

SUNBEAM



Jim Fraser
1936 - 2020

TECUMSEH SAYS FAREWELL TO A LEGEND



A Special Sunbeam Tribute to
Jim Fraser - The Heart & Soul of Teamsek
1936 - 2020

SUNBEAM



FRASER

"I came to camp as a
12-year-old
and forgot to leave

SUN BEAM

Jim Fraser Memorial Edition

REMEMBERING
A LIFE OF
SERVICE TO
OTHERS



Memorial Edition Sunbeam Cover Artists

Cover 1- Brian Murphy (1984 - 1994)

Cover 2- Kyle Auch (1990 - 2000, 2002)

Cover 3- Jack Keffer (2006 - 2015)

Cover 4- Ramon Ros (2012 - present)

Mr. Fraser loved the Sunbeam. Four legendary Tecumseh cover artists, covering four decades of Sunbeam production, were called on to participate in this Memorial Edition. Each represents a generation of Tecumseh campers and counselors, and those who came before them.

This Sunbeam is from all of us, as we all had our own special connection to Mr. Fraser. Thank you for helping to celebrate and preserve Mr. Fraser's legacy and impact at Camp Tecumseh.

Disclaimer

(mandated by our legal team)

Dear *Sunbeam* Reader,

It is with pride that the Beam Team presents you with this special edition. We have poured hours into this Beam so that you may be able to reflect on Mr. Fraser's life and impact on us all, whether it be now, in five years, or in fifteen. We have attempted to present you with a digital copy of these memories and an everlasting tribute to his influence. This *Sunbeam* is unique in that it consists of contributions from Tecumseh men of many generations and eras; we sincerely appreciate the initiative so many of you took to help us remember Big Jim. If we somehow failed to include your submission, we are incredibly sorry. We made every effort to include each and every sentence, picture, and video sent our way. It is possible that something got lost in the influx of content you all sent to us; though this influx is a good problem to have in some ways, we hope that nobody feels personally slighted in any way if their submission somehow did not make it into this edition. One other thing we should mention is that, given this is an E-Beam, there are many things that can go wrong in terms of exporting, sharing, and parts of this fairly new-to-us process. (Hyperlinks may be broken, sorry everyone). We did our best to adapt and overcome given the situation of the world around us, thank you for understanding. Further, this edition does not come without the occasional spelling error, badly misplaced comma; or grammar mistake. We hope you are able to look past these flaws and focus on the telling rather than the spelling. Once again, thank you for your readership, and best of luck and health to you and your loved ones.

Sincerely,

The Beam Team

Jim Fraser Memorial Sunbeam Dedication

The Beam Team dedicates this special issue of the *Sunbeam* to Mr. Jim Fraser. On Saturday, April 18, 2020, the Camp Tecumseh community and the world at large lost a beautiful person. Though his passing undoubtedly saddens us all and leaves an unfillable void at Camp Tecumseh, Coach Fraser truly lived a blessed, eventful, fulfilling life. Thanks to Mr. Fraser, many of us are able to say the same. We hope that this publication can honor his life, his legacy, his influence, and his character in a way that can make our readers laugh, cry, and reflect. Those of us who had the opportunity to interact with “Big Jim”, whether for one summer or for fifty, consider ourselves so unbelievably fortunate to have had that opportunity in our own lives.

Coach Fraser epitomizes the Camp Tecumseh ideal. Over the course of 83 years of life and seven decades at the greatest place on earth, he gave all of himself in service of others. He challenged us to better ourselves as athletes, but, more importantly, as young men. He taught us how to enjoy the process of hard work and the value of commitment. He was a friend to every last member of the Tecumseh community, regardless of their age, status, or position at Camp. Though he was a professional athlete, he never took himself too seriously. He lived life with a distinct joy, never hesitating to share that joy with those around him.

Thank you, Mr. Fraser, for your lifelong commitment to the place that we all love so much. Your name will live on forever in Tecumseh’s lore, right alongside Orton, McCracken, Stanley, Munger, Glasscott, and the pantheon of Tecumseh legends. We will miss you more than words could ever describe, but we also know that you will always smile down on us from up there and watch over the greatest place on earth forever. We love you, we sincerely thank you, and we will do everything in our power to honor your legacy.

We are so grateful to have learned from you while you were with us. We will pass those principles on to future generations of Tecumseh men, just as you passed them on to us as we came of age on Winnepesaukee’s wooded shores. We hope that you and Boom Boom are up there together, reunited and laughing as though the two of you were on the office porch. Thank you for everything, and we hope that this publication does your life justice. We are forever indebted to you; you left the world a better place than you found it. May you rest in eternal heavenly peace, Mr. Fraser.

“Don’t cry because it’s over, smile because it happened.”- Dr. Seuss

Yours forever and always,

The Beam Team

[illegible]

Appreciation – Mrs. Marty Fraser

While Camp Tecumseh originated as a camp for boys led by male athletes and male role models, it has evolved to umbrella the many women that support Tecumseh's sons. This special Sunbeam edition would seem incomplete without the inclusion of Mrs. Fraser.

In 1987, the year they married, Mrs. Fraser was introduced to Camp Tecumseh. It must have made a lasting impression on her, because she has returned back to camp for over 30 summers. Her grandchildren and family members attended camp over the years. The Frasers welcomed many visits from family and friends so they could experience the magic of Camp Tecumseh and the beauty of Lake Winnepesaukee.

Taking in some basketball league with the Frasers are their grandsons, Randy Beck and Griffin Fraser, and family member, David Wilson. July 2007

Living at camp, summer after summer, fosters relationships that evolve into family bonds. Each summer, Mrs. Fraser reconnects with present and past campers and counselors, meeting their parents, families, or children. Over the years, as one of the few women at camp, she was a mother figure to campers and counselors; always checking in on how people were doing, how their families were, and what they had been up to. She enjoys seeing how much people change or grew during the 'off-season', especially the children of former

campers/counselors. She has celebrated Tecumseh birthdays, engagements, attended weddings, and congratulated the arrival of Tecumseh babies. Thank you, Mrs. Fraser, for caring about us, for being a part of our lives, and for being a part of the Tecumseh family!



Taking in some basketball league with the their grandsons, Randy Beck and Griffin Fraser, and family member, David Wilson. July 2007



Mrs. Fraser's love of nature makes camp an ideal place for her. Years ago, she began a gardening project in front of the Lodge with colorful flowers and plants. The spot was prime real estate for a garden because of the great sunlight, access to water, and central location to visitors stopping by camp. The spot was also a danger zone because of its location at the top of the hill, a busy area that always has some activity going on. Over the years, footballs, frisbees, tennis balls or rackets, and other sports items have made their way into Marty's garden because boys will be boys at Camp Tecumseh. Incredibly enough, her love and the

hard work she puts forth in the garden makes it able to sustain the wrath of campers and counselors, as it continues to flourish and bloom each summer. Your garden is beautiful! Thank you, Mrs. Fraser, for taking the time to bring beauty (and your green thumb) to camp!

Mrs. Fraser enjoys and sometimes endures the traditions of camp life. The dining hall, which can be best described as organized chaos, with campers climbing across benches, cups flying by for a refill, noisy chatter of 200 plus boys, table-banging, rafter-swinging, and entertaining chants doesn't quite provide the setting for a quiet, peaceful meal.

Preparation for the operetta, is best evidenced backstage, where Mrs. Fraser volunteers to help dress and prepare camper's make-up for their roles. It is always entertaining to see a group of young boys transformed from sweaty athletes into dainty girls wearing a house dress and red lipstick or a burly counselor into a sweet Buttercup. Thank you, Mrs. Fraser, for always lending a hand and for taking part in the essence of Camp Tecumseh life. Thank you for making us pretty little girls and for applauding our performances! Thank you for cheering us on during the mini-marathon and ironman, thank you for being always being there!

Over her 30+ summers at Camp Tecumseh, Mrs. Fraser has always been a friend to many. Her friendship extends from camper, to counselors, and their wives. She takes time from her day to spend with others, just catching up on life. Whether a brunch date, visiting local sites, or cocktails on the porch, she values time spent with friends. Thank you for your friendship, it truly is a blessing!

Coach Fraser and his Sweetheart, Marty, cheering on runners in the Mini-Marathon, August 2007

Much like her husband, Mrs. Fraser is not one for the spotlight. She enjoys the simple pleasures in reading a book on her back porch, relaxing in the hammock, and caring for the various Fraser dogs over the years. For decades Mr. and Mrs. Fraser spent their time together enjoying the beautiful view of the lake, the morning sunrises beaming through their cabin, the eagles soaring above the trees, the hummingbirds coming by for a quick hello, or the loons singing to them. If you are fortunate enough to stop by their cabin, a warm welcome greets you. Collages of camp photos from years past furnish the walls, loons decorate the cabin, and it is evident that love lives within their cabin. Maybe you shared a meal or drink on the back porch with them, while listening to stories of past summers. Those moments were momentous! Thank you, Mrs. Fraser, for the wonderful memories you have shared with many of us for decades, for allowing us into your life!

In more recent years, Mrs. Fraser was the primary caregiver for Mr. Fraser. Preparing his meals, organizing and transporting him to doctor's appointments, administering his medications, and when he could no longer live at home, she went and visited him every day. The task was not an easy one, but she did it, every day. When he saw his Sweetheart, he always sported that Fraser smile across his face. Thank you, Mrs. Fraser, for loving and caring for Mr. Fraser in good times and especially in the more challenging times. You will always be his Sweetheart, and we will forever be grateful for your kindness.

Now, during this sad moment in our Tecumseh history, we hope that Mrs. Fraser is able to find comfort in 'her Tecumseh garden' again. In the many years that she cared for the flowers in her garden, she has also cared for the hearts and minds of many campers and counselors. Many of them have reached out to her, reminding her of the embracing bond of our Tecumseh family. It reminds us of Mr. Fraser's final huddle speech outside of Fraser cabin, "When someone is in trouble or in need, Tecumseh always shows up." As we mourn the idea of a Tecumseh summer without Mr. Fraser and celebrate the many stories and lessons, he has left us with, we also acknowledge how much Mrs. Fraser has done for camp, how much she has done for Mr. Fraser. She has brought us beauty, kindness, friendship, and comfort and to Mr. Fraser, she has given him love. Mrs. Fraser, thank you for all that you have done over your decades at Camp Tecumseh. We look forward to seeing you again at the lake, where you can adore the morning sunrise, observe the eagles soaring, listen to the loons chatting, sip a yummy G&T, and relish the beauty of the garden you created in the hearts of Tecumseh's sons.



Coach Fraser and his Sweetheart, Marty, runners in the Mini-Marathon, August 2007

To My Tecumseh Family -

I want offer my sincere thanks, and let you know how much I appreciate everything you have done for me over the past few months. The generous support, caring thoughts, heartfelt sympathies, and fond memories shared have been overwhelming, and are so typical of Tecumseh. It has been a great to help to me and my family to get through this sad time.

I also want to let everyone know, although it should come as no surprise, how much Tecumseh meant to Jim and I over the years. We cherished every friendship made and memory shared with every single one of you. Tecumseh meant the world to us.

I wish I could thank every one of you in person. At some point in the future I will be able to share details of a celebration of life in which we can all attend, but I want you all to know right now that I greatly appreciate your love and support.

I love every one of you.

*Love,
Marty Fraser*

Tecumseh Friendships

There is nothing more powerful than the bond between Tecumseh friends.

Anyone who ever went to camp has undoubtedly made new friends, but also learned a lot about the power of friendships, and their transformative possibilities. Friendships at Tecumseh are unlike any other, and that fact is clear to all who experience it. A visiting coach once remarked,

"On the first day I was your guest. On the second I was your friend. On the third, I was your brother!"

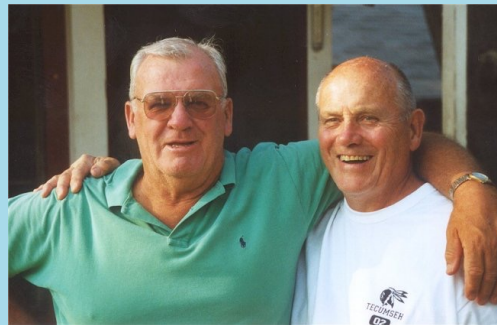
A book could be written on friendships at camp, but two clear things we have learned about Tecumseh friendships over the 70 years with Mr. Fraser is...

"Tecumseh Friendships know no age"

"Tecumseh Friendships are forever"

Mr. Fraser's calling card was friendship. He talked about it all the time, even on his last day at camp. We were all his friends. We were all his Tecumseh family.

His longest and closest friendships were with Bob Glascott and Dan Dougherty, and served as everyday examples of just how special and long-lasting Tecumseh friendships could be. Their relationships with one another influenced all of us. It is partly why we are Tecumseh brothers.



An Iconic Tecumseh Friendship

Chronicles of Two Tecumseh Legends

In 2010, Camp hosted a reunion at The Union League in Philadelphia to honor Jim Fraser and Bob Glascott, their friendship, and their service to Camp Tecumseh.

WATCH: The Fraser Glascott Tribute Video

Part 1- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZRnF-zZO6Gs>

Part 2 - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-3p0sAAcjCc>

READ: The Philadelphia Inquirer Reunion Review

Reunion Review Article

https://www.inquirer.com/philly/news/homepage/20100501_Camp_Tecumseh_to_honor_two_longtime_happy_campers.html

Links to 2010 Reunion Memory Book pdf files:

Big Jim and Boom Boom- Part 1 - <http://tecumsehalumni.net/Reunion2010-part1.pdf>

Big Jim and Boom Boom- Part 2 - <http://tecumsehalumni.net/Reunion2010-part2.pdf>

Big Jim and Boom Boom- Part 3 - <http://tecumsehalumni.net/Reunion2010-part3.pdf>

Big Jim and Boom Boom- Part 4 - <http://tecumsehalumni.net/Reunion2010-part4.pdf>

Big Jim and Boom Boom- Part 5 - <http://tecumsehalumni.net/Reunion2010-part5.pdf>

Big Jim and Boom Boom- Part 6 - <http://tecumsehalumni.net/Reunion2010-part6.pdf>

READ: The Philadelphia Inquirer Obituaries

Jim Fraser Obituary - <https://www.inquirer.com/obituaries/obituary-complications-coronavirus-jim-fraser-former-pro-football-player-camp-tecumseh-camper-counselor-coach-20200515.html>

[Bob Glascott Obituary](https://www.inquirer.com/philly/obituaries/20151213_Robert_A_Glascott_81_college_recreation_director.html)

[https://www.inquirer.com/philly/obituaries/20151213 Robert A Glascott 81 college recreation director.html](https://www.inquirer.com/philly/obituaries/20151213_Robert_A_Glascott_81_college_recreation_director.html)

Audio from the Archives

Mark Luff, Associate in the Archives Department at Camp Tecumseh, sat down for an interview with Mr. Fraser a few years ago. Here are excerpts from the interview:

LISTEN HERE

<https://vimeo.com/419593327>

Pictorial Review from the Archives

A collection of photos of Jim Fraser organized by the Archives Team.

WATCH HERE

<https://vimeo.com/423010646>

Lessons Learned from Fraser-isms

At Tecumseh you learn life lessons every day. Some are direct and explicit, ones that are clearly explained and emphasized in a prayers speech or huddle talk. Equally powerful lessons are learned indirectly, absorbing them over your time spent at camp. You may not be able to identify when exactly you learned these lessons, but somehow they became a part of who you are.

Jim Fraser was the master at delivering both. He clearly communicated messages in the Lodge or Dining Hall that would immediately impact your thinking on friendship, service, character, and the spirit of Tecumseh.

In an equally powerful and enduring way he would influence you just by being near him, riding on his golf cart, sitting outside the Trunk Room, or waiting for a meal on Mr. Glascott's porch.

Going to calisthenics when Mr. Fraser had the whistle was a prime example of Tecumseh living up to its mission of "making good boys better". At the end of a 2-week Clinic with Mr. Fraser you would be a better athlete, a better friend, but also a better person.

Cals with Big Jim was like taking a Masters in how to live your life. You may have thought you were just working out, but you were really learning lessons you will never forget.

The first time you heard these words you probably didn't think much of it. However, to any longtime Tecumseh camper or counselor these phrases are tattooed in our brains, and the lessons are ingrained in our hearts and souls.

"C'mon Heat!"

Direct Meaning: Used during Cals, while working us out during a particularly hot day, inviting the heat of the sun to turn it up a notch.

Lesson Learned: Things are not always going to be easy in life, don't complain about it and look for excuses, rather you should always welcome and embrace adversity, dig a little deeper, and come out a better person and athlete as a result.

"Easy Day!"

Direct Meaning: Used at the end of an exercise, or work detail, that was definitely not easy, but meant to let us know that he knew we could do a little bit more the next time.

Lesson Learned: Things might be difficult, in sports and in life. No matter how hard things get, don't back down, don't get down; with the right mindset it can always be another "easy day".

“Cover Down!”

Direct Meaning: Get organized and stand in a straight line so I only see “one ugly face”.

Lesson Learned: There are times in life to shut your mouth, follow directions, and do your job right.

“Gee Wiz!”

Direct Meaning: A playful comment letting you know that you probably just did something wrong, or not up to the standards of Mr. Fraser, even if it was small and insignificant (i.e. Gee Wiz...you messed up my silent side straddles!).

Lesson Learned: You can always hold your friends accountable and still stay friends, everything matters, even the little things.

“Mental mistakes will get you killed!”

Direct Meaning: You made a small mistake (e.g. during Cals “Be on the ground and in push-up position on the whistle. Ready.....DROP! Gee Wiz rookies, mental mistakes will get you killed!).

Lesson Learned: Success in sports, and in life, boils down to controlling what you can control, taking care of your business, doing your job, always being prepared and always paying attention.

“Wake up the neighborhood!”

Direct Meaning: We are about to do a stretch from the 1950s while screaming our lungs out at the vacationers still asleep in their rental properties a few miles down the Neck Road (“Ready...exercise!).

Lesson Learned: Why would you ever be asleep on this glorious day? It’s time to wake up and live! If you want to be great, and you want to live life to the fullest, you do it with passion, energy, and enthusiasm. Seize the day, boys!

“Its time to find a horse!”

Direct Meaning: Rookies that want to go on a 100-yard “ride” across Grant Field you should go find a counselor and hop on their back.

Lesson Learned: When you are a little guy there’s always a bigger guy at Tecumseh that will have your back. When you are a big guy sometimes you have to help out someone else along the way.

“Don’t forget your wingman!”

Direct Meaning: Find someone that you want to do 13-26 up downs with you

Lesson Learned: Family and friendships come first. You never leave a friend behind and if someone is going through a tough time, make sure that you are there for them. Tecumseh friends are the first to show up and last to leave.

“Hurry, hurry, hurry!”

Direct Meaning: Move a little bit faster! i.e. Stop walking up the hill and get ready for Cals!

Lesson Learned: Don’t waste time in life, its too short. When something needs to get done, don’t delay and get it done!

“Fraser eats quiche!” (also “Fraser wears salmon!”)

Direct Meaning: A playful jab at Mr. Fraser from some unidentified counselor that wanted Mr. Fraser to know that he was getting soft.

Lesson Learned: Lets have some fun – life is too short to be serious all the time. No one is bigger than the program.

“As you were!” (also pfffffft – sound made after making some verbal miscue in his directives)

Direct Meaning: I just said something that did not make any sense, and will likely be a quotable quote in the Sunbeam (e.g. Rookie twos have Ultimate in the Opera House for Blue-Gray Instruction).

Lesson Learned: Its okay to make mistakes – even the best of us do. You just have to acknowledge it and move on.

“YES!” (often with two hands extended in a touchdown formation)

Direct Meaning: Something good just happened, and I am letting everyone in the whole camp know it.

Lesson Learned: Celebrate the great things in life.

“Flap your wings and get off the ground rookies!”

Direct Meaning: We are doing a butterfly stretch, and I want you to flap your legs so hard that you start to fly away (Ed. Note: this type of stretch is NOT recommended by the trainer or ACA).

Lesson Learned: Anything is possible – believe.

“Pain is beautiful!”

Direct Meaning: This exercise I am making you do is killing your quads, but I don’t want to hear you whine about it because experiencing the pain now is going to lead to glory later.

Lesson Learned: In order to get better you have to go through some pain and difficulty...don’t back down and know that you are getting better.

“Its not a race, but don’t be last!”

Direct Meaning: You’d better not be last because I am watching and will never forget it.

Lesson Learned: You don’t have to always be first in life, but you should certainly always do your best.

“Go over and give your mom a kiss.”

Direct Meaning: Try to find your parents among 500 people on Grant Field after doing at least 13 up downs and feeling a little light-headed.

Lesson Learned: Always say thank you to people who have helped and supported you. Have love in your heart always, and don’t forget who introduced you to the *greatest place on earth*.

Fraser-isms Beyond Cals:

"You've got huddle." (at times said to an unsuspecting counselor with less than 5 minutes remaining in breakfast, or possibly on the way to huddle)

Direct Meaning: You have been selected to deliver the morning huddle speech to the entire camp and you'd better think of something to say. At times it has meant "I forgot to assign a huddle speaker this morning and you just happened to walk by my table in the Dining Hall when I realized it!").

Lesson Learned: There are times in life when you will have to lead others. You never know when it might happen, so you might as well get comfortable doing it now. Public speaking is a fear only overcome by doing it, and the best time to do that is now (because you certainly aren't saying no to Mr. Fraser).

"The hay is in the barn - Let the chips fall where they may."

Direct Meaning: We are ready for Pemi.

Lesson Learned: When you give it everything you've got that's all you can control. Don't complain, after you've practiced and prepared let the result take care of itself. Be a good sport; if things don't go your way, just go out, have fun, and don't sweat the small stuff. Let the outcome be and focus on the next task.

"We do not take attendance at Tecumseh."

Direct Meaning: We won't know whether you are at instruction or not this morning, but you better make sure that you get to where you need to be.

Lesson Learned: Take care of yourself and do your job, be accountable for your actions.

"It's just a little Tecumseh mist."

Direct Meaning: Yes, I know it is raining harder than it ever has before, stop chanting for R and R because we are going on with the morning schedule.

Lesson Learned: It rains in life, but it's all in perspective, do you want to sit inside or get out and live?

"It's not about winning or losing, but about how hard you try."

Direct Meaning: Give you best effort on Pemi Day, and no matter what show everyone watching that Tecumseh athletes are great competitors.

Lesson Learned: When the stakes are highest, in sports and in life, and you have the most to lose, don't worry about the end results. Sometimes you will win. Sometimes you will lose. The most important thing is to always give your best effort and take pride in doing your best.

"Don't leave the mini-marathon until the littlest rookie crosses the finish line."

Direct Meaning: Everyone at camp is going to wait here on Grant Field until the last competitor finishes the mini-marathon, even though your tired, its hot, and everyone really wants to go to the lake.

Lesson Learned: A team is only as strong as the weakest link. At Tecumseh we all stand together. A true sportsman, and teammate, can sacrifice personal well-being and interests to recognize the efforts of everyone on the team, no matter how fast and how strong

Twenty Five Years on the Opera House Stage

After a forty- six year run, Henry Williams, the founder of the Gilbert & Sullivan tradition directed his last show - The Mikado in 1976. Sam Griffin then directed the 1977 production of The Pirates on Penzance and the 1978 production of HMS Pinafore. Pinafore was the start of a twenty-five year old partnership between Jim Fraser and the Gilbert & Sullivan operettas. Mr. Fraser become the “go-to” actor the ever-present comic alto role in each of the seven operettas. The matchmaker for this improbable pairing was Sam Griffin. Big Jim’s entrance as Buttercup in 1978 was an immediate show stopper. Buttercup became his signature role and he performed it three times – fittingly, it was his first and last role with one production in the middle of his career. Over the next twenty five years Mr. Fraser participated in the following productions.

1978 *HMS Pinafore* - Buttercup

1979 *The Sorcerer* - Lady Sangazure

1981 *Patience* - Lady Jane

1984 *The Sorcerer* - Lady Sangazure

1986 *The Pirates of Penzance* - Ruth

1992 *The Sorcerer* - A Shriveled Hag (along with Bob Glascott, Dan Dougherty, Terry Cooper and Jim Gibbons)

1993 *HMS Pinafore* - Buttercup

1994 *The Pirates of Penzance* - Ruth

1997 *Iolanthe* - Private Willis

2001 *Patience* - Lady Jane

2003 *HMS Pinafore* - Buttercup

Mr. Fraser's 25 Years on Stage: [WATCH HERE https://vimeo.com/423763508](https://vimeo.com/423763508)

Mr. Fraser’s participation in the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas provided both campers and counselors the perfect role model for what Mr. Grant called athletic, aesthetic, and manly endeavor. Mr. Fraser made live theater fun, exciting, and

acceptable. The Tecumseh Family must remain ever mindful of Mr. Fraser’s twenty-five years of dedicated service to the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition.



Jim Fraser's Athletic Career

Germantown Academy, Class of 1955:

- Jim received varsity letters for soccer, football, swimming, basketball, wrestling, track, and baseball.
- He was All Inter-Ac in football, All City in football and League Shotput Champion '54.
- Inducted into the GA Athletics Hall of Fame in 2001

University of Wisconsin, Class of 1959:

- Freshman captain in football
- Freshman football MVP in 1955
- Received a letter for freshman track in 1955 and a letter for freshman baseball in 1956
- He was a varsity letter winner in football for 1956, 1957, and 1958
- In the Blue-Gray Game of 1958 Jim was the Blue Team Captain and received the M.V.P. Lineman Award

Date Posted Sept 15, 1955

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN
SPORTS-NEWS SERVICE
INDIVIDUAL RECORD

NAME OF ATHLETE: JAMES FRASER DATE OF BIRTH: MAY 22, 1935 PLACE OF BIRTH: Philadelphia
 PRESENT HOME ADDRESS: 323 Winans St ADDRESS: 428 Landman St
 HEIGHT: 6'2" WEIGHT: 205 COLOR EYES: GREEN HAIR: Brown RELIGIOUS AFFILIATION: Presbyterian
 WARRIED TO: No WIFE'S MAIDEN NAME: CHILDREN: SON, FIVE, DAUGHTER, ONE
 GRADUATED FROM: GERMANTOWN ACADEMY DATE: June 3, 1955

YEAR	SPORT COMPLETED IN	POSITION	WVS LETTER	COACHED BY
52, 53, 54	Football	END	3 YEARS	Ed Lawless
53, 54, 55	Baseball	Pitcher	2 YEARS	William Harwi
53, 54, 55	Track	Height Jump	3 YEARS	Jack Corey
54, 55	Basketball	Center	1 YEAR	George Davidson
52, 53	Soccer	Center Half	2 YEARS	Jim Scott
52	Swimming	50, 100 yard	1 YEAR	Low Specklen

(List any championship teams played on, including name of league or conference. Also list any individual honors or championships won, all conference honors received. Also list any individual honors or championships won, all conference honors received. Also list any individual honors or championships won, all conference honors received.)

City champs Football 52, League shotput champ
All City Baseball 52, Capt of 54 Football
All City 54 54, Honorable mention all state 54, Football

OTHER RECORDS: NONE
 COACH: NONE
 RECORDS OF: NONE
 GRADUATED FROM: NONE
 OTHER: NONE

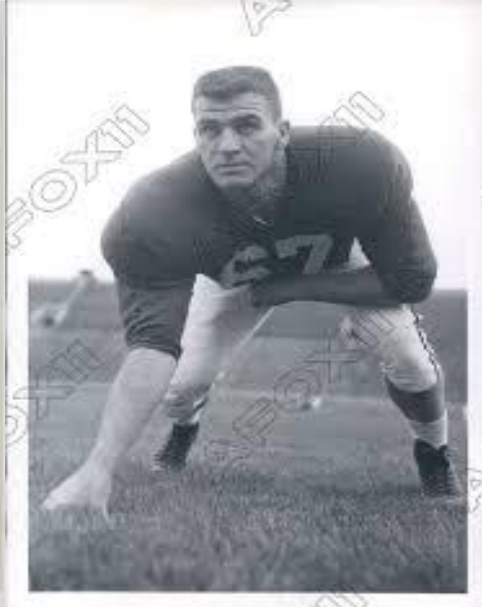
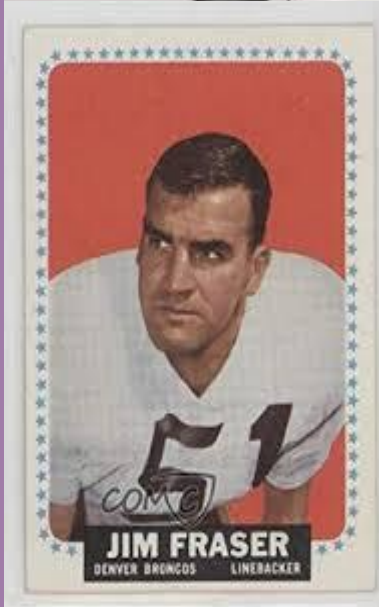
(CONTINUE RECORD ON OTHER SIDE)

This archival record from UW is packed with writing and details of Coach Fraser's athletic skill. If you look closely, you'll see that there wasn't enough space on the card to fully capture his accomplishments in many different sports. Just as he was

the quintessential Tecumseh man, he was also the quintessential Tecumseh athlete.

Professional Football:

- Selected in the 21st round (250th overall) by the Cleveland Browns in the 1959 NFL Draft
- While in the 101st Airborne he played on the All-Service Team of 1960 and the All-Army Team of 1960
- Debuted for the AFL's Denver Broncos in 1962, played for them until 1964
- Also played for the Kansas City Chiefs (1965), Boston Patriots (1966), and the New Orleans Saints (1968) of the NFL
- Was a 3x AFL All-Star (1962, 1963, 1964)
- Led the AFL in average yards per punt from 1962-1964
- Named to the 1964 All-Madden Team





Mr. Jim Fraser started at Camp Tecumseh in 1948 and has been back ever since. Over the years he has become the standard for how to be a Tecumseh man, on and off the field.

The following is a reproduction of a letter written to Mr. Fraser in 2013. It was written by someone who had only met Mr. Fraser once...fifty years earlier in 1963!

Please read the letter and remember the impact you can make on someone's life with only one small act of kindness.

Bring Tecumseh home and be the best version of yourselves.

Dear Jim (Mr. Fraser),

Congratulations on your honor at the Union League. I know it was well deserved.

You don't know who I am but I always wanted to find you and thank you for your kindness many years ago. In December of 1963 my mother and I were flying to Philadelphia from my brother's wedding in Chicago. It was the first time I had ever been on a plane.

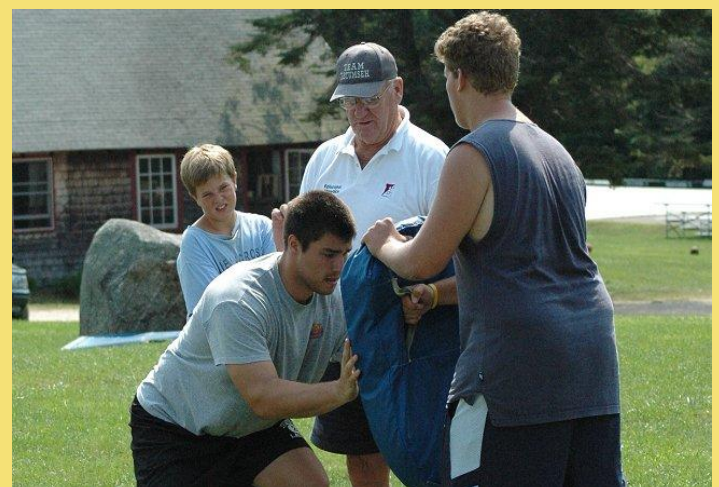
There was horrible weather and after circling Pittsburgh for 2 hours we landed there. We were scared to death. But you called me "sis" and my mother "mom" and took care of us, as well as many other people on the plane. You could carry 5 suitcases with no trouble and were quite a vision in your cowboy hat and boots (you were playing for the Denver Broncos at the time).

We ended up in New York. From there we went to Pennsylvania Station and ended up at the North Philadelphia train station where your father picked you up and took us home, too (totally in another direction!).

I will never forget your kindness and strength of mind and body and I know you must be a role model to the kids at Camp Tecumseh. When I saw the article in the Philadelphia Inquirer I had to take this opportunity. Please share this with your friends and family, although I am sure it will not be a surprise to them.

Sincerely,
Roberta Geske

Coach Fraser on the Football Field



James S. Collins Senior Football Award

Presented to the camper who shows promise towards the developing qualities of leadership, loyalty, effort, spirit and skills in the game of football

1968	George Miller	1985	Jay Renfro & Mike Gerber	2003	Dan Ruggieri
1969	Garey Cooper & Jim Claghorn	1986	Jeff Fraser	2004	Hunter Carson
1970	Ken Horton	1987	Howdie Goodwin	2005	Mike Repshe
1971	Lew Smith	1988	Andy Gribbel & Doug Jeffrey	2006	Austin Hungerford
1972	Lew Smith	1989	Mike Kain & Matt Walsh	2007	Jim Lamb
1973	Peter Abronski	1990	Andrew Bullit	2008	Chris Driscoll
1974	Hank Smith	1991	Al Piper	2009	Ryan Dougherty
1975	John McGinley & David Lee	1992	Curtis Cheney	2010	Dadd Poquie
1976	Hank Smith & Mac Jackson	1993	Paul Gale & Jeff Psaki	2011	Brendan Wickline
1977	Mac Jackson	1994	Dave Williams	2012	Carty Caruso &
Petey Peterson					
1978	Rob Allman	1995	Mike Miller	2013	Connor Atkins
1979	Morty Fertel	1996	Chris Pracht	2014	Luca Marano
1980	Mike Jannetta & Jim Crummy	1997	Bud Williams & Justin Poe	2015	Ben Gerber & Tristan
Webster					
1981	Mark McGinley	1999	Andrew Bailey	2016	Luke Wolfington
1982	J.R. Jannetta & John Bachman	2000	Artie Armstrong	2017	Tristan Webster
1983	Billy Pope	2001	Rob Casullo	2018	Nolan Burke
1984	Billy Pope	2002	Nick Hidell	2019	Matt Burke



Learning From a Legend

This photo is from the final day of camp in 1999. This is hands down one of *my favorite and most meaningful photos of my lifetime* and remains visible in my home to this day.

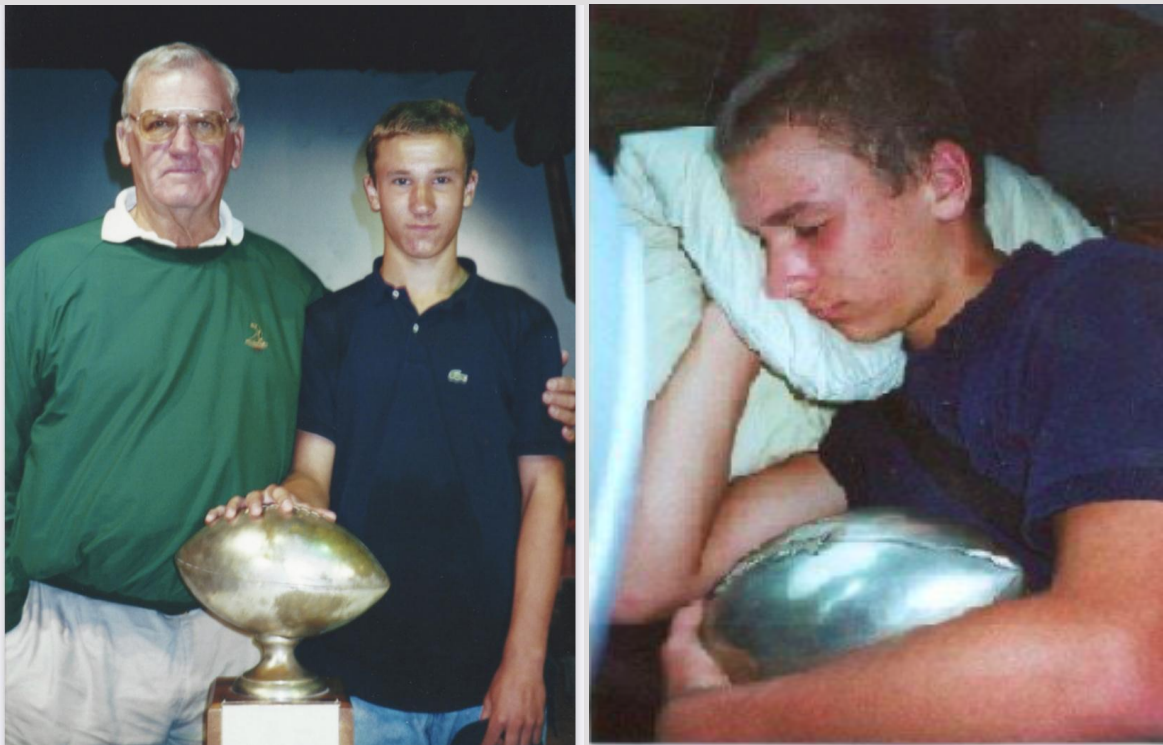
I was fortunate enough to be recognized by Mr. Fraser as the recipient of the Senior Football

Award after spending ***the entire summer with him on Grant Field***, learning from one of very first soccer style kickers in the NFL.

More so than the outcome of barely being able to kick a 45-yard field goal at the beginning of the summer, to being able to boom 60+ yard field goals; nearly a touchback on every kickoff, was the ***humility, grace and mindset that came with the training.***

Mr. Fraser had a prominent role in many of our lives and we thank him for molding us into the Tecumseh men that we are today.

Andrew Bailey
Camper 1997-2000
Counselor 2004 & 2006



“Gentlemen, if you don’t fall asleep the second your head hits that pillow, you’re doing it wrong at Camp Tecumseh!”

Famous quote from Jim Fraser on the importance of making the most out of every day, and every summer, at camp.

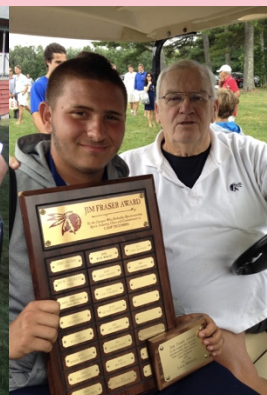
(pictured above right)

Andrew Bailey, cradling the Senior Football Trophy after falling asleep immediately after hitting the pillow on the 7-hour car ride home to Philadelphia.

Jim Fraser Award

Created in 1998 to honor Mr. Fraser's 50th year of service at Camp Tecumseh.

Awarded to the camper who embodies sportsmanship, spirit, industry, class and a commitment to Camp Tecumseh



"Was honored to win that award and more grateful that he would take a photo with me afterwards."

-B.G. Lemmon

1998	Chris Haunss	2005	Jonathan Price	2013	Jay Heymann
1999	Drew Crockett	2006	Ryan Merlini	2014	Tommy
	McNamara				
2000	Artie Armstrong & John Smith	2007	Cody Isdaner	2015	Luca Marano
2001	Allan Rego	2008	Cary Carabasi	2016	James
	Schirrmeister				
2002	Miles Dixon	2009	Bryant Carrion	2017	Nick Pope
2003	Rob McCallion	2010	B. G. Lemmon	2018	Matt Burke &
	Nolan Burke				
2004	Dan Ruggieri	2011	Trevor Atkins	2019	Ryan Erwin
		2012	Ben Hayes		

Founder's Award

A Sense of Service

Al Wagner and George Munger had great influence on Jim Fraser. Mr. Wagner taught a young boy the everlasting value of Mr. Grant's premise: *"The greatest attribute is a sense of service."* Mr. Munger forged indelibly on a young counselor's mindset the true essence of effort: *"to just work a little harder than you ever have before."*

Little wonder then that after a few years of a trial run that recognized the three original founders, Mr. Fraser created Founders' Week in 1979, and immediately it became an annual event.

An Idea Well Before Its Time

In those early days, every group would spend several hours either in the morning or in the afternoon giving back to camp for all that Tecumseh had given each camper and counselor. Tasks included cleaning, painting, weeding, raking, and other assorted tasks to improve our beautiful facility.

Today the format has changed to Founders' Day, but the sense of service emphasized by Mr. Fraser, and all of those before him, remains. **Camp Tecumseh will forever promote, practice, and strengthen the qualities of service, citizenship, and dedication in everyone in our community.**



Mr. Fraser once said, “The fun part was ...the Rookies, III’s and II’s, who never get to paint at home were having a ball!

Some years ago ... our youngest campers were “having a ball” during Founders’ Week., giving the tennis benches their “eighty-third” coat of fresh, green paint!

Founders’ Week Award Winners

Given to that member of the Tecumseh Family, who has distinguished himself with exceptional service to camp.

1979	“Pinky” Shover	1989	Buster McCormack	1999	Ronnie McLaurin	2010	John &
Ellie Smith							
1980	Percy A. Stewart	1990	Bill Lingelbach	2000	Jim Gibbons	2011	Dan Dougherty
1981	George A. Munger	1991	John H. Edwards	2001	Dick McCormack	2012	Rob
Waters							
1982	Alvin S. Wagner	1992	Peter Benoliel	2002	Terry Cooper	2015	Chris
Bassett							
1983	“Maestro” Csiszar	1993	“Maestro” Csiszar	2003	Biff Sturla	2016	Wes Ballentine
1984	Forrest L. Gager	1994	George A. Munger	2004	Jay & Mark Luff		Matt
Poiesz							
1985	Edward Flintermann	1995	Edward Flintermann	2005	Don McBride	2017	Hank
Hoke							
1986	Arthur Armstrong, Jr.	1996	Bob Glascott	2006	Walter Buckley	2018	Connor
Gwynn							
1987	Henry B. Williams	1997	Jim Fraser	2008	Bill Hamilton	2019	Paul Poiesz
1988	Randy Stone	1998	Lloyd Tuttle	2009	Howard McCormack		



Tecumseh Moment

Dedication of Fraser Field

July 18, 2017

It would amaze people that Mr. Fraser doesn't have a plaque in the Lodge. How could someone that spent over 70 years of his life at Tecumseh, and loved it so dearly, not make a plaque and hang it with the other names in the Lodge?

Well, Mr. Fraser doesn't have a plaque, but he does have a rock. Fraser Field was dedicated to Jim Fraser on July 18, during the changeover between 1st and 2nd session in the summer of 2017, with the unveiling of Fraser Rock.



The problem quickly became not how to honor Big Jim, but how to get the rock in place without Mr. Fraser becoming aware of the surprise! It was a logistical nightmare trying to time the forklifts and diggers that were necessary to move the large New Hampshire granite stone into place, and usher in an engraving team to chisel the words "Fraser Field" into the rock, without Mr. Fraser seeing what was going on from his familiar position on Mr. Glascott's porch. Even when the rock was in place, it stayed wrapped in a blue tarp for a few days, and when Mr. Fraser asked about it we would simply tell him it was "new piping" to fix an "irrigation issue".

There are other "named" rocks at Tecumseh, but it's unlikely that any of the others had the emotional impact of the surprise ceremony on Fraser Field.

Finally, the appropriate time for the dedication presented itself. On a gorgeous summer evening during changeover, the entire remaining camp, 7-week campers and counselors, enjoyed a steak BBQ at the waterfront. Mr. Fraser was obviously there, as he rarely missed a waterfront cookout, enjoying a meal while telling stories to friends of all ages. At a certain point, campers and counselors were discretely directed to make their way up to the junior football field, where they gathered quietly out of sight. Pretty soon, only two counselors

remained with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser at the waterfront. “Where did everyone run off to?!” Mr. Fraser exclaimed, at the end of one of his stories.

At that point, Mr. Fraser was told to put on a MT TECUMSEH t-shirt, with the likenesses of Alexander Grant, George Munger, Bob Glascott, and Jim Fraser as the Mount Rushmore of Tecumseh. “Let’s head up to the Junior Football Field and find out”, he was told. The small group then boarded Easy Day and traveled up the dirt road, passed the Dining Hall, and towards the top of the hill. When they arrived, the entire camp formed a tunnel, with the entire Tecumseh Family wearing the same blue shirt, as Mr. Fraser drove directly to the rock bearing his name.



Once the chants of “Mis-ter Fra-ser!” ... “Mis-ter Fra-ser!” finally calmed down, Big Jim addressed the camp in a beautiful, powerful, and emotionally charged speech about the spirit of Tecumseh, the benefits of lifelong friendship, and how that moment made him an incredibly proud and happy man. Following a huge CT cheer, the 7-weekers of ‘17 took an all-camp picture around Fraser Rock with the man himself.



It's a moment in Tecumseh history that we will never forget!



Fraser Field

Junior Football Field beneath the Lodge, overlooking Lake Winnepesaukee

Fraser Rock is nestled in between the Junior Baseball Field, along the home team dugout, where Mr. Fraser loved to watch 10&U baseball games against Pemi, and the Junior Football Field (now Fraser Field), where Mr. Munger once led football drills and countless generations of CT campers played the Blue-Gray Classic football game.



It's a place where friends will gather, teams will meet, and anyone who walks past will think about everything that is right with the world, and Camp Tecumseh.



Fraser Rock Installation Crew: The team worked through Rest Hour, and when Mr. Fraser returned to the top of the Hill he was told that the construction equipment was installing a zipline from the Lodge to the waterfront, maintaining the element of surprise!



Tecumseh Moment

Huddle at Mr. Fraser's Cottage - August 4, 2018

On that day in 2018, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser had to travel home in order to visit with doctors to improve Mr. Fraser's overall health. While it had been another summer full of jokes and stories shared with friends on Easy Day and Mr. G's porch, Mr. Fraser had been dealing with discomfort, and he had to make the difficult decision to prematurely end his summer at his favorite place in the world.

On that rainy morning the Frasers were in their cottage. They didn't make the trip to breakfast, as they were making the final preparations for their trip back to Pennsylvania later that morning.

In the Dining Hall, campers and counselors learned the news that their friends would be leaving camp early. In true Tecumseh fashion, it would not be without a send off and a "see you later".

After breakfast, the entire camp walked en masse past the Widdow, through the Mary B. trail, down Killer Hill, and arrived at the Fraser Cottage on the lake chanting "Mr. Fraser! Mr. Fraser! Mr. Fraser!"

When we arrived, the Frasers greeted us aboard Easy Day, and Mr. Fraser gave his final Huddle talk of the year. Of course, it was about the value of friendship.

Transcript of the Speech

"One of the many things that makes this camp different is things like this. Someone is in trouble a little bit...Camp takes it upon itself to come down and give me a group hug. I really appreciate it. I really appreciate you all coming down here.

The thing that is so different about this camp is the friendships that you discover here. You now all have a ton of friends that you didn't have before you came to Camp Tecumseh. You've got it all. All of a sudden, you'll get a phone call this fall from some guy from Tecumseh who was your bunkmate. All of a sudden you may get a card from someone. Make sure you answer it. That's why Camp is different.

There is a bond that will be there for the rest of your life...it really will."



Tecumseh Moment

Mr. Fraser Mudslide (one of many)

July 26, 2000



There was a string of memorable Pemi Days in the late 1990's and early 2000's. Epic contests in which Tecumseh came out on top – but just barely. Pemi had recently had a taste of victory (from winning in 1998) and they were confident they could win again.

That 2000 Pemi Day will be remembered forever. Tecumseh was down 6-8-1 with only 5 contests remaining in the day. Pemi was on the warpath, and they were preparing to take the Hat. It was going to take a Tecumseh Miracle.

Four wins later, after channeling our true Tecumseh spirit, we somehow found a way to win the day (10-9-1) and keep the Hat. As the celebration began the sky opened up and it started pouring rain, which at camp usually means one thing----MUDSLIDES!!!!

After the Pemi buses departed, everyone in camp met at the top of the hill taking turns sliding down a makeshift slip and slide (utilizing an old wrestling mat for a jump at the end of the slide). Mr. Fraser watched quietly from his seat on Mr. Glascott's porch by the Dining Hall.

All of a sudden you could feel the entire energy go up to an entirely different level – Mr. Fraser was making his way up to the top of the hill! When he got to the top he said, “Gentlemen! There is only one thing I have to say...Its MY TURN!”

It was a moment we will never forget.

The Pemi Talk

The greatest pep-talk any of us have ever heard.

Many legendary coaches have built their reputations on motivational speeches. Knute Rockne's "win one for the gipper" in the 1928 showdown between Notre Dame and Army, Vince Lombardi's speech on winning and on what it takes to be number one, Herb Brooks and the Miracle pep-talk before the semi-finals of the 1980 Olympics all come to mind.

To us, nothing could ever compare to Mr. Fraser's talk about George Munger's Hat on the night before Pemi Day.

"We were campers being given inspiration by our idol, our hero. We loved Mr. Fraser. The thing, though, that made the Pemi Talk better than any other talk in sports...we knew that he loved us back."

WATCH HERE! VIDEO OF PEMI SPEECH - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VBNgOwMxrmg>



Jim Fraser and Bob Glascott

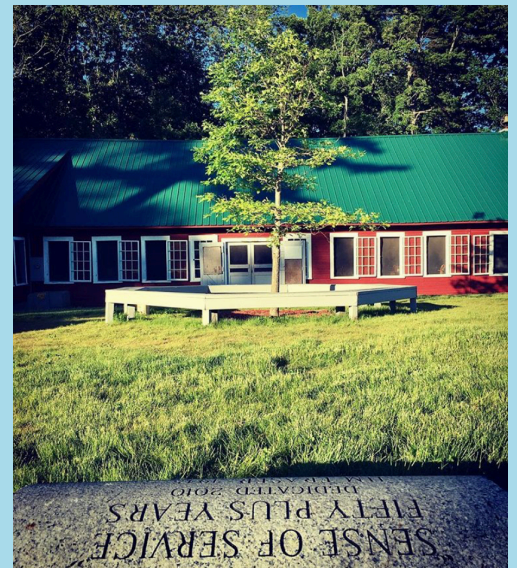
A Sense of Service

In 2010, Camp Tecumseh chiseled the names of two Tecumseh Legends into an old tennis roller and planted it outside the Dining Hall.



While the dedication was to honor their 50+ years of service to Camp Tecumseh, it serves a greater purpose. Based on its location, it is a daily reminder, at least three times a day, when waiting for a meal outside of the Dining Hall, of our dear friends, and their everyday examples set of friendship, class, and work ethic expected of a Tecumseh Man.

As the predecessor to The Ash continues to grow with the current generation of campers and



counselors, we will continue to create our own friendships and memories together. As we write the future chapters of Camp Tecumseh's book, we promise to forever uphold the standards set by Jim Fraser and Bob Glascott.





Joyful Jim Fraser

Mr. Fraser knew so plainly the central reason people go to summer camp....***to have fun!***

Just as friendships have no age limits, Mr. Fraser showed us how joyful our lives can be as we grow. He seemed to practice joyfulness as a skill. At Tecumseh, we speak often about perceptive lenses, not only to practice empathy but to guide how we view and focus on our surroundings. Mr. Fraser was always able to access his joyfulness and it became contagious to his Tecumseh family.



"YESSS!" Mr. Fraser's booming voice often exclaimed as two hands thrust into the air, never missing an opportunity to recognize and highlight a cause for celebration. What Mr. Fraser wanted us to recognize is that we should *prioritize* joy. Seek it out, create it, and share it.

When a homesick camper wanders near Mr. Fraser he will surely find words of support and reassurance, but moreover he will be carefully placed into a scene of fun.



Naturally, in such a "rough and tumble" environment, a joke or prank can often come at someone's expense. How is that sustainable? Because Mr. Fraser showed us how to pick up our brother after a joke or mistake, and he showed us that we should laugh at ourselves – because there is often plenty to laugh at.

We thank you, Mr. Fraser, for prioritizing fun. Your contagious smile, hearty laughter, and joy will forever resonate at Tecumseh.

FUNBEAM

BIG JIM EDITION



WELCOME TO THE FUNBEAM

If you've made it this far through this special edition, we applaud you for your patience and appreciation for Camp Tecumseh. From this point forward, we hope to supply you with the funny pages that make the *Sunbeam*, well, the *Sunbeam*. Coach Fraser loved the *Sunbeam* precisely for this type of silliness and joy, and we hope that he has passed that on to you as well. We hope that these pages can make you laugh and lead you to reminisce on days better spent at the Greatest Place on Earth. Thank you all for your patience with us and your dedication to Coach Fraser, his family, and Camp Tecumseh. Enjoy!

Yours,

THE EDITORS

THE

SUNBEAM

#2



"BIG JIM"



"Gentleman, do not jump on the benches they will not give SOMEONES GONNA BREAK A LEG!"



Sgt. Slought chasin "Cheezy AI"



SUNBEAM

3rd Edition

TALBO TALBO

NOOOOOO!!

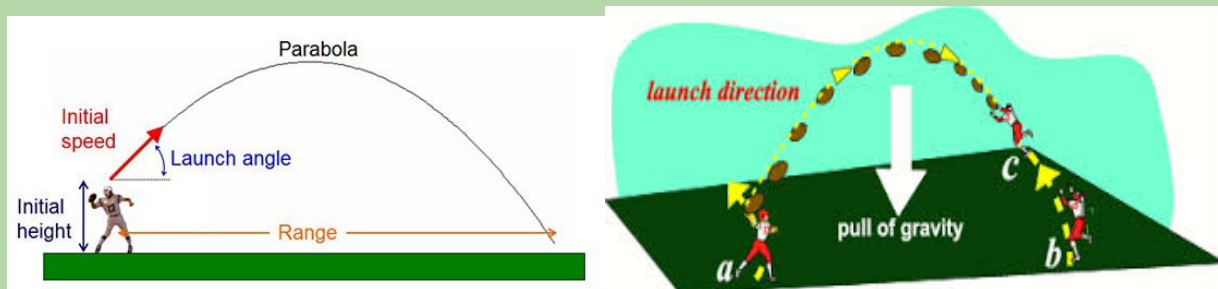
"#?!\$!!"



HOW TO THROW A FOOTBALL WITH JIM FRASER

It isn't often a ten-year-old has the opportunity to be taught to throw a perfect spiral by an NFL legend. That is exactly what happened for decades on Grant Field as Mr. Fraser patiently worked with countless campers and counselors. It's something that many of us will remember for the rest of our lives. Thank you to John Fraser for recounting the lesson so it will continue to live on!

- Place your ring finger of your throwing hand on the first lace of the football.
- Place your pinky finger of your throwing hand on the 3rd or 4th lace of the football depending upon the size of your hand.
- Make sure your index finger is parallel to the seam of the football.
- Make sure there is space between your palm and the football and that you can put your left index finger between them.
- In other words, do not have the football touching the palm of your throwing hand.
- Get your throwing elbow up parallel to the ground and as you have heard a thousand times, pretend you are up to your chest in the water at the lake and do not let the ball get wet.
- Your throwing arm and your throwing forearm should form a right angle if you are holding the ball correctly out of the water.
- Turn your throwing hand and the football away from your body so that the other end of the football is pointing away from you.
- Do not keep the front tip of the football facing your target as you "are not throwing a javelin."
- Extend your left arm to your target.
- Transfer weight from your back leg to your front leg as you push off on your follow through.
- Release the football with your throwing hand and finish with your thumb facing the ground.
- This is what causes the ball to spiral.



SUNBEAM PAGE SIX

Rumor: Jim Fraser, 'Buttercup' in the hit *HMS Pinafore* fame, shocks big-time Hollywood studio execs by turning down big roles after his big break... get all the scuttlebutt here first, on *Sunbeam* Page Six.

That's right folks. We're only hearing it now, but George Lucas lays out some of the juicy details in his recently released tell-all. The *Star Wars* filmmaker alleges that Big Jim turned down the following big-time roles after bursting onto the scene as the most dynamic version of 'Buttercup' that we have ever seen. To many a producer's dismay, the list of spurned roles includes, but is by no means limited to:

Mrs. Doubtfire (*Mrs. Doubtfire*)
Maria (*The Sound of Music: Remastered*)
Elizabeth Bennet (*Pride and Prejudice*)
Brienne of Tarth (*Game of Thrones*)
Motormouth Maybelle (*Hairspray*)
Katniss Everdeen (*The Hunger Games*)
Princess Leia (*Star Wars*)
Marlena Evans (*Days of Our Lives*)
Molly Weasley (*Harry Potter*)
Fat Amy (*Pitch Perfect*)
Iolanthe (*Iolanthe*)

Page Six

Greater Than, Less Than, Equal To
Jim Fraser Edition

Number of stars in the sky _____ number of up downs in a set of “13”

Pain is beautiful _____ C’mon heat

Getting picked for huddle 5 minutes beforehand _____ rookie horse race

Slow down _____ Run Pretty

EZ Day _____ Table 8

Trunk room porch _____ Mr. G’s porch

Mental mistakes _____ Gee Whiz, son

Letting the chips fall where they may _____ putting the hay in the barn

Pemi day speech _____ “Little Buttercup” solo in the operetta

Fraser remembering your name _____ “YES”

NFL _____ rookie football instruction

Two feet two inch _____ Way down way back

Quiche _____ Salad bar

short shorts _____ high white socks _____ tucked in polo shirt

Buck Buck _____ Senior tug of war

Eyes up _____ Cover down

It’s not a race _____ but don’t be last

Arriving at camp as a 12-year-old _____ forgetting to leave

Boom Boom's Buddha _____ Fraser's Buddha

Glascott Award Winners _____ Fraser Award Winners

Glascott's Teva's _____ Fraser's Sambas

EZ Day _____ Big Blue

Combined years for Fraser and Boom Boom _____ Years camp has been open

"Let the chips fall where they may" _____ "We all have to use the widdow"

Mr. G's porch _____ Fraser's dining hall chair

Understanding Fraser's schedule _____ Learning Mandarin

Buck-Buck _____ Cals

Names Fraser remembers _____ Hair on Boom Boom's head

Fraser as "Buttercup" _____ Fraser's Pemi Speech

The Widdow _____ Glascott Hall

"Happy Rest Hour" _____ "Come ON HEAT"

Chicken burgers served by Boom Boom _____ Blades of grass on Grant Field

Mudslides done by Fraser _____ Nude jumps off float by Boom Boom

Hard Work and Dedication _____ Inspiration and Motivation

Names Fraser has forgotten _____ Names Fraser has known

Speed of EZ Day going down the hill _____ Speed of Usain Bolt in 100yd dash

People hit by EZ Day _____ Counselors woken up by Boom

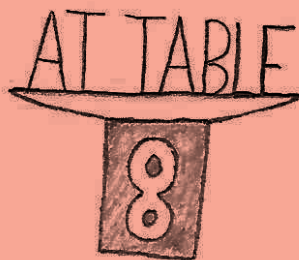
KCAC _____ Football Staff

Gibbons Track Meet _____ Up-Downs

DEEP THOUGHTS

WITH

JIM FRASER....



Why do peas keep
falling from the sky?

Let's see who's late for
breakfast... work detail!

Have the rookie blues
already had archery this week?

Will Boomboom ever
serve quiche?
Would I take a bite?

Does Jay own
any sleeves?

I smell Chanel number 5!

I wish I knew
that Kid's name so I could
ask him to pass the rolls.

Smile and wave, Jim,
smile and wave.

Where's dessert?

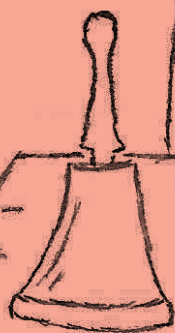
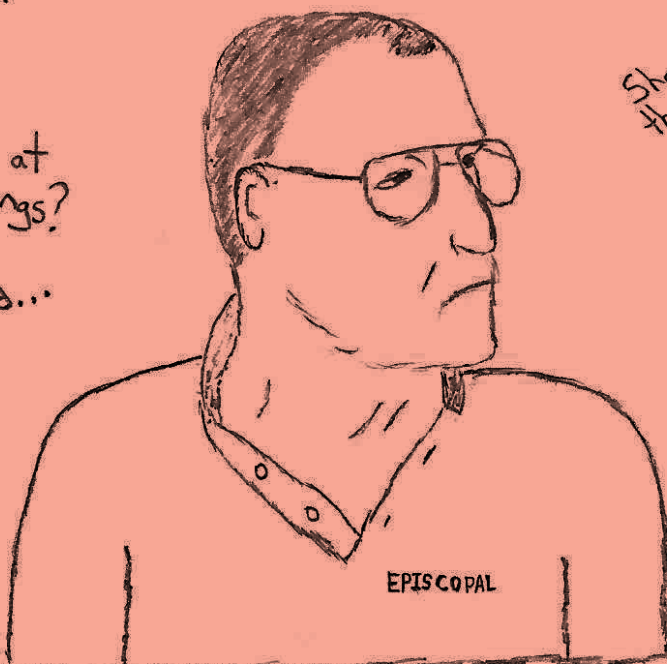
...fruit is not a dessert.

What actually goes on at
those Widdow Club meetings?

Should I really be telling
the story of how Boomboom
got his nickname?

This bell sure is loud...

These shorts feel awfully tight,
do I feel a breeze?





No, No, No
Get back
Here son



YESSS!



Get your
wingman



mental
mistakes
will kill
you



Get you and
your friend,
go to the shed
and get the...
uh... the thing



Five Perfect
Side Straddle Hops



Way down
Way back



On the side



Don't let me
see your ugly face

FRASER

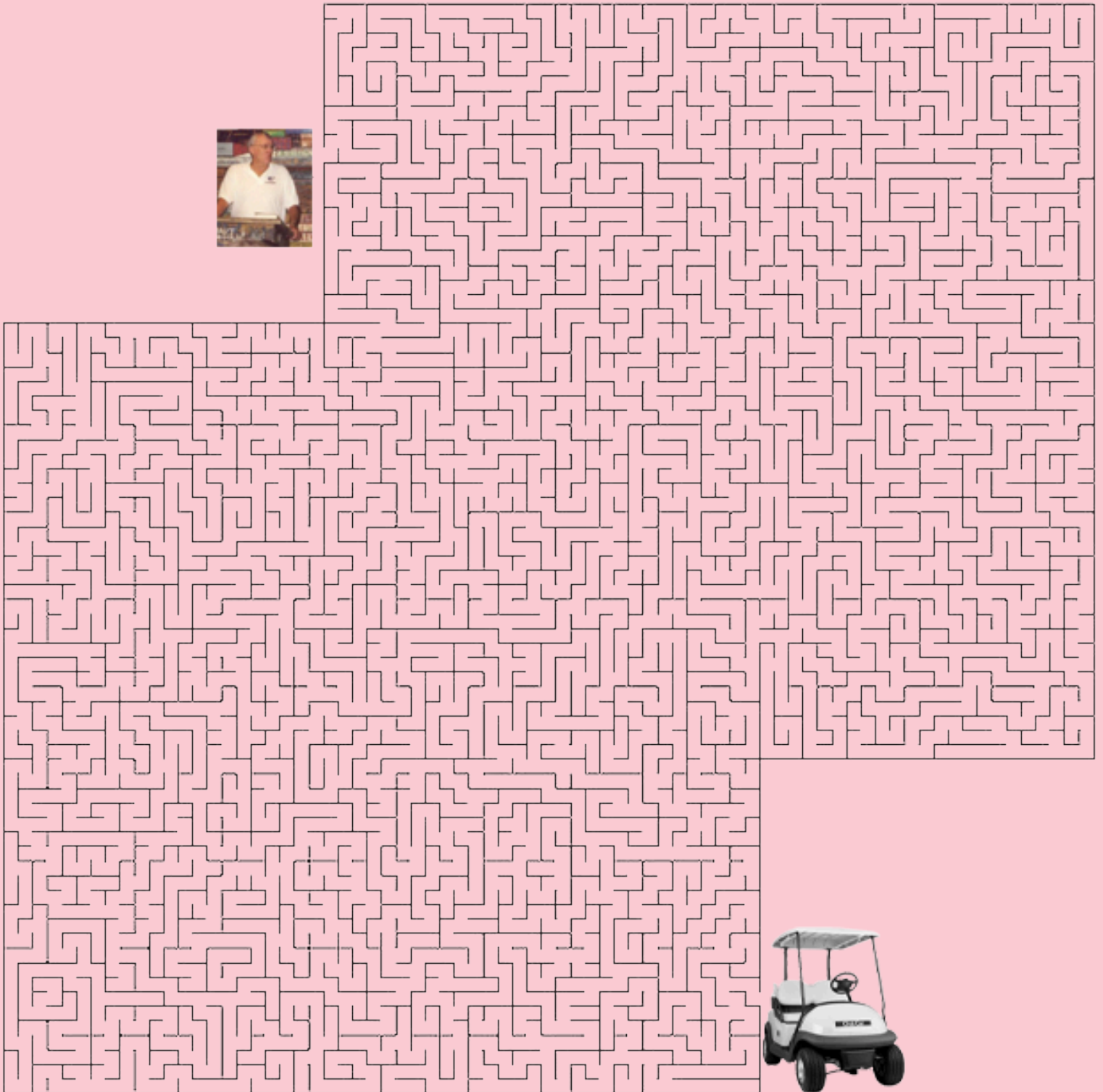
T-HEPP

PORTS ILLUSTRATED NAMES THE TOP 25 UP-DOWN
ARTISTS OF ALL TIME

FRASER CALS POWER RANKINGS

1. BOB ZULLINGER
2. JOHN FRASER
3. BRENDAN WICKLINE
4. LUKEY DUKE
5. RYAN SMITH
6. VAUGHN SMITH
7. NICK HIDEEL
8. RAMON ROS
9. BILLY POPE
10. CHARLIE "BUBBLES" ERWIN
11. DREW ERICKSON
12. BILLY MILLER
13. BILLY HARRIS
14. ANSON CLOUGH
15. JOSIAH MCCRACKEN
16. JIM LAMB
17. GEORGE MUNGER
18. DADD POQUIE
19. CARTY CARUSO
20. PANCHO MAN

HELP MR. FRASER FIND EZ DAY!!!



EZ-DAY

As...

CHIEF TECUMSEH!



Hunter Miller EST. '08

Fraser's Word Jumbles

Legendary Edition

ze yda

vneerd bsocron

betiasde

llootfab

Frrsea

sinero fttas

iifntgr frrsea

FRASER FACTOIDS

The 1964 Denver Broncos entire starting defense was Jim Fraser's jaw line.

Acclaimed director Martin Scorsese tried to entice Jim to leave the operetta for the big lights of Hollywood after witnessing his performance as Little Buttercup in the HMS Pinafore. Luckily, Mark Luff found some extra money in the budget and won the bidding war.

Fraser was the 1986 overall champion of the short lived and little known CQEL --The Competitive Quiche Eating League. In ensuing summers he tried desperately to bring the sport to the dining hall, but to no avail.

Jim Fraser is the reason Jay Luff doesn't have any sleeves.

Fraser really did know everyone's name. He just thought it was funny to make up new ones.

"The Old Man in The Mountain" in Franconia Notch was modeled after Fraser's silhouette.

Fraser, alongside Bob Glascott, was listed on Time Magazine's "Top 100 Firmest Handshakes of the 20th Century".

Fraser placed the namesake rock on Grant Field by hand.

Jim Fraser is widely recognized as the single greatest Philadelphia-born Buck-Bucker to ever grace the planet

Jim Fraser gave Jay Luff the "Critters" talk



Seen Around:

Alumni
Up-Downs
A legacy of excellence
Tecumseh lore
Laughs
Tears
7 Decades of Service
Former Directors
Multiple generations
Love
Memories
Throwbacks
Tributes
Birthdays (Happy Birthday, Big Jim and Griffin)
Collages
Lemonade
Iced Tea
Signatures

We're wondering:

Who created buck buck?
Did Mr. Fraser know my name?
If Mr. Fraser really detected the scent of Chanel #5?
What happened to the Blue Gray Classic network negotiations?
Who is the up-down king?
If Fraser invented the side straddle hop?
How much quiche did Fraser eat?
Did we ever wake up the neighborhood?
How will we carry on Mr. Fraser's legacy?

Not Seen Around:

Regrets.
Thank
You
For
Everything
Big
Jim
Love,
Camp
Tecumseh

Wind-up:

Don't cry because it's over and smile
because it happened
Fraser and Boom Boom and they're reunited
Alumni and they're active
Camp and we miss it
Mr. Fraser's impact and It is everlasting
Pain and it's beautiful
Your elbow and get it out of the water
13 up-downs and it feels like 23
Marty's garden and we'll preserve it

JIM FRASER'S QUOTABLE QUOTES: THE BEST OF THE BEST

"In the 1920s and 40s....1914 rather..."

"In 1948, Jim Fraser was a long tall skinny kid"

"The KC Chiefs had the dumb idea to make me a middle linebacker"

"We engulfed him, and loved him, et cetera"

"What is this? A Fashion Show? Get back up the stairs (to the Trunk Room)... "Is this about the referees or the soccer?" (to a group of counselors or got a little too "stylish" in their referee attire)

"Don't get grass stains on the grass!"

"Last night, you had to be at least 40 years old to understand the War Stories"

"Me and Glascott nibble on each other once in a while"

"Get your tomato can up that hill...Geeeee Wizz"

"Mrs. Fraser told me to get a new birthday suit"

"Take advantage of the college linebacker while you still can"

"Tim Lilley...he was a problem child"

"Let's give a Tecumseh cheer for.... Lukey Duke. 1-2-3 T-E-C..."
(Mr. Fraser leading the whole camp in a Tecumseh cheer for Scott MacDonell)

"Frenchie! We don't NOT go wee-wee on the football field!"

(Mr. Fraser to a camper that was doing a groin stretch on Grant Field before cal)
“Ok Tecumseh...time for two feet two inch...SENIORS! Two feet is exactly ONE foot off the ground!” (Mr. Fraser yelling at the seniors for not doing 2feet2inch up to his standards)

“Rookies – you’ll be going to see the new movie SHRIEK 2 with their counselors”
(not a spelling error)

“The seniors will be playing lacrosse at Fenway”:

“We need a 21 year old driver...Lebo...Lebo...Lebo” (Lebo was 17)

“We are going to do 3 silent up-downs...do NOT hit the ground”

“I don’t even want to think about forgetting anymore”

“Gentlemen, if you sister, parents, or daughter is getting married this summer they will NOT appreciate your head being shaved”

“If you love to play baseball...go to archery”

“Alright Tecumseh, let’s give yourself a mild groin pull”

“New Hampshire is the second oldest camp in America”:

“C’mon guys... pull your legs out of your armpits”

“Two feet, two inch...ready...ONE!”

To conclude this special edition, we have (with a good deal of help) solicited and compiled dozens of memories that Camp alums of all eras have of Mr. Fraser. It is our hope that these make you laugh, think, and cry. Thank you to everyone who contributed their memories to this section. This collection will preside forever in Tecumseh's archives as just one item of many that commemorates Jim Fraser's seven decades of service to Camp Tecumseh and his life at large.

Thank You Big Jim

Dad,

I would never feel emboldened enough to speak for the entire Tecumseh family as I don't think my words would ever be enough to capture our true feelings for you and the impact you have had on our lives, but in this instance, I feel inspired to give it a try.

At the end of the day, it really comes down to two simple words; thank you. While I may have different things to thank you for than others who did not have the privilege of being your son, somehow I think that the lists will be quite similar. That is because you treated most people who you came in contact with whether you were their teammate, competitor, classmate, teacher, coach, colleague, mentor, friend, foe, and even acquaintance as "family."

This is what made you so special to so many, and this is why we collectively want to say thank you. Some things are simple, some much deeper. Some are sports related, some much more than that. While this list will never be complete, here are just a few of the things that I am thankful for and some expressions that I will remember forever:

- Thank you for teaching me to have a firm handshake and to look someone in the eyes when you are shaking their hand.
- Thank you for teaching me to throw a football and "keeping the ball out of the water."
- Thank you for teaching me to be competitive and not apologize for wanting to win at anything I competed in and always trying my best to prevail regardless of the contest.
- Thank you for teaching me to try new things and not to be afraid to fail.
- Thank you for teaching me to give it my all, and "let the chips fall where they may."
- Thank you for teaching me how to win with class, dignity, and sportsmanship, but more importantly to lose with class, dignity, and sportsmanship as well.
- Thank you for teaching me to be self-deprecating and to be able to laugh at myself.
- Thank you for teaching me to wake up early enough to appreciate a beautiful sunrise.
- Thank you for pushing me with memorable expressions like:
 - "Pain is beautiful."
 - "No pain, no gain."
 - "Easy day."
 - "It's not a race, but don't be last."

- “Get your tomato can up that hill John Fraser.”
- Thank you for teaching me how to throw a baseball and to “pick up grass” on my follow through when I pitched.
 - Thank you for teaching me that “there is no such thing as rain, just Tecumseh mist.”
 - Thank you for teaching me how to say “yes sir” and “yes ma'am” when meeting someone for the first time.
 - Thank you for teaching me how to playfully “bust someone’s chops” but be able to have thick skin when they give it right back.
 - Thank you for teaching me how to get out of my comfort zone like you did for countless public speaking opportunities, Pemi speeches, and of course, by playing Little Buttercup in H.M.S. Pinafore in The Operetta.
 - Thank you for teaching me to have “soft hands” when catching a football and to catch the ball at its highest point as if going up for a rebound on the basketball court.
 - Thank you for insisting that I go to Deerfield Academy for a post-grad year, despite my protests, as it ultimately led me to going to college at Princeton University.
 - Thank you for encouraging me to honor my commitment to the Princeton Varsity Football team for my all four years there despite not getting much playing time and pushing me to work my tail off in practice to help prepare the starters for game day.
 - Thank you for teaching me how to properly hold my utensils at the dinner table and not to hold my fork “like a shovel.”
 - Thank you for teaching me to value the expression, “You can’t buy tradition.”
 - Thank you for teaching me to have “a fast belly button” when trying to hit a baseball.
 - Thank you for introducing me to the wonderful sound of a loon.
 - Thank you for teaching me how to drive, first on your lap steering on the roads of Camp and then later on for real during the trek cross country from Illinois to New Hampshire.
 - Thank you for teaching me how to break in a new baseball glove.
 - Thank you for teaching me that life is not about the acquisition of material things but rather about relationships, friendships, memories, and experiences.
 - Thank you for introducing me to the wonderful sport of golf at a young age and then insisting, after I gave it up for football, basketball, and baseball, that “someday you will want to get back into the sport, as you can play it for the rest of your life.”
 - Thank you for teaching me to always treat everyone the same way regardless of age, gender, race, color, national origin, religion, politics, or financial means.
 - In other words, treat the janitor the exact same way as you would treat the CEO.

- Thank you for teaching me to never give up whether it be swimming to the island, climbing the monster rope, trying out for multiple sports in high school, trying to break a Camp record or win a Tecumseh award, or my dream of playing college football.
- Thank you for teaching me “to give back” and “leave a place better than how I found it.”
- Thank you for teaching me the importance of honesty, loyalty, and integrity regardless of the situation or circumstances.
- Thank you for teaching me to always hold a door open and pull a chair out for a woman.
- Thank you for teaching me to always strive to live up to the Camp Tecumseh name and to always try to make the Tecumseh men who have come before me proud.
- Thank you for teaching me if I want to “soar with the eagles” and “punish my body” at night, then I better “rise with the roosters” in the morning.
- Thank you for teaching me humility, though this one is still a work in progress. ;0)
- And finally, thank you for introducing me to the greatest place on Earth, Camp Tecumseh and giving me the best memories, lessons, experiences, relationships, and life-long friends, a guy could ever ask for.

Love forever,

Your son, John

From Griffin



Grandpa Jim,



Today is a bittersweet day and will continue to be for the rest of my life. Today marks my 21st birthday and what would be my grandfather, Jim Fraser's 84th birthday. As much as I want to have you here to celebrate this day together, I will forever be grateful that you and I share this special day that marks the both of us. Today will now always be a symbolic day to reflect and rejoice the human being that you were to me. You are my companion, my mentor, my idol, my coach from the sidelines, my protector, my person, my second father figure, and most importantly you are my grandpa. For all my young life and the start of my adult life, I grew up with you summer after summer at Camp Tecumseh. As we would say up in our home away from home in Moultonborough, New Hampshire, it may only be a summer long, but you make a years' worth of experience in it. And over these "year-long summers" I would continue to learn from you, hear stories from you, and constantly have you to be around. As I sit here and think of you on this day, I am flooded with so many fond memories with some that I didn't even know I had. Enough memories to fill the entire edition of this extraordinary Sunbeam edition couldn't do a justice. Instead, if I could have one last thing to say to you it would be this...Thank you for everything you have done for me and everything that you will continue to do for me through you. I've always strived to be exactly like you and my dad growing up. I now have realized to take in your character traits, lessons, and larger than life influence on me and let it guide me into a man I vow to you I will become, that would make you proud and remind you a bit of yourself. Thank you for molding me and you will always be part of me for as long as a live. Rest easy up there pop-pop.

Your grandson,

Griffin.

A Letter from the Board of Trustees

Jim Fraser, an institution for more than seven decades at Camp Tecumseh, often reminded us we were part of a special tradition. He loved to say that our actions honor “those who came before us.”

The message below is for those who will follow us, so all of us will forever appreciate and never forget the magnitude, servant leadership and character of Jim Fraser, a giant of a man.

While we strive to emulate the many admirable qualities of our namesake, Chief Tecumseh, Jim Fraser has been the true spirit for generations of Tecumseh men. Mr. Fraser is the grit and drive in all of us. He is the voice we hear when we face a challenge in athletics and life. He is the reason we “win with class and lose with class.” He is the man who taught us the difference between a storm and a little “Tecumseh mist,” one of his many analogies we can apply to our everyday lives. Jim Fraser is the stick by which all of us are measured as competitors, as citizens, as boys striving to become men, and later, as fathers and grandfathers who could never say our final goodbyes to camp. Mr. Fraser is the man who taught us about Buck-Buck, to throw a football (“elbow out of the water”) and to swing a golf club (“it takes a fast belly button”). He is the taskmaster delivering the thundering marching orders during calisthenics on Grant Field. He is the embodiment of the measured discipline all of us secretly craved. He is the one who kept us grounded and connected to our past by teaching us about a “sense of service” during Founder’s Week before assigning our daily chores to be completed.

No matter your age, no matter the number of years you spent at camp, no matter the sports you played or didn’t play, Mr. Fraser was a friend, a mentor with that pat on the back or nod of approval you sought relentlessly. Through it all, Mr. Fraser taught us that even a legend can be relatable and humble.

He often said that he “came to Tecumseh 70 years ago, and I guess you could say I forgot to leave.”

We, the sons of Tecumseh, and Fraser Men have been the fortunate beneficiaries of this decision.

We share in our collective commitment to honor Jim Fraser's legacy by embracing the example of his life at Tecumseh. We will strive to be decent and fair, and to treat every competition with respect and integrity. We honor Mr. Fraser's unforgettable contributions over the last 70 years by leading our own lives at camp and at home with the same grace and character.

God Bless Jim Fraser and God Bless Camp Tecumseh!

-Members of the Board of Trustees

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FROM THE DIRECTOR'S DESK

When I first met Mr. Fraser in the summer of 2014, it quickly became clear to me how much of camp he continued to influence. During the brief window of my visit that summer and over the course of the next few summers, I observed how Mr. Fraser would reel in campers and counselors to table 8, the trunk room porch, or simply to wherever his golf cart would stop. He would quietly tell them something and they would be off to a different part of camp to deliver the message or take care of a task. Mr. Fraser continued to be a tremendous sounding board for Coach Doc as the Athletic Director, a position that he created and led brilliantly at Camp. He was still responsible for tapping the daily huddle speakers and being sure they were ready to go. Though not actively coaching on the fields or courts, nothing escaped Mr. Fraser's steady gaze from the porch. He continued to give boys pep talks after watching their tennis matches or provide pointers on their football throwing technique, regardless of his distanced view. Mr. Fraser's giant hands have formed what Camp Tecumseh is today. His booming voice continues to ring in the ears of campers, past and present.

Toward the end of my initial trip to Camp that first summer, I was honored to get one of those taps on the shoulder from Mr. Fraser. He asked me- or maybe told me- to deliver the huddle speech on the last day of my visit. I felt just like every camper and counselor would in that situation - nervous. I feared letting Mr. Fraser down, I worried about whether what I would say would make him proud, and I hoped my words would make camp better. Ultimately, I settled quickly on my message. One of my favorite quotes is from poet and civil rights activist Maya Angelou. She said, "No one will ever remember what you said, no one will ever remember what you did, but people will never forget how you made them feel." I thanked the camp community that day for making me feel so welcome in this new environment.

In many ways, this quote embodies Mr. Fraser's legacy on Camp Tecumseh. Though many of us still remember much of what he said ("the hay is in the barn", "Easy day", "Little guys, Up front!"), what will remain with us even longer is how he has made us feel. His kind and gentle demeanor, his love of competition and fair play, and his sense of service to others have touched thousands of campers and will continue to do so long into the future. We love you, Mr. Fraser. The Camp Tecumseh community will continue to stand on your shoulders.

Doug Knight

Reflections of Jim Fraser – Lee Allman

With Mr. Fraser's passing, sadly, it brings about the end of an era for Tecumseh. Tecumseh, with its founding at the turn of the 20th Century, has had along and cherished history. Jim Fraser was there for more than half of its summers - incredible to think about. Mr. Fraser, Mr. Glascott (Mr. G.), Mr. Munger, Al Malloy, Ed Flintermann, The Maestro, and Coach Lawless were all at camp when I started as a seven-year-old in 1974. Terry Cooper came along a few years later. They set the tone for each summer, and they were there for a special purpose - to "Make Good Boys Better!" They were about making the place fun.

A few Tid Bits. Mr. Fraser started the High Noon Club. I can still see him running in the hot sun the course in a red rubber sauna shirt with the long sleeves cut off. How about the epic Sunday doubles tennis matches teamed up with big Lew Smith? They were fun to watch and Mr. Fraser urging "Lewis" on when a shot was missed.

One summer in the late 1970s, the baseball batting machine came to camp. How about this memory? Mr. Fraser feeding the machine with balls, Mr. Glascott at home plate behind the screen, telling my father, Robert G. Allman (who was blind for folks who did not know) when to swing at the pitch with most of camp watching and cheering when the blind guy connected.

I was a young 18-year-old counselor in the mid-1980s and Mr. Fraser orders me to tell Ed Flintermann he could no longer drive the camp van due to Ed's increasing age when we were heading out for a mountain trip. Mr. Fraser did not want to tell Ed, so he made me tell Ed. Ed disappeared from camp for a few days with hurt feelings, but he got over it.

Working on a pre-camp crew cleaning up the senior diamond with Mr. Fraser barking orders while he leaned on a garden hoe telling us long-ago camp stories and laughing was always something to look forward to.

Mr. Fraser always liked my cooking, whether eating my homemade "Italian gravy," or a sausage sandwich down at the waterfront. I enjoyed doing it and appreciated he liked it.

Thank you, Mr. Fraser, and my sincere condolences to Marty, Jeff, John, and the rest of the Fraser clan. I will miss you, and the memories of you will always remain with me and others whose lives you touched.

Sincerely,
Lee Allman

Reflections of Jim Fraser – Pete Gillin

Dear Big Jim-

It's been a few weeks since you went to join Boom Boom, Maestro, Pinky, and Coops and if there is a god up there, I'm sure he looks just like Mr. Munger.

There are so many things I want to say, but the first is thank you. I was eight years old my first summer at camp and for the past forty-two years, you've been a big part of my life. I was lucky enough to have you as my hero, mentor, friend, and, finally, family. You watched me grow up, helped me get my first job, and taught me that teaching and coaching is always about relationships. You were there for the birth of my boys, and you and Marty have served as surrogate grandparents ever since.

For a man of few words, yours were sure memorable. From the inspiring: "The hay is in the barn; let the chips fall where they may; Tecumseh men have always had class;" to the legendary: "Fraser eats quiche; Easy Day; Pain is beautiful; and Get your tomato can off my field;" to the head-scratching: "Charlie Erwin, you're a piece of marinated meat in the sky," you inspired many imitators, myself included, but no one ever came close.

Your notecards with the boxes, circles and exclamation points were legendary, and I have two framed on my wall. I always loved that you did the same on the myriad articles you would cut out to share with people because you knew they might be interested.

I can still feel your hand on my shoulder – those big paws you had. So many people have mentioned the fact that when you felt that hand on your shoulder you knew there was going to be work required but were honored that you chose them. You might have gotten their name wrong,

but they knew you cared and were interested in them. Riding herd on generations of young men is an art form - what do you notice and what do you let slide? You gave us simple rules: "make sure you're at breakfast and be on time to every event." You held us to that and molded us into a band of brothers.

Living as neighbors at EHS was a gift. You continued to be a mentor and a friend but were also family. I wish your CT family had gotten a chance to meet more of your EHS family as your impact there was equally profound. The number of our colleagues and former students who have reached out to me to share a story about the impact you had on their lives was yet another reminder of the type of educator and friend you were.

I am so thankful to you and Marty for your commitment to our family, especially to Jack and Xander, whom you always called "young Fraser". From the time they were born, you served as a surrogate grandfather, giving Jack his first tennis racquet and golf clubs and carting them around in the golf cart at camp. I know how important it was for them to see you each morning when they were new campers. They were proud to tell me that they checked in on Big Jim every morning, even if it was really the other way around. I'm glad the boys got to see you one last time and know that they will always keep an eye on Nana.

The closing of your Sunday prayers speech on Chief Tecumseh always began like this: "So Chief Tecumseh passed into legend..." You too now pass into legend - my hero, mentor, friend, and family. Whenever a bunch of us get together, "we few, we happy few, we band of brothers," we will raise a glass to you and toast your legend and legacy.

Love,

Pete

Reflections of Jim Fraser - Tim O'shea

I've known Mr. Fraser my entire life - he became friends with my mom when they were teenagers. Mr. Glascott and Mr. Fraser wandered down my grandmother's driveway in Moultonborough, looking for a wayward horse when they met my mom, who was then Stella Clark. That was in July 1954.

I spent lots of time at Tecumseh before I was a camper, running around with John and Jeff Fraser, their dog Rookie and their mom Judy. Judy and my mom would chat and catch up on the day's news. If Jim Fraser was my mom's oldest friend, John Fraser is my oldest friend, a bond that distance, work, kids, rival sports teams (and divergent views on today's politics) will never break.

At John Fraser's wedding, Mr. Fraser and I got chatting - it was ODD to see him in a jacket and tie - but his flat-front polyester coaching shorts, Spot Bilt coaching shoes and a whistle around his neck would have seemed out of place at such a fancy occasion. I was living at The Middlesex School outside Boston at the time.

He proceeded to blow my mind with the following information: Mr. Fraser was the Athletic Director and Football coach at Middlesex while his first wife, Judy, was a weather lady for a local TV station. John was an infant. Mr. Fraser would coach the football team on Fridays (if you've never seen the movie School Ties with Brendan Fraser and Matt Damon, watch it - they filmed it there!) Mr. Fraser was the punter for the New Orleans Saints at the time - he would coach the game on Friday afternoon, hop on a flight to where the Saints were playing that Sunday, arrive Saturday to practice, play in the game and then head back to Boston on Monday! WHAAAAT? Granted, he played in just two games for the Saints in 1968 (had a punt for 56 yards, for

the record), but still - can you imagine that? Mr. Fraser was always full of interesting tidbits.

My son Sam entered camp as a rookie, there is a photo of Sam with Mr. Fraser on the back of the Trunk Room. Through the years, Sam so got to know him, making it three generations of O'Sheas who called Mr. Fraser a friend. My brothers Dan and Mike, my Mom and Dad, my wife, my son Sam - we all got to know Mr. Fraser, and I'm sad to think I'll never hear that gravelly voice telling me to get my "tomata can off Grant Field."

There are so many memories of Mr. Fraser for me to share - each one unique and special. I was very, very lucky to know him as a counselor, then as a co-worker and then as a mentor of sorts. Once my time at Tecumseh was over, I knew that every time I went back, he'd be there with a smile, a comment on what was new, better (and worse) about Camp and time to ask questions about me, my life and my family.

We were all better for knowing Mr. Fraser, and I miss him.

Sincerely,

Tim O'Shea

Reflections of Jim Fraser – Rob Waters

Dear Mr. Fraser,

This is a long overdue thank you. Words cannot convey the sorrow I have that you will not be a phone call away or a trip in the off season to your home to get some advice or a good old story. The time we spent together will always be cherished and held close to my heart because you were such a role model, mentor, and true friend.

I want to thank you for instilling life lessons to everyone that came to camp for one or fifty years. Most of the time I didn't know what was happening, you were teaching what a Tecumseh Man strives to be, a man of strength, humility, and character. You embodied the Tecumseh spirit that was carried "from those who came before" and you passed it on to young men summer after summer. You inspired many others and me to become better Tecumseh men.

Over two decades that we have been friends, you have challenged me to be better, humored me with your stories, enriched me through your knowledge of Tecumseh history, and always welcomed everyone with the saying "Welcome Friend."

You will always be a mentor, coach and friend to numerous Tecumseh Men, and we will continue the teachings you have instilled in us. Your enduring spirit will continue. You are and forever will be Tecumseh.

Many years ago, I hung this photo in our house with the following saying over it, Leadership is in your actions not your position. To me this is what you instilled in numerous Tecumseh Men and every day I try to live this motto.

You may not be here physically, but your spirit lives forever.

With love and gratitude,
Rob Waters





Tecumseh stands together!
RIP Mr. Fraser

Mr. Fraser made good boys better" for SEVENTY years. We miss you already, and you will never be forgotten.

Doug Knight



"Elbows above the water!" Mr. Fraser was the man among men. He defined leadership and embodied what a Tecumseh Man is. Let's "Wake up the neighborhood" as he would like.



Peter Christodoulo
CT since 1990



Tecumseh sons are we!



Paul Colistra

Stella and Rick O'Shea
Friends of Fraser
Since 1954

Rest Easy, Mr Fraser. Thank you for making men out of all of us. Lebo

#FRASERMEN



I cherish our time together more than words can describe, but everyone from Tecumseh understands. You will be missed, but always remembered.



We love you
Mr. Fraser!

@tecumseh1903



Gentlemen, if you don't fall asleep at night the second your head hits that pillow - you're doing it wrong!" Dining hall; June 21, 1986 My first day ever at camp



Ryan Erwin



Sorry for eating your danish!



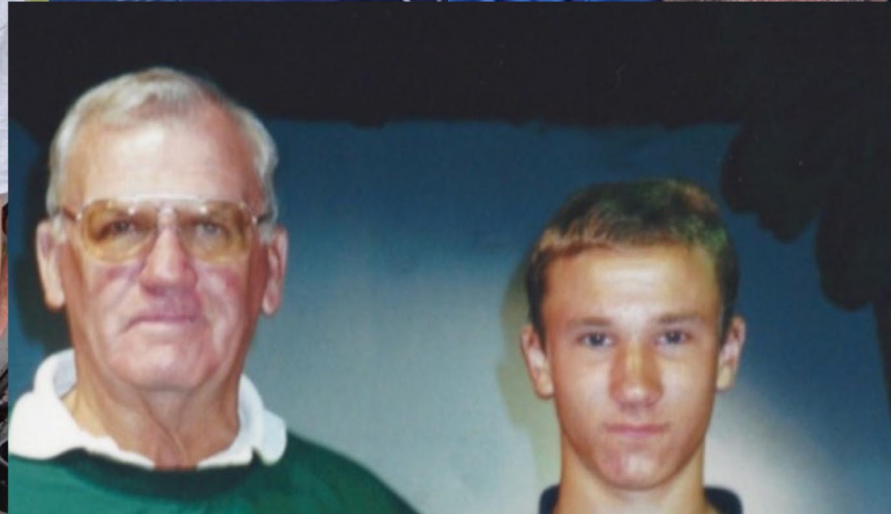
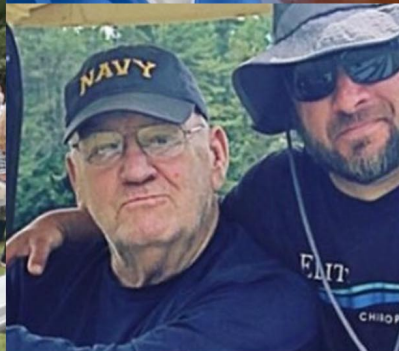
Leading football Staff and playing
the lead lady in many operettas
I'll always remember warm
while when ever I did you proud
love, L"inebacker"

Fraser Friday!
@tecumseh1903



Thinking of you today and
always Dad. Love you
forever.

John Fraser



The Smith Family
CT since 1976



Jon Greenawalt (since 1956)

My fondest memory of Jim was in the summer of 1956.

It was my first year at Camp, and I was getting ready for my senior year at Lawrenceville and the upcoming football season. I was a junior counselor in the tents and feeling full of myself.

I was a wingback on coach Ken Keuffel's Single Wing squad. We had a promising season the year before and an even better one that summer with eight seniors returning.

Our starting halfback, Alex "Wojie" Wojciechowicz, declared I was the fastest member of our team, and I was all pumped up about showing my stuff at Camp.

So within a few days of practice, Jim Fraser had us divide into two teams, the Shirts and Skins, in a game of flag football. Jim was playing linebacker on the opposing team, which I thought was odd. The only thing I knew about him at the time was that he was in the NFL.

We got the ball on our own twenty yard line. I got the call for a sweep around the left end. In a flash, I was in the clear going full blast and headed for an easy score.

Quite unexpectedly, I began to hear some thundering footsteps coming up behind me on the right side. I took a quick peek and, to my astonishment, saw Jim gaining on me. I was at my max speed. Jim looked like he was just out for a brisk walk and caught me quite easily. With a wry smile, he grabbed the flag and said, "With a little more conditioning, you'll do just fine this fall!"

Still in humble disbelief, I kept saying to myself, "How the hell could a 270 pound linebacker do that?" Over the course of the summer, I learned what an extraordinary athlete and gentleman Jim was and gained a great deal of appreciation and respect for him and his important lesson.

And he was right. We had a great season.

There's few of us who will remember the game or the specific incident, but that's not the point.

It's Jim's message to me that is the value of the event and is typical of his character.

It was part of the mark of the man that made him such a gift to Camp and to all of us who had the pleasure to know him.

Ed Weihenmayer

Jim was one of those few people in life who shaped my character. He was tough on the outside and very caring on the inside.

I was pretty tough already when I came to Tecumseh to prepare for pre-season at Penn Charter and Princeton. But Jim had a way of fine-tuning that toughness, both physically and mentally. The High Noon runs were a piece of that, but only a piece. The workouts were brutal, there was no complaining, and he wanted real players on the field.

But off the field was another thing. Jim took a special interest in Erik as a camper at age eight. He watched over him and made sure that he was having a good camp experience. I know he did this for hundreds of young people.

And then the tough guy turned into a ballerina dancer at each year's opera performance. The campers loved that. I still remember his big hairy legs protruding from under the dress. What a guy, to bring such fun to the campers.

I remember your kind invitation to have Mariann and me crowd in on you for almost a week at your cabin. We would go out at 5:30 or 6:00 to track down loons on the lake in kayaks. That is still one of my best memories.

Jim was quite a guy. He had a long run, and he was passionate to the end. He left a huge legacy and many great memories. He shaped the character of many successful people.

Luca Marano (since 2009)

In regards to my thoughts on Fraser, the thing that stands out to me the most was his smile. He was always smiling no matter the circumstance or person who was crossing his path. He also knew how to lighten anyone's day up.

I also think it is important to understand he was at Camp for 70+ years which means he was there for over half of its time. We talk about people having characteristics of a Tecumseh man, but Fraser is *the* Tecumseh man. People emulate Tecumseh, but Tecumseh emulates Fraser.

David Preston

In 2004, I came back to Camp with my best friend, Tom Banks. Together, with a great amount of help from Dave McMullin and several others, we took two-thirds of the boathouse down and rebuilt it in five days. At the end, before Tom and I left to go home to Texas and Arizona, Jim came over with a handmade sign for all of us to sign. It said "built with love." It was extremely thoughtful of him and it made all of us feel pretty special. He told us he was going to hang it in the boathouse and I hope to see it hanging there when I come back.

Richard O'Shea

Many a time Jim was at our house on the lake with a beer clutched in his hand, a smile on his face, and a hearty burst of laughter every few moments. Will miss him deeply!



Jim Gribbell (since 1980)

Mr. Fraser's booming voice on Grant Field in August resonates in my head to this today.

John Fraser and I were both getting in shape for the football season. Cals were the easy part. Then he kept John and I late for wind sprints up the hill. As we sprinted he'd say, "Nobody said playing football was gonna be easy boys! Now get your tomato can up that hill Jooooohhhhnn Fraaaaaaser!"

Peter Stanley

I have many fond memories of Jim starting before my senior year in high school. He was preparing for camp at Wisconsin and we had many discussions about life. Later he came back before camp with KC. He would get me to play tennis with him, mostly hitting the ball to him while he was at net. He felt it was good for his footwork as a linebacker. He was terrific at clinic teaching us advanced football. Before he left, he gave me a pair of football shoes out of his trunk. I think I slept with them for the next few years.

Needless to say, we all worshiped him. He and Glasscott cut a wide swath through the Neck Road social network. The best story, one that Mr. Munger loved: he and Glasscott returned to Camp around 5:30 am after an evening on the town. They were changing in the trunk room when Mr. Gager appeared, as was his usual want, so that he could deal with the books. The two of them, showing unusual quickness of mind, put on sweats and sneakers and jogged out of the trunk room, saying "Good morning, off for a run." Gager was dazzled and remarked to Mr. Munger how wonderful it was that these two fine young athletes were up so early to get in shape. Mr. Munger, who was no dummy having dealt with young red-blooded football players in his coaching career, knew damn well that the furthest these two dedicated young athletes were going was to the senior tents to grab a few quick zzz's before breakfast.

Jack Keffer (since 2006)

When I think of Fraser, I think about arriving at camp each year and how hectic it is seeing everyone all at once. You constantly bounce between small talk and people saying hello until you see Fraser. He would lock eyes with you and you would walk over, and, all of a sudden, you were left alone. It's like you only existed in Fraser's presence. He commanded the respect to have an uninterrupted conversation and your full attention. I'll miss that moment every year where I got five minutes with Jim Fraser to talk about life.

John Washington (since 2012)

A true legend. A best friend. A man who impacted so many lives over the years. I remember a few years ago when Blake was looking for someone to fill a morning huddle spot and Mr. Fraser turned and grabbed me on my shoulder. He didn't say any words, but the look on his face said it all. He wanted me to fill that spot and everyone knows that you never say no to the big guy. I am going to miss you and see you soon.

Biff Sturla (since 1968)

I first set foot at Tecumseh in 1968 as a Junior III, not knowing that I would return year after year as a camper, counselor, guest soccer instructor and later as a Trustee. As a younger camper, I enjoyed watching the counselor softball games on the junior baseball diamond. It was extremely intimidating to watch Jim Fraser hit balls high into the left field trees. The left field did not even bother to look for the ball. It likely landed hundreds of yards past the treeline. Jim was also an all-city soccer player. When up at Grant Field, whenever Jim took a goal kick, he would hit the ball with such power that it would land at the edge of the opposing team's penalty area. His goal kicks traveled close to 80 yards in the air.

As a camper (and younger counselor), I was one of those people who tended to do some dumb things at camp from time to time so I was often in trouble. Many times, when I got in trouble, Jim Fraser would come up to me and blast me for the dumb choices that I made. This happened quite a bit. As a camper, I just thought he did not like me and was simply picking on me. As I got older, I saw Jim do the same things with other campers who managed to get in trouble on a somewhat regular basis. It eventually dawned on me that Jim was determined to hold all Tecumseh people accountable for their actions and not let campers think that dumb decisions were acceptable. He insisted on making people hold a higher moral compass than the way they were acting.

I realized that Jim was extremely tough on those who made bad decisions and got themselves in trouble at camp. He wanted them to be better people, so he would not simply let things slide. As I got older and older, I realized that Jim had been doing this with campers and counselors for decades. He made sure to keep the bar high and demanded people go through the camp year with integrity. He would not tolerate bad sportsmanship. He would not tolerate cheating. He would not tolerate people picking on other people. He would not tolerate people not taking care of their responsibilities. He did this for decades.

I owe a huge amount to Jim, though it took me many years to realize that he was not simply picking on me. What he was doing was forcing me to be a better person while at Tecumseh. He did this for me, and he did this for hundreds and hundreds of other campers and counselors.

I hope that everyone at Tecumseh over the past 60 years who got in trouble with Jim can realize that he wasn't trying to pick on them, he was simply doing his best to get you to hold yourself to a higher standard. Thanks, Jim. Hopefully you, Bob Glascott, George Munger and the others from the 1970s and 1980s are up in heaven having a great time together. You truly made a difference for countless people.

Hench Murray (Camp Director, 1996-2000)

Most of the tributes to Jim Fraser centered around his extraordinary work with young people. He was a counselor, coach, problem solver and master of empathy and insight. These attributes did not just influence campers and students, as I discovered when I became the director in 1996.

I had never gone to summer camp, though three of my best friends went to Tecumseh for several years in the late 50s. So I had some idea of what CT was like. I had had enough administrative experience to feel capable of running the operation, but I was wrong about that. You see, Tecumseh is a unique place in terms of history, philosophy, program and legacy. How does a new director absorb all of that? The answer came from the wise counsel and personal example of Jim Fraser who took me under his wing. In spirit and action, Jim was the epitome of a Tecumseh man, and he guided me to understand the traditions and appreciate the uniqueness that distinguishes CT from other camps. And he did all this in a way that allowed me to feel and embrace the essence and intangibles of Tecumseh that were reflected in how he lived his life. In his own understated and inductive way, in Tecumseh parlance, Jim helped make this director a better director.

Jim's heart was big enough for all of us. Along with the founders and George Munger, his memory will be permanently enshrined in the history of Tecumseh.

Josh Benn (since 1999)

One story that sticks out is from 2009 (I think). We're going through Cals one morning and we get to the point where we're standing up about to drop to do push-ups. Fraser is taking his time explaining how to wait for the whistle and not to make mental mistakes. Then he says, "On the whistle, be in a push-up position!" From the back, I hear Tim Lilley shout, "Show us!" Without saying another word, Fraser blows his whistle and proceeds to drop into the most perfect push-up position I have ever seen. Perfectly straight arms, back, and legs.

He got called out, didn't say a word, and put Lilley in his place. It was classic Fraser. Leading by example.

A quotable quote that sticks out is from my first full day of camp in 1999. Fraser is speaking to the entire camp about Blue-Gray: what it means to the history of camp, how serious we should take each competition regardless of sport, etc. He is getting the end of his speech and says, "If your dad was a Blue, you're a Blue. If your Uncle or Grandfather was a Blue, you're a Blue. If your Chinese second cousin was a Blue, you're a Blue." I remember looking to the back of Lodge and watching several counselors duck out of the Lodge so campers wouldn't see them laugh.

Lastly, another memory from my first summer in 1999. I was sitting at breakfast and it's absolutely pouring outside. Not "Tecumseh mist," an absolute downpour. I'm thinking we'll just go back to the cabins or watch a movie or some other rainy day activity. During announcements, Fraser stands up with his leg on the chair and proudly announces to the whole camp, "We play in the rain here at Tecumseh." Then he proceeds to read out the schedule for the day. The seriousness on his face is not something I will ever forget and something I carry with me into every task. Though something might not be ideal, figure out a way to get it done.



Nick Lamb (since 2004)

In my last couple of years at Camp Tecumseh, I became a lot closer with Coach Fraser, mainly through our love of football. He had ideas for our instruction and specialty periods, and of course I had mine. If I deviated too far from his suggestions, I could hear that golf cart humming up to Grant Field to spy on our practices. Typically, he was okay with ad-libbing as long as I explained my reasoning for a particular drill. The point is, Coach Fraser wanted the best for our athletes. He rode his golf cart around camp to ensure each camper was getting the best out of their summer. If you ever felt out of place, he'd tap on the cushion of his passenger seat and he would take you for a spin just to talk, laugh, and tell stories. And that's really all you needed: a Coach Fraser pick-me-up.

Coach, thank you for holding camp together like glue. Thank you for inspiring me to be the best coach I can be. And thank you for the values and lessons that you have taught me over the years. Your spirit is with us always.

Hunter Gillin (since 2008)

Memories of our past and present Tecumseh family members can be sparked simply by walking around campus. The plaques in the lodge, the names scribbled on the rafters in cabins, and the memorial rocks and signs planted by our fields, diamonds, and opera house, all have a certain power to evoke many different memories of the people whose names are inscribed. These markings remind us of the contributions that our past and present Tecumseh family members have given to camp.

With Mr. Fraser and this upcoming summer on my mind, I've already given thought to the emotions and memories that will be evoked as I cross Fraser Field to the waterfront for instruction each day.

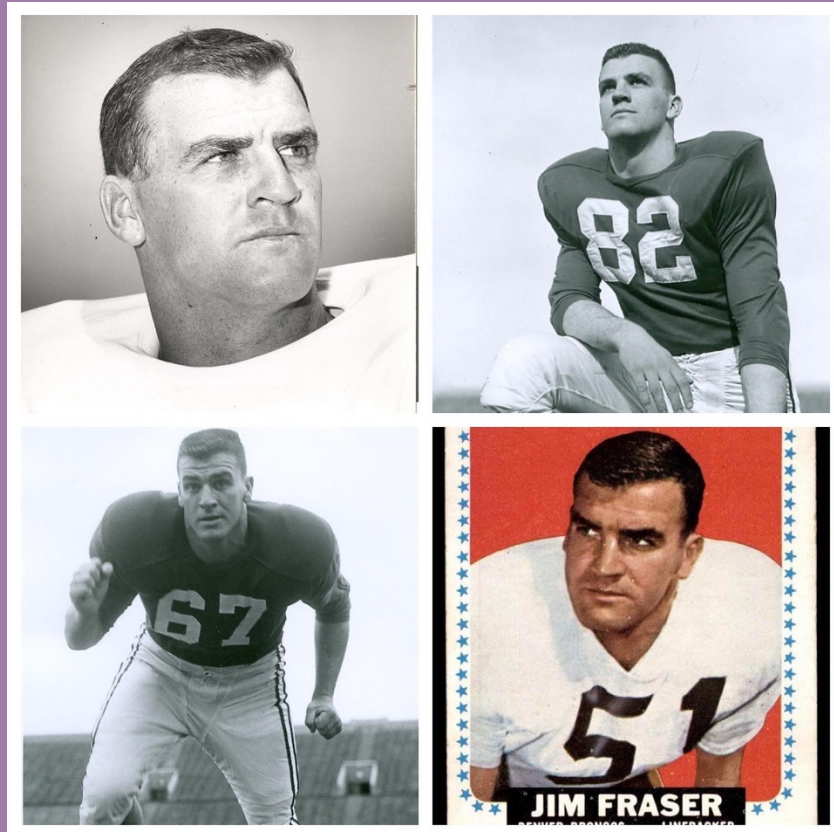
Mr Fraser's memorial rock will serve as a daily reminder for me to act on the two biggest lessons that he taught me: to treat every member of our community with kindness and that age has nothing to do with friendship.

Big Jim, thank you for the massive impact that you've had on all of our lives. I will cherish the daily words of wisdom that you gave to me on the front porch after coming in from a long run on Neck Road or on Mr. G's porch before meals. Trust that our Tecumseh community will keep your values and spirit alive.

Long Live Mr. Fraser, Long Live Tecumseh.

Mike O'Shea (since 1984)

I have thought about this 100 different ways. All I can really come up with is the fact that I wouldn't be the person I am today without Jim's influence in my life. I know dozens of people that can say the same thing. He will be missed.





Mike Dougherty (since 1979)

Some years back, when I was coaching basketball at other schools and my dad was coaching at Episcopal, I was frequently asked this question: “Do you think that you will coach at EA after your dad retires?” My answer was always a definite and an emphatic “No” for some very simple reasons. I was certain that I could never do it as well as he did, and I knew that his legacy as a teacher and a coach there would be too much for the next hire. Kind of like coming after John Wooden at UCLA or Bear Bryant at Alabama. Kind of like playing the next set after the Rolling Stones have left the stage.

Little did I know that I would stumble into something even larger at this stage of my life: being the Athletic Director at Camp Tecumseh. Like all of us who attended Camp as boys and young men, I idolized Mr. Fraser. For me he was a larger than life character. I can still vividly remember my first night of Camp when we all met after dinner in the Lodge. Mr. Fraser gave “The Fire Talk.” Even though I was sure that I had no matches in my trunk at Pinky's Pad, I felt compelled to check it one more time that night because that's what Mr. Fraser said we should do.

During work week we all can remember the oversized index card, Fraser's List. He gave us our marching orders and off we went for several hours of grunt work. Setting up the batting cage, cutting grass or weed whacking, waxing the Lodge and Opera House floors, putting in the swim lanes and outer float, lining Grant Field and the dreaded pulling weeds from the senior diamond base paths. I remember that moment of tension when Mr. Fraser would come by to check on our progress. He never left us without acknowledging our efforts and telling us how we could be doing it better. He usually made fun of some of us for our private school ineptitude and ignorance. I can still remember him says, “Gee Wizzz Dougherty!”

Second bell for lunch and dinner seated on Glasscott's Porch assigning the J3s tennis for the 3rd day in a row. Always with the same index card and golf pencil.

His booming voice bellowing “Well done Michael!” that filled me with Tecumseh pride whether I was 14 or 50 years old.

Airport rides to Manchester or Boston to pick up Griffin. Trying to absorb his wisdom and failing miserably in trying to teach him how to work his iPhone.

Doing 2 Feet 2 Inch on Grant Field. Praying that he wasn't looking my way as he was slowly counting down from seven in his confounded and nonsensical numerical system that only he understood.

How did he always know who was abusing their bodies the night before?

The scent of a woman's Chanel No. 5 perfume in the dining hall.

Those mysterious letters from Robindel girls that he always had access to first.

Easy Day and Fraser eats quiche!

How many times did the rookies paint the tennis benches during Founders Week?

Is the inverted crab really a stretch or was it the cause of Bubble's back issues?

Buck Buck number 1 coming!!! Don't show your teeth son and that was not loud enough!

And we always do it to our best for those who have come before.

Thank you Mr. Fraser. Thank you for your friendship, your guidance, and your example. I hope to always honor you and your legacy at Tecumseh.

Rhett Chiliberti (since 1987)

My fondest memories of Mr Fraser beyond his thoughtful and motivating prayer speeches is when I was a camper, we used to hover around Mr. Fraser by the dining hall around first bell lunch and tried to convince him to assign us "ammo" and figure out what sport we will play for Blue-Gray. He held that index card every time close to the vest and we never found out until after lunch. I'm sure he enjoyed those moments, as we certainly did!

I know people called him Big Jim but he always seemed like a giant to me in all aspects of life.

Heather Erwin (since 1998)

Jim had a casual way of getting you to look at life in a different way. During the last few summers, I would get up before first bell and meet him every morning for a cup of coffee on Glascott Porch. These mornings would start my day on the right foot. They were filled with beautiful views, light hearted conversations, and friendships of all ages, as campers would also come and sit with us, as the time ticked closer to third bell. It was rare to find him alone, and I feel spoiled by the serenity of those mornings. I will always cherish this.

Mark Huneke (since 1994)

The first Fraser memory that popped into my head oddly wasn't covering down in lines during calcs on Grant Field (where he was a known legend), but instead was actually putting down the white lines on Grant Field before campers arrived. What stood out to me was the care he put into every job he did no matter how big or small. He would bring over a wheelbarrow filled with a white powder that simultaneously kills grass and dyes the ground, and he basically would run powder dropping 101 clinic. First he would demonstrate proper powder dropping technique by grabbing a small bucketful of the stuff, getting in a 2-point stance, and shimmying backwards while gracefully dropping the powder as he went. Whenever someone would go off course (sorry about that Sibby!) Fraser would invariably bellow "Geeeee Wiz [Insert someone *else's* name]." He's the only person I know who could simultaneously call you out, call you by the wrong name, and still make you know he cared. He brought out people's best in every single situation. I'll forever miss his leadership, class, and heart. RIP Big Jim.





Chris Northrup (2011)

One of my favorite Mr. Fraser lessons is when he would talk about how friendship has nothing to do with age. At camp you have an age gap of eight years amongst campers, but from the youngest person on campus to the oldest that gap can be 80 years plus. He taught us this difference didn't matter. Mr. Fraser had a special way of connecting with people of all ages, making all who came to camp feel welcome, and always looking out for the little guy. This warm way of making people feel and the interest he took in every conversation will always stick with me.

Since Mr. Fraser has passed, it has been amazing to watch the CT community rally around and share the many impactful memories he had on all of us. To me, the meaning of a life well lived is feeling and hearing someone's presence after they have passed. It is clear Mr. Fraser lived a great, meaningful life and his presence will be with us for the rest of ours. My best goes out to Mrs. Fraser, Griffin, the Fraser family, and the entire CT family!

Jim and Nina Talbot (Camp Director and First Lady, 2001 - 2014)

Nina and I have such wonderful memories of Jim. He always asked Nina for her results from any golf tournaments she participated in and, if she did well, which she often did, he reveled in her success and would embarrass her by announcing those results during announcements in the dining hall! Of course, embarrassing various people, all in good humor, in the dining hall was one of Jim's very favorite activities. We would try to warn rookie counselors not to bring girlfriends to a meal, but they would learn the hard way!

Jim embodied all that was Tecumseh. I loved to hear his stories, not only for their historical content, but also to hear his unique voice and to watch him enjoy those memories in the retelling. Probably the memory that I will always hold dearest is that of Jim Fraser, surrounded by adoring campers and counselors at Clinic Cals, commanding them to "Wake up the neighborhood!" Fortunately, many of us will hear that voice the rest of our lives and it will bring us a smile.

Dan Ruggieri (since 2001)

I can't believe my favorite Mr. Fraser memory revolves around Mike's Hard Lemonade, but it brings a smile to my face every time I think about it. It must have been a summer around 2008-2010. It was around specialty period, and I was walking up from the waterfront after a morning of back to back swim instructions. As I got up to the office, Mr. Fraser was posted up on the front porch as always, but I noticed he had a six pack of Mike's Hard Lemonades by his side, two empties in the pack and one bottle in hand. As refreshing as that seemed on a hot summer day, it was certainly a bit out of character, even for Big Jim. I shouted over to him "Yo Mr. Fraser! Getting after it a bit early today, aye?" He looked back at me with a puzzled look on his face. He said, "What are you talking about?" and I replied, "The lemonades, the Mike's Hards, you seem to be enjoying them on this beautiful day!" He again looked at me with a puzzled face, and then a bit more closely at the bottle in his hand. He picked his head up, and in a completely disgusted tone hollered simultaneously at me and all of society, "WHAT!?! THEY'RE PUTTING BOOZE IN LEMONADE THESE DAYS? WHAT THE HECK IS THE WORLD COMING TO!?" Needless to say, Big Jim's dining hall cheers were a bit more spirited at lunch that day!



Don Triolo (since 1980)

I love music. When you find the right combination of music, meaning, memories, the song cuts right through you.

The great New York Poet Lou Reed, summed up my Jim Fraser experience in the first stanza of “Coney Island Baby”:

You know, man, when I was a young man in high school
You believe in or not I wanted to play football for the coach
And all those older guys
They said he was mean and cruel, but you know
Wanted to play football for the coach
They said I was too little, too lightweight to play linebacker
So I say I'm playing right-end
Wanted to play football for the coach
Cause, you know someday, man
You gotta stand up straight unless you're gonna fall
Then you're gone to die
And the straightest dude
I ever knew was standing right for me all the time
So I had to play football for the coach
And I wanted to play football for the coach

When you're all alone and lonely
In your midnight hour
And you find that your soul
It's been up for sale

This is when you need your Jim Fraser inspiration the most. In your darkest times. You need Jim Fraser when the odds are stacked against you, your confidence is low, and you are feeling sorry for yourself.

A true Tecumseh man pulls his best Jim Fraser memory and gets going.

To one of the most homesick first year campers, Mr. Fraser was one of the most intimidating Tecumseh figures to engage with. He made it a point to come to me every morning to check in. It truly made me feel like I was not only welcome at Camp but I was family.

I knew I made it after making an interception during a heated Blue-Gray football game on Grant Field. He screamed “Great play Daniel!” There is no higher honor than being called the wrong name by Mr. Fraser; believe me it is a lifetime badge. (For the record, to this day both CT brethren and hometown friends call me by different names all because of Big Jim.)

My relationship with Mr. Fraser grew over the years. As a young senior he guided me to be a leader for both Pemi and Winnaukee competitions. Several years we had lead parts in the

operetta together. His humility and hard work truly inspired me. Even more, his success on the stage brought me joy. As a counselor, Big Jim never let me off the hook. He often stated “You need to be better.” Hard as that was, I did my best to do so, because I never wanted to let the big fella down. Mr. Fraser was always with me at CT during the good and the bad. He remains so in my life today. Words fall short on the impact he (and Mr G.) have had on my life.

I leave this tribute with Fraserisms which run through my mind on a daily basis:

- Finish
- Mental mistakes will kill you, gentlemen
- No pain no gain
- Leave this place better than you found it

Clearly Jim Fraser left this world a much much better place than he found it. Everyone’s wish should be that people will say the same thing about us when we are gone.

I consider myself one of the luckiest people on the planet because I got to “Play Football for the Coach” and it changed my life in extraordinary ways.

I am truly thankful to have known Jim Fraser.

LEFT LEFT LEFT

Liam Crenny (since 2013)

My first year at camp was in 2013 so I never got to see Mr. Fraser in full swing. I quickly realized why he meant so much to so many people all over the world. He treated everyone with the utmost respect and whenever you were around him you made sure to put your best foot forward because that was the standard he set. Mr. Fraser always gave great huddle speeches and was a great storyteller, I will never forget any of them. My favorite personal memory with him was when I was in charge of Rookie Blue-Gray Capture the Flag. He pulled up on E-Z Day and we started talking. Sure enough while my head was turned a close call occurred. He saw a couple of the young kids starting to argue and told me “Good luck with that” as he drove away to check in on other age groups. Mr. Fraser always knew when to be serious and when to crack a joke and that is one of the many things I will miss.



Tim Jannetta (since 1978)

I'll always remember these phrases and use them in my everyday life and especially with teams I have coached. They are timeless and applicable (and always fun!):

- Hurry, hurry, hurry
- Do not be last on my field
- Worship the sun
- Move your tomato can
- Easy Day
- 2 Feet, 2 Inch, and DOWN
- On the arms
- The Neck Road is 9 miles long
- Way Down, Way Back

Thank you, Big Jim, for the guidance and instruction.

Scott McDonnell (since 1990)

When I heard about the passing of Mr. Fraser a lot of memories came flooding back. I stood in awe of him as a young camper, and I was fortunate enough to work on staff with him for five summers. He was a wonderful man, but at times he had a hard time remembering people's names. It was an endearing trait, and sometimes the way that he butchered people's names was truly hilarious. Case in point is the name, and subsequent nickname, that he gave to me.

It was the first night of camp in 2005. Dinner had just finished, and there was a final camp meeting by the horseshoe pits. Jim Talbot and Mark Luff gave out additional information as the sun began to set on a beautiful evening. I remember standing in the back of the crowd, with most of the other counselors, waiting to take my campers back to Pinky's Pad for the night. Just when it seemed like we were about to wrap up, Mr. Fraser walked out in front of everybody to make one last announcement.

Fifteen years has passed, so I do not remember his exact words, but he began talking about a counselor who had come up early to help set up camp. He mentioned that this person had recently gotten out of the Army and described him as being the "hardest working person at camp." He then looked around and said in that bellowing voice of his. "Luke?! Where are you Luke?! Come on Lukey-Duke! Come on down!"

Now at this point everybody was looking around with confused expressions wondering who the hell Lukey-Duke was. Yet there was one person in the crowd who knew exactly who Mr. Fraser was talking about, and that person was me. My name is not, in fact, Luke, and even if it were I do not think I would appreciate being called Lukey-Duke. But I digress.

Just a bit of background before I go on. I had come up a week earlier than the rest of the staff to help set up camp. This involved me mostly cleaning mothballs out of the cabins, delousing the third floor of the trunk room, and helping Howard McCormick with any projects he had on his list. What I did was nothing spectacular, and in my mind was not worthy of any comment. I had

just recently gotten out of the Army, after a very undistinguished career which was spent mostly behind a desk at Ft. Benning. Audie Murphy I was not.

But that is how I found myself being called Lukey-Duke in front of the whole camp. I quickly assessed the situation, and figured I had two options. I could respond to an atrocious nickname, or I could turn around and run far, far away like Forrest Gump. I did give the Gump option serious consideration, but in the end I came running down around the side of the crowd towards the front. I passed Jay Luff, who laughed and laughed as I made my way down beside Mr. Fraser.

Mr. Fraser said a few more nice words about me, and then led the entire camp in a Tecumseh cheer in my honor. I am man enough to admit that it made me tear up a bit. Here was this legend of Tecumseh honoring me in front of everybody. I was back at camp after a five-year absence, after leaving under bad circumstances. I honestly did not know if coming back was the right decision until that moment. Mr. Fraser's kind gesture meant the world to me, and truly made me feel like I was indeed once again a member of the Tecumseh family.

The only thing he mangled more than that horrible nickname was saying that I was "the hardest working person at camp." It was an incorrect comment, considering that he, Mark, Jay Luff, and Mr. Glascott were attending that meeting. Still, it was very humbling to hear.

I cannot imagine what life is like at camp without Mr. Fraser. He was as constant a presence as the lake or the Lodge. He first came to camp when Harry Truman was president, and the country was still recovering from World War II. His tenure spanned seven decades, and will probably never be surpassed. It is hard to imagine what Tecumseh would have become without his presence, but we are all better men for having known him. RIP.

Allan Rego (since 1998)

There is something that makes you want to step up everything you do when in the presence of a living legend like Mr. Fraser. You want to perform better on the field. I certainly had a personal experience of this while Fraser was standing on the sidelines on Pemi day. Ultimately, you want to do everything with the highest level of integrity just because Big Jim is part of camp.

He didn't even have to be watching. In my mind this is his greatest gift to camp. His energy was pervasive, and it made every camper and counselor ask themselves if they were living up to a standard of great integrity. Though he sometimes did this directly, this was more often the result of his permeating presence. He's like a version of Santa Claus woven into the fabric of Camp Tecumseh. Only he made you want to be good for the sake of being good. There were no gifts, except the honor of being an upstanding member of the greatest place on earth.



Mark Merlini (since 1992)

One of my fondest camp memories is working with Mr. Fraser in the operetta. There were many many laughs, but what I remember most is how badly he wanted to be good, how much he wanted to get things right, and how amazing it was to watch him work on choreography. As a camper or counselor, there was no greater thrill than the feeling that you had earned respect from Mr. Fraser. The look of pride on his face when he came to pick you up from a tournament or game won is something that has stayed so fresh in my mind. One particular 10s basketball tournament I coached at Winaukee sticks out in my mind because I remember him cheering every basket and giving me a thumbs up at the end of the game and how awesome that felt. He cared so much about every contest Tecumseh Warriors played in and that attitude was infectious. He was the epitome of a leader of both boys and men, and every single time that I think of him a huge smile comes to my face.

Some of my favorite quotable quotes (all well known in my house because I use them all the time):

"Gee whiz!"

Double arm raise "YES!"

"As you were."

"Pain is beautiful."

"Mental mistakes will get you killed."

The verbal eraser: phsshht.

One of my all time favorites: During cals, French kid goes for a twenty pacer next to the road on Grant Field. Fraser says, "Gee whiz, Frenchy, we don't wee wee there."

Big Jim was just a beautiful man that I feel so blessed to have had an opportunity to know.

Ben Sandalow (since 2001)

Mr. Fraser has always been larger than life to me. "C'mon Heat! Pain is beautiful! Easy day!": These words ring loud now as they did lying on the grass at cals nearly two decades ago.

We often draw attention to the question of whether or not one does the right thing when nobody's watching. For me, an ongoing question has been "would this be the right course of action if Mr. Fraser was watching?" My inner compass has been and will continue to be guided by Mr. Fraser's sense of class, helping the other fellow, and leaving it all on the line, but ultimately letting the chips fall where they may.

I am honored to have crossed paths with Mr. Fraser, and am hopeful for the opportunity to pass forward the values of class and companionship that he imprinted in me.

Brian Shanahan (since 2017)

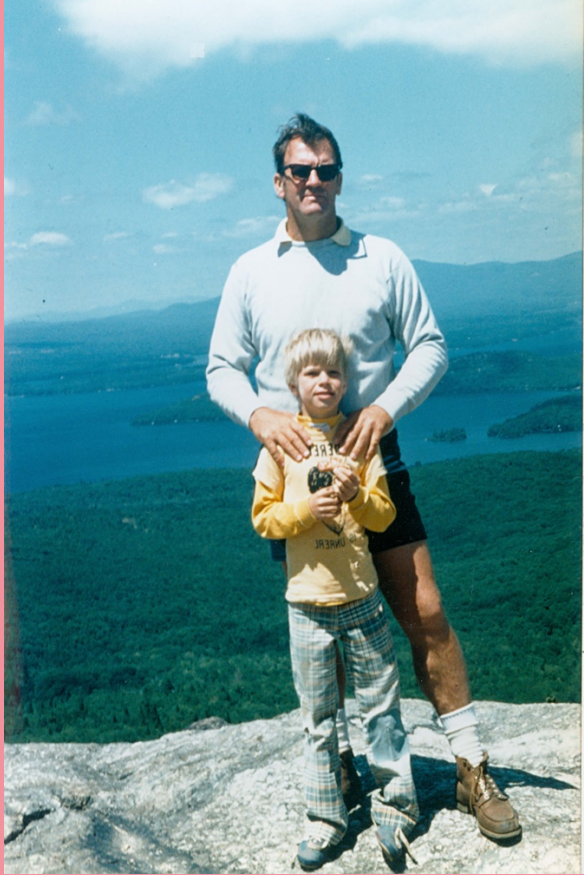
Coach Fraser and I met later on in his life but we became fast friends because both of us enjoy a nice bearclaw from Jojo's or a Snowball dessert from Walter's Basin. Really though, Coach Fraser knew how to make you feel comfortable and would sit on the porch with me or in his cabin and tell me all the history of Camp. The biggest thing was the people and the friendships that Camp Tecumseh produces, and Jim Fraser was a huge reason that Camp makes good boys better. I'll miss that smile and his jabs at how he was in better shape than me. Or the long talks about golf clubs.

I'm just so glad to be able to have had those conversations with such a great man like Jim Fraser.

Liam Ruddy (since 2013)

Anyone who had the pleasure of experiencing Camp Tecumseh while Jim Fraser was the Athletic Director knew that his passion for Tecumseh, the manner in which he carried himself, and his ability to lead was unmatched. But, unfortunately for a majority of current campers and cabin counselors, we were not around for this period. Instead, we had the amazing opportunity to experience Camp Tecumseh with Mr. Fraser through a different lens. In his later years at Camp Tecumseh, Mr. Fraser chose to impart his wisdom in Tecumseh's little things. Whether it be teaching a younger camper how to properly ring the dining hall bell at table eight, or offering a short story en route to Stanley Field aboard his famous golf cart, "EZ Day," Mr. Fraser was active and continued to selflessly contribute to the spirit of Camp Tecumseh throughout his final days.

A few summers back, Mark Luff gave an incredible prayer speech fully equipped with his usual visual representations and props. Second only to the visual of Mr. Luff squeezing an orange to represent getting the most out of Camp Tecumseh, was the image of Blake Stabert standing on the shoulders of Mr. Luff in the lodge. His message behind this was to establish that, at Tecumseh, we carry the legacy of those that come before us. The notorious figureheads of Camp Tecumseh come and go, but their message, values, and stamp on Camp Tecumseh live on in the spirit of those that come after them. I may have never had the opportunity to listen to Mr. Fraser give a prayer speech, but it feels like I've listened to hundreds. This is because Coach Doc has made the effort to quote and embody Mr. Fraser every time he steps up to that podium, especially during his legendary "Pemi Day Eve" pep talk. As sad as it is that the world lost a man with as much class, knowledge, and character as Jim Fraser, it is comforting to know that he chose to impart his great qualities on a place that will strive to keep his legacy alive forever. Long live Camp Tecumseh and long live memory of Jim Fraser.



Nick Pope (since 2010)

Of the conversations and memories that I am lucky enough to have shared with Coach Fraser, one in particular stands out to me. Of course, there are the major highlights that resonate with those of us who had the fortune of knowing Coach. But the moment that comes to mind for me personally is a small one that comes from about five summers ago at Table 8. I was sitting down at his end of the table, along with two other campers who must not have been any older than nine at the time. Coach and I were chatting at the beginning of breakfast when he said, "Watch this." He solicited the participation of the two rooks in what seemed to me at first to be a game: "You two. I have a game for you to play. I'm thinking of a number between 1 and 10." He points to one of the two, who takes a guess: "Seven?" Coach's face lit up, and he said to the rookie, "You got it! Some guess... now you go on up there and get me some oatmeal and blueberries please."

I couldn't stop laughing for the rest of the meal. Years later, when reflecting on his life and legacy at Tecumseh, I realized that there is no way to even begin to quantify the sheer amount of joy he gave others over the course of seven decades at CT. I still laugh to myself today when I think back to that breakfast. I literally cannot imagine how many other campers and counselors treasure similar memories of the little things that made his character so unique and endearing. I consider myself so lucky to have been in his presence for the time that I was.

Dan McNamara (since 2011)

I sit here writing this special edition of the Sunbeam about Mr. Fraser and can't help but to smile ear to ear in doing so. When entering Camp for my first time at eleven years old, I had no clue what to expect. I was intimidated, scared, quiet, not the most athletic and, I was the new guy. The first days were slow... really slow. I had no clue what I had signed up for. The first week went by and somewhere between that first day and the seventh day I fell in love. I can sit here and preach about the magical powers of the lake, or whatever it is they put in the water, but it's none of that. At Camp Tecumseh, the thing that brings you back is the people you're surrounded by. There was no one who was a better example of a Tecumseh man than Jim Fraser. A larger than life character, everyone loved him, and he loved everyone. He treated everyone as if they were an old-time friend. As an 11-year-old I was intimidated by Mr. Fraser and now, as a 20-year-old going into my Junior year of college, I am no longer intimidated but instead I am hopeful. I am hopeful that one day in my life I will be 1/100 of the man Jim Fraser was. He wasn't every too busy for anyone. He never took things too seriously. He had a heart full of love and he always sported that one of a kind smile he had. I am truly blessed to ever have met Jim Fraser.





Paul Poiesz (since 1983)

Some thoughts and memories of Jim Fraser from someone who didn't grow-up at Camp Tecumseh

1. Jim was impressive and commanded attention by his very nature. NFL-size and athleticism, a booming voice, and eyes that I sometimes thought could see both into people's souls and right through them at the same time combined to make him an imposing and important presence even if you did not know or understand his complete background.
2. How many people have you met who could control a room with 300 people in it with just one pointed index finger? I can say that I marveled at the way Jim could point or gesture at someone or something in the dining hall or anywhere else and communicate that there was something amiss and have it corrected. The booming voice was used up on Grant Field certainly, but it was not his only weapon.
3. A gentle-giant if there ever was one, Jim had a heart as big as Mount Washington and put it on display over the years while sitting on the "Glascott Porch" and entertaining the littlest campers with his stories, experiences and willingness to listen to them. There have been many young campers who sought solace near him before a meal.
4. The most entertaining times for me with Jim were as he sat on the porch of the trunk room, just outside the offices. Whether it was through my eavesdropping from inside or sitting there with him and others after breakfast, it was often as if he came there to give

us our laughs for the morning so we could pursue the rest of the day appropriately. He knew how to make us laugh!

5. What a privilege it was to sit on Easy-Day with Jim in the evenings to watch hoops games, or on a beautiful day watching baseball at either the senior or junior diamond!
6. I will always be grateful for how Jim welcomed me to camp every summer that we were able to share. He helped me understand what my role could be at camp and encouraged me to at all costs be myself at CT. For this, and your friendship, Jim, I **say THANK YOU!!** I came to CT at an age greater than most, but you had the same influences on me as you did on the thousands who got to grow up with you as their role model.

Deane Mellor (since 1999)

Work week during your JC summer is an exciting time while settling into life as a staff member. My first assignment was setting up the batting cage net with Nick “Beast” Hidell. I thought I was going to get a weed whacker job or something simple and gritty, but I was assigned the more involved job of installing the batting cage. The batting cage is an important and visible part of camp, and I was nervous to do it. As the younger statesman I was sent to the top of the ladder to maneuver the cage’s net into position... no easy task, let-alone with an audience. After what seemed like all day making adjustments, we finally earned the long sought-after seal of approval from Mr. Fraser. Mr. Fraser instilled many Tecumseh values in me; one that sticks out is the value of a hard day’s work. When doing a job, you do it until it’s done to a high standard.





Jim Quiggle (since 1965)

I was a 12-year-old camper when Jim Fraser was at the height of his career in the old American Football League, where he was an established and known linebacker and punter.

To this skinny Junior 2, Jim had the build of a marble statue set in a Roman emperor's palace. His shoulders seemed to stretch from earth's north pole to the south. Big enough to land an F-15 on. He had a squared jaw that only a civil engineer could've designed. The only out-of-sync touches were those ever-present, shiny black-rimmed glasses Jim wore everywhere at the time. They seemed built more for a physics professor who blew up atoms instead of running backs.

I watched Jim play on TV on occasional Sunday afternoons during the fall. It wasn't unusual to hear the announcer say, "Another tackle by linebacker Jim Fraser" as some luckless fullback slowly picked himself up and readied for more punishment.

I may be one of the few Tecumseh campers who actually practiced with Jim. After hours, when Jim was still playing pro ball in the late 1960s, he often practiced punting on Grant Field to prep

for the coming AFL season. Jim averaged 44 yards at his pro peak. He stood at midfield on Grant and fired the balls way back to the end line and beyond.

Ken Horton and I shagged — or at least tried to shag — Jim's punts. We then collected the balls and jogged them back to midfield for more rounds. His punts tightly spiraled far into the fading evening sky, then paused at peak arc for seemingly minutes, like some spheroidal space station, before cashing back to earth. I tried to catch a couple of Jim's punts and nearly broke my collar bone and forearm from the percussive force of the balls clanging off my 90-pound frame. Ken was smarter, and mostly just ducked.

I knew Jim during most of my camper and counselor years (1965-77). He also taught generations of kids to do the right thing before the winning thing.

He reffed one of our counselor soccer games against another camp, here at Tecumseh in the mid-1970s. One of our players also was a starting tight end on his college football team. He had modest soccer skills, but his bulk and speed intimidated guys on the visiting counselor team that day. He came in hard on a skilled but much-smaller player. It was a clumsy foul by a decent fellow, hardly intentional, not a red-card offense.

Yet Jim immediately saw the ongoing injury potential hanging over what was supposed to be a friendly game. He quickly whistled our counselor off the field for the duration. The counselor didn't complain, because he knew Jim was right. When it came to fair play, principled sports and equally principled living, to me Jim was always right.





Mike Reardon (since 1985)

Jim Fraser was a Tecumseh Titan. While his massive stature helped him stand out in a crowd, he actually preferred keeping a low profile. Mr. Fraser didn't want the spotlight and tried to deflect most questions about his experiences - especially in pro football. In fact, few Tecumseh campers knew which teams he played for, much less details about his career in the NFL.

What we do know is that Jim Fraser loved spending his summers in New Hampshire. He famously stated when interviewed for a Tecumseh promotional video, "I came to camp as a 12 year old and forgot to leave." That would have been the summer of '48, and for roughly 70 years since - there were 2 certainties when you pulled onto campus - the large rock on Grant Field and Mr. Fraser resting on the porch. Actually, the porch extension from the Trunk room wasn't added until the 90's, but it certainly gave Jim a perfect perch to watch daily activities and welcome thousands of parents, alumni, and guests. Thankfully he was given a golf cart shortly thereafter or he'd probably still be sitting on the porch today covered in snow and bird droppings.

It was an honor when you got to see Jim and possibly share a little vignette together. If he remembered your name though, then you must really have left a lasting impression. I was fortunate to make it into that category. I believe I stood-out because I came to Tecumseh in the 80's with a rough New York accent and a little chip on my shoulder. My tenure at camp was when Mr. Fraser's impact on the daily program was still profound. Along with announcing the daily schedule and leading calisthenics, Jim also lead the football program, did cameos in the Operetta, and took a few trips to Bald Peak Colony Club...where I learned to play golf.

In fact, one of my earliest memories of Coach Fraser is when he took me off campus after I "spazzed out" and nearly got into another altercation with Cary Goodwin. Coach put his big paw on my shoulder, escorted me to his Volvo station wagon, and drove me to a driving range. I had never held a golf club before that moment, and while it was really a way for me let my anger out, Coach thought I would be a good candidate to share one of his passions with and mentor me along the way. Every summer for the next 20 years, Jim and I played golf together. He taught me the proper grip, course etiquette, and to appreciate the experience even more than the result (good tip, because boy is Golf frustrating). As a 10 year old, I suffered a long, emotional summer filled with homesickness and teasing. Fellow campers did not make my transition easy, and I found myself in tears all too often. It was during that time that Mr. Fraser took me under his wing. I would race to Mr. Glascott's porch at first bell and listen to Mr. Fraser share stories before lunch. In turn, I would tell him the names of other campers who approached and help him choose good afternoon activities.

For years, this was a brief and special time for us to bond. Although, as a young counselor - there was the time Mr. Fraser got upset with me after I beat him in horseshoes; so, as revenge, he assigned me Rookie Horseshoes for Blue/Gray. Wow, that was a memorable afternoon...25 kids with ADHD, 4 rusty horseshoes, and an hour and 30 minutes to fill by myself. Needless to say, I would find humor myself by giving him the wrong name of a kid or doctoring his activity card to say the Blues were playing the Rookies and the Grays had Junior 2's at the waterfront after lunch...nothing that made sense. The laughter around his verbal foibles were legendary (as you were).

Mike Reardon (since 1985)

What makes Mr. Fraser so special to so many is that we all have a few stories of how he impacted our life. We also have a memory of something he did or said that often had us in tears laughing or motivated to Beat Pemi. While the inspirational stories of the latter are common, I want to share the time Big Jim, Mark Luff, and I laughed the hardest.

It was a typical afternoon and I had just come up the hill from covering Rest Hour in the New Pagoda when I stumbled across Mr. Fraser and Mark Luff assembling an L-screen. This screen is used to allow pitchers to throw batting practice while being protected from line drives. As the Head of the Baseball program at the time, I was thrilled. Coach had gotten me a gift, and he wanted to make sure it was all set before Rest Hour was over. As I approached the scene, I saw Mr. Fraser frothing at the mouth. His side kick, Mark, was no less frustrated. Surrounding them on the ground were scissors, duct tape, rope, and a massive net that they could not - for the life of them - get to attach to the L-screen properly. For over an hour, the two of them tried desperately to pull and tie the net, Mark dutifully trying everyone of Jim's suggestions. As I approached, Jim barked, "this is the last present you'll ever get from me!" Mark even looked-up in dismay as if the lead of the Operetta just came down with strep throat.

There should have been caution tape surrounding this unsafe work site. When Coach told me what he was doing, I simply asked, "why are you using string and tape?" Mr. Fraser replied angrily, "how else are you supposed to get the net on?" I probably should have let it go, but I answered, "the net is just a giant sock that you slide over the L-screen." In that moment, Mark's grin turned into a smile and Jim - much less forgiving and in a complete lather - stood-up, threw down the scissors, grabbed his unnecessary tools, and started to walk away. I put the net over the L-screen in less than a minute, and said, "look...fits like a glove." Jim couldn't hold back his embarrassment as tears of laughter rolled down his face.

Needless to say, Mr. Fraser spent the majority of his life showing kids that the impossible was possible. He gave his life to Tecumseh, and we are all better for having him in our life. Thank you for being a coach, mentor, role-model, and friend, Jim; I miss you immensely.





Ben Gerber (since 2010) and Sam Gerber (since 2012)

Dear Mr. Fraser,

Our very first memory of Camp Tecumseh is hearing the eerie sounds of the loons while sleeping on your porch when we were little boys not yet old enough to be campers. From that time on, you have been a part of our family, not just at Camp but at home too. You and Mrs. Fraser have always been present in our lives, attending our little league baseball and peewee football games, joining our family dinners, and calling us to check in after our high school football games when you weren't able to attend. Your presence will stay with us, Ali, and our parents for the rest of our lives.

Love,

Ben and Sam Gerber

Stephen Lamberton

Attending camp as a camper and counselor from the age of 12 to 21 presented a wide range of interactions with Mr Fraser. He treated me differently, and the lense through which I experienced him changed so much over that time.

As I go through life today in my varying roles as a husband, parent, manager, leader or partner I frequently draw on reference points of people I have interacted with. As part of this process I have become aware of one of the most impactful lessons I learned from Mr Fraser.

At the time, it seemed like a simple thing that Mr Fraser, so revered as a tough and booming leader and role model, would play Buttercup or the equivalent part in the Operetta and in that and other ways, willingly laugh at himself and welcome others to do the same.

I have come to realize that this was actually a vital part of Mr Fraser's leadership skill set. Making himself publicly vulnerable sent a clear message to all of us that it was alright for us to make ourselves vulnerable. This is extremely important at Tecumseh, where most of us could easily find peers who were better than us at many of the available sports and activities. It would be easy to convince yourself you shouldn't try something for fear of embarrassing yourself by not being "good enough".

It turns out that this same willingness to be vulnerable is a vital skill in life. Without admitting and accepting this, we will never try, learn or grow.

Al Piper (since 1986)

With the exception of my own father, he was the most influential man in my life.

Andrew Bailey (since 1997)

Attached is a photo from the final day of camp back in the summer of 1999. This is hands down one of my favorite and most meaningful photos of my lifetime and remains visible in my home to this day. I was fortunate enough to be recognized by Mr. Fraser as the recipient of the Senior Football award after spending the entire summer on Grant Field, learning from one of the very first soccer style kickers in the NFL. More so than the outcome of barely being able to kick a 45 yard field goal at the beginning of the summer to being able to boom 60+ yard field goals; nearly a touchback every kickoff, was the humility, grace and mindset that came with the training.

Mr. Fraser had a prominent role in many of our lives and we thank him for molding us into the Tecumseh men that we are today.



**Terrence W. Boyle (since 1966)**

He was the all American icon living and breathing. I spent the entire summer of 1966, as a counselor. He was at camp most of the summer before he had to report for pre season. I was a rising senior at Brown and co-captain of the Brown Football team along with Wynn Jessup, who had a long relationship with camp. You cannot imagine how much we looked up to Jim. An all pro football player willing to work with us. It's been 54 years and I've never forgotten a minute of it. I've gone on with my life and in 1984 President Reagan appointed me to the federal bench where I still serve as Chief Judge. I still say the grace before meals that George Munger taught us. The camp was one of the best things that ever happened to me.

Matt Poiesz (since 2003)

When I think of Fraser, I picture him sitting on the porch of the office, arms crossed, a slight smile on his face. He's watching the circus that is the top of the hill during free time. Everyone is going a million miles an hour chasing frisbees, racing to the creamery, juggling an errant soccer ball into Marty's poor garden. And there is Jim Fraser off to the side—perfectly still, aware, and happy. His contentment is enough to make a monk jealous.

I picture him making a quiet joke to Mike Dougherty or Blake Stabert as they step into the office, or all the times I dropped a group of rookies off after a trip and seeing him really, truly, listen to their answers when he asked how it was.

I picture a man who has spent a lifetime building something, and is lucky enough to bear witness to the results in the profound joy so many people share each summer.

When I think of Fraser, I'm reminded of his spirit. I'm reminded of the way he so genuinely enjoyed the happiness of those around him. I think I speak for many people when I say that Mr. Fraser has taught the Camp Tecumseh family what it means to love. He loved Camp Tecumseh, and Camp Tecumseh loved him back.

Richard Roe (Camp Director, 1984 - 1995)

Jim Fraser and I worked together for 12 summers. I do not believe there is one person on earth who loved Camp Tecumseh more than Jim. Jim was adored by both campers and counselors. Camp Tecumseh will dearly miss this legend. Big Jim will never be forgotten.

“Easy Day.”

Zach Crump (since 2011)

40 40 40 And Beyond A letter to a Mentor

On a rather warm New Orleans spring morning, I gathered alongside a dozen or so tennis coaches to listen to the designated speaker for the USPTA conference I was attending. The speaker was someone that I had heard before and had known for many years. The speaker was my junior tennis coach whom I credit for almost all of my tennis knowledge today. He coached me from age 11-18. Chris had no idea I would be in attendance as I hadn't signed up electronically. As he stepped to the makeshift podium, he looked around at us and stopped as his glance finally landed on me. A sly smirk began to spread across his face as he recognized me. It had been about 15 years since we had seen each other. He sent me a simple solute before his opening remarks. His morning message was quite simple but had a powerful effect. He always had that ability. He began with a simple number "Forty". Followed in quick succession with another number "Forty", and finally finished with yet another number "Forty". Was he referring to the scoring of the sport Tennis? I was pretty sure we all knew how to keep the correct score. Was he referring to the number of errors versus the number of winners in his last tennis match? I was utterly confused. The answer would come with the sudden realization that he was referring to time. He would follow with this explanation: "The coach's rule of forty. Forty seconds, forty days, and forty years. When coaching any sport, not just tennis, try to make your words memorable. The student should remember your words forty seconds, forty days, and even forty years after you've said them." This was the message I chose to share during my huddle speech that summer. In true Mr Fraser fashion, he informed me that I was to deliver the huddle speech after breakfast that morning, which happened to be in ten minutes. As with anything Mr Fraser asks, you respond yes.

After breakfast concluded with announcements, we all gathered as a camp just outside the side doors of the dinning hall. As I stood there waiting to begin, I found myself second guessing what I had planned on speaking about. Just then I made eye contact with Mr Fraser. He gave me a simple nod and said, "little guys up front!". Mr Fraser had a way of giving the people around him the confidence they needed to overcome whatever obstacle that stood in front of them no matter how big or small. You see he knew how difficult it was for me to speak in front of large crowds. Nonetheless, he believed and trusted that I had something meaningful to share with Tecumseh. After I finished the huddle with the tradition "ready...BREAK!", I walked over to Mr Fraser to ask how I did. His response " I couldn't have said it better myself." I later wondered if there are campers who remembered the things Mr Fraser would say.

In speaking with Dan Leibovitz recently, my question was answered. "Gentlemen, if you don't fall asleep at night the second your head hits the pillow, you're doing it wrong!" Dan remembers this from his first day at Camp Tecumseh on June 21, 1986. This would certainly qualify for the coach's rule of forty. I only hope that I am able to positively reach as many lives as Mr Fraser has. I am forever grateful for the time that I was able to spend with him.

Sincerely, Zach



Thatcher Goodwin

The following is an excerpt from a letter written to Marty Fraser, and kindly shared.

When I arrived at Tecumseh as a scared and impressionable young boy, I was lucky because I already had Jim in my corner. Thankfully, being the youngest, by the time I got there, he already had identified my brothers as family, and he immediately believed in me. With that said, he had an incredible way of making anyone he cared for feel special; Like you were unique, but at the same time you had to be sure to earn it!

His commitment to Tecumseh was unprecedented. But, his commitment to the boys who he helped mold there was far greater. I have never had a coach, mentor or father figure like him in my life who has so positively affected and believed in me as a person. He taught us all to be confident yet humble, to work hard to achieve what you want, yet to do so only with passion, love and respect for others. He served as a second father to my family during some of the most impressionable times in our lives. Jim instilled in me and my brothers the values and principles that I've tried to live my life by and to teach my children to live theirs, and for that I'm eternally grateful. His booming voice will always ring in my ears as a compass. I loved him dearly and am so very sorry to hear he's passed. Please know that my family and I are here for you during this difficult time, and always...lots of love.

Phil Heaver (since 1970)

My first summer at camp was 1970 - an 11 year kid who had never been too far off the farm. Thankfully I had a friend from Booth School (where Forrest Gager was my math teacher!) who was going for his first summer too, Gordon Wilder. Long story short, I was in essence going to camp to escape an extremely difficult family situation at home. Something I shared privately with George Munger (who was a friend of my mothers' from "the old days") who came out to the farm to meet with me. Anyway, I was not in the best way when I got there and I think George confided with several counselors about my situation. One of them was Coach. I will never forget the first time I met him (as is true I'm sure for everyone). Bottom line, he pushed me way out of my comfort zone many times but always in his typical way of toughness, no nonsense and yet some quiet empathy (which he never outwardly conveyed until later). That summer for all intents and purposes, saved me in many ways and made me far more equipped to face the insanity of my return to home. And the same held true for the next two summers where the level of "push" increased each summer. The next 3 summers I had full time jobs that I needed to tend to. Then came my senior summer of '76 which was by far, the best summer of all for many reasons. Coach was still tough as ever and continued to push me to be my best, thankfully. I remember very well near the end of the summer, asking him if George had in fact shred with him about the problems at home. He just gave a half smile and said "yup, exactly why I was tough on you". And for that, I will always remain eternally grateful. After college, I started vacationing up on Squam Lake for two weeks every summer, which I am still blessed to be doing, And every summer, I make a trip over to camp to just walk about and reminisce about the summers that pretty much saved my life. And I always had a chance to chat with Coach which was the best part of all. But sadly, last summer he wasn't there and was told that things had gone south quickly. He had endured too many health challenges over the years and as terribly saddened I am by his passing, I am relieved that he is no longer suffering. Coach is not only on the Mt.

Rushmore of Tecumseh, he is most certainly on mine as well. I owe him more than words here can ever convey. RIP Coach.

Drew Erickson (since 1997)

I owe much of what I am as a person, and as a man, to Camp Tecumseh. The impact of the phrase “making good boys better” could not be better realized than in my experiences and knowledge gained from Camp. Mr. Fraser was the ultimate symbol of manliness and character who lead not only from his inspiring words but with his examples.

I was an intermediate who had been coming to camp since I was 9 years old. At 14 I was growing in my confidence in who I was and how to carry myself as a young man and, more importantly, as a Tecumseh Man. During the final week of camp, my mom arrived the Thursday before final weekend - much sooner than when parents typically arrived. I was surprised when she came walking down to the dining hall in the middle of lunch. Oblivious to the situation, Mr. Fraser stopped the meal, rang the bell, and yelled “Who’s mother is that? Who’s mother is that?”. When I realized it was mine, I started walking towards the front of the dining hall with 220 people watching me, as embarrassed as I’d ever been. Mr. Fraser pulled me aside and told me I had better give her the best hug I’d ever given her. I don’t know if he realized, or even intended it, but the lesson I learned about how men act and what Tecumseh men do ring clear to this day. I ran up to my mom, and as I hugged her, the dining hall erupted with cheers and table thumps.

In a place that promotes courtesy, manliness, and service, Mr. Fraser showed me the way.

Tecumseh men do up-downs, sing in dresses, climb the Monster, and yes - hug their moms.

Dininar Alpers

I remember I was an early riser my first year at camp. I went up the hill most mornings and Mr. Fraser waved me over and told me stories until first bell. He would tell me about my grandfather when my grandfather was a counselor (Peter Jannetta) and he would tell me funny stories about how he would sometimes disobey the counselors when he was a camper. But he would also teach me lessons about how to work 'til you drop. He taught me that work is needed in everything you do; school, camp, sports, everything. I loved sitting with Mr. Fraser and hearing what he had to say.

- Dininar Alpers

Michael Alpers

I will always remember when Mr. Fraser told me about my grandfather, Peter Jannetta, who was Mr. Fraser's counselor when my grandpop was first at camp. I will always remember having Mr. Fraser around camp with a ready smile and a ready story. I will always miss having him around as he was a special person to me and to us all.

-Michael Alpers

Read Goodwin (since 1987)

One of Tecumseh's most unique qualities is how it defies logic in the strength of friendships it creates and the fondness of memories it makes. Like so many before and after me, it comes as no surprise that Jim Fraser was involved in one of my most lasting memories. On my last ever Pemi Day as a counselor, I woke up before breakfast and ran a high noon. As I was coming out of the clearing on Killer Hill I hadn't noticed Jim and Marty were driving behind me. I turned the music off, stepped to the side and Jim asked me what I was doing. I simply told him with all of the important things we had going on that day I didn't think I would get a chance to workout so was taking care of it then. He paused, looked up at me, said "I am so proud of you" and drove off. To this day, it is one of the most meaningful compliments I have ever received and from one of the most respected figures I have ever come across in life. It is also why I have always described the likes of Coach Fraser and Coach Doc as "the greatest coaches I never had." For while they were never on a sideline of a game I played in or at a school I attended they were always with me. Always have been, always will be. Returning maximum effort and the greatest results through the delivery of the fewest words is the definition of extraordinary leadership and that is no doubt what we all experienced at Tecumseh. As alumni, we are all asked at some point to describe in words a place that it is truly indescribable. I recall once telling a friend "Whenever I see anybody from Tecumseh, it is never a handshake, always a hug." That is the rarest of rare and the reason institutions like Tecumseh and Jim Fraser don't exist anywhere else. You will be missed and thanks for bringing us all together again at a time we all needed it the most. Nothing but love,

Read Goodwin

Carol Jannetta (Since 1970)

When I was a teenager in the '70s I used to love going up to camp every summer to pick up my brothers. We'd watch the sports events, the Gilbert and Sullivan Operetta and then stay for a week after camp in the Senior Tents, water ski, play tennis, sail. During those years, us Jannetta girls always wished we were boys so we could go to Camp Tecumseh along with my brothers and cousins. Some of those I remember best from those days were my parents' friends, the Frasers, the Glascotts, the Benoliels, the McGinleys, Mr Lawless, Mr Munger as well as the younger crew, the Luff brothers, the Allman brothers and more. They held the essence of the Camp Tecumseh experience in their very being. Mr. Fraser held the essence of Camp Tecumseh in his very being.

When I returned to camp many years later to bring my own sons up to camp, I was thrilled to see both Jim Fraser and Mark Luff and I fondly remember catching up with Mr. Fraser on the porch of the trunk room before I left. He shared a few wonderful old stories of Tecumseh and stories of him and my dad, and he was so happy to hear about my dad and to meet my boys and to have them up at camp. He helped me feel good about leaving my then 8 and 11 year olds at camp for the first time and every time my kids returned to camp or I did to drop them off or pick them up we all enjoyed spending time with Mr. Fraser. We cherish and are thankful for the time we had together over these past years.

God Bless. - Carol Jannetta

The below three comments are from a group of men that attended Lake Forest Academy in the 70's. Mr. Fraser was a coach and teacher at LFA for several Camp off-seasons, where he positively impacted lives just as he did at Camp Tecumseh. Coach arrived at LFA in the fall of 1971, and left at the end of the 1974 school year.

Positions:

Head Football Coach

Director of Athletics

Dean of Student Affairs

Resident Advisor responsibilities at Field House (largest dormitory)

I was saddened to hear about the recent passing of Jim Fraser. I am writing you to convey my condolences to you and others at Camp Tecumseh where I understand he was closely associated for nearly 70 years. Please know his positive influence on young men also extended to Lake Forest Academy (Lake Forest, Ill.) where he coached high school football in the early-to-mid 1970s. In the meantime, we will pass along to you our individual remembrances of Coach Fraser that you could be included in an upcoming newsletter you mentioned that will be written to memorialize his dedication and commitment to young men in general and Camp Tecumseh in particular. Finally, please let us know how we, his former LFA football players and students, could establish a Jim Fraser Memorial Fund that could, for example, be used to fund future enrollments at Camp Tecumseh.

As you all are, I am saddened to hear of Jim's passing. While I can't offer any additional historical detail than you all have graciously provided, I can corroborate these details. The photo on his obituary is as how I remember him - half smiling and half yelling at me. As a coach, he pushed me as hard as I ever have been, and he personified sports at LFA - tough, demanding, rewarding. He didn't seem to care about what we thought our own limits were, we were going to perform to his standard. Most of you are better athletes than me, but I have never enjoyed sports more than playing for coach Fraser. I swear I can still hear his raspy voice yelling at me to suck it up and get moving. The slap on my helmet that half rang my bell. After 3 days at football camp, I felt like I had been there forever, and that I was going to be there forever. I'm sure I'm not the only one. For Fraser, sports was the process of making men, being physically and mentally fit, and knowing how to be part of a team. If you had fun, well that was an added (but not required) benefit.

Thanks for your thoughts, coach pushed us ALL to be better down to the smallest items like how you wore the socks with your uniform. My memories are vivid and I take my hat off to him and others like him who sacrifice money to help young people. He went to bat for ALL his guys and I am extremely thankful for his guidance (or ass-kicking) that's helped me throughout life. I look back and wish I could affect and influence so many young lives.

“Friendship is not about being inseparable, but about being separated and knowing that nothing will change.”



Reunited once again.

Rest in Peace

**Robert A. Glascott
July 4, 1934 - December 7, 2015**

**James G. Fraser
May 29, 1936 - April 18, 2020**