

# CAMP DEKA

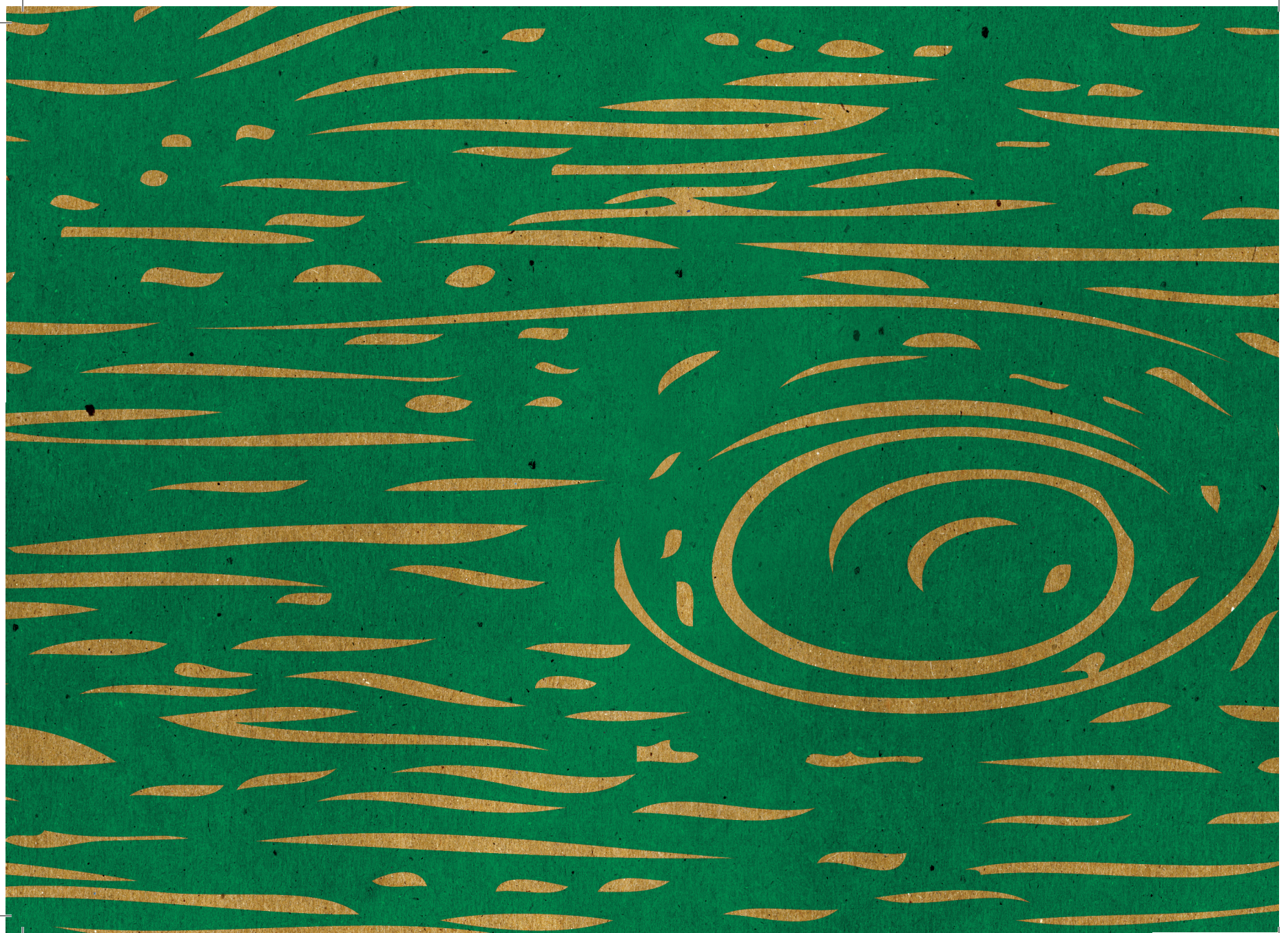


Boys' Camp Memories  
1961-1976

Greg Brown

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Boys' Camp Memories  
1961–1976

*The Camp Where The Wild Loon Calls*

by  
Greg Brown



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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Several years ago May began recording much of the undocumented history of Camp Dekka with the thought of publishing a book about the Camp. Due to her remarkable memory for names, events and details there was no shortage of material to put on paper, and the task at times became overwhelming. She also began sorting through boxes filled with documents, Recognition Night records and letters which contain most of the factual history of the Camp. Two former campers offered to help with the project and encouraged her to persevere with writing the early history and compiling many stories of the Camp, stories which only she knew.

Bruce MacDonald offered to do some research, which included interviewing former campers and staff and recording their memories. He organized some of the Camp Dekka records and located several of Lorne's writings which were used as references.

Derek Spratt took on the task of creating a website and helped contact many Dekka alumni. He also sorted through photographs, many being slides taken by Lorne, and formatted them for publication.

I accepted the job of weaving the facts, Mays' recollections and memories from campers and staff into a story about Camp Dekka Boys' Camp. I envisioned the book as a historical record as well as a reflection on the Camp forty years later. It is intended primarily for people who were directly involved with the Camp, but I hope that family members,

friends and others will be interested in the story and the influence that Camp Dekka had on many people.

Suzanne Brown was my editor and advisor, offering encouragement and support whenever I was needing inspiration or looking for the right words. Suzanne had many conversations with Lorne and understood his goals and aspirations, and at the same time she was able to offer a different perspective, not being as immersed in Camp Dekka as some of us.

Rick Bryan offered suggestions and material to fill some gaps in the later years of the Camp story. He also contributed many photographs which he and May spent hours perusing and selecting for the book.

Rob Hebden and Steve Voorhees, along with writing some of their memories of Camp Dekka, submitted a selection of photographs which are a valuable addition to this publication.

We are grateful to the dozens of former campers and staff who responded to the request for their stories about Camp. It is these personal accounts that bring the story of Camp Dekka to life.

Putting the stories and pictures into a publication was beyond our scope and we thank Robert Watson of Post Publishers Ltd. and Art Director Linda Horn, with help from Claire Sakowski, Iva Zima, Lesa Fisher and Danielle Wolfe for taking an interest in the project and contributing their expertise. — *Greg Brown*









## FOREWORD

In 2001 I wrote a book for my three sons about my childhood experiences because I wanted to share with them memories of events and people that helped shape my life as a youth. In the appendix of that book I reprinted extracts from my old personal journal that I used to keep. The process of writing and distributing that book to my family and the other people referenced within it was a catalyst for many subsequent memorabilia and reunion projects, allowing me as a middle-aged man to re-connect with my past friends and acquaintances, bringing newfound joy and meaning into my life.

In my childhood memories book I recalled my fond memories of attending Camp Deka from 1973 until 1976, and so it was only natural to extend that project to this one, by working with Greg and May Brown to help create this Camp Deka historical book and an accompanying web site, and re-connecting with

former campers and staff in the process. I was very pleased to meet up with May in the summer of 2007 and discover that she had already started the project and only needed a bit of a push from me to move the publishing momentum up a notch, with the help from a wider circle of supporters and contributors. For all of us who have added our efforts and voices to this book, and who cherish our memories of Lorne and May Brown's Camp Deka, this publishing effort has been a collective labour of love.

Reading the letters from all of the former campers and staff that have flooded in as a result of our request for people to write about their camp memories, it becomes clear that everyone considered their summers spent at Camp Deka as seminal life experiences. Today as a businessman who likes to promote the interests of environmental causes, re-connecting with nature, and our need to respect it, I often reference my experiences spent as

a youth in the Cariboo wilderness setting of Camp Deka. To have been able to send my sons to the YMCA Camp Deka these past few years has really been a treat as well. And now they too are excited about this Camp Deka book project.

Camp Deka was tough love at times for the campers — it wasn't always a walk in the park. I sometimes felt a bit homesick, desired a hot shower and a DQ ice cream on occasion, and got into a few scraps with other campers. But I grew up there, got to know myself at a deeper level, and for a city boy I grew into understanding and appreciating the rural way of life, and learned



to appreciate and develop a love of nature. A few years later I headed off to Outward Bound only to find that I could have easily been one of the counselors there, given how much more competent as an outdoorsman I was than my fellow participants were — all as a result of my Camp Deka experiences.

1976 at Camp Deka was again a wonderful experience but we all felt in our hearts that we were seeing the end of an era with Lorne's sudden death earlier that year. May and Lorne were giants for us all and we just knew that even with the fantastic support of Barb and Greg Brown, the future of the camp was in peril. I

remember leaving camp that summer, saying good bye to everyone and heading back to my life in the city, and being extra sad that year. I was always sad leaving camp, but that year I really felt I was saying good bye forever.

Camp Deka stands tall as a pinnacle of the Brown family's long held tradition of community engagement and public service. As former campers and staff, through this project we are able to re-share our most cherished memories while offering our profound thanks for what Lorne, May, Greg and Barb Brown have done for us all through their creation and stewardship of Camp Deka. We have all been truly blessed.

— Derek Spratt, Vancouver, BC





*"The Camp Where the  
Wild Loon Calls"*

# CAMP DEKA

A camp for boys situated on Deka Lake in the heart  
of the historic Cariboo of British Columbia, Canada.

*Owned and Operated by  
MAY AND LORNE BROWN*







## A VISION

There were no government grants, no waivers to be signed by parents or guardians, no waterskiing opportunities and no bouncy-castle like playthings in the water and there was no advertising, no bureaucracy and no faith based camping. Apart from the table tennis and the tether ball there was nature in the Cariboo and how to function in it and enjoy it.

There was, however, a vision: that a family could create and operate a camp where boys could learn wilderness skills and become competent in canoeing, hiking, camping, horseback riding and the care of horses so that the boys could confidently enjoy nature unembellished into the future.

On moving out of the residential camp to the wilderness camp older campers were presented with greater challenges. The skills we had acquired at Deka prepared us for these experiences and opened up to us the whole realm of wilderness adventure.

As an adolescent canoeing the Bowron Lakes I felt a deep connection to my natural surroundings for the first time. I think that was part of the vision for Lorne and May Brown. Chief Loonie Loon was about fun around the campfire but he was also about living softly on the land and encountering the spirit of the land and waters.

— *Peter MacDonald*







## MEMORIES

I am finding it difficult to isolate the details hidden in my memories of my experiences at Camp Deka, despite the number of summers I attended Camp Deka as a camper and as a counsellor-in-training. Regardless, I know I was enormously enriched by those experiences and by the people I had the good fortune to share the Deka experience with, and am left with an expansive sense of gratitude and warmth by the opportunities afforded by those experiences. Deka was an important part of my childhood.

Blurred in my memories are snapshots of swims across the lake, learning to canoe (even gunwaling), and to camp, adventures negotiating rapids on the Thompson River, haying on the farm across the road, leading horses from the camp back to their winter stables, solos, traverses and portages, inter-cabin pranks, stories and songs around the campfires, swims in rather frigid waters but the warmer waters of the narrows, regattas, trail-rides, capture-the-flag games in the woods, the craft cabin, the camp across the lake, and the ringing of the dinner bell. There was the rush to the washhouse, the securing of the ice-blocks from the sawdust, the anticipation of the dining hall and the meals served, and the

wondrous setting on the edge of the lake. What I do remember is that every moment was filled with learning and with opportunity.

One summer I had the opportunity to be the wrangler's assistant and guide young campers on trail rides. I worked with a young man — Geoff, I think — who taught me volumes about horses and their care but, more importantly, about the respect all living creatures deserve.

All of my foundational skills and knowledge regarding minimalist camping, knot-tying, first aid, building a cooking fire, orienteering and map reading, planning and preparing for out-trips, packing backpacks, wilderness safety and environmentalism came from the opportunities offered by Camp Deka. However, all of that paled in comparison to how I — and all campers — were enriched by the interactions with the Brown family, the Deka staff and all the youngsters who participated in the Deka experience. I believe we all ended up being better people because of those experiences.

I am looking forward to the publication of the Deka memoirs and the memories it kindles. — *Jeff Ballou*



### **CAMP DEKA PHILOSOPHY**

“It is our belief that it is the rightful heritage of every boy to experience life and living in the out-of-doors close to natural things.” — *Lorne and May Brown*

### **STATEMENT OF PURPOSE**

The following statement of purpose will be the basis for the operation of Camp Deka. It has been made up after years of experience by the Directors and will be put into practice at every opportunity.

### **WE BELIEVE: IT IS THE RIGHT AND NEED OF BOYS TO LIVE WITH EFFICIENCY AND COMFORT CLOSE TO NATURE AWAY FROM THE DISTRACTIONS OF CITY AND URBAN LIFE.**

Therefore — we have purposely established this camp on the shores of a beautiful inland lake in a wilderness setting.

### **CAMPING CAN AND SHOULD BE A TRULY EDUCATIONAL GROUP EXPERIENCE.**

Therefore — every effort will be made to have boys learn new skills, develop desirable attitudes toward nature and to mature socially.

### **THAT BOYS ARE IN GENERAL CAPABLE OF TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR OWN CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOR.**

Therefore — provision will be made for campers to share in program planning and setting up camp rules and regulations.

### **THAT DESIRABLE ATTITUDES TO BOTH WORK AND PLAY ARE IMPORTANT.**

Therefore — every boy will be expected to share in camp duties and participate in constructive work as well as play and recreational activities.

### **THAT EMOTIONAL MATURITY AND SPIRITUAL GROWTH IS ESSENTIAL TO A WELL-BALANCED LIFE.**

Therefore — ample opportunity will be given for boys to spend quiet unorganized periods in the camp, on the trails, in the canoes and around the campfires.

### **THERE IS AN EVER-INCREASING NEED FOR GREATER INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING ON THE PART OF ALL.**

Therefore — the Camp will be open to boys of any race, color, or creed and the program will include activities international in character.

**THAT PHYSICAL FITNESS IS TAKING ON A MORE  
IMPORTANT ROLE IN A SEDENTARY SOCIETY.**

Therefore — every boy will be encouraged to take part in activities which will increase strength, stamina and endurance.

**THAT MATURE AND SKILLED LEADERSHIP IS  
ESSENTIAL.**

Therefore — all staff and counsellors will be required to meet high standards and will be carefully selected as to their personality, skill and interest in boys.

**THE CONSERVATION OF OUR NATURAL RESOURCES IS  
BECOMING INCREASINGLY IMPORTANT.**

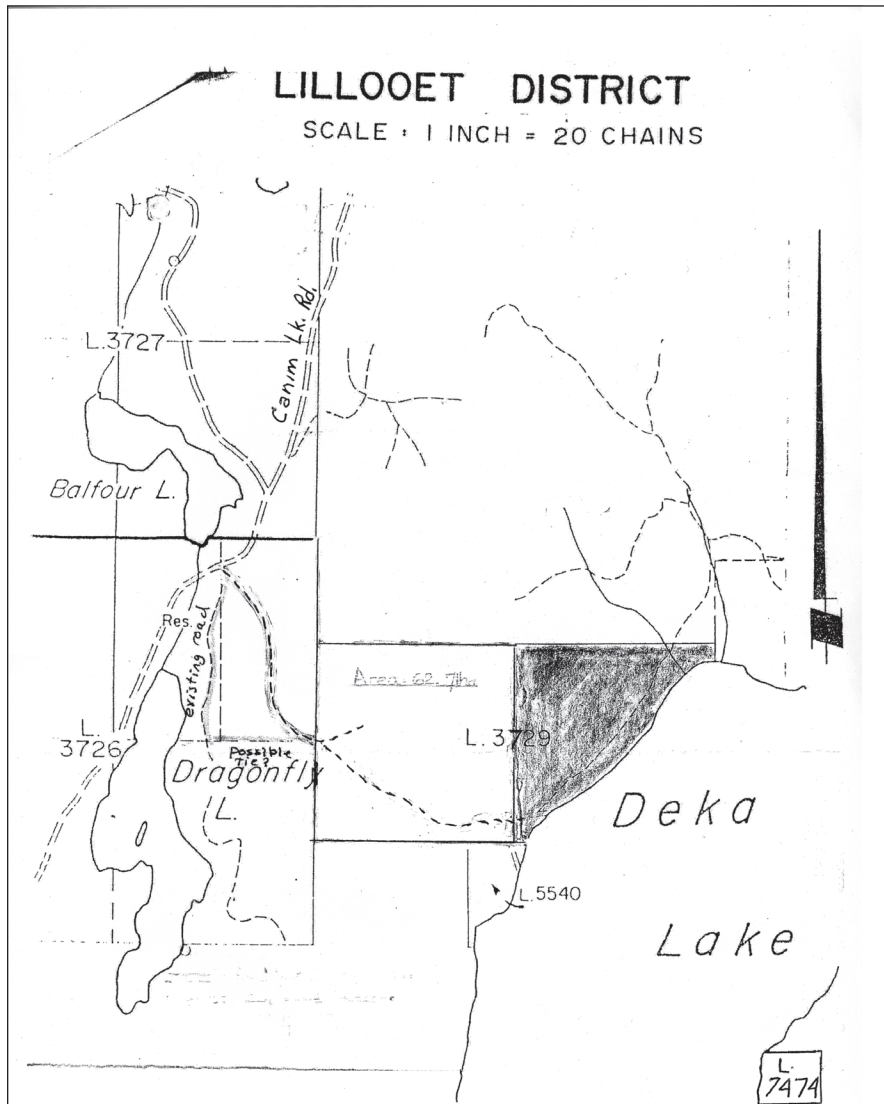
Therefore — every opportunity will be given for boys to develop a love and appreciation of trees, flowers, birds and animals in their natural setting.

**THE INDIVIDUAL BOY IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART  
OF THE CAMP.**

Therefore — every part of camp will be planned to do the most for each camper according to his ability and needs.







## EARLY HISTORY

The story of Camp Deka begins in the early 1950s, a few years after Lorne and May were married. As they compared their individual experiences as Camp Directors, the idea of some day owning and operating a summer camp for youth was born. Lorne had unconventional ideas about youth development, outdoor education and recreation in a wilderness environment and his vision of a residential youth camp differed from the ones currently operating by various agencies in British Columbia. May understood his concerns about the limitations of these camps and shared his vision of the type of camp they would operate. Although they were eager to realize this dream, their immediate priority was raising a family and pursuing their teaching careers.

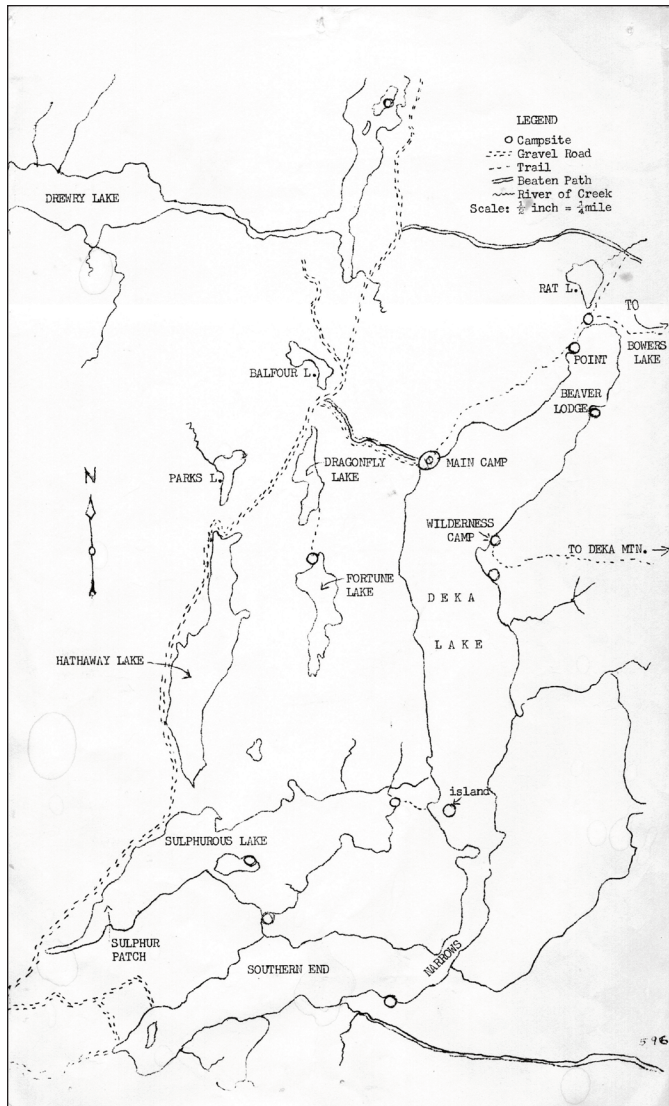
A change in Government policy in 1955 forced the Browns to revise their timetable for purchasing property for a camp. Crown Land bordering on lakes and ocean was no longer available for purchase so the only option was to purchase privately owned property which was now in greater demand. Lorne and May began searching in earnest for a suitable piece of land which

they described as, 'about 100 acres of waterfront property in a wilderness location, yet not too remote.'

The Okanagan Valley and Shuswap Lake region attracted their attention, but nothing met their criteria and also, they realized the climate was too hot and dry for the kind of camp activities they had in mind. In June of 1958 an enquiry led them to the Cariboo District, about 300 miles north of Vancouver. The property was on Deka Lake, 30 miles east of Lone Butte and although May thought that was too far and remote to be practical Lorne was familiar with the area and felt they should pursue the lead. They arranged to meet the owner, Earl Papenfus who guided them to the property on Deka Lake. They left the vehicles at the Canim Lake Road and hiked up a rough logging road for about a mile, then branched off on a game trail. The trail led to an opening in the underbrush and a stony beach at the edge of the lake.

*Before us was an expanse of clear blue water  
surrounded by dense evergreen forest intermingled*





with a few birches, alders and various species of poplar. A mile across the lake two rounded mountains rising almost 2,000 feet shielded the eastern side. Five miles to the south, the map showed a small island and a narrowing in the lake leading to the south end. To the north, the shoreline curved eastward forming a couple of small bays before rounding a large point and obscuring the northern end 4 miles away. — May

Earl explained that the north end of Dekka Lake was surrounded by Crown Land except for four pieces of private property. The 96 acres where they were standing had  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile of waterfront. There was 30 acres on a point directly across the lake near the base of the mountain, a small island near the 'narrows', and a piece of vacant property adjoining Earls land to the south. There was no road access, no buildings or any other kind of development at the north end of Dekka Lake. This was a true wilderness setting.

Earl was very familiar with the property, having purchased it with the intent of cutting the timber, however his plans had changed. He and the Browns became better acquainted as they toured the property, following the western property line that

sloped up a prominent hill away from the lake. The stand of poplars soon gave way to mature Douglas fir, with three to four foot trunks, that dominated the property. They followed the northern boundary back towards the lake where he pointed out a 'witness tree'. When the land was first surveyed a blazed tree, sometimes with numbers carved into the wood, was used to mark the corners of the property. More game trails took them along the edge of the lake and Earl talked about his experiences as a hunting guide and the abundance of wildlife in the area.

According to the map, Deka Lake was at an elevation of 3,600 feet. Lorne had spent some time in the Cariboo and knew the summer days were generally pleasant but not too hot, and the evenings cooler. At this elevation summers were relatively short, with spring and fall weather creeping into July and August. The vegetation indicated adequate rainfall but drier than the coastal climate.

*We gazed across Deka Lake contemplating the possibility that this might be the location of our future camp. Many thoughts went through our minds: was the location too far from Vancouver and too isolated? Could we have a road built? We would need material for buildings. Was this realistic?*

— May

The Browns had taken an immediate liking to Earl with his endearing personality and easy going manner. He and Lorne were like minded in many ways and chatted about a number of issues. The more he learned of their future project and the purpose for establishing a boys' camp, the more supportive and enthusiastic he became. In a small way Earl influenced their decision to purchase the property, which they did a week later.

In late August of 1958 the Brown family loaded the Pontiac station wagon with camping equipment and headed to their new property in the Cariboo. After several days of exploration, a vision of the future camp began to emerge: a large building with the dining room and kitchen would be the focal point, there would be a few cabins and tents for the campers and counsellors, the Camp Directors would have their own cottage, there would be a wharf and swimming area. The poplar grove on the west side of the property was chosen as the site for the buildings with the south facing slope offering a view of most of the lake. The beach sloped gradually into the lake for about thirty feet before dropping into deep water. The water was clear and potable, and comfortable for swimming on a warm summer day. Lorne and May were confident they had found the ideal piece of property for their future Camp Deka.



*I remember how incredibly beautiful the Camp Deka area was with the lake so big, the endless forests, the ranch not far away and the open fields where we played the best game of Capture the Flag ever. — Peter Dutton*

Soon after returning to Vancouver the Browns were contacted by a logging contractor requesting permission to build a road through their property at Deka Lake. Lorne and May were quite horrified at this unexpected development and the thought of a road being carved through their pristine wilderness site. They learned that a logging company had acquired the 'timber sale' on the Crown Land surrounding their new property and was looking for access to the land at the north end of Deka Lake. The Browns were advised this was not an unreasonable request so they decided to negotiate a favourable arrangement rather than create a confrontation. They would allow a temporary logging road to be built through their property in exchange for improved access to the property and a site near the lake cleared and levelled for a lodge.

## **1959**

The winter and early spring were a time of much anticipation for Lorne and May, with planning and more decision making

occupying most of their thoughts. Designing a Lodge was a top priority and they decided on a pre-fabricated building manufactured by Panabode, which would feature a dining room for about 40 people, a commercial size kitchen, staff room and office. Arrangements were made to have all the material transported to the Cariboo by the P.G.E. Railway then trucked to Deka Lake.

In early June Lorne left for the Cariboo in the heavily loaded station wagon. The site looked very different with a road to the property and an area cleared near the lake, but he was satisfied with the work completed by the logging contractor. His first job was to purchase lumber and with some local help, build two frames for the canvas wall tents which would be the Browns accommodation for the summer. Lorne spent several weeks clearing access to the lake and preparing the area for the Lodge foundation. Towards the end of June he returned to Vancouver and helped May ready the house to rent for the summer and make final preparations for the summer adventure. Greg was put on the boat to Camp Elphinstone, and Lorne, May and Barbara loaded the station wagon with supplies and headed to the Cariboo.





## AN EVENTFUL JULY

The first week was devoted to settling in and clearing more brush in front of the tents to provide a view of the lake. As the day for the arrival of the building material for the Lodge approached, the Browns drove to Hathaway Lake Resort to confirm by telephone the delivery arrangements. They were disheartened to learn that due to a strike in the lumber industry their building was not ready. The uncertainty of the situation forced Lorne and May to cancel the order as they faced their first setback.

They desperately needed a building to store equipment and supplies and began making enquiries in the area about a log building that could be constructed that summer. The other option was to purchase lumber and with the help of local carpenters construct a simple building. The Browns continued to clear and prepare the site while they finalized arrangements. During this time they met another of the local residents.

*One evening while sitting around the campfire, a fellow on horseback rode into our campsite. He was a good looking man, we guessed about 30 years old, with a friendly smile. The cowboy hat partly shaded his tanned, ruddy complexion. He wore a plain brown jacket and the weathered, leather chaps*

*covering his legs hid much of the saddle. This was our first encounter with a cowboy and we were a little apprehensive when he dismounted. He said he was Bob Parks, and after we introduced ourselves he squatted beside the fire.*

*Bob explained that he lived at a cattle ranch on Drewry Lake with his mother and sister. Mr. Parks had died recently and the ranch was for sale. Bob had lived all his life there helping with the ranch work since a young boy. The school was too far away so his mother taught him to read but most things he learned on his own. He learned how to handle the cattle, shoe the horses, repair machinery, hunt and trap. Their cattle grazed on the open range during the summer and often wandered to Deka Lake. With the ranch for sale, his future was uncertain so he recently began working for a local logging company. He gave the impression that he just happened to be riding by, but did say he heard someone had bought this property. We concluded he knew every game trail, watering place, beaver lodge and lynx den in the area and sensed he was completely at home in the woods and didn't have a desire to be anywhere else. — May*

The Browns plans for spending the summer clearing the land and constructing the first building suffered another major setback in July when Lorne accidentally stepped into the hot ashes of one of the brush fires. The serious burns to his foot and ankle resulted in the family returning to Vancouver where Lorne required six weeks of treatment including skin grafts. They still thought it was essential to construct some sort of building at Deka Lake to store the equipment and supplies on hand, so May prepared to return to the Cariboo with the children. Her brother, John Adams, an experienced carpenter, offered to spend his months' holiday with his family at Deka Lake, and their mother, Amelia Adams insisted on going to help watch the children. On August 1st the two families headed north in station wagons loaded with camping equipment and tools.

### **AUGUST '59 — CONSTRUCTION FINALLY BEGINS**

Fortunately the first three weeks of August provided perfect weather for proceeding with the construction plans. John drew up plans for a simple garage style building which would be built at the edge of the cleared area. He ordered lumber, put in foundation blocks and May hired a local worker to help with construction. They were thankful to have the building completed and the wood stove installed before the rainy weather arrived

later in the month. The six children had a wonderful time, swimming, exploring the woods and sleeping in tents.

Logging was still taking place around the property and one of the loggers, Karl Larsen, stopped in occasionally to visit. He was a very sociable person who enjoyed regaling listeners with stories of his adventures in the bush. The Adams and Brown children were especially intrigued by this character; not large in stature but large in presence, rugged looking with a weathered face and soiled hands, and well worn work clothes. In descriptive and colourful language, he told stories of hunting black bears and moose to provide food for his family who lived in a small log cabin near Bridge Lake.



As August drew to a close the families prepared to return to the coast. It had been a month of hard work but there was a sense of accomplishment and despite the two major setbacks earlier in the summer, May was encouraged by the progress.

Another family member, Don Poole, and a friend were available to work until the weather turned cold. Their main job was to design and build a wharf that would extend to the deeper water, constructed in removable sections so it could be stored on shore during the winter. They also cleared trees and brush to open the waterfront area and improve the view of the lake. Another job was preparing a load of building logs which had been ordered earlier in the summer and finally arrived. The logs were actually cants, small logs sawn on three sides, with bark still on one side and once peeled the men piled the logs to dry for a year before being assembled. Once these projects were completed, all supplies, tools and tents were stored in the new building and the property was ready for the first snowfall of the season.

In Vancouver, the Brown family was reunited and they resumed city life with Lorne teaching at U.B.C., May at home with Barbara and Greg in Grade 4 at Southlands Elementary School. Deka Lake was still uppermost on their minds and knowing the land much better now they had new ideas on how

best to develop the property for a boys' camp. Building a Lodge remained a top priority and using the original plans they ordered lumber and large timbers from Glen McMillan, the logging contractor whom they had dealt with on several occasions. They also decided to move the site for the Lodge away from the cleared area near the lake which would best be used for camp activities. By having the Lodge farther up the hill closer to the entrance to the property all vehicles and deliveries could be kept away from the program areas.

## 1960

The winter and spring were a busy time with more planning and purchasing of supplies. Another building on the list of priorities was a cottage for the Browns, centrally located and overlooking the waterfront. Since there would be several major construction projects that summer, it was decided to purchase a pre-fabricated building that could be assembled quickly. A simple flat-roofed three room 'Dillee Cottage' was ordered and arrangements made for trucking the material to Deka Lake in the spring.

The first opportunity for the Browns to return to Deka Lake came at Easter. The drive to the Cariboo did not seem as long now, since they were more familiar with the route. There were favourite places to stop and ongoing construction work on the



highway provided a distraction for the children. They never tired of the scenery through the Fraser Canyon and along the Thompson River. They were prepared to hike the last mile into the property not knowing the condition of the road at that time of year, and Lorne, May and Greg each carried a few supplies.

When they left the site the previous fall everything from tools to towels was secured in the new building. All seemed to be in order, however, when the door was opened, they were overwhelmed by a pungent odour emanating from every corner. It did not take long to see that some animal, or animals had moved in and wreaked havoc on the contents. The damage was disheartening, and they realized this was their introduction to pack rats. Most of that weekend was occupied with the unsavoury task of removing all the contents of the building, burning many items or scrubbing with hot soapy water anything which could be salvaged. This was a hard way to learn that these cute, innocent looking rodents, who saw vacant human dwellings as a means to a more comfortable existence, could be formidable adversaries.

Lorne returned to Deka Lake at the beginning of June with a small crew to start the main construction projects: Paul Plummer, a medical student with carpentry experience; David Brown, a family member; plus a local worker. The first project was assembling the Dillee Cottage which went up quickly. The Log

Cabin, situated at the south end of the property close to the lake, was more challenging as none of the men had experience with log buildings.

## **MAJOR CONSTRUCTION**

At the end of June Lorne returned to Vancouver to fulfill his commitment to teach Summer School at U.B.C. Greg went to Camp Elphinstone for another session and May and Barbara left for Deka Lake. The opening of Camp Deka was only 12 months away. The Adams family arrived and John began directing the work on the foundation for the Lodge. Paul Plummer's wife, Winnie, joined the crew and helped carry lumber as well as





helping May feed the men. The children also helped as much as they were able, carrying 2x4s, and picking up nails and scraps of lumber. The weather became very hot, especially for heavy construction work and the men were kept supplied with water and salt tablets. It was an exciting time as the Lodge took shape. Once the walls were framed, large Douglas fir beams which spanned the dining room were hoisted into place with ropes and pulleys, a task that required help from the loggers working nearby. This event attracted everyone to the site and there was much cheering when the timbers were set in place.

Construction progressed on schedule and the Lodge was framed by the first weekend in August when Lorne and Greg arrived with a truck load of doors, windows and roofing material. Within another two weeks the Lodge was closed in and attention turned to starting the first campers' cabin, not far from the swimming area. The design was simple with a room for eight cots, a separate room for the counsellor, large windows and a small porch. However, the summer came to an end all too soon and the families and carpenters packed their belongings and returned to their respective homes and lives.





By January of 1961 the pace of life at the Browns' household was in high gear with anticipation of the opening of Camp Deka. Lorne was Associate Professor in the Faculty of Education at U.B.C. and teaching full time. May was administrator of the Camp project as well as completing a thesis for her Master's Degree. Greg was active with the Cub Pack and a keen soccer player while Barbara was enjoying her last year of daytime freedom at home.

Much was accomplished in the past two years despite the challenges and a number of setbacks. The main buildings had been constructed and there were cabins and tents to accommodate 24 campers and eight staff, including the Camp Directors. However there was still much to do before the first campers arrived.

High on the list of priorities was the recruitment of campers

and the hiring of staff. Once the registration fees and dates for each session were finalized, Camp brochures were designed and printed. Lorne had contacts through the YMCA and knew many University graduates who now had children and information was sent to many friends and acquaintances. Everyone making enquiries about Camp Deka was invited to an evening presentation where the families met May and Lorne, saw slides of the Camp property and facilities, learned more about the program and the boys had a chance to meet others who might be attending camp.

'Job opportunity' notices were placed at the University and May compiled application forms, checked references and arranged for Lorne to interview prospective counsellors. Lorne had very high expectations for his counsellors, and proved to be a good judge of character. He was looking for mature, responsible

men who would serve as good role models for the campers and with this in mind one of the questions on the staff application form was, “Do you smoke? This raised a few eyebrows because some people felt this was discriminatory and could not be a reason to reject an applicant. However Lorne felt strongly that this was an important issue, not only as an advocate for healthy living but as a safety factor, and automatically disregarded any applicant who was a smoker.

One person Lorne and May were fortunate to recruit as a senior counsellor was Bob Morford. They knew Bob as an outstanding graduate student and athlete at U.B.C. who was pursuing a career in health and physical education. He was also a keen outdoorsman and enthusiastic ‘birder’ with a lot of camping experience and possessed the strong leadership skills the Browns were seeking.

Bill Duncan was finishing his first year at U.B.C. and was interested in working at a boys’ camp for the summer. He had the necessary camping skills, experience with horses and he impressed the Browns as an organized, personable and reliable young man. Like most University students Bill was available in June, so was hired to help complete the final construction as well as being a counsellor.

Victor Correa added much enjoyed music to the camp

program the first year and Dave Fieldhouse joined the staff for most of the summer.

One of May’s jobs was to hire a cook, organize the kitchen and order the food, and like many tasks there was a lot more to it than first meets the eye. She contacted an employment agency and described the job available: “Cook wanted – A good cook for a period of eight weeks to cook for 24 boys and about 8 staff. Accommodation will be in a tent with an outdoor privy. Hours will be 7am to 6pm with time off during the day on a six day schedule. Located 300 miles from Vancouver, 30 miles from the nearest town on a gravel road.” A few weeks later a man arrived at the Browns home for an interview with May. He was about 60 years old and introduced himself as John Gilewich, a professional cook with many years of experience in logging and construction camps and had owned a restaurant. He said his doctor told him that due to his high blood pressure, he could not continue lifting heavy sacks of flour or potatoes, but he was not one to sit around so he was looking for a small but interesting job. In spite of the initial concern about his health, after talking with John for some time May judged him to be exactly the type of cook she needed. Even before Camp opened John’s experience proved invaluable. During the spring he advised May on many aspects of setting up a proper kitchen: they purchased a commercial size propane

stove, pots, pans and dishes, ordered two propane refrigerators and made up an order for the large quantities of staple foods that would be needed for the summer. May was confident John would serve the high quality meals she was expecting for campers and staff.

The final addition to the staff was Neild Holloway, a teenager willing to do any job for the summer, who was hired as the all important dishwasher.

Along with recruiting campers and staff, Lorne and May were busy planning and purchasing program equipment. They acquired an older wooden canoe, ordered three new Chestnut canoes from Dinty Moore Sales in Burnaby and purchased a rowboat from Bill Greenwood, a master boat builder on the Fraser River. Canvas wall tents to accommodate some of the campers and staff, Egyptian cotton camping flys, Trapper Nelson pack boards, axes, compasses, ropes and paddles were just some of the items checked off the many lists as summer approached.

The Browns had mentioned to Earl Papenfus they would like to have horseback riding as part of the program if they could make arrangements to rent a few horses for the summer. Early in the year they received a letter from Earl indicating he was interested in making a deal.

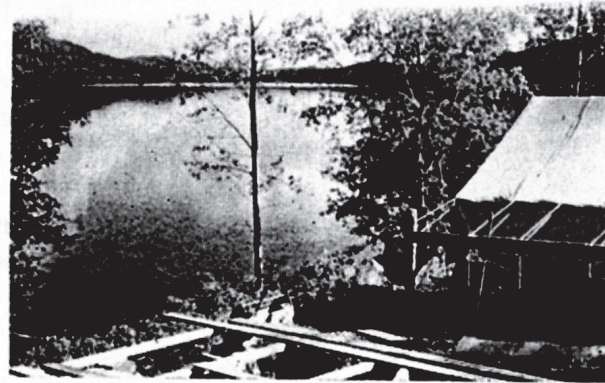
*Dear Mr. & Mrs. Brown,*

*Well, I see you are all set and raring to go. You are putting out a nice descriptive folder and I believe you mean every word of it and will carry thru. Anyway I wish you success in your undertaking. This old world could stand more of the same. Have been shopping around for some more horses but they come pretty dear. You spoke about limiting horse-back riding so I'm wondering about how much time you'd let the boys ride. I don't doubt most boys would spend all their time at this if you'd let them. But I was wondering how many horses you'd require and what grade of horse...You can't touch a fair average dude horse for less than \$200. Saddle & bridle & some feed another \$100., \$50.00 to put it thru the winter. At that rate I don't see how I could break even at \$125 for each horse for the season. And the dude wrangler would come above that. This would mean all good horses and good rigging. Maybe you could get by on 2 or 3 mediocre old pet crow-baits and sort of look after them yourselves. However don't worry about the situation and we'll figure out something as I really believe the horse*



*deal will be your main drawing card. I just would like to get an idea of how much attention you'd give to the horse-back riding... So long for now - E.P.*

In addition to the full time job of preparing for the opening of Camp, May was able to complete her thesis in time to graduate that spring from U.B.C. with her Master's Degree in Physical Education. She did not have much time to savour the accomplishment as all efforts had to be entirely focused on Camp. The final construction supplies were ordered, arrangements were made to have a radio-telephone installed, the Health Department was notified for



Part of being a boy is the delight of summer camping, especially if it's at an idyllic spot like the wilderness camp operated by Lorne and May Brown, at Deka Lake in the hills of the southern Cariboo, a zillion miles from the stuffy city distractions.

There, among the woods and meadows ringing the crystal waters, a youngster may learn to live close to nature, to develop a love for animals, birds, an appreciation for trees and flowers, and have a bang-up holiday doing it.

At Camp Deka, a boy will find safe swimming, fishing, boating, horse-back riding, cook-outs, campfires, hiking, and all the other facets of camp craft and nature lore that make an outdoors vacation a real adventure.

There is another important side

to Camp Deka however. Mr. and Mrs. Brown started it because many years experience in teaching and all phases of camping and recreation convinced them that camping can, and should, be a truly educational group experience, as well as a healthy outing.

Every effort is made to have the boys learn new skills, develop desirable attitudes toward nature and to mature socially. Every boy is expected to share in camp duties and constructive work as well as play. The camp is non-denominational and open to boys (8 to 14 years) of any race or creed, but spiritual growth is encouraged as essential to a well-balanced life.

Parents may be assured every care will be given to their sons, and that the health and safety of each will receive first consideration at all times. The boys live in cabins or tents, and mature counsellors, carefully selected for their personality and skill, live in the cabins with the younger boys.

Boys may register for two weeks, but a month is preferable. The camp, a day's drive via Fraser Canyon, or PGE to Lone Butte, opens July 3. For rates, reservations

**Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Brown, 4036 W. 30th Ave., CA. 4-1735.**

*April 1961*





an inspection of the Camp facilities and the recruitment of more campers was still a priority. In March 1961 an ad placed in About Town, a small publication in the Kerrisdale neighbourhood of Vancouver, attracted a lot of interest and encouraged May and Lorne to carry on with their hectic pace.

### **PREPARING FOR OPENING**

At the beginning of June, Lorne accompanied by Bob Morford and Bill Duncan departed from Vancouver in the Browns station wagon loaded with equipment and supplies. The 10 hours drive to the Cariboo was now routine for Lorne, yet this time there was a sense of urgency and anticipation as there were less than four weeks to complete the remaining projects before opening day. Bob and Bill settled into the rustic accommodation of the Log Cabin and the Dillee Cottage became the temporary cook house where each morning Lorne outlined the days' work schedule.

On the first tour of the property Lorne proudly pointed out all that was accomplished in less than 3 years. The nearly completed Lodge overlooking the campus area with a magnificent view of the north end of Deka Lake was an example of simplicity, strength and durability. The building on the edge of the levelled campus, which would become the Craft Shop, stored all the tools and supplies needed for the spring work. Two tent frames overlooked

the small beach where sections of a wharf were waiting to be set out into the water. Lorne pointed out the sites for a washhouse and several outhouses that needed to be constructed. A trench needed to be dug by hand from the Lodge to the washhouse to accommodate a water and propane line. More tent frames were waiting to be covered with 8 x 10 canvas wall tents and two cabins, still needing siding and windows, made up the rest of the accommodations for campers and counsellors. About the time Bill Duncan was wondering where the horses would be kept Lorne pointed to the flat area beyond the Log Cabin and said that building a corral was also on their list of jobs. At the end of the tour Lorne mentioned that the mile and a quarter of road into the Camp needed to be improved with ditching and filling in of potholes. The two men were overwhelmed with the tasks and challenges facing them and felt they lacked many of the skills and experience for such jobs. Lorne reassured them with the news he had hired a local carpenter to supervise the construction projects. And so the work began.

The first assignment for Bob Morford and Bill Duncan was to assemble the water tank. The complete pre-cut kit had been delivered the previous fall and the men found the wooden staves and metal bands behind the Lodge, but no instructions. Lorne did not offer any advice so after considerable trial and error the



men fitted all the pieces together as tightly as possible, but were lacking about four staves to complete the tank. Thinking that the supplier had made an error with the material, they advised Lorne of the situation. Bob Morford recalls the incident.

*‘Well’, said Lorne, ‘ I think the idea behind these wooden water tanks is that when they are assembled you leave a small space between each stave, then when you fill the tank the wood will swell until it is water tight.’ We were sceptical but reassembled the tank following Lorne’s suggestion. When we started pumping water from the lake it ran out of the tank as fast as it came in, but Lorne said ‘Let’s see what happens by tomorrow.’ After three days the tank held water without a single leak. Lorne knew something that we didn’t, yet he never let on. Learning from experience was very much his way.”*

Jim Northey showed his apprentices the technique for installing the tongue and groove floor in the Lodge and how to nail the 1 x 8 overlapping siding on the cabins. Hand saws, wood chisels, brace and bit and hammers were the tools of the trade since there was no electricity on the property. The work was strenuous and time consuming. Most of the lumber came

from local saw mills unplaned and the men did the best job possible with the material on hand. The finished product was often referred to by Lorne as ‘good enough for the Cariboo’ but everything built would remain solid for many years.

This busy month of construction was also a learning experience for Lorne. Carpentry and mechanical skills did not come naturally so he concentrated his efforts on the many other jobs. Along with preparing meals and organizing the three men, he made occasional trips to Lone Butte to pick up supplies and order lumber. He cleared trails to the buildings, carried supplies to the workmen, set up the canvas wall tents with flies, and distributed the cots. He organized the craft and camping equipment in the Craft Shop, prepared the naphtha gas and kerosene lamps and helped dig the holes for the outhouses. One mechanical job that Lorne took pride in was preparing the motor boat for the season. The 14 foot clinker-built launch made by Bill Greenwood had been a part of the Brown family since the early 1950s when it was used for transportation to their cottage on Keats Island in Howe Sound. Once the coat of fresh paint and varnish cured Lorne installed the 5HP Briggs and Stratton inboard gas engine, attached the rudder and steering wheel and greased the stuffing box. The oil was checked, gas tank filled and the ‘May B’ as it had been christened was pushed off the beach. A

few strokes with the oars took it into deeper water, Lorne gave a couple of pulls on the crank with the starting rope and the engine came alive. The 'putt-putt-putt' broke the silence as Lorne steered the launch slowly away from the shore. Looking back at the gentle wake of the boat a panoramic view of the Camp emerged, a view he never tired of, and one that filled him with a great sense of accomplishment.

May and Lorne felt it was important to establish a good rapport with the local residents and businesses and keep them informed of the development taking place at the north end of Deka Lake. On his trips to town Lorne became well acquainted with the Paulsens at the Lone Butte General Store who were happy to supply the Browns with most of their needs and handled many special orders. He also introduced himself to Mrs. Singleton, the Postmaster of the Lone Butte Post Office and advised her of the anticipated influx of mail during the summer. Lorne was by now a familiar face at MacMillan's Sawmill.

Towards the end of June Earl Papenfus came into the Camp to inspect the facilities for the horses which he would be delivering soon. The fence for the new corral was finished, with access to the lake for watering, and a supply of hay on hand. Still, Earl felt more trees and brush needed to be cleared. Being a woodsman and log cabin builder Earl always carried his tools in the back

of his International pick-up truck and came prepared to lend a hand. While he and Lorne were chatting, Bob Morford was intrigued with the razor sharp, double bitted axe Earl had leaned against a tree and made the mistake of picking it up and slicing through a couple of saplings. Bob remembers the incident clearly.

*"Shortly I heard Earl's gentle voice behind me say, 'Bob, I will trust you with my wife, but not with my axe.'"*

Bob Parks became a frequent visitor and took on the job of building a proper Cariboo gate at the Camp's entrance. Two sturdy logs well secured in the ground were the upright posts and another log was well braced across the top. Bob's skills and ingenuity were revealed as he made the gate, hinge and latch all from readily available wood and the gate made a handsome entrance to the Camp property.

Bill Duncan and Bob Morford had time in the evenings and during an occasional day off to familiarize themselves with the area. They explored the north end of Deka Lake by canoe, paddling along the shoreline looking for potential campsites, noting game trails and beaver lodges. On the only island, near the narrows leading to the fishing camps and cabins on the southern arm, they watched Bonaparte Gulls feeding their fledglings. Bob was excited with the abundance of wildlife and constructed live

traps so the campers could more closely observe some of the smaller rodents. They hiked along the logging road to abandoned mill sites beyond the Camp and Bill picked out some routes for trail rides.

The wood stove in the Dillee Cottage was lit most days to dissipate the early morning chill and cook meals. Lorne took on the task of keeping the kindling box full and a supply of firewood on the porch as splitting firewood was something he always enjoyed. This part of his daily routine was an example of how Lorne made the most from every moment and derived satisfaction from the simplest of experiences. He believed that every experience should be more than a means to an end, but a meaningful activity on its own. In the case of cutting firewood he noted that blocks of wood split differently depending on the direction of the grain, the position of the knots and the closeness of the growth rings. The wood from different trees had various colours, odours and textures and some had more pitch than others. He learned what types of wood were best for starting a fire and those which gave more coals for a longer lasting cooking fire. There were also skills needed in handling an axe and knowledge of sharpening and how to keep the head secure on the handle. Along with the practical aspects of splitting wood, there was the sense of self reliance that developed from taking a raw

resource and with a simple implement crafting it into a source of heat for personal comfort and convenience. This approach of Lorne's, that every activity should be an integral part of a persons' growth, would be the corner stone for the Camp Deka program and he spent his time at the cutting block contemplating ways of implementing this principle.

While Lorne was overseeing this hive of activity on the shores of Deka Lake, May was equally busy in Vancouver. Her most critical job was to contact and register campers to fill the Camp during July and August. The plan for the first summer of operation was to have four, two week sessions with 24 campers divided into four cabins groups with six boys and one counsellor. The fees were set at \$50 a week or \$190 per month and the second and third sessions began filling up. Additional advertising and personal contacts in Victoria and Seattle resulted in more registrations. May responded to all enquiries with a phone call, a mailed brochure and a follow up meeting if possible. Once Camp opened and the office moved to Deka Lake it would be very difficult to communicate with parents so as June slipped away the task of recruitment became more urgent. She was impressed with the confidence of the parents sending their boys on this unproven wilderness adventure and concluded it was due to the combination of camping and teaching experience of both she and



Lorne that families put their faith in them.

May also continued planning menus with the guidance of John Gilewich, sent food orders to the Lone Butte General Store as quantities were finalized, picked up the new canoes and organized the last load of equipment to be taken north.

By the end of June there were still openings for the first and last camp sessions so plans were changed to have only three cabin groups during those times, and Greg and two of his cousins were included to augment the lists.

July was quickly approaching and some jobs still remained on his list but knowing Camp would be ready for the campers, Lorne reluctantly left Deka Lake and drove back to Vancouver. He had confidence in the abilities and judgement of Bob Morford and Bill Duncan, who knew the Camp as well as he did and more importantly, knew his standards and expectations. Lorne would make last minute contacts with parents and travel with the first group of campers from Vancouver to Camp. As soon as school was finished May, Barbara, Greg and John Gilewich headed to the Cariboo in the reloaded station wagon with two canoes strapped to the roof. The last few days were a flurry of activity with the remaining staff arriving, everyone settling in to their summer accommodations, John the Cook adapting readily to the camp setting, making the kitchen his domain and providing

the meals. This was a particular treat for Bob Morford and Bill Duncan for although Lorne was not a bad cook his emphasis was on sustenance and his meals could not compare to the tasty presentations that were second nature to John. May supervised the final preparations — paddles were hung by the canoe racks, cabins and tents swept, covers slid onto the mattresses, fire buckets filled, a campfire circle made with planks and blocks of wood, the remaining scraps of lumber piled for firewood, eight horses arrived from Rose Rim Lake — and everyone took time to catch their breath.

## **OPENING DAY**

The day had finally arrived — July 3, 1961. After a decade of sharing thoughts and ideas, three years of intensive planning, summers of hard labour and winters of organizing, Camp Deka Boys' Camp was ready to open.

In the early morning of that much anticipated day Lorne Brown, with clipboard and list in hand, stood on the loading platform of the P.G.E. Railroad in North Vancouver. His calm demeanour undoubtedly hid a wide range of emotions, from excitement and trepidation to misgivings and nervousness. As the boys aged 8 to 14 arrived with their parents, Lorne checked off their names and answered a few last minute questions.



The collection of suitcases and trunks grew as the group of 17 boys listened out of one ear to the final instructions from their parents: “Be sure to write.” “Do you have enough insect repellent?” “Here’s your lunch. Don’t eat it all as soon as you get on the train.” By 8:00am the baggage was loaded, the boys and Lorne had their places, the two Budd cars left the station and began the long, winding journey north.

This small group were trail blazers for hundreds of other boys who would follow their footsteps for the next sixteen summers. Lorne’s hope and desire was that their experiences during the next two weeks, for some a month, would be a journey filled with adventures, personal growth and skill development — a journey that would influence the direction their lives would take.

As the passenger train rolled out of the P.G.E. station in North Vancouver, the staff at Deka Lake gathered around one of the tables in the Lodge dining room for breakfast. The conversations became somewhat muted with everyone thinking about what the summer might hold in store for them, but the excitement and anticipation grew as May, in her organized and confident manner outlined the schedule for the day. Following the meal she discussed with the counsellors each boy in his group, medical conditions they should be aware of and any specific instructions from the parents. They discussed the last minute jobs and routine

once the boys arrived and later in the afternoon three of the staff drove vehicles to Lone Butte and awaited the arrival of the train.

The train was behind schedule so the men had a chance to observe the activity in this frontier town, which had the distinction of being the largest town in the Cariboo. Due to the economic boom of the 1950s it had become the supply centre for the large ranching and logging area with cattle and lumber being shipped by rail to points south. The vast tracks of coniferous forests provided an abundance of timber for logging and milling companies. The hundreds of lakes were a haven for hunting and fishing camps, such as the Fur Fin Feather Resort, which attracted sportsmen during the fall and spring. During the summer, tourists came for holidays at the ‘dude ranches’ or rented a cabin by the lake for a week or two. Across the dirt road from the railway tracks the Hotel and General Store were always busy and today there would be an unusual amount of activity at the station. Late in the afternoon the train whistle sounded and the counsellors saw the train come into view.

Hoping their trip was almost over, the boys quickly took in the scene, which likely looked like the ‘wild west’ to them, while the suitcases and bags were loaded in the cars. They squeezed into the vehicles then continued for another hour over the rough gravel road east past Horse Lake then north, glimpsing Sulphurous Lake,



past Hathaway Lake to Dragonfly Lake where they turned onto the Camp road for the final bumpy ride. They were given a warm welcome to Camp Deka by May, claimed their luggage then were guided to a cabin or tent by their counsellor; Vic Correa helping the youngest boys, Bill Duncan leading the intermediate group, with Bob Morford responsible for the senior campers. The boys claimed a cot, changed from their 'good' clothes into camp attire and stowed their suitcase under the bed where it would stay mostly undisturbed for the duration of their stay. Their traveling clothes, spending money and unnecessary items such as watches were dropped off at the Dillee Cottage as each group headed to the Lodge where John Gilewich had supper ready.



Following the meal and a few announcements and introductions by Lorne, the new arrivals were given a tour of Camp Deka, their home for the next few weeks and a place that would influence many of their lives. Despite the excitement of the boys, it was a quiet evening around Camp as everyone slowly became acquainted and the travel weary boys needed little persuasion to crawl into their sleeping bags soon after dark. Lorne and May collapsed in the Dillee Cottage at the end of the day, being so busy they barely had time or energy to savour the moment of a vision and dream coming to fruition.

### **SUMMER OF '61**

The summer of 1961 was largely a learning experience for everyone at Camp Deka. Lorne coordinated the daily program with the counsellors and helped with activities where ever he was needed. He became proficient at saddling the horses and often led the trail rides when Bill Duncan was out of camp with his cabin group. He took his turn as lifeguard during the free time periods when the boys could swim, canoe or just splash around on the beach. The staff had a day off each week and Lorne would fill in as counsellor or dishwasher. He did all this while being the camp maintenance man, ensuring the water tank was kept full, cleaning the outhouses and driving to Lone Butte for supplies.

Most of May's time was spent at the Lodge. She was amazed at how the heaped platters of food disappeared so readily each meal and had to ensure the shelves and fridges were well stocked. She learned a lot about running a kitchen from John Gilewich, helped with the main meal which was served at noon, and took over as head cook on Johns' day off. At seven o'clock every evening she turned on the radio telephone and listened for incoming calls, which began, "Camp Deka, this is Williams Lake Radio." Occasionally May had to comfort a homesick camper, apply a band-aid or insist it was time for a boy to change his clothes. She consulted with Lorne and the counsellors regarding the program, helped the counsellors and campers prepare their menus for outtrips, mixed the bannock and packaged the food.

Barbara, almost 6 years old, learned to entertain herself. She would sometimes sneak into activities with the youngest group and spent time with Lorne at the waterfront. She took a particular interest and liking to the horses, helped with the feeding and had her first riding lesson in the corral. Greg attached himself to his counsellor Bill Duncan, made new friends and had his first canoeing lesson.

The counsellors' first responsibility was to their own cabin group, but they were also responsible for specific parts of the program, whether canoeing, riding, campcraft, nature lore, or

swimming. Initially the daily schedule was structured so the skill level and abilities of the boys could be assessed and the counsellors began drafting achievement levels in the main program areas.

It was a conducive environment for teaching campers outdoor skills as they soon realized they had to tie knots in order to set up a shelter or secure a rowboat to the wharf, know how to use their knife to make tinder for a fire, be able to handle a canoe if



they wanted to explore the lake, or show they were a competent swimmer if they wanted to go boating without wearing a lifejacket.

One of the aims of the program was to prepare the campers for outtrips, whether a short hike and a supper cook-out or an overnight canoe trip, leading to several days away from Camp. Lorne would not permit groups to venture away from Camp without the skills necessary to ensure a safe and rewarding experience. He knew from studying various approaches to camping and from experience that without proper preparation some camping trips are doomed to fail, and stated in one of his papers,

*“Boys return from these trips unduly fatigued,  
wet, hungry with clothing and bed rolls almost  
ruined....and the camper is no longer interested.  
Certainly he has not developed any appreciation for  
the wonders and beauties of nature as a result of  
the experience.”*

Lorne's guiding principle was that 'a skilled camper is a safe camper' and he and the counsellors established high standards in all aspects of camping. Lorne also had to have unwavering confidence in the ability and judgement of the counsellors before entrusting them to lead outtrips, but having selected his staff well, this was seldom a concern.

Swimming was not a very popular activity early in the summer

as the lake was still warming up after being covered with ice for six months, but towards the end of July some of the older boys felt they were ready to swim the one mile across Deka Lake.

This became a whole-camp event with some boys escorting the swimmers in canoes and rowboats. Lorne and a few younger passengers patrolled the fleet with the motor boat. May was ready with towels and hot drinks when the tired campers staggered up the beach, beaming proudly at their achievement. Lorne and May too were proud of their feat and recognized the value of this kind of challenge in developing confidence and discipline.

Another achievement that July, which also became a regular part of the program, was the climbing of Mount Deka, rising 1500 feet above the lake. The expedition began with a boat trip to the base of the ridge which appeared to lead to the top. The thick growth of pine and spruce thinned as the ascent steepened and lake came into view below. The top of the grassy ridge became a favourite resting place with breathtaking vistas of forests, lakes and hills stretching across the Interior Plateau. Far below, Camp buildings could be detected partially hidden among the poplar trees. A compass bearing was needed to find the summit hidden on the next ridge, where a stone cairn held a tin can with the names of all those reaching the top.



*I remember climbing Deka Mountain and getting lost in the process – rechecking the map and compass again and finally reaching the summit to see a grand vista of the whole Deka region. I still have four taped together photos of the view taken with my tiny black and white camera and a picture of all the campers at the top of the mountain.*

— Gordon Newman

The campers were much more enthusiastic about the trail rides than the horses so often Bill Duncan's biggest challenge was coaxing the horses to leave the corral. Rides followed the logging road through the Camp to abandoned mill sites and a trail was established to the meadows by Dragonfly Lake where the horses preferred grazing while the boys tried prodding their mounts into a trot.







Several camping sites around the north end of Deka Lake were established for overnight hikes and canoe trips and The Point, 30-30 and Boneparte Island became familiar names. The first exploration of the narrows leading to the south end of Deka Lake found the portage to Sulphurous Lake and stories about swimming in the 'sulphur patch' became part of the Camp lore.

Bob Morford initiated several hiking trips to Bowers Lake however the first two attempts were foiled by thick undergrowth, windfalls and swamps.

There were only 11 campers registered for the fourth camp session, Neild Holloway had relinquished his position as dish washer with the invitation to become a junior counsellor, so the staff/camper ratio permitted some special activities. Plans were made for a final attempt to reach Bowers Lake and on August 21 a group including counsellors Bob Morford, Vic Correa and Neild Holloway and campers Greg Brown, Gord MacFarlane and Peter Britton began what became known as 'The Battle to Bowers.' This time there was no turning back.

*The Battle to Bowers (to the tune of 'The Battle of New Orleans)*

*In 1961 we took a little trip,  
Along the edge of Deka Lake to the very, very tip.*

*We passed Rat Lake at the pace of a toad,  
Until we came upon an old logging road.*

*Chorus:*

*So, we hiked through the briars and we hiked through the brambles,  
We hiked on trails where grizzlies couldn't go.  
We climbed over logs and we climbed over branches  
And we crawled under windfalls so very, very low.*

*We went along the road, then crashed through the brush,  
We headed to the lake to the song of a thrush.  
We tramped in the forest 'til our bodies felt like lead.  
We felt so exhausted we were ready to drop dead.*





*Well, here comes Pete agroaning 'bout his back,  
And here comes Greg and Gord with heavy pack,  
They tripped over logs and crashed into trees,  
And fell over twigs and slipped on the leaves.*

*We thought Bob's compass was ....  
Which made us really worried, until we saw the lake.  
We ran through the trees 'til we came to the shore.  
We drank a quart of water and then we drank some more.*

*We spent a day looking for an old trapper's cabin,  
But had to head back when Peter started crabbin'.  
We got up next morning at quarter to five,  
Struggled back through the forest, glad to be alive.*

It was a proud group that returned to Camp, and a few days later, with the landmarks of the route still fresh in their minds, some of the party along with May and counsellor Dave Fieldhouse returned to Bowers Lake. Time would show that this 'epic journey' would be the first of many such adventures Camp Deka campers would experience during the next 15 summers.

The summer of 1961 came to an end, perhaps sooner than May and Lorne would have liked, with the small group

of campers boarding the train in Lone Butte with one of the counsellors and returning home. The rest of the staff remained for a day to help with the heavy work involved in closing Camp; dismantling the wharf and pulling the sections onto the bank, carrying mattresses to the Lodge and storing the canoes and rowboats in the cabins. The wall tents were taken down, folded and stored in the Lodge, the most rodent-proof building. The waterline was pulled out of the lake, the pump winterized and stored in the craft shop, the engine taken out of the motor boat which was pulled up onto the bank and turned over for the winter. Once the last of the staff had departed the Brown family found themselves alone for the first time in several months. The Camp was eerily silent: no chattering and laughing of young voices; no bell ringing out from the Lodge; no splashing of someone diving off the wharf; even the corral was quiet since the horses were ridden back to Rose Rim Ranch.

May and Lorne had little time then to reflect on the past eight weeks as there was still work and planning to be done before returning to Vancouver for the beginning of the school year. They did feel the first year of Camp Deka was very successful and were looking forward to next summer. Sites were located for another cabin and more tent frames, Bert Williamson was hired for the fall months and arrangements were made to have more lumber

delivered. An inventory was taken of the camping equipment, paddles and craft tools to see what additions or repairs were needed. Bob Parks was asked to be the Camp's off season caretaker since he was often in the area tending his trap line. It took a few days to finish closing the Camp before the Browns reluctantly left Deka Lake.

### **FALL OF '61**

Back in Vancouver life for the Browns was anything but uneventful. Lorne assumed his responsibilities at U.B.C., and now that both the children were of school age, May was able to resume her teaching career. She was readily hired by the Vancouver School Board as a Physical Education teacher and coach at Gladstone High School. There was ongoing Camp Deka business to complete with Camper Reports being the main item. Part of the Browns' commitment to the parents was to provide a detailed assessment of the achievements, personal growth and



social development of each boy. One of the reasons for keeping the Camp small was that each camper could receive personal attention from all the staff and May and Lorne came to know each of the 56 Charter campers who attended Camp Deka that year. Their personal observations, along with a written evaluation of the campers submitted by the counsellors at the end of each session, enabled the Browns to not only comment thoughtfully

on the strengths and potential of each boy, but also provided a means of reviewing and evaluating the successes and weaknesses of the camp program.

Thanksgiving weekend the Browns returned to Deka Lake to finish preparing the Camp for the long, snowy winter. The shutters were secured on the windows of the Lodge, the water tank drained, doors on the other buildings nailed shut to keep out the wind and wildlife and a supply of firewood piled on the porch of the Dillee Cottage ready for winter visits. Even though there was work to do, this was an enjoyable time at Deka Lake and a season the Browns looked forward to. The Camp was peaceful, foliage was changing colour and the air was crisp and fresh. Although peaceful, the Camp was not quiet as the chattering squirrels, the inquisitive weasels, scurrying chipmunks, curious white-tailed deer and occasional lynx reclaimed their territory. The loons seemed to know the lake was again theirs alone as they drifted close to shore glancing up at the empty buildings, their haunting call spreading the news across the water. They too were aware of the approaching winter and preparing for the flight south before the first skim of ice formed along the edges of the lake.

*The one thing that takes me back to my time at Camp Deka is the sound the loons made at dawn and dusk. To this day every time I hear a loon I think of Camp Deka. There isn't a more peaceful sound to me than a loon.*

— Gary Dietrich

There was always a tinge of regret whenever the Browns swung the Camp gate closed and left Deka Lake. This was their home for the summer months and holidays, a place in a beautiful wilderness part of British Columbia which they had created from a vision and a great deal of toil. Camp Deka had become an integral part of their lives and they already had many stories and memories to share.





The Browns had an opportunity to purchase the 32 acre property directly across the lake from Camp. A low point of land sheltered a bay where occasional fishermen, traveling by boat from the south end of Deka Lake, had created a small clearing with camp fire pit. Ownership of the property would help control any future development and activity at the north end of Deka Lake which might interfere with the wilderness orientation of the Camp. The site could be used for day and overnight trips and a potential location for a semi-permanent outpost camp.

Two young men hired as counsellors came recommended by their teacher and coach Gord MacNab who knew Lorne through the YMCA. Bill Preston and Paul Beckow possessed the qualities Lorne considered important as leaders and role models for youth; personable, skilled, enthusiastic, and physically fit. Paul Beckow was also given responsibility for the waterfront program, having

lifeguarding and swimming qualifications. Bill Preston, also a keen athlete, acquired his camping skills through the Boy Scouts and assumed the job of organizing and expanding the campcraft program. He was considering a career in Physical Education and was especially interested in working with young people.

To complement the younger counsellors the Browns were pleased that Al Hendrickson, a friend of Lorne's for many years through Camp Elphinstone, was available for the summer. Al's camping experience, knowledge of youth as an educator, and familiarity with camp routine was a tremendous asset as he could be called upon to fill many roles. The Browns were happy to have Bill Duncan returning to Camp, to provide continuity and experience to the program. Bill again worked in June helping Lorne and Bob Parks open the Camp and preparing facilities to accommodate more campers. He was counsellor for the senior



campers and again took responsibility for the horses.

The number of boys attending Camp Deka in 1962 was almost double the previous summer with accommodations for 36 campers each session. Registration for Camp Deka was restricted to boys from 8 to 14 years old, a decision May and Lorne based

on their experience at other summer camps. The eight year olds often came with a friend or brother, and if they were keen to come to camp they were generally mature enough. Most 14 year olds were still willing to mix with the younger boys, where older boys had become teenagers with changing interests. Some

campers were returning for their second year, and as their skills in canoeing, camping, swimming and horsemanship increased Lorne and May were assessing the leadership abilities of the senior boys with the thought of them becoming counsellors in the future. The Browns could see the need for a program for graduate campers that would encourage them to pursue their interests in wilderness activities and develop leadership skills. In order to fill this gap between being a camper and having the maturity and experience necessary to be group leader, plans for a counsellor-in-training (C.I.T) program were begun.

Implementing the definition of camping as *the outdoor merging of education and recreation* the Browns were creating a very successful program which balanced opportunities for learning with time for fun and play. Lorne and May were also conscious of the need for youth to develop social skills and appropriate attitudes that would hold them in good stead as they became mature citizens. Emphasis was placed on establishing cohesive cabin group units where, with the leadership of a trained counsellor, boys learned to live together. Living in a tent for the first time with several strangers, hundreds of miles from home, was a memorable experience especially for a boy with an active imagination.

*I arrived at Camp and the first person I met was Bill Preston, the counsellor for my cabin group (actually 2 tents). One of his tasks was to reassure those of us who had never slept away from our parents before. In my case that took a lot of reassuring because I was scared of the other two guys in my tent and was convinced they were going to use their hunting knives on me one night. It took the best part of two weeks for me to get over that fear, so Bill must have been very patient. He must have been effective too, because I returned to Camp Deka for the next 5 years and achieved all the skill levels in camping, canoeing and horseback riding. No one ever stabbed me in the middle of the night!*

— Clyde Hertzman

## **CHIEF LOONEY LOON**

One of many Camp traditions, this one being the most enduring as well as the most endearing, was developed that summer. At the end of each two week session Chief Looney Loon honoured the campers with his presence at the Challenge Night campfire. The entire camp gathered for the special event which began with the lighting of the elaborately constructed





campfire, a few rousing songs and then a figure would appear on the trail from the Dillee Cottage. Following the lead of one of the counsellors the group would loudly hail the Chief, something between a chant and a wail, “Oh Great Chief Looney Loon”, flailing their arms from overhead to the ground. The mysterious character wore a cowboy hat, an embroidered leather vest over a plaid shirt, plain pants, running shoes and carried a hand-crafted cane upright in front of himself. He would walk once around the campfire before taking his place in front of an old wooden chair, his special seat. Chief Looney Loon would peer at each camper through the symbolic eye of the Loon head in the handle of his cane while giving a brief introduction of himself. He lived in a cave on Mount Deka and if he felt the campers were worthy of a visit he would paddle his invisible canoe across the lake to preside over the challenges. A few boys murmured that he looked a lot like Mr. Brown and were given a stern glance from the Chief. The young campers hung on every word while the older boys leaned forward on their bench ready to dash forward to make the first challenge. A close observer could see that frequently the Chief had a hard time maintaining his serious demeanour and was enjoying his theatrics as much as the campers. Once he had taken his seat and called for challenges one camper would run forward and bowing in front of the Chief repeat the salutation

as loudly as possible, “Oh Great Chief Looney Loon.” The Chief welcomed variations in the presentation and often creative descriptions of the Chief were forthcoming and as long as they were respectful there was no retribution.

The challenges, mostly individual and confined to the campfire circle, were of a wide variety. There was the traditional arm and leg wrestling and some requiring strength or agility. The ones involving food were generally harmless, such as eating crackers then whistling, or trying to break an egg by squeezing it on the ends. The challenges involving liquids were messier with some unsuspecting boy placing a funnel in his belt and having water poured in while he tried balancing a ping-pong ball on his nose. There were some that were truly imaginative, favourites of the Chief, and others that required a great deal of skill. The victor was not always obvious because Chief Looney Loon placed more importance on fairness, respect and good judgement than on strength, stamina and winning. He would summon one of the contestants to kneel and ‘bend low’ on the large round of fir tree in front of him and he would offer some ‘instruction on the backside’ by way of a swing and gentle tap with his trusty cane. While the campers were still eager for more of the fun and drama, Chief Looney Loon would conclude the ceremony with some words of his wisdom and retire. The counsellors would lead

a few quieter songs before the mugs of hot chocolate and cookies were served, and usually Mr. Brown would join the circle as the boys relaxed and watched the dying embers of the campfire.



Lorne and May felt it was time for Greg to spend some time at another camp. He had attended YMCA camp for three years and was at Camp Deka the past two summers, so they were looking for a new, challenging experience.

The Browns knew many people across the country through their involvement in various education, recreation and camping organizations. Lorne had been President of CAHPER (Canadian Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation) in the mid 1950s and both he and May took leadership roles in the B.C. Camping Association and later the Canadian Camping Association. Privately owned summer residential camps had been a tradition in Ontario and Quebec for decades and arrangements were made for Greg to attend Camp Mazinaw in eastern Ontario, where their good friend 'Blackie' Blackstock was one of the owners and Directors. The camp offered a six week program

which focused on canoeing and canoe tripping and the cabin groups were kept small with mature and experienced leaders and program staff. Greg knew 'Blackie' and was looking forward to the adventure.

Barbara was now old enough to have a say in how she spent the summer. She did not enjoy being in the Cariboo during July due to the bugs, especially blackflies, and suffered badly from their bites. Arrangements were made for her to stay near Vancouver with her Grandmother and cousins for the first part of the summer.

Camp Deka had grown to its maximum of 42 campers and May thought it was time to have a nurse on staff so plans were made to build a Health Centre with family accommodation. The task of construction was given to Bob Parks who began preparing the site as soon as the snow had melted. He had



ample experience building with logs but had never undertaken a project such as this. Bob followed the rough plans, referred to construction books and if in doubt added another 2x4. He completed the project on schedule, entirely by himself, an accomplishment for which he was very proud.

Suitable accommodations were needed for the kitchen staff so a site behind the Lodge was chosen for two cabins. The corral was moved to the opposite end of Camp, above the logging road past the third cabin, and a larger area was fenced to provide more grazing area for the horses.

As soon as the school year ended the staff began arriving at Deka Lake for the pre-camp orientation and training weekend. Dave and Marilyn McCutcheon moved into the new Health Centre

with their toddler, young David. Dave was counsellor for the junior cabin group as well as overseeing the water front activities. Marilyn was the Camp Nurse and helped May with a variety of jobs at the Lodge.



*The Health Centre had 2 rooms — one for supplies and treatment and the other had a bed to rest a camper for further observations. Most treatments were for mosquito and horsefly bites as well as slivers, small cuts and bruises. The trail rides with the horses made me nervous especially with the youngest campers in the first days of their experiences. On one fall a camper suffered a broken arm which was put in a cast and a sling. That did not slow him down! One proud camper wore a tattoo on his chest — U ‘Dusty was here’ — where he claimed to have been kicked by his horse. After careful examination I determined that no harm had been done. — Marilyn McCutcheon*

Records show that the summer of 1963 began with very poor camping weather with only four days in the first session which could be considered clement. Spirits however were not dampened, and several outtrips explored new territory. A group of especially keen boys, with the leadership of Paul Beckow, spent most of the two weeks away from the main camp. Trail rides continued with the boys wearing ponchos, hikes along old logging roads and established trails were encouraged and shorter

canoe trips were promoted. The Browns felt it was important that the outdoor part of the program not be diminished as they wanted the boys to benefit as much as possible from what the Camp setting and staff had to offer. Long periods of damp weather did present special challenges, especially for May and Lorne who were responsible for the well being and comfort of the boys. The Browns’ Dillee Cottage was used for drying wet clothing with shirts, pants and socks hanging from lines strung above the stove and on nails around the room. The wood stove in the Craft Shop was lit and camping tarps and clothing were hung from the rafters. It was times like this that reminded Lorne of the comical jingle recently recorded, “Hello Modder, Hello Fadder,” which always inspired a grin. The counsellors became very creative in organizing special events with indoor campfires, skit nights, and the popular ‘coffee house’ and these became an important part of the program.

Fortunately the sunny Cariboo weather returned and the Camp routine became less hectic. The annual fall letter to parents summarized the summer program in a few lines; “*With 9 horses and 9 canoes each boy is able to have more experience and practise in the skills of riding and canoeing. The campcraft program was more advanced and produced campers who reached a high standard in rope-work, fire-building, axemanship and shelter building.*” The older boys

used these skills to help establish a permanent campsite on the Camp property across the lake and built a wharf, shelters and tables from the trees on the site.

One of the Camp traditions established in the 4th session was riding the horses back to Earl Papenfus's Rose Rim Ranch on the last weekend of Camp. The day long, 18 mile ride along the Canim Lake Road was divided into two stages with two staff leading the trek. Campers considered it an honour to be named as a rider and were selected based on their interest in the riding program and help in caring for the horses. The keen riders knew all the horses by name, had become proficient horsemen and quite attached to their favourite mount.

In 1960 when Lorne suggested that horseback riding be included in the program at Camp Deka, May was sceptical. She knew most camps did not offer riding and anticipated many problems. The main drawback would be the costs of purchasing or renting horses, feeding, shoeing, fencing and hiring experienced staff to run the program. Also, the horses were considered a liability and it was difficult to acquire insurance coverage. However, Lorne had persuasive reasons: he felt that people associated horses and riding with the Cariboo; it would distinguish Camp Deka from camps at the Coast; he felt the boys would benefit from helping to care for the animals; and he

had the support of Earl Papenfus who believed the boys would enjoy the riding. May was surprised at the popularity of the riding program and the genuine interest that the boys took in the individual horses.

*My horse. Emphasis on MY horse. His name was Corky. It's so sad that I cannot remember a single other campers' name but "Corky" is as indelibly engrained in my memory as the smell of*





*my grandmother's weiner schnitzel.*

*The responsibility of Corky. The sense of ownership that the Camp insisted on having us take with our horses. They were ours for as long as we were there. I fed Corky. I brushed Corky. I believed in my heart that Corky was incredibly sad when I left and remarkably ecstatic when I returned the next year. — Tom Koltai*

Bob Parks enjoyed dropping in to Camp Deka during the summer. He was well acquainted with the Camp during the off-season in his role as caretaker and carpenter, and was learning more about the day to day operation. He heard May talking about the problem of keeping enough fresh food on hand due to the limited capacity of the propane fridges, and in his quiet manner offered a suggestion. He explained that one method used by the pioneers was to cut ice from the lake during the winter and store it in sawdust for use during the summer. He could build an 'ice house' by the lake and cut a supply of ice to be used in ice boxes at the Lodge. May liked the idea for management reasons, Lorne for its simplicity, so it was decided Bob would take on the project in the fall.

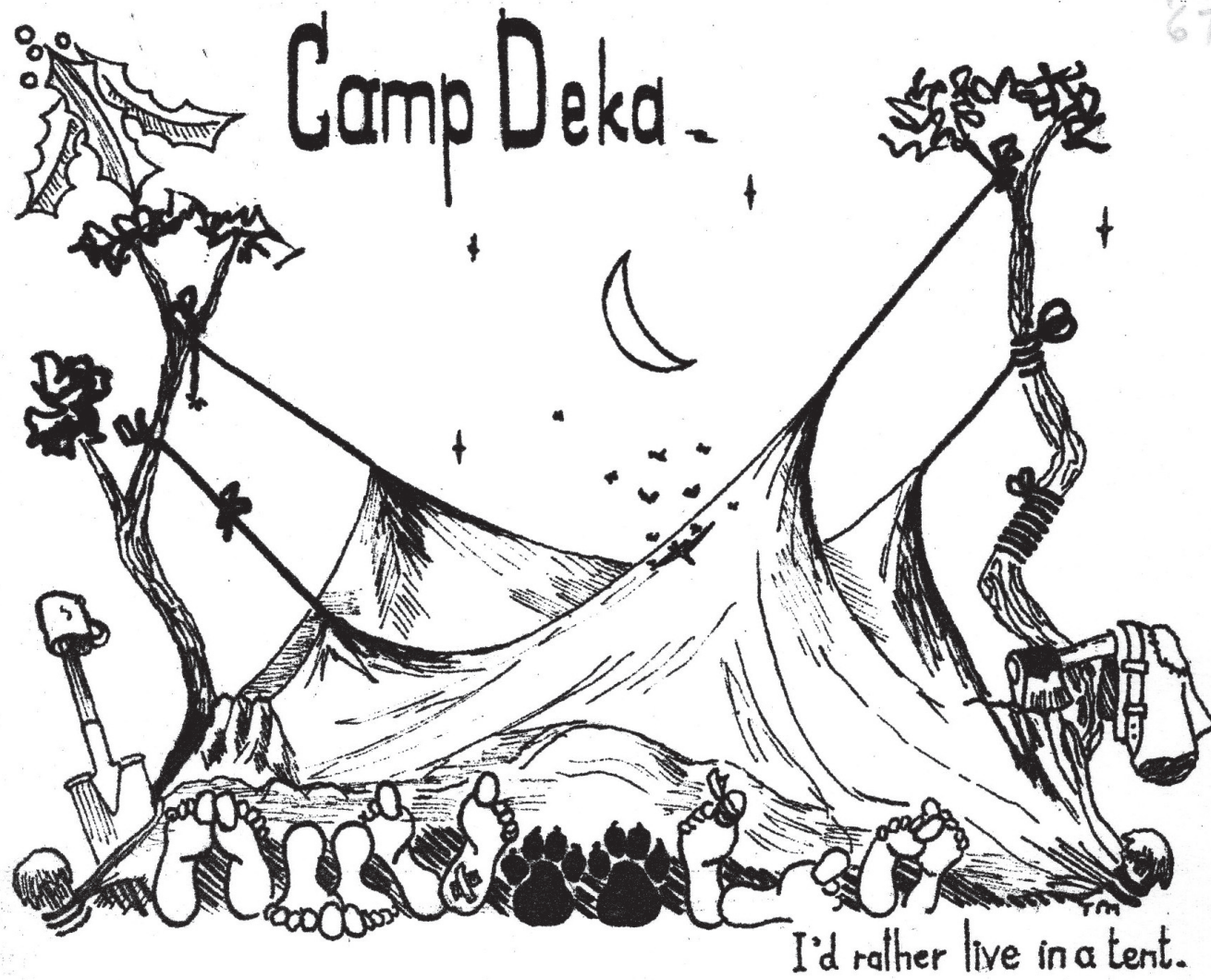
Another very successful summer drew to a close, campers

and staff returned home and the Browns spent a few days closing the Camp before returning to Vancouver. The routine at the Brown household was different this September as May did not return to her teaching position. She and Lorne had decided that the task of administering Camp Deka was almost a full time job and she was needed at home to run the office. Some people questioned her decision to leave her teaching and coaching position, a job she enjoyed and was very qualified for, but she felt it was more important at that time to devote her time and energy to the Camp. Barbara and Greg were happy to have a 'stay at home' mother.

Lorne returned to his work at U.B.C. and continued to promote his ideas on health, physical education and outdoor recreation, ideas that initially were regarded as radical. He believed that health education should not just be studying bones and systems of the body, but learning how to enjoy a healthy lifestyle. He felt the Education curriculum should include introducing children to physical outdoor activities, including camping, canoeing, and swimming, that would be the basis for an active and healthy life. The knowledge and experience gained from successfully implementing his theories on youth development gave Lorne the confidence to promote his ideas, which were gradually gaining acceptance.











In 1964 the fees were increased to \$60 per week with the senior counsellors earning about \$300 for their summer employment. Camp Deka was never intended to be a 'for profit' operation however May did ensure it was operated as a business, keeping accurate records of all transactions and balancing the books. Lorne's idea was that money would first be allocated to hiring good staff. The second priority was wholesome food and well prepared meals. The next most important item was good equipment for the program.

Once these priorities were met, attention turned to complying with government regulations, which focused on the kitchen. Cooking, refrigeration and dish washing could have been facilitated with electric appliances; however, the option of bringing power lines to the property was ruled out at an early stage due to the distance and related cost. The use of a generator

was given little consideration because of the noise. The alternative was to use propane which ran the commercial size range, refrigerators and hot water tank. The large propane tank behind the Lodge was filled twice a summer by the propane company truck. The four iceboxes behind the Lodge became an important source of refrigeration for fresh produce.

The original plan was to house the campers and staff at first mainly in tents and gradually build more cabins, however both the boys and counsellors enjoyed the experience of living in wall tents so they became permanent living quarters.

The outhouses, or privies as they were called, had to meet minimum standards, and although not a favourite place to meditate towards the end of a hot summer, they accommodated a basic need. The only hot water in Camp was in the kitchen and wash house with the Dillee Cottage and Health Centre supplied



with cold water. A gasoline powered pump at the lake supplied water to the tank behind the Lodge and the gravity system carried the water unfiltered and untreated to these select buildings.

One of the few amenities in Camp was the shower in the wash house. The counsellors enjoyed an occasional hot shower but use by the campers was 'by appointment only' such as after an especially gruelling outtrip or long, cold spell of weather when cabin groups lined up for a mandatory hot scrub.



The women in Camp were permitted to use the shower Thursday afternoons, when all groups planned to have a supper cook-out due to the cook's day off.

The facilities and non program equipment were kept to a minimum and changed very little once Camp Deka was fully operational. Lorne and May's upbringing had made them aware that material possessions are not essential to a fulfilling lifestyle and they applied this philosophy both in Camp and their private lives.

Lorne and May were pleased that many of the staff were

returning for another summer at Camp Deka. This made the task of recruiting easier and they were able to give more responsibilities to each counsellor knowing their individual skills and interests.

Paul Beckow and Willy Preston returned for their third summer and their names were now closely associated with Camp Deka. Paul and Willy set high standards for themselves and expected the same from their campers who responded to their leadership and enthusiasm. They expanded the campcraft program which taught boys the basic skills needed to live comfortably and safely in the wilderness; knot tying, fire lighting, shelter building, orienteering, how to use a knife, the use and care of an axe, and how to pack all the equipment in the Trapper Nelson pack board. They promoted outtrips and helped organize special events in Camp, such as regattas, rodeos and campfires. Paul and Willy had a lasting influence on many campers and on Camp Deka's program.

Among the new counsellors was Rick Wadge, a medical student at U.B.C., who saw a job posting and contacted the Browns. Following an interview Lorne and May discussed their impressions: he was earnest, studious, had swimming and canoeing skills and was interested in working with boys. Rick was looking for an opportunity to get away from the city during

the summer and the idea of working at camp was appealing. Also hired was Peter Ommundsen, a graduate biologist who developed a program for campers to identify wildlife around Deka Lake.

*Staff usually arrived a few days prior to any campers and one of the first jobs was to assemble the dock. The sections of dock had been stored on the shore away from the lake's winter ice. Installation involved wading and ducking under the freezing water. Campers didn't find swimming a big attraction during the first days of July. Snow appeared on Mt. Deka one July 1st. The waterfront the rest of the summer was extremely busy with rowing, swimming and canoeing.*

*The campers were organized by age (8-14) into six cabin groups. Each group had 6 (and later 8) boys and a counsellor, older groups often had a C.I.T. This was an enjoyable change for me who was used to classes of 36, 15-17 year olds. I often had the youngest group whose tents were near the waterfront. My evening routine was to tuck in the boys and then check on how the rowboats were tied. Windy nights brought a 2am check.*

*Camp routine for the first few days of a two*



*week session was to have each cabin group learn, update or improve their skills in canoeing, boating,*



*horseback riding, campcraft — then outtrips began. I recall my first overnighter with the*

*youngest group. In the days prior, we used the rest hour to plan food, clothing, equipment and duties. The anticipated day arrived — Lorne used the power boat to transport us to 30/30 at the north end of the lake. A lean-to was built, sleeping bags laid out, evening cooking fire started, the pot was boiling and pasta was added. All was going well and then the cooks realized their instructions were on the packaging which was merrily burning in the fire. In my mind's eye I can still see campers dancing around the fire trying to read the instructions!!*

*— Dave McCutcheon*

## WILDERNESS CAMP

1964 saw the creation of the Wilderness Camp, a two week session for 15 year olds to be based on the Camp property across Deka Lake. Bob Morford worked with Lorne and May during the spring to plan and organize the project. The purpose of this outpost camp was to provide further skill development and leadership training for senior campers who might be future C.I.T.'s and counsellors. The group would operate almost independently of the main Camp, sleeping and cooking their meals at the site, and planning their own program which would include improving the rudimentary facilities existing on the property. The Wilderness Camp was scheduled for the first two weeks of August with Bill Leithhead and John MacFarlane assisting Bob Morford, and seven boys were invited to register for the program. The first week would focus on learning and practicing advanced camping and survival skills followed by an extensive wilderness camping trip. The original plan for the Wilderness Camp included building a log cabin for accommodation; however some type of more immediate shelter was needed for the first year. The Browns knew a YMCA Camp in Alberta that used canvas tepees manufactured by a Native Band on the Prairies and arrangements were made to have one made for Camp Deka.

Basic instructions came with the tent such as how many poles and of what length were required, but setting it up for the first time was a learning experience. It was large enough to sleep at least 10 people with space in the centre for a cooking fire. The poles had to be placed just right so the smoke would drift out the opening at the top but keep the rain out. Bob Morford thought the tepee was out of place in this woodland setting, but Lorne liked its' simplicity and Indian lore. The tepee, visible from the main camp, became a popular destination for overnight trips when the Wilderness Camp was not in session.









One of the highlights that summer was the invitation to take part in a 'round-up' at the ranch at Drewry Lake. John and Kathryn Wells felt the boys would benefit from seeing their sheep and cattle operation. Some of the Deka campers became 'ranch hands' for a few hours and tried wrestling the younger calves to the ground for branding.

The skills of the campers were increasing each year so higher standards were set in the various program areas. Campers that reached the 'Sternsman' level had shown they could competently steer a canoe with a bow paddler on a canoe trip, could paddle solo and perform rescues. A 'Woodsman' level was added to the campcraft program and required two senior campers to plan, organize and complete an overnight trip on their own. The boys deserving of this recognition had their names displayed in a special place in the Lodge.

Camp Deka was now operating near capacity and Lorne and May could see the need for additional facilities. The Dillee Cottage, designed as the Browns residence, was serving as the Camp office, tuck shop, the occasional staff meeting and with one bedroom reserved for Barbara there was little space left for May and Lorne to enjoy some

privacy. Using the original design as a guide, plans were made to double the size by providing a larger bedroom and living room with a fireplace. Also needed was a building to house the growing inventory of outtrip equipment which included cotton tarps, pack boards, axes, saws, campfire grills, billy cans, cooking utensils, maps, compasses, ropes and mosquito netting. Lorne was also in need of space to store his accumulation of tools and supplies for Camp maintenance, everything from shovels and hammers to kerosene lamps and toilet paper. A site was selected beside the Craft Shop for a multi-purpose building and Bob Parks was hired to complete these construction projects during the autumn and following spring.







The Brown family always looked forward to their trip to the Cariboo at Easter. Some years the warmer days had just begun to soften the winter accumulation of snow, while other times the south facing slopes of Camp were coming alive with new vegetation. If the Camp road was still covered with snow Bob Parks would often carry in a load of supplies with his snowmobile. The lake would still be frozen but sometimes there would be a little open water along the shore. Every year was different which added to the anticipation.

May and Lorne had received a letter from Mrs. Paulsen, owner of the Lone Butte General Store to confirm she would again handle the large food orders for Camp Deka. Of more interest, she mentioned the new teacher at the Lone Butte School might be a 'counsellor type' and suggested the Browns should meet him.

Lorne and May were always looking for good staff, and having found that teachers often had suitable qualifications, they made arrangements to meet Peter Marsh on their trip into Camp.

*We were immediately impressed with the tall, fit, well-groomed young man who welcomed us into his tidy, modest teacherage. He outlined his hiking and canoeing experience in Scouting, his proficiency in camping and expressed a keen interest in working with boys at a summer camp. He spoke confidently about his ideas on outtrips and camp craft, and gave the impression of being a conscientious and reliable person. We discovered later that he had underrated his talents as an*



*artist. He enjoyed living in the Cariboo and was looking for a summer job. Our impression was very favourable and by the end of the weekend Peter Marsh was hired as a senior counsellor. — May*

Back in Vancouver the Browns were busy responding to an increasing number of inquiries from parents as the word was spreading about Camp Deka.

*One aspect of operating Camp Deka that Lorne and I really enjoyed was meeting the parents of the campers. They were a group of people from all walks of life, who wanted to provide the best possible experiences for their boys. In the early years, before we had established a reputation and a circle of acquaintances who knew us and the Camp, I admired the courage of the parents in entrusting us with the well-being of their son. However they did not make the decision lightly, and during our meetings I felt they asked all the right questions. They asked about the age and qualifications of the leaders, the program and safety. They inquired about the location, access and nearest town to the*

*Camp. We referred them to the Camp brochure that outlined our experience and qualifications, and explained that Camp Deka was accredited by the B.C. Camping Association, and inspected and licensed by the Health Department. We assured them at least one person was well-trained in first aid and that a radio-telephone was on the property. After learning about the extensive camping and outtrip program I believe the parents realized that Camp Deka was much more than a fun and games holiday for the boys.*

*We did not have many written rules at Camp but we did have 3 rules for the parents.*

*Do not send food parcels: the small post office in Lone Butte could not handle a large volume of parcels; food and candy could not be kept in the cabins and tents because of the attraction for animals.*

*Do not phone unless absolutely necessary: the radio-telephone was intended for emergencies only; this was our only immediate contact with the outside world and proved invaluable.*

*Send one letter: We asked the parents to mail*

*one letter as soon as the boys left home, which would take a week to reach Camp: handing out mail was a big event and we wanted each boy to receive at least one letter while at Camp.*

*Once the boys had spent a session at Camp the parents became even more interested and supportive of our objectives and cooperated fully with any requests on our part. — May*

The recruitment of staff, which now numbered about 20, also continued. One call received was from a young man graduating from a Burnaby high school and had heard about Camp Deka from his teacher, Dave McCutcheon. Dave, having enjoyed his two summers as a counsellor at Deka and knowing the type of staff Lorne and May were looking for, suggested to Rick Bryan that he contact the Browns.

*We interviewed Rick at our home and were impressed with his enthusiasm, interest in working with*

*youth and skills gained in Scouting. He came highly recommended by Dave so we did not hesitate in adding Rick to our list of counsellors. As a bonus for Rick, two of his classmates, Brian Corkum and Doug Archer were also hired that summer. — May*

Gord MacNab and Rick Wadge returned as senior counsellors, with Rick working with Lorne and Bob Parks in June to open Camp. Frank Dorchester was hired as counsellor and wrangler



with former C.I.T.'s Drew Bourne and Wayne Prentice taking positions as junior staff. John the Cook, his meals now legendary among returning campers and staff, returned for his fifth season. This was perhaps John's most enjoyable summer with two very able 'kitchen girls', Joanne and Sandra Steele making a fuss over him in the kitchen and during time off.

The daily and weekly routine at Camp was now well established with many of the activities becoming Camp traditions. Lorne believed that every moment of a boy's time at camp should have a positive influence on his personal growth and development. Even though the schedule evolved around the campers learning skills which they put into practice on outtrips, such activities were just one aspect of the boys' experience at Camp Deka.

When the sound of the first morning bell reached the cabins and tents, one boy in each group knew it was his turn to crawl out of his sleeping bag, pull on a shirt, shorts and running shoes and head to the Lodge. He would visit the closest privy then make the dutiful stop at the wash house and splash some cold water on his hands and face. The more conscientious ones would use soap and face cloth before strolling slowly up the hill to the dining room. His main duty that day as 'fag' (a term from the

military word fatigue) was to set the table for his group, carry the food platters from the kitchen counter then clear the table. He was often reminded by his cabin mates that enjoying his meal at a leisurely pace was not going to happen that day.

*I remember being given kitchen duties whereby we were responsible for helping prepare the dining room for meals. I never minded this as I liked to help in the food and beverage area and loved all the food that Camp Deka served, exactly why I am not sure but the creamy corn I do remember. — Peter Dutton*

One of the fags would be given the honour of ringing the breakfast bell; by this time the rest of the camp was expected to have gathered on the grassy slope in front of the Lodge. This morning assembly was much more than an organizational exercise or an opportunity for the Camp Director to make announcements and tell corny jokes. This was one of the many camp activities planned by Lorne to bring out the potential of each and every camper. One boy from each cabin group was asked to come forward and say something before the entire camp. Often, Lorne, with a gentle hand on the shoulder of the quivering boy, would have to coax a few words or a simple two-line joke before the boy was gratefully allowed to blend back into the



crowd. The confidence gained by the veteran campers was evident as they eagerly awaited their turn then boldly described the plans or exploits of their cabin group.

Meal times were another important part of the camp program. Sitting together around their own table in the

dining room was a group activity and the counsellors encouraged all the boys to take part in the conversation. This was a time when the whole camp was together and the boys sensed they were a part of a community as well as building loyalty to their own group. The counsellors and campers established a friendship with the kitchen staff over the serving counter and as a show of appreciation for the fine meals they were regularly called out for a cheer and hearty round of applause.

Following breakfast the boys were expected to return to



their cabin or tent and were responsible for organizing their personal belongings as well as help clean the communal area in and around their accommodations. Living with a group of boys in close quarters was an important part of the boys' summer camp experience as they learned to be independent as well as interdependent.

This period after breakfast was a time for Lorne and the counsellors to finalize the day's program. Lorne's leadership style encouraged and expected ideas and suggestions from staff and

once the counsellors understood the expectations, Lorne and May often took on the role of advisors, yielding more responsibilities to staff. This approach encouraged initiative which led to improvements and variations in the program.

*I think the most successful aspect of Camp Deka is the open-mindedness of Mr. and Mrs. Camp Director. To allow others, from counsellor to C.I.T., to express their ideas and also carry out many of these ideas is a fine, unique thing in a privately owned camp. — Gord MacNab*

The period following meals was a time for announcements, singing, receiving the weekly chocolate bar and occasionally receiving mail. Campers eagerly anticipated receiving a letter which would be distributed in the dining room and it didn't matter what was written in the letter or postcard, the boys were thrilled to receive something.

*I remember one summer a young boy who was at Camp for a month did not receive any mail. The weeks went by and we could see the disappointment in his face. So, one day we found a suitable*

*postcard, took a used stamp off another letter and addressed it to the young camper c/o Camp Deka, Lone Butte Post Office. We printed a brief note with the usual: How are you? Hope you are having fun? We signed it 'Your good pal', and slipped it into the incoming mailbag. When the mail was distributed he was so excited and said to his counsellor, who was also very relieved, 'I got a postcard from my good pal, Bill!' — May*

Although writing a letter home was not a priority, some Campers did scribble a note or postcard during rest period. May as Camp postmaster handled the outgoing mail and couldn't help but glance at the postcards which sometimes gave a little insight into what the boys were thinking. On one occasion a camper was describing their evening trail ride and to her dismay he wrote, "Last night we had the horses for supper."

In 1965 the Browns asked Brian Creer, whom they had known for many years, to direct the Wilderness Camp. Brian was a Physical Education teacher and a leader in introducing outdoor recreation activities to his students. He had many years of canoeing and camping experience and could best be described as a 'rugged outdoorsman.' Brian enjoyed testing the limits of his

physical abilities and was able to inspire those in his charge to do the same. One of his projects for the Wilderness Camp was to have the campers start building the log cabin, an ongoing project with interested groups adding logs each session. Brian had the skills and experience and that year the first logs and floor were laid. He also wanted to challenge the senior boys with a more demanding wilderness expedition. A six day trip was planned beginning with a hike from Deka Lake via Bowers Lake to Canim Lake, then by canoe and portage to Mahood Lake. The group then paddled the length of Mahood Lake into Wells Grey Park.

Another addition to Camp Deka that year was the purchase of Boneparte Island. The Browns now owned three of the four pieces of private property on the north end of Deka Lake, and with the Camp road being the only easy access to the lake, Lorne and May felt the wilderness setting of the Camp was assured for the foreseeable future.

Each year, after Camp closed and before returning to Vancouver, the Browns planned a family trip. In 1965 they drove west from Williams Lake into the Chilcotin Country. At the small settlement of Alexis Creek they stopped for gas and browsed through the General Store admiring the Native handicrafts. A finely embroidered, white buckskin jacket caught Lorne's eye, and remembering that Chief Looney Loon was looking for a new

wardrobe, he purchased the jacket. Knowing the origin of the jacket, made by a member of the Chilcotin Band, gave Lorne another story he could pass on to the campers.

The winter of that year marked the end of an era in the kitchen at Camp Deka. John Gilewich, who had become a faithful and loyal employee died suddenly while working in a logging camp at the Coast.

Friendships developed between the Browns and many of the staff, and such was the case with John the Cook. May, who had relied on John so much during the first years for his expertise and guidance, especially felt the loss.







The end of one era marks the beginning of another, and so it was at Camp Deka with the introduction of ranch women to handle the cooking duties.

The Browns believed it was important to support Cariboo businesses and hire local residents as much as possible. In return the community took an interest in the boys' camp and assisted the Browns in many ways. May and Lorne told the Paulsen's at the Lone Butte General Store that they were in need of a cook for the summer months and a short time later were contacted by Lorraine Faessler. Lorraine and her husband operated a cattle ranch at Bridge Lake, and like most ranch women one of her many jobs was ensuring the family and ranch help were well fed. She was used to preparing large quantities of food with a minimum of appliances and conveniences, as the power lines had

only recently been extended to that part of the country, and was a very capable woman who would take charge of the kitchen.

Joining Lorraine in the kitchen was Ester Bloc Jensen, Joan Nichol森 and Judy Watt.

Rick Wadge returned to Camp and Lorne relied on him to take a leading role in the program. One of Rick's qualities was his ability to establish a good rapport with his campers and create close knit cabin groups. Also, underneath his studious image was a quirky side which resulted in his groups having unusual and exciting experiences. During one session he took advantage of his time away from the expectations of medical school and let his hair and beard grow, and from then on was known as 'Dirty Rick.'

*I remember walking down the corridor of the Bio Science building at U.B.C. and looking at the notice board for summer jobs. There was a notice for staff at a boys' camp in the Cariboo. So started an experience lasting several years and packed with many experiences and happy times.*

*There were interesting people — counsellors and campers. Lorne and May were amazing for their energy, knowledge and enthusiasm. Picking up a new group of campers in N. Van. and taking the train all day to Lone Butte was a trip filled with humour and various 'happenings.' Then the car ride from the Butte to the Camp usually in the old station wagons!*

*It was always rewarding to see a nervous camper early in his stay develop into a boy who was comfortable in some skills in the out of doors and interacting with his peers. Many, many thoughts come flooding back — campfires with all sorts of 'entertainment', indoor track meets organized at the last minute because of bad weather, fun in my main area — the waterfront, canoeing and swimming lessons, overnight with*

*the senior groups and even longer trips with them. Dining room high-jinx, late night counsellor 'meetings', laughter, good friends, being able to laugh at oneself — Dirty Rick.*

*Days off and hitchhiking to 100 Mile House, events at the nearby ranch including helping with branding. Thinking back on all the boys I met and interacted with — each with their own interest and strengths. The beautiful scenery both day and night. The STARS. The peace in an early morning canoe ride near the shore and seeing some animal scurry away or looking back at me in a calm attitude as if to say 'Isn't this a great beginning of a new day?'*

*I have said to my wife that these were some of the happiest days of my life! I grew in so many areas, learnt many things, honed some interpersonal skills — all of which have stood in good stead to me for my marriage of 40 years and in my profession as a doctor. So many things, memories etc. that it would fill many audio tapes! Hope these thoughts are a beginning.*  
*— Richard Wadge*



Peter Marsh returned to Camp and used his talents in arts and crafts to expand the activities in the Craft Shop which became a hive of activity. The boys produced many fine personal mementos and raised the standard for cabin group plaques which were hung proudly in the Lodge.

Rob Hebden, a new recruit contributed his experience as a Scout Leader and Mark Warwarick assumed the role of wrangler. Denis and Jean Cliff moved into the Health Centre.



In keeping with the Browns belief “that boys are in general capable of taking responsibility for their own conduct and behaviour” each group would plan their own daily activities, keeping in mind that equipment and horses had to be shared. The daily routine in Camp included instruction periods in the morning when each cabin group worked with their own counsellor, or one of the other staff, in the program area they had chosen. After a couple of hours of group activity, there was time for the boys to swim, work on a project in the Craft Shop or go canoeing with a friend. Counsellors were assigned specific areas to supervise during this ‘free time’ and the campers needed little encouragement to find an activity of interest. In the afternoon, following ‘rest period,’ this routine was repeated. After a day or two of learning or refreshing their camping skills, the boys began planning an outtrip, typically a supper cook-out or overnight trip being the first excursions away from Camp. The boys learned how to plan menus and make food lists which they submitted to Mrs. Brown. They decided what equipment and personal items were required and planned their destination and route. In the younger groups the counsellor made most of the decisions but the boys were expected to pack their own kit. The more experienced campers did most of the planning themselves with advice from their counsellor.

*It was always a learning experience for the campers. You could see them developing over the two weeks they were there, they were stronger, more confident. — Rob Hebden*

Lorne and May enjoyed another very successful summer ‘with a fine staff and wonderful group of boys.’ Some campers now had several years of experience and were looking for more challenging outtrips. Even the younger boys were climbing Mount Deka, and new hiking trips explored the mountain at the north end of Drewry Lake and a route to English Lake. Two Wilderness Camps were held due to demand from graduate campers. Many boys had become competent horsemen and were able to saddle, bridle, groom and help care for the horses. The fleet of Chestnut and Greenwood canoes had grown to 16 and were in demand for practicing skills, outtrips and leisure time at the waterfront.

## **RECOGNITION NIGHT**

One of the Camp Deka traditions that was especially gratifying for Lorne and May was Recognition Night. At the evening campfire on the last Sunday of each session they recognized the achievements of every boy in Camp, both personal accomplishments and those of the cabin groups. Lorne would

begin with a few general comments about the past two weeks and then state;

*“As is the tradition of Camp Dekka no awards or prizes are offered or given. Every boy has the opportunity of progressing in his skills as far as he decides to go. This record makes up the permanent historical account of the groups, the staff and the achievements made during the past two weeks.”*

He would call on the staff to report on their area of responsibility, whether it was canoeing, campcraft, riding, swimming or crafts. The names of campers achieving various levels would be read and the boys would stand and be recognized. Then May or Lorne would briefly describe the trips each group had undertaken, recognizing the younger boys as Overnigheters and the senior campers as Portagers or Voyageurs. May, being keeper of the records, would name any boys present who were ‘charter campers’, and those participating in Camp traditions such as the cross-the-lake swim and riding the horses to Earl Papenfus’ ranch. The accomplishments of the boys and groups were remarkable and a testament to the successful program of Camp Dekka.

In September the Browns returned to their routine in Vancouver: Barbara and Greg going to school; May completing Camp business, typing Camper Reports and continuing her work with the B.C. Camping Association; Lorne teaching Outdoor Education, a new component to the curriculum at U.B.C.

Lorne believed that people living in increasingly crowded urban areas needed open spaces, such as parks, where they could enjoy being in the outdoors, as well as Community Centres, swimming pools and playing fields which would encourage people to be more active. He and May discussed these ideas at length and decided Lorne should become more involved in civic affairs. In November of 1966 Lorne was elected to the Vancouver Parks Board.







1967 was an exciting time in Canada. Summer camps across the country were planning Centennial activities and the Browns were busy making preparations for Camp Deka to participate in two nationwide events, one being the Centenary Journey.

The Canadian Camping Association was looking for ways to include youth in the celebrations for Canada's 100th birthday and one proposal was to have groups of campers paddle or hike along sections of the historic fur-trade route of the voyageurs. Camp Deka accepted one of the longest, most ambitious and most challenging sections of the entire route; to travel by canoe from the British Columbia–Alberta border at Yellowhead Pass, 450 miles down the Fraser River to Quesnel.

The most qualified person available to lead this expedition was Brian Creer. During the winter many hours were spent studying maps, drafting an itinerary, making menus and lists of supplies.

Special equipment, including five canoes suitable for river travel was purchased. The nine veteran Camp Deka campers aged 16 and 17 selected for the expedition had proven themselves to be skilled canoeists and campers, and responsible young men. The logistics alone were daunting with 10 people and their supplies scheduled to arrive at the summit of the Yellowhead Pass on the morning of July 7th to meet a group of campers from Alberta. Due largely to Brians leadership and organizational skills the expedition was a great success.







Although planning the Centenary Journey took much of their time, the Browns were also busy with the yearly preparations for Camp. When May completed the financial accounting each year she could see that the numbers of campers should be increased for economic reasons, but Lorne was adamant that Camp remain small so individual attention could be given to each boy. He did recognize the need to make a slight increase in the fees due to rising costs and this was mentioned in the February letter to parents; still, registrations continued to arrive early and the Camp filled its contingent of 42 boys.

A mix of returning counsellors and new staff again provided both continuity and diversity to the program. Another experienced cook was needed to take over some of Mays duties in the kitchen as she was spending more time organizing food for

outtrips. Kathryn Wells, from the neighbouring ranch, was hired to work with Lorraine Faessler. Lorraine's daughter Catherine also joined the staff to help in the kitchen.

There was an addition to the program that summer.

*My father Jack was always keen on myself and my two bothers attending camps because it taught us how to deal with different situations and to get along with others as well as the wonderful outdoor experiences. He was also an avid sailor and it was his idea that Deka needed a sailboat. He suggested that he would pay for the wood, sails and the plans for an 8 foot Sabot if I would build the boat. So that is what I did after school and on weekends in the spring of 1967 in our basement and backyard. In late June we put it in the back of our station wagon with the tailgate down and drove it all the way from Vancouver to camp. Boy were we dusty from the gravel roads when we arrived! In the early 1960s there was a popular song on the radio by the Beach Boys called "The Sloop John B." So when the Sabot arrived at Deka someone called it the 'Sloop John H.' and it stuck. I know my Dad was very*



*happy to hear of all the use the boat got at camp  
over the years. — John Hetherington*

Fresh from the experience of organizing the Centenary Journey, and seeing the need for more challenging adventures for the oldest boys, Lorne and May consented to a trip on the North Thompson River for the Wilderness Camp. Bill Duncan led the group, which included an ambitious plan to hike part way to Little Fort then spend a week on the river where Brian Creer joined the expedition as white-water instructor.

On August 9th, as part of the Centennial celebrations, the entire camp including the kitchen staff, climbed to the top of Mount Deka and inscribed their names on a scroll that was left in the stone cairn. Everyone had supper at the Wilderness Camp before returning to the main camp for a Centennial Campfire and Deka campers joined thousands of youth across the country in the simultaneous lighting of ceremonial campfires.

There were changes in policy at Camp Deka that year as a result of increased awareness and change in attitude towards the natural environment. This was largely due to a wave of social change that began sweeping over Canada during the 1960s. People had been so preoccupied with the post-war economic boom that little consideration was given to the consequences



of this unprecedented growth. A maturing generation of 'baby boomers', seeing the world differently than their parents, began expressing their concerns for the future. Generally Camp Deka was immune to outside influences but this change in consciousness was reflected in the Camp program.



During the early years of Camp the accepted approach to wildlife study included collecting butterflies, trapping, skinning and dissecting small rodents. On outtrips the practice was to 'burn, bash and bury' any tin cans and dispose of other garbage in the campfire. To date the wilderness was able to regenerate and recover from this approach but there was evidence some practices should change. Now all refuse would be carried back to Camp and disposed of at a garbage dump. Some of the more popular campsites around the lakes were showing signs of heavy use so different areas were used, being left as much as possible

in their natural state. These were not radical changes because conservation had always been the underlying theme at Camp Deka but this new approach was a way of emphasising to the boys the importance of preserving the natural resources and beauty of the area.

*We were on an overnight hike to Bowers Lake. We had finished hiking over the ridge, set up camp and had supper. We were lying on the beach in front of our tents looking at the stars*

*and talking about anything that comes to mind. One of the campers expressed his concern that we, society, will have to address the issues of the world's water supply in the near future. Remember, it was 1966 and the camper was 12 years old, contemplating the world's water supply. This issue changed the discussion for the rest of the evening.*  
— Rob Hebden



The basis for the operation of Camp Deka continued to be the Browns belief “that it is the rightful heritage of every boy to experience life and living in the out-of-doors close to natural things,” and they were constantly seeking ways to offer this type of experience in a changing world.

They considered the benefits of owning more land around the Camp and did purchase 100 acres on Dragonfly Lake from the Wells Ranch. The property was partly hay fields, was a good area for trail rides and provided easier access to Fortune Lake. Included with this deeded land was 160 acres of leased crown land adjoining the main Camp which was an excellent area for grazing the horses. The corral was moved and a new tack shed built up the road from the Camp gate.

May and Lorne were very pleased with the staff they recruited for the summer. Peter Marsh returned for his fourth summer

and took over many of the responsibilities of Program Director from Lorne. Peter had established himself as a leader among the staff, was well organized and set high expectations for himself and others. He had expanded his skills beyond the Craft Shop and was proficient in all areas of the Camp program and new counsellors looked to Peter for guidance and ideas.

Al Hendrickson was always welcome at Camp, as a visitor or a staff member. One of his many talents was playing the organ, and he livened up many noon hour sing-songs with his large repertoire of camp songs. Al also had a flare for the dramatic and dressed for the occasion, whether a colourful blanket at the campfire circle, a special riding hat and scarf or a feather in his sun hat when boating. His long career in education was evident in his manner around the boys, as he could engage any camper in a conversation and they all knew ‘Uncle Al’ would be glad to sit



with them if they felt lonely or needed a hand with a project. Al was counsellor for the youngest boys and although they were not ready for an overnight canoe trip they would head off with their camping gear in the rowboats, sometimes being towed by Lorne in the motorboat.



Seasoned campers, Paul Pearlman, John Harper and Greg Brown were added to the roster.

Rob Ruttan, known as 'Rat' even before he first arrived at Camp in 1962, joined the ranks of C.I.T. 'Rat' was known for his natural talents as an actor, performing at campfires and skit night and even as a camper his leadership abilities were obvious.

Geoff Thomas also became a C.I.T. after four summers as a camper and continued his interest in the riding program. Geoff was a skilled canoeist and 'tripper' and could be relied on to assist in all areas of the Camp program.

The combination of a seasoned staff and the experience and enthusiasm of many returning campers led to a record number of outtrips. The fleet of canoes had increased to 20 to meet the demand, the horses were often working three shifts and hiking trips were pushing beyond Needa Lake. Drewry Lake had been explored from end-to-end and the circle route from Deka, to Sulphurous, Hathaway and Dragonfly lakes then back to Camp was completed by the most ambitious portagers.

*... we quickly developed new friendships,  
learned life lessons such as team building,  
sportsmanship, camping skills, early introduction  
into environmentalism. A lot of bonding and  
character shaping occurred in that two week period*

*which I hated to see come to an end. Some of my experiences and skills I could directly pass on to my own sons through our own vacations and our involvement with the Scout movement. There must undoubtedly be other lasting influences, which I don't actually realize. To this day I must still reminisce because my wife and sons often interject with..." Yes we know Ken, you hiked to 30/30 barefoot, in the rain, uphill in both directions, and lived on bannock." — Ken Adams*

In August Bob Morford led nine Wilderness Camp boys on a reportedly 'fabulous' trip around the Bowron Lake Provincial Park chain of lakes, another first for Deka campers. The eloquent account of their adventure, written by one of the campers, is not only a log of that particular trip but is a good example how teenage boys react to a successful wilderness camping experience. It could be the story of any number of trips by Camp Deka campers who had learned to live comfortably and confidently in the out-of-doors.

One hundred and sixty boys attended Camp Deka that summer so May was busy during September and October typing



and mailing Camper Reports to all the parents. Lorne decided he would not seek re-election as a Commissioner on the Vancouver Parks Board, a position he held for only 2 years and in a tribute to his father 30 years later, Greg reflected on this decision.

*"Dad was not a politician, so it is really to his credit that he did stand for public office and serve on the Parks Board. He did this because he was looking for ways of promoting his ideas, particularly his strong conviction that people need a chance to be in contact with nature. Especially in an urban setting natural, green spaces are essential for the growth and development of healthy individuals, and subsequently a healthy community. But he was not interested in administrative details and could become frustrated with the bureaucracy". (Dedication Ceremony, May and Lorne Brown Park, Vancouver 1999)*









The number of boys attending Camp each session had crept up to 48. There was a waiting list of boys wanting to attend but the limiting factor, along with Lorne's insistence that the Camp remain small, was the size of the Lodge which was bursting at the seams when all the groups were in Camp. There were now 70 people to feed three times a day which required 5 staff in the kitchen for the main meal at noon. There was not much elbow room at the six tables, with eight campers and two counsellors, while the staff room accommodated the cooks, dishwashers, nurse, May, Barbara, and counsellors on their day off. Lorne sat with the cabin groups, filling in for those having their day off.

The staff were again the key to a successful summer with many veteran counsellors and graduate campers filling the positions: Peter Marsh, taking the lead in many Camp activities; Keith Adams, a 'charter camper' and former C.I.T.; Rob Hebden,

returning for a third year; Jim Berta, enjoying another summer at Deka Lake; Geoff Thomas, former C.I.T.; Owen Hertzman, former camper; Brian Creer, always keen for a wilderness adventure. Dave and Marilyn McCutcheon returned for a month assuming their duties as counsellor and nurse. Dave and Diane Gifford moved into the Health Centre in August. The contingent of C.I.T.'s, all very skilled and seasoned campers, included Peter Armstrong, Nigel Kellett, Charles Lyall, Bill Macfarlane, Jim Millar and Rob Ruttan. Greg helped with the program as well as maintenance for part of the summer.

May considered herself very fortunate to always have reliable, hard-working and competent cooks and joining Kathryn Wells in the kitchen was Betty Johnson who lived in the Horse Lake area.

*The first day I was initiated without any further ado — I barely got my coat off when Mrs. B.*



asked — “Can you bake bread?” “Sure,” I said, “How many loaves?” I smiled to myself I think when she said “As many as you can handle”. I prepared to mix up a batch of dough, double the amount I usually made at home. I think in the end it was about 20 loaves and it turned out fine and I was pleased with my effort and amazed how fast it disappeared. Four or more loaves went for supper that night, toast for breakfast next morning, lunches for some of the groups who were bound out on all-day trips and the rest for supper that night. The next day when I arrived I had to do the job all over again. I made a lot of bread that summer and managed to squeeze in a few more jobs in between times as I got better and faster at it.

Our turkey dinners were a thing of beauty and something that took a lot of planning. Mrs. B. would get up in the wee hours of the morning and make her way up the hill from her cottage with flashlight in hand to pop the prepared fowls in the oven so they would be ready for the noon meal.

For an establishment without electricity of any kind and no modern conveniences what-so-ever,

*except the trucked-in propane, the things we could accomplish when we “all fell to with a will” were amazing indeed. I think all the campers went home happy and I remained doing the “summer camp thing” for many years until Mrs. B. closed the camp after the 1976 season. — Betty Johnson*

Returning for her third summer was Catherine Faessler, a ranch girl from Bridge Lake who was more at home on her horse than in the kitchen. She brought her spirited horse to Camp and enjoyed teasing the Wrangler about his string of Cariboo nags.

The Camp Directors believed counsellors needed a quiet place away from the activity around their cabins and tents where they could relax on their days off. They also felt the entire staff should have an opportunity to socialize at the end of the day once the campers were in bed and duties completed. The Log Cabin, located at the west end of Camp away from the main program areas, had been built for such purposes and was furnished with a couple of cots, wood stove, a few dishes, sofa, table and chairs. Fun and laughs over a card game, witty comments and humorous stories were common fare in the Log cabin and helped create camaraderie and lasting friendships among the staff.

## **THE RANCH**

Late in the summer Lorne and May were faced with a critical decision. It was a decision they considered very seriously because of the long term impact it could have on Camp Deka, not realizing the decision would have an even greater impact on the family. The Browns were advised by John and Kathryn Wells that their ranch on Drewry Lake was for sale. The ranch property was comprised of about 200 acres of privately owned land, several hundred acres of leased crown land plus control of all of the open range land around Drewry and Deka Lakes. In the past ten years there was increasing development from Horse Lake to Hathaway Lake as plots of private land were subdivided for homes and cottages and the Browns could see the possibility of the same happening to the land adjacent to Camp Deka. Following much deliberation they decided to purchase the Wells Ranch.

*When I returned home after a six month hitchhiking adventure through Europe I learned the details of the acquisition of the ranch at Drewry Lake; the sheep were sold; some cattle and machinery came with the ranch; the Browns would take possession on May 1, 1970. May and Lorne planned to hire an experienced person to take over*



*the operation but by February the prospects of finding a suitable manager did not look good. At the age of 20, I naively offered to fill in, packed a few things and headed to the Cariboo thinking this would be a temporary situation. — Greg*

Greg was not entirely on his own because Bob Parks was always available to give a hand and Earl Papenfus usually stopped on his way to town to give encouragement. Once the University term was finished John Harper arrived to help with the ranch work as well as open Camp Deka for its tenth season.

Another change this year was the switch from traveling to and from Camp on the train to traveling by bus. The service of the P.G.E. Railroad was becoming unreliable as the freight trains were given priority over passenger service with the 'Budd' cars frequently waiting on sidings. Although the boys enjoyed the train ride along the coast to Squamish, through the Pemberton Valley and along the spectacular vistas north of Lillooet, the delayed trains were too much of a disruption to the Camp schedule and the bus became the mode of transportation from Vancouver to 100 Mile House. Greyhound was very accommodating and would add an extra bus to the scheduled run when May advised them of the dates the campers would be

traveling. A school bus was hired to meet the boys at 100 Mile House and drive them to Camp.

100 Mile House was growing and replacing Lone Butte as the main commercial centre in the southern Cariboo. During the gold rush of the 1860s roadhouses were established along the Cariboo Wagon Road where the stage coaches would stop and change to a fresh team of horses on their way to the gold fields in the Barkerville area. 100 Mile House was so named because it was 100 miles from Lillooet which was Mile 0 of the gold rush trail. Following the gold rush, traffic subsided, ranchers settled in the area and there was little further development. The railway bypassed the community so it was not until Highway 97 was improved and established as the main route to northern B.C. that 100 Mile House again became a prominent commercial and supply centre.

The sale and decline of the Lone Butte General Store led to a change in suppliers for Camp Deka. The large food orders were placed with a wholesaler in Kamloops and boxes of meat, blocks of cheese, cases of eggs, sacks of potatoes, bags of carrots and other fresh food were picked up weekly in 100 Mile House. The large quantities of dry staple goods needed for eight weeks were already on hand, as one of Lorne's jobs when opening Camp in June was to stock the pantry and storage room with hundred

pound bags of flour, white and brown sugar, powdered milk, oatmeal and cases of cold cereal. All food was stored in mouse-proof metal or rubber cans but that did not deter a black bear on one occasion from opening the screen door at the back of the Lodge and pulling the lid off one of the containers.

The first session in 1970 enjoyed two weeks of perfect, warm, sunny weather which led to an increase in swimming, canoeing, sailing, kayaking, and row boating. Less organized waterfront activities included log rolling, fishing, sunbathing and just splashing around on the beach. The Recognition Night records also refer to a change in the cabin group organization.

*“In order to honour and recognize the early pioneers in this area we have given names to all the tents and cabins with the idea that each group is called by the name of their shelter. The*



*story of these early residents is an exciting and interesting account of hardships, self-reliance and adventure over the years. Many of the children and descendants of these pioneers are directly or indirectly associated with Camp Deka at present.”*

The cabin groups were now referred to by these names: Higgins Haven, Parks Place, Winters Wood, Fort Furrer, McNeil Manor, Larsen's Lair.

Lorne was very strict regarding litter around the Camp and the cleanliness of the buildings, and the whole Camp would be informed if he found a chocolate bar wrapper or if the washhouse was left untidy. This summer, emphasis was again placed “on the conservation of our resources and the prevention of litter and pollution,” and cabin groups collected old tin cans that had previously been discarded and camping practices changed to keep dish water and soap out of the lakes. One camper initiated a special project and with a cabin mate, planned an overnight canoe trip to Boneparte Island where they imported soil and planted trees to help restore the natural setting. The island was given a rest for several years once a campsite was established on the mainland.

In order to make the best use of the ranch operation at Drewry Lake the Browns decided to experiment with a two week Ranch Camp for a select group of 15 year olds. John Harper accepted the job of leading the program for the seven boys who lived in one of the original log cabins. The intent of the program was similar to that of the Wilderness Camp, with the group planning their own activities while integrating some of the ranch chores into the program. They enjoyed a variety of activities from canoe trips and riding to stacking bales of hay in the barns.

Another busy and rewarding summer came to an end and by

the first of September Camp Deka was again quiet, the horses returned to Rose Rim Ranch, the canoes and rowboats stored in the cabins and the tents folded and put away for the winter. Lorne, May and Barbara returned to Vancouver, a little anxious at leaving Greg to operate the Ranch. Later in the fall they arranged for Jim and Kathy Berta to join him for the winter.

## **A COMMUNITY**

Camp Deka had become more than a summer camp, it was a community. It was a community apart from the rest of the world, separated by 30 miles of gravel road, with no radios, newspaper or television. There were no signs of other people, only those living in Camp. It was a small community by design so everyone knew each other by name and it was a community of primarily young people.

In order for this community to function people learned to cooperate. Resources were adequate but not unlimited so everyone shared, whether it was the horses, the basins in the wash house or the platter of fish and chips. Everyone was expected to help with the chores: the guy ropes on the tents needed adjusting, the horses were rounded up, floors were swept, the huge pot of potatoes needed mashing, firewood was chopped, the motorboat needed bailing, billy cans were scrubbed, the



station wagon was unloaded after a trip to town. Regardless of age or position everyone helped; 10 year olds carried ice up to the Lodge; the Camp Directors cleaned privies and washed dishes; the nurse helped with the laundry.

Camp Deka operated in this manner because of the Browns' belief, as outlined in their Statement of Purpose, "that desirable attitudes to both work and play are important. Every boy will be expected to share in camp duties and participate in constructive work as well as play and recreational activities." Lorne and May led by example, the staff contributed more than what was expected and this willing attitude became the standard among campers.

Along with the human element that makes a community there is the physical aspect; the buildings, geography, flora and fauna. For the veteran campers, returning to Camp Deka was like coming home for the summer and May has distinct memories of the arrival of the boys each session.

*"Many boys returned to Camp for several years, so there were a lot of familiar faces among the older boys as they stepped off the bus. They quickly claimed their luggage, met their counsellor then headed to the assigned cabin or tent. Their next order of business was to make a hasty tour of*

*the camp. I would see them run up to the Lodge, check the dining room and poke their head over the counter into the kitchen. They followed the trail past the Health Centre and Dillee Cottage then paused briefly at the campfire circle on their way to the Craft Shop. Down at the waterfront they would go out on the wharf and peer across the lake at Mount Deka and look for the tepee at the Wilderness Camp. There would be a quick inspection of the canoes and a peek inside the wash house before checking the rest of the cabins and tents. Time permitting they would walk up to the corral and see their favourite horse. When I spoke*





*to them next they were genuinely happy to be back at Camp and said in a very relieved tone, 'I'm sure glad you haven't changed anything.' It was easy for me to conclude they liked things the way they were. Even though these were adventuresome and confident boys they still sought the stability and security needed by any youth."*



The staff hired for the summer was a diverse mix of personalities. Barbara accepted more responsibilities and worked in the kitchen as well as helping with maintenance. She was glad to move out of the Dillee Cottage and into one of the cabins above the Lodge where she lived with the other kitchen girls.

Dave and Marilyn McCutcheon and their daughter moved into the Health Centre again for a month while young David, who was a toddler his first year at Camp, was old enough to join a cabin group.

Jim Berta, a young man with strong convictions, came north to Canada because of his country's involvement in the Vietnam War. Conscientious and reliable, Jim took time to observe and appreciate his surroundings and was able to convey to his campers the enjoyment to be found in living simply. Having spent the winter at the Ranch, Jim was the natural choice as leader for the Ranch Camp that summer.

*I went to Camp Deka only one summer — 1969. I was 14 and had just finished Grade 9.*

*Jim Berta. He was my counsellor and had a very large effect on me, a positive one. I remember that he was a runner and a (politically correct to say?) draft dodger, as we used to say. I remember lying in the long grass next to him somewhere above the main part of the Camp and we stared up at the sky and we talked about deep questions. We ran all the way back to Camp after that. I was thrilled by this experience.*

*I remember playing the then popular song "Windy" on my recorder around a campfire. I remember learning to split wood with a sledge hammer and a wedge and Mr. Brown had me chop*





at Camp Deka or helping Greg at the Ranch. No matter what the occasion John could make himself comfortable and content with the few possessions he carried in his packsack. His inquisitive nature was evident in the activities he initiated with the Campers; exploring new territory with a compass and map; using a fire bow to start a fire; finding an unusual piece of wood for carving. John felt it was important to take a few quiet moments each day to contemplate the subtle aspects of

*some wood one afternoon when I asked to be of assistance. I remember Rob Ruttan leading some unsuspecting young camper through the acting out of the first foreign sounding words of “O-Wa-Ta-Goo” before the great king (or whatever) of “Siam”.*  
— Mike Hetherington

John Harper spent a lot of time with the Browns in the Cariboo, on long weekends during the off- season, working

one’s inner self as it relates to its surroundings.

*Memories flash through my mind. The evening campfires with someone performing a skit about peanuts being thrown off a bridge (finally Peanuts appears, a young man all wrapped in bandages!) then, a memory of evening camp on a point of land at sunset - an outtrip to the far end of the lake, with bannock being roasted on the red coals of a fire as*

*the sun sets behind the low hills.*

*Horse riding, canoeing, swimming at the wharf and lunch in the Lodge with a table of boys slapping the table top in unison singing the play-on-names song: "I'd rather be a trumpeter, a trumpeter, a trumpeter, I'd rather be a trumpeter than a Harper!!"*

*Such were the Deka days, full of fun, Nature and challenge for the boys and for the leaders too. Over the four decades that have passed since these times, such memories have often, unexpectedly, surfaced in my mind. They are stored deeply and pay tribute to how much the Deka experience helped to lay a more solid foundation for the adult life ahead.*

*Deka is remembered with gratitude and with great pleasure. And among these memories, there are a few which are especially treasured, memories of brief moments that touched even deeper levels, bringing that rare contact with the soul in things, with that special something that gives a more real and deeper direction to our lives. — John Harper*

Dave Gifford returned for two weeks to lead the Wilderness Camp on a trip down the Thompson River from Blackpool to Savona. Dave was a Physical Education teacher, and Lorne liked the way he worked with the boys and found him very dependable in organizing these expeditions away from Camp.

Despite a light snowfall on Mount Deka on July 1st, the lake warmed quickly with the sunny days and the waterfront became very popular during instructional periods and free time. The fleet of canoes had grown to 22, yet there were times when the canoe racks were empty, with groups away on trips, boys practicing their canoeing skills or enjoying a quiet evening paddle along the shore. Many campers and staff, became skilled canoeists and even some of the younger boys could handle a canoe competently by themselves.

The canoeing program was, however, more than learning the parts of the canoe, strokes, rescues and going on out-trips. The boys learned to care for and respect the canoes as they did with all Camp equipment, but in the case of the canoes there was a reverence for the craft.

Perhaps it was the thin covering of





canvas protecting the wood construction of the Chestnut and Greenwood canoes, or recognizing the craftsmanship required to bend the ribs, planks and gunwales into graceful lines, or feeling the canoe slip quietly through the water with just a gentle stroke of the paddle. Campers acquired the skills and techniques necessary to launch and land a canoe without it touching the dock or beach and were expected to sacrifice their own comfort for the well being of their canoe. Allowing a scratch on the canvas or a speck of red paint on a rock was cause for disgrace and embarrassment, and rarely happened.

The wooded hills and open grassy meadow around Deka Lake continued to be home to an abundance of wildlife. Occasionally a white-tailed deer would wander through Camp to be seen only by the very early risers. A keen observer might glimpse a weasel or mink scurrying along the lakeshore darting among the boulders and driftwood. Richardson ground squirrels flourished on the sunny open slopes during the brief summer before hibernating by the end of August. This summer there were

two special sightings, one being a cow moose and her calf who had followed one of the game trails to the water's edge to drink. The other was a report of seeing the Albino ground squirrel in the meadow near Dragonfly Lake. This rare sighting was often treated with scepticism unless corroborated by two or three convincing campers.

Lorne and May had taken steps to preserve the insular nature of the Camp by purchasing as much adjacent private land as possible and controlling the only road access to the north end of the lake. Fortunately, Deka Lake was not known as a great fishing



lake and with the shallow narrows dividing the lake, few motor boats ventured away from the cottages and resort at the south end of the lake, so Camp Deka continued to offer boys a chance to live in a wilderness setting. This was the fundamental purpose of the Camp based on the Browns' belief that *"it is the right and need for boys to live with efficiency and comfort close to nature and away from the distractions of city and urban life,"* and the main reason the Camp continued to attract a loyal following.

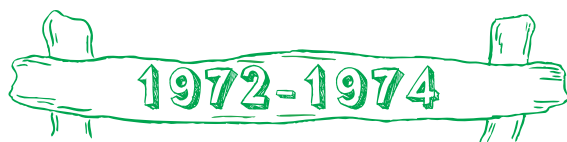
*It has been a long time since I thought of Camp Deka. As I now sift through old faded photos I spot myself in the line up of short cropped kids, with wide eyes and spindly legs. It was a long ways to 100 Mile House. For me, and I assume for others, it was our first true test of independence and of adventure. It was submersion in life in the out of doors.*

*From these photos, dormant memories surface of friends, places and sensations. Like running and springing off the end of the dock, into the lake when it was glassy calm, cold and clear. Or canoeing through rain squalls or sailing downwind in the sun. I liked the canoeing in particularly.*

*Other things I recall are elaborate camp fires that were master works of structural and combustion engineering. Or the breakfast bell in the morning and the ensuing scramble up dusty paths. Or lunch of fish and chips, and coveting the box of toffee, and the fine art of cooking bannock over a fire until golden brown then eating it with butter and plenty of raspberry jam. Learning skills such as using a compass, and tying knots and knots, some that I can still do with my eyes shut. Whittling, constant whittling on sticks, and practicing other unauthorized feats with a knife. Late night pranks. Rowdy games of capture the flag. Galloping the horses across the meadow. But most of all, I recall the camaraderie and the friendship.*

*I think back on the extraordinary experience, the unbridled freedom, rare today. I thank the Browns. I loved the place. — Steve Voorhees*





Geoff Thomas was best known as the Wrangler and conveyed his passion for the horses to many of the campers. To them Geoff was a real cowboy and he portrayed the part well with his cowboy boots, jeans, denim jacket and western hat. Being at Camp for many years he knew the area well and Lorne asked Geoff to take on other responsibilities; he often drove the truck to town for supplies, helped Lorne with maintenance and made deliveries to the Ranch. The area for the horses had expanded and with them now grazing over many acres when not on trail rides Geoff's day began early. He had a loyal and admiring following of campers who wanted to help with the morning round-up so he quietly made the rounds of the cabins waking those boys before walking up to the corral.

Meanwhile, at Drewry Lake Ranch, Greg was thriving and

had settled into living in the Cariboo. Life at the ranch was an adventure and challenge and in many ways an extension of Camp life which he enjoyed so much. There was no electricity, no telephone and no running water. The cold winter winds seeped through the gaps in the logs of the ranch house flickering the candles and kerosene lamps. The water bucket on the kitchen floor was often frozen by morning. A full woodshed in the fall would be almost empty by the time the snow melted. The icebox on the porch kept the fresh milk, cream and limited produce cool during the summer. He rode horseback to round up the cattle and in the winter often skied to the lower ranch to feed the cows. He learned how to operate a tractor, do repairs on machinery and help cows calve. Fortunately Bob Parks was available to help and once he had to call on the Camp nurse to perform some veterinary work.



There were two Ranch Camps in the summer of '72 with Don Poole and Peter Marsh hired as leaders. Don had worked at Deka Lake in 1960 clearing the land and helping with construction of the first buildings. He was an accomplished outdoorsman but had to learn the ranch duties along with the boys. Peter, in his well organized manner, planned a busy and diversified program for the boys.

*Camp Deka wasn't for everyone, but for those that made it past that first homesick twinge and struggled through their initial culture shock, the rewards turned out to be immense and everlasting.*

*In 1965 we embarked on the PGE train out of North Vancouver. There's nothing like a 10 hour train ride to a place called Lone Butte to emphasize the fact you are not just headed to the corner store with your 10 year old buddies. It took a while to figure out that Deka was the perfect metaphor for learning to find your own way in the world, in a way that made you come back for more, year after year.*

*In 1972 I had the chance to be a Junior Counsellor at the Ranch Camp on Drewry Lake. Just 17 years old and going into Grade 12, I was*

*all of 2 years older than the Ranch Campers. The old ranch house was straight out of Bonanza, we all had our own horses, and somehow Greg Brown showed us how much fun it could be to hoist hay bales all day. One evening I rode back from the main Camp at dusk, heard the wolves nearby (no dallying there!) and eventually came up over the rise heading down the dirt track to the old ranch house. The sun was setting in the distance, the late summer light reflecting off the lake, and the hay bales we hadn't yet retrieved lay waiting in the fields. I distinctly recall thinking that life just doesn't get any better than this, and 35 years later this moment and the entire Camp Deka experience continues to define "contentment" and "sense of place." — Ross Gilley*

Camp Deka had been operating at capacity for several years and with the current facilities being adequate there were no major changes or additions planned. The yearly routine for the Browns was well established and planning, organizing and preparing for each summer became easier. Lorne had his list of jobs to complete in June in order to open the Camp and the pre-camp



training for staff followed the same format. May had her lists of food to order each year, from apple sauce to vinegar, with little variation in the quantities.

The Browns now had time to enjoy being Camp Directors as well as their summer at Deka Lake. The porch of the Dillee Cottage offered a panoramic view of the lake and a vantage point for watching many activities around Camp. Even when they sat down to relax Lorne and May were cognizant of the responsibility they had for 48 campers entrusted in their care. They experienced more than a few anxious moments peering down the lake to catch the first glimpse of a group of boys returning from a canoe trip after several days away from Camp.

Now that the job of administering Camp Deka was less demanding May had more time to devote to other interests, including community groups and politics and in the fall of 1972 she was elected to the Vancouver Parks Board.

*My time at Camp Deka in the summer of 1963 was one of my first jobs ever. After having attended summer camps for many years, I was now going to work as a junior counsellor. I may have been sixteen years old at the time. Moreover, my big brother Paul was in charge of the horses and that was one of*

*the first summer camp experiences we had shared together in years. He was the best to be around.*

*I remember initially wondering how Lorne and May Brown would run the camp. Both had infectious smiles. Both lead in different ways. May was all energy and suggestions. Lorne seemed to prefer leading by catalyzing. He made it seem like his subordinates had reached all decisions by themselves. I can remember very few times when Lorne got serious and discussed an issue. When he did, I tended to listen closely.*

*Camp Deka was located in an inviting, lovely setting, a large lake connected to a chain of other lakes. Sometimes we rowed the length of Lake Deka; sometimes we camped overnight on the other side; and sometimes we went for canoe trips for several days.*

*This city boy heard loons for the first time. I fell asleep to the accompaniment of beavers' tails slapping the water. I saw that seagulls could actually winter on a single small island away from the coast. I learned so much about nature.*

*I was in charge of the youngest cabin and our*



job was to tell the camp each morning, in words and song, what the weather might do. We were the “weatherbirds”. The whole summer was a thrill and a learning experience for me and hopefully for them.

I watched as the senior staff enjoyed each other. How present and authentic they were with their young charges. Everything got done to high standards, without question or complaint, one lesson that resided in the background with me for many years, like a seed germinating.

Not many years later I moved back East and lost touch with people. After Lorne’s early death and my return to the West Coast, May’s path and mine crossed only occasionally. I happily put up aldermanic and mayoral signs for May’s political campaigns. May played a role in my later life. But I always watched her career in the background as if she were family.

It wasn’t till a long time later that I woke up to the influence that May and Lorne Brown had upon me as two of my earliest employers. This is difficult for me to put in words. As an adult in my last years of employment, I sat as a refugee adjudicator with

the Canadian government. I came to see, from that vantage point, that Canada — in fact right where I had the privilege of growing up — was one of the safest, most moral communities that I could think of on this planet. We hear stories of children who grew up in refugee camps. Or children who were caught in war zones or sold into slavery. I grew up very fortunately in Canada.

May and Lorne Brown represented the type of people who were dead at the centre of that way of being that I later came to think of as “Canada”, the same Canada that participated in a human rights revolution after the Second World War and provided such an exemplary democracy for its citizens.

It is so many years ago now. I know that the Browns’ example and that of the people on their team, later became simply part of my fabric. The Browns were even-handed and forgiving. They were happy and full of trust. I wanted to do my best for them. I couldn’t help but be happy with any outcome, as long as they were happy with it.

At Camp Deka or not, the Browns always reflected back to me the very best values a

*Canadian householder couple could probably expect to present. Having learned recently at a weekend retreat the “forgotten art” of blessing, I bless them for the moral fibre they passed on to me. My life was enriched and made more humane by their influence. — Steve Beckow*

Camp Deka did evolve as societal changes in behaviour and attitude continued during the 1970s. One change in 1973 was renaming the boy assigned to meal duty from ‘fag’ to ‘garçon’. The abbreviated military term was never used disparagingly because it was only used in the context of Camp. However, the new title was readily adopted as bilingualism was in the forefront of Canadian politics. The ‘back to the land’ movement inspired some new activities such as learning the edible parts of many wild plants, making candles, weaving belts and building saunas on outtrips. Billy cans full of wild raspberries were delivered to the kitchen for the cooks to turn into tasty pies.

Assessing the program was ongoing for the Browns and staff. The Ranch Camps, although enjoyed by the campers, added a lot of extra work. It was difficult to combine the ranch work with a wilderness camping experience and give these senior campers an opportunity to develop their leadership skills. For these reasons,

the Ranch Camps were discontinued.

Mike Coupland returned for his third summer as a counsellor. Mike was an up-beat, conscientious young man who enjoyed helping people and working with youth. He was well organized and was often seen with his cabin group gathered around him with each boy involved in planning their activities and having a job to do.

Geoff Plant also returned as counsellor. As a camper, Geoff’s determination and positive attitude earned him respect among his peers. As a counsellor he initiated many activities and his cabin groups, even the younger boys, spent much of their time on day and overnight trips. Geoff had an outgoing, cheerful personality and he didn’t hesitate leading a song or jumping up to address Chief Looney Loon in a wailing voice.

*Mine was a saltwater childhood, raised to the rhythm of tides, and the brackish tang of sea air. And so for me the thought of Camp Deka always begins with the memory of dipping my metal camp cup into the lake and drinking the cool water, and the strange discovery that a canoe pulled only halfway up the beach would still be there in the morning. And the sound of the wind rustling through birch leaves.*

Camp Deka lies at the heart of all the summers of my adolescence. During the six years from the end of elementary school to the beginning of university, I made my way through the available ranks: first as camper, then as Wilderness camper, then C.I.T., then a whole summer as junior counselor and finally a month as a senior counselor in my last year, 1973.

It's a long time ago, but it feels as important to me now as it did then. There are strong memories of particular moments where I can fix the exact time and place, knowing even so that my imagination is hard at work recreating the past. And there are other memories that simply hang without points of reference.

I remember paddling the Deka-Sulphurous-Hathaway-Dragonfly circuit in one day with Roger whose last name is lost to me. He came from Ontario, and had paddled in Algonquin Park. He made us fourteen year olds believe we could carry a canoe by ourselves and so, not knowing any better, we did, each taking our turns on the dusty roads and trails between the lakes. And then we took our

confidence further down the road on what was one of the few Camp Deka explorations of Canim Lake and Mahood Lake, camping under tarps wrapped around the canoes, living mainly on stoned wheat thins, bannock, margarine and jam. I never ate better.

A year later, this time on Lanezi Lake, halfway round the Bowron Lakes. Rick "Tic" Bryan was in charge. At one point in our days of preparation he may have suggested we were the most challenging — that is, smart-alec, lazy and ill-prepared — group of campers he'd ever had the burden to spend time with. We probably were. But somehow or other we made it through the hard portages at the start of the circuit, and even survived the small patch of white water at the Isaac River chute. We were paddling down Lanezi in brilliant sunshine, hills and mountains rising on either side, all alone in the world. And for a moment I was almost overcome by a feeling that I thought then was something like homesickness, but know now was something different. It's not that I wanted to be home, but instead I felt somehow both in a place and wanting all the elsewheres in my life to be there at the same





*time too, with a keen feeling that all of life was somehow wrapped up in this one moment.*

*Forward a year or two, one of my counselor colleagues was actually a second cousin from Ontario, Lloyd Hetherington. We hadn't met before, and I don't think we've met since. But I remember one early morning, long before the first bell, when the two of us took a canoe and paddled north to the place we called the sunken island, where we got out of our canoe, let it drift in the lake and swam and dove in the clear water with the rocks just below our feet and enjoyed the feeling that for a few moments we'd left the routine and schedule of camp life somewhere else, and the lake just belonged to us.*

*It's funny, but most of my memories of the summers I was a counselor are of adventures when the campers were somewhere else — in bed, usually. This is not the time to admit whether, under the age of majority, I spent parts of days off in the Exeter Arms in 100 Mile House. But I do have a strange memory of a magical night arranged by Peter Marsh. Campfire was over and the campers were in bed, or ought to have been.*

*It was long past sunset. A group of us who had received an invitation to participate in a mystery made our way — perhaps we were driven — up to the hay meadows and birch groves near the gate to the camp property. We were blindfolded and told to take our shoes off. And we walked in the dark along a sort of path for some distance, disoriented by the darkness, worrying about walking into trees or stumbling on rocks. And then we were told to remove our blindfolds and we found ourselves in a grassy open area ringed by trees, with torches blazing and fresh picnic food from town — watermelons! at camp!— and the feeling that we had just come upon a place visited by Tolkien's elves. Do I really remember this?*

*And then there were the hopelessly tasteless cheese sandwiches on the PGE, eaten somewhere between Seaton Lake and Lillooet. The dusty bus ride from Lone Butte, and the mingled sense of pleasure and panic — what if it turned out I was a really hopeless camper? More painfully, what if no one liked me? Cold afternoon swims, when there was more than a hint of snow on Mount Deka. The*

*moment on an overnight hiking trip when I had to assure my campers confidently that I knew where we were when I didn't. Demonstrating my lack of fine motor skills in an endless parade of rainy day crafts that thankfully never made it home. Sailing a canoe up the lake, returning from an outtrip to Bonaparte Island, hoping to reach camp in time for lunch. Unloading blocks of lake ice from the sawdust-filled ice-house.*

*Trying to find a clever way to make a plaque that would stand the test of time on the dining house wall, and coming back the following year to see all too clearly that last year's plaque was a dim effort indeed. Geoff Thomas and his way with horses — and a couple of early mornings when Geoff allowed me to ride with him up in the hills to bring the horses in. Wishing I could lead camp songs like Rob Ruttan, or play the guitar like Drew Bourne, who taught me songs and guitar chords I still remember. Telling troops of tired hikers that yes, we were almost there. Oh Great Chief Loony Loon, and the magic of his journey across the lake. Or was that the magic of the Great Chief's cane*



*home. Planning for next year, hoping I would be invited back as a C.I.T or counselor. Finding out forty years later that people I've known all my life were also at Camp Deka, but they must have been August campers, because I always went in July... — Geoff Plant*

*across your rear end when, once again, it was impossible to resist testing his patience? The quiet few hours between the departure of one group of campers and the arrival of the next. Reading on the bed and writing letters home in rest time. Learning knots. Many knots. Useless knots. Useless knots I still use today. Lorne's plans for the day.*

*And one July night in 1969, sitting at camp fire looking up at the sky and listening while Lorne told us that man had that day walked on the moon.*

*Paddling by moonlight. Saying goodbye. Waiting for my parents to drive up into the camp to take me*

One summer a government official from Victoria was touring the area and visited the Camp, more from curiosity than anything official. He casually mentioned he was identifying all the lakes in the area and had noticed on the maps an unnamed lake between Hathaway Lake and Deka Lake. Several years earlier, about the time of the first moon landing, he had to designate an official name to the lake and decided on Apollo Lake. May explained that Camp Deka campers had first reached the lake years before after a difficult hike and groups had been camping there ever since. Someone in that first group commented, "it was our good fortune to find the lake," and the lake had been known as Fortune Lake ever since. She argued that there was no consultation with anyone in the area, but to no avail, so all current topographical maps show this popular hiking and riding destination for Deka campers by its official name.



By the early 1970s the use of Camp Deka was extended into September. Upon Lorne's initiative, the Outdoor Recreation class at U.B.C. began the year with a week of wilderness camping instruction, making use of the facilities and some of the Camp staff. This proved to be very successful venture for the University and the students.

By far the biggest changes during 1973 were within the Brown family. Lorne reached retirement age in the spring and gave his final formal lecture at the University of British Columbia. His teaching career began in the early 1930s and he was recognized as a leader in promoting healthy living through outdoor recreation. Lorne was looking forward to his retirement with time now to do some writing, spend more time in the Cariboo and enjoy a winter skiing holiday. He assumed some of the Camp Deka administrative work which gave May more time to devote to her community activities.

A big change also occurred in Greg's life. By a lucky set of circumstances a year earlier he met an adventuresome French-Canadian girl who had traveled west to spend the winter in B.C. before bicycling back to Quebec. A few months later Greg pursued her and enticed Suzanne Gilbert to return to British Columbia, which she did and worked at Camp Deka and at the Ranch. In October of 1973 Greg and Suzanne were married and began a ranching career together at Drewry Lake Ranch.

*I believe I hold the distinction and honour of being the camper who attended Camp Deka the longest. In my first year (1967), I was a seven-year old newly arrived from Toronto, and in my last year (1976), I celebrated my sixteenth birthday as a CIT.*

*The cumulative ten year experience left me with great memories, lifelong skills and a permanent love of the outdoors — all thanks to great camp staff and the vision and devotion of the Browns.*

*The memories have all blended together from year to year, but I do have some distinct recollections of my first year — the highlight being the Canada centennial all camp hike up Mount Deka. As a young boy, it felt like the equivalent of a trek up Everest. The lowlight was my insistence that the letter I received at camp from my parents stated they were to arrive to pick me up a day before camp ended. Despite May's assurance I was certainly mistaken, she allowed me to pack my bags and wait for their arrival. They didn't arrive until the next day of course, so I spent the day on my own in the parking lot watching everyone else participate in the regatta down at the lake.*



*There were other embarrassing moments over the years. But camp was also an opportunity for great personal achievements too. For me, it was finishing the cross the lake swim for the first time when I could barely swim, and then a few summers later, becoming a Woodsman by paddling down the lake on my own for an overnight, with minimal food and nothing more than a tarp and canoe for shelter.*

*Capture the flag. Horseback riding in the meadows. Regular out-trips to 30:30, Bonaparte Island or across the lake. More adventurous ones to Sulphurous, Drewry and Needa Lakes. Bald eagles. The sounds of the loons and the distinctive peel of the bell for wake up and meals. Hot chocolate in those yellow plastic thermos tumblers at the nighttime campfire. Great Chief Looney Loon and his loon-eye cane. The memories are rich and varied.*

*Underpinning it all was a sense of fun and adventure. Here's a story that captures a bit of that the year I attended the wilderness camp, 1974.*

*Our first day of camp started in typical fashion. We arrived late in the day with all the other campers after taking a Greyhound to 100 Mile*

*House, and then a school bus the rest of the way. After the traditional first night spaghetti dinner, Tik Bryan took us eight or so older wilderness campers aside. He said that rather than paddling across the lake to the teepee campsite, we needed to first paddle together to the end of the lake to help clear some falldown on the trail to Bowers Lake so some young campers could make the trip the next day.*

*It was late in the summer. While still in our summer city duds, we headed down to the lake and started on our way. By the time we got to the trailhead, it was already starting to get dark but with Tik leading the way, none of us questioned the wisdom of the trip. We headed into the woods and did our best to move quickly in the failing light, but after having gone quite some way, it became too dark to go further. Tik pulled out a flashlight and an envelope.*

*The note inside said our leader had fallen down, was unconscious and his flashlight batteries would be going out in one minute. We were now on our own and it was soon pitch black. Initially, we stumbled around in attempt to follow the trail back to the lake and our canoes, but when that became*



*fruitless we resigned ourselves to lying on the ground in a tight circle to stay warm. It soon became apparent those lying outside of the circle were too cold to sleep. In an attempt by those on the outer fringes to move closer to the middle of the circle everything degenerated into a continuous dogpile.*

*Meantime, Tik, who had of course made the appropriate clothing arrangements for himself, had settled down for the night. The rest of us ended up lying in mud, as at least it provided some warmth. At the first sign of light, now filthy and sleepless, we made our way back to the canoes. I remember seeing the lake through the trees and hearing euphoric cheers of relief. We broke into a run to get to the lakeshore. Our happiness quickly turned to disbelief as we realized that someone had come in the night and towed all of the canoes back to camp!*

*So we had to make our way back along the lakeshore. It was a tough slog. Despite the lack of rest, pure adrenaline got us there before anyone had even risen for breakfast.*

*We had been at camp barely twelve hours, but already had an experience we'd never forget.  
Thank you Camp Deka. — Steve Kennedy*

Bob Parks was a frequent visitor to Camp Deka and an intriguing figure for the campers. Most of the boys were born and raised in a city and had come to Deka Lake to learn and experience living in a remote wilderness setting. Bob was born and raised in the isolation of a Cariboo cattle ranch, had little interaction with other children, but knew the habits and behaviour of the many wild animals in the area. He had learned independence and self reliance at a young age, but had never kicked a soccer ball. He loved wandering around the campus area when the boys were playing and one day, sensing his curiosity, the campers invited him to join them. They set up the soccer ball, gave a few demonstrations on how to kick it, and then coaxed Bob to take a turn. Hesitant but determined Bob gave it a kick. It was hard to tell who was more thrilled, Bob or the campers.

### **SINGING AT CAMP**

Singing was a big part of Camp Deka. It was a tradition at summer camps, especially around a campfire, and Camp Deka was fortunate to have many counsellors who, although not musicians, had the confidence to stand before the entire camp to lead a song. It was the type of group activity that accommodated a wide range of individual talent so even the most hesitant and reserved camper could contribute in an off-key manner without

being embarrassed. A guitar or organ accompaniment made learning the tune much easier, the quality of singing improved immensely and everyone enjoyed the music even more.

As an educator Lorne recognized the value of various media, such as storytelling, theatrics and singing, and with years of experience at camp could lead a song as well as anyone. Al Hendricksen convinced the Browns of the importance of having a pump organ and the George Grant family offered to loan the Camp an organ which became a permanent fixture in one corner of the dining room. Gord MacNab then introduced guitar playing and inspired others with his enthusiasm and passion for music. Rick, or 'Tik', Bryan was often called upon to organize and lead singsongs after the noon meal, at campfires and for special events.

*Prior to coming to Camp in '65 I had done a little song-leading in Scouts, but had never twanged an instrument. Gordie MacNab was a tremendous inspiration with the way he belted out the songs, whilst banging away on his guitar — I guess that is what inspired me to become a strummer. I eventually went to a 12-string because it produced a much fuller sound. Later on Geoff Thomas brought a 5-string banjo to Camp and inspired me*

*to learn that as well. I made a point to collect and categorize songs, and filled a small notebook with titles. We all developed our own talents at Camp, and I was never a 'horsey' or 'crafty' type, but I enjoyed music and took on a song-leading role.*

*Post-lunch singalongs allowed campers and staff to relax in camaraderie after the big meal of the day, and were valuable especially on rainy days when we were challenged to keep up the flow of enthusiasm for the outdoor stuff. Often we would introduce new songs at the noon singalongs, which would be featured later at campfires. Sometimes we would use various singing graces before the meal.*

*Singing was foremost though at campfires at the end of the day. I believe campfires were always a ceremonial highlight to the program, and in addition to the enjoyment of the campfire singing, provided a structure to other ceremonial events; Skit Night, Challenge Night with Chief Looney Loon, and Recognition Night at the end of each session, to name a few. Skits and novelty acts were important components, in addition to the singing, and were valuable in letting campers take centre stage.*

*Campfires were usually well structured events. The fires were constructed to burn from the top down, to be bright and crackling at first, then burning steadily in the middle of the program, and settling down to embers late in the program. The program was usually well planned, with rousing and novelty items early, melodic folk songs in the middle, ending up with quiet songs or spirituals near the end. Most campers probably weren't aware that much of the "spontaneity" in the program was actually pre-orchestrated.*

*Special theme nights were also structured around singing. In '65, which was during the Hippie era and coincided with the renaissance of pop-folk music, we held a number of Craftshop Coffee Houses, with campers and staff dressing the part of hippies, and singing or reciting goofy poetry. Applause was done by snapping fingers rather than clapping. And who could ever forget young Eric Epstein reciting Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant" entirely from memory. A few years after that, we staged some very effective 'Nights On Board Ship', often on stormy, rainy evenings, with the Craftshop*

*'fo'c'sle 'stove raging, and featuring songs and stories of the sea. In later years, we held several 'Craft Music Halls' — also in the Craftshop- featuring various vaudeville acts, and of course singing. Rat Ruttan's theatrical background, along with his zany wit, often provided the driving force.*  
— Rick Bryan

Many of the staff, especially those who felt they had musical limitations, adopted a certain song which they felt comfortable to lead and that became their trademark. The more musically inclined had a larger repertoire of popular camp songs which might be requested by the campers. Rob Hebden is credited with producing the Camp Deka Song Book, having spent many hours one winter compiling and categorizing more than a hundred songs. Also to his credit, he introduced the Camp to *Honky Tonky Tonka*, which he boldly led despite an occasional groan from the group. One of Al Hendricksen's favourites was *Ach Von De Musica*. Gord MacNab accompanied most songs with his guitar, could belt-out *Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane* or have each cabin group singing a verse in *Today is Monday*. Paul Beckow and Willy Preston put lots of energy and feeling into *Look at Old Grandma*. Peter Marsh adopted *Henry the VIIIth* as his song. Rat Ruttan did a



respectable rendition of *Sixteen Tons* with his baritone voice. Gord Ambrose introduced *Rickety Tickety Tin*, one of the more macabre songs, which in turn became a favourite of Rick Bryan. Rick also introduced *Amen* which became one of Lorne's favourites.

Rick offers this insight into why singing was such an important part of Camp Deka.

*"Camp Deka began during an era when pop-folk music was popular and singing was actually 'cool'. Also, I think because there was no electricity at Camp the only music was self-produced, with acoustic instruments. Staff were never singers — they were always song leaders; there is a difference. The boys appreciated that we tended to push the envelope (though we never crossed the line) with double entendre, macabre songs, irreverent songs and songs about poop. We always encouraged campers to contribute verses, do actions or lead songs. And we shouldn't overlook that, despite the fact Deka was never a religious camp, we certainly aroused some sense of spiritual awareness among campers, and staff, through our inclusion of African-American spirituals — especially sung in the magnificent wilderness setting of our campfire circles."*

4765 PILOT HOUSE ROAD  
WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.  
V7W 1J2

Mrs. Brown

I have enjoyed my ~~two~~ weeks  
at Camp and Hope to come  
again.

what I wrote about is that  
I have left an ~~orange~~ orange towel  
it you can find it and send it  
down to Vancouver I will be very  
thankful!

will you tell tik that it  
dose not matter if I did not  
get the lyrics of the titanic  
song.

Sorry this letter is so short  
But if I got to far I will  
come to the end of the  
paper.

Yours  
truly Chris Roberts





In 1975 the entire Brown family took an active role in the Camp operation. Barbara had become a competent rider and was in charge of the riding program. Suzanne worked in the kitchen and quickly developed her cooking skills and Greg added his canoeing experience to the program, while they both continued with their ranch work. Bob Parks and Earl Papenfus had always been an important part of Camp Deka and again helped Lorne and Greg prepare Camp for another season. The most skilled and responsible graduate campers had an opportunity to apply for a position as Junior Counsellor and take their position beside the veteran counsellors.

*Feelings and memories? I have a thousand of them. But they all turn into one seemingly endless summer day spent learning and playing on the lake where I grew up.*

*I first came to Camp Deka in the summer of 1967 as a fat little boy who had never sat in a canoe or camped out overnight. By the time I had left 10 years later I had learned skills, something of leadership and responsibility, and discovered in the wilderness a refuge and resource I could escape to for the rest of my life.*

*Now, over 30 years since my last summer at Deka, I still backcountry ski, hike, and have led multi-week ocean kayak and canoe trips into some pretty desolate corners of British Columbia and*



beyond. My ongoing love of the outdoors is, quite simply, a precious gift that Camp Deka gave me. What's more, after 25 years of work, education, travel, marriage, and raising a child, there is no place in the world I feel happier and more complete than when I am sitting in the stern of a canoe with a paddle resting across my lap.

*You made it my home.*

*Those are the feelings. The memories? Well, I certainly still remember the day on Drewry Lake when I “got” the J stroke and paddled a canoe by myself in a straight line for the first time.*

*I remember being in Cabin Six when our group took a three-night out trip to climb Windy Mountain. We were the first group to ever do it. As we paddled back down Deka to the camp at the end of our trip, I was bursting with pride at what we'd done. So huge was our achievement in my mind that I expected the entire camp to be waiting on the dock to hear of our exploits. There was, of course, no one there. But that didn't change the fact that, as I'd rehearsed in my mind to say to that waiting crowd, “We conquered Windy Mountain.”*

*When I was in my 20s, I climbed for a while. I did some interesting (and difficult) ascents — several of them were winter climbs that were actually somewhat dangerous. But none of those climbs ever gave me the sense of accomplishment that I felt as a 14 year old paddling back down the lake, as part of the very first cabin group to have “conquered Windy.”*

*I also remember when Lorne gave two 16 year-old junior counselors — Ross Gilley and me — our own cabin group for the very first time. As Ross and I talked about it afterwards, we both confessed to each other that we were a little scared, and afraid of screwing up. Peter Marsh and Tic Bryan had cabin groups. How could we possibly measure up to them? Then I remember a year or two later when Phil Pooley and I were bringing a group of 11 year olds back from a trip to Sulphurous Lake and the heavens opened in a Cariboo rainstorm. We decided to take the long portage back to Deka to save time. As our campers carried their packs across the portage, Phil and I ran the canoes over as fast as we could in that drenching rain.*

*We carried four canoes and our packs over the portage in the time our campers transported their packs and one boat between them. We ran the last canoe over in a flat-out sprint. As we arrived at Deka, Phil and I were soaked, gasping for breath, and laughing our heads off in the pouring rain. I realized there were a bunch of 11 year olds standing there and staring at us in awe — the same way I used to look at Tic Bryan and Peter Marsh.*

*And of course I remember Chief Loonie Loon and the campfires. As a camper I watched the counselors on those nights, and saw grown men willing to make complete fools of themselves for the sake of a good time. When I became one of those counselors I probably made a bigger fool of myself on too many occasions. I'd learned not to care or to take myself seriously. It's a good thing to be able to do. I am glad I learned that lesson there and kept it with me throughout my life. But, I have to confess that there were times when my teenage daughter was not so grateful.*

*Lastly, I remember my very first cabin group as a CIT with Mike Copeland. There was one boy in*

*the group who was quite awkward and clumsy — the kind of boy others liked to tease and pick on. I liked him and spent time talking with him, teaching him some of the skills which others had taken the time to teach me. When I came down to Vancouver at the end of the summer my father told me that that boy's dad was a friend of his. The boy had come back from Deka talking about how wonderful I was, how much I'd done for him and how much he'd learned. His father, of course, had told my dad. I can still see the pride in my father's eyes as he acknowledged a job well done that summer.*

*Of all my thousand memories, I think that is my favourite one.*

*This last summer my wife and I rented a cabin in the Cariboo for a week. I had passed through 100 Mile House countless times over the years — as a river guide running rafts on the Fraser; on my way to paddle at Chilko Lake, Bella Coola and beyond; or en route to the Coast Range to hike and climb. This was the first time, however, that I'd stopped over since my last summer as a counselor. One day we took the canoe over to Deka (there's*



*always a canoe in my life) and launched it in the south end. As that boat slid off my knees into the water, I resisted the urge to bow down and give thanks for being back. We paddled down the lake to Bonaparte Island for lunch, while I bored my wife with countless stories of cabin groups and out trips and boys whose names I could not remember.*

*From Bonaparte we looked down the lake where*

*I spent so many summers and, with binoculars, I could see the place where I had learned and felt so much. I feel silly telling you how moving it was for me to be so close to Camp Deka again. For the Buddhists, Mount Kailas in Tibet is the centre of their universe: the place where it all begins. For me, I discovered that day, I think it's Deka Lake.*

*— Hamish (Jamie) McIntosh*



Roxanne Madryga made the Health Centre her home again for the summer of '75 and tended to any medical needs of the campers in her sympathetic but firm manner. May enjoyed her company assisting with a variety of jobs at the Lodge, helping in the kitchen on the cooks' day off and preparing food for outtrips. Roxanne took a keen interest in the Camp activities and contributed to the spirit of camp.

This year the Wilderness Camp was replaced by an extra cabin group in the main Camp for one session. The key to the success of the Wilderness Camps had been the leaders, whom Lorne and May selected very carefully. These camps operated independently, traveling to various parts of the Province for extensive canoe trips and the Browns had to have complete confidence in the abilities and judgement of the men they recruited to lead these expeditions. Bob Morford, Brian Creer, Bill Duncan, Rick Bryan and Dave Gifford were such people and Lorne felt comfortable having them in charge of the select group of campers. The Wilderness Camps were a special part of Camp Deka and when these proven leaders were not available Lorne and May decided it was best not to run this program.

*Of all my memories of Camp Deka, my final year as part of the Wilderness Camp is the most*

*lasting. Perhaps this is because I was older and fewer years have had the opportunity to erode my mind, or perhaps it was simply because the experience of the Wilderness Camp was the culmination of all my previous years at the camp. I can remember the first time as a camper when my camp session coincided with that of the senior boys from the Tepee across the lake. I would look in awe at these seemingly huge boys as they paddled to our shore with all of the confidence and skill of experts. They were able to singlehanded pick up a canoe and with ease carry it up onto the foreshore. They would laugh and tease us and pick us up and throw*



us like pebbles into the lake. They would consume mountains of food in the dining room, as if they hadn't eaten a decent meal in days. And of course if they played capture the flag with us, we all wanted them to be on our team! So when I accepted the invite to take part in the Wilderness Camp, I felt in some way I had already had a glimpse of what was to come. The two week experience was barely enough time to do everything we wanted. The opportunity to extend ourselves and apply all of the skills we had learned over the previous camp years as we paddled down the rapids and waters of the North Thompson River was fantastic. The camaraderie that existed between the group of us attending the Wilderness session had been established over the years of attending the camp. We had learned to be able to rely on each other and trust the respective skill and judgments within our group. It was a life skill that has followed me through the years and I have been forever grateful to May and Lorne Brown for their foresight and initiative to make their vision of Camp Deka a reality for all of us who were fortunate enough to

have been part of the wonderful experience.

Back in the reality of today's world I sometimes wonder where the modern equivalent of Camp Deka is. Yes, the passage of time has in all likelihood eroded the ability to find a pristine wilderness, such as that which existed in the late 1960s and early 70s at Deka Lake. But putting this aside, what have we done as parents of our own children to foster their independence and life skills from a young age? We insist in this politically correct world of ours to drive our kids to school rather than letting them walk or ride a bike. We teach our children how to use a computer rather than build a campfire. We foster the perception that water skiing is more fun than paddling a canoe. And when did you last tell your child, camped in a tent in the black of night, a ghost story?

Today's Camp Deka experience can still be had. It will probably be different in virtually every way, but the basic principles still apply. Take your child away from their comfort zone. Ensure they learn the necessary skills and have the appropriate tools for the challenge at hand. Teach them to respect

*nature and the environment around them. Set a goal for them that will stretch them; make it something that requires both physical strength and mental fortitude. Their task may at times verge on frightening them, but if they have been properly prepared, it is simply the fear of the unknown as opposed to potential risk that should be their concern. Your child will discover the satisfaction and reward of success or potentially even defeat in the face of attempt, but above all else, they will have had fun in undertaking the challenge. It is this that builds the character of our children and equips them to venture forward in life with independence, confidence and the desire to give life a decent shake and to make the most of every new day.*

— Rob Andrews



The fifteenth season of Camp Deka drew to a close. Lorne, May and Barbara returned to Vancouver and Suzanne and Greg prepared for another winter at Drewry Lake Ranch. The family was reunited at Thanksgiving and enjoyed a few days together at the Ranch.







On January 5th, 1976 Lorne died suddenly at home. Added to the shock were the questions; how and why could a man who appeared the epitome of health and fitness, who practiced what he preached and enjoyed a healthy lifestyle, could pass so unexpectedly?

Friends, colleagues, former students, civic leaders and Camp Deka staff shared their memories of Lorne at a memorial service and many tributes recognized his contribution and influence in education, recreation and camping.

Diane Black of the B.C. Camping Association wrote: *“Reverence for life and living in harmony with nature were his guiding principles. To be a student of Lorne’s was to be able to come closer to those things which matter most in life: simplicity, love of nature and peace with oneself and with others.”*

Lorne Bowering, Director of Camp Elphinstone, was one of

many people whose life and career was influenced by Lorne Brown.

*“I first met Lorne at the old Provincial Normal School where I was a budding school teacher. His Health and Physical Education lectures were opportunities for him to spread his philosophy of concern for the human body and the potential of human nature. He took stands on issues and argued vehemently for his position. He urged teachers to involve all their pupils in activity, not just those who would excel... I remember in one of his lectures the announcement that summer camping jobs with the ‘Y’ might be available and the quiet suggestion that this was something worth doing.”*

May received many cards and letters including these from Deka campers.



Jan. 8, 1976

Dear Mrs. Brown,

I am terribly sorry about Mr. Brown, for he meant so much to me and I'm sure he meant a lot to everyone else. He taught me how to canoe, how to survive in the outdoors, how to pack, how to ride properly, but most of all how to get along with other people.

He was the best owner a camp could have, he kept everything in order and running. In my eyes he built the best camp of camps.

Sincere  
regrets,  
love  
Brian Calvin

Dear Mrs. Brown and Family,

I am writing a short note about your husband's death and saying some things which he helped me with, and what he did for others too. I know he was a great outdoors-man, loved life, nature, and probably kids, also (having 40 for two weeks under your very own super-vision, what a guy). He had great patience with the younger kids, and expected a great deal more from the older, more experienced kids (boys). He was strict, but always with a reason. But I hope that the camp spirit doesn't die with him. A great leader. A great starter of traditions. What worries me now is, who is going to be The Great Chief Looney-Loon? All my love and hope for the future. — Ralph Plant

Almost immediately May was faced with the decision whether or not to operate Camp Deka that year. Believing that Lorne would want the Camp to carry on, and with the encouragement and support of staff and campers the decision was made to continue with the Camp. In the letter sent to parents early in the year May informed them that Rick Bryan had accepted the position



of Program Director, and Barbara, Greg, Suzanne and many experienced staff would take leading roles in the Camp operation.

*Everyone agreed that it was another successful summer; many outtrips, a busy in-camp program, the usual great food, camaraderie among the staff. Still, those who knew Camp Dekka well sensed a subtle change in the Camp atmosphere and by the end of that summer many of us realized that the Camp Dekka we knew, the Camp Dekka created by Lorne and May, the Camp Dekka of Chief Looney Loon was no longer. Sitting around the closing campfire at the end of August we couldn't help but think of the many wonderful summers spent at Dekka Lake, and were saddened by the thought that we were witnessing the end of an era; had we been able to predict the future, we would have seen this was really a beginning, the beginning of a lifetime of Camp Dekka influence on many aspects of our lives. — Greg*

During the fall May pondered her future and the future of Camp Dekka. She recognized this was a time of change; changes in the family, changes in the obligations of many of the staff. Camp Dekka had always been a family project; she and Lorne shared the decision making, work and responsibility and she was not prepared to continue alone on this venture they had created together.

Towards the end of the year, after much reflection, May took a piece of the Camp Dekka stationery and wrote:

*Dear Parents, Campers and Friends:*

*It is with the deepest regret that I must advise...*

She signed her name above the words inscribed at the bottom of the page;

*"The Camp Where the Wild Loon Calls"*



# AFTERWORD

by May

The story of Camp Deka is a story about people. For the Brown family it was the best of times; for Lorne and me, much of our married life revolved around the Camp and it was the fulfillment of a vision and dream; for Greg and Barbara, as youngsters it was a place to spend the summer with dozens of other children, as teenagers a place to grow and mature, and as young adults a place to accept responsibilities and become independent. For all of us Camp Deka was a place where lifelong friendships began.

The story of Camp Deka is about our extended families and close friends, those who helped clear the land and built the first Camp facilities and those who gave their support in times of need and crisis.

It is the story of the many people we met and came to know in the Cariboo, people who took an interest in our project and

accepted us into their community. It is about the business people we relied on for supplies and advice, and residents in the Lone Butte and 100 Mile House area who became loyal and reliable employees, and good friends.

It is the story of dozens of dedicated counsellors who understood and shared our values and beliefs and played a key role in conveying these ideals to the young campers. These talented counsellors taught the boys the skills and confidence necessary to live comfortably in the outdoors and challenged and inspired them to reach higher goals. We were proud to be associated with the fine staff who helped shape Camp Deka into such a successful endeavour.

The story of Camp Deka is about the campers — young boys who ventured many miles from home to a remote wilderness setting where they developed skills, attitudes and behaviour that





influenced the course of their lives.

The story of Camp Deka continues with this project of compiling the history and the sharing of memories of summers spent at Deka Lake. Sadly Lorne is not here to be part of this project and reminisce about those years because he would be

extremely gratified, as am I, to learn of the lasting influence of Camp Deka on so many people. The Browns are very grateful to all the people who were part of Camp Deka and provided us with such cherished memories of that wonderful time in our lives.

— May



## MEMORIES

*The difficulty for me is not that my memories of Camp Deka are few and faded but rather that I have so many that are sharp and lasting.*

*Where to begin?*

*Those were certainly formative years for me. I think I did the better part of my growing up at Camp Deka — not that I pretend to be all grown up yet (which reminds me: the other day my wife remarked that she wants to be just like May Brown when she grows up). I was a camper at the main camp from 1962 through to the Centennial year, 1967. In 1968, I slept in the teepee across the lake and circled the Bowron Lakes as a member of the Wilderness Camp and then completed the summer as a “tripper” — a sort of junior C.I.T.*

*position that I managed to talk my way into so that I could remain for the rest of the month of August. My excuse was that I would produce a film about the camp... using my mother’s Brownie 8mm camera... which ended up falling off the wharf into the lake ruining what might well have turned out to be an award-winning documentary. No doubt. In 1969, I became a full-fledged C.I.T. and then a counsellor in 1970. I had the privilege of returning as a counsellor in 1975 and 1976, for what turned out to be Lorne’s last summer and then May’s solo stewardship of the final year of the boys camp, as we all remember it. I can only imagine how difficult that summer must have been for May without Lorne in the Dilly cottage. For the rest of*

us, Lorne remained a palpable presence, even, or perhaps I should say, especially on Challenge Night, when Greg assumed the mantle of the mighty Chief Looney Loon.

I was nine years old in 1962 when I first boarded the train to Lone Butte. The bus rides of later years never matched those train trips along the Fraser canyon — but the greyhound schedule was far more reliable. It was just the second year of the camp's existence (and it remained a sore point for me that I could never turn back the clock so that I could count myself among the famed "Charter" campers). Not all the cabins or the tent platforms had been completed. There were only about six canoes and a few rowboats. There were no kayaks yet. But there were horses. The horses were enormous, intimidating beasts to me back then. As the years went by, I would gain confidence and skill — as well as some height — as a horseman, but that summer I was content to be assigned a plodding horse named "Decidedly" with a mind of his own, which fortunately for me meant a mind to slowly but steadily follow the pack. Galloping freely

across the meadows on the way to Wells' ranch to help load the hay baler and to watch the branding of calves was still a few years off for me. Still more years on and I would be leading my own group of campers and fledgling horsemen on a trail ride to what would then be the Browns' ranch to churn butter and make french (or French-Canadian?) toast with freshly laid eggs under the expert direction of Suzanne.

The waterfront was always a happy area for me. I loved swimming, long and often, even on days when others found the water a little brisk, and over the years I honed my abilities in various water craft, particularly the canoes. I recall the first canoe lesson was not actually in a canoe. We kneeled along the edges of the dock practising the basic strokes, naming the parts of the paddle and learning that most essential lesson: the tip must never touch the rocks! It was some time before I would master the "J" stroke, portage a canoe on my own, balance and bounce on the gunwales without dunking, graduate from Bowsman to Sternsman and, finally, begin to teach others the basic strokes



while they knelt on the dock.

I didn't take as naturally to campcraft as I did to the water sports. In the early years I was all thumbs with a rope and, trying to tie a bowline, could never figure out which was the stump and which was the hole the rabbit was supposed to duck down. Left-over-right, right-over-left for the reef knot was much easier. But I did manage to light my first fire, as taught in the campcraft area next to trapper Bob Park's house, with only one match and not a shred of paper and, over time, an axe became more manageable and less dangerous in my hands. For this once clumsy camper to rise on Recognition Night, the final campfire of 1966 (now age 13), and be presented a thumbstick, the mark of a successful Woodsman, was at that point the proudest moment of my life. In fact, it's hard as I sit here now to think of achievements that have meant as much to me since then.

The following summer, my last as a camper at the main camp, Jim Millar and I persuaded the Browns and our counsellors, Pete Marsh and Tick Bryan (who a few years later would be my

colleagues and friends — but still mentors), to allow us to head off on our own down the lake and over to Sulphurous for a "Survival" trip. I remember gathering, cooking up and actually eating such delicacies as bullrush stems and lichen but I don't know how well we would have survived without the bag of sugar and the bottle of ketchup May talked us into taking along "just to enhance the flavours." The large patch of wild raspberries we found sure helped, too. As I recall, the bear, who wasn't accustomed to finding a tarp stretched across his lakeside path covering boys in sleeping bags, was more startled than we were by our encounter... but that memory makes me wonder how many camps nowadays would be willing to risk sending off a couple of fourteen year old boys on an unsupervised overnighiter.

I suppose folk songs have always been popular at camps but we were especially fortunate in that those were years in which such classic songs as "Where have all the flowers gone?", "If I had a hammer," and "Four Strong Winds" were actually on the charts as top selling hits. There were many



able guitar players and several strong singers who emerged at the campfires or the indoor alternative, a “hootenany,” held in the craftshop — a sort of decaffeinated version of sixties era coffee houses. Alas, I was not one of the ones blessed with great musical talent. Oh, I would sing all the songs with great gusto... just not always with great pitch. A ham like me was better suited to the tongue twisters and the novelty songs. There was more of the “zoomba zah” than the “vio vio viola” to my approach. I could summon up the deep and tragic pain of old Hiram’s goat, while missing some of the high notes along the way to his eventual salvation, and I always responded enthusiastically to the invitation to sing “a little bit louder and a little bit worse” when little Barbie Brown, perched on a stool, would lead us in singing about that poor blue jay “a way down yonder,” who was sadly afflicted with the whooping cough.

Skits were an enduring feature of campfires. Some may have endured a little too long perhaps and had a few too many revivals but I like to think there are some classics (not unlike the plays

of Shakespeare) that can be rediscovered again and again... and again. Of course, we never tired of going on a lion hunt, that repeat-after-me leg slapping adventure, led most memorably perhaps by Greg Brown (“up the tree... down the tree... through the swamp... over the bridge... etc.”), and any skit that ended up soaking one of the counsellors with water was a guaranteed showstopper. There were also calmer, quieter moments at campfires that linger in the memory, such as listening to Lorne reading a favourite Grey Owl story or when he would have us take a moment to stand and stare into the embers as we silently thought of our families back home. Oh, yes, in later years we were far too cool for such solemnities but some of us — especially, but not exclusively, the younger ones — didn’t mind a moment to indulge a tinge of homesickness. That would soon be broken, however, by the rush to the wash house and the scramble into our sleeping bags, hopeful for a ghost story. There were several masters of the art of storytelling at camp but no one in those days, and no horror flick of today, could match the impact of



Gordie MacNab's scream at the conclusion of "The Monkey's Paw."

Finally, though, camp was about the camping. Hiking up hills and paddling down lakes, we may not really have been pioneers but we could readily imagine ourselves to be forging new paths in the wilderness and we all savoured the opportunity to be closer to nature than we ever were back in the concrete and glass cities which were home to most of us for most of the year. We probably all preferred the sunny days but hardy souls, such as we were then, would set out undaunted in all manner of weather for our out-trips. I well remember huddling under a taut canvas in the rain... "don't touch the tarp!... "why not?"... drip... drip... drip. Our menus may not have been sophisticated but nothing ever tasted as good as food singed over a campfire after a long portage and a paddle. And nothing could be more refreshing than a skinny dip in a lake or stream after working up a sweat on a long, challenging hike. I remember that I particularly enjoyed taking a canoe out solo at dusk, dipping a paddle into a mirror surface as the

light faded in the sky.

Oh, dear, this is where feeble attempts to capture what was so special to us about "the camp where the wild loon calls" veer into the sentimental. As I say, I've always been better at the "zoomba zahs."

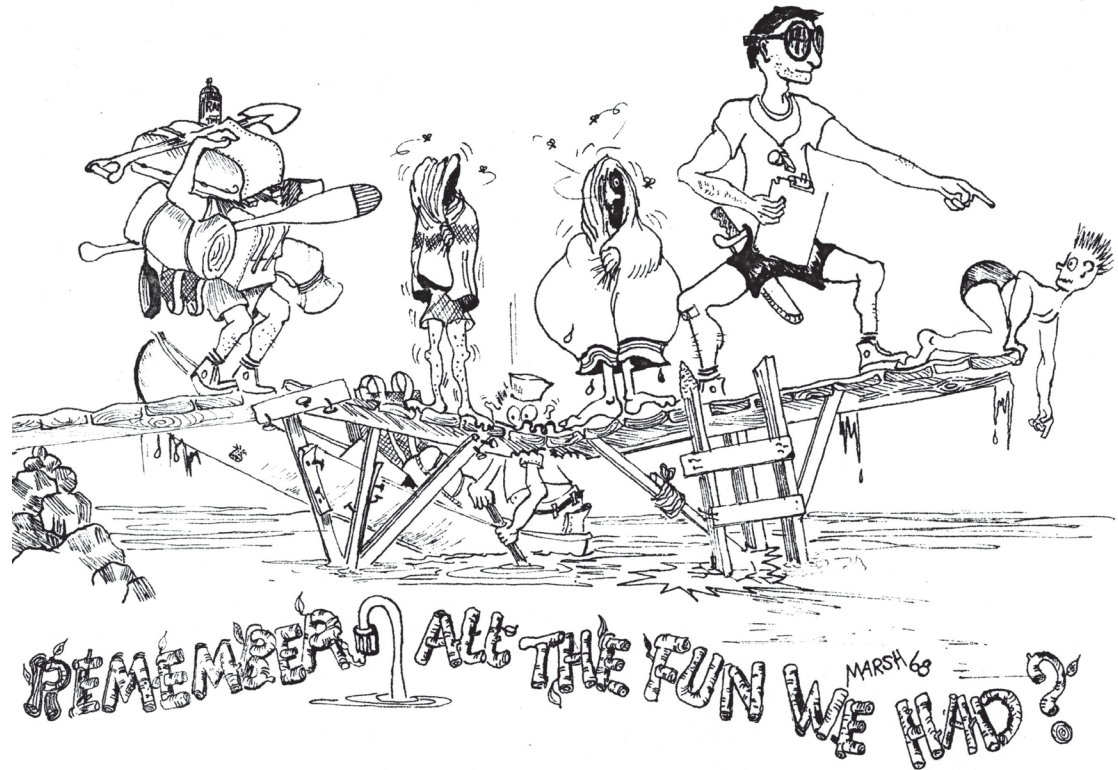
Visiting the camp again just a few years ago, after a gap of about thirty years, I was greatly relieved to find that the wilderness surroundings appeared remarkably unspoiled, that the lake I had swum across and the mountain I had climbed so many times were still as I remembered them. The cabins were looking somewhat worse for wear and I wondered whether the addition of electricity was really an improvement. Certainly the absence of horses was a shame. But I was most struck by the sight of the lodge, the great lodge where we had assembled for meals always prepared to the standard set in the early years by John the Cook ("come out... come out... come out of the kitchen, come out, come out!"), the location of such special events during rainy weather as indoor regattas and casino nights and, of course, of such regular events as lunch time sing-alongs and evening cocoa.

The imposing lodge of memory had dwindled into a miniature version of its former self. Could it really have been such a small structure? And where did all the young girls come from who were now among the campers and counsellors at the camp? Including a daughter of Geoff Plant and one of my own, too!

I am pleased that Camp Deka is now a special part of my daughter's history, that she shared in the experience of paddling down the lake, of setting up camp and of hearing the call of the loon over the water at night. But it isn't, and could never be, my Camp Deka. Although for a moment I could pretend that it was

the same camp when I discovered to my surprise and delight, there on the wall of this smaller lodge, the old Woodsman plaque with an entry from 1966: Charlie Lyall... Mark Simpson... and, yes,

— Rob “Rat” Ruttan





*Do I remember Camp Deka?*

*What a silly question. Of course I remember Camp Deka! How could I forget?*

*Let's see — it was the spring of '65. My Grade 12 year. Dave McCutcheon approached me in the hall one day.*

*Dave was my High School Physical Education teacher — one of the small group of teachers I truly respected. I first met Mr. McCutcheon in Alpha Junior High. He moved on to Burnaby North Senior High, and, as luck would have it, so did I.*

*Being aware of my involvement in the Scouting Program, he knew I had some basic camping skills. So one day he asked me whether I had a job lined up for the summer.*

*No, I said. Nothing yet.*

*Then he told me that he had spent a number of summers working up in the interior at a boys camp. Camp Deka it was called. Up in the Cariboo, he said — wherever that was! Seemed he had other plans for himself that summer, but he thought I might be interested in applying for a job as camp counsellor.*

*It sounded interesting to me, so on Dave's suggestion, I duly contacted the owners — folks by the name of Brown. In short order, I visited them in their Dunbar home, chatted with them about their program and about my camping experiences, and found myself appointed to My First-ever Summer Job — Camp Counsellor and Campcraft Instructor.*



*I didn't know it then, but for me, over the years, Camp Deka would become a formative and integral part of my life, and a place of many, many 'firsts.'*

*Journeying to Camp Deka in the back seat of Lorne's Dodge station wagon was the first time I ever traveled north of Cache Creek, and the first time I became aware that God's country existed in that broad expanse of grassland, lakes, fir, pine, aspen, country music, and Social Credit politics, which comprises the Cariboo. It was my first glimpse of that part of the world which I would, in '76 make my permanent home.*

*It was the first time I ever sat, or more properly knelt, in a canoe. The first time I would become familiar with a pastime that has fascinated me, and occupied my spare time, ever since. A pastime that has allowed me to venture onto more pristine lakes and rivers than I knew existed, not only in BC, but right up into the high Arctic.*

*It was the first time I saw and heard the magic of someone — Gord MacNab it was — pounding on a flattop guitar, veins standing out on his neck,*

*bringing an entire group together in the magic of song: whimsical, bluesy, folksy, and sometimes reverent, while the sparks and smoke from the campfire drifted upward into the night.*

*The first time I had the responsibility and joy of professionally supervising and guiding kids. The first glance at what would become my life's vocation in the field of Education. And the first painful experience in learning about how woefully inadequate my abilities were, and about how much I had to learn about kids and about myself.*

*It was the first time I enjoyed a liaison with a horse, and the first time I realized that walking or canoeing weren't such bad options sometimes!*

*And the first time I enjoyed a liaison with a young woman, in the soft lamplight of a little cabin, just above the lodge.*

*I remember leading, in the summer of '72, the first Camp Deka overland trip into a beautiful lake north-east of Bowers. We named it Dekade Lake, because it was Camp Deka's tenth year of operation. Eventually, the lake would officially be named Loren Lake, because on the exact day we*

*'discovered' it, Dr. Loren Lind lost his life in a plane crash into the lake within minutes of our group gazing onto the lake's placid surface.*

*And I was a small part of the first-ever all-camp hike to the summit of Deka Mountain, celebrating Canada's Centennial Year.*

*I remember the first time I portaged into Sulphurous Lake, and how struck I was with the peaceful beauty of the place. And then, many years later, the first glance at the little brown cabin on Sulphurous' north shore, that my family would, in partnership with May Brown, purchase as our second-ever Cariboo retreat. Camp Deka had been our first, and we laughingly referred to the Sulphurous Cabin as 'Camp Deka: the Sequel.'*

*Many firsts...*

*The first time I ever swam across a lake. The first time I ever fed coins into a Laundromat. The first time I ever walked across a beaver dam. The first time I ever enjoyed — really enjoyed — a Tastee-Freeze milkshake. The first time I ever ate Red River cereal. The first time I ever saw a bear skinned. The first time I ever caught a trout in*

*my bare hands. The first time I ever read by the flickering light of a coal-oil lamp. The first time I ever heard the haunting call of a loon at sunset.*

*And I recall the first time I ever had one of those gut-wrenching phone calls from a colleague advising me of the death of a close friend. It was during the off-season — Al Henricksen it was on the phone (Uncle Al, the campers' pal.) And it was Lorne's passing of which he spoke.*

*Nothing is forever, and the years pass. But although the formal program that comprised the Camp Deka experience ended after the summer of '76, yet the magic of Camp Deka endured. And for me, the 'firsts' continued.*

*For a few years, the camp facility was leased to a variety of agencies, and thus, in the rainy summer of '81, the Association for Children and Adults with Learning Disabilities first operated their program on the property. It was then, on a routine visit to the camp, that I first met Jaye — an attractive and energetic redhead who was counselling a group of youngsters.*

*I was delighted when she accepted my invitation*

to drop by the Dillee Cottage for a visit one evening after her group was bedded down. I would prefer to think it was my masculine charm that persuaded her to accept my offer, but honesty compels me to admit it was likely the cozy fire in the stove, or possibly the proffered drink of rum and coke over real ice cubes.

Regardless, she became my love and my wife — my first, and my only.

And, in the fall of '83, during a Labour Day Holiday with May at the camp, my eldest son almost became the first child to be born at Camp Deka. Only a panicky high-speed drive back to town forestalled that 'first' from occurring.

So it has been that, for me, Camp Deka has been the essential element in the development of virtually every important phase of my life ñ my home, my



family, my vocation, and my recreation. And, above all, my most enduring friendship — with the Brown family — Lorne, May, Greg, and Barb.

Do I remember Camp Deka? What a silly question!

— Rick 'Tik' Bryan







## THE FINAL WORD

As I sit in my cave far on top of Mount Deka and look across the lake all is quiet and still. Snow has fallen and all is white except the tops of the evergreens and the barren branches of the whispering aspen.

I think back on the summer and wander down the mountain trail, soon arriving at the outtrip site where the old rustic frames are cold and ragged from the storms and the winds. My canoe is waiting and soon I am out on the lake with only the sky and water for company. No fishermen, no campers, nothing except the weird cry of the loons. Soon the opposite shore is in sight but no wharf is there. Snow covers the tent floors, shutters make the wash-house dark and dismal. The campfire site is wet and soggy. The Lodge closed, the corral empty, no tracks on the road. Only a few footprints of a rabbit and a white-tailed mouse.

No sign of life, no sound except the twittering of the winter sparrows. Yes — this is quite different to what it was a few months back. Well I remember — but wait — here is a protected spot behind the big log at the campfire site. I will rest — I will dream.

Ah — what's that I hear? The whistle for campfire — it's challenge night. Oh, I must hurry. The gang will be waiting. Must go. Where is my magic cane? Ah, here it is.

Over to my special throne — and the magic spot that must be kissed by those who bend low. There's Al leading the sing-song. Gee, that gang can sing. Just listen to "The Saints Go Marching Home". Wonder how the challenges will be tonight. Here comes a camper to challenge Ron and Paul.

Soon it's time for refreshments. Then a few quiet moments

around the dying embers as the Chief closes the day.

Well, it's morning soon. Down to the wash-house, morning assembly, breakfast, hot cakes, announcements. Here comes Bob to saddle up for the morning ride. Cabin clean-up, morning instruction, Al and Eric on canoes, Walt on a rock hounding trip. Here comes Bill and Bob taking out a trail ride. Ron is busy getting ready for an outtrip. Paul and Willy off to the model camp-site for fire building tests.

Soon the call comes for morning swim. Aw — but it's cold and windy today. Then the gong for lunch. Fish and Chip Day. And HOW the chips go down. Any seconds, John? Any thirds? And pie on top of all that. Boy — how those campers eat.

After rest hour one cabin is off to Drewry Lake for two nights and days of paddling, fishing, cooking, exploring new territory. Paddle right through the Well's Ranch — over the rickety bridge — on through the narrow channel to the south end.

Back come the horses from an all day trail ride and cook-out. Look at that outfit Al has on. Looks like something from a movie.

Now it's time for free canoeing, fishing, horseshoes, a touch game before supper, craft projects, trapping ground squirrels, feeding the horses, mail arriving, just plain loafing.

How the days go by — guess I'd better wake up — and get going — it's cold here — wish I could light a fire — but wait —

no boys here — just snow, and quiet. Must have been a dream as I slept. Back to the hills Chief Looney Loon. Wait for next summer, they'll be back — all too soon.

So long, Camp Deka. Stay snowbound and quiet. Just the whispering of the wind through the willow clumps — and the cry of the wintering owl. Back to your canoe — back to Mount Deka, Oh Great Chief — back to your mountain retreat — and wait for the warm winds of spring.

Campers shouts will be heard again, the dip of the paddle, the putt-putt of the motor boat, the crackle of the campfire. Then you can return — for another challenge night around the Campfire at Camp Deka.

Kla-how-ya Campers. Chief Looney Loon wishes you all the best.





## EPILOGUE

Following the closure of Camp Deka as a summer camp for boys operated by the Browns, the Camp facilities were used by a variety of community groups who ran short term outdoor programs. In 1989 May sold the main Camp property and the Island to the YMCA of Greater Vancouver. Former Camp Deka campers and staff supported a fund raising campaign by the 'Y' to purchase equipment in order to re-open the Camp. In 1990 YMCA Camp Deka opened as a co-ed youth and leadership camp and continues to offer camping and outdoor recreation opportunities to many children and young adults each summer.

In 1976 May Brown was elected to the Vancouver City Council, where she served four terms. She has been a member of numerous Advisory Boards to the Provincial and Federal Governments, and continues to be involved with many community organizations associated with recreation, sports and

womens' issues. She has a keen interest in politics and is an active volunteer and advisor for political groups. May has been recognized for her contributions to her community by being awarded the Order of Canada and the Order of British Columbia.

May has maintained her ties to Deka Lake by keeping ownership of the Wilderness Camp property and enjoys visits to the Cariboo and the cabin on Sulphurous Lake which she shares with Rick Bryan and his family.



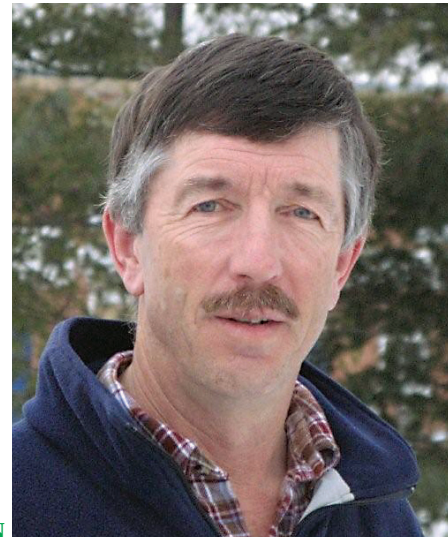
**LORNE BROWN**  
1908-1976



**BARBARA BROWN**



**MAY BROWN**



**GREG BROWN**

# STAFF 1961-1976

Camp Directors: Lorne Brown (1961-1975), May Brown  
 Vancouver office: May Brown  
 Accountants: Jack Devereaux, Bob Bodie  
 Legal Counsel: G. Roy Long Jr.

Counselors: Cabin group leaders and Wranglers  
 Junior Staff: includes Junior Counselors, Trippers and Counselors-in-Training

## 1961

Counselors: Victor Correa, Bill Duncan, Dave Fieldhouse, Bob Morford  
 Junior Staff: Neild Holloway, Chris Williams  
 Kitchen: John Gilewich, Neild Holloway  
 Construction & Maintenance: Bill Duncan, Bob Morford, Jim Northey, Bob Parks, Bert Williamson

## 1962

Counselors: Paul Beckow, Eric Bojeson, Bill Duncan, Walter Gibb, Al Henricksen, Bill (Willy) Preston, Ron Young  
 Junior Staff: Bill Leithead, David Dolsen  
 Kitchen: John Gilewich, Lena Gilewich  
 Maintenance: Bob Parks, Bill Duncan, Eric Bojeson

## 1963

Counselors: Paul Beckow, Bill Duncan, Currie Grass, Dave McCutcheon, Gordon MacNab, Bill Preston, George Warne  
 Junior Staff: Steve Beckow, Jamie Forrest, Bill Leithead, Rod MacDonald, John Macfarlane, John Wheaton  
 Kitchen: John Gilewich, Peter Holloway

Health Centre: Marilyn McCutcheon  
 Maintenance: Bob Parks, George Warne

## 1964

Counselors: Paul Beckow, Rick (R.J.) Killam, Bill Leithead, Dave McCutcheon, John Macfarlane, Peter Ommundsen, John Powell, Bill Preston, Rick Wadge, Barry Waites  
 Junior Staff: Drew Bourne, Carl Lehman, Bruce MacMillan, Wayne Prentice  
 Wilderness Camp: Bob Morford  
 Kitchen: John Gilewich, Mrs. F. Beyer, Peter Holloway  
 Health Centre: Marilyn McCutcheon  
 Maintenance: Bob Parks, John Beyer, John Powell

## 1965

Counselors: Doug Archer, Rick (Tik) Bryan, Brian Corkum, Frank Dorchester, Gordon MacNab, Peter Marsh, Wayne Prentice, Rick Wadge  
 Junior Staff: Drew Bourne, Rick Bond, Greg Brown, George Elliot, John Elliot, Bill Prescott, Gordon Smail  
 Wilderness Camp: Brian Creer  
 Kitchen: John Gilewich, Frances Paulsen, Joanne Steele, Sandra Steele  
 Health Centre: May Brown  
 Maintenance: Bob Parks, Rick Wadge

## 1966

Counselors: Dick Chambers, Denis Cliff, Stuart Fraleigh, Rob Hebden, Peter Marsh, Chris Platteel, Mark Warwarick, Rick Wadge  
 Junior Staff: Keith Adams, Greg Brown, Bill Charlton, Gordon Macfarlane, Derek Martin,

Wilderness Camp: Mark Munroe, Paul Pearlman  
 Kitchen: Brian Creer  
 Lorraine Faessler, Ester Bloch-Jensen, Joan Nicholsons, Judy Watt  
 Health Centre: Jean Cliff  
 Maintenance: Bob Parks, Rick Wadge, Greg Brown

## 1967

Counselors: Gordon Ambrose, Greg Brown, Rick Bryan, Gary Day, Rob Hebden, Peter Marsh, Jerry Urquhart, Mark Warwarick  
 Junior Staff: Keith Adams, John Arbuckle, Fritz Danz, David Esau, John Harper, John Hetherington, Stuart Wallace, David Walters

## Centenary Journey

Director: Brian Creer  
 Wilderness Camp: Bill Duncan  
 Kitchen: Lorraine Faessler, Kathryn Wells, Catherine Faessler, Judy Young  
 Health Centre: Elizabeth Urquhart  
 Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown, Keith Adams

## 1968

Counselors: Jack Bennett, Jim Berta, Greg Brown, John Harper, Al Henricksen, Peter Marsh, Paul Pearlman, Derek Soles  
 Junior Staff: Brick Bradley, Chris Gaitens, Mark Goodwin, Cam Leslie, Rob (Rat) Ruttan, Geoff Thomas  
 Wilderness Camp: Bob Morford  
 Kitchen: Lorraine Faessler, Kathym Wells, Catherine Faessler, Kathy Bays, Susan Brown  
 Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown, John Harper

**1969**

Counselors: Keith Adams, Jim Berta, Greg Brown, Dave Gifford, Rob Hebden, Owen Hertzman, Roger Landell, Dave McCutcheon, Peter Marsh, Richard Read, Geoff Thomas

Junior Staff: Peter Armstrong, Nigel Kellett, Charles Lyall, Bill Macfarlane, Jim Millar, Rob Ruttan

Wilderness Camp: Brian Creer

Kitchen: Kathryn Wells, Betty Johnson, Catherine Faessler, Kathy Bays

Health Centre: Marilyn McCutcheon, Diane Gifford

Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown, Keith Adams, Earl Papenfus

**1970**

Counselors: Keith Adams, Doug Archer, Rick Bryan, John Harper, Dave McCutcheon, Bill Macfarlane, Paul Pearlman, Richard Read, Rob Ruttan, Geoff Thomas, Lorne Walters

Junior Staff: Ken Adams, Peter Armstrong, Jeff Ballou, Mike Booth, Chris Dusting, Lloyd Hetherington, Bayne Mann, Max Steinhardt, Chris Thomas

Ranch Camp: John Harper

Wilderness Camp: Rick Bryan

Kitchen: Betty Johnson, Jytte Rennie Larsen, Jo Bryenton, Janice Riehl, Jenny Young

Health Centre: Marilyn McCutcheon

Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown, John Harper, Earl Papenfus, Barbara Brown

**1971**

Counselors: Jim Berta, Drew Bourne, Greg Brown, Bob Clayton, Mike Coupland, John Harper, Graham Howard, Steve Hughes, Dave McCutcheon, Geoff Thomas

Junior Staff: Jeff Ballou, Chris Dusting, Ross Gilley, Lloyd Hetherington, Peter Kulich, Jamie McIntosh, Geoff Plant, Chris Rye, John Taggart, Chris Thomas, Doug Ware

Ranch Camp: Jim Berta

Wilderness Camp: Dave Gifford

Kitchen: Betty Johnson, Kathryn Wells, Kathy Berta, Barbara Brown, Karen Furnes

Health Centre: Marilyn McCutcheon, Bo Hughes

Maintenance: Bob Parks, Barbara Brown, Greg Brown, Earl Papenfus

**1972**

Counselors: Greg Brown, Rick Bryan, Mike Coupland, Ross Gilley, Mark Goodwin, John Harper, Al Henriksen, Mel Jurecic, Joel Kaplan, Jamie McIntosh, Peter Marsh, Blair Mitten, Geoff Plant, Don Poole, Chris Thomas, Geoff Thomas

Junior Staff: Graham Bryce, Warren Gayle, Geoff McKendrick, Peter Muringer, Sheldon Muirhead, Stephen Peters

Ranch Camps: Don Poole, Peter Marsh

Wilderness Camp: Dave Gifford

Kitchen: Betty Johnson, Kathryn Wells, Barbara Brown, Melanie Ritchie, Kathy Wilkin

Health Centre: Roxanne Madryga

Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown, Earl Papenfus, Mike Coupland, Geoff Thomas

**1973**

Counselors: Jim Boyce, Greg Brown, Mike Coupland, Mel Gallpen, John Harper, Al Henriksen, Geoff McKendrick, Geoff Plant, Gary Wildfong

Junior Staff: Doug Christopher, Mark Creer, Hugh Dyer, Martin Kulich, Bruce MacDonald, David McGregor, Bryan O'Brien, Brian Turner, Steve Voorhees, Bill Wright, Bob Wright

Wilderness Camp: Dave Gifford

Kitchen: Lorraine Faessler, Betty Johnson, Kathryn Wells, Suzanne Gilbert, Barbara Brown, Kathy Deane-Freeman, Virginia Reid

Health Centre: Linda Boyce

Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown, John Harper, Earl Papenfus, Mike Coupland

**1974**

Counselors: Edmond Bastien, Barbara Brown, Hugh Dyer, Al Henriksen, Don Jury, Jamie McIntosh, Geoff McKendrick, Bill Martin, Bryan O'Brien, Greg Wallace, Gary Wildfong

Junior Staff: Eric Anderson, Kevin McColl, Barry McDonald, Phil Pooley, Tom Selkirk, Doug Spratt, Doug Taylor, John Ware

Wilderness Camp: Rick Bryan

Kitchen: Lorraine Faessler, Betty Johnson, Kathryn Wells, Suzanne Brown, Kathy Worthy, Pat Deane-Freeman, Robin Reid, Virginia Reid

Health Centre: Roxanne Madryga, Marilyn Martin

Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown, Edmond Bastien

**1975**

Program Director: Rick Bryan

Counselors: Keith Adams, Barbara Brown, Greg Brown, Doug Christopher, Hugh Dyer, John Harper, Al Henriksen, Peter Marsh, Rob Ruttan, Dick Springer

Junior Staff: Geoff Bartlett, Steve Kennedy, Kevin McColl, Phil Pooley

Kitchen: Lorraine Faessler, Suzanne Brown, Susan Springer, Pat Deane-Freeman, Robin Reid, Anne Steiner

Health Centre: Roxanne Madryga

Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown, Earl Paperfus, Keith Adams

**1976**

Camp Director: May Brown

Program Director: Rick (Tik) Bryan

Counselors: Geoff Bartlett, Barbara Brown, Greg Brown, Mel Gellpen, Paul Graves, Al Henriksen, Steve Kennedy, Peter Marsh, John Reily, Rob (Rat) Ruttan, Ray Warren

Junior Staff: Brian Dusting, Ralph Plant, Rob Stewart, Martin Trotter

Kitchen: Betty Johnson, Suzanne Brown, Sandra Dickson, Sharon Malm, Kay Reid

Health Centre: Roxanne Madryga, Dulcie McCallum

Maintenance: Bob Parks, Greg Brown





TO ALL THE HARD-WORKING "FAGS" OF CAMP DEKA, THIS BALLAD IS DEDICATED:

# THE FAG

The fag went out on a chilly night  
He prayed for the moon to give him light  
For he'd many a dish to set that night  
Before his job was done - o, done - o, done - o  
He'd many a dish to set that night  
Before his job was done - o.

He ran 'till he came to the kitchen where  
Archer and Prentice and Bryan were there  
And the counsellors were trying to snare  
Some food from the kitchen girls - o, girls - o, girls - o  
The counsellors were trying to snare  
Some food from the kitchen girls - o.

Gord MacNab he jumped out of bed  
Ran to the window, bumped his head  
Cried 'John, John, all the food is gone  
And the counsellors have escaped - o, escaped - o, escaped - o  
John, John, all the food is gone  
And the counsellors have escaped - o.'

Mr. Brown he ran to the top of the hill  
Rang the bell both loud and shrill  
And the counsellors said 'We'd better eat our fill  
Before they're on our trail - o, trail - o, trail - o.'  
The counsellors said 'We'd better eat our fill  
Before they're on our trail - o.'

They ran 'till they came to their cosy tent  
Where they ate and all that evening spent  
And when the next morning the chow bell went  
The counsellors all were full - o, full - o, full - o  
When the next morning the chow bell went  
The counsellors all were full - o.

-THE COUNSELLORS THREE  
1965-

Doug Archer.

Rick "Lk" Bryant.

# CAMPERS-1961

## Campers attending in July

Akhurst, Brian  
 Adams, Ian  
 Adams, Keith  
 Barker, Mickey  
 Brown, Gregory  
 Bourne, Drew  
 Bourne, Rickey  
 Bourne, Robbie  
 Campbell, John  
 Chapman, John  
 Cragg, Jim  
 Danz, Fritz  
 Dietrich, Gary  
 Esau, David  
 Forster, Murray  
 Harbord, Justin  
 Herstein, Marc  
 Jones, Christopher  
 Jones, Gregory  
 Jordon-Knox, Craig  
 Jordon-Knox, David  
 Leithead, Bill  
 Lockhart, Thomas  
 MacDonald, Rod  
 McDougall, Peter  
 Martin, Derek  
 Owen, Stephen  
 Prescott, Bill  
 Roberts, John  
 Ross, Gregory  
 Rowell, Philip  
 Sawyer, Michael  
 Wheaton, Bill  
 Wheaton, John

## Campers attending in August

Alexander, Douglas  
 Alexander, Ross  
 Babcock, Bill  
 Berry, Douglas  
 Britton, Peter  
 Brown, Gregory  
 Cowell, Bill  
 Graham, Christopher  
 Graham, Philip  
 Jessiman, Douglas  
 Johannson, David  
 Lee, John  
 Long, Gordie  
 Macfarlane, Bill  
 Macfarlane, Gordon  
 Macfarlane, John  
 Mirabel, Peter  
 Owen, Reid  
 Saba, Steven  
 Sheen, Peter  
 Webb, Christopher





# CAMPERS-1962

## Campers attending in July

Adams, Ian  
 Adams, Keith  
 Angus, Barney  
 Ansley, Richard  
 Berry, Douglas  
 Boughton, Jimmy  
 Brown, Gregory  
 Corlett, Richard  
 Croft, Warren  
 Danz, Fritz  
 Dennison, Robert  
 Dietrich, Gary  
 Dobie, John  
 Fields, Michael  
 Forrest, James  
 Forster, Murray  
 Grierson, David  
 Grierson, John  
 Grierson, Ross  
 Graham, Christopher  
 Graham, Philip  
 Hannah, David  
 Hannah, Edward  
 Hara, Jim  
 Herstein, Marc  
 Hindson, Fraser  
 Jones, Christopher  
 Jones, Gregory  
 Laine, Daniel  
 Laine, Jonathan  
 Lambert, George  
 Lambert, Glen  
 Landels, Ken  
 Marler, Allan  
 Martin, Derek  
 Milsom, John  
 McCormick, Bill

McDougall, Peter  
 McLaren, Stephen  
 MacLeod, George  
 MacMillan, Bruce  
 MacWilliam, David  
 Nevin, Billy  
 Palmer, Mark  
 Pearlman, Paul  
 Prescott, Bill  
 Read, George  
 Roedde, Gerald  
 Robertson, Christopher  
 Robson, Mark  
 Rowell, Philip  
 Roberts, John  
 Saba, Steven  
 Sparling, Joe  
 Thomas, Geoff  
 Tupper, Charles  
 Wheaton, Bill  
 Wheaton, John

## Campers attending in August

Bailey, Stewart  
 Boehlke, Thor  
 Bourne, Drew  
 Bourne, Rickey  
 Bourne, Robbie  
 Britton, Peter  
 Brown, Gregory  
 Cooke, Stephen  
 Charlton, Bill  
 Dolsen, David  
 Eberhardt, Kenneth  
 Esau, David  
 Green, Stewart  
 Gregory, John  
 Gore, Stephen  
 Hansen, Richard  
 Hartrick, Terry  
 Inglis, John  
 Hertzman, Clyde  
 Hertzman, Owen  
 Janeway, Christopher  
 Jordon-Knox, Craig  
 Jordon-Knox, David  
 Lee, John  
 Lehman, Carl  
 Leithead, Bill  
 Lockhart, Thomas  
 McIntosh, John  
 McLaren, Grant  
 Mirhady, Nader  
 Munroe, Mark  
 Macfarlane, Bill  
 Macfarlane, Gordon  
 Macfarlane, John  
 Nairn, John  
 Payne, Robert  
 Payne, William

Robb, George  
 Ross, Ian  
 Rowell, John  
 Ruttan, Rob  
 Simpson, Mark  
 Spencer, Kim  
 Tuck, Douglas  
 Wanstall, Gary  
 Watson, Paul  
 Watterson, James



# CAMPERS-1963

## Campers attending in July

Akhurst, Brian  
 Ansley, Richard  
 Arbuckle, John  
 Arbuckle, Peter  
 Boughton, Jimmy  
 Bowell, Christopher  
 Brown, Jimmy  
 Campbell, Archie  
 Charlton, Bill  
 Charlton, Douglas  
 Danz, Fritz  
 Derby, Graham  
 Dietrich, Gary  
 Fleck, Craig  
 Forster, Murray  
 Friesen, Robert  
 Graham, Philip  
 Gregory, John  
 Grierson, David  
 Grierson, John  
 Grierson, Ross  
 Herstein, Marc  
 Hurlburt, James  
 Ingledew, John  
 Laine, Daniel  
 Laine, Jonathan  
 Lambert, Glen  
 Lambert, George  
 McCormick, Bill  
 MacDonald, Peter  
 MacDonald, Rod  
 McDougall, Peter  
 McKeen, Clarke  
 McLaren, Stephen  
 Magee, Keith  
 Malkin, David  
 Marler, Allan

Mathews, Thomas  
 Mercer, Bill  
 Milsom, John  
 Neilson, Michael  
 Palmer, Mark  
 Pearlman, Paul  
 Pellatt, Blaire  
 Percheson, John  
 Prescott, Bill  
 Price, David  
 Read, George  
 Roberts, John  
 Rogers, William  
 Ross, Ian  
 Ross, Norman  
 Saba, Steven  
 Savage, Hugh  
 Smail, Gordon  
 Sparling, Joe  
 Spencer, Kim  
 Spohn, Peter  
 Stevenson, Paul  
 Thomson, Craig  
 Tomlin, Bob  
 Turner, Grant  
 Turner, Robert  
 Wallace, Stuart  
 Wanstall, Gary  
 Wheaton, Bill  
 Wilhelmsen, Philip  
 Wilks, Calvin  
 Wood, Logan

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Ian  
 Adams, Keith  
 Anderson, Doug  
 Anderson, Ron  
 Bailey, Arthur  
 Bailey, Stewart  
 Becher, Brian  
 Bourne, Drew  
 Brown, David  
 Brown, Gregory  
 Davies, Philip  
 Dolsen, David  
 Eilers, Brent  
 Elliot, George  
 Elliot, John  
 Epstein, Michael  
 Esau, David  
 Ferguson, Bill  
 Flavelle, Aird  
 Gibbs, Terrence  
 Givins, John  
 Gore, Stephen  
 Graham, Christopher  
 Green, Stewart  
 Hansen, Richard  
 Healey, Peter  
 Hertzman, Clyde  
 Hertzman, Owen  
 Hudson, John  
 Janeway, Christopher  
 Legate, John  
 Lehmann, Bruce  
 Lehmann, Carl  
 Lyall, Charles  
 Macfarlane, Bill  
 Macfarlane, Gordon  
 MacNeill, Robert

McIntosh, John  
 MacMillan, Bruce  
 Martin, Derek  
 Mirhady, Nader  
 Monterey, Larry  
 Munroe, Mark  
 Payne, Robert  
 Payne, William  
 Rattenbury, Dallas  
 Robb, George  
 Rogers, Glenn  
 Rowell, John  
 Ruttan, Rob  
 Simpson, Mark  
 Spencer, Mark  
 Stranks, Kenneth  
 Stranks, Murray  
 Temple, Christopher  
 Tuck, Douglas  
 Wallace, Charles  
 Walters, David  
 Walters, Lorne  
 Watson, Paul  
 Webb, Christopher  
 Wells, Peter





# CAMPERS-1964

## Campers attending in July

Ansley, Richard  
 Arbuckle, John  
 Arbuckle, Peter  
 Becker, Brian  
 Booth, Michael  
 Bowell, Christopher  
 Brackley, Derek  
 Brown, Mike  
 Campbell, Archie  
 Chambers, Jay  
 Charles, Gordon  
 Clarke, Brent  
 Danz, Fritz  
 Davies, Philip  
 Derby, Graham  
 Eilers, Brent  
 Erickson, Slater  
 Hara, Jim  
 Gregory, John  
 Gillies, Bruce  
 Gillies, Mark  
 Grierson, John  
 Grierson, Ross  
 Hansen, Richard  
 Leslie, Cameron  
 Leslie, Bruce  
 Leslie, Stuart  
 Lewis, Jim  
 Lockhart, Thomas  
 Lyall, Charles  
 McCusker, Michael  
 McCusker, Patrick  
 MacDonald, Peter  
 MacDonald, Roderick  
 McGregor, Chris  
 McLean, Ian  
 McKeen, Clarke

Maguire, Michael  
 Marler, Allan  
 Marshall, Craig  
 Menzies, John  
 Mercer, Bill  
 Milson, John  
 Nickerson, Bill  
 O'Brien, Roger  
 Palmer, Mark  
 Pellatt, Blaire  
 Price, David  
 Robb, George  
 Roberts, John  
 Rye, Christopher  
 Smaill, Gordon  
 Sawyer, Michael  
 Sparling, Joe  
 Sparling, John  
 Spencer, Kim  
 Spohn, Peter  
 Stevenson, Paul  
 Stockton, John  
 Thomas, Chris  
 Thomas, Geoff  
 Tomlin, Bob  
 Wallace, Charles  
 Wanstall, Gary  
 Whistler, Donovan  
 White, Christopher  
 Whittall, Kenneth  
 Whittall, John  
 Williams, David  
 Williams, Kenneth  
 Wilks, Calvin

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Ken  
 Adams, Keith  
 Anderson, David  
 Anderson, Richard  
 Ankenman, John  
 Ankenman, Paul  
 Backman, Chuck  
 Barker, Geoff  
 Boughton, Jimmy  
 Brown, David  
 Brown, Greg  
 Cameron, Donnell  
 Charlton, Doug  
 Chisholm, Bruce  
 Currie, Robert  
 Dick, Ian  
 Dick, Stuart  
 Dietrich, Gary  
 Esau, David  
 Fawcus, Christopher  
 Fawcus, Michael  
 Falkins, Bruce  
 Fee, Tommy  
 Gibbs, Terrence  
 Gudewill, Sammy  
 Harper, John  
 Harvey, Chris  
 Hertzman, Clyde  
 Hertzman, Owen  
 Hudson, John  
 Healey, Peter  
 Inman, Bill  
 Irving, John  
 Janeway, Christopher  
 Joyce, Mark  
 Kellett, Nigel  
 Key, Brian

Lanier, Tommy  
 LeSueur, Richard  
 Lipman, Edward  
 Macfarlane, Bill  
 Macfarlane, Gordon  
 McConkey, Terry  
 Millar, Jim  
 Millar, John  
 Moore, Steven  
 Moore, Tracy  
 Nelson, Steven  
 Neilson, Grant  
 Pearlman, Paul  
 Rattenbury, Dallas  
 Ruttan, Rob  
 Selman, Mark  
 Sharp, Frederick  
 Simpson, Mark  
 Temple, Christopher  
 Turner, Grant  
 Tysoe, Ronald  
 Walters, Lorne  
 Walters, David  
 Warren, Gary  
 Wheaton, Bill  
 Wollen, Randy  
 Wolfe, Rodney

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Adams, Ian  
 Grierson, David  
 McCormick, Bill  
 Elliot, John  
 Elliot, George  
 Prescott, Bill  
 Wells, Michael



# CAMPERS-1965

## Campers attending in July

Ansley, Richard  
 Arbuckle, John  
 Arbuckle, Peter  
 Armstrong, Peter  
 Backman, Chuck  
 Baiss, Alan  
 Barker, Geoff  
 Ballou, Douglas  
 Booth, Michael  
 Boyle, Michael  
 Brackley, Derek  
 Bray, John  
 Bull, Michael  
 Bull, Peter  
 Campbell, Michael  
 Chambers, Jay  
 Clarke, James  
 Clarke, Brent  
 Erickson, Slater  
 Danz, Fritz  
 Derby, Graham  
 Dewar, David  
 Dodds, Geoffrey  
 Dunn, Tony  
 Dusting, Christopher  
 Dyer, Duncan  
 Ellis, Norman  
 Forrester, James  
 Gibson, Colin  
 Gilley, Ross  
 Giraud, John  
 Graham, Bruce  
 Graham, Philip  
 Grierson, John  
 Grierson, Ross  
 Harrison, Bob  
 Hetherington, John

Hume, Tony  
 Leslie, Cameron  
 Le Sueur, Richard  
 Lewis, Jim  
 McColl, David  
 McColl, Michael  
 McCusker, Michael  
 McCusker, Patrick  
 McDougall, Peter  
 Macfarlane, Bill  
 Marshall, Craig  
 Massey, Raymond  
 Mercer, Bill  
 Milsom, John  
 Pellatt, Blaire  
 Penzer, Douglas  
 Preston, David  
 Robb, George  
 Rye, Christopher  
 Ryan, Christopher  
 Sandilands, Hugh  
 Stockton, John  
 Sparling, Joe  
 Sparling, John  
 Spohn, Peter  
 Spencer, Kim  
 Stevenson, David  
 Stevenson, Paul  
 Thomas, Chris  
 Thomas, Geoff  
 Thompson, Sean  
 Turner, Timothy  
 Turner, Terry  
 Tomlin, Robert  
 Taylor, Drew  
 White, Christopher  
 Watt, David  
 Whittall, John

Wilkinson, Graeme

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Ken  
 Anderson, David  
 Anderson, Richard  
 Boyd, Brian  
 Broder, Bob  
 Broder, Bill  
 Bryce, Ian  
 Burnett, Kirby  
 Cameron, Donnell  
 Charlton, Douglas  
 Christou, Christopher  
 Christou, Philip  
 Cruise, Brian  
 Dick, Stuart  
 Dick, Ian  
 Esau, David  
 Elworthy, Paul  
 Fee, Tommy  
 Foster, Christopher  
 Fleming, Peter  
 Gilmore, David  
 Gregory, John  
 Hansen, Richard  
 Hara, Jim  
 Hertzman, Clyde  
 Hertzman, Owen  
 Herron, Chris  
 Hudson, John  
 Hungerford, John  
 Inman, Victor  
 Isman, Murray  
 Jinks, Barry  
 Kellett, Nigel  
 Key, Brian  
 Lanier, Tommy

Leslie, Bruce  
 Leslie, Michael  
 Leslie, Stuart  
 Lipman, Teddy  
 Lyall, David  
 Lyall, Charles  
 McConkey, Terry  
 MacDonald, Peter  
 MacDonald, Rod  
 McDonald, Donald  
 MacKendrick, Geoffrey  
 Millar, Jim  
 Millar, John  
 Moore, Steven  
 Moore, Tracy  
 Norris, John  
 Pachal, Dick  
 Price, Andrew  
 Price, David  
 Rowell, John  
 Russell, Ben  
 Russell, Bob  
 Ruttan, Rob  
 Simpson, Mark  
 Thomson, David  
 Turner, Alden  
 Underhill, Gerald  
 Underhill, Ronald  
 Walters, David  
 Walters, Lorne  
 Warner, Jud  
 Warren, Gary  
 Yorke, Derek

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Adams, Keith  
 Brown, Greg  
 Charlton, Bill  
 Herstein, Marc  
 Hindson, Fraser  
 Martin, Derek  
 Mason, Bill  
 Wallace, Stuart



# CAMPERS-1966

## Campers attending in July

Anderson, Blair  
Anderson, Ron  
Arbuckle, Peter  
Armstrong, Peter  
Backman, Chuck  
Ballard, Richard  
Ballou, Jeffrey  
Bird, Brian  
Boyle, Michael  
Bray, John  
Clark, Geoffrey  
Clarke, James  
Côté, Matt  
Cruise, Brian  
Dodds, Geoffrey  
Dunn, Tony  
Dusting, Chris  
Ellis, Norman  
Elworthy, Ross  
Erickson, Christopher  
Friesen, Robert  
Gibson, Colin  
Gilley, Ross  
Graham, Christopher  
Graham, Bruce  
Hearn, Steven  
Hetherington, Alan  
Inman, Victor  
Key, Brian  
King, Harry  
Knapton, Craig  
Knox, Roger  
Lawson, Timothy  
Leslie, Bruce  
Leslie, Cameron  
Leslie, Michael  
Lewis, Jim

McCarthy, Tom  
McColl, David  
McColl, Michael  
McCusker, Michael  
McCusker, Patrick  
McGhee, James  
McGougan, Campbell  
McKenzie, Donald  
McLaren, Stephen  
Manning, Paul  
Massey, Raymond  
Massey, Vincent  
Mercer, Bill  
Nelson, Steven  
Palmer, Mark  
Pellatt, Blaire  
Penzer, Douglas  
Philpot, Michael  
Price, David  
Price, Andrew  
Rathie, Norman  
Ryan, Christopher  
Rye, Christopher  
Sandilands, Hugh  
Sparling, Joe  
Sparling, John  
Smith, Kevin  
Steele, Alan  
Taggart, John  
Thomas, Chris  
Thomas, Geoff  
Turner, Terry  
Turner, Timothy  
Watt, David  
Whittall, John  
Wilkinson, Graeme  
Wright, Bob  
Wolfe, John

Yorke, Derek

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Ken  
Aird, Brian  
Anderson, David  
Anderson, Richard  
Barry, Michael  
Boyd, Brian  
Broder, Bill  
Broder, Bob  
Brooks, Brian  
Brown, David  
Bryce, Ian  
Burnett, Kirby  
Chambers, Randy  
Charlton, Douglas  
Chercover, David  
Chercover, Stephen  
Crowley, Brian  
Davies, Philip  
Eccleston, Glenn  
Elliot, David  
Epstein, Eric  
Falkins, Bruce  
Fawcus, Chris  
Fleming, Peter  
Fleming, Jesse  
Halliday, Richard  
Hansen, Richard  
Hara, Jim  
Herron, Chris  
Herron, Tim  
Hertzman, Clyde  
Horne, Bill  
Howell, David  
Hudson, John  
Hume, Tony

Kaplan, Bill  
Lewis, David  
Lightheart, Craig  
Long, James  
Lyll, Charles  
Lyll, David  
MacDonald, Bruce  
MacDonald, Peter  
MacDonald, Steve  
Macfarlane, Bill  
MacKendrick, Geoffrey  
McCarthy, Calvin  
McConnell, Boyd  
Mann, Ted  
Menzies, John  
Millar, Jim  
Moore, Jeffrey  
Neale, Robert  
Nicholls, Graham  
Norris, John  
Ruttan, Rob  
Simpson, Mark  
Stevenson, David  
Stevenson, Paul  
Swafford, Craig  
Swafford, Joel  
Thompson, Sean  
Thomson, David  
Tomlin, Bob  
Turner, Brian  
Underhill, Gerry  
Underhill, Ron  
Vannby, Richard  
Voorhees, Steve  
Walters, Lorne  
Ward, Dan  
Warner, Jud

## Campers at Wilderness Camps

Arbuckle, John  
Chambers, Jay  
Danz, Fritz  
Derby, Graham  
Esau, David  
Hetherington, John  
Kidd, Ronald  
McDougall, Peter  
Millar, John  
Preston, David  
Russell, Ben  
Walters, David



# CAMPERS-1967

## Campers attending in July

Anderson, Blair  
Armstrong, Peter  
Ballou, Jeffrey  
Barker, Bart  
Bestwick, Michael  
Black, Ian  
Booth, Michael  
Bray, John  
Brodie, Scott  
Brown, John  
Bullitt, Ben  
Christopher, Doug  
Clark, Geoffrey  
Cousland, Ian  
Cousland, Robert  
Copp, Peter  
Cove, Martin  
Dusting, Christopher  
Epstein, Eric  
Evans, Stuart  
Fee, Sam  
Forrester, James  
Gaitens, Chris  
Gibbard, Brian  
Gibson, Michael  
Gilley, Ross  
Halliday, Richard  
Hearn, Steven  
Hertzman, Clyde  
Knox, Roger  
Koltai, Thomas  
Lewis, Jim  
Littleboy, David  
Manning, Paul  
Martin, David  
Massey, Nathaniel  
Massey, Raymond

Monteith, Michael  
Muringer, Peter  
McCarthy, Thomas  
McCusker, Michael  
McCusker, Patrick  
MacDonald, Barry  
McGougan, Campbell  
Orr, Jamie  
Orr, Timothy  
Philpot, Michael  
Pooley, Philippe  
Romer, David  
Ryan, Christopher  
Rye, Christopher  
Sawers, Alan  
Small, Thomas  
Smith, Kevin  
Smith, Tyler  
Taggart, John  
Taggart, Ian  
Taylor, Owen  
Thornton, Peter  
Tomlin, Bob  
Thomas, Chris  
Twining, David  
Vannby, Richard  
Venables, James  
Ware, Douglas  
Ware, William  
Whittall, John  
Wilkinson, Graeme  
Wittenberg, John  
Wright, Bob  
Wright, Jeff  
Yorke, Derek  
Young, Scott  
Zack, Howard

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Ken  
Anderson, Doug  
Anderson, Ron  
Armstrong, Ronald  
Atnikov, David  
Barry, Michael  
Bestwick, Thomas  
Bird, Brian  
Bowser, Blake  
Boyd, Brian  
Bryce, Graham  
Bryce, George  
Carson, James  
Charles, Michael  
Crowley, Brian  
Dawson, Ian  
Eccleston, Glenn  
Guman, Glen  
Halliday, Richard  
Hara, Jim  
Hendin, Michael  
Herron, Chris  
Herron, Tim  
Horne, William  
Howell, David  
Hull, Alan  
Inman, Victor  
Jaffary, Tony  
Kennedy, Stephen  
Kulich, Peter  
Lechtzier, Matthew  
Lechtzier, Paul  
Lewis, David  
McCarthy, Calvin  
McCarthy, Dermot  
MacDonald, Bruce  
MacDonald, Drew

McIntosh, Jamie  
McIntosh, Grant  
MacKendrick, Geoffrey  
Magee, Keith  
Mann, Bayne  
Mann, Ted  
Maynard, Chris  
Melvin, Bryan  
Melvin, Gordon  
Melvin, Stephen  
Millar, Jim  
Moore, Jeffrey  
Moore, Michael  
Neale, Robert  
Nicholls, Graham  
Norris, John  
Oakley, Patrick  
Orr, Bradley  
Parnell, Grant  
Pascoe, Jonathan  
Pascoe, Ronald  
Peters, Stephen  
Pottinger, David  
Ramsay, Ken  
Rathie, Norman  
Ruttan, Rob  
Scott-Harston, Michael  
Stephen, David  
Swafford, Craig  
Swafford, Joel  
Thomson, David  
Trottier, David  
Turner, Brian  
Underhill, Gerald  
Voorhees, Stephen  
Walker, Tom  
Ward, Dan  
Warner, Judson

Wright, Prentice

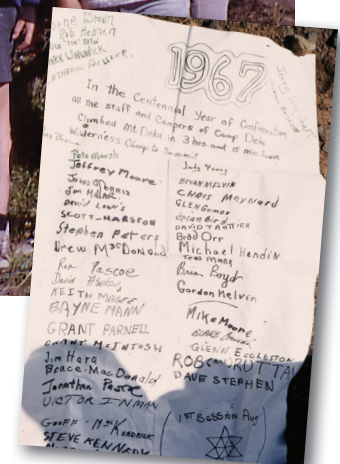
## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Gaitens, Chris  
Hudson, John  
Leslie, Cameron  
Mercer, Bill  
Pellatt, Blair  
Simpson, Mark  
Underhill, Ron  
Walters, Lorne

## Campers on Centenary Journey

Adams, Keith  
Arbuckle, John  
Brown, Greg  
Hertzman, Owen  
Esau, David  
Derby, Graham  
Danz, Fritz  
McDougall, Peter  
Millar, John







# CAMPERS-1968

## Camper attending in July

Anderson, Blair  
Ballou, Jeffrey  
Barker, Bart  
Barker, Stephen  
Black, Donald  
Booth, Michael  
Boyd, Douglas  
Brewster, Mark  
Brodie, John  
Bullitt, Benjamin  
Campbell, Earl  
Charles, Michael  
Christopher, Douglas  
Christopher, Philip  
Cowles, Jay  
Cross, Howard  
Crutcher, Jimmy  
Cummings, Paul  
Dusting, Chris  
Eccleston, Brian  
Eccleston, Glenn  
Elworthy, Ross  
Ford, Ricky  
Gilley, Ross  
Gross, Robert  
Haddock, David  
Hansen, Richard  
Hara, Jim  
Hansen, Phillip  
Hopper, Jim  
Inman, Victor  
Kennedy, Steve  
Kidder, Michael  
Koltai, Tom  
Kulich, Martin  
Kulich, Peter  
Leighton, John

Lein, Mike  
Lewis, Jim  
Lile, Minor  
Littleboy, David  
McCusker, Michael  
McCusker, Patrick  
McDermid, Danny  
McDermid, Jock  
MacDonald, Barry  
Martin, David  
Martin, Donald  
Massey, Raymond  
Monteith, Michael  
Muringer, Peter  
Nassim, Hanay  
Oakley, Patrick  
O'Brien, Bryan  
Papageorgis, Mark  
Pauley, Tom  
Philpot, Michael  
Plant, Geoff  
Pooley, Philippe  
Ramsay, Ken  
Rathie, Norman  
Rea, John  
Ryan, Christopher  
Rye, Christopher  
Small, Thomas  
Smith, Tyler  
Southcott, Jimmy  
Taylor, Owen  
Thomas, Chris  
Thornton, Peter  
Twining, David  
Ware, Douglas  
Ware, John  
Ware, William  
Wittenberg, John

Wood, Logan  
Wright, Bob  
Wright, Jeff  
Wright, Ned  
Yorke, Brian  
Yorke, Derek  
Young, Scott

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Ken  
Anderson, Eric  
Andrews, Robbie  
Armour, Mark  
Bowers, Brenton  
Bowers, Trevor  
Bowser, Blake  
Boyd, Brian  
Brodie, Scott  
Bryce, Graham  
Burke, Patrick  
Carey, Stanley  
Creer, Glenn  
Dawson, Ian  
Denton, Christopher  
Dunn, Tony  
Epstein, Eric  
Evans, Stuart  
Fraser, Neil  
Gibson, Colin  
Golding, Davis  
Golding, William  
Grierson, John  
Halliday, Richard  
Hamilton, Ian  
Herron, Todd  
Horne, Bill  
Hull, Alan  
Jaffary, Tony

Kirkpatrick, Paul  
Lechtzier, Matthew  
Lechtzier, Paul  
Legg, Bill  
Long, Jamie  
Luk, Andrew  
McCarthy, Calvin  
McCarthy, Dermot  
McColl, David  
McColl, Kevin  
MacDonald, Bruce  
MacDonald, Donald  
MacFarland, Bill  
McGregor, David  
Mackendrick, Geoffrey  
McIntosh, Grant  
McIntosh, Jamie  
McNicol, Keith  
Magee, Keith  
Mann, Bayne  
Montaldi, Douglas  
Moore, Michael  
Mueller, Anton  
Mueller, Christopher  
Parnell, Grant  
Pascoe, Ronald  
Peters, Stephen  
Pyper, John  
Sawers, Alan  
Scott, Nicholas  
Searcy, Alan  
Steinhardt, Maxwell  
Stuart, John  
Swafford, Craig  
Swafford, Joel  
Taggart, Ian  
Taggart, John  
Thomson, David

Turner, Brian  
Underhill, Gerry  
Utley, Claude  
Voorhees, Steve  
Warner, Matthew  
Wensveen, James  
Wilkinson, Graeme

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Armstrong, Peter  
Davies, Philip  
Hetherington, Alan  
Knox, Roger  
Lyall, Charles  
MacDonald, Peter  
Millar, Jim  
Ruttan, Rob  
Stevenson, Paul



# CAMPERS-1969

## Campers attending in July

Anderson, Blair  
Anderson, Eric  
Anderson, Peter  
Armour, Bruce  
Armour, Mark  
Avery, Scott  
Beatty, Ross  
Bissell, Charles  
Boyd, Douglas  
Calvert, Brent  
Campbell, Earl  
Campbell, Glenn  
Carey, Stanley  
Clinton, John  
Clinton, Paul  
Cove, Martin  
Craddock, John  
Craddock, Michael  
Dockstader, Paul  
Eccleston, Brian  
Eccleston, Glenn  
Ellis, John  
Elworthy, Ross  
Epstein, Eric  
Fee, Sam  
Ford, Stuart  
Gayle, Warren  
Gibson, Colin  
Gilley, Ross  
Gross, Robert  
Gudewill, Geoffrey  
Hamilton, Ian  
Hansen, Phillip  
Hingston, James  
James, David  
Johnston, Ian  
Kennedy, Stephen

Kulich, Peter  
LaMathe, Robert  
Lane, Stuart  
Leighton, John  
Le Novry, Richard  
Lewis, James  
Lile, Robert  
Lile, Minor  
MacDonald, Barry  
McGregor, David  
McKeen, Craig  
Mantle, Geoffrey  
Mather, Murray  
Moir, Donald  
Monteith, Michael  
Moul, Ian  
Munsie, Ward  
Muringer, Peter  
Naegele, Timothy  
Naffziger, Marc  
Oakley, Patrick  
O'Brien, Bryan  
Parnell, Grant  
Pearson, John  
Philpot, Michael  
Plant, Geoff  
Pooley, Philippe  
Rigg, Andrew  
Rigg, Philip  
Rowell, Stephen  
Ryan, Christopher  
Sanford, John  
Sawers, Alan  
Small, Thomas  
Smordin, Lyle  
Sommerville, Tad  
Southcott, Jimmy  
Still, John

Taylor, Owen  
Tennant, Craig  
Titerle, Robert  
Van Roggen, Norman  
Ware, John  
Wright, Bob  
Wright, David  
Wright, Ned  
Yorke, Brian  
Young, Scott

## Campers attending in August

Andrews, Robbie  
Baigent, James  
Bartlett, Geoffrey  
Beltz, Gerrie  
Beltz, Rolf  
Black, Donald  
Bradner, Patrick  
Brodie, John  
Bryce, Graham  
Bryce, Hugh  
Carson, James  
Chapman, Paul  
Christopher, Douglas  
Christopher, Philip  
Craib, Ian  
Cross, Howard  
Crutcher, Jim  
Denton, Christopher  
Dunn, Tony  
Evans, Stuart  
Fraser, Neil  
Fraser, Stephen  
Fyffe, Douglas  
Golding, Davis  
Golding, William  
Hanson, Rick

Herron, Todd  
Hetherington, Mike  
Hewitt, Richard  
Hindmarch, Bruce  
Hindmarch, David  
Hull, Alan  
Jaffary, Tony  
James, Jonathan  
Johnson, Ditman  
Ketcham, William  
Kidder, Michael  
Kulich, Martin  
Legg, William  
MacCarthy, Dermot  
McColl, Kevin  
McDermid, Danny  
McDermid, Jock  
MacDonald, Bruce  
MacDonald, Donald  
MacDonald, Ross  
MacFarland, Bill  
McIntosh, Grant  
McIntosh, Jamie  
MacKendrick, Geoffrey  
McNicol, Keith  
Magee, Keith  
Mattick, Bryan  
Mears, John  
Monterey, Dean  
Morford, Paul  
Mueller, Anton  
Mueller, Christopher  
Peters, Stephen  
Pyper, John  
Pyper, Stewart  
Ramsay, Ken  
Reid, Christopher  
Reid, Duncan

Richmond, Volney  
Rogoway, Jeff  
Simons, Paris  
Sodi, Marco  
Stevenson, Norman  
Stewart, Robert  
Taggart, Ian  
Taggart, John  
Taylor, Paul  
Thornton, Peter  
Turner, Brian  
Utley, Claude  
Voorhees, Coert  
Voorhees, Steve  
Ware, Douglas  
Webster, Brian  
Webster, Bruce  
Wilkinson, Graeme  
Woods, Larry  
Wright, Bruce

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Adams, Ken  
Arbuckle, Peter  
Anderson, Douglas  
Booth, Michael  
Ballou, Jeff  
Dusting, Chris  
Mann, Bayne  
Rathie, Norman  
Steinhardt, Maxwell



# CAMPERS-1970

## Campers attending in July

Andrews, Rob  
Avery, Scott  
Beatty, Ross  
Beltz, Gerrie  
Beltz, Rolf  
Boyd, Douglas  
Bradner, Patrick  
Campbell, Charles  
Catliff, Chris  
Clinton, John  
Clinton, Paul  
Coady, Michael  
Coulter, Bill  
Cove, Martin  
Cove, Warren  
Cross, Howard  
Dubuque, Christopher  
Dutton, Anthony  
Edmonds, David  
Epstein, Eric  
Fee, Sam  
Fisher, John  
Fraser, Geoffrey  
Fraser, Neil  
Fujisawa, Allan  
Gayle, Warren  
Gilley, Graham  
Gosney, Ronald  
Gudewill, Geoffrey  
Halliday, Richard  
Herron, Todd  
Jackson, Barry  
Jackson, David  
Kennedy, Steve  
Kirkwood, Miles  
Lane, Stuart  
Lehmann, Kevin

Leighton, John  
Lewis, Jim  
Lile, Robert  
MacDonald, Barry  
McGregor, David  
Martin, Ken  
Mears, John  
Miles, Raeff  
Moir, Donald  
Muirhead, Scott  
Mullan, Bill  
Muringer, Peter  
Naffziger, Kent  
Naffziger, Mark  
Oakley, Patrick  
Pearl, Craig  
Pearson, John  
Philpot, Michael  
Pigott, Paul  
Pooley, Phillippe  
Ramsay, Ken  
Reid, Duncan  
Roberts, Mark  
Rowell, Stephen  
Sanford, John  
Shumiatcher, Cal  
Shumiatcher, Michael  
Skov, Thor  
Sodi, Alessandro  
Sodi, Marco  
Sommerville, Tad  
Southcott, Jimmy  
Speakman, Gregory  
Stoney, Brian  
Stoney, Malcolm  
Sturrock, Charles  
Summers, John  
Swafford, Grady

Swafford, Joel  
Taylor, Matthew  
Taylor, Owen  
Thornton, Peter  
Titerle, Robert  
Tompkins, Paul  
Trowsdale, Garrick  
Ware, John  
Webster, Brian  
Webster, Bruce  
White, Michael  
Widman, Bruce  
Wilkinson, Graeme  
Wright, David  
Yorke, Brian  
Yorke, Roger

## Campers attending in August

Armour, Bruce  
Armour, Mark  
Bartlett, Geoffrey  
Beatty, Frank  
Blacklock, David  
Bryce, Graham  
Christopher, Douglas  
Christopher, Philip  
Croft, Neil  
Dunn, Tony  
Dusting, Brian  
Dutton, Peter  
Fergusson, Eric  
Fyffe, Douglas  
Golding, Davis  
Golding, William  
Gray, Christopher  
Gray, Randall  
Hansen, Phillip  
Hatter, Bruce

Henderson, Bill  
Hingston, James  
Hull, Alan  
Hutchison, Bob  
Jaffary, Tony  
Ketcham, John  
Ketcham, William  
Kline, Timothy  
Kulich, Martin  
Legg, David  
Legg, Bill  
Longpré, David  
McColl, Kevin  
McColl, Scott  
MacDonald, Bruce  
MacDonald, Donald  
MacDonald, Ross  
McIntosh, Grant  
MacKendrick, Geoffrey  
McNicol, Keith  
Matheson, Campbell  
Mehl, Brent  
Monterey, Dean  
Morford, Paul  
Mueller, Anton  
Mueller, Christopher  
O'Brien, Bryan  
Olesen, Mark  
Olesen, Peter  
Parnell, Grant  
Pearkes, Anthony  
Peters, Stephen  
Pyper, John  
Pyper, Stewart  
Richmond, Volney  
Rigg, Andrew  
Rigg, Philip  
Ross, Gordon

Skrimshire, Jonathan  
Speakman, James  
Sprague, David  
Stewart, Robert  
Taylor, Douglas  
Taylor, Paul  
Taylor, Rob  
Turner, Brian  
Varelas, Michael  
Varelas, Tino  
Voorhees, Coert  
Voorhees, Steve  
Westgate, Bill  
Westgate, Robert  
Wright, Bob

## Campers at Ranch Camp

Curtis, Gerry  
Gibson, Colin  
Fraser, Stephen  
Lewis, Jim  
McIntosh, Jamie  
Rudd, Jeff  
Wilkinson, Graeme

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Anderson, Blair  
Gilley, Ross  
Kulich, Peter  
Monteith, Michael  
Plant, Geoff  
Taggart, John  
Rye, Christopher





# CAMPERS-1971

## Campers attending in July

Adams, Donald  
 Andrews, David  
 Arbuckle, Ian  
 Arden, Gregory  
 Ashmore, Patrick  
 Beatty, Ross  
 Beltz, Gerry  
 Beltz, Rolf  
 Boyd, Doug  
 Camp, Ronald  
 Chess, Michael  
 Christopher, Philip  
 Clinton, John  
 Clinton, Paul  
 Coady, Michael  
 Cornwell, Daryl  
 Coulter, Bill  
 Curtis, Brian  
 Dee, Murray  
 Fashoway, Jay  
 Fergusson, Eric  
 Fowler, Stephen  
 Fraser, Geoffrey  
 Fujisawa, Allan  
 Fujisawa, Robert  
 Fyffe, Douglas  
 Gain, Geoffrey  
 Gain, Gregory  
 Gilley, Graham  
 Gosney, Ronald  
 Howard-Gibbon, Stephen  
 Jackson, Barry  
 Jackson, David  
 Johannesson, Erik  
 Killeen, Mike  
 Kirkwood, Miles  
 Kulich, Martin

Laidlaw, Brock  
 Lane, Stuart  
 Loughed, Christopher  
 Loughed, Paul  
 McCutcheon, David  
 MacDonald, Bruce  
 MacDonald, Donald  
 Matheson, Bruce  
 Matheson, Cam  
 Matheson, Craig  
 Mikes, John  
 Montgomery, Ian  
 Mullan, Patrick  
 Naegele, Timothy  
 Oswald, Hugh  
 Oswald, Michael  
 Oswald, Patrick  
 Pearson, David  
 Pigott, Paul  
 Pooley, Philippe  
 Ramsay, Ken  
 Reid, Michael  
 Roberts, Mark  
 Rowell, Stephen  
 Selkirk, Thomas  
 Skov, Thor  
 Small, Tom  
 Smith, Luke  
 Sodi, Alessandro  
 Speakman, James  
 Sturrock, James  
 Summers, John  
 Taylor, Douglas  
 Taylor, Robin  
 Tompkins, Paul  
 Trowsdale, Garrick  
 VanSacker, Garry  
 Ware, John

White, Michael  
 Wilkinson, Paul  
 Wolverson, Brent  
 Woods, Larry  
 Wright, Bruce  
 Wright, Taylor  
 Yamanaka, Mark

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Doug  
 Anderson, Eric  
 Armour, Bruce  
 Armour, Mark  
 Aylesworth, Robert  
 Bartlett, Geoffrey  
 Beatty, Frank  
 Blanchett, David  
 Brewer, Christopher  
 Bryce, Hugh  
 Campbell, Charles  
 Catliff, Christopher  
 Clarke, Bill  
 Cook, John  
 Denton, Christopher  
 Diamond, Alan  
 Diamond, Craig  
 Dusting, Brian  
 Dutton, Peter  
 Dyer, Hugh  
 Earle, Andrew  
 Earle, Patrick  
 Earle, Steven  
 Fite, Bart  
 Fite, Tate  
 Fitterman, Stephen  
 Foster, Gary  
 Foster, Gregory  
 Freeman, Richard

Frost, Tony  
 Gilmour, Bruce  
 Goodfellow, John  
 Hamilton, Ted  
 Hamm, Martin  
 Herron, Todd  
 Hewson, Dick  
 Houghton, Malcolm  
 Kennedy, Steve  
 Kennedy, Thomas  
 Kidd, David  
 Kidder, Peter  
 Knight, Tony  
 Longpré, David  
 McColl, Scott  
 McColl, Kevin  
 McDonald, Glenn  
 McDonald, Joe  
 McGeer, Timothy  
 McKenzie, Michael  
 Martin, Ken  
 Mitchell, Alastair  
 Moore, Pat  
 Naffziger, Kent  
 Naffziger, Mark  
 Olsen, Arne  
 Pearson, Paul  
 Philipp, Robert  
 Puder, Gilbert  
 Reid, Malcolm  
 Rhone, Jonathan  
 Ross, Gordon  
 Russell, Bruce  
 Schmaltz, Brian  
 Schmok, Michael  
 Schmok, Robbie  
 Shacklock, John  
 Simons, Paris

Sladen, Rob  
 Sommerville, David  
 Sprague, David  
 Stewart, Robert  
 Stoney, Brian  
 Taylor, Paul  
 Taylor, Rob  
 Thornton, Peter  
 Vici, Douglas  
 Voorhees, James  
 Walker, Bill  
 Walker, Ross  
 Warner, Matthew  
 Webster, Brian  
 Webster, Bruce  
 Westgate, Bill  
 Wright, Bill  
 Wright, Bob

## Campers at Ranch Camp

Hutchison, Bob  
 Kaplan, Bob  
 Leighton, John  
 Marshall, Griff  
 O'Brien, Bryan  
 Pearson, John  
 Turner, Brian

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Bryce, Graham  
 Lewis, Jim  
 MacKendrick, Geoffrey  
 Monterey, Dean  
 Muringer, Peter  
 Philpot, Michael  
 Parnell, Grant  
 Peters, Stephen  
 Wilkinson, Graeme



# CAMPERS-1972

## Campers attending in July

Ashmore, Patrick  
Bayne, Jay  
Beltz, Gerrie  
Beltz, Rolf  
Brodie, Donald  
Brown, Andrew  
Calderhead, David  
Calderhead, John  
Campbell, Charles  
Christopher, David  
Close, Frazer  
Cornwell, Daryl  
Cox, Bill  
Crawford, Foster  
Curtis, Brian  
Curtis, Randy  
Dee, Murray  
Dirassar, Adrian  
Dusting, Brian  
Emerson, James  
Foreman, Alastair  
Fraser, Geoffrey  
Fujisawa, Robert  
Fujisawa, Teddy  
Gosney, Ronald  
Gustavson, David  
Hamm, Martin  
Hendrie, Angus  
Herb, Ted  
Jackson, Barry  
Jackson, David  
Johnston, Bill  
Jones, Hugh  
Kennedy, Thomas  
Kidd, David  
Kidder, Peter  
Kirkwood, Miles  
Lindsay, Charles  
McCutcheon, David  
McDermid, Dan

McDermid, Scott  
MacDonald, Barry  
MacKee, Brent  
McKimm, David  
McKimm, Michael  
Madill, David  
Margach, Gray  
Mullan, Bill  
Mullan, John  
Mullan, Patrick  
Mullen, Randall  
Munn, Jonathan  
Murray, Bob  
Naffziger, Jack  
Naffziger, Kent  
Naffziger, Marc  
Newman, Gordon  
Olsen, Arne  
Olsen, Garth  
Pearson, David  
Pooley, Philippe  
Raynor, John  
Robinson, Stephen  
Scott, John  
Shacklock, John  
Sodi, Marco  
Sodi, Michele  
Sladen, Rob  
Speakman, Tim  
Spratt, Derek  
Spratt, Douglas  
Stekl, John  
Stekl, Robert  
Swinton, Peter  
Swafford, Grady  
Taylor, Doug  
Teghtsoonian, Brian  
Teghtsoonian, David  
Teghtsoonian, Peter  
Tempest, Jim  
Tompkins, Paul

Trowsdale, Garrick  
Uibel, Rudy  
Ware, John  
Webster, Bruce  
Whalley, Scott  
Wolverton, Brent  
Wolverton, Mark  
Wotherspoon, Allan

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Doug  
Andrews, David  
Andrews, Robert  
Anderson, Bruce  
Anderson, Don  
Arbuckle, Ian  
Armour, Bruce  
Badgley, Geoff  
Bartlett, Geoffrey  
Beaulieu, Jamie  
Brewer, Christopher  
Clinton, Paul  
Cottrell, John  
Creighton, John  
Cruikshank, David  
Denton, Chris  
Driver, John  
Dutton, Peter  
Eckart, Leon  
Fitch, Graeme  
Fitterman, Stephen  
Foster, Greg  
Fowler, Stephen  
Freeman, Richard  
Fitzpatrick, John  
Frey, Regan  
Gale, Tim  
Gilmour, Bruce  
Gilmour, Ross  
Goodwin, John  
Goold, Blair

Grzybowski, Alexander  
Hare, Bryan  
Howard, Chase  
Hunter, Mark  
Kennedy, Steve  
Killeen, Mike  
Kuys, Adrian  
Legg, David  
Legg, Gordon  
McColl, Kevin  
MacDonald, Donald  
MacDonald, Glenn  
MacDonald, Ross  
MacDonald, Joe  
McKenzie, Michael  
Melton, Douglas  
Miller, Thomas  
Moore, Patrick  
Montgomery, Ian  
O'Brien, Douglas  
Oswald, Hugh  
Ott, Byron  
Parfitt, Ian  
Philipp, Robbi  
Puder, Gilbert  
Rigg, Christopher  
Rhône, Jonathan  
Ross, Gordon  
Ross, David  
Ross, Tony  
Rowell, Stephen  
Schafer, Ronnie  
Selkirk, Tom  
Sommerville, David  
Sprague, David  
Stoney, Malcolm  
St. John, Bruce  
Taylor, Robin  
Tout, David  
Treanor, Michael  
Trotter, David

Trotter, Martin  
van Noort, Ben  
Voorhees, Jimmy  
Walker, Ross  
Wallace, Michael  
Watson, Ian  
Webster, Brian  
White, Jason  
White, John  
Wilkinson, Paul  
Winfield, Stefan  
Wright, Bruce  
Carstens, Andreas (visitor from Germany)

## Campers at Ranch Camp

Adams, Donald  
Battley, Brent  
Christopher, Douglas  
Clarke, Bill  
Dyer, Hugh  
Halliday, Richard  
Hendrie, Tim  
Martin, Ken  
Matheson, Glenn  
Perron, Curtis  
Puttkamer, Peter  
Wright, William

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Armour, Mark  
Kulich, Martin  
MacDonald, Bruce  
McGregor, David  
O'Brien, Bryan  
Ramsay, Ken  
Turner, Brian  
Voorhees, Steve  
Wright, Bob



# CAMPERS-1973

## Campers attending in July

Allen, Peter  
 Andrews, Robert  
 Arbuckle, Ian  
 Armour, Bruce  
 Beltz, Gerrie  
 Beltz, Rolf  
 Campbell, Lorne  
 Catliff, Chris  
 Carliff, Geoff  
 Carlyle, Campbell  
 Carson, Peter  
 Christopher, David  
 Cornwell, Daryl  
 Cottrell, John  
 Curtis, Brian  
 Dee, Murray  
 Diamond, Alan  
 Driver, John  
 Driver, Peter  
 Dusting, Brian  
 Emerson, Jamie  
 Faust, Randall  
 Fitterman, Stephen  
 Fleming, Andrew  
 Foerster, Mar  
 Gilley, Graham  
 Goldgruber, Mike  
 Goodwin, John  
 Gosney, Ron  
 Gustavson, David  
 Hart, Jason  
 Herb, Ted  
 Holdsworth, Brian  
 Ireland, David  
 Jackson, Barry  
 Jackson, David  
 Jennings, Andy

Johnston, Dean  
 Krebs, John  
 Krebs, Peter  
 Lane, Stuart  
 Lea, Randy  
 Leung, Ken  
 Leversee, Bob  
 Lindsay, Charles  
 Loban, Mark  
 McAlpine, Peter  
 McDonald, Glenn  
 McDonald, Ian  
 McKenzie, Michael  
 McKenzie, Paul  
 McWilliam, Gregory  
 Matthew, Kevin  
 Merler, Luca  
 Mooney, Michael  
 Moyes, Togie  
 Mullan, Bill  
 Mullan, Patrick  
 Newman, Gordon  
 Parfitt, Ian  
 Pearson, David  
 Peters, Gordon  
 Power, Jeremy  
 Rademaker, Paul  
 Reid, Peter  
 Reid, Timmy  
 Schafer, Ronald  
 Shipley, Manley  
 Spratt, Derek  
 Summers, John  
 Swinton, Peter  
 Talbot, Paul  
 Taylor, Robin  
 Thomson, Marty  
 Tice, Benjamin

Tice, Jonathan  
 Trotter, David  
 Trotter, Martin  
 Turner, Kevin  
 Walters, Brad  
 Warner, Ken  
 Wilson, Colin  
 Wirtz, Alan  
 Wirtz, Gregory  
 Wolverton, Brent  
 Wolverton, Mark  
 Wotherspoon, Allan

## Campers attending in August

Adams, Doug  
 Alban, Richard  
 Allman, Danny  
 Andrews, David  
 Badgley, Geoffrey  
 Bajus, Mark  
 Bartlett, Geoffrey  
 Beaulieu, Jamie  
 Brasso, Chris  
 Brasso, Peter  
 Bratty, John  
 Brewer, Webb  
 Calder, Glenn  
 Clinton, Paul  
 Cox, Bill  
 Creighton, John  
 Croll, Geoffrey  
 Cruickshank, David  
 Dixon, Clay  
 Dmytryshyn, David  
 Dutton, Peter  
 Fitch, Graeme  
 Foerster, Stewart  
 Foreman, Alastair

Frey, Regan  
 Gale, Tim  
 Gilmour, Ross  
 Grzybowski, Alexander  
 Hamm, Colin  
 Hamm, Martin  
 Handley, Duncan  
 Hunter, Brent  
 Jaques, Guy  
 Jeakins, William  
 Kennedy, Steve  
 Kidder, Peter  
 Lockhart, Andrew  
 Lockhart, Erik  
 McAlpine, Ken  
 McColl, Sean  
 MacDonald, Don  
 McDermid, Scott  
 McDonald, Joe  
 McKimm, David  
 McKimm, Michael  
 Mashal, Robert  
 Melton, Doug  
 Milner, Doug  
 Montgomery, Brian  
 Montgomery, Ian  
 Mullen, Randall  
 Munn, Jonathan  
 O'Brien, Douglas  
 O'Brien, Tim  
 Perrault, Kevin  
 Pickering, Michael  
 Pottinger, Leigh  
 Rhone, Jonathan  
 Ross, David  
 Ross, Tony  
 Ross, Gordon  
 Rowell, Stephen

Shacklock, John  
 Shaw, Eric  
 Snook, Wayne  
 Sommerville, David  
 Sommerville, Tad  
 Sprague, David  
 Sprague, Peter  
 Stekl, John  
 Stekl, Robert  
 St. John, Bruce  
 Thomas, Jeffrey  
 Tout, David  
 Wallace, Michael  
 Westgate, Bill  
 Whalley, Scott  
 White, Jason  
 White, John  
 Wiewel, Roger  
 Wilson, David  
 Wilkinson, Paul  
 Williams, Mark  
 Wright, Bruce

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Clarke, Bill  
 Christopher, Douglas  
 Denton, Chris  
 Gilmour, Bruce  
 McColl, Kevin  
 Pooley, Philippe  
 Spratt, Douglas  
 Taylor, Doug  
 Ware, John



# CAMPERS-1974

## Campers attending in July

Anglin, Gary  
 Anglin, Peter  
 Arbuckle, Ian  
 Baker, Derek  
 Beaulieu, Jamie  
 Bohart, Don  
 Brewer, Webb  
 Brook, Bobby  
 Beltz, Rolf  
 Brossard, Christopher  
 Calvin, Brian  
 Carson, Peter  
 Cassidy, Tim  
 Christopher, David  
 Clarke, Andy  
 Davidson, Andrew  
 Davidson, Duncan  
 Dusting, Brian  
 Emerson, Jamie  
 Farage, Bruce  
 Fitch, Graeme  
 Flynn, Peter  
 Gain, Geoffrey  
 Goodwin, John  
 Gosney, Ronald  
 Handley, Duncn  
 Hanemayer, Morris  
 Hanemayer, Vincent  
 Hart, Jason  
 Hemsworth, Christopher  
 Hemsworth, Richard  
 Hobbs, Bill  
 Holman, John  
 Jarvis, Blair  
 Jaques, Guy  
 Johnson, Geoff  
 Johnson, Greg  
 Johnson, Tom

Kinnear, David  
 Koon, Todd  
 Kuijt, Tony  
 Laker, Jonathan  
 Leung, Ken  
 Lowrie, Gordon  
 McAlpine, Ken  
 McAlpine, Peter  
 McColl, Sean  
 McCutcheon, David  
 Madill, Michael  
 Matthew, Kevin  
 Medland, John  
 Mercer, Allen  
 Mooney, Michael  
 Newman, Gordon  
 Norman, Daniel  
 Norman, Matthew  
 Oxley, Jed  
 Payzant, Donald  
 Plant, Ralph  
 Pletcher, Fred  
 Power, Jeremy  
 Reid, Peter  
 Ross, Gordon  
 Schafer, Ronnie  
 Sen, Somnath  
 Sharp, John  
 Smedman, Paul  
 Somers, Julian  
 Sturrock, Chris  
 Sturrock, Ian  
 Sturrock, Michael  
 Summers, John  
 Talbot, Paul  
 Taylor, Simon  
 Thomson, Sandy  
 Tompkins, Mark  
 Trumper, Owen

Trowsdale, Gavin  
 Trowsdale, Garrick  
 VanSacker, Garry  
 Warner, David  
 Whalley, Scott  
 Whittleton, Rand  
 Wirtz, Alan  
 Wirtz, Gregory  
 Wilson, Colin  
 Witt, Matthew  
 Wolverton, Brent  
 Wolverton, Mark  
 Woosley, Todd  
 Wotherspoon, Allan

## Campers attending in August

Alban, Richard  
 Alexander, Bruce  
 Allman, Danny  
 Armour, Bruce  
 Armstrong, Chris  
 Armstrong, Bob  
 Bajus, Mark  
 Bajus, Paul  
 Baker, Jeffrey  
 Bratty, John  
 Brasso, Chris  
 Brasso, Peter  
 Bulpit, Harry  
 Campbell, Lorne  
 Catliff, Geoff  
 Catliff, John  
 Chilcott, Andre  
 Clinton, Paul  
 Clyne, Ian  
 Cornwell, Daryl  
 Cox, Bill  
 Cousins, David  
 Cruickshank, David

Creighton, John  
 Croll, Geoffrey  
 Foreman, Alastair  
 Forgacs, Anthony  
 Forgacs, Jonathan  
 Forgacs, Stephen  
 Free, Andrew  
 Gilmour, Ross  
 Holman, Colin  
 Jackson, Barry  
 Jenkins, William  
 Jennings, Andrew  
 Jones, Hugh  
 Kelsberg, Bill  
 Killeen, Bruce  
 Killeen, Mike  
 Krebs, Peter  
 Krebs, John  
 Lowrie, Stephen  
 Libbert, David  
 McDermid, Scott  
 McDonald, Ian  
 MacKendrick, Dane  
 McKendry, Kevin  
 McWilliams, Jeffrey  
 Melton, Doug  
 Metal, Colin  
 Milner, Douglas  
 Moir, Philip  
 Montgomery, Brian  
 Moore, Patrick  
 Munn, Jonathan  
 O'Brien, Douglas  
 O'Brien, Patrick  
 O'Brien, Tim  
 Parfitt, Ian  
 Pearson, David  
 Pickering, Michael  
 Plant, Christopher

Plant, David  
 Power, Timothy  
 Rademaker, Paul  
 Rhone, Jonathan  
 Romaniuk, Gregory  
 Rossum, Mark  
 Rowell, Stephen  
 St. John, Bruce  
 Schafer, Jamie  
 Schueppert, Marc  
 Schueppert, Michael  
 Shacklock, John  
 Shaden, Rob  
 Solly, Colin  
 Solly, Paul  
 Sprague, Peter  
 Spratt, Derek  
 Stekl, John  
 Stekl, Robert  
 Sturrock, James  
 Swinton, Mark  
 Swinton, Peter  
 Taylor, Robin  
 Tout, David  
 Turner, Kevin  
 Vanderspek, David  
 Vanderspek, Douglas  
 Wilson, David

## Campers at Wilderness Camp

Adams, Doug  
 Andrews, Rob  
 Bartlett, Geoffrey  
 Gale, Tim  
 Gilley, Graham  
 Kennedy, Steve  
 Lane, Stuart  
 McDonald, Don





# CAMPERS-1975

## Campers attending in July

Arnatt, Craig  
 Arbuckle, Ian  
 Bajus, Paul  
 Bulpit, Harry  
 Burnett, Clarke  
 Brook, Bobby  
 Brett, Danny  
 Bruk, Bruce  
 Baker, Derek  
 Baker, Jeffrey  
 Carpenter, Kevin  
 Carson, Peter  
 Chowne, Andrew  
 Christopher, David  
 Cunningham, Gregory  
 Cunningham, Michael  
 Dawson, Robbie  
 Emerson, Jamie  
 Fujisawa, Ted  
 Fujisawa, Gerry  
 Fargey, Bruce  
 Ferguson, John  
 Fotheringham, Brady  
 Free, Andrew  
 Giles, Graham  
 Goodwin, John  
 Gosney, Ronald  
 Graham, Andrew  
 Grommers, Bradley  
 Gustavson, David  
 Handley, Duncan  
 Harrison, Alan  
 Harrison, David  
 Hart, Jason  
 Hobbs, Bill  
 Hobbs, Patrick  
 Jackson, Barry

Jaques, Guy  
 Jarvis, Blair  
 Jones, Allan  
 Jones, Hugh  
 Knight-Webb, Rufus  
 Krebs, John  
 Krebs, Peter  
 Lee, Craig  
 Leja, Joe  
 Lorimer, Timothy  
 Lyall, Andrew  
 McColl, Sean  
 McDonnell, Chipman  
 McInnes, David  
 Mainwaring, David  
 Matheson, Brian  
 Mendoza, Carl  
 Milligan, Clive  
 Montgomery, Brian  
 Moore, Patrick  
 Mottishaw, Nick  
 Mowat, David  
 Mueller, Peter  
 Mullan, Patrick  
 Mullen, Randall  
 Naples, Jorden  
 Newman, Gordon  
 Norman, Daniel  
 Norman, Matthew  
 Patterson, David  
 Romaniuk, Gregory  
 Ramsay, John  
 Rosebrugh, Tom  
 Scott, Rodney  
 Sen, Somnath  
 Simons, Darien  
 Simons, Keiron  
 Smedman, Paul

Snider, Timothy  
 Somers, Julian  
 Stepney, Mike  
 Sturrock, Chris  
 Sturrock, Michael  
 Taylor, Simon  
 Tenge, Donald  
 Vieser, Baird  
 White, Geoffrey  
 Wilson, Colin  
 Wilson, Kevin  
 Witt, Matthew  
 Wolverton, Brent  
 Wolverton, Mark

## Campers attending in August

Allan, Andrew  
 Allman, Danny  
 Allman, David  
 Armstrong, Chris  
 Armstrong, Bob  
 Ayers, John  
 Beaulieu, David  
 Beaulieu, Jamie  
 Brasso, Peter  
 Bratty, John  
 Brewer, Webb  
 Brossard, Chris  
 Calder, Glenn  
 Calvin, Brian  
 Christie, David  
 Courtemanche, David  
 Creighton, John  
 Cromie, Casey  
 Cruickshank, David  
 Duncan, Bobby  
 Fitch, Graeme  
 Fitzgerald, John

Flavelle, Keith  
 Forgacs, Anthony  
 Forgacs, Jonathan  
 Forgacs, Stephen  
 Fotheringham, Kip  
 Frith, Dana  
 Graham, Christopher  
 Gram, Niels  
 Haight, John  
 Harper, David  
 Hersey, Victor  
 Holme, David  
 Hunt, Glen  
 Hunter, Andrew  
 Ireland, David  
 Knauer, Jeffrey  
 Lecovin, Geoff  
 Lee, Mark  
 Leung, Ken  
 Libbert, David  
 Lusztig, Michael  
 Melton, Doug  
 Meredith, David  
 Morgan, Robert  
 Moul, Kevin  
 Murray, Bruce  
 McDonald, Ian  
 Mackendrick, Dane  
 McKim, Kim  
 Nicol, Chris  
 O'Brien, Doug  
 O'Brien, Patrick  
 O'Brien, Tim  
 O'Haire, Joseph  
 Paramonoff, Andreas  
 Paramonoff, Sascha  
 Parfitt, Ian  
 Pickering, Michael

Plant, Christopher  
 Plant, David G.  
 Plant, David V.  
 Plant, Ralph  
 Pletcher, Fred  
 Pletsch, Tim  
 Rademaker, Mark  
 Rademaker, Paul  
 Ramsay, Graham  
 Rhone, Jonathan  
 Rogers, Bill  
 Ross, David  
 Ross, Jimmy  
 Ross, Tony  
 Rowell, Stephen  
 Schafer, Jamie  
 Schafer, Ronnie  
 Solly, Colin  
 Solly, Paul  
 Spooner, Dominic  
 Spratt, Derek  
 Stekl, Robert  
 Swinton, Mark  
 Swinton, Peter  
 Taylor, Brian  
 Taylor, Robin  
 Tompkins, David  
 Tompkins, Mark  
 Tout, David  
 Turner, Kevin  
 Vanderspek, David  
 van Ryswyk, Leonard  
 van Ryswyk, John  
 Warner, David  
 Weir, David  
 Williamson, John  
 Wright, Bruce



# CAMPERS-1976

## Campers attending in July

Almerling, Peter  
 Baird, Brett  
 Baker, Derek  
 Barr, Andrew  
 Barr, Philip  
 Blunden, Christopher  
 Bruk, Bruce  
 Chowne, Andrew  
 Christie, David  
 Collett, Timothy  
 Cousins, David  
 Cowan, Patrick  
 Cunningham, Greg  
 Cunningham, Michael  
 Denovan, Richard  
 Downs, Michael  
 Drouin, Denis  
 Fargey, Bruce  
 Freakley, Philip  
 Flavelle, Keith  
 Foreman, Alastair  
 Fotheringham, Kip  
 Fujisawa, Douglas  
 Giles, Graham  
 Gillanders, Steven  
 Graham, Andrew  
 Graham, Christopher  
 Graham, David  
 Gronnerud, Thomas  
 Hadden, Shaun  
 Haight, John  
 Harrison, Alan  
 Hendry, Colin  
 Hicks, Trevor  
 Hines, Gerry  
 Hobbs, Bill  
 Hobbs, Patrick

King, Robbie  
 Krebs, John  
 Krebs, Peter  
 Large, Ian  
 Lea, Randy  
 Leung, Ken  
 Levesque, Bill  
 Looi, Colin  
 Lyall, Andrew  
 McColl, Sean  
 MacKendrick, Dane  
 McLennan, Shawn  
 MacLeod, Clyde  
 Mendoza, Carl  
 Menzies, Neil  
 Montgomery, Brian  
 Montgomery, Donald  
 Morgan, Nigel  
 Morgan, Robert  
 Mueller, Ingo  
 Mueller, Peter  
 Murray, Bruce  
 Nelson, John  
 Newman, Gordon  
 Norman, Daniel  
 Norman, Matthew  
 Parfitt, Ian  
 Philley, Timothy  
 Pilla, Darren  
 Pilley, John  
 Plant, David  
 Plant, Ralph  
 Pletcher, Fred  
 Rademaker, Craig  
 Rademaker, Paul  
 Reid, Tim  
 Reynish, Al  
 Risk, Hall

Roberts, Christopher  
 Savage, Peter  
 Smigel, Randy  
 Spratt, Derek  
 Stewart, Michael  
 Swinton, Mark  
 Tate, Andrew  
 Taylor, Brian  
 Taylor, Keith  
 Thompson, Gregory  
 Thomas, David  
 Treton, Christopher  
 Trumper, Michael  
 Warner, David  
 Wilson, Kevin  
 Yoshida, Sean

## Campers attending in August

Armstrong, Bob  
 Baker, Jeffrey  
 Beaulieu, David  
 Beaulieu, Jamie  
 Brum, Roy  
 Calvin, Brian  
 Carpenter, Kevin  
 Carle, Ron  
 Courtemanche, David  
 Cousins, David  
 Cruickshank, David  
 Davies, Owen  
 Desmarais, Nicolas  
 De Turberville, Matthew  
 Farris, Donald  
 Fournier, Brian  
 Free, Andrew  
 Free, Ian  
 Fuller, Charles  
 Goodwin, John

Hannon, Craig  
 Hanson, Christopher  
 Hare, Bryan  
 Helgson, Winston  
 Hoffer, Michael  
 Hood, Stephen  
 Husband, Michael  
 Jackman, Piers  
 Johnston, Robert  
 Johnstone, Rob  
 Knauer, Jeffrey  
 Latimer, John  
 LeBoutillier, Kevin  
 McInnes, Kim  
 Mellis, John  
 Metal, Colin  
 Mockler, Nelson  
 Mohammed, Omar  
 Mohammed, Reza  
 Moul, Kevin  
 Mullan, Patrick  
 Nicol, Chris  
 O'Brien, Patrick  
 O'Brien, Tim  
 Palme, Curt  
 Paramonoff, Andreas  
 Paramonoff, Sascha  
 Parker, Mile  
 Parkhouse, Doug  
 Pearmain, Jim  
 Pettipas, Michael  
 Pettipas, Trevor  
 Pickering, Michael  
 Prevost, Karl  
 Ralf, John  
 Ramsay, Graham  
 Redpath, Mike  
 Rhone, Jonathan

Rogers, Richard  
 Romaniuk, Greg  
 Rolufs, Ronnie  
 Rosebrugh, Tom  
 Rowe, John  
 Rowell, Stephen  
 Saxvik, Christian  
 Schafer, Jamie  
 Schafer, Ronnie  
 Seabrook, Andy  
 Smedman, Paul  
 Smith, Rick  
 Solly, Colin  
 Solly, Paul  
 Speed, Thomas  
 Stamper, David  
 Stekl, Bob  
 Tout, David  
 Tupman, Bobby  
 Turner, Kevin  
 Vanderspek, David  
 von Krosigk, Steffen  
 Vaux, Graeme  
 Wickens, Andrew  
 Wickware, Mark  
 Witt, Matthew  
 Wright, Malcolm  
 Yeung, Omar  
 Young, Brian  
 Zlotnik, Gerry





### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Greg Brown was raised in Vancouver and spent his childhood summers at various youth camps before becoming a staff member at Camp Deka, operated by his parents Lorne and May Brown. In 1970, at the age of 20, Greg moved to the Cariboo District of B.C. to operate the cattle ranch at Drewry Lake while continuing to work at Camp Deka. After Camp Deka Boys' Camp closed Greg and his wife Suzanne stayed on at Drewry Lake Ranch until 1979. Following the sale of the ranch they embarked on a four month canoe trip, retracing much of the historic fur-trade route across Canada.

In 1981 Greg and Suzanne settled on a small farm near Georgian Bay in southern Ontario. Their apple growing enterprise

allowed time during the summer to be away from the farm and during the 1990s they traveled extensively by canoe from Georgian Bay to Hudson Bay and northern Quebec. In 1998 they sold the apple orchard but retained a parcel of land where they built an off-the-grid home and experimented with several types of alternative energy.

Greg and Suzanne have pursued their interest in traveling by various modes of transportation, bicycling across Canada and sailing for a year along the eastern waterways and the Labrador coast.

They live in Meaford, Ontario, on the shores of Georgian Bay, and are planning further wilderness adventures in northern Canada.



# CAMP DEKA

Boys' Camp Memories  
1961-1976



"The Camp Where The Wild Loon Calls"  
For 16 years, Camp Deka provided a safe,  
fun & educational place for boys to learn  
about the wilderness and becoming young  
men. This collection of memories spans  
that wonderful time with nostalgia and the  
fondness this place deserves.

