

KAWANHEE ENTERS THE NEW MILLENNIUM UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

by Steve Yale, President of The George and Raymond Frank Foundation

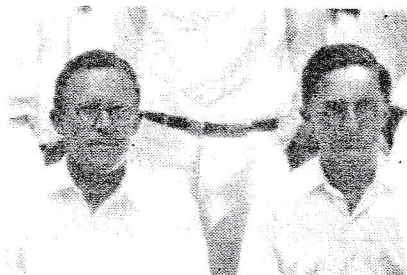
I hope you all had a very exciting and happy new Year's Celebration. As we enter the new century and millennium, it is also a very exciting time for Camp Kawanhee. As most of you know, the year 2000 marks the 80th Season for Camp Kawanhee, and with this milestone we have some very exciting news to announce. As of January 1, 2000, The George and Raymond Frank Foundation became the majority owner of Camp Kawanhee. The Frank Foundation, as it is commonly called, is a Non-Profit, Public Charity, that was formed in 1998 to ensure that there will always be a Camp Kawanhee.

George and Raymond Frank started Camp Kawanhee in the summer of 1920 with only one cabin, a few boys from New Jersey and Ohio, and a dream. Their dream was to make Camp Kawanhee a special place where boys could go to learn about the outdoors, make new friends, and have fun. The Frank brothers ran Camp Kawanhee for fifty years and saw their dream become a reality. In 1970, Walter and Jane Estabrook took over management of the camp and continued the traditions of "Fun with a purpose" and "Learn to do by doing" and making Kawanhee a character building force for boys.

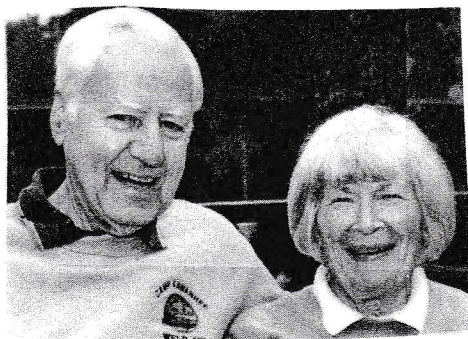
Over these past eighty years thousands of boys from almost every state and many foreign countries have been able to attend Kawanhee. Many of these men have then sent their sons and grandsons to Kawanhee, and everyone agrees that it is a very special place. The Estabrook family and other stockholders of Camp Kawanhee have worked hard to make it one of the best camps in New England. With the camp in the best physical condition it has ever been in, and enrollment at an all time high, it is time for Kawanhee to begin a new era. Through the generosity of the Estabrook family and the other stockholders, The George and Raymond Frank Foundation now has the mandate to perpetuate Camp Kawanhee.

Mark Nelson, a Kawanhee veteran of fifteen seasons, has been chosen as the new Managing Director, and Walter and Jane will continue to work as Associate Directors. Mr. Herb Birch will continue to offer his wisdom and energy, as will all of our dedicated counselors and staff. The new Board of Directors is made up of people that have a deep affection and understanding of Camp Kawanhee, with a combined service of over 400 years. We look forward to welcoming each and every one of you into the Kawanhee family. Best Wishes for the New Millennium, and "May there always be a Kawanhee!"

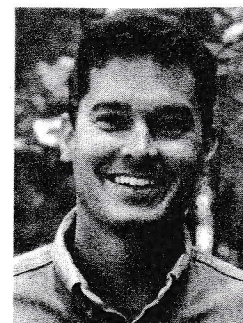
Camp Kawanhee Managing Directors, Past and Present



George and Raymond Frank
(1920 - 1960's)



Walter and Jane Estabrook
(1970 - 1999)



Mark Nelson
(2000 -)

- ANOTHER EXCITING ANNOUNCEMENT -



The George and Raymond Frank Foundation has received a wonderful gift from the Abbott family in memory of Jack Abbott Sr. His wife Ann along with their two sons, Jack Jr. and John, plan to donate a Climbing Wall and Ropes Course to be constructed this spring so that the campers of this millennium year may benefit this 80th Season of Camp Kawanhee. This activity builds confidence, self-esteem, responsibility, team work, reliability, excitement and fun for all ages. It is a valuable addition to our program of activities.

Jack Sr. and Ann have been enthusiastic supporters of Camp Kawanhee over a period of forty years while their sons and grandsons were enrolled at Kawanhee, and traveled from California every summer to visit the boys from 1958 to 1998, missing only two seasons during this 40-year span. Jack Jr. and John Abbott were campers who then sent their sons to camp. Their brother Charles was also a camper and Abbott Lodge (Kawanhee's lodge for married staff members with children) was given in Charles' memory by the family in 1990. Charles lost his life in 1989 in an auto accident in California.

OUR POST-CAMP TRIP TO ALASKA

by Kris Simanek

While some of you were just getting settled in back at home after the summer at camp, a group of Kawanhee counselors set off for a two-week trip to Alaska. Mark Gibson, Kris Simanek, George Moore, and Megan Moore (George's sister) loaded up their backpacks and prepared for what would be a truly amazing adventure. Our trip entailed two main destinations: The mountains of Wrangell-St. Elias National Park, and the coast of the Kenai Peninsula.

Wrangell-St. Elias National Park is the largest National Park in the country (six times the size of Yellowstone), and it holds 9 of the 16 highest peaks in the country. There are no roads that access the park, other than a sixty-mile dirt road that takes you into the small town of McCarthy. From here, the only way to enter the mountains is by foot, or by plane. By twos, the four of us climbed aboard a single engine plane and were lifted off to be dropped on a high tundra meadow, where we would begin our six-day backpacking trip - our destination: another landing strip on the other side of the mountains lying in front of us. There were no trails to go by, and there were no other people with us. Relying on our trusty maps and compass, we set off to find our way. None of us had ever been to Alaska before and we were unsure of what we may encounter - like grizzly bears - but one thing was for certain, the beauty of the mountains was unfathomable. For much of these next six days, I felt like I was in a dream. We saw dall sheep and mountain goats, waterfalls that were

hundreds of feet tall, glaciers and icebergs, beautiful wildflowers, rainbows, the northern lights, and lots and lots of bear tracks - but fortunately, no grizzly bears (although I am sure they saw us).

During the second week of our trip, we headed for the coast. Our first stop was the "Halibut Fishing Capital of the World", Homer, Alaska. Given the locale, we could not pass up the opportunity to go fishing, so we hopped on board a boat (similar to the Monhegan Island fishing boat), and headed out for a full day of Halibut fishing. All of us were successful at reeling in a couple of 30-40 pound fish, and later that evening we feasted on some of that fresh fish by cooking it up on our stoves as we camped along the Pacific Ocean.

Our next stop on the coast was Kenai Fjords National Park in Seward, Alaska. We enjoyed several hikes here, including one that took us right up to a glacier, and another that climbed up to the Harding Ice Field - a massive expanse of snow and ice for as far as the eye can see, with a few rocky mountain peaks poking up here and there. Another sixteen-mile hike took us into Lost Lake, a pristine mountain lake with turquoise blue water that was surrounded by tundra meadows and snow capped mountain peaks. We were fortunate to have a campsite in the park where we met many wonderful people and travelers from around the world.

Alaska was a tremendous experience for us all. I can't wait to go back!

Obituaries

It is with regret that we announce the death of two of our staunch supporters of Kawanhee for many years, David Metcalfe and Edgar Lupfer. David is survived by his wife, Ann. Edgar is survived by his wife, Sarah. David and Edgar were campers with Walter Estabrook and Hal Myers in the 1930's.

CAMPER LIST - 2000

(as of January 23, 2000)

Adam Aldrich
Alexander Aldrich
Ted Aldrich
Mario Alvarez-Sala
Enrique Alvarez-Sala
Raven Anderson
Randy Barba
Andrew James Barrie
Nicholas Bartley
Michael Brothers
Robert Bucher, III
Gavin Cadwallader
Timothy Cadwallader
Ned Carson
Sam Carson
Jeff Cavanagh
Andrew Chatzky
Benedict Connelly
Robert Connelly
Frank Cook
David Crane
Kevin Cross
William Dargusch
Spencer Davis
Jonathon Denby
Corey DeSalvo
Chris Duncan
Matt Duncan
Nate Duncan

Sean Duncan
Alexander Dunn
Alex Dyer
Christopher Engel
Ben Estabrook
Michael Fink
Matthew Fortunato
Javier Galiana
Matthew Gerrity
Gregor Hoffman
Samuel Hoffman
Brandon Jiaconia
Cory Keny
Quinn Kielbasa
Richard Kubanik
Daniel Luken
Scott Luken
Andrew MacMannis
Gabriel Martin
Benjamin Morgan
Jay Morris
Zachary Mueller
Henry Myers
Alex Nering
Ryan Nuanes
Daniel Osar
Collin Patierno
Chris Proctor
David Ruhle

Jeff Ruhle
John Sengelmann
Peter Sengelmann
Tyler Grant Slayman
David Smith
Calder Sokolow
Andrew Spencer
Matt St. John
Drew Stafford
Will Stafford
Alex Standen
Jed Standen
Tripp Strawbridge
David Suh
James Davis Thorman
Tom Tillett
Kyle M. Tulloss
Andrew Vaughn
Michael Werhahn
Justin Wells Whealen
Matthew Wilson
Peter Yen

Kawanhee's 2000 enrollment has reached 80 boys, and this means that there is room for about another 75 campers. PLEASE MAIL IN YOUR APPLICATION PROMPTLY if you're planning to be with us this summer. Last spring it was necessary to decline admission to a few campers because we had no space. If you are not included in the above list, let Mr. Mark Nelson, Mr. Walter Estabrook, or Mr. Herb Birch hear from you soon. KAWANHEE CALLS!!!!

* * * AS KAWANHEE TURNS * * *

Jorge Granado has announced his upcoming marriage which will be in Mexico in a couple of months. Congratulations, Jorge! Jorge has been a camper, counselor, and now an active Alumnus participant of Kawanhee — also always has an enviable golf score! Etienne Tremblay has been spending quite a bit of time in Spain learning Spanish and residing with a family there. He wanted to send greetings to his Kawanhee friends. Tim and Jim Keny have recently been featured in the Columbus Dispatch Business section with a write-up article on the Keny Galleries - a prominent art gallery in the German Village of Columbus. Jake Jones has a write-up in the Dover Air Force Base Flight Training Center while he attends Poly-Tech High School in Woodside, Delaware. Participating in the program requires a lot of commitment but Jake will receive a pilot's license. A letter from David Janusz announcing he has moved to Tuscon, Arizona to work on a Masters degree and will be back at Kawanhee this summer and will also be a challenger in the Trialthon Race. He wants Al Spencer to watch out! (Al was a big winner last summer.) David's message has been sent to Al and Al's reply is that he will also be training to compete with David. Inigo Oyarzabal and his twin Borja are very interested in joining the Peace Corps and Inigo is thinking Kawanhee for the summer. Hope you make Kawanhee happen, Inigo!

I remember Izzy. She was employed to assist me one summer when I was the nurse at Camp Kawanhee. Izzy appeared at the door of the Infirmary one morning about 8:00 AM saying that Mr. George Frank, then camp owner and director, had contacted her because we were having a siege of sore throats with fevers and that I needed help.

She was tall with partially gray hair done up in a bun, dark eyes, a concise, no-nonsense, manner. She wore a dark blue dress, long, somewhat like a public health person. Her shoes were black leather oxfords with flat heels. I was in my 30's and guessed her to be in her late 60's. Her rural Maine accent was strong, speaking in brief succinct sentences.

"I'm a practical nurse, not an RN. Never took care of boys," she said snappily, "Always old people in the home down to Farmington." "Did you have children of your own?" I asked. "Just one, a girl, very quiet." was her reply. "By the way," I asked by way of an introduction, "My name is Elizabeth, but at camp they call me "Liz". "Mine is Isabel Townsend." she said with pride and paused, adding, "from the Tounsends in Dixfield." "Don't know much about boys." she warned.

I certainly didn't have time for a session on the growth and development of male children so I just told her that they were pretty much like any other people except they were more wiggly, mischievous and giggled a lot. The ones currently in the infirmary were from Eagle to Beaver Lodges, ages 7 to 11 or thereabouts.

Isabel's duties would be to: keep them contained; get plenty of liquids down them (about a glassful an hour); go to the kitchen and bring meals to them on trays; provide snacks mid-morning and mid-afternoon; take and record temperatures in the late afternoon; keep the rooms clean; and supervise each boy in making his bed daily.

The boys were not very sick. Primarily we admitted them to the infirmary in the early stages of fever to keep the condition from spreading. Each one stayed in until his temperature had been normal for 24 hours.

The Infirmary rules were listed and had been established over time. I went through these with Isabel and gave her a copy. The rules were: 1) if one is sick enough to be admitted, he was sick enough to stay in bed; 2) no feet on the floor without permission; 3) only one boy up at a time to go to the bathroom; 4) the oldest one had the privilege of reading aloud to the others; 5) others could read if they wanted to; 6) the radio, (for there was no television at Camp Kawanhee) would be controlled by the nurse; 7) if behavior was acceptable, the baseball game would be turned on in the afternoon; 8) no visitors except counselors; 9) no wood or paper would be put in the

fireplace except by the nurse.

I took Isabel into the living room of the Infirmary. It is a large room with a huge stone fireplace on one wall, four army-style steel cots, and a few chairs. In addition, there are two small bedrooms, both with two more cots making room for eight boys. The beds were full and alive with disheveled boys, each clamoring for something. Their beds were a tangle of blankets and sheets. Empty breakfast trays were on the floor.

I introduced her by her full name. "This is Isabel Townsend. She is going to be your nurse here. I will be out in the kitchen taking care of other things while she takes care of you. All rules still apply. You can help her by following the rules."

The first response was, "Isabel, that's sort of like Liz." "Iz and Liz." another chimed in. "No," said a more poetic one, "Izzy and Lizzy." "Yeah," they all agreed, "Izzy and Lizzy!!"

At camp, people, young and old, go by their first names. I looked at the dignified Mrs. Townsend. She was smiling, shyly. This I took as a sign of encouragement, left her with her boy patients and returned to the kitchen. There are only partial walls so all could be heard in the other room as Isabel started efficiently cleaning up, stacking trays, helping each one make his bed. The bathroom treks were much in demand so she devised a bathroom pass made out of a piece of wood with a bow on it. She was firm and didn't talk a lot, but listened to them. They were intent on teaching her the rules. Not just in the Infirmary, but in all of the camp activities. Rules are big with boys of that age.

Periodically, she would come out to the kitchen and office area to ask me questions and to comment on how things were going. She wasn't sure if they liked her, but determined to do a good job. Her combinations of fruit juice and ginger ale went over well. They were delighted when she found some different cookies and crackers for snacks, and gave them dry cereals in little paper cups.

She dusted with chlorine solution and the room seemed more like a laundry, despite the cozy fire in the fireplace. Along about 4:00 PM, she took each one's temperature and recorded it on her clipboard. Then she went around again to ask each boy whether he was constipated. No doubt this routine was some importance in the nursing home. With the boys, it caused an uproar of twittering and giggles especially when she doled out prune juice to those who hadn't. All this she did with a stoic expression in her no-nonsense manner. The fact that there was hysteria on the part of the boys did not phase her.

She left in the early evening, still crisp in her navy dress, but wondering if they would ever want to see her

(CONTINUE ON PAGE 5)

again. I assured her that she had done very well. Regardless of what they thought, I appreciated what she had done and wanted her back.

The next morning I was up at 6:30. The boys were all allowed their bathroom turns while I went down to the dining hall for their breakfast trays. Then they were told to stay in their beds until Izzy arrived. It would be more than an hour. I would be busy with other boys in camp coming for medication out in the kitchen. Frequently one or another would call from the living room. "Is Izzy here yet?" "How much longer do we have to wait?" and on and on as children

will do.

When she arrived, she went in to the living room and was greeted with a huge cheer. "Yea! Yea! She's here!! Izzy! Izzy!! YEA!!" With that, she turned on her heel, looking at me, stunned, overwhelmed, came back into the kitchen, smiling broadly, her eyes moist with joy and saying, "It's just like a baseball game. They're cheering! They like me! This had never happened to me. Liz, they really like me!!"

"They do, Izzy." I replied. "They could hardly wait for you to come back."

CAMP KAWANHEE FOUNDATION

We are very appreciative of those who contribute to the Camp Kawanhee Foundation, and we would like to thank the following who made a donation since our August 1999 issue. The Camp Kawanhee Foundation By Laws restrict all funds donated to scholarships for worthy, needy boys regardless of race, color, or creed.

Anna Abbott

*John & Ann Abbott in memory of Jack Abbott, Charles E. Abbott
and Bruce Birch*

Robert B. & Linda N. Aiello in memory of Nina Bitterauf

Rod and Mary Kathleen Alexander

Sue Altmaier

Lorenzo and Ann Baker

George H. Bass

Kenneth D. Beck

Brian Birch in memory of Bruce Birch

Herb Birch in memory of Bruce Birch

Henry H. Blau, Jr. in memory of Ross L. Miller

Andy & Kimiko Crawford

Katherine & Robert Doolittle

Mike Duncan

Allan & Marcia Estabrook

John & Iris Estabrook

Paul S. Ferber

Drs. Ron & Alice Frazier

John & Tammy Gill

Nick Gill

Jorge Granado

Stephen & Marion Hall

Ed & Mary Hamblin

David, Hope, & Patrick Jeffrey

Kay Jenkins

Carl Jensen

Ben Kauffman

Margaret White Keating

The Keyes Insurance Agency

Sarah Lupfer

David & Melissa Mallery

James Markarian

Ann T. Metcalf (in memory of David D. Metcalf)

Jeff & Molly Morgan

Geraldine Mullen

Read Murphy

Erik Muther

Hal & Jean Myers

Charles P. Neidig

Arlyn & M.J. Neiswander

Kirk Neiswander

Rosita & Phillip Olson

Charles & Bonnie Pavey

Pamela S. Proctor & Pamela P. Proctor

David & Karla Roth in memory of Mary Baker Frank

Howard Russell & Jane Lawson

Jamie Sanford

Don Schiewetz

Kate E. Schoedinger

Lena L. Stafford

Marjorie & Frank Stewart

David & Doris Studebaker in memory of Bob & Jeanne Studebaker

Donald W. Swift

Dave Tilton

Jane Tracy Ackerman in memory of Scott & Del Tracy

Dorothy van den Honert & Polly Searles

Helen Vorys

Mike Waller

Mark Ward

Andy & Robin Williams

Bill & Celeste Williams

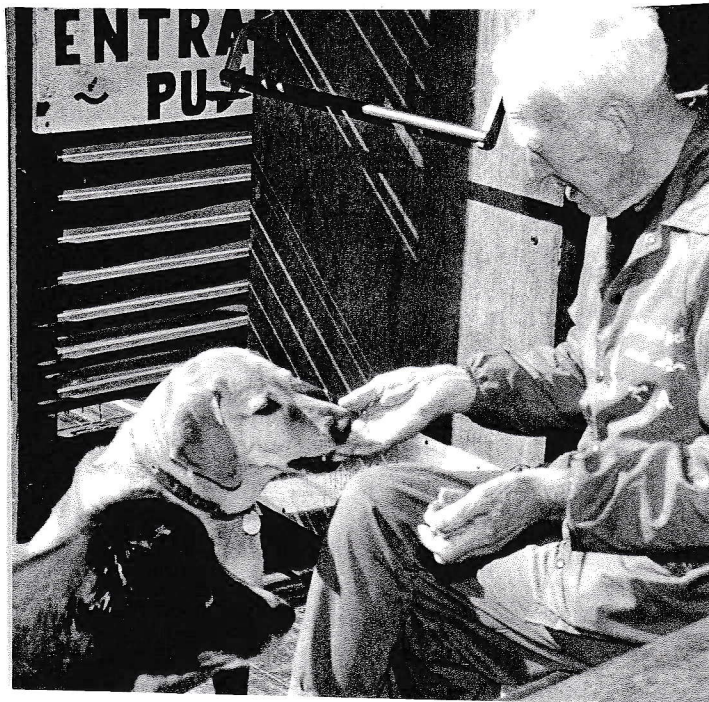
Dr. Noyes E. Yale, Jr.

For those Kawanhee Friends who wish to participate, the Camp Kawanhee Foundation provides scholarships for carefully selected boys regardless of race, color, or creed so that these boys can be enrolled at Kawanhee. The Camp's Board of Directors recognizes that the Foundation has been a positive advancement, and will continue to prove to be a strengthening force for Camp Kawanhee, not only financially, but by bringing to our Camp qualified boys of high moral character who are worthy of such an honor and who will contribute positively by their own attitude and participation.

Any person, company, or organization wishing to donate to this IRS approved tax deductible Foundation, please make check payable to and mail to:

CAMP KAWANHEE FOUNDATION
RR# 1 Box 120
Weld, ME 04285-9722

We pledge that 100% of your gift to the Camp Kawanhee Foundation will be used either for the direct provision of scholarships to worthy boys or to build the capital assets of the Foundation, the earnings of which are used solely and entirely to provide scholarships. No portion of your gift will be used for Foundation administrative or overhead costs.



Mr. Herb Birch feeding the dogs, Allie and Becca

Wigwam Editor: Jim Estabrook

Think Kawanhee 2000!

The Kawanhee
WIGWAM
Camp Kawanhee
RR#1, Box 120
Weld, Maine 04285-9722

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