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(Dave Hughes' Chapel Sermon, entitled "Values")

The seventh week of camp is upon us. We've been through a lot together. Hopefully we've seen in our lives here some of the values talked about in chapel and tree talks. Opportunity, our responsibility to take advantage of it now. Truth, honesty with ourselves, with others. Thoughtfulness, consideration, valuing others selflessly. Friendship, how important a true friend is, how every one of us needs another "me" who brings out our best. Tough-mindedness and its essential partner, tolerance; hating the sin while loving the sinner. We talk about these values. We consider practical advice in trying to make them part of our character. Our advice comes from much more than our own experiences. The life of Christ, records of civilization's successes and mistakes, philosophers, the great religions of the world, all these point to a definite set of values human beings need if they are going to live together with integrity and dignity. In our own wonderful little institution we have the collected practical advice of Mr. Ned, Mr. Teddy, Fuzzy Kneeland, Pop Watson, Father John Spaeth, Mr. Charlie, Mr. Gem-John, and literally hundreds of counsellors, adding knowledge and experience to a collective pool of values which work. Honesty, thoughtfulness, friendship, tolerance, tough-mindedness. These aren't impossible principles. They are practical, essential ingredients of valuable lives.

Let me quote from the lesson. First, "Man's life does not consist in the abundance of his possessions." Second, "Life is more than food and the body more than clothing." We can like that ten-speed bike or one of Ernie's roast beef dinners or a flashy hat; but we ought to reserve our love for something more. From the lesson again, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Our lives, our souls will be devoted to what we really feel is important. What we treasure, what we love, will command our hearts.

What would happen if we devoted our hearts to smaller, self-gratifying aims? We would end up unfulfilled and, therefore, bored. We might put our whole heart into that ten-speed bike, work on it, ride it to Kalamazoo and back, but eventually, if we had nothing more to devote ourselves to, we would become bored. We might go all-out on eating, smoking, drinking, experiencing the highs of drugs; and after we had overdone our self-gratification, we would become bored. There would be nothing more. We could go all out with clothes, sports cars, the trappings of vanity, making our haircuts the most important part of our dignity, but if our hearts were not making our haircuts the most important part of our dignity, but if our hearts were not in something larger, we would become bored. There would be nothing more. Even in sports, business, professional success; we

can achieve the top; but if our hearts are not in something even more important, we will become bored. There will be nothing more.

This is not to say that we cannot enjoy life or set our sights on specific goals. Nothing wrong with working toward winning the tennis tournament, enjoying good food, clothes and that ten-speed bike. Nothing wrong, in fact everything right, with achieving success. It's just that there must be something more.

Pop Watson enjoyed life, good food, companionship, the all-out effort of a theatrical production, as much as anyone I know; yet all of us who knew him always had a sense of something more. To Pop the basic values we cherish here had first billing. Putting on a play with Pop was demanding to say the least, but you always knew that the play was not the only thing. He cared more about the boys he was working with, about their education, about their values, than he did about his success as a director. When, at the age of eighty or thereabouts, Pop Watson gave up the creature comforts of retirement and the companionship of old Dartmouth friends to go back into teaching at a new college in the South, not one of us who knew him was surprised. Even at eighty he would put aside what was comfortable and happy for him in favor of a cause he believed in. His treasure was in larger things. There was something more.

Our nation has been through the trauma of Watergate and its aftermath. An administration exposed as lacking the high-minded values we, who say the pledge of allegiance, expect from persons in high places. Just think. If our President's treasure had been in honesty, there would have been no cover-up. His administration would not have crumbled. There would have been something more.

Many boys, counsellors, friends have sat on these benches through the years, like me, like you perhaps, feeling a sense of love for this institution we call Pasquaney. Why? Summer baseball is better in the pony leagues. Other basketball, hockey, tennis, water skiing, theatre, deep sea diving, rock climbing, even weight reducing camps, advertised in "The New York Times," offer impressive programs. Your counsellors are impressive, too, in the specific skills they can teach, and I'll dare anyone in the country to out-mega Howie in sailing or out-organize Bubbles on the waterfront, or out-ham Chan on or off the stage. But I haven't spent twenty-six years here because of sailing or weight reducing — maybe I should have. Those of us who love Pasquaney are here because of something more.

What is that something more Pop Watson had, the Watergate administration lacked, we at Pasquaney can find? Quite simply, a treasuring of those higher values which make human life valuable. Being able to count on the honesty, tough-mindedness, and friendship of others. These were Pop's values, and Mr. Ned's and Mr. Teddy's. These were the values lacking at Watergate. Integrity. Definition: the quality of being complete, being pulled together. A person of integrity has his values pulled together, and when he arrives at a Watergate he makes good decisions. Why? Because he really treasures his values. Don't we all want to be this kind of a person, the guy who, in the crisis, sticks to his beliefs?

For those who want to achieve integrity, I must pass along four pieces of advice. First of all, the guy who has integrity and sticks to his beliefs is liable not to be especially popular. After all, Socrates was poisoned for his aggravating insistence on especially popular. After all, Socrates was poisoned for his aggravating insistence on sticking to principles, St. Francis was stoned to death for his beliefs, and Christ died on the cross for man's sins. Recognize that being principled is not an easy road.

Secondly, to have integrity, we must practice living our values in advance, in the little things. Each one of

us is going to have a moral crisis at one time or another. If we prepare for the emergency in advance, the way a good fire company has its equipment in perfect condition and its drill down pat, the chances are much better that we will manage the crisis with integrity. The fellow who puts honesty higher than winning as he calls his own lines in tennis will be the fellow who can keep himself from cheating on an exam. So recognize that you will come up against that major crisis, and prepare for it.

Thirdly, try to control that tendency we all have to rationalize. You know, "Jake doesn't need all that candy. If I take a piece, he won't miss it." Result: For the price of one little piece of candy, I have poked a major hole in my integrity. Values cannot be manipulated.

Finally, if I am going to live by my values and also get along unabrasively with others, I've got to keep tolerance in mind: hating the sin, loving the sinner. I cannot take myself so seriously that I am arrogant about my beliefs.

Recognize that integrity is tough. Practice living values. Don't rationalize. Keep tolerance in mind.

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.