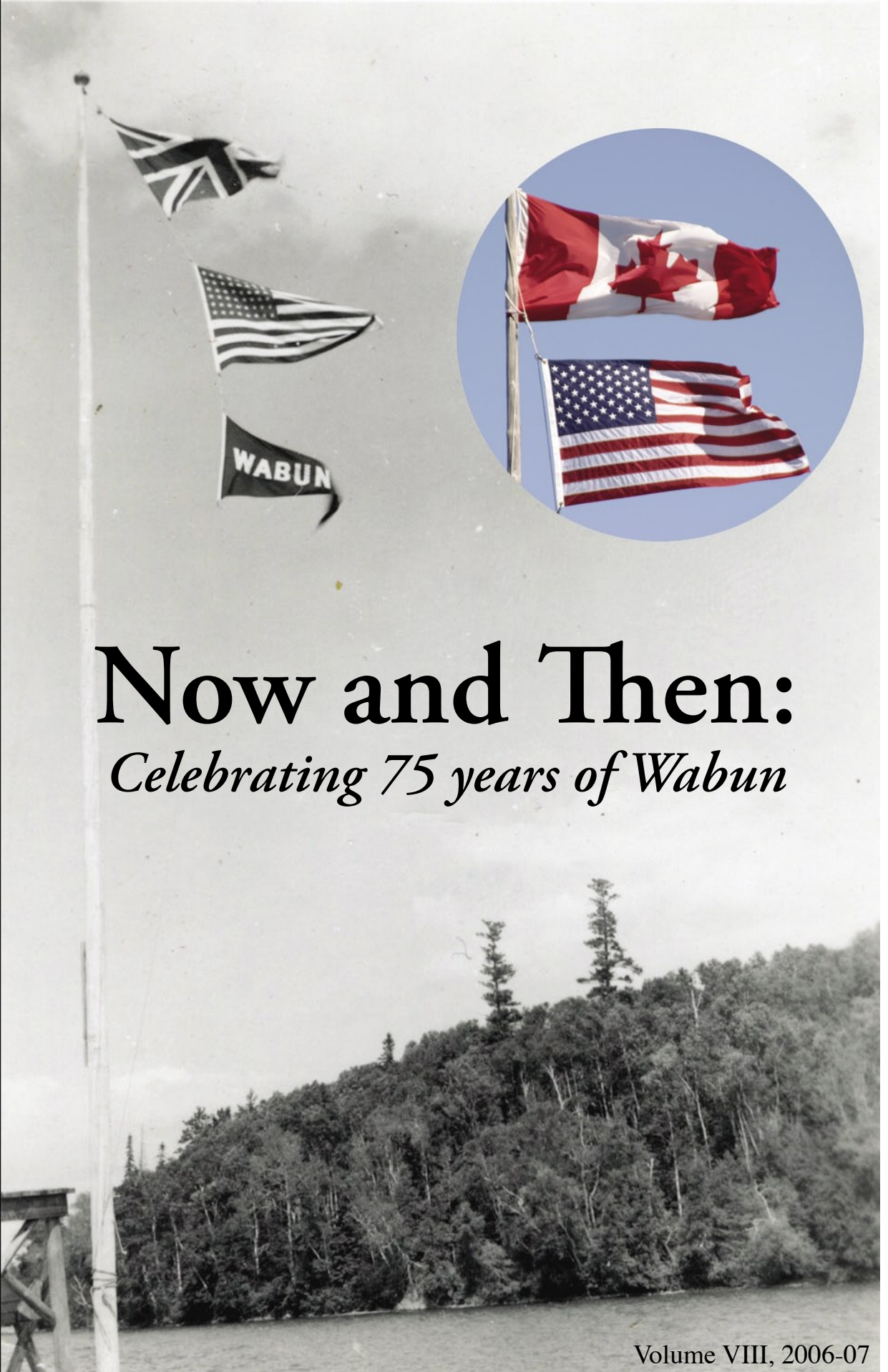




*Canadian Wilderness Canoe
Trips for Boys and Girls*

The Wabun Way



Now and Then: *Celebrating 75 years of Wabun*

Volume VIII, 2006-07

GREETINGS FROM THE DIRECTOR

December 2006

Dear Wabun Family and Friends:

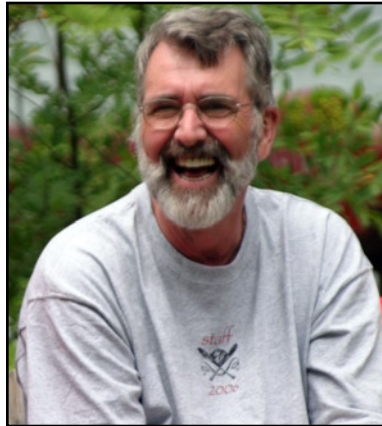
"It has been a while since Wabun gave us back our young man. It must be a remarkable opportunity for you to see so many, so infused with the appreciation of life and an inner strength of self-confidence that we see in our son. You are doing good work that has and will ripple throughout the world. We are indebted to you." So writes a parent of one of our 2006 campers. Wow!

Welcome to our 8th-annual Wabun Newsletter, and our third electronic version. You will note that you have the opportunity to download and print this in both low and high-resolution versions. The latter may further the appreciation of the photographs; the former will suffice for appreciation of the text. Herein, you will find the Trip Itinerary of 2006, and the listing of all of the canoe trips our nine sections took last season. We have also included excerpts from their section trip logs that were wonderfully shared at our closing campfire. I hope these will give you some sense of what we celebrate each year at Wabun, and why.

I also invite you to note the winter Reunion Schedule that is included. I love getting together with Wabun alumni/ae

at our regional reunions each winter to re-connect with former campers and staff (sometimes representing all seven of Wabun's decades), and to reminisce, and meet with and inform families interested in learning more about the Wabun experience for their children. These are wonderful gatherings, and I encourage you to join us. A newly redesigned DVD slide show captures the majesty of the Temagami area, as well as the history of Wabun's tradition of wilderness canoe-tripping excellence.

I write with a special passion this year as we ready for our 75th season in 2007. I am delighted that we have been able to include archival materials here that chronicle the evolution of people, places, and the program of Wabun.



I hope you enjoy the 2006 Newsletter, and I invite you to Wabun.com to contribute to our alumni/ae news by visiting the [online bulletin board](#), or to [request additional information](#).

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 all of you who submitted written contributions. We would also like to thank the shutterbugs for allowing us to use their photographs. Especially noteworthy are the McLean photos seen in the Now and Then section. The above efforts are molded into a newsletter by Ben Simmons, who is also Wabun's webmaster - many thanks.

Wabun's Off-Season Contact Information

Richard P. Lewis III
1210 Ives Lane North
Plymouth, MN 55441
(763) 541-1382 • rpl@wabun.com
www.wabun.com



PICTURES FROM 2006 SEASON



Getting ready to go out on trip



A happy portager (?)



A Wabun traffic sign...



Sailing on the Bay trip



We don't eat at Wabun, we dine...



Crees on the dock



A fish fry

PICTURES FROM 2006 SEASON



Wabun A



Cayuga A



Canoe exercises...



Wenonahs getting ready for capture the flag



Reading the log at the end of the summer



Caution: moose!



The turkey dive



Wabun A explorers

Now and Then

Much of Wabun's landscape on Garden Island has changed over the past 75 years, but more of it has remained the same. Perhaps the most dramatic of all building improvements was the removal of the numerous 8' x 8' camper cabins in favor of the larger, section bunkhouses. We now have a bunkhouse for each section. This took place in the early 1960s. What were the Chippy cabins and Chippy Lodge have been converted to bunkhouses for the Wawatay, Wenonah, and Cayuga girls' sections. A separate office building was constructed at about the same time. What used to be the camp's ice house was converted to a Tuck Shop. The tennis court gave way to a volleyball court. The Staff Dining Room (also known as the Guest Dining Room) was constructed using materials salvaged from the demolition of the Wabun Lodge building

when the Lodge closed in 1965. The camp's dock has been rebuilt several times, each time employing techniques in hopes of averting the ice damage wrought of huge ice flows being driven by the north winds in spring breakup.



The Wabun dock in winter "ice-breaking" mode

Now...

...and Then



42nd Street: the boys' cabins



The ball field



The beach

NOW AND THEN

Now...

...and Then



Campers arriving at Garden Island



The dock



The girls' cabin today, the Chippy cabin of yesteryear



The canoe racks

Now...

...and Then



The tuck shop and shop



The path up from the dock



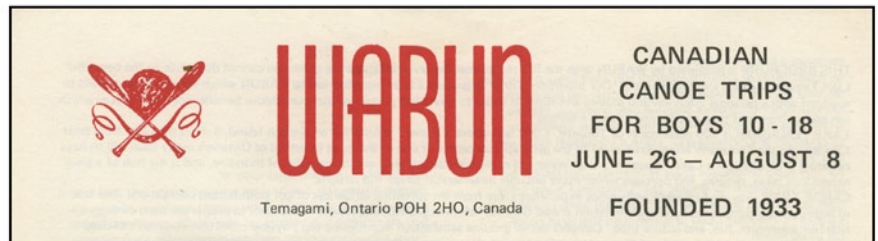
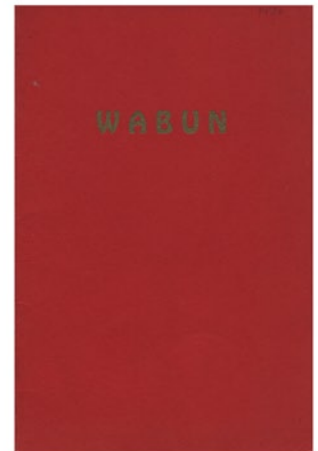
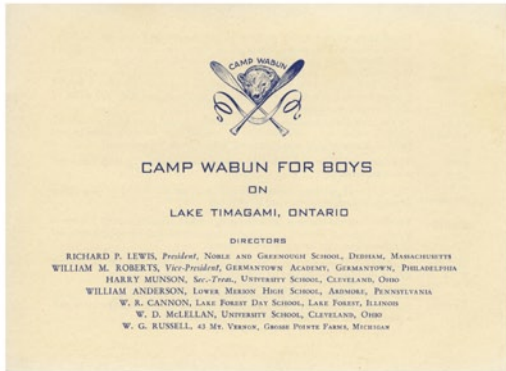
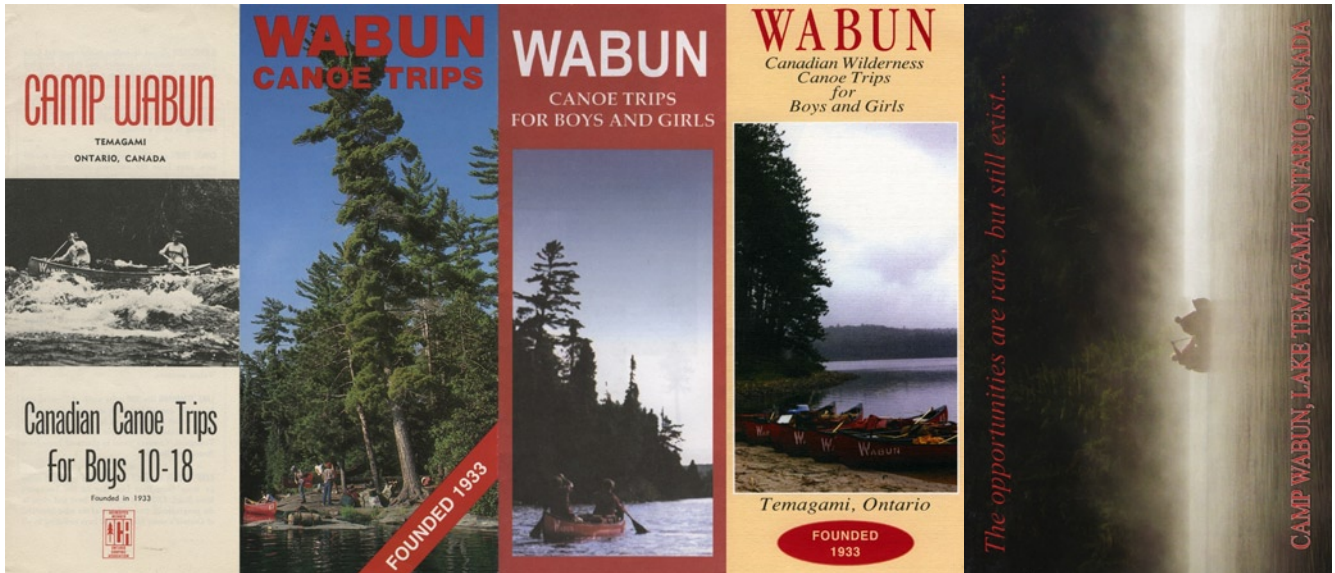
The infirmary



The campfire circle

FROM THE ARCHIVES...

Wabun brochures from the past and present



Wabun Logos



1950s



The new millenium???



1930s

Packing for Camp

It is suggested that the following articles be packed in a small army trunk or duffel bag plainly marked with the owner's name. If in doubt about any article, the Director or Staffman nearest you will be only too glad to be of assistance.

NECESSARY LIST

- | | |
|--|--|
| Sleeping Bag | Old hat or baseball cap |
| *Ground cloth or rubber blanket | Four bath towels |
| *Pack bag with waterproof flap | *Six bandana handkerchiefs |
| *Tump line | *Two suits or pajamas; flannel |
| Three pairs of khaki or old trousers | *Two toothbrushes |
| Three flannel shirts | Ordinary toilet articles |
| One or two cotton outing shirts | *Soap (hand and laundry) |
| Three pairs of tennis or basketball shoes | Bathing trunks |
| Six pairs of heavy woolen socks or stockings | Light raincoat or slicker |
| Windbreaker or heavy sweaters | Heavy scrub brush (each camper does his own laundry) |
| Underwear | |

OPTIONAL LIST

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| *Clasp or Scout knife | One small bag for toilet articles |
| *Sheath knife | Books and games |
| Camera — Films | Musical instruments (don't be modest) |
| Jersey or light sweater | *Fishing tackle (for lake trout, trolling, fly, or bait) |
| Bathrobe | *Mackinaw lumberjacket or jumper |
| Small pillow and three pillow cases | Compass |
| *Flashlight and batteries | Extra name tapes |
| Tennis racquet and balls | |

*May be procured at the Wabun Store.

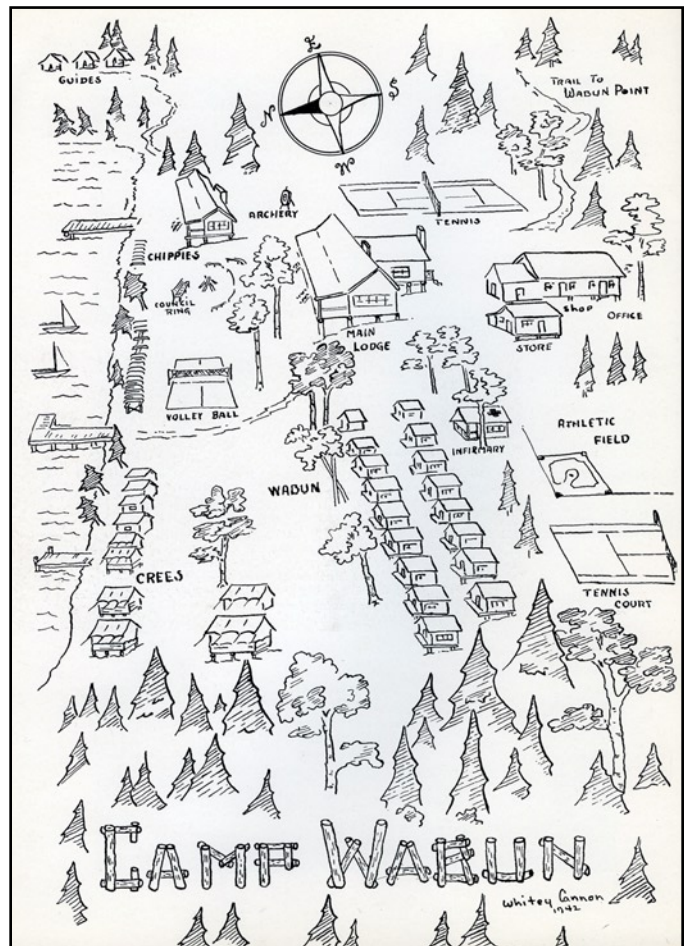
Extra lists may be had upon request

SUGGESTED FISHING TACKLE

- For Lake Trout:**
one solid steel rod, with reel to hold 300 feet copper or Monel metal line, large dare-devil, K-B. spoon
- For Bass, Wall-Eyed Pike and Northern Pike:**
one short steel rod, steel guides; one reel; 150 feet 15- or 18-pound silk line; Pike minnow, No. 700; River Runt, any color; dare-devil, red and white; one-half dozen 6-inch wire leaders; one dozen No. 1 hooks; one box split shot sinkers
- For Brook Trout:**
one inexpensive, sturdy 8 foot fly rod; one reel; 90 feet "D" level fly line; one dozen assorted wet flies; one dozen assorted dry flies; one-half dozen medium weight catgut leaders; assortment of plain hooks and sinkers

A limited amount of fishing tackle is carried at the camp store.

A clothing list from an older brochure



An old map of Wabun drawn by Whitey Cannon

Whitey Cannon – Naturalist Extraordinaire

Walter (Whitey) Cannon was one of Wabun's eight founding directors, those who moved from their association with Keewaydin in the 1920s and early 30s, and opened Wabun in the summer of 1933. He was also generally recognized and respected as Wabun's resident naturalist extraordinaire. For years, as both a section leader and later as an in-camp director, Whitey offered campers and staff an introduction to the types of fish to be found in the Temagami region, as well as the fishing techniques specific to each species. Following his canoe-tripping days, he was also active in attracting outdoorsmen from the States, particularly the Chicago area, to fishing outings operating out of Wabun Lodge, an adult lodge the camp maintained, catering to visiting Wabun parents and fishermen, and run by

Wabun until the early 1970s. He knew the flora and fauna of the Temagami region like none other at that time.

Whitey kept a log of his bird sightings at Wabun. It is reported that he chronicled over 98 species on the island. Often, he used these sightings as the basis for his wildlife carvings. Precious reminders of both his knowledge and his artistry are clearly evident in these beautiful woodcarvings that Whitey fashioned as pins and offered as gifts to the spouses of his colleagues.



Wabun IQ Test

Think you are a true Wabunite? Test your skill with these questions.

Chippy/Wawatay

- How long is a Cruiser (in feet)?
- How many cups in a pannikan?
- How many acres is Garden Island?

Cree/Wenonah

- Who was the famous pitcher from Bear Island who was offered a Major League contract?
- How long is the Kelly 3 Portage?
- What does the Ojibway word “wannigan” mean in English?

Wabun/Cayuga B

- When did the Hudson Bay Post Store close on Bear Island?
- What trip does Wabun do that goes the farthest north?
- What year was Wabun Lake named?

The Bay

- Who has housed many Wabun sections on the Cree reserve of Waskaganish?
- What is the name of the train from Moosonee to Cochrane?
- Name 5 Cree/Ojibway Reserves through which Bay Trips travel.

(Answers can be found on page 32)

Fun Facts from the Staff

The 2006 Trip Staff were asked a series of questions about Camp, and here are their answers:

1. What is your absolute favorite bannock?

- Vanilla oatmeal with chocolate frosting
- Boston Cream
- Smarties with a vanilla frosting
- Reese’s peanut butter cup
- Mocha Chocolate chip
- Vanilla pudding with butterscotch chips
- Fresh picked blueberry bannock with vanilla pudding
- Lemon bannock with lemon frosting and skittles
- Blueberry with butter and sugar topping
- Fresh apple and walnut

2. What is the most unique/funniest question a camper has ever asked you?

- “When do they turn the waterfall off at Center Falls?”
- “What is in Rice, Cheese, Bacon?”
- “Where can I get a drink of water?”
- “Wait . . . where are we supposed to pee?!?”
- Any questions about the Rock Beavers or Freshwater Sharks in Lake Temagami.

3. Which is the better breakfast – oatmeal or Cream of Wheat?

- 77% – Oatmeal
- 23% – Cream of Wheat (this number went up significantly when pudding is added)
- 100% – BACON!!!!!!

4. Best in-camp game?

1. Capture the Flag
2. Kickball
3. Ping-Pong
4. Soccer
5. Softball

5. What is the best campsite you have ever stayed on?

Duncan Forbes, Jesse Coleman, Andrew Stachiw – “Rest Day on the Ashewig – the best day ever!”



Chippies getting ready for a game of capture the flag.



Wabun Staff 2006

Tom Hartzell – Shangri-La “The huge flat rock was great for lounging – awesome fireplace – epic woodcrew. The best reading spot I’ve ever found; a perfectly smooth, chair-shaped rock right next to a rapid.”

Andrew Doepping – “Any place on a Bay Trip river!”

Travis Moore – “Definitely, Enraged Rapids on the Coulonge River; the cold spring is the kicker!”

Julie Hinchman – “West shore of Obabika Lake just north of the portage. It is a tall pine site with soil to put tents on but bed rock for fireplace and swimming, easy (nearby) wood crew, good shade, but nice tanning area, good swimming (jumping or sliding), nice breeze from three directions, and great sunrise and sunset.”

Nadine Lehner – “The Florence Lake campsite had everything you could wish for in a campsite – huge fireplace, nice fly area, comfy tent sites, great swimming/lying-around rocks, cliffs to jump off of around the corner, and a sandy beach about five minutes’ walk away.”

Margot Moses – “The old Wabun Lake site, great fireplace and what a view!”

Graham Lincoln – “I love the site on Premier Lac de Portage du Savage right before Laniel. It’s a gorgeous site that very few people ever see. It has great swimming rocks, and it’s the perfect place to relax after finishing the Indian portage (The Indian, being right before it, likely has a lot to do with it being one of my favorite sites!)”

6. Favorite base camp lunch?

- GRILLED CHEESE!
- Others getting votes were soft tacos and care packages

7. Mackintosh creamy toffee or Sweet Marie?



60%



40%

Sophia Grace Prins

Bart Prins (Wabun “C” Head Staff in 1999) and his wife Lauri welcomed Sophia Grace Prins to their family on January 30, 2006. Bart is working for the Star Tribune in Minneapolis, MN, and is looking forward to visiting Garden Island with the family.



Sophia Grace Prins

Finnegan Reunion

By Steven and Mary Finnegan

An informal Wabun reunion for local campers and staff was held at Mary & Steve Finnegan’s in Harvard, MA. on Saturday, November 4, 2006. “It was great to get campers and staff together to reminisce about Wabun past and present. In attendance were campers Katherine Finnegan, Conor Finnegan, Will Shepherd, Sam Shepherd, Laura Nocka, Helen Kilian, Jake Basile, Zac Moskow, Will Blackwell, and Cam Holland. Several Wabun staff members found time in their busy college schedules to be in attendance. They were Nadine Lehner, Josephine Henderson-Frost, Jesse Coleman, and Andrew Stachiw. The appearance of these staff members meant so much to the campers, and we thank them for being part of the reunion!”

The campers shared many pictures and stories, and a brief slide show from Wabun 2006 was also shown. As Hardin Coleman wrote in an e-mail, “it’s great that campers and staff can feel part of a multi-generational community.” Everyone is looking forward to the upcoming January 2007 reunion in Harvard, MA, and another wonderful season at Wabun.



The informal reunion at the Finnegan’s

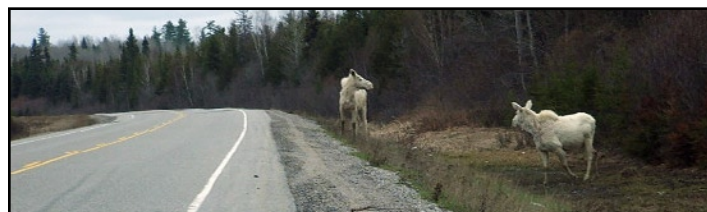
Lila Cleminshaw

Lila Cleminshaw, Wabun alumna camper and staff, and granddaughter of Bea and Rusty Cleminshaw, traveled to Temagami last March to attend her first March meeting of the Temagami Community Foundation, and at which she was elected a member of the Board of Directors. Rusty Cleminshaw called the Wabun-Cayuga square dances for decades, and the family owns the islands adjacent to the campsites named for them. On a spectacularly beautiful winter day, Lila joined Marg and Dick Lewis on a lengthy snowmobile tour led by Animanipissing resident, and Wabun alum, Tim Bankerd. Lila, Tim, and Marg are shown here against the backdrop of Maple Mountain. If you ever get the chance to visit Temagami in March, it’s clearly worth the trip.



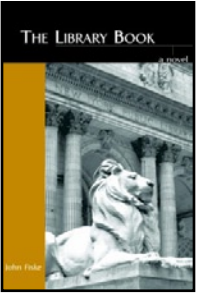
Tim Bankerd, Lila Cleminshaw, and Marg Lewis

Tim Bankerd snapped this picture of a highly unusual wildlife occurrence – not one but two albino moose – taken just north of his home on Lake Animanipissing.



Albino moose

John Fiske's Book



John Fiske, Wabun camper, staff member, frequent visitor, and loyal alum, has entered the ranks of the Wabun authors. He writes of his recent publication:

“Although *The Library Book* began with scuba diving in an old quarry, there are references to my old canoe-tripping passion. Wabun people will sit up and take notice

on page 135: “Hey, I know about that!” Only eight other people on the planet could possibly appreciate Barber’s comment about “young girls” on page 64. They were on Section A with me in 1980. And finally, my publishing company is Black Spruce Media, an obvious reference to my years in the boreal bush.

Review of John Fiske's Book

By Kim Trigilio of *The Beverly Citizen*

Does the artist control the art? Or does the art control the artist? For Beverly author John Fiske the answer might be both. After spending eight years writing his first novel, “The Library Book,” Fiske didn’t want anyone to publish it. Instead he wanted to do it himself.

“I wanted full control,” said Fiske.

In his newly published work of historical fiction, Fiske sets out to examine the nature of what he calls “the creative relationship.”

Fiske says the idea for “The Library Book” came to him while reading “The Man in the Iron Mask,” by Alexandre Dumas. As he read, Fiske noted that Dumas did not seem to be in control of his story. “I had to find out why he was out of control,” said Fiske.

“The question was fundamentally the relationship between an artist and his art – and how does that work,” said Fiske.

“Does the artist control that art or does the art control the artist?”

At the same time these questions came to mind, Fiske had been doing a fair amount of scuba diving in the old marble quarries in Vermont.

When he discovered that the marble from the quarries was used to construct the New York public library and U.S. Supreme Court building he knew he had found the basis for his novel.

The story centers on real-life architect John Carrere as he explores the relationship between an artist and his art as he observes his partner, Thomas Hastings, during the design and construction of the New York Public Library.

“I wanted to write a book that told a story that used architecture and Vermont marble and explored this question about the

The idea for *The Library Book* came to me eight years ago after diving in an old marble quarry in Vermont. At the same time I was interested in art and creativity. I set out from the beginning to use the stories of the architects of the New York Public Library as a vehicle to explore the relationship between an artist and his art. Although the architects’ stories are fictional, the historical information is unimpeachably accurate.

I finished the book in November 2005. I had had the draft manuscript professionally critiqued several times along the way, and when I realized there was nothing more to be done, I stopped. I never gave any thought to finding a literary agent and a regular publisher. The hurdles are immense, and a finished yet unpublished manuscript was intolerable to me. So I had the manuscript copyedited, and I published *The Library Book* myself! Please go to www.blacksprucemedia.com to learn more about the book, and to order a copy.”

creative relationship,” said Fiske.

Fiske deliberated for a while about which building would be appropriate before settling on the New York Public Library.

“There was a good story. There was tragedy. It was an interesting time period – the gilded years,” said Fiske. “Carrere and Hastings were good subjects. They weren’t as well known. I didn’t want to rehash stuff that was already in the public consciousness.”

Set during the dawn of the 20th century, Fiske describes in detail the Beaux-Arts architectural design philosophy popular during the age of industrial wealth.

He also contemplates the now-abandoned marble quarries of Vermont as the basis for the historical journey.

“The historical facts are absolutely accurate,” said Fiske. “I knew that they had to be because I did not want architectural historians coming at me and saying, ‘That’s not right.’” Fiske says he hued Carrere’s personality as close to his actual personality as possible. “Based on research I could construct more or less what he was like. I wrote dialogue based on that.”

The structure of “The Library Book” shifts between past and present as the life of Henry Peabody, a fictional, modern-day architect intersects with Carrere’s story. His character sets out to write the book that Carrere never did.

“Henry is me as a character,” said Fiske.

The tangential structure is deliberate according to Fiske. He says he wrote the modern interludes as places that dovetailed what was going on in Carrere’s life.

“Carrere’s story and the interludes talk back and forth to each other – so that some of what I wanted Carrere to accomplish is accomplished by Henry in a very subtle way,” said Fiske. “It takes a close read to pick it up.”

After eight years of working on the novel, Fiske says he never

ALUMNI/AE NEWS FROM 2006

considered looking for a mainstream publisher. As an unknown author he knew his chances of getting picked up by an agent were slim.

"It is extraordinarily competitive and difficult to find an agent," said Fiske. "There are a lot of people out there who are writing.

Typically an author sells his or her manuscript to a literary agent, and then the literary agent sells it to a publisher. The publisher is then responsible for the book production, proofing, copyediting, marketing, distribution and sales.

"There is a lot of value in that to an author," said Fiske.

Just to see what would happen, Fiske sent query letters to four different agents in the fall. He heard back from two agents who said they weren't interested and the other two agents didn't even reply. That gave Fiske a good indication of what he was up against.

"It didn't make sense to me to spend years and years pandering to agents to get them to read my manuscript," said Fiske.

He began working with a freelance copy editor last fall. When that editor couldn't finish the job, a friend referred Fiske to Appingo Publishing Services in Waltham -a new company that facilitates all the mechanical book production matters that Fiske didn't know about.

The company finished editing the book, then took care of things

Lilah Hatheway

Courtney and Mark Hatheway (many years as campers and staff) have daughter number 3! Lilah Rosemary Hatheway. Lilah was born on April 13th, 2006 and joins an incredible Wabun family of Mannings and Hatheways, and with Lewis cousins, too!



Lilah Rosemary Hatheway

Lilah's sisters, Rachel and Jayna, have already enjoyed several summers on Lake Temagami, being immersed in the Wabun Way. Her grandparents are Janet and Dave Manning on Garden Island, and Mike (long time Wabun doctor) and Mary Beth Gallagher on Ogama Island. Lilah will be a Wabunite in 2016.

like book design and copywriting.

Appingo was able to ship files electronically to the printer in Peoria Illinois. And before he knew it Fiske had the initial 1,042 copies in his basement, ready to sell.

"What makes this possible is that technology has advanced to the extent that printing books is cheap. And the Internet makes it possible to sell the book. I can sell the book to anyone in the world just by having a website," said Fiske.

Now that "The Library Book" is complete, it is Fiske's job to do what a publisher would do for him – market the book. He will attend a book fair in December in hopes that some agents might like what they see. The book is also available at the Beverly Farms Book Shop and on line.

"My objective is not to attract a huge, nationwide audience. That is not my thing. I'm not trying to be another Dan Brown," said Fiske. "I wrote 'The Library Book' because I had questions and I wanted to find answers to the questions that I had."

Fiske says writing the book helped him understand the nature of the creative relationship. But as to how that relationship works he says that just can't be nailed down.

"It depends on the artist," said Fiske. "It is very abstract, indefinable territory. All artists are different."

Charles Nicholson Wins Art Prize

Charles E. Nicholson (Wabun C in 2003) of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, a junior at Governor Dummer Academy in Byfield, received the Junior Art Prize, awarded to the Junior with exceptional talent and creative expression in one or more of the visual arts, at an awards ceremony at the school in May 2006.

David Huoppi Plays Lacrosse in Finland

From the Pomfret School Alumni News

Through a series of very fortunate events, all initiated by an ebay purchase of a Finnish National lacrosse team T-shirt in the summer of 2005, David Huoppi (Wabun camper from 1993-1994) flew over to Helsinki, Finland. He ended up not only meeting the team, but coaching and playing for the Finnish Lacrosse team. The team played in the World Championships in Canada, securing a ninth-place finish. It was David's shot that gave Finland a one-goal advantage with eight seconds left. David hopes the friendships made with Finnish lacrosse players are ones he can hold on to for the rest of his life.

An Update on Nate Thiel

In the summer of 2005, the worst and the best imaginable happened on one of our Wabun A Bay Trips. Nate Thiel was struck by lightning on day 20 of the section's 42-day trip to Hudson Bay. Wonderfully, the actions of Pete Gwyn, the Headstaff of the section, and the composure of the section combined to provide excellent treatment on site and an expeditious evacuation. Nate was revived, transported to the clinic at Pickle Lake, stabilized, and in the Thunder Bay Hospital, several hundred miles distant, in a matter of hours. Truly, the emergency procedures were a remarkable feat. The occurrences of the day are chronicled in detail in the 2005 Wabun Newsletter, available elsewhere on our website.

A year later, Nate is quarterbacking his school's varsity football team and is well on the road to full recovery. The following article appeared in the October 14 edition of the Minneapolis Star Tribune. The remarks following the article are excerpts from the Senior Speech Nate delivered at Breck School

A Flash, A Bang... And Then a Miracle

Written by Pam Schmid in *The Star Tribune*

Nate Thiel remembers nothing of the green sky, the vaporized tree or the lightning bolt that entered the back of his head, exited his left ankle and threw him 30 feet into a pile of downed trees in the middle of the Canadian wilderness.

Nor does the Breck senior recall that his heart apparently stopped and that he initially lost his hearing and sight. He remembers only the pain that tore through his body when he woke up a day later in a hospital 500 miles away.

Doctors told Thiel's parents that they didn't know how their son was alive and that he might never walk again.

Yet 15 months later, Thiel not only has regained full use of his arms and legs, he's also the starting quarterback for the Mustangs, who are 4-3. The only residual effects of the strike are three scars, a numb little toe, and bouts of back pain.

"Am I amazed he's playing football?" said his father, John, also Breck's head football coach. "I think it's amazing he's walking around at all."

'Like a missile'

After leading wilderness canoe trips for 25 years, Pete Gwyn had seen his share of thunderstorms. But the clouds rolling in on the morning of July 17, 2005, were different. They came in greenish black from the southwest, and they made him nervous enough to mutter prayers under his breath.

Gwyn's group was 18 days into a six-week canoe trip to Hudson Bay, 400 miles from the nearest town, surrounded by lakes, caribou and black spruce trees. A few minutes earlier, Gwyn had led his group to the nearest island and told his 12 teenage campers to spread out, stay away from trees, and crouch into catcher's positions. Suddenly, a deafening crack rocked the island.



The Thiels (John, Terry, and Nate) and the family of section mate, Travis Moore

"It was like a missile," Gwyn recalled. "The tree near us evaporated. Part of the island turned into a clearing! . There was dirt and stones thrown up. It traveled through us all. I responded to the boys yelling for help first. I circled around, running, and that's when I saw Nate."

Nate Thiel, then 16, had looked forward to the trip all year, asking his parents for paddling gloves and a special knife for Christmas. He lay in shrubbery about 30 feet away. His eyes had rolled back in his head and he wasn't breathing.

Within 30 seconds of the strike, Gwyn was pounding on Nate's chest, performing CPR. His only thought: "I'm not going to lose a camper."

Two minutes later, Nate began to cough, and then threw up. He was writhing, apparently going into shock, and Gwyn knew he needed help fast.

Thanks to a chain of fortunate events, what might have been an 18-hour evacuation took closer to four:

- Gwyn had a GPS satellite phone, and called Camp Wabun, several hundred miles south, to alert staffers there.
- Just before the storm hit, Gwyn had noticed a float plane flying low and figured it was seeking refuge nearby. Two boys from the group paddled back to a nearby fishing camp and found the pilot, who ferried Nate an hour south to a nursing station in the tiny town of Pickle Lake, Ontario.
- As a team of paramedics flew to pick up Nate, medical staff in Pickle Lake conducted phone triage with a physician believed to be the only doctor within hundreds of miles experienced with lightning-strike victims.

By the time Nate arrived at Pickle Lake, he had lost his sight and hearing, and was combative, according to Gwyn.

"He was in pretty rough shape," the trip leader said.

A bad feeling

John and Terry Thiel were enjoying a rare day alone together, watching a matinee in Hopkins. But something nagged at them.

"Nate was on our minds the whole time," Terry remembered. "It was just a gut feeling that something was wrong."

As they walked into the lobby, Terry turned on her cell phone and found a message from Dick Lewis, a family friend who was Camp Wabun's managing director.

"Nate is alive," Lewis said when they called him back. "He's been resuscitated, and I'm on my way to Thunder Bay because he's being flown there."

John and Terry raced out of the movie theater and drove straight to Thunder Bay.

As soon as they arrived at the ICU, a doctor pulled them aside and explained that while their son was alive, "They didn't know why," John said. "The prognosis for these types of cases was not great, and the best they could do was treat his burns and get his body to flush the proteins out."

Nate's burn pattern showed that the lightning bolt - likely a side-splash from a nearby tree - had entered the back of his head, melting his hair. From there, it traveled down his neck and split in three directions. One branch went down his back, another went down both sides of his chest and another zig-zagged from his right shoulder to each hip, and down his left leg. Along the way, it fried the protective fat layer between his muscles and organs. Much of that is gone now, replaced by scar tissue.

Nate had survived so much trauma that nurses in the Thunder Bay ICU had written "Miracle" on Nate's chart. Doctors told John and Terry that their son could suffer memory loss and brain damage. There also was a chance that he would not regain full use of his legs.

Nate didn't fully wake up until the next afternoon. His sight and hearing had partially returned, but his muscles had atrophied. He also had a broken vertebrae and a ruptured disc.

Nate's parents drove him back to the Twin Cities the following Wednesday.

"I was suffering through a tremendous amount of muscle spasms," he recalled. "Even a couple weeks after, I'd be walking around the house and just fall."

Slow comeback

Nate had hoped to be the Mustangs' starting quarterback in the fall. Now he could barely shuffle to the end of his driveway.

Every other day, he visited his family physician, Dr. Sheldon Burns, who treated his burns and checked on his excruciatingly slow progress.

Doctors agreed that attending Breck that fall would give Nate a psychological boost. Some days, fatigue forced him to leave school early. If he fell asleep in the middle of class, a classmate later shared notes.

Nate made it to football practice when he had the energy. Early on, he could do little more than watch, but he still hoped to play that season, and John and the doctors never said no. But some of his teammates told him no way, "and that made me want to do it even more," Nate said. "My goal was to be there for the first game."

The season opener came, and Nate still could barely run, so he looked ahead to the homecoming game. Then he decided he would take part in the playoffs.

"But I couldn't," he said. "I still couldn't move."

For John, the days Nate could attend practice were nearly as hard as the days he could not. He saw his son trying to run and falling on his face. And he remembers being in tears one day as Nate tried to perform a foot-crossing drill in slow motion, thinking through every move. "At that point," John said, "I knew he had made the decision that this wasn't going to stop him."

Nate just wanted to be normal again -- to walk without thinking, run, throw.

Meanwhile, Nate's doctors were still concerned about delayed complications. He could still lose his hearing, sight or memory, or suffer other neurological damage. Every day that went by brought more relief.

Nate, who also played basketball and lacrosse, decided to focus on the spring. By lacrosse season, he still wasn't close to 100 percent, but went to every practice and played every game.

Last summer, Nate still had his eye on the starting quarterback job, putting John in a difficult spot. He told his coaching staff that he might need their help if his son couldn't make a full recovery.

"If that had happened," Nate said, "I think I would have gone into severe depression."

Defining moment

The first scrimmage of the season was Nate's big test. He got flattened by a teammate, then jumped back up and ran back to the huddle.

"The father in me asks, 'Is he going to get up?' And he did!" John said. "Then I could get on him about getting run over."

Said Nate: "That was the defining moment of my high school career."

For a while, Nate's progress could be charted nearly daily. Even now, John will notice things. During Breck's 20-12 victory over Blake on Sept. 21, Nate sidestepped a tackle for the first time since his sophomore year.

Nate has recovered his arm strength, but his passing is still inconsistent. In seven games, he has completed 64 of 136 passes for 818 yards and eight touchdowns.

John calls his son's composure his greatest attribute. "We haven't seen anything that really gets to him right now," he said.

"Other kids I know who had similar injuries ... had to give up some of their dreams," said Mary Ann Cooper, a professor of emergency medicine at the University of Illinois at Chicago and an expert on lightning's effects. "This is nearly miraculous."

Gwyn simply calls it "nuts." For a guy who had to learn to walk again, who had nothing in his body -- no air, no life," Gwyn said. "And he's starting at quarterback now. That speaks to what's inside his body. If he wasn't as tough a kid, he wouldn't have come around."

The Summer of '05

Excerpts from Nate Thiel's Senior Speech at Breck School:

The following is a true story. The names have not been changed to protect the lives of those who saved my life. July 17th, a day I will always remember, but have no memory of.

As many of you might know, I had an electrifying summer before my junior year. I had three weeks of great memories with thirteen of my closest friends. Memories of canoeing, portaging, cooking, having fun with them, and then it all stops. I have no recollection of about thirty-six hours. I remember going to sleep on Saturday night, and my next memory is waking up in the hospital on Monday, about 300 miles south of where I was. I could not feel anything because I had been given morphine, and my arms and legs could not move. I had been struck ... by lightning. ... Most people will never know someone who has been struck by lightning. In fact, it is more likely to win the lottery than to get struck by lightning. A shark attack is the only thing that is less likely to happen.

I have been able to piece together the series of unfortunate, yet quite fortunate, events through the stories of those who saved my life. We woke up on Sunday morning and started our day in the normal fashion: loading the canoes and starting on our way. Around 9:00 in the morning, a powerful 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.

In the process of being struck, I was thrown a considerable distance, twenty feet, into a pile of downed trees. My heart stopped, and Pete administered CPR to me within thirty seconds. I was unconscious for about twenty minutes. Now here is where I got really lucky. When the storm came in, a floatplane was forced to land about five miles from the hunting and fishing camp that we had stayed at the night before. When the storm subsided, two of my fellow campers, Adam and John, canoed over to the camp and told the owner what had happened. The owner, Albert, a local trapper, is usually about seventy-five miles north at that time of the year. He drove his boat to the island where I was and picked up Pete and me. Supposedly, when Albert came, I walked to the boat; however, I was very confused because I was blind and deaf. This all took several hours. Luckily, Pete had a GPS-satellite phone, so he was able to call our base camp, where Ms (Sarah) Flotten was stationed, and the Pickle Lake Nursing Station to tell them that a camper was injured and there would be a floatplane arriving at Pickle Lake shortly. When I arrived at the nursing station, 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, did phone triage to help stabilize me. Once stabilized, I was airlifted to Thunder Bay, I was sedated and medicinally paralyzed 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.

When I finally arrived at Thunder Bay Hospital, it was about 4:00 in the afternoon. The next day, the first thing I remember is a big, blurry, red flannel jacket and the smell of Tim Horton's coffee and donuts, two sure signs of Mr. (Dick) Lewis, our Middle School Director and the camp owner. I was in the intensive care unit for about four days, with my parents alongside me the entire time. I left the hospital on Wednesday morning about thirty pounds lighter ... 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! ...

My long recovery taught me that the body is full of some amazing automatic systems, like walking, running, hearing, and so on, which require no thought or attention at all. I had to lose those systems and fight to get them back. I will never forget them again. Today, my hands and feet are still sensitive, and I have no feeling in the little toe on my right foot. Up until a month ago, I could not stand on my toes one footed. I do not rush to judgments about anything. I have learned to be more sensitive and patient towards others. I always tell the truth, because there are more important things in life than lying to the ones you love and respect. There is always something harder to deal with than just the average difficulties of a normal life. Life is not about how much money you make, what car you drive, how big your house is, or how cool you think you are. I have learned that life is about the impact you make on the lives of others, about the integrity you possess as an individual, and the love you have for others and they have for you. You never know what is going to happen that will change your life forever, and in turn the lives of others around you.

As part of my therapy, I would write poems describing how I felt that day, or my thought process of the day. Here is one of the poems I wrote as part of that therapy.

There goes life, passing you by.
You look at it with a smile,
But think nothing of it.
Then something happens, something
Unexpected, taking your life in a whole
Different direction. You suddenly
Have to work for everything that
You want.

So finally: Take it from someone who's had experience, don't take life casually.

THANK YOU!

Herbert G. Stokinger – In Memoriam

One of the most distinguished members of the Wabun family left us this year. Only a few months after his 100th birthday (March 24) and a fabulous 100th birthday party at Milton Academy on April 1, 2006, Stoky passed away on May 8, 2006. Stoky taught, coached, directed camps (Wabun, for almost 20 years), and influenced the lives of countless students, athletes, and campers in his 44 years at Milton Academy and his years as staff and director of Wabun. He is missed but certainly lives on in the characters he has helped guide and form.

.....

The End of an Era

By Dr. Robin Robertson, Head of School, Milton Academy

On May 8, 2006, Herbert G. “Stoky” Stokinger ’24 died at age 100. Stoky, Milton’s oldest graduate, was Director of

Athletics and Physical Education at Milton for more than 40 years. With his wife Esther, he was at the center of the life of the School, and although he retired from the position in 1971, he never retired from the School or the community. When a bad knee made it hard for him to walk the sidelines at football games, his car was a familiar sight parked overlooking Stokinger Field. He never missed a play. He was always present at the end of season athletic desserts with a comment or two about the contests he had seen. He attended graduations, ceremonial events and gatherings of former faculty until last winter. A particular favorite was the faculty gathering in early December when he loved having the Octet serenade him with “Santa Baby.” Never shy about speaking his mind, he supervised many a coach and provided training and expert advice for the three heads who took office after his tenure: Jerry Pieh, Ed Freddie and me. Stoky’s 100th birthday, which the Academy celebrated on April 1, 2006, was also apparently his farewell: 300 of his former students and players came from

around the world to acknowledge his legacy of physical fitness, good sportsmanship, and character.

Active in school athletic associations in Massachusetts, New England and nationally, Stoky served on a variety of boards and received numerous honors. Decades of summers were spent leading boys’ camps in Ontario (Wabun) and Maine (Kieve). He was an active member of St. Michael’s Episcopal Church where he served on the vestry. He served as well on Milton town committees and was a loyal member of the Civil War Society.

Stoky was the beloved husband of the late Esther (Bishop) Stokinger; father of the late Richard Stokinger ’56; uncle of Mary Jane (Caldwell) Greeley ’52 of Milton; he is also survived by a great niece, Holly Anne Clarke ’78, and great nephew, Christopher Caldwell Getch ’79, their spouses and children.

A Memorial Service was held on May 18 at St. Michael’s Episcopal Church. The family has suggested that gifts in his memory be made to Milton Academy or St. Michael’s Episcopal Church in Milton.

Herbert G. Stokinger

March 24, 1906 – May 8, 2006
Milton Academy Faculty, 1928–1971

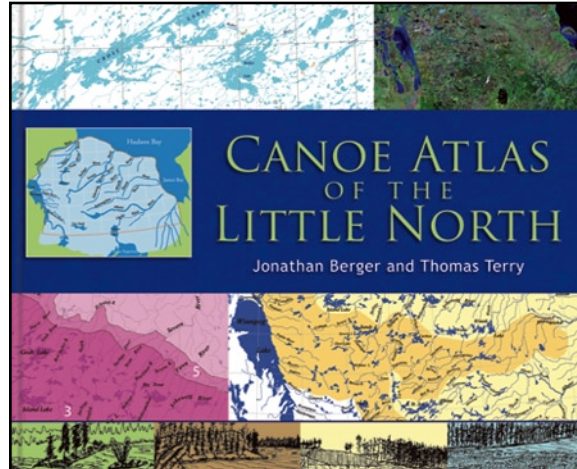
A 100th Birthday Celebration • A Fond Farewell



“The best observation I can make at the conclusion of my long career is that I am grateful for the contributions of so many fine and dedicated young men. I was very fortunate to have intelligent players and found that coaching them was a very pleasant occupation. During my working career, I went to the office every day for 43 years looking forward to the day’s activities. I can only wish the same job satisfaction for all of you.”

Jon Berger's *Canoe Atlas of the Little North*

I remember it well: 1962; Jon Berger, short, but seemingly massive in breadth; Jeff Stewart, not quite a rail, but extended in height; me, Dick Lewis, somewhere in between - the three of us were tent mates as first-year assistants in Nibby Hinchman's Chippy section. The Wabun seasons were eight weeks long then, so we came to know each other well, in the proximity forced by the 7' x 7' canvas tents. Next summer, will mark the passing of 45 years since the three of us enjoyed each other's company, as well as that of native guide, Shiner Ferguson, who, with Nibby, devoted his attentions as much to the guiding of us neophyte staff as to leading our ten campers. Even then, Jon's passion for canoe tripping and command of tripping skills were both evident and impressive. It is no surprise that he has continued his canoeing travels and amassed such an expansive knowledge of the Near North canoe-trip lake and riverscapes.



This coming summer, as part of our 75th Anniversary Celebration, Jon will visit Wabun at the conclusion of yet another of his summer-long canoe trips. While on the island, he will conduct a book-signing of his *Canoe Atlas of the Little North*. This promises to be a wonderful chronicling of his experiences and invitation to like-minded adventurers.

As Jon reflected on his wilderness canoeing, he related the following experiences and influences:

"In August 2005, en route between the Hayes and the Gods Rivers, Jon celebrated his 60th birthday. Since 1958 with the exception of three years spent as a Peace Corps Volunteer in Upper Volta, West Africa, he spent every summer canoeing, the rivers of James and Hudson Bay from Manitoba, Ontario, and Quebec. Between 1963 and 1966, he guided for Camp Wabun on Lake Temagami and developed a broad knowledge of the Temagami country from the Dumoine River west to the Wanapetai River.

There was no canoeing in the savanna lands of Upper Volta and Jon had to avoid the rivers due to the danger of contracting river blindness. From 1967 to 1969, he waited patiently for his return to the north. Yet the experience of learning a non-written, non-published native language to the point of fluency gave him the method and experience to collect canoe route data from the First Nations inhabitants of the Little North.

His first trip into the Little North occurred in 1961. With a Camp Wabun section, he traveled up and down the various headwater streams of the Kenogami branch of the Albany River. On that trip his companions and he visited Austins store in Nakina, where the proprietor, after listening to the section's trout stories from the Drowning, Squaw, Waba, and Little Current Rivers, opened up his freezer and showed them a very large brook trout caught on the Albany River. The next summer on the Albany, they met the Baxter family on Mocabatten Lake who recommended the Attawapiskat. Soon they went that way.

By 1980, with friends and partners, Jon had canoed most of the major rivers to James and Hudson Bay and those that flow to the east shore of Lake Winnipeg. These include Great Whale, Eastmain, Rupert, Albany, Ogoki, Attawapiskat, Winisk, Pipestone, Sutton, Severn, Gods, Hayes, Berens, English, Pigeon, Poplar, and Bloodvien. In the twenty-five years since, many times in the company of his children, he has concentrated on documenting and traveling the connections across the heights of land between the basins of the Little North.

From his early teen years, the writings of Sigurd Olson, H.D. Thoreau, Hugh MacLennan, and the art of the Group of Seven gave him perspective on his travels. In 1970, when he returned to the rivers, he began to draw out on the trips. The past 35 years have seen the compilation of thousands of drawings that record the landscape of The Little North.

1970 also marked the beginning of his long association with Ian McHarg and his immersion in ecology and environmental planning-skills and subjects which he assiduously applied to learning about the North. He found the regional ecological method quite suited to canoe route documentation.

By the mid-80s, Jon was hard at work filling in the gaps for the Atlas. As part of his reconnaissance of the upper Severn basin, he met Tom Terry of Sioux Lookout. The two of them recognized each other as kindred souls, lifelong canoeists bent on going to new places. Tom has extensive family and business contacts in all the First Nation communities of the region. His travel gaps were Jon's traveled areas, and Jon's travel gaps were Tom's traveled areas. So the partnership formed and launched what promises to be an extraordinary contribution to wilderness canoeing aficionados."

To download a detailed, full-color brochure of the soon to be published *Canoe Atlas of the Little North* in PDF format, please [click here](#).

THE COLEMAN FAMILY

Four for Four:

The 42-Year Saga of the Coleman Family

It all started with a recommendation from Ed Thode, Athletic Director at German Town Friends School, and Director at Wabun Lodge, to the Coleman patriarch, William T. Coleman, that Wabun would be just the place for his young son, Billy. Indeed it was. From the

early sixties on, nearly every year, someone from the Hardy Coleman family has been involved as a tripper at Wabun. Following his older brother Billy, Hardy started as a Chippy in 1965. His Wabun career included three years as camper and twelve years as staff. He paddled to The Bay 10 times! In 1983, Gail Coleman joined the staff at Wabun and bravely

led the Wenonah section for six weeks. She paddled to The Bay in 1985. In 1999, Jesse started as a Chippy. His Wabun career included five years as a camper and two years as a staff. So far, he has been to The Bay twice. Jesse has now completed his third year as a member of the trip staff, so more additions to his resume are anticipated. In 2002, Aaron made it “Four for Four” when he started as a Chippy. His Wabun career includes four years as a camper. He did his first trip to The Bay in 2006 and is planning to go again this coming summer!

This makes the Colemans the first Wabun family in which everyone has tripped with Wabun, and everyone has been to The Bay! Since the Colemans consider Pete Gwyn the oldest son in the family, they are claiming Five for Five in both categories!

Gail notes that it was apparent early on in their relationship, that Wabun held a singular place in Hardy’s life and affections, but she didn’t fully appreciate it herself until she was staff in 1983. It was then that she experienced the satisfaction of discovering physical and mental strengths that she didn’t know she had, of working as a close-knit

team in which every person played a critical role in meeting the days’ challenges, and of relishing simple pleasures, like a swim at the end of a portage or a warm sleeping bag at the end of a long day. What she came away with was how transforming the experience had been.

Gail’s appreciation for the Wabun experience more than doubled

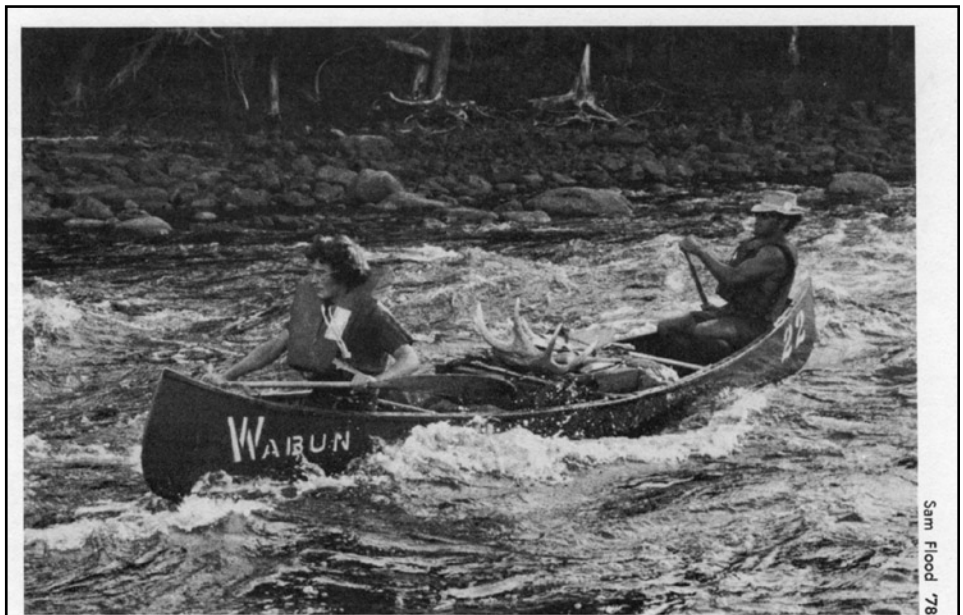
when her two sons chose to return summer after summer. They each took a summer or two “off”, eventually to be drawn back – opting to give up electronics and other “comforts” of home for six weeks “in the bush.” The parents of the boys’ friends often ask her, “How can you give them up for 6 whole weeks?” Her response is simple. “There is no place where I would rather they spend the summer. I miss them, but I love

to think of them in the wilderness – building up a storehouse of memories for those summers when they can’t return.”

When asked by a friend about his thoughts about Wabun, Jesse claims, “It is just in you.” Aaron agrees with the staff shirt – “Wabun, it’s what I do.” When asked to make a summary statement about Wabun, Hardy is uncharacteristically speechless.



Gail, Aaron, Jesse, and Hardy Coleman



Hardy in the 1970s sterning a canoe with Chris Foster (grandson of founding director Mac McClellan)

Bill Roberts

Written by Martin Johnson

My grandfather, Bill Roberts, taught mathematics, chemistry, and physics at the Germantown Academy in Philadelphia after graduating from Franklin and Marshall. When the



United States entered the First World War in 1918, he enlisted and was shipped to France. He was a scout, sent on reconnaissance missions into the No Man's Land between the trenches of the Allied and German armies - until a mustard gas attack put him out of action. He received medical attention and recuperated in Paris before returning to the United States.

In June of 1923, Bill took his wife and two daughters on the long trip from Philadelphia to Devil's Island on

Lake Temagami to staff a canoe section for Camp Keewaydin. His family lived in tents on Devil's Island every summer for the next 10 years. Bill learned about canoe tripping from the Native guides who accompanied each section. In one of the many ceremonies that took place at Keewaydin, Bill was dressed and painted to play the part of Gitche Manitou while seated on a ten-foot throne. In 1932 changes in policy and working conditions at Camp Keewaydin led some of the staff to feel they had no choice but to found a new camp in a different part of Lake Temagami.

Bill Roberts was one of the eight men who made the move to Garden Island to turn their vision of wilderness canoe tripping into a reality. Bill led the long trips of the day, his favorite being the Dumoine River. The eight founders had fine singing voices. They harmonized together at campfires, at dinner, and when they got together between trips to socialize. The men were apparently also rather fond of practical jokes. Rocks in a wannigan, or a piece of flannel in the pancake batter.

The baseball games with the Bear Islanders that are now a long-standing tradition were one of the events of each season even in the early days of Wabun. Bill had played for a company baseball team for two years between graduating from high school and attending college. He was a good southpaw

pitcher, and he loved the games on Garden Island.

In later years, Bill managed supplies and the camp store. He conducted the canoe-flipping instruction for new campers at the beginning of the season. Because of his age (he had white hair most of his life) and relatively small stature, the demonstration made quite an impression. For a time he also ran the Wabun Lodge, where visiting fishermen and others stayed.

Although the Robertses had no sons to attend Camp Wabun, my mother was the assistant for four years during the 1940's to owner and trip leader Henry Woodman of Camp Cayuga, the only wilderness canoe tripping women's camp of the time. During the 60's and early 70's, between my father's assignments overseas, I was first a camper and later staff at Wabun. There is no place in the world quite like Temagami, and no finer way to spend a summer than canoe tripping as a Wabunite.



WABUN FOUNDERS

Bill Russell

Written by Russ Tuckerman

Bill Russell, my grandfather, was a great practical joker. He would often give stern warnings to all camper sections about the dangers while portaging of “flying spokeshaves”. These elusive critters live solely in muskeg, and when you invariably stepped in, they would attack! For you non-woodworkers, a spokeshave is a little known hand tool, something I learned from Mr. Russell in shop class. His lesson here was simple, muskeg is something to circumvent while carrying your load, avoiding injury, or wallowing to your waist while being attacked by an imagined evil spokeshave. You must admit, the pitfalls of the legendary flying spokeshave sounds much more intriguing than just lecturing “don’t step in the skeg or you might get hurt”.

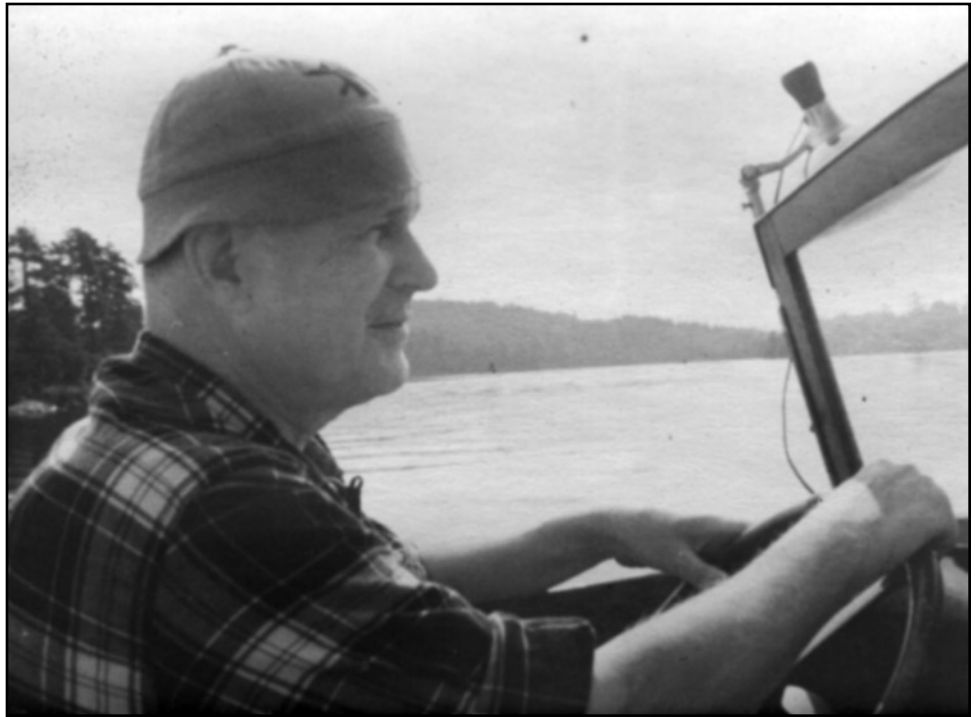
This is just one fond memory of William Goodwin Russell, aka “Big Russ”, or to his grandchildren, “Gapa”. Maybe you knew him as an English or shop teacher from Derby Academy in Hingham, MA, or perhaps as a rowing coach at Noble and Greenough School, but we



all knew him as a part of the Wabun founders group; men dedicated to teaching young men (and later women too!) the art of living and traveling through the north woods, unencumbered beyond the minimum necessary tools.

Those of you alumni who either paddled or worked with him probably recall a vivid picture of his forever summer uniform. He wore leather moccasins with hi-top red ringed wool socks

over the legs of chino pants. His upper torso was decked always in a Deacon Brothers viyella plaid shirt, large leather belt, and a consummate pipe – the corncob pipe, which floats, was for lakeside work only! His 6’ 2” frame, with heavy forearms, changed waist sizes by 3-4 notches on his belt



each season. Undoubtedly this was due to hard work making camp for the Wabun campers!

Russ worked for 25 seasons along with the seven other founders to lay out the cornerstone principles of the camp today – and he best emphasized those principles in action. His favorite section was always the Chippewa Tribe, paddling his original Wabun Chestnut Cruiser, # 21, for many seasons, covering the basics in training the youngsters to want to return to Wabun and be successful at higher levels. He was also well known on the lake for his drumming with various Bear Island square dance bands over the years. He was a familiar figure, driving the Nanette, a 32’ Ditchburn mahogany launch, in all weather from 1959-1972. The most fun was riding in front of the driver headed to the Hudson Bay Post for ice cream!

His life ended unexpectedly from a heart attack in July 1974. He rested peacefully on his cot at the cabin on Garden Island, facing Bear Island. Here I found him “sleeping” upon arriving for the summer with the two Graces, his wife, Grace Russell, and daughter, Grace Tuckerman. Our summer cottage season that year was melancholy, but bolstered by his enduring spirit, generosity, and lovely smelling pipe. All who knew him took away at least one tidbit of life’s practical lessons.

Dick Lewis, Sr
 Written by Dick Lewis III

I have distinct recollections of time spent with my grandfather. They constitute a wonderful mosaic of love, respect and the very gentlest of guidance. One memory stands clearly before me as I reflect on lessons learned. I recall the activity and exercise the two of us used to go through when storms would



engulf us in our summer place, a lake in northern Ontario. Storms up there come in from the north. They come down a 20-mile stretch of open water, usually with dark boiling clouds driving slanted rain and lifting white caps off the waves.

There is nothing subtle about them. They come quickly and usually dissipate with equal quickness. My grandfather loved these storms. He would deck us both out in oil-skin slickers, and we would walk down the dock together and watch. We rarely spoke unless there was lightning, which always seemed to deserve comment. We would sit and watch and wait. The sky would turn darker, and air would chill. The wind would pick up and cause us to bow our heads forward, lowering the brims of our sou'westers to keep the rain from hitting our faces. Usually there was great noise – thunder, the thudding of waves against the dock, and the sprinkling of spray driven across the deck. These were wonderful, wonderful moments. There was awe and humility; there was the raw energy and the sense of being on the edge of both comfort and danger. There was the trust that was never spoken but I always felt, and it was amplified by the love and respect the two of us had for each other. There we would sit, slickered on the dock, enjoying the storm.

It was only apparent to me years after these enjoyments, much after my grandfather had died, and after years of canoe-tripping, that we had been enjoying and reveling in something

that it was commonplace for others, if not to run from or hide from, at least to avoid or escape. I became intrigued by what would cause one person to slicker up and run to the edge of the dock, and would cause another person to seek escape. It is not as simple as having good equipment, or having time. It is a matter of perspective. It is what you seek from any such moment.

The man was a gentle soul. He had nothing but kind words for everybody and everything he encountered. His wisdom and his affections served each other admirably, as they served others and me.

This gentleman wrung things from moments in life that escaped others. He sought joys, subtleties, and rare appreciations that many simply walked by or ran from for lack of understanding. The experiences were there for the seizing by all, but for some, the seeing had not taken place to allow the effort. The special talent of my family mentor was his ability to see opportunity, and to illuminate and take advantage of the less often seen.

The Men Who Run Camp Wabun





"Dick"
"Whitey"
"Bill"






"Stokey"
"Mac"
"Russ"
"Andy"

DIRECTORS AND STAFF OF CAMP WABUN

<p>Richard P. Lewis, <i>President</i> Noble and Greenough School Dedham, Massachusetts</p>	<p>W. R. Cannon, <i>Vice-President</i> Elburn, Illinois</p>	
<p>Edwin M. Brown, <i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> 717 North Dunton Ave. Arlington Heights, Illinois</p>	<p>W. D. McLellan University School Cleveland, Ohio</p>	<p>William M. Roberts Germantown Academy Germantown, Pennsylvania</p>
<p>H. G. Stokinger Milton Academy Milton, Massachusetts</p>	<p>William Anderson Lafayette College Easton, Pennsylvania</p>	<p>William C. Russell Derby Academy Hingham, Massachusetts</p>
<p>A. MacDonald Murphy Governor Dummer Academy South Byfield, Mass.</p>	<p>Harry B. McCracken 200 Hilltop Road Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts</p>	<p>Thomas Cleveland 4110 Greenway Baltimore, Maryland</p>
		<p>Dennard Lee University School Cleveland, Ohio</p>

A page from an old Wabun brochure

SUMMER 2006 LOGS

Excerpts from the Summer 2006 Logs

Complete logs will appear on Wabun.com in February.

Chippy

Our first trip began with a long 8-kilometer paddle to Seal Rock! The next day introduced portaging to the new trippers, and with a full quarter day under our belts, many decided to relax with a rousing gunwale war, sufficiently water-logging the Italian Stallion for the rest of the season. Our final day of the trip brought the group from the far-off Lake Temagami to the familiar Lake Temagami; cliff jumping abounded.

After a few rowdy days in base camp, the 15 trippers yet again set out in full Wabun style. Day one took us from Garden Island to the ends of Temagami and beyond, thanks to the stellar map reading skills of Chippy staffmen. Days two and three also were push – days...rain not affecting morale in the least. A surprise, unplanned rest day greeted us on Day Four, complete with sterning lessons, hot pancakes, and a pleasant evening downpour. The Chippewa tribe was lassoed back in on Day Six, stronger, more experienced, and tanned by the sun.

With most of the trip behind us, and a final rest day ahead, our section tackled a rough bowmen's portage, complete with a rock hop through a river. The rest day brought parents and hamburgers, fries and pineapple upside down cake. Popcorn followed.

Wawatay

Introduction:

We are the Wawatays. We came to Wabun for 3 weeks. Our first trip was 3 days, our second trip was 5 days, and our last trip was 7 days. On our first trip we paddled to Kokoko. Our second trip included Cross and Wasaks Lakes. On our third trip we did the Diamond, Wakimika, and Obabika Lake circuit. We had a lot of fun, and some of us wrote this song that we would like to share.

THE LIFE of a WAWATAY (a song):
Wawatays, Cayuga C, Wabun D, Cree
Chippys, The Bay, Wenonahs, Wabun B.

There's never been a camp like Wabun
There's never been a camp like Wabun

On our first trip we went to Kokoko Bay.
We had two portages in and out of Kokoko Bay.

There's never been a trip like this one,
There's never been a trip like this one.



We went to High Rock, took a hike, then went to Cross Lake.
After that we went to Wasaks Lake.
1350, 130, 410, 435
These were our 5-day, 2nd-trip portages.
We had a cocoa and popcorn party with the Chippys.

There's never been a trip like this one.
There's never been a trip like this one.

Diamond, Wakimika, and Obabika.
That was our third and long, 7-day trip.
75, 430, 435, 940
These are our 7-day, 3rd-trip portages.
We had a rest day on the 4th and don't forget the 6th.

There's never been a trip like this one.
There's never been a trip like this one.

Kickball, Capture the Flag, we love basecamp!
Marg, Dick, Nibby, Jason, and Glen.
Kitchen Staff, Wabun Dogs, Relatives and Emma.
The Lodge, Cabins, Lodge Porch, and the Fort.

There's never been a place like basecamp.
There's never been a place like basecamp.

Annie, Jessie, Rebecca, Gini
Heidi, Mia, Jo, and Julie.

There's never been a section like Wawatays.
There's never been a section like Wawatays.

We've been here for three weeks, it's gone by so fast.
We wish we could stay longer but it's not possible.

It's time for us to go home.
WAWATAYS!

Closing:

Now you see that we had a great summer together. We hope you had a great summer also. To finish up, we also had some more super times, especially playing in the rapid slides. The current was so strong it was impossible to go against it, so you just got swept away. We also got a day ahead so we took an extra rest day. We spent the day doing laundry and sunbathing, but mostly talking. The next morning, we had a bowman's portage. Every one got to try carrying a canoe. One of the girls in our section got a nickname that everyone calls her-- Jessie Paulson AKA "Hov". We hope to see you all next year!



Cree T

At Center Falls, Sean went for a rare swim and frolicked in the water slides at what we named the "Center Falls Recreational Water Park". Most everyone enjoyed calzones, SOB, and mint chocolate chip bannock and mint cocoa, with friends from a camp near Algonquin Park. Our trip up to Shangri la forced Ian to take lessons from Tom and become a portaging beast. Once reaching Shangri la, Cree T lounged in typical Club Med fashion and took a three-hour nap.

Our rest day was filled with pancakes, poutine, cheese sticks,

and cinnamon buns. Gourmet Dining at its finest. After dodging a thunderstorm, we departed the south channel for Willow Island Lake. Upon arrival, section members pitched in for a record-breaking time in campsite preparation. The meal that night was a championship meal of Chicken Marsala by Chef Tom and his assistants, Will and Mike, followed by a delicious Vanilla Smartie Bannock with Vanilla Frosting prepared by the Foster-Nocka Baking Company, Limited. The next day Peter carried his canoe over the first portage into Lady Evelyn. Due to the rain on Diamond Lake, we felt compelled to serve Spaghetti and Meatballs with the best bread EVER. The next day Rob rejoined the group just North of Granny's Bay and filled us all with comedic relief for the rest of the day.

Wenonah

We headed on our trip
With heavy Wannigans
Headed to Florence Lake
Or maybe Duff is just as good
'Cause it's the things we did along the way
And on the portages we know they heard us say

Rest day!
Yeah we wish we had a Rest Day!
We want some pancakes and to sleep in too,
Rest day!

Center Falls was great
Helen's not quite so good
Made it to Shangri la
Where bannock went missing
As Whitney started to scream
We all cowered and cried, "No, it can't be me!"

We're waiting for a Rest Day!
Yeah we wish we had a Rest Day!
We want some doughnuts and to dry out our shoes,
Rest Day!

Bannock thief's at large
So is Kate Knisley's tan
Ellen will make dessert
While Nina gets that beaver
Now the portages don't seem so long
And Katie Finn's really getting strong!

We're hoping for a Rest Day!
Yeah we wish we had a Rest Day!
We want some tacos and to build a rope swing
Rest Day!

SUMMER 2006 LOGS

Now we're heading home
To Mom's non-smoky food
Cammie finished the pot
And Kate started to pomp
Over sharp rocks Emily finally ran
So now we're on Temagami

We finally have our Rest Day!
Yeah we finally have a Rest Day!
We got to bathe and to clean out our clothes
REST DAY!!

.....

Wabun D

Many of you have been misled to believe that there were only two bay trips this summer. Well let me tell you that that is totally inaccurate. There were in actuality three bay trips. In addition, we were able to reach the Bay, (cough) McConnell Bay, in only four days. Reaching the Bay on day four with promises of an old wooden roller coaster with a gumball machine at the top. Arriving at the Bay early in the afternoon, the section swam and slept and then swam and slept some more. We tragically learned later that there was no gumball machine atop the roller coaster.

The following day we took a rest day... an unscheduled, BUUUT much needed rest day. Realizing our misstep, the next morning we pushed 33 klicks to get back on schedule. By the time we reached the Kelly 3 miler, we were hardened trippers who were hardly intimidated by the prospect of carrying loads on our heads for nearly an hour. Wabun D had found its rhythm. On our way back into Temagami, we met another canoeing group. Making small talk with their staff, we came to learn that they were headed for Temagami as well, except they were headed in the opposite direction. Soo who was wrong? Well, according to the their staff WE were lost. Even after checking maps and compass, and being shown that there was no way they could be heading for Temagami we had to settle on agreeing to disagree. We still don't know if they ever made it back to Temagami! Later that day, after making it through the swells of the Southwest Arm, we were home free, or so we thought. Except, Mother Nature decided she was not yet done toying with the boys of Wabun D. She changed the south wind to a north wind, teasing us. Within moments, a white squall was upon us. Marble sized hail rained down upon us like arrows from the Persians at the battle of Thermopylae. Within moments, we had 5 canoes flipped and one stranded across a square kilometer of water. Some Wabun friends helped us out, and we spent an

extra night at base camp. Warm and dry.

For our final trip, we headed up to the Makobe River and back down the Montréal through Mendleson and Skull Lakes. We were aiming for some whitewater and an easier schedule. We made our way up to Center Falls, where we played in the chutes and met a section of boys the same age as ours. Their two staff were really nice guys, and we traded many stories. We spent two days with them before heading north for the Makobe River. The water was low, and we did much lining but enjoyed ourselves nonetheless. ...Back on Temagami for the final time, the Boys of Wabun D reflected briefly on their summer before diggin' into their sugar-filled care packages. The staff of Wabun D are proud to return their campers with mahogany tinged skin and rippling biceps.

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Cayuga C

On our sunny, sensational rest day on Florence between bites of tuna melts and rounds of a sailing regatta, we planned out the perfect portage course...a composite of this summer's portaging highlights. It starts off with a boggy boulder hop where momentum, gravity, and faith in your feet are essential,



then on to a good steady climb up granite slopes, just steep enough to keep your bow bumping and your buns burning. The next element is windfalls, just too tall to step over and too low to crouch under, followed by muskeg! This section is modeled after the Wabun Lake bog and is best summed up by a sound bite: a;lksdjf;laskdjf;laskdjf;laksdj MY SHOOEE!!!! a;lksdjf;alskjf;sdlakjf;asldkfsadf.

This type of portage requires moves, and oh we have perfected some this summer. Here are a few from our repertoire:

The Jesse Coleman inspired "RAMBO," involving a tree grab and a wide swing over a skeg pit.

The "PEG LEG", whereby a rock or stump serves as a limb.

The "KICKSTAND", very useful on rock hops, where a foot

taps out to the side for balance mid step. The "FIGHTER PILOT", where a stern drops one shoulder and lifts a gunwale to fit the canoe between tight trees and finally, my favorite...

The "NAGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!!!" Which, as you can guess, is the sound hurled out of a stern as she powers to her feet from knee-deep skeg.

Oh the list goes on, but our moves will have to wait until this art gets the recognition it deserves and we can bring home the gold.

Our portaging summer, peppered with bits of paddling, sounds tough, right? So why do we do it, you ask? Aside from a love of the trail and calf muscles that knock our socks off, this summer held unforgettable moments for us all. We learned from each other and laughed with each other, we ate delicious concoctions in amazing places, on extreme picnics. We made friends along the way: Evelyn, Bruce, and Richard



Smith, to name a few. We became a seamless unit, filling holes and needs like water in the cracks of rocks. We hiked in trees older than our countries, and drank from springs colder than Tuck Shop Diet Coke. From lighter days and sun on shoulders, to tougher days of rain and rock hops, our long days made us appreciate big lakes and games of

ghost and afternoons of paddling, punctuated by bow/stern synchronized diving and canoe handstands. We ended each dry and warm and full, and together- sometimes to the song of a pack of wolves.

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Wabun B

This year the boys-- or should I say men of Section B chose to do the mighty Coulonge River for their long trip. ...

The end of the first week saw us on the beautiful Lake Pommeroy where we decided to take our first rest day of the season. Taking our cue from last year's Wabun B group, we had outfitted ourselves with a ham leg, which we cut into steaks and fried in a butter, brown sugar, pineapple juice reduction,

complemented by a batch of pesto spaghetti. The feast continued into the next day, as we whipped up pancakes while preparing a stew with the remaining ham bone, carrots, celery, onions, and an array of delectable spices.

As we left Pommeroy on the morning of Day 8, someone began questioning whether or not "we would never not have a gorgeous day." Later that day we had our first visit from the three horsemen... lightning, rain, and hail, which we deftly countered with the three sacred ingredients, rice, cheese, and bacon....

Soon thereafter, we worked our way down to Lac Labrador where we spent the afternoon baking bread in the rain while preparing a blueberry/raspberry filled bannock to fuel us up for the four-mile portage that lay ahead of us the next day.

Finally, two days later, we arrived at Lac Ward, the headwaters of the Coulonge, where we toasted its waters before beginning our 9-day decent of the mighty river. The water was high this year, and large rapids, which we would shoot day in and day out, greeted us immediately.

Halfway down the Coulonge we found ourselves ahead of schedule and took an impromptu rest day at the beautiful site at the junction of the Corneille and Coulonge Rivers, where we celebrated Mark's birthday. I should mention that each night on the river one camper would give a short presentation of a subject of interest to him. We were treated to stories of West Africa, Aspen, India, Soccer, New York, Ping Pong, Judaism, and Fish Mongering.

With 3 days left in our trip, we found ourselves paddling along in the sweltering heat, when we spotted a makeshift sign advertising hotdogs and cold sodas. We pulled another hard left to shore and were soon introducing ourselves to Lionel Lacroix, a Metis trapper by trade, who operated the snack bar during the summer months. After eating lunch at his camp-ground, his second customers of the month, we were treated to an incredible presentation on trapping, which Lionel began with his go-to line: "the animal has to die, but it shouldn't have to suffer." He showed us various traps, such as the humane-killing body trap, leg holds, bear cages, and a drowning system. He also displayed 12 pelts, including lynx, timber wolf, and black bear.

That night we camped below Enraged Rapids and enjoyed a rest day. However, our excessive eating on our previous rest day had left us with neither the will nor the resources to make pancakes. So we decided to turn our rest day into a W-Day, or workday. We rose early and devoured our Cream of Wheat and then led our 9 work gnomes: Gimpy, Tiny, Veggy, Hun-

SUMMER 2006 LOGS

gry, Woundy, Knifey, Axy, John Kerry, and Helpful, down the road where we collected poplar logs for a day of full-section wood crew.

Suddenly, there remained only two days in our trip, and with most of the big whitewater and portaging behind us, we coasted down the river, whose current sped us along. Before we knew it, the last morning was upon us, and a short paddle later, we were in sight of the Terry Fox Bridge, where our journey ended at 8AM on August 5th, just two days ago.

Cayuga A

Once reaching the traditional starting point, we enjoyed paddling downstream on the “not-so-mighty” Bow River, upstream on the formidable Otoskowin, with the infamous



Ho-Chee-Min, Max, and the newly named Mix, because it includes the tri-fecta of favorite portage terrain, windfalls, a burn, and of course, SKEG! After continuing up the Williams River, we were treated once again to downstream travel on the Morris River - aka The Elisa- that drained into the Pipestone where our technical rapid work truly began. With lower water, we dared to dance Frog Rapids and bypass the Amusement Park. We hit Frog Rapids and were thrilled with the exhilaration of shooting big water. After crossing to the Asheweig, we were treated to a wonderful 10 days of solitude, faster current, thrilling rapids, and incredible scenery.

Although this trip is known as the Winisk River Trip - only our last 4 days were spent on this mighty river. The limestone rapids and cliffs made the 40-mile headwind days well worth it! As we finished the last rapid and turned the corner, 8 miles from Peawanuck, there, beneath the cliffs, Wabun A and Cayuga A reunited. For 35 days, we knew they were ahead of us from the huge directional sign posts marking the Ho Chee

Max and a much needed bush site on the Winisk, to the Canadian flag and Pete’s open-armed “Welcome to Peawanuck!”

Wabun A

In these rivers, there were fish. As I mentioned earlier, the water levels were perfect for running rapids. They were also perfect for finding the fish. Our section caught over 100 fish this summer. Some evenings we gorged ourselves on fresh walleye and pike. I’ve had good fishing in the past, but this summer in the bush the fishing was incredible. Most members of the group caught a fish. Nibby, I made our fishing licenses well worth it.

Some days, you have wind, some days you have sun, some days you have rain, while traveling on the land. We had our share and more, of storms, but in talking with most of you last night, you had them here in the Temagami area too. Every once in a while, though, you get an open fetch of river, with wind at your back, when you can sail. Our canoes gain a new spirit when you hoist a sail. The wind takes over where your arms and back leave off. On the 32nd day of our trip, we were blessed with a big, open fetch of the Winisk River and a 20 MPH tail wind. We cut tamarack poles and turned our fleet of six canoes into two trimarans, sixteen feet wide. It is hard to describe how incredible it is to sail down the river at 8 miles an hour, laughing and adjusting the sails trying to get more speed out of our canoes. Let’s just say we had a blast! Our last two weeks on the Winisk were spent sleeping next to roaring cascades and running large rapids. During this segment of the trip, we also happened to run into a few moose, a bear, and caribou, as well as countless bald eagles and ospreys.



Wabun 2006 Section Itinerary Overview

Date	Wabun A	Cayuga A	Wabun B	Cayuga C	Wabun D	Wenonah	Cree T	Chippy S	Wawatay
June 26	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive		
27	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		
28	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		
29	Travel	Travel	Obabika	Red Squirrel	Cross Lake	Cross Bay	Temagami		
30	Kapkichi Lake	Pickle Lake	Upper Goose	Animamipissing	Temagami River	Cross Lake	Wakimika		
July 1	Above Steep Rock	Kapkichi Lake	Rawson Lake	Mountain Lake	Marten Lake	Wasaksina	Obabika		
2	Bow Lake	Bow River - 400	McConnell Bay	Rest	Boyce Lake	Iceland	Clemminshaws		
3	Long Current Rapids	Steep Rock Rapids	Stouffer	Net Lake	Chokecherry Lake	Northeast Arm	IN		
4	Fox Head Lake	Shoal Rock Rapids	Pilgrim/Sturgeon	Northeast Arm	Upper Red Water	Spawning Bay	IN		
5	Obabika Narrows	Bow Lake	Upper Goose	Margot's Site	Cassels Lake	IN	Temagami		
6	Morris River Outlet	Froats Lake	Obabika	IN	NE Arm	IN	Red Squirrel		
7	Falls on Morris	REST	Long Island	IN	IN	Deer Island	Animamipissing		
8	Horseshoe Lake	Williams River	IN	Cross Lake	Aston Lake	Aston Lake	Mountain Lake		
9	Rest Day	Williams Lake	IN	Temagami River	Round Lake	Sirdevan	Rest		
10	2 miles Below Bridge	Kinlock Lake	Cassels	Temagami River	Sturgeon River	Walsh Lake	Thieving Bear		
11	East of Hereford	Morris River	Four Bass	Red Cedar	Rawson Lake	Diamond	Snake		
12	Wastayanipi Lake	Pipestone - Falls 150	Portage du Sauvage	Hangstone Lake	McConnell Bay	Obabika	Temagami		
13	Assin Lake	Horseshoe Lake	Premiere Lake	Jumping Caribou	Wolf Lake	Temagami	Temagami		
14	Pipestone rapid	Pipestone - Falls 150	Sunnyside Lake	Wasaksina	Karl Lake	IN	IN		
15	Wunnumin Lake	Pipestone - Hefford	Pomeroy Lake	Iceland Lake	Maskinonge Lake	IN	IN		
16	Winisk Outlet	Wastayanipi Lake	Rest	Section "A" Site	Turtlesell Lake	Ferguson Bay	Diamond Lake		
17	Nabinamik Lake	Assin Lake	Ogascanone Lake	IN	Elephant Rock	Red Squirrel	Willow Island		
18	Chipai Lake	Before Kingfisher	Ross Lake	IN	IN	Animamipissing	Center Falls	arrive	
19	Kitchie Lake	W. Shore Kingfisher	Winwiash Lake	Tall Pines	IN	Mountain Lake	Shangri-La	IN	
20	Winisk Before Lake	Asheweig River	Cinq Portage	Helen's Falls	Temagami	Rest	Rest	Seal Rock	Philadelphia Pt.
21	SE of Webeque	REST	Grand Lac Victoria	Gray's Lake	Lady Evelyn	Thieving Bear	Willow Island	Obabika Inlet	KoKoKo Lake
22	Manson Bay	Asheweig - island site	Lac Perche	Trethewey Lake	Centre Falls	Snake	Diamond Lake	Charlie's Chop	KoKoKo Bay
23	E. End of Stockman	Ashweig River-#223	Lac Timber	Weedened Lake	Shangri-La	Mule Bay	Temagami	IN	IN
24	End of Moose Track	Long Dog Lake	Lac Labrador	Wabun Lake	Rest	IN	IN	IN	IN
25	Granite Ledge	Ashweig - across W	Lac Larive	Rest	Gray's Lake	IN	IN	Sharp Rock	High Rock
26	Below Island Rapid	Old Kasabonika	Rapide #8	Sunnywater Lake	Banks Lake	Diamond Lake	Wawigama Lake	Diamond Lake	Cross Lake
27	N. Channel of Island	Ashweig - edge of 53H	Rapide #24	Gamble Lake	Makobe River	Willow Island	Upper Goose	Wakimika	Wasaksina Lake
28	Long Island Site	Below Howling Falls	Rapide #34	Divide	Mountain Lake	Centre Falls	Rawson	Obabika Lake	Rest
29	Above Winiskitis	REST	Rapide #49	Duff Lake	Mendelson Lake	Divide	McConnell Bay	L. Clemminshaws	Temagami
30	Asheweig Junction	Past Sourdough	Government Site	Florence Lake	Skull Lake	Forks	Rest	IN	IN
31	6 mi. Past Bend	Frog River confluence	Chutes Double	Ames Lake	Nicolite Lake	Florence Lake	Wolf Lake	IN	IN
Aug 1	Below Atik Island	Winisk - below conf.	Enraged Rapids	Pinetorch Lake	Anvil Lake	Rest	Donald Lake	Cross Lake	Obabika Inlet
2	Island Before Sutton	Winisk - before Atik	Rest	Lake #13	Hobart Lake	Macpherson Lake	Maskinonge Lake	Wasaksina Lake	Obabika Lake
3	Native Beach Site	Winisk - island clump	Guinette Rapids	Hortense Lake	Rest - Maple Mtn.	Divide	Turtlesell Lake	Iceland Lake	Wakimika Lake
4	Peawanuk	Peawanuk	Site Above Bridge	Obabika	Diamond	Willow Island	Gull Lake	NE Arm	Diamond Lake
5	Travel	Travel	Travel	Across Pink Rock	Elephant Rock	Willow Island	U. Clemminshaws	Long Island	Julie's Site
6	Site in Cove	Section "A" Site	Across from "A"	Temagami	Temagami	Pink Rock	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami
7	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN

Second Session Only



CAMP WABUN 2006

2006-2007 REUNION SCHEDULE

WABUN 2006-2007, 75th ANNIVERSARY SEASON WINTER REUNION/PRESENTATION 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 9, 2006 4:30 PM	Charlottesville, Virginia 22901
*Saturday, December 16, 2006 1:00 PM	Greenwich, Connecticut 06830
*Sunday, December 17, 2006 2:00 PM	New York City, New York 10017
*Saturday, January 6, 2007 12:00 Noon	Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania 19026
*Sunday, January 7, 2007 1:00 PM	Great Falls, Virginia 22066
*Sunday, January 14, 2007 4:00 PM	Pomfret, Connecticut 06258
*Saturday, January 20, 2007 4:00 PM	Columbus, Ohio 43209
*Sunday, January 21, 2007 4:00 PM	Golden Valley, Minnesota 55416
*Saturday, January 27, 2007 2:30 PM	Harvard, Massachusetts 01451
*Sunday, January 28, 2007 1:00 PM	Winchester Massachusetts 01890
*Saturday, February 3, 2007 2:00 PM	Lake Forest, Illinois 60045
*Sunday, February 4, 2007 11:30 AM	Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48302
*Saturday, February 10, 2007 2:00 PM	Bainbridge Island Washington 98110
*Sunday, February 11, 2007 2:00 PM	Seattle, Washington 98144
*Saturday, March 3, 2007 4:00 PM	Boulder, Colorado 80302
*Saturday, March 24, 2007 2:00 PM	Temagami, Ontario P0H 1C0

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

Wabun's 75th Diamond Reunion – News Update

At the end of the 2007 season, Wabun will be hosting a number of events on Garden Island to honor and celebrate our 75 consecutive years of offering the wilderness canoeing experiences enjoyed by over 3,000 alumni/ae. The following is a very preliminary outline of activities we are considering. Russ Tuckerman (shareholder and grandson of founder, Bill Russell) is chairing the effort to coordinate the days and events. He has arranged for a number of rooms to be held for Wabun revelers at local lodges. I suspect we will also be offering "Tent City" opportunities on the island. We will be posting additional details and more definitive plans as they develop. Please visit the 75th Anniversary link on our home page for updates.

August 7, 2007

Official End of 2007 season activities – Alums are welcome to join families of 2007 campers as they greet returning campers from final trips (8:30 – 10:30 AM), have lunch, and hear the trip logs as read at the final campfire.

August 8, 2007

Official Start of 75th Reunion activities – Water Taxi Transportation may be arranged to Garden Island in time for breakfast. Alums and families are invited to participate in an overnight or day canoe trip, tour Garden Island, walk on Bear Island, hike the Old Growth Forest trails on Temagami Island, or just hang out at camp...swimming, playing horseshoes, paddling around the island or shopping at the Tuck Shop. Remember the Cooking and Camping Demonstrations? Wabun staff will prepare lunch at open campfires. Softball practice in the afternoon will be followed by wine and cheese socializing on the porch. Enjoy dinner in the camp dining room as you search for your picture and name on a plaque.

Supper will be followed by a Wabun Alumni/Bear Island softball game! Evening campfire and entertainment end the day.

August 9, 2007

After breakfast - Cessna float plane tours of the area, hikes on Devil's Mountain, pontoon boat tour of Lake Temagami, and canoe races around the hub. Lunch and photo sessions followed by Carleton H. Smith memorial Golf Tournament (on Wabun's now legendary 9 tee – 1 hole golf course). Cocktails, an evening banquet, a song fest and campfire will cap off the evening.

August 10, 2007

Farewell breakfast, Tuck Shop browsing, and final farewells. Transportation to the mainland provided.

More detailed information about Wabun's 75th anniversary celebration will be available on Wabun.com in the near future.

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 and complete trip logs from 2006
- Application form
- Information on Wabun's 75th celebration
- Wabun music
- Clothing and equipment lists for boys and girls

We need your help in locating Wabunites for whom we no longer have current addresses. If you know of someone on the inactives list located on Wabun.com, please e-mail Marg Lewis at mrl@wabun.com.

Answers to Wabun IQ Test

From page 10

Chippy/Wawatay

- How long is a Cruiser (in feet)? **17.5 feet**
- How many cups in a pannikan? **2 cups**
- How many acres is Garden Island? **60 acres**

Cree/Wenonah

- Who was the famous pitcher from Bear Island who was offered a Major League contract? **Sonny Moore**
- How long is the Kelly 3 Portage? **2 miles**
- What does the Ojibway word "wannigan" mean in English? **Little/portable store**

Wabun/Cayuga B

- When did the Hudson Bay Post Store close on BI? **1974**
- What trip does Wabun do that goes the farthest north? **Severn River**
- What year was Wabun Lake named? **1962**

The Bay

- Who has housed many Wabun sections on the Cree reserve of Waskaganish? **Roy Hester, Jr.**
- What is the name of the train from Moosonee to Cochrane? **Polar Bear Express**
- Name 5 Cree/Ojibway Reserves through which Bay Trips travel. **Mistassini, Slate Falls, Lansdowne House (Neshkan-dega), Big Trout Lake, Wapekeka, Long Dog, Webequie, Wunnumin, Kasabonika, etc.**