

## **MOUNT NEMO HOSTS THE STOMACH FLU**

On a Friday evening early in December 1994 the 19th Cub Pack moved into Panabode "A" for a 20 hour camp: 2 adults, Akela Peter Gauthier and Chil, a Junior Leader, Raksha and a dozen boisterous Cubs. After unpacking, they headed out for a 7:30 p.m. ramble around camp, an exercise designed to burn off an obvious overabundance of energy. Cub David asked if he could stay in the cabin and sleep instead but was convinced that the fresh air would probably perk him up. When they returned, mug-up was ready: hot chocolate, hot cider and cookies. Everyone pitched into the food, except David who announced that he wasn't hungry. Akela Peter later said that he should have seen this as a warning since he had never known a Cub to refuse mug-up before.

Finally the excited Cubs settled down and everybody drifted off to sleep. Around 2 a.m. Peter was awakened by his son Nick who told him that he had just escorted David to the K.Y.B.O. where David had thrown up. David said that he was now feeling better and after a drink of water was ready to return to his lower bunk to sleep. Peter placed an empty bucket beside him just in case and headed out to check the K.Y.B.O. It was a disaster. David had missed the target completely. Armed with a flashlight, a pail of water, soap and a mop Peter spent the next half hour cleaning up.

He returned to the cabin and was just dozing off when he heard the sound of a Cub bringing up, this time all over the floor. He grabbed his flashlight and headed for David who was quietly pointing to the top bunk beside him. A very pale faced Mike apologized, said he was feeling better and that he didn't think he would be sick again. It was back to the pail and mop for Peter. He was just about to sleep the second time when Mike let fly again, missing the pail, of course! Again, he announced that his flu was over because he was feeling much, much better. Another clean up job for Peter. Peter barely made it back to bed when Mike was sick a third time. Peter now discovered that he had used up all their water and, cursing the flu, headed off to the camp water tap.

It was 6 a.m. before the cabin was finally cleaned up. By then Peter knew that it was useless to try and sleep so instead set about making breakfast, starting with a huge pot of steaming, hot coffee. By 7 a.m., the juice, oatmeal, pancakes and sausage were all ready. The coffee aroma woke Chil and Raksha who had had a

great night's sleep. Peter thought that they must have been wearing ear plugs, but he was happy, his "night from Hell" was over. Everybody wondered why the floor was so clean! David ate a big breakfast, but Mike turned green at the smell of the sausages. His parents were called and he was taken home to bed before 9 a.m.

The rest of the day was great. The Cubs completed most of the requirements for their star and Chil and Raksha covered beautifully for a very tired and weary Akela. It is not surprising to note that during the next week all the other Cubs who went to camp came down with the flu. It left Peter shuddering at the thought of what he would have done at Nemo if they had all taken ill on that fateful Friday night!

## **CAMP NEMO CAPTURED IN BLACK AND WHITE AND IN COLOUR**

Hundreds of thousands of snapshots have been taken at camp. They're filled with happy faces and Scouts in every attire imaginable. They're filled with laughter, the determination that challenge demands, the concentration of a Scouts Own, the pride of accomplishment and the wondrous joy of fellowship. They show Scouts in costumes that would rival the Stratford Theatre, Cubs struggling to erect a tent in a wind storm, Venturers cooking in the rain over a smokey fire, a moonlit campfire ceremony, a formal flag raising, Rovers planting trees, a work party re-roofing Apple Day, the playing fields covered in boisterous activity, proud group shots taken in front of campsites that run from immaculate to total disarray, solemn moments and happy moments. The history of Camp Nemo is written in the faces captured by thousands of cameras over the years.



*58<sup>th</sup> Hamilton Cubs - Fall Camp 1986*

## **MEALTIME GRACE... ANOTHER NEMO TRADITION**

It's impossible to measure the impact that a Nemo Scouts Own, an Investiture Ceremony or mealtime grace has had on us, but they seem as close to the heart of Scouting as breath is to breathing.

When those assembled for a meal rise, clasp hands in a circle about the table and sing grace, it strengthens bonds of friendship and serves to remind us of our need to give thanks. It is the same whether in a crowded lodge or in a small group under the pines or whether, in the past singing, "Be Present at Our Table Lord", or today, the more popular, "Johnny Appleseed".

### **BE PRESENT AT OUR TABLE LORD**

Be present at our table, Lord,

Be here and everywhere adored,

These mercies bless, and grant that we,

May feast in paradise with Thee.

### **JOHNNY APPLESEED**

Oh the Lord is good to me,

And so I thank the Lord,

For giving me, the things I need,

The sun, and the rain, and the apple seed,

The Lord is good to me.

### **NEMO HAS BEEN WELL CRESTED**

If only the unique crests issued at the countless events held at Nemo could speak, what a story they would tell. Our camp history is reflected in these beautiful memento's. Rover Moots, Training Courses, Jamborees, Division and Area Camps, Beaver Chopperees, Cub Fun Days, Klondike Days, Daniel Boone and Victoria Day Weekends have been captured in their distinct crests. Many adorn campfire blankets, others are in diaries and albums, some are in valuable crest collections but most have been squirreled away with other lifetime treasures. They represent accomplishment in our lives and serve

to remind us of the contribution Camp Nemo has made to our Scouting Tradition.



### **MEMORABLE EVENINGS ON CAMPFIRE HILL**

Campfires have always played an important role in the Scouting life of Nemo. A quietness falls over everyone as they assemble around the campfire. Sparks reach for the stars or clouds and there is an expectancy in the air. No electric light bulb under red crepe paper and a few logs, this is the real thing. The leader approaches the fire with an upraised arm to declare the campfire open with the words, "Who have smelt wood-smoke at twilight" (Rudyard Kipling), or one of a thousand other invocations.

There is a magic about the skits, a mystery about the stories, especially the ghost stories, and a joyous fellowship accompanies the songs. To the Scouts of any one decade there seems to be a timelessness to their skits, stories and songs but in truth they are constantly changing to reflect the interests and values of the day. Many British based song favourites of the 1940's like "Song of the Wood" and "A Capital Ship" have disappeared probably because of the global nature of Scouting today. We continue to sing many of the spirituals popular in the early Nemo days because they are still very much a part of our North American culture. Glen Tydd remembers compiling a songbook of spirituals with the help of Reverend John Holland of Stewart Memorial Church around 1951. The book sold to Troops for 2 copies for a nickel. It contained such spirituals as "All Night, All Day", "I Grieve My Lord", "Kum Bah Yah", "Do Lord", and "Go Tell it

on the Mountain". Since then, we've added others, like "Amazing Grace" and "When the Saints Go Marching In".

Skits have always been popular at campfires. During the early Nemo years, the 40th Rover Crew wrote and produced a number of favourites. One in particular made an obvious point. It went something like this:

Scene 1: At the Job Site: Louis comes on stage in baggy clothes carrying a pick and shovel. He is seen digging 12 hours per day, Monday to Friday for the Cecil Cecciloni Cesspool Digging Company. Each day he becomes more weary and stooped.

Scene 2: Louis Arrives Home Friday Evening: Louis stumbles through the front door exhausted only to be met by his enthusiastic and voluptuous wife. She announces her great plans of the evening. Louis responds with a deep and long groan.

Scene 3: Saturday Morning at Camp Nemo Front Gate: Louis and his friends, all in full Rover uniform and carrying their backpacks approach the Scout Camp loudly announcing their plans for the weekend of good food, games, but mainly -

**REST! PLENTY OF GORGEOUS REST!**

They are welcomed to camp by an energetic Gord Williams, who tells them of all the fun they are going to have working alongside him on a little 2-day project at Erosion Hill. He tells them he has everything they'll need right there with him. He turns and grabs something and hands to Louis - you guessed it - a pick and shovel!

The skit was a real crowd pleaser!

Gord Williams campfire stories were outstanding and often quite dramatic. Glen Tydd remembers one in particular. It was told at the Saturday night campfire at a long weekend camp, probably in 1952. Beforehand, Gordon had hidden a Rover in a tree by the campfire. The Rover had a bow and arrow with a hefty hunk of magnesium attached to the head of the arrow. At story time, Gord told the assembled Scouts that a fire god lived on the top of Mount Nemo. He had them all look across the countryside and fix their gaze on Mount Nemo. At a special moment in the story, the Rover fired the arrow into the fire, the flames leaped over 8 feet into the air and at that particular moment, the chant of Native Canadians coming up Campfire Hill struck the air. The wide-eyed assembly sat in amazement as 8 Native Canadians in full costume, including head dress, entered

the circle. Their chants and dances were the highlight of the weekend. Gord had arranged for them to visit camp from their homes at the Six Nations Reserve at Brantford. A grand pow-wow at the end of the campfire gave everybody a chance to get acquainted

## **TWINS AT NEMO**

During its 50 year history, Nemo has seen its fair share of twins. It has been a very important place for the Duarte identical twins who were Beaver leaders with the 81<sup>st</sup> Hamilton in the early 1980's. They are now Mary Elop and Carmen Galloway having married Scouters Rick and John respectively. Nemo has grown in importance to them because of the increased use of camp for Beavering. Carmen, having served as A.R.C. Training, says that first time leader training weekends, if held at camp, are the greatest because the participants become closer sooner and more easily than anywhere else. She says the Beavers love the freedom of the outdoors and, in spite of the weather, never stop wanting to run and explore. Luckily for the leaders, the Beavers tire easily!

Mary, who has served as A.R.C. Beavers, will never forget the first campfire at Nemo while on her Part I... impressive!...majestic! Mary tells of the happy excitement that surrounds Beavers on a fall hike at camp, at their winter Freezeree, planting trees for Scouttrees, experiencing their first sleep over or just jumping in puddles or climbing trees. They don't seem to mind the dirt or damp, they love a place where they can just be themselves in the wide open spaces. There is no better place than Nemo.



## THE REUNION...JUNE 1, 1997

Despite overcast weather, over 300 past and present Scouts and Scouters attended the Camp Nemo Reunion on June 1, 1997. The following stories were told by some of those present.

One summery day in the late 1950's Jean and George Lethbridge carried their infant son Mike on a tour of Camp Nemo. Mike liked what he saw and has been there ever since. As he grew he delighted in tagging along beside Gerry Johnson (Property Committee Chair) as he conducted his nature hikes or worked on one of his many construction projects. Because of his keen interest in the camp and his natural skills, Mike is today the Property Committee Chair and is as comfortable on a back hoe or front end loader as anybody at Nemo. Mike's big project in 1997 was the construction of our new Anniversary Lodge.

For Bette Kinnaird, there is nothing quite like the anticipation that steals over her as she approaches camp. Once there, there is nothing to match the warmth and wonderment that fills her heart especially early morning arrival for a Chopperee or Cub Fun Day. It's amazing to see the fields come alive as Scouters build, assemble and prepare activities for the youth members. To her, this is Camp Nemo at its best.

To Jim Russell, like most, Camp Nemo is many things. It's a sea of coloured tents spread over the fields on a Victoria Day Weekend, Confederation lodge lined with parkas as their owners crowd in for dinner on a -17 degree Saturday night at a Klondike Camp or Fleur-De-Lis Hill covered in Scouts and Venturers at an early evening Scouts Own.



*Lashing exhibit built by the 21<sup>st</sup> Hamilton Rovers -  
June 1, 1997*

## SCREECHING PUPPIES ON CROWS NEST

Ron Mollon (*Nemo: 1965 - 1996*)

One Friday evening in the spring of 1974 the members of the 5<sup>th</sup> Hamilton Troop set their half dozen tents up on Crow's Nest just back of Gordon Williams Lodge. Leaders Ron Mollon and Bill Nutley were just dozing off when the third leader Jim Jenkins called out, "How are we to sleep when all we can hear is the sound of those screeching puppies?" Since no one else heard the cries of puppies, Jim was told to keep quiet and go to sleep. Every time Jim settled down, the whining puppies started up again. "But I hear puppies!", he would say. "Shut up and go to sleep!!", was the unanimous reply. This continued throughout the night. By morning the feeling was that Jim was 'loco'.

Jim was vindicated when a groundhog hole was discovered in the side of the hill with a tunnel leading right under his tent. Jim's bedroll was smack over top of a nest of baby groundhogs fighting for the best feeding spots. Needless to say, Jim moved his tent!

It is interesting to note that Bob Tice got Jim Carey started in Scouts who got Ron Mollon started, who got Bill Nutley started and so on and so on.

## GRAB BAG OF MEMORIES

Mary Elop (*Nemo: 1980 - present*) has many wonderful memories of Nemo. Her eyes will always light up as she tells of the wonderment of her first ever campfire on her Part I at Nemo. She smiles as she recalls seeing Beavers mired in mud valiantly planting "Trees for Canada", now "Scoutrees", at Nemo. She is proud of the big breakthrough in 1995-96 when the Council's first Beaver sleep over in Panabode A became a reality. She laughs as she remembers a mother calling out, "Where's the bathroom?"

Nancy Braun (*Nemo: 1995 - present*) remembers clearly her first impressions of Mount Nemo. "How could a camp like Nemo exist so close to cities like Burlington and Hamilton? It's another world outside world of woods, streams, mosquitoes and all the wonders of nature." Sounds pretty good for a place that was just a sheep farm 50 years ago!"

Doug Waller (*Nemo: 1977 - present*) was a total “city boy” when, as a Cub, he first experienced Nemo and ‘nature’. “It was neat to find out that our leaders were entirely different people at Camp. Camp does that to people, I guess. I knew that I wanted to be a leader myself someday.”

Doug and his wife Sue have both been leaders and are starting a Scouting family of their own. They introduced their 2 week old baby Danniella to Nemo at the Reunion on June 1, 1997.



Wilf Pugh (*Nemo: 1946 - 1957*) recalls winter camping in Ram Inn in a wild blizzard. The stove pipes were red hot and the windows were not made of glass at all. They were screens just shellacked over several times! He also remembers planting trees, building a wilderness shelter and mapping the Bronte Creek from Camp up to the escarpment as a part of his First Class Badge.

Malcolm Hurst (*Nemo: 1960 - present*) and Bill Nutley (*Nemo: 1972 - present*) will never forget operating a Kim’s Game part way along a trail during an all night exercise for Venturers during the Victoria Weekend Camp in 1984. At about 2 a.m. they were alone and relaxing when suddenly, out of nowhere, a pack of wild dogs came racing towards them. When Bill and Malcolm were asked “where did the dogs come from”, they answered, “We didn’t stop to ask, we were too busy running in the other direction.”

Malcolm and Bill also tell their Swamp Nemo story. At a Victoria Weekend after all the kids had been evacuated from a very wet camp on a Sunday morning, they and several other leaders stayed on, the sun came out and the rest of the long weekend was super!



Jim Matson and Ron Hart (*Nemo: 1947 - 1970’s*) tell how they loved to take their boys on 2 special nature excursions: one to the back of the camp to view the woodcocks; and the other to see the “Front Gate Owls” feeding their young. In each case, great stealth was required. To see the owls, they had to crawl up through long grass and lay motionless for a long time. It was not easy for kids until the owls appeared, then there wasn’t a twitch in the crowd!

Jim Hyslop (*Nemo: 1947 - 1970’s*) says it didn’t matter what time of year you camped at Nemo, it always rained! On a tobogganing weekend in January it rained so long and hard that it turned into a “winter canoe” weekend and everyone had a great time canoeing down the slopes on the wet grass.

During the first International Jamborette held at Nemo in the spring of 1956 Jim listened in amazement to the exciting stories of 4 Polish Scouts who escaped from Poland during the war .

Jim also tells his Swamp Nemo story. The kids came down with the flu like flies and parents were summoned to Camp Sunday morning to pick them up. B. P. lane was packed bumper to bumper with cars coming and going and police were needed control the traffic on “quiet” No. 2 Sideroad.