



"Share the Gift of Summer Camp!"



THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE



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AMONG OURSELVES, FEBRUARY 1957

By John Latimer, Director, Camp Kilcoo

The following article, reprinted here with permission from the Latimer family, does two things. It provides an account of Charlie Plewman's work in the camping field and also some insight into the remarkable leadership style and philosophies not only espoused by Charlie, but also by John Latimer, Hal Hannaford and David Latimer. These then have been the Kilcoo constants since 1932.

We are all aware of the tremendous strides that camping in Canada has made during the last half century, and most of us are even more amazed at the growth which has taken place in the last decade. Many names will be cherished in the 'Hall of Fame' of camping, but one in particular will be remembered as one of the small number of men and women who had so much to do with the early development of organized camping throughout this country.

Charles F. Plewman made his first investment in the youth of Canada at Lake Couchiching in 1904. From that year until 1955, he continually added to this investment and has gained untold dividends from his efforts in molding the great change which has taken place in the camping movement.

Wilbur Howard, one of the many Canadians influenced by Charlie Plewman, refers to him as a man with a dynamic personality and a keen interest in boys and young men as individuals. "He has the ability to stimulate them on to better things, and is possessed with the creative power to present with deep penetration the ideals and principles which have influenced the lives of thousands of Canadians with whom Charlie has been associated".

These characteristics were first felt in 1911, when Charlie directed a small camp at Rosebank, near Pickering, Ontario. From 1913 to 1917, he witnessed, as director, the growth of Camp On DaDa Waks, at Golden Lake, and following this he traveled to Winnipeg and Camp Stephens on the Lake of the Woods. However, in 1921 he returned to Ontario and assumed the post of Secretary of the Ontario Boys Work Board, a position he held until 1934. He recalls most vividly some thirty-five camps which he was instrumental in organizing, most particularly the training camp at Beausoleil Island in Georgian Bay, where he will never forget the thrill he got from sharing with 125 volunteer workers who came from all parts of the province. When Charlie was being introduced to this group for the first time, the late Taylor Statten said, "Gentlemen, may I present your new leader, Charlie Plowman ... a man with a tenacious spirit which drives him to fight even harder when the chips are down, and when the odds are against him..." Such short term camps as this at Beausoleil took him from Ottawa to Temagami, from Nippissing to the Grand River, and from Canoe Lake and Couchiching to his final camping site on Gull Lake in Haliburton. It was here in the height of the depression, and with Taylor Statten's words echoing in his ears, that he started Kilcoo Camp.



During his travels however, one of Charlie's most notable achievements was recognized, for he organized and drew up the constitution for what was the first of the present day Older Boys' Parliament.

Charles Plewman has been connected with the Ontario Camping Association since its inception. In the beginning, informal meetings were held with other pioneers of the private camps. Such stalwarts as Cochrane, Statten, Chapman, Miss Edgar, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Halliday shared together their experiences and worked as a team to further the aims of the camping movement throughout the country.

With the advent of World War II, Leopold McCauley instigated a move to have Charlie take over as Secretary of the Toronto Red Cross, and he held this arduous post until 1949. During this time, however, in 1945, Charlie was asked, as one of the younger members of the 'Old Guard' to accept the position of President of the O.C.A. It was his responsibility to bridge the gap between the old and new generation of camping enthusiasts ... for many of the younger members were just returning from active duty overseas. It is safe to assume that during his term of office, the Ontario Camping Association took on its present form. Permanent quarters were needed, and these were found by Charles. The budget needed to be increased, for the financial situation of the O.C.A. offered little scope for the committee to further the needs of organized camping. Charlie obtained the first annual grant from the Ontario Government. A greatly increased budget was adopted and the first full time secretary was appointed. Working together with the secretary he sent a stenciled news bulletin to the members of the association, and the forerunner of the present periodical was published.

Throughout his many years in the camping field, Charles Plewman has always been a guiding inspiration to the younger leaders now operating their own camps. The thousands of young men who have been in contact with him cannot help but share the enthusiasm and the sincere interest which he shows to them as individuals. Although I have only known Charles Plewman for twenty years, I have been

...CONTINUED ON PAGE G3

EDITOR'S MUSINGS

As I write, winter has returned to the Toronto area and yet a little more than a month from now Tingles and a few other brave souls will begin to unpackage Kilcoo in preparation for its 80th summer of operation. To alumni like Thomas Crouch the day must seem beyond memory when he and his family made the seven hour trip from Toronto, some of it on unpaved roadways, to see if this Kilcoo place might be worth spending some time in the summer.

While so much has changed, so much has remained the same. Yet, when I have over the years compared Kilcoo to many other camps, paradoxically both change and "sameness" are what has kept Kilcoo at the top. There are many camps which over the years have become somewhat rundown with aging facilities. But at Kilcoo there have always been changes. Whether it is new docks, cabins, boats, a new generator or a water system retrofit, there is always renewal. I believe the only camper cabin that has not undergone this process yet is the aged sail cabin; and yet, I defy the Latimers to consider altering this iconic apparition in its role as a landmark and the gateway which leads the campers to Chapel Point every summer Sunday.



Then at the other end of the scale is the consistency we sense in the spirit of what is really Kilcoo. John Latimer's 1957 article reprinted in this issue attests to that spirit, and any of us who visit during the summer cannot help but see in today's campers and staff the very values we held high when we were there in our youth.

I think it is this consistency which leads many of us to maintain the friendships that developed at Kilcoo. Then when we lose some of these friends it hits hard. Personally, I was both shocked and upset to hear of Jeff Geckler's passing. Following our time at



camp many years passed before we renewed our connection at the time of Kilcoo's 75th anniversary and we had kept in close touch since. I am certain too that many of you reading this issue will be equally saddened by the passing of friends: John Longfield, Thom Bainbridge, and Chris Reble. To those of us who were at Kilcoo in the late 50's and early 60's we will well remember Camp Kandalore's owner/director Kirk Wipper who went on to devote his later life to the collecting of canoes from around the world, a collection now housed at the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough, Ontario. Kirk passed away this March at the age of 87.

80 years! Only when you look at the rosters in the lodge do you begin to realize how many people have been a part of Kilcoo over the years and hopefully almost all have fond memories of their summers at camp. During World War II Charlie Plewman took great pride in being able to declare that Kilcoo was an unique place where young boys were insulated from the horrors of war and the plaque over the fireplace in the lower level of the lodge is proof that even some of Kilcoo's own gave their lives to maintain this protection. Now today I think it could be said that Kilcoo continues to be a safe haven for its campers, perhaps protecting them from a more insidious kind of threat that pervades our culture.

With this being Kilcoo's 80th year Lub is hoping many alumni will stop by to say hello this summer, and based on the early responses to last November's notice of the September reunion we expect a full camp on the weekend of September 23rd to 25th. We hope many of you will choose to join us for what has always been a momentous weekend when we celebrate Kilcoo and our place in it every three years.

 **PAUL CHAMBERLAIN**



KILCOO ALUMNI 2011 REUNION

Join us to celebrate 80
years of Kilcoo Camp

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD
TO
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER
25TH

Registrations are adding
up quickly; don't miss
out by delaying

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

Activities get underway
on Friday afternoon,
September 23rd for the
avid golfers and then
go into high gear with
a reception at camp
during the evening.
Reconnect with friends,
meet other alumni from
most of the decades,
enjoy many of the camp
activities, a special
cocktail party on the
beach before Saturday's
banquet, and above all,
join us in reminiscing of
your summers at camp.



FIRESIDE CHAT

From Lub, Tingles, and the entire Latimer Family

It is always an honour to write to our alumni, but this year it is even more special because it is Kilcoo's 80th birthday... Wow! Our 80th birthday celebrates a rich and remarkable history, while at the same time we look forward to a bright future. Our 80th summer is looking great! We are full in every session, which seems to be rare for the August sessions in the industry this year. We are also sending a trip up to the Nahanni River for the first time since 2007. The spring and fall seasons are both completely booked with school groups, stag weekends and the Reunion of course is in September. The 2nd annual Family Camp takes place before the Labour Day weekend (August 31- September 2), so please check the ad in this issue or the website (www.kilcoo.com) for more information. We would love it if you can join us for that too, it is a great hit!



We are very excited about the Staff Reunion on the weekend of September 23rd, 24th & 25th. There will only be 150 spots open and it is booking up very fast. So if you haven't signed up, please call your buddies and get organized! Come up to camp and relive those magical days on Gull Lake.

Moreover, I welcome anyone who is passing by on Highway #35 as the months go by to drop in and say hello... come check out the camp in action! We have rebuilt cabins 14 and 15, one of our big projects for the spring is a new Hébertisme (Low Ropes) course, and we are also doing a new landscape project for the Pathfinder campfire area and along Bob's Boulevard, commemorating the 80th. Most importantly you will notice the same firm hand shake, the same pride in singing "Maker of Men", and the same sense that this is a special place.

I recently spoke to a camp director who he asked me about the secrets of Kilcoo's success. The answer to me is simple: we work very hard at making a difference in every camper's summer and we truly believe we are a "Maker of Men." We do this because that is, and always has been, the Kilcoo way. That is what the Alumni represent and that is why you are all more important to Kilcoo in this day and age than ever before.

Speaking of Alumni, one of my generation's real characters was a guy named Chris Reble. One of his memorable "antics" was to stand up in the middle of lodge and do a yell: "C-H-R-I-S... Christopher Reble is the best!": it was a sight to behold. Sadly, Chris passed away on March 11th after defying the medical odds a number of times. At his funeral I was reminded, like I am so often in sad circumstances, the importance of friendship and for all of us, those special Kilcoo friendships. We are lucky to have each other and let's appreciate that as we celebrate our 80th year at Kilcoo.

TJ & Charlie (in cabin 6 with Jack Keilty this year), Brooke, Beth, my Mom (who just moved to 77 Dunfield and is doing great), Tingles & Kim all wish you nothing but the best... I hope to see you in the summer... Rip Ram Razzle Scram!

 **DAVID "LUB" LATIMER**

CHARLIE'S SWAN SONG

"Among Ourselves" continued from cover

able to glean from this close association, the characteristics which have made his life so happy and rewarding. I have always been deeply impressed with his ability to recognize the best in people, and his willingness to give them a second chance. I have often seen him objectively study the problems of a counsellor or staff member who was not following through on his duties or responsibilities. Charlie, realizing that personal problems may be affecting these young men, has taken considerable time in chatting with them, encouraging them to solve their own difficulties. His dynamic personality and understanding of human frailties has made them more aware of their obligations to him and the camp, and as a result they go forward with a renewed interest in pursuing the finer details of leading other youngsters. I have also been moved by his ability to move forward with the times, and with the camping movement.

He was ever mindful of his duty to his campers and staff, and was most willing to listen to new ideas and plans, despite the fact that his mature mind might have presented some doubts, His staff were encouraged to present new policies and suggestions, and when possible he strongly supported them.

Though he is free from the responsibility of owning and directing a camp, he is by no means inactive. The summer finds him and his wife working in their summer home, darting about Gull Lake in his new outboard, or entertaining friends, their children and three grandchildren. Charlie is doing some painting as well. The winter finds him curling, active in Rotary and serving on various community activities.

I recall most vividly the final flag lowering at camp in 1955. As the Kilcoo banner was being lowered from the yardarm, Charlie turned to me and whispered. "Well, John, I fear this is my swan song", and as he slowly moved away I could see in his moist eyes the recollection of the hundreds of times that this same flag had been lowered to indicate the close of day, and of the thousands of young men who had gathered round that flagpole, ever conscious of their great leader who had guided them through many days of happy camping. As Charles Plewman looks back over such an active career, knowing that he has been a part of so many early beginnings, I cannot help but share this joy, and I accept the challenge from him as an inspiration to continue to practice and follow his high ideals and worthy principles, to the attainment of wholesome, laughter-filled days of camping in Canada.

 **JOHN LATIMER**

PAYING TRIBUTE TO FRIENDS WE HAVE LOST

With 80 years of history and such a large and widespread community it is not surprising that all too often we must honour alumni who have passed away. To the many friends whose lives have been impacted by those recognized below we offer our blessings, and to their families, our condolences.

JOHN LONGFIELD (1940-48) passed away on July 8th, 2010 at the age of 80. As a camper John lived in the North Toronto area as did so many others of his day. After his camp days his life became devoted to the educational field where he served as a teacher and administrator at three different levels of the public system. He loved playing the pipe organ, enjoyed his cars, and became an expert in his knowledge of the history behind Toronto's older buildings. His family will always remember his kindness and generosity and his quick wit and endearing humour.

JEFF GECKLER (1953-60) passed away after a short illness on November 11th, 2010 at the age of 67. As a camper, Jeff came from Kenmore, New York, and made the trip to camp each July on the Fort Erie bus. At camp he gained a love of the outdoors which lasted his whole life. After graduating from university he served in Vietnam with the American military after which he made a career for himself in the insurance business. Jeff retired in 1996 and then resumed his guitar playing and developed a hobby of fine cooking. To the end he was always searching for the perfect canoe (lightest) to use for his fishing ventures.

THOMAS BAINBRIDGE (1961-65) passed away suddenly at the age of 60 at his home in Calgary on January 22nd of this year. Tom grew up in Chatham, Ontario and his camp experiences spawned a love of, and respect for nature. After his camp days he spent many summers at his cottage in the Haliburton area. He went on to become an accomplished geologist and believed in living life to its fullest, a tenet he passed on to the younger generation of family members. Those closest to him will always treasure and remember his beguiling sense of humour and wit. It was very fitting that his own request in death was for nothing special because as he said, "Mother Nature always wins."

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN

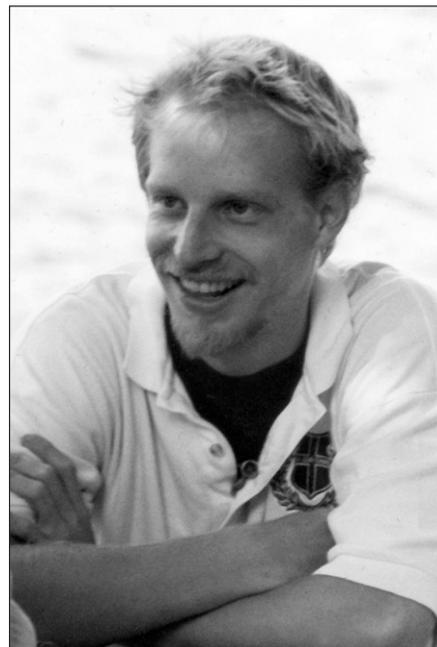
GREAT KEEPSAKE!

Some of Kilcoo's older canoes that are beyond use have been retrofitted as bookshelves and there are still a limited number available. If you are interested in purchasing one for home or cottage please contact David Latimer at the Kilcoo office: 416-486-5264



CHRIS REBLE (1982 - 95, 1999)

I am not a formally religious guy, but when big events occur, it makes you think. Last week my brother Chris passed away and I was devastated. Chris was only 37 and he had been in the hospital for three years, suffering from a brain injury due to his second cardiac arrest at only 34. Chris was not meant to live in a hospital, and in my opinion, he decided his recovery was not going fast enough; and if he stayed much longer in that hospital his creative spirit, his true essence, would be lost.



Some of you would remember him as the guy that stood on a table in the middle of the lodge and responded to the chant "Reble, Reble, Reble", with his infamous cheer "C. H. R. I. S., Christopher Reble is the Best!" He both loved and hated doing that. He was a performer and an introvert. At Kilaballoo he made us laugh with his dramatic rants (check out the YouTube video that's been circulating called "Poet's Corner", where a 19 year old Chris translates the famous poet Gonzola Alonzo Paradis). At a campfire, Chapel or final banquet he'd entertain with his guitar and a song about imagination. On a trip he would lead us in an adventurous exploration.

Chris loved camp. He loved that at Kilcoo you were encouraged to be weird, and to be creative, and to help little people grow, help them develop character and integrity. He was among the weirdest, the most creative, and the most caring.

Last night I had a vivid dream. It was a dream about a bear. Chris encouraged me to google my dream symbols – which started when he dreamed he was wearing fish slippers - and so this morning I googled "dream dictionary Bear". I came up with this: "To see a Bear in your dream symbolizes independence, the cycle of life, death and renewal, and resurrection." The more time Chris spent in the hospital, the harder it was for him to communicate, to create, and to be his wonderful weird self. The less he could do those things, the more everyone around him did. From Reble-balloos, to musical performances and readings from his book, we all brought his spirit to him. Now that he has passed away, I find myself embracing his spirit even more. Chris' passion in life has ensured that he will always be with us, always live through us.

 **STEVE 'BEAR' REBLE**

Come and Relax at Kilcoo

during the last few days of the summer

at the 2011 Family Camp!

Wednesday, August 31st to Friday, September 2nd

There will be lots of great food & snacks provided by Chris and the kitchen crew. We should be able to accommodate any dietary needs your family has.



Costs: \$185 for adults; \$135 for kids 6 to 16; age 5 and under free! Invite your "non-Kilcoo" cousins, friends, and neighbours - the more the merrier!



Camp program areas will be open including archery, biking, canoeing, kayaking, sailing, outward challenge, tennis, Arts & Crafts and much more!



Parents only cocktail party with special programming for the kids!



The chance to stay in one of your old cabins (1 family per cabin, or two if you wish)



The tuck shop will be open and of course we will have a chapel on Friday morning.



Sing and laugh around the campfire and there will be no bugs!



Family Camp 2010!

SHARE THE KILCOO MAGIC WITH KILCOO AND NON-KILCOO PEOPLE ALIKE!

LOOKING BACK - 1957

This picture was taken during a "Western Day" just outside the old Rec Hut. Facing the picture quite prominently are Alex Furness, Bill Leggett, Chris Chapman and John Kennedy. In the background to the right Mrs. L. is in conversation with Jim Sharpe and Rick Field while to the left you might be able to pick out campers Bev Armstrong, Carl Winger and Steve Cowan. These days featured all cabin groups preparing a booth and the campers, armed



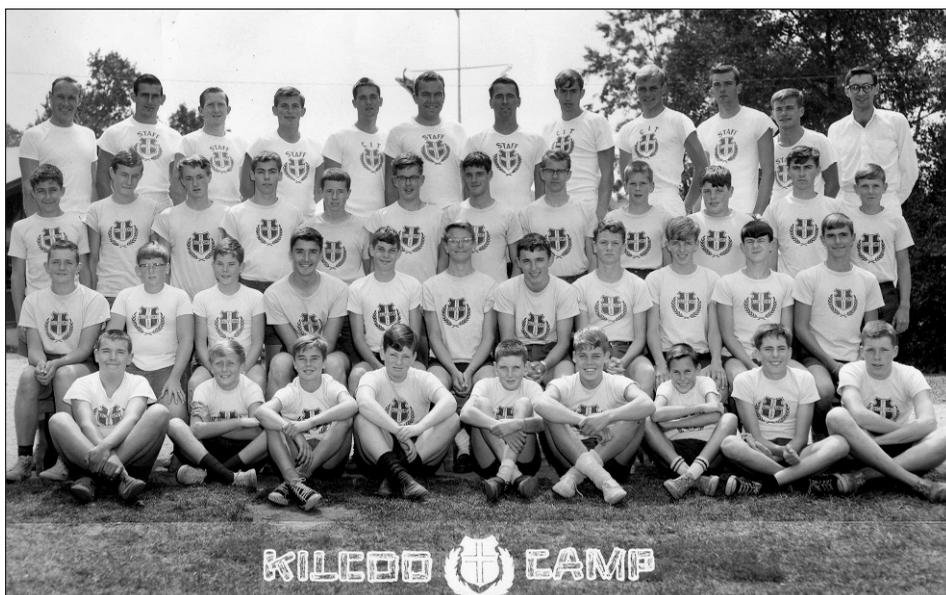
with tickest would move from booth to booth when not helping with their own. At the end of the day prizes were won, and the most sought after at one point was a free sightseeing flight over the Gull Lake area in a small plane.

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN
PHOTO SUBMITTED
BY BRUCE AMOS

CANOE UPDATE



It will delight many traditionalists among Kilcoo's alumni that the canoeing program has gone through a great resurgence in the past three years. Beginning with the canoe building project led by long time staff member Marc Russell it was augmented in 2010 with the introduction of a new instructional program which was received with enthusiasm by campers and staff. Marc is gradually restoring Kilcoo's "fleet" and finding time for restoration and repairs of canoes owned by alumni and others. The future of canoeing at Kilcoo looks bright.



KILCOO  CAMP

Who can you spot in this 1963 photo. Send your list to gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AT KILCOO - A SURVIVOR'S STORY

This story comes from Dave Minnes, a swimming instructor during the summer of 1981. John Hammett was the camp doctor at the time and as Dave recounts, signs of the storm first appeared as he stood on duty on the main tower.

Back in the seventies, I was struck by lightning while sitting on Bob Slingerland's bed in the Playpen (staff Cabin behind cabin 21 and 22). I worked on the Waterfront, Bob was probably the Section Director for the Voyageurs, and John Hammett was the Camp doctor. I don't recall who were in the cabin at the time, but I think Paul Weale was there and perhaps two other staff members.

As you know, working on the waterfront and having "tower duty" means you have to keep a close eye on the weather - thunderstorms especially. The nice thing about being on the tower is that you do have a great vantage point. On this particular day you could see a big storm front coming in from Deep Bay.

I think it was later in the afternoon while I was on tower duty, that I saw the lightning in the distance. When all the boats were in and the swimming areas cleared, I could see the wall of rain rapidly coming towards the harbour. The waterfront staff and myself ran up to the Playpen and reached the steps just as the rain caught up with us.

Several minutes passed. We sat on the beds and watched the heavy rain obliterate everything and create rivers down the clay pathways. In an instant, we experienced, what I imagine it would be like to have an explosive go off beside you. The event was so fast, so powerful, and yet it was over in an instant.

As we examined the scene more closely, we realized that the lightning had passed through Bob's shirts, jumping from hanger to hanger, burning a hole the size of a quarter into each one.

Immediately, the single bulb in the rafter was gone. Instantly the room was black and as our eyes were trying to adjust, we shouted at each other to see if everyone was okay. Other than a strange sensation in my left leg, all seemed well. But then we began to notice things had dramatically changed. As the storm system moved eastward, towards Braeside, the darkness from the storm began to disappear and daylight returned. We were all silent for a few moments, but then began to make comments as we looked at the aftermath.

Lightning wants to find its way to the ground and this means trouble for people and objects that are in the way. There were some obvious signs of damage in the cabin. The fuse box on the back wall had blown open and the glass covers on the fuses were found at the front by the door. There was a hole the size of a dessert plate in the plastic window above Bob's bed (the one near the roof that lets light into the cabin). Bob's collection of 25 fine sports shirts were all nicely hung on metal hangers on an old broomstick diagonally nailed in the corner above his bed. As we examined the scene more closely, we realized that the lightning had passed through Bob's shirts, jumping from hanger to hanger, burning a hole the size of a quarter into each one.

Travelling through Bob's shirts, the lightning's next target was me! As I lay on Bob's bed, the bolt hit the highest point - my left "butt cheek". On its journey earthbound, it travelled down my left leg, out my foot that was resting on the metal frame of the bed, into the floor, and down the front steps where it appeared to have moved a volleyball size rock about two feet from its original position in the ground.



There were probably several forks in the bolt which hit the cabin. Some time later I read that when lightning passes through wood, such as a tree or a plank, it vaporizes pockets of moisture and causes the wood to explode. Because our bodies are made up mostly of water, we are great conductors. The electricity usually moves through without too much problem as long as we are grounded. However, it does cause muscles en route to violently contract. All the muscles in my leg contracted at the same time including the muscles by the arteries of my leg. These muscles control the diameter of the arteries.

About 5 minutes after I was hit, my left leg was quite sore, and the sensation of needles and pins was present until it became numb. Blood was pooling in my foot turning it blue. I limped up to the infirmary and sat on a bed as John Hammett explained what was going on. He seemed very calm as he examined my leg and began the procedure of heating and cooling, and raising and lowering my leg in an effort to get the arteries to open and the blood flowing. After about 20 minutes, John was successful in getting things back to normal and he looked quite relieved. I learned later that I was a few minutes away from an emergency trip to the nearest hospital. John told me that if he hadn't got the blood flowing as soon as he did, there was a good chance more serious health problems could have developed including permanent damage or loss of my leg.

The front steps and the cabin's electrical system had to be replaced. This of course fell on the shoulders of Murray Hewitt. Bob's wardrobe had been seriously reduced and John Latimer generously helped Bob with replacing his shirts. This was a substantial improvement for Bob's image.

I became very interested in reading about lightning and its properties. I learned that I was lucky to be alive. My toe resting on the metal bed potentially saved my life. Lightning could have arced in my chest, hitting my heart muscle, possibly resulting in death.

My respect for Mother Nature is heightened. When electrical storms occur, memories of the Playpen come back to me, causing a certain level of uneasiness. My mind is not at rest unless there is a long pause between the lightning flash and the sound of the thunder!

 DAVE MINNES

KILCOO'S WOMEN ON STAFF...PART 3 - KITCHEN GIRLS OF THE 60'S

My seven years at Kilcoo included four years as "kitchen girl", 2 years as nanny to David and Jeffrey, and 1 year supervising the kitchen.

How did I, a 16 year old girl from Aruba end up at a boys camp in Canada? Well, the MacNutt family who lived in the Lago refinery community in Aruba sent their son to Kilcoo as a camper. My parents became interested in providing my brother, Tim with a camping experience since there was not much in Aruba to keep children and teenagers busy for the summer months. So, my brother was a camper first, then a CIT, then a counsellor, then a Section Director. I don't remember if my parents made the inquiry with John and Peg Latimer about my coming to Kilcoo but it happened and I am so very glad it did because I hold many cherished memories of those summers making new friends, and it obviously provided a unique opportunity for me to grow in maturity, confidence, and perspective on life.

Working in the kitchen was very hard physical work: lifting 30 gallon milk cans onto the shelves in the kitchen's walk-in refrigerator, helping with the food preparation for 300 three times per day, setting up and cleaning the 28 formica topped tables in the dining room being mighty sure there was a scraper at each table, filling up the family style green serving bowls for the CITs to take to their tables, etc. It was an absolute pleasure working with head cook Trudy Searles those four years! I always admired her red hair in braids. The image of 300 strawberry shortcakes on the long kitchen table is imbedded in my memory! The kitchen staff always enjoyed having their meals with Trudy in the "side" room off the kitchen which usually happened after the campers and staff were finished with their meal.

I always looked forward to Tuesday afternoons off when the campers had their "shore supper". It was the kitchen staff's opportunity for a break. I would always do my laundry, iron, relax, swim and dive (I often practised my "torpedoes" from the top of the tower and I think I became famous for the splash I created. Often some of the kitchen staff and I would walk to the Wagon Wheel for a burger and fries. Minden was the destination for doing the laundry. Looking forward to the half day made the task of packing boxes of food by 1:00pm by Cabin # with hot dogs, chips, fruit, and bug juice a lot easier.

Some of my most meaningful and emotional experiences included my first crush with a boy, my first motorcycle ride (and it was my last), participating in the singsongs in the dining hall, the raising of the Canadian, American, and Kilcoo flags, and singing both National anthems just to name a few. I always looked forward to going to chapel on Sunday mornings, and being amongst the campers and staff was special for me. I was always emotionally charged to enjoy the singing, the message given, all in the midst of the pines and rocks overlooking Gull Lake. As an aside here...my

IDEAS ALWAYS WELCOMED!

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!

brother would always bring his Sunday whites to me on Saturday night to iron. He was lucky to have his younger sister do this for him. I admit he did look handsome in his whites though. Often I would wander over to Chapel Point when I just needed to be alone and commune with God and nature.

I learned how to train myself for a 20 minute power nap without using an alarm. Usually that was all the time there was between getting the kitchen cleaned and needing to report to set the tables again for the next meal. Mornings began early with a really cold face wash outside in the woods near the girls' cabin.

Every now and then I would go to the tuck shop to buy a candy bar. Mrs. L was usually there and we'd have a great visit.

Ruth Wilson and I had many conversations but they were always too brief. She certainly was a fascinating lady! She took me to her island to show me her little cabin. That is a very special memory for me. I always feared she was coming ashore to seek medical help from being stung by a bee. On one occasion her visit to Kilcoo was for a bee sting.

I always looked forward to going to chapel on Sunday mornings, and being amongst the campers and staff was special for me.

There were special times with Chief and Mrs. Chief, usually in the mid evenings. We had many wonderful conversations. Mrs. Chief introduced me to cucumber and mayo sandwiches usually in the late evening when the staff would come in after "night patrol" to give Chief a report. I had never seen an electric tea kettle either. We always enjoyed a cup of tea with our sandwich. When I was nanny for the two years for David and Jeffrey we had many fun walks around camp stomping in puddles, searching for frogs, and of course, enjoying the lake. I did a lot of laundry in the ringer washing machine on the porch. It was also my first experience in changing diapers!

The last year at Kilcoo for me in 1969 was unplanned. I had just completed my undergraduate degree at The University of Vermont and was poised to begin my Masters degree at The University of Michigan when the phone rang and it was Mrs. Chief. Kilcoo was almost two weeks into the first camp session and the campers were getting peanut butter and jelly sandwiches every day. She asked if I could come and supervise the kitchen. I was delighted for the opportunity. I remember we were very happy to see the Schneider truck back up to the kitchen storage area with food supplies! (I very frankly don't remember much from that summer. I think I was pre-occupied with starting graduate school and trying to deal with the temporary crisis with the kitchen at Kilcoo.)

In summary...my Kilcoo experiences were very special. So special that I brought my husband, Jim, to Kilcoo on our honeymoon. I wanted him to see and meet some of the staff with whom I had worked and met so he could relate to some of my past experiences. John and Peg Latimer were exceptionally kind to me throughout those many years. It was hard work but fun. It made me a more mature young lady even though my mom would tell me I was born at 21!

 **JOAN (HAGERTY) ROTH 1963-69**

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.

WILL AMOS (1984-2001)

Living just outside Ottawa in Chelsea, Quebec, Will enjoys cross-country skiing and biking in Gatineau Park with his 2-year old daughter, Paloma Grace and his wife Regina. He is a lawyer and is the Director of the University of Ottawa-Ecojustice Environmental Law Clinic where he teaches law students how to practice environmental law. On a pro bono basis, he represents clients whose primary motivation is environmental protection. He appears before all levels of court as well as federal and provincial legislative committees.

JOHN LINDSAY (1982-84, 1988-97)

After 10 years of working as a teacher, John and his young family moved to Ottawa where John has just finished studying law at Ottawa U. His studies included working in the Ottawa-Ecojustice Environmental Law Clinic with Will Amos as his professor. After working together to help the planet, they are now hatching plans for an Ottawa area pub night/ Kilcoo reunion/ AMICI fundraiser.

STUART SNYDER (1988- 97)

Stuart is living in Toronto where he is a high school history teacher at R.H. King Academy. He and his wife Jordann are kept busy by their son and future camper Oliver who turned two this summer. Keeping Kilcoo and summer camp close to his heart, Stuart is one of the organizers for the Canoe Heads for Kids event for Amici.

PAUL CRAGG (1955-1963)

Paul graduated in medicine from Queen's in 1969. After working in the Okanagan, B.C. area, then New Zealand, he returned in 1977 via India to his home town of Peterborough. He has worked there as a family doctor, palliative care physician, and since 2000 operated The Gentle Vasectomy Clinic there. He has a daughter, 2 sons and 2 grandchildren.

BOB AMOS (1958-68)

After Kilcoo Robert decided he wanted to be on summer vacation forever. So he moved to Victoria B.C. to pursue life as an artist. There he dedicated himself to painting that city specializing in commissioned pictures of homes and gardens. He has also been the art writer in the Victoria Times Colonist newspaper since 1986 and has published six picture books. All this has been made possible by the loving support of his wife, Sarah and two daughters, Rozie and Emily. His paintings can be seen at www.robertamos.com

CAM TURNER (1955-1957)

After graduating from the Western Business School, Cam spent 30 years in the advertising agency business in Vancouver. Sold the business and bought a CruiseShipCenter franchise and cruised over the next ten years including a Kilcoo Reunion Cruise with Chief through the Panama Canal. Sold my share of that business and retired to the Sunshine Coast west of Vancouver and continue to

service cruise clients from my home office in Sechelt, British Columbia at camturner@dccnet.com.

DREW DANNIELS (1965-68)

Currently resides in Calgary with wife Jana and daughter Sawah. His eldest daughter, Keira, lives in Vancouver. Drew has been a career teacher in the Waldorf School movement, first in their hometown Nelson, B.C. and more recently in Calgary where he has been teaching and chairing the Junior High. Waldorf feels like Kilcoo year round – where the curriculum puts the child and developmental needs first and emphasizes whole learning: head, heart and hand.

SEAN MITCHELL (1986-99)

A native Torontonion Sean began his independent school career at Lakefield College School in 1996. After gaining two valuable years experience in the Residential Don program, he earned a B.Ed. degree at Ontario Institute Studies in Education (OISE). He quickly jumped into the Healthy Active Living Department at The York School the following year. After six years there, Sean served as York's first Director of Student Life. In this role, Sean brings a touch of Kilcoo magic to such areas as out-of-doors programming, service learning, student leadership, and the international exchange program.

HAPPY 80th KILCOO!



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