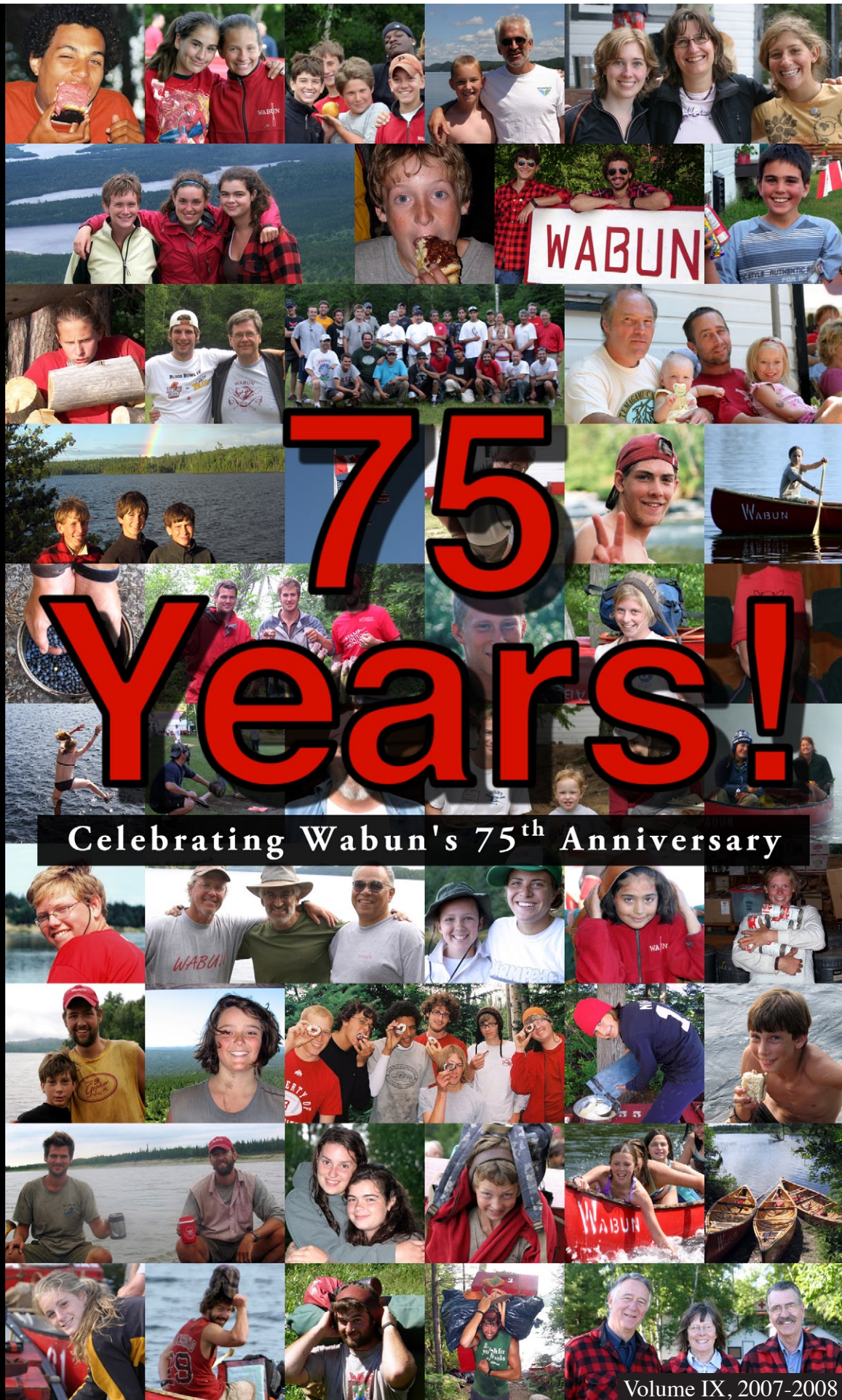




Canadian  
Wilderness  
Canoe Trips for  
Boys and Girls

# The Wabun Way



Volume IX, 2007-2008



## GREETINGS FROM THE DIRECTOR

December 2007

Dear Members of the Wabun Family, and Website Visitors:

93 campers and 27 trip staff enjoyed a grand canoe-tripping season at Wabun this summer, and joined a throng of visiting alumni/ae for a wonderful 75th Anniversary Celebration at the close of camp! I hope the anniversary pictures and alum reflections in this Newsletter may give you a sense of how much fun we all had, and how precious the Wabun experience remains for so many. To note such appreciations, I quote from a letter I received from a camper parent this October speaking of his sons experiences at Wabun: *“Wabun is now a large part of their identities. It exists as a major element of their realities – there is home,*



*there is school, there is Wabun. It is a world of which it means something to them to be a part, a world which they understand, in which they feel comfortable, from which they learn. It has shaped who they are as much as anything else in their lives, as much as any school or association. In saying that, I am saying you have shaped them.”*

Such expressions must highlight the contributions of this summer's staff, a remarkably talented and experienced group, the most experienced I have seen at Wabun. All staff brought previous Wabun experience with them to this season. 25 of our 27 staff have been on at least one of our Hudson Bay Trips, and some for as many as 11



seasons. They brought expertise, talent, good wilderness judgment, and powerful joys to their sections. They are a remarkable group, and they shared their gifts and strengths generously. The successes of the 75th season ride squarely on their shoulders. The world is clearly a better place for the magic they weave.

Wabun's 2007 canoe tripping itineraries included two six-week, Severn River expeditions, both boys and girls' four-week trips on the Dumoine and the Coulonge Rivers in Quebec, a trip to Wabun Lake that included re-establishing the original campsite cut out by our camp in 1962, and a number of forays into the near and farther reaches of Temagami. Please find trip-log excerpts and photos herein, and full logs on the



website later in the winter.

The Reunion Schedule is shown at the end of the Newsletter. Please do join us at one of these get-togethers. They are a great opportunity to see the Wabun of 2007, and to visit with alumni/ae campers, families, and staff, as well as those interested in learning more about the opportunities we have been offering for 75 years. The Wabun DVD shown there captures us well.

Lastly, I delight in reporting the establishment of the East Wind Foundation, a charitable foundation founded by Wabun alumni/ae whose mission is to help make wilderness-canoeing experiences more widely available to today's youth.

I hope you enjoy this, our 9th edition, of the Wabun Newsletter.

Respectfully,



### TABLE OF CONTENTS

- Alumni/ae Happenings 2007...Page 4**
- 75<sup>th</sup> Anniversary...Page 6**
- Letter Home from 1934...Page 25**
- The Thompson Twins...Page 27**
- Softball Games...Page 28**
- Summer 2007 Logs...Page 29**
- 2007 Section Alignment...Page 38**
- Summer 2007 Itineraries...Page 39**
- 2007 Camp Photo...Page 40**
- 2007-2008 Reunion Schedule...Page 41**

### 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. 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](mailto:rpl@wabun.com)  
[www.wabun.com](http://www.wabun.com)



## Nate Levin – The Spirit of Giving

Nate Levin, a camper at Camp Wabun, recently made donations to the Bear Island School and the Temagami Community Foundation as part of his Bar Mitzvah celebration. A resident of Wellesley, MA, Nate has been a camper at Wabun for three years. He said he decided to make the donations because, “I love the area so much, and wanted to give back to the lake and community which have given me so much and so many opportunities.”

Bar Mitzvah gifts are usually given to the boy turning 13, but Nate followed in his family’s tradition of passing gifts on and giving back. Nate’s father, Jim, explained that it is a Jewish tradition to perform Mitzvahs or “good acts.” Nate included in the invitations to his Bar Mitzvah celebration an additional invitation for people to give sporting equipment or money that he would then give to the Bear Island School and the Temagami Community Foundation. Nate’s guests were very generous, and the Bear Island School now has a great supply of sporting equipment for the students, and the TCF has money that will purchase more equipment for the school.



Nate Levin

Steve General, principal of the Bear Island School, and Lila Cleminshaw, Vice President of the TCF, accepted the donations at Wabun’s end-of-season campfire. Mr. General said that the students and staff at the school were very excited and that the sporting equipment is very much appreciated. The TCF appreciates Nate’s generosity and acknowledges how the lake can have such a strong impact on a person who spends time traveling the land. Thank you so much, Nate!

## Gallagher - Carter Wedding Galveston Island in Texas

The Coffins, Gallaghers, Garvins, Hatheways, Henns, Lewises, Mannings, and Michaels – all Wabun alum families,



The Gallagher-Carter Wedding

joined numerous other friends of Temagami and came together on Galveston Island on November 17th to join in the celebration of the marriage of Karen Gallagher (Wabun alumna) to Alan Carter. The picture taking of this illustrious group ended with a resounding Wabun cheer for the happy couple. This is now, clearly a tradition at such events, and also some cause for consternation to the uninitiated.

## Eastwind Foundation Established

This month, the Eastwind Foundation was born! Founding Board Members: Caleb (Casey) Canby, president; William G. (Bill) Porter, Treasurer; and John (Tonka) Edmonds (Sergeant at Arms) filed application for 501 3 C status as a charitable foundation whose mission is: “to provide grants on an objective and nondiscriminatory basis for children to attend wilderness-oriented camps or to participate in other experiential wilderness-related activities.”

I am delighted to report that the Eastwind Foundation has attracted seed donations nearing \$ 80,000.00. As the cost of offering affordable wilderness-canoeing opportunities becomes increasingly more difficult for camps such as Wabun, it is with great pride that I report the commitment and efforts of these East Wind founders to make such experiences more accessible.

### Casey Canby

Casey grew up around the cornfields of Illinois and came to Seattle in 1983 via Boston and New York. He worked for





Casey Canby

a while with a small mail order company called Early Winters. A lover of numbers (as well as words), Casey then earned a B.A. in Economics and an M.B.A. in Finance from the University of Washington. He was Vice President, Research Analyst with Smith Barney's New York asset management division and is a Charter Financial Analyst (CFA). In 1997 he and his wife, Theresa Mannix, started the Mannix Canby Foundation which focuses its funding on educational programs for at-risk youth in the Puget Sound region. He and Theresa love the mountains, lakes and rivers of the Northwest and enjoy hiking, skiing, rowing and kayaking. Casey owns two horses and often high tails it to the North Cascades where he works periodically as a horse packer for an outfitter in Mazama, Washington. Casey and Theresa have two daughters, Beata who is finishing her MBA at University of Michigan and Grace (Wabun alumna camper and staff), a student at Occidental College in Los Angeles. Casey was a Wabun camper in 1966, 1967, and 1968 (Cree, Wabun C, Wabun A - Albany), a Wabun A staff in 1969 on the Rupert, and a Wabun B staff in 1971 on the Dumoine.

## Bill Porter

Bill grew up in Columbus, Ohio where he now lives with his wife, Anne, daughter, Molly (actually now a resident student at Dennison University), and two sons, Will and Herb. Bill is a 1978 graduate of Amherst College where he earned a BA in American Studies. Following a year of working in the admissions department at Amherst, Bill taught in an independent school in western Massachusetts. He then went on to Case Western University School of Law from which he earned his J. D. in 1984. He has been with the law firm Vorys, Sater, Seymour and Pease LLP since 1984, and a Partner since 1990. There, he is the Chairman of the Litigation Group in the Ohio office. His community service experiences include: the Central Ohio Transit Authority, Board of Trustees (1997 – present, Chairman since 2002); Planned Parenthood of Central Ohio, Board of Trustees (1999 – present); and the American Heart Association, Franklin County Chapter, Board of Trustees (1993–1997, president 1996-1997). Bill is also currently a member of the Board of Directors of the Temagami Community Foundation. Bill describes his Temagami experience as “From the first paddle stoke in 1970



Bill Porter

at Wabun (Cree, Wabun C, and Wabun A) through the present, part of my soul has been owned by Temagami.” Both Bill and his two sons are Wabun alumni. In 2005, the Porter family furthered their engagement with and in Temagami by becoming the proud owners of Island 879 on the Lake.

## John Edmonds

The Reverend John B. Edmonds retired from active ministry in the Episcopal Church in 2002 so that he could live for a few years in a Cree community and serve in a Cree parish. The community presently is Moose Factory in Ontario. The parish is St. Thomas' Anglican Church in Moose Factory. He will be finishing off a 'five year' term in 2008.



John Edmonds

Before that he was Superintendent at The Seamen's Church Institute in Newport, Rhode Island. On weekends he served in three parishes in the Diocese of Massachusetts. He also served on the boards of two social service organizations: New Visions in Newport and The Galilee Mission to Fishermen also in Narragansett, Rhode Island.

John was born in New Hampshire where he lived the first 18 years of his life. Then he headed off to Carleton College in Minnesota, then to Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Stokes in South Weymouth in 1969.

He has served as Chaplain at Pomfret School and as hospital chaplain and parish priest in Connecticut, Virginia, Delaware, Kansas, New York, and Rhode Island. Many of those years were spent in Rhode Island where he has worked as Director of The School For Deacons, Interim Pastor, and Parish Consultant under Bishop Hunt. For several years he served as Vicar at St. Thomas', Alton and St. Elizabeth's, Canonchet.

John started canoe tripping as a youngster in his early teens at Wabun. He liked it so much that he kept at it. His final years of tripping with Wabun were in the early 1970's when he led Section A down the Albany, Attawapiskat, and East-main Rivers.

You may obtain information on how to make a tax-deductible contribution to The East Wind Foundation by contacting Casey Canby at [ccanby@seanet.com](mailto:ccanby@seanet.com), or Bill Porter at [WG-Porter@vssp.com](mailto:WG-Porter@vssp.com).





## Wabun's 75th Anniversary Celebration — August 7-10, 2007

Three absolutely gorgeous Temagami days backdropd the three-day celebration of Wabun's 75th Anniversary. Gentle winds and some brisk winds from the north combined with sunny days and star-studded nights to set the climate for our get-together. Representative alumni/ae of seven decades, all but the 30s, gathered on Garden Island to participate in reminiscences, social gatherings, cliff jumping at the Cliffs on Bear Island, float plane fly-overs of Temagami and the Trout Streams, trip meals for lunch and old-style campsites on the ball field, making tump bracelets, historic tours of Garden Island, a round-table discussion of the Temagami area of 2007, an evening multi-generational square dance, an anniversary dinner followed by a Wabun Song Fest, and, of course, the old-timers softball game versus Bear Island. It was a grand time, a poignant, revitalizing, and re-connecting with friends time. Wa-Wabun, Wa-Wabun, Wa-Wabun, Yay Wabun, 75th, 75th, 75th, Yay!

The following are some alumni/ae reflections and photographs taken at the 75th:

.....



*A group of former Bay Trippers – the stories get bigger and bigger.*





Glen Toogood demonstrates canoe-building for Michael Flomen, Paul Sipp, and Alec Morrison



Classic 5-pole pitch at alumni luncheon on the ball field



Tom Hartzell (Cree T) cliff jumping at Fat Man's



Helen Lewis Moore, Karen Lewis (Camp Cayuga alumna), and Dick Lewis lead an evening songfest.



'07 staff – honored guests at alumni fish fry



# 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



Adam Hathaway, Geoff Scriver, Mark Hathaway, Dave Manning, Rick Moore, & Steve Kilbridge – midway through the Smith/Gallagher/Stokinger Open – Senior Division



Junior Division tees off – Emma Gwyn, Stuart Longworth, Supervisor Lisa Tuckerman, Hudson Tuckerman, Sarah Grace Longworth, Cooper Tuckerman, and Anna Longworth.




The Knudsen Family

My two kids and I intended to drop in to the Wabun Re-union for twenty-four hours and then head back to our cabin. We ended up staying over forty-eight hours! We could not be torn away from all of the action: softball, square dancing, cliff-jumping, singing, story swapping. And, more importantly, we did not want to rush away from old and new friends. It was wonderful to see several generations of Fosters, Hartzells, Hinchmanns, and others. The place has not changed. It was wonderful to be back.

– Stephanie (Sos Sullivan) Knudsen



Sarah Grace Longworth hits out of the “rough”

<b>WABUN</b>										
Carleton H. Smith										
9 Tee, 1 Hole Golf Course										
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
<b>Par</b>	3	3	3	3	4	3	3	3	4	29
	114	153	198	168	255	237	297	243	171	
	Yellow Birch Road	Clear Shot	Woods' Hole	Baseline Drive	Bear Leg to the Right	Courtside	Tamarack Alley	Backstopper	Doc's Tangle	

Golf scorecard



Ten-year time capsule unearthed.



Zeroing in on buried time capsule



Eureka! Maury Longworth wins the search.



John Hinchman presides over disclosures.



Capsule unearthed and about to be opened.



John and Russ Tuckerman decipher entries.



## 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

Grace and I pulled into Boat Line Bay at 5:00 AM. I got out of our rental car and headed towards Loon Lodge while Grace found a parking place. It was still dark when I arrived at Loon Lodge where I expected to find a boat I had reserved. Trying in vain several times to wake someone I finally just rounded up some life jackets, untied a boat and took off to pick-up Grace. As we pulled out of the Temagami Lakes Association dock the sun was just coming up over the Northeast Arm transforming the dimly lit sky into a rush of warm oranges and rose hues. We had the lake to ourselves and were both excited about getting to Garden Island to celebrate the 75th Anniversary. The short boat ride was familiar. Islands and lodges came back from old memories, Grace pointed out campsites she had used a few years before and the stirrings of life in several Wabun sections poised to return that morning wrapped both of us in a warm envelope of comfort. We saw the Stinking Islands come into view, rounded Wabun Point and there as always was Wabun. We hadn't been out on trip that summer, in fact I hadn't been out on trip in thirty six years and Grace for three, but seeing the dock and the canoe racks on the beach gave us the same feeling of comfort, joy and accomplishment as if we had. Our Wabun experiences are woven into our life's fabric, they are part of our spirit. It is best summed up in a one line letter that Grace sent me upon her return to Garden Island one summer, "Dad, I am home."

– Casey Canby



Grace Canby, Hardy Coleman, and Casey Canby



John Hinchman demonstrates tump bracelet expertise.



Former and current bay-trip leaders gather to compare notes.





*Scenic flights over Temagami taken in the legendary Beaver aircraft.*



*Heading off into a stiff breeze.*



*Beautiful sights from on high.*



*Wabun bear and paddle*



# 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



Square dancing in the dining room



Mark and Adam Hathaway high steppin'.



Pete Gwyn and daughter Emma in fine fashion.



Old-time square dance in Wabun Dining Room led by plugged-in callers from Bear Island.



Dr. Jeff Hartzell takes a turn as the maestro



(left to right) Pete Gwyn, Andy Hartzell, Sarah Flotten, and Matt Torgeson proudly represent the '07 staff.



Dear Dick Lewis et al,

It is with great bereavement that I will not be attending the 75th Anniversary celebration on Garden Island this summer. I am sitting here at my computer perusing the trip itineraries of the all the sections from this summer. It is bringing back a wave of reminiscences from my 13 years at Wabun.

I look at the Cree's. Diamond, Wakimika, Obabika.... Maple Mountain, Spawning Lake. These were all places I grew to love as a young camper. Such fond memories sewn into my collage like life tapestry.

I come across the two Section A Itineraries and see they are traversing rivers and lakes, some that I have had the delight to encounter, and others I have not, which generates such a longing and curiosity for me. I find myself deeply yearning to be exploring with them. I look forward to some day hearing of their experiences.

The tradition is so fertile at Wabun.

As I moved up the ranks all the way to section A staff, I was taught well. John Hinchman, Tim Bankerd, and Peter Gwyn shaped me into a true northern traveler. Cooking, baking, map reading, outfitting, portaging, planning, guiding, shaping youngsters into trippers that would make the camp founders proud, are all imaginings I have thanks to them. They instilled in me this tradition.

I also cannot forget Cutchins Wilson Hammond. He is the one who taught me how to have fun in the wilderness as a youngster (Another important tradition). In fact he was the one who brought me back for a second summer when I insisted vehemently that I would never return to Wabun.

"Oh yes, you'll be back!", he said, "If not for me, tripping, or the camp... you'll be back for the Mcintosh's." His prediction was correct.

I would greatly appreciate if these exceptional men could be recognized in some way for having such an impact in my life, for I am sure I am not the only one.

I would be remiss if I left out other Wabunites who have been imprinted into my being. Marg Lewis, my northern mummy. Dick Lewis, who in coordination with his lovely wife, makes all of this possible. Dick Lewis Jr., who I can remember flipping canoes on his head as an old man, and more signifi-

cantly, instilled in is son the aspiration to share the Canadian wilderness with young people (Not to mention his father before him, who I did not have the privilege of meeting.). Walter "Nibby" Hinchman, who often let me take an extra Gumperts packet or two and 20 extra packs of pudding out on trip when I outfitted. I miss playing early morning games of Cribbage before breakfast with him. If I recall correctly, I am still leading our series of games.

Oh, there are many Wabunites that have added countless brightly colored pieces of fabric to my life's tapestry, that if I mentioned them all I would be writing for years... all of the camp doctors, the cooks Especially Madge Batiste, Julie Hinchman a Pioneer for Wabun Women, Anne Hinchman her mother, everyone I have ever tripped with, or even just happened to meet on the Garden Isle, even those I have never met and just heard legendary stories about their tripping escapades, the list goes on and is quite large. So, so, so many pieces sewn in to my tapestry from this tiny island on lake Temagami. The impact the Wabun Family has is far reaching for me.

Now, on an enormously sober thought, one that is so very dear to my heart, I would like to end my letter with this... There is absolutely nothing that has made me feel more proud (besides the birth of my daughter), than looking at this year's trip staff and seeing boys that I guided turning into seasoned Northern woodsmen. There are many things in my life that I can be proud of, but when I take stock of them, seeing the likes of Jason Lewis, Stef Superina, Max Floman, Jesse Coleman, August Rasche, and Matt Torgeson on the staff roster ranks right at the top. I tip my hat off to them. I miss them. I am envious they are still tripping. I think fondly of them often.

Some of them I staffed as campers, then had the privilege of staffing alongside them, a most endearing Wabun experience. Others were campers during my last summer at Wabun in 2002. They are the holders of my freshest and most exquisite memories. I hope that they know they all have a vibrantly colored piece of fabric sewn into in my life's tapestry. I very much hope they have a spot for me in theirs, and I know they are becoming an adorned piece of fabric in their campers' tapestries. The tradition lives on.

Sincerely,

Joshua Hatheway



# 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



*Nibby and Dick*



*Cooper Tuckerman lends a hand.*



*Jessica (Hatheway) Scriver – “Look...there I am!”*



*Steve Kilbridge, Bill Porter, and Philip Rockwood reconnect.*



*Wabun's kitchen contributes to the festivities*





*Staff choir at dock-side songfest and fireworks.*

### 50 Is The New 25!

Wabun's 75th year saw an unusual reunion in the Chippy section, as 3 veterans from the 1960's and 1970's - Bill Green, Dave Thompson and Tom Stiverson -- came together as Chippie staff. The 3 staff brought a total of over 30 years of Wabun experience (including 7 Bay trips) to a dynamic and energetic group of 5 Chippies, all of whom were new to Wabun.

Beginning their first trip into a 30 mile an hour headwind, the Chippies quickly learned the Wabun Way: early rising; steady paddling; efficient portaging (eventually); cooperative cooking -- it helped to have 3 weeks of sunshine! They learned to sing like true Voyageurs. And they were not intimidated at all by the fact that their staff had a collective age of over 150.

It should also be reported that the staff had a fantastic, memorable time. Two and a half trips on portages? Piece of cake (er, bannock). Chopping firewood continuously? Not a problem. Rise and roll at 5:30 a.m.? Been there, done that. With good bush coffee, anything is possible.

The Wabun "glue" was everywhere in our group. Three campers (Zeke Porter, Felix Von Wedemeyer, Willie Ryan) had brothers or sisters at Wabun (either in 2007 or in prior years). One camper, Paul Lindseth, was a 3rd generation camper whose grandfather John, and father Pete, did Bay trips in 1950 (Jon on the Hericana then with Morgy Lloyd, Mike Buckshot, and Jeff Hartzell, Sr.) and 1978 (Pete on the Winisk then with Hardy Coleman, Billy Green, and Pete Gwyn,

Jeff Longsworth, and me), respectively. As for the staff, not only did we spend a lot of time teaching the Wabun Way, but we also regaled the boys with stories from many summers in the bush -- favorite rapids and campsites; best meals; hardest portages; deepest muskeg; longest paddles. There were stories of so many names from prior and current eras (Spiller, Tonka, Coleman, Hartzell, Gwynn, Hinchman, Lewis, Forbes, Canby, Berger, Spalding, Foster, Kilbridge) -- needless to say, we were speechless when most of them appeared on the beach as we paddled in on August 7!

The blending of the Wabun generations came together in a magical way for Wabun's 75th, and it was a true highlight to be a part of it!

– Bill Green



*Bill Green*



# 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



Daughter and son-in-law of founder Mac McLellen -  
Mary Alice Foster and husband Bo.



Mary Alice Foster, Trish Healy, and Karen Lewis grab a few moments together.



Hardy Coleman, Casey Canby, Peter Spiller, and Andrew Dahlberg enjoy catching up.



Andrew and Don Doepping – father/son presence.



Guaranteed more than three squares a day.



Dear Dick,

It was wonderful being in Camp for the whole event, especially including the 7th when all the summer sections came in and their 75th season concluded. That probably always triggers powerful memories for ancient campers, but it especially did so for me this time. And I think for guests and family,



*Bob Frazee with Nancy Mabry*

such as Alex and Chris in our case, the mythical Wabun they always hear about at home became real.

You always ask campers and families after the season what sticks out in their minds as having been outstanding experiences while on trip, and so I thought I'd try to share with you two that occurred to me while there in Camp with you this time:

The first was that moment when you proclaimed the families of Camp Keewaydin were the "true founders of Wabun". You might have noticed the silence that came before the applause...you could have heard a pin drop. In that fleeting

moment a quick glance around the room revealed tremendous emotion, all positive, all very deep... tears streamed down the face of at least one member of the Keewaydin contingent. You had hit your stride and your mark at once, and we suspected you might call on us to give a resounding Wabun Cheer for Camp Keewaydin. In a way, being a true Wabun loyalist, I'm just as happy you didn't go quite that far...but a number of us agreed the next day we'd gladly done so under the circumstances. So there you go...a 10 out of 10 on that one, Dick.

The second was a decidedly more personal, hopefully not too public, event that occurred in the wee hours of one of our mornings on the island. Being a "camper of age", the frequency and urgency of Fort calls has increased somewhat over the years; and I had carefully selected in advance a stunning copse of white paper birch to shelter what would inevitably become necessary at least once during the night. Well, it was crisp, extraordinarily clear and bright. I supposed the moon was up, but as I glanced skyward through the bright white birch trunks I was astonished to find it was only the starlight that illuminated them to a stunning brilliance...stars brighter than I have ever seen anywhere anytime...even Wabun 40+ years ago. Even the leaves were illuminated, translucent in that starlight, every vein showing darkly. And just as I was appreciating the silent elegance of this moment, I heard what I thought were perhaps the shrill cries of a loon in the distance, and then an answering, haunting call. Something about them, I couldn't quite decide what, didn't fit. Inside I felt there was more to know about those sounds. Indeed, perhaps they were not loons at all. Next morning over coffee on the Porch everyone was talking about the wolves we'd all heard in the night. Score a 15 out of 10 for Wabun.

– Bob Frazee



*John Kilbridge and Erin Little with twin daughters.*



*Dave Thompson, Bill Green, and Hardy Coleman reunited on the beach.*



## 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

Crash, bang, boom! Well, Jon Berger and I may not have qualified for the “best groomed” at the reunion, but certainly we won the title of having run into more rocks on the way there. Three weeks earlier we put in at Bannerman Dam on Onaping Lake and made our way to the headwater of Wanapitei River. Two distinguishing features of the Wanapitei are an abundance of tannin makes the water almost as dark as a Diet Coke, and it is a relatively young (geologically) river meaning channels were seldom formed and the many rapids were filled with randomly placed boulders. The result: brown water rolling over brown rocks.

Fortunately, later on the way to the reunion we followed the Sturgeon River (a much older river with beautifully clear water) and found out that, no, we had not completely forgotten how to run a rapid without painting the rocks.

Our third week on the way to the reunion was within the Wabun traditional trip area. Neither Jon nor I had tripped that far south for many years (for me, almost forty) preferring farther flung adventure. Four observations about Wabun’s turf:

1. The clarity of the water and the magnificence of the rock outcroppings over such a large area is unmatched. Further north one discovers beautiful, special, map mark-worthy spots but never spot after spot after spot.
2. Most comfortable camp sites of any area. Even virgin spots. Sloping rock waterfronts are the rule only there.
3. Wonderfully clean. Ecological awareness has paid off. Before the trip I shuddered to think of the dirt we would encounter, accumulated over the years.
4. Portages are great (except, perhaps, for that brute from the Sturgeon around the falls at the mouth of the Obabika River...).

One very big extra draw for me to the reunion was that Maxwell, my oldest grandson, was in his first summer at Wabun. (We have six grandsons and two granddaughters – wow, that could be a lot of Wabun tuition.) Just the thought of visiting Max at his last campsite and awaiting him at the Garden Island beach was a joy. The reality was even more of a “high” than I could have imagined. Wabun did Maxwell well. Yes, Wabun builds men.

Another surprise was how little Wabun, Garden Island, the canoes, and gear has changed over forty years (bravo!). Felt like home from the moment our bow hit the sand. And it’s pretty much the same cast of characters running the place, or

at least ones well filling the shoes of some of the earlier ones. Jobs well done.

Wabun trip menus and ingredients, however, in my opinion have become a bit too fancy and frilly, although I have to admit taste better. But aren’t we trying to build character? I except from my complaint tuna pea wiggley. Now that’s a truly great trip glop if I’ve ever tasted one. Has anybody tried canned salmon pea wiggley?

Because the feelings are overwhelming, it is hard to find words summing up the personal interactions with old tripping pals, many almost lost from no contact for so long. Amazing how one can pick up the thread of a conversation started four or five decades ago and go with it. Pleasure!

Fair wind and following seas!

– Peter Spiller

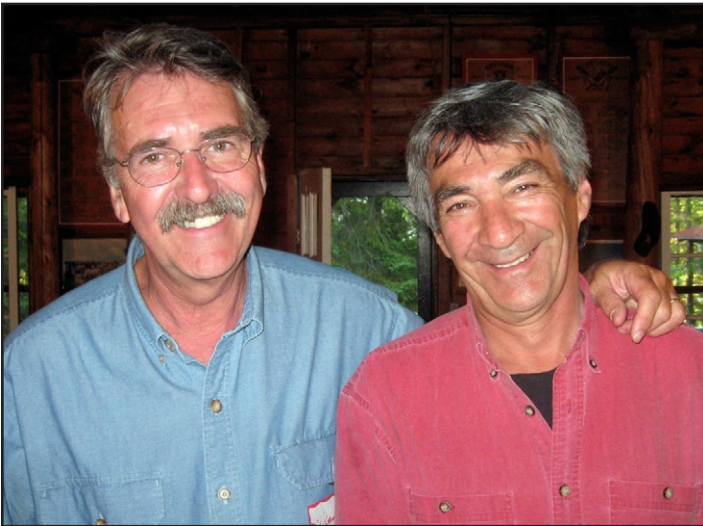


Gail Coleman, Hardy Coleman, Peter Spiller, and Casey Canby



Stacy and Tom Hartzell – sister/bro alums.





Dick Lewis and Gary Potts – long-standing Wabun/Bear Island friendship.



Former section mates, Pete Lindseth, Billy Green, Hardy Coleman, Pete Gwyn, and Jeff Longworth relive tripping moments.



Andrew Stachiw and Kate Knisley – picture-perfect staff.



Drs. Peter and Chris Manning with son Noah and daughter Kate.



John "Tonka" Edmonds (second from left) meets with his former Bay Trip campers: Bill Porter, Steve Kilbridge, and Phil (Flop) Rockwood.



John Kilbridge and John Hinchman comparing daughter notes.



Katie Hatheway, Michael Long, Nancy Paulson, and Courtney Hatheway convivialize.



# 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY



Russ Tuckerman's timeline of memorabilia.



Founding Director, Bill Russell's, travel trunk with fire warden badges.



The Hatheway boys scrutinize the offerings.



Tonka and Flop reminisce.





Jeff Longworth

Wabun's 75th Anniversary Celebration created, for me personally, a rather unique and extraordinary experience in which past, present, and future all seemed to collide at once. After all, I am the son of a Wabunite (Maury Longworth, Staff 1951-52), was a camper (1976 - 78, Winisk), and as of last year, now a father of a Wabunite (Stewart Longworth, 2006 - ?). This year I also took

the bold step of initiating my wife (Kim) and two daughters to the "Wabun Way" by staying for a week at Wabun Point and then dragging the crew out for a short trip to Kokoko. All of this led up to and included the Wabun-fest at the end of the season.

Standing on the shore, watching your son or daughter during the last day "paddle-in" is an exciting and proud moment for any parent. Having just experienced a short canoe trip (she might argue not short enough), Kim could share not only the joy of seeing Stewart again, but she now had a better respect for what he had experienced leading up to the final day of camp. For my father (celebrating his own 75th year along with Wabun), there was a sense of pride and respect not only for a new generation to gain the Wabun experience, but also to reflect how little had changed at Wabun over his 56-year Wabun relationship.

My thoughts were a cacophony of competing interests. I had remembered my dad taking our family on our first Temagami trip when I was 8. But the experiences of three years at Wabun, with many of my former section mates now staffing trips or standing on the beach, came rushing back from some far reach of my memory. And yet, as a father watching his son return from the wilderness, there is a certain calming pride and excitement about hearing the new tales. Past, present, and future.

But it didn't end there, that was only the beginning of three days of similarly surreal moments. We listened to stories that spanned Wabun's 75 years, reminisced with former section mates about portages, rapids, bugs (whatever), and shared notes with those just back from the bush about their new experiences. Finally, thanks to the great planning of Wabun's 75th Anniversary Celebration, we were able to add two entirely new and exciting experiences – taking a float plane ride to actually see the Temagami territory from the air, and engaging in cultural activities (apart from and in addition to softball) with the First Nation from Bear Island. To borrow Dick's phrase, "Wow!"

– Jeff Longworth



Welcome to the festivities!



Building the 75th Anniversary Plaque.



## 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

---

Dear Dick;

Here are my impressions of the 75th Anniversary Reunion and my stay at Wabun, as well as reflections on the canoe trip Peter Spiller and I took:

First of all I am very grateful to Wabun for purchasing copies of the Atlas and for everyone who bought one. I enjoyed so very much signing the books and talking about trips in the Little North. This was a wonderful treat- especially to sit on the stoops of the cabins, or on the wash tables, or on the porch, or in the shop and talk about it. Of course all these places are very special as they bring back the memories of times spent in the same places talking about trips.

Second, I was impressed by how little everything has changed. This observation can be taken a number of ways. Of course I am so pleased to see the camp healthy and providing the wonderful experiences for kids- yet at the same time I was struck by how my own views of the same experience are now much more organic than those of the folks I observed and talked with. Certainly this is due to the different life perspectives - one held by a 62 year old lifelong voyageur, and others held by younger men and women with their entire lives before them. By organic I mean a broader view which encompasses everything from the nuances of the pry stroke to the broad sweep of the Canadian Shield and Hudson Bay Lowlands-it also embraces a different notion of time and space- with much less emphasis on schedule and more on just moving through the country.

With respect to Pete's and my trip across and through the Wanapetai- up the Chinguichi, down the Sturgeon, and then up from Obabika River to Temagami, I have four observations.

(1) The campsites are so clean- they are immaculate. The Wabun girls section in front of us- must have had brooms, rakes, and shovels as part of their outfit. Not only did they move like a swift wind across the lakes but they left no trace at all. Congratulations to everyone. No trace camping does work!

(2) The Wanapetai and Sturgeon are very small rivers- and as such there are not too many runnable rapids. There just is not a lot of room on those rivers and higher water simply packs more current and waves into the small space without a concomitant increase in runnable chutes. In 5 decades of running stuff from Labrador to Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay- I can tell you that those rapids are best lined and walked as they have narrow and quite rocky runs which do not leave much room for error.

(3) 1980 was the last time I did the route. Nature has changed things. Since logging has moved on to a different area, trees have grown back and what were once open areas used for log dumping and processing have regrown to enclosed spots. The road along the Wanapetai - its bank just above the river is now a tangle of alders and large cedars- in fact if you did not know the road was there - it would be hard to see it. The most dramatic changes have taken place at Pilgrim Creek, Upper Goose Falls, and the junction of the Obabkia and the Sturgeon. Trees have totally reclaimed these areas from their former open state. There are now pine needle carpet campsites in all three places whereas previously there were wide open dusty - gravel - filled roads and clearings. At the junction of the Obabika and Sturgeon - the old flume has been washed, out and the river has begun to meander into its traditional sinuous shape. Thus the bank of the portage has been cut away- there is no longer a landing- and you have to climb a very steep clay side hill with your canoe to get up to the top and the so called road. Though the wide open view at Upper Goose has changed to a more enclosed view- and you no longer have that big open hill side- the changes are for the better- you would have to be a real investigator to know that there was a main saw mill in the area- it looks for all to be a healthy regrown forest.

(4) The Temagami area, though quite small, remains quite special. In all my travels- I have not come across an area with such a concentration of clear blue, blue-green, and green lakes - and clear water in general. The Hayes and the Gods and the Sutton are clear- but not like Temagami water! Also the white quartzite of the elephant on chiniguchi- or the cliffs at Wolf- or the high rock buttes of the Wanapetai, the clear yellow water of Round creek- and so forth. You gotta love it.

Thanks again for the memories. Wabun - your son has returned.

– Jon Berger



*Jon Berger – getting ready to go to bat in the Bear Island game.*





"...ever wave o'er Garden Isle."



Nancy Richardson with daughters Lindsay and Kristin Booth – two generation alums



The Hinchman clan, there in force.



Vicki Grant (mother of two alums, and long-time Wabun friend) and Walter Ross (Chairman of Temagami Community Foundation) – both dignitaries from the lake.



Walter Ross and Gary Potts – Lead roundtable discussion on Temagami Region in '07.



Adam, Jessica (Hatheway) Scriver, Katie and Mark Hatheway – sibling alums united.



## 75<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY

I had the pleasure of attending the 75th Wabun Reunion this past summer with my wife, two brothers, and sister. Our father tripped with Keewaydin in the year that Wabun was formed, 1933. I first attended Wabun as a camper in its 25th year. Dick Lewis Jr. was my staff man. Since then our son and many of my nephews and nieces have attended, as well as nieces and nephews of my brother-in-law. With all these family connections over the years, I have had the opportunity to return to Garden Island on many occasions to deliver or pick up campers. What is it about Wabun and Garden Island that holds such an attraction? Every time I hear the end of season logs or attend the winter reunions with other alums, it brings tears to my eyes. They are tears of joy and of knowing that another group of campers has shared some of the same experiences that I did. The living experiences that I learned and experienced at Wabun 50 years ago made a major contribution to the person that I am today.

The 75th reunion was no different, but it opened up some new areas to me. One such example was the hike that Nibby conducted around the island. As a camper we were never allowed “on the other side” of the island. Now we were seeing and hearing about all those people on the other side. What a great experience! Overall, the similarity of the camping and living experiences that campers experience now with what I first experienced 50 years ago is still the thing that I most cherish about Wabun and is what leads me back to Wabun so often.

– Steve Forbes



*Jon Lindseth, first of three generations of Wabun Lindseth's, and Tonka*



*Colemans, all four Wabun canoe trippers.*



*Bill, Leslie, and Casey Forbes (left to right) accompanied Steve to the Reunion.*



*Peter and Paul Lindseth, the second and third generations of Lindseth Wabunites.*



*Billy Green – “We don't eat, we dine!”*



## Henry Odell's Letter Home in 1934

RICHARD P. LEWIS, *President*  
 WILLIAM M. ROBERTS, *Sec-Treas*  
 WILLIAM ANDERSON  
 W. R. CANNON

HARRY MUNSON, *Vice-President*  
 F. G. FELLOWES  
 W. D. McLELLAN  
 W. G. RUSSELL



August 20<sup>th</sup> 1934  
 TIMAGAMI, ONTARIO

Dear Mother and Daddy,

I sorry I didn't write you sooner but I just went on a twelve day trip to the knetch on the montreal river. The first day out we paddled 9 miles and in the after-noon we put up a sail and sailed about 9 more miles and camped about a quarter of a mile from temagami. The next day we took the portage into snake lake went right through to Rabbit Lake and camped at Rabbits point for a rest day the next day took a portage around a dam into the Madabitchewan river and followed it down too some rapids that we couldn't shoot so we took a portage and right around the there was another to shoot and we shot it without any accidents but on the next rapids one of the



LETTER HOME FROM 1934

canoes was going along nicely when a rock  
hit the middle of the canoe and split it in  
halve but Joe the guide fixed it so we  
pushed onto the next rapids these rapids  
were swifter so they only let the staff  
men shoot <sup>them</sup> Nothing happened and those rapids  
and we shoot another rapids and then we paddled  
about 5 miles and took the another portage  
and paddled to lake Temiskami and camped  
right near the rapids on the montreal  
river and came back the same way

we went. If there are any more  
questions you want me to answer  
write me,

Love Bobby



## The Thompson Twins Graduate to Head Staff



*Rebecca out on trip*

Richard and Rebecca Thompson turned twenty-one on Garden Island this summer and both became first-year head staff. Wabun connections run deep in many families, but rarely do brother and sister, let alone twins, get the chance to be head staff together in the same summer. Richard came to Wabun in 1997, and Rebecca joined us in 1999.

Rebecca was a six-year camper and did two Bay Trips. Richard did an impressive four Bay Trips, yielding a very impressive light-

ing of the campfire as a 9th-year camper. Both wrote college essays on their powerful Wabun experiences and still remain close to friends made during their trips. Gretchen Zimmerman (Richard and Rebecca's mom) explained the deep connections, "You experience something with people that sometimes may be stressful ... and you both are stronger for the experience." Gretchen, and her husband David, have a special appreciation of the "Wabun Way" from their time as camp doctors and have delighted in the growth their children have made on Garden Island each summer.

Wabun is important to Rebecca because it allows her to spend time in undeveloped, unpolluted nature, and gives her the chance to help foster the appreciation for such nature in younger kids. She did this masterfully last summer as she led the Cayuga B girls down the Coulonge River in Quebec. Her fellow staff, Nadine Lehner, notes Rebecca is, "a thousand times more hard core than you'd think if you met her during the off-season--she's a powerhouse paddler and a portaging machine. She's a born champion at wood crew and shoots rapids like a natural."



*Rebecca and her parents*

Richard explained that the highlight of being head staff this summer, "was witnessing the enthusiasm of the boys during the long, hard days going off the marked 'Hap-Map Routes'. They really did a great job." I suspect their friends at Bucknell and in Texas have no idea how hard these two worked this summer nor how much satisfaction they received watching campers excelling at skills which they had taught them.



*Richard and one of his campers, Luca Santoro*



# SOFTBALL GAMES

## Two Bear Island Ballgames for the 75th

Every year beginning in 1933, Wabun staff and the team from the Bear Island Teme-Augama-Anishnabai have gotten together to play an opening season softball game. For our anniversary year, we scheduled two games, one at the beginning of the summer and a second on August 9th as part of the anniversary events. On June 27th the first game ended in a nail-biting last inning. Wabun held a one-run lead going into the top half of the seventh. Bear Island put two runners on, but their comeback effort stalled, and Wabun enjoyed one of its rare victories.

The August 9th game featured an old timers theme. Players from both Wabun and Bear Island represented quite a cross section in age. Sixty+ year old pitchers squared off and paces around the bases varied from batter to batter. Good-natured heckling was tossed back and forth, and laughter punctuated pretty much every inning. The game was a highpoint in the summer of both teams. Wabun emerged with another victory, with much less meaning attached to it than the opener. This was athletic and familiar fun at its zenith.



*Bill Green at bat*



*The Wabun 75th team*



*Shaking hands after the game*



*Both teams from the August 9th game*



Excerpts from the Summer 2007 Logs



*Reading the logs at the closing campfire on August 7*

From Wabun A – L

Less than two minutes into the trip, we were shooting large rapids on the Pipestone, which raises the pulse as we had over six-hundred pounds of people and gear in the canoe. But the canoes got lighter and the water level continued to rise which provided for one of the best summers for whitewater that I can recall. Each river has its own type of rapid. The Schade gave us technical shots, which combined tight maneuvering with a lot of power. The Makoop's behavior was more relaxed with fast current in between narrow shores, which allowed for long-sinuous rapids capped off with an incredible falls at the bottom. And then there is the Fawn. This river is amazing in both its beauty as well as its transformation. We travel the full length of this waterway, beginning with 6-inch deep water in which the whole section had to remove rocks and boulders from our path in order to pass, and culminates with powerfully serene rapids between hundred foot clay banks on the shore. There were mornings when we silently paddled into the rising sun as the river exhaled cool mist in front of our bows. Bald eagles would launch themselves from their poplar nests and soar effortlessly beyond the tree line. I was often tempted to take a photo of what was in front of us, but knew that Kodak could in no way capture this panorama.



From Wabun A – G

Water levels were high in Northwestern Ontario, which makes backcountry travel on small rivers and streams much easier. The whole notion of water levels on the different watersheds became a conversation for Jesse and me for most of the summer. Our route took us down the Williams and Pipestone Rivers before we crossed into the Ashweig River system.

On the Ashweig, we were able to paddle up to a pretty good-sized timber wolf that was snooping around a beaver lodge looking for a meal. From the Ashweig we crossed over onto a small creek system to Big Trout Lake. Big Trout, a phenomenon that is indescribable! It's like coming out of the forest to the Great Plains. At Wapekeka, a small native community, we stopped for some groceries for the last part of our summer's travels. From here, we traveled across some shallow lakes from the Fawn, to Otter Lake and finally to the Otter River. Jon Berger had suggested this route to me, so I thought we'd give it a go. With only an ounce of apprehension we left the deep flowing Fawn for the smaller Otter. This small intimate





## SUMMER 2007 LOGS

---

northern river was one that trip staff only dreams about. Mile after mile of rapids and swifts, the only time we had to get out of our canoes was to bushwhack around a waterfall or go for a swim to cool off.



---

### From Wabun B

#### Sonnet to The Indian in the Rain

Shall I compare thee to a ball and chain?  
Thou art more stubborn and more arduous.  
And when the skies well up with pelts of rain,  
The babbling brook's a running river made.  
The mighty winds that swamp upon the tree.  
The loading-log that only Hell could spare.  
We slip and slide and struggle mightily.  
The hills, the mud, the blood from scraped-up knee.  
The day runs down, the boys must toil on.  
The never-ending pools and boggy trail.  
And finally we rest: our Holy Grail.  
Respect the girls who blazed the day before!  
And showed their mighty hearts for us to see.  
The Indian and Wabun . . . naturally.

### The Eagles and the River

What is it that makes an Eagle so incredible to behold? Is it the spectacular white plumage on its head and tail with dark black in between? Is it the wide soaring arc and obvious dominion of its flight? Or is it simply the awe that comes over you when you pass a mere thirty feet beneath its penetrating gaze from a perch it so obviously owns?

Hard-to-tell. But whatever it is, we felt it over and over again as we saw no less than a dozen eagles during the course of our trip. We saw individual hunters seeking an afternoon snack, a male and female pair in harmonizing flight, and another so lordly and strong in its gaze that absolutely captivated us as we passed just a few yards beneath. Indeed, it's easy to understand why this lord of the skies holds such honor and respect in our culture, whether it be the fiction of Tolkien or the symbol of the planet's most powerful nation. It was a privilege simply to be in their company as we made our way through the backcountry of Quebec.

Just as the Eagle is a symbol of power and beauty, the Great Blue Heron is a symbol of grace and good fortune. This so gangly and awkward looking bird appears as one of nature's mistakes, at least a first glance. When it takes flight, however, it soars with such grace and beauty that it conveys a spirit of good fortune and warmth. So when the eagles diminished and more and more herons crossed our paths, we knew that we were heading in the right direction, not only of maps and charts, but in our spirits as well, as we approached the great Dumoine and the glorious river days.

So after a 17-day journey, we arrived at the headwaters of the Dumoine River. It's hard to describe the feeling of accomplishment we all felt upon our arrival, and I'm glad to say that the river did not disappoint.

The Dumoine is not a river of shallows and wide rocky shoals. It has no sandy banks or grassy marsh. No. Rather, the Dumoine passes through some of the most beautiful high country in this part of Canada. The surrounding heights and winding valleys formed a spectacularly picturesque setting for us as we applied our rapids skills to the challenging drops, shelves, chutes and other technical demands of this great river. I'm proud to say that these boys found their lines, worked the eddies, and came through in fine fashion. And when the river demanded that we stay away, they were quick to portage and helped each other along the way, always smiling and looking forward to whatever the river may conjure up next. After six wonderful days, numerous great shots, chance encounters with the nicest of fellow travelers, and several soothing nights to the sound of rushing river water, we finally arrived at our



appointed destination. Fit, happy and perhaps a bit hungry for the feast at King Buffet in North Bay, we settled in for the last two nights here, enjoying and sharing each other's company, and finally made our way home.

## From Cayuga B

As for the destination—the river was glorious. For the campers, both the three new and the nine returning, the Coulonge was the first river they traveled down for many days. We realized that for us, life beyond the riverbanks might as well not exist for all we would know. But that did not mean that our days on the river were dull. From the initial nonstop stand and shoots—in which the girls proved both natural and talented whitewater paddlers—, to the infamous gravelly rapids and meandering turns and finally to the later, wider river, punctuated with gorgeous falls and chutes, the Coulonge showed the girls how entertaining and varied river travel can be. For the staff, our trip was a return to our first river, which we paddled as campers five years ago. Although we had forgotten many of the lake names and campsites, every so often we'd come around a bend in the river and realize we remembered that spot exactly. Little of the river has changed since we first saw it. But paddling through again let us reflect on how we'd grown up in the mean time. So for all of you who remember a river you paddled years ago, we can tell you from our experience—it's pretty fun to go back and see it all again. It won't be just like it was before, but that's all the better. For our girls, now finished with this big Coulonge adventure, we hope the promised land lived up to all it was in your dreams, and that some moments from our time together will stay in your dreams until next June.





## SUMMER 2007 LOGS



### From Wabun C

Having gone uphill for our first trip, logic dictated that for our second trip we must go upstream. But, before we could go up the Marten River, we had to first go down the Temagami River. With the aid of brother rain and Ontario Hydro, the Temagami River was a rockin', and Wabun C came a knock-in'. After grinding it out for two days we enjoyed our first rest day of the summer. With a section that relishes any opportunity to swim, we spent the day frolicking in the water while a delicious ham-bone soup cooked all afternoon. After six and a half hours of stewing in its own goodness we dined on the delicious soup accompanied by grilled cheese sandwiches. Following the feast we ceremoniously broke the bone and passed it around, each enjoying the delicate marrow that lay within. We would need its strength for the days ahead as we approached the Marten River. Following our rest day we enjoyed the first annual Wabun C regatta, where we raced across Red Cedar Lake, covering four kilometers in 18 minutes. It was the first and last tailwind we would enjoy, and albeit brief, we took full advantage of the glorious wind. Despite the difficulty of the rocky portages, slippery when wet, we soldiered on and bid the Marten farewell after an easy 2200-yard portage. After a brief glimpse of civilization at T-Town, a taste of Subway, and Pepto-Bismol for dessert we stared down father wind one final time. An intense paddle down the Northeast Arm, in which all the canoes performed admirably, capped off the last day of our trip.



### From Cayuga M

We paddled through Diamond Lake, Lady Evelyn and Sucker Gut, eventually reaching Maple Mountain on day four. Here, we took a day to prepare for the portages of our next trip by scaling the wet rock to the summit, where we dined on blueberries and took a moment to look around at what we had done and where we were headed.

We finished the trip with a rest day at Center Falls playing in the chutes and feasting on a freshly fried batch of donuts. It wasn't until the last day of this trip that we experienced an entire day without rain, but even this perpetual wetness could not dampen the spirits of Cayuga M.







### Feature Log from Wabun D

With the completion of three trips, we, the Boys of Wabun D, sit before you having lived and breathed the traditions, routines, and superstitions that have been a part of Wabun for 75 years.

Our first trip, the ever popular Aston-Turner-Eagle loop, focused on the traditions of Wabun and helped establish an efficient routine that would carry us through the rest of the season. This eight-day jaunt allowed our returning campers to reacquaint their muscles with paddling and portaging, and introduced our 3 new campers to the Wabun way.

Our second endeavor took us from the aqua blue waters of the Chiniguchi to the overflowing Sturgeon River, whose volume grew larger with each passing day. The ever-present rain was only trumped by the oddity of the wildlife, which we encountered. What started with Amanda the bear and Bucky the moose, quickly digressed to David the shrew who found the strength to remain clutched to an upturned canoe in a death grip for 650 yards and Tito the small mouth bass

who received his last rites before being devoured the following morning. Arriving at Stouffer Lake with a day to spare, we gorged ourselves on freshly butchered ham steaks with RD soup the following day. The R in this case stood for Rain. The 27 hours preceding our entry into the Sturgeon River was filled with a constant stream of water from the heavens allowing us to forgo several portages and gave us our first chance to run rapids this season. As we paddled up the Obabika River, we decided the section needed to do everything in its power to change the weather. All talk of weather was suspended and spiders were pardoned from previous death sentences via camper foot, and axe.

Taking a cue from Mother Nature, we decided a river was in order for our final trip judging by the high water experienced on the Sturgeon. Our superstitions of the weather were confirmed as we left the dock on a beautiful, sunny day traveling north on our way to the Makobe River. We pushed hard, but still found the time to play in the natural waterslides of Centre Falls and absorb the beauty surrounding us. On day 4, we decided to make a hard left, bypassing Graymud Lake, opting for a 3600-yard portage, which Dick Lewis described as “a good walk”. Three hours later after much effort, we arrived at beautiful Makobe Lake where we set up camp to enjoy a much-deserved day of rest. The late morning commenced with a marathon of pancakes, with the feast continuing into the evening with a full 3 course meal; starting with a ham bone soup, followed by mashed potatoes, topped off with ham steaks cooked in pineapple juice and a generous helping of brown sugar. This left little room for dessert.

For the next three days, the Makobe River became our playground with numerous small falls silhouetted against rolling ridges, small chutes to swim in, the ever-present rapids to run, and a plethora of blueberries, which allowed us to make a succulent blueberry crisp. Turning south, we passed through Elk Lake where the section satisfied its sweet tooth and was rearmed with a new axe courtesy of Mad Dog—Elk Lake’s resident handy man.

Throughout the trip, the section could feel the lure of Maple Mountain’s towering summit, which we circumnavigated before laying siege to her fire tower. Arriving at the forested base, we were forced to wait for one of the two rainstorms we experienced on our seventeen days. Rising early in the morning, we traveled light and fast in complete alpine style tagging the summit after an hour of hard climbing. The section ascended the windswept fire tower to absorb the panoramic view of the previous 10 days of travel. Having a bird’s eye perspective of our progress, we retreated to the mountain’s base where we set off for Temagami. This morning, we ended our six-week routine of rise and roll, the wood crew and KP



## SUMMER 2007 LOGS

rotation, and prepared to enter what some would call “normal life”.

This amazing adventure could not have been possible without the amazing cast of characters, which quickly melded into a cohesive unit. Without further ado, we would like to introduce the campers along with a memory, which we all will never forget. Nate Chester Levin's exclamation of relief finishing the 3600 yard portage and constant obsession with freebasing cheese, Rob Smeagle Meffert's attempt to rid the Temagami area of its pesky red squirrel infestation, Ian Foster's infamous seal roll at the third beaver dam on Spray Creek; Chris Topher Morgan's triumph carrying two canoes over every portage of the final trip; Antonio Skippy Andujar's obsession with peanut butter; Scott Pixie Blackwell's affinity for sugar; Peter Wimpy Nock's ability to turn freshly sawed billets into massive woodpiles; Connor Atkinson's beaver dam clearing expertise which allowed the section to have its first taste of whitewater; Andrea Ferrari Santoro's obsession with having the perfect mix for every bannock, and Stewart The Man Longsworth's ability to run every rapid without taking on any water.

Thank you boys for the great summer and we hope to see you all on the dock June 26th.







tape placed willy nilly all over the place. At one point, we discovered what was once a body of water; and sandy valley with old dead tree stumps. Unable to find a path to water, which we were certain had to be nearby, the staff grew despondent. We were sullen, we were downtrodden, and we were melancholy. Was this dried up wasteland the remains of Sonny Lake? Suddenly, we spied one more trail. Fighting our urges to turn back, we restarted our trek. Then, up ahead, we saw the blue shimmer of a lake! We shouted and took off running and didn't stop until we were waist deep in Sonny Lake. As far as we were concerned, it was the most beautiful lake we'd ever seen.



### From Cree

At this point we were at the crossroads of our trip: we were going to search for our obscure path into Sonny Lake, a place we figured had been un-traveled for quite some time. We had a rough idea of where the old trail should be, but when we couldn't find it, we were initially prepared to bush a campsite and a portage. However, we continued to search for the best place to make our trail. Things looked grim. There was no obvious way to go, with several large and bushy cliffs everywhere. Then, suddenly, we spotted it. Flagging tape! In the middle of nowhere! There was still no visible path, but our hearts jumped with excitement. We were onto something. A few minutes later (and nowhere near the flagging tape we found) we discovered a relatively worn trail. So we followed it for a loong time. At the end, this trail of ours just kind of petered out in terrain unlike anything usually witnessed in the Temagami area. There was a large open meadow at the end with some moose trails that led nowhere and some flagging





## SUMMER 2007 LOGS

---

### From Wawatay (First Session)

On our third and final trip we conquered the Diamond, Wakimika, Obabika loop. We made it all the way to Diamond on our first day, with time to swim before dinner. On Wakimika the staff invented a meal that the girls loved, a knockoff Chipotle burrito. During our final trip we were in need of two campers to step up and carry our food wannigans. Since Reis and Emma love portaging they each got wannigans to carry. They did an amazing job on all four portages. Our wildlife sightings were limited to the occasional loon and the squawking squirrels.



---

### From Chippy

Let me give you a few highlights from our trips. Our first trip started after the Chippae had only one day in camp, and we faced a 30-mile an hour headwind from the north. We were headed to Kokoko, so we started in a way I never had before - -with a portage across Garden Island to the Powwow Grounds, and we then headed off from calmer waters. By the end of the first day, the winds died for the rest of the trip, and we made our way through Kokoko, back into Temagami, across Granny Bay into Eye Lake and back down the Northwest Arm. Along the way we learned excellent canoe tripping skills – including being on the water between 7:30 and 8:00 in the morning, and found that the size of our group allowed us to cover ground more quickly than we had anticipated. We also found time to climb Devil’s Mountain, swim in the middle of Granny Bay on a glassy afternoon, jump off the cliffs at Cleminshaw’s, play a lot of Ghost and - thanks to our travel guitar – we discovered that in our, shall I say, “multi-generational” section, we all shared a love of the Beatles, so we found ourselves singing with the guitar at night on a regular basis.

---

### From Wawatay (Second Session)

During our time together we learned a lot about each other and even more about ourselves. We’ve figured out many of the same things you all have, a few extras you might find helpful, and some which are only helpful if you are a Wawatay.

For example:

- We know that even the water in camp comes from the lake
- That it is impossible, no matter how hard you try, to paddle effectively while sitting in a crazy creek chair and reading Garfield comics



## SUMMER 2007 LOGS

- The more pot black you get on you while doing pots, the less likely the staff will be to look in the pots
- That if you wish for rain it might just come...all at once
- You can get chickpea size hail in August
- Through strategically asked questions the campers have learned that the Wawatay staff do not shave their beards while out on trip
- Never underestimate Tom Stiverson's description of a portage being "slightly challenging"
- That zippers help keep squirrels out of tents
- The driest place on a campsite during torrential rain is in your roll
- A tent stake dropped from more than two feet or left on the ground for more than ten seconds, un-attended, will grow legs, wings, or flippers in order to escape the campsite

- As a group you can beat any portage!
  - The portage from Temagami to Skunk goes up 200 feet and forward 1800 ft
  - Pine beetles can land whenever and wherever they please
  - That the Bear Island cliffs seem a lot higher from the top
  - The view from Devil's Mountain is awesome
  - Being a bit quicker in the morning can make the difference between getting the campsite...or losing it by 25 yards, in the afternoon
- The final two important items:
- The Wawatay beat all odds; all thirteen of us can roll our tongues!
  - And, it is amazing that, in the United States we also call those things bowls.





## 2007 SECTION ALIGNMENT

<p><b>Wabun A/L</b>  <b>Jason Lewis</b>  <b>Stef Superina</b>            Aaron Coleman            Casey Hildreth            Cam Holland            David Lahr            Travis Moore            Holden Rasche            Jordan Richards            Joseph Thomson</p>	<p><b>Wabun A/G</b>  <b>Peter Gwyn</b>  <b>Jesse Coleman</b>  <b>Charlie Cross</b>            Jake Basile            Sean Derraw            Mark Finnegan            Seth Moyer-Stratten            Luke Pantera-Petit            Charlie Ryan            Zeno Wicks            Isa Zinser</p>	<p><b>Cayuga B</b>  <b>Rebecca Thompson</b>  <b>Nadine Lehner</b>  <b>Sarah Flotten</b>            Stephanie Clement            Kiera Crowley            Katherine Finnegan            Natalie Fortier            Kelsey Gray            Tara Hartzell            Ursi Kilbridge            Helen Kilian            Brigitte Kragie            Laura Nocka            Julia Rose            Morgan Smith</p>	<p><b>Wabun B</b>  <b>Andy Hartzell</b>  <b>John Zinser</b>            Will Blackwell            Conor Finnegan            Willy Hurt            David Kast            Jonas Korenke            Garrett Lindenmann            AJ Malcomson            Zac Moskow            Anthony Rosado            Taylor Wright</p>
<p><b>Wabun C</b>  <b>Andrew Stachiw</b>  <b>Max Flomen</b>            Alex Alden            Sam Ames            Brydon Brancart            Ian Christie            Eli Derraw            Sean Foster            Javier Martinez            Michael Martinez            Will Nocka            Joel Wimmer</p>	<p><b>Wabun D</b>  <b>Matt Torgeson</b>  <b>Adam Wicks Arshack</b>            Antonio Andujar            Connor Atkinson            Scott Blackwell            Ian Foster            Nate Levin            Stewart Longsworth            Rob Meffert            Christopher Morgan            Peter Nocka            Andrea Santoro</p>	<p><b>Cayuga M</b>  <b>Emily McClure</b>  <b>Catherine Crowley</b>  <b>Elisa Morris</b>            Katie Finnegan            Ellen Haenszel            Nina Harrison            Kristian Kangas            Kate Kennedy            Anika McPhee            Gini Yost</p>	<p><b>Cree</b>  <b>Rich Thompson</b>  <b>Charlie Cross</b>  <b>August Rasche</b>  <b>Tom Hartzell</b>            Max Bresolin            Jackson Crook            Michael Finnegan            Marc Foster            Wyatt Grant            Max Kelly            Tom Romans            Luca Santoro            Sam Shepherd            Max Spiller</p>
<p><b>Wawatay 1</b>  <b>Kate Knisley</b>  <b>Kristin Booth</b>            Kate Denninger            Rocio Martinez            Emma Poirier            Carla Santoro            Elizabeth Worgan</p>	<p><b>Wawatay 2</b>  <b>Julie Hinchman</b>  <b>Kate Knisley</b>  <b>Kristin Booth</b>  <b>Annikie Flomen</b>            Scout Jones            Natalie Larsen            Jo Moore            Heidi Nocka            Jessie Paulson            Eliza Porter            Hannah Porter            Annie Reagan            Maddy Stewart</p>	<p><b>Chippy 2</b>  <b>Bill Green</b>  <b>Tom Stiverson</b>  <b>Dave Thompson</b>            Reece Echelberger            Paul Lindseth            Zeke Porter            Willie Ryan            Felix von Wedemeyer</p>	

Staff are in bold.



2007 Section Itinerary Overview

Date	Wabun A/L	Wabun A/G	Cayuga B	Wabun B	Cayuga M	Wabun C	Wabun D	Cree	Wawatay	Chippy 2nd 3wk	Date
June 26	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive	1st Session Arrives		June 26
27	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		27
28	Travel	Travel	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		28
29	Thunder Bay	Kapikiche Lake	Obabika Lake	Lady Evelyn Lake	N. E. Arm	Ferguson Bay	Whitefish Bay	Diamond Lake	Portage Bay		29
30	Pipestone River	Steep Rock Rapid	Sturgeon River	Helen's Falls	Iceland Lake	Animanipising L.	Aston Lake	Bob Lake	S.W. Arm		30
July 1	Pipestone River	Otoskwin River	Rawson Lake	Shangri-La Falls	Lowell Lake	Little Eagle Lake	Turner Lake	Obabika Lake	Charlie's Chop Hse		July 1
2	Pipestone River	Otoskwin Lake	McConnell Bay	Forks	Lower Twin Lake	Turner Lake	Little Eagle Lake	Clemenshaw's	IN		2
3	Pipestone River	Williams Lake	Stouffer Lake	Florence Lake	Rabbit Lake	Aston Lake	Animanipising L.	IN	IN		3
4	Karl Lake	Kimloch Lake	Sturgeon River	Pinetorch Lake	N.E. Arm	Whitefish Bay	Red Squirrel Lake	IN	Ko Ko Ko L.		4
5	Pasemian River	Morris River	Upper Goose Falls	Hortense Lake	Temagami	Clemenshaw's	Ferguson Bay	Temagami	Temagami		5
6	Opaminiskan Lake	Rest	Obabika Lake	Lake 11	IN	IN	Ko Ko Ko Bay	Lady Evelyn L.	Eye Lake		6
7	North Caribou Lake	Frog Rapids	Charlie's Chop Hse	Wakimika Lake	IN	IN	IN	Hobart L.	Temagami		7
8	Seeseep Lake	Horseshoe Lake	IN	Lake Temagami	Diamond L.	Cross Lake	IN	Maple Mtn.	IN		8
9	Rest	2 Mile Rapid	IN	IN	Lady Evelyn L.	Temagami R.	Obabika L.	Center Falls	IN		9
10	DeBlicquy Lake	Hereford Lake	IN	IN	Hobart L.	Temagami R.	Upper Goose Falls	Shangri La	Temagami		10
11	Schade River	Wastayanipi Lake	Cassells	IN	Maple Mtn.	Red Cedar L.	Rawson L.	Rest	Diamond L.		11
12	Schade River	Assine Lake	Four Bass	Cassells	Center Falls	Boyce Lake	McConnell Bay	Willow Is. L.	Wakimika L.		12
13	Schade River	Kingfisher Lake	Start of Indian	Four Bass	Rest	Choke Cherry L.	Stouffer L.	Diamond L.	Obabika L.		13
14	Schade River	Kingfisher Lake	Kipawa	Start of Indian	Diamond L.	Upper Red Water	Sturgeon R.	Temagami	Rest		14
15	Schade River	Ashweig River	Lac Audoin	Kipawa	Wakimika L.	Cassells L.	Sturgeon R.	IN	Temagami		15
16	Schade River	Rest	Saseginaga	Lac Audoin	Obabika L.	Temagami	Rest	IN	IN		16
17	Severn Lake	Ashweig River	Rest	Rest	Temagami	IN	Obabika L.	SW Arm	1st Session Departs		17
18	Rest	Ashweig River	Taylor Bay	Saseginaga	IN	IN	Temagami	Cross lake	2nd Session Arrives	Arrive	18
19	Fawn River	Creek @ Nemeigusabins Lk.	Trout Lake	Taylor Bay	IN	Lady Ev. L.	IN	Cross Dam	IN	IN	19
20	Fawn Lake	Nemeigusabins Lake	Winiawash/Vielard	Trout Lake	Gull	Helen's Falls	IN	Wasaks L.	Temagami	Temagami	20
21	Before Big Trout Lake	Nemeigusabins Creek	Lac Cinq Portage	Winiawash/Vielard	Manitou	Macpherson L.	Diamond	Iceland L.	Portage Bay	Ko Ko Ko L.	21
22	Big Trout Lake	Nemeigusabins Creek	Grand Lac Victoria	Lac Cinq Portage	Kelly	Gamble L.	Centre Falls	Spawning L.	Temagami	Temagami	22
23	Across Big Trout Lake	Big Trout Lake	La Perche	Grand Lac Victoria	Maskinonge	Kaa L.	MacPherson	Temagami	IN	IN	23
24	Angling Lake	wind day	Timber	Rest	Donald	Wabun L.	Grays	IN	IN	IN	24
25	Fawn River	Angling Lake	Lac Labrador	Lac Chantier	McCarthy Bay	Rest	Makobe Lake	IN	Skunk	SW Arm	25
26	Fawn River	Otter Lake	Lac L'Arrive	Lac A La Croix	Matagamsi	Sunnywater L.	Makobe River	Diamond	Gull	Cross	26
27	Rest	Otter River	Rapid #9	Joncas	McConnell Bay	Forks	Canyon Lake	Sugar	Rest	Wasaksina	27
28	Fawn River	Otter River	Rapid #29	Baie de L'Original	Rest	Duff L.	Rest	Sonny	Temagami	Temagami	28
29	Fawn River	Otter River	Rapid #34	Lac Dumoine	Dorothy	Florence L.	Big Spring Lake	McLennon	IN	IN	29
30	Fawn River	Fawn River	Government Site	Rapid #3	Hazel	Rest	Gull	Kitt	IN	IN	30
31	Fawn River	Fawn River	Chutes D'Able	Rapid #6	Pilgrim Creek	Pinetorch L.	Niccolite	Rest	NW Arm	Sharp Rock	31
Aug 1	Confluence Fawn/Severn R.	Fawn River	Enraged Rapid	Big Steele	Yorston	Lake 13	Anvil	Rest	Lady Ev Hotel	Wakimika	Aug 1
2	Confluence Severn/Wapak. R.	Limestone Rapids	Rest	Dumoine Club	Upper Goose	Nasmith Cr.	Hobart	Mountain	Panhandle Bay	Obabika River	2
3	Fort Severn	Wapakopowistik Rapids	Guette Rapid	Robinson Lake	Obabika L.	Hortense L.	Maple Mtn.	Net	KoKoKo	Round	3
4	Fort Severn	Fort Severn	Island TF Bridge	Bowman's Portage	Kokoko Bay	Obabika L.	Diamond	Snake Island	Exploration	Obabika	4
5	Travel	Travel	Travel	Travel	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	5
6	Trad A site	Across from "A"	Kokoko Bay	Kokoko Bay	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	Rest	6
7	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	7



2007



75th Anniversary  
Season





## 2007-2008 REUNION SCHEDULE

---

### WABUN 2007-2008, 75<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY SEASON REUNION & DVD 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 campers and staff, to swap and hear stories and experiences, and to enjoy the camaraderie of being with fellow wilderness canoeing enthusiasts. A DVD presentation captures the essence and magnificence of the Temagami area, as well as the 75-year tradition of excellence in Wabun's style of canoe tripping. Please call ahead and let your hosts know if you are planning to attend.

*Monday, December 17, 2007 6:00 PM	Greenwich, Connecticut 06830
*Saturday, January 5, 2008 4:00 PM	Freeport Maine 04032
*Saturday, January 12, 2008 4:30 PM	Charlottesville, Virginia 22901
*Sunday, January 13, 2008 3:00 PM	Pomfret, Connecticut 06258
*Monday, January 14, 2008 6:30 PM	Virginia Beach Virginia 23451
*Thursday, January 17, 2008 6:00 PM	Golden Valley, Minnesota 55416
*Saturday, January 19, 2008 1:00 PM	Lake Forest, Illinois 60045
*Sunday, January 20, 2008 4:00 PM	Columbus, Ohio 43209
*Saturday, January 26, 2008 12:00 noon	Brooklyn, New York 11238
*Sunday, January 27, 2008 2:30 PM	Boxborough, Massachusetts 01719
*Saturday, February 2, 2008 1:00 PM	Bethesda, Maryland 20816-3325
*Sunday, February 10, 2008 2:00 PM	Seattle, Washington 98144
*Sunday, February 17, 2008 2:30 PM	St. Augustine, Florida 32080-5809
*Saturday, February 23, 2008 12:00 Noon	Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania 19026
*Sunday, February 24, 2008 2:00 PM	Windsor, Connecticut 06095
*Saturday, March 22, 2008 2:00 PM	Temagami, Ontario P0H 1C0