



THE GULL ROCK GAZETTE

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END OF AN ERA: THE AERIAL COURSE COMES DOWN IN 2017

The first year David Latimer was Director(1985) I was hired to run a program called ECO, a later version of Nature Lore and Foxfire and a precursor to a subsequent ecology program. But things quickly changed focus to adventure activities including a Zip line in Mohawk Park and out of camp rock climbing.

Climbing was to be the centerpiece of the new Outward Challenge (O.C.) program, the name being given by Craig Smiley. O.C. was so popular that year that David asked me to return with new activity ideas. The Kilcoo Camp Aerial Course was the result and my planned involvement in Kilcoo grew from three years to more than three decades.

The first third of the course was installed in 1986, the climbing tower was constructed in 1987 in the former riding ring(more recently the staff parking area) and then the aerial course was doubled in size a year later. New elements were added so that the system included a ladder bridge, the infamous Rings, the Crab Crossing and a Trapeze.

When Doward's workshop burned down in 1999 causing damage to two nearby trees it forced a rerouting of part of the course into the area behind cabins 1 and 2 and a second zip line was added. To accommodate double programming because of the popularity of the program another loop was installed extending close to the Rec Hut. Around the same time the demise of another large tree eliminated the Mohawk Park zip line.

At its peak the aerial course contained four ladders, two zip lines, and twenty-four elements. The total number of knots ranged from twelve to sixteen thousand and there were at least sixteen kilometres of ropes and cords. Various ropes had to be updated seasonally, safety lines were replaced every four years, and specific nets and elements were replaced or adjusted every five to seven years. So the course basically has been rebuilt several times over its thirty plus years.



According to our records, the course was used up to 1,500 times during peak seasons. Since 2000, two cabin groups could be run through at the same time and as many as thirty people would be on the course simultaneously including campers, staff and LITs.

I have been in the course about 30,000 times and have spent more than 10,000 hours of my life in the course doing maintenance, training staff and supervising participants. While I will be glad to move into retirement I will be sad to see the aerial course go. Making the first rope cut next spring will be difficult. The end of the aerial course was really brought home to me this August when we ran the last group of ten campers through the course. That final session reminded me of all the challenges and fun times, the roughly one hundred staff and LITs I have trained over the three decades, the hundreds of campers, and the incomparable setting in which the Aerial Course exists: the shade and the great view of the hub-hub of the camp below. But, all good things must come to an end.

The O.C. program will enter a new phase next year with the newly completed Aerial Park or A.P., which occupies the old parking lot. The climbing tower will be in operation for the next few years until it gets replaced and incorporated into the A.P. and I'll be back running the out of camp rock climbing for one more season. It will be interesting to see what the future holds for the O.C. program and generations of instructors to come.

A number of people have requested souvenirs from the A.C. when it gets dismantled. Unfortunately we won't be able to mail large chunks of knotted rope to everyone who requests them. Long usable segments of rope will be stored and recycled for use elsewhere in camp and some nets and ladders have already been spoken for. However, I will store all the remaining knotty bits at the O.C. hut and folks are welcome to come and grab something as a momento. Beyond that, all that will remain will be photographs and memories.



ROB CHISNALL
1985-2016

EDITOR'S MUSINGS

The summer of 2016 will be most remembered at Kilcoo (and most Ontario vacation retreats) for the many extremely hot days. At one point there was a complete fire ban in the Haliburton/Algonquin area, but fortunately it was short lived so that canoe trips were not forced to carry along the small portable propane stoves as they had for a period of time in 2014. The heat brought to mind my time at camp when, during hot July days, we were given salt pills to ingest at many noon meals.

David often comments on what he feels is the importance of alumni in the continuing success of Kilcoo and it pleases me that following with those statements, he is so willing to call upon alumni to assist by contributing to staff and LIT training during precamp and through the summer. I know in the past Jay Haddad and Paul Fergus have contributed with their expertise and this summer as I was working with the staff in late June so too were Dave Hamer, Gord McGiverin and Geoff Kelk, each offering their own separate instructional and information sessions. For the past 12 summers I have addressed the staff and LITs during precamp, and while I do bring in ideas relating to what will make their summer successful and I include comments on some problem issues that might come up, I always consider my address to be something of a pep talk and always done on behalf of all of Kilcoo's alumni who want the camp to thrive.

And thrive it does. The past two years have seen a significant turnover in staff and yet almost all the new staff members are former campers and LITs. Registration for campers begins in October and by January Kim is placing names on a waiting list. It is also noteworthy when I work with LIT groups during the summer that I find many whose parents or grandparents are former campers and staff members.

Last June I once again participated in Amici's Canoe Heads activity on the Toronto waterfront and the energy and enthusiasm of the participants was inspiring. As one of Amici's original organizers it is my hope that the organization will always have Kilcoo as its base, but I am also delighted to see the number of other camps who have responded to the call and are now helping to make camp possible for such a large number of deserving children. Being true to the birth of Amici I will continue to tease Amici's leadership as they celebrate a 50th year that it is really Amici's 52nd year.

As you will see in this issue of the Gazette, another alumni reunion is approaching and as our alumni list grows (it is now over 1,000 strong) I suspect that we will fill up more quickly than in previous ones. The 2014 reunion was a great success. Apart from decades baseball, a "miniature" canoe trip, golf for the T-time enthusiasts and a host of other activities, next year's reunion will provide another opportunity for friends to reconnect with the camp and each other. I hope many of you will consider making time for the weekend of September 22nd to 24th, 2017 and join in the fun on the shores of Gull Lake.

I draw upon many sources for articles in the Gazette including in this issue a call from Camp Oochigeas for volunteers to assist in their so important camp program. However, I have found it quite difficult to guarantee a constant stream of material to lighten my load in putting everything together as I work with Michael Adamson to make the Gazette happen. Please, this is your Kilcoo alumni newsletter and we need alumni to keep it going as it has now for more than 22 years. If you would like to contribute but need some direction on what to write about please e-mail me at gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com.

PAUL CHAMBERLAIN

KILCOO REUNION BUCKET LIST



As many of the readers of the Gazette know, I was a staff member at Kilcoo from 1961 to 1981. During those twenty years, I was lucky enough to work with incredible staff members who were as passionate about working with kids as I was. Some of them became close friends who I see as often as I can and others I have the opportunity to see once every three years at the Alumni Reunion. These reunions give me a chance to renew old friendships and share memories from years past.



As each reunion draws close, I scan the list of those who plan to attend. Usually the people attending from the 1960s to 1970s are guys who have attended previous reunions with me. There are very few new additions year to year. It is always great to see those past staff who keep coming back but for me there is something missing.

I have a bucket list so to speak – a wish to see those past staff members from those two decades who I haven't seen in a very long time! I think many of them know who they are. My 2017 Kilcoo Reunion would be even more special if one or more of them would decide to come back just one more time and help me with my bucket list.

Hoping to see you there.

 **BOB "SMOOTIE" SLINGERLAND**
1961-1981



The Duke of York Pub in Toronto has become the periodic stopping place for a group of alumni who enjoys catching up and reminiscing a little about camp. There is no age discrimination so if any of our readers wish to join us please let the editor know. Pictured here are Derek Allen (69), John Dewan (1964), Ken Jones (1981), Barry Hoffman (1970), Bob Dameron (1978), Geoff Seaborn (1975), Paul Chamberlain (1967), Tim Bermingham (1971) and Don Wilson (1967).



FIRESIDE CHAT

From Lub and the entire Latimer Family



We had another great fall season at Kilcoo, which was highlighted by the first ever Alumni & Daughter Weekend. You can read about this awesome event in this issue of the Gazette; it was a very cool mix of “older” (sorry guys!) alumni and their grown-up daughters and some more recently retired guys, with their younger camp aged girls... It was magic. The daughters ranged from ages 2 through to current camper mom age... pretty cool! It was weekends like this one, plus the many visits from alumni this summer, and the number of alumni campers we have at Kilcoo which reminds us of what a special community we have; it is remarkable.

In the spring Kilcoo hosted Dragonboat racers, the usual slot of school groups, the Tim Ross Ball Hockey Weekend to support Shaderkids, and Geoff “Chippy” Scott’s stag; in the fall we had more school groups (including Havergal, Trafalgar Castle, and the girls from Northern taking over the boys camp!), our current Mother/Son Weekend, Craigleith skiers and so much more; the seasons that bookend the summer are unique and awesome in their own right.

We have been very busy up on Gull Lake, and some of the lads are still up at camp winding down the season and putting everything away as I write this in mid-October. In the summer, we still thrive on all the amazing traditions that you remember like Polar Bears and TAPS Dipping, Sing Songs and Kilabaloo, Sunday Chapel and Birthday Stories... and so many more.

I am now often asked “How many more years, Lub”? after just completing my 32nd year as Director, and I always say I still love my job, and it is the energy of the campers, LITs and Staff that still make me feel “youthful”... I feel so lucky and I know my kids feel the same way. Every year, I know “they get it” just a little bit more and that is so meaningful to Beth and me. So please enjoy the Gazette, and thanks very much to our intrepid editor, Paul Chamberlain. Have a great winter season.

ALMUNI-DAUGHTER WEEKEND

On the weekend of September 30-Oct 2, 2016, Kilcoo hosted its first ever Alumni/Daughter weekend. About 70 people attended, some sharing with me, initially, a little trepidation on how this would all work out. In the end, the trepidations were unfounded. It was, in typical Kilcoo fashion, a most enjoyable time

Alumni and daughters, ranging from very young to ones who have probably tired of hearing the old man drone on incessantly about “Kilcoo this” and Kilcoo that” for what must seem like decades, arrived on Friday evening up that evergreen lined road to the lodge for registration, cabin allotment, and an evening of introductions, orientation, lodge sign gazing, bingo and food! Charlie and TJ were the main bingo callers (as Lub’s voice was in need of some rest after a long summer).



Saturday dawned overcast but rain free, as several (i.e. more than a normal Alumni reunion) joined Lub in his world famous Polar bear swim to start the day. Some of the older alumni ventured into town with daughters in tow for real coffee (in 84 years, camp coffee is still a classic oxymoron)

The rest of the day was occupied with walking excursions of the camp as dads proudly showed off to their daughters the physical magic that is Kilcoo. Roster boards, cabin signs, log books, old staff photos were also sought out and remembered.

For me, and my daughter, the highlights were things that most alumni can relate to: the Saturday evening “5 O’clock Somewhere” beach bar, a great dinner followed by songs, and a campfire with the rain holding off just long enough to hear some ghost stories from Lub, a skit or two from alumni and some beautiful songs from the duo of Phil and Laura Gellatly’s daughter Taylor, and Rob Kennedy’s daughter Grace.

Due to the rain overnight, sadly Chapel was held in the lodge after brunch . It was led by Lub accompanied by wonderful messages about the spirit of Kilcoo from Geoff Park and Mike Roland and what the memories of this place mean to the alumni. Scott Kennedy and Bruce Macdonald provided their own thoughts on what it meant for them to be here and the impact Kilcoo has had on their own lives and how much it meant for them to have their daughters here to experience a little taste of this wonderful place.

I have a feeling that this event will not be a “one-off” and that others will also want to bring their daughters here to experience what made their dad’s into men.



**RIP RAM RAZZLE SCRAM
DAVID “LUB” LATIMER**



**BARRY HOFFMAN
1961-1970**

MY REAL WORLD: KILCOO'S INFLUENCE ON MY CAREER PATH

Throughout my 18 years working at summer camp, I've heard a lot about a realm beyond the gates – a place called "The Real World." Almost every camper and staff member eventually joins it. Before they do, they always get "the look" – it's a slight furrowing of the brow followed by a long sigh. I call it the "last year at camp" look. And, back in 2005, I think I saw it in the mirror.

That year, the real world tracked me to Minden. I felt the pressure. But I wasn't quite ready to go. Fast forward to 2016 and I celebrated the 10th anniversary of Cedar Ridge Camp and my first full decade as director. And I owe it all to my experience at Kilcoo.

In late June, 1998, Kilcoo presented me with an opportunity that would forever change the course of my life. I stood atop the hill, preparing eighth graders from Williams Parkway School to head out to the swamp. For the previous seven years – three as a camper, four as a volunteer – I had come up each June with the school. That day, I saw Lub coming up from the office. He had news to share with the Advance Camp guys. I eavesdropped. An incoming counsellor had failed a few exams and had to go to summer school. Lub turned to me, "Marbs, Pre-Camp starts in three days. You in?"

At first, I struggled with the decision. I spent the rest of that night talking with K-Way (Kevin Way, assistant director at the time) who explained how big an opportunity it was. Sure I knew Kilcoo, but not the magic of summer camp in full swing, he said. Decision made: I was in.

I went home, packed my bags, broke the news to my girlfriend – the first but not last time camp would alter a relationship ("Surprise, I'm going away for the entire sum-

mer!") – said goodbye to my very confused friends, and headed back up Highway 35.

During the next eight years as a staff member, Kilcoo provided an incredible environment for me to grow and learn. And then I completed a degree in outdoor recreation – and I heard the faint call of the real world for the first time. Mirror: meet furrowed brow. But before I could sigh and pack up my Ford Tempo, enter Lub's good friend: Peter Ruys De Perez.

Peter had taken a job at Kilcoo to get reacclimatized to the camping world and prepare to one day start a camp of his own. More than once – typically at the Rockcliffe – Peter had told me about his dream and I, of course, offered my services. Three years later he purchased a gorgeous piece of property on Lake Wannamaker and asked me to be director. Cedar Ridge Camp was born.

At camp fairs, students often ask me, "What made you want to be a camp director?" The answer is always the same: "Kilcoo." My experience at Kilcoo taught me that there really could be a place where everyone worked together for a common goal; where people took care of one another; where they held themselves and each other accountable; and where kids could be kids and, well, adults could be kids, too. It's also the only place where you might find a man in a bunny suit in a Jell-O eating contest one second, then run into a flying pizza man the next. It's that spirit that continues to inspire what we do at Cedar Ridge.

Sure, things are different (co-ed was a definite adjustment), but the Kilcoo influence permeates much of the daily life at the Ridge. Lub sits on our advisory board and has mentored Peter and me throughout our journey. In addition, many influential Cedar Ridge staff came up through



Kilcoo. Scott Tavener, Rob Burkett, and Andrew Campbell were our first staff members, working hard to prepare the site. Greg Karout built our first website. Mike Adamson helped us create our media. Cary Molinaro brought the fun to our outdoor education centre. And Geoff Park was an invaluable fount of knowledge and inspiration, always willingly sharing his experiences from his own Camp Summit.

No family has been more influential to our development at Cedar Ridge than one Kilcoo family: the Campbells. Andrew kicked things off. Alexandra – daughter of Ian and Vicki – was the backbone of our office for many years and helped establish our LIT program. Jodie – daughter of David – is our current assistant director, a founding staff member, and an integral part of our success and culture. And Ben Sakamoto – son of Marg Campbell – along with Tyler, Jesse, and Natalie Campbell have all spent time on staff. Of course, a few of them eventually got the look.

I sometimes wonder how my life would be different if I had never gotten that first Kilcoo opportunity. What would have happened if that would-be counsellor had just studied a little harder and passed his exams? I do know this: I probably wouldn't be in camping. I may never have had the tools to help me find a career I truly love. I may have let that furrowed brow lead to a big sigh and you know where things go from there. But for now, my real world is in camping. And for that, I can't thank Kilcoo enough.



**GRAYSON BURKE
1998-2005**

A FEMALE COUNSELLOR RECALLS KILCOO CAMP

Joan Boydell, Charlie Plewman's niece, found herself working with her cousin, Charlie's youngest daughter Betty Ann, as a counsellor in the Prep section (youngest campers) located in Braeside Bay in the late 40's. She now writes while visiting her son's family in Australia and pieces together some of her memories from those summers at camp. Joan spent 20 years as a nurse at Peel Memorial Hospital in Brampton, Ontario and had two children, one living now in Atlanta, and her son recently becoming a permanent resident of Australia.

I think my name appears on staff lists as counsellor in 1949. It is so long ago and I have no idea whose idea it was to have girls looking after six year old boys. Maybe it was to give my cousin Betty Anne Plewman and me something to do.

The boys were good and it was no big deal. Some wet their beds and we rinsed the sheets in the lake. We all bathed in the lake and washed our hair; a big no no now.

On our days off we would hitch a ride to Dorset just for fun. Jack Pemberton was a favourite of mine and many campers. He would jump from table to table while giving the Kilcoo yell. Music appreciation at our noon meal was something I loved as

I looked out to Ruth's Island. On occasion BA and I had lunch with Ruth. Interestingly, BA and I had to swim with our clothes on to Ruth's Island before being allowed to take a canoe on the lake.

My favourite memories include taking a canoe out at twilight, Indian council and Vespers on Sunday, Taps being played each evening, and the boys telling stories after returning from their canoe trips. Back then when camp was over and the flags were lowered for the last time many of the boys had tears in their eyes.



MEMORIES OF KILCOO NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

Bruce Williamson writes the following account of his life since Kilcoo along with the many memories he has kept alive. He was just one of many campers who boarded the camp bus in Burlington each summer in the 1950's as it pulled in from its starting point in Fort Erie.

The spring 2016 issue of The Gull Rock Gazette was just fantastic, and I enjoyed every word. I just heard Finlandia on the radio and was surprised at how many words I still remember from flag lowering all those many years ago.

Recently I was driving along Plains Road in Burlington and Kilcoo leapt out at me again. Funny how often this happens. This is where many of us got the bus to camp. My first year was 1954 and I sat in a seat for two along with Reg duDomaine and John Waterous. I do not remember any discussion about why we were being sent to camp. One day a blue trunk arrived at our house in Brantford and my mother started packing it. Next I knew, I was on a bus to where I did not know. How times have changed.

We were all in the Bantam section. John had Stan Horowitz as a counsellor, I was with Frank Seidel, and Reg was next door. Our parents had gotten together to make sure we were not all together. Reg fell out of his top bunk two weeks in and broke his collarbone but he stayed for the remaining two weeks. I was really homesick for the first few days but soon got over that. Little did I know that my parents would have the good foresight to send me for the next four summers and in 1958 I was at camp for a double period. Fantastic !!

We had a quite a few campers from Brantford and Chief would come into town for his annual sales trip to preach to the converted. That was always fun because it brought back such vivid memories. Being at Kilcoo was a wonderful way to spend summer as all of you reading this know. I am sorry to say that since moving back to Ontario in 1984 I have only made it to visit the camp twice. One of those times was a September day in 1997 and we found the place all set for David and Beth Latimer's wedding.

I had my 23rd annual and last canoe trip with the same group of friends this past September in Killarney. We also had a spouses'



Carnivals were a favourite event during Bruce's years at camp. In this one Dave Milne and Chris Chapman appear to enjoy watching Alex Furness on the receiving end of "Staff Splash".

trip in Algonquin in July for four days with the wives of our long standing canoe group. I attribute all my canoeing skills to Kilcoo and camp also provided me with an everlasting love and respect for the outdoors. Karen and I have a son Chris who has lived in France since 1999. He'll never return to Canada, but our daughter Heather and her family live in Burnaby. So, we are moving to B.C. later this year after 31 years in Ontario. Pretty exciting change for us.

Not too much canoeing out there but my daughter says I can take up sea kayaking. I still have my original Kilcoo paddle with green and orange chevrons on it.



RECOLLECTIONS OF KILCOO'S EARLY YEARS

The summers of 1939, 40 and 41 were perhaps the best of my life. Toward the end of my first winter of university I began to think of summer employment. I had been offered a job at the Imperial Bank but I answered an advertisement for a riding instructor position at Kilcoo Camp, a boys' camp in Haliburton. I had a couple of interviews in the home of Charlie Plewman, "Chief Charlie" as I later came to know him. I don't know why he hired me. I must have looked very young and unimpressive, especially as the job had previously been performed by a typical old English riding master. Perhaps it was because he could save money (I think I was paid \$125 for the summer) and I could double as a counsellor for one of the camp "tribes".

After I was hired I rushed to my uncle Gordon Gayford to get tips on the care and feeding of horses. I wasn't worried about the teaching part having been schooled by Uncle Gordon and taken classes at the Eglinton Hunt Club.

Not only was I to teach riding, but I also had to select the five or six steeds to fill the rough hewn stalls located in a clearing in the woods on the camp property. Chief Charlie sent me to meet a farmer named Junkin near Fenelon Falls to pick out the suitable mounts.

So, after spending a night in early June at Junkin's, I visited a few farms and picked out the horses I wanted, many of which had never been saddled. I selected five or six and then riding one and leading others I rode the thirty miles to camp. Other horses were brought along by truck complete with bales of hay and straw.

After a few days of preparing the stables and organizing the tack I waited in a tent for the arrival of my particular tribe, the "Mug-



wumps". One by one the half dozen young teenagers brought in their gear as I greeted them. They seemed to know each other and after a while a tall kid, John Piesley said, "I wonder who our counsellor will be this year?" They didn't hide their surprise when they learned that this young looking fellow was to be their leader.

For a person whose summers had been cottage life on Lake Simcoe, Kilcoo Camp was to be a series of wonderful and challenging experiences. Thinking back, I shudder to think of the risk Plewman took in putting a nineteen year old youth in charge of a riding school for children, some of whom were under ten. He knew nothing about the risks involved. How lucky I was during those three summers that we had no accidents.

After the first year I had an official assistant, Jack Pemberton, a former camper about a year younger than I. We worked well together and I was free to take my tribe on their week long canoe trip in Algonquin Park. Portaging a canoe and leading a team of boys through uninhabited Algonquin lakes was not only an adventure, but it gave me a great sense of achievement.

AN ANNUAL 70S GUYS GOLF DAY



For ten years a group of Kilcoo alumni have been getting together each golf season to play a round in support of AMICI. The golf clubs have changed over the years, but the group has remained largely the same. The core group has included Paul Weale, Bob Dameron, Tim Stanley, Rob McAdam, Randy Kline, Jeff Lloyd, Jamie McCullough, Rob Galloway, Joe Bales, and Bill Meeker. Over the years we have had Tim Currie, Mike Walker, Paul Hutton, Ken Clarke, Ray Lyons, and Jamie MacIntosh out as well. We estimate we have raised about \$4,000 for AMICI (everyone contributes \$50 to AMICI as part of the event) over the past 10 years.

This year the group gathered at the Westview Golf Club, north of Toronto, on a beautiful hot summer day. Pictured above are (left to right): Joe Bales, Paul Hutton, Rob Galloway, Randy Kline, Mike Walker, Bill Meeker, Jeff Lloyd.

Next year's event has already been booked for June 22, 2017 at Westview Golf Club. If interested, please e-mail Bill Meeker at weeker1@gmail.com to reserve your foursome!

 **BILL MEEKER**
1968-76;81

ANOTHER KILCOO ALUMNUS LOST

John George Bell, known affectionately as "Johnny" and "Tinker" passed away on September 3, 2016, in his 67th year.

Tink and I were both 10 year-old campers at Kilcoo in 1959 but we didn't become lifelong friends until we were C.I.T.s together and spent mid-camp at his family home. The parties, the energy, the wit, the fun, and his amazing zest for life were infectious. Tink was a great and loving counsellor, a superb water-ski instructor, but like our Chief (John Latimer) he absolutely loved a good prank.

John was an accomplished television Director (SCTV, Maniac Mansion, Goosebumps, PSI Factor and How to be Indie) as he – professionally – entertained millions! I was a cub leader at Humber Valley United Church in Etobicoke, and John assisted me for several years. We often took our cub pack to the television sets to watch Johnny Bell in action and meet the stars! What focus and command he displayed as a Director!

It was John's energy, creativity and talent that propelled us (along with my brother-in-law Doug) to produce Blue Lake and Rocky Shore (for Kilcoo's 60th) and Kilcoo: 75 (for Kilcoo's 75th anniversary). John Bell was at his professional finest – but these two videos were pure labours of love.

I first met Linda Preston at the Old Firehall (Second City) as Tink had to show me his "hot" girlfriend he had met in Banff – what a great couple they became! With their boys (Alex and Julian), my wife and boys, John Walker and family and several others, New Years' parties on Maple Lake were yearly staples at the cottages that Tink owned, with amazing food, fellowship and fun!

The Big Chill was a weekend retreat at Kilcoo started by Chief and me in 1981: it included John Bell, John Walker, Michael Haddad, Tim Currie, Phil Sherwood, Doug Caldwell, Craig Beggs – and in later years David Latimer and Mike Sherwood. The Big Chill survived over 30 years and it was always a weekend of great food, walks, talks, and deliberations to keep Kilcoo excellent! John Bell was again at his best – funny, witty, irreverent and an outstanding chef! Tink's boys have thrived both at Kilcoo and Nokomis (my camp). We always feel the power and spirit of Chief – and now Tink is having a rye and ginger with the Chief he missed so much!

Johnny Bell died of a heart attack; Dan McCloskey spent the last two weeks of Tink's life at his side, reminiscing and sharing stories together. After the Celebration of Life on September 17, Dan and I shared our own two-hour reminiscing of Tink's most amazing life! John Bell's ashes will be spread over Kilcoo Camp (Blue Lake and Rocky Shore, I will return once more).

Thanks for the day, Comrade!



**CAMP
OOCH**

For Children With Cancer

'Thank you for letting me be a part of a camp that lets kids be who they are and not what they have'

Do you miss Camp? Do you want to be a part of something memorable?

Camp Oochigeas is a volunteer-run origination that serves kids with and affected by cancer with camp programs. We are looking for Volunteers to staff our summer camp program – Overnight Camp in Muskoka or Day Camps in Toronto and Markham. Volunteers are aged 19 – 65 and can expect to join a vibrant community of talented, professional volunteers who provide care for children affected by cancer.

Applications launch December 1st and you can get more information by visiting ooch.org or contacting volunteer@ooch.org.



JAY HADDAD
1959-73; 80-82

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.

TERRY PATTERSON (1962–1966)

I was at Kilcoo in the early 60's as a counsellor and as a water skiing instructor with Don Storey. I was part of the Woodstock contingent that included Joe Warwick, Bob Middaugh and Glen Milne.

I have happy memories of Kilcoo. John Latimer had a way of placing trust in his staff that resulted in us responding to that trust that benefitted us personally and which resulted in a safe and great experience for the campers.

The campers developed athletic and social skills that I am sure have lasted a lifetime. Kilcoo was and continues to be an important part of my life. My wife Susan and I have a daughter Heather. I was a lawyer in Windsor for 28 years and became a Superior Court judge in 1999 and at the age of 71 I am semi retired. Obviously Peter Oyler and Paul Chamberlain had a great influence on me as I go on canoe trips annually and have done the Nahanni, a 14 day trip out of Pond Inlet, Baffin Island, the San Juan in Utah and the Noire, the Dumeoine and the Coulonge in Quebec.

This summer I did a fourteen day canoe trip on the Coppermine River to the Arctic Ocean which included a snowstorm in July. Next summer I am doing the Thomsen River on Banks Island in the Beaufort Sea (in the Arctic Ocean).

See you at the next reunion.

TIM BIRMINGHAM (1964–1971)

In early 1964, my father's best friend (and my Godfather) Bill MacIntosh suggested that his brother-in-law, John Latimer, should visit us to talk about Kilcoo. I liked the slide show, and the natural result of the meeting was that in July of 1964, I was on a bus filled with cheering campers and staff rolling in through the din and smoke of mortars. Somewhat dazed, my 10 year old self stepped off the bus to be greeted by name by Chief (as was every other boy) and into Cabin 7, which was led by Lance, (whose last name I regret has faded from memory.)

A succession of summers and great friends and leaders followed, culminating in the year, I think 1970, in which most of my Cabin 7 mates lorded it over the camp in the Super Senior Cabin with Counsellor Pete Maybury. That year, to our great surprise Gord Wooley and I were unexpectedly asked to stay as C.I.T.s for August. Hitchhiking back to Camp after the mid summer break seemed a great adventure, and now seems crazy!

My memories of camp are suffused with the magnificent songs that came out during that period. Kilcoo had the amazing effect of inspiring a very shy me to take to the stage at a Kilabaloo to air guitar and lip synch the newly released little ditty called "(I can't get no) Satisfaction" and gathering in the Tent E to listen to Jimi Hendrix on a battery powered portable record player.

I deeply regret that I was too foolish to accept the offer to return as a second year C.I.T., thinking that I should start working in

the family construction business for my summers. Intense "camp sickness" followed and plagued me for years, especially when I visited my younger brother Patrick at Kilcoo.

I was delighted when our son Christopher joined Kilcoo in 1999, both because of the fun he had and the friends he made, but also because through father-son weekends and reunions I was able to regain my own connection with the Latimers and the camp staff. Chris and our daughter Katie attending Greenwood College School intensified my re-immersion into Kilcoo, including a tour of the high ropes and being asked to speak at Chapel Point, which fulfilled a lifelong wish. Christopher finished his years at Kilcoo as Waterfront Director in 2013, and a number of his friends are the sons of my friends.

I am now a Partner Emeritus at Blake, Cassels and Graydon LLP and very much enjoying my new occupations as an Ashtanga yoga instructor at the Ashtanga Yoga Centre of Toronto and as a photographer at www.bermingham.ca I'd love to hear from anyone who shares these memories!

RYAN KRAUSZ (1997–2006)

My last summer at Kilcoo was 2006, and in the ten years since then a lot has changed in my life. However, I have been lucky to stay connected to Kilcoo. I started working with RBC immediately after post camp in 2006. For the past 8 years I have worked as an Investment and Retirement Planner with RBC Financial Planning. I met my wife Chanele in the summer of 2008. Chanele works as an Interior Decorator and Prop Stylist. We live in Toronto near Mount Pleasant and Eglinton. My parents, George and Susan, bought a cottage on Gull Lake in 2007; this has allowed my two brothers (Dan and Jeremy) and me to stay connected to Kilcoo. We have annual ball hockey games, I had my 30th surprise birthday on New Year's Eve in the lodge, my stag was at Kilcoo, and my wife and I were married on our cottage dock by Minister Lub and had our reception at the Kilcoo lodge, which was amazing! Kilcoo is still in my life today as most of my closest friends are guys I met at Kilcoo. I'm thankful every day that my parents sent me to Kilcoo; it helped turn me into the man I am today!

IDEAS ALWAYS WELCOME!

If you have ideas for articles of interest for future issues of the Gazette please contact us at gazetteeditor@kilcoo.com. If you have a good topic idea, we will do the follow up



research; if you want to write an article please put on your creative hat, and if you have some photos to accompany your piece, please send those along as well!