

White Birch

CAMP PASQUANEY

SUMMER 2008

Finding our Way

by Vin Broderick

A five 5,000-footer Presidential rendezvous,

Ten clear miles above the tree line,

We lunched again on Washington, a déjà-vu.

1991, Tune: "The Boxer"

These lines from the 1991 Long Walk song commemorate the first attempt at the one-day Presidential Traverse. Since 1997 the traverse has become a hallmark of the Long Walk. The hike spans all the mountains in the Presidential Range: Madison, Adams, Jefferson, Washington, Monroe, Eisenhower, Pierce (Clinton), and Jackson, with Webster usually included, a total of 24.8 miles. The Long Walkers often cite the traverse as a highlight, a challenge, a beautiful and rugged test, a confidence-building accomplishment.

The hike's genesis in 1991 reflects our effort to give boys an active role in their own education, or in Mr. Ned's words, making each boy "an elector in his tutoring." That year we asked the boys to plan and order the Long Walk food, to propose the trip's itinerary, and then to lead each hike. If the hikers took a wrong turn, and there was no danger, the counsellors would not say anything. They were there for safety. It would be up to one of the boys to recognize the mistake, to notice, as Peter Conolly did on a backpacking trip, that the stream was flowing in the wrong direction and they needed to turn around.

We usually apply this approach on our camping and packing trips. As a result the boys are alert to where they are going, learn to consult with each other about their choices, and develop innovations about menu and hiking, some of which become part of our permanent hiking culture. Many of Matt Meredith's menu innovations from the 1991 walk remain in use today. When he was back on the council after serving as a lieutenant in Kosovo in the United States Army, Matt said that we should look to give boys opportunities to lead in everything we do. Doing so makes each trip or endeavor an exploration, an adventure, for everyone.

Adventures help the boys build deeper focus. They know that, when they lead a hike,

Mt Eisenhower
4760 ft

Crawford Path

Mt Monroe
5372 ft

Mt Washington
6228 ft

Mt Clay
5533 ft

Mt Jefferson
5716 ft

Gulfside Tr

Mt Adams
5799 ft

Mt Madison
5866 ft

Valley Way

the wrong decision may mean hiking four miles out of the way, and they may already be tired and hungry. That risk demands

their knowledge and their full attention. In a broader society that often protects us from making mistakes, this is an opportunity for the boys to feel the consequences of a mistake and to learn better ways of making decisions.

Senior Counsellor Dave Ryder observed to me that we sometimes miss learning opportunities by giving boys long equipment lists before expeditions. Instead, he said, we should allow them to wrestle with their decision about what to take, to use their judgment. Was this article something they really needed, or would it only add to the weight of their packs? As a result of Dave's observation,

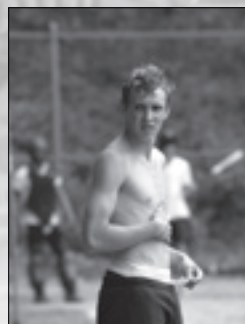
I started posting a two-items equipment list on Dana's door: a raincoat and a heavy sweater or fleece. All other items were up to them. Then I would avoid their questions by not going near Dana. Instead they would quiz each other about what they were taking. This approach respects a boy's abilities and gives the boy a chance to stretch them. In the same way I try to draw all the knowledge I can from my students before adding anything of my own in the classroom as well.

For the Long Walk of 1991, several First-Walk boys, most notably Christopher Riely, proposed hikes that included summiting Washington two days in a row. The counsellors made only one change to the boys' itinerary: the boys planned to have a long Northern Presidential day end with the isolated Davis Path. The council switched that conclusion with the end proposed for the Huntington Ravine day, an exit via the Crawford Path over the Southern Presidentials. That route offered more escape routes in case of emergency. And the Presidential Traverse was born.

continued on page 14

A Summer on Hobbs Field

by Michael Hanrahan



Top inset, from left: Nat Proctor, Walter Suskind, and Tommy Mayer. Middle inset, from left: Charlie Phelps, Robbie Stone, Matt Hill, Casey Dean (in rear) and Mike Morris. Bottom inset, from left: James Gregg, Josh Bertsche, Billy Easton, Nat Proctor, Sam Wheatley, Michael Hanrahan, Alex Burns, Robbie Stone and Mike Morris. Facing page, from top to bottom: Charlie Platt, Dave Madeira (left), John Keysor, David Cromwell, and Martin Millspaugh. All photos from 2005, many courtesy of Karen Gowen.

“Squash the bug,” he said in an off-hand way, as if reminding me to tie my shoes.

“Excuse me?”

“Squash the bug, you know, bring your hip around.”

I looked down at my hips, curious if they had been over-run with ants since the last time I’d checked them. It was hot, but my sweaty discomfort had given way to embarrassment that was now turning into confusion.

I looked blankly up at Tommy like a four-year-old who had just heard a new word like “xylophone” and was searching to connect it with something. Xylophone. Hips. Bug.

No connection.

Tommy grinned. I could tell this was not the first time he had seen that look on somebody, but perhaps it was the first time he’d seen it on someone older than he was. I had been “older” than Tommy since I first arrived at Camp for the 2000 season. He was then a fifteen-year-old living in Northern Dana; I had just turned twenty-two and was joining the council having no real idea what Pasquaney was about.

It was no longer 2000, but 2005. I was standing behind the plate on Hobbs Field and had only fifteen minutes or so to learn how to swing a baseball bat. I would have preferred fifteen years.

Tommy stepped over from the batter’s circle and put his hand on my hip, turning it forward.

“You see my back leg when I swing?” he said, taking a cut in slow motion. “It holds your weight, but you have to twist from the waist down to your foot, like you were squashing a bug beneath your shoe. Squash the bug.”

That made sense, which I acknowledged with a feeble grin of my own back to him as I demonstrated my new form. I checked my watch. Rest would be over soon and campers would come streaming down Jacob’s Ladder for the Senior League game. We had come down early to warm up, but everything about baseball to me was feeling extremely cold. Since I now understood the bug metaphor I could let go of my confusion and return my emotions to embarrassment and panic on a full-time basis.

I had joked with the Hobbs Field boys that this year’s council draft was looking a little thin, and that if they weren’t careful I might be picked up for a team. Humor had turned to reality and there I was. My one season of little league at age eleven had not prepared me well, and I knew more about quantum mechanics than the infield fly rule.

The upcoming game, however, was not my immediate concern. First I had to survive the remaining pitches that were being hurled at me by James Gregg, who stood on the mound. Along with

Tommy, I had connected with James quickly my first summer at Camp. At fifteen they both had the maturity of thirty-year-olds, and when my future wife had come to visit Camp that summer they gave her the tour with all the deference they would have shown to the Queen of England.

Now, six years later, they had given up their rest period to give me a tour of Hobbs Field.

“You ready, Mikey?” James called from the mound.

“I suppose.”

With the grace of a dancer he reached back as if he had forgotten something behind him, his front leg lifting, then snapped his arm around like a waiter might swoop down a plate of food onto a table.

Bug, squash, hips, what?

Whhhhaap.

It was like being shot at. I could see just enough of the ball to be terrified, and too little to swing at, as it crossed the plate. How did people do this?

“You gotta relax, Mikey,” James offered with a smile.

“You gotta start throwing underhand,” I rejoined.

“Don’t put so much pressure on yourself. Just have fun – it’s Hobbs Field baseball.”

Hobbs Field baseball. I had heard that phrase a hundred times. From announcements in Mem Hall (usually accentuated “Hobbs Field BASE-ball”), to alums reminiscing about the glory days. People said it with emotion, with a meaning beyond the words. Even if they didn’t spend much time there, just about everyone seemed to understand what it meant – except me. To me, baseball was kryptonite, and I felt like a drowning Superman surrounded by Lex Luthors. The future was not looking good for Metropolis or Lois Lane.

Several pitches later had done little to improve my odds of making contact or to reduce my fear of getting plunked in the side of the head, when the end of rest blew. After a moment’s pause the sound of one hundred creaking bunks turned into one hundred shuffles over wooden floors and a crescendo of interwoven voices. Campers spilled down the hillside onto the ball field, looking like little Babe Ruths and Hank Aarons. As if it were as natural as breathing they picked up gloves, spread out in the sunshine and started throwing to each other, loosening up arms and stretching legs. Everyone was casual, but focused, with bursts of laughter punctuating the action. Excitement was building.

I felt awful. The personal embarrassment I could handle, but the thought of letting down a team was anathema. Counsellors were drafted to

continued on page 8.

Pasquaney Paraphernalia

Treasures of the Past Keep
Camp Present for Many Alumni

by Brooke Stoddard

“Pasquaney does not end on a day in August. You take it with you and it lives with you through the long year, as you live your lives in your communities and in your homes.” Anyone who camped at Pasquaney has heard those words – albeit better expressed – and no one would doubt their truth. But though the speakers had no thought at the moment they spoke them about anything material, still it can be said that the words in many places around the nation and the world pertain as well to material things.

Hats, oars, bugles, letters, P-shirts, long blues, plaques and more: Between mid-August and late June, Pasquaney “back in the city” has sustained a life in homes by means of mementoes, artifacts and paraphernalia. Some are casually tossed into boxes with the thought that a younger brother or cousin might one day use them, some preserved on bookshelves in dens and offices, some left in attics only to be rediscovered decades thence.

Lucky for Pasquaney that there is now the historical museum, but truth be told perhaps a dozen museums might be needed to hold all the materials in homes far from The Hillside.

I begin with myself, a camper from 1958 to 1962. Pasquaney paraphernalia came easily to me, because I grew up with it. My father and uncle (Brooke and John Stoddard) were campers and counsellors in the 1920s and '30s. Their father, Caswell, was a camper in 1901 and '02. I have their Sigma Alpha pins and a couple of White Pine pins, plus one *Annual* from my grandfather's years and all from my father's and uncle's. Dad liked photography and took pictures for the *Annual* when he was a camper, so he kept photographs, especially ones of the societies or the councils, mounted on dark cardboard. One of the White Pine in 1928 is signed in pencil on the back by most of the members. I have my old and dented bugle, Sunday shorts, a crew cap worn

by my father (when did they go by the board?), a pennant from the '50s, one of my father's crew shirts and who knows what else in boxes living their lives beneath boxes. Naturally, I feel these family relics can no more be discarded than a Japanese family would its ancestral samurai sword.

Likely a lot of people feel that way. Pasquaney is indeed all around. Jack Wheeler, a camper and counsellor in the 1940s and '50s now living in Connecticut, kept medals, pins, and clothing in anticipation of progeny attending camp. Eventually his son Roger did in the 1970s and '80s; Jack passed most of his Pasquaney-ana along to Roger in Richmond. Claude Mosseri-Marlio, a camper in the 1940s, keeps a silver cup from Pasquaney on the shelf of his Paris apartment. Jamie Stover, now living in New York City, reports harboring shorts, crew shirts, *Annuals*, P-shirts and lots of pictures, many of which are on display. Ed Swenson reports having all the *Annuals* since he began as a camper in 1990 and much other Pasquaney-ana stored away in drawers of his boyhood Philadelphia home. His collection includes Sunday long blues and “council ribbons.” “I got in the habit of keeping the clothes for when I might need them again on visits,” he says, no doubt echoing the sentiment of many others. He has his medals, too, and “pictures everywhere.” Seton O'Reilly, daughter, sister and mother of campers, keeps “year-identified” clothing in trunks in the attic. A great deal of memorabilia she has already – with much collaborative work by Dick Beyer – passed along to Melinda Ryder at the museum.

Cesar Collantes (P' 1971-73; 82-83) has built a collection of Pasquaney artifacts ordinary and odd – for a comprehensive listing see his post to the Alumni section of the Pasquaney website. Among Cesar's items are: a copy of the “P” song book, “P” coffee mugs, a dingy paddle rescued from a Shops scrap box, a set of quoits, a Centennial painting by Bobby Knox, several Gil Bovaird sketches, a cassette tape of “Sounds of Pasquaney” recorded by Roger Anderson's father in 1971, and three CDs filled with Chapel Talks and Tree Talks by Mr. Charlie, Charlie

Platt, Bob Bulkeley, and Bob Thompson (recorded by then camper Tommy Hill). He also has kept letters written to him by Mr. Charlie over the winter when Cesar was on the Council as well as an autographed *Portrait of Pasquaney*, and he has some of the multi-colored *White Birches* from the 1960s and '70s.

Cesar reports his collecting began casually and then snowballed. He keeps artifacts from his own years, and those of his brother Luis Alberto and son Nick, plus whatever else he snares in two rooms in his home in Centreville, Virginia.

But even Cesar might admit being trumped by Doug Camp, who frequently checks for Pasquaney-related items on eBay. A camper and counsellor beginning in the early 1980s, Doug reports he began collecting five or six years ago. One day contemplating eBay, he thought “Why not type in ‘Pasquaney’ and see what comes up?” Often nothing did, but occasionally there was a “hit.” He has now bought about 20 *Annuals*, old Long Walk Menus, and more from eBay. He has tennis trophies won by William Bullit, Franklin Roosevelt's Ambassador to France in 1940. “They did it right in the early days; some are sterling silver.”

Doug reports the most fascinating artifact he ran across on eBay was a letter written by an au pair in 1898 to parents of a boy the au pair had delivered to Pasquaney. The man remained a week with Mr. Ned and wrote extensively about what the camp was like, its activities and so forth. Doug's bid was unsuccessful. But the story has a happy ending; a copy of the letter has found its way to the Nelson museum and is related in full on the following pages.

All across this broad land, slumbering in boxes and old suitcases, tucked under rafters, or pressed into albums or books, who knows what may be ushered up next.

Various alumni treasures. At left: 1930 Yale Cup for rowing. Top right: 1930 Crew hat. Bottom from left, back row: A copy of Siwash, 1907 Canoe Tilt Cup; 1906 Tennis Singles Cup; 1961 White Birch; 1905 Long Walk Menu. Front row: 1906 Tennis Doubles Cup; 1904 Canoe Race Cup; 1932 Senior Canoe Race Cup; 1902 Canoe Tilt Cup; 1908 Tennis Doubles Cup.



A Portrait of Pasquaney, 1898

The letter below was written to Mrs. Elisabeth Mills Reid by Virgil Hillyer. Hillyer had just dropped off her son, Ogden Mills Reid, for his first summer at Pasquaney in 1898. With no brochures and with visits more difficult than today, it was up to Mr. Hillyer to describe where her son would be spending the next months. Perhaps most striking is how little many of the routines at Camp have changed. Thanks to the research of Barksdale Maynard (P'79-83;85,93), we know that young Ogden served as the "Athletic Editor" of the original White Birch staff in 1899 - a sign of events to come. In 1908 he joined the New York Tribune, where his father was editor, and in 1912 took over after his father's death. Barksdale writes, "Under his leadership the Tribune's circulation grew enormously, an extensive foreign staff was created, and the newspaper moved into a modern building."

Newport, Wednesday

My dear Mrs. Reid –

I left Ogden at Camp Pasquaney interested and contented. On the trip he was a perfect darling. I think he enjoyed the moonlight sail on the Sound and the drive about Boston very much.

A carriage met us at Bristol and after a delightful eight mile drive we arrived at the camp. I had expected to find a few rude huts in a pine grove close by the water's edge, not thinking of the certain dampness and unhealthfulness of such a location. I was surprised, therefore, on nearing the camp, to find the carriage leaving the lake and going up hill. Indeed, presently, we had to get out and walk, so steep did the ascent become. Before we had reached the top, cries and hulloos were heard and there came running a troop of creatures, bare headed, bare armed and bare legged. The camp is near the crest and looks off over the broad blue waters of the lake to the mountains beyond, silhouetted a deep blue against a lighter blue sky.

There are half a dozen or more buildings in the camp; two long, low dormitories with cots along each wall, a few hooks and a shelf at the head and a trunk at the foot of each bed; a dining room and kitchen; the office; and "headquarters", a small circular pavilion surrounded by a piazza.

We had a luncheon at three, a dozen or more boys hovering around anxious to serve us; later in the afternoon, a swim; and after dinner, fireworks on the lake.

After the first bugle call for dinner (or rather, supper) there

were hasty preparations and a general scramble for the dining hall, and when five minutes later, the last call was sounded every boy (except the waiters for that day) was seated at his table. Once grace had been said by the officer of the day, all standing, the boys devoured biscuits and ham and milk as only a hungry boy can. If one is tardy he must wait outside till the others are finished, eat his meal alone and wait upon himself.

After dinner one of the boys took me to the Chapel, merely a place in the forest set aside for that purpose and furnished with a few plank seats. A silver birch cross by the path marks the entrance where the boys take off their hats and cease talking. It was an impressive little place with its rude stone altar, its white birch cross of human size, (the whitest birch that could be found within ten miles) and the rays of the setting sun slanting in through a Gothic window, shedding a golden glow over the consecrated spot.

As the sun neared the horizon two boys mounted Sunset Rock to which the camp flagpole is attached and as the sun disappeared over the blue lines of the mountains a cannon cracker was fired and simultaneously the flag fluttered down and a lantern was run up. Ogden and I sat in the hammock on the office piazza and watched the western sky. It was a glorious sunset and after the brilliant color had softened down, a beautiful sunset.

Before going to bed, preparation for which took about three minutes, all the boys in their pajamas assembled in Dana Hall, the larger dormitory. Kneeling by the bedside the Lord's Prayer

was said and there followed a few moments of silence intensified by the weird human cry of the whip-or-whill [sic.], which floated in through the open doors. A moment later at the long, slow strain of "Taps" everyone was in bed, lights out, and the camp day was done. A quarter of an hour later when Mr. Wilson tiptoed through the hall adjusting blankets and inspecting doors and windows, the heavy, rhythmical breathing told that sleep had settled on that boyish household.

The next morning at twenty-nine minutes after six they were still asleep, but at thirty minutes past, with the first sound of the bugle, blankets were thrown back and the boys tumbled out of bed, puckering up their eyes at the light and staggering to their feet after their sudden awakening. A few moments dumbbell drill, standing by their beds and still in their pajamas, and they are wide awake and glowing with vitality for the cold sponge bath which immediately follows outside.

The spirit of the camp is admirable. The discipline is strict but it is conformed to so whole-souledly that a casual observer might think there was none at all. I saw two penalties declared. In one case a boy had overlooked some little duty, in the other had dived when advised not to because it gave him a headache. But they take their punishments (the forfeiture of some pleasure, the swim or dessert) in such a delightful manner it must almost be a pleasure to punish. I heard one of the little fellows going off saying to himself "Confound it, what a fool I am, you bet I won't forget next time."

Headquarters, late 1890s. This view was a visitor's first glimpse of Pasquaney. Guests would arrive by carriage and dismount onto the stone steps that still remain.

Ogden seemed to take kindly to the life. I hope he will not act differently when the novelty has worn off. He certainly could be under no better hands than Mr. Wilson's and nothing will do him more good at present than two months of this camp life.

I did not leave my umbrella as I found there was absolutely no use for such a thing there; there was not one in the camp and the boy would be ridiculed that should bring one. They live in a three piece suit-jersey, breeches, gymnasium shoes with the addition of stockings and sweaters when weather is cold, and rubber boots and mackintosh when weather is rainy. The cap is a superfluous article as no one wears it rain or shine.

I hope Miss Jean is quite fleet of foot once more.

I should very much like to hear how Ogden comes out in his Yale examinations.

I enclose the family ticket and the last account with check for balance.

Very truly yours,

Virgil Mores Hillyer

LeRoy King Cottage. Newport.

anchor line-ups, throw-out baserunners with a cannon-like velocity, and hit game-winning grand-slams. The best I could do was anchor the bench – and the far end of the bench at that. What was I doing here?

“Hey, big Mike, you ready for some Hobbs Field BASE-ball?”

I turned, and there was Nat Proctor, aged sixteen and the captain who had drafted James with the first pick and me with the last. He was outfitted in classic Hobbs Field runway fashion: grubby sneakers, camp sweatpants on a ninety-degree day, no shirt, ballcap on facing backwards and a pair of aviator glass that couldn't have cost over two dollars. He was grinning, widely.

I wanted to apologize. I wanted to say, “Nat, I'm flattered, but you've got to get someone else in here – I'm just going to let you down. I don't belong here.” But all that came out was a meager, “Sure.”

He didn't buy it. From my reflection in his obnoxious sunglasses I couldn't blame him. Putting his arm around me, his grin getting somehow bigger, he spoke with the voice of an adult reassuring his son before the first day of school. “Don't sweat it, Mikey. Just have fun out there – that's what this team is about. This is Hobbs Field.”

And then he was off, checking in with his other players, telling people the line-up and joking around. I could see him talking with some of the boys whose faces looked like mine – scarred, worried, anxious, terrified – getting them to laugh and somehow let the tension out of their shoulders. The Berlin Wall of age difference once again crumbled to dust and I saw nothing but leadership and care for others in his effort, rather than a sixteen-year-old who was barely shaving. Care, displayed with remarkable tact.

I started to throw a little with James. I would be playing third, and so would need at least to one-hop the ball 127 feet to first when it came my way. That I could do.

“All right Male Nurses bring it in,” Nat called a few minutes later. Hobbs Field has a storied tradition in the realm of names, and we were opening the season as Nat Proctor's Male Nurses Featuring Table Twelve. The 1897 Kiss Me Quicks would

have been proud, I hope, of the litany of wacky names down through the ages such as Billy Hill's Humbugs (1937), Ned Niggins' Nitwits (1967) or [Vince] Jacobi's Witnesses (1994). While there are many virtues on display at Hobbs, Roman gravitas does not show up in the cognomens.

We gathered into a ring, arms on each other's shoulders as if we were about to receive the play from our quarterback.

“All right boys,” Nat began, “remember, have fun out there. I don't care about wins and losses; all that matters is that we are playing hard and enjoying ourselves.” He paused and looked around at each of us. “Seriously.” With that, we all reached our right hand in, bellowed out a cheer, and broke to take our places. Nat pulled me aside.

“Mikey, I have you leading off for us, okay?”

“You mean hitting first?”

“Yup.” Grin.

“Okay,” I replied, with more confidence in my voice than I expected. Until that point only my grandmother and James could get away with calling me “Mikey.” The list was growing.

“Good,” Nat replied. “By the way, home plate is over there,” he added, pointing. We laughed.

Searching through the helmets in the grass I found one that fit, and took a few more practice swings.

From his position behind the plate Will Kryder shouted, “Comin' down!” though his catcher's gear and rocketed the ball to second base.

“Don't run on that, baby!” James called out in admiration.

An instant later it was clear that warm-up was over; the game had begun.

I stepped to the plate, my helmet suddenly much, much hotter as sweat started to roll down my cheek. Walter Suskind, then sixteen, was on the mound. He gave me a nod.

Shouts of “Atta boy, Mikey!” and “Wait for your pitch, baby, wait on it!” mixed with “Throw him a chair,” and “Show him the guns, Walter, the heat!” Boys who had sprinted down to the Lamb and back at light speed had gathered on the banks and started clapping, the sound building.

People from both teams were cheering, now for me, now for Walter. Tommy, playing shortstop for Walter's team, called out, “Squash the bug!” and started modeling a practice swing in the middle of the infield. Tension and pressure mixed with incongruent emotions of bemusement and encouragement as I repositioned my hands on the bat.

Walter reached back, and threw.



I don't remember if I got a hit or not my first time up. Really, it didn't matter. In fact, all that I thought would matter about playing baseball at camp had turned out wrong. No one cared about my ability, and not out of apathy. Everyone wanted me to improve, but more importantly they just wanted me to relax and play ball as if we were still playing in an open farm pasture on a sunny day above the lake in 1895. Time, and the early values of the game, had stood still on this field and touched those who played here. Sportsmanship mixed with revelry pervaded, and those who tasted it were fiercely loyal and protective of it, like a fountain of youth. Yet they were happy to share it, like a healing potion.

I had my share of hits that season, alongside my share of strikeouts. We won a handful of games, and lost a handful. But that's not what I remember. I remember catching Pete Locke in a run-down, but being so surprised that I forgot to tag him. I remember Charlie Phelps giving me batting tips before a game where he would be pitching against me to get into the finals. I remember Matt Hill fielding impossible grounders to second and turning two. I remember joking around everywhere.

Hobbs Field baseball. The announcements made sense now. The phrase was a metonym, an encapsulation of the Pasquaney spirit. It was a symbol of us at our best, laughing and dashing around the bases in rhythm with nature on a summer afternoon as if we were in Elysium.

Maybe, looking back on it, we were.

Gift Income Report

April 1, 2007 - March 31, 2008

Board of Trustees—

- Hugh T. Antrim, *President*
- Samuel M. Bemiss, III
- Alexander H. Bocock
- P. Douglas Camp, IV
- William D. Davies, Jr., *Secretary*
- Robert D. Denious
- Mary Blair Denious
- Robert D. Gray
- Jonathan M. Meredith
- Lawrence B. Morris, III
- T. Ballard Morton, *Trustee Emeritus*
- Arthur W. Mudge, *Trustee Emeritus*
- Robert M. Pinkard, *Treasurer*
- Christopher S. Reigeluth
- Douglas S. Reigeluth, *Trustee Emeritus*
- R. Gregg Stone
- Cornelia K. Suskind
- Robert R. Thompson, *Vice President*
- John H. West, III, *Trustee Emeritus*

Administrative Staff—

- Vincent J. Broderick
Director
- Michael H. Hanrahan
Assistant Director
- James E. Gregg
Program and Finance Administrator
- Janice Lindbloom
Office Manager
- Jim Marshall
Financial Manager

Every effort was made to ensure the accuracy of this report. If you find an error or omission, please accept our apologies and notify the camp office.

White Birch

Published twice yearly by Camp Pasquaney
19 Pasquaney Lane, Hebron, NH 03241
(603) 744-8043 (summer);
(603) 225-4065 (winter); FAX: (603) 225-4015
E-mail: office@pasquaney.org
www.pasquaney.org
Editor: Michael Hanrahan
Asst. Editors: Vin Broderick, Doug Camp

A Note of Thanks

... we acknowledge enthusiastically Pasquaney's influence on us. For most of us, Pasquaney remains the spot where we felt we came alive ... where we've been moved to emulate the best qualities of boys and men whom we admired and shared experiences ...

This is but part of a longer quotation found at the very end of Charlie Stanwood's *Portrait of Pasquaney* and one of my favorites. It rings so true to me and, I believe, true to the campers and counsellors of today.

I am pleased to report to you that Pasquaney remains strong as we enter our 114th Season. This summer is Vin Broderick's 12th as Director, and his leadership permeates the entire community. Campers come from 29 states and six foreign countries. The Council is comprised of experienced, dedicated, and talented young men.

Now, I need to add a word or two about our generous and loyal alumni and friends. For the fiscal year that ended March 31, we exceeded our Annual Giving budget by \$18,000. The total received was \$238,000 - a record. Not only is this figure most impressive, but please understand the impact of Annual Giving on our general fiscal soundness. Annual Giving now provides approximately 29% of our operating income.

In addition to Annual Giving, Pasquaney received \$114,000 in Restricted Gifts. Some twenty or so campers enjoy a partial or full scholarship. Thanks to you, we can still provide scholarship assistance to everyone who needs it. Further, I am very pleased to report that the cost of building and equipping our new historical museum has now been fully funded.

If you haven't been back to the hillside for a while, please come back for a visit.

On behalf of the campers, counsellors, staff, and my fellow trustees, I express my deep gratitude and thankfulness for your continuing support.

With warm regards,

Hugh T. Antrim
President, Board of Trustees

2007-08 Annual Giving

Gifts to Annual Giving are unrestricted and help bridge the gap between actual operating costs and tuition income received from families. We are grateful to the following, many of whom have consistently and faithfully supported this important annual appeal over the years.

Anonymous (6)
Mr. Benjamin C. Ackerly Jr.
Mr. Nelson C. Adams
Dr. and Mrs. James A. Albright
Mr. Jonathan Allen
Mr. Richard G. W. Anderson
Mr. Robert G. Anderson Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Antonucci
Mr. Hugh T. Antrim
Mr. and Mrs. John Mason Antrim
Mr. Edward J. Armstrong
Mr. Isaac Arnold Jr.
Mr. Allan S. Atherton
Dr. and Mrs. Edward B. Babcock
Ms. Hannah B. Babcock
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Baetjer Jr.
Mr. Walter B. Baetjer
Mr. James A. Bailey II
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Baird
Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. R. Ballard
Baltimore Community Foundation
Mr. John D.R. Baquie
Mr. and Mrs. John S. Barada
Mr. G. Van Barker
Mr. and Mrs. George Barker
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Barker
Mr. and Mrs. Peter R. Barry
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall P. Bartlett
Mr. George S. Bass
Ms. Dorothy Batten
Mr. Albert T. Bayliss
Mr. John W. Beebe
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Bemiss
Ms. Beatrice Benjamin
Mr. David C. Bennett
Mr. George M. Bennett
Mr. John T. Bennett III
Mr. and Mrs. John T. Bennett Jr.
Mr. and Ms. Robert A. Bertsche
Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Beyer
Mr. and Mrs. Lucius H. Biglow Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Birdsall
Mr. Harold C. Bishop Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Bruce W. Blake
Mr. Jonathan Blatchford
Mr. James F. Bleakley Jr.
Mr. Troy A. Blodgett
Mr. and Mrs. J. Tyler Blue
Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Blue
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Blue, Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Blue
Mr. Alexander H. Bococek and
Dr. Amy Sullivan
Mr. and Mrs. Frederic S. Bococek
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Bococek
Mr. and Mrs. Louis D. Bolton II
Mr. and Mrs. Douglass M. Bomeisler Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. Jacques Bonnet-Eymard
Mr. and Mrs. William G. F. Botzow II
Mr. Edward W. Bowler
Mr. and Mrs. Peter H. Bowles
Mr. Douglas Boyle and
Ms. Tiernan Shea
Mrs. Gracey Bradley
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Braley
Mr. and Mrs. Timothy P. Briney
Mr. Peter M. Bristow
Ms. Barbara Broderick
Mr. Vincent J. Broderick
Mrs. Vincent L. Broderick
Mr. and Mrs. David L. Bromley
Mr. James H. Bromley, Jr. and
Ms. Joan Hsiao
Mr. and Mrs. James H. Bromley
Mrs. R. D. Brown Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence D. Brownell
Mr. and Dr. Stephen D. Brownell
Ms. Mary C. Buck
Mr. Walter B. Buck Jr.
Mrs. Walter B. Buck
Mr. John M. Buffum
Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Bulkeley
Dr. Marcia Bull
Mrs. Erich Burckhardt
Mr. Vincent L. Burns
In Loving Memory of Nicole Burns
Mr. Christopher B. Cadwell
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cadwell
Mr. and Ms. Michael Cadwell
Mr. David W. Calhoun
Mr. Andrew H. Callard
Mr. P. Douglas Camp IV
Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Camp III
Mr. William H. Camp
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Caperton
Col. Peter N. Carey
Mr. Malcolm Carley and
Ms. Hellie Swartwood
Mr. Nathaniel Carmody
Dr. and Mrs. B. Noland Carter II
Mr. Christopher E. Carter
Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Carter
Dr. and Mrs. John B. Carter
Mr. Robert J. Caruso
Mr. and Mrs. John F. Cavanaugh
Mr. Frank R. Cheney
Mr. Manson W. Chisholm
Dr. and Mrs. Robert H. Christenberry
Mr. Benjamin S. Clark Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. Gaylord L. Clark
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Clark
Mr. and Mrs. H. Ward Classen
Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Coates
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. P. Colhoun
Mr. Howard P. Colhoun
Dr. Edward J. Collins
Community Foundation for
Southern Arizona
Mr. Brooks Comstock
Mr. and Mrs. H.B. Comstock
Dr. and Mrs. James B. Congdon
Mr. Hugh H. Connett Jr.
Ms. Anne Conolly
Mr. Walker Peterson Conolly
Mr. Alexander T. Cook
Mrs. Frederic H. Courtenay
In Memory of Frederic H. Courtenay
Mr. Tyler A. Courtenay
Mr. and Mrs. James E. Covington Jr.
Mr. E. Bradford Cragin III
Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Cragin Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Crawford Jr.
Mr. Chandler Cudlipp Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John N. Curtis Jr.
Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Davies
Mr. James E. Davies
Mr. and Mrs. William D. Davies III
Mrs. William N. Dawes
Mr. Carl R. de Boor
Ms. Elisabeth C. de Boor
Mr. Scott F. Dean
Mr. and Mrs. Frank DeForest
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M. Dembitz
Mr. and Mrs. David Denious
Mr. and Mrs. Peter L. Denious
Mr. Robert D. Denious
Mr. Robert D. Denious Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. David P. DeSalvo
Mr. Richard G. P. DeSalvo
Mr. and Mrs. Todd C. DeSisto
Mr. B. Charles Dillingham
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Dittmann
Mr. Linsley V. Dodge Jr.
Mrs. Barbara B. Dole
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon R. Downing
Mr. Matthew J. Downing
Mrs. Mary W. Dozier
Mr. Jacob Dunnell
Mr. Jacob W. Dunnell Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. William Dunnell III
Mrs. George duPont
Mr. Jason T. Easterly Esq.
Mr. and Mrs. James L. Easton
Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Egbert
Mr. and Mrs. S. Thomas Elder
Dr. and Mrs. James J. Elting
Mr. William M. Elting
Mr. and Mrs. William T. Ethridge Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Farrell
Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Felton Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Filbey
Mr. Owen T. Fink
Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Finn
Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas B. Finn
Mr. Robert M. Finn
Mr. Timothy Finn
Dr. and Mrs. R. C. Stewart Finney Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Redmond S. Finney
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fisher Jr.
Mrs. Everett Fisher
Mr. Murray L. Fisher
Mr. and Mrs. Desmond G. FitzGerald
Mr. William H. G. FitzGerald II
Mr. George M. Fitz-Hugh Jr.
Mr. Arthur K. Forester
Mr. John C. Foster
Mr. Lindsay A. Fowler
Mr. and Mrs. Marvin A. Franklin III
Mr. Daniel A. Freeman
Mr. and Mrs. Matthew T. Fremont-Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Fulford
Mr. Gordon E. Gale
Mr. Charles S. Garland III
Mrs. Jane Scott Garnett
Mr. and Mrs. S. Scott Garnett
Mr. John A. Garver Jr.
Mr. John A. Garver
Ms. Helen Gemmill
Mrs. Priscilla W. Gemmill
Dr. Syed I. Hussain
Mr. Gaylord W. Gillis
Dr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Godley III
Ms. Nancy Hill Goodall
Mr. Charles R. Gordon
Mr. and Mrs. George and Karen Gowen

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence J. Graff
Dr. and Mrs. Christopher B. Granger
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Gray
Mr. and Mrs. P. Randolph Gray
Mr. Peyton R. Gray Jr.
Mr. John S. Greacen
Mr. Ernest T. Greene
Mr. James E. Gregg
Mr. and Mrs. Paul N. Gregg
Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Gregg
Mr. and Mrs. H. Bridgman Griswold
Ms. Nina B. Griswold
Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard G. Griswold
Mr. Peter F. Guest
Dr. Stephen F. Gunther
Mr. Herbert L. Gutterson
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haggard
Dr. Everett W. Hagggett MD
Mr. W. Bradley Hall
Mrs. Christina Halsted
Mr. and Mrs. David Hamilton
Mr. Michael H. Hanrahan and
Ms. Aimee Wadeson
Mrs. Elizabeth T. Hardwick
Mr. and Mrs. T. Chandler Hardwick III
Mr. and Mrs. David R. Hardy
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Hargate Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Hunter C. Harris Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Harris
Mr. Matthew P. Harris
Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Hartman
Mr. John S.C. Harvey III
Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett Harwood
Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Harwood
Mr. and Mrs. John J. Haslett II
Mr. Nicholas M. Haslett
Ms. Nancy Havens
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Farrell
Mr. and Mrs. William P. Henning
Mr. and Mrs. William F. Herr Jr.
Mr. William Heyburn
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Kearny Hibbard
Mr. Stephen W. K. Hibbard
Mrs. Decatur S. Higgins
Mr. and Mrs. John Higgins
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Hill
Mr. Charles Hillis
Mr. Norman P. Hines
Mr. Franklin W. Hobbs
Mr. Robert M. Hogue II
Mr. and Mrs. Buell Hollister III
Mr. and Mrs. A. Rutherford Holmes
Mr. Gaylord C. Holmes
Mr. James H. Hooker
Mr. and Mrs. James E. Hooper III
Mr. Philip M. Hooper
Mr. Peter T. Hoversten
Mr. William Clay Howe
Mr. William E. Howe
Mr. William F. Howe III
Mr. Condit Hower
Mr. and Mrs. E. Amory Hubbard
Mr. Matthew Hubbard
Mr. Frederick B. Hufnagel III
Ms. Lynn Swanson Hughes and
Mr. Charles Wright
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Humphrey
Mr. Jerrold R. Humphrey Sr.
Mr. and Mrs. George H. Hunker III
Mr. H. Hollis Hunnewell
Mr. Charles M. Hussey Jr.
In Memory of Charles Morgan Hussey
Mr. Christopher P. Ix
Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan B. Jackson

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jackson Sr.
Mr. Stanley W. Jackson Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. William Jacobi
Mr. and Mrs. William D. James
Mr. and Mrs. John D. Jarrett
Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Jenkins
Mrs. Marshall W. Jenney
Mr. Jeff Johnson and
Ms. Shannon Kenney
Mr. Gilbert E. Jones Jr.
Mr. Edward Katzman and
Ms. Anne West
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon L. Keen Jr.
Mr. Charles B. Kellett
Mr. Frederick P. Kellett
Mr. and Mrs. William P. Kellett
Ms. Barbara Kelly
Mr. and Mrs. James F. Kennedy Jr.
Mr. Scott L. Kennedy
Mrs. Ann S. Kent
Mrs. Warner W. Kent Jr.
Mr. James G. Kerkam
Dr. Dwight R. Keysor
Mrs. Anne Morton Kimberly
Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Kissel
Mr. Frank Ashburn Kissel Jr.
Mr. Robert G. Knott Jr.
Mr. William A. Kryder
Mr. Ferdinand LaMotte IV
Mr. and Mrs. Mark Landis
Dr. F.P. Johns Langford
Mr. Robert E. Latshaw
Mr. Michel J. LeBlanc
Mrs. A.D. Leeson
Mr. Charles P. Legg
Mr. and Mrs. Christopher B. Legg
Mr. William M. Legg Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest D. Levering Jr.
Mr. Randall Linder
Mr. and Mrs. Richard O. Linder
Mr. Ian B. MacCallum Jr.
Mr. William F. MacInnis
Mr. William H. Macon
Mr. Hunter Marckwald
Mr. and Ms. Jim Marshall
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Marshall
Mr. and Mrs. F. Robert Masters Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Zbigniew Materka
Mr. Christopher D. Matthai
Mr. and Mrs. L. Bruce Matthai Jr.
Mr. Stuart G. Matthai
Dr. William H. Matthai Jr.
Mr. Thomas H. Mayer Jr.
Mr. Worthington C. Mayo-Smith
Mr. James D. McCabe Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey R. McCandless
Mr. Kurt J. McCandless
Mr. Douglas T. McClure
Mr. Peter D. McClure
Mr. Roderick J. McDonald IV
Major John C. McDugald
Mr. and Mrs. John L. McElroy
Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. McHugh
Mr. and Mrs. Ed McNierney
Dr. Concha Mendoza
Mr. George F. Merck
Mr. Christopher H. Meredith
Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan M. Meredith
Mr. Matthew D. Meredith
Mr. and Mrs. Michael A. Meredith
Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meyer
Mr. David J. Miller
Mr. and Mrs. Francois Miton
Mr. Stephen McC. Monroe

Mrs. John W. Moore Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander G. Morehouse
Mr. Lawrence B. Morris III
Mr. Clay L. Morton
Ms. Julie B. Morton
Mr. and Mrs. Michael C. Morton
Mr. and Mrs. T. Ballard Morton
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mountain Jr.
Mr. Arthur W. Mudge
Mr. William F. Mudge III
Mr. and Mrs. David B. Munsick
Dr. Michael J. Murphy
Mr. and Mrs. John Murray
Mr. Michael J. Murray
Mr. and Mrs. Brandon H. Neblett
Mrs. Mary G.H.W. Neblett
Mr. and Mrs. John O. Newell Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John O. Newell, III
Mr. William C. Newell
Mr. Jeffrey T. Nick
Mr. Edward H. Norton
Mr. James Nute
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Nutt
Mr. William M. Nutt
Mr. Peter K. Ogden
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Ogden
Mr. and Mrs. John G. Ogilvie
Mr. Peter C. Oleson
Mr. Thomas D. Oleson
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald A. O'Reilly
Pasadena Community Foundation
Mr. Graham E. Pearson
Mr. Matthew E. Pearson and
Dr. Molly Poag
Mr. and Mrs. David Pendergast
Pepsi Americas
Mr. and Mrs. Roger A. Perry III
Mr. and Mrs. Jay L. Peters
Mr. Todd M. Peters
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pevsner
Mr. James E.D. Pew
Mr. W. E. Kirk Phelps
Dr. Minta E. Phillips
Mr. Sterling Pile
Mr. Gregory C. Pinkard
Mr. Peter M. Pinkard
Mr. Robert M. Pinkard
Mr. John C. Pitts
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Platt IV
Mr. Charles Platt V
Ms. Louise Potter
Mr. T. Walker W. Potts
Mr. and Mrs. Brentnall M. Powell
Mr. David B. Powell
Mr. and Mrs. John B. Powell Jr.
Mr. Lewis F. Powell III
Mr. and Mrs. William J. Price
Mr. Mike Proctor and
Ms. Anne Peters
Mr. Nathaniel H. Proctor
Mrs. Eben Pyne
Mr. and Mrs. David Quinn
Mr. Richard R. Rakestraw
Mrs. Edward H. Rakestraw
Mr. T. Michael Ramseur III
Mr. and Mrs. William E. Randall
Mr. and Mrs. M. Elliott Randolph III
Mr. and Mrs. M. Elliott Randolph Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Garret Rasmussen
Mr. Francisco H. Recio
Mr. Christopher S. Reigeluth
Mr. John C. Reigeluth
REIT Management and Research LLC

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Rice
In Loving Memory of Nicole Burns
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Richardson
Mr. Thomas deQ. Richardson IV
Mr. Christopher C. Riely
Ms. Elizabeth Riely
Mrs. Lawrason Riggs Jr.
Ms. Rebecca R. Riley and
Mr. David L. Carden
Mr. and Mrs. Winslow H. Robart
Mr. Ian H. Robinson
Mr. and Mrs. Keith Robinson Jr.
Ms. Patricia A. Rockensies
Mr. Jonathan B. Rorer
Dr. and Mrs. A. David Russakoff
Mr. Daniel B. Russakoff
Dr. and Mrs. Neil A. Russakoff
Ruth Camp Campbell Foundation
Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Ryder
Mr. James Sanford and
Ms. Jean Doyle
Ms. Sibyl Wright Sanford
Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Scarlett
Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Schooley III
Mr. John D. Schueller
Mr. and Mrs. R. Strother Scott
Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. Sensinger Jr.
Dr. James A. Shield Jr.
Ms. Margaret B. Shiverick
Mr. Paul C. Shiverick
Mr. and Mrs. Barry Shomali
Mrs. Helen D. Simpson
Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Simpson
Mr. W. Greig I. Simpson
Mr. Jacob W. Slagle Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. David Smallhouse
Mr. Elliott S. Smith
Mr. and Mrs. Richard S. Smith
Mr. Thomas R. Snow
Mr. Brooke R. Southall
Ms. Caroline M. Southall
In memory of Rogers Southall
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Spaeth III
Mr. Marcy L. Sperry III
Mr. and Mrs. Kevin J. Staley
Mr. and Mrs. Burgess P. Standley
Ms. Stephanie S. Stein
Dr. and Mrs. Bruce W. Steinhauer
Mr. and Mrs. Byam Stevens
Mr. Derwin H. Stevens
Mr. Romain Stevens
Mr. and Mrs. J. Adger Stewart
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Stites III
Mr. and Mrs. Brooke C. Stoddard
Mr. Brewer S. Stone
Mr. R. Gregg Stone III
Mr. and Mrs. Richard R. Stout Jr.
Mr. James C. Stover Jr.
Mr. John Strawbridge III
Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Strickler III
Ms. Faith T. Sulloway
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Estabrook Sulloway
Mr. David A. Supple
Mr. and Mrs. Ron and Cornelia Suskind
Mr. Walter K. Suskind
Mr. John A. S. Sutro
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Sutro
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Sweeney
Mr. Edward C. Swenson
In Memory of Edward F. Swenson Jr.
Mr. Edward F. Swenson III
Dr. and Mrs. Donald M. Switz
Mr. Tyler V. Tarun
Mr. and Mrs. N. Van Taylor

Mr. Nicholas C. Taylor
Mr. P. LeBreton Terry
The Community Foundation
Mr. Fairman R. Thompson
Mr. John C. G. Thompson
Mr. and Mrs. Radclyffe F. Thompson
Mr. Robert R. Thompson
Mrs. Edgar R. Tucker
In memory of Edgar (Ted) Tucker
Mr. and Mrs. Wirt L. Thompson Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel M. Tompkins
Ms. Emily Toohey
Mr. Frederick W. Toohey Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Garritt Toohey
Mr. Benjamin N. Tyler
Mr. and Mrs. Kelvin N. Tyler
Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ughetta Jr.
Dr. James C. Vailas
Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Ryder
Dr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Valk
Vanguard Charitable Endowment Program
Mr. and Mrs. Franz A. vonZiegesar
Ms. Margaret B. Wallis
Mr. and Mrs. John H. Ward IV
Mr. Peter Ward
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Ware
Mr. John D. Warren
Mr. Warren K. Watters
Mr. David B. Waud
Ms. Mary M. Webb
Mrs. Roland Weinsier
Dr. Matthew R. Weir
Mr. Erich G. Weissenberger Jr.
Mr. John H. Welch
Mr. and Mrs. Christopher R. West
Mr. and Mrs. James H. West
In Memory of John H. West Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. John H. West
Mr. and Mrs. Roger (Jack) J. Wheeler Jr.
Lt. Col. David P. Wheelwright
Mr. William T. Whitney Jr.
Mr. Robert N. Whittemore
Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Wiesenmaier
Mr. William S. Wildrick
Mr. and Mrs. Brooke Williams
Ms. Mary Williams
Ms. June B. Willsey
In Honor of Carole Bonnet-Eymard
Mr. William M. Wilson
Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Winstead
Mr. Trey Winstead
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Winstead III
Mr. Christopher K. Wittman
Mrs. Benton Wood
Mr. and Mrs. David Y. Wood
Mrs. Robert D. Wood
Dr. and Mrs. Edward F. Woods
Mr. Jonathan T. Woods
Rev. and Mrs. John F. Woolverton
Mr. and Mrs. Jason Wyman
Ms. Helyn Wynyard
Ms. Sonja G. Yates
Mr. Robert H. Young Jr.
Mr. Gordon A. Zellner

Gifts to the Endowment

Bequests

Mr. David H. Jones

General Endowment

Anonymous
Mr. and Mrs. James G. Denham

The Historical Museum

Anonymous
Mr. Alexander H. Boccock and Dr. Amy Sullivan
Mr. Robert D. Denious

Davies Fund for Council Enrichment

Mr. Wade Blackwood
Mr. William D. Davies Jr.

Bowman Gray Land Fund

Mrs. Bowman Gray III
Mr. Robert D. Gray

John K. Gemmill Memorial

Mr. Robert M. Bartenstein III
Mr. Robert D. Denious
Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan B. Jackson
Mr. and Mrs. Harold T. White III

Other Gifts

General Scholarship 2008

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Buell
DeLaCour Family Foundation
Mr. and Mrs. Willis S. DeLaCour Jr.
Mr. and Mrs. James M. Garnett
Ms Stephanie S. Stein
Mr. Jonathan F. Sycamore
Ms. Natalie Boccock Turnage
Mrs. Carter Willsey

Scholarship Gifts

Blessing Scholarship

Mrs. James H. Blessing
Mr. James R. Blessing
Mr. John Blessing III

International Scholarship

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas S. Reigeluth

Lindsay Scholarship

Mr. Christopher Coxe
Mr. Gerald A. O'Reilly Jr. and
Ms. Kathy Behrens
Dr. James Potash and Ms. Sally Scott

Phelps Scholarship

Anonymous

Memorial Gifts

In Memory of Ian Caperton

Mr. Vincent J. Broderick
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Camp
Mr. Alastair M. G. Caperton
Mr. Bill and Mrs. Bonnie Heyburn
Mr. and Mrs. Burgess P. Standley
Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Strickler
Mr. and Mrs. John and Martha Welch

In-Kind Gifts

Mr. & Mrs. John Mason Antrim
Mr. Ajay Saini and Ms. Mina Paul
Mr. Godfrey A. Rockefeller
Mr. & Mrs. David B. Munsick

Restricted Gifts

Mr. Alexander H. Boccock and Dr. Amy Sullivan
Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett Harwood
Mr. David H. Reed

Charlie Platt, III Scholarship Fund

Mr. Vincent J. Broderick
Mr. J. Stewart Bryan III
Ms. Alice Byrd
Mr. Edward Charron and Joyce Charron
Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Dittmann
Mr. and Mrs. George Field
Mr. Arthur K. Forester
Mr. and Ms. William J. Hill
Mrs. Marshall W. Jenney
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Keith
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Platt IV
Mr. Herman Platt
Mrs. Polly Platt
Mr. William B. Platt
Mr. and Mrs. George C. Sinioris
Mr. and Mrs. John W. Spaeth III
Mr. and Mrs. William H. C. St. John
Ms. Ann C. Whitman
Mr. and Mrs. Jason Wyman

Those who have made a planned gift or bequest to Pasquaney

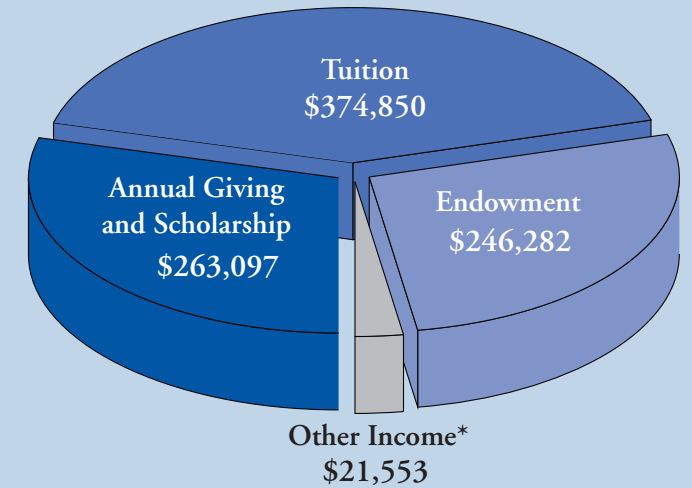
Over the summer months the Board of Trustees is planning to implement an effort to recognize individuals who have provided for Pasquaney in their estate plans through bequests, charitable gift annuities, charitable remainder trusts, or other suitable planned giving vehicles.

If you have already included Pasquaney in your estate plans, please notify us so that we can include you in our honor roll of donors.

Income

Three main sources of revenue make up Pasquaney's operating budget: tuition, unrestricted annual gifts, and an annual transfer from the endowment. In our last fiscal year the generosity of friends and alumni, both past and present, made up 56% of our operating revenue, reducing the burden on parents.

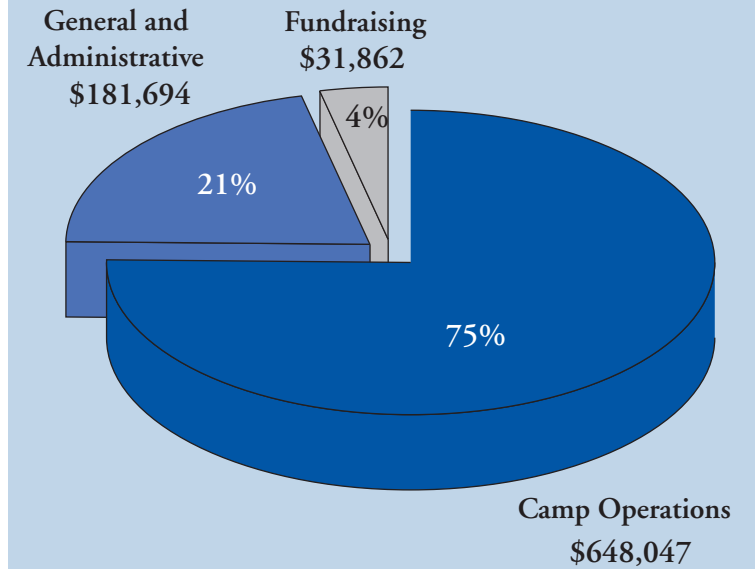
* Other Income is made up of miscellaneous revenue such as sales at the camp store, chapel donations, and advertising income from the *Pasquaney Annual*.



Expenses*

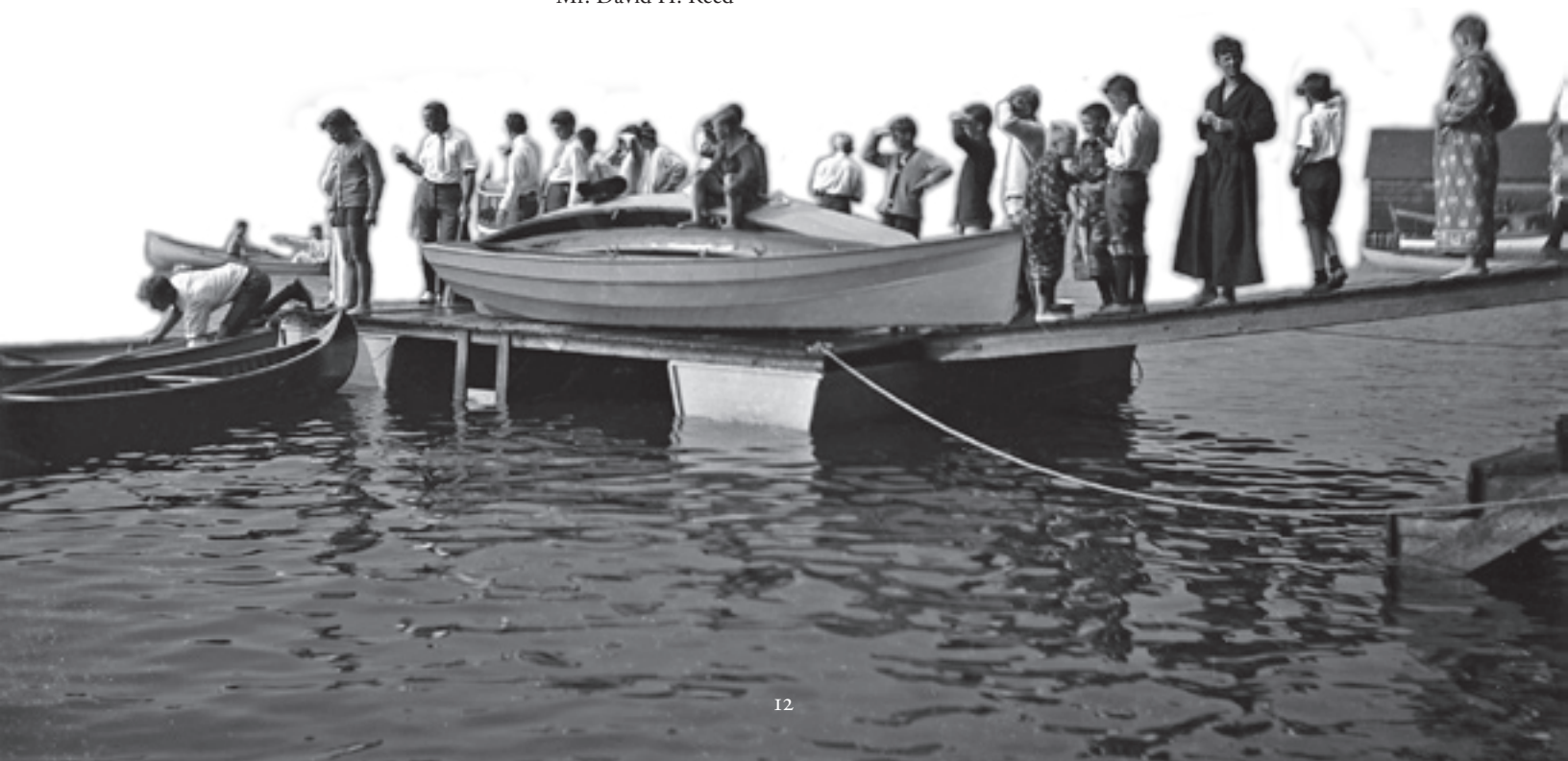
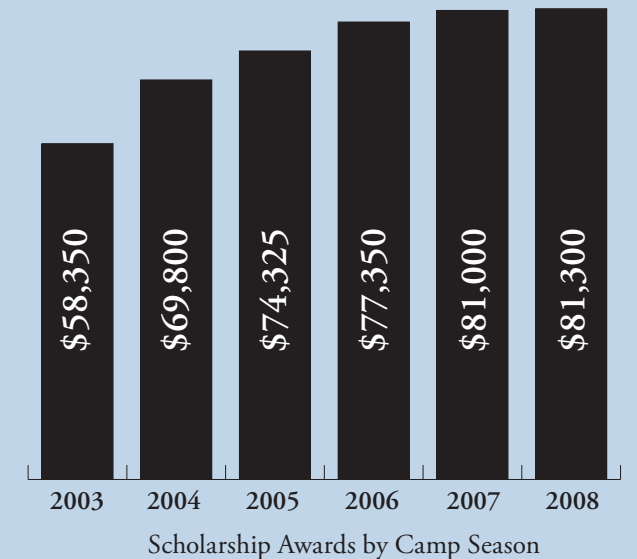
Pasquaney's expenses are divided among three categories, with some costs overlapping among categories. Included in Camp Operations are those costs which directly impact the season such as food services, council and maintenance salaries, insurance costs, staff development, activity expenses and the depreciation of the physical plant. The Director's and staff salaries are split among categories. Expenses such as travel and office costs, alumni events and mailings, legal and investment service fees largely breakdown between the General and Administrative and Fundraising categories.

* All expenses are categorized in consultation with Pasquaney's auditors on an annual basis.



Scholarship

Requests for financial assistance continue to grow. Each year Pasquaney seeks to fill longstanding scholarship positions, such as our four Mayhew Program scholarships or geographical scholarships, as well as seeking to meet the need of parents who apply for financial aid. Support for these scholarships comes from restricted endowment funds, as well as restricted and unrestricted gifts. We continue to be grateful to those who provide this service to Pasquaney.



continued from the cover.

The 1991 walk did not reach the Crawford Notch goal. Concerns from camp about whether or not the traverse could be done led to an early exit from Mt. Monroe to the base of the Cog railway. But in 1997, the Long Walk, led by Jon Meredith, completed the first successful traverse, Madison to Webster. The hike has been done four times since: 2000, 2002, 2006, and 2007. In 2002, camper Will Kryder wrote, "Although the most challenging day of the Long Walk, it was by far the most fulfilling." In 2007, as the Long Walk leader, Will wrote, "The determination within each camper and counsellor was indescribable. It was no longer a question of if, but, rather, how fast. Railroads echoed from the summits of nine mountains that day, each one falling prey to the unstoppable juggernaut of the Long Walk 2007."

Beyond the White Mountains

by Mac McElroy

One of my greatest memories of Pasquaney was making new friends in the context of an outdoor adventure. In this day and age, with the constant tug of careers, families, and other obligations, it is rare to have the opportunity to break away to replicate the Pasquaney experience. Last January, I did just that. The outdoor adventure was not amongst the crystal lakes and pine forests of New Hampshire, but rather in Tanzania on Mount Kilimanjaro, one of the famed seven summits, which stands as the tallest mountain on the continent of Africa at 19,341 feet.

After months of fitness training, vaccinations, organizing gear, and saying good-bye to loved ones, our team assembled for the first time at the Dik Dik lodge near Arusha, TZ. Kilimanjaro is not a technical climb, so ropes, ice axes, and crampons were not on the equipment list. However, Kili presents the equivalent of hiking from the equatorial rain forests to the Arctic desert. You can imagine trying to pack for temperatures of seventy-five degrees at the base to fifteen degrees at altitude. Fortunately, our first-rate guide company had organized some helping hands to carry our gear – a mere 110 hands to be exact! Our fifty-five porters, gentle people who were mostly Chagga and a few Maasai, carried not only our gear plus tents, stoves, food for six days, their own meager belongings, but also a porta potty! This was luxury camping at its finest.

While most routes up Kili are not technical climbs, all have an element of danger – not from wildlife or weather, but altitude. Not surprisingly the park service is shy about revealing the number of yearly deaths. However during the Millennium celebrations when about one thousand climbers swarmed the mountain, three died and thirty-five had to be rescued. The culprit: acute mountain sickness (AMS). The keys to avoiding AMS are good hydration and climbing slowly, allowing the body to acclimate. "Pole, Pole" (Swahili for slowly) we took our first steps up the mountain. Our six-day route would take us through lush rain forests, into the heather and moorland, up onto

After its completion the Traverse serves as a metaphor for these young men of what their training, focus, and determination can achieve. Matt Fifield told me after the hike that it was the toughest thing he'd ever done and the accomplishment that gave him the greatest pride that summer. When I asked what got him through it, he said having clear trail signs, a good sense of where he was going, and the encouragement and spirit of his comrades. The hike also serves as a metaphor for us as teachers to see what people can accomplish when we call on them to use their good judgment and abilities, when they stop and think about what they want to carry with them on their journeys, and when they have a sense of direction and the encouragement of friends.

the vastness of the alpine desert, and ultimately to a summit bid from the desolate Barafu high camp.

By the time we arrived at about 15,000 feet our team had overcome mild AMS and was feeling strong. After a few sleepless hours of tossing and listening to my heartbeat, we were awakened at midnight for our 1:00 a.m. alpine start. Using headlamps and at one point simply starlight, we climbed for sixty minute stretches using the rest step and pressure breathing techniques. After each stretch we rewarded ourselves with a snack and water, and after about ten minutes, we stuffed

our down parkas in our packs and set off again. Had the summit not been hidden in the darkness, I am sure, like many hikes or long runs, the goal would seem never to get closer. Sure enough, by focusing on careful foot placement and breathing, the time passed. Before long, a glow emerged in the eastern sky. As the first warm rays of the sun appeared over the plains of east Africa, all ten members of Team Kuwaz set foot on Stella Point, the crater rim. The views of the

sunrise over the massive glaciers and snow-covered crater were breath taking (even though we didn't have much breath to spare). After a round of bear hugs and quite a few moist eyes, we dropped our packs and headed clockwise around the rim the highest point, Uhuru (Swahili for "freedom") Peak. Forty minutes later, defying the odds, Team Kuwaz stood on the "roof of Africa". Thanks to the wonders of satellites, we were able to call home to share the news.

Climbing Kili was an amazing experience on many more levels than I anticipated. We accomplished an objective by having a good plan, a great team, skilled leadership, and literally taking one step at a time. Team Kuwaz will always remain a "band of brothers" held together not only by our memories but also by our interest in supporting the Matundo Peace Orphanage and School that we visited after the climb.

Outdoor adventures don't have to end with days on the hillside. In a sense Pasquaney is just the beginning where the flame is sparked. If you have the opportunity to climb Kili, or any other mountain for that matter, go for it.



Mac McElroy atop Mt. Kilimanjaro.

Alumni News

Alumni notes are listed under the decade in which the majority of their camper years fall. If camper years are evenly split in two decades, they are listed in the decade in which the alumnus was an older camper.



A group of boys play with a horse-drawn cart, either at Camp or one of the local stables.

THE 1920S, 1930S AND 1940S

The Rev. Dr. Harold Taber Commons died last July at the age of 101. A counsellor from 1925 to 1927, he later served as a GARBC pastor, and active missionary during the Second World War, president of Baptist Bible Seminary, and president of the Association of Baptists for World Evangelism. His son, Dr. William (Bill) Commons also served on the Pasquaney council during the mid-1950s. Rick Commons, current Headmaster at Groton School, visited Camp with his late grandfather several years ago and we are grateful to him for passing along Dr. Commons' photographs and documents from his early days at Pasquaney.

Malcolm McLane passed away in early February. Pasquaney's longtime neighbor led an active and influential life in New Hampshire, but will be remembered most as a wonderful friend. Vin Broderick wrote after his death, "I will miss his stories of the mountains and his warm greeting and hospitality, his good advice and model of positive spirit, his insight on many different issues, and his friendship. Many of his grandchildren, of whom he was very proud, have gone to the Winter Term and reflect his love of adventure and activity, curiosity, thoughtful service, and optimism. He and Susan have been neighbors of the Gemmills and mine both summers on the lake



Tub racing in the 1940s during soak.

and winters in Concord. We will miss him a lot." Malcolm grew up in Manchester, attending St. Paul's School and later Dartmouth College before joining the Army Air Force in 1942. The Concord Monitor reports that he flew 73 combat missions, including D-Day, before being shot down during the Battle of the Bulge and taken as a prisoner of war. Following his return to New Hampshire, Malcolm became active in politics and served for twenty years as a city councilor before being elected Mayor of Concord between 1970 and 1976. He remained active in many communities and causes, and was serving on the Circle Program Board at the time of his death.

Jerrold Humphrey was playing golf with some friends this spring when a ninety-seven year old gentleman asked if he could join their tee party. The older gentleman turned out to be Robert Biddle, a camper from 1923 to 1925.

Claude Mosseri is living in Paris, across the street from Notre Dame. When Vin Broderick stopped in for a visit this winter, Claude pulled a trophy off the shelf for his winning of Sub-Junior General Excellence sixty-five years ago. His family likely heard about Pasquaney through alum Bill Bullitt, who was a friend of theirs serving as United States Ambassador to France when the Nazis arrived. Claude Mosseri's family moved to the United States and lived in Washington until the war was over.

THE 1950S AND 1960S

We sadly report the passing of Peggy DeLaCour, wife of Wids DeLaCour, this past February. Active in the New York City community for decades, Peggy served in multiple senior level government positions and on several non-profit boards. Believers in the power of a wilderness education, Wids and Peggy have been strong supporters of Pasquaney and other outdoor institutions.

Art Forester lives on a farm in northern Vermont in the town of Irasburg, less than twenty miles from the Canadian border. He has been getting a good workout this winter shoveling snow.

In February, Robert Langford received the "Alumni Saints in Service Award" from his high school, St. Andrew's in Jackson, MS, for his work as executive director of Operation Shoestring, an after-school education and support organization in an economically needy part of Jackson.

Charlie Allen and Lisa Schlesinger were married on July 16, 2007, in Minnesota. Charlie and Lisa live in Geneva, where Charlie and his first wife lived until her death a few years ago. Vin Broderick and Charlie had a good visit in January after a hiatus of a few decades.

Archer Antrim Dansby was born this past April to Bettie Antrim Dansby and David R. Dansby. As grandson to Hugh Antrim and nephew to Hugh Antrim, Jr., he was signed up for the 2020 Pasquaney season within days of his birth.

Ric Bartter died from a heart attack earlier this year. Vin Broderick wrote of his time at Camp:

Ric was a counsellor my first year as a camper. That summer, 1967, he headed our nature program, an activity that was entirely new to me, and which drew much of my interest, perhaps because of Ric and the way he taught. My most vivid memory of Ric was his leading a small group of us, perhaps just his brother Thad and me, on the nature trail, past the library out the chapel path. I was totally new to New Hampshire flora; flora of any kind for that matter. Thad already knew much of it and was helping Ric teach me. We paused by a small, dark



An unknown camper and Mark Forester (?) eat sandwiches on the summit during a hike in the 1950s.

green ground plant. Ric asked if I knew what the plant was called. I had not the slightest idea. He asked me to chew the leaf and tell him what it tasted like.

“Wintergreen.”

He told me I was right. That is the plant’s name.

Memories such as these stay with us for a reason. Ric taught in the way I love to learn, and I would guess most people prefer to learn this way: Instead of just telling me what the plant was, he let me tap my own resources and discover it. I have used Ric’s approach to introduce many, many others not only to wintergreen, but also to other plants, most notably Indian Cucumber. Allowing students to discover ideas in this way is central to my teaching and to the way I approach discipline at camp. Ric’s lesson was not just a lesson in botany; it was a lesson in pedagogy. It is the earliest memory I have of someone teaching me in this way.

In his last year as a camper, 1964, Ric was the idealistic King Arthur in the final play. That seemed right. That same summer the counsellors gave Ric our award for the boy who displays the greatest love, service, and devotion to the ideals Pasquaney pursues. He was our Most Faithful Boy. As a community we remember Ric in that award, but as individuals we remember the many quiet acts of service and teaching he gave us.

Sandy (Gilbert) Jones was recently elected Chair of the Board of Verde Valley School in Sedona, AZ.

Thorn Mead passed away this April. A graduate of Northeastern University and the University of Massachusetts, he worked as a public servant and entrepreneur in New England. Writing in 1966, Thorn’s first year at Camp, Mr. Charlie described his growth in responsibility, consideration for others and tact in dealing with people. “Thorn, in short, caught what we like to think of as ‘the Pasquaney Spirit.’”

Michael Sandoe died last January. A graduate of Dartmouth, Mike earned his masters in business administration from the University of

Camper meeting on Dana porch in 1969. After moving this meeting to the theatre in the 1980s, it returned to this location last summer.



New Hampshire before beginning his career in banking. An active member of his community in Etna, New Hampshire, he volunteered for his local fire department, served as an EMT, worked as a Big Brother, and coached youth sports. As a new camper in 1963, Mr. Charlie described him as “Cheerful, responsive and obviously sincere ... the counsellors have praised Mike for his good sportsmanship [and] for his willingness to pitch in and help when help is needed.”

THE 1970S

Bobby Blue wrote to Camp after the last *White Birch*: “I had never heard about Charlie Platt’s “Covers” tree talk, but what a classic case of simple wisdom that was Charlie’s hallmark. It made me think of the time during my final night as a camper when I sat alone momentarily on the boulder overlooking Lake Newfound outside of Dana and was overwhelmed by the sense that I had just spent a summer living as transparently with others and as free from social conventions as I possibly could, and was saddened by the realization that such a feeling of liberation would be difficult to replicate in the “Real World.” I think it is memories such as this that cause alumni such as Brooke Southall to refer Pasquaney as being a sacred place—a place where perhaps more than any other we have felt most alive.”



Trigg (?) Talley and Robert Courtenay perform a quick and efficient table duty in the late 1970s.

Mac McElroy began a new career last April with Baltimore-based insurance brokerage and benefit consulting firm Riggs, Counselman, Michaels & Downes (RCM&D). As the leader of their Virginia operations, Mac writes, “I am very excited to be working with a great leadership team in Baltimore that wants to invest in the Virginia market.”

David Sinclair and his wife Lisa welcomed twins to the family this March!

Dabney Standley lives in San Rafael, CA, with his wife, Sarah Loughran, and their daughter and Dabney’s son and daughter.

Arthur Woolverton is currently living with his family in Cumberland, Maine. Two years ago the family traveled to China where they adopted their daughter, Meg, who joins their son Matthew. Soon after Art left his job as a National Sales Manager to spend more time with his family. He now works for Honeywell as the District Sales Leader for the Northeast, and writes, “I have found a new passion in helping schools, municipalities and commercial buildings find ways to run their buildings more efficiently. I am serving on the Board of Portland Trails and the Cumberland Conservation committee (Think nature walks for grown-ups) ... When ever I get a chance

to read a *White Birch* or spend time with camp friends, the spirit of Pasquaney always seems to have a way to ‘fill the well.’ The memories of tree talks, the chapel talks, the discussions with a friend, all become so vivid.”

THE 1980S

One of **Ben Ackerly’s** current avocations is coaching his wife, Maureen, in her marathon running. Early this spring Maureen won the Napa Valley Marathon with a time of 2:44:25, which qualified her for the Olympic trials in Boston.

Andrew Doolittle is living in Pray, Montana, on the edge of the Absaroka/Beartooth Wilderness. “Those summers I spent at Pasquaney unquestionably led me here. Out my back door, there are more mountains than I can climb in this lifetime, but I am trying.”

Murray Fisher is the Founder and co-Director of New York Harbor School, a small, maritime public high school. He writes, “The marine world and New York Harbor is our organizing theme, and we have our second graduation coming up on June 26th. The big news is that the city and state have signed a lease and business deal for a new home for us on Governor’s Island in the middle of New York



Jon Rorer and Brad Cragin paddling in the late 1980s.

Harbor. I’ve been working at the school for five years, and can only survive the strain thanks to close Pasquaney relationships with a great New York group.” Murray’s parents, Sandy and Rossie Fisher, received the 2007 American Farmland Trust Steward of the Land award for their leadership in farmland protection and environmental stewardship of their 480 acre organic farm in Virginia.

Gus Franklin reports that his son **Robert Franklin** married his bride Erin on July 14th in Fox Chapel, PA. Weddings are in the air for the family. His daughter Elizabeth is engaged to Evan Mager. Gus and Linda are living in Wilmington, NC.

Michael F. Hanrahan writes from St. Louis, “I have been thinking a lot about Pasquaney as the summer is getting closer. I am sure you will have a great season. Vinnie, when you visited last year for the recruiting trip my wife Heather was pregnant with our second child. Well, that second child will be another camper to add to the roster in 2018 as we were surprised with the birth of our son George Bixby Hanrahan on October 23, 2007. We were both very excited that we had a boy/camper. I can’t wait for Bixby to experience all that Pasquaney has to offer. Take care and have a great summer!”

Alex Hare is living in British Columbia working as a veterinarian.



A “shoot out” on the dock in the mid 1980s between Graham Baquie and an unknown camper.

After graduating from Atlantic Veterinary College at the University of Prince Edward Isle, he worked in an emergency clinic in Halifax and later for a referral practice in Maine. Alex also participated as a volunteer providing veterinary care to rural and impoverished regions of Guatemala and Mexico. He currently enjoys hiking, skiing, and veterinary care of racing sled dogs.

Next year **Brent Powell** will take over as the Head of the Upper School at The Derryfield School in Manchester, New Hampshire. Brent has spent the last five years in the classroom teaching history and improving curriculum as the Department Chair. He hopes to bring service-learning opportunities to Derryfield, as described in one of their newsletters. “Part of the culture at Pasquaney is the idea that at camp, you can try on the person you might wish to be. Our language for this is for each person to ‘be their best selves.’ I hope that we can continue to create cultural expectations here [at Derryfield] so that people give their best selves to our community.”

Kevin Prufer is currently living in Warrensburg, Missouri, where he works as an author, editor and teacher. He has published three books of poetry since 1998, including his most recent, *Fallen from a Chariot*, in 2005. Kevin also serves as Editor of *Pleiades: A Journal of New Writing*, an international magazine of poetry, fiction, essays, and reviews; Associate Editor of *American Book Review*; and Vice President/Secretary of the National Book Critics Circle. He is Professor of English at the University of Central Missouri. More information is available on his website, www.kevinprufer.com.

Jonathan Roth wrote in to the office, “I think the last time we spoke I was working at the University of Virginia Children’s Hospital as a pediatric urologist, where I worked and taught at the medical school from 2001 to 2006. My wife, Karen, and I really enjoyed living in Charlottesville, and during that time we had two children, Sophie (now age 6) and Jonathan (now age 3). Karen and I both grew up in

1998 War Canoe race. From bow to stern: Matt Downing, Eric Staley, Rob Roy, Joey McHugh, Matt Young, Alex O’Rielly, Matt Fifield, Nick Haslett, Charlie Legg, and Weston Pew.



the Philadelphia area, and we had the exciting opportunity to move back home in 2006, and now I'm working as a pediatric urologist at St. Christopher's Hospital for Children, and am really enjoying myself. It's a wonderful place to work - I enjoy my patients, their parents, and my colleagues greatly. Last year, I had the opportunity to go with my associates to El Salvador on a medical mission trip, and we're planning a repeat trip soon ... My son was born in March 2005, and I know he would love being a part of the Pasquaney family someday. I really appreciate your contacting me, as Pasquaney will always be in my thoughts."

Neil Switz is living in Oakland, CA, and pursuing a PhD at Berkeley in Physics specializing in Nanotechnology. About twenty years ago, Neil was working for Mountainsmith when they were about to throw out the previous year's backpacks. Seeing this as wasteful, he asked if he could arrange for a non-profit to buy them. As a result Pasquaney purchased about thirty top-of-the-line packs for fifteen dollars each. All professional educators on the Pasquaney staff were able to buy the same style packs for thirty dollars each. Many of these packs are still in use on expeditions today.

THE 1990S

After returning from Iraq, **Briggs Anderson** spent the winter in California preparing for deployment to Afghanistan. He wrote, "We have a lot to do and not a lot of time to prepare. We will get it done though. Good men are intent on ensuring that one another are prepared to undertake a great task ... I will say that the words, "strength of will" have taken on an entirely new meaning. The Marines are incredible and never fail to surprise you."

Hugh Antrim, Jr., is living in Charlotte, NC, working for a small ad firm and taking night classes in graphic design. "I've got a quoits pit set up in my back yard, and have been trying to convert non-camp friends into quoit lovers...they call it 'circle shoes.'"

Last May **Chris Carter** graduated from Villanova and is now studying law at the University of Southern California.

Rob Caruso graduated from Plymouth State University this spring with a Bachelor's of Fine Arts. To cap off his years of studying painting, his work was exhibited at the Karl Drerup Gallery. Rob is currently serving his fifth year on the council and plans to apply to graduate school during the winter to continue his career in painting.

Owen Fink graduated at the top of his class from the University of Georgia this spring with a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine degree. He and his wife Kimberly are moving to Philadelphia this summer

where Owen will pursue a small animal internship at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dwight Keysor writes, "All is well in San Francisco. I am enjoying my new job in real estate development and am taking advantage of everything Northern California has to offer - great skiing, great mountain biking, and great beaches."

Nick Levis is working in New Mexico, managing two small hedge funds. "Pasquaney has taught me many things, and most of all a lot of discipline!"



A hot dog contest from 2005. From the top: Greg Carlson, Blake Rice, Walter Suskind and Will Kryder (at left).

After teaching at the Winter Term in Switzerland, **Jake MacArthur** has returned to his work at a renewable energy company in Idaho. While abroad, he was joined by **Weston Pew** and several campers from last summer: **Tim Jenkins, Jack King, Stewart Denious** and **Wes Sulloway**.

Chris Reigeluth organized a gathering of Pasquaney alumni and friends on a rainy Friday evening, February 1st at Kinsale in Boston. With Super Tuesday approaching, there was a lot of political discussion. **Will Newell** and **Mike Murray** had just returned from their winter crew trips at Harvard. With the volatile stock market, there was much discussion about that as well. Other guests included: **Vin Broderick, Alden Cadwell** and his wife **Caroline, Chip Carpenter, Jameson Case, Scott Kennedy** and his friend **Ellen Minnihan, Will Kryder, Geof Legg, Mike Murray, Will Newell, Britt Palmedo, and Gregg Stone**. Chris joined Summer Search this spring as their new Development Director. Summer Search is a national leadership development program that helps low-income young people graduate high school, go to college, gain successful careers, and give back to society.

Jack Reigeluth writes from abroad, "It has been pretty interesting working at a boarding school in India, especially one as diverse as Woodstock. We have several students from a few enemy

nations of the United States and it has been exciting to establish good report with them despite our countries' politics. My Hindi has been going very well. I have been taking about four private classes a day for the past two and a half months, and I can now hold a basic conversation with most people as long as they do not use one of the numerous dialects - which is often the case."

Christopher Riely earned his NH Forester license in January.

After graduating from Texas A&M in 2004, **Rider Royall** attended graduate school at the University of Arkansas. In 2005 he moved to Dallas and married his college girlfriend. The couple is settling into their first home. Rider is currently working in sales for the

Our Best Selves: Excerpts from a Tree Talk by Tom Valk

(From the summer's first Tree Talk, 1970)

This summer we have the opportunity to put aside what we might call our immediate selves — that part of each of us which constantly clamors after the tangible, material reward; after superficial popularity; after the immediate satisfaction of every physical need: more candy, cold drinks on the Desolation Trail, the chance to goof off when there is hard work to be done; after the easy going along with the crowd, which avoids all moral responsibility.

In place of this immediate self we have the opportunity this summer to try to develop a better self, which can look beyond the tangible and the immediate toward the achievement of some more worthwhile, long-range goal. "But how," you may ask, "do I recognize and develop my better self?"

To start with, one surely can't just wake up one morning and decide to turn on his better self like a light or a spigot. It will take self-discipline continuously applied — the determination to deny all the petty things that our immediate selves are always demanding. But, of course, we can't merely deny ourselves such things without replacing those things with something more meaningful and lasting.

Hence we must all set goals for ourselves — something to work for, and I stress the work, since that which comes too quickly or easily is of little ultimate value. We must work to



acquire disciplined skills — both physical and mental. Only in such goals will we find ultimate self-respect and the means to express our best selves.

"So what?" you may ask. "What good is it to try to develop this better self in today's world where nobody else seems to try and where people make fun of anyone who does?" First, it seems that the more you appease your immediate self, the more it asks for in a never-ending circle. One can see in the lives of many who have

turned to drugs the results of treading in this constant circle. Such people have despaired of life itself because, I think, they can see nothing of worth or permanence within easy grasp. Your better self asks honest achievement and seeks more distant and worthwhile goals — goals which lead to a more richly fulfilling life and a much-sought-for peace of mind.

The choice, of course, is ours: whether or not to start working now to master our immediate selves in the pursuit of honest achievement. But

whatever our choice, the opportunity to develop our better selves will abound here at Pasquaney this summer.

Tom Valk was a camper and counsellor during the 1960s, and later served as the camp doctor and as a member of the Pasquaney Board of Trustees. Tom, his wife Cindy, and their daughter Jeanne live in Haymarket, Virginia.

View more Tree Talks online at http://www.pasquaney.org/talks_editorials.php

Gallo winery. He writes, "I always enjoy thinking about our days at Pasquaney. Whenever I'm having a bad day at work, I picture myself on the dock of Newfound Lake. It always relaxes me. I also keep a picture of Camp on my cell phone. I look at it everyday and it reminds me how I should conduct myself throughout the day."

Donat Willenz is living in Brussels and working as a freelance illustrator. His work can be seen on his website, www.donatwillenz.com.

THE 2000S

Alex Blake is attending Texas Christian University, having just completed his Freshman year.

Tyler Brown brought his experience from the Watson Theater back to school this year, where he designed and oversaw the construction of sets for multiple productions.

After graduating from Sewanee, **Richard DeSalvo** is serving on the council for his third summer. Following camp, he will return to

China to work as a Resident Advisor for the International Education of Students program in Shanghai — a program he attended as a college Junior. Rich will continue his study of Chinese, orient and advise incoming students, help with administrative tasks and lead programs. In May, 2009, he will return to the U.S. and once more to the hillside.

Graham Pearson's Bates College eight pulled a big upset in Worcester, MA, by coming from a 11th place seed to make the final six at the ECAC National Invitational Championships May 11th. Having completed his sophomore year, Graham returned for his second year on the council this summer.

Charlie Phelps graduated from Culver Academy this spring, and received an appointment to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

Following his graduation from St. Christopher's School in Richmond this spring, **John Wilkinson** will be attending Washington and Lee next year where he will continue his studies and football career.



Identify Photos Online

Alumni can now log on to the camp website and identify photographs of themselves or other alums.

Among the many treasures in the historical museum are loose folders with dozens of unlabelled photographs roughly sorted by decade. We hope this technology will provide alums with access to these pictures for their enjoyment, as well as the opportunity to make a valuable contribution to Camp history from remote locations.

While providing basic data such as names and dates greatly assists us in organizing our collection, we encourage alums to use the "Comments" section of each photographs to share oral history of their time at Pasquaney as well. We hope the site will provide a forum for sharing and preserving these tales of who we have been for future generations.

Digitizing hundreds of photographs and transferring them to the site is an ongoing and sizeable task that we will rely on the muscle of alumni volunteers to accomplish. Already **Doug Camp** (P' 82-85) put in many hours over a fall visit scanning every known formal council photograph from the 1890s to 2007, all of which are currently online. Please be in touch if you are interested in helping with this effort.

For those who are unable to visit the hillside but would like to share their own images, instructions are provided on the site for uploading your photos to the Pasquaney collection. We appreciate any of these gifts to the growing museum collection.



Log on to the new photo section at www.pasquaney.org/alumniphotos.php



Camp Pasquaney
5 South State Street
Concord, NH 03301

Forwarding Service Requested

Non-profit Org
U.S. Postage
PAID
Concord, NH
Permit #1651

- 2008 Camp Schedule -

Saturday, June 21 - Opening Day
June 30 - July 4 Camping Expeditions
July 21 - July 26 Long Walk
August 2 - 3 Trustees' Weekend
August 9 - 10 Water Sports Weekend
Sunday, August 10 - Camp Closes