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,

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.

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The abundance of warmth and
After an extensive period of time, we all were required to take showers. The cold showers, well, "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, but I was a helpless victim of the "laser" (a shower with a particularly concentrated stream of water), but the next moment would shower me back. I was in for. Later, when I would shower, I would think of the "secret ingredient" of the play's success, was I had to contribute 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 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 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 way.

As the summer progressed, I found myself more and more 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 trying to measure up. And while the expedition 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 Uglentra'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.
to nurture tennis in the next generation of Sulloways, Champions in Father and Son Doubles. Pasquaney continued In 1989, he and his father, Frank J. Sulloway, were National varsity squash and tennis teams at St. Paul’s and Harvard. that at Pasquaney he discovered that he liked competition.

Chris Granger Joins the Board of Trustees

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 Baerger, 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 Norly 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 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.”

Chris served on the council from 1977 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.

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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 watershedking 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 1975, 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 1987 we had such winds and waves that crew shells swamped. Campers showed their prowess by empying 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 “3” power boat alongside the bathhouse deck to load campers and cargo, and at Belle Island, we unloaded at the picnic table, some thirty feet alongside the bathhouse deck to load campers and cargo, and at 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 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.

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 unsavoury 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 rotary by cypress pontoons, to fiberglass boats, to the present caged rotation. 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 Porch 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 Hillock addition in 1985. 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, replced 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 Paquarney Bay; its south-eastern drift was reported successively by the Mary Lamb, Ke’Y Ali and the Spearth/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.

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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 Pasquanty 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 cottage years fall. If cottage years are evenly split in two decades, they are evenly split in two decades.

Alumni notes are listed under the decade in which the majority of their years fall. If years are evenly split in two decades, they are evenly split in two decades.

Although I am now in my 70s, Pasquaney remains a vivid memory. I was touched by your description of the ‘survival expedition’ on his election as the official bugler in 2008. I am sure Bucky Buck

THE 2019S, 1930S AND 1940S

Shane Campbell (left), a camper in the 1950s, celebrates Wirt Thompson’s birthday. Wirt was a camper in the mid-twenties.

Larry Ryder is working as the Managing Director for BlueLine and at Haverford School. He had many fond memories of having been much improved over the years, thanks, I am sure, to Dave’s help of my brother Peter.

Shane Campbell (right), working as the Managing Director for BlueLine Corporation 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, adventuous years starting companies, running 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 1975 and began a new chapter in my life 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 Talks 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 teaching in Charlottesville, Virginia, I do bereavement counseling and 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 832 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 Fee loving, 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, sail, put the rail down and ROLL! Age has no meaning when you are in the Alumni House on the ceiling above the entrance to the bunkhouse.

I have always remembered that night on Birch Porch – it is part of what Pasquaney is to me. I was nineteen in 1949 and returning through the rest of my days as a boy” I was the official bugler, and I want to extend my heartfelt congratulations to James Dunlap on his election as the official bugler in 2008. I am sure he 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 Pasquanty 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 become a part of my character all my life. “So 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’ on his election as the official bugler in 2008. I am sure Dunlap 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 to play taps at the young age of ten. The official bugler then handed 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 Jr (PP 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.”

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 this trip fall to the 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 Dancing with the Stars last season as a camper.

THE 1970S

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 this trip fall to the Serengeti 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 Arie Lindsay, widow of Owen Lindsay, Jr. Arie met Owen while she was a Camp Owlway counselor. After Owen’s death in 1974, Arie 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 Eton University’s endowment fund to start Global Endowment Management Company in Charlotte, North Carolina.

Elliot Randolph, Jr. and Elliot Randolph, III climbed Mt. Washington together this summer. “I had last climbed Mt. Washington in 1956 during the Long Walk. Eli had climbed it several times as a camper and later as a counselor 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.”

It was a beautiful day to be outdoors. I had the privilege of meeting and spending time with two great men: my father and my grandfather.

Elliot Randolph, Jr., (left) and Elliot Randolph, III, stop 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 Radford, Virginia, and spend time in Michigan during the summer.

Barkdale 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 will capture a tipping point in American history when a new generation of leadership emerged and old prejudices were finally vanquished 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!

The 1990s

The Head of the Charles once again proved something of a Pasquaney Reunion. Alec Southall, Chris Reighnuth, and Jonathan Syamese coordinated a small gathering that included Selina’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; Paddy Rokenski and her daughter Anna; and three dogs! A myriad of alumni participated in the races including: Ted Keyser; Graham Pearson (rowing for Bates);

Phil Hooper (placing seventh in the Champ 4 for Brown); Robbie Stone (rowing for Harvard); Brian Young (rowing for Penn); Rob Rasmussen 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 Grevie, 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 Luxembourg. 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 2018.”

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 Rielie writes, “Life in Rhode Island is treating me pretty well. Six months on the job now, my forest manager 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 glove!”

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 counselor 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 fisherman 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 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 Jacoby is finishing his senior year at Skidmore College, majoring in business. His brother, Wes, got married and moved with his wife, Misty, back to her hometown of Portland Oregon. Vince is doing research in human resources.
Alumna 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 cliche 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.

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.

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