



# *The Wabun Way*

*Canadian Wilderness Canoe Trips for Boys and Girls*



Volume VI, 2004-05

## GREETINGS FROM THE DIRECTOR

Dear Wabun Alumni/ae and Friends:

2004 was another great season at Wabun, our 72nd. Over 150 parents, friends, and alumni/ae joined us to attend an alumni/ae social gathering on August 6, and then to participate in our closing ceremonies as eleven sections returned from canoe trip on August 7. Our style of travel continues to serve us well in putting our campers in touch with their own capacity to move through the magnificence of Temagami and experience self-made comforts that are really quite impressive. The acquired skills are amazing! For the first time in our history, we offered three long trips, all three to Hudson Bay. Jason Lewis and Stef Superina led one six-week Wabun A trip on the Fawn and Severn Rivers. Genesee Keevil and Anastasia Kiesling traveled with our Cayuga girls on the Winisk River, and Pete Gwyn and Trevor Rees led a second Wabun A group down the Winiskisis Channel and the Winisk proper. All three sections described exquisite riverscapes, sightings of moose, caribou, bear, eagles, otter, polar bears, etc., at our closing campfire. More powerful, however, were the recountings of friendships formed in those territories of the Far North, the pleasures constructed and enjoyed beyond the reach of extension cords, and the stories of indescribably special moments.

In the vein of long trips, here's a reflection shared with me at a recent Wabun reunion:

"It doesn't seem particularly unusual that I as an 18-year-old would say of a Hudson Bay Trip, 'That was the neatest thing I have ever done!' But it is quite remarkable that I, as a forty-five year old, would say of the same trip: 'That is the most personally rewarding experience I have ever had!'"

Such are the poignancies and importances we are still witnessing as Wabun nears its 75th anniversary season in 2007.

Welcome to our first-ever, electronic edition of the Wabun Newsletter. Overnight, it seems, we have gone from reflect-

ing on the wood, canvas and leather experience of Wabun in conventional hard copy to using the language of gigabytes and pixels – wow! We are offering this Newsletter in a pdf format so that you may read and view it on screen, or download and print it in hard copy.



Hardin Coleman, Dick Lewis and Gail Coleman on August 6th



Parents awaiting the campers' return to camp on August 7th.

The emphasis of this year's Newsletter will be pictorial, but you will note a link at the end of the Newsletter taking you back to wabun.com where you will find such features as: full versions of last summer's trip logs; section photographs; a camper application; our current clothing and equipment list (boys and girls); frequently asked questions by campers and parents; the Wabun alumni/ae bulletin board; a listing of alums for whom we are seeking current addresses; and miscellaneous options for you to experience and share thoughts and reflections with other Wabun alums. Particularly, I encourage you to contribute to our planning of the celebration of our 75th season in 2007 by weighing in with your recollections, photographs, interesting biographical notes, and any memorabilia you feel canoeing soul mates would find interesting. Russ Tuckerman, grandson of one of our founding directors, Bill Russell, Sr., will be chairing a committee to plan for this celebration scheduled for August 5 – 7, 2007. You may e-mail Russ at [lbtpanda@montanadsl.net](mailto:lbtpanda@montanadsl.net).

I welcome you to this reflection on our 2004 season and invite you to get in touch with me if there is anything I might do to further the fondnesses we all share.

Respectfully,

Richard P. Lewis III  
December 2004

## Four Generations of Wabunites

Written by Benjamin (Bo) Foster

The McLellan, Foster, Nocka and Paul families represent four



*The McLellan, Foster, Nocka families of campers and parents, along with the burgeoning contingent of Harvard/Boxborough, MA campers and families*

generations of Wabunites. Mac McLellan was one of the original founders and Directors of Wabun. His and Maggie's first child, Mary Alice McLellan Foster, has been to Wabun almost every year since she was born. Mary Alice and I met in 1947 at Mrs. Lewis' annual lemonade party for the Chippies on her screen porch at Wabun Point. I was stricken at once by 13 year old Mary Alice who was the poised and gracious lemonade "serving wench."

I was a camper and waiter at Wabun for five years. My Chippy staff included Jeff Hartzell (see Wabun Doctors in '04 on page 15), Jim Bantam and guide Frank Greene. In my fifth year, Wabun A went to James Bay starting at Lake Temagami and tripping for 8 weeks over the Indian portage, over the height of land (four 2 mile portages in one day) through Amos, Quebec, and down the Harricanaw River. Morgie Lloyd was the Staff, and Mike Buckshot was our guide. He used to get up at dawn and wash and dry our socks each day. He told us endless tales of how he was hired by the Mounties to chase poachers in the winter. The poachers were wily and smart and always got away. We realized near the end of the summer that he was the one being chased. Other remembered staff include Mack McCracken, Charlie Cabot, Steve Moulton, Bump Macomber, Bill Monroe, and guides Ken Jocko and Eddie Bernard. Eddie Bernard played the violin, "Big Russ" (Bill Russell) played the piano, and Rusty Clemenshaw called the mid-season square dance. Mr. Clemenshaw made a big deal showing Mary Alice and me how to square dance correctly.

All six of our children have attended Wabun. Chris was a camper for four years, then several years an assistant with

Jim Draper, and finally served as a guide for the first four or five years of women's Hudson Bay trips. All six have written about their Wabun experiences in their successful college and graduate school applications (Yale, Bowdoin, Wesleyan,

University of Maine, Northeastern, Duke Medical School, Bowman Grey Medical School, Tufts School of Veterinary Medicine, Case Western Law School, Columbia Graduate School, and Wharton Graduate Division). Wabun becomes a way of life for many of us. We learn so much about ourselves being far away from home for several weeks, without TV, telephone, automobiles, relying on ourselves for transportation, housing, meals, staying dry in the rain, keeping cool when it's hot, and learning to confront the dreaded MUSKEG. A friend of

Tim's once wrote us a thank you note for introducing him to Muskeg, which he defined as an ethereal aromatic substance into which you sink up to your knees or deeper.

There is now a fourth generation of the Mary Alice branch of the McLellan family consisting of twelve boys and five girls. So far, five have been Wabun campers, four boys and one girl, Laura. Coincidentally, Laura has tripped for two years with Jeff Hartzell's granddaughter.

At Jeff's graduation, Yale President Bart Giamatti's baccalaureate theme was that much of the great work of the world is done in groups of fifteen or fewer people. He cited as educational examples the seminars at Yale and the senior societies. He reminded me that the Wabun experience includes a total immersion for six weeks in a group of fifteen or fewer persons, an incredible opportunity for self discovery.



*The Nocka and Foster boys in 2004 – William Nocka (far left), Ryan Foster (3rd from right), and Sean Foster (2nd from right) with section mate, Will Sherman (far right), and younger family boys*

# ALUMNI/AE NEWS FROM 2004

## Minnesotan Wabunites



*Minnesota campers, staff, and visiting alumni/ae*

## Ohioan Wabunites



*A very impressive gathering of campers, staff, parents, and visiting alumni/ae from Ohio*

## Thompson Wabunites



*Dave Thompson (far right) was a member of the Wabun staff in 1970 when he had Jack Addison (2nd from left), Bill Porter (3rd from left) and Doug Knisley (2nd from right) in his section. Their sons, young Jack Addison (far left) was a camper in Dave's section this year, Will Porter was with Dave's group in 2002, and Kurt Knisley was Dave's assistant this year – generational loyalty to the MAX!*

Hatheway-Scriver Wedding, September 2004

Jessica Hatheway and Geoff Scriver were married in Amherst, Massachusetts, this past September. It should be no surprise that a healthy contingent of Wabun alums were on hand to offer their best wishes, to provide blessings of “the wind at your back,” and to send the newlyweds on their way with a rousing Wabun cheer.

Jess has been a camper and staff at Wabun for many years. She has covered the full spectrum of Wabun tripping, culminating in leadership of Bay Trips, but she is also quite distinguished in being the only female head staff of a boys’ section in our history.

She and Geoff are living in Burlington, Vermont, where Geoff is doing his medical residency and Jess is a graduate student in fine arts.



Jessica Hatheway-Scriver and Geoff Scriver



Wabun Women at Jessica Hatheway’s wedding – (from left to right) – Phoebe Knowles, Julie Hinchman, Courtney Manning Hatheway, Karen Gallagher, Sarah Flotten, Allison Coffin, Georgia Michael, Jessica Lewis, Katie Hatheway, and Marg Lewis.

Buck Crowley & Family

Last winter, Dick and Marg visited with Francis (Buck) Crowley and his family - spouse, Dr. Eberle Ewing, son, Dan, and daughter, Annie, in San Francisco. Buck was a member of the staff at Wabun in 1979 & 1980. Buck, and fellow former campers/staff, Mark Hedley and Brian Kilgore all met together two years earlier at the reunion hosted by Chapin Coit who was a member of the 1933 camp roster.



Stiverson Wedding

Tom and Jan Stiverson were married on January 27, 2004, in Virginia. Tom’s recollection of the ceremony – “We were planning to have a traditional wedding in early June, but fate took us in a different direction. On January 27th, we went out to pick up our wedding rings and our marriage license. When we reached the courthouse, the magistrate asked us if we wanted to be married right then. We looked at each other and decide to get married at the courthouse. The honeymoon has not stopped yet.”



# ALUMNI/AE NEWS FROM 2004

## Holt Fuller's Engagement

In November Holt Fuller became engaged to Amy Rupp, a veterinarian and fellow outdoor enthusiast. Holt and Amy's nuptials will take place in Moab, Utah, on April 23, 2005. The ceremony will be outdoors along the bank of the Colorado River.



*Amy Rupp and Holt Fuller in Moab*

## Jason Lewis' Engagement

Jason Lewis and Ali Thurber are pleased to announce their engagement to be married next October. Jason and Ali met while working together as teachers at Greenwich Country Day School. Jason is currently teaching honors biology and coaching basketball and baseball; Ali is working toward her master's degree in social work through Smith College and is doing her fieldwork in Danbury, Connecticut.



*Ali Thurber and Jason Lewis*

## A New Manning!

Drs. Peter and Christine Manning proudly announce the birth of their first child, Noah Peter Manning, born on November 26, 2004. Peter has been a camper, staff, and most recently, a medical presence at Wabun. He has conducted medical training for our staff and helped us out by being on call when he has been visiting with his family at their cabin on the other side of the island. Chris is a pediatrician in Portland, Maine where Peter is doing his residency in OBGYN.



*Noah Peter Manning*

## Visit the Copenhagen and catch up with Vagn & Else

Vagn and Else Petersen lived at Wabun from June of 1970 until the summer of 1980. Vagn was Wabun's year-round caretaker, dock builder, canoe repairman, and do-it-all master craftsman. Many of the improvements made at Wabun under his direction are still evident. Vagn also created several wonderful pieces of art that many Wabun alums enjoy in the homes of their winter lives. At a recent Board meeting of The Temagami Community Foundation this past October, several Board members with Wabun connections enjoyed a break in their business by having dinner at the Copenhagen Restaurant. The Copenhagen is owned and operated by Vagn and Else, and is located in the town of Temagami. It offers incongruously elegant meals, and it is well worth going out of your way to enjoy the Petersen's Danish cuisine.



*Friends at the Copenhagen: (left to right) Vagn Petersen, June Keevil (mother of Cayuga A staff, Genesee Keevil), Vicki Grant (President of Temagami Community Foundation and mother of Fabian and McKenzie Grant), Else Petersen, and Dick Lewis*



*Ferguson Bay, Lake Temagami - Painting by Vagn Petersen 1979*

## Ida Moore

Written by Russ Tuckerman

The Mattawa, Ontario, area provided many cooks and guides to Wabun over the years but probably none served as long as Ida Moore, a beloved Camp Wabun cook for 22 seasons from 1946 to 1967. The black and white photo from 1946 shows Ida proudly standing in front of her very own cabin for her first Wabun season. Grace Russell Tuckerman who took the photo recounts Ida was thrilled to have her own building and proudly exclaimed, "IDACLARE" (as in "I do declare"), giving her the nickname Ida Claire Moore. Bill Russell Jr. remembers Ida as a person who would without hesitation always help out. After a meal she would even help the guides finish the dishes! She was a warm caring friend to anyone and everyone. Russ Tuckerman and his family remained in

close contact with Ida over the years, visiting her cozy home in Mattawa almost yearly for lunch and remembering. She would also visit the lake from time to time in later years to see her dear friends on Lake Temagami. Most would agree that she grew more beautiful with age. She passed away this fall at the age of 93. All Wabun alumni who knew her will sorely miss her fresh pies, warm smile and big heart.



Ida Moore in 1946



Ida with Lisa Tuckerman and her sons, Cooper and Hudson during a Temagami visit.

## Sonny Moore

Written by Victoria McKenzie Grant

Hilliard (Sonny) Moore died this past September. Sonny, a highly respected member of the Bear Island community, is best remembered by hundreds of Wabun ball players as the confounding pitcher at our annual, season-opening softball games with the Bear Islanders each June. Born Hilliard James Moore in Notre Dame Du Nord, Quebec, on October 15, 1929, he was the oldest boy, the fourth of nine children and the son of Charles Moore and Alice McBride. He died at 76 years of age on September 12, 2004. His niece, Victoria McKenzie Grant, herself a mother of two Wabun alums, Fabian and McKenzie Grant, remembers her uncle with great fondness and admiration:

“He would confuse many a pitcher. He would walk up to the plate and stand on the right side, the pitcher would

set to pitch to a right-handed batter. Without a thought, he would switch and bat left. It was a very effective strategy. Sonny pitched right, and was the last pitcher to throw in the orthodox style of fastball. While most will remember his



Dick Lewis and Sonny Moore - June 2004

## REMEMBRANCES

pitching ability, he was probably one of the finest players to position at shortstop, a position he played often as he got older. Sonny was offered a chance to play professional ball but declined because he chose not to leave home. I do believe it was a decision he never regretted.

Bear Island continues to put a team together to carry on the tradition of playing a baseball game the night the campers arrive at Wabun. The length of Sonny's baseball career is clearly illustrated by the fact that he has pitched against four generations of Lewises, Dick Sr., Dick Jr., Dick 3rd, and Jason, at Wabun. I think between all four of them you can count the number of times that Wabun won on one hand. Sonny played his last ball game at Wabun when he was seventy-two years old in June, 2002. John, his nephew, was pitching and Sonny was at shortstop. There was a line drive hit to his side of the field. Sonny dove to his right and caught the ball. He literally moved side ways and dropped to the ground to catch the ball. And catch it he did. John my brother exclaimed, 'I was amazed that he caught that ball, and even more amazed that he got back up.' He got up and continued to play. I was standing with one of the Wabun directors, Nibby Hinchman. He looked at that move and exclaimed, 'Boy I wouldn't be able to get back up if I did that!' And with much pride, I replied, "and you probably would have missed the ball." Sonny was competitive, and as he walked to the player's bench after the inning, you could detect the glint in his eye and the spring in the stride. He loved to go up there and play ball.

My boys, Fabian and McKenzie, when staff at Wabun, played for the Wabun team. I watched Sonny pitch to them with great pride and anticipation. I really wanted them to get a hit, but at the same time, I wanted him to strike them out. I wanted him to give them a chance, but at the same time

I wanted him to show them how good he was. Sonny, the everlasting competitor, did exactly what he always did. He threw a fast ball, SWISH!! A rising ball, SWISH!! And now a change-up, a chance! A HUGE SWING! SWISH!! Always his junk ball!! Arms almost out of the sockets and a walk back to the bench. He gave them a lesson and of course, would strike them out.

While playing for Bear Island was a priority, he would always welcome those invitations to play with the Bear Island old-timers, or the all-stars teams. Sonny played in the first Old-timers' tournament in North Bay. He played in the World Senior Fastball tournament held annually in North Bay, missing only a few times. He played in the 2002 tournament at the age of 72, he played first base and played four games and that was the last time he was able to play ball.

Sonny was the first person baptized at St. Ursula's church on Bear Island and his memorial service was held there on Thursday, September 16, 2004. The church was built by volunteer labour and community donations. The volunteers were our grandfathers, to many of you on the lake, the builders of your camps and cottagers, and your service providers for the time you spent in Temagami. In his memory, a Sonny Moore Memorial Fund has been set up for donation to repair and restore the church, one of the oldest historical buildings on Lake Temagami. Contributions in his memory will be gratefully accepted and can be sent to St Ursula's Church, Bear Island, Ontario, P0H 1P0.

If you would like more information, please call or email Victoria Grant at Phone: 605-640-6556 or email [thecoachhouse@sympatico.ca](mailto:thecoachhouse@sympatico.ca).



*Players in the annual Bear Island - Wabun staff softball Game*



Hudson Bay Trips

Environmentalist Wendell Barry wrote:

“Always in the big woods, when you leave familiar ground and step off alone into a new place there will always be, along with curiosity and excitement, a little nagging of dread. It is the ancient fear of the unknown and it is your first bond with the wilderness you are going into. What you are doing is exploring. You are undertaking the first experience, not of the place, but of yourself in that place. It is an experience of our essential loneliness. For nobody can discover the world for anyone else. It is only after we have discovered it for ourselves that it becomes common ground and a common bond, and we cease to be alone.”

A highlight from the Cayuga A Log

Our summer has given us a diverse array of experiences. We paddled through heavy rain, hugged the shore as thunder shook us, bravely faced strong head winds that make placid lakes into amusement park canoe rides, we have floated, munching cheesy pizza bannock with sun-dried tomatoes, while basking in the sun. We have awoken to frigid mornings, which instantly numb the fingers and toes, we have watched mist rise swirling off the water, tinted by the rising sun. Eagles and osprey have flapped slowly along the front of us, a curious bear peered at our fleet of red canoes as we lined down a rapid, and moose raising dripping heads, munching on water weeds, have watched us glide past. An arctic fox stood hesitantly on



off down an island snorting. We even managed to see a pair of bald eagles feeding their young in a huge stick nest. We have maneuvered our canoes down tossing torrents of water, shooting lots of rapids and sometimes lining down the river’s shore- always with a healthy respect for the water, its immense force and the grace in which it carries us forth. We have played in this water, surfing in standing waves on our rest day, water wrestling amidst shrieks of laughter, plunging off of rocky outcrops that seem made for jumping, and bathing at dusk. We have portaged through arctic bogs, complete with



tiny spruce and spongy trampoline-style moss, we have clambered and balanced amongst windfalls, canoes and wannigans perched precariously on our frames, and we have battled ferociously with a plethora of bugs. We have watched the landscape change and shift, passing rocky shores crowned with spruce on the Pipestone, weeds and moss replaced the rock



a sandy esker on the Winisk and we paddled along behind a swimming caribou, which eventually ran

as we explored the Ashwieg. We passed through several lakes and explored the abandoned native settlement of Old Kasabonika, with its weathered log homes complete with beaded leather moccasins still hanging from their walls, fish nets hung in trees and teepee frames gracing the shore line. Then we dropped off the granite of the Canadian shield in an amazing series of powerful and breathtaking cascades. Finally we floated down the Winisk with its spectacular sandstone cliffs rising stately from this wide fast river. Here we collected crystals and looked for fossils, taking a rest day to enjoy the arctic landscape- the low pebble covered flatland, with steep sandy banks and white cliffs- this has left lasting images etched in our minds. We have taken pieces of this northern land into our hearts and you may sometimes see it reflected in our eyes.

# TRIP LOGS FROM 2004

## A highlight from the Wabun A-G Log

The Morris River flows into the Pipestone River and there was lots of water flowing this year. We spent 8 days on the Pipestone River running the rapids that we could and portaging around large drops and falls that were spectacular to look



at. The Pipestone flows into Wunnumin Lake, a fairly large lake that has a native Ojibwa Reserve. Here we stopped for the morning and re-outfitted our food supply. We talked with some elders about the community and the traveling conditions we had just experienced. The Winisk River flows out of this lake, that has islands popping out of the horizon as you paddle along. As you approach the River's outlet, and even as we got within 1 mile of it, you could begin to feel the tug of the current on the canoe.

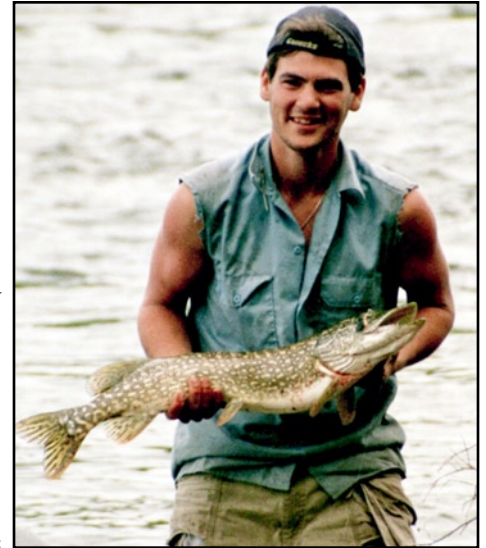


We spent 6 days on the upper Winisk down to Winisk Lake. In this stretch of river, we ran lots of rapids, and the boys caught so many fish that we had to put a quota on their evening catch! We still had fish at lunch and at breakfast! In Nabinamik "Summer Beaver" Lake, we met up with lots of native people out on the land, teaching the youngsters from their community the old ways, and celebrating the nice days of summer.

## A highlight from the Wabun A-L Log

We made a very brief stop at the Cree Reserve of Wapekeka to purchase some food and to engage in spirited piggy-back races with some of the children from the community. We were now on the Fawn River which leads to the Severn River which leads to Hudson Bay and the end of the trip. This was present

in our minds, but was not really acknowledged because we could not believe that the summer was almost over, but also part of us did not really want for the summer to be over. The Fawn brought us fantastic shots and incredibly fast current, more moose, some caribou, several of the 83 bald eagle that we would eventually see and even a few of the 23 ravens



that, for some reason, caused the greatest excitement amongst the section. Toward the end of this river, we also experienced some of weather for which a trip this far north is famed. We had a little bit of rain and a little bit of cold, a little bit of head winds and a little bit of bugs. I have chosen to use the adjective "little" because I do not really feel like having these boys relive just exactly how rainy, cold, windy and buggy it was during the last two days on the Fawn. I am sure that if you would like to have a more accurate description of the conditions to which we were subjected, the guys would have no problem sharing it with you.

Again though, it seems with each hardship that we faced, the laughter grew louder and with each obstacle over which we had to climb, the camaraderie and spirit grew. It was truly remarkable.





The Fawn catapults us onto the Severn River which is enormous. At times well over a mile wide, we took advantage of the current and spent three days with our eyes darting around at the landscape which seemed to change by the mile. The trees which were already small where becoming even more sparse. The clay shoreline was covered in all sorts of animal

prints including some rather large bear prints which we really tried not to notice as we had been told that the polar bears had begun to move down the river. In the evenings, wanting to extend the time we could spend together any way we could, a huge bonfire was made on the shore and stories, games, conversation and cocoa were shared as Fort Severn loomed closer each hour.



## B Trips

### A highlight from the Cayuga B Log

We took a sharp right, heading south for the rest of the summer, accompanied by a very persistent new friend, the south



wind. We lined down the narrow, twisty Moose River, our noisy group of twelve unfortunately assuring us no wildlife sightings. Our excitement grew as we fought what we hoped would be our last headwind down Lac Dumoine. The headwind did persist, but we were also welcomed on the river by sunny skies and spectacularly high water levels. We shot everything we could, including all of Big Steel, Little Steel, and Double Ledge Examination Rapids. And it was on the Dumoine that we realized how lucky we were to be in such an amazing part of the world. The sights of Grand Chutes

and the awesome 550-foot Bald Eagle cliffs actually silenced our section with pure amazement. Our last day, spent among rolling hills, perfect puffy clouds, and soaring cliffs, made us sad to know that our summer was coming to a close, but also immensely proud of what we had accomplished.

### A highlight from the Wabun B Log

From Enraged, we leisurely paddled the river at a ripping twelve kilometers an hour and shot rapid after rapid after rapid. We even had time to play in one of Heffe's classic frowning holes.

Our last day on the river was a combination of shooting huge water, bailing canoes, and floating down river with some lures trailing behind us. Our last night on the mighty Coulonge found us staring out over rolling hills, dotted with cows, and roasting marshmallows over an open fire, reflecting on the power of the Coulonge, the mystique of The Indian, and other important matters like how many O'Henry bars Henry was going to buy the next day on the ride home.



# TRIP LOGS FROM 2004

## Temagami Trips

### A highlight from the Chippy H Log (First Session)



We paddle in the rain,  
We paddle in the sun,  
Paddling is fun... sometimes.

### A highlight from the Chippy H Log (Second Session)

A is for anyone who dares take our kind of trips,  
B is for beautiful bays in which we take our dips.  
C is for Chippies – this is what our section is called.



U is for understanding the Wabun Way,  
V is for the victory over obstacles which we achieve each day.  
W is for the wind, which speaks to our very souls,  
X is for the extra effort required to head into it as we go.



Y is for the yearning we feel to come up to Wabun every year,  
Z is for Zebras – we did not see any!

### A highlight from the Chippy G Log

Sam James - Sam is a highly skilled wilderness person who brought boundless energy and enthusiasm to our section. Sam also entertained the campers by reading them “Jim the Boy” every night before bedtime. He even told stories to Joe and Bruce in the staff tent. Truth be told, Sam talks in his sleep!

### A highlight from the Wenona G Log



Even though it took quite awhile,  
Ursi chopped our biggest woodpile.

Mary’s got the moves on the basket-  
ball court,  
But when it comes to walking on un-  
leveled ground, her skills fall short.

Now the season’s complete,  
We’ve all shared good times and tons  
of fun,

Good memories and friends,  
See you next year, Wabun!

### A highlight from the Wenonah L Log

At Sharp Rock, Rorie loved to crush cans  
While Kate shredded cheese into a pan.  
Tara, we learned, had quite the lungs,  
As “Travelin’ Soldier” over and over we sung.

Helen got good as a camper stern  
And Katherine got a canoer’s sunburn.  
One tent fly broke on the second night,  
So sleeping five to a tent was mighty tight.

The girls carried canoes with tumps on their heads  
And “The Giver” was the book that we read.  
Laura was great about helping out  
And the girls were patient when we mixed up our route.

On Obabika we found an awesome beach site  
Where we decided to spend an extra night.  
We were visited by a Chief Indian Man,  
And the rest of the day we worked on our tan.



## TRIP LOGS FROM 2004



**A highlight from the Cree T Log**

It all started one crisp summer evening. Her name was Danielle. She had soft...whoops wrong story!

We were four weeks into our first tour of duty. Charlie was pressing on all fronts. The arduous trip began on the Wawigama Creek, near the Mekong Delta, as we attempted to rendezvous with a little mistress called "Fun" at McConnell Bay. The skeg along the Ho-Chi-Min portage trail into McConnell Bay was not kind to our battle wounds and forced even the strongest men in our company to call out for their hometown sweethearts. Our 54 tour-crusty veteran leader, Lt. Dave Thompson, kindly informed T-company that we were due for a little R&R: we made pancakes, roasted marshmallows, did some water aerobics. Yet, these leisurely activities were abruptly awakened by the pungent odor of napalm as we started up again on a long hump

to Chinigouchi after receiving orders to come into base camp. The ride back was thankfully uneventful with the exception of the occasional mortar fire. The company faced a final test of will with the Kelly 3-miler, an underground tunnel constructed by the man in the black pajamas (a worthy adversary I might add). All of us made it through unharmed thankfully. And at 0900 hours we found ourselves in the caressing arms of that

mother we call Temagami.

**A highlight from the Wabun C Log**

We carried seven, 80 lb wood/canvas canoes, fourteen fully loaded wannigans, five tents, a tightly rolled fly, and each other. And after returning home, we all carried unrelenting images of back-breaking work, untouched wilderness, and the friendship only an environment like this can create.



# ROY HESTER RETURNS THE FAVOR AND VISITS WABUN

Written by Jason Lewis

Over the last 15 years, dozens of Wabun Bay trippers have broken bread with Roy and Ruby Hester at the end of the Rupert River Bay Trip in Northern Quebec. They have traveled to the church where they were wed in 1984 on the shores of James Bay. They have played with the kids in the basement, and have been welcomed into ceremonies celebrated by the 2,000 Cree who call Waskaganish their home. Roy is the major reason crowds gather to celebrate the arrival of the “red canoes” to the shore of the Reserve in early August.

This past summer . . . it was Wabun's turn. As logs of trips from 4 to 40 days were read around the campfire on the last day of the season, Roy was perched on the edge of the log bench absorbing each word, each laugh, each tale. This was his first trip to Garden Island, the home base of a camp to which he consistently and compassionately opened his home and his heart. To finally have Roy standing on the beach greeting campers and staff from Chippy to Cayuga A campers just felt right. “I loved how happy and comfortable the kids were in that environment. Everyone was so happy and content with their surroundings,” said Roy . . . “It is so wonderful to see a place where everything is not ruled by technology, and kids do not need video games or T.V. to keep them busy.” When I asked Roy if Garden Island looked as he imagined it, he said, “I am surprised to see that the Wabun cabins remind me of those that I used to sleep in at Waskaganish when I was a young

boy.”

Joining Roy in his stay was his twelve-year-old son, Rylan, a young man I first met in 1992 when he was just born. Our section spent hours wrestling and playing with his sisters in the basement that Roy routinely opens to anyone in the community who needs a warm bed.

Jessica Lewis and Genesee Keevil, who led the first girls' group in decades down the Rupert, recall the time their section

made a before-sunrise departure from Hester house. They were very quiet; not wanting to wake the family. “However, after we had driven a half an hour out of town, a red pickup flew by, and in it, a determined Ruby who would not let the girls leave without



*Tim Bankerd, Rylan Hester, Roy Hester and Walter (Nibby) Hinchman on Garden Island in 2004*

saying good-bye”. Hugs and well-wishes were exchanged before Ruby finally permitted the 12 girls to continue the 500-mile drive back to Temagami. Those of us who have come to know this fine family can certainly picture the scene of pajama-clad Roy and Ruby rambling down the dirt road in pursuit of a formal good-bye.

Wabun is truly fortunate to have friends like the Hesters. They are in the memories of those who have paddled the Rupert as much as the tremendous whitewater and breath-taking wildlife are. I consider myself blessed to call Roy my friend and hope that his feet will find the sand beach of Garden Island again soon.



## Wabun Doctors in '04

Wabun was blessed this past summer to receive the attentions of two illustrious Wabun medical alums:

Drs. Jeffrey Hartzell and Michael Gallagher tended to the well being of Wabun campers and staff in the Arthur Gale Infirmary.



*Ann Hartzell, Russ Tuckerman, Jim Clark and Jeff Hartzell*

Jeff Hartzell attended Wabun as a camper from 1943 - 1946. He was a member of the Wabun staff from 1947 - 1950. He and his wife, Ann, own a cottage on Temagami and spend parts of each summer on the lake. Their two sons, Jeff and Andy have been campers and staff, and three of their grandchildren (another expected to be with us in '05) have been campers for the past several years. 2004 was not Jeff's first year helping us out medically. He has given regularly and generously of his time to attend to the needs of the camp over the past years. Jeff Sr. has also made some pretty neat contribu-

tions to the interview section of a DVD we are working on that plays to a more reflective emphasis on the Wabun experience.



*Mike and Mary Beth Gallagher*

Michael Gallagher attended Temagami's Camp Wigwasati as a camper for five years, and worked on the camp staff there for three years, from 1955 - 1965. His father, Clarence Gallagher, was a camp doctor at Wigwasati until the camp closed at the end of the 1965 season. Clarence and his wife Mary joined Wabun in 1967 and served as camp doctor family for thirty years until their last year with us in 1997. All told, the elder Gallaghers tended to Wabun's and local lake residents' medical needs for forty years. Mike has been helping Wabun out medically since 1997. He and his wife Mary Beth also own an island cottage on Temagami. Their children and extended family account for dozens of years at Wabun as staff and campers - probably worthy of newsletter coverage in the near future.

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## Wabun's Owners

Wabun is owned by four shareholders. Russ Tuckerman, Marty Johnson, and Dick Lewis III are the grandchildren of three of our founding directors; Bill Russell, Sr; William

Roberts; and Dick Lewis, Sr., respectively. Walter (Nibby) Hinchman joined the Wabun shareholders at the invitation of Herbert Stokinger in the 70's. To our knowledge, Wabun is one of very few camps operating with such a legacy - over 70 years of family affiliation!



*Marty Johnson, Russ Tuckerman, Dick Lewis and Walter (Nibby) Hinchman*

# INTERVIEW WITH JOHN KILBRIDGE

## Wood and Canvas Masterpieces

Written by Jason Lewis

The last two summers, Wabun staff and campers have been treated to Canoe Building 101 led by “Professor” John Kilbridge. John is a long-time friend of Wabun, as well as a former camper and staff. He lives in the town of Temagami with his daughters, Johanna and Ursula, and runs the Temagami Canoe Company, founded in 1929 by Bill Smith, which builds some of the most aesthetically pleasing and superbly crafted cedar-strip canoes in the world.

Wabun continues to take great pride in the substantial fleet of wood and canvas canoes in which many campers still paddle. Several of these beautiful vessels were created in John’s shop. Each canoe takes over 120 hours to build and epitomizes the marriage of grace with function. Many of the canoes that Wabun has purchased from John have been used for more than two decades and have traveled tens of thousands of miles.

John was kind enough to answer a few questions for this year’s newsletter.

*You first came to Temagami as a camper at Wabun in 1970, what was it about this area that made you decide to call it your permanent home?*

I had been a camper at Wabun and worked with [then caretaker] Vagn Petersen repairing camp canoes in the fall of 1976. He took me into the town of Temagami and introduced me to Bill Smith who owned and operated the Temagami Canoe Company. Bill was close to retirement and shared with me that he was interested in selling the shop, I took control in 1978, and the rest is history.

*In the years since you have been here how have lake and town of Temagami changed the most?*

The feeling of the town is very much the same, although the

population has actually decreased a little since I started living here. There continues to be an intense political climate in Temagami regarding the size of the municipality and land rights.

During the summers, the number of tourists and out-of-



John Kilbridge (left) and Pete Gwyn

*You found your calling in the art of canoe building, and countless Wabunites have traveled in your creations, what is it about this trade that provides you with the most pleasure?*

When I was a camper at Wabun, it was during the era of wood, canvas and leather. Everything we used from the tents,



The Temagami Canoe Company in Temagami

to the canoes, to the wannigans, was made of these three substances. I love the history and simplicity of this. The use of more modern materials makes sense in terms of their availability, function and stability, but a wood and canvas canoe has a wonderful sense of tradition and history to it. They move musically.

There is a graceful and smooth way in which they cut and glide through the water. I love it.

John can be contacted at the Temagami Canoe Company at the following address:

Temagami Canoe Company  
Box 520  
Temagami, Ontario,  
POH 1CO, CANADA  
705-569-3777 or at [canoes@onlink.net](mailto:canoes@onlink.net)



## 2004-2005 REUNION SCHEDULE

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You are cordially invited to attend the Wabun gatherings listed below. These are opportunities for families who are interested in learning about Wabun's program to come together with alumni and, swap stories and experiences, and enjoy the camaraderie of being with wilderness canoeing enthusiasts. Please note we are showing GENERATION THREE OF WABUN'S DVD!

*Saturday, November 6, 2004 1:00 PM	<b>Lake Forest, Illinois 60045</b>
*Sunday, November 7, 2004 7:00 PM	<b>Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48302</b>
*Saturday, December 11, 2004 3:00 PM	<b>Brentwood, Tennessee 37027</b>
*Sunday, December 12, 2004 1:00 PM	<b>Louisville, Kentucky 40207</b>
*Saturday, January 8, 2005 4:00 PM	<b>Golden Valley, Minnesota 55416</b>
*Saturday, January 15, 2005 3:00 PM	<b>Boxborough, Massachusetts 01719</b>
*Monday, January 17, 2005 1:00 PM	<b>Weston, Massachusetts 02493</b>
*Saturday, January 22, 2005 4:00 PM	<b>Columbus, Ohio 43209</b>
*Sunday, January 23, 2005 1:00 PM	<b>Maplewood, New Jersey 07040</b>
*Saturday, January 29, 2005 1:00 PM	<b>Great Falls, Virginia 22066</b>
*Sunday, January 30, 2005 1:00 PM	<b>Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania 19026</b>
*Sunday, January 30, 2005 2:00 PM	<b>Windsor, Connecticut 06095</b>
*Saturday, February 12, 2005 1:00 PM	<b>Greenwich, Connecticut 06830</b>
*Sunday, February 13, 2005 2:00 PM	<b>New York City, New York 10017</b>
*Sunday, February 27, 2005 4:00 PM	<b>Pomfret, Connecticut 06258</b>
*Sunday, March 6, 2005 1:00 PM	<b>Madison, Wisconsin 53711</b>
*Sunday, March 13, 2005 2:00 PM	<b>Seattle, Washington 98144</b>
*Sunday, March 27, 2005 2:00 PM	<b>Temagami, Ontario P0H 1C0</b>

Please call ahead and let your hosts know if you are planning to attend.

## EARTHROOTS APPEAL

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Hap Wilson is a long-standing friend of Wabun. He is the author of the highly regarded and extensively used canoeing guides to the Temagami Canoe Routes and the Riviere Du-moine, as well as a renowned artist. The following is his call

to action for the preservation of the medium we all value for the wilderness canoeing experience we revere.

- Dick Lewis

Dear Sponsor,

For the past twenty years, Earthroots (formerly the Temagami Wilderness Society) has been at the forefront of the environmental movement in Temagami. The thrust was not to stop industrial development but to manage the resources wisely, and to support an Internationally viable eco-tourism base in one of Canada's most unique landscapes.

As a sponsor of the revised Temagami Canoe Routes book, I am appealing to you for your much needed support. Clearcut logging is scheduled for various locations throughout the Temagami Wilderness area – in all administrative districts, without due concern for your welfare. Current planned cuts could, in fact, devastate the future of eco-tourism in this precious region.

To promote wise use of the forest, and maintain the credibility of tourism, Earthroots has always been there for you, protecting and fighting for sustainable development. It takes money to launch new campaigns. Earthroots now needs your support more than ever before; as an Earthroots board member and co-founder, I have been proud of the hard work Earthroots staff has invested in making government and industry accountable for their actions. PLEASE, make a corporate donation today – it's a wise investment for the future.

For every donation of \$100.00 or more, you also get one of my new limited edition, 16" X 20", pen & ink art posters – a montage of Temagami landscapes, wildlife and personalities. This is a value of \$75.00. Art posters can also be pre-ordered through Earthroots (release date for print is the end of December 2004).

Please be generous – Earthroots is the only organization working to protect the Temagami experience.

Thank you,

Hap Wilson

**Hap Wilson Contact Info:**

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1141 Crawford St.  
Rosseau, Ontario, P0C 1J0  
705-732-8254  
sunrise@vianet.on.ca

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410 – 401 Richmond St. W.  
Toronto, Ontario, M5V 3A8  
416-599-0152  
<http://www.earthroots.org/>  
info@earthroots.org



*First and Full Sessions*



*Second Session*



*Second Session*

# FINAL THOUGHTS

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## I am Eliza

Written by Eliza Wicks-Arshack

I go to Wabun. I wait every day, of every month until the summer; until the day I leave, until the moment I reach my camp. I canoe to lakes near and far, watch the sunset, the light of the day dropping off the horizon, with people I love. I go to Wabun.

I am a daughter as well as a sister. My family is my life. Day in and day out, I reach for them, my arm elongating, as I desperately strive for their love. We weep and cry, laugh and dance, spend time as a family. My dad, the comfort and concern. Where are we going? Far away baby, to a beautiful land. He takes me away. My brother, he lives each day as if it is that last, doing all he can do, being all he can be, loving all he can love. My mom she passed away, is still alive in the fire of my family. I am a daughter as well as a sister.



I am a soccer player. I shoot with no fear, as if there is no tomorrow. Defend, the goal that is my life, hold it dear, no intruders, the ball will not enter. Score, the ball enters the other goal, yea! Love the sport, treat it as your own, feed it, sooth it. I play soccer daily, I feed it with my love of the game, I sooth it with my happiness. I am a soccer player.

I am a friend. I care and love. I call my friend, where are you, want to chill? I'm hurt, she says. I'll kiss it, where, all better. We care for each other. Fun, I had fun, with you and him. I have your back, my friend has mine. I am a friend.

I am a champ. I love my love my life. I live every moment to it's fullest extent. I shout so people can hear my voice, another opinion. I jump above the barriers, high about them, dragging my obstacles down. Run my fastest, play my hardest, live my best. I gut it out till the end. Not only do I try, I succeed. I win. I am a champ.

I am Eliza.

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## The Beauty of Wabun...

Catherine Crowley (Cayuga B '04, picture on right), in talking with her mom this fall, captured the sentiments of her Cayuga B section mates as they reflected on their many years of Wabun experience, particularly their Dumoine River experience of last summer, "You know the beauty of Wabun is not that it changes you, it's that it makes you more of who you are."



## What's On Wabun.com?

Please visit [Wabun's website](http://www.wabun.com) (www.wabun.com) for much more information about Wabun, including:

- Complete 2004 section logs
- Section photos from 2004
- Itineraries from all 2004 sections
- Application form for Wabun
- Frequently asked questions about Wabun
- Clothing and equipment lists

**We need your help!** Also on Wabun.com you will find a lengthy list of Wabunites for whom we no longer have current addresses. If you know the current address of someone on the list, please e-mail Dick Lewis at [rpl@wabun.com](mailto:rpl@wabun.com).

## Newsletter Acknowledgments

The Wabun Newsletter could not be produced without the help of many friends, staff and campers. We would like to thank Bo Foster, Russ Tuckerman, Vicki Grant, John Kilbridge, and Jason Lewis for their written contributions. We would also like to thank Sarah Flotten, Karen Gallagher, Cutch Hammond, Halley Keevil, and Dylan Young for allowing us to use their photographs. The above efforts have been coordinated by Ben Simmons, who is also Wabun's webmaster - many thanks.

## Wabun's Off-Season Contact Information

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