedication, humility, courage, and disciplined skill, we can lead — first by example and, as we mature, by persuasion and action. Thus will Mr. Ned's great vision be fulfilled: thus will we each (in his small or big way) serve our country and mankind; thus will we be striving to follow the leadership of the greatest spiritual leaders of our time and of former times.

### In Appreciation - Charles E. Stanwood

Always he urges us on to catch that distant, shining star of excellence, to reach beyond ourselves, to aim for the impossible. It was a passion of his for us to excel through training of the body, discipline of the mind, and dedication of the spirit. He had the gift of communication. His enthusiasm fired tinder in hundreds of boys he taught over the years, touched hundreds more for whom he was expert coach, wise counselor, true friend. His delight when a hurdle was taken cleanly, a difficult poem mastered, a moral dilemma solved without compromise was unmistakable, and he never tired of these victories. Ours might have been the first, for all we knew. Fortunately, what Choate must lose of his inspiration Camp Pasquaney will continue to enjoy and young men will go on discovering what it means to have their lives indelibly changed. As for Mr. Stanwood, we doubt the winged chariot will ever catch up with a man who runs before it with so much gaiety, so much zest.

— *Written by Seymour St. John for the Choate "Brief", 1964, as Charlie retired from Choate.*

## Mr. Charlie Summarizes “The Essence of Pasquaney”

After his retirement, at the urging and with the assistance of trustee Bun Mahony, Mr. Charlie produced a wonderful book entitled *Portrait of Pasquaney*. The final chapter was called “The Essence of Pasquaney.” The first of these final three paragraphs was read to the camp at the start of the 1999 season:

Like those “pioneers” of the 1890s, we acknowledge enthusiastically Pasquaney’s influence on us. For most of us, Pasquaney remains the spot where we felt we came fully alive; where, without fear or undue pressure, we came to see that a society based on altruism and service is not impossibly idealistic; that it creates, in fact, an environment where the individual is best able to reach his full potential; where, away from the distractions of mercenary competition and superficial worldly values, we’ve been able to make deep and lasting friendships; where we’ve been moved to emulate the best qualities of boys and men whom we admired and with whom we shared experiences; and, finally, where we’ve learned (to our relief!) that emphasis on traditional moral standards is in no way incompatible with fun, humor, wit, athletic excellence, ambition.

What of the long-range future? Only a tentative conjecture is possible. Yet we must believe that as long as the American ideal of freedom, independence and dignity of the individual lasts, there will be a need for the kind of basic education that is delivered at Pasquaney.

There is danger in the country’s present heavy emphasis on academic agility, for it tends to forget that there are other traits and qualities even more to be desired in the citizens of a democracy. Insofar as Pasquaney has stressed the development of these other traits and qualities, it has had a constructive educational influence out of all proportion to its size. None of us — trustees, director, counsellors, parents, campers, alumni — would have either interest or enthusiasm if it were doing anything less. We are convinced that, with continuing strong support from those who understand Pasquaney’s potential, it will do even more.



“Thank you for the wonderful service and homily about Mr. Charlie... I know he would have approved and enjoyed the Dixieland band blended with the old Episcopal service. I think everyone was moved; and many people said they could feel Charlie in the room.” — Jim Kerkam (1957-60)



Carol Stanwood, Tessa Davis and Michael Stanwood join Vin Broderick for the dedication of their father’s plaque.

## Memorial Plaques Dedicated

In separate ceremonies honoring Mr. Gem-John and Mr. Charlie, plaques, installed in the rock by the flagpole, were dedicated in memory of these two men who led Pasquaney for nearly 60 years. In the dedication of Mr. Charlie’s plaque, Vinnie used Mr. Charlie’s own words from a service in memory of Pop Watson on July 8, 1962:

*Yes, how shall we memorialize this man who has been both symbol and substance of the Pasquaney tradition? We shall, of course, have a plaque in his memory on the big rock by the flagpole with Mr. Ned’s and Teddy’s. But mostly it will be in our hearts that he will live on. He will live in our determination to preserve the values and ideals he helped build into Pasquaney. He will live far into the future as each generation of campers is moulded partially in his image. This, I am sure, is, above all, what he would want.*





Mr. Charlie greets trustee Ted Church, a regular visitor and legendary prankster, as he arrives at camp in 1974.

## Ballard Morton's Unpublished Chapter on Charlie Stanwood

When Ballard Morton's recent book *Gladly Learn — Leadership: Learning, Teaching and Practicing* was published, chapters he wrote entitled "Pasquaney" and "Charles Stanwood" were not part of the final product. The following are excerpts from his unpublished chapter on Charles Stanwood:

*Show me the man you honor, and I will know what kind of man you are, for it shows me what your ideal of manhood is, and what kind of man you long to be.*

—Thomas Carlyle

My father had gone [to Pasquaney] as a boy and counsellor in the 1920s. In 1942 he was in the Navy, we were at war, and he sent me to Pasquaney because he wanted me to have the experience, and he was afraid that it might shut down during the war. Charles Stanwood was the Director, and he was my father's friend.

So, after many long train rides, I found myself at age ten seated at a large dinner table in a hotel in Plymouth, New Hampshire. The only person I knew in the room was my traveling companion who had gone to Pasquaney the year before. There was some commotion. A man was asking, "Where's Ballard Morton?" I was too scared to respond. My companion poked me and said, "He's looking for you. Mr. Charlie wants to see you."

I finally identified myself to "Mr. Charlie." He said he was so glad to meet me and that my father was his great friend. It was one of the vivid memories of my life. He was the best-looking man I have ever seen. Tall, energetic, graceful. He had such a warm smile and the clearest and most penetrating eyes I'd ever looked into. He looked at me as no one had ever looked at me before, and when he spoke to me he made me feel that I was the most important person in the world to him...

Charlie was a renaissance man. He had been a world-class athlete at Oxford in the early 30s — setting European records in the hurdles. He was an accomplished jazz musician and had actually jammed on the clarinet with Louis Armstrong in his younger days in England. He was a scholar and extraordinarily well-read in the classics. When I met him he taught English at The Choate School, coached track, and was

Assistant Headmaster. He had become Director of Pasquaney in 1940 at the age of 30.

He was a strikingly handsome man, graceful in all his movements, and courtly — good manners were essential to being a gentleman. And he was a gentleman in the best sense of the word. He had a keen wit, a ready sense of humor — and sense of the dramatic — and an infectious laugh. He was fun to be with. He had strong beliefs and ideals, and he lived up to them. He was quite a role model for me...

There were great festivities marking Charlie's retirement in 1974. The retirement dinner was held at camp in September, after the season. My father was MC, and there was much ceremony and many speeches. Afterwards, I wrote Charlie a letter. I wanted to let him know how I felt about him and his influence on me. Here is part of what I wrote:

*For so many of us, you have personified Pasquaney. You have been Pasquaney. In spite of your protest, that's the way it is. It has been your example, your leadership that have shown us what it's all about.*

*As I reflect upon what is important in my life, I realize what an extraordinary debt of gratitude I owe to you. I have learned more from you than anyone else I have ever met. I can say without qualification that you have had a more profound influence on my life than any other man. I know of no man that I would rather have my sons emulate than you. And in spite of the tiny difference in our ages, there is no man I consider a greater friend than you.*

*I hope that you have a deep sense of satisfaction and accomplishment to realize what an extraordinary influence you have had on so many of us. I can think of no greater achievement than to have made the lives of others better and more satisfying. And you have done that — many times over...*

In *A World of Ideas II*, Bill Moyers has an interview with the poet Robert Bly. They discuss male initiators, men who care about the soul of a young man. This initiator blesses young men, and they point out that young men are in great need of this blessing. "Many boys don't know a single older man who encourages them, or who holds them in his heart."

When I was young, I had a male initiator in Charlie Stanwood. It made a tremendous difference in my development and self-confidence. Deep within my subconscious has been a strong desire to give back to other young people the "gift" I received from Charlie. I think both young men and young women need this kind of affirmation, and I have gladly given it where I could. This is my motivation, what I want to do as a teacher.

# White Birch

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## **“He had more influence on my life than any other man.”**

**“He was my childhood hero and mentor, my advisor and friend.”**

As we reviewed the many, many letters which were mailed to Pasquaney and to Charlie Stanwood’s wife, Ellie, and children, Carol, Mike and Tessa, there was one statement that was made over and over again: “He had more influence on my life than any other man.” Many recalled him as their childhood hero and mentor, their advisor and friend. He was universally admired and emulated by those who served with him as campers and counsellors. Here are just a few quotes from those letters:

**“When he was Assistant Head at Choate and I was Dean of Students, he quietly covered up my mistakes in dealing with students. Always there was an air of sanity about him which brought a touch of brightness to what might have been a somber situation. He made the role of mentor take on meaning long before the word was used.”**

—*Burgess Ayres (father of camper)*

“Although I did not have the privilege of being at camp with Mr. Charlie as Director, I remember the deep respect, even awe, that his name commanded among the older campers and counsellors.”

—*Rob Denious (1976-78, council & trustee)*

**“[I recall] a story told to me by Rogers Southall many years ago: A wealthy father, who wanted his son to attend camp even though all places were spoken for, offered to fund a new canoe dock complex if his son were allowed to jump the queue. Mr. Charlie, of course, turned the offer down, but was deeply and publicly troubled by just what it must have been in the way he (Charlie) must have come across that made the guy even think that he might entertain such a proposition. Ah - character!”**

—*John Curtis (1946-49, Director, The Winter Term)*

“Mr. Charlie germinated the seed of Mayhew in 1968, and he continued to work with Owen Lindsay to nurture Mayhew through its infancy. [After] his retirement as Pasquaney director, he found more time for Mayhew as a trustee from 1976 to 1980. He would be pleased to know that 1,200 boys have benefitted from their participation in the Mayhew Program.”

—*Dedication, 1999 Mayhew Summer Staff Handbook*

**“Mr. Charlie profoundly influenced my life, and I will be forever grateful to him... I know his spirit of good will and excellence are with me, as they are with all of us.**

**One of my fond memories of Mr. Charlie after his directorship was of his evening flycasting down on the boathouse docks... How often I think of him when I fish by myself and with campers.”**

—*Kirk Phelps (1971-75, council)*

**“He was one of the ‘older’ boys when I was at camp [in the 1920s]. I remember him as a leader type and [he] was always nice to the younger boys — I was three years younger... I don’t remember many of the boys of that time, but Charlie was a standout.”**

—*William Carleton (1923-25)*

“He was in a class by himself, a man for all seasons, an inspiration to me and many others. He will not be forgotten.”

—*Jim Sanford (1954-60, council)*

**“When he was talking with you, you knew you had his full attention, that you mattered more than anyone else for that moment. When you said “Goodnight, Mr. Charlie, I brushed my teeth,” you realized that he truly wanted to know, and understand as well, that all had been OK with your day. And when you’d grown up a bit, he really did want to know what you were thinking — about a camper, or about the world...”**

**At Choate he could fix a switch for my Lionel trains. He looked terrific in his Navy uniform. At camp he liked to have a cup of coffee with me before Reveille, and he used to call quietly, “Hello Billy,” when he wanted me to come up from my bunk on Porches to ask a question. He trusted me to take over for him on Sunday nights, and — well, there are too many vignettes to mention, but I treasure them all.”**

—*Bill St. John (1940-41, council)*

“Charlie was such an integral part of my summer life as a child... His single-minded purpose, his integrity, his deep love of Pasquaney and all it stands for were a beacon to all who knew him. Dad admired and loved him so dearly — and had nothing but respect for his firmly-held beliefs and his uncanny ability to impart them to waves of young men summer after summer.”

—*Peggy Zeigler (“Father John” & Verna Spaeth’s daughter)*

**“There are few people whose influence on others has been as lasting as Mr. Charlie’s... Our world is a better place because of him and all the lives he touched.”**

—*Bobby Gray (1951-55, council & trustee)*

“[He was] the man who, apart from my father, had more influence upon me than any other. From childhood hero and mentor to adulthood advisor and friend, he has always been there for me, as are the values and standards given by his guidance and example that I have sought to live by.

We all have our memories of Charlie as the wonderful human being he was, but especially as a teacher of young men his influence and power for good goes beyond our understanding for generations to come.”

—*Art Mudge (1942-46, council & trustee)*

## 105th Anniversary Reunion Weekend Planned for 2000

Many of those who enjoyed the Centennial Celebration Weekend suggested that we should hold such events a bit more often than once a century. After that event, we put together a plan to hold a reunion weekend at camp every five years. We postponed this first regular reunion weekend one year due to the Gemmer Gala in 1998, which brought together over 300 alumni, parents and friends.

We are planning the 105th Anniversary Reunion Weekend for Thursday, August 17 through Sunday, August 20, 2000. The schedule of activities will be similar to the centennial event without that level of celebration and theatrical entertainment. The emphasis will be on fun and reconnection with our camp community. The size will be smaller — similar to the summer camp community size so that we can serve meals in Memorial Hall rather than under a tent.

If you are interested, mark your calendars now. We will be sending you more information and a registration form for the weekend during the winter.

### Some Amazing August Visitors

On August 25th, ten days after the close of our 105th season, Vin Broderick and Dick Beyer noticed some visitors looking at the flagpole rock next to headquarters. As Vinnie arrived to greet them, a young woman, pointing to Mr. Teddy's plaque, told him, "Mr. Teddy is my great, great uncle." Her name is Liz Meyer, and her parents, Lynn and George Meyer were with her. The Meyers live in California and Liz has moved to New Hampshire to teach French at the New Hampton School. We discovered that Lynn Meyer is the granddaughter of Dick Jackson, an original camper in 1895 and brother of Mr. Teddy.

### — 2000 Camp Schedule —

**Saturday, June 24 — Camp Opens**

**July 3 - 7 — Camping Expeditions**

**July 24 - 29 — Long Walk**

**August 5 - 6 — Trustees' Weekend**

**August 12 - 13 — Water Sports Weekend**

**Sunday, August 13 — Camp Closes**

When Vinnie brought them to the shack to show them some things written by Mr. Teddy, George Meyer noticed Charlie Stanwood's middle name, and asked where he was from — since there were some Fullers in his family. Vinnie explained that Mr. Charlie was born Charles Fuller Campbell and the whole group laughed at once. Campbell was also a family name. (Mr. Charlie changed his name to Stanwood during his camper years when his mother remarried). In fact, George went home and checked his geneology, and Charles Fuller Campbell, Sr., Mr. Charlie's father, was his grandfather's brother. Liz Meyer, then, has Mr. Charlie on one side of her family and Mr. Teddy on the other. She announced, "I am the marriage of Mr. Teddy and Mr. Charlie."

After much discussion and after they purchased some of the camp historical books, Vinnie sent them down to meet Nancy Lindsay — who is a niece of Mr. Teddy. We have discussed this visit with all the Stanwood family, and Alan Davis, Tessa's husband, has been digging into the Stanwood geneology. He has had several discussions with George Meyer since that amazing August visit to camp.



### Camp Pasquaney

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