

It's summer, let's go camping

Pet Peeves - everyone has them. I was talking with a friend and he has a pet peeve with the word 'camp.'

You know when someone is coming to visit they say they are going to 'camp' at your place? He says, "It's a sleepover - not camp."

Then we got talking about camping and he said his family didn't do much of it when he was younger but when they did all he remembers was it being cold and wet.

I started thinking about a couple of my camping trips and I thought I'd share them with you.

The first trip was with my friend Sharron Bird. She came up with the idea one day that we should take our children camping. I agreed and knew of a lake not far from Edmonton. We were going to have everything ready and leave directly from school. Well, for starters, I got lost on our way out to the lake. When we finally did get there it was dark. She turns to me and asks, "Where's your tent?" I didn't have a tent and assumed that she had a tent since she was the one that came up with the idea. Thank goodness I had a car big enough to 'camp' in.

I slept on the front seat, my youngest son slept on the floor of the front seat, my girls shared the back seat and my oldest son slept on the floor of the back seat, my sister and her boyfriend 'camped' on the front of my car.

Sharron's girls 'camped' on the seats of her car and she ended up by the fire all night. The next day we went to Devon and I borrowed a tent from a friend.

A few years later, my landlady gave me one of those old canvas tents. My friend Ethel Winnipeg and I decided that we were going to 'camp' at the Onion Lake Pow Wow. "Don't worry about the tent," I told her, "just bring your own blankets and stuff." We were going to leave straight from work.

I loaded up my car the night before and had my son come to the office instead of going home after school. After a long day we were very excited to be on the road heading to Onion Lake for the weekend. Well, when we got there I found out why the tent was a freebie - it had no pegs, the zipper was broken, the screening was torn, it smelled musty and there was a piece of the pole missing. We did the best we could, using screwdrivers for pegs and tying the flap closed so only a few bugs could make it through. My son had one of those little one-person tents with the flexible poles that didn't require pegs. After we set up our little camp we went to the arbor to watch the dancing and listen to the drums. When we came back to the tent we realized that we

had set it up on top of a little shrub and on a slight slope. It was too dark to move it around so we just went to sleep and thought we would fix it the next day.

I fell asleep that night with the smell of sage all around me and the sound of drums off in the distance. I slept so soundly that I didn't even realize that some people mistook my son's tent for their friends and tried to haul him away.

What does this have to do with bingo? When camping season is over we head into the fall and big bingo prize payouts.

The launch of the radio station to Edmonton/Yellowhead is coming up and after the September long weekend watch for some special payouts. We will be celebrating our 13th birthday in October with over \$100,000 in total prize payouts for the month.

Happy Dabbing!

