



Outlook Views - Winter 2006/2007 Issue

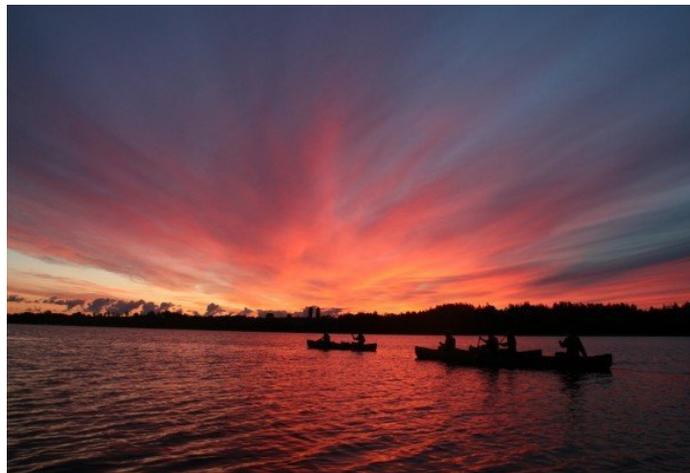
December 2006

Welcome from the Winter Director, by Katie Magner

Once again, Fall Outlook went off without a hitch this season! Several trips were sent out and numerous campers, eager to match their memories from the summer past, joined us on weekend trips despite the autumn potential for sun, rain or snow. While Outlook trips are inevitably defined by fun and excitement in the Outdoors, fall tripping offers something unique. Indeed, the beauty of the natural world in autumn is unmatched. The reds and golds in the trees above, the burnt leaves under foot and crispness in the air define a natural splendour that is palpable to those who spend time in the outdoors. Our tripping destination, the Queens Biology Station (QUBS) displayed all of these qualities

and provided the ideal surroundings for the growth, the learning and the discovering that we hope all Outlookers experience every time they get out on trip. As the last of the leaves fall and winter is

bestowed upon us, I am buoyed by my anticipation of a wonderful season to come and my hope for an onslaught of beautiful winter weekends, perfect for an Outlook trip in the outdoors.



Out for a paddle after s'mores... Just another average Algonquin sunset!

- *This Just In:*
The rumours are true, it turns out that Camp Outlook is fun!

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The Importance of Camping, by Dave Richardson

Every summer for the last 13 years I have been going to a summer camp, and for the last 7 of those summers it has been for at least two months to work with kids from a counseling or some related position. This means that every spring for the last 7 years as school finishes up and I have to explain to my

friends in the city why I will be unable to see them for the next few months.

“How much money are you making?” they ask. Depending on the year and place, between zero and a \$1.15 an hour. “And what are you going to be doing?” Hanging out with kids all day, taking them on trip and plan-

ning programs. “Why?”

That is the big question with people who haven't experienced camp or camping. Why? Why bother going out into the buggy, dirty woods with people you don't know for two weeks? Why take time out from your weekend to go out and be cold for a night in the snow? Why go

live in a cabin in the woods without video games or candy for part of your summer? Why?

Now I'm not that well versed in the Outlook experience, my camping memories are based upon time spent at a private

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The Importance of Camping, continued.

summer camp, but having attended several camping conferences over the last few years I have come to believe that camping is a universal experience and that the location does not matter so much as the people. And camp people are great people.

So, why is it that I bother with summer camp? Why is it that I have become involved with Winter Outlook? Why do I believe it is such an important for kids to take part in? Because it can

change people’s lives, give them experiences to cherish forever and turn them into better people.

Going on a camping trip gives kids a challenge and forces them to be responsible for the success of the group. They are responsible for getting themselves, their food and their equipment from location to location. They have responsibility in setting up their accommodation, in cooking their food and cleaning up afterwards. But most importantly, in

my mind, they all have a collective responsibility in cooperating together to ensure that the trip is as stress-free and enjoyable as possible.

As everyone who has lead a trip knows, it doesn’t always work out. Kids will bicker, argue and annoy each other. But under the right leadership and given time, these differences will reach an equilibrium, and a valuable lesson in personal relationships is learned. Friendships are forged and experiences are created that will last a life time.

Sometimes I doubt whether it really makes a difference. Can a two week trip, or even a one night trip actually make a positive difference in some-

**“Where’s my dinner?!”
Dave Richardson patiently asks.**



See The Importance, pg. 3

Musings on Tough Love, by Emily Cameron

Part of being staff at Camp Outlook is having that certain smug feeling when crossing paths with other tripping camps. Never mind their ergonomic tumps that are perfect for kids to carry, or their beautifully handcrafted wooden paddles, or even their canoes with real yokes. When you see really well equipped camps in the park, you always have the thought that “Yeah. Well, *we’re* hard core...”. Meanwhile, you may be preparing to hoist a battered aluminum canoe onto your back, wondering how many mosquitoes you are about to feed this time around. Of course, this is after coercing campers to carry their packs by promising a McDonalds at the end of the portage. Then you cross your fingers in the hope that their senses of humor will remain intact at the end of the trail because “Surprise! Your BigMac is actually nutritious and delicious oatmeal. Or GORP.” Who could possibly love juicy, succulent burgers more than oatmeal?

The campers usually think that nature is pretty cool. The expressions on

their faces after seeing their first moose



**Somebody is going to need a chiropractor.
That somebody is Emily Cameron...**

can certainly attest to that. As can the countless moose-encounter songs. And their moose calls. And their moose-hunting games. For large wildlife, that kind of reaction is pretty common. But there will always be that one camper who surprises you - like this one girl who hated mud, dirt, and pretty much everything else from the natural world. This all changed the day she got sucked by a leech. Once she stopped screaming, she got a good look at the leech and decided that it wasn’t so bad. Then she started trying to catch leeches and make them suck her blood. Eventually, her fascination shifted to frogs, and she didn’t mind the mud, dirt, and accompanying animals as much.

Now there’s the food. You have your staples, and eat fairly well on trip. There’s plenty of carbs, carbs, and more carbs. Oh, and those precious nuggets of cheese that sometimes (and understandably) go missing. Without fail, the end of trip is

See Tough Love, pg 3

Tough Love, continued

marked by eating the date square reject-desserts that no one wants, and when there's mention of fruit, you salivate involuntarily. You may even encounter park locals, like these ex-scout masters of 30 years. They had the most hi-tech campsite conceivable where there were about 5 different pulley systems corresponding to different kinds of food and equipment. Come to think of it, most of their campsite was airborne. The ex-scout masters were on their summer vacations and loved the park - they were incredibly kind to us and won our undying love by giving us peaches.

Towards the end of the summer, you will have become a bush baby. This means you will grow to love the smell of campfires and the taste of bannock. You will not have second thoughts about eating food that falls on the ground. You will also probably find the risk of giardia thrilling and oh so worth the taste of unbleached water. Nothing will compare to the night sky where the arm of the Milky Way stretches further than you can imagine - unlike anything you've ever seen before. And the kids. You will never forget the kids you take on trip. Their strength and resilience is inspiring and you will learn a lot from them.

You will have spent a long time hearing nothing but the sounds of the park and the dulcet camper songs of moose-encounters. That first whine of the warden's motor boat will challenge your already tenuous grasp on sanity held together by globs of peanut butter, little twigs, and any duct tape you are able to scrounge. Outrage will fill you as you shake your paddle angrily and fume about people who use motorboats... the dirty cheaters... And worst of all, you can no longer eat food off the ground without becoming a social pariah. So all you can really do is wait impatiently until the next summer.

The Importance of Camping, continued

one's life? For answers I just look at my past experiences. I know that at the end of this summer I had a camper who had been with us for five weeks. He was an offensive lineman on his high school varsity football team, and as he contemplated his time camping and not coming back for 10 months, he broke down into tears. I also know about myself, and that I would not be the same person I am now if it weren't for camp. And that is why camping, and Camp Outlook, is important.



Poetry...

Two canoes diverged in a lake
 One asked for happiness
 The other for s'mores
 And I thought to my self
 Which would I choose?
 To be hungry or happy?
 I turned to a camper
 "Why not have both?"
 She replied
 We'll make s'mores by the fire
 With smiles on our faces.



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A Message from Alumni Affairs.

We just want to write a final thank you to all of the alumni whose continued support is what keeps Camp Outlook running. This year, we are looking into buying a new bus! Ol' Yellow isn't quite what she used to be. Well-loved but worn, her best days are behind her. Yet faithfully she keeps on truckin' (or should we say bussin')!

As the fall session of camping winds down, we look forward to the trials and tribulations of surviving the long winter nights under nothing but a tarp. But the smiles at breakfast, eating oatmeal around the fire, let you know that even though it was tough it was worth it in the end. When else do you get to snuggle for survival? Like most things worth doing in life, in the end it is the people who are around you that make it all worthwhile.

Once again, thanks for your support and we look forward to hearing from you in any capacity.

- Jeremiah Groen and Erin Cameron.

See you next time... Same Outlook channel, Same Outlook place!

Camp Outlook Wish List

Each year, we have to buy items for the camp. If you have access to discounts (or happen to stockpile toilet paper!) we would greatly benefit from your connections!

Big-Ticket Items:

A Bus!

Canoes

Tents

Trips:

Water Filters

Camping Stoves

A Food Dehydrator

Duct tape

First Aid supplies

Permanent markers

Chlorine

Rope

Metal pot holders

Compact sleeping bags

Camping fuel

Garbage bags

Resealable plastic bags

Nalgene lids

Algonquin Park maps

Outlook House:

Toilet paper

Dish soap

Hand soap

Big Rubbermaid containers

Super-heavy plastic (for the floor)

A printer that works

Food:

Tortillas

Bread

Cheese

Tofu

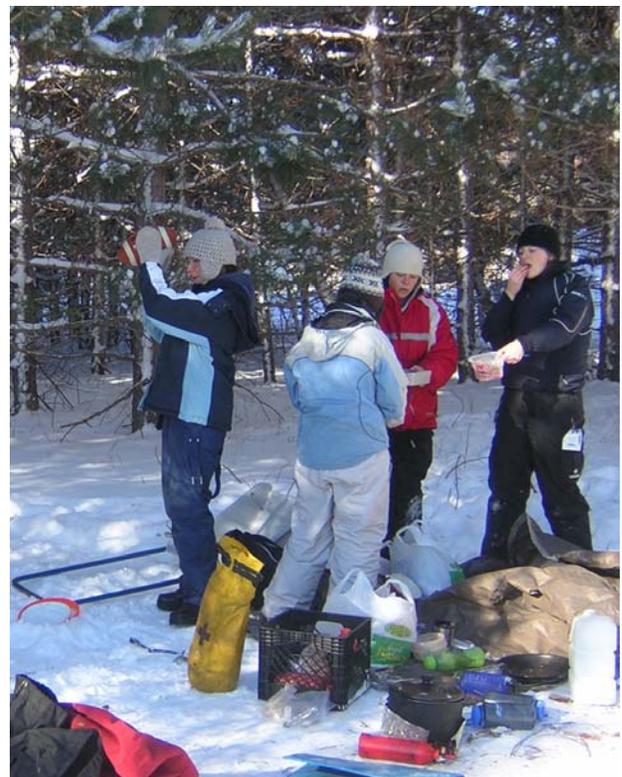
Peanut Butter and Jam

Trail Mix ingredients

Most Importantly...

Outlook staff

Outlook campers



Did anyone bring the spaghetti?