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EDITORIAL

Those of us who were privileged to participate actively in this forty-seventh Pasquaney season look back upon the summer with emotions that are difficult to express accurately. There is certainly no confusion about the happy and active life we have led, nor is there any doubt in our minds about the physical benefits we have derived from rough outdoor living. But we have been held up to standards, we have been encouraged to cherish a set of traditional ideals, and we have been made to feel a loyalty to something bigger than our own individual personalities. We have then, emotions which are deeper and more complex than those usually aroused by the transitory memory of a mere “swell” time. We are grateful for a sense of our own inner and spiritual growth; we are grateful for a chance to show loyalty to a community which, even in the present international crisis, remains the most changeless we know—changeless not in a smug, complacent way, but changeless in its traditional insistence that character in the individual is the inevitable basis of all progress.

And, although this emphasis on character has affected us most profoundly, we are also grateful that we have been members of an organization which “clicked.” Most of us feel that Water Sports, Plays, the Long Walk, and the Crew Races were the best the Camp has had in many years. We are proud of the improvements which The Pasquaney Trust Association has made in the physical equipment—the new refrigerating unit, the increased cold-storage space, the new shells, the new truck, and the improvements at Eastbourne Place. We are proud, too, of the group of older boys whose magnificent spirit and leadership did so much to set unusually high standards in everything—and of the younger boys who caught the traditional “Pasquaney spirit” so quickly.

Thus, as we leave Camp for home and school, we are determined to accept the responsibility urged upon us by our loyalty to Pasquaney. We know that “banner seasons” are, in the long run, made by the success of our efforts to take Pasquaney seasons” are, in the long run, made by the success of our efforts to take Pasquaney back into the world with us. Because we know that loyalty is genuine only when it is more than a word or a passing emotion, because we know that, paradoxically, the success of a summer is generally proved during the winter, we are justified at this time only in saying that we have had one of the best summers we can remember. And yet we suspect that when we return to Pasquaney next year, we shall somehow know that the season of 1941 was truly a “banner” one.

