THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE

Volume 31 Issue 1- Published by Kilcoo Camp - Spring 2024
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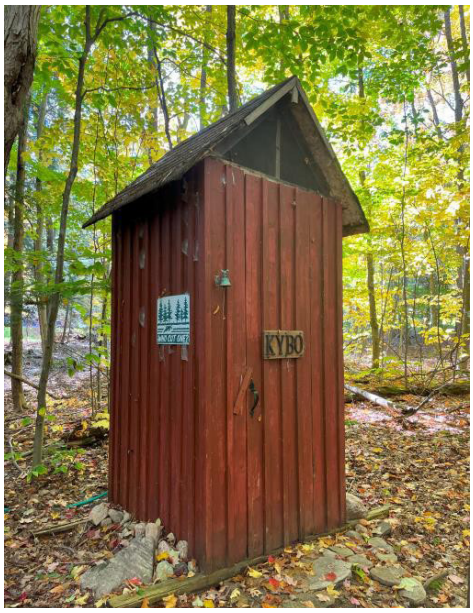
KYBO'S AND OTHER INCREDIBLE KILCOO INSPIRATIONS

I got to thinking about the subtle (and not so subtle) reminders of Kilcoo that surround me at our summer cottage in Parry Sound. For starters, like many cottagers, we have an outhouse that serves as a backup when Hydro One frequently fails us and the water pump stops working.
In true Kilcoo tradition, at our cottage, we do not call it an Outhouse, it's called the "KYBO", the Kilcoo name for the outhouses that were scattered about Kilcoo's property.

I owe my introduction to KYBO's to Allan Kneale, who was my CIT during my first month at Kilcoo. Allan directed me to the "KYBO", as I got off the bus and in reply to my need for a bathroom. You must remember that this was the first day of my first season as a Kilcoo camper. I didn't realize that at Kilcoo we only used KYBO's for #2. I soon realized that for us guys, "The world is our urinal"! Like a dog, I could've relieved myself on the bumper of the bus and no one would've minded…(well, maybe Mrs Chief and the nurses).

Being directed to the KYBO, of course, prompted me to ask, what's a KYBO and what does it mean. Allan was a wonderful CIT (and soon to be Kilcoo staff member and archery instructor) and he patiently explained to me that KYBO was an acronym for "Keep Your Bowels Open". Thank you, Allan!

Kilcoo's influence spread to our cottage which is located on an island in the Parry Sound region. We have a KYBO! Now, that being said, my first experience in a Kilcoo KYBO also included being introduced to some wonderful graffiti. It was in a Kilcoo KYBO where I read upon the walls, "Here I sat broken hearted, I tried to crap but only farted". Such pearls of wit and wisdom! This was the end of my naivete. I realized right then and there that Kilcoo had much to teach me!



With that in mind, our cottage KYBO has also become full of graffiti upon its walls – similar pearls of wisdom such as, "You can pick your friends and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick your friend's nose!" My family has shared their pearls of wisdom (most of it politically incorrect) upon the KYBO walls. We know who the family environmentalists are because they have declared the KYBO as "100% Organic and All Natural". ("It's for the environment!") Others have shared, and written, their thoughts upon Justin Trudeau, while thinking of (and adding to) a similar list of comparable accomplishments, now piling up in the pit below the KYBO. And yes, I admit, some toxins are introduced into the environment via our KYBO after too much Scotch was consumed the night before.

Now on to another Kilcoo inspired topic and, with safety in mind, we have introduced another Kilcoo tradition. We hang red-painted fire buckets about the place. At Kilcoo, red fire buckets were hanging on every building with the letters "K.C.F.D." – Kilcoo Camp Fire Department on each pail. Our cottage is on an island, which means that by the time the local Volunteer Fire Department would arrive to put out a fire, they'd arrive just in time to save the concrete piers. So we were inspired by Kilcoo to have our own collection of fire buckets installed with the letters, "H.I.F.D." – Horse Island Fire Department.

AND…we have another cottage tradition which was inspired by Kilcoo. Some of you will recall during the 1960's and 1970's, the CIT's had their own CIT lounge. (The building is now used, more appropriately, by the campers who are dealing with mobility and other challenges.) CIT's, in those days, were only challenged by overly active hormones. Now, since Chief knew us CIT's well, he



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chose one of the walls within the CIT lounge to post the graduate pictures of some of his favorite counsellors – principally Derek Allen (may he rest in peace), the Rhodes Scholar. Chief was hoping (naively) that by posting the pictures of these illustrious, intelligent, mature, and scholastically successful Kilcoo leaders, us CIT's would be inspired to emulate their example. We knew better! Derek Allen was just plain brilliant. As for me, I was a knuckle-dragging, one-eyebrowed, mouth-breathing, scholastic-embarrassment, who was, at best, functioning on brain stem just to remain erect. Derek Allen graduated "cum Laude." I graduated, "thank Laude."



That-being-said!!!... I took inspiration from Chief's attempt to motivate us sorry bunch of CIT's. With that in mind, I dedicated one of the walls in our cottage to post the logos of the various institutions of higher learning, plus military, athletic, business and technical logos – all to motivate the Millennials and Gen Z's in our family to accomplish something more than just graduate from high school. Sadly, if you can fog a mirror these days, they'll give you a high school diploma ("It's for the children!"). I've encouraged the kids to accomplish something – be it starting a business, earning a noteworthy certification, graduating from a college or university, serving honorably in the military, becoming a professional athlete, etc... Accomplishing something / anything beyond just passing high school. Once the kids in the family earn some professional recognition, they're allowed to sign the wall, alongside their institutional logo, to serve as an inspiration for the next crop of babies in the family.

Kilcoo inspired me then and it continues to do so. My sons attended Kilcoo and it's our hope that my grandson will soon be attending Kilcoo…and be taught, motivated, and inspired by Kilcoo traditions and the current day Derek Allen's – leaders who are much smarter than me!

BRUCE MACDONALD
1968-1975

IT TAKES A VILLAGE

A message from the director

The Weekend of May 25th marks the first time that Shaderkids Weekend returns to Camp Chief Hector since 2019. Shaderkids is a charity to honour the memory of Tim Ross, a Kilcoo staff member from 1998 to 2001, and a former Director of Camp Chief Hector. Shaderkids' first fund raising weekend was held at Kilcoo in May 2006, and was held every spring at Hector or Kilcoo until 2019. Shaderkids supports campers and staff at CCH, campers at Kilcoo, and also campers at Camp Summit, where Kilcoo alumnus Geoff Park is Director. Shaderkids 15th Anniversary Fundraiser was delayed, but finally held at Camp Summit, near Squamish, BC, in May 2022. The weekend event returned to Kilcoo last spring.

I mention Shaderkids, and Tim Ross, as he was a big influence when I began to spend more spring and fall seasons at Kilcoo. He was a great friend and mentor to many people, myself included. I was lucky to know him for those years when we spent spring, summer and fall on the shores of Gull Lake. I was even able to work briefly with him at Hector in the winter of 2003. I learned so much from him, from campfire songs to school group programming. Tim was a wonderful "camp guy", and one whose spirit I will try and emulate as I embark on my chapter as Director this summer.

The summer is now fast approaching and we are all looking forward to it. The Staff, LITS and campers are eager to be part of summer 2024, and I am encouraged by their commitment, spirit and enthusiasm for Kilcoo. We will all endeavor to sing our same songs, revel in our traditions, and continue to strive for the best.

Finally, I would like to thank Tim Currie and the Advisory Committee. I would like to thank Tobias Partridge and Stu Armstrong for all their hard work in the off-season. They have been integral to planning the summer and have helped me reassimilate into life at Kilcoo. Tobias is an essential part of background work in the office and Stu has been up at camp leading the Advance Camp crew. They, along with Buzz & Brador, Aldrin and Tanya Primaylon, whose love of camp is unparalleled; and our new consultant Tracy Morley, and Kim Bouchard of course, have provided me with great support in the endeavor of directorship. Kent Taylor and Chris Wilson are essential behind the scenes on site. Paul Chamberlain remains an incredible asset to our Kilcoo community. Thank you, Paul, very much. The leadership of Kilcoo is a collective effort and I look forward to continuing to work with them, and all the Staff & LITS and campers of 2024 to make the summer of 2024 a safe and fun and rewarding experience for everyone.

The gates remain open at Kilcoo and we hope you will stop by if you find yourselves in the Haliburton Highlands. I hope you all have a great summer.

PAT "TINGLES" TINGLEY

EDITOR'S MUSINGS

With winter not quite completely gone as I write this, there is not much different with Kilcoo at this time of year compared to all the previous years in recent memory. Kim and Pat are very busy in the camp office as registrations come in - July is already full - and they are ably assisted by Tobias Partridge and presently by Tracey Morley.

It was with considerable sadness that I saw the closing down of Camp Awakening whose origin was spawned by Harry McMurtry in collaboration with John Latimer in 1982. It was a good 40 plus year run with Melinda Evans "steering the ship" for the first couple of decades. I became a "caretaker" for three years until Tracey took over the reins, but over the past seven or eight years it became apparent that more and more "mainstream" camps were making adjustments to include physically challenged children in their programs which made Awakening's role more difficult.

To get back on track, Awakening's demise has led to Tracey's participation in the Kilcoo office for a couple of months which will indeed be helpful in preparing for the summer.

The one noticeable difference in camp as we approach the 2024 summer was clear to me when I visited the camp in early February. There was a time when the camp property at this time of year would be under a deep blanket of snow and the lake out from the beach would be well shovelled to permit groups of hockey playing alumni.

Not in 2024. Looking across Mohawk Park one can see the ground is snow covered, but upon careful examination there is not much of it and a view of the beach reveals areas not covered at all and the ice on the lake to be not as firm as many of us would remember.





By the time you receive this issue of the Gazette there will be Advance Camp staff on site preparing for the summer and Kent will have emerged from the basement of the lodge where he spends his winters repairing anything broken from the previous summer and constructing a variety of needed items like benches and tables.

The staff has been hired and all we need is for the summer weather to welcome us to Kilcoo's 92nd season of operation. Yet, with the new climate we are observing, will campers once again be given salt pills as they were during July heat waves in the 1950's?

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN

MEMORIES FROM THE PAST

If you check out the Kilcoo website you will notice that camp fees have changed drastically from the amount shown on the 1935 camp invoice shown below. In fact the same rise in camper fee rates would be seen for any camp over the years. Food, staff salaries, insurance, property taxes, equipment costs, maintenance and changed building codes have all made the operation of a summer camp much more expensive. I am sure all of us who attended Kilcoo in any of the last 9 decades will be able to compare fees during their years with those in 1935.

Kilcoo Camp

Haliburton District, Ontario

July 6th - August 24th, 1935

APPLICATION FORM

Date.....

C. F. PLEWMAN,
15 Burnaby Blvd., Toronto 12
Phone MOhawk 3218

On behalf of my son.....

I desire to make application for admission to Kilcoo Camp for the season of 1935. Kindly reserve a place for him for.....weeks commencing .....

I enclose a cheque for $5.00 and I agree to pay the balance of .....before my son leaves for camp.

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

Address ..... Telephone.....

FOR OUR INFORMATION

Age..... on.....day of.....1935

School..... Grade.....Denomination.....

CAMP FEES

Full Period $100.00
Four Weeks 60.00

RIDING FEES

Full Period $10.00
Four Weeks 6.00

Make Cheques Payable to Kilcoo Camp at Par.

If you were a camper in years past or if you were a cabin counsellor you should remember that for many of us, Sunday rest hour was so important for campers completing and submitting a letter home to parents. Below is a sample, undated such letter from Colin which was written because he did not want to miss dinner. There were probably many similar letters written over the years and in fairness to Colin we will not divulge his last name.

Dear, Mom + Dad,
I have to write this or no Dinner
Love from,
Colin

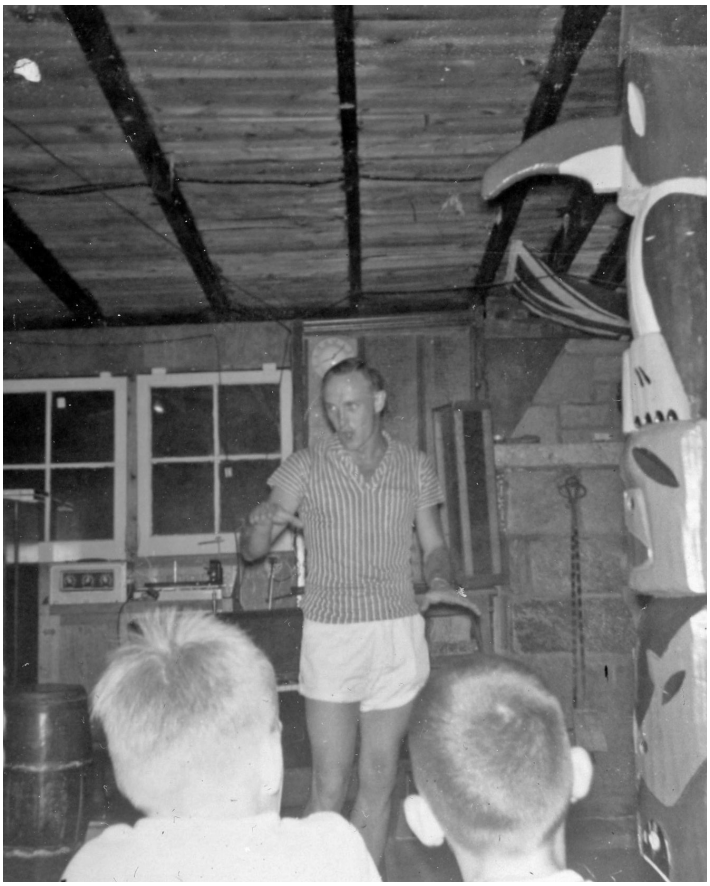
LASTING MEMORIES OF JOHN CHIEF LATIMER

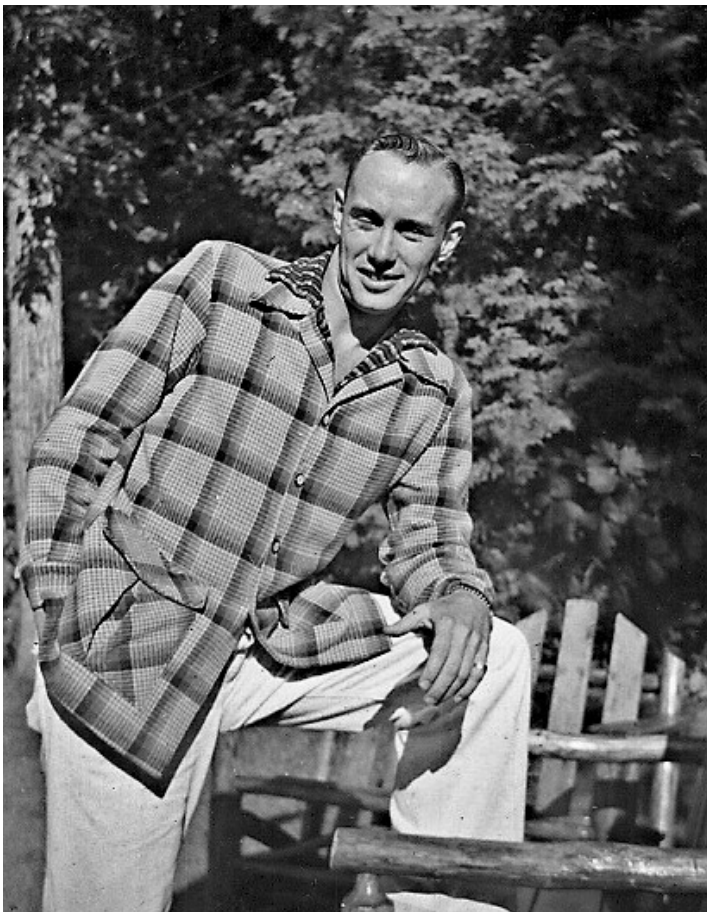
Like you I received the Fall 2023 Gull Rock Gazette in my email (thank you, Paul). So, I began scrolling through it to peruse its content and I was brought to an abrupt stop by page 4. There was a picture of an ever youthful Chief John Latimer once again leading us through the great Rogers & Hammerstein song,

"When you walk through the storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark…"

Suddenly vivid memories flew through my head. All good. First Clive, then me and finally Paul joined the staff of Kilcoo Camp, largely because of our skill in and respect for canoeing. How lucky I was! Years later when I was being interviewed for a position at University Health Network Toronto (Pathologist-in-Chief and Director of Laboratories) I was asked what in my life experience did I think best qualified me for the position. It didn't take me long to answer, "my experiences at Kilcoo Camp as a canoeing instructor and, subsequently, waterfront director."

And there were occasional stormy periods that the camp continued to walk through: campers in their sleeping bags on a canoe trip being run over by a truck, a near explosion of a propane tank in the kitchen during a busy lunchtime, a camper developing tuberculosis while at camp and so on. As I look back I marvel at what John had to put up with, not the least, a staff mainly made up of hormone-infused teenagers and their shenanigans. But he guided us through it and made us better for it.





"walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart…"

And then, still later in life, John became sick with an unusual but lethal medical condition. Through this it was easy for me to visit him every day, he being in one of the UHN hospitals. And until the terminal period he would always greet me cheerfully much as though I was just returning to camp, circa 1950/60s. He always thanked anyone who came in to attend him, nurses, doctors, cleaning staff. Everyone!

"walk on through the wind, walk on through the rain"

And, as his condition worsened this, one of his favorite songs, must have been going through his head.

"walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart
and you'll never walk alone…"

And finally, Chief John passed away, quietly and with great dignity.

"at the end of the storm is a golden sky"

I wish you a golden sky, John.

DEAN CHAMBERLAIN,
1956 - 63

WOODSTOCK - KILCOO CONNECTION

I have long been curious about the apparent "group" arrival of new staff members from Woodstock, Ontario in 1963 and was not aware that it included the camp cook, Trudy Searles who we quickly referred to affectionately as "Ma". It was Kilcoo's good fortune that the group's previous camp, Fisher's Glen, ceased operation after the 1962 season. At my request, Terry Patterson and Bob Middaugh agreed to offer the article below

In mid-February 1963, during afternoon rotation at Woodstock Collegiate, my good friend Joe Warwick enthusiastically shared an interesting "tidbit of news" with me and three other buddies. Apparently, later that same day, the Director of a Haliburton summer camp would be conducting hiring interviews with prospective counsellors, no appointments necessary. These spontaneous interviews were to be occurring at our local YMCA, where all five of us were already enrolled in Leadership Training. In fact, some of us had experience as Counsellors In Training at Fishers Glen Camp, a YMCA Camp located near Normandale, on the shore of Lake Erie. Joe (being Joe) had no trouble convincing all of us to scramble together right after classes and make the cross-town trek to meet this man. Imagine our surprise and disappointment when the YMCA administrator informed us that there were no meeting rooms set aside for Counsellor interviews. She wondered if we might have got our "wires crossed", as indeed there was a meeting room reserved for Mr. John Latimer (a name unknown to us, from Toronto) and Mrs. Trudy "Ma" Searles (well known to us). You see, Ma Searles was a cooking legend in Woodstock, and particularly admired for her long service working with her team preparing all the meals at Fisher's Glen.

The camp had been offering two weeks of boys camping experience each summer since 1938. However, in1962 after a number of years of declining enrollment, the YMCA decided to suspend the summer boys camp indefinitely. Knowing this background, we aspiring but deflated



Camping with Kilcoo friends 2022



Counsellor interviewees concluded that any hiring that day would probably include Ma and her team, but not any of us. The story takes a significant change of direction when, unbeknownst to us, the administrator took the initiative, after John's interview with Ma concluded, to ask John if he might have spare time that day, before returning to Toronto, to meet with the five forlorn looking young men seated in the lobby. Word has it that his response was "by all means"! Thus started our introduction to John R. Latimer, and Kilcoo Camp, with all five of us encouraged to throw out whatever questions we might have, about any aspect of the camp for which we had curiosity. John deftly fielded the bombardment of many inquiries from five different directions,(sometimes more than one at a time). Upon answering our question if anyone from Woodstock might have already attended Kilcoo, John shared that Bob Buchanan and Glen Milne had been campers, and that each was expected to be on Staff during the coming summer (Bob as a returning Counsellor and Glen as a first year Counsellor).

This news was a complete surprise to us. While we knew each of them from high school and the Y, we were not aware of their involvement at Kilcoo. During this open dialogue, John's composure and confident demeanor, along with his enthusiasm for his life's work in helping develop character in boys and young men, led us to ask what would be required of each of us to be selected to become a Counsellor at Kilcoo. Upon explaining the hiring process, he requested the contact information from each who wished to do so, and promised that he would send an application form by mail upon his return to Toronto. I believe each of us requested to receive such application, but I do not know how many were completed and returned. I can report that I did receive John's promised letter dated February 20,1963, along with an application form which I happily completed and returned. By early April, my acceptance as a Kilcoo Camp Staff Counsellor from June23 to August 27, 1963, was signed and accepted. I believe that Joe Warwick's official paperwork was dated similarly. You may believe this chapter to be the end of this Woodstock story. But wait, there is still another remarkable chapter, the next one to be authored by Terry Patterson.

Now my turn. I had moved to Woodstock in Grade 6 (my dad was an Anglican minister and we moved a lot) and we then moved to Owen Sound in November of Grade 12. I went to high school at Woodstock Collegiate Institute (great memories) and became friends with Bob Middaugh, Joe Warwick and Glen Milne. Bob told me about the interview with John Latimer. I had experience at a Lake Huron cottage at Ipperwash Beach and had been active in Boy Scouts (Queen Scout) and had attended a Boy Scout Jamboree in Ottawa. I called John and he asked if I would send him an application detailing my background and experience. Fortunately, John hired me and Kilcoo became an important part of my life. His leadership and trust in all of us remains with me. His inspiring talks at Chapel Point still influence me. It all started with my Woodstock friends getting an interview with John in 1963.

BOB MIDDAUGH
1963
TERRY PATTERSON
1963-66

HOGWARTS OR NEVERLAND?

64 years ago this summer, I boarded a bus in the parking lot of Armour Heights School in the north end of Toronto on a journey to a place called Kilcoo: sort of like the train to Hogwarts. It seemed like an eternity on that bus ride out of Toronto and up Highway 35 through Moore's Falls, past Miner's Bay and Braeside, left into the Neverland that would become a place that would shape my life.

The first thing that I saw after getting off the bus was the handicraft shop that was inhabited by Morley Johnson (sort of an early Hagrid) where I learned how to shape a piece of wood into something magical. Of course you could find magic anywhere you looked that year. Even the worst thing was memorable. I hate cold water and the first thing that everyone had to do was pass their punters test. Not what a 9 year old likes to do really. I passed; must have been a warm day!

Swimming instruction was something else. I wasn't going in the water. Smoothie was the waterfront director, and I think John McNutt was the swimming instructor. As soon as they put me in the water, I was back on the dock in a flash. I could have sworn that an iceberg loomed off Ruth's Island. I was threatened with losing my tuck - that didn't work. My oldest brother David was a counsellor and was brought down to try and get me into the water - didn't work. I wasn't too keen on canoeing, water skiing or sailing either (Probably not the best camper that year). Punt wars were about my limit, although sliding down the mud on Mohawk Park was fun but sliding down Bob Falls was even better. Chief even joined in!



I started in Cabin 15 with John Carter as my counsellor, Don Craw as CIT and a band of guys that shaped my years at camp: Nelson Vermette, Dave Patterson, Jay Wright and later Larry Kerr and Barry Hoffman. I spent time in the Kremlin, the Oasis, Mohawk Park and even the Sail Cabin, but never in a tent. Must have been ahead of my time. Of course the food is something that everyone remembers. Bug juice, shore suppers and Gumpert's, but the old lodge with its low ceiling and totem pole supports, to me, are unforgettable. Sailboats that year consisted of wooden Ackroyds and Nordbergs, one gaff-rigged boat and the other a Bermuda rig. Years later, I bought a sailboat. While going over the merits of the boat, the owner said that I must have sailed before. I mentioned that I had been a sailing instructor at a camp. He asked which one and it turned

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Camp Calumet - the early years

out that I had been his instructor at Kilcoo. His name was Jeff Walker and I still see him occasionally.

A few years later, I think I was an Intermediate camper when part way through a camping trip in August we were camped at Buttermilk Falls, just shy of Camp Calumet. It was great for a group of young teenagers to be beside a girls camp. Unfortunately, we had a case of Chicken Pox amongst our band of merry campers. Quarantine lasted the better part of the week before we were trucked back to camp. I'm not sure if it was magical, but it sure was unforgettable.

In 1969, I was acting in the musical South Pacific at Etobicoke Collegiate. It turned out that Chief was a friend of the music teacher and was in the audience. We talked at intermission and when I told him that I had spent the previous summers sailing, he said that they needed someone to teach sailing that summer, so I returned as the Instructor. I inhabited the Hi-Rise with Peter Etherington Sr. Seemed like the Odd Couple; Pete wasn't the neatest and I was the opposite. We had Jay Haddad and John Sawyer next door. It was a very interesting year: a moderate salary and free room and food for 10 weeks. I wasn't keen on getting out of bed in the morning, and Chief would come out of the Lodge with a bull horn and remind me that my presence was requested at breakfast.

It was July 21st that year, in the middle of the night that remains an unforgettable memory. The entire camp was herded into the Rec Hut and in the front, about 5 feet in the air sat a small black and white TV. Talk about out of this world, Neil Armstrong in the Lunar Lander and that was one small step for man.

Last year I returned to camp for the first time in a few decades. It had changed. Campcraft was no longer on PI Point, no more Nordbergs or Ackroyds, no shooting range, no punts, Braeside wasn't a motel anymore and the Wagonwheel was no longer on the road to Minden. Even the Rockcliff was no longer open, but you could still feel a bit of the magic that was and is KILCOO.

CAM KENNEDY
1960-1964;69

NEW LODGE/OLD LODGE



I, like many alumni who were at Kilcoo both before and after 1962, probably refer to the present lodge as the "new lodge" despite the fact it has survived 60 years while the "old lodge" served as the camp dining hall for 31 years.

There were just 28 campers eating that first camp meal on July 16th, 1932, and as related to me once by "charter" Kilcoo staff member, Bill Stevenson, the carpenters were still hammering on the roof as that first group ate as they completed the job of attaching the three former Department of Highways workers' shacks together. Over the years the "old lodge" aged well, but I became aware of deficiencies on the first day of camp in 1962 when Bob Fenton, a kitchen staff member, fell through the roof while trying to make a temporary repair to stop several leaks during a rain storm.

Over the winter-spring of 1962-63 the "new lodge," following the very professional and detailed design plans of well known architects, was built with a full basement and a balcony which ran the length of the structure on the lake side. As related by John Latimer in his book, Maker of Men, the camp maintenance man Murray Hewitt voiced concerns about what storm force winds in the fall and spring might do.

Sure enough, during the last days of October, 1963 howling winds from the lake swept along the balcony and lifted much of the roof which ended up leaning against the other side of the building. John Latimer first heard about it through a phone call from a former camp staff member who had stopped by for a visit.

Repairs were made under Murray's direction. They involved sinking metal shafts into the ground at various points to help "anchor" the structure and what had been a balcony was closed in which ironically was probably a good thing because future camper cabin building increased the number of campers who would be eating in the lodge substantially. 60 years later Kent tells me the lodge is good to go for many years yet though the kitchen needs to be updated.

I have not been able to find any record of what financial liability was assessed the architects, but the lesson learned was not to underestimate the expertise of the local population.





CAMPER TENTS/ CABINS



Kilcoo 1940

When Charlie Plewman first started renting the Kilcoo property from the Lackie family in 1932 he also purchased a few shacks that Lackie had bought from the Department of Highways as they paved and widened Highway 35. The campers though slept in tents with uneven plywood floors. By 1940 the camper tents as pictured above had raised floors and were a little more comfortable. In the background you can see the "Kilcoo cottage" which was at times used as a guest cabin for visiting parents. Three other camper cabins were three large Dept. of Highways buildings located where the Kremlin is and the cabin groups were named after indigenous "tribes." By the early 50's the tents were replaced by cabins and those in turn were replaced by the more modern cabins pictured below, though tents were still used in the Senior (Voyageur) section until later in the 70's. Since then all campers have been housed in cabins. Back to the pictured 1940 Kilcoo Cottage; from its beginnings it was renamed Kilcare in 1950. It was made up of three camper cabins with two narrow instructor rooms in between and the meeting room in the back was removed. This location has been redone twice. In the fall of 1959 Kilcare was torn down and replaced by the four cabins of The Oasis in time for the 1960 summer. Those four cabins were later replaced by the 2 double cabins that are there now.



Kilcoo 2018

PLAYING TAPS FOR SEVEN MORE KILCOO ALUMNI

Day is done...safely rest, God is nigh

The passing of seven more alumni evokes very fond memories.

Rick Geggie

Rick passed away at his home in California On December 14th, 2023 at age 85 after a successful life as an educator. Rick was one of the staff group from Bathurst Heights S.S. in Toronto who came to Kilcoo in the mid 50's and he was my counsellor in 1957. I was very much influenced by his kind and giving nature. Little did I know then that he would be the vice-principal of the school I was assigned to when I began my own teaching career 14 years later. There for a second time he influenced me, now as an adult. In his obituary, family reported that Rick wanted people to know that he "did the best he could in each moment, trying to love and serve all". That really was Rick and my memory of him was among my best from my years at camp.

Paul Chamberlain

Chip Fergus

Chip Fergus loved his time at Kilcoo. Paul Chamberlain had gone on a canoe trip with my brother Chip in Algonquin Park in 1957 and he asked me to write a few words about him. Chip passed away on January 1st, 2024 at the age of 80. He was 15 years older than I and I grew up hearing all his amazing Kilcoo stories and I couldn't wait to go myself. when I was six years old I was able to fill in for a camper who had broken his arm and my parents and Chip drove me to camp for my first two weeks in Cabin 1.

Chip made sure to visit on Visitors' Day each year and more and more funny Kilcoo stories were shared over the years. Chip went on to establish a successful men's clothing business in Burlington, Ontario called Mr. Chip's. He married Sandy and was a great father to his daughter Darcey. My first day at Kilcoo I was on a mission to find Chip's name in the lodge. However, it is listed as Alan Fergus (his real name). My name is there now as are my four boys, Jeremy, Julien, Adam and William. I think we must be one of the few families to have four boys attending camp at the same time. My daughter Rose went to Tanamakoon and she loved camp as well. Thanks to Chip and his enthusiasm for Kilcoo, my 7 grandchildren want to go to camp. I really miss my big brother, but I was so happy to have had so many camp memories to share with him.

Paul Fergus
(1966-1980)

Bruce Haines

I was saddened to hear of the passing of Bruce Haines who passed away on November 27th, 2023 at age 87. Bruce attended Kilcoo as a camper from 1946 to 1948 and then returned on staff from 1952 to 1954. Following his camp years Bruce graduated from law school in Toronto and enjoyed a very successful career.

I remember Bruce as a soft spoken individual who was very caring about others and also, according to his obituary, animals. I remember at the Kilcoo alumni reunion in 2011 Bruce, who at that time donated regularly to Amici, had difficulty getting out of the pool after a short swim and he told me it opened his eyes to the difficulties faced by young people with physical disabilities. Consequently, he began making donations to Camp Awakening.

Bruce did live a good life but I will miss his friendly, giving nature.

Paul Chamberlain

George Stratton

Friends were saddened to hear of George's passing on April 21st after a long time battle with cancer. George first attended Kilcoo in 1968 after hearing about it from his friend Bob Kerr. He partnered with Peter Sharpe as a swimming instructor which led to a life long friendship. This included arranged lunches with Mrs. Chief after Chief John Latimer had passed away.

Through his adult life George was into skiing big time and spent years living in his chalet at the Caledon Ski club. His outgoing, energetic and entertaining personality will be missed by family and many friends.

Peter Sharpe

Bob Garton

Bob Garton first attended Kilcoo as a 13 year old camper in 1961. Following his teenage years at camp Bob entered the education field where he spent many years as a teacher and principal with the Peel Board of Education. He was respected by his many friends and colleagues.

Paul Chamberlain
Doug Caldwell (1959-1976)

Bob Kilner

My brother Bob first arrived at Kilcoo in 1962 as an 8 year old camper. His sparkling personality and easy smile had him elected Little Chief in his cabin group several times and camp and the family cottage gave him a love for camping that continued throughout his life.

Bob's growing dislike for urban life led to him settling in Comox/Courtenay on Vancouver Island where he spent the rest of his life with his wife Cathy. In 2021 Bob was diagnosed with cancer which finally took him from us on February 14th of this year.

If you look at wealth as material possessions, Bob was an average person. If you look at wealth as those who love you and those who you affected, Bob was a very rich man. And after all isn't that what Kilcoo is all about. Rest in Peace Bob. Rip Ram

Bill Kilner
(1962-1967)

Kenneth A. Mitchell November 25th, 1974 - February 2nd, 2024

With heavy hearts we announce the passing of Ken 'Lenny' Mitchell, beloved father, husband, brother, uncle, son and dear friend to many. Ken died peacefully, surrounded by love, under a full moon, in his home in Los Angeles. Beside him, was his wife Susan, his daughter Lilah and his son, Kallum (Kilcoo camper).

For five and a half years Ken faced a series of awful challenges from ALS. In truest Ken fashion, he managed to rise above each one with grace and commitment to living a full and joyous life in each moment. He lived by the principles that each day is a gift and that You'll Never Walk Alone.

Ken is forever grateful for the massive amounts of love and endless support he received from the Kilcoo community along this journey. Thank you for connecting with each other to carry his legacy along the river and on the Kilabaloo stage.

Sean Mitchell
1986-1999

SUMMER IS COMING

As the weather gets warmer and the blackflies and mosquitos come out of hiding we know summer at Kilcoo is not far off.

As of this writing the advance camp staff are on site getting the camp ready and working with school groups during the week and other groups who have booked weekend events. Camp is almost full, and a couple of two week sessions still have empty bunks.

Camp will have a new catering service this year with Chef Yoan. Trip wise, there will be three trips going to British Columbia in July and a fourth plus a Petawawa River white water trip in August. The organizing of staff and LITs for the summer is almost complete and as is usual a great many of them are returning staff along with 1st year counsellors who have moved up from their LIT positions. It won't be long before the grounds will be full of active campers and Kilcoo's 93rd summer will begin.





IMPORTANT NOTICE

There will be no fall issue of the Gazette if alumni won't contribute articles.

Normally I have a few items I can use to build the next issue but right now I have nothing.

Please think about contributing an article. If you are not sure what you can write about, let me know and I can offer a list of suggestions. I always welcome articles from repeat contributors, but if you have never contributed before please consider helping us to keep the Gull Rock Gazette going in its 31st year of publication.

LONGHOUSE FOR RENT

For the Summer of 2024 – The Longhouse on PI Point – (the Latimer Cottage) is being rented through Redstone Rentals. It is newly renovated inside and new stairs to the lake and the photos and history on the walls is all "Kilcoo over the years". Sleeping up to 14, it is available for Alumni and friends at a special "friends and family" discount. (rates vary depending on availability)

See below link for details and if you are interested, and please connect with Kim at kim@kilcoo.com to learn more about a discount.

https://www.redstonerentals.com/cottage-rentals/rentals/haliburton/392/the-longhouse.html

