



THE COLBY ECHO

Volume CXXXVII, No. 22

Published by the students of Colby College since 1877

May 1, 2015

In Memoriam: Peter Cronkite '15



Peter Cronkite, 2015

By SAM LEBLANC
Co-Editor-in-Chief

The *Echo* is deeply saddened to report the death of Peter Cronkite '15, a beloved member of the rugby team, the *Echo* staff, and the entire Colby community. Pete, our Sports Editor, was an intelligent, hilarious and hard-working individual who is sorely missed.

The official announcement of his passing was made in a campus-wide email sent April 27 by President David Greene. "It is with deep sadness that I write to report that Peter Cronkite '15 took his own life this weekend. Peter's death is devastating to his family, his many friends, and the entire Colby community. Our hearts are heavy as we try to come to terms with this tremendous loss."

Pete was a classic civilization major and a cinema studies minor. According to Greene's announcement, Pete was slated to receive the Foster Prize for Classical Civilization for excellence in his major. In addition, he was the scrum-half for the rugby team. The Colby Rugby Alumni Facebook page posted, "In his four years at Colby Rugby, Peter played scrum-half with an unconditional love for the sport, his club, and his teammates that embodies the spirit of the CRFC. During his tenure Peter was awarded many accolades at the position and was a staple of rugby here on campus."

On the day of the announcement, the community gathered to remember and reflect in the Lorimer Chapel. Greene, Director of Counseling Services Eric Johnson and Dean of Religious and Spiritual Life Kurt Nelson spoke, after which members of the community were invited to speak about Pete. Many of his teammates and friends approached the podium to relay their memories, painting a picture of who he was, as well as providing humorous anecdotes.

Pete attended St. Bernard's School in Manhattan and graduated from Horace Mann School in the Bronx. His obituary in the *New York Times* read, "His life on teams in school and area hockey leagues as a goalie was a great happiness in his life.... Peter enjoyed tutoring at the [Farnham Writers'] Center for the past two years and coached youth hockey." Pete is survived by his parents, Deborah Rush and Chip Cronkite and his brother Walter Cronkite IV.

A service will be held Saturday, May 2nd at the Church of Heavenly Rest in New York City. The College will be providing buses to leave from Eustis parking lot at 2 a.m. on Saturday morning. Official Announcements to the community have encouraged anyone who is struggling with this loss to reach out to counseling services.

The *Echo's* thoughts are with Peter's family and friends at this difficult time. This office will never be the same without him.



Words from friends

STEVEN BUXBAUM '15

I don't know how to summarize a complicated man like Pete Cronkite, so I'd like to address this note to another student at Colby. If anything, this past week has taught me that somewhere on campus, there is a student who is silently fighting the same fight that Pete fought. They are quietly surveying the reactions of their classmates and wondering about the fallout if they were to be in Pete's shoes this weekend. I know you're out there and I know you're probably the last person I would ever suspect.

Pete fought his battle alone. But you don't have to. If you take anything from this week, take that you don't have to go

through this alone. Asking for help when you need it does not show weakness. It shows more strength than I can imagine. I can tell you from firsthand experience that the counselors that work here are the most kind, discrete, and non-judgemental folks that you could ever hope to talk to. You would make their day if you gave them a chance to help.

Pete was my roommate, my teammate, and my friend. We talked late into the night dozens of times this year and all he had to do was say the word and I would have gone to end of the Earth and back for him. As would dozens of his classmates and school officials. But he can't hear us anymore so I'm telling it to you.

You don't have to go through this alone.

RACHEL HAWKINS '15

"You're objectively wrong." These are the words Peter almost always uses to end our arguments. These arguments could be about the *Star Wars* movies (he loves them and I don't) or if peanut butter or ranch dressing went better with carrots (ranch dressing, duh); on the surface there doesn't seem to be much we agree on. However, we both love movies and dark humor and that was enough. I am sad that we will never have the opportunity to watch *The Big Lebowski* together or that for some reason you never saw the entirety of *The Lion King* (well, at least that you remembered), but I guess what hurts the

most is to know that I no longer have someone to snapchat what movies I am watching and who will actually think that's interesting or ask what you thought about that latest movie released in theaters. I will always remember you calling me a nerd because I did theater, and yet you did classics. But I guess what this nerd is trying to say is that she'll miss you and that you were a great friend who can never be replaced. So to end, I had to put in a movie quote, and lucky for you I found a great one, from you guessed it, *Braveheart*. At one point in the movie, William Wallace says that "every man dies, not every man really lives." Well you never have to worry about that Peter because if anyone really lived, it was you.

SHEILA RAJAN '15

A letter to Peter: We once went to my house with a few friends, and you guys ended up locking yourselves in my basement. When I found you and the people you were with, you were about to smash in the window with a hammer, and were singing "we are the men of constant basement." It's funny because now when that memory comes to mind, I get stuck on the word "constant." You were my neighbor freshman year and over these past four years became a best friend and a brother to me. You were constantly there for me, whether that was playing *Call of Duty: Zombies* for hours with me, teasing me nonstop about not having emotions, stealing my phone and sending out inappropriate texts, watching ridiculous movies together, having hilarious family dinners, or just sitting around talking and arguing about serious issues or silly things like what we would do if there was a zombie apocalypse at Colby. I can honestly say that my time spent with you at Colby makes up most of my happiest

memories here. Now, I am scared of going places that will remind me of you. I am scared of doing things that we used to do. But I want you to know that just because I am scared of remembering you, I don't want to forget you. I once told you that whenever I need a guaranteed laugh I imagine the time we drove to Walmart because you needed a toothbrush and while we were waiting for you in the car, you walked up to another car full of people wagging your toothbrush at them because you thought we had tricked you by moving the car. This memory, as silly as it is, still makes me laugh when I feel as if I'm in a world full of sorrow. These are the kind of little memories I think of every day, and I will hold on to them so dearly because they make me feel like you are still here. You mean the world to me, and I can't imagine waking up every morning to a world without you. I wish I had told you just how much I needed you in my life, and I want you to know wherever you are that I love you and not a day will go by that I don't miss you, you lovable goofball.

Love, Sheila Rajan

A special thanks to Pete's mother, Deborah Rush, for contributing personal photos for this memorial issue.



JANE ALLEN '15

Hey, Peter.

Remember this one time freshman year when you threw a beer can at my head and I ended up having a really bad bump for a month? Well, you and I always debated what really happened, and whoever knew us knew both sides of the story and heard it a million times. I always said that you didn't notice I wasn't paying attention, and you always said I wasn't ready so I ducked. Honestly, I don't remember what happened; for all I know I could have ducked. It could have been

either way. It doesn't seem so relevant anymore, our little screaming matches. I keep laughing at all the things we did, all the adventures we took, all the tracks we rode on the N64 Mario Kart game. Though I'm laughing again, I keep crying because the ones in the future that we planned won't happen. You'll always be alive to me, but in a different sense that isn't tangible. God, Peter. What they're saying about you in the papers -- or should I say the stupid, rude, nasty tabloids. You would have hated it so much, this type of vulture journalism that would have made you roll your eyes and make some type of inappropriate

gesture. I hope you know that to me, and to all of us here at Colby, you're more than what they're saying in the garbage tabloid articles. You were a mean, kind, abrasive, loyal, dear friend of mine. You made my experience at Colby so much better, and worse for my throat. Your presence was enough for me; you could never be replaced. You're one in a million, kid. I hope you understood that. Christ I really hope you know how much I care about you as a person, as a best friend. I knew you cared about me, about all of your friends. I just hope you know how much we cared. I love you, loser.

Cheers, Jane

LAURA ROSENTHAL '15

The Peter Cronkite Countdown

Because anyone who knows you knows that you had the same playlist every weekend. This isn't exactly your playlist. It's my list of songs that make me think of you.

8. "Chicken Fried" by the Zac Brown Band

It's funny how it's the little things in life that mean the most. There was nothing like cold beer on a Friday night, a pair of jeans that fit just right, and the radio up. About the chicken part—I will eat a BBQ chicken (or bull chick, if I'm feeling brave) 'dilla in your honor. Freshman year you tried to get me eat one on Feb. 29, breaking my vegetarianism, because it's not a real day so it wouldn't count. I refused then, and I know you'd hate that I'm doing it without you here to see. But I'd like to think you just

know.

7. "The Lion Sleeps Tonight" by The Tokens

One night, I was sitting out in the hall and you were in your room, blasting this song on repeat and occasionally singing along. It was 2am.

6. "Thunderstruck" by AC/DC

How many times have you gotten us way too drunk to this song?

5. "What's Up?" by 4 Non Blondes (but also the He Man Remix)

You actually screamed from the top of your lungs: what's going on?

4. "I'm Shipping Up to Boston" by the Dropkick Murphys

I'll always picture you in that green shirt (ew) doing an Irish jig to this.

3. "Take Me Home, Country Roads" by John Denver (?)

I'm not even sure this is the version we listened to. I never asked because I never had to play it for myself.

2. "Rudolph the Red-Nosed

Reindeer"

From family dinners to Movie Mondays to arguing over everything, my all-time favorite thing we all did together was watching *Rudolph* every December. I picked this song to represent the entire 47-minute Claymation movie. I'll be missing you every time a ginger is on screen, every time Santa's a jerk, whenever the abominable snowman roars, and, most of all, whenever we need you to make up the rules.

1. "Wagon Wheel" by Old Crow Medicine Show

This song has always made me think of you. That's probably weird. I remember you played it on the last night of freshman year (after you played it every night freshman year). We all were singing and had our arms wrapped around each, and I ran out of the room because it made me cry and I didn't want you to see. This year, I made sure this song was blasting in my car when I pulled up to campus to start senior year. I'll keep it on repeat for you.

CHARLIE COFFMAN '15

Everyone knows Peter the cinema expert, the athlete, the writer and the classicist. Fewer people know about Peter the scientist. This may come as a shock to some people who knew the citizen chemist. Throughout the four years I've known Peter, he has been a nuclear physicist, a primordial biologist and most importantly an engineer.

Nuclear Physicist: Our freshman year we had a microwave that we bought at the rescue sale. It kind of looked like an old, boxy, blue computer monitor. The microwave was mostly used for mac and cheese, but Peter also used the microwave to heat

up cookies from his mother. On this occasion, he put the cookie in microwave in the plastic container it came in. With in a few seconds, the room was smoking. When the door was opened it was apparent that the chocolate chip cookie had fused into the plastic. From then on, the microwave was known as The Nuclear Reactor. If you look carefully, you can find it every year without fail down at the rescue sale. There is always a freshman buyer.

Primordial Biologist: Peter was so interested in the science he began a search into the very origins of life itself. One fall day, he had cooked himself up a bowl of Chef Boyardee and placed it carefully on a windowsill. Winter rolled through and

the window remained open (he liked the cold), so there it remained undisturbed. Months later, when a new smell permeated the room, the experiment was remembered. Something may have crawled out. To this day I am convinced that in the bowl lay the solution to the origins of life.

Engineer: This was a side of Peter that we were all familiar with. Peter was always able to create a good time anywhere and with anything. Whether it was sports, games, movies, dinners, or story telling, Peter always made it a memorable experience. Peter was a unique guy that I always found easy to be around. Everything is a little bit less colorful without him around.



Words from the Echo editorial staff

SAM LeBLANC '15

The Echo, Class of 2015 and the Classics Department have all lost yet another family member.

Last year when I wrote a piece for Griffin, I said that writers of all kinds know that some things cannot be captured by words. Journalists, however, often find themselves needing to try, despite the fact that we know those words will be inadequate.

Here we are, trying again for Pete. Hilarious, outrageous, never politically correct, a brilliant writer, a hard worker, and a dedicated person. When we came on staff together

our sophomore year, I saw Pete every week for hours on end as we worked away in our respective corners of the room. We didn't speak much unless I was trying to get him to tone it down or he was instigating me to amp it up. But the space he's left in the office is large—despite his short height—and I will never think about the Echo without thinking of the entirety of our family.

Every editor adds their special flare to the office. Pete's was a fireball. The Echo will not be the same without him.

Love and support to his family and friends.

DAVID DiNICOLA '15

As I wrote this piece, it hit me that Pete was the person with whom I shared the most time on the Echo. We were among a small minority of guys in the office, and his presence always moved between a quiet, deeply professional intensity and a boisterous humor that made even the most stressful of layout nights something to look forward to.

Over the course of this year, Sam and I shared a kind of unsaid agreement about the incredible importance of Cronkite's assent on any major decisions, as well as his regular input on articles and editorials. After three years on staff together, I came to know him as someone whose opinion not only deeply mattered to me but also as one of those all-too-rare individuals who was always genuinely listening.

It was hard for me to go through a day without seeing Pete. We spent countless Tuesdays in that dingy office, and when he became a tutor with me at the Farnham Writers' Center, we spent hours talking about journalism, film and soccer. He always had a movie to recommend or a sarcastic comment mocking my minimal knowledge about any football clubs other than Dijon, Munich or Barca. He loved to share the things he loved, and he'd call bullshit when he saw it.

At Colby, we sometimes have a way in getting caught up in the theory of everything. As many

others have stated, Pete was an academic, but he was also a realist. He saw things for what they were, and if those things weren't quite up to snuff, he found a way to make sure they lived up to his expectations.

The paper, the Center, and Colby as an institution were all better because of Pete's influence. I had a number of tutes request him by name because of his tireless dedication and unmeasured empathy. I watched him raise two generations of Sports Editors and treat them with such care and guidance and respect that they looked to him as a brother. We all did. The Echo is a family, and whether it's those verbal noogies or his pensive consolation, we'll miss it and it goes without saying that we lost a brother this week.

Cronk, I'll never forget the conscious effort you made to make sure I felt comfortable here—even from my first days as a naive Feb-Frosh. You challenged me to be more social and made fun of me when I took the wrong things too seriously. You were a selfless guy with a razor wit.

After these three years together in that sweaty Bob's basement, putting up with late nights, millions of edits and the lingering stench of old Thai food, I can tell you that there's going to be one really empty desk every Tuesday night from here on in. Your intelligence, thoughtfulness, humility, tenacity and humor were present in everything you did, and I'm honored and grateful for the time we were able to share.

wasn't afraid to call us out when we were wrong (or when we were probably right and he just disagreed) and he'd argue while handing us a beer and some dice. Cronk and I sat through some long avant-garde film screenings together, and whenever I would try to say I loved a film, he'd interject with a: "no, just admit it sucked." He taught me to speak what's on my mind but still listen to other people's opinions. He taught me to skip the bullshit and be who I wanted to be. He taught me to treat my friends like family, because that's what they are.

For the Echo and rugby and Cronk's close friends, he was a brother. He was an integral part of our lives, and with him gone, there's a hole in our Colby community.

Cronk, I did not know you for long. But I did know you long enough to know you touched more lives than you realize. There are not many nights left in this small office covered in handwriting, some of those marks being yours. But for each night I have left here, I am still so sure that I will hear myself laughing after something you've said. I am convinced that you'll be getting me your finals before any other section. And I'll still be worried that your headlines will include some funny remark not appropriate for print. And I will always miss you while your voice forever echoes in my mind.

CARLI JAFF '16

For the past three years, I have grown accustomed and look forward to a certain routine on Tuesday nights. I finish class, make the trek to Bobs and step into what has come to be my home away from home: the Echo office. No matter how stressed, upset or annoyed I may be, the whole world seems to melt away when I see my Echo family sitting in that office, editing on the computers, eating Pad Thai, having heated conversations about issues on campus and joking around about anything and everything.

This is my routine. It's comfortable. It's what I know. Pete was a

crucial part of this routine: sitting at the sports computer, giving us his heated rant of the day, making us all laugh and cringe (sometimes at the same time) with his jokes and strong opinions. Cronk was always a part of my routine. He had a presence that couldn't be ignored, a brain that was always spilling over with ideas and thoughts, and a heart that was full of passion.

Cronk was an integral part of the Echo family. He made us what we were, what we are. He could make us laugh when no one else could, he could defend any point into the ground, and he could make anything happen. The other day, someone

posted on Facebook, "I have laughed nearly as much as I have cried remembering you today," and that perfectly sums up how I feel. Cronk, you've given me endless laughs, endless memorable nights in the office, and endless reasons to always keep you in my heart. For that so many other things, I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

We may have lost you, but you will always be in our hearts and heads, and you will always be a part of my Tuesday night routine, no matter what. I love you forever, Cronk. Rest peacefully, and I hope that you're drinking some great beer in heaven. You deserve it.

WILDER DAVIES '17

When I first met you I found you very intimidating. I remember my first night on the Echo and how I was so overwhelmed by the new job, and how you were just this intense, aggressive stranger barking off-color remarks from the Sports computer. However, working with you throughout the year I came to realize that you were a very logical, critical and reflective person, who

kept the atmosphere in the office light-hearted and fun. I loved sitting and talking with you before editorial meetings, and exchanging banter during layout. You were supportive in your own way, telling me to 'shut up' every time I made a comment about how terrible of an editor I was. You also loved to prove me wrong. When I assumed that you were a 24/7 die-hard sports writer you came around a produced the most intelligent and well-written performance review published

in my section this year. I admired your polemic nature, and how you challenged me to really think about my opinions and made me laugh at the same time. Your personality permeated the editing room every night, and it is too quiet without you now. However, all I can do is be thankful for the time I got to spend with you. I will always consider you a friend, a role model, and more than anything else (as you would have put it), my 'Ally of the Year.' I'll miss you.

TERRY O'CONNOR '16

I certainly didn't know Cronk as well as many of the other contributors to this issue, but he has been the Sports editor for the paper as long as I have been working here. He was a kid whose praises will be sung loud and strong by all of his friends, of that I am confident. While I don't have as many personal memories to share, I would like to contribute those that I do, and share with everyone my own reflections on how greatly he impacted the everyday environment of working for this paper.

Cronk was always scrappy, sarcastic, blunt, stubborn and confident. His was a voice that you could always count on to say something clever, call out someone for saying something stupid, or pipe in on any argument that might be unfolding in the office. I'm sure you have heard this by now, because it was a side of Cronk that was immediately apparent. About two months ago, however, I began to understand a side of him that

had eluded me for two years. I don't know what sparked it—perhaps it was simply a product of hundreds of hours spent working alongside one another—but I finally could see past the sometimes-harsh exterior he so delighted in wearing.

If you ever needed help figuring out how to navigate InDesign during our layout nights, Cronk would be there for you. If you asked a random question directed at no one in particular, you could expect Cronk to answer it, either because he was genuinely smarter than you or because he just wanted to help you. In reality, I think it's a combination of the two. I didn't quite notice this or appreciate it until recently, and it struck me like a ton of bricks. He would say something as offensive as he could think of one second, and the next he would be going out of his way to help any given person in the office. This was the contradiction in Cronk that I came to understand, a contradiction I'm sure his friends understand far better than I.

I have nothing to say other than I

feel so immensely saddened that one of my fellow staff members, one of my fellow Colby students, and one of my fellow brothers on this earth lost sight of all the love that surrounded him. I have dealt with issues of depression myself, at times going through periods of intense despair, and I have been lucky enough to make it through them. My heart breaks for Cronk's family because I remember my family's own confusion and sadness when they learned of my difficulties. Often we spend so much time in our own heads that we forget how willing—in fact, how desperate—our friends and family are to share the burdens we place upon ourselves.

Cronk leaves in his absence a vast community wishing that he realized how much he was loved. I don't know how anyone is ever supposed to go forward after this, but somehow I know we all will. I hope, if there's anything to learn, that going forward we remember to be here for one another and give all of ourselves to supporting those around us.

You will be so, so dearly missed, Pete.

MEGAN LASHER '15

There are a lot of words I could use to describe Peter Cronkite (who, to me, will always just be "Cronk"). He was funny, he was outspoken, he was brave. Cronk was passionate about everything he did, he was bold, and he cared about the people around him more than he probably wanted us to know. But the word that I think suits him the best, and that everyone seems to be using, is brother.

Cronk was not the kind of person who eases into friendships. When he made friends, there was never the awkward back-and-forth or the fake "we should get lunch tomorrow" exchanges. He cut through all of the bullshit. He

BY JAKE BLEICH '16

Peter Cronkite was a man of contradictions. He was proud and humble, witty and vulgar, rowdy on the weekends and insightful during the weekdays. I met Cronk my freshman year at Colby when one of my friends and I stumbled into his Grossman triple. It would be one of my most "college" nights at Colby, where he led a group of us, Labatts in tow, walked down to the bridge at the bottom of Mayflower Hill, where two students discarded their clothes and jumped into the chilly October water. On the way down, one of his roommates told me that Cronk had famous lineage. When I asked him if he was related to that Cronkite, he gave me a shrug and said "yeah, but don't tell anybody."

Cronkite was his own person, somebody who could have ridden off the coat tails of legacy, but chose to make his own path. That first night I met him, we talked between drinks until 3 a.m. in the basement of Grossman, likely to the ire of the inhabitants. To be honest, I don't remember exactly what we talked about, but the memory of him lying on the floor of the Grossman common room, hours after rugby ball, will stay in my memory for a lifetime. After that night, Cronkite would say "hi" to me in the hallways or when we bumped into each other at parties. He was welcoming, unpretentious and quick to offer you a beer.

I started hanging out with his

roommate my sophomore year and he became a fixture at our weekly "soirees" in Dana. Of course, these meetings mostly revolved around inane intellectual debates while drinking a few beers. In a room full of bullshitters, he was miles ahead of us. He would argue unpopular—if not downright ridiculous—views and create cohesive, thoughtful and witty arguments. He was an intellectual in his own right. When debate didn't interest him, he moved on to ward creative disruption. In particular, I remember late one night during finals week last year when we were all sitting on the roof over the entrance to Dana and he started shouting like a preacher, calling for the passing people to be baptized with his holy Natural Light. I also credit him with introducing me to "King Herod's Song" from *Jesus Christ Superstar*, which is possibly the most unintentionally-hilarious musical number I've ever seen.

When I became the opinions editor this past year, I was able to see Cronk combine two of his great loves: sports and writing. I've never been much of a sports fan—much less a Colby sports fan—and yet every Thursday I'd find myself flipping to the back of the paper to read what happened with football. However, my favorite pieces that he wrote were for the opinions. Cronkite's column, "The Joint Opinion," focused around a dialogue of ridiculous hypothetical scenarios, such as his last installment "When Waterfalls Are

back." They could be offensive at times, but more often than not they toed the line, creating hilarious and even cathartic dialogue that my section rarely saw. Perhaps they weren't traditional opinions, but it was difficult for me not to relish in reading them, whether they provided a small giggle or insight that I carry to this day.

As great a writer Pete was, I'm not sure if even he could express the emotions I'm feeling now. I've spent the last few days trying to formulate what I'm writing now, and yet it still feels wrong to me. It feels wrong to me that I'll never again be able to share a beer with him or hear his banter in the Echo office or get his list of top movies. The only solace I have is that he hasn't died entirely. His presence is as permanent as his Sharpie-inked quotes on the office walls. Cronk will serve as one of my role models for the rest of my life. He has taught me to be humble, to appreciate my friends, and to stand by my views. For those things, I'll be forever grateful.

One last non sequitur. Last summer, I spent a couple days in New York City. The last night we were there, Cronkite invited my friend and I to drink a few PBRs on top of his rooftop. We were up there late, and at one point I put down my beer and decided I wasn't going to drink anymore. That was until he came over, put the can in my hand, and said, "there's a special place in hell for people who waste good beer." Well, Cronk, I guess I can't waste anymore. I hope I see you again, buddy.

ELISE OZAROWSKI '15

People keep asking me, "how are you doing?" I keep asking others, "how are you?" These questions have always felt foolish in times like these. We already know the answers. Sometimes people like to talk about closure. But closure is not possible when there are no answers. Toni Morrison wrote in her first novel (I've paraphrased greatly) that when you cannot reach the why, you must settle for how. But how is irrelevant. So, in this case, we must simply settle. We must settle and take comfort in each other.

Remembering Pete

May 1, 2015

Words from friends

Content redacted. Original, non-redacted version can be found in Colby Libraries' Special Collections & Archives

SARAH LYON '13

The first time I met Pete was when he joined the *Echo* staff in the fall of 2012, my senior year and his sophomore year. We barely interacted at first. Early second semester I received a Facebook friend request from him after we had closed an issue. I couldn't believe that I had friended seemingly everyone else on staff and had somehow forgotten to add him. Little did I know that he would become so much more than a Facebook friend or even a fellow staff member.

Pete was generally one of the last editors in the *Echo* office on Tuesday nights, which meant that he was part of the unofficial group that would head to the 24-hour Coldstone after sending the issue to press. Pete was always so excited to head out with everyone.

Pete remained a dedicated worker throughout his time on the *Echo*. When working on our Bicentennial issue, he offered to pick up a piece on Colby baseball legend Jack Coombs, contributing his passion for sports to the issue. Always full of

wit, Pete loved working on the joke issue. In fact, this past April, I woke up to a text message Pete had sent me the night before about how he had crushed the latest edition. A few weeks earlier, he sent another *Echo*-related text sent at 2:37 am stating, "At the end of *Echo* night and I successfully got David to title an article, 'Cronk does Sundance.'" It was a great article about an experience that I know meant a lot to him.

When Pete and I hung out in New York, he was always the coordinator for nights out, bringing together high school friends, college friends, and others to form one big group. He and his friends would often come over to my apartment in the city, and I'll always remember when we frustrated the non-Colby students with a round of "Big Blue Moon." Pete had a couple of favorite bars in the city, one of which, Doc Watson's, is where I brought a friend on New Year's Eve, telling her that it was one that he liked. Lo and behold, we were inside the bar for only a couple of minutes before I realized that Pete was sitting at a corner table with a bunch of his friends, and he then

invited us to join them for the rest of the night.

The last time I saw Pete was when he visited New York City the weekend of March 20-22, right before his spring break trip to New Orleans. I spent the night talking and laughing with him, Maddie, Hib, Griffen, and Andrew. We were in touch during the weeks and days leading up to his death, and a couple days before Pete passed away, I sent him a message along the lines of, "Remember when you showed me around the Upper East Side when I moved to New York? That was so fun."

Pete, I miss you so much and am so glad we crossed paths through the *Echo* and were able to remain a part of one another's lives. I'll miss so many things about you, including waking up to texts I missed the night before due to my tendencies to go to sleep way too early, Snapchatting or texting one another every time Roses or our favorite Dre song comes on, and talking with you about golden retrievers, stupid puns, and the Sims (I remember how shocked you were when you learned about the cheats 10 years too late). Rest in peace, bud.

MARINA WELLS '15

The Colby grounds crew certainly needs more appreciation, but I can't stand to see them right now. I can't stand that they are helping things grow while Peter's growth has been cut short. He is forever frozen in time, in our memories, unable to graduate and go on to succeed, as we all know he could, should, and would have. He won't be able to see the grass when it is garish green in front of the stage that we will cross at graduation.

I feel guilty for moving on with my life while Peter isn't, but we have to eventually reach a kind of acceptance where we don't question what could have been, what should have been, or what was supposed to be,

but rather accept what Peter was and what he offered to the world while he was here.

Most of us know someone our age who has had a child, and now we all, unfortunately, know someone who has passed away. We think of ourselves as youthful and invincible but we have reached a time in our lives when the life cycle has completed itself and we are reminded that our bodies and our minds are not indestructible. We must continue to honor Peter in the coming weeks, and thereafter, and to remember that life—that people—are fragile. We have to remember not to cover up how we feel like covering a winter-worn flowerbed with a layer of mulch, but to share what we really are, and what we really feel, with one another.

In Memory of Peter Cronkite, a beloved, dedicated, and talented member of the Farnham Writers' Center community. We cherish our time with you and we will miss you.



SARAH SICULAR

Dear Colby community,
I was completely shocked and saddened to hear about Peter Cronkite's passing this past weekend. I went to high school with him at Horace Mann and saw him at the Beast of the East rugby tournament last year and this year, and it was wonderful to see him and chat with a high school classmate who was as passionate about the sport of rugby as I was.

From what I hear he was also a dedicated member of the Colby community as a classical stud-

ies major and sports editor at the newspaper, and that his work in the former had merited him a prize. His accomplishments and contributions I'm sure will transcend his passing and help us all remember him as the successful editor, student, athlete, and overall person that he was.

The two communities to which we both belong, the Horace Mann community and rugby community, I'm sure are among countless others that have lost a valued member and friend. He will be deeply missed. Rest in Peace, Pete.

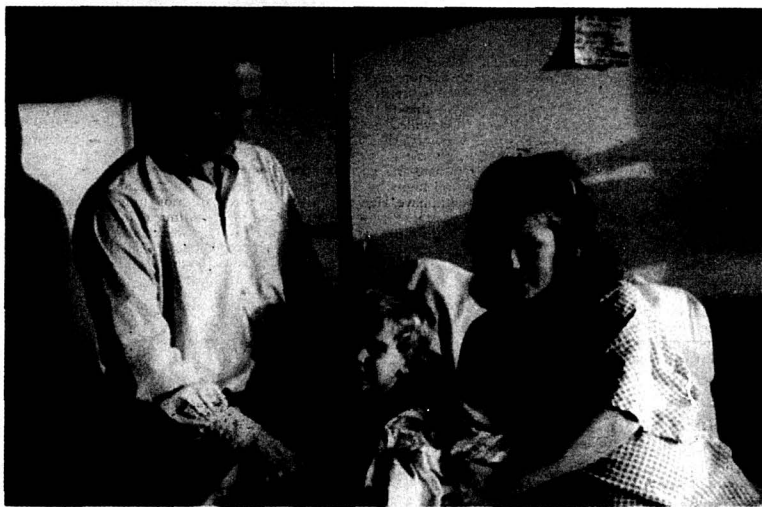
Sarah Sicular, Horace Mann '11, Middlebury '16



Remembering Pete

May 1, 2015

Words from friends



TEDDY NIEDERMEYER '15

October 2006—Van Cortlandt Park—Bronx, NY:

Riverdale Country School and Horace Mann are two of the fiercest rivals in New York City. The schools are located just a few blocks from each other on top of a hill in the Riverdale section of the Bronx.

I am wearing white and, still on the edge of puberty, stand a skinny 5'6". Pete Cronkite, wearing maroon, has filled into his body a little more and looks imposing next to me. It's a classic Riverdale-Horace Mann soccer match-up and the game is getting chippy. All of a sudden, there's a scramble in front of the net and I end up one-on-one with Cronkite who is in goal.

Before I can even consider shooting, he's all over me and delivers a solid hip check which sends me to the ground hard. I look at the referee and there's no call. Cronkite 1, Niedermeyer 0.

That was Pete—the ultimate competitor. Not many people

know it, but I met him when I was seven years old. But that didn't matter on the field. Even after eight years of being friends and teammates at the St. Bernard's School, there was no way he was letting me off the hook. This was Riverdale v. Horace Mann!

Regardless, we'd always be back to buddies after the game. Handshakes would go by, he'd slap me on the back, and say "Sorry about that one, Eddy!" People began calling me Teddy in high school and only my oldest friends ever called me by my middle name, Edward.

So although my mother hated the nickname "Eddy," I loved it because I knew I was in the presence of a good friend.

When I first got to Colby, it was nice to already have a friend on campus. The memories of those freshman parties in AMS will stay with me forever. The time spent in Grossman was some of the best at Colby. I'm sad to say that Pete and I didn't hang out as much as we should have during the last year and a half. Still, not a day would go by when I wouldn't

walk by him and we'd make fun of our favorite hockey teams: the Buffalo Sabres and the New Jersey Devils (who, if you pay attention to the NHL, you know are both equally terrible). Pete was the person I knew I could go to for a beer and some good reminiscing about our favorite St. B's teachers. He was the kind of constant in my life that I was lucky to find. Not only did I know him for fifteen years but also he was quite possibly the easiest guy in the world to talk to. For the rest of my life, when I'm feeling stressed, I'll do exactly what he taught me to do: grab a beer and relax with my friends. It's a terrible cliché, but you don't know what you've got till it's gone. I'm going to miss you, Pete. I hope I'm lucky enough to find someone even half as great as you to be that next constant in my life.

P.S. The NHL playoffs are just heating up this year but I'm already thinking about next spring. My bold prediction: The Buffalo Sabres, led by the spirit of Peter Cronkite, will win the Stanley Cup.

GRACIE BALDWIN '16

For those who work in the Echo office, they know that at times it can be stressful, other times people are breaking out in ferocious debates, and sometimes people are laughing and being silly. Well Cronk, you always made me laugh. You always put a smile on my face even when I was tired and frustrated with InDesign or running out of steam editing an article. From your Sports corner in the office you would always whip out these hilarious one-liners or tell absurd stories. You were such a positive, happy presence in my life, as you were for so many students at Colby.

Cronk you were such a kind, funny, smart, athletic, and talented individual, and it is so heart-breaking to me that your time has been cut short. I know you would have achieved so much in this world and would have continued to be a positive influence for so many people.

I will always remember you for your sharp wit and your sassy humor, and I will never forget the wonderful person you were and the great impact you made on the people around you.

My heart goes out to your close friends, teammates and family. May you rest in peace.

BRETT EWER '14

Meeting Peter was a fluke. It ended up being the best fluke that's ever happened to me.

See, it all began in 2013. After a spring semester in Athens and a tumultuous summer in Washington, I was ready to come back for my senior year. But, it so happened, one of the roommates that I had planned on sharing a Johnson triple with had taken a leave of absence. At this point, I was at a loss. I had no clue who to bring in, my friends all had rooms. Then, Jon Eichholz, my remaining roommate, suggested Pete. "You'll love him," he said, "he's a hell of a guy." I was willing to take his word; I knew nothing of Pete except that he had a famous grandpappy and that he played rugby. Boy, was I in for a ride.

Our relationship started off well enough. He was a jovial kind of guy with a silver tongue and a quick wit. Early on we would drink beer, talk to each other, and shoot the breeze. By October we knew each other well, and I asked him to join me and a few friends in Massachusetts (I know, quintessential Colby) for fall break. He took me up on the offer, and we all spent a weekend hiking through Nickerson State Forest and occasionally kayaking in frigid estuaries. By the trip back to Colby, I knew I could call Peter a friend.

From then on, Peter and I hung out often. We would get dinner at Bob's (never Foss, may the Lord help you if you suggested Foss), and we would talk about anything: Classics, computer games, TV shows, movies, politics, food, beer, and sports were all on the table. Pete had an opinion on most anything, and he always had his reasons (except for hating Steven van Zandt, I still don't get it and I never will). What I most enjoyed about Peter, though, was the small day to day interaction. I could often find him in our common room, sitting in his comfy blue chair, playing the *South Park* game or *Assassins Creed* while eating a buffalo chicken salad from WHOP. He ruled the room from that blue chair: he would sit in it while we watched *The Wire* and *South Park*, and while he reviewed movies. Peter adored film. He would pop on a film, turn off the lights, and let it wash over him. At the end, the lights would flash on in an instant, and Pete would be off to the races, either roundly condemning or praising whatever he just saw.

Two particular memories stick out in my mind. In November of 2013, one of Pete's professors required the class to watch *Jesus Christ Superstar*, the rock opera released in

1970. Pete watched dutifully, until he got to the scene where Jesus was introduced to Herod. That scene was too much. He finished the film, but by the Herod scene, all hope was lost for a good review. Pete and I were in tears, struggling to breathe. We watched that scene over and over. It was stuck in our heads for months and it spread through our group of friends like a virus. I can't get that damn song out of my head to this day.

The second memory, while not as funny at the time, puts a smile on my face every time I think of it. At the end of the fall semester of 2013, Pete came up with a plan. He wanted, in true liberal arts fashion, to mix his passion and his studies. Lord knows how he did it, but he convinced two of his professors to let him write final papers on the film *Braveheart*. So, there I was slaving away, studying Sophocles' *Elektra*, while he sipped a Labatt and guffawed. He got an A on both papers.

There are dozens more memories I could share, but memories alone can't do him justice. He was such a larger than life figure, someone that could only be really known by meeting him in person. From his gait, to the way he talked (like a mumbling pirate was the general consensus), to his irreverence for undeserved authority and his sharp wit, his presence was always known and appreciated. He was fiercely loyal to his friends and to what he believed in. He was kind, jovial, and engaged. I count the twenty months that I knew him to be the best I've lived.

All of us who knew him well are deeply grieving his passing. I loved Pete as a friend, and I imagined that we could easily be friends for life, given our love for film, history, politics, and Classics. For those who knew and loved Peter, there's likely an implacable and clawing need to understand his death. In times like these, I turn to someone that Pete and I both read and admired, the Greek Stoic philosopher Epictetus (I think it really came down to how we pronounced his name, because it can sound like... we shared some childish jokes). Epictetus once wrote, "Never say of anything, 'I have lost it'; but, 'I have returned it.'" Peter did not lose his life. He returned it, having lived it to the fullest. Another stoic philosopher, Seneca, wrote, "The point is not how long you live, but how nobly you live. And often this living nobly means that you cannot live long." Because Pete would hate me if I used Seneca to express this thought, I'll use the tagline from his favorite film, *Braveheart*: "Every man dies. Not every man truly lives." Pete, my friend: you truly lived.

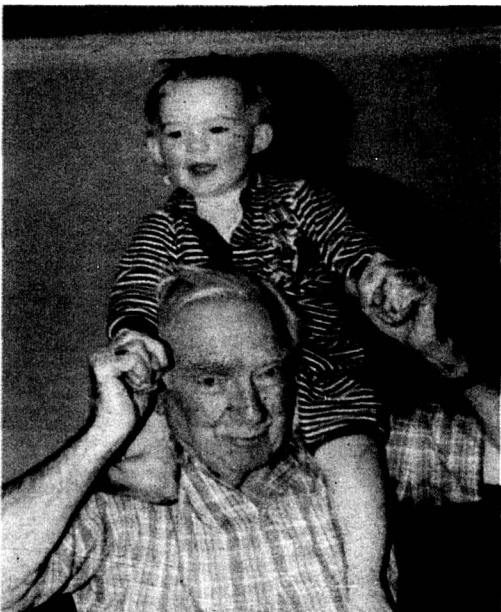
CHRIS BELL N'18

Pete was such a humorous, intelligent, and friendly person. I miss him already. The last thing he taught me as my writing tutor was to read my paper out loud to myself before I handed it in, just in case I have any last minute changes.

SARA KAPLAN '16

Hey Pete, remember all the late nights in the Echo office we spent together over the past three years? How you kept us all on our toes because we knew you'd be the first one to call us out if we said anything even remotely ignorant. How you were always ready to argue your point so fervently, because you were just that passionate about anything and everything. Remember the beers you'd randomly bring in simply because it was a Tuesday night and why the f*** not? And the laughs we

all shared at the expense of your unique sense of humor? Do you remember when we realized that even though sometimes we both wanted nothing more than to get out of that basement, the Echo is without a doubt a family? And that even when the rest of the staff was driving us both absolutely crazy, that we still had love for everyone. Because at the end of the day, the bond we all shared was so incredibly strong. So much so that losing you is like losing a brother. Rest in peace Cronk. Tuesday nights won't be the same without you.



Remembering Pete

May 1, 2015

Words from faculty and staff

By KERILL O'NEIL

When Pete arrived at Colby, he took a while to find his academic footing but then he discovered a passion for the classics. I think the myths of heroes who stood shoulder to shoulder with their comrades in battle resonated with Pete, whose fierce loyalty to his friends and teammates has been mentioned on many occasions in the last few days. To his love of the ancient world, Pete wedded a devotion to cinema studies, rugby, club hockey, sports reporting, and spending time with his friends.

Pete once wrote a paper for me that combined his penchant for movies with his fervor for classical myth. He analyzed elements of the hero story in the film *Braveheart*, picking out the traits and experiences that William Wallace shared with Odysseus, Achilles, Cúchulainn, and many others. It was typical of Pete that he spiced up an insightful analysis of ancient texts and modern film with an acerbic but hilarious assessment of Mel Gibson's colossal ego. For all that, Pete absolutely loved *Braveheart*. On Monday, one of his friends described how Pete had once channeled *Braveheart* to fire up the rugby team during a particularly challenging match. Thus, as we honor Pete's memory, it seems fitting

"...Pete was a force to be reckoned with. His keen intellect and infectious smile won the hearts of his professors."

Kerill O'Neil

to quote Mel Gibson's version of William Wallace: "Every man dies. Not every man really lives."

When the Colby community gathered in Lorimer chapel on Monday night, we listened to story after story about Pete from his friends and classmates. One theme that emerged from all those tales was that Pete really lived. On the pitch, in the classroom, in the *Echo* offices, in the pub, and even (surprisingly) in the pool, Pete was a force to be reckoned with. His keen intellect and infectious smile won the hearts of his professors. He really lived his passion for the ancient world. When it came to rugby, his love for the sport and his teammates was intense. He really lived and breathed the rugby life. In addition, his friends can confirm that when it came to socializing, Pete really lived, too.

A year ago, we had to grieve the untimely death from illness of one of Pete's classmates, another Classics major, Griffin Metto. At that time, I turned for solace to a text that Pete and others were reading in class with me that semester:

From The Epic of Gilgamesh (Tablet X)

Shiduri said, "Gilgamesh, where are you roaming? You will never find the eternal life

that you seek. When the gods created mankind, they also created death, and they held back eternal life for themselves alone.

Humans are born, they live, and then they die.

This is the order that the gods have decreed.

But until the end comes, enjoy your life.

Spend it in happiness, not despair.

Savor your food, make each of your days

A delight, bathe and anoint yourself.

Wear bright clothes that are sparkling clean,

Let music and dancing fill your house.

Cherish the child who holds you by the hand.

And give your loved ones the pleasure of your embrace.

That is the best way for a mortal to live.

The message of this ancient epic holds true today. It tells a tale of friendship and loss, and how we gain humanity when we can accept our own and our loved ones' mortality.

Cicero wrote that the life of the dead lies in the memory of the living. And Pete certainly gave us all many memories to hold dear. In the midst of all our grief and pain, and as we try to give comfort to each other, let us commit to living life in happiness, not despair. Let us commit to holding tight to the intellectual passions that give our lives depth and meaning. Let us commit to cherishing the people around us, and giving our loved ones the pleasure of our embrace. Above all, let us keep Pete in our hearts and honor his memory by really living.

Ave atque vale, Pete. Hail and farewell.



By PHYLLIS MANNOCCI

You were in your element at Sundance. It was your world, and you were a brilliant analyst of film who also knew film history inside and out. I will always remember our last discussion on the history of Hollywood horror movies. You definitely knew more than I did, but you were so modest and humble you made me think I was the expert.

Do you remember when you told me and John and Sam that your mother had originally been offered the role of the social worker in *Precious* until Mariah Carey swooped in and said she wanted to play that part? Oh, how we then all took turns dissing the diva's acting. Your mother would definitely have been a better actor.

Thanks also for sharing your

mother's strategy on how to keep girls out of your room at home, so I could try it with my own son. As soon as you would return home with one of your girl "friends," your mother would start baking cookies, and when they were finished, she would call out to you and your friend, "Don't you and your friend want to come into the kitchen and sample these cookies I just made?" You got the message every time.

I loved your love of classical antiquity and tried to convince you to get a more advanced degree. The other day when I was trying to find an elegy for you, I came across this epitaph to a youth that has been attributed to Plato:

"Before, you shone as Morning Star among the living;

Now, you shine as Evening Star among the dead."

Rest in peace, Peter.

By HANNA ROISMAN

Peter: If only I had more students like you! Bright, intelligent, gentle, kind, and friendly in the most genuine way. In class, you were always quick with a quip, comment, joke, or deep insight. I often wished I'd come up with them myself. While words cannot describe the void your departure has left in our hearts, much less our sorrow, we should all feel lucky we had a chance to know you, enjoy your company, brief as it was. You, and your sadness that we have discovered, taught us a lesson in more ways than one. Nothing is as it seems.

By YOSHI ROISMAN

You were one of the best students I've ever taught; always lurking in the corner, about to offer a response that would rescue class discussion from an impasse. You were always ready with a witty comment that was never a put down. Your sharp analysis and warm presence will be deeply missed. But I wish to say something about your death. The playwright Sophocles suggests in *Oedipus Rex*—a work you studied—that no one can know if he is truly happy before reaching the end. If only that insidious darkness, visiting all of us in various forms, had not convinced you the end had come: such is my deepest wish. For in fact, we all travel from one point to another, happy and not, sometimes convinced our darkness will never cease. So dearest Peter, as my people would say: let your death command us to live.

By STEVE WURTZLER

Peter Cronkite was an intellectual.

I suspect he would hate me labeling him in that way. But in this case, the shoe fits.

Around a seminar table, Pete was never afraid to call "bullshit," although he always spoke more eloquently than that.

In the classroom if a consensus started to form around an argument that Pete didn't accept, he spoke up. In such situations many students remain silent and internally roll their eyes. Or worse yet, they nod and silently go along with the herd. Not Pete. Faced with sometimes overwhelming numbers, Pete was never afraid to tell all of us that we were wrong. And then he'd explain lucidly, concisely, sometimes passionately why we were all wrong.

Pete hated experimental films, hated them almost as much as he

hated mendacity or a lazy argument. And Pete saw quite a few experimental films in my courses. Sometimes when selecting films for a day, I would think of Pete and pick something that I knew would get a rise out of him, a film that was really obtuse or ponderous. He never disappointed me.

"...he argued like an intellectual—with passion, with knowledge, with conviction and frequently with eloquence."

Steve Wurtzler

This may sound like I'm calling Pete contentious and argumentative, or that I viewed him as an antagonist. Not true. Pete could be contentious, but always productively so. And he argued like an intellectual—with passion, with knowledge, with conviction, and frequently with eloquence.

I'm a better teacher because of Pete. My classes were better because of his presence and because of his contributions. Pete Cronkite will be remembered as an athlete, a good teammate, a great friend, and apparently a lot of fun at a party. But Pete was also an intellectual.

By JON JOSEPH AND SHERYL JASON

When thinking about Peter, Sheryl and I always go back to his surprisingly sunny disposition. When he and the other Rugby guys came in we could never tell whether they had

won the game that day. Peter was always happy and having fun whether the game was lost or won that day. We remember fondly the night the Rugby team brought in the trophy from winning the championship a couple years ago. He was beaming ear to ear! We both will miss him a lot.





KIRA BROWN '18

I only knew Cronkite for one year, but I can honestly say that he was the most interesting person I have ever met. I always said that I wished I could be one of his good friends because I thought he was just such a funny character. One thing I will always remember and laugh about

is the story of our moccasins. Cronkite and I had very similar brown, furry moccasins. One morning when I was cleaning up The Brothel after a night of festivities, he looks at my shoes and says "are you wearing my shoes woman?!" I looked down incredulously and exclaimed that no, they were mine. We both laughed about it for the rest of the morning. He was a good guy.

MAGGIE BURGOS '17

Pete Cronkite was an irreplaceable part of my rugby family. I can't imagine my time with the rugby team without thinking of him and all the times we spent singing along to Old Crow Medicine Show or Mungo Jerry.

While half the time I knew him I probably spent yelling at him about a non-PC comment, I will always remember the guy who kept everyone laughing, the guy who was fiercely committed to rugby, and the guy who was talented beyond belief. I will always remember you, Cronkite. You're a f***ing legend.

BROOKE FAIRBANKS '15

To know Petie, look to the people he chose to surround himself with; his roommates, his love, his friends, his teammates. There is a common thread of fierce loyalty, bravery, humor, wit, and unflinching kindness. Those who loved him were teased about everything from their politics to their dancing, but somehow being teased by him was a form of compliment because you knew he respected you enough to really genuinely listen.

His originality came across in every part of his life from leading songs at Rugby parties to teaching his tutees how to think about writing as a unique process in the Farnham Writers' Center. He was never one to give false praise or dole out placating phrases but a nudge, a smile, a beer handed to you from him gave peace of mind more than anyone else's words could.

He could be so calm that it

was sometimes initially surprising what he could get passionate about. Sitting in the Writers' Center one day I asked him if he'd help me judge some middle school poetry. He was doing work but he put it down and sat with me to read over these pieces. Two seconds in he was laughing and sharing lines. "These kids are geniuses man. This one's gonna be a great writer." There were some ones that were a little more amusing and a little less genius and he laughed at those too, sharing the idiosyncrasies and getting really excited when he found some quality writing. His comments on the papers encouraged

the students to keep writing, keep going, keep getting excited about little things like ice cream cones. If you listened to him talk, even in the small moments, like little conversations about professors or assignments, you could tell he was incredibly intelligent and alarmingly perceptive. Sometimes I think he added some swear words

in to cover up how smart he really was.

Watching him run off the field at Beast of the East after his last game a couple weeks ago, he went straight and sat with his dog, hugging her for almost five minutes. I stood and watched because Petie was so real, so raw in his love sometimes, (despite his attempts to obscure the sweetness), that it was beautiful to observe.

Petie, man, I forgive you for soaking me with that super soaker and for teasing me when I talked about love and goose and for teaching me fake German words and for prying my fingers off your beer, and for making life too fun sometimes. I'm so humbled and grateful that I got to know you even a little during our time at Colby from those first classes freshman year to everything senior year. I'm profoundly saddened and simultaneously deeply grateful that I am able to witness the love and loyalty you inspired in so many people. I believe your friends will continue to try to live every day with even a hint of the same kind of passion, conviction, spontaneity and kindness you exemplified.

"His originality came across in every part of his life..."



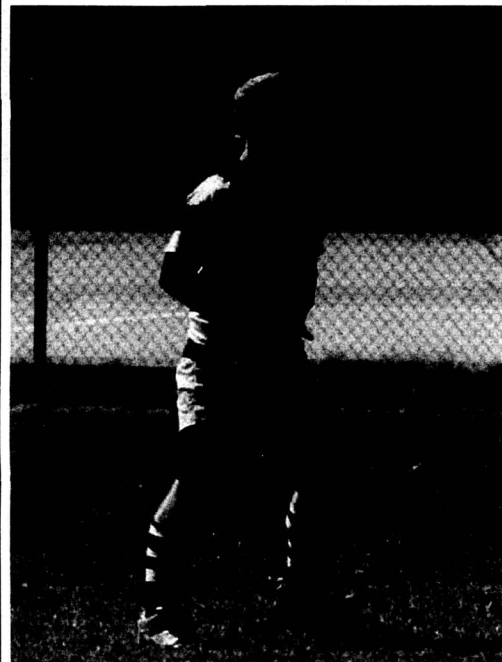
KIERNAN SOMERS '17

Pete, I don't even know where to begin. It's hard for me to summarize my thoughts about you into something so short. I met you at my first 40s night. I was talking to Jack about the flags hanging in the room and you, overhearing our conversation, interjected with a loud "NERDDDD!" My first impression, "what an asshole." I'll never forget it. I guess first impressions aren't really everything because I had no clue, that that Wednesday night during Jan Plan, I would meet someone who would impact my life so much. You convinced me to play rugby, hired me at the Echo, and

quickly became one of my best friends on campus. You were a big brother to me. We have laughed together, drank together, cried together, worked together, bled together, and most importantly, we have lived together. You were the best of friends and while you tried to push everyone away with your abrasive exterior, you were one of the smartest and most caring people I knew; however, you were by far and away the most loyal person I knew.

You taught me how to be a good writer, how to be a good editor, how to be a good drinker, how to be a good rugger, how to formulate the perfect insult, you taught me how to stand up and voice my opinion, you taught me

so much about life. I would not be the man I am today without you. Words cannot express how much I will miss these little life lessons. Tuesday nights in the Echo office will never be the same without you yelling at me over my shoulder to fix someone's shitty writing. Practice on the rugby pitch will never be the same without your crisp passes and songs. Nights out will be so different without your wild smirk and desire for buffoonery. Colby will never be the same without your witty comments and bellowing laugh. Life will never be the same without you. I miss you Pete. I love you brother. You're still an asshole, but you were my asshole.



"Great moments... are born from great opportunity. And that's what you have here, tonight, boys. That's what you've earned here tonight. One game. If we played 'em ten times, they might win nine. But not this game. Not tonight. Tonight, we skate with them. Tonight, we stay with them. And we shut them down because we can! Tonight, WE are the greatest hockey team in the world. You were born to be hockey players. Every one of you. And you were meant to be here tonight. This is your time. Their time is done. It's over. I'm sick and tired of hearing about what a great hockey team the Soviets have. Screw 'em. This is your time. Now go out there and take it." - Miracle

BY TANYA KUREISHI '17

Peter Cronkite was a fun guy. Whether I saw him at a party or in the dining hall, he always got me to laugh. As a member of the Colby Women's Rugby team, I respected Peter's leadership on and off the field and appreciated how loyal of a teammate he

was to his brothers. What I liked best about Peter was that I didn't need to have anything particular to say to be able to have a conversation with him. Regardless of how long it may have been between conversations, he was consistently friendly and funny. I admire that about him and hope that I can strive to be as open and original as Peter.

The Best Man in Town

Words from Colby Rugby



JACK SEARS '17

Playing rugby with Pete for the past two years has been an absolute privilege. Both on and off the field he set the tone for the team. As the flyhalf on the team, I received a pass from Cronkite on nearly every play of the game. While in the six years I have played rugby, I have never played with a better scrum-half before. What I appreciated more than his pin point passes was his ability to inspire both myself and the other players on the field. He played with incredible heart and tenac-

ity and led by example on the field. I will never forget his quick decision making that got us to the Cup at Beast of the East this year; we would not have made it without him. I'm going to miss the unnecessary (but beautiful) scrum-half dives, and not seeing his face coming out the scrum to deliver another great pass. I can't imagine my Colby experience without Pete. It would certainly be lacking laughter, great music, and a few less interesting stories. He was a role model to myself and the entire team and embodied everything good about the sport of rugby.

BRETT BEANEY '15

In his time with Colby Rugby, Pete went from, in his words, a "ball-retriever monkey" of a scrum-half to the head of a sideline vuvuzela band to a "wise-beyond-his-years" extra loose forward," as the selectors put it when he was receiving his Maine State All-Star shirt last spring. Through all of those changes on the field, he never ceased his unwavering commitment and steadfast loyalty.

One story that really encapsulates Pete's dedication to the club

and his ability to make new friends comes from the beginning of his sophomore fall. Pete managed to convince a couple of his teammates to go up and down Frat Row banging on every freshman's door and inviting them to play rugby. For most people, that would be a great way to get a door slammed in your face, but Cronk managed to talk almost a half-dozen strangers into coming to practice and getting hit, run to exhaustion, and even stepped on.

I think those people believed in him and trusted him for the same reason his all of his friends trusted him: deep down under

the biting sarcasm and the occasional insult, Cronk was ready to do just about anything for the people he cared about. I'll remember Pete belting out the words of a song at a rugby social. I'll remember him at the pub, arguing the all-time worst Colby Rugby XV. I'll remember him before the game, giving a speech that was more profanity than actual words. But most of all, I'll remember Pete as he was the last time I talked to him, on the field after our last game covered in mud, sweat and blood. Pete, you were and will forever be my brother.

PANDIT MAMI '14

The news of Pete's death sent shock waves through my body. I can't still believe that our brother, teammate and friend has departed from this world. But I know, for sure, that his memories will continue to linger in our minds in faring days to come.

Pete and I joined the Colby College Men's Rugby team in the fall of 2011. I was a sophomore back then, and he was new to the school. You see, it was very easy to become friends with him because of his sense of humor and genuine regard and respect for everyone. I used to called him Cronkite the benevolent, and he called me: Pandit the Lion. Words cannot express how much I will miss him.

Besides our love for Rugby, Cronkite and I loved the ancient civilizations, especially those of the Spartans and Greeks of old. In our spare times, we used to watch movie scenes from *Troy*,

Conan the Barbarian and many more. I remembered how happy he was when his brother gave him the DVD of the movie *Troy* for his Christmas present. He was so excited that evening that he sent me a facebook message asking me to guess what the gift was.

Even after I graduated from Colby, Cronkite and I were still in touch.

Just two weeks ago, he told me about his Spring break in New Orleans and his new girlfriend. We ended our conversation reminiscing about our days as Rugby Rockies. These were his last words to me. "I don't know if your travel schedule will allow for it, but everyone will say you're always welcome back for a rugby game or two if you can."

Pandit Mami

We have, indeed, lost a brother, a friend, and a leader. Only the Creator knows why these things happen. May his soul and all the souls of the faithfully departed through the mercy of God rest in perfect peace.

QUILL YATES '17

Cronk was undoubtedly the most serious guy I knew. Admittedly, he was also an unbelievably lighthearted and fun-loving friend, but these two characteristics are not mutually exclusive.

When I say that Cronk was serious I don't mean that he can't goof off. In fact, the first time I met him he was wearing a white skull cap on the rugby field expressing utter disbelief that his teammates didn't understand that it was "skull cap Monday."

His unrivaled ability to enjoy and embrace the present is a trait I doubt I will encounter again. However, there are things that Cronk does not joke about. Cronk was serious in how much he loved. He seriously loved his family, friends, teammates, and all those close to him. This is why Cronk was the most serious guy I knew.

There was never a second on the rugby field that I doubted his devotion to Colby Rugby or his teammates. Cronk knew a lot about rugby, and, therefore, he oftentimes knew exactly what I did wrong. But, my

mistakes were never met with criticism from Cronk. Instead, I often received a firm pat on the butt and a "f**k it, we'll still win." His love and loyalty to his friends and family was unwavering. Sure we disagreed. I can only imagine that I occasionally drove him as crazy as he did me, but I never questioned what I meant to him as a friend and teammate. It is for these reasons that I will never meet a person more serious than Cronk. His love and devotion defined not only himself but also the relationships he built. I miss you Cronk.

"You see, it was very easy to become friends with him because of his sense of humor and genuine regard and respect for everyone."

JON CABOUR '17

Cronk:

For as long as I have been at Colby, I have known you as a teammate, fellow rugger, and a brother on the field. From the day I joined freshman year, I could see and feel your passion, spirit, and energy for the game.

You were always a huge influence and leader on the team — a true CRFC veteran. Your fierce loyalty to your teammates was unparalleled and will be deeply missed. Undoubtedly, the team won't be the same without you. Make sure you watch over us when we take the pitch next year, we are gonna need you. Rest in Peace.

