

THE BIRCH BARK

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Rich Deering '73, Alumni Director • Michael Mattson '83, Camp Director

THE ALUMNI NEWSLETTER OF BIRCH ROCK CAMP



A nonprofit corporation

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Celebrating The Life of Helen Morton

By Bruce Brown '50s

Helen Morton died on December 27, 2007 in Winter Park, Florida at the age of 100. Helen, a lifelong friend and contributor to Birch Rock Camp, was the last living person to have experienced the first summer season of Camp McWain in 1924 and Birch Rock Camp in 1926. Helen was a counselor at Camp McWain and her much younger sister Priscilla (my mother) was a camper often between 1924-31 – the years directed by its co-founder, Helen Sanderson. The fact that Onie Brewster learned to swim at the girls' camp speaks to the collaborative spirit between the two organizations in close proximity.

Helen Morton truly embodied the Birch Rock motto: "Help the Other Fellow." She abandoned her teaching career in a Boston college to care for her parents for more than 15 years following her mother's debilitating accident. "Once a friend, always a friend" is evidenced by her annual December letter sent to more than 75 people even in her 99th year. One very special friend was Onie Brewster whom Helen traveled considerable distances in Florida to visit regularly during the last decade of Onie's life. Often, despite poor eyesight, she read to bedridden friends at the Mayflower Retirement Center. Possibly Helen's lasting legacy will be as the founding member of the Mayflower's Sewing Class, her final home for 18 years. Helen knitted literally thousands of pairs of mittens and many, many sweaters which, combined with the efforts of others, continue to be sent every winter to churches and service organizations especially in Maine. Currently, Helen's sewing class is making lap robes for American troops injured in Iraq and Afghanistan partly on a new sewing machine purchased in Helen's honor.

Helen's passing has brought to life memories of the deep friendships of more than 70 years between the Morton and Brewster families. In 1925 Helen's parents (my grandparents) Clarence and Luella Morton of South Paris introduced Chief and Onie Brewster to Helen Sanderson and her brother, Burton, who readily agreed to sell and lease part of their adjoining farm property which faced the setting sun (a foremost Brewster requisite in establishing a camp). By 1926, a year later, Birch Rock Camp was launched. Hugh Morton, Helen's brother was on hand as a 17 year old counselor, and ran the woodworking shop for several summers, carving the original camp sign that greeted all the Birch Rock visitors. David Morton followed his father's footsteps by overseeing the woodworking program in the mid-50s. During that time, cousins Hank, Bill, and George Morton of South Paris, John Soule of Cape Elizabeth and I enjoyed our summers either as campers or counselors. I recall that Helen's friends Pat and Carol Brewster were on staff in 1955, and Chief and Onie's grandchildren, Wenda and Scott Brewster were also at Birch Rock as campers during those years. Indeed, Helen's friendships with three generations of Brewsters provided here with untold pleasure for many, many decades.

Portland, ME native and Birch Rocker Bruce Brown has been a strong presence in the Maine art scene for more than 20 years. A teacher at Freeport High School and curator of Maine Coast Artists in Rockport, he has educated many people about art and has also assembled a phenomenal collection of contemporary prints from Maine and all over the world. Bruce is a Birch Rocker and beloved nephew of Helen Morton.



Reflections from The Rock

by Rich Deering '73 -
Alumni Director

The genuine joy about “growing up” at Birch Rock is the reality that we all have the opportunity to make a difference for each other and the community in which we chose to make our own. Residential camping breathes an opportunity for young men and women to test their wings and fly into the skies of lifelong learning adventures. We partner with parents and campers in building a broader foundation of character, trust, self-reliance and humility.

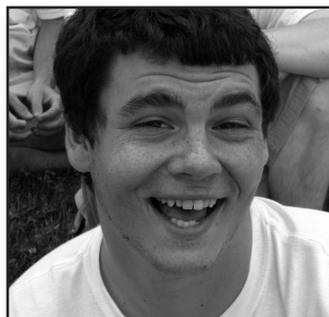
Birch Rock is about positive faith and fellowship. It is about learning to do “the right thing” and realize that “it is OK to be wrong.....it is where you go from there.” We are a camp community complimented by a veteran and dedicated staff who want to develop our campers’ soul, confidence and sense of self-discovery in an unplugged, natural and nurturing environment. No i-pods, no cell phones, no computers and no parental homework reminders. We want our campers and staff to feel good about themselves and appreciate the unique opportunity to know that Birch Rock is a safe, nurturing home away from home.

As we begin our 82nd season, we share in this edition of the **Birch Bark** reflections of our former campers who are now junior counselors. These gentlemen have written poignantly about their vision of today, dreams of their future, and most of all, their fundamental core passion about the BRC community. Additionally, we have a wonderful historical remembrance of a great BRC friend and lady, Helen Morton. Her loyalty, spirit and lasting legacy shall always remain in our heart. Helen epitomized the spirit of our camp motto: Help The Other Fellow.....and we shall always be grateful to have called her a Sister Birch Rocker!

We’ll be “cleaning up” and “powering up” on Saturday, May 31st. We hope you can join us at BRC for our Annual Clean Up Day. Here’s to a healthy, warm spring and summer!!

• Remembering •

By Alasdair Thornton '98



Before I went to Birch Rock I was a very shy child. I constantly worried about what other people thought about me; how I thought they were always staring at me. In Elementary school I was picked on a lot by the older kids on the bus and at school, so I spent a lot of

time during school trying not to draw attention to myself, standing in the corner of the playground during recess, eating at the end of the tables in the cafeteria etc.

When my parents decided to send me to a sleep away camp for three weeks, naturally I was very nervous when I got there. When we arrived I got out of my car, some of the oldest kids came up to me, and I was terrified. As I stood there, scared out of my skull, trying not to look at the big kids, I suddenly noticed something. They were helping my parents move stuff out of the car! I quickly ran over to my mother and told her what I was witnessing. My mom smiled and said, “Why don’t you go over and introduce yourself?” and at that point, I froze up again. Almost immediately though, this guy, came up to me and introduced himself to me. He said his name was Brett and that he was going to be my cabin counselor. I was scared out of my mind, here was this guy who I thought was like 25 and he was supposed to take care of me. I thought it was going to be a very long summer. As I quickly found out, however, the summer went way too fast. I had a lot fun in my activities, like playing baseball, and learning how to swim, but what I really enjoyed at camp was how Birch Rock helped me come out of my shell, by teaching me how to be my own person and to be comfortable in my surroundings. I also learned to not worry what other people thought about me while at the same time being respectful of others. Birch Rock did all of this through the counselors. I began to look at those guys as father figures. I had never knew my biological father... so Birch Rock was the first place where I really had a positive male influence in my life. And that’s what kept getting me back to that place. Every year I would go, and I would learn a little more about myself, I am a totally different person than I was the first year I went to Birch Rock. I am outgoing, myself, and now, instead of always hiding in the corner of the room, I try to be the life of the party wherever I go.

Alasdair will be taking a post graduate year at Oxford University in England.



My Summer Community

Ross Schlecht '01

Every summer since third grade I would get on a bus and go back and forth to a local day camp. I had always been very reluctant to venture very far from home. One Sunday morning when I was ten, while I was changing out of my church clothes, my mom said that she had something important to tell me. She said that she had made a decision that I might not like but it was final. She was so serious as she prepared me to hear the news, I was afraid of what she was going to say. When she told me that she had signed me up to go away to sleepover camp I was actually relieved that it wasn't something more serious. The camp's name was Birch Rock Camp which is an all-boys camp in East Waterford, Maine.

As my parents walked up the hill to their car to go home to New Jersey after we said our goodbyes, anger and anxiety flooded over me. I was angry because my parents were forcing me to go to sleep away camp; along with this anger came a wave of anxiety about being left in a strange place away from home where I didn't know anyone.

There we all stood; new campers in an unfamiliar place, all looking for the same thing—a friend. We met our counselors who after showing us around the camp, took us up to the field to play name games and get to know each other better. After that our counselors took us to our cabins to meet our cabin mates. Within no time I had made many friends. I had also grown to trust and respect my counselor and began to realize what a fun place camp could be.

Five years later after being a CIT (counselor in training) at Birch Rock Camp for one summer and a camper for four, I was hired as a counselor. Being a counselor was very fulfilling. It allowed me to take a leadership position and move up in the ranks of the Birch Rock Community, which I had grown to love so much over the years. To finally be able to become that counselor that I had looked up to and respected all those years, felt like a real accomplishment. I was now the one who was comforting kids who were afraid to be away from home, and who needed someone to walk with them to the washhouse on a rainy night because they were afraid of lightning. The responsibility of having my own cabin of kids to care for and to pass on what I learned while I was a camper was truly rewarding.

Birch Rock Camp consists of about 120 people, so by the end of the summer, you get to know every person in camp very well. I learned about the concept of community at Birch Rock. It is a powerful connection that creates a bond of understanding within that community. You feel such a strong connection between yourself and everyone else in the camp, that everyone treats each other with respect and kindness. Birch Rock Camp has sculpted my character throughout the years and I hope I have helped pass that sense of community on to my campers who looked up to me.

Ross is currently attending Susquehanna University in PA.

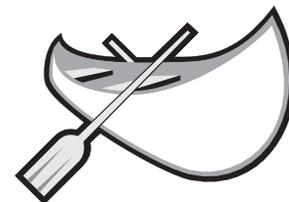


COME ONE COME ALL...

Season 7 is filling up, and we hope you and your family can join us too.....

Birch Rock's Family Camp provides an opportunity for families to experience a combination of recreation and fun in the Maine woods on McWain Pond. These special days are designed for families to retreat and refresh themselves for the "work and school" world and rediscover their own enthusiasm for lifelong learning. Most of all, Birch Rock Family Camp is a time to relax and enjoy!

Family Camp is a wonderful venue for all ages to enjoy camp life in group activities or just do your own thing! Each family member may sign up for daily activity offerings which are facilitated by Birch Rock's talented staff. This program is offered from **August 15 – 19** with flexible days of attendance. For more information, visit our website: www.birchrock.org.



My Mentor Ritt—

By Joe Cohen '01



As I climb higher and higher on the slopes of Mt. Everett the sweat starts to bead on my forehead and I wish my hair was a whole lot shorter and my pack

much lighter; it never feels the same when it's just dead weight. I push on, knowing that if I can't motivate myself to get up this 3,000 foot hill then I'll never make it up Kilimanjaro. I only have two more weeks before I leave for the trip. I start to think, as I do when I hike, on a time in my life when I would have just given up. The difference now is that I have a driving force behind me; and, despite never knowing him, Ritt Kellogg is my spiritual guide. Seven years after graduating from Berkshire School, Ritt died on the east face of Mt. Foraker in Alaska; I was only two years old. His legacy of leading by example and loving the outdoors lives on at Berkshire School through the Ritt Kellogg Mountain Program (RKMP), an outdoor program founded in his name. Like me he enjoyed frolicking in the woods behind Berkshire School and sharing his love for Mt. Everett with others.

As a kid I tried the traditional sports and facets for enjoyment, but football and basketball never seemed to fit. I always had a passion for the outdoors but never had the opportunity to exercise that passion until I was introduced to Berkshire School. Searching for something more than the sprawl and conformity of my suburban town, I was immediately drawn to the School's setting at the foot of Mt. Everett. I first heard Ritt's name uttered on my tour in a brief mention of the Ritt Kellogg Mountain Program, but when I arrived as a student I realized that Ritt himself would mean much more to me than just the namesake of a program. I quickly found that Ritt, although no longer alive, was someone with whom I could relate. I read *In the Zone* by Colby Coombes, the lone survivor of the avalanche that killed Ritt; I surfed the web for any information I could find; and I asked the older teachers for anecdotes of his time at Berkshire. But I only got a limited sense of who he was. It was the mountain behind the School and my connection to it that really gave me insight into who he was.

As I participated more and more in the RKMP it gave back to me equally. My time in Winter Mountaineering and Backcountry Skills taught me teamwork, leadership, and basic survival and outdoor skills and I became more confident, outgoing, and sure of my place in everyday life. Just as the mountain might have changed Ritt twenty years before, it was doing the same to me. What meant even more to me than the outdoor instruction was the time I spent alone on the mountain: whether it was hiking, swim-

ming at Guilder Pond, climbing at the Oil Fields, or reflecting as I enjoyed the views from Black Rock, South Pinnacle, Jug-End, Racebrook Falls, or Mt. Everett's glorious summit. I was able to center myself in a way that I never had been able to before and this ability to think about what was on my mind without the distractions of everyday life helped me mature by leaps and bounds. It's hard to describe exactly what I mean, but I know Ritt would understand it. There is a picture of him in the Mountain Room where we store all of our gear and meet for practice and underneath the picture is an excerpt from an essay Ritt once wrote:

"In conquering a problem...clear your mind, get determined, carry through. When you are sixty or so feet in the air, your problem of getting to the top of the cliff becomes much larger in your head. You begin to panic, clench the rock and waste all of your energy in panicking. If you stop and take a long, deep breath and realize actually what you are faced with you may start to climb slowly, one step at a time, eventually reaching the top." (Ritt Kellogg, *Outward Bound - A Personal Essay*).

The natural environment obviously challenged Ritt, and it challenges me in the same way.

As my love of the outdoors increases, Ritt Kellogg continues to direct me. I realized that if I enjoy the natural world so much then I should devote my life to it. So I have fully immersed myself in this new direction in which I am successful and happy. Now, my motto is W.W.R.K.D.: What Would Ritt Kellogg Do? Almost all of my time – from Rock Climbing and Mountain Biking, to participating in The Maple Syrup Corporation and the Conservation Committee, to spending summers in Alaska and Ecuador further expanding my horizons and knowledge – is devoted to the outdoors.

Today, I can say with confidence that I am an outdoorsman. I even devote my summers to teaching kids how to kayak and mountain bike at a camp in Maine. But it's more than that. I'm teaching them about character and how to love the outdoors. This has become my life and I now know something that many people my age don't: I know what I want to do with my life.

I have that direction thanks to Ritt.

Joe will be attending Whitman College in Washington State this fall.

THE JOY OF IT ALL

By Sam Deeran '01



A toddler, shrouded in night, will extend his hands to the stars, pupils wide, eyes focused unblinkingly, breath deep, and unknowingly teeter off balance. The child may fall to his knees. But he will find his feet and stand again. Sadly, when the mystery of the stars is revealed, that toddler may never gaze at the night sky that way again.

When I was a shaggy-haired, bright-eyed twelve year old, my eyes were fixed on the men who ran my summer camp, the cabin counselors. Until I was sixteen, I remained focused on those saints who gave to the camp year after year. My perception slowly changed. As Calvin of *Calvin and Hobbes* proclaimed, "Reality continues to ruin my existence". Seventeen and a first-year staff member at Birch Rock Camp, idealistic until proven wrong, I wondered if I was a counselor for the right reasons. Did I want to live my dream or was I in it for the kids?

It was cabin night and the kids were wild from all the s'mores they had devoured. We had to find something to do - to get all that energy out. So we bounced up the hill from our cabin to the field. Zach, being the iconoclast he was, walked in zig-zags up the driveway. Jeremy clung to my side, making me feel oddly paternal. Nate, the coolest of the bunch, was ready for anything. He walked alone.

As we topped the hill, I looked out across the rolling hills of Maine. Some bathed in a kind yellow sun, others dark gray, sternly foretelling that we were about to get hit with a signature New England storm.

We got playing a rousing game of barefoot soccer with another cabin. I had to tone down my intensity so as to not plow any campers, but I was having as much fun as they were. Nate made quick work of halting this. "No counselors are allowed to score!" he declared. It was probably smart considering a wrongly placed kick would send a kid up like popcorn. As the game went on, a mean, pearly, and swelling cloud swooped in over our heads. A warm and steady breeze swirled in from the corridors between the neighboring hills. The wind steadily gained speed until it howled in our ears. There was a moment when everyone felt that single speck of rain, stopped what they were doing, and looked at each other. The hammering rain began to beat down upon us.

Zach wanted to get the game going, taking the opportunity to shoot on an empty net. Unbothered by his clever ingenuity I decided to take some time to watch the kids play. I looked down

at my feet and noticed the grass churning to mud. Here was a time when my own enjoyment of the rain would have to be weighed against the safety of the kids. I delayed with the dilemma and kept playing.

The delay was enough to finish the game. So the kids were safe. No one was really talking. They just sort of moseyed around, letting the rain soak them to the bone. Zach became restless and skipped over to the rock wall. He perched on it and stood in the path of the wind. And we all followed him onto the rock wall. And they shook their hair like a puppy that has just swam for the first time.

As I stood, wet from head to toe, I thought about whether I was a counselor for the right reasons. The kids were lost in their merriment, but so was I. Was I truly giving to these kids? Was this compassion? I thought then that selflessness doesn't have to exclude the self. For this experience was nothing less than the celebration of human joy, which we had shown each other was eternally possible.

I stood and gazed out through the sheets of rain, to the west where the sun was setting beneath the clouds. The blood red sky made me feel warm, despite how soggy I was. There are much worse things than soggy socks. And a toddler knows it, too.

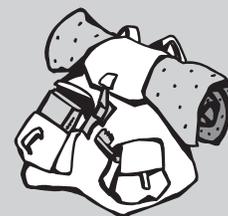
Sam will be attending Colby College in Maine this fall.

A FEW BEDS REMAINING!!

June 25 - August 12

As we count down to opening day, we would appreciate your help in letting us know of any potential campers who might enjoy the BRC experience this summer.

Please let us know @birchrock@aol.com





— MY ROCK —

By Walter Roland '01

A major turning point in my life was during the summer after my seventh grade year when my mother got the job of camp

nurse at Birch Rock Camp. I was not comfortable with my mom's acceptance of the position primarily because one of the provisions would require that I become a camper. Having rarely spent the night away from home, an overnight eight week camp was not appealing, and not the kind of summer I had in mind, especially as a thirteen-year-old child. However, as I had no control over the situation, it was my only option, and one which I initially looked forward to with dread and anxiety.

That first summer at Birch Rock was not one which I enjoyed at the time, due partly to my expectations of the camp, and partly to the fact that I was unused to camp life. I strongly resented the fact that it required me to live in a way which I was not accustomed to. I was completely unprepared for the demanding environment of the camp, and rigorous activities in which we participated regularly. I perceived them, at the time, as being unnecessary and unimportant, simply because I did not wish to participate, and had been opposed to the camp since the beginning. In reality, if I had chosen to look at the situation objectively, I would have realized how beneficial these activities would be, and how much I might enjoy them. At the time, I was incapable of such foresight, as I had not yet had the experiences which would eventually come to shape my character.

It is no surprise then, that I was relieved when I left the camp that fall, and once again looked forward to the next year with dread. As the summers passed, however, I found myself beginning to become used to camp life, and even to enjoy it. I grew accustomed to the emotional self-reliance that was required of me and I found the experience to be uplifting. Birch Rock Camp, by exposing me to challenging and complex activities, and the rigors and relative discomfort of camp life, required that I learn to solve the issues I was faced with by myself. This meant that I must be independent, something I had not done as a younger child. I discovered that, instead of complaining, and feeling sorry for myself, I could instead treat each situation I might ordinarily have disliked as a challenge. Learning to meet those challenges, and even challenging myself became, if not fun, at least something I could be proud of. It was a feeling I found to be liberating, meeting each challenge by digging deeper into my new-found character.

This was not to say, of course, that becoming self-reliant meant I was unable to build bonds with campers and counselors, who were able to work within groups while retaining their independence. They were true to the camp's motto of "Help the Other Fellow." They were able to be part of a larger community while holding onto their sense of moral self-direction. These were examples I could look up to, and learn from. As I built up trust and respect for them, I grew into the person I have become. In this way, Birch Rock Camp prepared me for the future I would have to life. The view I had held previously was reshaped. I was no longer the stubborn child who expected everything in life to be handed to me. My experiences shaped me into a responsible and more dependable person, who was more able to cope with life's obstacles.

Looking back on the experience, I am thankful for the character development Birch Rock Camp caused me to undergo. Because I had never before been exposed to an environment in which I had to undertake activities I might otherwise have preferred to avoid, I was unable to grow as a person. The camp, by putting me in a situation where I had to complete activities and challenges, pushed me to develop a stronger character and become more open to the idea that things may not always go the way you want them, but may turn out for the best, and give you experiences you might not otherwise have had. It also shaped me as a person by allowing me to meet challenges. If I had not had this experience, I might never have discovered that part of myself, which allows me now to meet new challenges and solve the problems I may be faced with. I feel that this development has turned me into someone who is more competent, and better able to deal with life's tests and trials. In short, what Birch Rock Camp caused me to do was grow up, and become a better person than the child I had been. Without these experiences I might not have become the person I am today, and the fact that I am that person is something for which I am eternally grateful.

Walter will be attending Northern Arizona State in the fall.



~ ALUMNI NEWS ~

John O'Brien '64-66 is a partner and managing director IRM Strategies in Hong Kong. John writes: "It is great to think back on the wonderful opportunity that Birch Rock provided me to understand how to live with nature and find my place in community....BRC helped me shape personal values of service that have informed my career. I have served on and led professional and community boards, served in leadership capacities (most recently as a member of the Hong Kong Government directorate)".....**Meredith & Bill Chase** '50s, B90s of Sagamore Beach, MA updated us on their Birch Rock boys and grandchildren. **Marc** '80s and his wife Cassandra have two children Mitchell & Eva (ages 5 & 3). Marc works for GCR a recruitment company in Burlington, MA. Brother **Will** '80s is with IBM in marketing and just celebrated 5 years of marriage with his wife Michelle.....**David Meirs** '30-40s thoughtfully sent his original copy of BRC's original songbooks featuring the camp ALMA MATER, SEMPER FIDELIS, and THE CHANT OF THE CHESTY CHILD. Thanks to his initiative, these songs and others can be found on the camp's website: www.birchrock.org. Dr. Meirs spent 10 summers at the Rock as a camper and counselor.....**David "Ziggy" Nesher** '90s-S00s graduates from the University of Montana this spring. David looks forward to traveling and expanding his recreational management degree and utilize his BRC Trip Leading skills in the Wild West....**Crompton "Hub" Burton** '60-S70s is Associate Vice President of Alumni & College Relations at Marietta College in Ohio. Hub and his wife enjoy spending time watching their twins, Max & Maddy growing up and look forward to spending time in Downeast Maine this summer.....**Jerry Curry** '70-S80s has moved to Keswick, VA. After spending years living the suburbs of NYC and working on Wallstreet, Jerry said he was ready for a little more warmth and suburban living close to the golf course. Jerry and his lovely wife Toto have two children, Emily and Justin.....BRC was delighted to have a surprise and nostalgic visit from the Clayton brothers '50s this past summer. **Whitney Clayton** lives in Chelmsford, MA and **Bruce Clayton** lives in Charlotte, NC. These Birch Rockers of the 1950s were delighted to see their names on the walls in the main lodge and the preservation of the campus.....Former Super CIT **Michael Nicholas** '77s checked in with us about his one year at camp. Mike fondly remembers his summer work and good times with all those campers and counselors in the late 70s.

Wish List



BRC appreciates your contribution to the camp community. Some items we wish for are:

Used/New Automatic Pick Up Truck
Old Push Lawnmowers
Internal-Framed Backpacks
Two Man Tents
New Commercial Convection Oven
Kayak & Canoe Paddles
Tennis Court Resurfacing (\$4000)
Art Supplies
Nature Program Equipment
New Swim Docks
Heart Defibrillator

Birch "Rock is a 501c3 nonprofit corporation. All donations received are tax-deductible. Please contact us birchrock@aol.com if you might be able to accommodate any of those wishes.

Thank you!

Brewster Lodge – BRC's New Health Facility is Under Way for 2008!

Waterford- Despite a very long, harsh Maine winter, the Brewster Lodge is well on its way to completion for the opening of the 2008 season. The talented Barry Hill and crew and our own Charlie MacDonald continue to build what will be for the next 100 years a tremendous health care facility for the Birch Rock Community. The windows are installed, the roof has been shingled, the plumbing has been hooked up and now the fine carpentry work and interior walls are being partitioned and sheet-rocked.

Brewster Lodge is a major capital project that represents the capstone of our 5 year Capital Campaign in bridging innovation and tradition. Thanks to the generous support of our families, alumni and friends, we have raised \$250,000 for our \$300,000 goal to date. We appreciate your support and welcome those who can help ensure the good health of Birch Rock and its campers. You can follow our rapid progress on Birch Rock's website www.birchrock.org or contact our winter office (207) 741-2930 for more information.



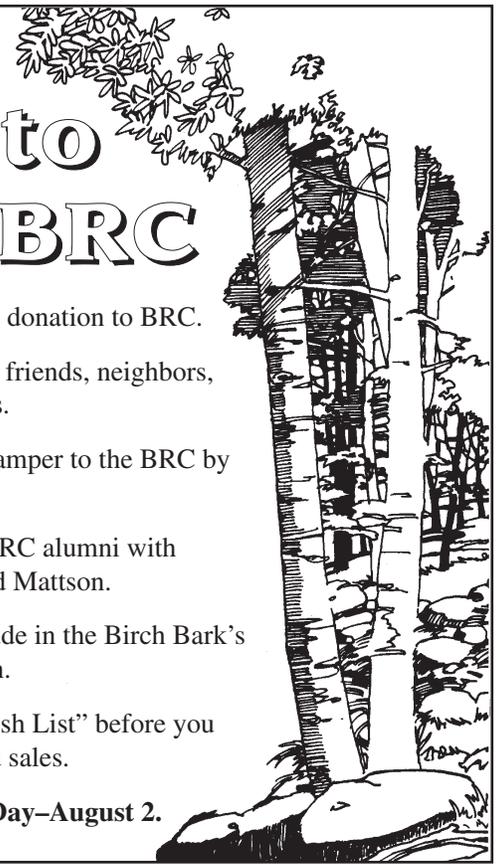
Mark Your Calendars for 2008!



May 31	Spring Clean-Up Day
June 2	BRC Summer Office Opens
June 16	BRC Staff Orientation Begins
June 21	C.I.T. Orientation Begins
June 25	BRC Opening 1st Session
July 13	BRC 1st Visitation Day
July 19	BRC 1st Session Ends
July 20	BRC Opening 2nd Session
July 20	Cub's Camp Begins
July 20	Maine Wilderness Adventure Begins
August 2	Cub's Camp Ends
August 3	BRC 2nd Visitation Day
August 10	MWA>Returns
August 12	BRC for Boys Ends
August 15	BRC Family Camp Begins
August 19	BRC Family Camp Ends

It's Easy to Help BRC

- Send a tax-deductible donation to BRC.
- Promote BRC among friends, neighbors, family and colleagues.
- Refer a prospective camper to the BRC by phone or email.
- Host a gathering of BRC alumni with Directors Deering and Mattson.
- Send us news to include in the Birch Bark's Alumni News column.
- Ask us about our "Wish List" before you have your spring yard sales.
- **Join us for Alumni Day–August 2.**



ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

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BIRCH ROCK CAMP