

GREY-MAROON CAPTAINS' CHALLENGE

CAPITAL CAMPAIGN

As you think back on your years at Kawanhee, hopefully one of your fond memories is that of the Grey-Maroon rivalry. This spirited competition has much history and is a central focus of much of what we learned at camp, including the level system and also our motto, "Fun with a Purpose."

From my perspective, the "purpose" of the Grey-Maroon competition was to teach us to try our hardest, to work as a team, and to always show good sportsmanship. We also developed and nurtured many lifelong friendships as a result of this experience.

Being picked as a captain of one of the teams is one of the highest honors a Kawanheean can receive. For many young men, this is their first experience at being a true leader of a large group of people. Many of these young men will then go on to be leaders in their chosen fields, from teaching and business, to medicine and the military.

As Camp Kawanhee draws nearer to its 90th Reunion in 2010, we are in need of some major capital improvements. First on the list is the construction of a new Athletic Field to allow full field play of soccer and lacrosse! In order to construct this field and undertake other improvements, we are pleased to announce the:

Grey-Maroon Captains' Challenge

The focus of this challenge is to have the former Captains come out of semi-retirement, and lead their teams once again for the benefit of Kawanhee! The captains will be spearheading the effort to re-connect with members of their respective teams and rally them to help Kawanhee. All funds raised will go towards capital improvements that we hope to have completed by 2010.

If you are a former captain, or know the whereabouts of one, please make sure they are in contact with me. The captains will be contacting as many of their team members as possible, but we are in need of contact information from many former campers.

We will be keeping track of the amount raised by Grey vs. Maroon and also by each decade. We will announce the Winning Team at the 2010 reunion and whoever comes out on top...Kawanhee will be the winner!

Thank you for your support.

Steve Yale

Grey Captain 1975

Email address: sdyale@sbcglobal.net

*Please send your tax deductible contribution to:

George and Raymond Frank Foundation and

Note: Captains' Challenge, Grey or Maroon, and the decade you were at camp.

GREYS WIN IN A CLOSE CONTEST FOR THE SEASON 2008 !!

Keeping tradition with the rest of this season's Grey and Maroon competition, the two teams finished with extremely close final scores. In an unprecedented move, Score Keeper Bob (B.A.) Altmaier revealed at the beginning that both teams scored in the 52,000 point range. B.A. also acted uncharacteristically as he swiftly reported all of the remaining digits before the final number. The scoreboard showed that the Greys finished with 52,287 points and the Maroons finished with 52,052. B.A. explained that the final digit was either an 8 (meaning that the Maroons won) or a 0 (meaning that the Greys won.) To reveal the final number B.A. called up his daughter, Rebecca and Ed Watson, her fiancé. B.A. joked that he had never let Rebecca come to camp when she was younger because he "knew what Kawanhee boys were really like." He said that he knows that—in his mind—no one will ever be good enough for his daughter, but that Ed is a close friend and a great man.

B.A. then told the audience that he would remove the final number from an envelope. He reached into the envelope and pulled out an 8! The Maroons started to celebrate, but B.A. also pulled out a 0! After both teams regained composure, B.A. announced that Rebecca and Ed would hang the 0 digit on the scoreboard with the 8 digit hanging over it. Then Rebecca would either tear away the 8 digit or leave it on the board. If she tore it away, then the Greys would win and if she left it, then the Maroons would win.

Rebecca tore away the 8, and revealed the final score: Maroons 52,052 and Greys 52,287. Both the Greys and Maroons carried their respective captains to the beach and tossed them into the lake. As John Fritz said in his speech before the final score was revealed, "the real winning team is Kawanhee." He was right. It was an incredibly spirited competition fueled by two great leaders. Thank you Ben Zambito and John Fritz Rullan!

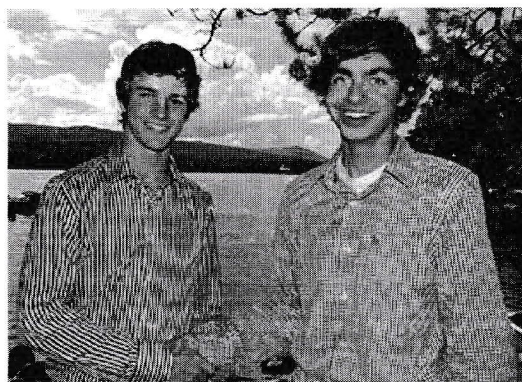
FINAL SCORE

Greys 52,287

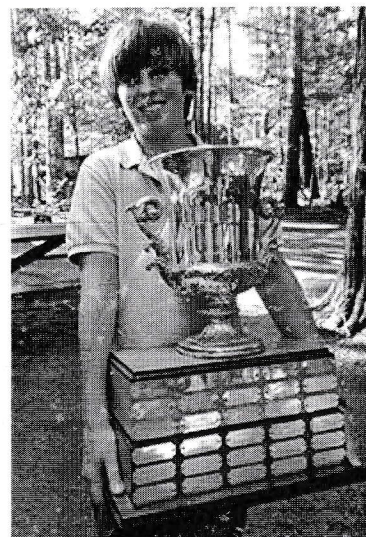
Captain Ben Zambito
Co-Capt. Will Ryan

Maroons 52,052

Captain John Fritz Rullan
Co-Capt. Steve Harvell



2008 Captains congratulating each other!



William Brutscher Award 2008
High Point Winner Juan Fernandez (Maroon)

DAN PACKER – 2008 CAMP DIRECTOR

Growing up in New England, Danny Packer spent many summers at a Kawanhee-like boys' camp in New England as a camper and counselor, and he is very happy to get back to summer camping.

After graduating from Carleton College in Minnesota with a degree in geology, Danny taught school for two years in Georgia. He spent one year in graduate school in Montana before landing in Albuquerque, New Mexico. For 23 years he has taught history, science and experiential education at Albuquerque Academy, and also

earned a master's degree in American Studies at the University Of New Mexico.

He lives with his wife Ruth and their kids, Ruby, Seth and Kinchen on 270 acres in the Sandia Mountains. In his "spare" time, he plays music, referees soccer, and loves all manner of outdoor pursuits, including skiing, hiking and fishing.

Check out next page for the letter that Danny wrote about his first summer experience as Camp Director at Camp Kawanhee.

Hi Kawanheean,

Well back here in New Mexico, we can tell that it autumn because soccer has started, the nights are starting to cool down and the State Fair is on. Oh, and it hasn't rained since I returned here in early August. Some days Kawanhee seems like a dream - distant, hazy and not quite real. But then I'll see a catalogue or pull a Kawanhee shirt out of the drawer, and sharp, clear memories rush back. I see the glassy surface of the lake on still mornings and hear the excited cheers drifting from the baseball field.

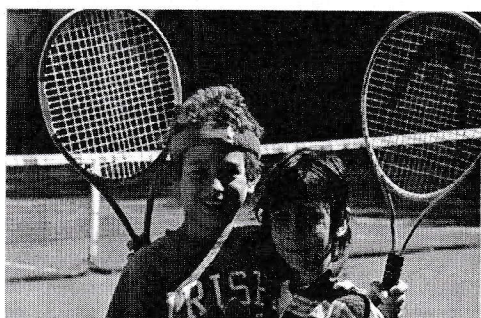
Towards the end of the summer, I spoke to the camp about what we can take away from camp, and how camp can contribute to a satisfying and fulfilling life during the other 45 weeks of the year. I spoke about the idea of a Palace in Time. Kawanhee represents an opportunity to step outside of the normal bustle of daily life, and focus on basic and immediate things, like friendships, and leave behind the "regular year" concerns about homework, school pressure, and run-til-you drop schedules.

Now that I am home with papers to grade, books to read and places to get to on time, my own advice seems both prescient and naïve. But for me, and for my boys, Kawanhee never seems too far away. It comes up in conversation; it motivates - saving money for a new fishing rod, or getting in shape to climb Katahdin. Like the keel of a sailboat, it keeps us right side up, and helps us go in the right direction.

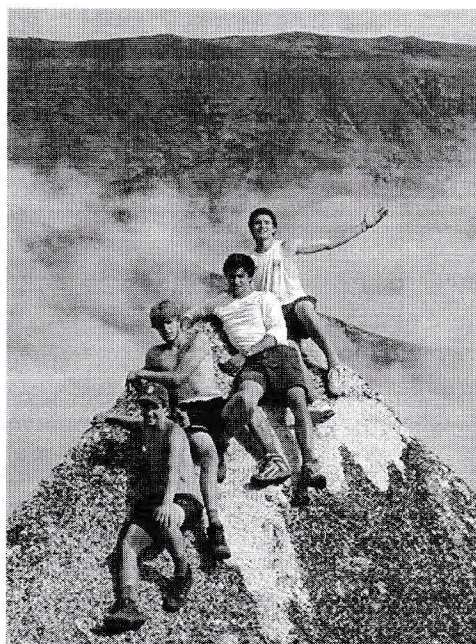
When friends or colleagues ask, "How was the summer?" I usually say, "fine," or "wet," or "exciting." It is too much effort, indeed impossible, to convey the real meaning of the summer. How could I possibly convey the excitement of the KLL championship, or the final push to pass a level, or the joy and relief on the faces of our newly minted JMG's? For most of those who ask, "fine" will have to do. But as I clumsily avoid the question, inwardly, I smile. The innocent, friendly question, which I can't really answer, releases a flood of memories, and for a moment, brief though it is, I am back at Kawanhee, splashing through the mud, rowing to Bass Rock in the rain, watching a vibrant round of Ga Ga ball. I hope each of you gets transported back to Kawanhee on regular basis, and I hope each of you will get transported back in the flesh for next summer's adventures.

Thank you to everyone who made my summer so great. See you next year.

----- Dan Packer, Camp Director



**Friendships
grow on and
off the courts**



The world is ours!!

SOME REFLECTIONS ON KAWANHEE

by Chase McReynolds, a camper of the last six years

To the logging-truck drivers who routinely rumble through Central Maine's unkempt roads past the tiny town of Weld and beyond, Lake Webb and its picturesque scenery lie out of sight and out of mind. But for two hundred boys who reside for seven weeks in log cabins stretched along Lake Webb's quiet shore, this place is home. Some forget the glassy water of the lake and the surrounding mountains it reflects when they return to lives of homemade food and daily showers and constant television, but most yearn for Camp Kawanhee throughout the ten months they spend away from it.

Six years have passed since my first few weeks full of trees, mountains, lakes, and loons, and although I have changed physically and emotionally in those years, the nature present at Camp Kawanhee remains constant and unwavering. One glance from the second floor of Kawanhee's dining hall at Camp's center brings back memories of my first water skiing experience, my first organized basketball game, and my first of countless friendships that continue to shape me every summer.

At twelve years of age, I stepped away from the privacy of my own room in Wilton, Connecticut and into cramped quarters with seven other young boys: not a reassuring formula for the forging of long-lasting relationships. Though several small scuffles occurred between my lodge-mates within the first few days, by Camp's second week the group learned to live together; after two weeks an atmosphere of camaraderie began to develop. Before Kawanhee we lived apart, immersed in separate sects of society across the world and crippled as a group by our lack of similarity on the surface; but after our initial days at Camp we became united by the unique opportunities and the sight of the serene lake we shared.

SO MANY FISH, SO LITTLE TIME, SO MUCH BEAUTY: FISH AND FISHING IN KAWANHEE'S NECK OF THE WOODS

by John G. Bell III

Novelist Robert Traver once wrote: "I fish because I love to. Because I love the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful, and hate the environs where crowds of people are found, which are invariably ugly..." I don't know if Traver ever fished in Maine, but if so, he couldn't help but have been impressed with the invariable beauty of our rivers and streams, ponds and lakes, that grace the verdant expanse of the rugged Maine Woods.

Those of us who fish the waters here in Kawanhee's locale are privileged, indeed. Far from the crowds, we fish with loons, osprey and kingfishers for company; we share the rivers and lakes with otter, moose and beaver. We fish. We may range along the banks of a wild and lonely river all day, casting in blissful solitude; we may fish with friends, fathers, wives, sons and daughters. But we fish, because we love to. We love where it takes us; we love what it does for us.

There is something about fishing. There is anticipation, and mystery; there is wonder, and surprise. There is excitement, exhilaration, and, sometimes, frustration and disappointment. Fishing holds possibilities, and has myriad manifestations. These range from the simplicity and delight of sitting on a dock and watching a bobber jiggle and duck under the surface, to the adventure of wading through the rapids of a brawling northwoods river, floating a fly over the heads of the salmon and brook trout that you know are there.

Trout fishing can be a meditation, an idyll, an immersion both literal and figurative into the sights, sounds and feel of a riverine world: the roar of whitewater, the smell of wet rock, of spruce and fir, the feel of the current... When I'm knee deep in a river, rhythmically casting over a likely pool or run, I am never more serene, never more at peace... As I intently track the fly's perilous progress downstream, I am enthralled, never more focused and alert. A day on a wild and fast-moving river will find me centered, never more myself, completely unselfconscious, following instinctive and honest inclinations. There is no room on a troutstream for posturing, for pretense or ego —no call or temptation to such; there is a purity, an integrity and authenticity to the experience. Fishing is a curious amalgam of the atavistic and the philosophical; it can put me into a transcendent state from which I emerge reluctantly, noting sometimes with wonder how rapidly time has appeared to elapse. Time never goes by more quickly for me than when I'm fishing; at the end of the day I am renewed, clear-minded, and grateful. And usually late to wherever I'm headed from there.

As with other traditional outdoor pursuits —wilderness camping, or hunting, for instance—fishing concerns a wealth of specific skills, knowledge and lore for one generation to pass on to the next. There are ethics to model, to discuss, to instill. There is so much to be learned: about the fish, about who they are, where they are, and why; about what they'll take, and what they won't, and a plenitude of rather arcane knowledge and "savvy" that is unique to the art of fishing. There is much to be taught by direct example: casting, fishing technique, knots, and flytying. Fishing trips in the Maine woods often involve canoeing, a traditional corollary that is an art in itself, mastered by few, with an aesthetic all its own.

Fishing teaches, and the learning is multifaceted, open-ended, and lifelong. It teaches patience, and humility. Fish are unpredictable; they can be recalcitrant, contrary, and sometimes maddeningly particular. They can be absent from where they "should" be; they can ignore what they "should" want; they can inexplicably seize what they "shouldn't" want that day. Fishing teaches problem solving —where the fish are, what they might be feeding on— and, more importantly, teaches at the same time that there is more involved —more required—than mere problem solving.

Catching fish is often not a simple and clean "insert tab A into slot B" proposition. There is no sure fire formula. A fisherman is fortunate if he can begin to appreciate early that the entire endeavor is not solely about numbers of fish caught; it is rather about the experience of trying —the journey, as opposed to the destination. Those who are prone to keep score, to narrowly judge the "success" of a day on the water by the numbers of fish caught, are missing something important. While the point may appear to be to catch lots of fish, the point is actually, and perhaps paradoxically, both exactly that and at the same time not that at all. The true success is the attainment of the proper attitude.

Of course, the above may be little more than an elaborate rationalization for the embarrassment of getting skunked... But it is not. (Well, paradoxically, it is, and it isn't.)

Inherent to fishing is the element of chance. There is magic in this idea of chance; this is where mystery and wonder reside; this is what keeps fishing endlessly interesting. Fish can surprise you. You never know what might happen next. The fish of a lifetime may be waiting in the next pool, around the next bend, at the next cast, at the last cast of the day. This is a particular magic of potential, of possibility. No one, no matter how technically accomplished, no matter how well versed, well read, or experienced, is wholly exempt from this element of fortune; it smiles alternately, and indiscriminately, on novice and expert alike. Fishing has been said to be a series of occasions for hope... A resilient optimism is certainly a prerequisite.

There can be magic, also, in one's surroundings; the experience of fishing is informed, given shape and character, by the setting —its sights and sounds, smell and feel. Wonder, reverence and awe for the beauty of one's surroundings are

especially at play when fishing in Maine's western mountains. Kawanhee is situated in these mountains, with many miles of untrammelled forestland stretching north and west of Weld, clear to Canada, interlaced with clean, cold rivers and streams, dotted with lakes and ponds.

Here in the northern forest, innumerable fishing possibilities exist within incomparable settings; each of these is singular in its character, singular in its beauty, rare and memorable in the experience of it. A primary appeal of fishing is that it finds you, the fisherman, a part of the setting. You are not merely an observer, but a participant; you are one with the river or the lake; you are in it, on it; you can feel it. You share the evening with the moose, with the loons as they dive and hunt; the dancing mayflies, beaver, otter, even snapping turtle: you are in their element. You seek a connection with the wild creatures both above and below the surface of the water, and what you may see and feel is endlessly fascinating, rewarding, and rejuvenating.

More fishable water exists within a thirty mile radius of Kawanhee than can ever be experienced in one lifetime. There are freestone mountain streams, shaded by a fragrant canopy of balsam fir, cedar, yellow birch and beech, populated with wild brook trout—one of the most beautiful fish that swims. You must use stealth to stand a chance of catching these wary trout; you must stay low, hide behind boulders, throw no shadow. There are big, powerful rivers that contain aggressive and acrobatic landlocked salmon. These fish, genetically identical to Atlantic salmon, are fast and powerful silver flashes in the water; they leap against waterfalls, relentlessly, with passion, and resolve. The larger ones will on occasion break six pound test with their savage, lightning-quick strike; they will snap you out of your reverie...

And there is the experience of fishing on Webb Lake in its many forms: trolling the depths in search of the large brown trout that hold deep in the summertime; casting from a canoe in the early morning, with mist rising from the water, loons calling back and forth; fishing the narrows weedbeds in the evening with a bull moose feeding just a long cast from your boat, ducking his head underwater and emerging with a mouthful of lily pads, water cascading from his massive antlers...

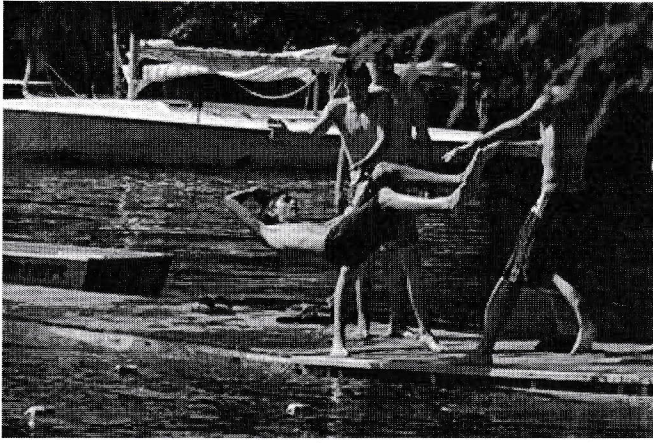
Of the wealth of memories each Kawanhee season leaves us with, it is those involving fish and fishing, for many of us, that are among the most cherished. As I look back over my camper and counselor days, I can recall a number of these: evening fishing trips on the lake featuring bass, pickerel, and the ubiquitous white perch; early morning fishing in the narrows while on a lodge overnight at Skookamie; fishing from the sailing dock with my buddies after dinner; from a rowboat in the cove; early morning times on the Webb River down the road. And there have been forays out of town: the Sandy River in Phillips, above the Rt. 142 bridge; from the Byron Road, the secret and ephemeral beaver pond near the Loop trailhead, and the Swift River, where we used to pan gold with Bates and Charlie Damrey; trips to the storied waters of Upper Dam, the Kennebago in Rangeley, and the Rapid River for salmon; even brook trout on top of Tumbledown, rising almost always just out of reach. I remember flycasting on the Chain of Ponds trip in '71 and at Coos Canyon the same season—my first at camp; I caught no fish, but that is no matter. (See paragraphs 6 and 7 for elaborate rationalization.)

There is tradition in fishing, and there is camaraderie. Good friends, and fathers and sons, have been commonly known to make the same annual pilgrimages to rivers and lakes that have become sanctified by many years of time spent fishing together there. For these anglers, their places are powerful; they've become imbued with significance and meaning as critical reference points—biographical markers—in their lives. Fishing strengthens bonds, through shared successes and commiseration, through rare experience within sublime settings.

Not too far from my home in Weld is a river I make sure to visit at least a couple of times a season, where I can stand on the very same rocks I stood on as an eleven-year-old, fishing now for the descendents of those trout and salmon that taught me so much back then. My river has not changed in three decades; no development has desecrated its thickly forested banks; the water is just as clean, clear and cold, the fish as numerous, healthy—and unpredictable—as ever. This river and its respective rocks are old friends: constant, abiding, comforting. In encountering them I encounter some of my happiest memories—through childhood, through my college years, and up to the present. A day on this river has become a tradition for my wife Becky and me. She has her own favorite rock by now from which to cast; she too has become attached to the river, and appreciates its magic, its wildness and remoteness. Next season I'll take my son Riley along; he'll be ten by June, about big enough to stand up to the current in his first pair of hip boots. He has become fairly adept with a flyrod, and caught his first (unassisted) salmon just this past summer. With this trip I'll begin a tradition, hoping to do as well by him as my dad did by me in first bringing me here, on the way home from camp one August, long ago.

At Kawanhee, we fish. Fishing, in all of its forms, has been an integral part of the traditional Kawanhee experience, the Kawanhee ethos, from its inception. We fish the lake, mornings and evenings; we flycast from the raft in the cove; we've headed out, to cast a fly on the fabled flowages we are so fortunate to be near—waters to the northwest where flyfishing in Maine began 150 years ago. We are proud of our tradition of fishing, and I personally am pleased to note a resurgence of interest among campers in fishing, generally. I'm excited about our burgeoning corps of young and eager anglers, and look forward to sharing with them the gift that is ours at Kawanhee of fishing within "the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful."

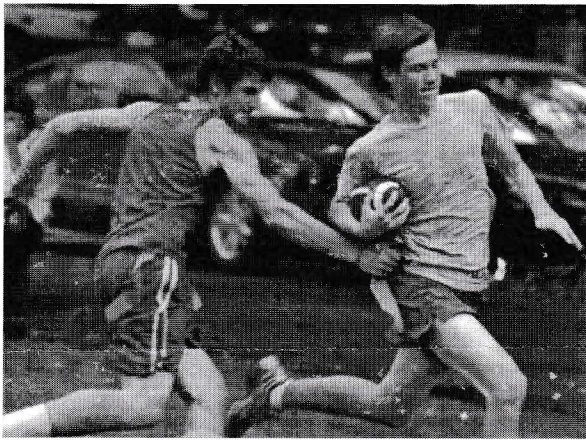
KAWANHEE 2008 IN REVIEW



Here's your birthday surprise!



Shot! Score!



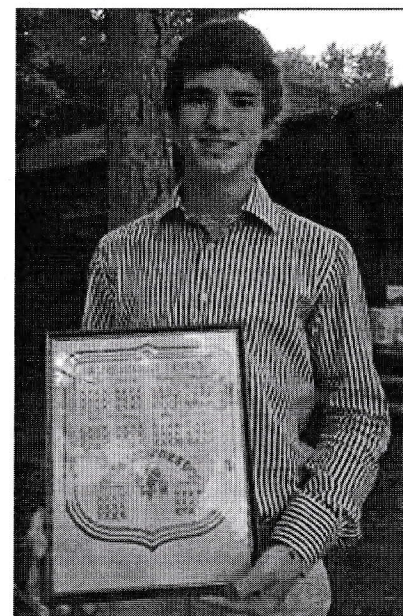
Kawanhee muscles on display!



See! Eating all that spinach really does work



Eddie Trayner with his Honorable Mention Award in Shop



John Fritz Rullan with his completed Senior Plaque

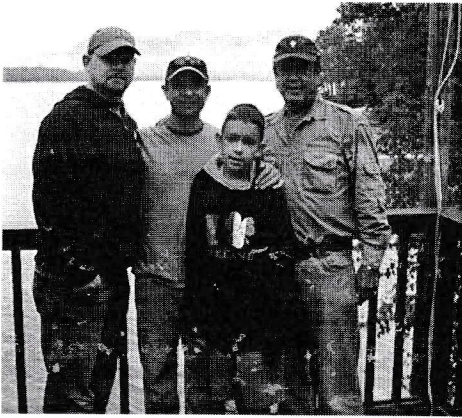
JUNIOR MAINE GUIDE '08 - KAWANHEE EXCELS

Four Kawanhees submitted to the rigors of Junior Maine Guide testing this summer in the woods north of Rangeley, and, remarkably, all four passed. This in a year when only 20% of all candidates in the program cleared the JMG hurdle!

The pass rate for first-year candidates was a stingy 6%. Of the thirty-three first-year candidates, Kawanhee's Spencer Davis and Trace Rouda were the only two who earned JMG. There were twelve second- and third-year candidates, and Kawanhee's Sam Friedlander and Will Gering were among five successful applicants. All told, Kawanhees accounted for four of nine JMGs.

Kawanhee has participated in the JMG program for decades. This past summer, Kawanhee was one of nine participating camps statewide. Candidates must be at least 14 years old and must pass tests in various outdoor skills, including, among others, axemanship, wet-day fire building, canoeing, map and compass, Maine geography and first aid. Kawanhee JMG candidates spend part of virtually every day at camp honing their skills and preparing for several days of intense testing at the seasoned hands of registered Maine guides.

Congratulations to Spencer, Trace, Sam and Will, and to their instructors, Joey Clarke, Gregor Hoffman and John Bell!



THIRD GENERATION OF CONDIT MEN AT KAWANHEE

From left to right:

David Condit 1988 and 1989

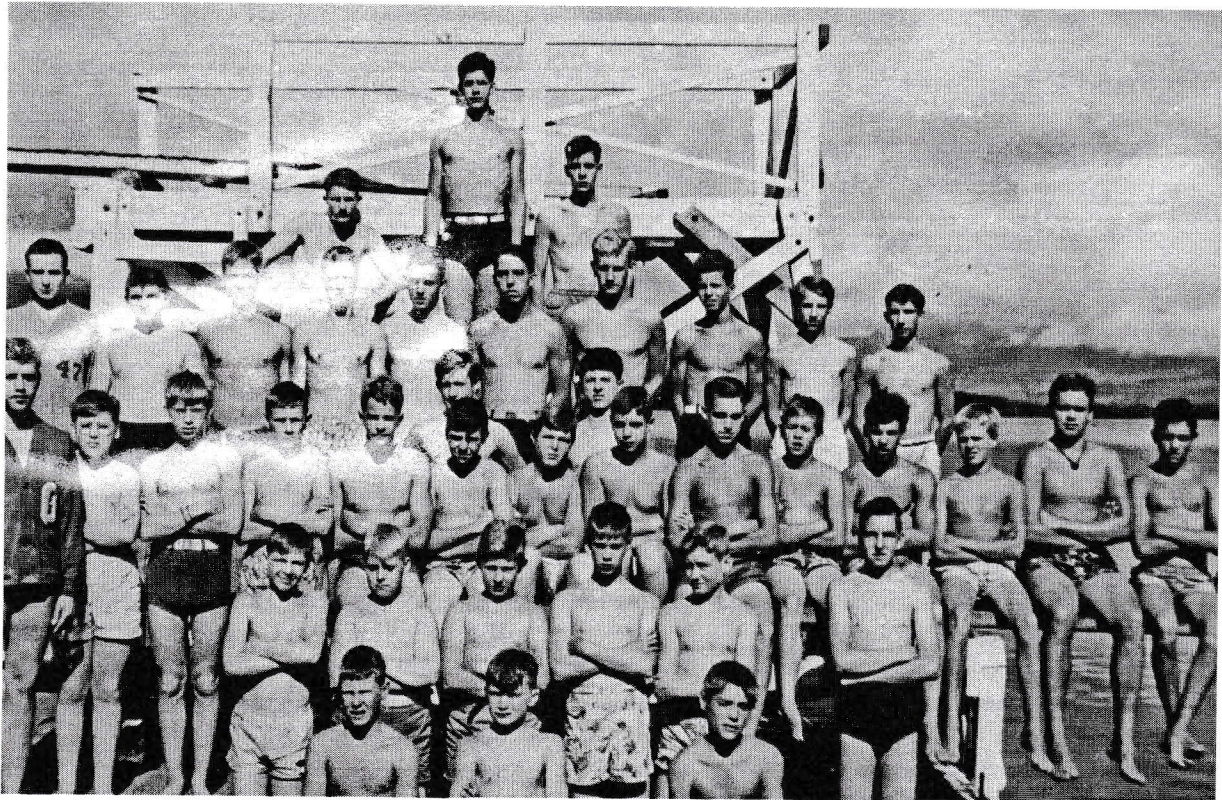
George Condit 1988

Clayton Condit 2008

Harrison Condit 1954 and 1955

This past summer was a special time for us as it marked the third generation of the Condit men at Camp Kawanhee. Thank you Kawanhee for all the beautiful memories.

--- the Condit family



Picture from the old Kawanhee catalog

Dear Kawanhee Alumni:

Over the years, Camp Kawanhee has been very generous, giving a very large number of full and partial scholarships (far exceeding those given by surrounding comparable camps), giving many boys an opportunity to have the camp experience that they otherwise may not have. In many cases, this has been an extraordinary commitment to each boy, because it has meant financial assistance not just for a year, but for the many years that a camper returns to camp.

In order to continue to provide this level of assistance to future Kawanhees, we ask for your help. Many of you have been the recipients of scholarship assistance from Kawanhee, or have family members that had a Kawanhee experience because of the generosity of the organization. It is possible, and in some cases probable, that you find yourselves in a different financial situation today. We ask that you consider and take this opportunity to give back to Kawanhee's scholarship fund so that other boys may enjoy the opportunity that you and/or your sons have enjoyed.

Our scholarship fund needs your support!! Remember, your gift is tax deductible. Please include your contribution in the enclosed envelope and check the blank beside "Please use my gift only for this purpose: _____. Write in "scholarship" in the blank.

With gratitude and appreciation for your support.

George and Raymond Frank Foundation Scholarship Committee,

Steve Yale, John Estabrook, Mark Standen

IRA OPPORTUNITY REBORN

The small print of the Emergency Economic Stabilization Act of 2008 held some good news for charities and donors: an extension of the IRA Rollover Gift provisions originally included in the Pension protection Act of 2006. Under these special provisions, distributions made from an IRA to a qualifying charity (the George and Raymond Frank Foundation is one of these!) are excluded from the income of an IRA owner. Under the usual rules, a gift from an IRA to a charity made during the owner's lifetime is treated as a taxable deduction to the owner, who then has to claim an itemized deduction for the gift. To take advantage of this limited opportunity, the IRA owner must be at least 70 ½ years old, and the amount excluded is limited to \$100,000 in each of 2008 and 2009 (when the opportunity is set to expire). An added bonus: amounts distributed from an IRA to a charity counts in satisfaction of the IRA owner's minimum required distributions. Anyone considering a possible gift from an IRA to the Frank Foundation should contact Mark Standen at (207) 846-7741 or mark@kawanhee.com



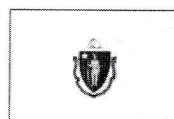
INDIANA



MAINE



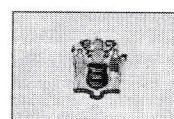
MARYLAND



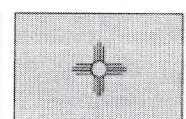
MASSACHUSETTS



NEW HAMPSHIRE



NEW JERSEY



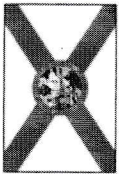
NEW MEXICO



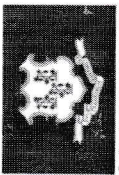
IDAHO



GEORGIA



FLORIDA



CONNECTICUT



COLORADO



CALIFORNIA



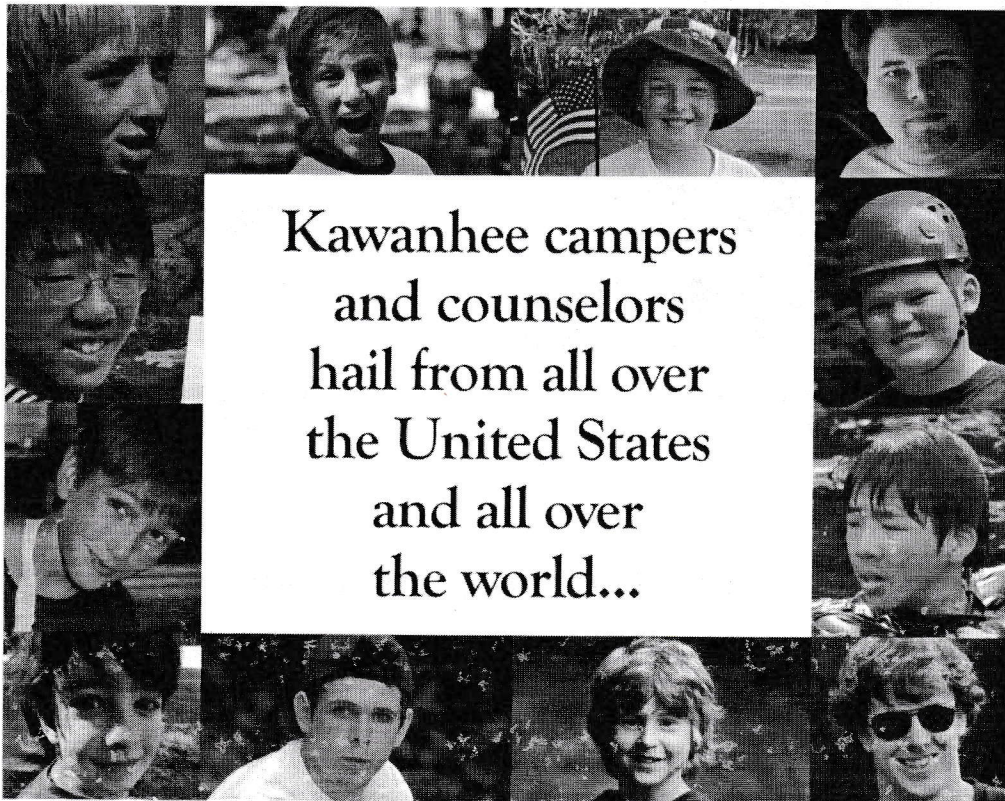
ARIZONA



AUSTRIA



FRANCE



Kawanhee campers
and counselors
hail from all over
the United States
and all over
the world...

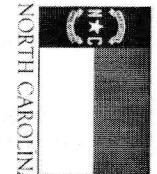
Language Instruction at Kawanhee

Each year, we have a number of boys who arrive at Kawanhee knowing very little English. Camp provides these boys with a total immersion experience into American culture and a rich opportunity to learn the English language outside of a classroom environment. As boys integrate into the camp community, they find support to better learn and understand the language through interactions with lodgemates, their counselors, senior staff members and also formal tutoring if they choose to do so. In 2008, a new club was formed, to better support boys for whom English was not their first language. The club met twice a week during lunchtime and included both American boys and boys from other countries. The club provided

boys with the opportunity to discuss aspects of the English language and American culture that they may have questions about, subtleties expressed through humor, and expressions particular to camp. The club also provides our international boys an opportunity to share in return with American boys, information about their own individual cultures. We strive to make certain that all of our campers have the opportunity to connect with and develop a comfort with administration and other adults throughout the camp community and express concerns as they arise. All campers at Kawanhee are equally valued members of our community and the uniqueness that each brings is part of what makes Kawanhee such a special place.



NEW YORK



NORTH CAROLINA



OHIO



VERMONT



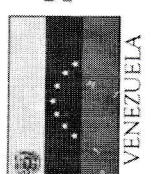
VIRGINIA



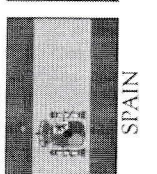
WASHINGTON



KAWANHEE CAMP



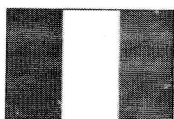
VENEZUELA



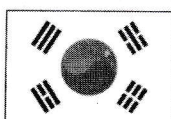
SPAIN



HUNGARY



ITALY



KOREA



MEXICO



PUERTO RICO



SINGAPORE



1970's Kawanhees try their hand at building a human pyramid



Do you recognize anyone from the 1950's Deer Lodge Crew?

PUBLIC INSPECTION OF FOUNDATION'S ANNUAL RETURNS

As required by a federal law applying to tax-exempt organizations, the George and Raymond Frank Foundation's annual information returns (Forms 990) have been, and continue to be, available for public inspection during regular business hours at its primary office. The Foundation's primary, year-round office is located at 121 Main Street, Yarmouth, Maine 04096, about 20 minutes north of Portland on the coast. Although the office is staffed full-time during regular business hours, we suggest that anyone planning to stop by call ahead to be assured of a successful visit.

Of course, any alum should also feel free to stop by just to say hello, catch up on the Foundation's activities or offer donations of money or time!

If you would like to make a contribution, please make your check payable to and mail to:

George and Raymond Frank Foundation, P.O. Box 789, Yarmouth Maine 04096

The Alumni WIGWAM
Camp Kawanhee
PO Box 789
Yarmouth, Maine 04096

First Class Mail

Tom Pears
30 Prince Avenue
Winchester, MA 01890



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