



VOL. LXXX 1978

Supplement to THE WHITE BIRCH

Published by and for the members

Of Camp Pasquaney, Bristol, N.H.

THE ANNUAL BOARD

Chairman Christopher B. Granger

Photographic Assistant W.E. Kirk Phelps

ANNUAL EDITORIAL—1978

(This memorial address was delivered by Charles Stanwood at the Trustee's Sunday Chapel Service held on August 13, 1978.)

Marshall Bartholomew

"Mr. Barty"

1885 - 1978

"Let us now praise famous men." Specifically, let us now praise a famous man. For when he died last April 16 at the age of 93, Marshall Bartholomew was a truly famous man, loved and honored in many places, admired not only in this country, but also in many other parts of the world. For example, back in 1975 at his ninetieth birthday party organized by Yale Alumni and Lincoln Center, he had received warm and appreciative tributes from Denmark, Norway, Finland, Chile, Japan, Hungary, Australia, India — to mention only a few. And our own State Department had added its praise for all he had done through music and choral singing to improve international relations. He had been Director of the Yale Glee Club from 1921 to 1953, and founder and President of the International Student Music Council. During the First World War he had worked in prisoner-of-war relief in Germany and Siberia. He had held positions with the military and with the State Department during that and the Second World War. His original songs and arrangements, particularly of spirituals, published through many editions, have become prominent in the libraries of every college and school glee club.

It is hard to know where to stop. I could easily go on talking about Barty's accomplishments and fame in the big world outside. But he was honored for these things in a beautiful Memorial Service in Battell Chapel at Yale on May 11. Here, among Pasquaney friends, in this Chapel where many of us can remember Barty pumping away at the old army field organ, shifting keys to provide the best range for decibels, and smiling his approval when the Camp really swung out on a favorite hymn, it is appropriate for us to concentrate on his long and devoted career at Camp. Among all his other interests, accomplishments, and enthusiasms, he had (as he often told us) a special place in his heart for Pasquaney. For almost seventy years — I repeat, seventy years — he proved his devotion through happy times and sad, through triumph and crisis, with advice and action, with indispensable help to four Directors.

Barty first came to Pasquaney in 1906 as a Counsellor, after his junior year at Yale. It is more than likely that he already knew well some of the Yale men who were on the Council in the early 1900's; men like Rod Beebe, Montgomery Throop, Lucius Bigelow, and Ted Coy. In any case, he distinguished himself that first

year by leading informal singing around the campfires, producing camping party meals so good that they were given special mention in the White Birch and the Annual, and taking a leading part in the Water Sports Play. It is interesting to note that 1906 was apparently the last year that counsellors took parts in the Water Sports plays until the 30's when Teddy Jackson, Dr. Van Dyke, and Flea Hughes revived the custom in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

Barty continued on the Council in 1907, 1908, and 1909, his availability after his graduation from Yale in 1907 being the result of his doing graduate work in music at the University of Pennsylvania and also teaching, along with Teddy Jackson, at the Haverford School.

During these years he gradually became a very senior counsellor, a joyous hiker, a song leader, coach of dramatics, and a noted reader of the Uncle Remus stories around the campfire. Two legends from these years involving Barty should be preserved. First, the epic song contest in which he and Ted Coy were involved on the last day of the 1908 Long Walk. After the Long Walk dinner at the Pemigewasset House in Plymouth, they started singing as the party took the old Pike Hill Road back to Camp over the lower reaches of Plymouth Mountain. First one would sing a song, and then the other. It was reported that, though the pace was stiff and the other members of the group became increasingly bored with the virtuoso performance, Ted and Barty matched each other song for song all the way back to old Tradition Hall. Incidentally, no song was sung more than once. And, second, there is the documented tale of the marathon Barty and Dick Hoyt ran one night around Newfound Lake. Their time of two hours and fourteen minutes has never been officially beaten. The date was August 5, 1909.

Barty did not return to Camp in 1910, for in that year he began to study composition and directing in Berlin. As a matter of fact, not until 1921, after he had finished war work in Germany, Siberia, and Washington, and had assumed the Directorship of the Yale Glee Club, was he free to rejoin the Pasquaney Council. In 1921 and 1922 Barty naturally led the singing at Camp. I remember his compelling enthusiasm around the fire in Baird Hall and his somewhat alarming impatience with any of us young campers who did not sing with all our soprano might or were too unconcerned to learn quickly the words of the songs he introduced in the early 20's and which have been sung here ever since. Contemporary campers know how tricky some of those words are, and will be able to feel some sympathy for us who first stumbled through them under the impatient eye of the maestro himself! But we loved those singing sessions and followed the older campers who knew more surely than we just how lucky we were to have this talented man in our midst. In 1921 and 1922 Barty was also in charge of dramatics. He produced good Water Sports plays in what was then the "New" Theater which stood on the site of the present Tradition Hall. But I remember more vividly the great minstrel shows he produced for several Saturday nights during his years as Theater Counsellor. Barty would be "Mr. Interlocutor," while the "End Men" would be Thrus Morton, Jim Henning, Jack Thompson, or even blushing "Doc" Davidson. Their soft-shoe dancing and their outrageous jokes, told in authentic deepsouth talk often had us rolling on the floor in glee. Barty, himself, would sing some of the southern songs he was collecting and editing for publication, while the End Men would comment rudely on his obvious lack of musical knowledge. In minstrel shows his irreverent fellow-actors always referred to him as "Mr. Bumthology," and Barty would chase them off the stage, wielding a big rolling pin.

In the late summer and fall of 1922 there developed the first of the major crises with which Pasquaney has had to cope over the years. The tract of land known as "The Soren Estate," lying to the south of the Lane and extending to what is now the Whip-O-Will line, was suddenly purchased by a lumber company, which

announced its intention of cutting all the marketable lumber and then selling the land for a large cottage colony. Since the land also extended eastward up the lane to a spot where a cairn now marks the Trust boundary, the threat of a traffic-filled road and a large summer community practically in the middle of Pasquaney was so serious that Mr. Ned and Teddy Jackson despaired, thinking that the Camp simply had no future. In the crisis Teddy called his best friend, Barty, who promptly came up from New Haven. Joined by Nelson Curtis and Chauncey Buell, he dispelled the gloom with his cheery optimism and went to work. The full story of the saving of Pasquaney, the emergency creation of the old Pasquaney Trust Association, and the acquisition of the Soren property for the Camp is too long for now. The full details are recorded in Miff Frothingham's *The Story of Pasquaney*. In 1922 Barty proved his deep loyalty and emerged as a man of determined, wise, and energetic action. He was the leader; he rallied old campers, raised money, and created the organization which, over the years and in various legal forms became the Pasquaney Trust. He was the Chairman of the first Board of Trustees, and was President for forty-eight of the fifty years between 1922 and 1911, when he resigned the position and was elected Trustee Emeritus.

And in three other times of serious crisis, Barty was the strong and determined leader. He, almost single handedly, provided the inspiration and raised the money which enabled Teddy Jackson to deal with the devastation of the 1938 hurricane and get the Camp opened for the season of 1939. And after Teddy's unexpected death in the spring of 1940, it was Barty who provided the optimism and the sense of continuity which kept a new and inexperienced young Director on the track. His nature was unquenchably optimistic. No matter how black a situation looked to the rest of us, Barty could convince us that things were going to turn out for the best. Pasquaney's survival to this day proves how right he was! Even the problems which developed during the Second World War were not beyond the scope of his confidence that the Camp would survive. Without Barty's intercession with Bill Bullitt and President Hopkins of Dartmouth, Pop Watson would never have been released from his teaching duties to take on the war-time Directorship of Pasquaney. And when finally, before the season of 1946, the war was over and it was essential to start a rebuilding program, Barty, along with Owen Lindsay, organized a committee of parents and raised the emergency funds which enabled us to repair the ravages resulting from shortages of materials, labor and money during the war years. Barty's son, Skip, was a camper for a number of years just before and during World War II, and Barty was a frequent visitor. During these years he came whenever his war-time responsibilities permitted — not only to see Skip, but also to do hard physical work on the Camp property. He was an excellent woodsman, handled an ax skillfully, and spent long hours helping Wilson Adams hold back the forest which was threatening to engulf Pasquaney. He was always interested in open views, and (going back a few years) he often argued good-naturedly with Mr. Ned, who couldn't bear to have any tree cut down. I remember an afternoon in 1930 or 1931 when I, the lone stay-at-home from a Camp hike, found Barty surreptitiously cutting down two or three trees which threatened the view from Memorial Hall. He was surprised and alarmed by my unexpected presence. He swore me to secrecy, got me to help him carry the brush far into the woods and to paint out the fresh stumps. We were both relieved when Mr. Ned failed to detect any difference at all! During the 1950's and 1960's Barty spent more and more time at Camp and on Pasquaney affairs. After his retirement from Yale in 1953, he had two summers of travel. Then, beginning in 1956, he was here every summer for a shorter or longer visit — up to and including 1971. These were important years for Pasquaney. Beginning about 1955 Barty and other Trustees became more and more concerned about the Camp's and the Trust's precarious financial structures. While the summer operation was able to break even, there was absolutely no Trust endowment to provide new buildings, scholarship funds, or a reserve for emergencies. The Trust, which years before had been formed to support the Camp, was virtually penniless. As a matter of fact, it was still saddled with

a mortgage which had been up and down, but never completely paid off since 1922. When it was clear that a drive for endowment could no longer be postponed, Barty, at first reluctantly, and then with his characteristic energy, and contagious enthusiasm, became Chairman of the E.S. Wilson Memorial Fund. Known to old campers, admired for his dedicated loyalty, eloquent in his praise of the Pasquaney tradition, he was the perfect leader in this undertaking. He wrote numberless letters, traveled extensively to meet with alumni and friends, and (to make a long and exciting story short) succeeded by 1960 in more than meeting the goal. Many others helped and contributed substantially, but it was clear that Barty was the primary moving force.

During the 1960's, Barty, to our great delight, was able to be nearby on the lake (often in Kef Yali) for long summer visits. He and Mrs. Barty were frequently at Camp and were well known to all boys and counsellors — the more so after her grandsons, Peter and David Richardson, were themselves campers. Best of all, Barty again led the campfire singing — as he had in Baird Hall forty years earlier, or around an outdoor campfire sixty years before! He collected the songs he had taught us over the years, and published the Pasquaney Song Book, which will be used here as long as the singing tradition lasts — which means, we hope, forever. As we watched Barty leading songs for the campers of the 1960's, his silver hair gleaming in the light of a Water Sports campfire, there was a catch in many a throat. Who of us could fail to think of all those eventful years, stretching back to 1906 when a young counsellor from Yale first joined the fellowship to which he was going to be devoted. Because he was genuinely modest and because his temperament looked always ahead, Barty seldom talked about his part in the developing and nurturing of Pasquaney. But we knew the history of the Camp, and we loved and admired this dedicated veteran who had gallantly stood by Pasquaney through those long years, giving us, as well as earlier groups, courage, determination, and energy to preserve this beautiful, fragile thing we have inherited. All of us — from the youngest first-year camper to oldest alumnus — must be better men for having known or known about Barty. May we in our generation emulate his deep loyalty to all that is best in the long tradition.

“Let us now praise famous men—  
Men of little showing—  
For their work continueth,  
And their work continueth,  
Greater than their knowing.