



Alumni Newsletter

PASSING THE TORCH

By Gary Gray (Camper, Staff, YMCA Sudbury CEO, Volunteer 1954—Present)

Being chair of the current John Island Camp Capital Campaign is proving to be a fascinating adventure - \$895,000 is a lofty goal. The funds are certainly needed but it is a large amount of money to raise, despite the need. The fascination I mention, comes from the source of the contributions during these early months of a carefully planned "low key" approach to raising money.

To date, we have reached a total of \$632,000. This is over 70% of our goal – an impressive amount when you consider it does not include any government money or donations from industry or large

corporations. The overwhelming majority of the \$632,000 has been donated by John Island Alumni, families of campers and friends, and believers in John Island Camp.

We hear stories of how the camp has changed the life of a son or daughter, many times each year. Over and over we are told the details of how a staff member had the direction of their life greatly influenced by their John Island experience. And, of course, we are fondly reminded of how many staff met their marriage partners at John Island – several good examples are



The interior of the new "Beaufort" camper cabin. Work continues on the new Shower House, and the kitchen renovation of the Dining Hall.



The new "Beaufort" cabin. Four new camper cabins will be finished by next summer.

grandchildren, to live the adventure of John Island Camp. Families and supporters of the camp want summer camp experiences to keep on enriching the lives of children and families for years to come. More and more we realize the treasure that John Island has been, and will continue to be well into the future.

It is no wonder the majority of the support for our John Island Renewal Campaign has been coming from where it has touched human lives the most.



noted in this newsletter! Thousands of us have benefited from our summers at John Island Camp in many ways.

And now, it is time to pass the torch. It is time for us as alumni to ensure that others can experience the impact of John Island. Past campers and staff want their own children, and

For information on the John Island Camp Capital Campaign - visit the "John Island Redevelopment" section on the website - www.johnisland.ymca.ca



YMCA Sudbury

TRIPPING AT JOHN ISLAND

WILDERNESS CAMP MEMORIES FROM THE EARLY 1960'S

BY: DR. GEORGE KOSKI

Editor's Note: On September 14, 2007, Dr. George Koski passed away in Sudbury as a result of lupus. George was a pioneer of John Island Camp. During the early 1960's, he spent three years as the camp's Wilderness Camp Director. The Wilderness Camp was a special part of John Island and was centered on Aitken Island. The camp consisted of older boys who spent the majority of their time learning to live in the wilderness and on extended canoe trips. In addition to his staffing of the Wilderness Camp, George trained the camp staff in nature skills and was responsible for obtaining and organizing the planting of over 2000 red and white pine seedlings in the area east of the ballfield toward the bridge. George wrote this article shortly before his passing.)

What a wonderful experience! Three summers, four canoes, one counsellor and twelve campers. Imagine - a summer of canoeing in one of the nicest settings on earth - the North Channel of Lake Huron. Some of the destinations we paddled to were Sault Ste. Marie, Little Current, Elliot Lake, and Sudbury, along with the occasional trip around John Island.

After a day on the water, meal-time was special. As we ate our first meal around the fire - usually macaroni and fried Klip or Spam - I told the story about the Finnish cook in the lumber camp who died in the middle of winter. The loggers replaced him with Anderson since his name was at the top of the alphabet. All agreed that the first one to complain would take over. As one of the individuals was chewing the lumps in his porridge a few days later, he said: "Anderson, This porridge is terrible....But that's the way we like it!" Much to my amazement, I never had a complaint.

Another memory that surprised me was when I spent a sick day in our canvas tent peering out the netting... I was surprised at how much fun my wilderness campers had... without me! So much for my perceived notion of importance. Paddling up the St. Mary's River with giant Great Lakes freighters passing us was also quite a sight. I can distinctly recall traveling about three quarters of a mile in an hour - against the strong current. As an enticement, I promised the boys anything they wanted when we arrived at the YMCA in Sault Ste. Marie. Well...I bought them all cigars and we sat on the roof and celebrated. Quite a scene: like Third Rock From the Sun...with a little smoke. Portaging over the Espanola Dam and being transported over the logs via Gator Boats was also memorable. I remember sailing along the southern shore of John Island with canoes lashed together with makeshift sails catching a stiff breeze. Fleecy clouds and rolling swells provided a scene of modern day buccaneers exploring new lands.



George Koski and the Wilderness Group—1964

It was always reassuring to know that Bill Bavington would pick us up from some distant location such as Sault Ste. Marie or Sudbury. Thank you, Bill. Also, thanks to Lionel Burgess, Ralph Erskine and Mildred (Fitzgerald) Facca who made those wonderful summer memories possible. Did I mention mosquitoes?

FAMILY CAMP MEMORIES

THE IMPACT OF JIC ON ONE EXTENDED FAMILY

By Meredith Coulas (Family Camper, Camper, Staff, Volunteer 1984—Present)

There are many family names that are synonymous with YMCA John Island Camp. Families where whole factions have attended camp either at the same time or over several years and/or decades. Whether it is Hann, Grotoli, Smith, Chi, Thomson or Andersen these families have shared meals and songs during several summers. I sometimes wonder what the total number of years would be for my own family. The Coulas' are no exception to the tradition of attending JIC in the summer. Nearly every year since 1984, at least one member of the Coulas family has had front beach sand run through their toes since my father first brought us to camp. The idea was to have a vacation with an outdoor feel. Renting a cottage did not feel like a vacation for my mom as she often was left with the brunt of the cooking and cleaning. Finding out about JIC Family Camp at our local Y changed our family forever.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.....

Those early years were fantastic! It was a small group and the Coulas clan dominated the island. My cousins from Toronto and Burlington, brother and friends from Sault Ste. Marie would spend our days learning to sail and canoe, swim when the front beach was deeper, and climb on the infamous spider web. To be honest, I don't remember spending much quality time with family back then. We had the freedom we longed for all year long in a safe place that is still in my thoughts 23 years later. Family Camp quickly became a bit of a tradition for the Coulas Family. Soon it was our yearly mini-family reunion full of laughs, Aunt Sally's bin of candy, family pranks, and the inevitable sailboat or windsurfer rescue. Our group got larger as the years wore on. Second cousins, and close family friends began to come to see what all the fuss was about. As I got older, the one week at camp was no longer enough for me. I took part in the L.I.T. program and soon became a counsellor. In my early days as a counsellor, the family still came for their dose of the island. Hanging out with the Coulas' was something many staff members liked to do. Some convincing aunts even recruited help from other staff members to play a prank or two on me. When it was time to shuttle cars at the end of the week, my Uncle Paul's car ranked top position. Soon my younger brother Brent and cousins Ben, Marla, Lain, Daniel, Tarin and John Paul all went to other camp programs in addition to the family camp mayhem.

Family Camp remained a Coulas tradition until the late 90's when I think nobody could justify attending without children. Now we all have grown-up, but JIC is still part of our lives through memories and the occasional visit. In 2006, when my brother got married to another JIC family member, the BC Coulas' returned for another year of Family Camp. I try to get out to camp whenever I can to volunteer or visit. This spring I brought a grade seven class for their class trip which allowed me to share my memories with first time JIC visitors. The Coulas' may no longer dominate the island for the last week of the season, but the memories from that time often dominate family trips down memory lane. I am sure someday, there will be a new crop of Coulas' ready to live and play on the shores of John Island.

THE KISMET AND A LOVE STORY

EARLY MEMORIES OF JOHN ISLAND CAMP

BY: ELLWOOD MITCHELL (Staff 1954-1957, 1959) &
VIVI-ANN (HAGGLUND) MITCHELL (Staff 1954, 1959)

On Friday summer nights (1950 - 1953) the Y's Men's Club and friends arrived in Spanish with truckloads of building supplies, to be transported by barge and the Kismet to John Island. By midnight all was unloaded, ready for a weekend of camp construction. From 1954 to late 1960's the Kismet hauled virtually all the campers and staff, barrels of fuel and supplies, all the food etc. to John Island, and ALL from SPANISH. A job well done dear KISMET, REST IN PEACE.

It was the first weekend in August 1954, the first year of J.I.C., that I as Kismet operator and camp maintenance man, was making the changeover from the month long July Boy's Camp, to the three week Girl's Camp. Among the passengers on one of the trips that day was Vivi-Ann Hagglund, Cabin Counsellor. I noted that she and many other Counsellors and Staff represented a pleasant change in scenery from the all male Boy's Camp. By the end of Girl's Camp, during which I deemed that the Coleman lantern from Vivi-Ann's cabin required more servicing than the others, Vivi-Ann and I agreed to "stay in touch". This eventually resulted in what was probably the first "made in J.I.C." marriage, which took place on October 18 - 1958. We now look back fondly to August 1954 when we took our first journey together on the Kismet, bound for John Island Camp.



Left- Kismet's Final Resting Place



Right - Ellwood and Vivi-Ann Today

Below - The Kismet In The 60's



MEMORIES OF GIRLS CAMP

SPECIAL MEMORIES OF THE EARLY 60's

By: Judy (Church) Laberge (JIC Staff 1958 - 1964)

There is an island far away that calls us to its shores, where campers love to romp and play and revel in its lore."

It has been very interesting reading about the early history of JIC and the rebuilding project. So many hard working volunteers over the years have lovingly maintained and expanded the facilities to ensure John Island's continued success as a premier resident camp. It is hard to believe that over 20,000 lucky campers have been to JIC since 1954, a tribute to years of great leadership and excellent programs. Not surprisingly, I share many of the fond memories expressed by other writers. I was very pleased when asked to write my story. I have included some photos of *"our home of pine and rocky shores"* to help capture 1958-64 in the history of the John Island Girls' Camp.



Judy Church In 1959

My first year at JIC was 1958, but I was a camper at Y Land, on Lake Ramsey 1956-58. I became a CIT in 1959, a Counsellor 1960-62, Waterfront Director 1963 and Program Director 1964. I worked at both camps, a great summer job for seven weeks. Everyone in my day had a nickname by the time she left camp and like mine, some names stuck for years. I was dubbed Churchie, but Churchill or even Steeple were used at times.

When I first set foot on John Island at age 13, I was simply amazed as I had never been to such a beautiful place; the rocky landscape, the beach, the sand, the place *"where azure sunsets gleam"*. The best part.....I knew I was not just visiting but I was actually going to live here in a rustic cabin under the pines in Georgian Bay for three weeks in August. The camp was only four years old then and every building was new. In my day, the number of campers was small, about 30-70, mostly Northern Ontario girls. Many staff and counsellors were seasoned Y campers and Y Leaders at the Sudbury Y.M.C.A.

I liked everything about John Island Camp starting on the very first day with the rolling trip on the Kismet to the opening campfire when we recited, "Ipledge to be a good camper". I remember when Green Grow the Rushes Ho, My Tall Silk Hat and Dem Bones were on top of the John Island Hit Parade. It was a time when "KLIK shh, KCLICK shh, shh" was the main entrée. I enjoyed cricket, riflery, archery, sailing and canoeing. Gunwale bobbing in the regattas was sooooo much fun! In 1958, I received the Honour Camper Award, a very special moment for me. I always looked forward to the special events. One variety night when I was a CIT, we put on "Martha Hurry's School of Dance" to the delight of the crowd. In my counsellor days, I had enthusiastic campers who worked hard to win Inspection! Inspection!!



CIT's 1962

Lt-Rt: Back: Judy Church (Counsellor), Bev Bulmer, Marg Glover (Staff),
Cathy Ferguson, Sonja Kahkonen,
Lt-Rt Middle: Kathy Burford, Jane Edgar, Jane Webster
Lt-Rt Front: Paula Christo, Lynda Younger, Hugh Schaddelee, Janet Thomson
Foreground: Jean Clendenning

Inspection!!! and the Honour Cabin Award, however, keeping them quiet during the "dreaded" rest hour was another story! Nonetheless, many of my campers became my CIT's and not surprisingly, went on to become great counsellors. On Sunday mornings, I remember our slow, quiet procession along the beach to Chapel Point, everyone dressed in her whites. I remember reading from the pulpit and the sound of our voices echoing across the bay.

I liked the overnight hikes to Lost Lake and the canoe trips the most. Paddling the North Channel waters and the Spanish River and camping in the bush or on a beach always brought with it new unexpected challenges and experiences quite different from the organized structure at the main camp. The camaraderie among the girls on our trips was amazing resulting in some very humorous moments, mutual respect and enduring friendships. It simply was a different world out there and I loved every minute, the sounds, the scents, the images. The payoff was always a renewed appreciation for nature and its priceless gifts.



Every out trip was a new adventure. The Kismet took us to Muddy Maud Rock on Aitken Island for overnights and cookouts. The origin of the name Muddy Maud is unknown to me but that was its name before I arrived. I don't remember the mud but I do remember some very soggy meals and soggy nights there. When I was a CIT, we paddled to Klotz Island, camped on the beach near Aird Island Church Camp, paddled to Little Detroit, hiked to Spanish Mills, swam, paddled back to the "back bay" where we visited all the yachts. "Twisters, Twisters, there were never such delicious Twisters" filled with blueberries, were always a treat but often lost in the fire. "Smores" were the best! Cooking over an open fire in the rain was always challenging. Skinnys were fun especially at Lost Lake. Singing, "Cum ba ya" and "Michael row the boat ashore" around a campfire under a spectacular black starry sky and an August meteor shower was surreal.

On a trip with my senior cabin in 1961, we paddled up the Spanish River to the sound of cowbells, lashed our canoes together and ate a gourmet lunch of dried fruit, probably apricots, a John Island favourite. At times, the river meandered close to a road and so we greeted passing motorists with our paddle waves and they responded with friendly honks. Downtown Massey was never the same after a bunch of sugar starved canoe trippers invaded; milkshakes, banana splits, candy, chips and pop devoured in minutes. We camped on a farmer's property on the river, a pasture with dried up cow dung everywhere! On the way back, we fastened ground sheets to our paddles and sailed down the river towards Spanish.

In 1962 with my CIT's and Marg Glover, the staff Out-Trip Director, we left John Island beach and paddled 24 miles east to Oak Bay along the North Shore. Marg may have known someone that had a camp there. I remember battling some high waves and a headwind, everyone having to dig in pretty deep as we slowly crossed over big water. It seems we recovered



Cabin #9 1958

Lt-Rt Back: Elizabeth Fluvian, Judy Church, Counsellor Gail Saddington, Carolyn Campbell

Lt-Rt Front: Claire Schearer, Karen White, Maureen Vachon, Truus Barker



Staff 1959

Lt-Rt Standing: Marg Johnson, Jan Zurbrigg, Scotty Erskine, Unknown, Grace McCann

Lt-Rt Kneeling: Gail Saddington, Marg Glover, Jan Elliott, Unknown

from fatigue rather quickly because according to our trip song, we climbed a mountain, went horseback riding, and water-skied.

On another adventure with my CIT voyageurs, we paddled around to the south side of John Island and spotted an American sailboat anchored in the bay. As we passed by, the friendly skipper, Hugh Schaddelee and wife from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida invited us aboard and took our picture. The photo is courtesy of Jane (Edgar) Earle-Wilcox. The Skipper mailed it to her 45 years ago. Thank you to Jane (Edgar) and Jane (Webster) Davey, who helped me with the trip details.

Our trips were not very long, about two or three days, mostly on the lake with no portages or fast water. We double portaged for our canoe badges on John Island's beach but portaging may have been difficult for us on a trip in rough terrain given the weight of the cedar strip canoes. Nonetheless, we were very competent flat-water paddlers, taught by the master himself, Scotty Erskine. In my day, there were no tents or mattress pads, just sleeping bags and ground sheets laid out on prickly juniper bushes or a sandy beach. It was a time when we took shelter under a makeshift canvass lean-to or canoes to stay dry. At times, the mosquitoes were downright warlike. I don't think I really ever slept with the constant "buzzing" around my head as I sank deep into my sleeping bag to escape. We had our share of mishaps; cuts, burns, blisters, sprained ankles and sunburns but we survived because we were John Island girls. We always tried **"to do our best to pass the test"**; we were indeed **"campers through and through"**.

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Camp always went quickly, too quickly. The final banquet was a tearful event, but we took solace in knowing that the John Island Reunion at the Sudbury Y during the Christmas holidays was only four months away.

My Y camp experiences enriched my early years and helped me to develop leadership skills. Naturally, I thank my parents for giving me the opportunity to go to camp. After my JIC days, I continued to enjoy camping in my various adult roles. In 1967-68, I was the Camp Director at Camp Sudaca, a newly established Day Camp on Lake Ramsey operated by the Sudbury Parks and Recreation Department. Beginning in 1969 as a Physical Education teacher, I was involved in Outdoor Education programs at Lasalle Secondary School in Sudbury and for many years in Toronto Secondary schools. My love affair with the "Canoe" began at John Island Camp. Canoe tripping became a way of life. With my husband and three children, I have paddled through Ontario provincial parks experiencing first hand the wilderness captured so beautifully by the Group of Seven, our best-known Canadian canoeists and I have retraced sections of the historic voyageur canoe routes. Each trip has been a new adventure leaving us with wonderful memories. To this day, whenever I see a group of young campers paddling by, I reflect upon my youth at John Island Camp.

Fortunately, I kept the camp newspapers that have helped me to recall my days at JIC that began fifty years ago. Names on the pages are still so familiarmy role models, my friends, my campers.

"Our fun and fellowship we find are treasures more than gold, John Island's gifts will help to bind fond memories that we hold."



CIT's 1959

*Lt-Rt Back: Sandy Holloway, Gayla Cooper, Joan Mather
Linda Bailey, Bonnie Forsythe, Sue Godfrey, Carol Dixon
Lt-Rt Front: Julie Kelly, Judy Church, Karen White,
Counsellor Diane Frattini*



Counsellors 1959

*Lt-Rt Standing: Vivian Marshall, Unknown, Lou Ann Forester, Rosemary Westaway, Jane Craig, Jackie Dewar, Barb Lockhead, Unknown
Lt-Rt Kneeling: Diane Frattini, Laurie Brady, Dale Stark, Judy Proudfoot
Unknowns: Doris Boulet, Betty Jean Sage*



Staff 1964 *Back: Judi TenEycke, Diane Godfrey,
Mary Addison Lt-Rt Front: Judy Church, Marita Kuntsi
Missing: Jo-Anne Moore*

WARM THOUGHTS OF JOHN ISLAND — FROM PATAGONIA

By: Kate Wannan (Camper and Staff 1988 — 1997)

I first arrived on John Island in 1988. I was eight years old at the time. I remember the mixture of excitement and fear as I drove up with my parents to the docks where Earl M, my counsellors and soon to be friends were awaiting me. This very same feeling came back to me on the "first day of camp" for the next nine summers, even when I was working as a counsellor. Little did I know then what an important role John Island Camp would play in my life. John Island gave me memories to last a lifetime, the ability to make lasting and meaningful relationships, the courage to overcome my fears (thanks to Tom Fenske on the high ropes course), guided me to create a sense of self (thanks to Martha Gonya) and most importantly taught me that; "if you can dream it, it can be done" (thanks to Debbie Harman).

John Island inspired me to enroll in the Lakehead University Outdoor Recreation Parks and Tourism/Geography program. At Lakehead University I had the honour to wrestle on one of the best woman's wrestling teams in Canada and pursue my love of outdoor recreation. Some of you can sympathize that the years after graduation are a bit overwhelming and confusing. I tried a few careers. First I worked in outdoor education and therapeutic recreation, then I was a ski instructor in Whistler B.C, then I was an adventure guide in Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, I managed an Eco-Lodge on the coast of Ecuador, and then I became a Registered Massage Therapist. I loved every minute of these six years of growth.

I started to dream about creating my own tourism company. A company that focused on sustainable development, education, conservation, health care AND adventure! A type of tourism company that would facilitate a positive tourism experience for the traveler as well as the local communities the travelers would visit. Soon my dreams became plans, and my plans became actions, and my actions became Eco-Librium Sustainable Adventures. After a few years of planning, Eco-Librium has become an adventure tourism company that offers responsible travel to Ecuador and the Galapagos, Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, Chile and Costa Rica. We also have a mix of volunteer and adventure travel as well as research opportunities pertaining to all areas of sustainable development.



Kate Wannan - In Guadeloupe - 2007

As I write this, I am sitting in a cafe on the Argentinean side of Patagonia. I have spent the last few months meeting with NGO's, remote Amazon communities, and eco-tourism operators throughout South America. I have also danced the Fandango in Bolivia, surfed on the coast of Peru, hiked in the Andes, and kayaked in Patagonia. I have taken my love for adventure and combined it with my conservationist views that were created and fostered at John Island Camp. I can still hear "take what you need and...EAT WHAT YOU TAKE". I still think of my summers at J.I.C regularly. My first outtrip to First Beach, the first rapids on the Spanish River with my longtime camp friend Clare Beatty, hiking to Lost Lake, playing Capture The Flag, and of course...dancing in the moonlight on an outtrip to The Dive! There are times when I wonder who I would be now if I never had gone to John Island Camp. Then I realize once again how important all of the summers on the island really were.

(If you would like to contact Kate - email her at kate.ecolibrium@gmail.com. The website for Eco-Librium Sustainable Adventures will be up and running in January: www.eco-libriumadventures.com.)

ANNUAL JOHN ISLAND WORK WEEKEND

MAY 9, 10, 11, 2008

Once a year an eclectic group of camp enthusiasts get together to visit and do a little work to help improve our camp. Everyone is welcome – young, old, alumni, non-alumni, husbands, wives, grandparents, friends. There are a great variety of jobs that have to be done each spring with something for all skill levels. You can bring your own tools, or we will supply what you need. The boats leave our Walkhouse dock early Friday evening and on Saturday morning, and return whenever you have to leave to get back home. Bring clothes and sleeping materials for all possible types of weather. You will be staying in camper cabins. Fabulous John Island food is supplied – and lots of it! There will be time to look around and see all the new things since you were last there, socializing with old and new friends, swimming (brrrrrrr), walks around the camp, and even a shower in our new shower house! Children are welcome to join in the work or we will find supervised activities for the kids. Look for more information in the next newsletter.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Our John Island Alumni are a very mobile group of people. Here is an update on a few of them.

Ellwood and Vivi-Ann Mitchell: Vivi-Ann and Elwood are just retiring in Ottawa after years of dental practice there, and 10 years in the Inuit communities of Baffin Island in the eastern arctic. They have four children and five grandchildren, all living in Ottawa. Elwood was the camp Maintenance person from 1954 to 1957 and Intermediate Section Director in 1959. Vivi-Ann was a counsellor in 1954 and the camp nurse in 1959. Ellwood and Vivi-Ann can be contacted at mitchellev@rigers.com.

Andie Burk: Andie married Brian Hill in 2006. They have two adorable and busy children: Aiden born in 2004, and Isabel born in 2006. They currently live in beautiful Haliburton, Ontario and love visitors. Andie is currently working a couple of days a week as a supply teacher and the greater part of her time is devoted to being a full-time mommy. She can't wait to return to the island and share it with her children. (Andie was a Support Supervisor in 1993, 1994, 1998 and a Norquay Leader in 1996.)

Dave "Carney" Ethelston – Dave, Assistant Director at John Island the past two years, has been appointed to the position of Camp Director for YMCA Camp Falcona, effective November, 2007. Dave has had several years experience as a counsellor, senior supervisor and Assistant Director at John Island and this past winter was a Program Director at YMCA Camp Wanakita in Haliburton. Dave can be contacted by e-mail at dethelston@sudbury.ymca.ca

Scott Thomas - Scott, program staff at John Island in recent years for our spring and fall programs, has been appointed to the position of Assistant Camp Director of John Island Camp. Scott has had extensive experience as a counsellor, senior program staff, cook and program director at YMCA Camp Falcona, our sister camp on Nelson Lake in Sudbury.

Peter Woboditsch and Brooke Gavin – It seems like a lifetime ago when Pete the maintenance man serenaded a group of us late at night on the beach under the stars, after the small children in our care were fast asleep. We loved the guitar playing, singing, sand beneath our feet, the friendships, wonderful friendships. I attended John Island Camp since I was seven years old. I cried and cried with homesickness every summer for the first 2 days and then again even harder when it was time to go home. I eventually became a counsellor and a self proclaimed expert at handling the homesick campers. I loved everything about it. The summer of 1991 when I was a Junior Counsellor I befriended Pete Woboditsch, the maintenance man. Pete drove the boats, took care of all things that broke, including his own broken bones sometimes, he provided comic relief and he was the resident guitar player and campfire entertainer. He sang Cat Stevens and Harry Chapin and occasionally he'd surprise us with an original. I was particularly impressed as I was a budding musician and hoped to become a high school music teacher one day. We became good friends. In fact we kept in touch for several years after John Island had become a chapter gone by and we eventually reunited to reminisce about the place we had loved so much. We grew to love each other and managed to maintain a long distance relationship for 3 years as I went to University taking music and Pete finished his Masters in Philosophy and was driving transports all over the United States. We married in 2001 and have since had 2 beautiful children Jasmine 4 and Julia 2. Pete now works in management for SERCO in driver examination and I run a small music studio and work for the family business. We are enjoying the sandy soils of Bancroft Ontario near Algonquin Park, our own little camp setting. We are reminded of our favourite days spent at John Island Camp and are counting down the days when we can revisit as parents. Pete still sings Tin Soldier, Father and Son, Winnie The Pooh and many more favourites and I feel so lucky to have truly taken a piece of the Island with me for life. Brooke Woboditsch (formerly Ryann Brooke Gavin)

"I wonder what Joe Smith is doing now?" "Remember Liz"? I wonder if she ever became a rocket scientist as she wanted when she was at camp? "Mike always said he was going to be Prime Minister some day". I wonder how far he got!" "Whatever happened to Mary?" Keeping track of friends we knew at camp is not always easy. As time moves on, so do people. We would like to help link people up again, even if it is just in thought. We invite all alumni to return the following information to us by e-mail (ggray@sudbury.ymca.ca) or regular mail, so we can help keep our John Island Alumni connected.

Name

City (or location) where you live

The years you were at John Island Camp (ie: 1967-72)

What you are doing now (job, volunteering, etc)

A sentence or two about things you would like us to print about yourself

Your e-mail address (if you would like us to include it in the info we print)

That's it! So simple that you could actually do it right now to get it done.

Thanks for your help.



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For past newsletters - visit the Alumni section of the John Island website.

www.sudbury.ymca.ca www.johnisland.ymca.ca