



The Clock Tower Times

Alumni Newsletter

Echoes of the chimes of our time.

Spring / Summer 2013

Dear Billings Alumni,

For more than a century, music has pumped up enthusiasm for programs, created billions of goose bumps, squeezed tears out of the most stoic of camp goers, and provided a stage for campers and staff who might not have the opportunity to perform back home. Music has been part of the Billings experience from the beginning, and in this spring issue of the Clocktower Times, alumni have reflected on how they remember music at camp.

I have loved learning about how Dad Hurd used to assemble an orchestra every summer to hold sacred concerts on Sundays and that upon the building of Dartt Hall in 1931, it housed a piano and phonogram. Don Carmichael will tell you more about music on Saturday nights in the 40s and 50s, and others will share their musical memories of Billings.

By the time I came to camp in the 1990s, Billings was full of musical traditions, but also full of modern music blaring from our "ghetto blasters." I used to spend weeks before camp compiling the best possible mix tape that we would play for our campers every morning in our tent to motivate them to get up and off to colors after we heard the bugle. Some songs bring me back to CB instantly. "La di da di dadi da da"... the opening notes of La Bouche's "Be My Lover" remind me of standing in the mucky seaweed for hours during precamp as we baked in the sun installing the old blue docks for the summer while listening to some mix on repeat. I remember a dozen of us singing Indigo Girls' "Galileo" in harmony in the shower, and then again at countless campfires. How many ladies experienced the breathless rush of dancing to "Footloose" on girls' senior row after evening program and before taps?

The camp songs are also great for raising those old CB goose bumps both at camp and during reunions in Quebec and New York City. I will never forget the whole camp singing every song in the songbook as we were bunkered in the dining hall after dinner while John and Anne Freitas, Larry Drew and other senior staff surveyed the damage of the microburst in 1996. The songs brought us strength and courage. What musical memories do you hold from camp? Post them on the Camp Billings Facebook page!

On another note, after many years of service to camp, Marti Warren has decided to pass on the task of keeping the alumni database to Elissa Malcom. Please contact her from now on with any address change or to subscribe to the newsletter. Thank you Marti for helping alumni stay in touch through your excellent newsletters and for caring so much about camp.

Best regards,
Jasmine St-Laurent
Alumni Association Chairperson



To send donations:

Theodore Rossi
PO Box 3539 Stowe, VT
05672 USA
tedrossi@msn.com

To send alumni updates, write to

jasminestlaurent@yahoo.com
or: Clocktower Times Camp
Billings Newsletter
C/o Marianne St-Laurent
311 Rte 244
Fairlee, VT 05045 US

To send any address changes...

Elissa Malcom
24 Wheatley Street
Lebanon, NH 03766
USA
elissa.malcolm@gmail.com

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Greeting From the Board by Michael Lemme

Spring is finally here and construction is being completed on all of camp's latest projects. Both new cabins are completed on Girls Sr. Row and they look great! Mike Welch, owner of Rock Pear, LLC, a construction company from White River, VT, did an outstanding job, and Pat Dixon, camp's primary contractor from Post Mills has completed Cabin 1 which now faces the lake with a covered front porch, complete with new rocking chairs! The final touches for Girls Sr. Row include constructing an entire new privacy fence, adding professional plantings and trees, and reseeded the large green open space we preserved in between Pinewold and Cabin 1.

Fellow alumni Benjamin Cheney, owner of CONSTRUCT from Montpelier VT is doing a great job on our Craft Shop additions. He's even using rough sawn lumber for historic accuracy. This will be a major improvement to one of camp's favorite program areas.

Weownit has now been transformed into our Director's Cottage complete with a large dormer off the second floor bedroom adding necessary ventilation and a beautiful view of the lake. We kept it simple in design as it always was, but brought it totally up to date. A very special thank you goes to alumni Ken Payson and his wife Peg, who team up and own Payson-Denney Architects. For the past 3 years Ken and Peg have drawn up all of the required drawings for our contractors and variance hearings, twice flying all the way from their home in New Mexico just to make sure everything came out perfect. These projects would never have gotten accomplished without their generosity and expertise. I also need to thank every member of our Board of Directors. I cannot over emphasize the amount of time spent fine tuning these projects that lead to such outstanding results. Special thanks to our former Project Manager Joe Jones, and Board member Vicki Smith for obtaining the town variances and permits. Many thanks to our new Project Manager Casey Huling. As well as being the best Camp cook Billings has ever seen, Casey now has complete oversight of all construction and is doing a great job! Thanks to John Freitas, Chair of our Camp Billings Committee that oversees all of camp's infrastructure, and to our maintenance crew of Larry Drew and Joe Coutermarsh for their expertise in working with all of our contractors.

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It's Bob's directorship that keeps Camp Billings full, and most sessions with waiting lines, every year during his entire tenure! Bobby, we thank you very much for all you have done and are doing for camp!

Finally, it's all of Camp Billings Alumni who deserve a huge round of applause as your hard earned donations have allowed Camp Billings to become an ever so better facility for our campers, and that's what it's all about! Your Board will never lose sight of that. Please stop by, whenever you can and take the ground tour of the "new and improved" Camp Billings. Summer of 2013 is gearing up to be one of the best!

Sincerely,
Michael Lemme
President, Board of Directors



THE WORST SINGER IN THE HISTORY OF CAMP BILLINGS

by Bob Green

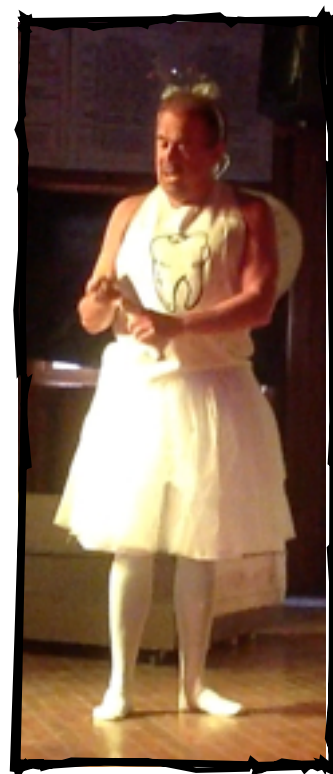
The following information is true. The names have not been changed to protect anyone. Here is my confession:

In 107 years of operation, I, Emperor Bob, the great and powerful, am unequivocally the worst singer in the history of Camp Billings. I am stating this of my own free will, without coercion or under duress. It is a statement of fact and I can back it up with the following evidence:

1. When I was a camper back in the 60's, we were a much smaller camp. The singing after the meal would begin whenever a cabin wanted to start a song. We were so small that you could literally hear individuals harmonize beautiful songs like "The Ash Grove". When I started to sing, the song would suddenly cease.....
2. The camp musical began in 1967 with the production of "The Mikado" by Gilbert and Sullivan, certainly not a favorite of 12 year old boys. The second camp musical was "Finnian's Rainbow" starring yours truly. We tried to get someone to dub the songs while I just mouthed the words. Instead, I "talked" through the songs. Humiliating.
3. In the early 1970's I sat through the worst musical in the history of Camp Billings, "The Sound of Music" done for the second time in three years. It was an outdoor production with the action taking place on the two rocks and the audience sitting on the Clock Tower lawn in the middle of the action. You couldn't hear a thing. It was unwatchable. As a result, the worst singer ever at Camp Billings asked Uncle Ralph if he could take over the musical. Ralph laughed. Figured it couldn't get any worse. I did the musical for the next four summers.
4. I directed the first Camp Billings musicals not to utilize scripts, and almost the first musicals not to have music. We did "The Wizard of Oz", "Peter Pan", "Alice in Wonderland" and "Doctor Doolittle". These were really fun productions; very spontaneous, and hilariously performed. They were the first musicals to use spotlights; the first musicals to utilize the entire Dartt Hall room as a stage. They represented the first time our staff stayed up all night to paint scenery and build sets. They were not known however, for prodigious singers that would later grace the Billings stage. I wanted the musical to be entertaining....and they were.
5. When I became Director in 2001, I instituted "Barry Manilow Night" on the first Wednesday night of each summer for two reasons: to honor one of the great alums of all time and his success in the music industry; and to create a night when it was ok for kids to dance on tables in the dining hall, to conga line throughout the building, and to just have fun dancing and socializing in a unique setting. While having Barry come to Camp Billings for Manilow Night one summer remains a hope and dream of mine, trust me, it has NOTHING to do with my love of singing.

Would you like more evidence? My favorite song in the song book is "Back Cover... revised 2002." My least favorite song: the others. I've played guitar since I was a young camper. I have never performed music at a talent show. We have brought back the tradition of the Men's Staff Show, performed on the last morning of camp, creating one last impression in the minds of our kids. I have never taken a singing role in the Men's Staff Show. We want campers to return the following summer. I have been to over 35 final campfires. I have never sang at one. If I did, the Triangle would mysteriously come back in to the shore.....

This issue of the alumni newsletter is all about music at Camp Billings. Enjoy every word and every second of it. As for me, I'll just sit back and watch.....



Musical Memories at CB

"I have to go with that nervous feeling mixed with unabashed excitement when the first note of Ripples is heard from the speakers in Dartt Hall. Ripples took on a life of its own as far as CB romance was concerned since it was always the last song and always the one where you wanted to dance with that person you were most enamored by. I made it a rule not to listen to that song during the year since it made me really miss camp. And to this day it reminds me of some very special people who will always be in my thoughts. "Sail away away...Ripples never come back..." I am not sure the exact meaning of the song, but I think it has something to do with the passage of time and that we should enjoy and live in the present. As Jazzy likes to say "Carpe Diem" – **Paul Behar (C, S, BOD 80s-)**

"A song that evokes some CB goose bumps.....I think the #1 Family Feud answer would have to be when we sing "In the evening.....In the twilight....." while the CB triangle is all lit up in candles and is being slowly rowed out into the lake....I remember John Freitas always starting the song off and everyone joining in with tears in their eyes. – **Mike Lemme (C, S, BOD 70s-)**

"One of my best memories of music at camp is that we always had a live bugler! Everyone who has been at camp has been roused by reveille, called to activities and meals and quieted (sometimes) by taps. These were the steady divisions of our days, for all ages." **Jess Pepitone (C, S, BOD 70s-)**

"There are so many memories of music at camp and it's been fun thinking of them all. Here are a few memories which stick out to me: 1)Carol Miller (Reddekopp) starting the "I said a Boom Chick-a-Boom" chant from the staff table! 2)Dad's (John Freitas Sr) booming voice in the dining room, but especially with "wasn't that a horrible thing to do, to give to me the grisly end of a kangaroo to chew" 3)The many musicals I was in and saw at camp - but my favorite was dancing with Paul Behar in Oklahoma. 4)Sobbing at the final campfire while singing "In the Evening", "Our Dear Old Camp" and "Tell me Why" 5)The good old times when the singing-in-the-dining-room purpose was to sing and enjoy the music, and not see how hard everyone could bang on the tables. 6)Classic camp songs such as The Ash Grove, Leaving on a Jet Plane, Blowin' in the Wind, Both Sides Now, Bubblegum, Dem Bones, Down by the Old Mill Stream, Feelin' Groovey, Green Grow the Rushes, The Hammer Song, Happy Wanderer, Lollipop, Rise and Shine, The Ship Titanic and Take me Home Country Roads. 7)The feeling of embarrassment and/or excitement when your name was mentioned in the Camp Store song! "...my eyes are dim, I can not see, I left my glasses in cabin 3! I think that I saw them in the old Camp Billings store"" – **Beth Freitas Crocker (C, S, BOD 80s-)**



Brendon Timmons as King Triton and Parker Densmore as The King's herald- a sea horse, in Camp Billings' *The Little Mermaid*

"Music memories - Charles Crowley's vocal solos at the musical, Frank Peckham giving violin recitals (campers really loved this one). – **Ted Rossi (C, S, BOD 50s-)**

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: **MUSIC AT CAMP BILLINGS** :
: By Don Charmichael (C, S & BOD 40s-) :
.....

Dad Hurd kept music among the experiences regularly presented to the Billings family throughout his directorship. In my time there from the late '40's through the '50's every Saturday was music night, featuring performances by campers and staff.

Frank Peckham, for whom the cabin on boys senior row is named, was at camp for many years and a good violinist. On music nights, in addition to bringing a delightful performance to the campers, he always tried to include an educational element. He once played a piece that relied heavily on the gossamer sound of false harmonics, and before playing the piece he explained how false harmonics are produced on the violin. Some 65 years later I still remember that explanation and that sound. His wife was a fine classical pianist who often performed – more about her in a minute.

In 1952 and 1953 the violinist **Earl Melendy** was on staff while he researched his Ed.D. thesis topic of “The Place of Music in Summer Camps.” Earl’s family was from around the area and I think he contrived that topic to enjoy a couple of summers at camp. Earl was a strapping guy who had been a combat veteran in the Pacific during WW II. After the war, for some years, he’d had his own orchestra on one of the major radio broadcasting networks, before deciding to go into teaching. At camp he was billed as “Uncle Earl and His Magic Violin” – the “magic violin” in question being a Guanerius, worth at the time about \$30,000. He was a masterly musician and usually played real barn burners with great flair – gypsy music and such - to the delight of everyone. You knew when you were listening to Earl that you were hearing some top flight music.

One summer he rented a cabin across the lake for his wife, Jean, and baby and paddled over to camp every day in a kayak he had built himself – first time most of us had seen a kayak in use. He was a fine guy and a wonderfully good violinist. **Mrs. Peckham** accompanied Earl on piano and he remarked to me that she was the best accompanist he had ever worked with – a very high compliment.

The camp nurse during those years, **Mrs. Edith Mocho**, had been a battlefield nurse during WW II,

assisting in brain surgery under shell fire using flashlights, etc. One Saturday she said that she’d played harp and would bring it for music night. She soon showed up with an orchestral harp in the back of her pickup truck, spent all afternoon tuning it, and then played several pieces for us. (That launched my rural Vermont credo I call “the harp in the pickup,” i.e. that if you really believed, astonishing things would happen without warning in rural Vermont. That happens to be true, you know.)

Another stalwart for decades was **Charlie Crowley**, whose namesake is “Crowley’s Corner” at the north end of camp. Charlie had a magnificent bass-baritone voice – if more avenues had been open to him when young, he could have pursued a successful operatic career. He always sang stirring songs that the campers loved – “On the Road to Mandalay” and such. Charlie also always presided during initiation night for new campers as the King of Siam, swaddled in multi-color garb and turban, perched atop a high table, to be approached on their knees with great diffidence by new junior campers, whose obeisance was rewarded, once they were within range, by a dribble of water onto their heads from a sponge that Charlie had concealed within his celestial raiments. Charlie also headed the waterfront for many years and would seek around among the junior campers down for swimming to find one from White River Junction. Upon receiving that information from the kid, Charlie would say, “Ah, Yes! White Liver Johnson ! A beautiful town ! I know it well !” The kid would immediately correct Charlie on the town name and Charlie would launch further into praise of White Liver Johnson, being corrected each time by the kid, in rising agitation at this great lummoX who couldn’t get his town name right, until finally Charlie would burst into gales of laughter and assure the camper he was only being kidded. Charlie was one of the funniest people I’ve ever known and I still miss him.

So – that was some of the musical stuff, and other things, during the last years of Dad Hurd’s directorship. Others can add what Ralph did, and how Bob Green has kept the tradition alive.

Still Ripples -by Tyler Gardner (C&S 90s-Present)

Every summer, campers find themselves asking the same questions in anticipation of their arrival on Lake Fairlee: what cabins are we going to be in? Which counselors will be back? When will Patrice and Elise learn to speak English? How old *is* Brian Kaufman? And what does Tyler actually *do* at camp?

Well campers, here's a little known fact: Special Operations is more than just an arbitrary title to bestow on someone who occasionally judges a portion of Country Fair; it is also in the Special Ops job description to constantly be thinking of what exactly makes the camp so special. And after spending countless minutes thinking about this question, I think I have stumbled upon the answer.

The age-old debate, dating back to 1927 (they didn't have formal camp debates before that), suggests nobody has ever really figured out if it's the *people* at camp, or the *camp* itself, that make the experience so incredible. Dr. Cobb even suggested that perhaps it was *both* the people and the place, and he was, of course, revered for years based on this seemingly genius compromise.

But I would like to offer another theory: it is in fact the *music* that we hear and internalize each summer that can, without fail, magically transport us back to the lake. Separated by thousands of miles, several generations, and nine months in between each summer, we all have the desire from time to time to either return to the lake, or see camp people. The music that we carry from one summer to the next is what allows us to constantly be just a song away from our Billings experiences.

As I type this, for example, I'm listening to the *Moulin Rouge* soundtrack and wondering why Emperor Bob ever allowed us to bring back the Male Staff Show; last night, I went to bed listening to the *Braveheart* soundtrack and appreciated that that instrumental magic may have been the only thing our counselor, Mick Clancy, could find that might actually make us go to sleep when we were campers in Annex in '97; just last week, I heard Wagner's "Flight of the Valkyries" at a student recital, and I wanted to go set off fireworks and wake everyone up for the start of Country Fair; and I don't think I will ever be able to hear Fun's "Some Nights" without being re-amazed at what camp created one fine Saturday this past summer, wearing safety green t-shirts, chanting "Yes We Can!" and possibly enhancing the Billings spirit forever.

Prove this theory for yourself. Turn on "Ripples" by Genesis, and see where you find yourself. For you cabin seven folks, that might be outside avoiding the dance at all costs, but for those countless alums and current campers and staff who are old enough, and lucky enough, to have had that magic moment dancing to "Ripples" in Darrrt Hall, with someone who you truly care about, I guarantee that you will be right back on the lake, thanking that unknown DJ from years back who decided to make the final Billings song eight minutes and ten seconds long.

The place *is* magic; the people *will* be with you for the rest of your life; but it is the music that allows us to be at the place, with the people, when neither one of them are close at hand.



Max Overstrom-Colman



Casey Huling & Yutaka Tamura



Ben Cheney

Editor's note: Does anyone know who was the first DJ to instill "Ripples" as the last slow song? I heard it used to be "Stairway to Heaven" – an equally long song that gives apprehensive lovers the time to really connect with their dance partner. But who was it that switched it to Ripples?

Mr. G's Journal

Thursday, March 7, 2013

Lititz, Pennsylvania—Dear Journal, I'm sad to say that I am not at camp today. It must be beautiful up in Vermont, some snow still on the hillside in the shadow of the clocktower. We were cheated out of a snowstorm here yesterday and my whole family spent some time longing for camp. My daughter Anna found a camp picture from 2007 and spent a good part of the day looking at the tiny faces and yelling in delight when she recognized a friend.

Driving around in the rain that should have been snow we listened to a Spotify playlist we share called “Camp Billings.” It is a bunch of the original recordings of songs we sing in the dining hall. We play a game where the playlist is set to random and you have to be the first to guess the title. It is harder than it sounds. Camp has taken these songs and changed them, always for the better. If John Denver could hear how we've taken “Country Roads” or “Leaving on a Jet Plane” he would be very alarmed.

One of the most changed songs, and one of the all time favorites of camp, is “The Ship Titanic.” I was able to find one of the original blues recordings of the song by William and Versey Smith called “When the Great Ship Went Down.” The playlist contains another recording by Pink Williams and though the words are different, the basic tune is right there. Williams had already started changing the lyrics and adding to the irreverent tone. Where the Smiths and Williams both sang “Husbands and their wives, children lost their lives” we now sing (along with several other possible lines), “Uncles and Aunts, little children lost their pants”. I love camp.

When I was first at camp in 1987 and I sat at that first meal in the dining hall with those boys from Cabin Seven, everything that happened caused a sensory overload. Larry Drew starting us on Evening Grace, the loudness of chairs sliding in, Uncle Ralph sitting quietly at the staff table, watching everyone, the rush of table waiters to get the macaroni and cheese, and then, at the end of the meal, singing together, song books appearing from nowhere. The CB cheer started it, the building actually shaking, and then we sang, “The Ship Titanic.” I remember thinking that the building might actually shift off of its foundation.

I was twenty years old that year. My parents had given me a guitar for Christmas, an old Hondo with a hummingbird on it. The neck was warped a bit, but I had learned a couple chords and for some reason I had

brought it to camp. Because camp changes you, in ways that are hard to explain, I started to think of myself as a musician. I never did at home in Indiana. I remember a friend from my church youth group telling me that they didn't need my voice in the youth choir. I laughed about it, but knew that music wasn't for me. Then, at camp, I had my guitar, and on one of those chilly late July nights where the fog settles in, I stayed up late and took my guitar out to the rifle range to practice alone. I was already starting to think about leaving camp and the line, “I'm almost asleep and I'm alone in this place, I'm trying to say good night, but the words that I want aren't the words that I need, I just want to say good bye” came out as a song.

I sang the song for my friend Paul Strode, who brought me to camp, and he told me I had to sing it for the camp. So I did, and the experience changed me forever. Camp is a loving place, and the reaction of my new friends convinced me that I needed to keep doing this. That next week, at a similar time of night, I stood on one of the dirt mounds that is now Rainshadow Field and looked up at the clear night sky. I felt like I was falling up. I jotted down the lines “There's a hole in the sky I fall into at night; these Vermont skies are awful deep”. When I got home to Indiana that fall, the feeling of camp that covers you for weeks still on me, I wrote the song, “Vermont Skies”, which, for me, captured the wonder of how Camp Billings completely changed my life.

That song, as I listen to it now, is about the change that camp allows us to make, and, at the end of session four, forces us to make. Many have said about camp that it is like coming home. Truly, this is how it was for me. I spoke of camp in the song as part of our continuous walk through the seasons of life. In winter we walk on the ice; in spring, if we are not careful, we fall in. In summer (at camp), we fly through the skies but in the fall, when we leave camp, we fall from them. As seasons change, so must we. But seasons are a cycle, and sometime soon, we all get the chance to go back to camp.

For many of my generation, that return is through our children. Four weeks ago, on a lazy Sunday afternoon, my daughter Anna set up a card table in the living room, found an old Camp songbook from my office, and together with her brothers sang camp songs. Banging the table so loud that our dog Fairlee started to bark, they sang “Take me home, country roads, to the place, that I belong.” They spun their hands in the air and yelled, “Yee-hah!” then, when the song was done, Theodore, my nine-year old, called out, “Ship Titanic, page 4!” and they pounded the tables again. Our house, become the dining hall, started to slide toward the lake.

Carrie Flood is in 8th year managing a community arts center in Concord, MA and serves on the school committee for the area's vocational technical school, both of which tap into the experience gained from so many years of involvement at camp. **Mike Flintosh** (C&S 80s-90s) is now proud father of a daughter Caroline Alexis born 11/10/12. His brother **John Flintosh** (C&S 90s) married Juliana Bergman, now Flintosh. He writes "On May 19th I married a young lady I went to high school with. There were some CB alums there: **Perrin** (C&S 90s) and **Shane Chick** (S 90-00s) **Emily Graeper (Novis)** (C&S 90s), **Max Overstrom-Coleman** (C&S 90s), and **Ben and Dany Moore.** (C&S 90s) It was a on a little farm in Epping, NH. We had a pig pickin' and kegs of beer. It was awesome. I'm hoping to get my son there in a few years. He is 7 now, so maybe in a few years we will get him up there." Congrats to the Flintoshes!! **Monique Laroche Burk** who was a camper in 1977 and staff 1978-81 shares that she still works as a family physician in NH. She has 3 older children in college next year and 2 youngest still going to CB. Time flies. **Carolynn Churchill** (C, S, BOD 50s-) writes I have a new granddaughter born Jan. 27th...Maeve Bliss Churchill. She joins two brothers and is a love. Her son who was a camper in the 90s, **Hunter Churchil**, and his wife are due Aug. 4th. **Michael Harley** (C&S 90s) and family moved to Guatemala City in December to the dismay of all of his NYC friends, especially those from CB. After numerous head fakes on moving to Brazil and Peru, he finally made the call to pursue an exciting opportunity in the private equity energy sector. **Peter Halprin** got engaged in January to Catherine Zamoisky. His wedding will be in September in Baltimore and his bachelor party will be in Cartagena Colombia, organized by **Paul Behar**. Fellow alums **David Shapiro** (C& S 90s-00s) and **Aaron Rowen** will be there to partake in the insanity. **Darif Krasnow-** (C&S 2001-2005, 2007) lives in Berkeley California (with **Sally Elliott** (C&S 90s-00s) and works full time as an EMT in the San Francisco Bay Area. He will be starting medical school in August in California or Florida. **Alice Randall-** (C&S 1997-2005) lives in Brooklyn, NY, where she's been since graduating from college. She is a student at SUNY (State University of NY) getting an MD and a Master's in Public Health. **Carly Green** (C&S 1997-2008) is currently living in New York city and working as an Associate Producer for The Dr. Oz Show. **Brendan Feeney-** (C&S 1997-2003) lives in New York and works for the writing staff of the tv show Law & Order: SVU on NBC. French Canadians who were all campers and staff throughout the 90s and two Americans, who have been at camp their whole life, met in Quebec City for a winter mini reunion. Organized by **Philippe Canac-Marquis** and **Anne-Isabelle Gingras**, the event was a strictly no kids allowed event and including inner tubing at Village des Sports, a swiss style Raclette cheese fondue meal and games back at the chalet. With: **Jeff Cantin**, **Marc-Andre Lafleur**, **Annie Vallières Novis**, **Ariane Delisle**, **Sophie Gingras**, **François Canac-Marquis**, **Paule Dupuis**, **Mathieu et Antoine Turgeon**, **Casey Huling** and **Johnner Freitas**. **Steph Graham** (C&S 90s-00s) has been teaching in Arkansas for a number of years and is now Assistant principal at KIPP Delta Collegiate High School. **Mica VonTurkovic** (C&S 00s) has been living in New York City for over a year now working for Nickelodeon! **Ali Freeman** (C&S 90s-00s) can now be found on television in Burlington, VT on the WCAX channel 3 NewsTeam... Ron Burgundy who? After studying Higher Education Administration at Harvard, **Adrian Doyle** (S 90s-00s) is working at Loyola Marymount University in California and living in sunny Santa Monica. **Ryan McArdle** (S 00s-10s) is back to School at the University of South Australia training to be a teacher. Ryan's sister **Fiona McArdle** (S 00s) has been flexing her vocal chords on stages throughout Australia and is hoping to travel Stateside for more education. **Alice (Stills) Henderson** (S 90s-00s), her husband Miles, and their loving dog Stella are living not too far from the McArdles in Adelaide, Australia.



Patrice O'Carroll (C&S 00s-10s) has been studying in Switzerland this entire year and getting together with a number of other Billings staff alum of the 00s and 10s traveling through Europe at the time such as **Lisa Kirchberger**, **Gaz Smith**, **Natalie Langhorn**, **Reilly Johnson**, **Sauce Richards**, **Neal Heapworth**, and a few others. After some time in Alaska, **Michelle Pinter Petrillo** (C&S 00s-10s) has been serving with AmeriCorps in Maryland. **Mike Bushkanets** (C&S 90s-00s) has been helping his family's business, Bagel Works in Long Island, while he helps get his "Concrete Jungle" clothing business off the ground #concretejungle #Billings #buymikesstuff. **Sean Collins** (C&S 90s- Present) and **Anne Hartman** (C&S 90s- Present) are now living in Hanover, NH as Sean has been teaching Middle School Social Studies at Plainfield Elementary outside of West Lebanon, NH and Anne is subbing at the Lyme School. **Tyler Gardner's** (C&S 90s-Present) birthday was at the end of February and CB alumni decided to make a reunion of it. **David Peskin**, **Andy Schneider** and his fiancé **Jess**, **Rita Damico**, **Carly Green**, **Tizzy Ernstoff**, **Anne Vachon**, **Brian Kaufman**, **Brenden Feeney**, **Mica von Turkovich**, **Caroline Collins**, **Nick Graham**, and some others hung out for two nights all around the city. Proud parents **Marjorie (Cone) Saur** (C&S 90s-00s) and **Adam Saur**. Just welcomed Jack Wade Saur born February 28, 2013 and big sister Addison Emeline who are excited about joining in the fun at Camp! **Jasmine St-Laurent** and her husband **Cameron Brady** welcomed **Colin Walker Grant Brady** on January 4th.

The editors of the Alumni CTT would like to thank our faithful informers: **Sean Collins**, **Sarah Halton**, **Paul Behar** and for all of you who wrote to share alumni news. We want more updates from alumni who attended camp in the 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s and 80s. Please contact me to share your news! Email: jasminestlaurent@yahoo.com or send a letter to:

Camp Billings Newsletter
c/o Marianne St-Laurent
311 Rte 244
Fairlee, VT 05045



"I went on four different treks with Bert Snow in the 70s. (74-77). These trips were my saving grace for summer camp and were great experiences. My pictures of those trips include lots of sunsets, prairie dogs, and vast open spaces. But hardly a one of people. Are there Billings alumni who would like to share photos?"

*James Day originally from Walpole, MA. Now Pawtucket, RI
73-Camper 74-Skagway, Alaska trek
75-Mazatlan, Mexico trek 76-Cody, Wyoming trek 77-Grand Canyon trek"*
Calling all Bert Snow trip alumni to share their stories and photos of the old CB caravan trips!

"Greetings,
Before I Graduated from High School in 1931, I was a camper at Billings, later a counselor, later with Barbara Wishart, a hostess. I loved it all so much I stayed as long as possible. Truly it has never really left me. In all my century of living, Billings is part of me. I credit this remarkable experience to Mr. and Mrs. Hurd; and to all the remarkable people who guided this wonderful idea – Camp Billings – to worldwide recognition, with foreign-born people appreciating the camp.

With love, gratitude and continued inspiration,
Corrine M. Bryan from Waterbury Ctr., VT

“CHIEF WATSO, was for several years a regular guest at camp. He’d drive into camp in a pre-WWII four-door sedan with NY license plates, though I believe he was actually from NH. He’d tell us about Indian ways and legends and have various small items for sale, the only of which I can remember were tomahawks made from the lower stem and roots of a certain tree, with the projecting roots carved to sharp points, the better to brain enemies. He was Abenaki. Chief Watson taught us a song, the lyrics of which, repeated several times, consisted of “Ka-duska wee oo gah nah need a lee” and which translated to “They are waiting for us over there.” He was a fine, dignified and colorful man, a good friend of Dad Hurd’s, and the kids always flocked around him whenever he arrived at camp.



“I’m Conrad Hubert and was at Billings when Chief Watso came. Dad Hurd had him come at least once for several years. He would talk around the campfire to campers about Indian lore and make bread then bake it in a hole covered with hot sand”

This was a staff picture from 1955 which includes many people who contributed in making camp what it is today! Far left, **Dad Hurd**, of course. Next **Del Mack**, maintenance supervisor from Post Mills. Also a foreman at the Strafford copper mine while it was open. WW II vet, 3 years as front line infantry in Europe. At the end of the war he was the Sergeant Major of a combat division. Wonderful guy, good sense of humor, hard worker, always kind to younger folks. **His wife, Pat**, a wonderfully feisty, funny lady, ran the dish room for a couple of years, and you’d better show up ready for work when Pat was running dish room. Next **Earl Melendy** (see my article about music at camp) **Joan Steinmetz**, camp bugler, although she used a trumpet. **John & Zaela Freitas**, on the staff for many years. (editor’s note: Kate Freitas Rosenbaum just named her daughter Zaela after her great- grandma) Myself - **Don Carmichael**, a Louisville KY kid, taught tennis, and maintained the upper and 3 lower clay courts – big, tedious job, especially burning off all the weeds with a kerosene burner at the start of the summer and then rolling the courts with the 500# cast iron roller that I think is now hidden under Dart Hall. **Dorothy (Dottie) Sullivan**, beautiful, delightful, joyful young woman from Bristol, RI, who was a counselor and on swimming staff for several summers. **Mae and Charlie Crowley**. Mae at times ran the dishroom. She and Charlie lived in Cabin 14. Charlie headed swimming for many years and was an inimitable individual. Next - Not sure – maybe Jess Davis from Naugatuck CT? **Ralph Lawrence**, of course, director of crafts at that time. Crafts in that era was conducted in a shed at the north end of the property, beyond the ball field and very near the line with Kozy Nook. On the end, not sure.



SECOND ROW: First three women and a man – the women were cooks. No idea about the man. **Mrs. Walker, Dick & Gail’s** mother, Bristol, RI, helped with crafts that summer. A very kind, pleasant woman, who understood kids and worked well with them. Next woman,– looks a little like **Helen Wallstrom**, who was a good friend of Dad Hurd’s from back in the ‘30’s, and was one of the first women to be on CB’s Board of Directors. Camp Nurse, **Mrs. Edith Mocho**. Wonderful person from Post Mill, who lived in Sunnyside for a couple of summers during camp season with her husband and two young daughters. She had been a front line combat nurse in WWII and had tales such as assisting in brain surgery under artillery fire with a flashlight for illumination. Mr. Mocho was an artificial inseminator of cattle by trade and kept the necessary vials of fluid in the refrigerator at Sunnyside when living there. Charlie Crowley and I were there once and noticed the little bottles. We asked the Mocho’s 5 year old daughter what the bottles were and she looked at us very solemnly and said, “Oh, those are my daddy’s semen.” Charlie laughed so hard I thought he would fall down on the floor. Mr. Mocho was from NM and they eventually moved back there, where Mrs. Mocho passed away recently. **Agnes Blanchard**, for many years Dad Hurd’s highly competent and faithful office assistant. Mother of **Sue and Warren Blanchard**. I can’t place the young woman just beside Chief Watso to the right, but the next young woman is **Barbara Jaen Crowley**, Charlie’s & Mae’s younger daughter. I don’t remember the next woman. The man on the end looks a lot like **Fred Richardson**, fine guy, with a B.S. & M.S. from Harvard, who started teaching at the Trinity Pawling School and probably had a career teaching in the prep schools. Hard worker, highly competent, modest and unassuming, lots of fun to be around.

Stunt Night – dress up foolishly and do foolish things to the amusement of all. Woman on left is Marilyn Hubert-Plymouth, NH and Right: Marion Henderson of Woodsville, NH. Marilyn passed 10/11/12. She loved Billings.

The Camp Billings Board of Trustees would like to thank everyone who has donated to Camp Billings. Below is a list of those who have contributed to Camp Billings since the last newsletter was prepared.

Come on, alumni...give it up. What did you do? Let us know! jasminestlaurent@yahoo.com or send us a letter.

A blue drawstring bag with the text "CAMP BILLINGS" and a triangular logo featuring a mountain peak. The bag is shown against a light brown background, framed by a white border.

Clock Tower Times c/o Marianne St-Laurent
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“When
I was a camper in cabin 2,
we did the song ABC by the
Jackson 5 for battle of the bands. I
frizzed up my hair into a huge afro, we
came up with some great dance moves, our
counselors got involved too....we had such a
fun time! I think we even won..... battle of
the bands was always one of my favorite
evening programs.” Sarah Halton (C,
S, CIT Director, BOD 90s-)

