

White Birch

CAMP PASQUANEY

SUMMER 2009

The Birth of Notchpost 1942-1959

by Michael Hanrahan

Striding up over Suicide Rock, Dave Ryder moved with purpose. The twenty-year-old was lean, his dark hair combed back above his penetrating eyes and smile that held just a hint of mischief.

It was the summer of 1958, Dave's second year on the council. Jackie Robinson and the Dodgers were playing baseball in Los Angeles for the first time, having moved out of Ebbets Field in Brooklyn that winter. Alaska had just been signed into statehood.

But Dave's mind was on other matters. During breakfast at Mem Hall he had gone back into the kitchen to retrieve a stack of plates and on his way out had been stopped by Mr. Charlie.

"Dave," he said casually, "if you have some time after breakfast, would you please stop by the Shack?"

Dave replied that he would be there. Even if he had a previous engagement with then President Eisenhower he would have cancelled; when Mr. Charlie asked you to do something, it was actually a requirement politely dressed up as a question. "I went there *first thing* after breakfast," Dave recalled.

After turning left in front of Northern Porches, Dave ascended toward the office where Gil Bovaird sat keeping the books.

Above: Dave Ryder and an unknown camper to the left of Dave stand atop Nancy Cascades for the first time in 1959. Both wave to sixteen-year-old photographer Dick Beyer. Photo courtesy of Dick Beyer.

Notchpost Timeline, 1938-1960

- **1938:** The AMC opens the Nancy Pond Trail, which is later obliterated in the great hurricane of that same year.
- **September, 1942:** Mr. Charlie, (Carl) Nordie Nordstrom, Sr., and John Spaeth hike Mt. Carrigain in the Pemigewasset watershed for the first time.
- **Spring, 1943:** Mr. Charlie enlists in the Navy. Pop Watson takes over as Director.
- **1946:** Mr. Charlie returns as Director and leads the Long Walk up Carrigain for the first time using an itinerary planned by John Spaeth.
- **1950:** The Long Walk camps for the first time along the Saco River near the Inn Unique. The Long Walk still changes campsites from time to time, an onerous process due to the logistics of moving the large stove and other gear.
- **Summer, 1958:** Mr. Charlie asks Dave Ryder to scout property near the Inn Unique for possible use as a permanent Long Walk campsite. Aware of an old railroad bed that ascended to Norcross Pond from the Carrigian Wilderness, Mr. Charlie also envisions a trail connecting the Inn to Norcross and beyond.
- **August 5, 1958:** The old Cardigan Walk is revived as the “Junior Long Walk,” later known as the Short Walk. Comprised of Second Walkers, the group sets out under Mr. Charlie and Jake Dunnell to hike Carrigain and camps by the Long Walk along the Saco River. Bob Bulkeley, in his only season off from camp, joins the group as a guest. This crowding of the Long Walk, along with the new rerouting of the adjacent highway, makes camping space a premium.
- **August 17, 1958:** The Trustees authorize negotiations for up to \$1,500 to purchase land from George and Florence Morey.
- **Fall, 1958:** Mr. Charlie enlists Arthur Mudge, then his personal attorney and clerk to the Pasquaney Board, to assist negotiations with the Moreys. Working with surveyor Dick Upton, Art determines the optimal bounds of the parcel.
- **January, 1959:** The Trustees approve the purchase and sale agreement of \$1200 dollars for six acres.
- **July 8, 1959:** Mr. Charlie and Dave Ryder review the new property once more and return to camp with “ominous warnings about bugs.”
- **July 13, 1959:** The N.E.T.E. (North East Territory Expedition) leaves camp. Over the course of the week they rough-in a permanent campsite for the Long Walk.
- **July 17, 1959:** The N.E.T.E. Trip returns and presents a song to the camp body in Long Walk fashion.
- **August 3, 1959:** The Long Walk camps at the new N.E.T.E. site for the first time and for the entire week. Enthusiasm for the site is incorporated into the Long Walk song.
- **August 18, 1959:** A group of boys and counsellors return to Notchpost to seek out Nancy Pond. Ben Morgan, a friend of Dick Thorington’s who is visiting camp, joins the group. They follow Nancy Brook up the cascades and beyond. However their map showing Nancy Pond as the source of the brook proves inaccurate, and they return to camp having not found the ponds.
- **February, 1960:** Dave Ryder and Ben Morgan return to Notchpost and discover Nancy Pond. They flag a preliminary route to enable the 1960 expeditions to cut a trail from the new Long Walk Campsite to Nancy Pond.

To his right the dorms stretched out in a line: Porches; Tradition, in place of present day Adams, still split into two levels from when it had served as the old camp playhouse; Cardigan, which would soon be converted into a trunk room; Birch; and Dana. Wilson and Jackson would not be built for another two years. Boys moved about their various duties, waiting for a check by the older C.O.I.s like John Gemmill and Butch West.

Dusting off his feet, Dave knocked and entered the Shack. In a few short minutes, he became part of a vision that would forever alter camping at Pasquaney and impact the lives of generations, a vision that had been born sixteen years earlier.

“A perpetual memorial for Father John.”

The Pemigewasset. Mt. Carrigain. The allure of this vast wilderness and remote peak had tempted Mr. Charlie, Father John and Nordie Nordstrom, Sr., into the unknown, aroused their curiosity and sense of adventure, and now held them in jeopardy.

However if ever a group was prepared to handle crisis in the outdoors, this was it. Mr. Charlie, at age thirty-three, was only eight years removed from an unprecedented three victories in the Oxford-Cambridge track and field contest. Carl Nordstrom was a veteran waterfront director. John Spaeth had led the Long Walk four times already and would lead it again over the next three years.

But none of them had ever set foot here.

It was late summer, 1942. The previous season had been Mr. Charlie’s third as Director, and it had gone well despite the dearth of experienced counsellors caused by the United States’ full involvement in the Second World War. Fortunately, older boys like fourteen-year-old Bill Davies and fifteen-year-old Jerry Humphrey, had stepped up as C.O.I.s.

With the season behind them, Mr. Charlie, Nordie and Father John had set out to explore these northern woods for possible use by future Long Walks. Travel during wartime was difficult, but they managed to catch a bus to Twin Mountain and walk from there to Zealand Hut where they spent the night before plunging into the wilderness the next day. Their route was ambitious for a day hike: over seven miles south to Stillwater Junction; two miles straight up the steep Desolation Trail, at the time completely unknown to the Pasquaney community; five miles down and out the Signal Ridge Trail; a road walk through the extinct logging town of Livermore and onward to Crawford Notch; a series of bus rides to Meredith; a train ride to Plymouth; and lastly a drive home in Mr. Charlie’s station wagon using rationed gasoline.

All had gone according to plan until they reached the Desolation Trail. Father John later noted in his journal that here Nordie became “painfully hampered by a sprained ankle and tightened leg muscles,” an injury that made an already difficult trail becoming “arduous and slow.” Miles from any help, the group was on its own. Thirty-one years later Mr. Charlie would remember the incident, saying, “It was Father John who took charge, calmly thought out the solution to our troubles, and led us successfully through.” It is still a mystery exactly how Father

John was able to help; however the group reached the summit just after noon, briefly admired the inspiring view over lunch, and took the descent at a “hastened” pace.

Forged in the perils of this inaugural voyage, a love for the Pemigewasset and the Carrigain wilderness was born. This love became the seed for Pasquaney’s Notchpost expeditions that have continued for the past fifty years. While giving John Spaeth’s memorial in 1973, Mr. Charlie asked “all Pasquanians to join me in thinking of that lovely territory, and the work annually accomplished there for the national forest, to think of that as a perpetual memorial for Father John.”

“It was a lot of fun, but it just wasn’t camping.”

Dave’s eyes adjusted to the sunlight as he emerged from the interior and stepped off the small wooden porch of the Shack. Excitement further quickened his usually brisk pace. Mr. Charlie had asked him to reconnoiter land in Crawford Notch for use as a permanent Long Walk campsite.

“It was a dream come true,” Dave remembered. A Boy Scout, he had grown up with “rough camping” as part of his life and was surprised by the relatively light camping parties to the islands. Since 1896 Pasquaney had taken boys on local overnight excursions, most consistently to Belle, Cliff and Mayhew Islands, and over time the trips had become more comfortable. “To be frank, we did not learn very much about real camping,” wrote Mr. Charlie. “The week was thought of as a time to relax and have fun and eat prodigious meals cooked usually by the counsellors. There was plenty of time for games such as Capture the Flag and water baseball.”

The week was about to change.

“A new kind of camping party was born.” – 1959 *Annual*

On Monday, July 13th, 1959, a large Volkswagon van heading north on Route 302 turned left onto an old logging road just before the railroad tracks in front of the Inn Unique. The van rolled a hundred yards along two dirt tracks separated by patches of grass before pulling off to the right. Six boys and two counsellors stepped out and looked into the wilderness of trees and scrub. Jim Sanford, age fifteen, was thrilled.

Jim had always loved the outdoors and had been lobbying Dave Ryder to be taken on this new adventure ever since it had been quietly presented to the camp body. Counsellor Tom Oleson had posted an esoteric sign on Mem Hall announcing “*Nota bene N.E.T.E.*” and word had spread that the North East Territories Expedition was looking for voluntary recruits. Dave had taken a few older boys on a trial overnight trip at camp, and when he was selected, Jim felt fortunate. The next week of backbreaking work would test his passion for nature, only to solidify it for a lifetime.

Gazing into the shadowy woods the boys saw ... woods. No trail. No campsite. The ground was damp due to the lack of sunlight and poor drainage, and soon their Keds and Chuck Taylors started to soak up cool moisture from the muck. Blackflies, No-See-Ums, and mosquitoes abounded and began to feast ravenously on every inch of exposed flesh. As Jim later

recalled, “It was really almost impossible to be there.”

Work began immediately. There was space to pitch the first canvas tent off the side of the van and the second close by. Since there were no tent platforms the boys chopped through roots and moved rocks as they dug a perimeter around each tent to prevent water from pouring in during the rain. As one group trenched, others began work on a latrine and setting up a small fireplace alongside Nancy Brook.

“There was a fair amount of independence. [The counsellors] assigned tasks and it was part of our responsibility to do them. That’s the way it’s always been out there. They gave us a few ideas of how to do it, then let us go to it.”

By the time the 5:00 a.m. train passed whistling through Crawford Notch five days later on July 13th the boys had gotten to quite a bit. As they rose from their tents and looked north they could see Mt. Pleasant (now Mt. Eisenhower) in the early morning light thanks to their clearing of dead and dying trees. Breakfast preparation was underway; meals had taken less time since Tuesday night when they had elected several camper cooks. There was now a path down to Nancy Brook that they had traversed a hundred times or more both to do work and to retrieve milk from their watery refrigerator. If anyone missed the cold showers at camp, he could jump into a new swimming hole that had taken all of their manpower to create by moving massive boulders with a mixture of log levers and grit. The bugs, sadly, had not improved.

Morale, however, had been constantly high. “It was unlike what I had done at camp ... It was really rugged; you were right there working on the land. It was a good feeling of getting your body involved and doing something constructive. It was real camping; a real highlight for me,” Jim remembered. Tom Oleson, then the singing counsellor, had encouraged the boys to create a song about their experience to present in Long Walk fashion at Mem Hall upon their return that afternoon. To this day Jim can remember the chorus:

Eighty miles amid the mountains,

Camped at Notchland all the week.

You could hear a lusty yell rising over Nancy dell,

As we plunged ourselves into the frigid creek!

“It took our breath away.”

It had to be close. The frigid February temperature, the snow they were trodding through, and the wind cutting at their exposed faces and sneaking through their layers would not deter them. The map had proven inaccurate; their destination, improperly located, lay elsewhere. So they had set out on their own new bearing.

Dave Ryder and Ben Morgan had entered by the new Long Walk campsite, climbed hand over hand past the cascades to the plateau beyond. From there hints of the old trail had been completely lost, and the thick spruce and damp ground made exploration near impossible in the summer. So they had come back now in the winter to hike on the snow cover.

continued on back cover.



Will Elting (left) and Will Kryder at the start of "The Fifty."

How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Hiking Fifty Miles

by Will Kryder

Back in late August Will Elting and I found ourselves in the humbling position of being outmatched. It was 2:00 p.m., and we had been hiking for nearly twelve hours. We had decided to embark on "the fifty," a bizarre Pasquaney tradition that strikes fear in the hearts of those delusional enough to try it. When we stopped for lunch in Crawford Notch, we were barely halfway finished and had already completed the most difficult hike of our lives.

The sheer scope of the fifty-mile hike is daunting by any standard. The hike includes over ten summits of the White Mountains' largest peaks and passes seven separate "nights" at huts on the Appalachian trail: PinkhamNotch; Lakes of the Clouds; Mizpah; Crawford Notch; Zealand; Galehead; and Greenleaf. The estimated elevation gain is more than 11,000 feet, roughly equivalent to hiking from Everest base camp to the summit, and back down, in one day.

After being dropped off in the early hours of that Sunday morning by Kirk Phelps, we embarked up the Liberty Springs trail in a black-fog with no real understanding of what we were getting ourselves into. By 4:00 a.m. we had reached the cloud-socked Franconia Ridge. Our headlamps provided the only source of light as the deafening wind cascaded over the treeless ridge. Will commented that the terrain was reminiscent of "Middle-Earth." By the time the sun had completely risen we had already summited the entirety of the Franconia Range and were by all measures "cruising."

Soon, however, the adrenaline that had catapulted us through the first section of the fifty gave way to fatigue. By the time we summited South Twin, my legs were in bad shape. Will and I had

hiked together on four Long Walks and countless day-hikes since we were thirteen years old, and both of us prided ourselves on our hiking prowess. However, on top of South Twin, not even one-third of the way through our hike, I began to seriously question if I could finish. My traditional stride was now replaced by a slow, sauntering waddle that made the period between the Twin Range and Zealand Notch painfully slow. Our fast pace had come to a grinding halt and our self-imposed twenty-four-hour time limit was looming large. By the time we arrived at Crawford Notch for lunch with Bubbles, we were two hours behind schedule and hope seemed slim.

Crawford Notch represented a low point in both physical and mental morale for Will and me. Up to that point, we had never really considered the possibility that we would not be able to complete our ambitious hike. For the first time we were presented with the option: keep going or stop. Unbeknownst to one another, we had both privately hoped to stop at the notch after eating lunch. A 90 minute drive was all that stood between our rapidly diminishing state and the light coma of rest. My muscle cramps were severe enough to warrant genuine concern, and considering our pace we would almost certainly arrive at the summit of Washington (our most volatile destination) at nighttime, cold and exhausted. It was here that Will and I realized the insane truth of the fifty. In order to keep going we would have to disregard seemingly obvious logic; the fifty was, at its core, an irrational endeavor. Only a deliberate disregard for our situation would allow us to continue. Will and I pulled each other aside to discuss our conundrum. Without saying anything, Will began to laugh, knowing full well that our collective mind had already been made up. No matter how overwhelming



Will Kryder and Will Elting at the end of "The Fifty."

the evidence in support of stopping seemed to be, abandoning the fifty was simply not an option. It could take us 75 hours to complete, but we would emerge at Pinkham Notch victorious, with fifty miles of White Mountains in our wake. In this moment of temporary insanity, the fifty went from being an impossibility to an inevitability.

Immediately after lunch we headed 2,500 feet directly up the Webster Cliff trail, a strenuous three-mile stretch that forced Will to hike, "The slowest I have ever hiked in my life." The summit of Webster afforded us the view up the southern Presidentials to the summit of Washington, our final peak. Washington was totally engulfed in thick menacing clouds; the feeling that we were approaching a Mordor-esque conclusion helped continue the Lord of the Rings motif that had provided the backdrop for much of our trip. By that point we had existed almost entirely on a diet of Cliff Bars and GU (literally goo) for the better part of fourteen hours. Slowly rising into the clouds, we ascended the ridge of the Southern Presidentials. Around 5,000 feet we entered the clouds permanently, and everything fell dark. With our headlamps back on, Will and I were forced to move one cairn at a time to ensure that we did not stray from the entirely granite trail.

Mt. Washington has the well-earned reputation of being the deadliest "little" mountain in the world, precisely because people think they can hike around it at night. We arrived at the Lakes of the Clouds Hut shortly before 9:00 p.m., and called Mr. Vinnie, our pick-up, to let him know we were behind schedule. Due to the treacherousness of the trail, people try to summit Washington before nightfall, a luxury Will and I had missed. We left the warmth of the hut for the final 1.5 miles to the summit of the 6,288 ft. Washington.

The winds had intensified, and in tandem with the thickness of the clouds, made visibility awful. Furthermore, the temperature was alarmingly cold and dropping fast. When the sun goes down

on the Presidential Range temperatures can become extremely cold, even in August. While the cairns are usually separated by no more than twenty feet, the clouds and the winds made it difficult to see the glow of Will's flashlight even from that distance. It dawned on me that if we strayed far from the trail, finding our way back could be nearly impossible. Looking back with a mixture of amazement and exhilaration, I consider it one the most harrowing experiences of my life. After a while I estimated that we were within a quarter mile of the summit and we made a mad dash over the granite boulders to the top. It was only after we found ourselves standing within feet of the summit observatory that Will and I actually realized we had reached the summit. After a diligent search for the start of the auto-road, we began our final descent, jogging, aware that we would successfully complete the fifty.

While the auto-road was the most physically excruciating portion of the trip (asphalt doesn't feel great on the knees after hiking forty-five miles), Will and I were energized by our premature sense of accomplishment. By the time we arrived at Mr. Vinnie's car in the middle of the night our goal of finishing in twenty-four hours had become irrelevant: completion was accomplishment enough.

Will and I had added one of the most important chapters to our Pasquaney experience. I can say with certainty that without the hiking rapport and friendship we had built over the years, completing the fifty would have been impossible. At our destination Will and I stopped while Vinnie took a picture in front of the Pinkham Notch Visitors Center. In the picture we look haggard and beat, but there is the unmistakable glow of accomplishment in both of our eyes. Just before getting in the car Will glanced down at his watch. It was 1:45 a.m., twenty-three hours, 15 minutes, 28 seconds.

Gift Income Report

April 1, 2008 - March 31, 2009

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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
 Ast. Editor: Vin Broderick

FROM THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

We are in a new era and the order of the day is constantly changing. Each new issue of the daily paper may bring startling news, so that we wonder just where this world restlessness is driving us. Of course, the student of history knows that the old order must give way to new experiments, revolutions, perhaps resulting in better conditions, perhaps chaos – at any rate, the changing of one government for another, the rising of one class to power at the expense of another, war, bloodshed, suffering, laws altering the status of industry, strikes, and constant readjustments to new conditions. So, we are kept on the anxious seat and hardly know what each new day will bring forth.

And while this turmoil is whirling around us in the big world outside, we at Pasquaney are hardly conscious of it. To be sure, we have our everyday problems, but they are a mere drop in the bucket in comparison, and we are left to live the same lives as boys have lived at Pasquaney for the last forty years in an environment of peace, untroubled by the cyclone of serious events beyond our Camp boundaries – a happy, healthy, worth-while existence with the same old traditions, ideals that have inspired a thousand of our young men to meet the demands of the life outside with the granite of this old New Hampshire mountainside in their backbones.

Mr. Teddy, Water Sports Chapel Talk, 1934

Like Mr. Teddy in the 1930s, we believe the educational experience of a summer at Pasquaney fortifies boys for the challenges of the future. This season is Mr. Vinnie's 13th summer as Director, and we are so fortunate for his leadership. We are so fortunate, as well, to have such a loyal and generous base of supporters who provide the foundation for that experience.

These past months have been financially difficult, but I am pleased to report that our endowment stands at just under five million dollars. For the fiscal year ending on March 31, 2009, the value of our endowment was down by about 22%. We are working hard to be proper stewards of our resources.

Our challenge is always to make up the gap between the true cost of a camper (\$9,000) and the tuition charged to each camper (\$5,400). It should come as no surprise that Annual Giving has taken on an increasingly important role in this equation, and it now covers 23% of our operating budget.

Your support last year in our Annual Giving drive totalled \$201,681 - a remarkable number given the general economic climate - and helped us balance our budget. In addition, we received \$18,866 in gifts restricted for Fiscal Year 2009 scholarships and \$57,292 toward Fiscal Year 2010 scholarships.

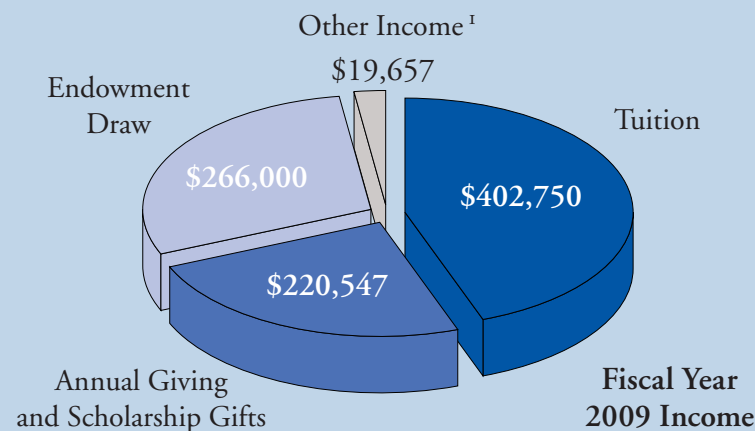
Last summer 18 campers were on some form of financial aid. This summer that number is 27, fourteen of whom are on full scholarship. As a matter of policy, the Trustees want to provide financial assistance as needed without exception. As you will note from the article on the opposite page, Bill Royall, the father of two former campers, has gone a long way toward making our vision a reality.

So, on behalf of the Board of Trustees and the entire Pasquaney community, I thank each and every one of you! If you haven't visited us recently, please come back to the hillside.

With my warmest regards,



Hugh T. Antrim
 President, Board of Trustees

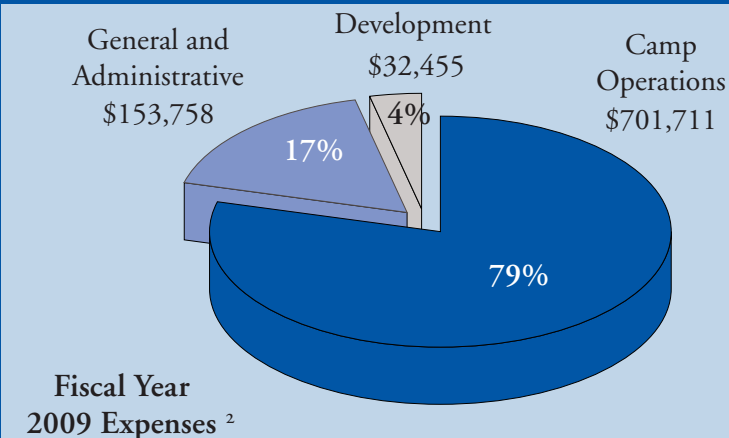


We are grateful to report that the generosity of alumni and friends made up 53% of our budgeted revenue this year through Annual Giving gifts, scholarship gifts, and our draw from the endowment. To keep camp affordable, and to use donated money most effectively, we continually look for ways to operate efficiently so that the greatest resources go to educate the boys. While the endowment declined this year, it remains a tremendous resource, and we remain indebted to those who have supported its growth. If you have any questions about camp finances, please don't hesitate to be in touch.

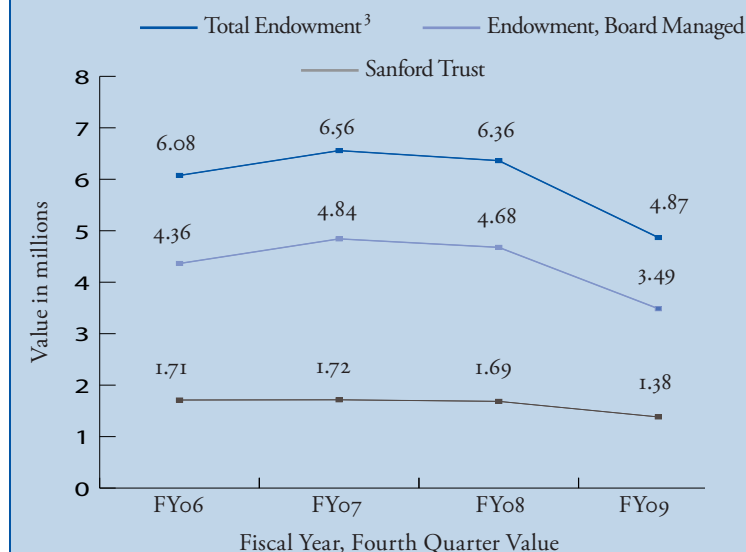
¹ Other Income is made up of miscellaneous revenue such as sales at the camp store and advertising income from the Pasquaney Annual.

² All expenses are categorized in consultation with Pasquaney's auditors on an annual basis. Due to the timing of this report, these figures are unaudited.

³ Pasquaney receives income from its own endowment, overseen by the Investment Committee of the Board and from the Sanford Trust, established in the 1990s by Leonard Sanford as a bequest.



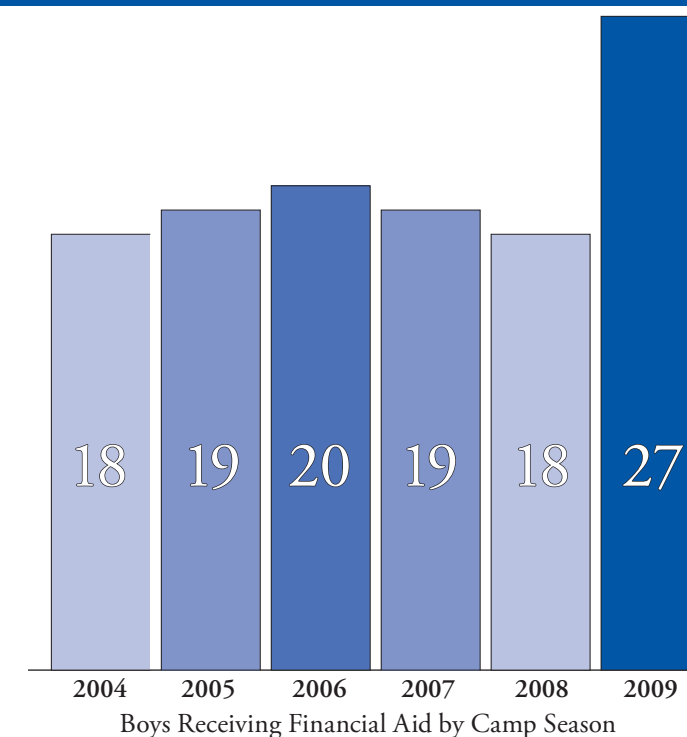
Endowment Value FY06 to FY09



Supporters' and Bill Royall Gifts Boost Scholarship Opportunities

Past parent Bill Royall gave a significant boost to Pasquaney's scholarships with a generous gift last fall. Motivated by the impact Pasquaney had on his two sons, Rider and William, Bill has paid the cost of five campers this coming summer and is in the process of setting up an endowment to pay for five boys a summer into the future. His timing could not be better. The tuition for the current summer is \$5,400, however the cost per boy is over \$9,000. While flexible with the use of these funds, Bill prefers they be used to assist boys whose parents did not have camp experiences.

We are especially grateful to those who supported scholarship this year because of the increased volume of requests for aid among new and returning families. Even with strong support we were unable to meet the needs of all applicants for the first time in fifteen years. We hope a lean operational budget and continued support from alumni and friends will allow us to satisfy future demand.



Annual Giving

April 1, 2008 - March 31, 2009

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.

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From left: Alex Burns, Max Brindle, Christian Griffin, Teddy Christenberry, Alisher Persheyev, Casey Dean, Tay Robart, Pete Havens, and Tyler Kinney in 2002.

Max Brindle, pictured second from the left above on an expedition in 2002, died in a biking accident last June. We wish to thank the eighty-four donors who gave over \$6,300 in his memory that will be used for scholarship in the future. Max's enthusiasm for life and willingness to take on a challenge remains alive with those of us who knew him on the hillside.

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We offer our sincerest apologies to Mr. and Mrs. Cesar A. Collantes for omitting their gift to the Charles F. Stanwood Memorial Fund in our report last year.



Gazing out of the Bath House windows, 1946. From left to right: Don Winslow, Bill St. John, Hal Meeks, Ballard Morton, Bob Rousseau, and Benny Wood.

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.

THE 1920S, 1930S, AND 1940S

Gaylord Gillis died this winter at age 97. During his last year as a camper in 1926 he won the Parsons Cup for the best Half-Mile time in camp: fourteen minutes, thirty-two seconds. He also rowed in the two seat for the Birch Junior crew. Following his time on the hillside Gaylord attended Princeton and later worked for his father's wholesale dry goods business, Edson, Moore & Co. in Detroit, Michigan. He served in the Navy during the Second World War and then returned to Detroit where he eventually took over the business from his father. During the mid 1990s Gaylord, his daughter Sibley, and her boyfriend Ward made a surprising connection. "I will never forget," recalled Sibley, "he and Ward were sitting together when they discovered that they had both attended Pasquaney, and my father seemed to say, 'Okay, now you can marry my daughter!' ... My father really felt like Pasquaney gave him a foundation to view the challenges in his life. He met some of his best friends at Pasquaney, and he stayed in touch with them his whole life." **Ward Classen**, who attended camp in the early

1970s, soon became Gaylord's son-in-law. In 2005 **Pierce Classen**, Gaylord's grandson, continued the camp tradition.

Tom Hardwick died in November. During his camper years from 1931 to 1934 he was active all around the hillside, participating in Water Sports plays, captaining victorious Senior league baseball teams, winning the Junior dive, stroking winning crews and canoe races, and going on two Long Walks. In 1934 he was elected a Captain of Industry and received "the Harvard Cup for general excellence in baseball." The *Annual* discusses his selection: "The problem was by no means simple. Several boys deserved consideration, not only because of their ability, but also because of their leadership, interest, and enthusiasm. But because one boy was an outstanding player, and because he did more than anyone else to help promote the interest of the game by dint of his enthusiastic spirit, the cup was, by unanimous vote of the baseball council, presented to 'Tommy' Hardwick." Tom later attended UNC-Chapel Hill and served as a navy Lieutenant on a destroyer during the Second World War. He joined PPG Industries in Charlotte, NC, after the war where he worked until forming his own company, Hardwick Chemical Associates, which he led for the next twenty years. Tom's son, **Chan Hardwick**, was a Pasquaney camper, counsellor, and trustee and now serves as a trustee emeritus.

Vin Broderick attended a memorial service for **Fenno Heath** at his retirement community in January. Before the service he had lunch

The 1951 Long Walk making sandwiches for the day's hike.



with **Joe and Alison Fox** and **Jack and Joan Wheeler**. During the reception after the service, Carol Heath brought Vin the score of a quartet that she, Fenno, Nick and Jack Bolton had sung at camp in 1950. (*Tea for Two*, arranged by Fenno). She believes it was the first time that a woman had performed on the Pasquaney stage. Vin wrote to Carol before the service:

*When I read of Fenno's death, I pulled the 1949 Pasquaney Annual from the shelf. It was his second summer as a counsellor, still four years before I was born. Yet I have felt his presence powerfully because it has endured at Pasquaney in the over half century since Fenno was here. The cheerful picture of him with his fellow counsellors, so many of them singers, made me realize how they must have enjoyed being together. I know they formed a quartet in at least one of those years. Fenno directed Yale musicians to Pasquaney long after he left. He was succeeded by **Fred Pittman**. Fred told me a few years ago that Fenno and **Marshall Bartholomew** (Mr. Barty) sat him down in the Yale Glee Club office in 1951 and told Fred what he was about to do with his summer: serve on the Pasquaney council. Fred has recently endowed a scholarship for campers from the Deep South, so Fenno is quite directly responsible for that legacy. As recently as the 1980s Fenno was recommending protégés to direct music at Pasquaney. One of them, **Jono Babbitt**, was a dorm counsellor with me. I also knew Fenno's name from my own singing. I don't think I sang in any glee club in high school, college, or beyond without singing something by both Mr. Barty and by Fenno. It is no wonder that Yale was favorite college at camp for many years, with **Marshall Bartholomew**, **Fenno Heath**, and **Duke Henning** as a core. We are all grateful that Fenno's impress on Pasquaney will remain part of us forever.*

Nick Bolton added his memories of Fenno:



Table Duty, 1971.

*I still have a copy of his arrangements of How High the Moon and Tea for Two which Iris and Jack and Barbara and I still sing when we get together! As I remember, Fenno wrote the arrangements sitting on the office porch - no piano, just pencil and pad. **Charlie Platt**, **Jack**, and I with Fenno formed the famous Pasquaney Paradise Quartet that year and sang in the 1950 production of Love Rides the Rails.*

I can't seem to remember whether it was after camp ended in 1949 or in 1950 when Jack and I were invited by Fenno and Carol to their engagement party. One of the highlights of the occasion was when all of their guests were invited into the living room, and Carol, who was a violinist, and Fenno, a pianist, premiered a violin sonata that he had written for her as an engagement present. What a memory!

Ferdinand (Andy) LaMotte, IV died last August. **Jack Wheeler** recalled that Andy joined his winning Senior Canoe Race in 1951 at the last minute to replace **Clay Morton** who had been injured while playing third base in the Boys vs. Council baseball game. "He was a real likeable guy who liked to excel. He was short of stature but big on heart." Andy attended Princeton and earned his M.B.A. at Wharton before joining the Girard Trust Bank for seventeen years. He later became a partner at the investment counseling firm James M. Davidson & Co.

While driving in Arizona **Dave Reed** noticed a Pasquaney sticker on a Subaru Outback alongside a Dartmouth College sticker. He later emailed **Vin Broderick** to ask if he knew who it might be. Vin, who knows everyone, predicted it belonged to the Hunker family – and was correct!

THE 1950S AND 1960S

Howie Baetjer was listed as one of many economists calling for less government spending and intervention in a full page advertisement

in *The New York Times* on January 28th, 2009. On March 13th he appeared on a segment of ABC's *20/20* entitled, "Bailouts, Big Government, and Bull." Howie is a professor of economics at Towson University in Maryland.

Dick Beyer and his wife Linda took a trip "Around the world in fifty-six days" this winter. Dick writes, "We went east stopping in London and Dubai briefly before visiting Camille and **Parker Griffin** for a week in Hong Kong. We then spent four weeks in Thailand, Laos, Vietnam and Cambodia. We were traveling alone with local hosts who took us places that not many tourists go -- like walking into an outdoor wedding in Laos, where we were greeted by the bride and groom with cold drinks and an offer to stay for the reception! Some highlights were the gorgeous Wats (Buddhist temples) in Thailand; a two-day trip down the Mekong River in Laos; cyclo rides through the crazy streets of Hanoi; an overnight among the thousand islands on Halong Bay, Vietnam; a Chinese New Year's lantern celebration in Hoi An, Vietnam; sunrise on top of a mountain with the monks in Cambodia; floating villages in Vietnam and Cambodia; and some great birding in Thailand's largest national park, Khao Yai. We completed the circuit with stops in Tokyo and Kyoto, Japan; Hawaii; and Santa Monica, CA, to visit **Dan** and see his new studio where he composes music for television and film."

David Sperry moved "from balmy Dallas to windblown snowy Chicago - for love, marriage, and a new hospital job!"

THE 1970S

Peter Carey skillfully ran his first town meeting as Moderator of the Town of Hebron, NH, in March.

This summer **Ashley Curtis** is returning with his family to the Ecole in the Swiss Alps where he and his wife Melissa taught for many years. They have been living in Hatfield, MA, for the past few years. He will be heading the American Program and co-directing the school, and Melissa will be Dean of Academics. In an email to Vin he says that he looks "forward to being back in the mountains that I love and in that special community."

Charlie Putnam is coaching the Holy Cross College novice women's crew and finding it very rewarding watching them progress through the year. He and his wife Barbara, who teaches at St. Mark's where they live, built a house on Deer Isle in Maine and are enjoying settling into it.

Trigg Talley married in December, 2006, and has a baby girl named Nancy. He is the Director of the Office of Global Change, Bureau of Oceans and International Environmental and Scientific Affairs at the United States Department of State. After graduating with honors in American Studies, Trigg studied Japanese in Japan and later earned a Masters in International Education.

Ned Talley (PhD), and his wife are raising two twin six-year olds, and Ned is working at the National Institute for Health as Program Director of the National Institute of Neurological Disorders and Stroke (NINDS).

THE 1980S

Brandon Neblett, **Al Southall**, **Jay West**, **Chad Poist**, **Jamie Stover** and **Ed Swenson** ran into Barack Obama in Chicago in November during their annual "Midnight Run" football game and get-together.



Teatherball, 1962.



Sailing, 1978.



Lord of the Flies on Plymouth, 1986. From left: Vance DuBuclet, Wade Levering, Chris Ford, Ted Kerkam, Michael McShane, Tommy Sutro, John Pakerson, Zan Stewart, Yo Tanaka and Scott Edwards on the ground.

Brandon writes, “We went to dinner at an Italian restaurant one of Alec’s friends suggested. We were just about to walk in when we were stopped by some beefy security guards and asked to step away from the door. The next thing we know the Secret Service and Chicago PD come barreling up in a fleet of black SUVs, and out steps the President-elect. He even waived back!”

Jay Ashton and his wife Jackie live in San Francisco with their two small children. “Things are great. I think of Pasquaney often, and really hope to be able to get back to visit sometime soon - hopefully before my three month old son is ready for camp!”

Freddie Bocoek, father to **Al and Jack Bocoek**, and grandfather to current campers **Willis Bocoek** and **Jack Turnage**, died in November. An active member of the Richmond community and long-time supporter of Pasquaney, Freddie will be missed by many as evidenced by his funeral which drew a large crowd that included approximately forty Pasquaney alumni.

Marc Bonnet-Eymard has two sons: Liam, who turned one mid-winter, and Tristam.

Linc Farr is working as a freelance producer for television documentaries and was involved with the CBS News inauguration night special in January. “I’ve been in New York for about ten years. My wife Elizabeth and I moved to Brooklyn last April, and we are expecting a baby in July. I often think back fondly of my days at Pasquaney.”

At a gala event in January that included foreign heads of state, members of the U.S. cabinet and congress, world business leaders and celebrities, **Ed Norton** received the “Good Steward Award”

from the International Conservation Caucus Foundation for his “outstanding international conservation efforts.”

Jon Rorer is First officer for Continental Airlines flying around the world to Europe and Asia. He was married two years ago and has a ten-month old son.

Alec Southall and his wife Kimberly are expecting their first child in July!

THE 1990S

After helping connect Pasquaney to local foods last summer **Alden Cadwell** has turned that passion into a career as a consultant for Sustainable Food Systems.

Brad Cragin joined Estabrook Capital Management as their Director of Research in December where he joins **Doug Reigeluth** who serves as Director of Marketing. Doug writes, “As you would guess, he has been a great addition!”

Bill Gallagher is living in New York City, and, according to his sister, enjoying all the city has to offer. He is working for Microsoft.

Steve Hibbard is studying at the Wharton School of Business in Philadelphia but will be interning with UBS in Tokyo this summer in their Sales and Trading, Fixed Income and Currencies Division. He would love to have any visitors for a tour of the city or a weekend hike in the mountains!

Dwight Keysor is moving back east and will attend the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth starting next fall.

After teaching abroad at the Winter Term in Switzerland, **Jake MacArthur** has returned to Idaho where he is once again designing and installing solar and wind systems. “Things are going well, and we are super busy. We have too much work!”

Chris Reigeluth visited his brother **Jack** in India this winter. Jack writes, “The two and a half weeks we spent together surpassed all of my expectations. It is difficult to describe our trip as we went from one cultural region of India to the other, but needless to say it was a great time. Perhaps my most amazing encounter was bumping into **Stuart Reigeluth**, **Tyler Reigeluth**’s brother, at the Jama Masjid in Old Delhi, a strange place for a family reunion. I had not seen Stuart for eight years, and had it not been for the Pasquaney T-shirt that I was wearing, he would not have recognized me and we would not have met.” After returning to the States from India in early summer Jack will be rejoining the council and pursuing a master’s degree in education at Columbia Teacher’s College this fall.

Andrew Riely has completed his graduate work in geography at the University of Texas at Austin and will begin work next fall teaching at the National Cathedral School in Washington, D.C.

Andrew Sanford is looking for work in the environmental field and applying for a Masters of Science in Environmental Impact Assessment after completing his undergraduate degree in geography. He writes, “My honors thesis was entitled ‘Bridging the nature-culture divide: A case study of the Pemigewasset Wilderness, New Hampshire.’ It dealt with the transformational effects of human agency on the landscape and ecology of the Pemi from prehistoric times to the present, contextualizing the region’s importance to the modern environmental movement and specifically the passage of the Weeks Act of 1911. I hope all is going well with you and think of camp often.”

Giovanni (Gio) Zaneccchia is living in New Jersey and working on his fifth of eight exams to become a certified automobile mechanic. He plans to move to Florence, Italy for a year in May with Ariana Mirabile who is working on a master’s degree in painting. **Alex Zaneccchia** is now working in Washington, DC and Charlottesville, VA, as a software analyst for Shoulders Corporation after leaving his job with Apple in San Francisco in order to be closer to his family and girlfriend, Lizzy DiMattia, who is completing a master’s in education at UVA. **Christof Zaneccchia** graduated from the Berklee College of Music last May and is preparing for a job in New York City while continuing to write music with Alex and Giovanni. He plans to come back to Europe in May to work on his Swiss citizenship and a master’s degree.

THE 2000S

Ryan Birdsall is attending Elon University. He spent his winter vacation in Mississippi helping the reconstruction effort for hurricane victims. **Andrew Birdsall** qualified for the finals of the National NASTAR skiing championships in Steamboat, CO, the last weekend in March.

Danny Gorman received the Bob Rier Scholarship from Mayhew, which goes to a six-year Mayhew graduate who regularly applies the concept of teamwork to his daily life and who is enrolled in a post-secondary education program.

Michael Hanrahan and his wife Aimee Wadeson welcomed their first child, Adelaide Wadeson Hanrahan, to the world in late February. “I am so grateful for the many text and email messages I got during the labor from Pasquaney friends. I would read them to Aimee, and it made us feel like we had an entire community supporting us from afar during an emotional process.” Both parents can tell Adelaide is excited for the upcoming summer on the lake due to her early penchant for the colors grey, blue, brown and white.

Phil Hooper graduated from Brown this spring and will return to the council this summer. Next winter he will work at the Winter Term in Switzerland.

Harrison Hill had a busy year of productions in New York. Last fall he played the lead in NYU’s production of *Icarus of Ohio*, a new play



Mike Filbey (left) calls for the ball to tag out either Robert Garnes (middle) or Tyler Tarum (right) who can’t decide “Who’s on second?”

by Rob Ackerman. During the winter he portrayed a Scandinavian diplomat in *A Map of the World* by David Hare, the writer of *The Reader* and *The Hours* screenplays. This spring he has been working on a Tennessee Williams play, *Camino Real*, which was a notorious flop when first produced on Broadway. “Clearly, we have our work cut out for us!”

Peter Kistner will travel to Patagonia in Chile next year to pursue a two-year mountaineer course to be come a mountaineering guide. He writes, “Without my two years at Pasquaney, I would never have realized my love for the outdoors and hiking. My ambition to become a mountaineering guide is directly impacted from Pasquaney ... It taught me the core values of working hard, and preserving the outdoors.”

After graduating from Boston College this winter, **Will Kryder** moved to Washington, D.C. where he is working as a research assistant for author Ron Suskind.

Jamey Price is a Junior at Centre College where he is studying history and international relations. Last year he won the varsity swimming male coaches award for hard work and dedication to the sport. He also registered as an amateur steeplechase jockey and has collected several victories. When not swimming or riding he enjoys triathlons! Last summer Jamey worked as an intern for a local television station in their web development department, and he is hoping to pursue photography after graduation.

Alec Raiken is a Sophomore at Northeastern University where he is studying biology and business. He plans to start a co-op that will begin this summer and last through November.

Ben Schramm was commissioned this winter as an officer in the Marine Corps.

Nick Sekula is studying nursing at the University of Maine in Fort Kent. He is keeping his woodworking skills sharp through stage crew work in the theater.

Jackson, 1994. From left: Ambrose Faturoti, Phil Harris, Jamie Pitts, Kurt Wiesenmaier, Jesse Allen, Steve Weinsier (who will be a camp doctor this summer), Joe Dillingham, and Gio Zaneccchia.





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- 2009 Camp Schedule -

Saturday, June 27 - Opening Day
July 6 - July 10 Camping Expeditions
July 27 - August 1 The Long Walk
August 7 - 9 Trustees' Weekend
August 15 - 16 Water Sports Weekend
Sunday, August 16 - Camp Closes

If you would like to receive email news about the season from Mr. Vinnie during the summer please contact the office to let us know! (office@pasquaney.org; (603) 225-4065)

continued from page four.

Suddenly, they broke through and it lay before them: Nancy Pond. Dave turned to Ben, then back toward the expanse of frozen water. "When we looked over into the wilderness it took our breath away," Dave recalled. "It was just one of the greatest accomplishments to have worked so hard to get there."

After a few minutes they turned to head home. Along the way they tied flagging to the trees so they could find their way back next summer during the 1960 season. The first steps of Mr. Charlie's vision for Notchpost were complete. Pasquaney had a base camp in Crawford Notch and now had rediscovered the first pond, a link in the chain to the Carrigain wilderness.

Writing on May 3rd of that year to Mrs. Morey, Mr. Charlie articulated his dream. "Some day we'd like to try to put a trail all the way from our camp site past Nancy Pond down into Carrigain Notch. This would be a great boon to many a hiker, and I think that the work involved would be a wonderful experience for our boys."

Within five years this dream became a reality, and the Notchpost experience would echo through the lives of generations of Pasquaney alumni. That story will be the subject of a future issue of the *White Birch*.

This article would not have been possible without the insight of many alumni and friends of camp such as: Hugh Antrim, Sr.; Bob Bulkeley; Chip Carpenter; Steve Dittmann; Art Mudge; Nordy Nordstrom, Jr.; Peter and Tom Oleson; Jim Sanford; Frank Sulloway; and Bob Thompson. Many of those interviewed will appear in the next article. Additional thanks to Melinda Ryder for finding Mr. Charlie's personal Notchpost file; to Dick Beyer for the use of his slides; to Peggy Zeigler and Jack Spaeth for sharing relevant sections of their father's journal; to Vin Broderick for his many leads and edits; and to Dave Ryder for his years of leadership.



The first ascent of Nancy Cascades, 1959. Led by Dave Ryder (at far right), this group set out in August after the N.E.T.E. expedition to search for Nancy Pond. Due to an inaccurate map, Dave and Ben Morgan would not find the pond until the following winter. Photo courtesy of Dick Beyer.