"Share the Gift of Summer Camp!"

THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE

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SPECIAL DELIVERY: KILCOO STYLE!

All of you Kilcoo canoeists probably think you're pretty proficient handling a canoe in the most extreme conditions like portaging for hundreds of miles in desolate wilderness. Well, how about this: heading along a U.S. interstate with a 19' wooden canoe strapped to your rooftop in a constant downpour with a howling wind slicing the rain across the highway like sleet. Then you must cross the Burlington Skyway at the end of Lake Ontario with roadway warning signs flashing: "Warning, high winds on bridge, use extreme caution". You're afraid to push it more than 30 miles per hour, thinking that any moment a gust is going to catch that canoe and fling it over the side. If you didn't know how to pray, you sure learn quickly.

This little trip to Kilcoo Camp from Atlanta, Georgia had its beginning back in 1994 when I was given a beautiful custom made wooden canoe, built by Phillip Greene of Wood Song Canoes, an artisan in Charleston, South Carolina. This strip built canoe is made from Western Red Cedar and Redwood. The trim work is White Ash and Black Walnut. It has beautiful tandem seats "hand caned" by Phillip's wife Paula and took 700 hours to build. The wooden hull is strengthened by fiberglass cloth and epoxy and all components are protected from water and UV rays by a polyurethane finish.

My experiences at Kilcoo nurtured a love for canoeing and kayaking. However, for the present, I don't live close by a suitable body of water. So, In 2011 I made the decision to give this canoe a rightful home and





was overjoyed when David Latimer said he would accept this gift. My wife Diane was 100% behind this decision and said what better place for our magnificent canoe than at camp where canoeing was a mainstay of the culture. It was going to be a great privilege to present our canoe to Kilcoo Camp, Camp Awakening and The Latimer family. It was to be my small way of paying back the camp and the Latimers for the meaningful learning experiences I had as a young camper and then staff member in the 1950's and it was my hope that David and his staff would put this gift to use in a way that many would benefit from it.

With the help of the canoe builder Phillip, my local notary, Patrick Tingley and innumerable phone calls to the Canadian Border Service, I was "loaded for bear" with documentation to clear the border crossing. On the day of the crossing, I suffered nerve racking moments driving up to the Lewiston Bridge crossing point. I could just picture us being turned away due to some small technicality. As it turned out, we sailed through Customs in about 6 minutes. Thank you for those positive Canadian – U.S. relations!

Our trip from Atlanta, Georgia to Kilcoo Camp took 3 days and the weather was nasty all 3 days. In Kentucky, the wind and rain were whipping across the highway so fiercely that I had to pull over and find shelter under a bridge. As part of the tie down, we had run several straps around the middle section of the canoe, and then these same straps ran through the passenger section. As the rain picked up, the water began running down these straps and into our seats. We quickly rounded up empty cups and rain jackets to ward off the constant dripping. Diane even partially opened her umbrella, caught the water and dumped it out every 10 minutes.

Driving through Toronto was not difficult because the traffic was moving so slowly that I didn't have to worry about the wind or rain. Two hours later I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the road sign, "Welcome to the Highlands of Haliburton".

My family really had no idea what type of reception we would receive at camp when we delivered our canoe. Daughter Heather said maybe they'll just say "thank you for dropping this off, and have a nice day, and good bye"! Diane was concerned that the value of the canoe would not be realized, nor our effort to get it there and what we were giving up. Deep in my heart I knew that Kilcoo was still Kilcoo, that good works are always appreciated. Our fears were quickly dashed as we arrived at camp on that Saturday morning, the day of the famous Bushpede. The warm greetings we received from David, Patrick, Mitch, Cameron and others in those first few minutes was just fantastic. We were treated like long lost family members. And it continued on, all day long; we were overwhelmed by the reception we received from everyone.

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EDITOR'S MUSINGS

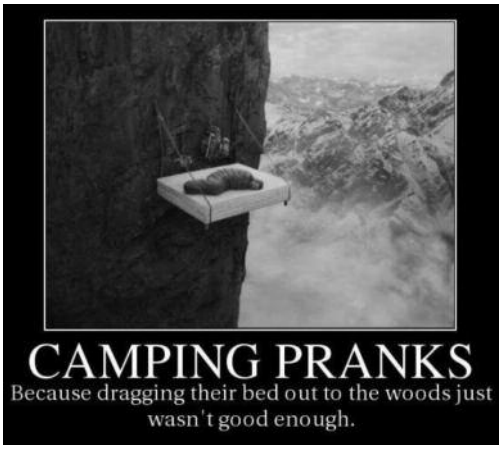
2012 marked Kilcoo's 81st year of operation that was but another year with a packed camp where over 400 children benefitted from the energetic leadership of David, Pat, and their great staff. For those keeping track, Canada was victorious in the Olympics as were the Iroquois in the Bushpede. In this issue of the Gazette a very strong testament to the quality of experience Kilcoo offers its campers is reflected in Chuck Bayless' thoughtful article in which he describes his harrowing trek to Kilcoo from Atlanta, Georgia to donate a very special canoe. For me personally, there was the overwhelming experience of this year's Amici run Canoe Heads event. Having been on the organization's original executive in 1964 and always feeling a connection to its work, I decided to participate in the event hoping of course that a light Kevlar type canoe might be reserved for me to portage part of the trek (it wasn't). I thought too, if I contacted a number of contemporaries of mine among the alumni I might in fact be able to raise a thousand dollars or so for Amici's work. Yes, overwhelmed I was when even after referring a few potential sponsors to my nephew Matthew (brother Clive's son) I ended up with $8,800 being donated to Amici for my efforts – yet another testament to the kind of people who maintain their connection to Kilcoo. While I won't push for similar numbers next year I will participate again IF I can be guaranteed a lighter canoe and hopefully, Bill MacRae, my canoeing partner in June, will join me again. With this summer being so hot and dry in July, the LITs I worked with found quite amusing my story of hot summers in the 50's when we were given salt pills at lunchtime. Similarly I found it most intriguing that during a province wide fire ban from mid July to early August, all canoe trips were outfitted with Coleman single burner propane stoves.

Speaking of canoe trips, Jeff Lloyd has contributed his account of an Algonquin canoe trip that still gives him frightening memories today and going back to Amici I am delighted to be able to print the text of a presentation by former Amici camper and 2012 Kilcoo Senior staff member Calvin Miller given at an Amici fund raising evening. For those many of us who have supported Amici through the years it is quite inspiring. Another of the worthwhile camp related charities is Camp Oochigeas which serves children with cancer. In this issue you will find an advertisement for their operation that in the past has involved Kilcoo alumni offering time to assist these needy children. Their executive director, Sarah Nelles, would appreciate hearing from any of our readers. For some of the older alumni it might be something appealing to your older children. Many "Ooch" volunteers claim it to be a life altering experience and one that has helped them in their career choices. It continues to be a challenge to get article submissions from you, our readers, and only with submissions can we continue to create a Gazette you will enjoy. In this issue I have introduced a new type of article that I hope will draw responses – greatest Kilcoo pranks, and I am asking for articles to publish beginning next spring. I wish all alumni a healthy winter; please spend one cold winter weekend writing an article for us, and be sure to mark your calendars for the next alumni reunion which will be held the weekend of September 27, 2014.

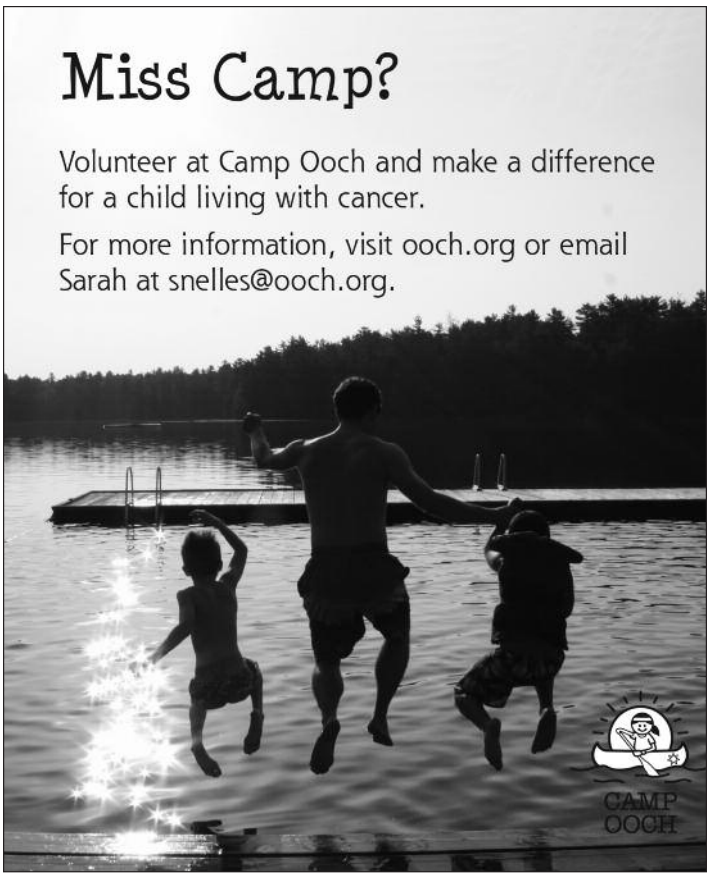
PAUL CHAMBERLAIN

KILCOO'S BEST PRANKS AND LEGENDS

In Chapter 22 of John Latimer's book, Maker of Men, he states that, "The culture in a children's camp must embrace legends as well as facts." Chief goes on to say, "Over the years a variety of staff members have become legends due to their creativity, as displayed by their pranks."



Now is your chance. Starting with the spring, 2013 issue of the Gazette we will feature an account of a prank from your time at camp and we need you to stoke your creative juices and submit one of the many great ones. Your editor will only cull those that are judged to have been significantly hurtful or unsafe. Chief recounted a few in his book but we know there were many more that would have qualified. Now is your time to publish. Please e-mail yours to gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com



FIRESIDE CHAT

From Lub and the entire Latimer Family

It is always an honour for me to write to you, the alumni and talk about Kilcoo. On October 12th, Post Camp officially ended Kilcoo's 81st year…my 28th as Director…and it was spectacular! It all began on Monday April 30th, and over the course of the spring we had nine school groups and capped off the year with seven more school groups during the fall season. Of course the most important thing for us is our summer months and I can't say enough about what a great success it was. We were absolutely packed with kids, but the 5 week long fire ban never got in the way of the great time we all had. As I write this, the two-week sessions are all almost full (most will be full by the time you read this) and the month sessions are also ahead of pace from last year. The parent & camper comments have been very positive from both the two-week and month long sessions…it is very affirming for me and I'm grateful.

It is very hard for me to try and sum up in an article to our alumni what Kilcoo means to me and so many others. One of our highlights was Chuck Bayliss' visit (see his article), but for each camper and staff member there is a different highlight. From Polar Bears to Tops Dipping and everything in between…every day, as you all remember, creates some very special memories…and life lessons. Still, one of the most special





The Latimer Family

moments we have every week is at Chapel Point…and I wanted to share with all of you part of the chapel I read on visitors' day…it helps explain a lot about how I feel.

"…So often in the media and society around us we hear about the macho part of being a man, about being tough and stoic and never backing down, about "manning up"; and in many cases it is a good description. But for me, there is much more and I see it every day at camp and it is what I (we) believe is a Maker of Men. When I see a young man stand up to a cabin mate and say, 'Stop being mean to him', when I see someone not afraid to take their shirt off even though they are built like me…or not afraid to make fun of themselves, dance on a table, or cry out loud with their arm around a friend when they hear Kermit the Frog sing the Rainbow Connection at the final banquet. You see…camp teaches us many valuable lessons everyday: to persevere, to not give up, to accept people for who they are, to have so much fun, and as we have said today…be nice…it's just that simple." So enjoy the Gazette and I hope it brings back some wonderful memories…it always does for me!

DAVID "LUB" LATIMER

DON SEEBACK TRIBUTE

Former Kilcoo alumnus, Donald Seeback, passed away on Wednesday, May 9, 2012, at the age of 74. Don grew up in Etobicoke and attended Kilcoo from 1948 to 1953. Alumnus and nephew of Charlie Plewman, Tony Watts, reminisces about his good friend.

Don and I were grade one buddies at Sunnylea Public School. Don was the first to get his growth spurt (must be the Dutch) and towered over us by grade 5, but we soon caught up and he ended up being the short one but very stocky. That didn't stop him from doing the 100 yard dash in 10 seconds flat, and he with the Etobicoke football team demolished all that played against us.

In 1947 I attended Kilcoo - made such a fuss about Kilcoo that Don and Gary Ward joined me for many following summers. When Don and I were counsellors we would start the day by getting up before our campers and skinny dip off the tower swimming dock.

Thinking of Don, he was kind, patient, cheerful and especially loyal; but, don't be misled, Don loved mischief. One late dark October night we made a huge pile of leaves across Bloor Street near Royal York Road, poured gas over it and lit it in front of the 1st car to happen by. The cops hunted down Don but he never ratted us out.

When Don and Pattie Campbell started dating seriously Pattie's parents disapproved. So we conspired to throw them off by me walking Pattie to high school creating a false impression.

We only got together several times after high school, the last time at Kilcoo's 75th, but when we did you would never guess it had been years since we had last seen each other. Don didn't appreciate trivial e-mail much but it was so good being able to keep in touch. His and Pattie's untimely passing leaves a big hole in my life.

TONY WATTS (1947-1954)

ALUMNI RECONNECTING: Many alumni maintain their connections with each other long after camp days are over. And so this past August, Peter Oyler and Paul Chamberlain led ersatz trippers Bob Slingerland, Peter Maybury, John Dewan and Bill Kiel back to favourite Algonquin Park campsites. Fine memories, great stories, laughs and fine tripping food were in abundance. When others among you reconnect for a special gathering send a report to us at the Gazette and we will publish it.



CALVIN MILLER THANKS AMICI SUPPORTERS

When 38 Kilcoo staff members contributed $2 each to give birth to Amici in August, 1964 they had their sights set on sending deserving children to camp and a clear marker of success would be to have campers continue on as staff members. In 2012 Calvin Miller, a senior staff member at Kilcoo spoke to a group of Amici supporters at the Peter Taylor Art Exhibition to recount his experiences as an Amici camper.

Thank you all for coming tonight. You know it's amazing what you can learn about someone from their smallest gestures: a firm handshake upon introduction, maintaining eye contact as they talk to you, or regularly using two simple yet meaningful words: thank you. At Kilcoo, we call it the making of men.

Now, I apologize to the women in the room as this phrase was coined at an all-boys camp. Yet, at the heart of this phrase lies the essence of what we learn at camp. Be kind and accommodating, treat others with respect, and don't give up at the first sign of hardship.

Hello, my name is Calvin Miller. I was an Amici kid, I am now an Amici man. I couldn't tell you what I had for dinner last night, but I remember my first day at Kilcoo. After only a few short hours with the new group, already I got in a tussle with one of my cabin mates. I remember it was over being "the broomer" and not wanting to be the "dust panner". To be sure, no one wants to be "the panner", and I was making my thoughts known. My first counsellor, Sandy MacKay, was having none of the shenanigans my cabin mate and I were offering. I don't know what Sandy said but his message was clear: the cabin would not get cleaned unless we worked together. It was at that moment that I realized I needed to be part of the team. Over the course of that summer this lesson would be reinforced every single day, and we were taught to make decisions that reflected it.

Regularly volunteering for the toughest job, not only the easiest ones, and yes, even holding the dust pan with a smile. I started to see that the only kind of success that mattered was group success. It was not only necessary for our enjoyment of camp, but in some ways our survival depended on acting like a group as well.

We were lucky enough to portage and paddle some of the most beautiful lakes in the province where we had to practise first aid, discuss emergency plans, we needed to fill in for people when they were sick or hurt – we had to work as a group or the consequences could have been dire.

Some people find this intimidating – the idea of being responsible to and for other people. I didn't think about this much until I joined the camp staff and had my own kids to look out for, but we want them to feel the joy of responsibility so they bring this ideal to every part of their community as well. This sense of group responsibility is the mark of character. Yes, these are camp lessons, but they are also life lessons, ones which I learned at Kilcoo where I could never have gone without the help of Amici.

My mother was 18 years old when I was born, so by the time I was old enough for camp, she was just getting "on her feet". It's always been just the two of us because I've never known a father. We got by; there just weren't enough extras for camp. Still, she had a sense that camp would be good for me. I've asked her about it, and although she always says, "I needed the break!", I've gotten her to tell me a few other things too.



My Mom believed being surrounded by men would help me. Mom told me that she didn't know what was waiting, but her instincts said there was something good there for me. I've grown to trust my mother's instincts because of that, because she was bang on. There was a second home for me at Kilcoo. It's a place where I have a role to play, responsibilities to fulfill. It's a place where the same strong men stuck around, came back year after year, never waivered in their commitment to helping me find my way.

It was because of Amici I was able to escape what we at Kilcoo call the real world because in comparison, camp seems like such a dream state. We may not realize how lucky we are in the moment, but when we are back in the real world we certainly do.

These lessons – appreciation for what we have, a desire to help our group, and a need to try our hardest – they don't stay at the Kilcoo shores; no, we take them wherever we go. I attend the University of Western Ontario where I am studying business management and administration. Doesn't sound like so much into the group idea does it? But, my university life has been defined by my experience at Kilcoo.

I am now going into my 11th summer at Kilcoo. I've been dreading this year for a long time because this is going to be my last one working at Kilcoo. Eventually you have to rejoin the real world for good, and now is my time.
But camp has provided me with what I will need to succeed in the world. To me the Kilcoo ideals are the mark of true success.

When I look back at Kilcoo it is easy to see how much of a positive affect it has had on my life. Explaining this affect is hard because one cannot just read about it, you have to experience it to understand. But let me assure you, no amount of money and no promise would convince me to give up what I have taken away from Kilcoo.

My mother will always be my number one hero and role model and when I look back at pivotal moments in my life, one that will always stand out is her explaining to me that Amici had said, "Yes, Calvin, you can go to camp."

CALVIN MILLER

...continued from cover



While many staff members jumped in to help us unload the canoe, there were lots of "ooohs and ahhs". All the time I'm saying to myself, "I think they really like it, they really like it!" Wow, was that rewarding. I remember saying to David, "This is for you and your Dad". That summed it all up for me.

Probably one of the most touching moments for me and my family occurred immediately after lunch, when most campers turned in for rest hour. This day however, 4 or 5 campers, including Charlie Latimer, didn't go to their cabins but hung around our canoe and asked lots of questions. Like so many others, they wanted to know how I got the canoe, why in the world was I giving it to camp and what was camp like in the 1950's, my era. I talked and talked and they listened intently. We even covered our time in the Vietnam War when fellow camper Andy Alston and I teamed up during an armed assault into enemy territory – the great " Kilcoo Rip, Ram, Razzle, Scram at 3,000 ft. Over the Rice Patties story!" Meanwhile Olivier(Sorin) was filming all this. He claimed it was for posterity. Those young campers didn't realize it, but they helped create one of the greatest rest hour periods of my life.

Throughout our day at Kilcoo, Diane and Heather were so impressed with the courtesy and respect shown for us by even the youngest campers. It just rocked their world to have 7 and 8 year olds approach with their hands outstretched, ready to shake ours and looking us in the eye with that bright greeting, "Hello, I'm Jason, glad to meet you". These were moments to cherish. Our 7-year old granddaughter, Addison, was in awe of Kilcoo. From the moment we entered the Kilcoo gate, the positive effect on her was indescribable. Later, we overheard Heather tell Addi, "I will only allow you to marry a fellow who has been to Kilcoo or another boy's camp!"

A fitting end for this most memorable visit was attending the Sunday morning service at Chapel Point. Everyone knows this is one of the best places to feel the Kilcoo "magic". This can be interpreted as love, and observing the Latimer family during this service was a picture perfect example.

Honestly, for Diane and me, this was one of the most meaningful visits of our life. We have seen a lot of the world and met many different people but this was awesome. Here we were being thanked for our gift, yet the camp did not realize what a tremendous gift they were giving us, their acceptance and approval. We will never forget this. They made us feel appreciated and welcome during every contact and conversation.

Sometimes in our busy lives, maybe after receiving some unintentional disrespect from a young person, we lament what we perceive as the decline of the younger generations. I can assure you that the young men we met during our visit are smart, articulate, physically fit and committed to the core values that make Kilcoo a wonderful starting point in a young person's life. They will be ready to lead and will be remarkable citizens when their time comes. I imagine that you, my reader, are probably saying, "Would you expect anything less of Kilcoo Camp?" Of course the answer is a resounding "No!"

CHUCK BAYLESS (1949-1959)

THE KILCOO FLEET REBORN

Four years after the inception of the Kilcoo Canoe Project, both Kilcoo Camp's canoe fleet and Gull Lake Boat Works have grown. Kilcoo now has fourteen Kilcoo "Special" canoes; seven outfitted for tripping and seven for general lake use to augment the current (and decaying) original Minto Marine canoes. Despite the intense use these canoes have received, the first generation of the new "Specials" have worn their four years very well. Their excellent condition, and a reinvigorated canoeing program, are both testaments to the care and regard with which Kilcoo Camp continues to hold for these boats.



In addition, after a three-year repair period, both the Algonquin and the Iroquois 22' War Canoes were this summer once again united in competition during the Bushpede and the Kilcoo Olympics. In fact, these very large and extremely rare boats were a favourite amongst both campers and staff.

Most recently, "The Needle," a 24' cedar strip canoe of questionable origin, was refinished and delivered to camp in wait for 2013. The Needle is joined by the fleet's most recent addition: an award-winning 19' cedar strip canoe donated by Alumnus Chuck Bayless. Many thanks, Chuck. We'll treat her right!

Kilcoo can expect five new "Specials" arriving throughout 2013, and perhaps even the return of "Sinbad," the last remnant of Kilcoo's wooden sailboat fleet. Kilcoo certainly welcomes 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.

NELSON ARCHER

A TRUE STORY BY: NOT JOHNNY KILCOO

This account of a canoe trip from the 1970's may not fall into the class as favourite, but certainly it will qualify as most memorable.

I have been on countless canoe trips, even come close to death on a few: an overturned war canoe crossing Go Home Bay in a storm at the age of 9 or 10; the next summer nearly being swept over a 30 foot water fall where a child had died just weeks before; fighting hypothermia after barely making it to shore having tipped a canoe one late October weekend. During 10 years of solo week long trips into the James Bay watershed I experienced several misadventures including being hopelessly lost.

But, a camping trip as a first year CIT without doubt will live on in my memory as the scariest canoe trip I've ever been on. First, you must understand the cabin group: The group (I think 1st year Northwesters) all brought teddy bears and other assorted stuffed animals to camp. These weren't hidden to be snuck out at night and returned to their hiding places by morning. Rather, all were proudly displayed in cubby holes and carefully arranged propped up against pillows. Our cabin looked like my baby sister's room.

Dave Stewart (Counsellor), John Muise (Tripper) and I were finishing our last portage at the top of Algonquin which was to end what was arguably the most camper complaint filled four day trip in Kilcoo's history. Once again we were forced to carry their packs on most if not all of the portages leaving just paddles and lifejackets for them to carry.

One particular portage ended with a small, 3 foot waterfall leading into the lake. It was a hot clear blue sky day and we let the kids play in the waterfall to cool off. It was then that Dave and I realized we were down to our last couple of cigarettes. With a half day and night before pick up at the Ranger Station/RV Park at the end of the lake...this would not do. We asked John if he would mind watching the kids while we paddled to the end of the lake under the guise of buying "goodies" for the kids... AKA smokes.



We thought we would be an hour or so and agreed to meet at a predetermined marked campsite about half way up the lake. Great, off Dave and I went. At the ranger station, we pulled our canoe up on shore and walked the half mile or so up the hill to town only to find the store closed for lunch. We waited until it opened, bought our smokes, and with no money left for goodies joked about what excuse we would give the campers. (Nice guys huh?) Lighting up in unison we let out a serene and satisfying blue grey billow of smoke signifying that now all is right with the world when suddenly we were startled by a panic stricken native woman dragging her child as they ran by the store as if the devil himself were on her heals. Dave and I look at each other, shrugged and hurried towards the lake as we had now been gone longer than planned.

Rounding the first corner still on top of the hill, we could see out over the lake. The sight stopped us dead in our tracks. The sky was divided as if someone had taken a ruler, drawn a perfect horizontal line colouring clear blue sky above with dark greys, blacks, greens and yellows below. The wind hit us first kicking dime sized stones off the gravel road at us followed by lightning and sideways rain. We ran to get to the canoe under the horrible realization that if John had stayed at the waterfall for an hour or so as planned, he and the campers would now be caught in the middle of the lake.

Just as we crossed a railway track near the water there was a tremendous crack of lighting coupled with booming thunder, the kind that rattles your heart. A tree fell. I could smell ozone. Everything seemed to be in slow motion and the world looked like a negative image. To this day I am unsure if it was just a close strike or if the track I stepped on in bare wet feet was hit. Dave did not have the same experience. Huh!

Arriving at shore we were confronted by huge crashing waves. Suicide to venture onto the lake! We ran into the ranger station only to be thwarted again. They refused to go out in a motorboat as this storm was now an official hurricane with winds hitting 85 mph. Dave and I begged, explaining there were three canoes on the lake - one with a tripper and two kids the other two each with



three inexperienced kids! We were told nothing could be done, we had to wait it out.

Dave and I made nervous jokes about who was to, and how to explain to Chief we lost three canoes oh, and while we're on the subject, a tripper and eight kids while we went to buy smokes! Not a good time for jokes I admit, but it's odd how one reacts under a feeling of guilt and despair.

Typically, mercifully, as with most violent northern Ontario summer storms, it subsided quickly. Tying our canoe to the back end of the ranger boat, off we went to scour the lake for our group. It was surprising how much debris was in the lake. Each piece of floating wood in the distance had the alarming resemblance to some part of a wrecked canoe. As we motored towards our predetermined campsite, the Ranger driving the boat found a couple of beers by his feet in a valise and offered us one to calm our nerves. We accepted and kept our vigil for the group. They were not at the camp site so we followed the shore line while keeping an eye on another storm front coming in: same horizontal line in the sky. After what seemed like an eternity we found our group, shaken, but safely on shore by a small feeder stream and swamp. The Ranger dropped us off and hurried back as the next storm was about to hit.

John explained he had seen the coming storm while on the lake, made it to a small island, waited the storm out, and headed to the closest mainland shore. Looking out at the island from shore it couldn't have been more than 20-30 feet round with a couple of scruffy birches. Not where I would want to be in a hurricane. Nevertheless – GOOD WORK JOHN. Well done indeed with this group.

The coming storm almost upon us, Dave, John and I did not have time to set up camp. Turning the canoes upside down, we placed the ends on a fallen log, draped the tents over the canoes, and all ten of us crawled in and

huddled inside to wait out the storm that was now upon us. Not only was it uncomfortable being jammed together and hunched over, it was then the one who is Him in his infinite wisdom decided we needed mosquitoes and black flies in biblical numbers. Tired, scared, wet, hungry and being eaten alive, the kids began crying and complaining. I didn't blame them. This was misery personified. We gave them our clothes for protection and what was left of the bread (which at this point in the trip resembled something left in your pants pocket after the washing machine) along with the last of the P.B. & J.

The three of us went outside to pitch a tent. Not a chance in the wind. We tried leaning and lashing a canoe to a tree with a tent draped over it, and decided not much room for ten. The wind finally subsided about seven pm. We had successfully pitched one tent.

While pitching the tent, the three of us clad only in underwear save for rain ponchos watched in amazement the yellow of our ponchos turn dark with sheer numbers of insects. Under the ponchos... a veritable picnic of unprotected skin.

Once in the tent, with the campers still complaining while madly slapping and scratching we used our best camper psychology and made a game of who had the most bites. The winner, a camper with thirty plus welts on his forehead alone. Eventually, we all drifted off to sleep, arms and legs everywhere, we ten in a four man tent. The next morning we awoke to a beautiful summer's day; broke camp, and headed off to the ranger station to be picked up.

In my later years at Kilcoo I made a habit of taking my campers on slack trips thinking that was cool. In retrospect, what a cheat that was to my campers. Aren't those trips that try our inexperience under extraordinary circumstances or demand the most of us the very ones we remember above all others and talk about over and over, just as I have my experience with Dave, John and the campers on that trip?

JEFF LLOYD 1970-79

OLYMPICS AND BUSHPEDE: ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL

This summer your editor had the chance to engage a group of LIT's in a lively debate over which special Kilcoo activity was the best: Bushpede in July or the Olympics in August. In Tim McMartin's article looking back at his years at Kilcoo there is no doubt where his sentiments lie. We will welcome any submissions with claims favouring the Olympics (they date back to 1956) and there may some of you who have memories of the monthly carnivals, Western Days or even other special days of earlier decades. Sorry Tim, but in 2012 the Iroquois won!



As a camper and staff member at Kilcoo for 14 years, there are a lot of great memories that I find myself reliving on a daily basis. However, from my first impressionable year at camp there has always been one event that has held a special place in my heart: the Bushpede! I arrived at Kilcoo when I was 12 years old with little knowledge of what to expect. I had heard some great stories from my older brother who had attended the year before, but that was all. I was a July camper and I remember arriving, meeting Lub, watching fireworks, picking my bunk, meeting my cabin mates, and going on my first ever canoe trip. However, for me, the Bushpede was the best event of the whole month. We awoke in the morning and were broken up into the Algonquin and Iroquois tribes. I followed in my brother's footsteps and joined the Algonquins. Arriving in the lodge that morning with us on one side and the "Quois" on the other was amazing. Before breakfast was served the chants we had practised the night before were in full swing and the adrenaline was pumping. That first Bushpede was somewhat of a blur as we ran from the water boil, to the caber toss, then the log saw, jello eating, nail drive and more. But my favourite event was the staff log chop. Watching the staff members, who I idolized, tear through those logs was an amazing sight. Usually Lub would finish first or second for the Iroquois tribe, which I didn't hold against him. Luckily, as I became staff, I was able to compete along side some of the great staff members that I had always looked up to, and I even took home first one year. For me, the Bushpede is one of the events that I will always cherish and think back on fondly in the last weeks of July.

"We're big, we're red, the Quois are dead.....".

TIM MCMARTIN (1996-2009)

The Olympics were always my favourite special event at camp but not based on winning or losing. As a Senior camper in August, 1959 I was the sole entry for Australia in the final event: the Senior Obstacle Course to be held after dinner on the final day. Win, and I was the hero who would propel us to victory past South Africa; lose, and mine was the shame. The race stress was enormous and I could not eat any of my dinner. The course required tight roping the slippery cylindrical beams on the beach area fence, launching the body through the camp truck windows, portaging a canoe up a hill beside a staff cabin and some crab walking over difficult terrain. I finished 3rd – I thought not good enough, until I, along with the other 4 competitors, were hoisted on staff shoulders and carried to the lodge, all of us, to the cheers of the entire camp. Who won, or didn't win, did not matter. What a lesson it was, still remembered fondly 53 years later.



ANONYMOUS CAMPER

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.

KEVIN BRIGHT (1978-1990) Kevin is a partner with McKinsey & Company, a global management-consulting firm that has taken him and his family around the world. He currently lives outside New York City with his wife Leigh and daughters, Cady and Quinn. Each summer the family relocates to Muskoka, and both girls attend Glen Bernard Camp. Kevin continues to be an avid cyclist, skier, canoeist and sailor, focusing much of his time on teaching the girls a love for the outdoors.

BOB SLINGERLAND (1961-1981) During my twentieth and last year at Kilcoo I met the love of my life and married her in November of that year. We started our married life in Toronto, moved to King City and then to Penetanguishene, Ontario. While this was going on, I was blessed with three daughters (Amanda, Dayna and Laura), who are now in their twenties. I also changed my career somewhat going from being an elementary school teacher to a secondary school teacher. I retired from teaching in 1996 but still work with young people through OBA basketball and high school musicals. My wife Deb and I still live on the shores of Georgian Bay and look forward to travel and grandchildren.

ANDREW BLAKELY (1991-2002) Since his last year at Kilcoo 10 years ago, Andrew snuck in a little bit of travelling before pursuing a career in sports marketing. Now working with Canlan Ice Sports Corp, he continues to be reminded of the fact that it was at Kilcoo where he really fell in love with sport and competition. It was there that he learned the real importance of being a good teammate, and being a good winner as well as a good loser...though he still struggles with the losing part. Now happily living with his girlfriend of 5 years, he has also been a proud participant in the Canoe Heads For Kids event for the past few years, and he looks forward to helping out with that event for many years to come.

BRUCE MACDONALD (1968-1975) My first and last cabin was "The Kremlin" – yes, a capitalist in the Cold War era Kremlin! Kilcoo provided me with invaluable life-skills (that plus driving motorcycles and working at the Rockcliffe). By 1975, I'd fallen in love and Jane said yes, so I needed a career (plus paying for our 2 sons at Kilcoo and a daughter at Tanamakoon). I have held corporate Human Resource positions in Canada and the USA and have managed an HR Consulting & Executive Search firm since 1992. Jane and I live in Nashville, Tennessee and cottage in Parry Sound.

JIM PAULUCCI (1958-1962) In the fall of 1962, I left Canada for college in Chicago. I met my wife in freshman class but did not marry her for fifteen years until we found each other working in the same building. We have a son, daughter-in-law and two grandchildren. During seven college years my activities included summer camp, high school hockey coach and a teacher of U. S. History. I went on to work in state government for 32 years. The first assignments were in the Director's Office for employee relations and training program design. In the later years I was the manager for budget and contract administration in the management information systems area. Again I spent time with college hockey as a coach, outdoor education, and church leadership. Presently, I am retired on four rural acres in Indiana where I work and play at a golf course and drive my John Deere tractor into beautiful sunsets. I wish to thank Dr. John Reynolds and friends from Kilcoo.

MICHAEL ANSTEY (1990-2001) Mike is currently a Project Leader in the Toronto office of the Boston Consulting Group, a global management consulting firm. Mike's focus is on supporting clients in the health care sector. Prior to joining BCG, Mike was an Investment Analyst and Kauffman Fellow at Oxford Capital Partners, a UK-based venture capital firm that specializes in investing in UK headquartered, globally focused, science and technology businesses. Prior to joining Oxford Capital, Mike was an academic researcher in the field of neuroscience. He was a lead member of the team, based at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and Sydney, that discovered the underlying neural basis of locust swarm formation, a phenomenon that costs billions of dollars in damage to crops and affects the livelihood of 10% of the planet's population. Mike graduated with a degree in Biology from Queen's University and earned his PhD in Zoology from Oxford University where he was the Hope Scholar.

FUTURE CAMPERS?

It is always exciting when an alumnus reports the birth of a child and we do our best to let you know when a Kilcoo friend passes away. We ask you to keep us informed in either case.

From ***GEORGE WRIGHT (last year at Kilcoo 2002)*** comes news that Lachlin Andrew Wright was born July 17th weighing in at 5 pounds, 6 ounces; first born for George and his wife Stephanie, and a grandchild for alumnus Todd. ***PETER TAYLOR'S (1993)*** wife Leslie Evans gave birth to Isla Edens Taylor on September 16th (6 lbs. 10oz.) the same day as ***SEAN MITCHELL'S (1999)*** wife Nora Kot gave birth to Avery Kot Mitchell (6 lbs. 13 oz.). Finally, ***JAMIE LYNN'S (1998)*** wife, Meredith, brought Athena Lynn into the world in London, England on August 12th (7.1lbs.) We understand all babies and mothers are doing well, and parents are getting as little sleep as might be expected. Congratulations parents!

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!

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