

The 4 Dorion Staff Members

HiTeens 2002

Based on Monty Python's "The Four Yorkshiremen"

Richard Pepper: Ahh.. Very passable, this, very passable.

Ian Smith: Nothing like a good glass of Garlic Coke, eh, Richard?

Talita Peters: You're right there, Ian.

Karen McGratten: Who'd a thought thirty years ago at Dorion Bible Camp we'd all be sittin' here drinking lovely Garlic Coke?

RP: Aye. In them days, we'd a' been glad to have the price of a cup o' Slushie.

Ian: A cup o' warm Slushie.

Karen: Without flavouring or sugar.

Talita: OR Slushie!

RP: In a filthy, cracked styrofoam cup.

Karen: We never used to have a cup. We used to have to drink out of a rolled up devotional book.

Ian: The best WE could manage was to suck on a damp staff shirt.

Talita: But you know, we were happy in those days, though we were poor.

RP: Aye. BECAUSE we were poor. Our Charlie used to say to me, 'Money doesn't buy you happiness, angels.'

Karen: 'E was right. I was happier then and I had NOTHIN'. We used to have to shower with doors without locks.

Ian: Doors? You were lucky to have DOORS! We used to have to shower with curtains – with great big holes in them! Just like the holes in our cabin walls.

Talita: You were lucky to have a cabin! *We* used to have to live in a sports equipment box!

RP: Ohhhh we used to DREAM of livin' in a sports equipment box! Woulda' been a palace to us. We used to live in an the septic tank behind the dining hall. We got woken up every morning by Inez flushing the toilet. Sports box!? Hmph.

Karen: Well our cabin was only a campfire bench covered by a piece of tarpaulin, but it was a cabin to US.

Ian: We were kicked out of **our** campfire bench; we had to go and live on the dock.

Talita: You were lucky to have a the dock! There were a hundred and sixty of us living in one end o' Ed's Alley table.

RP: Ed's Alley?

Talita: Aye.

RP: You were lucky. We lived all summer in one of Ian's shoes. We used to have to get up at six o'clock in the morning, clean the shoe, eat a packet o' Cheez Whiz, go to Chapel for fourteen hours a day week in-week out. When we got back to the shoe, our cabin leader would thrash us to sleep with his pillow!

Ian: Luxury! We used to have to get out off the dock at three o'clock in the morning, clean the lake, eat a handful of hot Cream o' Wheat, go to Chapel eighteen hours a day, come back to the dock, and our cabin leader would beat us around the head and neck with a wet towel, if we were LUCKY!

Talita: Well we had it tough. We used to have to get up out of the Ed's Alley Table at twelve o'clock at night, and LICK the Pavilion clean with our tongues. We had half a handful of freezing cold table scrapings, go to Chapel twenty-four hours a day , and when we got back to the Table, our cabin leader would slice us in two with a jack knife.

Karen: Right. I had to get up in the morning at ten o'clock at night, half an hour before I went to bed (pause), drink a cup o' Diversey dish washing soap, go to Chapel twenty-nine hours a day and pay Charlie for permission to be there and when we got back to our campfire bench, our cabin leaders would catch and kill us and dance about on our graves singing "Glory Be!"

RP: But you try and tell the campers today that... and they won't believe ya'.

ALL: Nope, nope.