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Intellectual Property Law

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Dear Fellow Blue Mountain Campers,

I am writing to tell my Blue Mountain story in the hopes that it will encourage you to join me in supporting Bob, Suzie and the boys to keep the “Blue Mountain” dream alive and well for the next generation of campers.

First, my story: I had been to a camp before Blue Mountain. It was a regimented life style – here at 9:00, there at 10:30, lunch at this time, my entire cabin of 25 kids in lock step. I felt so alone and thought I was drafted into the army and just wanted to go home. The next year, rather than going to boot camp, I found what turned out to be heaven – Blue Mountain Ranch. I remember everything about that first year, and the second year, third year, fourth year and fifth. I remember all the people I met on the way that have played a role in making me who I am. I remember Noel, who taught me how to camp and cook eggs and bacon in the same pan (that Cappie gave us). He got his Eagle Scout my last year. I remember Jack, who told the greatest stories and taught me how to sharpen a knife (sorry Suzie). I remember the counselor who taught me how to macramé. I remember getting all four bars on my Sharpshooter medal. I remember capture the flag on the hill. I remember getting my junior life saver qualification. I remember the best tasting cold water from the fountain by the dining call. I remember the overnights to the meadow. I remember “sippin cider through a straw” and just laying in the grass looking up at the blue sky. I remember all of these precious moments that I have “carried” with me my entire life. I remember

Sure, there are a lot fancier camps. But there is just something special about that little place nestled under the Blue Mountain. Bill and Dorothy Allen had this vision for just such a place for kids to be kids – not to be herded around from one station to the next, but just a place to relax without a care in the world. Indeed, my wife and I have three kids there now, 16, 14 and 11. Our 16 year old boy wants to be a junior counselor next year – it will be his 7th. And each year, starting about January, our now 11 year old starts ringing the Blue Mountain bell – how many days?

But now, Blue Mountain needs our help. BMR was never about making money. The Allen’s and now the Graf’s have dedicated much of their lives to keep the camp going strong and staying true to its history. And running a camp now is not like it was 40 years ago – so many rules and requirements that must be met now, all costing more money than you would think. The camp is in need of a substantial face-lift. The cabins are in a bit of disrepair (I know you like it like that but ...), the Graf’s would like to re-open Beaver Lodge (remember skit night?), the stables and ropes course are in need of upgrading. The problem is that a tremendous amount of money has been spent maintaining an aging infrastructure, attending to unexpected fees, leaving little for the more visible things that were hoped for.

So, I hope you will join me in opening up your wallets to help out the wonder of our youths and make sure it’s there for generations to come. We estimate that \$100K will be sufficient to do those things that are most needed. I today have sent the Graf’s a check for \$10K. I hope you will you will join me and consider any contribution, large or small.

Sincerely, Dave Parker, Austin Texas BMR Camper ’65 – ’69

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