

## MAINE ECHOES

Excerpts:  
from Sunday Talks by Dean Ross Miller  
and  
from Letters of Sympathy to Mrs. Raymond C. Frank

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## PREFACE

It was our privilege, twice, to hear Dean Ross Miller's prayers and talks with the boys at Camp Kawanhee. It was the summer when our son, Roger, was one of the Junior Counsellors.

At the Sunday Service in the pine grove on the steep shores of Webb Lake we heard him reveal to the boys his inner convictions, his philosophy, his love of life and people, his deeply rooted belief in God.

So real was the impression it made upon us that we later urged him to write down selections from his talks and prayers for a booklet we decided to make up and send out to the men and boys who knew him at Kawanhee.

He had almost finished compiling these selections for us when his untimely death occurred. In the months following, his loving wife, Beatrice, graciously agreed to gather together what additional material she could find for the booklet.

And now, while we were preparing this material for publication, came the sudden loss of another revered Kawanhee "great" — Raymond Frank.

Needless to say, no memorial to Dean Miller should go to you without being accompanied by a recognition of Raymond Frank as revealed in excerpts from the flood of letters sent to the beloved "Frannie" Frank. We persuaded her to allow us to select a few sections, for you, from the numerous tributes contained in the messages of sympathy.

It has been a very real privilege for us to have been able to prepare, because of the patient cooperation of the Franks and the Millers, and to donate to all alumni of Kawanhee, this booklet which we hope will be a permanent reminder of two great men who have been so vivid a part of "the soul" of Kawanhee.

*Donald and Jane Hawkes Liddell*

December, 1966

Englewood, New Jersey





DEAN ROSS MILLER  
in the pine-grove Chapel.

## A TRIBUTE FROM THE FRANKS

As our lovable Dean Miller went about camp each day of his forty summers with the boys of Kawanhee he had two main objectives: to help boys help themselves, and to share with them his convictions about God and God's spiritual guidance as being the key to significant living.

Year after year he would talk to us inspiringly at our pine-grove Chapel Services, or on mountain tops where he took groups of boys to sleep under the stars, or met with us all to talk in the firelight of the hearth in the Scout Building. During impromptu Bull Sessions, too, he revealed his beliefs and his value concepts so convincingly that many and many a boy was constructively influenced, and continued to be.

What a contribution he thus made each summer from the 1920's until the 1960's!

During the years when Kawanhee "sons" were bringing their own sons to camp, they invariably wanted to talk with Dean Miller, and they said of him: "He will never know how much of importance he gave to me."

Preaching, counselling on character development, delighting in Nature's beauty, storytelling to amuse and stimulate his listeners — these pursuits made him happiest. His influence was vivid, and we and the "sons" of Kawanhee will carry out his influences even though he has finished his life's journey. He lives on in our hearts, and he will continue to do so no matter where we are, on our own journeys.

Dean Miller's prayers and benedictions are with us to the end.

*George, Raymond, and Frannie—*



## ROSS MILLER

Ross Miller and I met in the fall of 1919 in Shiloh, Ohio, where he was the pastor of Immanuel Lutheran Church. He had returned from overseas service the preceding year, having served as a Chaplain with the 331st Infantry in France, in World War I. I had gone to Shiloh, Ohio, to teach in the High School, following my graduation from college the previous June. Ross had by this time been graduated from Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio, had spent two years teaching at Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College, and had been ordained after receiving his Bachelor of Divinity Degree from Hamma Divinity School, Springfield, Ohio. Both of us were always deeply grateful that our paths had met here, providentially. A year later we began our life together in Chillicothe, Ohio, in his pastorate at Calvary Lutheran Church. An invitation for him to join the faculty of his Alma Mater after a year of graduate study led to our going to Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1921. A year later he received the M. A. Degree in Psychology from Harvard University.

He spent the years 1922-1937 teaching at Wittenberg, except for a leave of absence from 1926-1928 for graduate study at the University of Edinburgh where he wrote his thesis on "The Development of Moral Ideas in Children", based on tests given to hundreds of children in Scotland and in the United States. He was granted a Ph. D. degree in Psychology, after receiving which he returned to Wittenberg to become the Chairman of the Department of Religion. During this period two sons were born to us: Ross Jr. in 1924, and, in 1931, Richard.

In 1937 Ross accepted a call to become pastor of the Covenant Presbyterian Church in Springfield, Ohio, in which capacity he served until 1946. Then, returning to college teaching, he became Head of the Department of Religion at Jamestown College, Jamestown, North Dakota, until in 1951 he went to Alma College, Alma, Michigan, as Head of the Department of Religion, and as Dean of the Chapel, until his retirement in 1958. This was only partial retirement, however, for he served as a "supply preacher" at a rural church near Alma until 1964.

Throughout his life Ross was deeply interested in young people. His special interest in boys found expression each summer, except for 1927, in his work at Camp Kawanhee, from 1925 to 1964. Loving boys as he did, and delighting in the beauty of Maine, he was never happier than during these forty inspired and inspiring summers at Kawanhee.

*Beatrice B. Miller*

## DEAN ROSS MILLER

In Memoriam .....1965

I first met Ross Miller on the mountains around Weld, Maine. The mountains and the Dean were in so many ways alike. The quiet rugged splendor of the peaks, come what may, in the dazzling sun, in the sudden showers, in the gale winds down the gap, in the thick mistiness of the clouds, in the crown of snow, typified the man we, of Kawanhee, knew and loved.

Who can tell all the ways we knew and loved him? Suddenly he would be there at one's shoulder when we tried to build that first teepee fire. His hands somehow made the sticks behave. Or on the ballfield, there would be Dean to show us how to hit the ball or make a pitch go true across the plate. Dean's pitches always went true, whether it was a ball or a word.

On the porch of "Ma" Frank's cabin, on the way to dinner, or as we lay in the warm sun on the dock at Rest Hour, we of Kawanhee gained more strength of character, trueness of purpose, because of some quiet words spoken by Dean Miller.

As dusk closed in, and the last awarding of "levels of achievement" faded off into the night breeze, there would be Ray Frank's voice saying "And, now . . . Dean Miller . . . !" Then would come the next installment of Dean's story, told as only Dean could tell it across the dying embers of the Council Fire, a story to remember.

For many years the Sunday Service was Dean's. He spent long hours working on his talks (they were not sermons), and we in our "Sunday Whites" in the outdoor Chapel, or in the Rec Hall, listened as Dean guided us toward becoming men, the fineness and nobility which was Dean Miller becoming one with us.

Three generations of "Sons" of Kawanhee have known Dean Miller. Has he left us? You know he hasn't. There is no nook or cranny of Camp Kawanhee, or in any one of us, where the Spirit of Dean is not. Kawanhee owes this man more than any one of us can recount or realize. Dean's saying of grace before meals, Dean's prayers, Dean's arm around the shoulders of a boy, Dean's helping words guiding each of us in so many ways . . .

So, as we watch the Council Fire's flames soar skyward again, as we walk the mountain trails he loved and walked, as we swim to Bass Rock, as we sit again at Vespers in the Rec Hall, as we sing again the words of "The Lord's Prayer" which he loved, Dean Miller will be there with us.

May the good Lord bless and keep you, Dean Miller. You have kept His word.

*Edward Chace  
"Chief Kawanhee"*

"ECHOES" FROM DEAN MILLER'S SUNDAY TALKS

There is no substitute for a strong and straight backbone. Man is a vertebrate, not a jelly-fish. He is meant to hold his head high, to stand up and strive, to hope, to sacrifice, to love, and to pray.

We belong to God — body, mind, and spirit.

Keep in touch with God to make your ideals work.

You can make of yourself what you wish, if you will pay the price.

Give Life one single direction, and see that the direction is upward.

No load is too big for you and God together.

You can better handle the crises of your life if you seek God's guidance. Switch on "The Invisible Pilot" and ask that he help you to steer the course.



We die by degrees when we stop growing. Use your talents on projects which make you stretch beyond where you have gone before.

Anything less than your best is not good enough. Push the "growing edge" of your life beyond the bounds of mediocrity to things that have real challenge. Aim much higher than to just "get by".

The above-average, great living that God expects exacts a price, and takes fortitude. To get to be a champion, fight another round!

To get more out of an endeavor put all you have into it.

You win a tug of war not by slacking up and letting the rope slip, but by keeping the tension tight. Just so, keep pulling hard for what you know is right. Don't compromise! Keep the moral slack pulled up tight. Don't give an inch!

Niagara Gorge converts the wide expanse of water of the Great Lakes into a single channel that converts those lakes into a force that drives turbine engines and gets gigantic work done. Practical morality enables you to convert all the powers you have, and all that you are, into more successfully doing the thing you know is right, no matter how difficult it is.

Keep alive a healthy discontent with things you know are wrong.

On Life's road, he who is willing to consult the experienced, trustworthy travellers is quite apt to acquire valuable techniques and applicable "know-how" for his own journey.

The happiest people are usually those who add up their blessings, daily, and feel thankful for them.

A mistake is always disheartening, but make it your opportunity to take your bearings, correct your direction, and start over again!

A defeat need not become a landing strip. Turn it into your launching pad for a "take-off" toward success and victory after the defeats of yesterday.

Today is your place to begin again, more wisely, more courageously.

Don't let a failure be a hitching post for a long stop. Make it into an exploratory pause, to get new insights to use in the next stage of your journey.

It is only *you* who can uproot a habit that harms you.

Anything less than your best is not good enough. Push the "growing-edge" of your life beyond the bounds of mediocrity to those things which have real challenge. Aim much higher than to just "get by".

### Friendship

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

A friend is one before whom you may think aloud.

A friend is too honest to flatter you, to "butter you up".

A friend is one you can count on, one whom you can trust. Your reputation — and character — are safe with a friend.

A friend calls out your best, won't drag you down.

To be friends with someone takes all you have and all he has. You forget "self" *into* friendship.

A friend is God's best gift.

It takes more than distance or death to separate friends.

## PRAYERS

*from Dean Ross Miller's Sunday Talks*

### 1

Our Father and our God,

Without Thee our camp is incomplete. Be present amongst us this summer.

Pour into our hearts and minds the purity of the mountains. Make our souls sing with the harmony of the warblers' songs and the sounds of Thy world of Nature around us.

Make us reverent before Thee, and clear-eyed, and clean in our own sight.

Make us gentlemen, who display honor and truth, cheerfulness and kindness.

We seek to be dependable people, on whom our friends and families can count. May we never let them down.

So, as these days at Kawanhee fly swiftly by, may we let Thee, God, work on us, and through us as we associate with others, more and more, until Thy plans and Thy blueprints for us be realized in what we are trying to become.

In Jesus' name,

Amen.

### 2

Our Father in heaven!

We thank Thee that we have been born — with a life which may sometime count for something big, a job to do that can register for what is good.

Link us with Power to get it done with honor and with distinction.

When we feel tempted to dissipate our powers and lower our standards, and we thus weaken our punch, discipline us into paths that are straight and clean, heading for the right direction.

Keep us from wasting our lives! We want to invest them in something big and fine. Help us to do the tasks Thou hast appointed for us.

Tune out the noisy static, that we may catch, clear and sure, Thy Voice speaking orders to guide us aright.

Thine is the Power and the Glory and the Kingdom, forever.

Amen.



Almighty Father!

We need Thee because we are often less than we ought to be.

We admit that by ourselves we could be defeated in the big things of life. But assisted by Thy grace we can do that which is well-pleasing in Thy sight.

Work through us, we pray Thee, for the fulfillment of Thy plans.

Cleanse our hearts that we may hold only worthy thoughts of Thee.

By Thy spirit make us reverent in the presence of all that is Holy; respectful of ourselves; dedicated to what we know is Best; respectful of our friends and acquaintances, doing to them as we would have them do unto us; worshipful before Thee O' God!

Keep us from becoming profane and common and cheap in the eyes of others — and before Thee.

Forgive us if we have made these mistakes. Let us not repeat them.

For our Master's sake we pray.

Amen.

Our Father!

We need not search for Thee, O God, because Thou hast already found us.

We see Thy beauty in the skies at sunrise, and Thy will in the movements of the stars.

We hear Thy voice in the thunder, and in the lapping of the waves on the shore, and in the winds in the pine trees.

Find out our deepest heart, and make us clean.

Show us Thyself, clearer and clearer, as expressed in the life of Jesus.

Give us His will, in order that our thoughts and desires be noble and pure. Give us His power, so that we can stand up straight when temptations come along, and testing of our character brings challenges.

Make us kindly and generous in our talk about others.

Give us friends with whom our reputation is safe, and our characters, too. And make us true to those we love, and to those who care for us.

When we return home, help us to give evidence that our bodies, our minds, and our purposes are finer than when we came here two months ago.

And may we show our gratitude by the way we live.

Amen.

Our Father, who art in heaven!

We sometimes let our lives get off balance, and we need to be adjusted again to Thy way for us.

We need to be set straight again, and upright, clean-cut, and pure.

Forgive us when we fall below our best, and lose the trail that we should follow.

Lead us upward to the summits; help us to travel the upward way each day.

Hold us steady. Help us to persevere until all our worthy goals are reached — whether levels of achievement at Kawanhee, or levels of living at home and at school.

Help us to work hard, and fairly, and to set the team ahead.

Give us a clear vision for "whatsoever things are just" — treating others as we would like to have them treat us.

Help us to aim so true that we can keep the level of our lives high.

Help us to search for the things that are good in the fellows around us, the nuggets of gold that so often lie hidden from us in their hearts.

We want to be clean like the sunshine; and to go straight, like a shot that finds the bull's eye; to be able to look an honest friend straight in the eye without any shame or flinching.

O God! Please make us men like the Man of Galilee!

In Christ's name we pray.

Amen.

O God, our Father!

In this morning's freshness we take time out to worship Thee, and to pray. Make us sincere, putting our hearts into it.

Sometimes the goal seems far away, and we are almost lost in the fogs around us! Show us the sunrise, and burn away the veil that conceals our pathway.

Keep us "on the beam" that God has set for us to follow — and bring us safely home.

Make us willing to set our hearts on finding the Way that is straight, true, right.

Settle, for sure, our "point of aim," and hold us steady to the mark that Jesus Christ has given us.

On the sea of Life help us to follow the course that reaches the Goal. May we never get lost from Thee. And may we never be bewildered by the heavy fog, and the shadows that sometimes hide our trail.

Keep us clean, sincere, and straight.

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.

O God, our Father!

May we feel Thee here with us. We want to know that we are never alone, even when the night is dark as pitch and the trail is dim ahead of us.

Help us to be more like what we know we should be. Sometimes we do things and say things that we are ashamed of when we look back and think of them. Forgive these errors and mistakes. And may we forgive those who wrong us.

Make us brave enough to stand up straight, and alone if we must, against any gang against us.

Give us friends whom we can trust, and make us worthy of the trust which they place in us.

Help us to grow toward the stars! If we fall, don't let us stay down! We don't want to be "pinned" by temptations.

When we reach home we would like to have our parents and families more proud to know us. Make us Christian gentlemen: more helpful, more thoughtful of others.

"We would be true, for there are those who trust us"; "pure, for there are those who care."

Make us more and more decent — and not ashamed of our purity. "Create in us clean hearts."

We pray in the name of Christ.

Amen.

Our Father, who art in Heaven!

Be with us here at Kawanhee.

Help us to hear Thy voice in the music of the birds' songs.

Help us to see Thy beauty in the rainbow, in the sunsets, in the wild flowers of the fields, in the erect stature of the pine trees as the wind whistles through their branches, and in the vistas we can see if we have kept on the trail until the summit.

May our vision be kept clear, and our awareness of Thee keen as we push on toward the goals awaiting us.

Forbid us to shirk when Duty calls for the Best in us.

Help us to tune in when Thou dost speak to us in our conscience. Help us to heed the voice that warns us, and to hear Thee commend us when we do what is the Right.

And so give us happiness that lasts beyond this present moment.

In the Master's name we pray,

Amen.

Our Father and our God!

Help us to be sincere and true in our gratitude, and in the way we live.

May our influence on our friends be finer than it has been. If they follow in our footsteps we hope to be worthy guides. Make us as reliable and as constant in our associations as the force which holds the stars of heaven in their places.

Please make us want to be builders, and not destroyers — influences for good at Kawanhee, and not for evil. And help us to be brave enough to stand up for the hard right against the easy wrong, even if we stand alone.

Forbid, O God, that we be satisfied to be a nobody. Help us to grow, day by day, to be the men of integrity that Thy perfect plans call for.

In Christ's name.

Amen.

O God, our Father!

We come from Thee. Make us reverend before Thee.

Help us to keep the channels of our lives clean and clear and pure like the rivers which bring joy to the valleys below.

Give us direction so that our destiny will be reached, according to Thy supreme plan.

Put our powers to use in programs that are bigger and more eternal than those we could grasp by ourselves.

Give us jobs that will make our homes, our schools, our camp more wholesome places in which to be.

Make us brave to do what's right, and eager to live for others.

When we get home again, would that our families and our friends could find that we have grown more meaningfully toward manhood!

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.



O God!

Sometimes Thou art so dim and seem so far away! A lot of things hide Thee. The noisy voices of the crowds around us drown out the still small voice of conscience that is trying to relay messages of warning, and of love, from Thee.

Let Thy Spirit, O Father, blow away the fogs that shut us inside prisons of selfishness and fear and too much pride!

Help us to live on the higher levels — above those low ceilings that would ground us.

We want to dwell on the mountain tops, up where the air is pure and the winds blow strong and clean; up, close to Thee, O God..

Make us brave to do what is right, going straight like an arrow to its bull's-eye.

If we lose our way, or skid off the Highway, or do what's wrong, make us sorry. Set us on our way again, heading toward a worthy destination.

While we grow in stature, help us to grow in favor with man and with Thee — and so, in wisdom.

In Jesus' name we pray.

Amen.

O God, our Father!

Sometimes our living gets out of hand; a rotten timber is built in, where the Master's plan calls for solid beams; a thread, off-color, spoils the pattern which our lives should display!

Set us aright again.

Lay out our course, so plainly that we won't get lost!

Help us to be honest — straight forward in our dealings — honorable — trustworthy — pure like the flash of a diamond — manly — willing to stand up for what is right, to stand alone if need be — kindly — thoughtful of others.

Help us to build character, day by day, as this camp season hurries by, character that won't ever collapse!

Make us men, measuring up to "the stature of the fullness of Christ"!

Amen.

Our God and Father, who art always beside us,

We bow humbly before Thee because Thou art God. Forgive us for the thoughtless mistakes we have made, even for the things we knew were wrong — and for the selfish things that should, instead, have been courteous and kind and helpful. Clean out thoughts which put us to shame.

Make out of us, O God, clean-cut men, for we really know we are most a man when we are living at our Best. Help us to mature into all that we are capable of becoming.

Make us admirable — and not ashamed of it. Develop us into Champions for Thee! Hold us upright for another round of challenges that will prove us true, honorable, pure, just kindly, unselfish!

Dear God, make us courageous men, able to stand up against the blows that might otherwise beat us down.

Give us victories, through Thee as our Master.

Amen.

Our God and Father!

Sometimes we seem to stand alone, and our friends seem far away, beyond our reach! And we get lonely. Help us to be more friendly toward others — and thus give us friends.

Make our lodges better because we are there.

Keep our minds clear and our lips clean. Help us to be an influence for good — on the athletic field, on the tennis court, and wherever we are. We would like to grow straight, toward the stars. Help us to be gentlemen — God's noblemen — in all we do.

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.

Dear God,

We thank Thee for the liberties that we as a nation and as individuals enjoy. Grant wisdom to our President, and to his advisers. Be with them as they carry out their duties.

Guide our own judgment, too, as we carry out our daily duties. May we tune in to hear Thee speak to us in our conscience. We would listen to the inner voice that warns us. And may we hear, too, Thy voice commending us when we dare to do what's right.

Thy guidance strengthens us. When our awareness of Thee is at its fullest, we are more able to choose the better goals, and to bypass the lesser ones.

Help us to build the kind of happiness that lasts.

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.

Our Father and our God!

Help us to worship Thee with our hearts, sincerely and in truth.

The heavens with their stars speak to us of Thy glory and majesty and power, but our hearts are sometimes deaf as the rocks that lie lifeless beside our path. Tune us up to hear Thy voice.

The flowering meadows, with their lilies and Queen Anne's lace and black-eyed Susans, display "Our great Creator's praise." Help us, O God, to see Thee everywhere around us. And make us better for the symphony our hearts can hear, and for the visions our hearts can see.

May every bit of beauty by the road-side summon us to seek Thy plan for us, and send us forth to be helpful and kind and full of Thy love.

In Jesus' name,

Amen.

Our Father, who art in Heaven!

When we look around us we become more certain every day that Thou art good! But sometimes as the days slip by we forget Thee. Now, this morning, accept our thanks for life, and for the opportunities we have to make friends and to be kind toward others.

Help us, O God, to hold our heads high when the going gets rough. And do Thou give us our "second wind" in the race of life we have started. When we stumble, or fail to measure up to Thy plans and specifications for our lives, lift us up again, and set our feet once more toward the High Road of life.

Make us more courteous and thoughtful toward others! Forgive us when we get selfish and want our own way too much.

Through us, Our Father, make Kewanee more cheerful and better day by day.

We pray in Thy name.

Amen.

Our Father,

The beauty of Thy earth encourages us to be more worthy of Thy many gifts to man.

Keep us aware of Thee in the wonders around us: the hues of the rainbow, the lustre of the stars, the vivid sunsets, the fields of flowers, the majestic pines.

Keep us mindful that Life's storms will challenge us as though to sample whether our roots are deep enough to hold us. Let us never be weak in any testing. And let us never turn coward when facing any challenge.

Make us stronger and stronger, and glad with the consciousness of inner integrity.

If we meet ingratitude, injustice, meanness, keep Thou our hearts honorable and fearless.

Help us to recognize Thy goodness when we find it. Bring our vision of Thy Truths more and more into focus.

Instill in us a desire to keep adding to our knowledge of Christ, so that we can better follow his teachings.

With Thy guidance we can make each day more decisive for nobler living, the kind of living which will make the winning of our victories easier.

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.



O God, our Father

This morning lead us out into the sunshine where we are meant to live! Move us out beyond those shadows where we get afraid, and where we had forgotten to be thoughtful of others. Make our hearts go out to those about us, so that Kawanhee can be more and more a place of brotherhood!

Expand our dreams until we put them into action! Give us dreams worthy of being believed — and worthy of being lived out in the presence of even our closest friends.

“Create in us clean hearts, O God; renew right spirits within us,” so that our actions won’t put us to shame.

Help us to enlarge our circle of friends!

Make us cheerful when it seems easier to complain!

Keep us loyal to our noblest dreams!

Make us honest — pure in heart — gentlemen fit to belong to the court of the King!

May we “lift up our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help!”

Amen.

Dear Father,

We thank Thee for Thy gifts to us, gifts more wonderful than anything we deserve.

Help us to be more and more aware of the beauty of Thy world around us, and to realize that it speaks to us of Thee: sunshine, lakes, mountains, trees, clouds, thunder, forests.

Help us to express our love of Thee through kindness to others.

Help us to be worthwhile members of our brotherhood here this summer, and to give our families reasons to feel rewarded for having let us experience what Kawanhee can mean to us.

In our short voyage of Life, help us to be faithful to the ideals we know are right. We would keep our course set straight for Thy harbor.

We pray in our Master’s name.

Amen

Our God and Father!

The beauty all about us raises our thoughts toward Thee. Help our lives to be more beautiful and clean because of it.

Our friends make us think of Thy love for us. Make our hearts loyal to all that is pure and high!

Our hopes and plans for tomorrow stretch our faith outward toward Eternity. Help us to put our trust in Thee.

Strengthen us to stand upright, like the soaring pines.

Make us more mindful of the loneliness, the pain, and the needs of others.

May we do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

Speak, through us, words of cheer to those who are down. By our thoughtfulness may we bring more brightness into the hearts and lives of those who need encouragement.

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.

Our Father,

We thank Thee for the chance we have to amount to something fine, to settle our lives on solid rock that storms can’t cut out from beneath us. ....

When we are faced with the tasks that await us, make us strong with an integrity we know won’t fail us.

When we are restless help us to tackle hard jobs and get them done with honor.

May the finest experiences of this summer so leave their mark upon us that our families will feel rewarded for having given us this opportunity.

Help us to work, play, strive, love, worship like Christian gentlemen. And may we so live that we keep sending our roots deeper and deeper into the kind of ground where springs of inspiration flow.

In Thy name.

Amen.

Our heavenly Father!

We thank Thee for being with us, even in the night-time when we are asleep and it is dark around us.

Sometimes storm-clouds hide the sun, and Life looks dark. May we not be afraid of what might happen to us. Help us to feel safe. Give us peace in our hearts.

Help us to be cheerful and to smile.

May we do our part in the world faithfully! Help us to score in the game of Life, to "measure up" for those who love us. We don't want to "chicken out."

Make us honorable, so that others can trust us, and will not be deceived or tainted by the way we speak and act.

Make us clean in thought and word and deed — and help us to live as if the whole world saw.

Forgive us when we miss the mark; help us then to start afresh, and to play a better game tomorrow.

We pray in Jesus' name.

Amen.

Our Father!

O God, make us more attentive to Thine approaches. Sometimes when not even a faintest ripple disturbs the quiet bosom of the lake then may we be still and know that Thou art God.

Help us to hear Thee speaking words of peace and forgiveness and strength when the breezes in the pine trees whisper to us, and the music of the song-sparrow sings to us, when the warblers take up the melody, and the laughter of friends stirs within our hearts Thy message of joy. We want to be more worthy of these beauties everywhere around us, and to add to Kawanhee's brotherliness because we show kindness toward others here.

Raise our thoughts and our imagination high above things low and mean.

O God, make us clean like the sunshine, and increasingly better in Thy sight.

In our Master's name we pray.

Amen.

Our Father and our God!

We thank Thee for the friendships we make here at Kawanhee. May we be worthy of them.

Keep us true and loyal to our loved ones.

Help us to compete fairly and honorably, and to be gentlemanly in all we do.

Help us to treat our opponents, as well as our friends, in a kindly way. We would like to go "the second mile." Help us to destroy our enemies by making them our friends.

Give us a happiness in our hearts that cannot be dimmed by the clouds that sometimes hide the sun.

Help us to have fun that is clean.

Help us to be loyal to those who trust us. Hold us steady in our course, so that when the season comes to an end, we may be really finer than when we started.

May we do unto others as we would have them do unto us, and may we give more than we expect to get.

In our Master's name.

Amen.

Dear God,

Make us honest. Keep us reliable and trustworthy when a close decision is coming up.

Help us to keep our consciences clear, before Thee and before ourselves, behaving as if our dearest friend could see.

"Create in us clean hearts, O God, and renew right spirits within us."

In Christ's name, "See that there be no wicked way in us, and lead us in the Way Everlasting."

Amen.



## Our Father!

We are often confronted by a choice between right and wrong — and are weak enough, and foolish enough, to do what we know is wrong. Then in our better moments we are sorry. Please forgive us and set us straight again.

Keep us honorable in our games and in our activities. Help us to stand alone, when necessary, and to face the crowd and do what is right, even if the world around us seems to oppose us. Give us spines that are straight and strong.

May we be more kindly, more helpful, more courteous toward those we meet. Help us to make our lodge better, and Camp Kawanhee finer, because of us.

Help us to grow — toward the persons we might become, and ought to be. And make us really want to.

We pray in Thy name.

Amen.

## Our Father,

Sometimes we lose our way. We sometimes seem to miss the trail we ought to follow. Please set us straight again, and show us the right path.

Help us to be clean in speech and thought. May we help those about us to keep honorable, and may we be fortunate enough to have friends who encourage us to be our Best.

May our actions cause us no embarrassment or shame. We aim to be able to look ourselves straight in the eye, with pride.

Help us to become the fine men that Thy plans call for us to be.

In Christ's name we pray.

Amen.

## Our Father!

When we run away from Thee we sometimes get way out of ear-shot, and can no longer hear Thy call. Thus we get lost and cannot find our way. Make us want to be summoned back to the trail we have left. Call us back! Do not desert us when we have lost our sense of direction.

Tune our ears and our hearts to obey the summons of the Highest — to obey the call of God!

Help us to hear Thee during the busiest hours of the day, in the silent hours of the night, and to see Thee in the flights of birds, in the flowers of the field, and in all Nature's beauty.

Make our behavior better than it has been. Help us to conform to the eternal laws of honor, truth, and goodness.

Forgive us when we make mistakes; set us straight again for a fresh start.

Help us to find our happiness in living as Thy Call invites us to live.

In Jesus' name we pray.

Amen.

## Our Father!

We are together here, because we often need Thy help along the trail we are traveling through Life.

We lose the way in the valleys of Life, where it seems to be dark even before the sun goes down. Show us the path that's right.

The mountains around us sometimes look like barriers to stop us. Let us use them, instead, as look-out towers from which we see beyond the far horizons! Guide us toward goals that are high! And keep us on the trail!

Help us to forget the evil things that weight us down and slow us up as we travel the trail of Life; help us discard our dislikes, grudges, and fears that spoil the trip for ourselves and others.

May we keep in closer contact with Christ. May we, with Him, travel the King's Highway.

Through us make Kawanhee finer than ever before; through us make the trail cleaner than it was before we passed, and safer for those who are coming after us along the way.

Keep our backbones stiff and strong and straight, so that we can stand, alone if necessary, for what is clean and true.

And so, before the night closes in around us and before we get lost, lead us to the summit.

In our Master's name.

Amen.

Dear God,

Our awareness that Thou art near us makes us more courageous.

Help us to be counted on the side of honesty, clean thinking, right living.

May we be so crystal clear that Thou couldst look us through and find no flaw.

Among our friends may there be those who will help us grow into what we are meant to be, according to Thy plans.

With Thy help we shall master the skills to reach our targets in Life, and to win more victories than we ever could have won without Thee.

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.

Dear God, our Father,

Living is big business, sometimes almost too big for us to handle! Submit to us Thy plans as we build; help us to construct the kind of temple which Thy blueprints call for! We wouldn't like to end up with an inferior house, or perhaps nothing more than a mediocre shack!

We are meant to be sons of the King, princes, and to dwell in His house on the King's highway.

Forgive us when we are content to live in shanties, in the back alleys of Life. Move us out of the dark places, and into the sunshine.

Make us truthful in the words we speak, and honorable in our loyalty to whatever is clean and pure and honest.

Give us the inner courage to stand up and be counted for the hard right, against the easy wrong.

In Thy name.

Amen.

O God, our Father in Heaven!

Build up our strength again, so we won't lie down and quit! Forgive us, and renew us with Thy Covenant of love which we have broken off by our unworthy behavior.

Renew our contract, then hold us to the terms, as good trustees!

May we feel Thy spirit within us, like breezes that whisper to us through the pine trees. Open our hearts to the still, small voice when we are deafened by the confusing shouts around us.

Guard our tongues. Help us to control them as we should.

Clean out our minds, so that Thou wilt find them more aware of Thee than they were yesterday.

Help us to think thoughts that are worthy of the best that is in us.

Make our hearts so attuned to our friends' situations that we can suffer when we see them suffering, or slipping from their best.

"Feed us iron," so we can grow into "stainless steel" to combat the corrosion and dry rot that could easily attack our lives.

Make us men — crystal clear, dependable, clean.

In Thy name.

Amen.

Our Father,

Show us how to amount to something finer and more manly in Thy sight. Put a good, stubborn faith within our hearts. Make us courageous when we confront obstacles in our pathway, or miss our mark and need to try again.

Make us the kind of men who can get up after stumbling; men who begin again when they have failed; men who come through clean when tested by temptations.

Help us to use our handicaps as stepping-stones to manhood and to victory.

Help us to conform more and more to the character of Jesus: truthful, honest, clean, and honorable.

Forgive us when we fall short of the goal.

Help us to be kind to others, forgiving them when they wrong us.

Guide our actions, and keep our minds and lips clean like the mountain air after a thunderstorm.

In the name of Christ, our Lord, we pray.

Amen.



O God!

We see the storms come down the Byron Gap, and the waves pound upon the shore, and we are sometimes frightened until we remember that Thou art God. We thank Thee that Thou are the Lord of our lives, too.

In the morning as we see the sun arise, and at night the steady movement of the stars, it proves to us how reliable Thou art.

Make us friendly toward those about us, thoughtful, cheerful, kind, trustworthy.

Give us friends at Kawanhee whom we can respect and trust.

Help us to shoot straight; to aim high and true; to make a record for the Book! For we would like to hear those words, "Good work! Well done! Your target will be kept. It's one for the records!"

In the Master's name we pray.

Amen.

Our Father in heaven!

The things about us sing Thy praises: we can see Thee in the daisies by the wayside; we can hear Thy voice in the warblers' notes, and in the wind in the pine trees.

Speak to us, we pray, in the quiet places of our hearts. Make us want to do what is right.

Help us to open our hearts to the still, small voice within us, Thy voice, the voice of conscience.

Make us true: true in the words we speak; reliable in the deeds we do; dependable in the way we behave.

May our family and our friends find us worthy to be trusted.

Give us a sense of wholesome humor, and help us to be cheerful, with a smile.

Make us thankful for Thy love. Forgive our mistakes.

In Thy name we ask it.

Amen.

Our Father and our God!

Sometimes we dare not look ourselves straight in the eye. We know we have done wrong. We are ashamed of ourselves. Then, our Father, give us a fresh start, and help us to keep on the trail that leads upward.

Help us to want to do what is right, and to refuse the temptation to go wrong. Keep our conscience keen. May it hurt us if we falter.

Help us to live up to the Best we know, not the Second Best, and to follow the markers which the Master has set up to guide us.

Give us the will-power to do the hard right, instead of the easy wrong.

May we be honest in our play, and honorable in all we do — as if the King were in the grand-stand, watching our performance.

Show us what is right — and help us do it.

In Jesus' name we pray.

Amen.

"Dear Lord and Father of Mankind!"

Help us to behave like real children of Thine: kind and courteous to others, including within our activities others races, too. Keep us from holding grudges toward people who have done us wrong.

"Forgive our foolish ways":

Give us wisdom which only Thy Christ can give — a wisdom that helps us to choose the pathway that leads upward, forward, never down.

"Reclothe us in our rightful minds":

May we set our goal on things that are worthwhile, forgetting the things that are behind us, and beneath us, and those unimportant things which in a brief time will fade and disappear.

"In purer lives Thy service find":

Make us more admirable, so that our families will be happier because we are one of them.

Keep our thoughts clean, and our lips pure enough to worship Thee sincerely.

"In deeper reverence, praise":

Build us up into durable structures, so that our character shall be a thing of permanence. Build us into Thy plans.

In Christ's name we pray.

Amen.

Our Father!

We have come together to worship in the shadow of the mountains and the hills which Thou hast made. Please help us to live in such a way that we are at peace in our hearts.

In our contests keep us true and honorable.

Give us the desire to go to the mark — to the high goal of manhood we are intended to reach. We seek to aim straight and true, and to find God at the heart of things.

When we forget Thee, please remember us and keep guiding us! Hold us up to our better selves.

Build us up until we become more gentlemenly. And keep us from losing the upward trail.

We come in Thy name!

Amen.

Our Father in heaven!

We would be more grateful for Thy voices all about us; the whispering wind in the trees of the forests; the rolling thunder when the storms come; the warbler's song that sings Thy praise more loudly when the rains have passed.

Please tune our ears to the inaudible harmony of nature: "Whether we look or whether we listen," help us to "hear life murmur or see it glisten."

Lengthen our reach toward our neighbors. Keep our growing directions headed toward Thee.

When enemies of our souls attack us, lend us Thy help to defeat them. Keep our hearts untarnished and clean — a temple of Thy spirit.

Give us courage and spine to stand up straight for what is right when it's easier to flock with the crowd.

Help us to grow, up toward the stars.

Forgive us when we miss the mark and fall short of Thy great hopes and plans for us. Stir us up to nobler striving.

Show us how to comfort those who mourn; to give courage to those in pain. Help us to show sympathy toward those whose load might be somewhat lightened by us.

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.

Dear God!

Thou hast created us. Help us to behave like loyal sons of Thine.

Make our hearts peaceful and quiet, like the deepest places of the lake. May storms of anger, hatred, envy, and jealousy never disturb our souls.

Forgive those deeds, words, thoughts of ours which are unlike the best in each of us.

Make us stronger to stand, alone sometimes, for the right — like a noble pine whose roots sink deep into the earth. Root our lives in the heart of God!

Remember our loved ones, and give us grace to measure up to what they hope for us, and to what Thou hast planned for us.

We would press on, loyally, to the summit of character — Thy great design for us.

In Thy name we pray,

Amen.

"Create in us clean hearts, O God! Renew right spirits within us."  
"Let the words of our mouths and the meditations of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our Strength and our Redeemer".

Help us to control our thoughts, so that we need not be ashamed when You look at them.

Keep our lips clean.

Make our actions more pure and reliable, so that the characters we build will stand the test of time.

Stamp us with the marks of a fine man — with the character of Jesus Christ: true, honest, and clean.

Give us courage to stand alone.

We would be as reliable as the rising sun; honest and faithful as the North Star; clean as a sun-beam.

Restore us to the trail when we become confused by the wilderness of sin around us.

Bring us home, and safe, to a happy landing.

In Christ's name we pray.

Amen.



### Our Father in Heaven!

We thank Thee for all the joys around us: firs that point up to the stars; mountains that recall to us Thy strength; melodies of the forest; the soft feel of the pine needles on the trail beneath our feet.

"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Sharpen our senses to seeing Thee, our Creator and our Father, in the marvels about us.

We thank Thee for the challenges to manliness which confront us. When the paths diverge, O God, help us to choose the straight one, the one that climbs the heights toward Thee!

When Life's scoring seems against us, help us to play the game even harder yet, to play to win, and to play clean! May we be good sports, tough opponents, and honorable, always!

Send the hardest plays around us, if it so please Thee. Help us take the rugged raps like men whose spirits are in good condition. Make our strength "as the strength of ten" because our hearts are pure.

So, when the final whistle blows in the game of Life, may we emerge as victors.

In our Master's name we pray.

Amen.

### Our Father who art in Heaven!

We thank Thee for the beauty that lies all around us in this world that shows "Thy handiwork." It has opened for us new visions of Thee, visions which now call upon us to repay our debt in deeds that are helpful, courteous, kind.

Our lives are Thine, and not our own! Help us to balance our account with Thee, and with our friends and neighbors. Let us not forget others. Let us not be too selfish to make sacrifices for others, in Thy name.

We thank Thee for the great investments our loved ones have been making in us, in school, in camp, and at home. Help us to "measure up."

Encourage us to strive to amount to something fine which will count when Life's sum is added up.

Be with us as we try not to waste our time in useless ways. Help us to plan for our tomorrows.

We thank Thee for the great investment Christ has made in us — Himself.

In Thy name we pray.

Amen.

### Our Father!

We are not our own, for Thou hast made us. Help us to guard our bodies, with purity, and our hearts with honor.

Keep fresh in our memories the inspiring experiences at Kawanhee: the sunsets beyond the Gap; the winds that blew clean and cool; the quiet places among the pines; the people who inspired us; the cheer and goodwill that were spread; the responsibilities we were given; the skills we learned; the contests that invited us to victories.

So, our Father, through the coming days we want to live more as we should be: dependable, honest, cheerful, considerate, brave, loyal to the best ideals, faithful to Thee.

Build us into Christian gentlemen whom our loved ones and the world can admire.

Forgive our slipping into Second Best at times, and help us to avoid it more and more.

In Life's contests that await us, provide us with the will for Victory.

Grant us the happiness that comes from doing one's honest best, and the crown that awaits the man who is Kingly, like Christ.

In Thy name.

Amen.

+ + +



George and Raymond Frank



Raymond, "Frannie",  
and Betty

## RAYMOND C. FRANK

In Memoriam ..... 1966

(See Preface, Page 3)

The hush of evening hovers over a quiet place where a few brief moons ago there was laughter and singing. The silence of the wilderness screens the coming night with a blanket sprinkled with twilight stars. Across the Council Fire area steps a majestic buck, antlers alert. Webb Lake stretches out of a lesser darkness above which reach the fastnesses of Tumbledon and the Jacksons. The moon floods the open space in the forest with a luminous silence around the great birch Cross.

It is then, if one listens intently, straining to hear that which can so easily be unheard, there is a voice which has called these words so many times for so many years: "OH, KAWANHEE! . . . OH, KAWANHEE! . . . OH, KAWANHEE!" And if you are quietly waiting, you will hear an answering voice from within you.

The spirit of Ray Frank goes on. How many, many years have he and George Frank been the strength and source of character to how many boys and men! I well remember, over eighteen years ago, when first I stood by the Council Fire of Kawanhee. I well remember the warmth of that fire, but I remember the greater warmth which came from Ray and George to make me welcome, again and again. Who has not known this?

Camp Kawanhee has a greatness because of Raymond and because of George. It will continue thus because some of that which has made these two men great has rubbed off on each of us. The test of it lies now in your realization that these two men have passed on to you the baton of greatness so that you may run with it to the goal.

Ray is gone. But is he? Has Ray gone from the multitude who participated in the memorial service to him in Englewood last Sunday? Has he gone when so many of us owe to him so much of whatever success we have achieved? Has he gone when every Kawanhee man and boy is a living testimonial to his influence, and to George's. A great parade of "Sons" goes down the years, a loyal testimonial that the Franks' influence is being carried on.

Who will sing the hymns at our Sunday Services and not feel that Ray is singing with him? Who will go to bat at the Maroon and Gray games and not feel that "R. C." is perched there on the rail by home plate? It will seem that he, and George, are everywhere, counseling . . . watching . . . guiding . . . their men and their boys.

Chief Kawanhee said, not many months ago on that late



August evening: "Never will all of us be together again". Materially, we shall not; spiritually, we shall. Since 1920 how many men have stood by the Central Fire of the Great Spirit and renewed the pledge to give of themselves to Kawanhee, and to live something greater than that which is Everyday Life!

So many of these men and boys, hosts and hosts of them, now stand with bared heads to hear Ray call: "OH, KAWANHEE! . . . OH, KAWANHEE! . . . OH, KAWANHEE!"

As if standing in the silence of Tumbledown, with one more great star shining in the night sky, one answers deep in one's heart: "I hear you!"

"Sons" of Kawanhee, Raymond Frank lives on in you!

Edward Chace  
"Chief Kawanhee"

## RAYMOND CONANT FRANK

Even as a boy, Raymond had a deep love for his native state, Maine, for its lakes and forests and mountains, especially for Mt. Blue overlooking Webb Pond.

He was born in Westbrook, a suburb of Portland, and was graduated from the local High School. There he early showed his executive and leadership qualities. Whenever his classmates wanted to raise money they put him in charge, for he "spent so little and raised so much."

Raymond attended Springfield College, Springfield, Massachusetts, where he won a Phi Beta Kappa key in his Junior year. As a small boy he loved to sing and had the gift of perfect pitch. He put himself through college by singing.

Immediately on graduation he volunteered for the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I, and served two years.

He returned to New York City and took voice training from Herbert Witherspoon while he worked for his M.A. in Music and Religious Education at Columbia. He received this degree in 1924.

In the summer of 1920 Raymond spent his vacation with his brother, George, and his new sister-in-law, Florence Wright Frank, who were honeymooning in one of the Dummer cabins on Webb Pond. The view across the lake entranced them. One day they paddled down the lake, located the site they had noticed, and bought it on the spot — with only fifty cents between them! Thus began Camp Kawanhee. Next they drove over to the Wilton Trust Company to interview Mr. Elwood Morrison, the president, who, believing in them and their enterprise, made the necessary loan.

Raymond, George, and their father spent the summer clearing the pine trees off the small knoll where the main lodge was to be built. During the winter the lodge was erected by twelve men from Weld. By June it was completed except for the huge fireplace and center chimney. At the end of June, when Raymond returned to camp from New York City with his first campers — nine boys — he was gratified to find that Fezz Schofield, the Head Carpenter, had completed not only the fireplace but also the chimney. Asked how he had managed to do so much, Fezz replied, "By chewin' and spittin'."

To earn money for enlarging the camp Raymond joined the cast of "The Student Prince" in Chicago, as tenor lead, and stayed long enough to accomplish his purpose.

He next went to the First Presbyterian Church in Englewood, New Jersey, as tenor soloist in the choir. Soon the minister, Carl Hopkins Elmore, entrusted him with a more rewarding job, Director of the Boys' Work Program. There he met a group of live-

ly, imaginative boys labelled "The Dirty Dozen," and won them over to normal activities.

The addition of the Parish House, including a gymnasium, snowballed the youth work. Raymond took charge now of Young People's Activities, and also became Superintendent of the Sunday School. This added responsibility necessitated his resigning as business manager of the Englewood School for Boys, a position he had held since Mr. Elmore and he started this school in 1928.

Little did I realize, when in 1929 the church engaged me to assist him by taking charge of the Girls' Work, that in 1935 we would be married. Our daughter, Betty, was born three years later, and we lived in Englewood until 1945 when we bought Raymond's "dream house" on Center Hill in Weld.

It was amazing to Raymond and to me how Kawanhee continued to flourish and grow. He bought land on the other side of the lake to protect its beauty, and also acquired land on which to build the Inn.

The success of the camp depended on countless things and people. Among the the most memorable factors were the spiritual guidance and the sermons given by three "greats": Mr. Sidney E. Sweet, who for fourteen summers held such meaningful services, especially those out on Bass Rock; the Rev. Carl S. Elmore, whose sixteen summers of religious enlightenment were of inestimable significance; Dean Ross Miller whose forty years of unforgettable talks on God, and other crucial values in life, were stirringly shared with us in the outdoor chapel, in the indoor firelight meetings, or on the mountain tops, and wherever else he happened to be at a given moment.

Valuable in another way was the role of Peleg White, who so devotedly served as never-to-be-forgotten caretaker, from 1933 until his death in 1945.

When Betty went off to school at Northfield we left our house on Center Hill and returned to Englewood. The church again called upon Raymond for service in many ways, ultimately as a Trustee.

It has been a tremendous privilege and honor, indeed, to have been Raymond Frank's wife. Another great enrichment of my life has been the associating with so many fine people connected with the Church and with Camp Kawanhee. All this has added immeasurably to my life.

"Who digs a well or plants a tree,  
A sacred pact he keeps with sun and sod;  
With these he helps refresh and feed the world  
And enters partnership with God."

Frances L. Frank (Mrs. R. C.)  
Camp Mother

## NINETEEN EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS of SYMPATHY (Selected with the permission of Mrs. Raymond C. Frank)

### 1

"It is a tremendous contribution which they have made to the lives of countless boys and men who have had the rare privilege of knowing Raymond and George as they expressed themselves in and through Kawanhee. Only men of special and great spirit could have established such an institution. The meaning and tradition of Camp Kawanhee serve as a mighty witness to this. What they have created remains now deep in the hearts and minds of us all."

### 2

"Six Franks have left an indelible mark upon the 'Sons of Kawanhee': the Raymond Franks, the George Franks, and their parents, 'Ma' and 'Pop'!

"To generations of Kawanhee boys 'Ma' Frank was queen mother. From her simple tent, later her own Lodge, she ministered unforgettably to campers of all ages, even to lovelorn counsellors. She was a genius with first year 'sons' and their apprehensive parents. All Kawanhee alumni remember affectionately her warm mother's understanding.

"'Pop' Frank was Kawanhee's father confessor, Maine guide, sage connoisseur, and Mr. Fix-it — all in one. His wary Yankee eye and his limitless know-how kept Kawanhee "right up to snuff" — grounds, trucks, boats, and the hundreds of other things that, under his unobtrusive care, helped give to each boy the summers of his lifetime."



## 3

"I wondered today, as my plane bumped through the fog over New Jersey, how many other men there were in the world saying, as I was, 'How different my life would surely have been if I had not known Raymond Frank ('the Doctor') . . . Kawanhee, for me, was part and parcel of those formative years . . . Though for so many these can be agonizing years of uncertainty and confusion, Camp Kawanhee, with men of the caliber of 'the Doctor' at its center, was certainly for me (and for many like me) a focal point of whatever was good, or honest, or helpful or inspirational . . . I know that the influence for good that the Franks had on literally hundreds of boys will live on and on until our sons, and perhaps our sons' sons, have gone to join them. I can't think of a more glorious monument! Can you? . . . And you, Frannie, have always been in the minds of all of us an integral part of those happy associations we shall always have of 'the Doctor,' of the Church, of Kawanhee. What he had to offer us was admirably supplemented by what *you* had to give us, and in fact gave so generously . . . Something of 'the Doctor' we all loved will remain, for us who knew you both well, in *you*. For this we are grateful.

"P.S. Many were the memorable KALICUS ceremonies at Kawanhee. I can still today recite the KALICUS creed: K=Kawanhee, A=Attitude (as you wish it in your heart, such will be our camp; your attitude counts), L=Leadership, I=Ideals, C=Character, U=Usefulness, S=Service."

## 4

"How widespread has been the influence of two individuals! Through them our sons were privileged to absorb the glory of the Maine countryside, to learn to live and play with contemporaries, to worship with part of God's beautiful world as a backdrop, to experience the joy of creative activity, to learn to carry their share of a work load, and to discover the satisfaction of a task well done. Our boys were among many hundreds of boys so privileged!"

## 5

"Ray was, of course, one of the earliest, non-family positive influences in my life. Somehow he always seemed to represent the qualities I've always attributed to a true gentleman, in the fullest sense, (and I'll have to credit Justice Brandeis for expressing them): 'Humanity, Humility, and Humor.'"

## 6

"For me Ray was like another father, and I think, during my very young days of growing up, no one had a greater influence on my life. I have always remembered this, and cherished the guidance, help, and leadership he gave me. There is no one in the world that I ever respected more than Ray Frank."

## 7

"He lived so fully and has given so much to us, as parents, and to our boys, and not without *your* able and continuous help, Frannie."

## 8

"I do want you to know how glad I am that we knew Raymond and all he stood for. This world has, indeed, been a better place because he walked here, and touched the lives of so many."

## 9

"As I look back over the years that David has been entrusted to your care, I realize with grateful heart how fortunate he has been to have had Raymond's guidance from little boyhood to young manhood. I believe that, other than his Grandpa, Raymond has had a more sustaining influence in the life of my son than any other man. I can think of no other person who could have provided a more outstanding example of the best qualities in men than Raymond. We shall always remember him as a man who upheld the highest principles and values of this life."

## 10

"Raymond has fully earned the citation 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' . . . We weep because of our loss when we should realize that this final experience, after a rich, fruitful life, is truly a reward. . . . His was a splendid life, devoted in all its entirety to the happiness and well-being of others. . . . I owe Ray Frank so much, on a very personal basis, for his influence on those who are closest to my heart, my children, that on reflection I cannot help but give deep appreciation to God. . . . His example set before me, for thirty years, the inner happiness that service to others can bring. . . . I am sure your anguish will be conquered by your realization that you have known one of our Lord's saints, and that so many, many lives have been enriched and beautified by being privileged to call him 'Friend'."

## 11

"Surely the Lord has a special place for one who has served His cause so loyally and devotedly."

## 12

"He was loved and appreciated by all who knew him, and he will always live in our hearts. . . . I wish I could do something, Frannie, to lighten your heavy heart. Your faith and appreciation of religion is what really helps. It gives one a greater understanding and strength and wisdom in meeting what is ahead."

## 13

"I remember you, Frannie, as the young, enthusiastic teacher at school, and Raymond the serious young worker at the church. Then I saw you join your lives, and I watched them flower. I was the recipient of some of the fruit . . . and in so many ways you two 'played' into the spiritual enrichment of our family life. . . . You each were such a resource to the other that you could be 'channels'."

## 14

"Such is your own strength of character, Frannie, and such was yours and Ray's 'spiritual coupling of two souls,' as Ben Johnson said it, that your present grief will be wholly replaced by thankfulness and appreciativeness for the many years you and Ray had with each other. . . . Many, like me, will write you of their indebtedness to Ray for such strength of character and integrity as they have, and they will be right. I have cherished what he gave to me for more than forty years."

## 15

"Raymond is always with you, Frannie. Love ever lives.

And always with us too, his friends, his boys whom he influenced and guided and helped so much. His whole life was 'giving', always of himself: patience, love, understanding, and almost above all, his compassion for all. Those things keep living on forever, and thus we shall always see him and think of him, and remember to try and live the lessons learned."

## 16

"We are so thankful that our Bill had nine summers under Ray's leadership. . . . Ray spent his time on earth influencing the lives of so many young men. In that effort he has left a living memorial. What finer monument can anyone have than what remains in the minds of hundred of boys, whose lives have been enriched by both Camp Kawanhee and during earlier years at the Church."

## 17

"I came away from every meeting with Raymond feeling more humble and at the same time more confident. He was such a man! His words will linger with me always. . . . The world is stronger that he was with us. This is a treasure that can never be stolen away. . . . He truly was a man of God."



"I hope that God will bring you comfort in your time of sorrow. I wish that there were some way for me to help you in the same spirit as your husband has helped me. . . . There seem to me to be two ways in which a man can become immortal. The first and primary is to be pleasing to Heaven. Being not in a position to judge, I can only say that your husband provided a striking example of what a mortal's conception of this ideal can be. The second path for a man is to live forever in the undying memories of those with whom he was associated. To this I have the ability to bear witness!"

"I would speak to you of his impact in the shaping of my life, and those of hundreds, like me, fortunate enough to have known him; of his dedication to, and hopes for, our young, fresh lives; of his guidance; of his wisdom in furnishing us with a serene and meaningful environment of unspoiled men, nature, and ideas; of his personal character which has inspired and sustained us; of his singular gift in imparting a lasting awareness of our Creator, and the implications this holds for our lives. . . . This deep touching of one man's spirit upon another invokes the essence of God's purpose, and the highest tribute to another's life. . . . There are many things I would say to you, Frannie. They all point to Raymond's immense value, and the immense value of his gifts to us. . . . He shall endure, not only in our hearts and those of our children, but also in the next life God has prepared for those who contribute to His kingdom here in this one."

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