"Share the Gift of Summer Camp!"

THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE

Volume 21 Issue 1 - Published by Amici and Kilcoo Camp - Autumn 2013
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SCOTT MCBURNEY - GULL ROCK GAZETTE'S FIRST EDITOR (1994-1997)

In May of this year, I received an email from Paul Chamberlain. He indicated that 2013 was the 20th anniversary of the Gull Rock Gazette. To celebrate this event, Paul was hoping that each of the previous editors would be willing to write an article sharing some experiences from their tenure. As founding editor of the Gazette, this email struck me for a couple of reasons. First, I found it incredible that 20 years had passed since I first proposed the idea to John Latimer about creating a newsletter to keep Kilcoo alumni in touch with each other and up to date on the "goings-on" at Kilcoo and AMICI. Second, it made me reflect on how remarkable it is that the Gazette has been in continuous print for 20 years and has improved with each issue. I readily accepted Paul's invitation but I knew it would be a challenge to put down all of my thoughts in the allocated 400 words – here goes (I went a little over the limit!).

When I first discussed the idea of the Gazette with the Chief, he was instantly excited and onboard. Within seconds, he started generating a raft of ideas for content and approach – it was as though he had been thinking about this exact concept for years (I am sure he had been). He offered his total support for rounding up content contributors because he knew that this would be one of the biggest challenges that I would face (he was right). The other thing I remember vividly is that he really wanted to include a section in each edition called "Kilcoo Trivia". During my tenure, he eagerly provided all of that content. I always looked forward to receiving the Kilcoo Trivia questions from the Chief – many of the questions that I did not know the answers to would lead to fascinating conversations with him about Kilcoo history.

In preparing to write these words, I pulled out the first issue of the Gazette, which I had not looked at in many years. It brought back some great memories. The first thing I noticed was the cover article entitled "Venerable Highland Yard draws 475 Runners". It was written by my good friend and legendary Kilcoo staff member Dave "Red" Graham who sadly passed away in October 2009. Red was the Highland Yard Race Director for several years and like everything he did, he gave it "his all". Under his stewardship, tens of thousands of dollars were raised for AMICI. The first issue also mentioned that the Chief's book "Maker of Men – The Kilcoo Story" would be started upon his retirement from RSGC and that he was looking for content. The issue mentioned the founding of the Kilcoo Alumni Association (KCAA) by its first president, Tim Currie, and the establishment of the KCAA Barbecue Organizing Sub-committee chaired by brother Ian Currie. It also included an update on AMICI's activities from then President Mike "Woody" Sherwood and a report from the AMICI Campership Chairman, Mike Latimer.

While I think the first issue was a good start, the content was a little thin as I was finding my way. I think each issue got better as more people contributed content and ideas. After a few years, I decided it was time to pass the torch. It was getting harder to find the time with an expanding workload and, frankly, my creativity was drying up. The Chief was great about this. He said (paraphrasing) "Scottie, you started something special but, in anything, there comes a time for new people to take over to bring renewed energy and ideas" (I was immediately reminded of the very sad speech the Chief gave at the closing banquet in 1981 when he announced he was retiring as director).

I am really pleased to see how the Gazette has flourished over the years. The content is broader and deeper and the format and graphics have been significantly refined (I will say I am glad that the little seagull logo has been retained – that is the one thing I "gently" requested when I retired as editor). I think it is clear that, 20 years after its founding, the Gazette is doing what the Chief hoped it would do – helping to keep the very special Kilcoo spirit strong among its alumni! Rip Ram!

SCOTT MCBURNEY
1973-1984



THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE

Volume 1, Issue 1 - Published by the Kilcoo Alumni Association - May 1994

In this issue . .

Highland Yard 1993 - This AMICI event has become very popular - Page 1
Kilcoo Trivia - Test your knowledge of Kilcoo folklore - Page 1
The Kilcoo Alumni Association - Tim Currie discusses the activities of this new organization - Page 2
"Maker of Men - The Kilcoo Story" - Make your contribution - Page 2
The Ultimate Kilcoo Canoe Trip - Details on an exciting Alaskan Cruise in Summer 1995 - Page 2
Kilcoo 1994 - Dave Latimer talks about "present day" Kilcoo - Page 3
The Kilcoo Spirit - A former Kilcoo staff member provides a moving account of the impact Kilcoo had on his life - Page 3
AMICI News
• A Message from the President - Comments on AMICI's success and the need for contributions - Page 3
• Campership Committee Report - Mike Latimer discusses the Campership program - Page 4
• Camp Inawendawin - Inawendawin Alumni are generous AMICI supporters - Page 4

EDITOR'S NOTE
Please forward any comments, questions, or contributions for future editions of "THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE" to Scott McBurney, c/o Kilcoo Camp, 150 Eglington Ave. East, Suite 204, Toronto, Ontario M4P 1E8

VENERABLE HIGHLAND YARD DRAWS 475 RUNNERS (AND ONE CBC CELEBRITY!)

"Ready, Go" boomed the voice of Phil Sherwood at the start of the 22nd Annual Highland Yard. As his words echoed down the Deep Bay Road, more than 450 runners sprinted off towards Minden. Included in these runners were 123 Kilcoo campers and staff who smashed the then existing group participation record. As a result of their efforts, the entire camp received free ice cream courtesy of the Kawartha Dairy and the Bank of Montreal.

At the finish line, Bill Meeker, Jennifer Meeker, Ian Sainsbury, Jamie Wallace, Elizabeth Wallace, Mike Newediuk, Mike Macdonald, Wally Oakes, Scott Elmhirst, Barb Macintosh, Jill Graham, Mike Sherwood, Sam Baldwin, Sue Smith, Janine Sumner, and many other volunteers co-ordinated the results, the timing, and the finish area. Back on the course, Scott Russell, Tim Currie, Jeff Madonald, Bruce Ross, and Scott McBurney all set new alumni records by easily surpassing the previous time set by Wally Oakes. Hal Hannaford who was unable to attend the 1993 Highland Yard now training to set a new record this summer!

Thanks to the efforts of many volunteers, the 1993 Highland Yard was a great success. Many Kilcoo Alumni came out to run or to help celebrate! This year, the new Race Directors, Scott Elmhirst and Scott Merrick, have many ideas to help the tradition grow! We hope to see as many as possible coming out to participate or to cheer on runners! Many thanks to everyone who helped out over the past three years to make the event so much fun.

David Graham
Race Director
Highland Yard

CBC Sportscaster and Ex-Kilcoo Assistant Director Scott Russell and Senior Insurance Industry Executive Tim Currie cool down after the gruelling 1993 Highland Yard race.

KILCOO TRIVIA

(Answers on back page)

1. Who were the original "Bachelors Three"?
2. . Who fell asleep on the tower just before he was to play taps during a final pageant?
3. What was the name of the bus company which drove home those whose tenure at Kilcoo had been terminated?
4. What were the first three words of the breakfast grace during the fifties, sixties, and seventies?
5. Which staff member was caught sleeping on Visitors' Day by Mrs. Chief?
6. Who built the flaming sign for the closing pageant in which the words read, "For a good time call 286-1091"? What happened to the sign?
7. Who was John Latimer's first waterfront director when he took over from Charlie Plewman in 1956?
8. In the early seventies, Kilcoo was visited by a creature from outer space - who was the creature?
9. Two staff members were hitch-hiking around the world a few years ago. One was travelling from east to west, the other was travelling from west to east. On a lonely highway in New

EDITOR'S MUSINGS

With this issue we are completing the 20th year of publishing the Gull Rock Gazette. What Scott McBurney inaugurated in the spring of 1994 has become a regular fixture that has helped provide a connection to Kilcoo for all of us as we have continued on with our busy lives. Included here are reports from 5 of the first 7 editors and I am thankful to all of them for keeping this wonderful newsletter alive for so long. Scott has made available a copy of that first issue that I can send to anyone with nostalgic instincts. Simply send your request to gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com

The 2013 summer at Kilcoo was extremely successful, though somewhat unique, what with a single July heat wave surrounded by cooler weeks and a tornado that Lub describes in detail in his Fireside Chat. Yet again camp was very full, so full in fact that the former staff cabin, "The Hole" had to be torn down and rebuilt as a camper cabin.



Bringing up names from the distant past I was assured by Phil Harris (1953-58) that while yes, he had moved inland to Palm Desert, California, he was in no danger of the raging California wildfires. Dan Yarmey (1949-57) reported in from Guelph that some teachers or athletic trainers among our alumni might be interested in his newly published e-book, *Enhancing Performance: Mental Training for Coaches, Athletes and Parents*. To check it out, try googling Barnes & Noble and select "Nook Books". The book's "call" number is 2940044475069.

As will be obvious in "The Spark" Amici had another banner summer and it was my honour to be able to participate again in this year's Canoe Heads event. Later in June Bob Dameron and a few alumni friends (pictured to the right) gathered together for a day of golf and in doing so, raised $500 for Amici. Then this fall the usual suspects got together for a drink, a bite to eat, and a chance to chat in Toronto and were joined this time by Don Story(1959-67) who flew in from Saskatoon. While the range of years at Kilcoo represented by those of us who meet runs from 1953 to the 70's, anyone is welcome. Just let us know and we will be glad to include you.

September 2014 marks the time of the next alumni reunion and we expect a full camp for the weekend of the 26th. Long overdue is our welcome to the women among our alumni and we hope that some of them will want to participate. Included in this issue is the registration form for all to reserve your spot and make sure you plan to be part of a great opportunity to reconnect with the camp and the many friends who helped make your summers memorable.

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN

PAST EDITORS REFLECTION BY JAMIE LYNN AND SEAN MCCURLEY, EDITORS FROM 2002-2003

The Gazette was a way to get involved with Kilcoo's alumni, but mostly it was an avenue for us to continue the shenanigans we had left behind on Gull Lake as sailing instructors a few years prior (Bocknek, we're sorry). We approached each issue with the same goal - make this thing fun to read so people will actually read it. To that end, we introduced features like top ten lists, cooking with Jean Marie, and Separated in Minden (where we exposed our Kilcoo celebrity look a likes). A big shout out to Plugs for providing us with a hilarious comic strip and to all of our enthusiastic contributors - and most of all, thanks to those who allowed us to have a little fun at their expense. In the end, we think we put out some entertaining issues, ruffled some feathers, and had a lot of fun. We drove the Hugster, our desktop publisher, nuts and may have given Mouse, then president of Amici, a few grey hairs. Mouse was responsible for final review and was charged with keeping us from offending our readers (which in hind sight was a decent idea).

Thanks to Paul for giving us one more chance to entertain in this issue. Here's another Separated in Minden for old time's sake (sorry Huggy).

SEAN MCCURLEY AND JAMIE LYNN
1987-1998 1983-1998



Separated in Minden. Who knew our very own publisher had such close ties to black belt greatness? Turns out Michael 'Huggy' Adamsom shares close genetic ties with Hollywood star Steven Seagal. We're just glad Huggy wasn't trained in the ancient ways until after our stint as editors; no doubt he would have turned us into chop suey.



James McCulloch, Bob Dameron, Jeff Lloyd, Bill Meeker, Paul Weale, Randy Kline, Ray Lyons, Tim Stanley, Rob Galloway, Joe Bales

FIRESIDE CHAT

From Lub and the entire Latimer Family

The date was Friday July 19th and it was very hot and muggy at camp; in fact, the weather had been like that for a few days. So during lunch, for the first time in years, I mentioned to all the kids that if the "worst case weather scenario" happened, we would all go under the lodge to wait out the storm together. Well, just after 3:00pm this "worst case scenario" actually happened! I was on the Camp Rock stage in Apache Park with some LITs and I quickly made my way over to the tower while watching an ever darkening sky. We already had the small triangle flag up and by the time I reached the tower the waterfront had already been closed by Phil Williams (Trailblazer section director), all the boats were off the water, and the campers were hustling to shelter… And, then… BOOM… the weather really went off! The run from the tower was wild: kids yelling and running towards the lodge, trees and branches falling everywhere around us and even canoes being swept off the beach, flying through the air and ending up beside the Camp Awakening cabin up the hill!

When I made it to the Rec Room under the Lodge, almost everyone in camp was there too; there was some nervous laughter, some nervous tears and lots of yelling. We got everyone settled down and accounted for everyone within a few minutes and we were singing songs as the wind and rain absolutely howled around us. With our arms around each other we sang When you Walk Through a Storm, and to me, it was a very powerful moment, one of the most unique I have experienced at Kilcoo. After the songs, the weather outside had calmed down, so we emerged to view the destruction, and wow, it was something… Dozens of trees had fallen, the docks had snapped off and were all floating in the bay, and two canoes had snapped off of their lashes and suffered serious damage. Branches, leaves and shrubs were everywhere, camp was a mess! The clean-up began immediately… axes, chainsaws, shovels, and the power of the people from the smallest Trailblazers to the biggest Voyageur and all the Staff and LITS in between! They all had the same words to say: "How can I help?"

It was a crazy 5 days without power, but thanks to our generator the Lodge and the water systems all had power! It truly showed me the strength of character that we have at





Kilcoo: We were "all for one and one for all"; we held our "heads up high" at the end of the storm, and we all enjoyed the "Golden Sky". All these words we sing in the lodge and in the evening at flag lowering they became so clear, and we realized the importance of the bond we have at Kilcoo! Every camper who was there that day has their own story, and I know they are all legendary… and will grow! It was a certainly a legendary day for me; one of the highlights not only of this summer, but in all of my 29 years as director. The moment captured the concept of "Maker of Men" and it will stay with me forever.

It was a wonderful summer for so many other reasons as well and the population at Kilcoo was the biggest ever! I know you, the Alumni, will appreciate "The Tornado Story", as you have your own tales of adventure from camp. These stories remind us of our special place on Gull Lake and I hope you will be able to share them with each other at the reunion next September. The reunion is truly a special weekend to celebrate what a special place and community we are all a part of. I am happy to wish, along with Beth, my kids, Mrs. Chief, Tingles and Kim, everyone the very best. As always, Paul has done an awesome job with the Gazette; enjoy!

DAVID "LUB" LATIMER

"MAKER OF MEN" THEN AND NOW

In 1899 Finnish composer Jean Sibelius wrote the symphonic poem "Finlandia" to serve as both a tribute to his homeland's history and a subtle protest against the oppressive censorship imposed by neighbouring Russia. The last third of the poem was a hymn which, with the lyrics composed by Kilcoo's Ed Devitt in 1933, is known to us all as our camp hymn "Maker of Men". The original score became one of Finland's most important national songs, in 1963 the melody was adopted for a time by Rice University in Houston, Texas as their school song, and four years later was used as a national anthem by the Nigerian breakaway nation of Biafra.

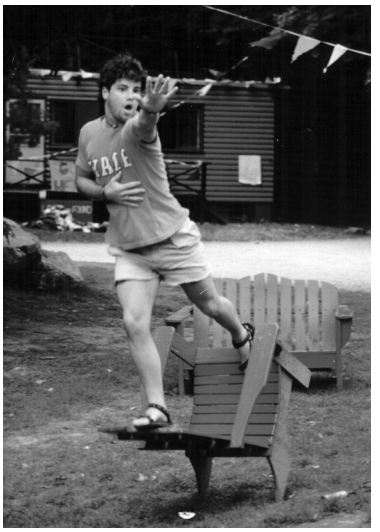
Recently, the original score titled "Be Still My Soul" was recorded by an English boys' choir and I suggest that for any nostalgic Kilcoo alumnus, listening to this version of the song with eyes closed will take you back to the shores of Gull Lake and kindle memories and emotions. The choir, called Libera is made up entirely of boys from South London aged 7 to 16.



If any alumni would like the itunes recording for their computer please send your request to gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com and I will be glad to e-mail it to you. My awareness of this recording is thanks to alumnus Hugh Gage.

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN
1956-67

PAST EDITOR REFLECTION BY TED MORGAN, EDITOR FROM 2000-2002



Are you like me? Does a feeling of excitement and anticipation come over you twice a year when that Kilcoo-crested letter-sized envelope arrives in the mail? For me it's always brought a renewed sense of connection to camp as I flip through the iconic green and white pages. So when the opportunity arose to take over the reigns as editor and be responsible for delivering that "piece of Kilcoo" twice a year I did not hesitate to say yes.

This was back in the early 2000's and as a bonus in those days the role of Gazette editor came with being made a member of the AMICI board. Attending meetings at Chief and Mrs. Chief's house on York Valley Crescent, followed by "High House" on Avenue Rd., was certainly one of the perks. Having spent 11 summers at Kilcoo (5 on staff) being able to maintain the continuity of camp in my life by collecting stories and photographs from alumni and AMICI supporters was a jubilant activity.

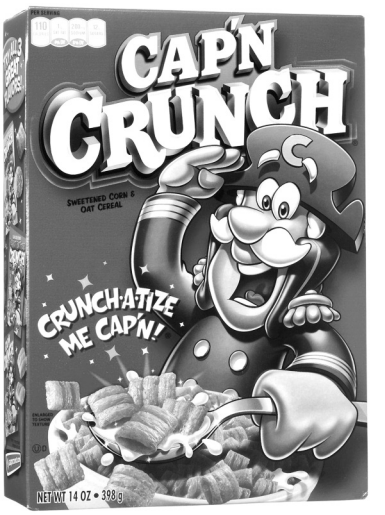
If memory serves me my "term" as editor lasted 2 years, coming to an end when I decided to move to BC (the option of opening a Western bureau Gazette office at the time just didn't make sense). Two memories stand out as notable "legacy" achievements during that time. Both came as a result of my recruitment of Ben Baldwin as unofficial Gazette creative director (his work on cabin signs as a staff member was legendary so I knew he could make an impact).

The two of us had been tasked by the board to come up with a new tagline for AMICI. After working through several options and iterations I believe we arrived at a shortlist of three, one of which was "Share the Gift of Summer Camp!". I still get a kick out of seeing that line atop the Gazette's front page in every issue (note to editor: don't change tagline). The other memory and addition made during that time was small but I think remains impactful. The placement of the gull next to the author's name of each article. That was Ben's idea. Simple, friendly, classic.

The real backbone of the Gazette though in those days was Mike "Huggy" Adamson. I collected the stories and tried to figure out some sort of thread with each issue, but Huggy put it all together. I'm confident that if it wasn't for Pinetop Designs, the Gazette would not have continued to remain the mainstay publication it has been for so many years. Of course Lub and Chief also deserve credit for their ideas and guidance with each issue. Plus I just like extending them thanks for any Kilcoo-related goodness that's happened in my life. Certainly getting the chance to grow even closer to Chief as a member of the AMICI board during those years was one of the finest side benefits. Thanks for those days comrades. And stories!

TED MORGAN
1983-1993

PAST EDITORS REFLECTION BY BEN BALDWIN, EDITOR FROM 1997-2000



My brother Sam and I started at Kilcoo in 1985, during Lub's first year as director. We chose Kilcoo because there were boxes of Cap'n Crunch on the breakfast tables in the future Director's slideshow. I'm not joking.

Over the years, I became an LIT, then a counsellor, then I led trips – the last of which was to the Chilkoot Pass and Big Salmon River. In all this time, we never had Cap'n Crunch for breakfast. All of these experiences remain unforgettable and have made an impact on my life, but the most important aspects of Kilcoo for me are the friends, memories, and life lessons that I took away.

When I left camp, The Chief asked me to become involved with Amici, so I took him up on it. We had some people in charge of campership, some who were in charge of rye and gingers, and then there was a guy who couldn't write real good who said he'd take over the Gull Rock Gazette. That was me.

As editor of the Gull Rock Gazette, I was following a tough act: its founder, Scott McBurney. Scott was putting a lot of work into the Gazette, because these were still the days of Gutenberg, i.e. before desktop publishing. We'd struggle through formatting the paper, cutting things to make them fit, etc. I remember lots of paper scraps and physical photos. I can't recall the whole process -- either because it was so long ago, or I've blocked it out because it was so painful.

So, either because I'm a computer nerd or because I'm lazy, I decided we'd take advantage of desktop publishing to produce the Gazette. I called alumnus Mike Adamson, of Pinetop Designs, to design the layout and help me produce the paper. Mike was actually so good that my job changed from producing a paper to nagging people for content. It must have taken me half the time to produce a Gazette than McB. So, I added another section, for more content, as a guilt avoidance tactic. But I decided to fill it mostly with photos because that took up the most space. I also had a slight hunch that Kilcoo people love pictures.

I ran the Gazette for a few years, seeing hundreds of pictures, but never came across that Cap'n Crunch picture again. I think Lub took that picture at Mazinaw and just told us it was Kilcoo.

BEN BALDWIN
1985-1995

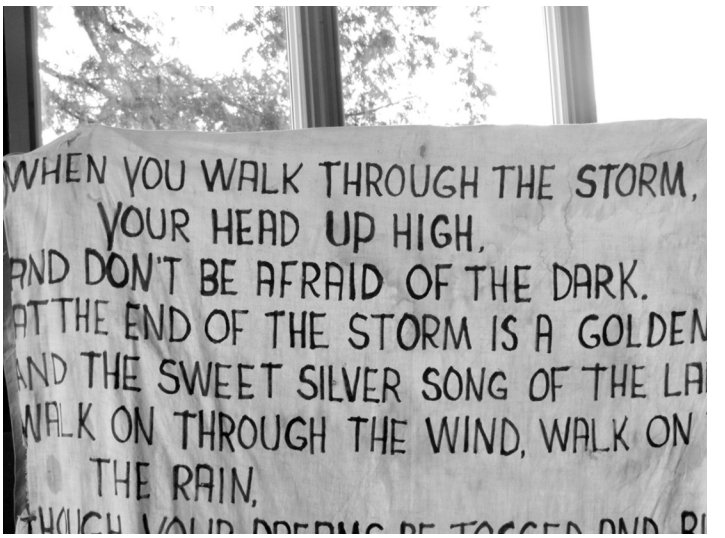
CONFIRMING MEMORIES AND KINDLING THE KILCOO FIRES

In July 2013, I plotted a stopover at Kilcoo en route to cottage country. Of course, when you have a 2 year old boy and 5 year old girl, the drive to camp from Ottawa can get a bit hairy. Solution? Grab chocolate milkshakes at Kawartha Dairy for "breakfast", teach everyone the words to "Oh! Vreneli, my pretty one!" and promise everyone that the lunchtime party at Kilcoo's Lodge will be insanely awesome. Build unreasonable expectations of a summer camp wonderland, fuel the children with glucose, mollify your spouse with bromides about "feeling like a kid again", and you've got a recipe for overhyped Kilcoo magic!

My confidence was not misplaced. We arrived in a manner reminiscent of so many staff days off: 9 minutes after the 10-minute bell had rung, racing up the hill past Lub's cabin (with kids in each arm) so fast that I nearly failed to notice the upsized, box-shaped Mansion on my left. But when the lodge's screen doors slammed behind me, the utter awesomeness of the scene was on plain display. Lub gave us all big hugs, introduced us to the Trapper overflow table where I'd later meet the sons of two staff members I looked up to in the 1980s (Chuck Fisher, Mike Bellamy), and made sure that my wife and kids felt like the most special people in the world. Time stopped. We sang our grace to higher powers. And the universe was reduced to an elevated eating platform above the diamonds shimmering on Gull Lake. I was returned to my natural camp habitat, for the first time en famille.

Suffice to say that the Amos family visit to camp was as special as I could have ever imagined. I wish my father Bruce and uncles Bob and Paul could have seen the look on my son Enrique Mateo's face when he heard 300 "big guys" belt out his own bed-time songs - "Zoomba Za" and "Walk Through the Storm" - at top volume. Neither he nor Paloma Grace, my daughter, could read nor had any clue what to make of the weighty cotton lyric sheets that hung at the front; but since they knew all the words already, it mattered not. The hook was set; the insanity of the Kilcoo lunchtime singsong would not be forgotten.

As we approach 2020, when the third Amos generation joins the ranks of Kilcoo boys, I truly hope Lub is at the helm. His is now a household name at our place in Chelsea (15km upstream of the confluence of the Gatineau and Ottawa rivers). His ability to connect, get personal, ask questions, and then pivot at high-speed to take care of other business before returning to pay further attention, was nothing short of phenomenal. It boggles my mind to think of how many Kilcoo boys have been blessed by this level of detailed engagement. And great leadership trickles down to manifest its early signs among the younger generation, with forthright introductions from so many campers, LITs and staff, their eye contact steady above the firm handshake. It gives me confidence that Kilcoo is still the kind of place where parents can entrust their most precious children, knowing that the process and values of man-making have changed little over time.



I'm not so sentimental or intoxicated by the fumes of my youth to think that nothing at Kilcoo has changed. Cabins are rebuilt, landscaping preferences change and staff turnovers yield new generations of leaders. I was dismayed to find the tetherball court had gone extinct. But there's no denying how amazing it feels to know that camp is still being run with the most ebullient energy, by competent staff who train up through the internal ranks, and with the same integrity and spirit. How! How! Looking forward to the next reunion in September 2014.

WILL AMOS
1984-2000



Kilcoo gets around the world: Scott Russell pictured here with just retired Canadian world class sprinter Perdita Felicien during a visit to her home country, Liberia in East Africa.

A LOOK BACK AT A SCARY DAY IN KILCOO'S PAST AUGUST 25TH, 1972

Below is the text of a note dropped from a helicopter by Ron Bowes of Bradley Air Services of Carp, Ontario upon locating members of a missing Kilcoo canoe trip.

"If you follow the shore of the river for approx. another 2 miles from where you were this morning when I flew over you, you will come to a fork in the river or a small lake which will make it impossible for you to continue. At this point there will be a canoe and a truck waiting for you.

If you can read this message ok could you stand side by side and hold hands and wave your loose hands. Thank you and good luck.

THE RIDLEY COLLEGE PRANK!

Even though this prank takes place in the summer of 1980, in actual fact the story's background begins in the summer of 1972.

In the summer of 1972, I should already have graduated from grade 6 and been getting ready for grade 7. In reality my public school was deciding that I needed to be held back yet again. They were going to move me to the "sunshine class". Today, the Ontario educational system calls this group of individuals " the developmentally challenged". Okay, so I can hear all those people who knew me back in the day silently snickering and thinking....."Wardlaw! Mentally challenged? No Kidding!" I can hear Dave Minnes in particular. I will never forget when we drove his brand new Pacer to Redstone in the summer of '77. He casually stated to me that he thought that I was a really bright kid. He would say this with a smile on his face and somehow it was OK. Why? Well.....because it was Minnes. Also, I was in his Pacer on the way to Redstone. If you remember the road to the Redstone cabin, it was all gravel. Need I say more....

Well, back to the background of the prank! As the school system deliberated over what they should do with me in 1972, Chief had taken a special interest in me. He knew that the only place where I was happy was at camp. This was my first year as a two month camper. Chief got wind from my parents on what the school system was going to do to me during Parent's Day in July. The next day Chief approached my parents and asked if it would be okay if he made some inquiries on my behalf into some private schools. Years later he would confide in me that he was disgusted and horrified by how the public system had given up on me. Chief was good friends with the headmaster of Lakefield College and thought that Lakefield would be a great fit for me. Unfortunately the school was full. However, the headmaster of Lakefield was the son of the Headmaster of Ridley College in St. Catharine's. In order to be accepted at Ridley you had to pass an entrance exam. Somehow, Chief got the test waived. As a result, in the fall of 1972 I was off to Ridley College. I was a kid who could barely read and write, and I was being accelerated into grade 6. I do not know how Chief did it, but in the summer of '72 he forever changed the direction of my life.

By the summer of 1981 I had started to accumulate a mass of orange and black clothing (Ridley's colours) with Ridley's logo on them. I really did not intend to advertise or show pride in my school but everybody at camp started to associate me with Ridley. For some reason Bob Strauss took offence to this. At every opportunity he would put the school down. As he did this, I would turn around and verbally defend the school. The unintended result was that people began to associate me as the Ridley guy who had incredible school spirit. The reality was that I was the Kilcoo guy with incredible camp spirit. But that is not how I was perceived. In my soul, I knew Bob was joking. However, he took it so far that people were actually beginning to feel sorry for me. Staff started to ask me "How are you going to get back at him?" but at the time I had no idea and I really didn't care. I was at camp and I was really enjoying camp life. However, to be honest I had not realized how his unmerciful teasing was actually starting to hurt my camp creds. It was time for payback!



One beautiful morning people started heading towards flag raising. This particular morning there seemed to be a bit of a buzz in the air. I was coming along the path from the Voyageur section when somebody went running past me going in the opposite direction. They saw me, veered towards me and yelled "Perfect, Wardlaw". I just smiled and waved. As I made my way up the hill towards the Arts and Crafts building someone else yelled "Way to go Wardlaw". Again I smiled and waved. A large crowd had assembled in front of the tennis courts beside the staff lounge (now the Camp Awakening building). They were standing around Bob Strauss's pride and joy, his rust bucket of a car. However, on this morning it was very different. This morning it was painted entirely in the Ridley colours of orange and black. This included all the windows, bumpers and wheels. People started coming up to me congratulating me on the perfect revenge prank.

Then there was a bit of a hush. Looking down towards the flag poles, Bob was coming around the lodge and making his way up towards the tennis courts. He got to his car, smiled, looked at me and simply said "Nice". From that moment on Bob basically stopped teasing me about Ridley. He actually put his arm around me and laughed.

Chief always told us that the best pranks are the ones where nobody ever knows who actually did them. For years there have been people who believe that I did this. The truth is, I didn't. I will never forget Scott Russell coming up to me and congratulating me. I looked at him and stated with all honesty that it wasn't me. He just looked at me and said in a very sarcastic way "Yah (pause) right". Then he did something I was not expecting. He smiled and quietly said "Just take credit for a job well done". Nobody knows who really did it. Everybody thought it was me, but nobody knows the truth. A double whammy. I am 100% sure I know who did this. However, they are two individuals who will go nameless. Why? Because they pulled off the classic Kilcoo prank. However, I do want to thank them for getting Bob Strauss off my back that summer and for improving my camp creds. I believe this was their true intention. Thanks for that particular day comrades.

GRANT WARDLAW
1970-1985

REMINISCENCES - CAMARADERIE, MUSIC, CANOEING, AND HYPNOSIS

I first came to Kilcoo as a senior camper the summer of 1954. I arrived from Washington, DC, and was met at the Toronto train station by an extremely amiable gentleman named John Latimer, who drove me to where everyone was assembling to board buses for the drive to camp. Of course, I did not know anyone and was left to my own thoughts as others boisterously renewed old acquaintances.

By the time we arrived, some significant weather had moved in and it had become gloomy, blustery, and penetratingly wet. I did not see many buildings, and when I finally found where I was to call home for the next eight weeks I was dismayed to discover a very damp tent in the midst of a very soggy temperate rain forest.

But, oh, when I woke the next morning to brilliant sunshine, a luscious verdant forest, and beautiful blue water, all was suddenly very right with the world! And it remained so for that summer, the next when I was a CIT, and the next when I was a counselor.

So many memories flood back now as I write. The warm camaraderie, the wonderful range of activities, and the scrumptious food. One of the fondest is recalling the musicales. We all sang lustily as John leapt and bounded vigorously and without abandon throughout every corner of the lodge as he led us in song. "Val-deri,Val-dera, Val-deri, Val-dera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, Val-deri,Val-dera. My knapsack on my back" or "An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!" - belted out with gusto) And then there was the drummer in the band; his solos were the best I had ever heard, and I was sure he would become famous someday (though I now have no idea whether he even took up music as a career).

It seems like only yesterday that I learned the deep meaning of the camp mottos - "Hang on for three days and three nights!" and "Once a Kilcoo camper, always a Kilcoo camper!" The canoeing skills I learned have stayed with me: a fluid J-stroke, being able to get most of the water out after dumping (always on purpose), standing high on the very stern while vigorously pumping the vessel forward (a skill perhaps not officially recommended by the staff).

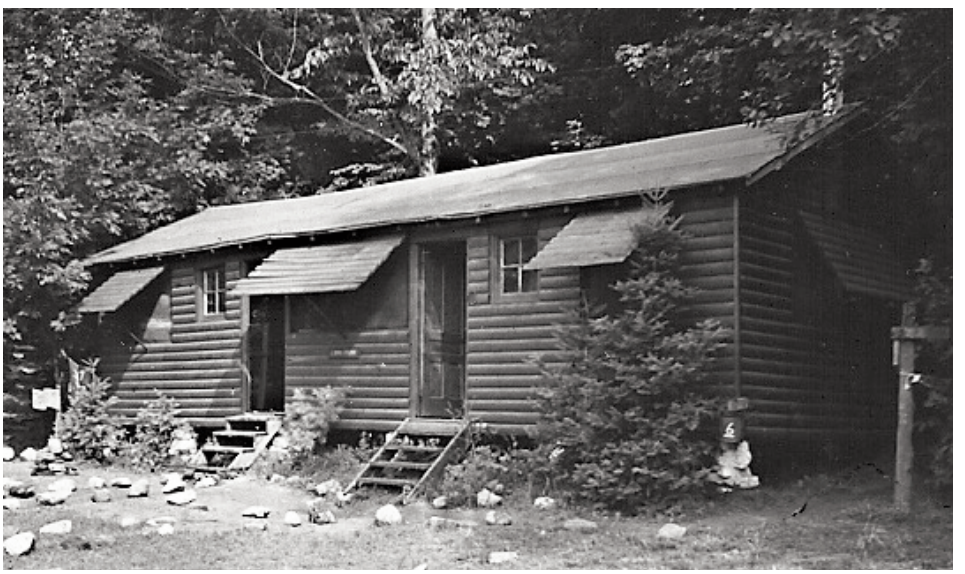
It was also at Kilcoo that I learned the "correct" pronunciation of buoy - "boy" not "booey" - and this Yank still uses that pronunciation much of the time. I also learned "O Canada," which I have occasion to sing even today since I now live just south of the border.

My final year at Kilcoo I was counselor for one end of the Longhouse, a structure that held two "cabins;" we counselors slept in a small room between the two units. My campers were Larry Whiting, David Lampkin, David Howard, John Jepson, Peter Handley, Mike Atkins, David Reynolds, Duncan Walker, Brian Forsythe, Peter Standing, Ian MacMartin, and Jack Johnson. (No, my memory is not quite that good; I took a look at a photo album I have kept.)

That summer ('56) one of the other counselors had a fascination with hypnosis, so many of us were trying it - with mixed results. I never went "under" because I was always trying to analyze what was being done.
However, one time, as several others crowded into our tiny enclave, I used what I had observed in an effort to hypnotize the counselor who shared the quarters with me - with his permission. I swung the pendant slowly before him as I soothingly told him to concentrate and then go to sleep. Much to my surprise he did. But how to prove that he was really hypnotized? On a stand between our beds was a small bowl containing a goldfish. I told him that when I woke him up he was to talk about the fish, and that every time he would say "fish" his thumb was to twitch. I also told him that he could stop doing this when I told him to stop. Then I told him I would count backwards from three and then tell him to wake up.

Well, he obeyed me perfectly. He woke up and began to talk about the fish. And sure enough, every time he said "fish," which was quite frequently, his thumb would not just twitch - it would convulse. (I have tried to do this to my own thumb and haven't come even close to the extreme spasm he underwent.) While those watching laughed uproariously, he continued to talk about the fish and his thumb continued to convulse. I saw that he was quickly becoming frightened, so I told him to pay attention to me; I told him that I would count up to three and that when I reached three I would tell him that he did not have to talk about the fish any longer and that his thumb would not have to twitch. Both of us were definitely relieved when everything happened as I had instructed. Neither of us made any more attempts at hypnosis.

After that final summer at Kilcoo I went on to college in Massachusetts and a high school teaching career near San Jose, California, teaching history, English, and English as a second language. In 1993 I retired to a beautiful small island between Washington State and Vancouver Island where I do volunteer work for our community center and counsel people regarding health insurance. I have also canoed here - but have not done any hypnotizing.



MAC LANGFORD
1954-1956

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.

BOB BUCHANAN (1959-62) My wife Susan, who worked her teen-age summers at the original log portage store on Canoe Lake, and I have raised three daughters who all married outdoorsy men and are nurturing six young nature-nuts. During most of our family years, we lived on Lake Chemong, north of Peterborough. We retired from teaching in 1997 to a much smaller, cottage-like home just west of Buckhorn, Ontario. I taught English at three secondary schools, serving the last twenty-five years as Department Head at Lakefield. While still in my prime, I co-ran the outdoor education program, including annual canoe trips along several of our old Algonquin circuits.

Now, Sue and I spend at least a couple of spring and fall weeks in Algonquin. Early in our retirement we would go into Kiosk camping and fishing for lake trout. Eventually, our bones' whispering became more strident and we began renting the old schoolhouse in what remains of the historic railway/lumbering village of Brent on Cedar Lake. Winters are enjoyed at a remote little house beside a tidal river in deep south Texas, where we keep a boat for fishing and enhancing our involvement in a whole new spectrum of our natural world.

JAMIE GERSON (1969-79) Little did I know how well my summers at Kilcoo prepared me for what lay ahead. From knowing how to balance the work and "play" at the Uof T 's Engineering program, how to guide, entertain and nurture three sons through this thing called life, to relating to a range of customers in my role as Business Development Manager with Cameron Valves. And of course the most important post camp occurrence was meeting and marrying one Marilyn Spink – a very talented lady who adds so much to my life and also puts up with the four Gerson boys!

The Gersons live in Etobicoke with a dog (Maggie) and cat (Daisy) – females at the insistence of Marilyn. Our schedule is typical of a household with 3 boys: hockey, baseball, soccer, hockey, a little homework, lots a eating/sleeping and more hockey. Marilyn and I still have our respective fathers with us who in their 80s and 90s appear at times to have more energy than us both. Sure we struggle with the "gerbil running wheel of life"; however, all in all we are healthy and happy – and that's important! Thanks again to Kilcoo for continuing to be what that song says it is … "Maker of Men"

BILL PHIPPS (1954-63) "After graduating from Osgoode Hall Law School in 1965, I went to McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago. For three years I was in the heart of social activism around the issues of poverty, war, and race. I graduated the day Robert Kennedy was assassinated. Those three years changed my life. I returned to Toronto and was ordained in the United Church of Canada, then called to the Ontario Bar. In succession, I ran a poverty law office, adult education programs, and was minister of 2 congregations. My time at Trinity-St. Paul's United Church on Bloor St. W. allowed me to put into practice all my theology, ethics, and organizing.

In 1983 I moved to Alberta to work in United Church administration, followed by congregational ministry in Calgary. I was elected Moderator of the United Church in 1997. My theology created a public national debate that still follows me. I have represented the church in many conflict zones including Congo, Sudan, East Timor, Guatemala, the Philippines. Now retired I continue my activism around economic justice and climate change. I am delighted with my wife Carolyn, 3 children, their partners, and 4 grandchildren living in Yellowknife, Winnipeg, and Toronto. I am very grateful for my time at Kilcoo and all that the experience taught me.

NIGEL TAN (2003-10) Twenty years ago this fall, I first arrived at Kilcoo as a school group camper. I returned 10 years later as a staff member at Greenwood College. Just as in '93, the post-camp crew of '03 welcomed me in true Kilcoo spirit, with a smile, handshake, and an invitation to "party at the moon tower". The following spring, I joined Rob Chisnall as part of the OC staff. Eventually, in 2005, I became waterfront director and then one of three LIT directors a year later.

Since leaving Kilcoo my life has taken on a new focus. Today, as a new parent, husband, and teacher, the lessons I learned from Kilcoo reverberate through the education I share with the thousands of students I've encountered in the Toronto District School Board. It is because of the relationships Kilcoo helped me cultivate that I learned to put others before myself, to give more than I take, to be a Dad, a friend, a maker of men. Married to Kate Mazzucco and now the proud father of Brooklyn Tan, the only thing I wish I could change about Kilcoo would be the addition of a sister camp on Gull Lake, so my daughter could learn, grow, and share in the same valuable experiences I encountered during my time at Kilcoo. Hold thy honour high!

JIM HOWE (1953-60) 1942 Toronto war baby, Deer Park Public School, Kilcoo Camp, Oakwood Collegiate Institute, U of T, York University, Abitibi Paper Company, married, 2 daughters, marathon running and skiing, divorced, happily remarried, 2 step-sons, Buddhism, Tae Kwon Do, Algonquin Park cottage, travel, 7 grandchildren, retired, even more travel, aging issues - WHAT WAS THAT ALL ABOUT?

I don't know what it was about and I don't think that there is any intrinsic "aboutness" about it but if I were to make something up it would be about applying learning experiences to life. Many of my most important character building and learning experiences were at Kilcoo. What did I learn?

- Doing the right thing is the right thing.
- Commit = Do.
- Don't pick fights with pygmies. Don't throw stones at giants. There are better and more rewarding ways to deal with pygmies and giants.
- Straight talk begets straight relationships.
- When the going gets tough it will likely get worse before it gets better.
- When the going is great it will likely get better before it gets tough again.
- Kindness and love beget kindness and love.
- Floss.

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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