



## CAMP KAWANHEE

### REUNION FEVER HITS KAWANHEE

Mark and Liz Standen along with their committee members, John Bell, Louisa van den Honert, Steve Yale, and Chris Yardley, stirred the memories of former staff and campers by planning, promoting, and organizing Kawanhee's first ever reunion.

On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday August 14th, 15th, and 16th one hundred sixty Kawanheans (past, present, and future) assembled on the shores of Lake Webb to have "fun with a purpose" all over again. The happy occasion commenced with a buffet dinner at the Kawanhee Inn followed by Ed Hamblin's fascinating presentation showing old movies, now on video. Saturday's schedule was busy for all hands with "open activities" including Sailing, Boating, Kayaking, Tennis, Water Skiing, Swimming, Softball, Soccer, Basketball, and Golf at Rangely Country Club. Climbs up Mt. Tumbledown and Mt. Bald were selected by two groups of Kawanhee Braves and families. The climax of the afternoon proved to be the exciting Maroon-Grey War Canoe Races. The evening feast consisted of a delicious lobster and clambake dinner cooked on the beach and served in the Camp dining hall. When evening shadows fell, the bell rang for Campfire on Council Point where all assembled to listen to the accomplishments of the day, reminisce, and sing. On Sunday, there was picture taking followed by a church service at Council Point. The final meal was a complete brunch at the dining hall. Some remained for further activities, and others made fond farewells and reluctantly departed. Everyone agreed to extend a vote of thanks to the reunion committee, and it was a unanimous decision to set the next reunion for 1990, Kawanhee's seventieth birthday.



Former Counselors

### KAWANHEE REUNION 1987

There's a verse and chorus from a Maine folksong "Summer Roads" that must have been written with the Kawanhee Reunion in mind that goes as follows:

"There's a corner in my memory where all the good times stay,  
And in all my summer ramblings there are good times every day.

'Round every bend I find a friend, a welcome and a smile.

And pleasant hours and fields of flowers --

A memory every mile.

Summer roads are full of turns and bends.

Summer roads that lead to my old friends.

Summer roads by a summer stream where I relive all my winter's dreams

And the good times always start down summer roads."

Memories and good times certainly were abundant that wonderful weekend in August as we gathered from near and far to rekindle our youth, dreams and memories on the shores of Lake Webb and Camp Kawanhee. I cannot begin to count the number of times I heard "remember when . . . or remember how . . . ?"

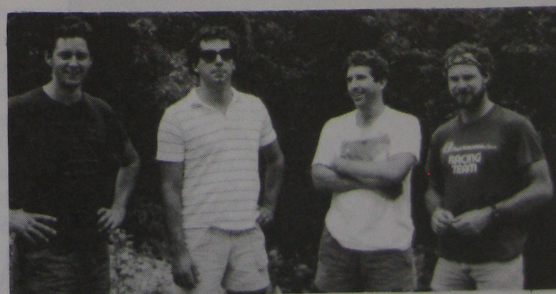
Gathering Friday night at the Kawanhee Inn started the reflection of memories as we told stories, listened to Ed Hamblin relate the formation of Kawanhee, and watched movies from the 50's and 60's. Saturday brought baseball, tennis matches, mountain climbs, boating and swimming; climaxed by the Maroon/Grey war canoe races. I think if you were to ask anyone at the reunion what stood out as the special moment of the day they would certainly respond to the war canoe races. To see men in their 20's to late 60's paddle together with the same vigor that sparked them in their youth was truly a sight. Those of us who watched from shore became silenced as we could hear them chant "Ka-Wan-Hee!!, Ka-Wan-Hee!!!" as they raced toward us. You could almost hear a pin drop.

The memories that began for us that weekend will always remain special . . . Frank Stewart and his son as they lit the campfire Saturday night, Doug Means as he thanked his parents for his Kawanhee years, Chuck Hoffhine as he called out the years of Kawanhee's existence and the remarkable number of years represented as the men responded, the singing of taps as the campfire embers glowed, the gathering of the "clan" on Sunday morning for pictures, and listening to Hal Myers at church on the Point.

As fall paints the mountains of Weld in spectacular color in celebration of a wonderful summer, the winter chill approaches ever-so quickly. But we can still remember and smile about those good times down those summer roads of Reunion '87.

Linda S. Fulda

Kawanhee Secretary, 1965

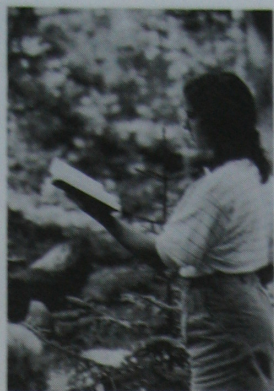


Friends





Harold (Hal) Myers



Louisa van den Honert

### SUNDAY MORNING WORSHIP SERVICE

On Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, the Kawanhee family assembled in the Recreation Hall area for Reunion pictures. Following the picture taking, the participants strolled slowly to the Point, the most sacred place in camp. It represents our Chapel, surrounded by mighty pines, with the log seats on the hillside facing the Lake, the Gap, Tumbledown and West Mountains. The birch Cross, flanked on either side by two stately pines, is at the lower edge of the Chapel, near the water. It truly tells us this is a place of worship.

As the worshippers gathered at the Chapel, Chris Yardley, seated on the huge rock at the entrance to the Chapel, was playing the prelude on his guitar.

Before the service started Jon Trayner sang an introit number, "Morning Has Broken", accompanied by Chris on the guitar. It was a beautiful beginning of the service.

The Invocation was given by Herb Birch, followed by a hymn by all present. Louisa van den Honert read the morning scripture, the 121st Psalm, which was the text for the morning message. Judy Hoffhine organized and practiced with 12 people who sang the morning anthem, "For the Beauty of the Earth". Steve Yale offered a great prayer which pointed out the beauty of God's handiwork at Kawanhee and paid tribute to Kawanhee leaders who have been influential throughout the years. When Steve concluded his prayer, the worshippers sang with great enthusiasm "They Will Know We Are Christians By Our Love".

Rev. Hal Myers, a camper and leader back in the thirties, gave a superb message, pointing out that we go to the Lord for help and He will be present at our side from now until eternity.

Our closing hymn, led by Judy with her guitar, was "Blest Be The Tie That Binds", followed by the Benediction by Herb Birch.

The entire service will long be remembered by everyone who worshipped with us on this beautiful Sunday.

Herbert Birch



Sunday Church Service

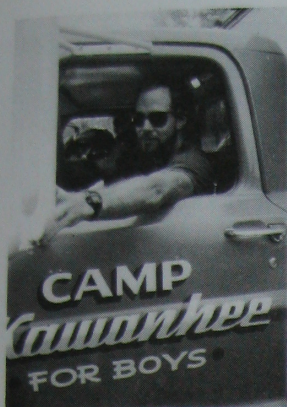
### REUNION LOG

Just a few notes on the Reunion Weekend. Well, it's good to see such a great collection of Kawanhee veterans at the Reunion. Liz and Mark Standen have worked tirelessly the last two days - er, I mean the last year - to put the weekend together and they should be congratulated for their efforts. Of course, after expending so much energy, when several people asked if this was to be an annual event - well, Mark and Liz had to be revived by emergency CPR. The Estabrooks think it is a great event, but they are just thankful the Camp is still standing since Master Duke.

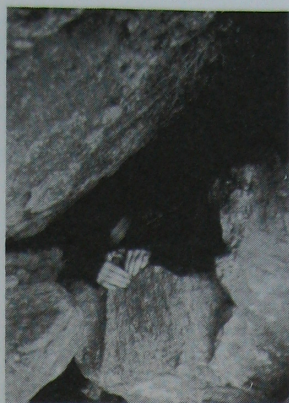
Bill Albershardt has been in the area for several weeks. But maybe I am speaking too soon. Tonight's lobster dinner was great and most Kawanheans can be thankful there was food left after the Birch family went through the line. The softball game was exciting and it was best that it ended in a tie, but most veteran observers of the JC-SC games are glad the game didn't end in that Kawanhee display of sportsmanship - a fist fight! Of course, all women at the game had to be revived by oxygen after Mr. Estabrook showed up in just his swimming trunks. Mark Standen's plea for a ref at the morning Basketball Game gathered several volunteers until it was learned Hank Hiser was playing. Since the potential refs didn't have self abuse on their list of things to do this weekend, they didn't show. Kirk Neiswander chose today to ruin his body. In the Basketball Game he injured his ankle and banged his face twice. This afternoon he managed to let a softball bash in his face, but gladly, Kirk is still in one piece. On other athletic fronts we hear DL, the Sengelmans, the Yales, the Flemings and others thought it would be great to create an exact reproduction of the seventh game of the Stanley Cup Finals. Of course, I don't remember anybody getting checked into the swimming docks in the Stanley Cup but they didn't play at Kawanhee. Unfortunately, some of our players were still in the penalty box when the breakfast bell rang in the morning. Julie Green Sengelmann has quite an effect on the ski boat. After the boat pulled her out of the water and came out of the first turn, the boat died. It was apparently too much for the engine. Great to see Frank Stewart at the Reunion and he promises not to break his still standing, Wilton to Weld, automobile record of 8 minutes. But if Frank offers to drive you somewhere, you might reconsider. We hear Dr. John Duncan is so desperate for patients at the Stanford Medical Center that he's taking to shooting people on the California freeway system. Glad to see David Bates here for the reunion. David's the only person who's been at the Reunion longer than he was at Camp! Also glad to see Lee McCleave is back to pass a few more volleyball levels. The Myers family wins the award for most relatives at Camp and the Myers' dream of filling Camp with nothing but Myers' grandchildren remains alive. There have been some questions raised about the so-called Tumbledown trip today. An eye witness reported seeing them at 3:00 p.m. in town today drinking beer. Nothing wrong with that but other witnesses spotted them in the same spot drinking beer at 10:15, 11:03, 12:36, 1:14, and 2:13. Another witness heard Steve Yale telling the group to wet their T-shirts in the creek so they look sweaty! More investigation is needed. Sorry to hear BA had the flu last night and couldn't attend the buffet. Although, I must admit, it has been disputed whether BA really had the flu. He apparently called Liz Standen yesterday and asked for a list of people coming to the Reunion. After hearing the list, BA began vomiting profusely! Apparently, not everyone was sad BA was sick. When told that BA had planned to show a three hour slide show of a close up look at his wedding, and that he couldn't show because of his illness, an undisclosed person was heard to say, "there is a God, there is a God." DL Long was given the award for coming the farthest for the Reunion since he came from Venus - but we're just glad DL made it on time and in the right place. Wherever you came from, its great to see you, and I hope you have a nice stay the rest of the weekend.

OJ Altmaier

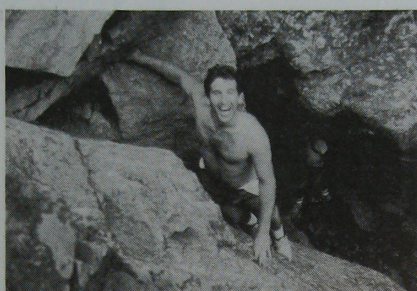




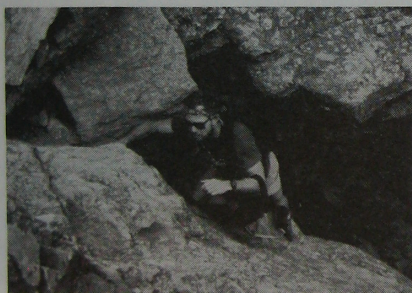
Mountain Bound



Dexter DeVoe



D.L. Long



Steve Yale on  
Tumbledown

## VOICES FROM THE PAST

Fred Hoster: "Hey, Steve (Dexter) remember when you were my Junior Counselor in Eagle Lodge?". Hank Blau: "Herb Hedges and I both had MG's that summer and remember when Herb's MG had the argument with a moose and lost out!" Rah, rah, Maroons! Get the lead out of those paddles, Greys! After the War Canoe Race it was discovered that the keel strip of the Grey Canoe was partially off forward and caused quite a drag. At the softball game between those who had left Kawanhee more than 10 years ago versus those who had left more recently, we saw Fred Hoster with his bat bigger than he is and as heavy as he is. Many home runs as the ball was sent flying over the tennis court fence and into the trees on the hill. Remember when Franny and Bobby sat up on the main hall porch all night long to see the sunrise - - - in the WEST? The big question - - - when will we have the next reunion - - - in five or 10 years - - - what do you say? Who painted the big "K" on Bass Rock and then gave himself away by asking the question the next morning before the fog had burned off and anyone could see Bass Rock? It was remarkable how many sons and grandsons were campers this year and were at the reunion. Were any great grandsons there? I had two grandsons and a great nephew at Camp this year.

Forrest P. Dexter, Jr.

## REFLECTIONS

As I sat at the outdoor Chapel during Reunion Sunday, August 16, many memories flashed through my mind as I thought of the 60 years since I was first a camper. I remember "Colonel" Sweet and Dean Miller leading worship in the days when we gathered on a hill behind the tennis courts. And I remembered, some years later the inspiration and labor that Eric Lagamann lovingly devoted to the making of the present Chapel, with its view of God's nature at its best. The choir in those days included the well trained voices of both George and Raymond Frank. Though there was a lot of gray hair to be seen sitting as Herb Birch led August 16th service, the spirit was one of remembrance of the many boys whose lives had been touched by Kawanhee.

Bob Cory



Birch brothers with Charlie Abbott

## KAWANHEE REUNION SOFTBALL REPORT

I am going to tell you of perhaps the greatest game ever played at Chip Button Memorial Field, an unforgettable gathering of Kawanhee's Hall of Fame. But before I do, these sentimental muses have persuaded me to describe some of the deeper feelings and thoughts stirred during the weekend. They seemed to think someone from the baseball department would be a stranger to philosophic and poetic reverie. They're probably guessing that we may have from time to time despite our tireless schedule enjoyed being transported by the beautiful outfield wall of birches, maples and pines. Needless to say the news last summer of a Kawanhee Reunion filled me with an exhilarating feeling of anticipation; and when coming down the Camp road this feeling became overwhelming. I remembered that while at Camp I would often have this same feeling after being away only a day or two, on a mountain or down a river, or at Monhegan. For everyone the return to Camp is always a joyous event. There is a great eagerness to share with friends the new stories and to find out what happened while you were gone. Is there any better testimony to the special spirit and appeal of Kawanhee? This feeling so deeply resonating is speaking of a comradeship that is very rare, close, exuberant and unchanging. It also attests to the constant whirl of activities that are Kawanhee, ranging from significant discoveries of leadership, achievement, and generosity of spirit to simple all-out fun. Let me end by saying that there could not have been a better reunion. All the above is as true today as ever and made the weekend a wonderful celebration. My heartfelt thanks to the Standens for the weekend; and to the Estabrooks for their hard work in directing Kawanhee, and to all who were there, in person and in spirit; you have made me very fortunate.

It is actually not difficult to make the transition from reverie to the ball game, for the first three innings had a dream-like quality to them. Could it have been the frightful sight of the Birch Brothers Big Bat and its shirtless owners? Or the other-worldly play of O.J. in right field? Or the serenity suggested by the graceful meanderings of the

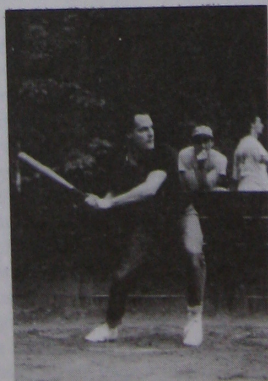


Sengelmann brothers. Perhaps it was the inspiring oratory of Umpire Hal Myers. It remains a mystery to me. The ever-crafty B.A. had taken the mound first for the over-tens (those at Kawanhee for more than 10 summers, not rating of looks, Jeff Morgan, Jim Balakin). B.A. was sensational with his large repertoire of pitches, always keeping up with the latest tips. He was striking out everybody except Chris Yardley (who never strikes out). Frustrated and suspicious, the under-tens, led by Andy Shahan, went to the sneaky pitcher and found sandpaper in his glove. Somethings never change! Meanwhile Jamie Robinson was keeping the over-tens scoreless with his dazzling whirlwind delivery. He was pitching faster than Mr. E. for the Foundation. However, this ended after the third inning when Jamie inexplicably changed his style and began pitching batting practice. One eye witness account places Nicky Gill having a nefarious exchange with the young pitcher before this dramatic turn. In the fourth, Steve Yale came in to the mound for the over-tens and the hits started pouring in. Even Hank Hiser got one. Steve always preferred to test his defense. Billy Proctor was climbing trees in left, Mike Standen the fence in center, and John Duncan - well, he has a good golf swing. The under-tens were playing superb defense also. The Bill Buckner golden glove went to John White, playing the entire outfield, catching everything on his shoe strings, all the while filming with his mini-cam. Yet still, the fifth inning came and still no score. Then in a scene from *The Natural*, DL suddenly appeared from nowhere and removing his bat from its mahogany case, stepped up to the plate and quietly said "This one is for Chief Kawanhee!". The crowd hushed and the sun burst forth, and DL broke the scoreless tie with a mighty blast. Then began an incredible scoring frenzy. Each team kept even in the blur of runners, and the dizzying scoring surged. The cheering crowds were elated, everyone was playing well. As nightfall approached, in deference to the wishes of the Kawanhee Baseball Commissioner Pete Belskis, always a diplomat, it was resolved that the game remain a tie. And so, everyone left a winner.

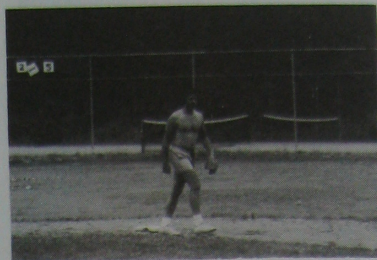
Don (DL) Long



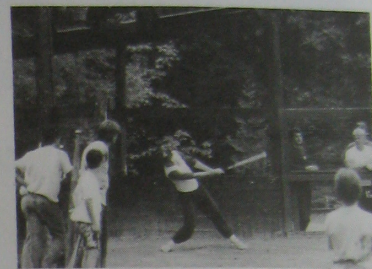
Chris Yardley



Nick Gill



Jeff Morgan



Frank Stewart at Bat

## REUNION WEEKEND- - -HOOP TROOP SCOOPS

The basketball event got off to a late start. CBS television, which had planned on covering the game, cancelled their entire contract with the Kawanhee Sports Association, citing the fact that their program scheduling could not compensate for the numerous games at Kawanhee that start anywhere from two minutes to 45 minutes late. Evidently this event was the last straw. In spite of this depressing news 10 alumni roundballers ventured out to the BA Altmaier Garden and proceeded to play three or four pick up games. The games were competitive and intensely played, and a good workout was had by all. There was even some evidence of decent basketball being played. This reporter was keenly impressed with the great strides the participants had made in the field of sportsmanship since the actual playing days at the Kawanhee of yore. There was Hank Hiser actually apologizing for a foul he'd committed, and Jeff Sengelmann offering a hand to the opponent he inadvertently knocked down, and the colorful language per 10 minutes of basketball played ratio was down to all time lows! The participants must have really got into the games because play continued right through noon bells which was assumed to be an indication of lunch! The contestants of this event included the Fleming brothers, Will, (Mr. Finesse) and Zub, ("I think I'll stick to wrestling"), Mark Sengelmann (have you noticed he is now a married man?), and Kirk Neiswander (brother of Patti), versus Hank Hiser ("I wore a coat and tie because I thought the Reunion weekend was a formal event"), Mike Standen ("I am the brother of the head organizer"), Jeff (the gorilla) Sengelmann, and Jamie Robinson (not to be confused with the Jackie of baseball or Truck in basketball). Kirk, up to his usual antics, went down early with an ankle injury. It was generally agreed that based on Kirk's 6'4½" height, he should be replaced by a man and a half. Enter Jeff Stewart and Ben Hoffhine. Ben, acting as a half a man, proceeded to score at will and played very well. His father, Chuck, indicated later that Ben was just following in his old man's footsteps. There seems to be some confusion as to whether this involved Ben's being a good basketball player or being half a man. Kirk in the meantime was instructed to finish off the role in Mark Sengelmann's camera. Looking for the perfect shot, he moved right in amongst the action and immediately became an interesting obstacle which both teams had to maneuver around. Within a short period of time he was being referred to as the "designated pick". Who won? Who knows? In the interest of unbiased reporting, it probably was the "other team". In recapping the play at the Reunion

Basket  
names  
Stand  
about  
Senge  
gener