



The Wabun Way

Canadian Wilderness Canoe Trips for Boys and Girls



Volume VII, 2005-06

GREETINGS FROM THE DIRECTOR

January 2006

Dear Wabun Family and Friends:

Welcome to Volume VII of the Wabun Newsletter, our annual retrospective on the camp season. Herein, you will find alumni/ae updates, a schedule of Wabun Reunions and DVD showings you are invited to attend this winter, general information about recent Wabun and Temagami happenings, and a variety of Wabun news and listings of upcoming events.

2005 saw three of our sections (two boys and one girl) make the 1,000 + mile canoeing treks to James Bay, all by variations of the Attawapiskat River route. Photographs and excerpts of their logs, as well as those of younger sections, are found herein – please enjoy these slices of canoe-tripping life! In “Lightning Strikes Twice,” you will also find an accounting of a remarkable occurrence on one of the Bay Trips – a story of courage, composure, and cooperation.



Wabun Alums, please note the included invitations to contribute to the construction of the Wabun History, headed by Nibby Hinchman, and to the planning for the celebration of our 75th season in 2007, chaired by Russ Tuckerman, grandson of founding director, Bill Russell. Both efforts are underway and would benefit from your contributions. I encourage you to attend one of the Reunions this winter, and to bring artifacts, photographs/slides of your time with us, logs/journals, and even friends with whom you might wish to share the reminiscences.

I delight in being able to offer this publication online. For those who enjoy the texture of hard copy, please note that you will find both high and low-resolution versions of this newsletter that you may download and print.

Respectfully,

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Newsletter Acknowledgments

The Wabun Newsletter could not be produced without the help of many friends, staff, and campers. We would like to thank Russ Tuckerman, Andy Hartzell, Tom Stiverson, Dave Thompson, Terry Thiel, Nate Thiel, Sarah Flotten, Adam Wicks-Arshack, Pete Gwyn, Julie Hoyles, and Jason Lewis for their written contributions. We would also like to thank Sarah Flotten and Dylan Young for allowing us to use their photographs. The above efforts are molded into a newsletter by Ben Simmons, who is also Wabun's webmaster - many thanks.

Red text throughout the newsletter is used to indicate hyperlinks. The hyperlinks in the table of contents will take you to the respective section of the newsletter. All other hyperlinks will take you to the internet, and an internet connection is required for these to work properly.

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PICTURES FROM 2005 SEASON



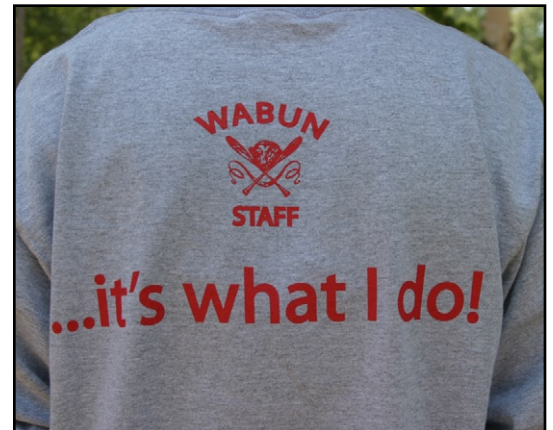
Nineteen canoes, the most in Wabun's history, return from their travels to James Bay.



A triumphant summer!



Staff members Jesse Coleman and Matt Torgeson give an impromptu concert during the log readings.



The 2005 staff t-shirt. Keep it simple!



Cayuga A, Wabun A-Gwyn, and Wabun A-Lewis stop by for a photo opportunity at the sign designating the Arctic Divide.



Bay Trip staff Peter Gwyn and two of his campers: John Zinser (left) and Adam Wicks-Arshack (right).

PICTURES FROM 2005 SEASON



Peter Gwyn taking advantage of one of the last few napping opportunities before the start of his 42-day trip.



Think they're having fun?



Some things just don't change...



Achieving the best view for returning trips.



Caretaker Glen Toogood aboard his chariot.



The Coleman family (Gail, Aaron, Jesse, and Hardin) are the only family in which every member has canoed for Wabun.

FUN FACTS & FIGURES

<p>5450</p>	<p>The approximate number of miles paddled by red canoes from the youngest Chippy and Wawatay up through the Bay Trips.</p>	<p>127</p>	<p>The total years of Wabun experience by Marg (37), Nibby (42), and Dick (48).</p>
<p>265</p>	<p>The total years of Wabun experience by the 106 campers.</p>	<p>4959</p>	<p>Length in feet of the tumps that were used (stretched end-to-end they would be over 16.5 football fields long!).</p>
<p>225</p>	<p>The total years of Wabun experience by the 34 trip staff (115 as campers and 110 as staff).</p>	<p>807</p>	<p>The number of Macintosh and Jersey Milk candy bars consumed by the campers and staff. (Not including the three stolen by Lucy and Cassie!)</p>

Where on Garden Island are these?

The answers are on page 36.



Extra credit: Where on Lake Temagami would you find this Inukshuk?

DEAR WABBY...

Dear WAbby,

Is there still the mid-summer softball game between the Bear Island Team and the upper-level campers and staff? The Bear Island team used to put their worst player on the campers' team so the camper team would get at least one hit. This game happened every other year, as the senior campers rotated between one trip and two trips per summer.

- Nat

Dear Nat,

You'll be interested in seeing our upcoming Newsletter - to be posted on our website in the next couple of weeks - there's an article in there about last summer's softball game vs. Bear Island, as well as one played against a Cree community team by one of our long-trip sections up north. We've actually played games against Bear Island at the opening of the camp season every summer since 1933. You're right, though, the Wabun wins are sparingly sprinkled across the years.

I believe you and I staffed together in a Chippy section with Nibby Hinchman in 1962 - you, Jon Berger, Jeff Stewart, and I were the assistants - I also recall a post-season trip down to the Cape and some time on your family's sailboat. If you could make it to a gathering, it would be fun to get together - I also think you will enjoy the DVD we have put together.

Best wishes in the New Year!

- WAbby

Dear WAbby,

Hello! 33 years ago, I returned home from the Canadian wilderness a changed boy. At the age of 12, I had discovered that I possessed considerable strength and stamina. In the same manner that the Chippy Obabikas paddled and portaged their way through sun, rain, and mud that summer, so have I persisted through all manner of ups and downs ever since. The lessons of that summer have served me well.

Now, I have two sons, ages five and ten. In the coming years, I hope to send them both to Wabun, so that they, too, may find their inner strength while learning to appreciate the wild. I would be grateful if you could alert me to alumni gatherings in the Boston area.

How about Stoky? The connection was through my mother. I believe she said he was the director of the phys-ed program at Milton Academy during the 1940s. I recognize your name, too, as someone who has been connected with Wabun for a number of years.

Anyway, I hope Wabun is still the special place it was all those years ago. Is the water is still clean?

- Paul

Dear Paul,

As to Stoky, he is, in fact, alive and incredibly alert. You will find a feature piece on him in the upcoming Newsletter. He turns 100 on March 24, 2006, and there will be a

huge birthday celebration at Milton sometime in later March/early April. He was athletic director there for many years. He may be reached at 132 Forbes Road, Milton, MA 02186. I'm sure he'd love to hear from you and your family.

I think I'll try to give you a call today.

Hope to see you soon!

- WAbby

Dear WAbby,

The two seasons I spent in Ontario at Camp Wabun were perhaps the most memorable summers of my childhood. Even today I frequently use the camping skills I learned while at Wabun. The methods and techniques taught to campers are particularly effective and also the basis of my message. While camping last weekend, I realized that with a few tump straps, I could portage with far greater efficiency. Acting on this realization, I wondered if you could direct me to a store/website that sells tump straps. Thank you in advance for your assistance and I wish you many more successful seasons at Wabun.

- Shaw (87', 88')

Dear Shaw,

Great to hear from you - sorry to be so long in responding - what are a few months among friends, eh? I do not know of any stores that sell tumplines; we have them made for us and sell them at Wabun's tuck shop. I would be happy to sell you one from that stock. I'll be going up to Wabun in March and could pick one up and send it to you when I get back in early April. Let me know if that interests you. Incidentally, they're a little pricey - something around \$50.00 or \$60.00 in US funds.

Best wishes in the New Year!

- WAbby

If you have questions or information for Dear WAbby, please e-mail them c/o rpl@wabun.com.



Wabun parents waiting for the arrival of the sections on August 7.

Sophia Hatheway

Written By Josh and Ali Hatheway

Sophia was born on July 1st (Canada Day!) and it was not long after that she made her first trip up to the gorgeous waters of Lake Temagami. She's now almost 18 lbs and 28 inches long! Ali's mom says that's taller than Ali when she was the same age. Basketball might be in her future!.



As for Ali, she is in her last year of law school at Chase College of Law. I am teaching Special Education at Cheviot School. She goes to school at night and takes care of Sophia during the day.

Jessica and Geoff Scriver's Baby Girl

At long last, Jessica Darling Hatheway Scriver has delivered! Natalie Grace Scriver arrived the morning of January 4th. She was 22 inches long and weighed 7lbs. 3 oz.



Mother and daughter are doing very well. If Natalie is at all like her mother, she should be ready to carry a canoe by the opening of camp this summer.

John and Liz Paulson's Baby



John and Liz Paulson proudly announce the birth of their son, Nicholas Henry Paulson, who was born on October 31, 2005. At 8 Lbs 12 oz and 21 inches long and he is planning to do his first bay trip in the summer of 2021. John was a camper in the years '81, '82, '83, and '86. John can be reached at j.paulson2@comcast.net.

Kilbridge - Little Wedding

On August 13, 2005, Wabun's legendary camper, staff, and canoe-builder, John Kilbridge, married Erin Little on Erin's family farm in Commanda, Ontario. In attendance were best man, Hap Wilson, Ontario artist and author of numerous canoe-tripping guide books, and bride's maids Ursula and Johanna Kilbridge, both Wabun camper and staff of the last several years. Following a reception at the Commanda Community Center, Erin and John headed off on a 7-day canoe trip. They flew to Florence Lake and spent a week working their way down the South Branch of the Lady Evelyn River with a night-over at Sunset Cabin, Hap Wilson's structure at Twin Sisters' Falls. Upon their return to Temagami, Erin and John again took up the reins of the Temagami Canoe Company, building the absolutely magnificent wood and canvas canoes for which the company is famous.



Johanna, Erin, John, and Ursula

Bear Island Community

Wabun has again cooperated with the Bear Island Ojibway Community in helping to outfit a youth canoe-tripping program offered for kids at The Laura McKenzie Learning Center (the school on Bear Island) at the end of the Wabun season. Making Wabun equipment available to the program is part of an ongoing commitment to provide wilderness experiences for the youth of Bear Island beyond their island community. Shown here are Liz Potts and several Wabun staff who helped organize the gear.



Members of the Wabun 2005 staff with (from left to right) Glen Toogood, Liz Potts, and Dick Lewis.

ALUMNI/AE NEWS FROM 2005

Jason Lewis Marries Ali Thurber

A number of us gathered at the Simsbury Inn in Connecticut on Sunday, October 9 to celebrate the wedding of Alison Thurber and Jason Lewis. Spanning lives lived and friendships formed at the Loomis Chaffee School in Windsor, Connecticut and Breck School in Minneapolis, family and friends in the Boston area, college times at Hamilton and Skidmore, Temagami connections, and, of course, Wabun associations, we coalesced in offering our inescapable and congratulatory Wabun cheer at the reception. Jason teaches and coaches at Greenwich Country Day School, and Ali is completing her Masters Degree with Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts.



John Hinchman (left) and Tim Bankerd (right), who staffed many Bay Trips together in the 1980s and 1990s, on Garden Island in the Summer of 2005.

A Note from Tim Bankerd Year-round Resident of Animapinising Lake

Dear Dick and Marg,

Hope your holidays went well. Things up here are as usual, and winter is settling in for the long run. The lakes have safe ice, but there is very little snow in the bush. As of today, I am still able to travel to and from Anima Nip by truck.

Just thought I would let you know that I have installed "Satellite Internet Service" right here on the lake. So far it seems to be working well, and it's a new dimension to life on the Lake. The learning curve is a bit steep, but I think I can handle it. John Hinchman gave me his old digital camera, and I hope to shoot some nice winter images of the area, possibly even Wabun Lake. It's on the agenda, and hopefully we can make our way up there.

At any rate, please feel free to let everyone know of my e-mail address, bankerd@gmail.com, and I look forward to seeing you guys this spring.

Tim

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Guests of the Lewis-Thurber wedding included (clockwise, starting lower right) Dave and Janet Manning, Nibby and Ann Hinchman, Dick and Marg Lewis, Mac and Sue McKenzie, and Vicki and Dick Grant.

Born-Again Wabunites: Opportunities

Written by Dave Thompson

Last summer as we were gathered at the Stinking Islands waiting for our landing time, Jesse got out his guitar and we were singing. I was reflecting back on my years at Wabun and how great they have been. I was reduced to tears.....I really did not want to come in, I just wanted to stay right there and not allow the summer to end. It was really hard for me. I have never had an experience like that at Wabun. I was always ready to come in, and then return the next summer. I guess as we get older we become more appreciative of the things we value in life. Wabun has sure been that for me.....

The true value for me has been the friends I have made at Wabun. How is it possible to enjoy, no relish, the idea of living in the wilderness, in the rain, the damp, the heat, etc., and yet long to do it day after day after day? It is because of the friends you make and the experience you are sharing. This sharing can go on for years, even though you only experienced it one summer in the northwoods. Bill Porter and I often speak of our one summer together, he as a 14 year-old camper and I was a 19 year-old assistant. This experience has been the thread that has tied us together for the past 35 years and will do so forever. It is that way for all of us!

The past six years particularly, life has been this simple for me: I work hard at my job, but I have numerous reminders of Wabun around me in my office that I see daily. Those



Dave during the summer of 2005.

reminders are what keep me going and enthused. I can't wait to get to Wabun each summer! Obviously, in some form or another, lots of people feel this way. Just think of the numbers of people who come to Wabun at the end of the summer.

They come to be in familiar, friendly, comfortable surroundings, and to revive old friendships and make new ones, all with the common thread of Wabun. I can talk with a 1940's camper, like Jeff Hartzell, or a 2005 camper, and have the exact same conversation; it's beautiful! Try to think of an activity or place that can assemble people with a common theme that they willingly and enthusiastically attend. A wedding comes to mind, but people do miss weddings that come along. Reunions come to mind, but I willingly miss my reunions to go to Wabun!

I feel connected to the young boy in the [article from The Boston Globe](#) this past summer who said, "It's frustrating. You try to explain to people how great this canoe tripping is.... and they look at you like you are crazy." I get that look all the time, I just love it!

I hope these few thoughts convey what Wabun means to me. I am eternally grateful to Dick and Marg, Nibby, Stoky, Bill Olmsted and others for the chance I had back in 1968, and the continued opportunities I have been blessed with these past years.

Thanks, again.

Dave Thompson

Born-Again Wabunites: Second Chance

Written by Andy Hartzell

It had been 23 years since I last took on the task of lengthy wilderness canoe-tripping; I had three primary concerns. The first was whether my old bones could still handle the physical demands of the Wabun experience. Although I spent a fair amount of time in the gym last spring, weight lifting and exercise machines hardly approximate the rigors of canoe-tripping. Nevertheless, to my considerable joy and relief, I found myself getting stronger and physically healthier each day, so much so that during our last eight days on the Coulonge

River, which were relatively short and required only limited portaging, I found my body actually wanting greater physical demands. Second, I was concerned that my experiences of Wabun, which dated back primarily to the seventies and early eighties, had been relegated to the dust bin by newer ways of canoe tripping. Here again, to my relief and gratification, I found that Wabun's basic style had not changed much and that many of the older ways still endured. I must add, though, that I learned a great deal about newer traditions from Charlie Minor, without whom the section could not and would not have done as well as it did, and that sometimes my insistence on older traditions met with an occasional gripe or two from

ALUMNI/AE NEWS FROM 2005

the more experienced campers. Nevertheless, I really believe that the blend of older tradition and newer experiences contributed greatly to the success of Section B. Lastly, I came to Wabun concerned that the twenty-plus year age difference between the vast majority of staff and me would inhibit both their willingness to accept me as part of the group and their confidence in me as a fellow staff member. I found the week of staff orientation and camp preparation to be invaluable in this regard and, again to my relief and great pleasure, found the staff to be both warm and accepting. I only wish that other returning former staff members will be so lucky.



Andy Hartzell with his 2005 Chippy son, Colin

Born-Again Wabunites: From Race Car to Canoe

Written by Tom Stiverson

The summer of 2005 proved to be one of my most rewarding and challenging experiences ever. Past experiences proved to be a great teacher for the challenge of returning to a summer of canoe tripping after a 30-year absence.

My canoeing experiences started at Wabun as a Cree in 1970, when I was 14, under the very capable leadership of Dave Thompson. In 1971, I returned with Section D and we did the Berger-Sturgeon 17-day trip. The summer of 1972 took us canoe-trippers of Section B on the wonderful 30-day Dumoine River Trip which combines beautiful lake paddling, strenuous portages, and serious whitewater running. The summer of 1973 in Section A turned out to be my greatest experience of all with John Edmonds and Ted Nye on the Eastmain River before it was dammed by Hydro-Quebec. On

our 2-month excursion we did not have the luxury of re-outfitting during the trip, so we left Wabun with 2000 lbs. of food for 10 people; we finished the trip with 10 lbs. The beauty of Northern Quebec and the intense experience of being in the far north at the age of 17 are just as vivid in my mind at 49 as they were when experiencing them.

Tonka and I had the wonderful opportunity this last summer to spend 2 days reliving our Eastmain adventures before the opening of camp. We had not seen each other for 32 years, but we had lots to discuss since we are spiritual brothers.

After graduating from college and joining the business world, my opportunities to do any serious canoe tripping became

scarce. In 1990 I started racing sports cars professionally, and the opportunity to canoe almost disappeared entirely. Yet, I always kept in the back of my mind that when my days of racing were over I would trade in my driving suit for a canoe paddle and return to my greatest love of all, canoe-tripping with Wabun. During the time of working in the business world, I did go back to Temagami occasionally to do a 10-day trip or to visit in March, so I had not totally lost my handle on it.

The great opportunity to come out of retirement came together for several reasons. I retired from racing at the end of 2002 and finally had a career which allowed me the freedom to canoe for 6 weeks. Most importantly, my wife, Jan, supported me on my long-standing desire to return to Wabun. Thanks to Dick for allowing me to make the return after all those years; the summer of 2005 will be a memory which I will always cherish.



Tom Stiverson with some of his campers during the summer of 2005

With a very capable assistant staff in Stu, Duncan, and Andrew, and a great section of campers, last summer rekindled a long-smoldering passion for canoe tripping. At first I was a little apprehensive about how the old body would hold up to the strain of portaging, in particular, but the only problem I found was that you do not portage as fast at 49 as you do at 17 or even 25; you rock-hop more carefully. The greatest satisfaction of all was to teach and experience 10-12-year-old boys enjoying their summer around Lake Temagami...and, hopefully, passing some of my skill on to them.

Our best canoeing day of the summer with Chippy S was our 12-hour traveling day from Wabun's base camp to Wakimika

Report from the Ukraine

Lake. With a new Chippy sternman, we had planned on staying on Obabika Lake the first night out. When we arrived on Obabika, all of the campsites were taken, so we took an early dinner on a beautiful rock face and discussed our predicament with our Chippies. We took a vote, and everyone decided to push on to Wakimika, even with the prospect of going up Wakimika Creek late in the day. I was proud of our 10-12-year-old boys. They did not complain about anything during what turned out to be a long, hard day. We all had the great feeling of satisfaction and making it through a tough day. That was a great way to top off a wonderful summer. Some things truly never change when they are of such worth!

Julie Hinchman's Championship Season

The Loomis Chaffee Pelicans and their assistant coach, Julie Hinchman, traveled to The Williston Northampton School in Easthampton, MA for the New England Prep School Soccer Class A Tournament final with Brooks School. A great crowd was on hand to support both teams, making for an exciting environment for the players. The weather for the 11:15am start was perfect as Loomis looked to end its season with an equally perfect 20-0 record. Brooks entered the game with a 14-0-3 record and two exciting tournament wins over Taft and Exeter. Brooks finished first in The Independent School League (ISL) while Loomis was the Women's Western New England Prep School Soccer League champ. With its 3 - 0 tournament win, the Pelicans took first place in the Founders League and first place in the 44 team Women's Western New England Prep School Soccer League. In addition, they won the New England Prep School Class A Championship for the fourth time in the past six years and they did it all while having fun.

Congratulations, Julie!

McKenzie - Mullally Wedding

David McKenzie (Wabun, 1982-1983) of Bear Island, Lake Temagami, Ontario, and Amanda Mullally were married on September 17, 2005. Amanda is from the East Coast of Canada, but David and she met when they were both working in Vancouver, BC. The wedding took place at the North Bay residence of Mac and Sue McKenzie. Following a honeymoon stay in Quebec City, David and Mandy returned to their residence in North Bay. David works on Temagami with his dad doing construction work for a number of camps, including Wabun, as well as private land owners.

Andrew Stachiw, a camper who has tripped at Wabun for five years, and most recently journeyed on his third Bay trip with Wabun A-Lewis, has had a great opportunity this year. During Andrew's senior year at Milton Academy, his father, Myron Stachiw, had been in Ukraine for the year as a Fulbright Research Fellow, doing a project on the cultural effects of the Chernobyl nuclear disaster on the heavily irradiated zone of Ukraine, which had been called the "cradle" of Slavic culture. His project will produce a museum exhibit of photographs and artifacts from the zone, and a documentary on the people who remain and have returned to the irradiated zone. Now in the second year of his Fulbright, he is joined by his son Andrew, who has moved to the Ukraine with him to spend the year there.



Andrew and Myron Stachiw in the Ukraine

Andrew and Myron started their journey in the beginning of September with a drive across Europe from Germany,

where they picked up their 94' VW Golf, through the Czech Republic, Slovakia, Poland, and finally Ukraine. When they arrived to see their family in Ukraine, they shocked Myron's aunt by telling her that they would be living alone, without a woman in the house. Appalled, she quickly hurried into her house and produced fifteen jars of pickled beans, tomatoes, cabbage, pickles, etc., saying that two men living alone would need these to survive. Leaving, packed to the gills with pickled goods, Myron and Andrew found a place and an opportunity much like Wabun in many ways; they had entered a land where they could start anew, making and proving themselves by their character and their actions.

This year, Myron is continuing his expeditions into the radiated zones, now with Andrew alongside him. While Myron is teaching at the Taras Shevchenko University, Andrew is working on an Archaeology dig, excavating sites from the Kyiv and Russian Empire from the 10th and 11th centuries. Andrew is also taking Ukrainian language classes, playing in a men's soccer league, and going to Chernobyl with his father whenever possible. Their most recent journey was a weekend expedition to move a 76-year-old woman from her lonely home of 15 years in an abandoned town to a new home. Last winter, her roof collapsed under a meter of snow, and she had to sleep with her cow to survive the winter.

REMEMBRANCES

Generations: Jeff Hartzell, Jr. (1955-2005)

Written by Andy Hartzell

When Wabun began back in 1933, the seven Founders who initially set foot on Garden Island could hardly have even imagined that, nearly seventy-five years later, not only would we all continue to share in the present joys of a Wabun experience, but that we would also now be talking about generations at Wabun. No longer is Wabun a place just to celebrate the summer season, but it is also a place where we can look back with warm and comforting memories of friends and family who have passed through Wabun as they've passed through life. Many current Wabun families recall with fondness and pride the previous generations which have not only benefited from the Wabun experience but also have contributed to and continue to contribute to its spirit. With each death, legacies are born, and Wabun benefits from those legacies - and generations of legacies - just as we all do.

The Hartzell family has been part of Wabun for generations. Jeff Hartzell Sr. discovered Wabun in the early 1940's when many of the original Directors were still in place. Starting as a Cree, Jeff, Sr. spent many years as a camper and staff at Wabun, ultimately leading Section A all the way from Garden Island to Moosonee, and later spent many summers as a physician to the camp. Jeff, Sr. had the privilege of tripping with such generational legends as Mike Buckshot and Whitey Cannon. He also was fortunate to watch both of his sons paddle the waters in red canoes from the late 1960's all the way to this past summer, when Andy Hartzell returned to staff at Wabun after a 23 year absence. Now, he can look with pride at yet another generation of Hartzell Wabunites, as no less than four of his grandchildren attended Wabun this past summer from Chippies to Cayuga A. Generations indeed.

This past summer, however, also marked a great loss in the Hartzell and Wabun families. After a seven year battle against a sarcoma, Jeff Hartzell, Jr. died just shy of his fiftieth birthday. Although the oldest member of the second Hartzell generation at Wabun is now gone, his legacy and contributions to Wabun's spirit endure. Just like his father and brother, Jeff, Jr. carried with him and passed on to his children, nieces and nephews his love for and experiences of Wabun yore. Jeff had the privilege of tripping as a camper with such Wabun notables as Tonka Edmonds, John Kilbridge, Bill Green, and Ted Kimmel. Jeff also had the wonderful opportunity to spend a summer along with Pete Gwyn as assistants to the long-time Chippie Grand Chief Bill Olmstead, who also died much too young from the claws of disease. These experiences added to Jeff's being just as his being

adds to Wabun's spirit.

Chief among Jeff's great passions was his devotion to fishing. From his earliest moments fishing off the dock with worms, staring down into the water for hours upon hours, he was fascinated with the process of luring and eventually hooking fish after fish after fish. From huge salmon in the Niagara River to huge muskies on the Albany, Jeff hooked generation after generation of fish. Never for eating, though. Jeff's appreciation for the great value of life - particularly as he strived to live life to its fullest in the face of the onset of dreaded disease - always led him to turn virtually anything he caught back to its own waters. This respect for life and the enjoyment of living has been passed on not only to generations within the Hartzell family, but to generations of Wabunites and to the spirit which makes the sum so much grander than the collection of each one of its parts.



Jeff Hartzell, Andy Hartzell, and Jeff Hartzell, Sr.

Jeff's intense desire to celebrate life, life's generations, and Wabun all in one breath showed its strongest side this past summer as Jeff clung to his health just long enough to make one last trip to the waters of Temagami and the beaches of Garden Island. He headed there to see his brother return from Section B, his nieces and nephews return from their summer ventures around Temagami, and most importantly, to see his own Wabun legacy return in the body of his daughter Stacy, the first of the third generation of Hartzells to return from the Bay. Generations. He knew his final farewell was not distant, but his self fulfillment was complete on that wonderful, warm day in August.

One part of a generation is now gone. But generations of Hartzells, both past and future, continue and will continue to celebrate Jeff's contributions to the family and to the Wabun Spirit. At Jeff's memorial service, a long-time family friend and fellow owner of Camp Bigiwe on Island 1091 in the Northwest Arm said of Jeff: "If I close my eyes, I can see this canoe off in the distance under the sunset. And as I look more closely, I can see the paddle flash . . . and then flash again. Hunched over in the stern is the silhouette of Jeff, soaking in the rhythm of the canoe, of the moment, and of life itself. And if I look really closely, I can see a fishing rod off to one side with its line trailing behind . . . as the canoe gently disappears into the sunset. . ." And so when Jeff's ashes were sprinkled over Temagami back in early September under soaring arcs of Northern Lights, his spirit added to the legacy of generations past and generations yet to come to Wabun. As Wabun runs through us, so Jeff runs through all of us too.

The Camp Dock

A couple of years ago Wabun dismantled its main dock and undertook a full replacement. The task was an interesting one – remove weakness where it could be found, and replace it with a new structure sturdy and cleverly designed enough to withstand the movement of ice from the north in the spring breakup.



We have actually been on the island in mid May and watched the northerly winds push miles of ice southward, head-on and into our dock. We have seen the ice lift the top three or four courses of log cribbing and all of the decking on the L of the dock, and move them all the 125 feet to the shore. Tons of rock in the cribbing have been dislodged, and the splintered logs and decking have been deposited ignominiously on the beach. The reconstructions have been numerous and frustrating.



The pictures here show an entirely new dock with a newly designed north edge. The outer four feet of the leading edge are actually hinged in sections so that when they are lifted and flipped back onto the dock, they reveal an arrangement of 4" x 8" timbers that provides a 45 degree slanted surface that lifts oncoming ice and guides it up and over the dock when it is pushed from the north. So far, we have enjoyed the spectacle of ice piled high and deep at the height of ice movement – we dare not brag of having beaten Mother Nature, but we are cautiously optimistic about such an innovation.

A New Kitchen

Wabun's kitchen is something of a hodge-podge of addition upon addition upon addition. As the camp moved from hand-pumped water to gas pumps and pressure tanks, from wood-burning cook stoves to propane, from an ice-house to electric refrigeration and a walk-in cooler, and from Coleman and propane lighting to an electrified kitchen and dining room, a succession of iterations has yielded an eclectic arrangement of do-dads, nooks, and crannies as our cooking facilities. At the same time, the demand on the kitchen has increased dramatically. Witness the end-of-season festivities on August 6th and 7th which saw our closing luncheon serving over 250 camper, parents and staff in 2005.



Alas, the time has come to update and upgrade what we can make available to support the efforts of our stalwart kitchen staff. Toward that end, the existing kitchen is being removed as of this writing. In its place we will be erecting a brand new building with a more open food preparation area, as well as dedicated cooking, serving, and clean-up spaces

We anticipate the completion of the new kitchen by Wabun's opening in June of 2006.



LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

Lightning in the Bush

Written by Dick Lewis

Sarah Flotten called me at 9:00 AM. She was covering the phone for Nibby who was at a local Temagami camp directors' meeting, and Marg who was greeting new campers in Toronto. It was Sunday morning. She had just received a call from Pete Gwyn who was barely intelligible through a very poor satellite phone connection. He reported one of his campers had been hit by lightning, had stopped breathing, but had been resuscitated!



Wabun A-Gwyn was at the mid-point of its six-week trip to James Bay via the Pinemuta and Attawapiskat Rivers. The section had been peppered by electrical storms for much of



Peter Gwyn with three members of Wabun A/G

its three weeks in the bush. Today was no exception, but there was an intensity to this storm that was new to the group.

Pete had seen the storm closing in on them, quickly. Rather than risk the prolonged exposure on Wigwacense Lake, he headed for the nearest island and asked the section to spread out and assume the protective postures he had taught them. Campers and staff did what they could to separate and insulate themselves.

The bolt that hit the island lifted Nate Thiel from the ground and threw him 20 feet from his perch, unconscious and without pulse. It also knocked assistant staff, Trevor Rees, to the ground, dazed and with loss of hearing. Pete immediately revived Nate and had section members attend to Trevor. He then used his section's satellite telephone to contact Wabun's base camp. Sarah took what information she could understand through the static interference caused by the lightning, and before the connection failed, and relayed that to me.

Two years earlier, when delivering a Cayuga A section to its starting point for their Winisk Trip, we had stayed overnight at the motel in Pickle Lake, Ontario. There, in the midst of

the group enjoying its last conventionally prepared breakfast at a local restaurant, we met Eric Hansen. Eric is the chief of the Fire Attack Base in Sioux Lookout. He asked about our trip, Wabun's history, and our itinerary. He gave us a business card and suggested that we keep his number on file in case we ever needed assistance on any of our long trips on the west side of The Bay – it was needed now!

Chronology of success:

July 17, 2005

9:04 AM: Called the Fire Attack Base and spoke with Mr. Paul Duquette - gave him Wabun A-G's itinerary and told him we would get back to him as soon as we were able to be more specific about the location of the section - asked that a helicopter be prepared for an evacuation;

9:20 AM: Spoke with Nibby who gave coordinates he had received in a call from Pete using the GPS function on the satellite phone (52:27N / 89:23W on Lake Wigwacense on the Pinemuta River) - called these in to the Fire Attack Base;

-Pete Gwyn reported to Nibby via sat' phone that he had seen a fixed-wing aircraft on the shore about one mile west of where he and his section were huddled down – Pete intends to head for that site as weather allows;

-Left message at Thiel household;

-Contacted Paul Duquette with airplane location information;

he will try to make contact with outfitter he believes operates the plane and coordinate efforts – there is a helipad on Wigwacense to which he will send a chopper as soon as weather allows;

-Pete takes Nate to fixed-wing plane site, and he and Nate are flown to Pickle Lake Clinic as soon as weather allows;

-Shortly thereafter, Trevor is taken by helicopter to Pickle Lake Clinic;

-Treatment at Clinic, and it is decided that Nate will fly to trauma unit at Thunder Bay Regional as soon as he is stabilized at Pickle Lake;



Canadian rescue helicopter



Pickle Lake Clinic

2:45 PM: Trevor is treated at Pickle Lake Clinic – progress

report on Nate is good - it is decided that Trevor and Pete will return to the section on Wigwacense – Nate will be attended to Thunder Bay by medics on air ambulance;

3:10 PM: I make contact with Nate's parents as I am driving to Thunder Bay – they will join me there;

3:20 PM: Nate is 15 minutes from the hospital;

3:45 PM: Thiels report that they are on the road to Thunder Bay;

3:50 PM: Call from Wabun – Nate has arrived at hospital – medical information on Nate's medical form at camp will be gathered and given to hospital;

4:15 PM: Hospital has all needed information – nurse suggested calling back in an hour or so for status report;

6:45 PM: Nurse attending Nate is optimistic, thinks he will be fine;

7:30 PM: I arrive about 45 minutes before the Thiels – Nate is sedated – we meet with attending physicians who are cautiously optimistic – we await morning with nervous anticipation;

July 18, 2005

10:00 AM: Nate is conversational – contact made with Thiel family physician - all sorts of tests are being scheduled to check sight, hearing, neurological function, etc. – Thiels will stay in Thunder Bay – things are looking up;

July 19, 2005

10:30 AM: Nate is doing very well – awake since 7:30 AM, taking nourishment – vision checks are good – coming back to himself, still a little groggy - off of IVs.

The path of Nate's recuperation has been challenging and complicated by the uncertainties that have to do with so little medical experience and knowledge in the area of people being struck by lightning. As of this writing, Nate has regained weight (3 pounds heavier than at the beginning of the season), has been working out daily this fall and winter with the ambition of being ready for this coming spring's lacrosse season, and has demonstrated spirit and resolve that are truly remarkable.

As to the section, this has been a harrowing experience. One of their own was in real danger. They did all that they could, and they did it very well. In fact, there has not been a single suggestion by any of the myriad forces who helped us out that anything should have or could have been done differently. This section, with clear and magnificently competent leadership from Pete Gwyn, worked together to avert a tragedy. They were never able, however, to leave the incident or their concerns behind them as they worked their way toward James Bay. Nate was always on their minds. Wabun A-Gwyn continued on its trip. As we received word of Nate's progress, we were able to communicate that to them at the various Cree Reserves they visited en route. Nate, himself, wrote a note and made a short videotape we were able to play for them on August 7th at Wabun before they headed for home. Therein, he thanked, attempted to reassure and comfort, and tried to show them how well he was doing.

Wabun is thankful that Nate is on the mend. We are profoundly indebted to Pete Gwyn, Trevor Rees, and the young men of Wabun A-G for an extraordinary display of expertise, composure and compassion as they managed to do what all of us could only hope we might do when confronted by such challenges. We also recognize and thank the combination of private outfitter and Eric Hansen and the Fire Attack Base of Sioux Lookout. Their timeliness, expertise, and generosity were invaluable. They were the "village." And to you, Nate, you are absolutely awesome! I'll be there on the sidelines of your first lacrosse game this spring! Anyone want to join me?

The Phone Call

Written by Sarah Flotten

I picked it up the phone to hear a very crackly, static-sounding voice ask for Marg. I explained she was in Toronto, but then the voice said, "Sarah?" Recognizing Pete Gwyn's voice, my heart skipped a beat because I knew we shouldn't be hearing from him. His voice was barely audible through all of the static, but I heard, "lightning . . . not breathing . . . breathing . . . helicopter . . ." and then the phone went dead. I opened the office door and said to Julie Hinchman (Pete's wife), "I

think we have a problem."

I immediately called Dick in Minneapolis who gave me the name and number of a contact at the Ministry of Natural Resources who could be helpful.



Sarah Flotten

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

Dick and I agreed that he would work on getting a helicopter and I would try to get Section A-G's location. Pete called back and confirmed that there was a lightning strike and the camper was now breathing, but needed to get medical help. The static was incredible on the line. I suggested Pete call the Lewis's cabin phone, hoping that a wall phone might have a better signal than the cordless at camp, and Julie and I ran to the Lewis's. This helped a little, and eventually we got the GPS coordinates and the name of an outfitter in the region who had a float plane Pete had seen the day before.

By this time Nibby had returned, and as he continued to talk to Pete, I began to call Pickle Lake to find out about the outfitters and whose plane could have been out on the Pine-muta River. Despite it being a Sunday morning, people were incredibly helpful, and in no time we were talking to Pete from a clear line at the Pickle Lake Clinic.

As the medical staff tended to Nate, we made arrangements

"Stay Strong Navy"

Written by Adam Wicks-Arshack

It had been 18 days on the water and we hadn't seen anyone besides our large yet close-knit group of 14 campers and staff. On the 17th day of trip we had decided to camp at a vacant fishing camp on Lake Wigwacense. I remember feeling quite skeptical about camping at the fishing camp. It just didn't seem like Pete's style. This place was well-established with every cabin or structure having solar panels on the roof, and there was a large "T" shaped dock with several small motorboats on shore. I was scared we would set up camp only to have someone come back and kick us out. In a way that did happen; after unloading the canoes and setting up the fly, area we could faintly hear a rumbling. A few minutes later a man and woman in a motorboat drove up to the dock where the campers stayed while Pete and Trevor went to talk to the driver. This man and his wife were the first people we had seen for 18 days. For a moment it was a return to reality that there were other people in the world. As it turned out, the man in the motorboat's name was Albert. Amazingly, he was the very same Albert we had seen last year at Summer Beaver where we asked him for directions to a campsite. What a coincidence. He was more than happy to let us stay at his fishing camp. We had a normal dinner and bannock and rested quite well as we were camped on a flat grassy field.

The next morning we awoke to a cloudy brisk day, defi-

to fly him to a hospital in Thunder Bay, and Dick jumped in his car to meet him there. We kept in contact with the Pickle Lake Clinic and the Thunder Bay Hospital during Nate's transfer, and I promised to call the nurse in Pickle Lake the following day with news of Nate's condition. They were so impressed that we were able to get him to them so quickly. When you look at a map of Ontario and realize where Pete called from and where the roads stop, you realize that it was amazing. Two hours after the initial phone call, Nate was on his way to Thunder Bay after being stabilized at the clinic.

In staff training we always talk about evacuations, and after sixteen years of talking through all of those procedures, I was glad to see that all our systems worked.

When I pass Nate in the hallways at school, I smile. I don't know if he knows that I was the one to answer the phone, but it's a call I'll not soon forget.

ninitely weather for rain gear and rubber boots, a bomb-proof combination. After paddling for a few hours down Lake Wigwacense, a huge storm front was visible and approaching quickly. This storm looked to be of colossal proportions, absolutely huge. It seemed as though an army was marching towards us, a huge front of clouds, all colors of blues, browns, greens and blacks violently surging towards us. Every few seconds lighting would be thrown down from clouds, followed by mammoth booms of thunder. After seeing a storm like that while on the water, a sense of urgency quickly rushed through everyone's body, and we rapidly paddled to the closest piece of land, which happened to be a little island. But this island appeared to be too exposed, facing directly towards the storm. We got



Adam Wicks-Arshack

our bearings and quickly paddled to the next island, which had a little bay on one side that would be perfect for tying the canoes to the trees. It had now started to pour, and various lightning bolts were spotted, followed by bellowing thunder. We tied the canoes to the trees, grabbed our daypacks, and ran up on shore. After sitting under my plastic umbrella for about 20 minutes, I decided to stretch my legs a little because the storm had died down some. Pete told us to spread out in case of a tree falling, or worse, to avoid a lightning bolt striking more than one person. While walking around our small island, I found a set of moose bones about 30 feet from the rest of the group, and quickly called Pete over to look at them. After inspecting the bones, we began to walk back; we hadn't walked ten feet when it seemed as

though a grenade had gone off directly in front of us. There was a deafeningly loud bang, and I was blown to the ground.

From that moment on everybody was in chaos. The only way I can describe it is like a war scene, everything was peaceful, then BOOM. Everyone was running checking up on people; my hearing was impaired for a few minutes. I remember calling everyone's name and others doing the same, but Nate didn't respond. I then saw Pete running towards Nate who was on the ground. The lightning had struck Nate in his head, wrapped around his body and exited from his foot, throwing Nate 20 feet where he landed on top of some knocked over smaller trees. First I ran over to Nate and saw Pete performing CPR. I have never seen anyone do anything

with as much drive as Pete. He knew what he had to do, and he did it, pure instinct. But the looks on the rest of the group's faces were something I will never forget: absolutely horrified. Our best friend, and hardest worker was on the ground with no pulse, no heart beat, gone.

Instantly everyone thought what can we do to help? It was a terrible feeling of helplessness, something else none of us will ever forget. Some people began to help Pete by getting stuff from the med-kit, others were crying. I turned around and saw Trevor on the ground. Trevor, our other staff, to whom I had grown so close, was unconscious, possibly dead. I had no idea what to do, having no first aid knowledge. I saw him there on the ground with his glasses off, yet he looked so peaceful, asleep. I called a few guys over to check him out, and John and I decided we had to go get help from the camp we had stayed at the night before.

I yelled my plan to Pete who was still pumping away on Nate, who still had no pulse. John and I ran down the small hill to the water and partially emptied a canoe, leaving the duffels to give a little weight so as not to be blown by the storm that continued to rage. We left that island with no map, no compass, and very little knowledge of the lake we were camped on. Even worse, we left the island thinking two of our own were dead. Earlier that morning we had heard a plane flying low overhead. Maybe they landed on the lake at the fishing camp... but we didn't know for sure. We paddled for what seemed like hours but probably wasn't that long since we were paddling at an incredibly fast rate. It was unbelievable how fast we traveled although we were forced to stop many times because of strings of lightning bolts hitting quite close to us. While we paddled, absolutely amazing shapes of lightning surrounded us: triangles, crosses, squares, as well as

curved and straight lines. It was absolutely terrifying. After we had paddled for some time, without knowing anything that was happening to the rest of our group, and thinking it would not be smart to keep paddling and get lost, we decided to go around one more corner and then, if the camp wasn't there, we would turn back. So we paddled frantically across an arm of the lake, in order to minimize the time spent in the middle of the lake, and at last we got to our final turn. While we paddled, all I could think about was that our friends could be dead; so John and I asked for help. Our pleas were directed to anyone and anything: Mother Nature, my mom who had passed away some years earlier, and any kind of God. Our prayers were answered when, after furiously paddling six

miles, we arrived at the fishing camp and a plane was docked on the very dock we had bathed at the night before.

John and I paddled to shore. I was in the bow so I jumped out and ran to the main lodge screaming, "Help! Help!" A man

in a pilot outfit stepped outside the lodge with a cup of coffee in hand. Can you imagine, you're in the middle of nowhere drinking coffee and two dirty kids come running and screaming for help. It turned out that the pilot was flying to Pickle Lake from another fishing camp 50 miles away but was forced to land on our lake, Wigwacense, because of the terribly harsh weather conditions. He landed six miles from where we stopped by pure coincidence. We frantically called the appropriate authorities for help via satellite phone, who said they were on their way with medical assistance. We were also notified that Nate and Trevor were both alive and breathing and on their way to the fishing camp. Apparently, Albert, the man who owned the fishing camp, was found and brought his motorboat to the island. The pilot told us that we had to refuel his plane, before setting off again to bring Nate to Pickle Lake. After helping to refuel the plane John and I were forced to wait. The pilot was with five men from Minnesota who were on a fishing trip. They quickly made us some coffee and toast, which was actually quite nice during a time of crisis. We looked at maps and explained to the fishermen why we were out in the bush and why we loved to be there. They didn't quite get it. We of course also had some much needed soda and candy as we had depleted all of our energy in the paddle to the fishing camp. After about 45 minutes, Albert's motorboat was visible, slowly making its way toward the fishing camp. In the boat were Pete, Charlie, and Nate. Right as the motorboat approached the fishing camp, a



Wabun A/G at the closing campfire.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

helicopter passed overhead and landed on the clearing where we had camped the night before. While Pete figured out the logistics of how and where to take Nate, Charlie, John, and I comforted Nate the best we could. I remember telling him, “Navy, you’re the strongest kid I know” (We called Nate Navy) and to “Stay strong.” Nate was in rough shape, but when we brought him to the plane, he actually walked up the steps. Once he did that, I knew our Navy would be fine. Nate and Pete left with the pilot to receive medical assistance at Pickle Lake, and we waited for Trevor who was also to be flown out. I remember Trevor arriving at the camp, giving him a huge hug and walking him up to the helicopter. John and I watched him leave and then we were alone.

Albert told us that the rest of the group was at his cabin on the other side of the lake waiting for us. After much difficulty (we got a bit lost on the way back but Albert found us and towed us behind his motorboat back to the group) we found the group starting to make plans. We had the option of staying at Albert’s small camp, or going to the larger fishing camp we had just left. After making numerous calls with the satellite phone, we were told that Pete and Trevor would be flown into the fishing camp later that evening. So we decided to make our way back to the fishing camp. Albert showed us a shortcut that required a short 50-yard portage but cut off four miles of paddling. He also motored over a canoe, a few duffels and wannigans. There is no way we can repay Albert for his help during such a time of crisis. We will forever be grateful. After arriving at the fishing camp, we made tea and

everyone broke out their care packages and tried to relax. About two hours later Pete and Trevor landed and informed us that Nate was okay. Trevor was also doing fine, good enough to come back out on trip.

Until that storm we hadn’t had to stop and find refuge on land from lightning all summer long. But after that storm, we were daily faced with multiple thunderstorms. Haunted everyday by thunder and lightning, Pete and Trevor were faced with extremely difficult dilemmas such as, should we continue the trip, how often should we pull over and take refuge from storms, and how would the campers respond to Nate’s absence. They handled these problems perfectly. Nonetheless, everyday when we had to pull over and stop for lightning, the thought that ran through all of our heads was, “Would this happen again and if so, would it hit me?” Those painfully frightening hours of crouching in pouring rain while hearing lightning crash close by is something I will never forget. I did learn how lucky I am to be here and to be able to continue canoe tripping through the most beautiful land in the world. Although I was not on the island with the rest of the group when Nate came back to life, I was told the group did an amazing job, setting up a fly to cover Nate and Trevor in minutes. Some paddled over to get help from Albert, and others cared for Nate and Trevor at a time when they truly needed it. I would personally like to thank them for doing such an amazing job at such a critical time. Guy’s of Wabun-AG; we saved Navy’s life.

The Miracle at Pickle Lake

Written by Terry Thiel

They say every story has a beginning, a middle and an end. Our story is about Nate Thiel and the summer of 2005.

THE BEGINNING:

In the spring of 2004, we suggested to Nate that he attend Wabun for the summer. He was a little skeptical -- being away from home for the whole summer would be a new experience for him as well as us. We received one letter from him that year. It said, “I have arrived in good order. I will see you in 48 days.” That’s all it said and we did not hear from him again. When we picked him up at the airport in August, the first words out of his mouth were “I had the best summer of my life! I can’t wait until next year when I go on the Bay trip!” Christmas shopping last year was easy...paddling gloves, Gore-Tex boots, river booties, knife and Leatherman tool. He was all set.

THE MIDDLE:

Nate made sure that the Lewis’ knew of his desire to be in the same section as his friends from last year. When we delivered him to the Wabun staff in Toronto in June, he didn’t look back. We did receive a letter from him letting us know of his safe arrival to Temagami and his excitement for the trip ahead.

Some of you may know that we have known the Lewis’ for the past 17 years. So it was not unusual to receive a phone call from either of them. Somehow, though, I just had a gut feeling that something was wrong July 17th when I heard Dick’s voice on

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

my messages. John and I had decided to spend the afternoon taking in a \$1 movie and, for some reason, we both could not get Nate out of our heads during the entire show. It wasn't until the movie ended that I received the voicemail. I handed the phone to John (I was slightly panicked at that time) and we went directly to the car and headed north. The 7 hour trip to Thunder Bay from Minneapolis took us just over 5 hours.

Thank goodness for cell phones. Sarah Flotten was manning the Lewis' Wabun telephone and was able to tell us when Nate was admitted to the hospital and gave us the attending nurse's phone number. They were able to give us just preliminary information that Nate was stable, breathing on his own, and undergoing tests.

When we arrived at the Thunder Bay emergency room, it seemed as if everyone knew who we were...the parents of the kid who survived a lightning strike. We were immediately escorted to the intensive care unit where we first saw Nate. At that time, the ventilating tube had been removed and he was aware of our presence, although he was in severe pain. Touching him and giving him that first hug and kiss is something I will never forget.

The physician on duty that night was incredibly gentle with us. As each lightning strike is different, there is no textbook answer to give to the victim's family. They knew that Nate and the rest of the campers had taken cover on the island and that Nate was hit with what is called a "splash". It was not the main bolt of lightning, but it was one of the strongest fingers, so to speak, that splashed out from it. They knew that Nate's heart had stopped. They knew he had received CPR immediately from Pete Gwyn and that he had initially lost his hearing and sight. They knew that he had second-degree burns on his body – starting at the entry point in the back of his head and exiting out his left foot. They knew he was thrown a considerable distance. (We were to find out later that it was about 20 feet.) By the time we saw Nate, his heart was beating strong and he had regained his hearing and sight. But what they did not know is if there would be any neurological or motor problems. Or, if there was any internal injury. The hospital performed many tests in the first 24 hours. All results were negative, but guarded.

We left the hospital three days later. It was a much slower trip to the Twin Cities than it was to Canada. We drove directly to our doctor's office where we met our family physician. In his over-25 years of practice, he had never had a patient get struck by lightning. We had daily visits for about a week, then they tapered off to twice a week, once a week and now we are on every other month visits. After Nate regained some strength, he started seeing a physical therapist that he now sees twice a month. Nate has been told that he is about two months further along in recovery than the PT initially thought he'd be at this time.

THE END:

As of this writing, Nate outwardly shows no signs of ever having been hit by lightning. He still is fatigued by the end of the day, but that doesn't stop him. Although he missed the football season, he attended practice almost every day. He made the decision not to play basketball this season, so he could concentrate on getting ready for the lacrosse season in the spring. He has regained the weight he lost, and is rebuilding his core strength and muscular strength. He is unwavering in his dedication to his recovery. He is a solid student academically and works very hard to maintain his grades.

Other than Nate's physical recovery, I think the biggest challenge is to set the record straight on how and what happened. To this day, he gets asked, "Why would you stay in the middle of the lake, in an aluminum canoe, during a lightning storm?" His reply? "I wasn't. I was in the middle of a golf course, holding up my metal irons, to see what would happen." I think he's handling this okay.

We'd like to share two of our favorite quotes:

"At any given place, On any given day,
At any given time, Something magical can happen.
And, everything comes to him who hustles while he waits."

- Thomas Edison

Words cannot portray how grateful we are for the quick action on the part of Pete Gwyn and Wabun A-G. If not for them, Nate would not be where he is today. Thank you so much.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

The Summer of '05

Written by Nate Thiel

(Excerpt from his speech at Breck School, Fall 2005)

If you really want to know the series of unfortunate events, here is what happened, and the only way I know this is by what people have told me. We woke up on Sunday morning



Nate Thiel

and started our day in the normal fashion; rolling our duffels and tents, then racing down to the fly to eat breakfast and tump the wannigans. When we finished all that, we loaded the canoes and started on our way. At around 9:00 in the morning, a storm came in and we got off the water. Pete Gwyn, our trip leader, told us to scatter and get into a catcher's stance. This is so that the lightning, if it were to hit someone, would not jump from one person to another. After that, I have been told that everything happened incredibly fast and in slow motion at the same time.

After I got hit by lightning, I was thrown a considerable distance, which I learned was between 20-25 feet. My heart stopped and I was administered CPR within thirty seconds. I was unconscious and stayed that way for about twenty minutes. Now here is where I got really lucky. Before the storm had come in, there was a floatplane flying by that had to land because of the storm. It was not even supposed to land where it did, which was about five miles from where we were. The plane landed at the hunting and fishing camp that we had stayed at the night before. When the storm subsided, two of my fellow campers canoed over to the camp and told the owner what had happened. Just on a side note, the owner of the camp is usually about seventy-five miles north of where we were. Anyway, he drove his boat over to the island that we were on and picked me up. Supposedly, when the man came, I walked to the boat; however, I was very confused because I was blind and deaf. This lasted for a couple of hours. Luckily, the man in the boat, and my trip leader, had GPS-satellite phones, so they were able to call the Pickle Lake Nursing Station and tell them that there would be a floatplane coming in shortly. After I was picked up from the island, I was driven to the floatplane, which then flew me to Pickle Lake. When I got there, the doctors called the hospital at Thunder Bay. One

of the doctors there, who just happened to be the only doctor who had experience with lightning strikes from there to Winnipeg, conducted phone triage with the doctors at Pickle Lake. Before leaving for Thunder Bay, the doctors sedated me and medicinally paralyzed me because I was being combative. It took two nurses and a doctor to hold me down, but it sounds better when I say three people. And can you imagine ME, a Thiel, being combative at any time? I didn't think so.

When I finally got to Thunder Bay Hospital, it was about 4:00 in the afternoon. The first thing that I remember after getting hit is a big, blurry, red flannel jacket and the smell of Tim Horton's coffee and donuts. The jacket just happens to belong to Mr. Lewis. Now, most of you are probably wondering why Mr. Lewis would be all the way up in Thunder Bay. Well I just happened to be attending the camp that he owns: Wabun. And if you like having a fun time outdoors, you should ask him about it. Back to the story. I was in the hospital for about four days. I left the hospital on Wednesday morning about twenty pounds lighter. We went straight to my doctor's office. The odds are that no one at Wabun will be hit by lightning for the rest of the century, so if you do go, you will be safe. You're welcome. One last thing before I finish up. Doctors have a way of measuring the amount of lactic acid, or proteins, in your body that muscles emit. A normal person walking around is at about 80 units. A man just finishing a triathlon is at about 150-200 units. Anything above 5,000 units and organs start to shut down. Anything above 7,000 units, a person should be dead. I was at 16,580 units when I was admitted to the hospital. It took many days and lots of fluids to flush my system of the deadly protein. The rest of the story is filled with more pain, agony, and hard work than you will ever imagine. If I have learned anything from this experience, it is not to take anything for granted, like walking, running, being able to hear, see, feel, and talk. There is always something harder to deal with than just the average difficulties of a normal life.



Wabun A/G saying goodbye on August 7, 2005.

LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE

Meegwich

Written by Pete Gwyn

To all those from Wabun who went before and helped us get to where we are now, thanks – Meegwich. Clearly, others have written about what happened this summer on the canoe trip I was leading in Northern Ontario. Our section basically started out like any other, rough around the edges, but after having two folks down and one out, we really came together, and my boys became heroes.

As a young lad I was given the opportunity to come to Wabun as a camper and had excellent and caring staff who really cared about us and who taught me a lot about safe wilderness travel. I first was a camper at Wabun the year before they went coed, with Steve Kilbridge, and the Wabun learning curve was steep, but it set me up well for the next summer with George Chase and John Kilbridge. John, with whom I shared and learned to share, the responsibilities of taking care of an older Chestnut cruiser on the backwaters of the Temagami Region. My Bay trip staff were Billy Green and Hardy Coleman. They were extremely supportive of every adventure that I wanted to take part in that summer, almost 20 years ago. Wabun means more to me than these names though, it is history. I have spent countless hours sitting by the shop, or out on trip, talking of the older trip staff who came before, and what trips they took, and who they were traveling with, and what rivers they paddled.

Last summer I had the opportunity, before I went out in the bush, to spend some time with John “Tonka” Edmunds at Wabun, and it was wonderful. In fact, he gave me a knife that he had with him when he first went down the Attawapiskat; he wanted the knife the go down the river again. I shared this story with my boys this past summer, and when I let them use the knife, they appeared honored to use it. “As we all know, in the bush, it’s the little things that count”.

What I have learned most from all of the men and women of Wabun is that when I go into the bush I have to be thoroughly prepared for what may happen. Sure enough, you may have a canoe capsize in a big windy lake, or a canoe wrap on a rocky rapid, but who would ever imagine a lightning strike!

From all of the backcountry travel that I have done with Wabun, and from the programs I run in the winter and spring, I have really learned to respect the land and the people with whom I travel. You have to be able to take care of the land and travel, and you have to be able to take care of your group.

But what is it that gets the soul so fired to keep coming back year after year, to share in the riches that a summer in the bush can provide. I think it’s the love of the backcountry, and being able to

Lightning Strikes Again

Written by Dick Lewis

It is outrageous even to consider that Wabun might experience two lightning strikes in a decade, let alone in a single season. Yet, such was the case in 2005. Taking cover in a thunder storm while paddling on Hobart Lake, Cayuga D hunkered down and took cover from the opening of the heavens. One bolt, however, hit close enough to splatter its shock waves and charge into the group. Cayuga D took stock, determined that the effects were noticeable enough to contact base camp, and paddled to an outpost on Lady Evelyn from which they made a call to Wabun.

In another stroke of good fortune, Wabun’s doctor on hand was Jeff Hartzell, long-standing camper, staff, doctor, and friend of the camp. He and Nibby

Hinchman flew out to Lade Evelyn where they met with the section and assessed the situation. The girls were wrestling with the aftermath of their experience and sorting out their options. Given the choice of continuing their trip or returning to Wabun



Cayuga D

to gather their thoughts and feelings, they chose to go on. They ended their trip with an enhanced kind of coalescence that none of us on the outside of that experience can really understand, but one that we could clearly see and appreciate when they spoke of this experience at the reading of their log at the closing campfire. BRAVA! to head staff, Emily McClure, and her assistants, Grace Canby and Rebecca Thompson.

The following is the doctor’s log entry by Dr. Jeff Hartzell:

“Lake: Lightning strike yesterday – not seen but loud thunder-clap – low lying campsite on Hobart Lake – several campers and two staff suffered various effects of lightning fragmentation – no air concussing effects. Some tingling paresthesias, some burning dysesthesias – several with mildly diminished hearing – physical exams, all normal – campers/staff reassured. At worst – two with mild concussion – no specific treatment.”

.....
share that love with other folks. To be able to give back to an organization that was really good to me when I needed it most.

It is to the wise men and women who work at Wabun now, and countless others who came before, that I say thank you for making Wabun what it is today.

Stoky Turns 100

Join His 100th Birthday Celebration at Milton Academy
Written by Cathie Farrington, Director of Stewardship at Milton Academy

Herbert G. Stokinger, Milton Academy coach and athletic director for forty-three years, will be one hundred years old on March 24, 2006. His friends at Milton Academy are planning a celebration for Saturday, April 1, 2006. (Stoky insisted on having the event after he had reached the century mark!) The event will be held in the Fitzgibbons Athletics and Convocation Center at Milton at noon. For more information, please contact Cathie Farrington at 617-898-2379 or email at cathie_farrington@milton.edu.



Herbert G. Stokinger (Stoky)

Stoky asked to be remembered to his many friends in the Camp Wabun community where he and Esther spent many wonderful summers. Stoky still lives on his own at 132 Forbes Road, Milton, MA 02186 if anyone should wish to send him birthday greetings. The attached picture was taken at his 99th birthday party where he amazed the guests with recollections of football scores from seventy years ago. He is in remarkable health with the exception of a knee that fails him on occasion. For safety, he keeps to his wheelchair and ventures out less frequently. He loves to receive visitors, phone calls and letters.

The following is an article about Stoky that appeared in the 2000-2001 edition of the Wabun Newsletter:

A Wabun Dignitary - And Then Some

Written by Dick Lewis in 2000

Under the sunny skies of early November I headed out to New England and attended a Milton Academy vs. Buckingham, Brown and Nichols football game on the Milton Academy campus. To the chagrin of my viewing companion, BB & N emerged victorious, and, as he noted, probably not as victorious as they deserved to be. We watched from a parked car in an enviable, reserved parking spot overlooking the 35-yard line of the Herbert G. Stokinger Football Field. From this lofty spot, we enjoyed a steady flow of visitors stopping by to say hello, beginning with Milton's head coach who jogged up from the field just before kickoff to give his regards. Such is the deeply respectful tradition at Milton Academy when Stoky is on hand to watch a game.

Several weeks before, I had gotten it in my mind to go off and visit with this incredible collage of mind's eye images I have of Stoky. I remembered those khaki pants, that bright red shirt, a posture so ramrod straight that just seeing it made my back tired. I remember a bellowing, reassuring voice that would welcome 13-year-old "men" back from trip, along with a handshake that would lift you into his world. I can hear a resounding "have a good trip, men!" that launched sections on their forays into the wilderness. I reflected on sitting at opening campfires and listening to Stoky extol the benefits of living without "push buttons and switches" for a summer, and reassurances that the discomforts were good for us, and character building. I recalled the admonition that was searingly issued at beginning-of-the-year staff meetings, "Above all else,

remember that camp is for the campers." I can clearly hear the blending of adult harmonies and pre-pubescent strains of "Oh Canada" assailing the quiet Temagami airs, offered with gusto and out of respect. And then we would join him in tender offerings of, "Hail to all the Wabun campers," in anthemic seriousness. All of this was powerful, formative, and rings deeply and well in reflection. I had to go see the man and ask him to think back on how it all unfolded.

Herbert G. (Stoky) Stokinger's 43-year history at the Academy extends back to his earning a diploma from Milton in 1924, and to his associations with Wabun folks beginning in 1929. Academic and athletic successes sent him on to Boston College where he played on varsity basketball and baseball teams. During his college years, he coached town teams with Martin Sanders, a member of the Milton Faculty who ran the town league's summer programs. That friendship and the high regard Sanders developed for Stoky played no small part in Stoky being invited by Headmaster, W. L. W. Field to join the Milton faculty in 1928. During that first year as a math teacher, dormitory advisor, and coach of three sports, Stoky also began a courtship of Esther Bishop, and was invited to head north to take over the canoe-camp staffing position vacated by Dave Sage, a Milton Academy faculty member who had just been appointed registrar. In coaching Milton against Noble and Greenough School, Stoky had also met Dick Lewis, Sr., who taught and coached Nobles teams, and was also a member of the Keewaydin staff during the summers. They developed an immediate friendship and mutual respect and found

themselves in the unique position of being friends, colleagues, or adversaries, depending on the season of the year.

Stoky joined the Keewaydin staff in the summer of 1929.

There, he met some of the stalwarts of the time at Keewaydin, and unbeknownst to him, the emerging pillars of Wabun:

Bill Anderson, Whitey Cannon, Ted Fellows, Dick Lewis, Sr., Walter (Mac) McLellan, Harry Munson, Bill Roberts, and Bill Russell. Before he was able to fraternize with and enjoy the counsel of these kind souls, however, he encountered Keewaydin's director, Major Gunn, and found himself with a section assignment, what he later came to understand was bottom-

of-the-pecking-order equipment, and an "unwieldy" 119 lb. canoe. He went forth on trip as a rookie would, a rookie with heart, determination, and deeply bent on doing what was expected of him. He returned from trip exhausted, and was immediately aided by the knowing body of compatriot tripping staff who helped him to secure more reasonable gear. Thus fortified, Stoky headed out on trip again, and throughout that first season he became accomplished, confident and progressively more impressed by canoe tripping as both a joyful engagement and a vehicle for growth in his charges.

He was good at it, and he loved it! He liked the relationships he developed with his campers, and he was proud of their accomplishments and how they built confidence and a strong sense of self within the context of a section working together.

When he married Esther Bishop the following June, he delighted in introducing her to Keewaydin in 1930, but life was becoming a little complicated. Stoky was appointed Assistant Director of Physical Education and Athletics at Milton Academy that year, and he and Esther moved to Springfield, Massachusetts in the spring of the year so Stoky could take spring and early summer graduate courses associated with his new responsibilities. Stoky and Esther spent their first August as a couple on Temagami in 1930. Colonel Creelman managed Ojibway (Keewaydin's adult lodge establishment) then, and he and the Stokingers quickly became friends. When Stoky headed off on trip, it was Colonel Creelman who went out of his way to make sure that Esther met other spouses on the island. He also recognized that Esther was becoming an avid fisherwoman, and it was also he who was paddling a trolling canoe when she caught a 42-inch, 17 lb. great northern pike that she presented to Stoky between trips. It was one of the first placements when they built their cabin at Wabun many years later.

Stoky and Esther returned to Keewaydin in 1931. At that time, true to the notion of an entirely boys' camp, staff wives who lived at Ojibway were not permitted to be in the area of the boys' camp on the other side of the island, even when their husbands had returned from trip with their sections. When I talked with Stoky of this, he confirmed the story that Esther had so energetically shared with Wabun folks over

forty years later. At one point, it seemed that Major Gunn's resolve to keep the spouses apart had waned, and he had invited the wives to visit the boys' camp side of the island. The wives, now feeling appropriately recognized and respected, dressed up just a bit and headed off to the "visit," only to find buckets of water and cloths prepared for them to use in cleaning the cabins' windows. It is my personal suspicion that this is one of the significant underpinnings of the Wabun founders beginning to formulate their plans for a separation from Keewaydin as early as the summer of 1931.

Stoky was invited to join this group of 8 men who were planning to purchase land on Temagami and begin a new camp. While he believed in them and their pursuit, he was now Athletic Director at Milton, and his responsibilities prevented him from doing so. He declined the opportunity but was loyal to his Wabun friends. Wabun was founded in 1933 with Dick Lewis, Sr. as its Managing Director. All directors shared the responsibility of recruiting campers, and back in Milton, Stoky kept in touch with Dick Lewis at Nobles and spoke glowingly of the Wabun ambitions. He recruited numerous Milton Academy students for the new camp every year sending them to Dick and thus bolstering the Milton/Nobles part played in Wabun's founding.

Stoky and Esther returned to Wabun in 1941. Stoky led canoe trips, and Esther joined a more pleasing arrangement for staff spouses at Wabun Point, a collection of staff family cottages with an open invitation to visit the camp side of the island. In 1946 the Stokingers purchased a block of shares in the camp from Harry Munson and became a part of Wabun's management. In 1948 they combined their talents in managing Wabun Lodge, an adult component of Wabun catering to Wabun parents and fishermen friends of the camp.



Stoky with his wife, Ester

Dick Lewis, Sr. resigned as Managing Director in 1950, and Wabun was managed by a combination and succession of three founding directors, Bill Russell, Mac McLellan, and Bill Roberts over the next 8 years. During those years, Stoky took over the direction of Camp Kieve in Maine. There, he introduced the Temagami style of canoe tripping and felt

he had furthered the Wabun notion south of the border.

In 1959, Stoky was invited to return and preside over Wabun. He accepted this offer with the provision that he be allowed to speak with the management of Keewaydin about what he saw as a troubling continuation of the bad feelings between the two camps going all the way back to 1933 when Keewaydin staff broke away and founded Wabun. He drove the 6 miles up the lake to sit with Howard Chivers, then director of Keewaydin. The two of them concluded that the lake was “too small and life is too short” to sustain the animosities, and they agreed on the spot to usher in a new era of being respectful rivals. Stoky rejoined us and served as President of Wabun’s Board of Directors from 1959 through 1975.



Stoky in 2000

So, what of this man? What of the man who has touched thousands of lives as teacher, coach, dorm parent, advisor, canoe-trip staff, athletic director, camp director, and courtesy uncle? How do you tally the impact, the contributions to forming character and promoting maturation, and the indebtedness? Stoky as friend and mentor. I know Wabun campers and staff who see him as a pivotal influence in their lives. They remember returning from trip and

being made to feel proud of what they had just accomplished, and buoyed as they headed off to take on greater challenges on longer trips. Think of it, when Stoky and I were at the Milton game together, only one in the parade of well wishers to stop by and say hello was Rod Skinner. It was just a chance encounter, yet so illustrative of the breadth of influence and connectedness. Rod’s son Cam was a camper at Wabun in 2000. Rod stopped by to say hello and thank you to the multifaceted Mr. Stokinger, the man who teaches through and influences such fabulous vehicles as Milton and Wabun, both enjoyed by the Skinners. So, Cam was a camper, Cam’s father was a camper, and his grandfather was a camper, and his great uncle, and his uncle. He is like so many of us who have enjoyed the spirit, starch, caring, and indefatigable positivism that Stoky has brought to 95 years of living and giving. He stopped by to say thank you, and so do we all.

Thank you Stoky; you have been a great force in our lives!

To send your own thanks: Mr. Herbert G. Stokinger, 132 Forbes Road, Milton, Massachusetts, 02186.

A Lifetime of Inspiring and Guiding Young People

Written by Nibby Hinchman

I had the good fortune to meet Herbert G. Stokinger, known to most of us simply as Stoky in the spring of 1952 when I spoke with him about joining the staff of Camp Kieve in Nobleboro, Maine, as an assistant staff member. At Kieve, Stoky pointed me in a direction that was to become the major part of my career – working with young people and trying to help them to achieve their potential. The camp scene was informal, but structured, and the other staff members, drawn from Milton Academy and Stoky’s other school connections, were a wonderful and congenial group who helped this young man to mature.

In the fall of 1954, I joined the Milton Academy student body as a post-graduate student. At Milton I saw another side of Stoky and how he influenced members of his football and baseball teams as well as all of the Boys’ School students in his role as Director of Athletics. All of us well remember his “Stokygrams” informing us of events on the athletic calendar and cryptically signed 1H9G5S5 and his greetings of “Hello, men” when he passed us on campus.

I worked with Stoky (I always thought of it as working with him, rather than for him) at Kieve in the summers until 1957 and then was out of camping for several years. In 1961, Stoky invited me to bring my bride of one year to Wabun for a vacation while I went out on canoe trips. Ann and I joined Wabun promising each other that if it did not work for either of us it would be a one-year experience. I enjoyed canoe tripping; learning lots from the excellent staff that Stoky had gathered, and Ann became friendly with Esther (Mrs. Stoky), a friendship that would grow over the years. In 1975, Stoky sold his share in Wabun to me and as many Wabunites know I have remained a part of the summer scene on Garden Island since then.

Stoky turns 100 early next spring. He is still living on his own and is mentally sharp, easily telling stories of Milton, Wabun, and Kieve whenever prompted to do so. I consider myself lucky to have known Stoky in both phases of his life - school and camp, and I plan to join in the celebration of his centennial. I hope that many of you who read this and remember Stoky and his influence on you as you were growing up will take the time to drop him a card to say hello and let him know what you are doing today. He is still intensely interested in his former students and campers.

Excerpts from the Summer 2005 Logs

Chippy H (First Session)

We enjoyed three trips this summer each planned to introduce to our campers the wonders of this region. The magic of the great boreal forest with its clear cool waters and fresh clean air offered a glimpse of what the earth was like hundreds of years ago.

Ko Ko Ko, in Ojibway means owl. Ko Ko Ko Lake with its high islands and smooth rock shorelines was the first trip. On our first trip, the campers learned to paddle a canoe, load and unload a canoe, tump and carry double packs across portages, and how to saw billets of cedar from dead trees, harvested from the forest by the staff.

Our second trip taught the campers endurance. We went south to Cross Lake. Long paddles and hard portages were rewarded with campsites with cliff jumping and great swimming. We worked hard and had long days – the campers learned teamwork from their accomplishments.

Our last and longest trip was the Diamond, Wakamika, Obabika route. Certainly this is the most beautiful part of the region with its panoramic views of lake and sky. The campers were now unconsciously skilled in the Wabun Way of tripping and we were able to move efficiently, as a single unit.

Wawatay

This trip started off by saying goodbye to CDs, walkmans, plugs, outlets, even toilets! As we paddled toward our destination of High Rock, we took an early break from the headwind, to do some cliff jumping at Bear Island. Rebecca surprised us, as she was the first, and most eager to jump again and again. We hiked up High Rock to watch a spectacular Northern Ontario sun sink behind the wooded hills in the west and were enthralled by the panoramic view of the southern region of Temagami. The next day we portaged our loads twice, proving to ourselves that we are strong and can handle anything as a group. Ellen took the WawaKay, our Kitchen wannigan filled with pots, pans and the Coleman stove. That evening, we enjoyed a wonderful dinner of alfredo, with a minor food fight amongst the staff over the extra bacon.



Another headwind greeted us, but as long as we had Meghan in our section, we were fine. She kept everyone's spirits up by singing and even dancing while fighting the wind. Our last night was spent at Clemenshaw's, a campsite known for the cliffs that we also jumped. Kate displayed her courage when she chose to be the first one off this time and was one of the last ones to leave! We returned from cliff jumping to have a cocoa party with the Chippies, and we were happy to share stories of the past three days.

We paddled in, took hot showers and prepared to get back out on trip.

Our final two trips included the freestanding conjuring rock on Cliff Lake, a hike in the old growth forest on the north side of Obabika Lake, and also more cliff jumping in Sharp Rock Inlet. This section loves to swim and we took advantage of it every chance we got, which usually

happened at least ten times a day. Gini was always willing to hop in first and usually was in the water the longest. There was a fire ban in effect so we had to cook over Coleman stoves. We still had delicious meals. Cammie was always up

to having seconds and even had thirds when we feasted on Spanish rice with tortillas. We paddled and portaged to



places not traveled by Wabun sections in about 20 years. We went to Clearwater Lake and cut a portage through the woods to a neighboring lake, called Fry Lake. We were gung-ho and perfected the skills that a little while ago, we had just learned.

You should all be very proud of your girls; they are a little stronger, a little tanner and more experienced in camping and canoe tripping. It has been a pleasure leading them through the lakes and woods of Northern Ontario.

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Chippy S

The summer of 2005 opened with a cool 10-man team including Ian, Mark, Sean, Chris, Luc, Will, Rory, Peter, and C.J...



The day started with two short, but rough, rainy portages into Gull Lake. We noticed the decreasing water level when we went to the Narrow's campsite. C.J. went fishing and Chippy S was enlightened on current German culture. A scheduled, rest day was enjoyed by all, on beautiful Gull Lake. After the rain we had the first cold night of the summer. On Mark's birthday we took the two portages from Gull into Temagami, and stayed on the campsite just south of the portage. Again that night we were greeted with rain, but the next morning turned out to be cool, sunny. We stopped at the Bear Island cliffs, where our most adventurous cliff jumpers, Peter, Rory, and C.J. took the plunge. At Charlie's we celebrated Mark's birthday...

It was a wonderful experience for me to return to Wabun's tripping staff after a thirty-year absence, and spend the summer with a great group of campers and staff.

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Chippy H (Second Session)

A Chippy H song sung to the tune of "Green Acres"
(A conversation between a parent and a potential first year camper)

Camp Wabun is the place to be,
Canoe tripping is the life for me.
Water spreading out so far and wide,
Keep Manhattan - just give me that fireside.

No, at home I would rather stay,
I get allergic being so far away,
I just love my X-box you see,
Mommy I love you but, NO Temagami!

But, Camp Wabun is a special place,
Far removed from the human race.
You will make lots of friends anew,
You are going to Wabun to be in a red canoe.

Okay, Mother, I will give it a try,
I want to go now but I know not why.
I will go tripping and have no fear,
I will go to Wabun and certainly go next year.

We enjoyed three trips this session, each planned to introduce the wonders of the Temagami region to the campers. The magic of the great Northern Canadian boreal forest with its fresh clean air and clear cool waters offered a glimpse of what the earth must have been like hundreds of years ago.

Kokoko, in Ojibwa, translates to "owl". This beautiful lake with its high islands and smooth rock shorelines was our first trip. The campers learned how to paddle a canoe, tump and carry double packs across portage trails, and to saw billets of cedar, harvested from the forest by the staff.



On our Cross Lake trip, cliff jumping and great swimming rewarded the paddling and portaging.

Our last and longest trip was the Diamond, Wakamika, and Obabika route. It is certainly the most beautiful part of the Temagami region with its panoramic views of water, land and

sky. The campers became skilled in the Wabun Way of tripping and were able to move as a single unit.

Cree

Upon arriving at Wabun we began preparing for our first trip, the Diamond, Wakimika, Obabika loop. We enjoyed the Wakimika River and Will, Niko, A.J. and Jess were particularly aggressive with the beaver dams we encountered, and John put on a very nice show trying to un-lodge a "Rock Beaver" from it's home- no luck this year John, maybe next!! We enjoyed the natural spring on Obabika at the beach site. The cliff jumping was great at Cleminshaw's; Conor, Jess, and Rob enjoyed the jumping. We also enjoyed cheese sticks, cherry pie and hors d'oeuvres, along with our Gumperts.



McConnell Bay/Wolf Lake was the destination for our last trip. We worked hard to get to McConnell Bay, but it was worth it. We had the entire beach site to ourselves for a

day and a half, even on the holiday weekend! The blue water was magnificent and the beach was the site of the "Royal Rumble" - ultimately won by Jesse. The doughnuts were huge and very good! The Kelly three-mile portage was taken and we all did quite well...

Back on Temagami we enjoyed sodas, muffins, letters, care packages and fires! We also enjoyed our first bannock in three weeks!

Cayuga D

This summer can be summed up in one word : hot. Now it's not because the events that took place were mundane by any means (and that we have nothing more to talk about than the weather), but because most of our adventures revolved around the extreme temperatures. Our first trip was merely a warm-up for the summer to come. A warm-up in the sense that the days were a bit easier and a bit shorter than those of the second and third trips, and because the thermometer hovered around a comparably reasonable temperature of 90° F. The first and second trips were all preparation for Cayuga D's third and final trip of the summer.

The first couple of days were more than hot. They were blistering hot! The campers began to teach themselves how to read maps. While they learned about maps, the staff learned about the new and dangerous science of the Coleman. The Coleman that was so graciously supplied to us to replace our well-loved fires. No fire meant no bannock, no woodcrew, and an extra hour every time we boiled water.

Wolf and Florence Lakes were by far the favorite lakes of the summer. Helen really showed what she was made of as a stern, when she portaged all the way to Dewdney

Lake, without a ranger, (that even included going UNDER a major windfall). Most of the girls had never been to a "dead lake" before and it was quite an experience to see all the way to the bottom in even the deepest of lakes. Finally, the temperatures cooled off. On a few of our days we portaged up and down and up and down the hills for thousands of meters. Rorie put it in perspective the best when she proclaimed, "at least we get to see the pretty mountains." Audrey helped relieve our pain a little by picking numerous blueberries along the Sturgeon portage trails. "I love picking them, but I don't really like eating them."

The Lady Evelyn River brought new excitement to the group. We ran into a section that taught us the art of eating live minnows, and a Keewaydin section that taught us the true Keewaydin cheer. It must be said that the Keewaydin cheer is a new section favorite. It was on the Lady Evelyn River that our girls shot some of their first white water.

By our last days on the river, the campers really began to shine. We were off the campsite almost every morning in under an hour. Jobs were completed independently. Laura's back sprouted so many muscles that every other canoe had to paddle in front of her in order not to turn green with envy. It was also at this time that we realized how much we were going to miss each other. Helen with her love of the Wabun Way, Audrey's willingness to learn new tasks, Katherine's everlasting impressions of Avril Lavigne, Laura's quiet determination, Steff's worldly insights, Tara's compassion and good advice, and Rorie's amazing optimism.

Parents, we are happy to return to you a group of girls who:

- can down an entire 5lb bag of skittles in less than five minutes,
- no longer open Comet with can openers,
- no longer fear that bears will eat their candy if they leave it
- under the fly instead of in their tents,
- can add four moose to the list of wildlife they have seen this

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year

- can honestly say they have jumped off of a 50ft cliff, and yes, Nibby,
- can easily identify a red pine on an island forested entirely in red pines!

We return to you girls who are a little more confident, self assured, and well, let's face it, quite a bit hotter than when the summer began. So in the words of Paris Hilton: "That's hot!"



Wabun C

As a math teacher I have a troubling need to quantify.

So yesterday, hoping to sum up the difficulty of the Wabun Lake trip for this Log, I looked back through my maps and my notes and I counted.

I counted 81 portages.

Eighty-one portages on seventeen tripping days – or, if you prefer – a little over five portages a day.

We didn't know what to do with ourselves, or our extra energy, when we weren't portaging.

Still I don't think the number 81 does the trip justice.

It is hollow. It is abstract.

The real Wabun Lake Trip I saw in the eyes of ten campers as they finished the portage into the lake for which the trip is named.

This carry was the last of eight that capped a challenging sixteen-hour day.

I saw it in their frustration, in their exhausted shoulders and finally in their sighs of joy as they finished.

We will have many memorable moments to take with us when we go home today.

The nightly ritual of gathering after dinner and KP, to hear a chapter read aloud from *The Life of Pi*.

We will remember our formal dinner on Smoothwater Lake. Complete with waiter, dining room table, neckties and manners resurrected from our distant pasts.

And we will remember our forty-five click paddle home to Temagami from Willow Island Lake.

But most of all we will remember the bond we formed as a group and the characteristics and stories that came to define its members.

Now that we are back in base camp that trip feeling is growing more distant and civilization is growing less strange.

Fortunately we still have our memories and the pride of knowing that we earned every bannock, tire check, cliff jump and sunset that we experienced along the way.

Cayuga C

Even though our section didn't paddle as far North as Polar Bear Provincial Park or on rivers as big as the Attawapiskat, coming back to the busy waters of Lake Temagami was still a shock to our senses after the past 18 days in the bush. Our girls likened the 940-meter bowman's portage from Obabika into Temagami to walking down the main streets of New York City as we passed three other large groups along the trail.



We began our summer with the seven-day Aston, Turner, Eagle, Annimanipissing loop that is known for being a tradi-

tional and effective Wabun and Cayuga C break-in trip, with portages over 1,000 meters almost every day. During this trip, new campers began to pick up, and quickly master technical skills, while the returning campers, Whitney, and I all once again settled into the comfortable rhythm of Wabun life. Our new sterns showed their determination as they learned to paddle straight and to portage long, always with the help and support of their strong bow-women. During this trip we were also graced with the pleasure of seeing some amazing wildlife. On Aston Lake a cow moose and her two calves strolled along the shoreline, just past our tents as we were settling into our sleeping bags for the night. Also, appropriately enough, we saw a pair of bald eagles soaring above us as we paddled down Eagle Lake.

After two days of prepared meals, showers, and re-outfitting in base camp we set out on our second wilderness excursion, this time for ten days. The start of the summer's heat wave coincided with that of this trip to make for some extremely hot portaging and brilliantly sunny paddling as we made our way on a loop that would bring us through a series of lakes famed for their astoundingly clear blue waters. After four long days of heat, we arrived at the white sands of McConnell Bay and truly felt as though we were camping on a tropical island. Our rest day here was not so restful for the staff, as we organized the evacuation of Georgia for a scalded foot, but we are happy to report that due to her rest in base camp she was fit as a fiddle and raring to go for our third trip. Forbesey joined our section to continue our tour through the blue-water lakes—down Chiniguchi to Wolf Lake. Our time in Wolf Lake and our swim in Paradise Lagoon were made especially sweet for us as a rainstorm passed through, cooling the weather down for a few hours. Wolf Lake also yielded enough blueberries to keep us busy picking for over an hour and to create an extraordinarily tasty blueberry chocolate chip treat for dessert on Kim's birthday that night. A couple of days later, we conquered the Kelley 3-kilometer portage (in an hour less than the boys I might add!) in preparation for our "walk to Wabun Lake."

As one of our campers so appropriately stated, "we walked to Wabun Lake along portage trails and we walked back through the Sturgeon River." While the traditional Wabun and Cayuga C trip is named after Wabun Lake, and while arrival at this lake on day 6 of the trip is certainly one of the most

powerfully poignant events in any Wabun camper's career, there are also many other spectacular places visited during this 18-day trip. For instance, we arrived at Center Falls on day two, to celebrate Miriam's birthday marveling at the beauty of the falls. For the next several days we traveled up the Trout Streams, which proved to be challenging, with as many as ten portages in any given day.

On the afternoon of day six we portaged onto Wabun Lake with celebratory cheers at our lips. We read the birch-bark notes in the pot with reverence, and felt a strong connection with the history and tradition of those who had gone before us. Right now we would like to present a bottle of Wabun Lake water to Dick, Marg, and Nibby

We had a rest day at Wabun Lake, filled with hours of cooking pancake after chocolate chip pancake, and we were sad to leave the following day. However, the next couple of days were enjoyed as we took two half days to stay at both Sunnywater and Smoothwater—two of the most beautiful lakes in the region. Sunnywater definitely lived up to its name, but upon arriving at Smoothwater we were met by gale force winds, huge white-capped waves, and an intense rainstorm that we hoped would ease the fire ban. The next day we pushed all the way through to Scarecrow Lake so that we could have a full rest day to explore and climb Ishpatina Ridge, the highest point in Ontario. It was a huge thrill for our campers to climb the fire tower on top of the ridge and get a bird's-eye view of the surrounding landscape—where we had just come from and where we were planning to go. Here we also celebrated Jenna's sweet sixteenth birthday with streamers, colorful necklaces, and a decadent iced graham cracker treat.

The next few days were spent traveling down the Sturgeon River, and we found ourselves walking alongside our canoes almost as much as we paddled in them, due to the extremely low water. Despite this, the Sturgeon did give us some amazing memories—gazing up at the cliffs of Paul Lake, swimming at Kettle Falls, camping alongside the pounding spray of Upper Goose Falls—and the opportunity for our girls to shoot their first rapids, learning both the technical dynamics and the exquisite beauty of the river's power and flow.

After Upper Goose, we found ourselves back in familiar territory as we paddled up the Obabika and Wawigama Rivers,



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back into Obabika, and onto Temagami to spend our final rest day in Kokoko Bay. Yesterday, seeing the smiling faces of the girls as they greeted their family members for the first time in six weeks, and hearing the pride and excitement in their voices as they recounted tales of their adventures—these were the biggest rewards that Whitney and I could possibly ask for this summer. We know that each of these girls will go home not only stronger and healthier in mind and body, but also with an unparalleled sense of accomplishment and with friendships that will last a lifetime. Whitney and I are excited for next summer, when we hope to see you all back on the shores of Garden Island ready to set off on another adventure together.



Wabun B

Dedicated to Jeff Hartzell (1955-2005) camper and staff at Wabun and inspiration to live.

Wabun Runs Through It

Section after Section travels the ways and tells stories of how they fared.
And some are tales of joy, tales of woe, tales of growth, laughter and song.
But whether it's the Chippies or Wawatays – so young and fresh and new,
Or the strong, tan and proud Bay Tripper Group,
One thing shines out, and that is that
Wabun Runs Through It.

The paddle has a beaver tail.
It's not one of those brightly colored, plastic, titanium-shaft, Ultra-Mega-Force models of the whitewater specialist or the worst of clubber.
No.
The paddle has a beaver tail.

The tumpline is so simple. So elemental.
Oh, fancy packs and Keg-O-Food Racks may look nice with their extraordinary
Clips, clasps, doodle snaps and booster straps.
But the perfect balance, unyielding strength and efficient talent
Of this most basic of tools must be such that
Wabun Runs Through It.

To Eat is to Feast.
We don't dine upon the handy-dandy Meal-in-a-Box
With flavorless chunks and mushy hunks in an oatmeal base
With Fortified Liquid Nutrient Supplement to wash it down.
No.

We serve Chicken Masala, steaming of cumin, cardamom, the magic of coriander, fresh ginger, onions, tomatoes, honey and cream on a bed of rice sorbed with pod of cardamom.

Or perhaps you'd prefer inch-thick ham steaks drizzled with a raspberry mustard glaze, a side of creamy mashed potatoes, and green beans sautéed with that perfect balance of salt and sweet.

The Rest Day Soup, famous of old, takes six full hours to cook, but the flavor is so full and rich and just plain RIGHT that it could only be followed by the gooey sticky bun that even Ye College Diner of State College, PA would envy.

That is, unless you'd prefer the white-laced Cinnabun variety unmatched by any newfangled pasteurized, processed mall-food outlet.

Fresh baked bread means grilled cheese sandwiches on a long, hot day.

Cakes and Pies give peaceful sleep in a wholly contented way.

Indeed: To Eat is to Feast.



And the compact kitchen that cooks it all holds the key that
Wabun Runs Through It.

....

So Charlie and I spent a month and a half with these boys.
With each day stronger, better, smarter, healthier and more
mature.

And these shining faces and strong bodies you see,
And warm and spirited hearts we feel

Leave no doubt that
Wabun Runs Through It, Through Them, and Through Us All.

Cayuga A

Every year during the last few remaining days of trip I try
to think of the best way to describe our summer experiences
to you here at the closing
campfire. It is truly difficult
to express with words the
magic of these summer jour-
neys- journeys down remote
northern rivers where for
39 days our home and our
whole world is created by the
people in our section.



Bay trips for me are not
about distances traveled
or portages conquered- al-
though conquering mus-
keggy, windfall-strewn portages feels pretty fabulous. But bay
trips, and really all Wabun trips, are about feeling comfortable
and at home in our surroundings. Making our cozy kitchen
every night in mossy stands of black spruce, eating delicious
decadent dinners and desserts, and taking the time to truly
bask in our spectacular surroundings. Enjoying the perfect flat
swimming rocks at the bottom of the Marten Drinking River,
hunting for crystals and fossils at the base of looming lime-
stone cliffs after a four mile rapid on the Attawapiskat, and
sitting with hot cinnamon buns and fruit salad on the high
grey rocks of our Birthday Cakes site, watching the water rush
past, white dancing wave after white dancing wave. Enjoying
this beauty, eating this well, making such comfortable homes
every night in the bush- all this only happens because we
work together as a cohesive whole. This is the wonder of our
experience- it is shared. This is what makes our journey so life
changing and the beauty so startling. Because my summer is
actually our summer, we want tell of our wonderful adven-
tures through our many unique voices.

The spotted land trickles behind us as we portage our way
through the polka dotted clouds. Harder than the comple-
tion of these past six weeks would be to stand here today and

sum up this summer of dripping red paint. If I think long
enough and concentrate on a meal or a rapid or a tent-mate,
a shuttering flown wipes across me as I feel my memory wear-
ing off and peeling away their uniqueness. I can remember
times when I missed my parents, my city and my warm bed
sheets. Yet after my first year here when my surroundings
were granted to me, I dreamt of nothing else. Of bannock, of
pots at night, of tumping, of arms falling off, of my beautiful
friends, of the feeling of loneliness when you hum your eyes
closed. Wabun and its offerings, rivers and lakes, have been
my escape, will always continue to be a place of sanctity, re-
flections, and honesty that scares me half to death. For there is
no lying to yourself in the bush. You are digging all the while
into your strokes for perseverance and puddles of hope as you
wade through the knee-deep muskeg. I'm stumped and feel

silly for my inability to re-
embody 39 days of Northern
travel. I'm stumped but take
comfort knowing that these
experiences haunt the robot-
ic chips of my sixteen-year-
old mind. I wish that all of
you today have listened and
learned from these twelve
dancing princesses who
have shot up and covered
their greatest grandmother's
waves. We have celebrated
her with bugs, breaks, and
birthday cakes. We are painfully aware of her power to shock
and to put to sleep our busy thoughts as we lay down every
night on her breast of soft moss.

After 37 days of paddling, portaging, and lining, after count-
less conversations wondering what it would be like, the mo-
ment finally arrived. In freighter canoes we rounded the last
bend of the Attawapiskat and there it was- the Bay, the end of
our six week trip.

I know that as time goes by my memories from the last six
weeks will slowly dissolve. I realize, however, the things to
preserve are the feelings I experienced this summer. How
nothing else matters but how well I tump my wannigan or
keeping the canoe straight in a rapid. And though the vast
open image of James Bay may eventually become blurry, our
shared feeling of awe and accomplishment will remain as
strong.

Wabun A - Lewis

The first task that lay in front of us came in the form of the

SUMMER 2005 LOGS

60-mile wide, expansive Lake St. Joseph. In addition to having a magnetic island that adds a creative element to compass work, the lake has a nasty habit of vicious headwinds coming out of the west which have sidelined many a past Wabun section for days at a time. For us, it was cold and it was rainy, but that was just fine by us as Mother Nature gave us a hall-pass on the wind and we were able to cross the mammoth openings and make our way to the Cat River. We tipped our caps to Mrs. Nature and thanked her for her kindness knowing that she had just given us her first, of what would be many gifts this year. Now, for the first time, we would find ourselves in current on the Cat River.

One of the most unique and special aspects of the Bay Trip is the opportunity to shoot whitewater. As anyone who has been there knows, there is no feeling like that of a canoe being pulled into a strong current, helping us along our way. Unfortunately for us, we would still have to wait a little while before we would feel this helpful current. For the week that we would spend on the Cat River, we would not be going with the flow, but rather, going against it. There is a wonderful and valuable humbling that results from paddling upstream. Small horse races and swifts that would be quickly dismissed when going down river become a much different story when heading the opposite direction. We paddled, pulled, and portaged our way up the Cat gaining knowledge of both the power and flow of water until we reached the headwaters of this river on Cat Lake.

From Cat Lake, we crossed over through the bush, and a series of less-traveled marshes, bogs and portages towards the headwaters of the Otokwin. I mentioned that I was the fortunate head staff, well, simply stated, this section moved and moved well. However, despite their proficiencies with speed in all aspect of tripping . . . it was not their ability and affinity for making good time that impressed me as much as the joy and pleasure in making time good. The difference between making good time and making time good is profound, but to be part of a section where these two can be so wonderfully integrated is truly something special.

We were now on the Attawapiskat which is simply big and wide and fast. There is not much to it but paddling, but there is a lot of that, about 500 miles. We banged out upwards

of fifty miles a day without getting in too late. The “river of braided channels” as Attawapiskat is translated in Cree alternates between sloping sand banks and rugged limestone shorelines. No more is the latter evident than in the birthday cakes where no adjective or analogy can do justice to their magnificence or their grandeur. On their own, they are works of glacial art, however, when taken into account the miles, efforts, early mornings, rainy days, late evenings, and challenges that were necessary to reach them, they then take on an added feeling of accomplishment and achievement.

As the miles left to travel decrease, the speed at which the days go by becomes but a blur. But, on the last day there always seems to be some event, some little happening which gives us a memory which will last for ever. As we literally made our last turn and saw the church steeple from the shores of the Attawapiskat Reserve we had an escort who just wanted

to make sure that we made the last few miles safely. A harbor seal that had come in from the Bay was swimming all around our canoes; surfacing, smiling, and then gracefully submerging only to appear again and repeat the same. We offered him sardines that were both lemon and tomato flavored, but he politely said no and wished us well on our travels back.



Yes I am indeed fortunate. Fortunate to have been able to spend six weeks doing what I love to do more than anything with the people with whom I have done it. I was fortunate to have gotten to spend time with the four boys for whom this was their first bay trip. You entered a situation where you were surrounded by guys where this whole long trip thing was old hat, and you not only fit but you yourselves became leaders. And I was fortunate to spend yet another summer with the six wily veterans. We have now traveled up to four years together. We have stood next to and witnessed the raw power of the Fours on the Rupert River, been humbled by the size and grace of the limestones on the Winisk River, spent three unforgettable days in the most remote of areas bushing our way from Severn Lake to Big Trout, and now have marveled underneath the sun drenched reflections of the Birthday Cakes. I wish you the very best of luck and sincerely thank you for the last few years and for making time so good.

SUMMER 2005 ITINERARIES

Date	Wabun AL	Wabun AG	Cayuga A	Wabun B	Cayuga C	Wabun C	Cayuga D	Cree	Chippy H	Chippy	Wawatay
June 26	arrive		arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive		
27	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		
28	TRAVEL	TRAVEL	TRAVEL	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		
29	Lake St. Joe	Kapkichi Lake	Pashkokogan Lk	Obabika	Temagami	Ferguson Bay	Portage Bay	NW Arm	Philadelphia Point		
30	Lake St. Joe	Steeple Rock Rapid	Pashkokogan R	Upper Goose	Aston	Animanip	Cross Lake	Wakimika	Ko-Ko-Ko		
July 1	Lake St. Joe	Bow Lake	Pashkokogan R	McConnell	Turner	Little Eagle	Cross Lake	Obabika	Clemminshaw's		
2	Blackstone Lake	Long Current Rap.	Albany River	Frederick	Little Eagle	Turner	Wasaksina	Clemminshaw's	IN		
3	North Bamaji Lake	Fox Head Lake	Kagamai Falls	Gorge	Animanip	Sirdevan	NE Arm	IN	IN		
4	Kezik Lake	Williams Lake	2nd Rapid	Rest	Ferguson Bay	Diamond	McLaren	IN	South Arm		
5	Zion Lake	Morris River Outlet	Speckled Trout	Upper Goose	Clemminshaws	Long Island	Margot's Site	Sharp Rock Inlet	Cross		
6	Kasgego Lake	Morris River-Falls	Up. Eskakwa Falls	Obabika	IN	IN	IN	Willow Island	Wasaksina		
7	Cat Lake	Rest	Rest	Charlie's	IN	IN	IN	Center Falls	Temagami Island		
8	Maxim Lake	Frog Rapids	Howells Lake	IN	Obabika	Gull	Diamond	Shangrila	IN		
9	Upper Otokwin	Pipestone River	Petawanga Lake	IN	Upper Goose	Grassy	Sucker Gut	Rest	IN		
10	Otokwin River	Before Hereford L.	Kawitos Lake	Cassels	Rawson	Karl	Center Falls	Willow Island	Raccoon Point		
11	Rest	Forester Lake	Eabamet Lake	Four Bass	McConnell Bay	Wolf	Hobart Lake	Diamond	Sharp Rock		
12	Otokwin River	Forester Lake	Opigeigan Lake	Temiscamingue	Rest	McConnell Bay	Maple Mountain	Clemminshaw's	Diamond		
13	Otokwin River	Kawin Lake	Machawaigan Lake	Indian	Wolf Lake	Rawson	Lady Evelyn Lake	IN	Wakimika		
14	Froats Bow Lake	Exploration Day	Rest	Kipawa	Karl Lake	Upper Goose	Bay Lake	IN	Obabika		
15	Below Bow Lake	Neawagank Lake	Manitush Lake	Pommeroy	Grassy Lake	Wawigama	Animanipissing	Philadelphia Point	Clemminshaw's		
16	Badesdawa	Pineimuta River	Past Wintawan	Rest	Gull Lake	NW arm	Ferguson Bay	Red Squirrel	IN		
17	After Ozhuskans L.	Pineimuta River	Martin Drinking	Taylor Baie	SW Arm	IN	Long Island	Animanipissing	Depart		
18	Kakagawizida Lake	Pineimuta River	Before Lansdowne	Lac a la Truite	IN	IN	IN	Mountain Lake	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive
19	Above Sabum Lake	Pineimuta River	Attawapiskat Lk	Viellard	IN	IN	IN	Rest	IN	IN	IN
20	Ozhiski Lake	Kabania Lake	Powis Island	Cinq Portages	Diamond	Helen's Falls	Obabika	Net Lake	Temagami	NW Arm	High Rock
21	Otokwin River	Lansdowne House	Earis Lake	Grand L Victoria	North Channel	McPherson	Upper Goose	Snake Lake	KoKoKo	Obabika Inlet	SW Arm
22	Kabania Lake	Powis Island	Rest	Perche	McPherson	Gamble	Rawson	NE Arm	Raccoon Point	Charlie's Chop	Long Island
23	Lansdowne House	Windsor Lake	After Nolin	Lac a la Croix	Gamble	Kaa	McConnell Bay	Margot's Site	IN	IN	IN
24	Rest	Rest	Junction	Timber	Kaa	Wabun Lake	Wolf Lake	IN	IN	IN	IN
25	1 1/4 Mile Portage	Junction	Pym Island	Rest	Wabun Lake	Smoothwater	Rest	IN	South Arm	Skunk	Sharp Rock
26	Below Junction	Pym Island	Limestone Rap.	Labrador	Sunnywater	Rest	Dougherty	Obabika	Cross	Gull Lake	Bob Lake
27	Pym Island	High Bank Lake	Streatfield	La Rive	Smoothwater	Scarecrow	Kettle Falls	Upper Goose	Wasaksina	Rest	Obabika
28	String Bog Site	Beach Site	Below Marsh	Coulonge	McCullough	Ishpatina Ridge	Ghoul Lake	Rawson	Shiningwood Bay	Temagami	NW Arm
29	Above Missisa River	Missisa River	Big Island	Coulonge	Scarecrow	Paul Lake	Solace	McConnell Bay	Elephant Rock	Charlie's Chop	Margot's site
30	Indian Site	Exploration Day	Birthday Cakes	Coulonge	Ishpatina	Solace	Pilgrim Lake	Rest	IN	IN	IN
31	Birthday Cake	Island Site	Rest	Coulonge	Twin Falls	Blue Sucker	Florence	Wolf Lake	IN	IN	IN
Aug 1	Below Double P	Birthday Cake	Under "W"	Coulonge	Kettle Falls	Florence	Rest	Matagamasi	Sharp Rock	Obabika Inlet	Obabika
2	Open	Below Double P.	Pallsade	Coulonge	Sturgeon River	Forks	McPherson	Maskinonge	Diamond	Obabika	Clearwater
3	Rest	Lawashi Channel	Open	Coulonge	Upper Goose	Katherine	Willow Island	Turtleshell	Wakimika	Wakimika	Fry
4	Lawashi Channel	Attawapiskat Post	Attawapiskat Post	Fort Coulonge	Obabika	Willow Island	Obabika	Gull	Obabika	Diamond	Obabika Inlet
5	Travel	Travel	Travel	B Site	Holy's Hideaway	Margot's Site	Partridge Neck	Long Island	Clemminshaw's	Long Island	Charlie's Chop
6	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest
7	IN	IN	IN	in	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN
8	Home	Home	Home	home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home	Home



WABUN 2005

2005-2006 REUNION SCHEDULE

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, to swap and hear stories and experiences, and to enjoy the camaraderie of being with fellow wilderness canoeing enthusiasts. Please note we are particularly eager to meet with alumni/ae from all years as we gather information and prepare a book on Wabun's history and for our 75th Anniversary Celebration in the summer of 2007!

*Saturday, December 17, 2005 1:00 PM	Greenwich, Connecticut 06830
*Sunday, December 18, 2005 2:00 PM	New York City, New York 10017
*Saturday, January 7, 2006 4:00 PM	Golden Valley, Minnesota 55416
*Saturday, January 14, 2006 3:00 PM	Boxborough, Massachusetts 01719
*Sunday, January 15, 2006 1:00 PM	Exeter New Hampshire 03833
*Monday, January 16, 2006 1:00 PM	Weston, Massachusetts 02493
*Saturday, January 21, 2006 4:00 PM	Columbus, Ohio 43209
*Sunday, January 22, 2006 1:00 PM	Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48302
*Sunday, January 22, 2006 3:00 PM	Pomfret, Connecticut 06258
*Saturday, January 28, 2006 1:00 PM	Great Falls, Virginia 22066
*Sunday, January 29, 2006 1:00 PM	Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania 19026
*Saturday, February 4, 2006 2:00 PM	Lake Forest, Illinois 60045
*Saturday, February 11, 2006 2:00 PM	Bainbridge Island Washington 98110
*Sunday, February 12, 2006 2:00 PM	Washington 98144
*Sunday, February 19, 2006 3:00 PM	Windsor, Connecticut 06095
*Saturday, March 4, 2006 4:00 PM	Boulder, Colorado 80302
*Sunday, March 25, 2006 2:00 PM	Temagami, Ontario P0H 1C0

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

SOFTBALL 2005

Softball

Written by Jason Lewis

For any of us who have laced up the cleats . . . or in our case, the Converse All Stars, the hiking boots, or the worn-out



Playing against the Neskgandaga Cree Community.

sneakers . . . expectations are not terribly high as we take the field each year against the Bear Island ball team.

While we had experienced victory a few seasons ago, a history like that of

the Cubs (apologies to Chicago fans) does not instill confidence in our fans or our players. However, our Wrigley Field produced not only a win in this year's annual match, but a wonderful and spirited game in which the canoeists-turned fielders took a 10-9 lead into the top half of the 7th-inning. Eight pitches and three pop flies later, and the game was in the books. And, as hands were shaken and congratulations were enjoyed from our opponents, the only thing that we could think of was . . . "they're gonna get us next year."

Yes, a softball victory means that much to us. But who could have imagined that we would be treated to another triumph. The Wabun A-L team took a break during their 1,000-mile jaunt to The Bay to play a slightly less competitive and significantly

more humorous game against the Cree community of Neskgandaga on Attawapiskat Lake on day 26 of their trip. The game was extended to an incredible 11 innings.



Fans at the Neskgandaga Cree Community

This was not however because the contest was tied – in fact, Wabun held a healthy lead for the majority of the game – the reason for the overtime session was because each team was having so much fun and sharing so much laughter that it took the sun setting (at 11:00pm) to mark the conclusion to the affair.

And although the snow is on the field and the bats are in the shed, it is never too early to think about . . . "Repeat!"



Participants in the 2005 Bear Island-Wabun softball game.

Answers to "Where on Garden Island Are These?"

(Top row, left to right)

The camper is looking through the window of Wabun's tuck shop. The word "wangan" means little store in Ojibway. Cassie, the Lewis' English Setter, is looking through the front porch window of Wabun's dining room. The paddles are hanging on the east wall of the Chippy cabin.

(Bottom row, left to right)

This newest incarnation of the Wabun seal can be found on the gable end of the Wabun shop. The Inukshuk can be spotted while exiting Boatline Bay Marina.

WABUN'S 75TH ANNIVERSARY UPDATE

Wabun's 75th Diamond Reunion – News Update

Written by Russ Tuckerman, Reunion Chairman

Hello to All Wabun Alumni/ae and Friends from 1933 to the present! This article is your personal call to help share our Diamond Celebration on Garden Island, Lake Temagami, from August 8-10, 2007. Camp Closing is on Tuesday, August 7th (join us for that too!), and the following three days will be our time for an Alumni/ae celebration. We envision enjoying a range of activities that encompass the decades of canoeing that remain virtually unchanged since our founding fathers began Camp Wabun in 1933.

Potential activities discussed to date revolve around in-camp activities, including softball games, Stoky's/Smitty's/Clarence's famed 9-hole golf championship, music, social events, a canoe race around Garden Island, day paddles and day hikes on routes/trails around Lake Temagami. More adventurous souls might sign up for a 1 or 2 night overnight paddle trip on such as Diamond, Obabika, Cross Lake, or the Trout Streams. Can the 90's Wabun Women cook, sing and portage like the 40's Men? What about some music originals and songbook solos? Let's find out, and meet new and old friends alike. There may be as many as 3,000 of you out there (campers and staff). Please help out by bringing your ideas and energy forward!

You'll be able to camp in the "tent city" on Garden Island or stay at one of the various lodges around the lake. We have

Wabun History in the Works

Written by Nibby Hinchman

I am writing a Wabun history to be available for our 75th anniversary season (2007). I am seeking any identifiable photos of campers, staff, guides, and in-camp staff that you would be willing to let me use. I will copy and return any originals that you want back. I am also seeking stories of your experiences as a camper, or staff member, that you think others would enjoy learning about - something funny, something unique, a big fish story, a person at Wabun who had a big influence on you, etc. I want to tell the story of Wabun's first 75 years in your words as much as possible. Please send photos or text messages to me at one of the following addresses:

E-mail: whinchman@canoemail.com

Mail: Walter Hinchman, Box 224, Pomfret, CT 06258-0224

informally "booked" the dates with the lodges. We will send out lodge and contact info next fall, for formal reservations book ahead for summer 2007. The sooner we have a sense of numbers, however, the more manageable planning will be. So contact us soon with your intent to come!

In our modern age there are several ways to get reconnected or stay in touch with Camp Wabun. The first is to plan on attending a local reunion this season. Please find dates and locations on our website (wabun.com) or in this newsletter. The second is to email us with your intent to attend, your interest in activities, questions, suggestions, historic information, photos (high resolution is the best) at lbtppanda@montanadsl.net or any of the same info by snail mail (Tuckerman, 43 Gardner Park Drive, Bozeman, MT 59715).



Lisa, Hudson, Cooper, and Russ Tuckerman

We are missing contacts for many alumni/ae out there. If one camper or staff from various camp eras would commit to helping us track folks down, that would reduce the workload here in Montana! We have lists of names. Do you have a little time to spare? Ideally we could start with someone to help with the 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s, 70s, early 80s, late 80s, early 90s, late 90s, and 2000+. Email, phone (406-587-6068), or mail us; your intent to help would be awesome!

'May the wind and water send you our way soon! Godspeed!



FINAL THOUGHTS

Wabun Is With Me Everyday

Written by Julie Hoyles (1995-2002)

I am often left in a state of awe as I realize just how much my experiences at Wabun have influenced my life. Over the years, Wabun has become a source of reflection, a source of strength as well as a source of longing. I have written poetry about my experiences at Wabun, told many stories, and written many exam questions based on my time in northern Ontario. A summer at Wabun is empowering, rejuvenating, and the most incredible return to simplicity that a young person can hope to experience. After completing my Bay Trip as a camper in 1997, Margot Moses and I worked together as staff at Wabun for four years. In 2002 I made the transition to Head Staff, but was forced to leave the island mid way through the summer due to a knee injury. After surgery, physiotherapy, and many doctors' visits, my knee has now begun to regain strength – hopefully enough to rejoin the Wabun staff for the upcoming 2006 season.

The last three years have been full of wonderful experiences. In June of 2004 I graduated from the University of Ottawa with a degree in English and Canadian History. In September of the same year, I began a one-year Bachelor of Education degree and this June was accepted into the Ontario College of Teachers.



Julie's Class Cameron, and our two cats,

Hudson and Rupert. I have 29 students in my grade 3 class with 12 different languages represented in my classroom. My first three months of teaching have been an absolutely incredible experience. I have thought about Wabun and what my many adventures have taught me, on several occasions throughout the past few months. The vast array of experiences in which we participate shapes all parts of our lives, even when we least expect or realize it. The same mental conversations that one finds oneself having on a day of driving rain, carrying a heavy wannigan on a particularly difficult portage, seem to mimic those conversations one can have when reflecting on how to tackle a particularly challenging area of the curriculum, or a student who is having a rough day. The ability to draw on these experiences, to remember days when you

truly thought there was no way you were every going to get to a camp site, set up your tent, and enjoy a dessert bannock – these experiences remind you of your accomplishments, of your personal strength, and of the strength that can be drawn from working as a team. Knowing deep within one's self that you can do it, no matter what the challenge, is hugely empowering and uplifting.

I often recount stories of Wabun to my students in hopes



Julie Hoyles staffing on the Dumoine in 2000.

that my passion for the wilderness, for simplicity, and for the power of believing in one's self will in some way be passed on to them. I find myself wishing that there was a way that each of my students could have an experience like Wabun, that they could know the incredible rush that is felt when you breathe in the fresh salt-water air of James or Hudson Bay, or know the incredible bond of friendship that is shared by so many Wabun alumnae, or could feel the tangible excitement that is felt when paddling up to a beach full of parents, grandparents, family, and friends. In a way, my experiences at Wabun filter down to my students on a daily basis, my stories, my passion, and my confidence as a teacher are in

large part a result of my summer life at Wabun. I am looking forward to the next six months of teaching, learning just as much from my students as they are learning from me. I hope to be back on the shores of Garden Island this summer, sharing new experiences, rekindling old friendships, and enjoying the shared adventures that so many Wabun alumnae have had the privilege of experiencing.

What's On Wabun.com?

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

- [Section photos from 2005](#)
- [Application form for 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.