



## THE PASQUANEY ANNUAL

VOL. XLXXI 1959 Supplement to THE WHITE BIRCH

Published by and for the members  
of Camp Pasquaney

THE ANNUAL BOARD

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### EDITORIAL

An editorial in the 1909 Pasquaney Annual contains the following provocative statement: “The greatest good of camp life is not what the camp does for us, but what it teaches us to do for each other.” Fifty years and some twelve hundred campers later this truth is as valid and important as it was when first expressed. As a matter of fact, it has perhaps even more significance for our generation, because we have more difficulty in understanding that dedication to something outside ourselves is the first step toward the attainment of meaning and fulfillment in our lives. To many a contemporary mind the paradox is too paradoxical; the relationship between losing and finding a life is too obscure. We are overly concerned with a somewhat selfish and usually ineffective pursuit of that will-o’-the-wisp, happiness. Modern youth is encouraged to ask the question, “Who am I?” This is a good question, but we suspect that few find a satisfactory answer to it until they first ask and answer another question, “How can I serve?” The writer of the 1909 editorial was not thinking in terms of questions; but it is clear that if he had been, he would have arrived at a similar conclusion. Men of mature insight rediscover for each generation that “Who am I?” can best be answered by indirection —that man’s identity in the universe becomes clear only when he (whoever he is) has a service to perform. Through the years the Pasquaney ideal has emphasized service before all else. The permanent cup, on which is inscribed each year the name of the Most Faithful Boy, speaks of “those standards of service” which mark the ideal camper. And through the years it has been obvious that the happiest and most fulfilled campers were those who were most dedicated to the good of others and to the preservation of a fragile and precious tradition.

During the season of 1959 there were many boys and counsellors who were selflessly devoted to things outside themselves — to the welfare of other people and to the ultimate good of the camp. It is not surprising, then, to find in looking back to evaluate the summer after a lapse of time that we remember most vividly a happy camp. Very few campers were selfishly concerned with what they could get out of Pasquaney; many were concerned with what they could give to Pasquaney. Obviously many received because they gave freely; many were fulfilled and happy because they were not preoccupied with fulfillment and happiness. For us the paradox was not too paradoxical, nor was the relationship between losing and finding a life too obscure. The evidence was there for us to see. In this, as in many other respects, it was an excellent year.