



# THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE



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## RECOLLECTIONS OF ANOTHER CANOE TRIP

Long before Kilcoo featured canoe trips to the Nahanni and DuMoine, destinations were quite local in nature with Shadow Lake, Buttermilk Falls, Kennisis and some trips in Algonquin Park being the norm. So, it was considered quite an adventure that 5 Kilcoo staff decided to venture out with Ottawa as their destination after the campers left in August, 1958

This year's spring issue of The Gull Rock Gazette had an excellent article written by Barry Hoffman entitled "Remembering A Special Canoe Trip." The article will probably unleash numerous responses of other trips to which I will add my own. This trip took place at an earlier time and unfortunately, there are no records or pictures to enhance my recollection of events. Fifty seven years can take its toll on memory.

The year was 1958, the final year of camping for 5 retiring staff members, all experienced trippers who wanted to put together a memorable and never done before canoe trip as our fond farewell to youth and Kilcoo. Aside from myself, the trip included Stan Litch, Chris Chapman, Dean Chamberlain and his cousin Mark Butler, as well as the godfather of canoe tripping in our era, Warren Castle. Warren's idea of a great summer at Kilcoo was to never come into camp, but spend July and August in Algonquin Park taking out canoe trips. He must have had stock in Gumpert's!

So, the planning began. We decided to go from Algonquin to Ottawa in 15 days. Since there were no decent maps, experience and luck would have to get us through. Remember, in 1958 there were no cell phones or social media to ask for directions. The missing ingredients in our plans were canoes and we had to sell our idea to the man who owned the canoes – Chief. Chief had just taken over the camp a few years earlier and was in no mood to have a couple of their items of inventory end up as firewood on some crazy trip. But, the reason we all loved Chief was his belief and confidence in his staff and campers. That's why I still get misty eyed at a reunion when we stand in front of the flagpole and sing "Maker of Men". Chief was also a maker of men and agreed to lend us the canoes.



So, Chief trucked us to Algonquin, wished us well and promised to meet us in Ottawa. All we had to do was get there. I don't remember the exact route that we took since follow your nose and very basic maps were our method of navigation. But looking at today's map, the names Bonnechere, Round Lake, Golden Lake, Mink Lake and Radiant ring a bell. In between lakes, there were rivers with lots of beaver dams and a good sampling of rapids. There was one memorable incident that took place that could have turned the canoes into firewood. Cruising down the Petawawa, the current began to get stronger, and as suspected, big rapids were in our future. With large rocks on either side of the river, it was going to be impossible to unload the canoes and carry them and all of our packs. So, the decision was made – shoot the rapids. It was easy at the start, but all of a sudden the rapids and rocks starting getting bigger. And then our greatest fear happened. The canoe that I was in (3 to a canoe) flipped and we were upside down in very fast moving water. It was no joke being under water, watching the rocks fly by just waiting to turn us into hamburger. So, luck prevailed. None of us were hurt and Chief's canoes were untouched.

We finally reached the Ottawa River, contacted Chief, arranged a meeting place and there he was, smiling that great smile of his. We loaded the canoes and equipment onto the truck and went back to Kilcoo. The trip of a lifetime successfully completed with great memories to propel us into the next phase of life – college and the real world. Thank you Chief for believing in us.



**PHIL HARRIS**  
1949-1958

## EDITOR'S MUSINGS

Camp has been put to bed for another year following another very successful summer season. No tornados this year and despite trips that went as far afield as the Nahanni and British Columbia, no serious accidents to report.

During my many visits to camp this summer I observed a busy, and yes noisy, place with enthusiastic, energetic campers and staff. As always I was very impressed with the many LIT's who to a man are aspiring to be the camp's future leaders. I reminded them that nineteen of the twenty-four first year LIT's I worked with in 2013 were on staff this summer, a statistic I find remarkable as well as very reassuring about the camp's future. Within that group of first year staff I was most gratified to see former Camp Awakening camper George Alevizos running Kilcoo's drama program.

Last June I participated once again in Amici's Canoe Heads activity on the Toronto waterfront and with the support of many alumni from the 1950's and 60's I was able to contribute to the amazing total of funds raised which were in excess of \$150,000. Since the summer I have been meeting with Amici staff to assist in the planning of their 50th year of sending children to camp. Amici came into existence in August of 1964 and I think it is noteworthy that of the 46 people on the 1964 staff who are still with us, 32 of us are still in some way supporting Amici. You will read more about Amici's plans in this issue of the Gazette and because it is the 50th year for camperships I plan to enter the Canoe Heads next spring one more time hopefully with Bill MacRae as my canoeing partner once again.



One of the greatest challenges in putting together the Gazette and providing articles that will be of interest to alumni from all of Kilcoo's decades is accessing enough of your creative instincts to maintain a healthy supply of material. I don't want to reduce the Gazette to a once a year publication, but it seems as soon as I finish putting together one issue I am already faced with some pressure to figure out the contents of the next. Among the topics I have asked for are favourite canoe trips, recollection of a memorable or not so memorable event, reminisces about what Kilcoo has meant to you, reports on get togethers with other alumni not including reunions, favourite program at Kilcoo, and for the several of you who have continued to devote your lives to camping since Kilcoo I have asked you to share your experiences. So please help. If you need details for ideas or wish to write for the Gazette get in touch at [gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com](mailto:gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com) Have a safe winter everyone, and hopefully we'll be back in May with another issue.



PAUL CHAMBERLAIN

## SAVOURING KILCOO MEMORIES

Though my Kilcoo memories are 40+ years old, so many remain as fresh as last week. My first summer at camp, I mistakenly thought that having an older brother at camp would be "cool", but as it turned out I rarely saw him.

The second summer, or thereabouts, I remember Don Crow managing to swamp a canoe on the Gull River as we paddled back to camp following an overnight canoe trip to Rotary Park in Minden. The dunking was the result of an impromptu "who can splash the other boats more" event, and we were cautioned to say not a single word upon our return. However, a short while later, it was Chief who welcomed us with a look at Don and a reprimand for the horseplay ... just how did he know (almost everything) before we even returned? Years later, as a camper in Tent A, those of us on top bunks were able to relieve ourselves at night without actually getting up. Just by rolling over and pushing the canvas away from the wooden side, there was room to do your thing with a minimum of effort. However, I was brought up short one day when a counsellor walking by during rest hour pointed out to me that there was a difference between doing this at 1:30 p.m. and 1:30 a.m. Go figure!

As a Senior camper, during the last week when in those days campers focused on getting papoose, tenderfoot, sagamore and chieftain awards in the various activities, I spent the entire week on the sail dock and in the Aykroyds and Norbergs with John Moyle, the most patient sailor I ever met. Canoe trips were the summer highlight, including the six mile (wasn't supposed to be) portage into Radiant Lake, Algonquin Park, where we ate supper with a lumber crew at Odenbach, then slept in a shed not more than six feet from the railroad tracks. The train that came through at 2 a.m. was a real delight, turning dark into day and bringing a rush of noise that easily exceeded what you would hear standing at the bottom of Niagara Falls. Then there was the summer as a counsellor in cabin 1, when Chief explained to me that "this summer we are going to take some six year old campers" ... ! Years later, I had a much better understanding of what was taught in Developmental Psychology.

While events are clear memories for me, the people, and the leaders in particular who I met at camp are the freshest in my mind. In addition to those mentioned above, I can still see John Dewan entertaining the entire camp by mimicking all sorts of things, including railroad crossing gates. I remember Lindsay Cowall explaining the meaning of friendship at Chapel Point, John Carter talking about the Kilcoo spirit to our cabin group, Norm Ross' canoe versus sailboat race around the triangle (who doesn't love an underdog), John Stone's barefoot summer, the easygoing Jim Paulucci always smiling and chuckling away, Morley Johnson and Peter Holman quietly carving the totem poles out by Tuck Shop, Bug Man's commitment to natural sciences and the environment, and "Smoothie" always taking the everyday ribbing good naturedly. Then there was the unforgettable Ray Bowers, friend to all, though for some reason I've never been able to find his name on the rosters in the lodge. There were so many more, and something to learn from everyone. What wasn't to like at camp? Well, maybe that two-holer behind Cabin 15



MICHAEL HATTON  
1958 - 1971



## FIRESIDE CHAT

*From Lub and the entire Latimer Family*

I was up at camp on Sunday November 1st to have one last dinner with the Post-Post Camp crew... yes, that's right... November 1st... we sure have been busy up at camp! It was so nice to spend a few beautiful fall days at camp. As I was leaving for Toronto and making the climb up the familiar hill heading south around the corner overlooking Braeside Bay on highway 35 I glanced over to Gull Lake and it struck me that it really had been a remarkable season that had started over six months earlier. Some of the guys at the "Post-Post" dinner were the very same guys, led by George Hendrie, who had started the season those many months earlier.



We had two very successful school group seasons, the spring and the fall. Thankfully we mostly dealt with private schools in the fall and were not too impacted by the Ontario teachers work-to-rule issues having only lost two of our smaller groups. Both the Advance Camp and Post Camp crews did a great job delivering program to the students, who really enjoy their 3, 4 or 5 day experiences at Kilcoo. Of course the highlight for me is always the summer and it was truly one of the best from my 31 years as Director. We had a remarkable staff, hardworking LITs, fine weather including one crazy day of large hail stones that literally blanketed camp, and a fantastic group of campers! Our most popular activities remain sailing, archery, outward challenge (both our new aerial park and Chissy's tower and what's left of the aerial course), but I am very happy to say that both woodcraft (trip skills) and canoeing are very popular and very well run programs. As a result, tripping is as popular as it has ever been at Kilcoo, we continue to give the kids a positive team oriented focus and perspective before their trips, and they have become challenges the kids really want to meet together. We sent a trip to the Nahanni River, two trips to Vancouver Island for hiking and sea kayaking (my own boys, TJ & Charlie were on the July trip), three trips to Lake Superior Provincial Park for hiking, and many other various locations including Algonquin Park, the French River, the Haliburton Highlands Water Trails, the Poker Lake system, and Cabin 1 doing their Gull Lake experience! I am very glad the traditional aspects of Ontario summer camps still remain strong in Kilcoo's culture. In camp, when we sing all the favourite songs like Walk Through a Storm arm in arm in the lodge; when we turn the lights off when we hear TAPS; when we stand tall and watch the lowering flags as we sing Maker of Men... I am reminded of how lucky my family and I are to be part of such an iconic place, with such a supporting community.

As we look ahead, I am excited for our very first Alumni/Daughter Weekend next fall... finally a chance for our alumni to share the Kilcoo experience with their daughters! I think it will be an awesome weekend, so please find the form at [www.kilcoo.com](http://www.kilcoo.com) to sign up. Speaking of the interwebs, though I am not really a big computer guy, you can also now purchase Kilcoo gear on-line through a web store at <http://kilcoo.campclothing.com/> The store ships twice a year, in mid-December and mid-June. Finally, please keep in mind the next full alumni reunion is in the Fall of 2017, on September 22nd to 24th: mark your calendars!

It is the Kilcoo alumni that make our community unique, and we celebrate that fact every time one of "you" come and visit in the summer. I would like to say a quick thanks to Tim Magwood, Dave Hamer, Gord McGivern and of course Paul Chamberlain who shared their Kilcoo passion and experience, as well as many lessons and resources with our Staff & LITs during pre-camp this past June; their assistance was invaluable. I hope you all have a wonderful holiday and as always, please enjoy this amazing Gull Rock Gazette, thanks to editor Paul Chamberlain and designer Mike Adamson.



**RIP RAM RAZZLE SCRAM**  
**DAVID "LUB" LATIMER**

## MULTI-GENERATIONS AT KILCOO CAMP

Among the many campers who have attended Kilcoo over its 84 years there have been many fathers and sons or mothers and sons as we see recorded on the rosters in the lodge.

However, not so common are the presence of three generations. One of the oldest long lasting is the Dixon family which began with Mo back in 1936. In the past year or two we have been able to spot members of three generations in one picture at Kilcoo recorded in the pictures below with Mo Bent (1948) along with one of his sons and grandson, and John Kennedy (1954) with his son and grandson.



*Stephen Bent, son Hudson and Mo*



*John Kennedy, Paul Kennedy and Jack Kennedy*



*Could this be a future 2nd generation of the Reble family to attend Kilcoo in a few years? Joseph Freidrich Reble was born smiling February 19th of this year. Alumnus Steve and his wife Mandy are the proud parents. In deciding on a name Freidrich was chosen as the middle name in fond memory of Steve's late brother Chris.*

## KILCOO ON MY MIND INSTALLMENT 2

*Readers are invited (begged?) to contribute your own “Kilcoo on my Mind” offerings for future issues. Please send to [gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com](mailto:gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com)*

Ok, Ok. Enough of this “maker of men stuff”. We may now be righteous old farts but at the time we could hardly stand still through the theme from Finlandia. What was it really like for the Mighty Men of Cabin Six?

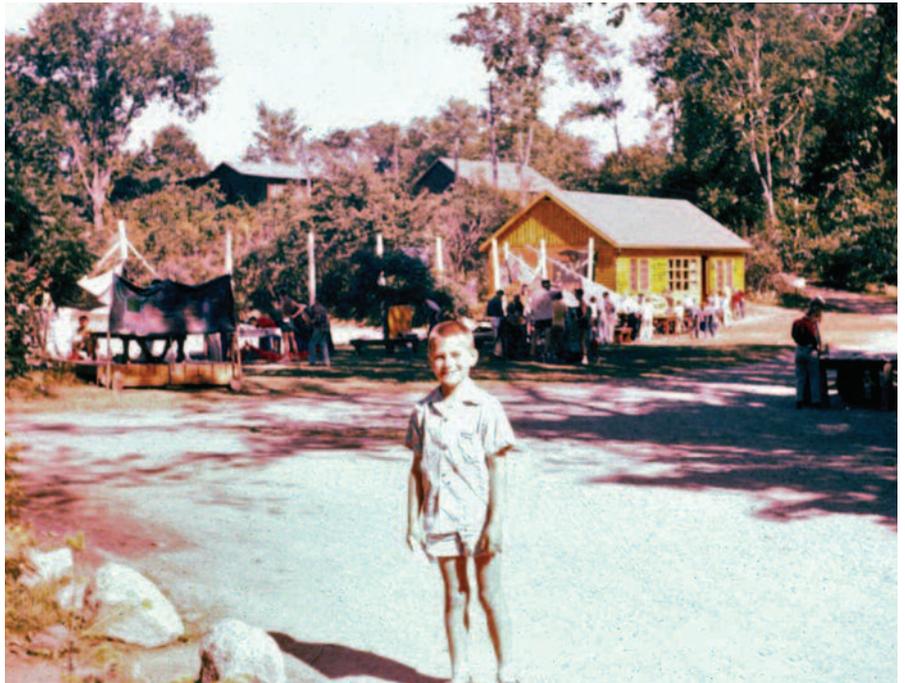
Memories are triggered at their most visceral level by aromas. A whiff of creosote brings it all back. It was the very defining fragrance of pre-camp, lavishly applied to every bit of wood where it hit the ground. It indicated that camp actually existed before we got there, at least for a week or two while some big guys took off the shutters and portaged in the mattresses. I found it hard to imagine that, during the long off-season, the waves of Gull Lake lapped the shore without us.

Here’s another sensory trigger: oatmeal and slightly burnt toast. Waiting by the lodge for the bugle for breakfast, this aroma from the kitchen came wafting across Apache Park. Apache? In my blissful ignorance of native realities in Ontario (“kay-oon, kayonny-osnee. Noomway!”) it might as well have been named for a car. And after lunch during one unique summer we were issued Vita-Pops, square candies whose flavour was said to be cherry. Most of them ended up chucked into the punting area on our way back to rest period.

Pine gum may have perfumed the breeze, but it wasn’t all roses for the campers. The cutting scent of Pinesol disinfectant wafting up from the dark recesses of the kybo is something I will never forget. There were other components of that reek, which will always be associated in my memory with the time someone threw Michael Chow’s new white running shoes down the hole and we peered in with our flashlights. During some summers, nailed outside the door of every outhouse were hand-dip pails (actually recycled one-gallon jam tins) full of something anti-bacterial. Surely dip pails no longer exist.

Some evenings we cheered the arrival of The Bugger, with the special glee of shouting that naughty word. What a lark, to follow the section director who was blasting the bushes with a little gasoline-powered bazooka. Great fun, to get lost in the dense clouds of DDT before bedtime. Perhaps it was no less toxic than the sticks of 6-12 we smeared all over our arms and legs in a vain attempt to outwit the mosquitoes.

Every time I burn my tongue, it takes me back to Kilcoo canoe trips to Boshkung or Kushog or Kashagawigamog. (Do lakes with crazy names like that really exist? Can paddlers still set up tents on a vacant point and build campfires by the shore?). Cans of Irish stew (why blame it on the Irish?) and scorched French toast (why blame it on the French?) were heated up and devoured by hungry children while far too hot. The



Gumpert’s line of fine powdered comestibles later gave way to freeze-dried pucks of pork. The cordon bleu of campfire cookery was Chef Boyardee pizza in a box. At the time (1960) pizza was as exotic a foreign food as we had ever heard of. We packed in our canoe a collapsible sheet-metal convection oven and paddled it all around the “little circuit” in anticipation of the final day of the trip, when someone whipped up the unleavened bread dough on the sandy shore of the Minden River. Care for a little sand with your burnt tongue?

Back at camp, we hoarded stacks and stacks of comic books. Pulp paper it was, made fragrant with sweat and mildew and whatever grew under a bunk. The ripeness was simply part of the experience. Those were the days before Marvel Comics. For wimps there was Little Lulu and Classics Illustrated (Les Miserables, anyone?) but the guys who got first pick hoarded Scrooge McDuck and the cubist world of Bizarro Superman. The smell seemed a normal part of the comics experience.

What else? Torches six feet long made of sticks wrapped in burlap were soaked in pails of kerosene by CITs in loincloths and body paint. This was in no way politically correct, and today Kilcoo’s insurers probably don’t allow sixteen-year olds to toss flaming spears into a raft in the bay, to create the giant closing bonfire of rotting dock planks. Ah, for the good old days!

So let’s raise a Melamine cup of livid orange bug juice to the golden years... and wonder what strange memories the kids of today are storing up to share around the (virtual) campfire.



**ROBERT AMOS, 1958-1968.  
NOW AN ARTIST LIVING IN  
VICTORIA, B.C.**

## KILCOO FIRST IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES

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I've been meditating regularly for the last couple of years and when I meditate I am occasionally gifted by thoughts or memories that come to me out of the blue. This happened to me a few weeks ago when I had the loveliest memory of a time that I had at Kilcoo. Actually the event itself didn't take place at Kilcoo, and to be honest I couldn't even tell you where it took place. But I do remember the spot so perfectly in my mind and the situation.

It was my very first summer at Kilcoo, the summer of 1975, and my very first day. I had arrived fresh from a nursing job in Montreal, my first job out of nursing school at the sweet age of 21. I was to be the camp nurse, something that I had always dreamed of. I was full of anticipation and thrilled at the thought of being surrounded by all these gorgeous young men. What a way to spend a summer and get paid at the same time.

On what I recall was our first evening at camp, a group of us who were all new to Kilcoo were taken to a picnic ground (Rotary Park?) that was somewhere be-



tween Kilcoo and Haliburton for a cook-out. Our group of 10 or so was led by Dave Stewart and we were made completely at ease in our new situation. I believe Dave had another staff person with him who was assisting and together they were preparing a meal for us. I was delighted when the wine was pulled out and we were each offered a glass and invited to go and sit somewhere and relax. It was a lovely wooded area and there was a river that passed by the grounds. We each seemed to gravitate towards the water and sit apart from each other, a good 10 or 20 feet separating each of us along the river. I am not sure why we established this pattern and didn't sit together and chat in-

stead. Perhaps we were encouraged to take some time on our own or perhaps we were influenced by Dave's quiet, reflective nature. Whatever the case, we each sat in our own space along the river bank sipping our wine, while dinner was being prepared.

It was so peaceful and I was feeling extremely content as I sat there gazing into the water and imagining the days ahead. Then I noticed Dave walking quietly along the river bank, holding onto a bottle of wine. He was stopping at each person's station to top up their wine glass. It was a small act and yet it contained a grace and generosity. What a wonderful sense of sharing and belonging I experienced. That moment has always stayed with me and who knows if this is exactly what happened? This is what I remember and what remains with me.

That summer was probably the best I ever had at Kilcoo as it was all so new and exciting. I was quite insecure in those days without much stability in my life. Kilcoo provided that for me. It was my only permanent nursing job for 4 or 5 years. The nursing demand at the time allowed me to find a new position every September and leave it the following June to head back to Kilcoo.

There are so many special memories that I have after numerous summers at camp, such as the time Dave Minnes inhaled a feather from his pillow and had to go to the hospital in Lindsay to get it removed. Or was it the time when the same Dave was electrocuted by lightning while lying on his bunk and almost lost his leg (actually a lot of my memories involve Dave and medical emergencies), to the relaxing evenings playing music in Chief's cabin while Mrs. Chief played bridge with whomever she could find, and would try to convince me to put on Johnny Mathis again. There was the time I was caught by the public health inspector running into the kitchen in my bare feet (ouch!)

I am blessed by these wonderful memories and grateful to have the opportunity to share them - and a special thanks to those friends who were a part of them.



**MAGGIE REYNOLDS**  
1975-1986

## REBIRTH OF AMICI 1981

1981 found Amici in dire straits financially and its future was in no way assured. So one late winter's evening John Latimer called a number of people to his home to discuss the future of the organization. In attendance were a number of Kilcoo alumni, including, Peter Sharpe, Gord Petch, Tim Stanley, Geoff Seaborn, Peter Holman, Tom Yarmon, John Lea and myself.

John and Peg served the customary Rye & Gingers and then explained that there were more camper commitments than cash in AMICI's bank account. He felt that AMICI always scrambled at the last minute each year to meet its obligations and stated that in his mind we had 2 choices: have everyone write a cheque to meet our needs for one last year or conduct an ambitious fund raising campaign to create a \$25,000 endowment fund.

Not surprisingly, Option #1 was quickly dismissed as a non-starter - we all believed in AMICI and wanted to see it thrive. A boisterous discussion ensued (remember the rye and gingers?) and many ideas were floated from car rallies to golf tournaments to raffles to charity dinners and then someone shared the notion of a "Fantasy Auction"...a new concept in the fund raising charitable world at the time.

As we became more and more excited by all the ideas - someone (who shall remain nameless) said "the heck with \$25,000 let's do \$50,000". Within 30 minutes, bidding against ourselves, we ended up at \$100,000 as the goal.

We spent the next 12 months planning and gathering auction items from our own personal networks. At each meeting we would do a show and tell - it became somewhat of a competition to see who could secure the neatest thing, FOR FREE.

At long last the first AMICI Fantasy Auction was held at Fantasy Farms in the Don Valley of Toronto and raised just over \$50,000. People had fun, opened their wallets and came away with some cool and unique stuff. Now with growing confidence, the organizing group went ahead and planned two more events which raised over \$220,000. With that, Amici was truly on its way.



**BOB DAMERON**  
(1966-78)

## VISITING KILCOO CAMP 1947

Kilcoo Camp in 1947 was a much different place than it has become 69 years later. To a brochure perusing parent the first difference of note would be the fees. A four week stay in 1947 cost \$125 compared with 2016's \$4525. The 1947 fee included riding instruction and the riding ring was located where the parking lot/now ropes course is located to the south of the administration building.

Within camp the sail cabin was only a few years old and the three camper group cabin, The Kremlin, was ready for its second year having replaced the three individual cabins down the hill behind the handicraft shop. The tents lining the hill in Mohawk Park were in the beginning stages of being replaced by full sized cabins, but the waterfront looked somewhat similar to the present day although there was not the accumulation of as many swim docks nor nearly as many canoes and sailboats.

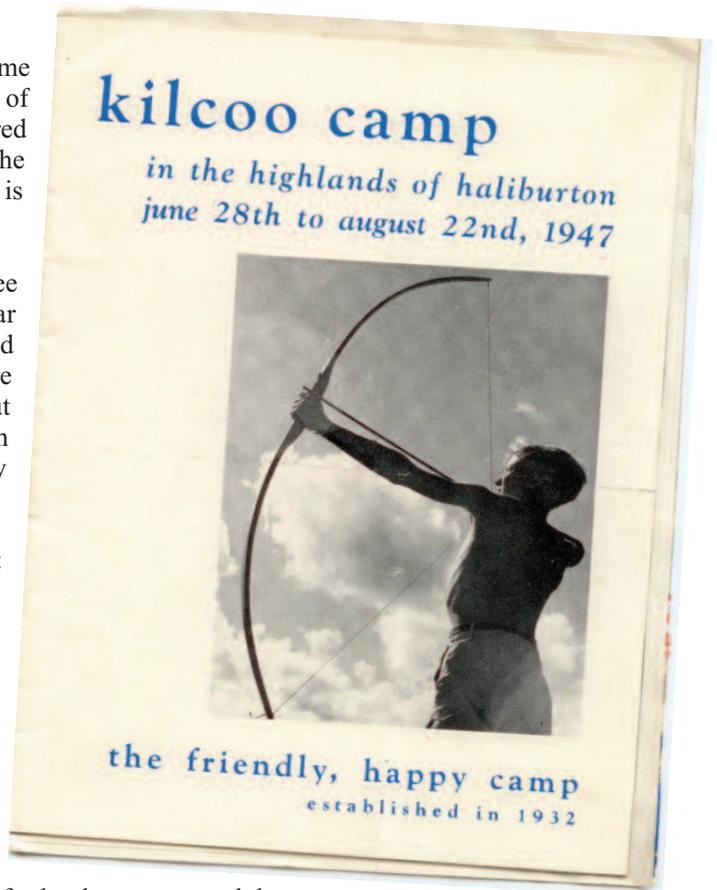
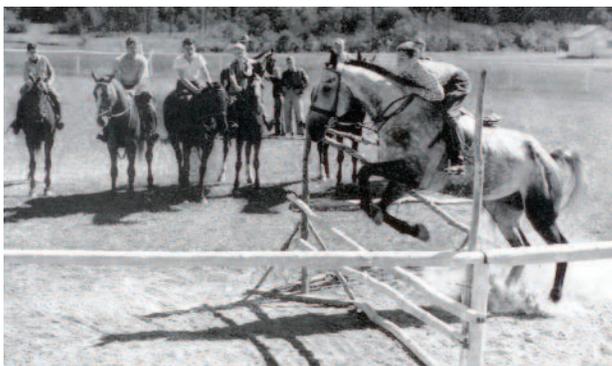
A big organizational difference was the fact that the youngest campers, the Preps, were housed in cabins lining the beach in Braeside Bay and were supervised by female counsellors including Charlie Plewman's youngest daughter Betty-Anne and her cousin Joan Boydell.

Parents who visited were accommodated in the guest lodge located on the site of the Prep camp but closer to the highway. This building, originally the Porter family home, remained standing until it was torn down during the 1970's. Today at Kilcoo, as is obvious in David's Fireside Chat in this issue, Kilcoo's summer program is adjoined by two "shoulder" seasons where a variety of school groups spend three to five days in programs supervised by their teachers and camp staff. In the 1950's and 60's no such programs existed, but in the 1940's the summer program was extended through an adult family vacation camp that filled the week after the campers went home. This was similar to the father and sons weekend now offered and the slightly altered mothers and sons program slated for 2016.

1947 was Kilcoo's 15th year and while the majority of campers lived in the Toronto area, there were quite a few from Kitchener, London, Hamilton and Buffalo and a few from faraway locations such as Lima Peru and Mexico City. Unlike the pattern that has developed in recent years, almost all campers arrived at camp by chartered bus. 1947 being the year when Charlie finally paid off his debts and became sole owner of the camp, it seemed so unfair that 1947 was also the year when Kilcoo was impacted by the polio outbreak that almost proved its death knell.



Joan Boydell



However, as history has shown since, Kilcoo's vision that has flourished and developed under all of its directors has allowed the camp to reach great heights of success that we hope will continue well beyond the present.



PAUL CHAMERLAIN

# THE NAHANNI CANOE TRIP 2015

We last reported on a canoe trip to the Nahanni River in the Northwest Territories in the fall issue, 2010. In this article by Kilcoo tripper Peter Karakashian, his obvious appreciation of the experience is quite similar to the passion for canoes and canoe tripping in the wilderness so evident in Roy McGregor's recent book, Canoe Country, a book that any canoeing and canoe tripping aficionado would enjoy.

This summer I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity to lead the Nahanni trip with Charlie Porter. It was by far the best canoe trip I have ever done with Kilcoo. Travelling through some of the most beautiful landscapes Canada has to offer is even more amazing when done so in a canoe! Although you can cover more distance and see more on a country wide road trip you don't truly appreciate your surroundings when they're going by at 100km/hr. It's not until you slow things down and take the time to look around that you can grasp how beautiful this country really is.

There were many times on the trip when we would just sit in our canoes and drift down the river taking in all the incredible sights. The endless sea of trees, the mountains that seem to touch the sky, the cliffs of the canyons that go straight up hundreds of metres from the river. The pictures never do it justice. You really feel like you are one with nature as soon as the plane drops you off on the river and you listen to the faint hum of the plane until it slowly turns to silence.



My favourite part of the trip was the hike to the Cirque of the Unclimbables. The five-day hike is definitely challenging, but also very rewarding. I have been very fortunate in my life to travel to many unique places around the world, but the view from the top of this mountain is unlike any I have seen before. On one side you can see massive alpine glaciers that cling to the sides of the slopes and on the other you can watch the sun slowly fall behind the peaks of the mountains; and the most amazing part is that you can see it all from the sleeping bag in your tent!

Anyone who gets the opportunity to do this trip should not pass it up! I think I can safely speak on behalf of Charlie and the rest of the boys on the trip that it was a phenomenal experience none of us will ever forget.



**PETER KARAKASHIAN**  
**KILCOO STAFF MEMBER 2016**



## THE INAGURAL ALUMNI/DAUGHTER WEEKEND!!

**FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 30 – SUNDAY OCTOBER 2**

We have a brand new tradition starting in 2016! David and Brooke Latimer are very happy to invite members of the Alumni and their daughters to Kilcoo for what promises to be a very memorable and unique week-end. Finally, Kilcoo will go co-ed for a weekend! Please check out [www.kilcoo.com](http://www.kilcoo.com) for the sign-up form and more information

Please check out our on-line store...

<http://kilcoo.campclothing.com>

The store is "open" twice a year in the Spring & Fall to service and ship Kilcoo gear to summer campers, school group students, friends and you, our wonderful alumni!



# 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](mailto:gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com).*

## JOHN “STONEY” STONE (1960–1967)

Following my last year at Kilcoo in 1967 I graduated from Wilfred Laurier University in 1968 with a degree in English and then got my first job in sales with Procter and Gamble in Toronto. In 1972 I moved into the healthcare supply field, where I was to remain throughout the remainder of my career. I started in sales with Johnson and Johnson and stayed with them in a variety of sales and marketing positions in Toronto, Winnipeg and Peterborough, finally leaving in 1998 from the position of Director of Sales and Marketing. I then moved to a private company, Healthpoint Ltd., based in Fort Worth, Texas and began to build the business plan for them to expand to Canada. I held the position of Director, Healthpoint Canada until we were acquired by a public company in late 2012. I stayed on in a consulting capacity until retirement in April of 2014.

On the personal side I was lucky enough, in 1969, to marry a Kilcoo girl, Allison Smith, John and Peggy’s babysitter for David, Jeffrey and Michael in 1965 and 1966. We have been happily married for 46 years. Allison taught public school in Toronto and Peterborough taking time out for the birth of our two daughters, Rebecca and Jocelyne, returning to teaching once they reached school age. She retired in 2000. Rebecca is married to Chris and they have three children and live in Hudson, Quebec. Jocelyne is married to Kevin and they have two boys and live in Peterborough, Ontario. Allison and I live on a small acreage northeast of Peterborough, Ontario where we have been for the past 35 years.

In retirement we have been travelling extensively and enjoying our summer cottage on an island on Stoney Lake in the Kawartha’s. I ski, both downhill and cross country, and snowshoe in the winter and do a lot of cycling in the non-winter months. In August 2015 I had a most memorable experience when I was invited to participate in a ‘five day push trip’ on Lake Opeongo in Algonquin Park with Paul Chamberlain, Peter Oyler, Bob Slingerland, Peter Maybury and Dave Minnes. Quite amazing to think that I first met some of the group at Kilcoo 55 years ago and it doesn’t seem that anything has changed during that time. Lots of reminiscing, great food and much laughter. Fond memories of Kilcoo. Rip Ram!

## LIAM BROWN (1991-2004)

Liam grew up in Peterborough but settled in downtown Toronto after his time at Kilcoo. He’s worked in the commercial insurance industry for over a decade, and currently manages the life sciences and healthcare department at Berkley Canada (a specialty insurance company). Berkley Canada currently employs 5 Kilcoo alumni and is always looking for more. Liam married his wife Megan in December of 2013 (ceremony performed by Tingles) and had a baby girl named Leta in January of 2015. Liam still spends a lot of the summer in the Peterborough area at the family cottage north of Peterborough (Wolf Lake).

## BILL McILROY (1975-1981)

After Kilcoo, Bill completed graduate school at the University of Guelph. He continues to live in Guelph with his wife, Mary Ellen who is a manager at Kid’s Ability. They have two boys, Rob, who is in graduate school at the University of Waterloo, and Derek, who recently just completed graduate work at Western University. Between 1996 and 2006 Bill was a professor in Physical Therapy at the University of Toronto. In 2006 he took a faculty position at the University of Waterloo where he is currently the Chair of the Department of Kinesiology teaching neuroscience and conducting research focused on neurorehabilitation. The McIlroy’s, having recently purchased property, are looking forward to spending many future summers with life-long Kilcoo friends on the shores of Gull Lake.

## SAYING GOOD-BYE TO TWO ALUMNI WHO HAVE LEFT US

### JOHN VILJOEN

Many alumni will remember John Viljoen who was at Kilcoo from about 1976 to 1983. We received notice that John passed away in August of this year. He leaves behind his brother David and two children. Only forty-eight years of age, sadly it was much too soon. As reported by John Carruthers, John established himself as an accomplished artist as a 14 year old camper and for the many alumni who have been in the lodge in recent years you will have seen the wonderful portrait of Chief John Latimer, a John Viljoen creation.

### BILL ABBOTT

On April 12th, Bill Abbott passed away at his home in Hilton Head, South Carolina leaving behind his wife Helen to whom he had been married for 58 years and three adult sons. Bill attended Kilcoo beginning in 1940 while he was growing up in Toronto and met many of the younger alumni when he attended the alumni reunion in 2002.

## IDEAS ALWAYS WELCOME!

If you have ideas for articles of interest for future issues of the Gazette please contact us at [gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com](mailto: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!

