

White Birch

CAMP PASQUANEY

WINTER 2009



Above: Opening Day, 2008. Mr. Vinnie and several older boys meet with the new campers to discuss their first impressions of camp after an older-camper-led tour. Below: Counsellor Rob Denious (right) greets new camper Max Russakoff.

On Being a New Camper

by Jacob Potash

[Editor's note: Jacob was a new camper last season, and though only twelve, is remarkably articulate. Other than a handful of grammatical edits, the following words are entirely his own.]

I had the good fortune last summer of being assigned to Jeremy Bertsche's camper-led circle, and in one of our discussions he remarked how difficult Pasquaney's allure is to explain. Not until I returned home and attempted this feat, though, did I fully appreciate the truth of his comment.

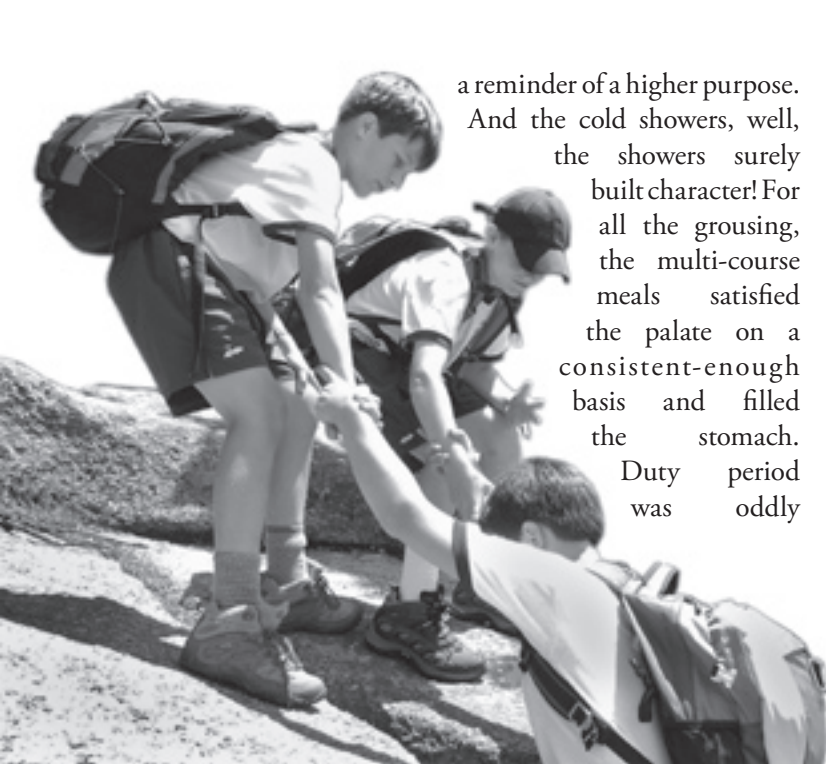
Seeing as one my ancestors was a camper at the inception of Camp Pasquaney in 1895, I had a fifteen-year-old brother in his fourth year attending as well, and many of the men in my family are alumni or have been trustees of the camp, upon the commencement of my first summer I certainly did not feel like a newcomer or an outsider. I would soon realize, though, that what I knew of Pasquaney was rather superficial, that at the core of the camp was a unique sense of community that one must experience to understand.

The abundance of warmth and

openness was apparent from the first day; nearly every counselor and older boy shook my hand and introduced himself. Whatever activity I wanted to try, I knew that I was surrounded by people more than willing to point me in the right direction. Whichever table I was seated at, I knew that if I forgot the age-old Memorial Hall etiquette I could count on someone to politely remind me of it. And whatever duty to which I had been condemned (as I sometimes felt) the sages would be glad to impart to me their ancient nuggets of insight and wisdom on how to, say, finish the cracks in Northern Dana. I was taken aback, and, at the same time, overjoyed at the remarkable supportiveness of the community. To my further surprise, even my fellow new boys asked to help with my bags after they had dealt with their own, that "unique sense of community" having rubbed off faster than seems possible.

By no means was the schedule typical, either. There certainly wasn't much time to be groggy in the morning. Even if they were not the Jewish ones with which I was familiar, I found it enjoyable and gratifying to open and close the day with prayers - a display of humility,

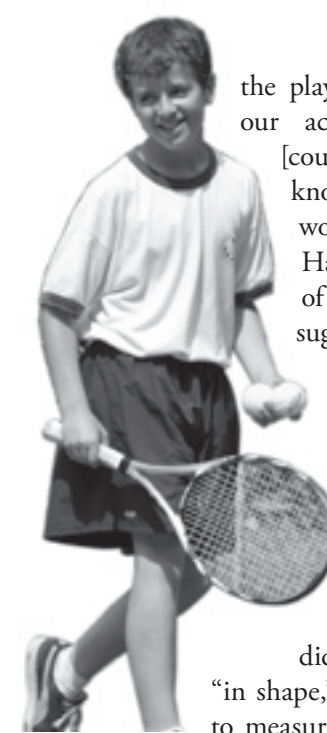




a reminder of a higher purpose. And the cold showers, well, the showers surely built character! For all the grousing, the multi-course meals satisfied the palate on a consistent-enough basis and filled the stomach. Duty period was oddly

piercing shards of water, confirmation of my sentience. I have no regrets, however; I am a better man because of it. Inspection was another necessary evil, more tolerable, though, because its purpose was more tangible. I can only imagine the condition of my bunk or how many belongings I would have lost had it not been for inspection. (If you are a prospective camper who has been sent this publication, I assure you I'm merely poking fun at Pasquaney's many traditions). I'm not the strongest hiker, and I would rather have been at camp than on a hike any day had I been given the option. But it was important that I wasn't given the option, because after each hike I felt accomplished and that the hike was well worth it. One realizes, examining the schedule, how Pasquaney weaves together freedom to make choices and mandatory activities. It balances the cultivation of the individual, the leader, with the development of the responsible, considerate member of the community. And one realizes how immaculately its system, refined for 114 years and counting, works.

I very nearly did not attend Pasquaney. I "knew" that I would despise hikes and embarrass myself playing baseball,



the play's success was, I had to attribute our accomplishment predominantly to [counsellor] Harrison [Hill]. I'll never know just what he did, but it sure worked. I never dreaded rehearsals. Harrison never imposed his vision of a character or a scene upon us; he suggested directions in which we could take our character but always gave us the appropriate amount of liberty to experiment and act however we thought realistic.

Before I knew it, it was time for expeditions. During some of Favor Farm, rain confined us to our tents, but the backpacking we did set a new standard for the phrase "in shape," one to which I didn't come close to measuring up. And while the expedition

comforting (when I didn't have table duty). I felt as if I was doing something that needed doing – contributing rather than simply benefiting. I always enjoyed the great expanse of time in an activity period during which to work, uninterrupted, in the shop, or to play tennis until I was spent. Mornings were so full that during my first week I would confuse lunch for dinner. Campfire was usually relaxing, almost like a decompression period preparing us for Taps.

I never really looked forward to Wednesdays (hikes days) or Sundays, but each had its place and purpose. When Friedrich Nietzsche wrote "What does not kill me, makes me stronger," he very well may have been referring to Tub on Sundays. Tub was the time during the week when we all were required to take showers.

"Why would you dread taking a shower?" you might ask. The catch was the water was glacial. There were times when I was sure I had gone under, another helpless victim of the "laser" (a shower with a particularly concentrated stream of water), but the next moment would shower my back with more

Perhaps Pasquaney is so hard to explain for the same reason that a whole is more than the sum of its parts.

that expeditions would be miserable, and that I wasn't much of a waterman. However, my mom was convinced, and convinced me, that Pasquaney would be a wonderful fit. I quickly discovered that, among the diverse range of activities, several were right up my alley and many of the activities that initially nudged me out of my comfort zone proved to be equally as enjoyable as those that I thought were "right up my alley."

The activity that I gravitated toward most naturally was tennis, having played for several years in Baltimore. The combination of open T.I.'s instructional value [open Tennis Instruction] and the fun of being with so many other kids was a winning one, and, for the first time ever, I was playing with people my own age. Tennis was the activity that dominated my first week, during which I primarily stuck to the familiar.

Being twelve, I had been prepared to play a female role in one of the theater productions, but I was pleasantly surprised to learn that the theater play was *12 Angry Men*. After an extensive auditioning process, I was thrilled to be cast as the Eighth Juror, although at the time I didn't know the first thing about the character.

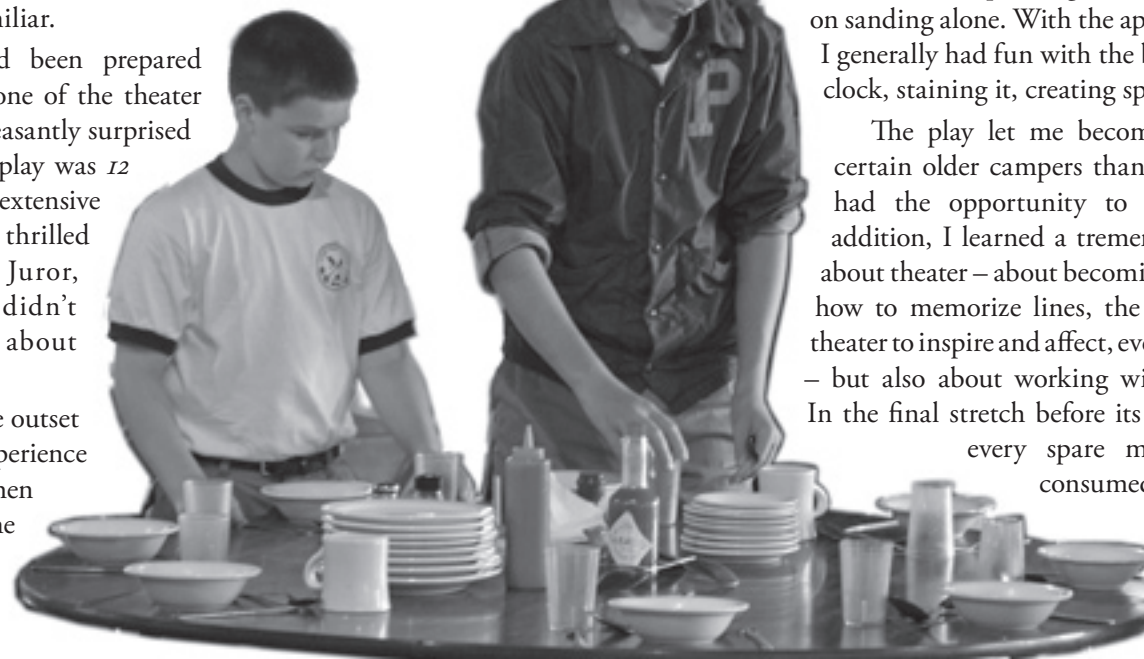
Nor did I know at the outset what an incredible experience I was in for. Later, when people asked me what the "secret ingredient" of

wasn't always thrilling, it let us become comfortable with each other. As I mentioned in a letter home, much of our time was spent laughing. There was often no obvious reason for our laughter, but we didn't see that as a good reason not to laugh. The lack of inhibition that expeditions fostered allowed for a closeness between us that probably wouldn't have been achieved any other place.

As the summer progressed, I found myself more and more often in the woodshop, creating my Pasquaney Chest. I realized this box was not a story that could be rewritten or a picture that could be retaken. Most alterations to the wood could not be reversed. At points, I became caught up in detail, somehow spending five activity periods on sanding alone. With the appropriate care, I generally had fun with the box: inlaying a clock, staining it, creating special handles.

The play let me become closer with certain older campers than I would have had the opportunity to otherwise. In addition, I learned a tremendous amount about theater – about becoming a character, how to memorize lines, the potential of theater to inspire and affect, even set design – but also about working with a group. In the final stretch before its first showing,

every spare moment was consumed by the

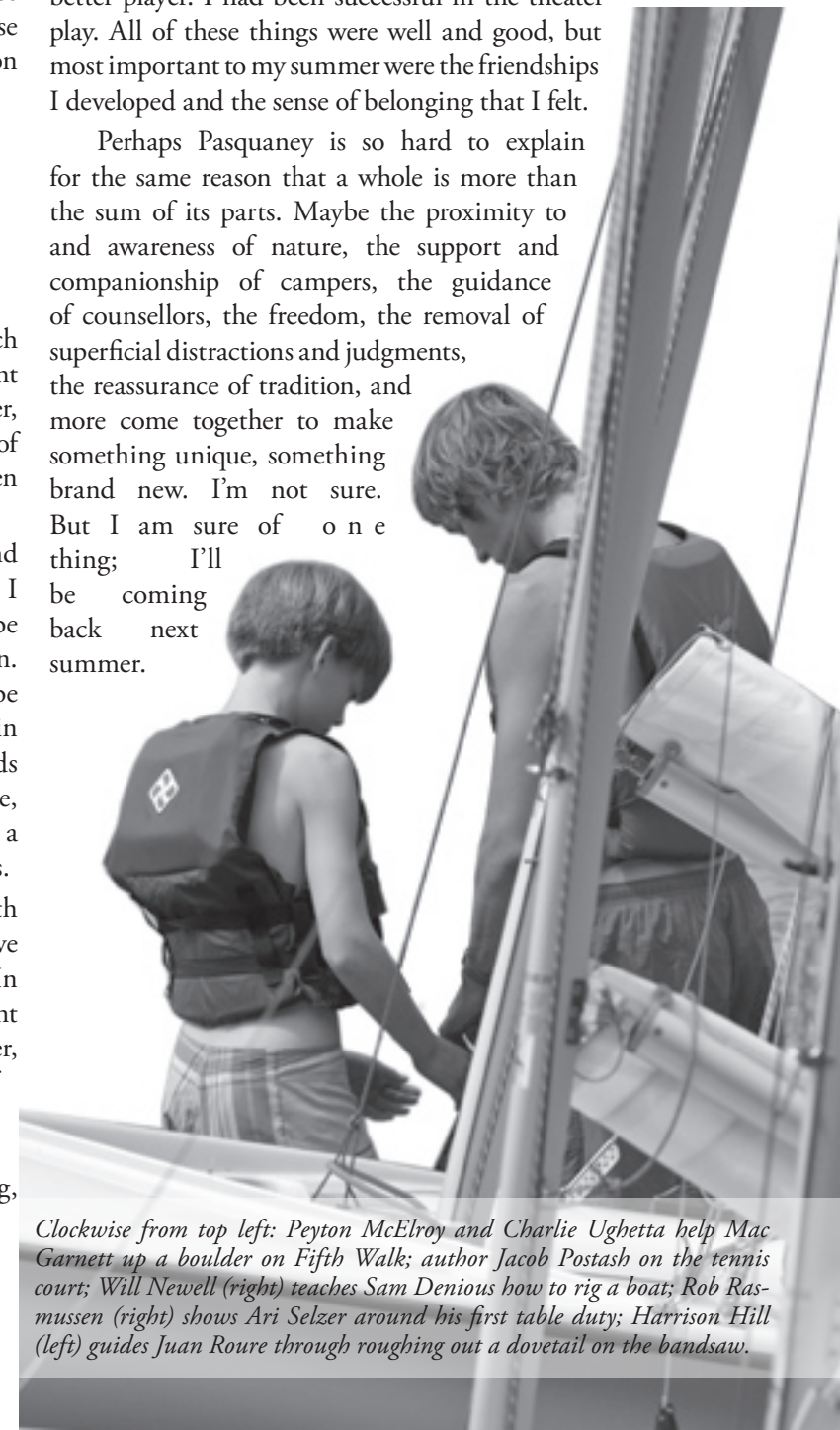


daunting task of memorizing all my lines.

The thrill of performing *12 Angry Men* was incredible. The fruit of our labors was a show that was powerful both on the character level and in its message about the American judicial system. I would be very lucky to have a theatrical experience like that again in my life.

Inspired by tree talks and chapel talks to "seize the moment," I had begun pursuing my Basic Sailor within the last two weeks of camp. In a dramatic turn of events, a storm presented itself during the last activity period of the summer, denying me my hope of becoming a Basic Sailor – or so I thought. The generous sailing council presented a few others and me with the title at the awards ceremony that night. I had added the finishing touches to my box, which I was very proud of and loved like a child. Charlie Ughetta's baseball team, on which I had played, had won the championship. I had done respectably in the tennis tournament and become a better player. I had been successful in the theater play. All of these things were well and good, but most important to my summer were the friendships I developed and the sense of belonging that I felt.

Perhaps Pasquaney is so hard to explain for the same reason that a whole is more than the sum of its parts. Maybe the proximity to and awareness of nature, the support and companionship of campers, the guidance of counsellors, the freedom, the removal of superficial distractions and judgments, the reassurance of tradition, and more come together to make something unique, something brand new. I'm not sure. But I am sure of one thing; I'll be coming back next summer.



Clockwise from top left: Peyton McElroy and Charlie Ughetta help Mac Garnett up a boulder on Fifth Walk; author Jacob Postash on the tennis court; Will Newell (right) teaches Sam Denious how to rig a boat; Rob Rasmussen (right) shows Ari Selzer around his first table duty; Harrison Hill (left) guides Juan Roure through roughing out a dovetail on the bandsaw.



The dedication ceremony this past season at Water Sports. From left: Wes Sulloway, Ella Sulloway, Lucien Sulloway, Brook Sulloway, Clark Sulloway and Vin Broderick.

Newly Rebuilt Court Two Dedicated in Alvah Sulloway's Memory

[This past Water Sports Pasquaney dedicated Court Two in memory of Alvah Sulloway. Work on rebuilding the court was completed in 2007, and many campers have since enjoyed tennis instruction and matches on its expanded surface. Vin Broderick's and Brooke Sulloway's remarks at the dedication follow.]

[Vin Broderick] When Alvah Sulloway was at camp, from 1927 to 1932, he was known for his cheerfulness, his intelligence, his craftsmanship in the shop, and his love of tennis. He was also known for his attentiveness to and appreciation of guidance and coaching in both activities and in the intangibles. As a result he showed great growth over his time at camp. He was voted best camper on expeditions and praised for being a good sport and a good sportsman, and in 1932 he was camp tennis champion.

[Brooke Sulloway] In his autobiography, my father wrote that at Pasquaney he discovered that he liked competition. Perhaps because of that realization, he went on to captain varsity squash and tennis teams at St. Paul's and Harvard. In 1938, he and his father, Frank J. Sulloway, were National Champions in Father and Son Doubles. Pasquaney continued to nurture tennis in the next generation of Sulloways, as all of Dad's sons who attended camp won the camp championship; Lucien in 1957, Frank in 1963, and I in 1972.

Lucien has made a life out of tennis, teaching and competing to this day as a "Super Senior" for the Swiss National Team. Our father never left his racquet at home and sought out pros with whom to play in nearly every country to which he travelled. He was still playing in his 89th year!

[Vin Broderick] Shortly before Alvah's death, his son Brook, father of Clark and Wes, thought that Alvah might be interested in doing something to help the Pasquaney tennis program. Alvah's father had given the first court an upgrade about thirty years ago. Soon after I talked with Brook, he sent word that Alvah would like to donate funds to enlarge and improve the second court. Last summer this court was overhauled and is now a gem. Mike Kenney, the builder, on completing it, said that it was ready for the French Open. But we have decided to play exhibition tennis today instead. One of the players is Alvah's grandson, Wesley. It is with gratitude to Alvah Sulloway and his family that we dedicate this court.

Chris Granger Joins the Board of Trustess

In 1975 Chris Granger was looking for a summer job before heading to his freshman year at Middlebury College. Having grown up in Greenwich, Connecticut, he knew Cord Phelps who had attended and recently worked for a summer camp on Newfound Lake. Chris had never been to camp. He had spent his summers with his family on Cuttyhunk Island off the coast of Massachusetts. However "the hillside" was not completely unknown to him. "I had spent enough time with [the Phelps brothers] to know from them that Pasquaney was a very special place," he recalled. With a little encouragement from Cord, he called John Gemmill to ask if he could join the council.

That winter "Gem-John" was preparing to become "Mr. Gem-John" for the first time, following in the legendary footsteps of Mr. Charlie. Bringing on a counsellor who had never been a camper to help navigate the trials of his first summer as Director did not at first sound like a banner idea. In fact, older veterans like Tim Briney and Dave Hughes were returning specifically to help with the transition. But Chris would not take "no" for an answer. "The way Gem-John remembered it ... I was so persistent that he decided it was a good thing to have me come. Apparently, I called back enough times that he decided that it was a sign that it would work!"

Though Chris (later nicknamed "Forest" by Bob Thompson) arrived on the hillside confident that the Pasquaney experience would be enjoyable, any subconscious doubts were erased quickly. "I specifically remember walking through the quoit pits and Howie Baetjer, who was a counsellor in Tradition, came running up, and I think he even gave me a hug or anyway a good firm handshake with all this enthusiasm bubbling through. That is emblematic of the welcome that Pasquaney traditionally has for people who may be new there. So I felt very comfortable and welcomed right away, and before long I had made deep and lasting friendships."

Chris's interests at the waterfront as a sailing and diving counsellor fit well. His ability and enthusiasm for the outdoors propelled him into helping Nordy Nordstrom to lead the Long Walk, and later Pasquaney's first Backpacking expedition in 1976.

However what struck Chris most was not the activities. "I expected camp to be fun, to be an enjoyable time ... But for me the most remarkable thing was the focus on community and moral development - the focus on values and bringing out the best in people. That was something I just hadn't recognized was a defining feature of Pasquaney ... Pasquaney captures community spirit better than any other institution I have seen. That experience enables boys to learn how to behave in and contribute to a community and to establish healthy friendships."

While many camps succeed at creating communities, Chris felt "Pasquaney is particularly successful because of the emphasis on the details of how a community works best; how people learn responsibility and respect; and how they are supportive of each



The Granger family in London. Back row, from left: Bradi and Chris. Front row, from left: Thomas, Leah, and Eliza.

other and of the values that make a community work well - while at the same time being a place where there is a lot of simple fun."

Much of the work is in the details. "I remember a tree talk that Tim Briney gave that was entitled 'The Little Things' which made the point that each little thing that we do ends up combining to have an impact: the sow an act, reap a habit concept. And so those little things are something as simple as opening a door for somebody in Mem Hall or picking up a piece of paper on the ground - doing the little extra things that are not expected but that show a level of caring and commitment for the group."

Chris served on the council from 1975 to 1979 and then again in 1981. His time as infirmary counsellor under Wayne Southwick and Jacques Bonnet-Eymard reinforced his interest in medicine, and following his graduation from Middlebury, he attended medical school at the University of Connecticut. During several of those summers, he served as camp doctor. Chris went on to study internal medicine at the University of Colorado and then pursued a fellowship in cardiology at Duke University, where he remains today.

"Medicine in general for me was nice because I enjoyed science and biology and also being with people and the idea of being able to help them through medicine. Cardiology was something I became particularly interested in during medical school as a specialty where there was a lot of interesting development in new treatments and an opportunity to make an impact ... My career ever since staying on at Duke as a faculty member at the medical school, and one of the cardiologists on the clinical service, has been a combination of about half patient care and half research. For me that gives a nice mix of complimentary activities. It has involved collaboration with people around the world, in another type of community, working together on large studies of heart disease."

Chris is looking forward to reconnecting with the Pasquaney community as a board member and "being involved in a different dimension" of camp. He and his wife, Bradi, will also be Pasquaney parents this summer when their son, Thomas, joins the hillside for the first time.



Reflections from the Waterfront, 1965 to 2008

by Bob Bulkeley

I came to Camp in 1964 for what I had intended to be my sixth and last year on the council, but Mr. Charlie asked me to stay on as waterfront director and to join the “permanent council.” I had no idea manning the dock would be a “lifetime” appointment which I chose to end this summer after forty-four years. While continuity with the past was almost as paramount as safety, I made a couple of changes the first year including eliminating waterskiing and swimming to the diving raft during soak. However most of what was present when I inherited the job from Ben Wood is in place as I pass it on to Rich DeSalvo.

Over forty-four summers there have been too many memorable people and moments to record here, so I apologize for omitting hundreds that deserve mention. In terms of drama, Camp half-mile records are rarely surpassed. From Randy Brown at 12:10 in 1967 there has been a succession of new record holders: Jay Peters, Rob Langford, Marc and Eric Bonnet-Eymard, and finally Emmons Yates with an incredibly fast 9:21 in 2001. Nature has provided almost as much drama with violent thunderstorms, threatening hurricanes, and floods (July 1973, Water Sports morning 1990 and Opening Day in 1998). We had a fast moving thunderstorm interrupt Water Sports in 1967 so several events were cancelled as we regrouped to end it with the fifty-yard swim and war canoe finals. At Water Sports in 1983 we had such winds and waves that crew shells swamped. Campers showed their prowess by emptying the shells and rowing back to the boat dock. For my first ten years we took camping parties to the islands. In 1973, after the floods, we pulled the “35” power boat alongside the bathhouse deck to load campers and cargo, and at Belle Island, we unloaded at the picnic table, some thirty feet inland. The Hurricane Belle scare in 1976 led us to taking in much of the waterfront in the afternoon and putting it back out in the next morning, leaving only the docks still on the water. It was from that occasion that we devised the current system of

having the council come to camp before the season and stay late to do that work; it used to take Wilson and Nelson Adams, Clyde Ackerman and a few counsellors like Dave Hughes, Gem-John and me a week to do the work.

We have been fortunate to have considerable continuity and even long-term service in the waterfront council. Kirk Phelps, who has served in almost every capacity, is well into his third decade on the council. While Howie Baetjer ran sailing for only about a dozen summers, he not only still comes back to teach a bit, he has also been a constant source of insight for the program. We have had a number of relatives serving for multiple years on the waterfront council: Sanfords—Jim, Bill, and Andrew; Southwicks—Wayne and Fred; Davies—Peter, Tad, Jed, and Peter Simpson; Dunlaps—Brian and David; Fulfords—Mark and Scott; Callards—Jon and Andrew; Phelps—Cord and Kirk; Bonnet-Eymards—Marc and Eric. And Bill Matthai, Art Woolverton, Steve Hibbard, Jake MacArthur, Randy Brown, Briggs Anderson, and Geoff Simpson served for more than a year. We have had a number of counsellors new to camp who taught swimming such as Bill Wildrick, Wes Perkins, John McDugald, Ware Palmer, and Steve Hellberg, and they quickly became old pros.

Humor underlies much of the activity. Obstacle races are perhaps more amusing to watch than to perform, but they do test the mind more than any competition I know of. Dinghy races are not meant to be amusing and are often frustrating—especially with those old metal boats—but they can be entertaining to watch. Of course at Water Sports the exhibition canoe tilts, slightly staged, can bring great laughter. When campers have been immobilized for some reason we have had exhibition fishing or canoeists in dresses asking for directions to Onaway. Matt Dittmann’s riotous act in the 1990s presaged a real acting career. And Kirk Phelps taking clearly bogus food orders from unsuspecting campers in the bathhouse during a violent storm that spawned tornado-like whirlwinds.

Top left: Bob Bulkeley running an obstacle race in the 1960s. Visible on the left edge is the large rock that was blown up in 1969. Center: Max Higgins receives congratulations from Bubbles after winning 2008 Junior General Excellence. Right: Bubbles and Rich DeSalvo discuss the finer points of running the waterfront.

Though the waterfront is essentially the same as it was 1964, we have added a tag system for soak and for boating checking out/in; changed the boat dock so it was no longer parallel to the cement but extends into the lake to double the docking space; and most recently, added the sailing dock where the boats are now kept on a large float extending off the old launch site. We had a new fleet of maintenance-free but unseaworthy aluminum row boats in 1965 and it took me over thirty-five years to have them replaced by our wonderful wooden dinghies. We have had four fleets of sailboats: Puffins, 4.45s, 4.70s and now 4.20s. The bathhouse dock has gone from flotation by cypress pontoons, to fiberglass boat hulls, to the present caged flotation.

In 1969 we blew up the rock that was just in front of the bathhouse dock as the ice had it on the move, and it was doubtful we could go another season without removing it. That summer was full of chain and come-a-long removal of the pieces and the enlargement of the breakwater on the Perch Rock side of the bathhouse. For the first seven weeks we had the ramp and dock at the very south end of the platform, a very unusual and uncomfortable position, but we did survive and had it in its proper place for Water Sports. The dock is at least six feet wider than it had been for the first seven decades and of course the bathhouse is about twice as big as it was in 1965 with the Billy Hill addition in 1983. With extra space and with the rapid increase in the cost of paper bath towels, we finally abandoned drying off with them after over several decades of use and ceased the ritual burning of towels during boat duty. The shower house, replete with mines and the camp laundry, was added in 1984.

While we have had less official test passing by campers in swimming and life-saving, we have a much better trained council in water safety. Many years ago, I instituted a first day safety session after soak for campers and counsellors alike which has meant that campers now are watchful for weather and campers

or boats in difficulty. It has made running the waterfront much easier to have all that help.

The diving raft has always been far out to sea, and, starting some time in the 1960s, we lit it at night with a succession of lanterns, battery lights, and even a direct cable from the pump house. For years the anchor was so heavy that we used a barrel drum winch and iron bars to draw up the anchor. We then floated it to the boathouse and reversed the process in June. Unfortunately, the high waves in violent storms would often drag the raft so the anchor was over deep water and we had to retrieve the raft in Pasquaney Bay; its south-eastern drift was reported successively by the Mary Lamb, Kef Y Ali and the Spaeth/Woodlot denizens. Bringing it back was never easy. For the past two decades or longer we have used nylon ropes and double anchors and it has stayed put as the nylon, unlike the chain, would give a bit with the pull. The raft has been hit by a lot of boats—crew coaching boats, sailboats, and war canoes—at Water Sports of course. But it has never been struck by lightning—hope as we did when we had the metal jungle gym tower, called Lindsay’s Lament after its designer Owen Lindsay.

Running the waterfront has been a daily challenge just to make sure safety is paramount, but it is a daily joy working with campers in a myriad of capacities, as an instructor running the competitions and, most important, as counsellor and mentor. The routine is so varied, boredom is rare, and a seemingly infinitely complex mosaic of people and events makes self-renewal a hallmark of the job. There have been cold, dank early days in June that have made me wonder why I was there, but all the rest have been fulfilling and often exhilarating. The light and waves are soothing to the soul, a proper antidote to endless questions, constant watchfulness, and a sea of activity. It has been a long journey but one I am delighted to have taken, and I look forward to the years ahead counselling much and running nothing.

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

Shane Campbell, aged twenty-seven, celebrated **Wirt Thompson's** ninety-seventh birthday this June!

Friend and neighbor **Mary McLane** made a donation in her will of 155 acres of land abutting Pasquaney along the Wade Road to the New Hampshire Audubon Society.

George Miller stopped by camp with his wife in August, his first visit since he was a camper in the late 1940s. In the meantime he has had a long career as an English teacher and head of the department at Haverford School. He had many fond memories of **Hap Haggett** and **Bucky Buck**.

After reading Mr. Vinnie's summer newsletter, **Tom Oelson** wrote in to the office:

I am struck by several pieces in your letter, particularly the prayers that end the day. I remember in 1948 after prayers and the "good night" to Mr. Charlie and the COD, I was handed the bugle to play taps at the young age of ten. The official bugler then was **Jack Bolton**, I believe. Mr. Charlie, the COD and Jack stood around me as I played taps for the first time as "the bugler." To me it was so meaningful; it is burned in my memory even today. I have always remembered that night on Birch Porch – it is part of what Pasquaney is to me today. As of 1949 and continuing through the rest of my days as a "boy" I was the official bugler, and I want to extend my heartiest congratulations to **James Dunlap** on his election as the official bugler in 2008. I am sure he has all the bugle calls down pat, but it did take me a couple of years to master some of the more esoteric calls, such as the beautiful chapel call. James, if I can extend a word of advice, stick close to your COD and BLOW HARD. My picture as bugler is in the Alumni House on the ceiling above the entrance to the mines with my 1952 senior crew shirt behind the picture.

I had rowed both at Nobles and Harvard in my youth, (lightweight freshmen and varsity until a health issue removed me from the boat). Then I coached at St. Marks under **Charlie Platt** and at Pasquaney in the summers. Crew is a sport that teaches you teamwork more so than any other sport I know ... Selfless teamwork is one of the lessons I learned at Pasquaney and has been part of my character all my life. 'Sow an act and you reap a habit. Sow a habit and you reap a character. Sow a character and you reap a destiny,' as Mr. Charlie would teach us.

I was touched by your description of the 'survival expedition' up Plymouth Mountain. They must have passed by the nature cabin that **Dave Ryder** and I began in the fall of 1959 with the help of my brother **Peter** and one of the COI's, **Bob Hurd**. When I revisit Pasquaney I climb the Lane and visit the hut, which has been much improved over the years, thanks, I am sure, to Dave's efforts along with many, many campers.

Although I am now in my 70s, Pasquaney remains a vivid part of my history and my being. Vinnie, continue your fine work. My very best to all who serve Pasquaney. 'In humble tasks, we serve her best...'

...All is well. Rest in peace. Day is done."

Roger S. Pile, Ph.D., wrote in to the office last spring with an update on his life since Pasquaney. "After enlisting in the Marine Corps in 1943, going to V-12, overseas, and eventually returning home from the war in the Pacific theatre, I got married, went into 'business' and spent some thirty long, adventurous years starting companies, turning companies around, helping companies get financing, merging companies, spending sixteen years of that time as president of Industrial Development, Ltd, a management consulting company. I retired in 1974 and began a new and completely different but incredibly fascinating and mind-stretching journey into the non-physical world. I became the Director of the Center for Gnostic Education in Connecticut and a teacher of the many non-physical sciences, as well as giving lectures, workshops, and presentations around the U.S. on those sciences and my research and work in the Post Death Experience. In 1981 I went back to college for my MBA, which I received in 1984, and my Ph.D. in 1987, while continuing my exciting work as a ghost psychologist. My work in this area has been featured in several books, the latest being *Ghost Talk* by Robert Coddington. Yes, my practice is pretty well limited to the "dead" – and, yes, they do need therapy but quite different from what is done in the flesh. I am a published writer and an international award winning published poet. Presently living in Charlottesville, Virginia, I do bereavement counseling and



Shane Campbell (left), a camper in the 1990s, celebrates Wirt Thompson's birthday. Wirt was a camper in the mid 1920s.

grief therapy, but now I intend to take all this long training a big step further in a gigantic and very ambitious (but doable) project of building and running four major integrated complexes (footprint 332 acres each). Each site is comprised of a Center for Healing; for Wellness; for Education; for hospice-type facilities; for Advanced Birthing; for Native American Knowledge and Wisdom; as well as two Research Centers (Dreams and Metapsychology). There is also On-Site free housing, a Library and Physical Ed. facilities. We intend to be TOTALLY self-sufficient! We have been told our funding request has been approved and we await implementation. In January of this year I underwent triple bypass surgery replacing three of my blood supply arteries to the heart, which, the doctors say, is in excellent shape. So, I am now 'refurbished' and ready to raise anchor, raise sail, put the rail down and ROLL! Age has no meaning when one is having fun, enjoying life and all it has to offer!"

THE 1950S AND 1960S

Dick Beyer's daughter Wendy gave birth to Dick and Linda's first granddaughter, Naomi Elise Beyer/Cohen in September.

Chip Carpenter and his wife Barbara took a trip this fall to the

Serengetti and Tanzania in Africa. "The rains were early by a month and we got to see the first migrations of wildebeest and zebra - tens of thousands walking by our campsite all night."

We sadly report the death of **Airie Lindsay**, widow of **Owen Lindsay, Jr.** Airie met Owen while she was a Camp Onaway counsellor. After Owen's death in 1974, Airie stayed on their farm in Vermont, and became an extremely active member of the educational and environmental community.

Thrus Morton left his job after six very successful years managing Duke University's endowment fund to start Global Endowment Management Company in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Elliott Randolph, Jr. and **Elliott Randolph, III** climbed Mt. Washington together this summer. "I had last climbed Mt. Washington in 1956 during the Long Walk. El had climbed it several times as a camper and later as a counsellor during the 1990s. Wanting some very precious father and son bonding, we joined forces at Pinkham Notch, following the Tuckerman Trail and bearing to the right up Lion's Head. Where did all of those rocks come from? They couldn't have been there fifty-two years ago! But after five hours, with the wind howling at our backs, we crawled to the top and enjoyed the view from inside a cloud. I wouldn't have traded that day for anything."

Early this fall **Bill Sanford** hiked the Salcantay and Inca Trail to Machu Picchu with his wife Roe and their son **Bill** (P' 85-89; 91-96). Bill and Roe climbed Kilimanjaro in 2006, but found Machu Picchu "to be quite a challenge with lots of steep uphill and narrow downhill with sheer drops and no ledges."



Chip and Barbara Carpenter in Africa.

THE 1970S

Ned Carter is working as the Managing Director for BlueLine Conservation Incentives in Manassas, Virginia. Ned's son, **Teddy**, returned to the hillside this summer for his second season as a camper.

Christopher Cate is living in California with his wife and two sons, where he works for William Morris Agency, the largest talent and literary agency in the world. His eldest boy, Field, appeared on ABC's *Pushing Daisies* last season and will continue to act this fall. He writes, "Please send my best to anyone who may remember me from 1976-1981."

Lt.Col. **Terry Harwood** wrote to camp from Afghanistan in June. "I have been working with the Independent Electoral Commission and Ministry of the Interior to establish a voter registration database. The idea of democracy to Afghans is very foreign. Constitutional



The Sanford family at Machu Picchu. From left: Bill Sanford, III, Roe Sanford and Bill Sanford, Jr.

rights are just not a typical conversation ... Actual birth certificates are exceedingly rare. There is no such thing as an Afghan Driver's license, speeding or traffic violation ... there really is not any consistent way for an Afghan to identify himself. This makes a fair presidential election hard but a fair provincial election very difficult. An Afghan might just go vote in a different province because he knows the guy over there. The NATO forces here use biometrics (fingerprints and iris scans) to identify folks, but to use this for elections is still undecided. Unfortunately, the Taliban interprets possession of a Voter Registration Card as support for democracy and therefore is against them ... Last time I spoke with Kirk he told me they couldn't take chainsaws out to Notchpost anymore because of the noise. Not that I enjoyed hauling the chainsaws, gas, and oil all the time but it did make the work go faster. But the mosquitoes always got worse when the chainsaw started. Expeditions are one of my favorite memories from camp ... I think of Pasquaney often."

Malcolm Kirk, his wife Joan, and their two boys were eating dinner at Fabyan's in Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, and eating at the next table were **Howie Baetjer** and his wife Susan dining with **Vinnie Broderick**. The Kirks were celebrating Joan's 50th birthday; Vinnie and the Baetjers had met to do some hiking. Malcolm is practicing medicine and living in Barrington, Rhode Island.



Elliott Randolph, Jr., (left) and Elliott Randolph, III, atop Mt. Washington

THE 1980s

Sandy Colhoun and his wife Selina welcomed their first child to the family in July: Eloise Allen Colhoun!

Jim Farinholt is founder (1989) and president of Precision Landscaping Company, a full-service residential and commercial landscape design and installation firm in central and eastern Virginia. He and his wife, Robin, and their three children live in Richmond, Virginia, and spend time in Michigan during the summer.

Barksdale Maynard and his wife Susan welcomed their second son, Edward Spencer Maynard, in early October. Edward joins his older brother, Alexander.

Ed Norton's production company, Class 5 Films, has been working with HBO since 2006 on a documentary covering Barack Obama's presidential campaign. "Obama's history-making race for the White House has given our film a perfect framework to explore the pulse of the country at this vital moment in our history. We believe this film will capture a tipping point in American history when a new generation of leadership emerged and old prejudices were finally vaulted over."

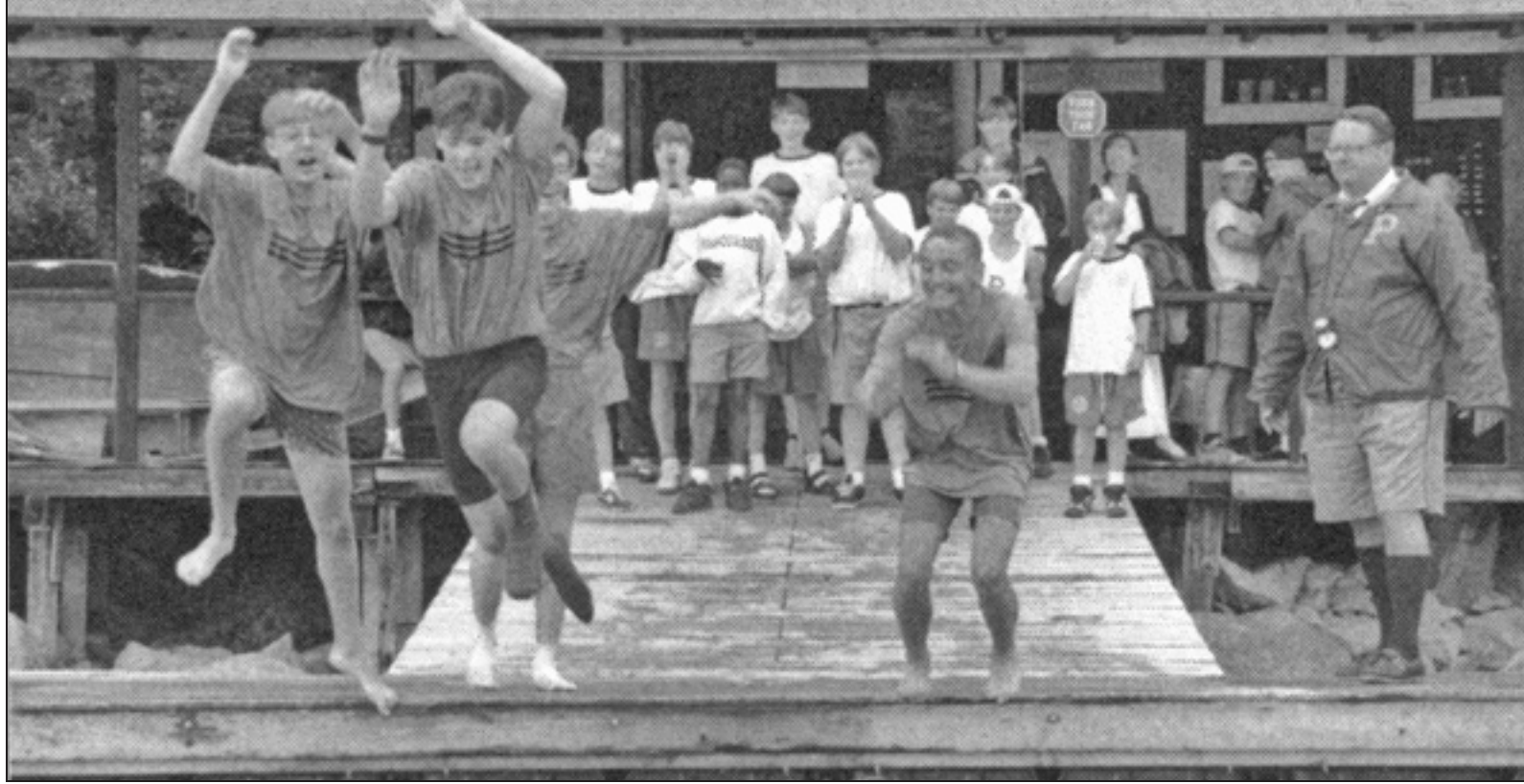
Steve Weinsier recently took a job with a cardiology practice in Northampton, Massachusetts. "I finished up my fellowship at the end of June, and we moved to Northampton in July. It has a small town feel with the cultural benefits of a big city. We love the town and live right by Smith College. And of course, it is still close enough that I can always run up to camp on short notice." Steve will be "running up to camp" this summer as a new camp doctor!



At the waterfront, 1987. From left: Mike Heed, Steve Weinsier, Jim Norton, Andrew Lombardi, Christopher Riely, Curtis Cooper, and Zan Stewart.

THE 1990s

The Head of the Charles once again proved something of a Pasquaney Reunion. **Alec Southall**, **Chris Reigeluth**, and **Jonathan Sycamore** coordinated a small gathering that included SycJon's wife, Jocelyn; **Peyton Williams**, and his wife, Phebe; **Alden Cadwell** and his wife, Caroline; **Dave and Melinda Ryder**; **Gordie** and **Kath Keen**; **Scott Kennedy**; **Patty Rockensies** and her daughter **Andie**; and three dogs! A myriad of alumni participated in the races including: **Ted Keyser**; **Graham Pearson** (rowing for Bates);



Julian Knox, Matt Haslett, Scott Fulford, and Romain Stevens leap off the dock after winning the 1995 Third Boat race.

Phil Hooper (placing seventh in the Champ 4 for Brown); **Robbie Stone** (rowing for Harvard); **Brian Young** (rowing for Penn); **Rob Rassmussen** rowing in a double; Geoff Hoffman rowing for the New York Athletic Club; and **Will Newell** (rowing for Harvard). **Gregg Stone** and his wife, Lisa, were present to cheer on Robbie, and Gregg's daughter Gevvie, who won the Championship Singles race, an event Gregg and Lisa each won in 1977.

Axel Bohlke is working for a management consulting firm in Brussels where he pursues projects in Germany, France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Luxemburg. He writes, "It's challenging, and work-life balance is not always optimal, but overall it's very enriching, positive, and an interesting experience."

John Garver wrote to the office, "I'm in Chicago for a masters program in social work at the University of Chicago. I was in New York before this, but I am very much liking Chicago and will likely stay upon completion of the program in 2010."

Matt Gunther is studying at Darden School of Business at the University of Virginia. He joined his father for a week at Pasquaney this summer while Steve was serving as camp doctor.

Steve Hibbard has moved east from Denver and began studies at the Wharton School of Business at the University of Pennsylvania.

Ken McNish moved to Charlotte, North Carolina, this summer where he is teaching Biology at Charlotte Country Day. One of his students, **Will Barry**, has been a camper for the past two seasons!

Matt Meredith married Ann Meceda in a wedding first in Frankfurt, Germany, on September 13th, and then a second ceremony for family and friends in the United States on October 4th on Gibson Island, Maryland, overlooking the Chesapeake Bay. Numerous Pasquaney alumni and parents were in attendance, including Matt's brothers **Jon** and **Chris**. Ann works in Bratislava, Slovakia, and Matt is in the second year of an MBA program in Frankfurt.

Christopher Riely writes, "Life in Rhode Island is treating me

pretty well. Six months on the job now, my forest manger position with Providence Water has me about half in the field and half in the office ... The range of work is nice with most of my efforts devoted to co-running the timber harvesting program, trying to figure out what to do about our invasive plant problems, helping with real estate and conservation easement acquisitions, and looking into Forest Stewardship Council certification for our operation. Away from work, I'm living back in the city in a neighborhood which one might describe as Providence's version of Brooklyn ... I played on a vintage baseball team this summer, which would look good playing on Hobbs Field ... wool uniforms and no gloves!"

Jamie Stover has been developing and constructing an apartment building in White Plains, New York, which opened during the summer of 2008.

Peyton Williams began his graduate degree in non-profit business at Boston University this September. He and his wife Phebe moved to Boston, where she is looking for a position in interior design. Peyton attended the Harbor School graduation in June, where **Murray Fisher** is Director and co-founder. He wrote, "My favorite part [of the ceremony]: one of the top awards given was the Torres Award 'In humble deeds, we do our best,' which they named for a former student."

THE 2000s

Wade Blackwood, who taught canoeing when a counsellor at Pasquaney, began working as chief financial officer for the American Canoeing Association in June. When he was with the Peace Corps in Honduras, Wade helped village fishermen organize into a cooperative, so he is keeping his connection to business and to the water.

We sadly report the death of **Max Brindle**, who died on June 18th of injuries suffered in a bicycle accident. Max was twenty, and a student athlete at Drexel University where he played lacrosse. During his three summers at camp Max could be found anywhere

on the hillside, from the shop to the waterfront. He often attended more activities than anyone else, winning the Anniversary Cup in the process. Many of us will remember Max for his incredible sense of humor, particularly on stage, and for his optimistic thirst for life.

Early this fall **Richard DeSalvo** wrote from China:

"The Olympics really drove home to me how genuine and friendly the Chinese people are. 1.3 million volunteers? No way London, 2012, can top that ... Even now that the spotlight is gone I feel like I am being looked out for every step of the way. Usually one word of decent Chinese gets a response something along the lines of 'Wow, your Chinese is so good!' or 'You speaking awesome Chinese,' even though all I really said in Chinese was 'Hi, how much does a basket of dumplings cost?' I know about all the criticisms of the Chinese government and the reasons for wanting to protest here, but knowing the people on the ground makes it hard for me to get caught up in that. I don't know what the NBC coverage was really like; I know it's hard to do it through time restrictions and sound bites, but I hope they made an effort to convey a lot of the positives, the optimism, the friendliness of the local Beijingers here.

My job started last week and orientation for new students is over today. It has been tough guiding them through because they have so many questions and so many little adjustment problems, but I think they are ready finally for classes tomorrow and for an exciting semester in Beijing."

Gus Harwood headed off this fall for his sophomore year at Vanderbilt – wearing his Long Walk shirt.

Aaron Holland was living in Baltimore before recently joining the Air Force.

Oliver Jacobi is finishing his senior year at Skidmore College, majoring in business. His brother **Vince** got married and moved with his wife, Misty, back to her hometown of Portland Oregon. Vince is doing research in human resources.



Richard DeSalvo on the Great Wall of China.

Do You Miss the Grub Hoe? Return for the Work Weekend!



Alumnus Kevin Cattrell sent the following email to the office after attending one of the spring work weekends at camp. We hope many of you are able to join us next June to share the experience.

I think any Pasquaney alum loves the thought of being able to do something substantive and “in person” to help camp operate. Coming to camp during the season for a visit is good, but I found it was even better to come beforehand [during the work weekend] to catch up with old friends and to put one’s shoulder to the wheel. This is in part because I like the camp community to be just that – a camp community, living and growing together, with minimum invasion from wistful outsiders who are there in part to reconnect with Pasquaney, and in part to see old friends in the environment in which they first knew them. There’s a balance to be struck, of course, and I also think it is smart not to let the alums do *too* much, since the council (as you well know) really bonds in doing all that council camp grunt work. I felt there was plenty of meaningful work to do, but also plenty of time to play and relax.

For all that I learned at Pasquaney in terms of the intangibles, the one thing that has stood out most to me recently – and the work weekend last year brought this home very vividly – is the importance of activity. That is what community has to be grounded in – the ideals, the ethics, the life lessons all emerge out of activity, not out of talking about them.

Pasquaney has that right. This is a cliché by now, but it is getting more and more urgent to reinforce this truth in the age of telecommunicative relationships and the endemic addiction to portable digital devices, all of which undermine the extent to which we are ever 100% “there” where we are, and with the people we are with.

The alumni work weekend, I think, is a great way to translate the value of communal activity into one’s camp “afterlife.” Shared memories and shared values are only strengthened, I think, by doing things together.

Save the Date for the 2009 Work Weekend: June 12th-14th!

Help get the season going, identify old photos from the museum, and enjoy the hillside.

Join us for the 50th Anniversary Notchpost Hike June 14th



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- 2009 Camp Schedule -

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