"Share the Gift of Summer Camp!"

# THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE

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visit us at www.amicicharity.org & www.kilcoo.com

## TORONTO TO KILCOO BY CAR, CIRCA 1938

*Richard Clark searches his memory to recall his car rides to Kilcoo in the late 30's. Thomas Crouch once recalled a 7-hour drive over an unfinished Highway 35 in 1932 and in 1963 a staff member I will not identify covered the distance in just 95 minutes, which might still be a record. Certainly all of us have a recollection of our first time driving to camp.*

It's hard to imagine what an automobile car ride from Toronto to Kilcoo Camp was actually like in the summer of 1938. Today's paved multi-lane highways with supercharged electronically automated cars can travel 70-80 miles in not much more than an hour depending on traffic. Back in 1938 most roadways were two lanes and not too far from the city limits many of them became a combination of dirt and gravel. The automobiles were all clutch stick shift with a cruising speed of around 35-45 miles an hour depending on the weather and the road condition. Even though our family car was a 4-door Chrysler New Yorker, the travel time from Toronto to Kilcoo back in 1938 took up to 4 hours.




As the decade of the 1930s began my start in life also occurred as I became the fourth member of the Clarke family living on Briar Hill Avenue in North Toronto. By the way, that's the same street as John (Chief) Latimer's family lived on, just a few houses from ours so John and I became close childhood buddies. We weren't too far from the northern city limits of Toronto and the scene looking west and north from our house was mostly open fields. Yonge Street was the main road leading north from Toronto back then and had streetcars running both ways often causing long traffic delays.

It was an all-day trip for my parents to drive me up to Kilcoo. We'd leave our house early in the morning and after eating a picnic lunch at roadside tables we would arrive at the campgrounds by early afternoon. My Dad and Mom didn't stay too long, just made sure I got properly settled in and the staff knew I was there, then they headed back to Toronto arriving early evening. Dad did all the driving both ways and I clearly remember the rules he set for passengers in the back seat, especially for us kids; sit still, be quiet, no eating in the car and don't ever throw anything out the window! Believe me, we obeyed.

Once we left the paved roads that didn't seem to go very far beyond the city limits of Toronto, the condition of the gravel type roads and the hot humid summer weather caused the car ride to become a mite bit uncomfortable. There was no air conditioning in cars in those days and the dust and dirt flying around when a car passed going the other way, or when we were following a car, caused all our car windows to be closed a lot of the time. No automatic window washing devices either so my Dad would periodically stop and clean off the windshield with a rag and a bottle off water he stored in he trunk.

Often on those gravel roads we would find ourselves limping along behind a farmer with his horse-drawn wagon loaded with hay that took up most of the two lanes so



that we couldn't pass until the farmer had reached his turn-off road to his farm. You can bet that was not the most enjoyable part of the trip for Dad. In fact, passing a slow moving automobile on those narrow gravel roads was often a problem because of the short amount of level road to see far enough ahead to safely pass. All in all the trip was not as pleasant as a Sunday afternoon family outing to see parts of Toronto. But I know I was excited about going up to Kilcoo, and so as long as we kept the car moving along I was okay.

I don't recall there were many roadside cabins so travelers could stop for an overnight rest. No motels like there are today. And although I do remember seeing some small hamburger/hotdog family cafes, they were few and far between, nothing compared to what eventually came along to dot the roadways in the 1950s and beyond. Northern Ontario was still reasonably open country back in the 1930s. When I have the chance these days to visit our summer cottages on Lake Couchiching near Orillia, it still amazes me to see what has developed over the past several decades as compared to the countryside I once saw on my 1938 car ride from Toronto to Kilcoo Camp.

***RICHARD CLARK***
***1938-1940***





# EDITOR'S MUSINGS

There seems to be one constant in regards to this time of year for Kilcoo Camp: camp is full, in fact earlier this year than I can ever remember. And it may be in part because of the number of alumni who are sending their sons off for the first time. Jeremy Andrews, who has joined me in searching for articles for the Gazette, has offered one of his own as he anticipates his son Liam's first time at camp this year.

What was not so "constant" was the long unusually cold winter experienced in many parts of Canada and down into the deep south. Chuck Bayless reports that while he stayed at home during a February ice storm, a good friend found his car as the place to sleep while on the way back from Alabama to Atlanta. We sincerely hope Gull Lake's ice has gone out before the advance camp staff arrive in late April.

I have always been aware of the enduring connection among Kilcoo alumni that often lasts throughout our lives, and in a sad way it was all too evident as Al Renner delivered a eulogy at the funeral for Jim Sharpe last November, and then John Lea spoke at Peter Holman's service in January only to be followed up by my own eulogy at a celebration of Jim Howe's life more recently. A much more positive indicator of this connection can be seen in two articles recounting alumni ski trips which will be presented in the fall issue.

I am always searching for submissions to the Gazette and for some time now have been doing some "digging" to prepare an article on Kilcoo's buildings through its 83 year history. Last fall I sent letters to a number of alumni from the earlier decades and now as I go through the return mail I will classify this effort as "a work in progress". I have some pictures from the Charlie Plewman era and would certainly welcome any others people may have. They can be sent to me in care of the camp office and if you want them returned just indicate so.

The list of names of those alumni planning to attend the September reunion continues to grow and updates are being posted on the camp website. We hope many of you will want to be part of the fun but I remind you that there is a limit on how many people the camp can accommodate for the event. So, get your "application form" in soon before the quota is filled. The fee is less than was charged in 2011 but once again we have a great gift being planned for all participants.

Want to make sure you hear the latest news on the reunion and developments at camp or among alumni friends? E-mail me at gazetteditor@kilcoo.com so I can update your contact information including your e-mail address and, with postal rates heading skyward, if you would prefer that we send your next copy of the Gazette by e-mail just let us know.

*PAUL CHAMBERLAIN*

# WHY THE CHAPEL POINT TREE LEANS

Have you ever noticed how that lonely pine tree on Chapel Point kind of leans backward? You probably assumed it was just from years of wind damage. Well not quite. There was an event back in August 1956 that changed things.



You see, that summer in the Sail Cabin were a group of ingenious, brilliant campers at about the cool age of 13 or 14 years old. I believe it was fellows like Mike McCutcheon and possibly Billy Bull. Occasionally, being so cool, they became a little bored with the camp routine and so they looked for ways to torment their leaders. In this story though, you'll see it was their counsellor who took the lead.

Their CIT/LIT, Lindsey Cowall, a preacher's son and the laconic and legendary spokesman among the CIT band of brothers, had a summer-long infatuation with his fabulous hairstyle. You have to realize this was the 1950's, the time of Elvis Presley, Jimmy Dean, Bobby Rydell and other stars. (These names may not be familiar to you and you're welcome to look them up on Google.) "The" hairstyle then was the "duck tail", where a man combed his hair forward into a V-shape with a cute curl over the forehead, and then both sides were swept back until they met at the rear of the head in this wonderful feature that appeared exactly as a "duck's tail".

Believe it or not, this was the epitome of "coolness" among virulent young men at this time in our history. The more precise a man's curl in the front and the grander the sweep to the rear into the "duck tail", the greater his status among his peers. So important was this hairstyle to Lindsay that he literally checked on it every 30 minutes. Lindsay was used to his campers of the Sail Cabin always mocking him about his hair, but he was not ready for what happened next.

You see, Bruce McCaffrey was the Sail Cabin counsellor and he didn't take much to Lindsay's constant emphasis on the sartorial splendor of his hairstyle. Those of you who remember Bruce know that he was a man's man and at age 21, he talked and walked and looked like a champion football player twice this age. Finally one night Bruce could take it no more, he came in late and while everyone slept, including Lindsay (he had the single bunk in the middle of the floor – no longer a tradition at the Sail Cabin), Bruce found some giant scissors and trimmed off Lindsay's "Elvis Curl". In the duck tail world this was the ultimate insult!

The next morning, Lindsay arises and like always, immediately checks on the status of his beautiful hairstyle. When he double checked the mirror he always kept under his pillow, there was shock, then sudden consternation, then snorting with smoke coming out of his nose and ears and then yelling or more like bellowing. He checked again, the curl was gone! He jumped up, ran outside and yelled at the top of his lungs, "my hair, my hair!" His ranting woke up everyone in camp! Worst of all though, that old pine tree on Chapel Point, a stone's throw away from the Sail Cabin, just sagged from fright, and it was never the same again.

They say that Lindsay was so upset that moment that he ran all the way to Minden and paced about until the Minden barber shop opened. Finally, when he returned to camp, he had a new haircut and no one surely mentioned a thing about the whereabouts of his "Elvis Curl". That August day was forever a black one in the annals of Kilcoo Camp, not only for lanky Lindsay Cowall, the preacher's son, but also for the Sail Cabin crew and that poor Chapel Point pine tree.

*CHUCK BAYLESS*

# FIRESIDE CHAT

*From Lub and the entire Latimer Family*

I love Reunion Years at camp… it is amazing that it has only been three years since the last gathering, but we are fast approaching the 2014 Staff Reunion which will take place the weekend of September 26th, 27th and 28th. It will be a celebration both of our 83rd summer at Kilcoo and of all the years that came before! I remember my first reunion without my Dad, the Chief, in September 2003; it was a very emotional weekend. As the years fly by, the reunions just seem to get more meaningful each time. If you haven't done so already, please download the application from **www.kilcoo.com** and sign up! We have over 50 guys already committed and once again, Paul Chamberlain is doing a great job ensuring that guys from all generations are represented. Paul's influence has been essential in getting so many alumni excited about being a part of this wonderful fraternity. Paul has been a big part of Kilcoo in the last 10 years, working with the LITs and helping us out in pre-camp with many great discussions and work with the canoeing program.

2014 is my 30th year as Director, which seems a bit crazy, eh? I am so grateful to be a part of the Kilcoo community and to have my family grow up with all of you. You have my word that the greatest traditions that mean the most to you about Kilcoo are the traditions I work hardest to preserve and cherish: Maker of Men; When you Walk through a Storm; The Peace Tree; Kilabaloo; Polar Bears; and of course, Rest Hour… just to name a few!

As the world gets "faster" and more "connected" you will be happy to know that Kilcoo still does not permit electronics at camp and we will never allow our campers to have cell phones. In fact, it is still our word of mouth marketing that has made Kilcoo so successful… Parents love it! We continue to upgrade all of the activities every year, with





more bikes, kayaks, crossbows, sailboats, wind surf boards, etc. We will continue to work with Gull Lake Boat Works to refurbish our canoe fleet with cedar strips. We have also started the Outward Challenge program transition from the amazing and incomparable Rob Chisnall to Challenges Unlimited (one of the industry leaders) with a new Aerial Course being constructed this spring. Cabin 18 has been replaced, and one of the original little highway worker's cabins, The Cottage, has also finally been replaced with a big new staff cabin. The 2014 application process was online this past fall for the first time and camp filled up faster than I can ever remember. The six two-week cabins filled in less than five days, and both months were full by the middle of December. The rapid commitment of all the parents is a testament to the wonderful staff, LITs and campers we have at Kilcoo!

I know we all have very busy lives, but please encourage your friends to sign up for the Reunion as I know that when you jump into Gull Lake for the first time in 3, 6, 10, 20, 30 or 40 years, when you sit on Chapel Point with an old buddy, and when you belt out songs in the Lodge like you were 12, you will realize why it is so important to be there. My sons, TJ & Charlie, are now going into their 7th summer as campers and they love camp more every year and my daughter Brooke can't quite understand why she can't be at Kilcoo all summer (She goes to Tanamakoon for two weeks in July). I feel so lucky…

Please enjoy the Spring 2014 version of the Gull Rock Gazette and as always, please stop by any time to visit during the summer and… Rip Ram Razzle Scram!

*DAVID "LUB" LATIMER*

PS – Great job by Scott Russell and Peter Armstrong over in Sochi at the Olympics.



## KILCOO ALUMNI 2014 REUNION

**Join us once again on the shores of Gull Lake**

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26TH TO SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH**

**You can download the application from the Kilcoo website www.kilcoo.com and take a look at our updated list of who has already said they will be there.**

**Activities get underway in the afternoon, September 26th for the avid golfers and then go into high gear with a reception at camp during the evening.**

**Reconnect with friends, meet other alumni from most of the decades, enjoy many of the camp activities, a special cocktail party on the beach before Saturday's banquet, and above all, join us in reminiscing of your summers at camp.**

**Don't delay. Spaces are filling up quickly.**

# CAMP AWAKENING UP CLOSE

*Camp Awakening has long provided a program not just of benefit to many children facing exceptional physical challenges but it has also provided wonderful learning opportunities for all the campers and staff who have attended Kilcoo. Many alumni reserve donations for both Amici and Camp Awakening each year which attests to the fact that both programs are truly part of the Kilcoo community. If you wish to donate, visit www.campawakening.com.*

I first became involved with Camp Awakening, a charity that sends campers with physical disabilities to camp, when I was a second year LIT at Kilcoo. Kilcoo has hosted the Awakening boys program since its inaugural summer in 1983. The girls program used to be located at Gay Venture, but has since relocated to Camp Oconto. Following my two-week stay in Cabin 25 (Awakening's cabin at Kilcoo) when I was an LIT, I decided to apply for the job of counsellor the following summer. What won me over was the campers' "never say die" attitude. It was a refreshing experience to be able to push campers to achieve goals that many people would assume are impossible for someone who is differently abled. The campers took advantage of the opportunities that they were given and didn't complain when times were tough; they persevered and succeeded. At the end of the day, I wanted to relive that once again as a counsellor.

Camp Awakening provides an opportunity for youth with physical disabilities of all kinds to step out of their comfort zone and try new things that they would likely not otherwise be able to do. Every summer we have campers who get excited about the many different aspects of camp. Everything from kayaking to rock climbing and going on a canoe trip excites campers, no matter how long they have been at camp. Campers not only return summer after summer for the activities at camp, but also for the people. Kilcoo's staff and campers, from Lub to the youngest camper in cabin 1, make the Awakening boys feel welcome at Kilcoo. Lub always says that camp is not the same when we go on trip and I am a firm believer that is the truth. The boys bring a wide variety of personalities and experiences with them to camp and only add to the traditions that already exist at Kilcoo.

Unfortunately, this past summer will likely be my last with Awakening and at Kilcoo as school requires me to move on to a "real job" in the city. As I reflect on my three summers with Camp Awakening I realize how much I have learned about myself and about others. First and foremost, I have learned never to underestimate a person's abilities. People will often surprise you and that is certainly something that I will carry with me as I move forward in life. Secondly, never give up! Everyday at camp I witnessed a camper do something that didn't come easily to them. I often pushed those campers to accomplish their goals, no matter how difficult; and I only see it fair that I push myself as hard, or even harder, than I pushed my campers.

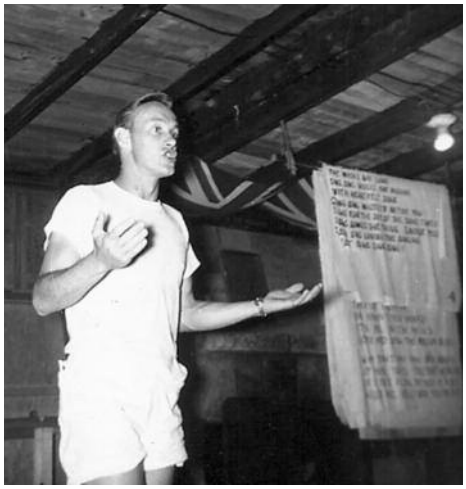
I will, without a doubt, support Camp Awakening and all of its endeavors for the rest of my life. I have seen, first hand, how camp can change a child's life. I know it sounds clichéd, but it is absolutely the truth. Nowhere else can a child with a physical disability do the things that Awakening allows them to do. And we all know that there is nowhere better to accomplish these feats than at Kilcoo, on the shores of Gull Lake.

***CAM CHAMBERLAIN***
***CAMP AWAKENING COUNSELLOR***
***2012-13***



# KILCOO HEROS

**John Latimer** – among so many other things that made him so special, he instantly seemed to know and 'remember' the name of every single camper on arrival and then throughout their stay at camp. One day he showed me his trick, as he put his arm around my neck, of smoothly and subtly checking the name tag on the back of my t-shirt collar – so that was the reason campers were instructed to put name tags on their clothing!



**Howie Craven** – my counsellor in Cabin 1, who helped me survive my first two weeks at Kilcoo, and away from home, at age 7. He was kind, with a wonderful imagination and story-telling ability, and planted the seeds in my heart for a love of this magical place that has never diminished.

**Paul McKay** – On one brutally mosquito-filled portage, when I was in Cabin 17, after I had slipped on a rock and then "turtled" into the water on an attempted creek crossing, Paul (my counsellor that year) came along after what seemed like a very long time during which I was completely unable to move to get back up again. Of course I was getting eaten alive by the hordes of mosquitoes! At the time, I was sure the pack was almost as big as I was. But he picked my pack and me both up with little difficulty to put me back on my feet, tears streaming down my face, before taking the shirt off his back and putting it on me instead – I'm not sure if I would have survived without it and I will certainly never forget that act of kindness!

***MICHAEL MACDONALD***
***1970-1982***




# You Can Spark a Change!

Courtesy Medeba Camp

**Camp. It's in you for life.**
**amicicharity.org**

**Spring 2014**

For many of us, there was a time in our lives when our whole year revolved around camp. At any point in any season, if we were asked, "How long until camp?" we could come up with an accurate answer to within a few days. Although those days have passed, we still feel the impact that camp had on our lives, whether it's through the patience and open-mindedness with which we handle our daily interactions, or through the long-term friendships that have withstood countless kilometres and years.

Continued on page 2...




Courtesy Camp Wabikon

...continued from cover

We former campers understand what we owe to our years at summer camp, and the camp fire that was lit within us years ago, still burns brightly. We recognize that fire in others as well. Your gift to Amici will pass that flame on to future campers. Without you, that flame would go out.

Through Amici involvement you have an opportunity to give future generations that patience, that open-mindedness, and those friendships. Your gift gives campers the opportunity to return to summer camp year after year, until they've completed the camp program. Thank you for passing on your love for camp and for building that fire within future generations of campers.

2014 is shaping up to be an incredible year for Amici! With only a few weeks to go before the start of summer, we will be sending over 200 campers to 32 different camps across Ontario this camping season. Our Young Professional's Council #TBT Throw Back Thursday event on March 20th was a huge success and we're gearing up for Canoe Head's 2014 which looks to be our biggest Canoe Heads event ever. At this event, we are aiming to raise $100,000 to fund camp for 100 deserving children and youth this summer. With your help, 2014 will be our most successful year yet! Thank you for your support! Thank you for sparking a change!


Amici's Young Professionals Council's Throw Back Thursday


Courtesy Camp Wenonah


Courtesy Canadian Adventure Camp

# THE FIRST SPARK...

Amici got it's start almost 50 years ago with a membership fee of $2 and 38 members, $76 in the bank, and an idea to help send disadvantaged children and youth to summer camp. The Kilcoo Camp alumni who gathered their resources and spread the idea of Amici became the first members of the charity and Amici Camping Charity sent its first camper to summer camp in 1966. The camp was Camp Kawabi, and our first camper cost $105 for the session at camp, a donated sleeping bag, and was driven to camp in a Kilcoo Camp truck. While en route to camp, our camper grabbed the car keys and threw them out the window in protest. He was a little apprehensive about spending his summer in the wilderness with people he didn't know. Little did he know that he would have an amazing experience at Kawabi and he would return for another year. From that year on, Amici has worked to connect camp alumni with new campers with the purpose of sending these children to camp year after year. Much of the funds raised to support our campers has come from amazing events and fundraisers. Some of the earliest ones have celebrated the outdoors within the city of Toronto, including a walkathon through Toronto's parks, and then later on to Toronto's Centre Island. Our program has grown from sending one child to camp to 171 children and youth in 2013. This year with our sights set at over 200 campers, our donors, supporters, and partner camps will be making history and changing the lives of so many deserving campers.

## 2014 Partner Camps:

Arrowhead Camp
Camp Awakening
Canadian Adventure Camp*
Camp Can-Aqua
Cedar Ridge Camp
Camp Couchiching
Frontier Trails Camp
Glen Bernard Camp
Camp Kandalore
Camp Kawartha
Camp Kennebec
Kettleby Valley Camp
Kilcoo Camp
Camp Kirk
YMCA Camp Kitchikewana
Lake Scugog Camp
Medeba Adventure Learning Centre
Camp Mi-A-Kon-Da
Camp Nokomis
Camp Oconto
Onondaga Camp
Camp Otterdale
YMCA Camp Pine Crest
Camp Ponacka
YMCA Camp Queen Elizabeth
Camp Tanamakoon
YWCA Camp Tapawingo*
Camp Tawingo
Camp Wabikon
Camp Walden
YMCA Camp Wanakita
Camp Wenonah
Camp Winston

*Welcome to our new camps for 2014!


Courtesy Camp Tapawingo



## Get geared up for Canoe Heads For Kids 2014!

On Saturday May 31st, Amici's 15km urban canoe trip will aim to send 100 kids to camp this summer. For more info, to get involved, or to pledge your support, please visit canoeheadsforkids.com.



Courtesy Camp Tawingo


Courtesy Glen Bernard Camp


Courtesy Camp Kandalore

**My daughter really blossomed and learned a lot being at camp. She was able to pass a few levels in activities and showed great pride in herself for being able to accomplish something because she decided not to give up on herself."**

– Ainsley, Amici Parent

**The amount of joy I get when my mom tells me that I am able to go to camp for another year is beyond me. Each summer I go it seems like I never left. Every year I learn something new about myself; I become a better person.**

– Kaitlyn, Amici Camper

# GET INVOLVED AND SHARE THE GIFT OF SUMMER CAMP

- Volunteer with us! We rely on our enthusiastic volunteers to help us select campers, run events, and keep up with contacts. Get in touch, we need your help to send kids to camp!

- Are you a young professional with a background in camping and a passion for helping kids? Amici's Young Professional's Council is looking for new committee members to help with event planning, communications, and fundraising! Visit their website at **amicicharity.org/young-professionals-council/**

- You can help spark a change and make a lasting difference in a child's life and in your community! Community events are a fun and meaningful way to gather friends, families, neighbours and/or co-workers together in support of a good cause. Golf tournaments, garage sales, dinner parties, bake sales, street parties and family or company celebrations are just a few ways that you can support an enriching camp experience for a deserving child. Contact our office to get started!

# SPARK A CHANGE & STAY CONNECTED!

Your support gives a child an unforgettable summer at camp. Please consider an annual gift, in any amount, and spark a change this year! Thank you.

Mail in a Cheque made payable to Amici Camping Charity.

Visit us online at amicicharity.org and click on the Donate Now link.

Call us at 416-588-8026, and explore our many giving options. You can make a monthly pledge, or give in-kind donations.


Courtesy Camp Can-Aqua

Amici

Camp. It's in you for life.

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amicicharity.org

**Find us online:**

Charitable Registration
#13205 705 RR 0001

# THE ICEHOUSE AT KILCOO

*Though presented as an article of interest what follows sounds more like a confessional to this editor.*

It was probably 1953 when the icehouse at Kilcoo came to our attention. The stables and the riding ring are now long gone but back then the icehouse, although offsite, was located nearby and fairly close to Braeside Bay. The geography was probably deliberate. When the icehouse was built, the horses, kept in the stable, were used in winter to haul sleds piled with large ice blocks hewn from Gull lake each winter. Once carted across the bay the blocks were stored in layers of sawdust in the icehouse. This windowless building was about 500 square feet, measuring approximately 25 x 20 ft. Between the thick layers of sawdust the ice blocks were piled up to about 6 feet.

During the camping season the icehouse slowly disgorged its contents to supply refrigeration for the camp kitchen. When the camp was founded in 1932 there was very little hydro available and while a Delco generator provided some lighting, refrigeration was possible only with iceboxes requiring the transfer of approximately 75 pound blocks of ice at frequent intervals from the icehouse to the kitchen facilities. As of 1953 the icehouse was still in use.

Except for Garfield Remus, in 1953 the rest of us were just 17 years of age and very junior staff members. Gar was at least 21 which coincided with the then legal drinking age in the Province of Ontario. Once a week we all had a half day off from our duties as counsellors and we eagerly accepted Gar's invitation to sneak us into the Rockcliffe Tavern for a pint of Old Vienna Lager beer. Reverend Garfield Remus, as he would later become a pastor of the Lutheran Church, would never have led us astray and assured us we could gain entry to the Rockcliffe provided we didn't wear short pants. It was during one of our successful forays into the tavern through the ladies and escorts entrance that we put together a brilliant idea. The "we" was composed of Hugh Gage, Frank Ferguson, myself and of course Father Gar who proposed buying a case of Old Vienna Lager beer for an evening's entertainment. There were of course two problems - selecting a venue and finding refrigeration for all 24 bottles.




If memory serves it was Hugh Gage who by the process of structural elimination settled upon the icehouse as the solution to our dual problem. On the next half day off Gar acquired the contraband which the four of us at the appointed hour squirrelled into the icehouse and buried bottle by bottle between blocks of ice. It was after dark as we made our way into our newly established watering hole, with flashlights in hand, where the first order of business was to pledge silence as we each opened the first of six bottles.

It was little short of a miracle that our carousing didn't attract attention. As we downed one bottle after another the level of noise rose significantly. By midnight we were all royally drunk and with no little difficultly we staggered back to camp. This was my first experience at barfing and all of us were thoroughly hung over the next day. I have a dim recollection of Hugh(disputed by Hugh who claims it was Frank) rolled up in a carpet in the handicraft shop sleeping if off. Never having returned to the scene of the crime, I have no idea of what happened to the empties and the case; or to the icehouse!

***BRUCE HAINES***
***1946-48; 1952-54***

# REFLECTIONS ON CAMP, AND PASSING THE TORCH

I grew up in Oshawa / Whitby and attended Kilcoo every summer until I had to go and get a "Real" job. After graduating from Ivey School of Business at UWO, with my then girlfriend and now life-long companion Tracy, we moved to Calgary in the fall of 1990 because we loved the mountains and I had a job lined up in commercial real estate brokerage. I left the brokerage business and sometime later met my now current business partner Scott Hutcheson. Our company, Aspen Properties, invests in downtown office buildings in Calgary and Edmonton.

Tracy and I have chosen to stay in Calgary for the lifestyle, the opportunity to build a business and most importantly it has been a great city to raise a family and be involved with the community.

We have 3 beautiful children: Claire (grade 11), Paul (grade 10) and Sophie (grade 6). We live in the city and head to our place in Canmore on the weekends to enjoy the mountains with most winter weekends spent skiing as both of our girls are involved with the Banff Alpine Racers Ski Club. We also spend a lot of time in hockey rinks as Paul plays Minor Hockey.

My involvement with Kilcoo today is stronger than ever for several reasons. Our son Paul will be going back to Kilcoo for his 7th summer, and I never miss a Kilcoo Ball Hockey weekend. I do an annual ski trip with several of my Kilcoo pals, and I am proud to be an AMICI Ambassador Council member.

I love going to Kilcoo every summer to take Paul to camp as it brings back so many outstanding memories. Every time I see the Tower I think of Advance Camp when Bundy and I spent 3 weeks sanding and staining the Tower.

I am thrilled that our son is at Kilcoo and has not only the same nickname I did ("Guatts") but the opportunity to develop as a person with the guidance of the strong role models that are there today. Under Lub's leadership everything that Kilcoo stood for when I went there is stronger than ever. I am very grateful for my experience at Kilcoo and I am so fortunate to call many Kilcoo alumni among my closest friends today. Thank you to the Latimer family. Kilcoo truly is a "Maker of Men".

***GREG GUATTO***
***1977-89***

# THE BOY GOES TO CAMP

Recently, I found myself in a camping supply store, staring at a camp trunk. My son Liam, 9, (commonly known around here as 'the boy') is going to Kilcoo for the first time this year, and he needs a trunk. I suppose he could have used mine, if I could find it. But mine took quite a beating in its last few years (it also served as a coffee table in several University student houses – I assume that knife-shaped scorch mark in the lid must have come from a Pic mosquito coil...) and besides, he should have one of his own, I think. They're also of a much higher quality these days – wood-lined and everything. Pity the staff member who has to load the buses now.

I'm not quite sure what to think about this new beginning for him. I know he seems keen to go, and he's certainly one of the best prepared new campers ever. He's been up to Kilcoo once or twice a year since he was born, so he's familiar with the place; but I'm still not certain he understands that the Longhouse is not where he'll be staying, and the golf cart is not available for his use. He has friends going too. Jeff Setterington's ('87) son Kyle, already a veteran; and Scott Elmhirst's ('96) son Cole are both going as Trailblazers too.

The boy and I walk to his school every morning, so we have had plenty of opportunity to discuss camp and how it works. He knows about the skiers test, swim instruction, activity periods and overflow tables. He knows about chapel, and canoe trips and Kilabaloo. I have absolutely no idea how he knows about Polar Bears. He certainly never heard about it from me.

But still, I worry a little. I mentioned my worries to some of my old camp friends, expecting to be told to 'get over it', but their response was 'why wouldn't you be?'. So I guess it's normal (although very few of my old camp friends would be described as 'normal'). His mother is another story altogether. We're not sure yet how she is going to react to actually leaving him there. I am attempting to bribe her with a weekend at a resort in Muskoka immediately following drop off.

We have talked about camp games, and how being a Trailblazer is the best because you're the only one who can catch everybody else. I can't help but wonder, though, if the camp game still has the epic quality that I remember from the David Purdy ('87) era; (my personal favourite, his Capture the Flag variant, "Clench the Wench" – loved by all, except maybe Margot and Karen Saeger, the 'wenches' in question). I got Liam's cub pack to play a game of Stones last spring, but it lacked a little something... Face paint, maybe.

On the other hand, I haven't mentioned Tuck to him, I think primarily because it has changed so much. In my day, you sidled up to the Tuck Shop window like you're ordering soup in a Seinfeld episode, and under the gimlet eye of Mrs. Chief, you applied for your wet and dry items. In a clear and polite tone, quickly and respectfully. Or else. You might be able to get some toothpaste, or poison-level bug spray, but that was about it. And God help you if you asked for another bug spray – "You got one three weeks ago! What happened to it?"



Now however, Tuck is like some hipster Abercrombie and Fitch (is that redundant?), full of pre-stressed, stylized ultra trendy clothing available in multiple colours, sizes and 'lifestyle choices'. I guess Tuck is not a treat for the kids, it's a revenue stream... Ah well, I'm guilty of having a fairly significant supply of Kilcoo branded clothing myself. (I don't wear the Kilcoo Roots Leather jacket so much anymore, but back in the day...). The suggested packing list hasn't changed much oddly enough – under optional items it lists one (1) book. Optional. He will be bringing more than one.

So he's got the schedule, he's got his friends; he knows the lay of the land. He wants to go on the climbing tower (he doesn't get that from me), to learn to sail, and to get his level one in archery. As a former sailing instructor, I'm delighted about the sailing thing, but not sure about the instruction part. I think we used to just put them in boats, push them back and then yell incomprehensible instructions until they drifted out of the bay. But it was a long time ago, so maybe that's a false memory.

Beginnings are fragile things, though, and I am worried a little bit. I know that as amazing as my memories of Kilcoo are, through camper to Section Director, my view may be a little rose-coloured. There were times when I was sad, or homesick, or angry, or frustrated with someone (I'm looking at you here, Lub). How will he handle those inevitable moments?

Anyway, so there I was, in that camping goods store, looking at this trunk and thinking about all the great things that go in it – pocket knives and life jackets and flashlights and camper shirts and rain gear and, yes, books.

And maybe also thinking about what comes home in it, gymp bracelets and swim badges and cabin pictures and absolutely filthy clothing. Memories too, mostly good ones, I hope. He's got a good start – now it's really up to him. I have great faith in Lub and the staff. I am nervous, but I'm excited for Liam, a lot. He will have so many new experiences, and such a great sense of independence and self-reliance that comes from camp.

The opportunity to go to camp is a gift – from his mother and me, to him. Unlike many gifts, he gets to choose what this one provides, what he gets out of it and how long it lasts. And to choose what comes home in his shiny new red trunk.

***JEREMY ANDREWS***
***1979-89***

# SAYING GOODBYE TO 3 FRIENDS

## Jim Sharpe:

Jim and I became friends when we attended school together in grade 5 in Brantford, Ontario. Later we went our separate ways as Jim graduated from Medicine at the University of Western Ontario and became a clinical neurologist, research scientist, and author where he achieved world-renown. At Kilcoo's 50th anniversary dinner in 1981 we reconnected and it seemed like we had never been apart. Many dinners were shared with long conversations and discussions on topics such as politics, religion, history, people and finances. He was so knowledgeable that we all left with much more information from the great teacher that he was. Jim was a great sounding board for ideas and his advice was always more than helpful. Jim was generous, caring, intelligent, honest, loyal, and respected by all of us who were fortunate to know him.

***ALAN RENNER***
***(1951-1960)***

## Jim Howe:

Jim's 5 year battle with leukemia came to an end with his passing on March 2nd. To the very end Jim's bubbly, positive personality was the same as it had always been as he was always more concerned about and interested in others than himself. Jim attended Kilcoo in the 1950's but he made a point of returning to all the fall reunions to celebrate the impact he always stated was an important influence on the person he was. After a 35 year career with Abitibi Price Jim retired to travel and spend summers at his Algonquin Park cottage. All of us who knew Jim well will remember his quick wit and humour, his enormous generosity, gratitude for the gifts of life, his boundless love, and huge "bear hugs".

***PAUL CHAMBERLAIN***
***(1956-1967)***

## Peter Holman

Just short of his 71st birthday, Peter passed away from Leukemia on January 7th. While he was the Arts and Craft Instructor for only two years at Kilcoo (1962-63) he became a fixture at most of the reunions, celebrations, fundraisers and parties involving Kilcoo and AMICI. While an excellent Arts and Craft instructor, Peter's two years at Kilcoo will be best remembered for the amazing totem poles he and Morley Johnson carved. Most of you will remember that these poles guarded the entrance to camp for over 25 years. Peter was the founder and President of Holman Design. His company was responsible for designing, building and installing many museums and exhibits shown around the world. With his very specialized skills he was always available to assist with any and all Kilcoo and AMICI functions. Fondly remembered and sadly missed by many friends and family.

***JOHN LEA***
***(1963 - 1966)***

# THREE GENERATIONS AT KILCOO

I attended Kilcoo for the first time in July 1956. This was the summer that John Latimer (Chief) purchased the camp from Charles Plewman. In 1981 my son Jim attended Kilcoo and in 2011 my grandson Stephen attended Kilcoo.

In 2010 I made a trip to Kilcoo with two of my friends Dave Stamper and John Crawford.(Picture attached) Although we did not know each other from Kilcoo, we all attended the camp and thought it would be fun to visit and relive a bit of our youth. We were welcomed and given a full tour of the camp by Ken Jones and invited to have lunch and sing songs by Lub. A lot has changed at Kilcoo over the years with new buildings, zip lines and rock climbing, but the same core values and camaraderie still exists. Even the songs and song sheets sheet remain unchanged. It was also wonderful to see how the Camp Awakening Program has been integrated into Life at Kilcoo

***BOB HALLIDAY***

PS: Tell Lub I have two more grandsons




*Left to right - Dave Stamper (1955), Bob Halliday (1956) Lub, John Crawford (1959)*



*Alumni who cheered on the Toronto Maple Leafs to the Stanley cup in the mid 60's will recognize Eddie Shack, #23 of the Leafs. But who is that jolly old fat man sitting with him? Hint: he plays the ukulele and may be Kilcoo's best know musical guru.*

# LIFE AFTER KILCOO

*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 gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com.*

### *MAC LANGFORD (1954-56)*

I spent 3 years at Kilcoo: 1954 as a senior camper, '55 as a CIT, and '56 as a counsellor. Each year was a special time in my life. After that final summer at Kilcoo I went to Amherst College in Massachusetts and then Stanford University. I taught high school near San Jose, California, teaching history, English, and English as a second language. I sang in community choirs and served on the volunteer National Ski Patrol. I also taught for two years in an international school near Frankfurt, Germany. In 1993 I retired to Lopez Island, a beautiful small island between Washington State and Vancouver Island, where I do volunteer work for our community center and also counsel people regarding health insurance. I am married to a beautiful lady from Finland. Our son is currently the Parks and Recreation Director for Sausalito, California.

### *JIM COLLEY (1968-1974)*

I started as a camper and in my second year - July 1969 - all the campers and staff were brought into the Rec Hut at 1:00am to watch the historic Apollo 11 lunar landing as Neil Armstrong descended the ladder to become the first "Man on the Moon". Then, in my first year as a C.I.T. we had 'Rat Patrol' and we went out in pairs throughout the night to keep an eye on things, for as I recall, some uninvited guests had ventured in from the highway one night!

I have been married to Trish for 30 years. We have two daughters, Alexandra, who's in between college and university in London Ontario and Sarah, who's in her 3rd year at Dalhousie University in Halifax. Work wise, I've been with Dynamic Funds since 1987, more recently, in the Investor Communications area. My interests now include astronomy, cottaging, photography, and working out at the gym. A recent quote I read pretty much sums up Kilcoo…When we tell people to do their jobs, we get workers, when we trust people to do their jobs, we get leaders…Kilcoo makes leaders…Rip Ram!

### *KEN MITCHELL (1987-98)*

I currently reside in Los Angeles, California pursuing the profession of acting. In reflecting on my love to perform, it all began back on the stage of Kilabaloo. If only landing a job in Hollywood were as easy as going into the costume cupboard and signing up your name on a list. What a thrill camp was and what an amazing place for the freedom of creativity. Kilcoo has forever embodied my life. Heck, I almost named my second child KayLub! Instead, my kids get a steady dose of Kilcoo songs every night before bed. I'm proud to say my camp friends are still my best friends, including my brother Sean. I'm still giddy over the fact that my wife Susan and I were married by David 'Lub' Latimer in 2006 overlooking the beach of Malibu and we still feel honoured to have an old Kilcoo cedar strip canoe in the living room of our California bungalow. Rip Ram

### *MIKE SHERWOOD (1971-1985)*

I started at Kilcoo in 1971 and I will never forget departing on the bus from Wilson Avenue in Toronto, 7 years old and off to "big boy camp", I thought it would be all good as my brother Phil was on the bus…I soon found out that Phil's best friend was on the bus so I sat with another newbie…Dave Anderson was my counsellor in Cabin 1, he played reveille every morning. I progressed through all sections at Kilcoo as a camper every August, was an LIT and then on staff for 5 years as sailing and skiing instructor, waterfront director, and finally land staff director, I had the pleasure of being on staff with 3 of Kilcoo's 4 directors JRL, Hal and of course Lub. Kilcoo is and will always be a huge part of my life and even today I stay in close contact with many of my closest friends from camp.

Michael Sherwood, aka WOODY…50, lives in Toronto with his wife Marcie. Michael works in the recruitment field with Lock Search Group where he focuses on the Foodservice industry. He still sees many Kilcoo friends regularly and is delighted that his son will be returning to Kilcoo for a 12th summer as a Trapper counsellor. He also looks forward to the reunion this fall. Rip Ram



*We hope many of you will attend the reunion this September. We may even see some of this group appearing in this picture from 1970: Scott Kennedy, Barry Hoffman, Drew Danniels, and Mike Hatton. Register early so you can be sure to receive your personalized name badge.*

## IDEAS ALWAYS WELCOME!

If you have ideas for articles of interest for future issues of the Gazette please contact us at gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com. 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 photos to accompany your piece, please send those along as well!