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On May 19th, as our thoughts turned increasingly towards our summer at camp, John Spaeth, a man who had contributed so much to previous summers, died. Father John (as he was affectionately known to all who had been at Pasquaney between 1920 and 1972) was President of the Trustees of The Pasquaney Trust and a member of the Board of Governors of Camp Mayhew. Chapel on July 22nd was arranged as a memorial to him; and the Chapel Talk reviewed his fifty-two years of devoted service to Pasquaney as active counsellor, Editor of The Pasquaney Annual, Long Walk Leader, and longtime Trustee. All of us should be mindful of the key part he played in the purchase and development of the Pasquaney land in Crawford Notch and in the working out of subsequent programs of rough camping and trail-building for the Notchpost expeditions and the Long Walk. All Pasquanians will, I hope, join me in thinking of that lovely wilderness and the work annually accomplished there for the National Forest as a perpetual memorial to Father John. And we should also be mindful of his vision in pressing for the Trust's support of Camp Mayhew and all it means to a growing group of underprivileged boys.

What more can we say of this sterling man who so firmly and for so long was at the very heart of the Pasquaney tradition? I believe that every one of us – from youngest camper to oldest counsellor – will be the better for having known him, or known about him. Who of us can possibly recall his disciplined mind, his ability to get a job done thoroughly with a minimum of fuss and fireworks, his knack of inspiring others to produce their best, his quiet and subtle humor, his love of natural beauty, his ability to skip over short-range advantage for the sake of long range good, his modest self-effacement, his kindness, his dedication to causes and values much bigger than himself – who of us can think of these things without a determination to emulate, to strive to develop these traits in ourselves?

‘ “Let us now praise famous men –  
Men of little showing  
For their work continueth,  
And their work continueth,  
Broad and deep continueth,  
Greater than their knowing” ‘

(Kipling: A School Song, Stanza 1)

THE FLOODS

Beginning on June 27th, we had hard and steady rain for five days. Our usually placid brooks became

threatening torrents, several neighboring towns were completely cut off, and the lake level (already high from a wet spring) rose about six feet. This flooded the Boat House and brought the water up to the high platform at the Bath House, where we actually had to walk up hill along the ramp to the swimming float. By Saturday the brook which runs beside The Lane had burst through its natural banks, and only the valiant work of a group of athletic counsellors who constructed emergency water bars across the road kept the Adams house from being inundated by gravel and water. On Sunday we were able to spare several counsellors to help with evacuating families in the Town of Hebron, and we started to prepare emergency shelter here for all of Camp Mayhew. Fortunately, Mayhew never had to leave its island, since the lake level crested inches below the critical point. By Tuesday the lake had begun to retreat from our water-front buildings and we were congratulating ourselves that the damage had not been greater. But on Wednesday, July 4th, the skies opened up on the saturated earth which could absorb no more. During supper the whole camp became literally marooned in Memorial Hall. The awesome rush of water and rocks down the brooks on both sides of the building was too dangerous for fording. Finally we were able to rig an emergency bridge with life lines and to get everyone out, one by one, and to the dry safety of the dormitories. But this time there was no possibility of saving the lane or several other camp roads. These simply washed down the mountain to change the contours of our shoreline and to create a new point of land just north of the Boat House. Miraculously only one of the tennis courts suffered appreciable damage from the flash flooding, and the baseball field looked like a small lake for only one day. No camp building was seriously damaged; our mountainside wells were above any danger of pollution. Although the rebuilding of our roads was slow and expensive, we are aware that we are much better off than many others in New Hampshire and Vermont.

Much of this happened during what was supposed to be a week of Camping expeditions, so that all the other events and activities of a Pasquaney summer proceeded as usual. Spirit was high; as a matter of fact, the camp seems to have been bound together particularly closely by a sense of common purpose and a memorable experience shared.