"Share the Gift of Summer Camp!"

THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE

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DAVE "RED" GRAHAM 1962-2009 - A Reflection

Most of what is important and beautiful at Kilcoo is not man-made: the sheltered harbour; Chapel Point; the view to Long Island and the narrows. Those were there for centuries before Charles Plewman even envisaged a camp for boys in the Highlands of Haliburton.

One man-made exception is the stumps for the deceased at the Voyageur campfire area. It is one of the Chief's greatest legacies. Rising above the east side of the campfire area on the path to Chapel Point are stumps supported by concrete that almost look like primitive stools. They have brass nameplates honouring Kilcoo's staff who are no longer with us, particularly those who have died too young. Many were among Kilcoo's best. It is an important place and a location of respect.

Next summer, there will be another name on a stump. On October 3, 2009 in Victoria, B.C., Kilcoo's Dave Graham passed away after a valiant struggle with brain cancer.

A 7 year-old Trailblazer camper whose parents never entertained the idea of sending him for less than 1 month in 1970, an outstanding LIT, a four year counsellor in the mighty Trailblazer and Voyageur sections, a Trailblazer Section Director, a Voyageur Section Director, an advance camp veteran, an outstanding UCC and Queen's varsity athlete, a beloved teacher and headmaster, a Camp Awakening officer, a Camp Director, a husband to a wife who is as amazing as Dave was, a father to three Kilcoo campers with stars next to their names on the rosters, a son, a brother, an uncle, and a friend, Dave was the Kilcoo gold standard.

There was little he could not do: a Master canoeist, the long-time holder of the Kilcoo record in the Highland Yard, the Mayor of Blazerton, and the owner of a Visitors' Day smile that would make any parent confident that their son was in the best of hands.

He could lead without making you feel you were being led.

When Dave was in charge, you just knew that everything would turn out fine.

He had the rarest of gifts. When you were with him, it was never about him. It was always about "you". How are you doing? Let me see what you made in Arts & Crafts. How can I help you?

As he soldiered through painful treatments with unfailing bravery during the 16 months from his brain cancer diagnosis to his passing, he never changed.

"How are you feeling today, Dave?"

"I'm doing great", he would say, "I am the luckiest person in the world because today I am spending time with you". He was almost correct.

We were the luckiest: to have been in his cabin, to have had him as our LIT and counsellor, to have been his friend, teammate, and co-adventurer.

No one should die at 47 - especially Dave Graham.

He was the best of everyone rolled into one person.

He had an almost uncanny ability to make you feel good, often by doing the little things and always without being asked. With that thatch of red hair, he was the one and only "Red".

There are so many memories of Dave Graham that could be shared. There is one, for me that remains particularly vivid. It was the 1st week of August 1984. After 15 consecutive summers, this was my first one not on Gull Lake.

I was considering a visit to camp, but I was hesitant; not because I did not want to return, but because I remembered that when alumni returned to Kilcoo, it was always just a bit awkward. Everyone was



glad to see the visitor but with campers to look after and programs to run, it was hard for the visitor not to feel a bit like a fifth wheel. I remember thinking, "Keep it short, say hello, and don't stay too long. You may have been a counsellor or Section Director in the same section but that was then and this was now. Besides, it was Red's section now."

After dinner in the lodge, I stood outside and watched flag lowering. I was planning to leave right after dinner but Dave suggested that there was something he needed me to help him with. "Just come up to mail call." he said.

So, Dave and I walked up to the lawn by the cook's cabin where the Voyageur mail call took place. Dave had the large bundle of mail wrapped in the obligatory Kilcoo green rubber bands.

The campers sat down, and Dave said a few things about evening program as he was about to hand out the mail.

It is hard to re-create the scene with complete accuracy, but basically the campers

Continued on page G2...

EDITOR'S MUSINGS

What brings us back again and again?

As I reflect on the summer of 2009 I am struck by how different my focus was because of my position with Camp Awakening. What was originally to be a few months providing a transition to the hiring of a new Executive Director had become 14 months of "holding the fort". It was not that I was any less enthusiastic about Kilcoo, but my visits to camp were primarily to assess how Awakening's campers and staff were faring despite what seemed to be one of the worst summers weather wise that I could remember. Nevertheless, it was easy for me to observe that Kilcoo continues to run very well. But this summer for the first time I was able to see the wonderful connection between Awakening and Kilcoo more clearly than ever before.

During one noon meal in the lodge in particular the floor began to pound as, with a noisy rock number playing over the P.A. system, staff and campers alike began to dance. In short order one of our wheel chair bound 15 year old campers, Jonathan, began to "jam" with a Kilcoo Senior staff member with their imaginary guitars, and another counsellor appeared out of nowhere, hoisted 13 year old Mark to his shoulders and then they both disappeared into the din. What impressed me so was the fact that we can talk a lot about trying to integrate people who are "different", but at Kilcoo it was actually happening, not just at that noon meal, but every day. And that is just one more thing that makes Kilcoo so great. This was not planned or contrived. It just happened because two people who have "grown up" at Kilcoo thought it quite natural to mix with and help two others perhaps not physically capable of entering into the fray.

Since our spring issue many alumnae have questioned me about whether or not the traditional values of Kilcoo are still secure and I can answer with an emphatic "yes". Ken Jones, after providing great leadership to music at Kilcoo in the 60's and 70's returned again this summer for a repeat performance of sorts and you will see the same view expressed in his article. Who better to comment? The values that we attribute to Kilcoo were shaped by Charlie Plewman and developed in a major way by John Latimer. Then the stewardship of these values became the responsibility of first, Hal Hannaford, and then for the last twenty-five years by David Latimer. I recognize there are many exemplary summer camps that pass on fine qualities through the years; but somehow Kilcoo and its legacy just seem so special, and that is a tribute to a very large number of people young and not so young who have passed under the camp gate and climbed what Ken referred to in his fall 2008 article in the Gazette as "over the hill."

I hope you enjoy this issue of the Gazette and I put out an appeal to all of you who have experienced Kilcoo: help make it a more meaningful read to alumnae from every decade. Send in your choice for your favourite Kilcoo songs of your era and give some thought to a "Kilcoo story" that you think would be of interest to our readers. I suspect some of the stories residing in the minds of alumnae from the 1940's might well find a parallel in stories as yet untold from the present decade. I have also received submissions on the topic of "Favourite Kilcoo Canoe Trips" and would love to receive more for future issues. Please let us hear from you. In this way we can sustain the Gazette as interesting reading for all alumnae.

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN

TRIBUTE TO DAVE GRAHAM

Continued from cover page

sat in rows based on their cabin assignments, and the Section Director would call the camper's name out and flip or flick the mail in the general direction of the camper. For obvious reasons, postcards were the best because they flew much better, much farther, and with much more accuracy than a regular letter envelope. As crazy as it sounds, it seemed to us that handing out the mail was pretty close to being the number 1 job responsibility of being a Section Director.

I was standing at the back waiting to watch Dave go to work when he said, "JC, would you like to hand out the mail tonight?"

That was what he needed me "to help him with". Flipping postcards and letters.

I was so happy. I was smiling like Dave in a Kilcoo staff photo. It felt great. It was like the clock had turned back 12 months. I know that someone might say, "What's the big deal?" But to me, it was a big deal. I didn't even have to ask. Dave just knew that it would be something that I would enjoy. And enjoy it I did.

If he did it for me, he must have done it thousands of times for the thousands of students he touched and influenced as a teacher and headmaster.

I left right after mail call that night. It was a great drive down Highway 35. When I returned home, Susan asked me, "How was the trip to Kilcoo?"

"It was great", I said, "Red let me flip the mail."

"What's so special about flipping the mail?" she asked.

"I don't know. It's just what you do after flag lowering", I responded.

We all loved mail call. Everyone was together. There were still a few more hours of daylight. Back then, mail was important. But not as important as the whole ceremony where the Section Director, for one small moment at least, seemed to look like he was in charge and knew what he was doing.

It is still one of my favourite days at Kilcoo, and it was all because of Red.

When I visit Kilcoo next summer, I will go straight to the Voyageur campfire area. I will see that a new name has a place on the stumps. I will look at it, thank the Chief for having the vision to build this memorial, and say silently to Dave, "Thanks for the day, comrade. You showed us how it was supposed to be done. You had an immeasurable impact on the Kilcoo community and beyond. Yours was a life well-lived."

Rest in peace, Dave. This is one rest hour you have very much earned.

JOHN CARRUTHERS '83

FIRESIDE CHAT

Reflections from Lub & Tingles

I Don’t have this yet.

DAVID “LUB” LATIMER
& PAT “TINGLES” TINGLEY

LIFE AFTER KILCOO

An update on various Kilcoo alumni - keep us posted!

A brief comment on what some of you have done since your summers at Kilcoo. More will be included in future issues of the Gazette. For alumni who have not submitted anything we invite you to send us details about yourself; to others, please update us if these reports or what you sent before is out of date. Send any information to pchamp@sympatico.ca

PAUL CLEARY (1959-64) After 24 Years teaching and doing research at Harvard, now Dean of School of Public Health at Yale. Two children, one Graduated from college, the other just about to start.

JOHN CLARKE (1957-66) practising law in Toronto and living with wife Carole. His daughter is a teacher, his son a professional hockey player.

BARRY HOFFMAN (1961-70) Still working after 37 years with Domtar/Norampac. He and wife Debbie have a son and daughter still very much a canoeing afficionado

BRENT KNIGHTLEY (1983-95) lives in Toronto with wife Gillian and daughter Kate. Works for the Air Miles Rewards Program in Business Development; has just become Amici's president.

DANIEL MITCHELL (1989-2000) After a year working for Royal Bank in England he has now relocated to Toronto and married to Dana; one child, Grayson, born in August – future Kilcoo camper?

TERRY LOVE (1966-77) married to wife Ann, they have 2 teenaged children; co-owner of sports outlet ski shops in New Hampshire and Maine.

BRIAN GOODING (1975-85) Working for Fidelity Investments in Toronto. Married to Joanne, they have 2 children both of whom have been attending camps.

JOHN KENNEDY (1954-59) After a 36 year career with the CBC, John lives with wife Penny in North Vancouver where he is still involved with many volunteer activities.

MIKE COOK (1984-97) working as a producer for a digital production in Toronto. Married to Janine with Grace, their 2 year old daughter.

JIM DIXON (1967-78) Living in Michigan with wife Diane and 2 sons Jim spent 26 years with IBM and now with an IBM reseller. Still active sailing dinghies

CAMERON BINKLEY (1970-83) Living in Toronto with wife Laura and 2 children, Cameron teaches business at a Toronto high school after 20. years working in the banking field.

DENNIS LANE (1944-50) still practicing law after retiring as a Superior court judge in 2007. He and Wife Sandra have 3 sons and 3 grandchildren.

ALEX QUINN (1987-99) Living with his wife Renae in the Cotswolds of England while doing post-doctoral research at the University of Oxford.

REG DUDOMAINE (1953-64) working as a recruiter in the hospitality industry; living with wife Marywill near Atlanta, they have 3 children and 2 grandchildren

DEAN RUTTY (1971-80) has worked with his wife Beth in their own graphic design business for 20 years; they have 2 children.

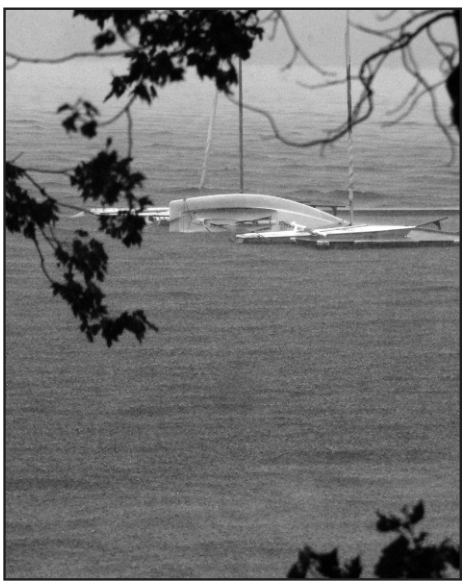
MAGGIE REYNOLDS (1975-85)worked 20 years as a nurse in London, Ont. Now married to John and living in a dream home on Vancouver Island.

FLASHBACK TO...

June 29th - July 1st, 1957

We might have considered July, 2009 as an unusually wet month, but it was nothing like the days leading up to opening day, 1957. Following are excerpts from the Kilcoo Log as compiled by John Latimer.

"It started to rain on Tuesday morning and continued through Thursday. About midnight on Friday a wind came up and by Saturday morning we realized that we were receiving the tail end of Hurricane Audrey. As I looked at the lake I saw that the dock had been washed up on shore and the motorboat was submerged. One by one the newly painted white and red sailboats broke from their moorings. The rain continued to howl across the bay shortly before the campers were to arrive and so we moved the canoes to higher ground. The CIT's were assigned to various spots on the camp road to help push cars through the mud and at 2 o'clock the first camper bus appeared by Braeside. After turning around at the Wagon Wheel it turned into the camp road and immediately got stuck. The young campers were transported on the backs of the staff members while others took off shoes, rolled up pantlegs, and sloshed through the mud. Through all this the power was off in camp and was not restored until Sunday night. Finally, on Monday the sun appeared for the first time in five days but a huge clean up lay ahead."



Summer 2009

To make the Gazette an enjoyable read for all alumnae it will require contributions from you the readers to keep it relevant. There are many "Kilcoo stories" out there which would, if published, provide enjoyment for anyone who has experienced Kilcoo. Please put on your "creative hat", demonstrate your flair for story telling, and send your submissions to the editor at pchamp@sympatico.ca. Here's one:

A KILCOO NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE

A Night to Remember at Kilcoo Camp

August of 1965 was a cool, soggy month and as could be expected, Saturday, August 26th dawned with clouds and the afternoon saw a steady rain. In the 60's it was tradition to follow up the final banquet with a "canoe pageant" where a parade of canoes approached the centre of Kilcoo Bay from opposite sides with flickering kerosene doused torches to light a floating raft and thus create a final fire with a background of fireworks.

On this particular day Peter Oyler, head of tripping, and I, canoeing instructor, had the dubious task of preparing this raft by piling wooden logs and planks totally saturated with water onto the "log cabin" base. To increase our chances of incendiary success we placed an old moth filled mattress in the central area which we intended to flood with kerosene as the canoes approached.

Twice during our ill advised work the raft tipped over and as the skies darkened and the appointed hour neared the entire structure took on the appearance of a once sunken vessel just raised from the ocean depths.

Then the canoes began their approach. Already determined was the fact that we would light the fire from a rowboat positioned behind the raft using a small torch of our own. The shoreline was deathly quiet in anticipation, the sound of paddle blades cutting through the water drew closer and I continued to slosh bucketfuls of kerosene into the raft and the mattress therein while Peter used the oars to keep us close. In time I found myself slipping back and forth on the floor which was now as saturated with kerosene as the fire. Now to light the raft!

The torch lit, I probed the watery depths of the raft's core: nothing. I probed again, then again, then leaning in further, once again. That did it! A huge wall of flame shot upward and a blaze that would make any Hollywood special effects expert proud reached scorchingly for the sky – and for me and Peter.

"Row" came the yelled command though it was hardly needed. I turned to Peter whose face was as white as starch and filled with terror. Our hearts beating wildly, eyebrows almost totally gone, our boat receded from the scene with campers on shore perhaps not even aware of the close call with death experienced by two Kilcoo staff members.

It might be worth mentioning that in the present era similar closing ceremonies are not the practice, though a candle light ceremony is – much safer I guess.

RON CLARKE, 1937-1941

KILCOO'S MOST REMARKABLE CANOE TRIP ROUTES

The Temagami trip was the ultimate tripping experience for Kilcoo campers

The early 1970's marked the beginning of Kilcoo's decades long love affair with Temagami. The first of many 2 week trips left Kilcoo on a 6 hour truck ride for the great beyond – an area of pristine lakes, almost NO cottages, and mosquitoes as big as 747's. We saw few people during the two weeks and only one sighting of TT's.

My cabin mates and I were fortunate to be the third group out (first for the August session), so our counsellor had been able to learn a little more about the area from the July groups. We were warned about a portage called The Staircase.

Putting in at the south end of Lake Temagami, we had to go straight up the lake through the North Arm into a fierce wind…. note to self – do a night paddle next time.

A whole day to get to the top of the friggin' lake – 6 hours of hard paddling with 3 foot rollers. At the top of Temagami, the camp site was good but we decided to press on. We went ahead and did the portage into Lady Evelyn as there was a wonderful campsite within a 15 minute paddle of the where you put in after the portage. Over the next few days we paddled up to the top of Lady Evelyn and then west through some other small lakes whose names slip my mind (heck it was over 35 years ago!).

Eventually we made the turn back south and descended down the now infamous "staircase". It's a 2-3 day series of short paddles and short portages – I vaguely recall getting in and out of the canoe about 8 times each day. The portages were vertical drops of 30-50 feet over a few hundred yards beside a cascading river - or so it felt with a canoe on my back!

Eventually arriving at Lake Obabika, another day or so to traverse that lake brought us to a portage I will likely never see again – thank goodness . It was mud, mud and more mud – didn't matter whether it had been sunny, clear and without rain for a week – it was a quagmire. That was followed by a steep climb up a rock face with mud covered boots and soakers – safely.

Eventually going back into Temagami – we had that massive stretch of water ahead and the wind was still in our face having swung around 180 degrees from the day we arrived – note to self – night paddle next time. This time we took our time and made the trip down in two days by following other arms of the lake, eventually getting to the pick-up point.

The climax of the trip was being picked up in the camp truck and being driven to a McDonalds in North Bay. After surviving on freeze dried food and Mother Gumpert's for two weeks – it was a banquet! Arriving at camp we did the camp yell but from the back of a pick-up instead of a canoe rounding chapel point…took everyone in camp a little bit of time to get used to that!

In the day, the Temagami trip was the ultimate tripping experience for Kilcoo campers and certainly tested trippers, counsellors and LIT's alike – we had moved out of the confines of Haliburton and the Kawarthas in a big way.

As a side note – I eventually did the night paddle down Temagami, as a counsellor. It was not only breath taking under a full moon (we had flashlights tied to the bow and stern!). We did it in half the normal time!

ROB DAMERON

KILCOO'S 78 YEAR SONG HIT PARADE

The song titles may change, but the enthusiasm remains throughout the years

"Kilcoo spirit, I am calling to you
Kilcoo spirit, hear my prayer.
Kilcoo spirit, you are deep in my heart,
And I know you will always be there."

(Chorus of a new song written by Ken Jones, April 2007)

This summer I had an opportunity to do something I never expected. After 31 years, I returned to the 'Land of the Silver Birch' and joined the 2009 Kilcoo staff. What would this experience be like? What was different? Would the kids be the same? Would Chief's strong value system be intact? Would that hill that I wrote about a few Gazettes ago be even steeper for a 63 year old, surrounded by buff teenagers and iron-pumping 20 somethings? Well. I am pleased to say that the experience was a wonderful reassurance to me that once a Kilcoo camper, always a Kilcoo camper.

Yes, there were some new rules that weren't there in the 70s…..no cell phones, video games etc but the place hums along under Lub's leadership as if Chief were still steering the canoe. Paul Chamberlain asked me to write about the songs of Kilcoo, but before I do, I want to congratulate the Camp Awakening organization. The total integration of the Awakening campers into the Kilcoo tapestry was amazing to see. From daily activities, to Kilabaloos, to canoe trips, the Awakening campers and staff were outstanding in their 'participaction'. The Awakening counsellors. had a challenging day-to-day routine, but I never heard a complaint or saw them be anything but positive to their campers. The not so surprising part of this is that most of these counsellors are sons of former Kilcoo staff members who have grown up with the Kilcoo creed. It is that connection, to which the stars on the rosters attest, that keeps Kilcoo consistent.

And so to the music. Mrs. L, Chief's mother, transcribed many of the songs to song sheets, still held on the shoulders of two designated staff members for all to crowd around for a singsong. Of course, Chief's favourite, 'When You Walk Through a Storm' still gets the loudest and most passionate rendition. Titanic has been at the top of the charts for years, and when I changed the words to a Leslie Gore song in the 1966,



Mrs. L's fabulous song sheets



Ken Jones on the piano, August 2009

I never thought that Sunshine, Happiness and Rainbows would remain the number one song all those years.

When I arrived in 1964, Chief's test when hiring me was to sing 'We're Four of the Three Musketeers" and expect me to play it…..I passed that test but there probably isn't a song anywhere that is as convoluted and strange as that one!

So here are the songs of Kilcoo that Paul and I have put together. If you have a favourite that you don't see, write it in as one of your five We hope many of you will submit your choices for the 5 top songs from the years you were at camp which will lead to a final selection of two Kilcoo Hit Parades – Top 5; one from the period 1932 –1960, and another from the years 1961 to 2009. Some songs overlap and so you may cast votes for both lists if you wish. Please let us know your choice by e-mail, (pchamp@sympatico.ca) by regular mail,(150 Eglinton Ave. E. #204, Toronto, Ontario M4P 1E8) or by phone to Paul at 416-385-3816. We will publish the results in an upcoming issue of the Gazette.

I hope as you see the titles, melodies will jump off the page for you and that once again in your mind's ear, you will hear that amazing sound of 200 voices singing their hearts out. The Kilcoo Spirit is truly alive in the songs of Kilcoo.

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN
& KEN JONES

1932-1960

Alouette
Bamboo Bungalow
My Poor Old Slave
Four of the Three Musketeers
The Grand Old Duke of York
Happy Wanderer
The Rain Song
Green Grow the Rushes
Kilcoo Blues
Land of the Silver Birch
McNamara's Band
Off We Go
Roll Jordan Roll
Sing, Sing
Throw it Out the Window

1961-present

Don't Let the Rain Come Down
Bless this Camp
Blood on the Saddle
Gunderbeck
Vreneli
Peter's Fountain(Peter Middleton's song)
Donut Song
Father Abraham
Four Strong Winds
I'se the Bye (Wickwire's Song)
Little Rabbit FooFoo (Sling's Song)
One Bottle of Pop
Singin' In The Rain
Sunshine Happiness and Rainbows
This Old Man
Titanic
Up Above My Head
When You Walk Through a Storm
Zoom Ba Zah

KILCOO CANOE PROJECT A YEAR OLD AND GOING STRONG

The first "Kilcoos" have been launched and production is in full swing

By the time this article is published, the Kilcoo Canoe Project will be about a year old. So, how've we done? Builder Marc Russell, canoe instructor Tim Mackay, and Lub launched the first "Kilcoo," Chief Charlie, during pre-camp. The second boat, a tripping model (Johnny Fever), followed a week later. The third boat, Chief John, was completed in late September, and the fourth boat, Lub, will be finished by the end of Post-camp.

While Marc expected to have six new boats in the water, progress was slowed by some necessary repairs. The two war canoes in Kilcoo's fleet, purchased in the 1970's were in extreme disrepair. "They would have barely made it another two seasons," reports Lub. "I would have no idea where to get another, or how much it would cost us." On both boats, rot had claimed the outer gunwales, the decks, the stems, and any adjacent planking; and the canvas skins were rotten. One war canoe has now been fully refitted. The second war canoe, which also has several broken ribs, has been stripped and prepared for repairs that will commence next spring.

The response to the project has been quite tremendous. The staff and LiTs, campers and parents, visitors and Alumni, offered tremendous encouragement for all the work being done. "The interest was really nice. It was great to have campers stop by the shop, just to see what was going on. Ian Hamilton, (Lub's father-in-law) was always ready to lend a hand the tripping staff were great – they really helped me out when I needed it, with some of the building, heavy lifting, and, with Tim, looking after the boats. Oh! Thanks to Ellie Somers and Arianne Flemming, with whom I shared the Handicraft building. In fact, interest in the project is such that Cottage Life Magazine plans to publish a small article on all the work being done (look for it in the April or May 2010 issue. – ed.).

But it's a rough life, up at Kilcoo. "Sometimes it was quite frustrating – waiting for glue to dry, and not being able to go ahead until it did. While I'd fill that time doing odds and ends around camp, I look forward to putting my head down, during the off season, to get some more boats out there." Marc, operating under the trade name Gull Lake Boat Works, and Kilcoo are working out details for the winter, which will most likely see the restoration of three vintage Chestnut canoes which have been hiding away for over ten years.

"With investments being made – of time, money, energy – I believe that it is essential that we reinstate a more vigorous culture of canoeing at Kilcoo," states Lub, "an appreciation for this pastime and tradition, for the boats, for the environment, for the experience. This may be the greatest challenge we face in making this project truly worthwhile." While Marc is more





worried about the availability of wood and other hard to get materials, he certainly agrees with Lub. "The value of the project, I think, goes beyond the project itself. Most things at Kilcoo resonate in 'real life.' Kilcoo holds many opportunities for learning that can lead to an expanded and better-appreciated human experience. Canoeing is an activity with so many fulfilling dimensions and values. But I'm afraid we may be losing it all with the march of Time and Progress." Over the next few years, when the fleet becomes more stable, the project will be expanded to allow for campers themselves to experience and learn the art of canoe building. "Trust me – it's very rewarding not only to build something, but to build something both beautiful and useful. I'm lucky to have this opportunity."

Both Marc and Kilcoo welcome inquiries and comments about the project, and we at the Gazette will continue to keep the Kilcoo community involved with this expanding and important endeavour.

F. NELSON ARCHER

IDEAS WANTED

If you have ideas for articles of interest for future issues of the Gazette please contact us at pchamp@sympatico.ca.
If you have a good topic idea, we will do the follow up research; if you want to write an article please put on your creative hat, and if you have some trivia questions in mind please send them to us...with the answers.

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