



THE PASQUANEY ANNUAL

VOL. XLXXII 1960

Supplement to THE WHITE BIRCH

Published by and for the members
of Camp Pasquaney

THE ANNUAL BOARD

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This editorial consists of excerpts taken from a Tree Talk given by Mr. Jacob Dunnell before the Camp on August 12, 1960.

EDITORIAL

In his book, *The Discovery of India*, Mr. Nehru wrote, "In spite of innumerable failings, man, throughout the ages, has sacrificed his life and all he held dear for an ideal, for truth, for faith, for country, and honor."

When Mr. Ned founded Pasquaney, he envisioned a place where the elements, both natural and social, would instill in boys such characteristics as moral strength, self-sufficiency, and an ability to do and think for themselves and for others. On comparing this sentiment with the earlier quotation from Mr. Nehru, one finds they are different in verbal structure, but basically similar in their final meaning. And simple? Yes, very simple. The words can be mouthed in a matter of seconds, but for most, it would take more than a lifetime to come close to fulfilling their command. In a nutshell, this is the ideal for life set forth by Mr. Ned and carried forward so well by Mr. Teddy, Mr. Charlie, and, in Mr. Charlie's absence during the Second World War, by Pop Watson. It forms a neat little mold into which all of us, in a moment of reflection, would like to pour our characters. The question that remains is ... can we? The answer can only be found within ourselves.

Presented in varying ways over the course of the summer by different members of the Council and through the simple eloquence of Mr. Charlie and Fr. Ben Wood on Sunday mornings in Chapel, such subjects as courage, consideration, sincerity, friendship, solitude, and responsibility have been discussed. In the end, if we stop and think, it is these qualities as well as others to which we have been exposed, which, if understood and practiced, help us to form characters capable of fulfilling the destiny set forth by Mr. Ned's initiative.

In today's troubled and confused world, all too few people can measure up to the standards we set before ourselves here at Camp. Nonetheless, success and happiness can only be gained in the giving of ourselves to something that will endure beyond our brief existence. In a great sense, it is here that we can hope that our future will be penned with such skill and delicacy that there will be the proper balance between the tragic and the pleasurable, the light and the shadow, the celestial and the

the tragic and the pleasurable, the light and the shadow, the celestial and the mundane. It is here, perhaps better than any place else, that we can awaken the humanity, understanding, and humility within ourselves to endure these contrasts of life. If we can remain untarnished, we shall be able to laugh with every merry antic, thrill with every noble speech, weep when sorrow tells us it is time for weeping. In that sense, Pasquaney remains an oasis in the middle of a barren and harsh environment; an oasis where, if we can take advantage of her wealth of goodness, we can gain the strength to carry on in such a way as to make others stop and say, "There is a man!"

To think that we might not have taken full advantage of our opportunity at camp this summer is devastating. The inclusive "we" is used because while most camps are solely for the benefit of the boys, it is hard to believe that Pasquaney serves only her junior members. The senior members can benefit as well. All of us can benefit. It is encouraging to think that all of us have, but this remains the biggest responsibility to us as individuals. A way of life has been established; it remains for each of us to grasp its standards. In this light there seems to be a kinship with one of the parables of Antoine St. Exupery, French flyer and writer born in 1900. He wrote:

And the sculptor fixed the likeness of a face in clay. And you walked by and passed before his work and you glanced at the face and then walked on your way. And then it happened that you were not quite the same. Slightly changed, but changed, turned and inclined in a new direction, only for a while perhaps, but still for a while. A man thus experienced an indefinable impulse: he lightly fingered the clay. He placed it in your path. And you were caught with this same indefinable impulse. And it would not have been otherwise if a hundred thousand years had intervened between his gesture and your passing.

Now that the summer is over, there seem but two simple questions we can ask ourselves. How much have we changed? And, if we have changed, how long will we be "turned and inclined in a new direction?" Suffice it to say, Pasquaney has endured through good years and bad since 1895. It remains for us to meet her challenge, to understand it, to preserve it, and to pass it on.