



The Wabun Way

Canadian Wilderness Canoe Trips for Boys and Girls

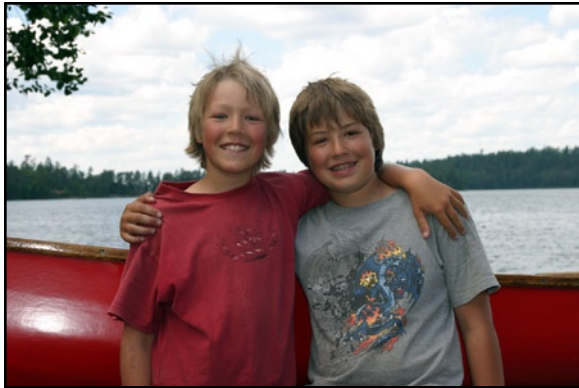


GREETINGS FROM THE DIRECTOR

December 2008

Dear Wabun Friends and Family:

It is three months now since over 200 of us gathered for our closing on Garden Island to welcome our sections' returns from their last trips, and to witness and immerse ourselves in the reading of logs to close Wabun's



Seventy-Sixth season. The exultant message of the day was really quite simple: it is a wonderful thing we have done and do together canoeing in the north woods. We move at a pace and in directions that we choose and control. We move our worldly possessions and ourselves across impressive

distances and through exquisite country, prepare camp and food nightly, talk, listen and enjoy group accomplishments and private successes with immense appreciation and intense personal pride. We provide for ourselves all of the comforts that we decide are important. We can flick no switches,



push no buttons and charge no batteries to provide comfort or entertainment. We work hard, getting help only from each other, and creating wonderful moments of laughter,

lightness and fun together. It has been this way for many, many years at Wabun, and I sense that these joys today are even rarer and more precious in the world now than they were when Wabun launched its first canoes in 1933. I wish all campers the joyful recollections of quiet paddling, beautiful lakes, portage ends, particularly good meals, the sunsets giving way to fire-side light and conversations, and the warmth of very special summer friendships as Temagami is a memory and the school year is now fully underway. I hold a special pleasure in knowing through my own experiences that such memories will become even finer, fonder and friendlier as they age. I envy the friends and family with whom such experiences are shared; it is an



extraordinary thing our campers have done!

For those of you new to Wabun, I invite you to a Newsletter intended to celebrate what is accomplished through a summer change of place and pace:

Place - the magnificence of Temagami, a canoe-tripping Mecca in northern Ontario, and

Pace - life at four miles an hour, no electricity beyond a flashlight, comforts more meaningful because they are borne

of one's own efforts (individual and group), and recreation that is all about being with and enjoying each other, not what we can purchase, consume, or subscribe to.

Welcome to the Wabun reflections 2008.

Respectfully,



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Newsletter Acknowledgments

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FROM BARK TO BOAT

From Bark to Boat: The Odyssey of a Birch Bark Canoe Built in the Bush

John Zinser is a twenty-year-old student living in Olympia, Washington. He is a junior enrolled in the Evergreen State College studying history and English. John has been with Wabun since joining us as a camper in 2001 and has been a member of our staff for the past three years. He enjoys canoeing in his daily life, paddling in the Puget Sound where he commutes to school.

Adam Wicks is also a junior at the Evergreen State College where he studies upper division science. Adam joined Wabun in 2000 and has lent his considerable talents to us as both camper and staff. This past spring Adam earned an apprenticeship with John Lindman, building birch-bark canoes in Spokane. He spent three months learning the art and history of this ancient craft and building a twenty-eight foot birch bark canoe. Birch bark canoes are now his passion and he plans on building many more, in the bush and in the shop.

Adam and John share a reverence for canoe tripping. They have paddled thousands of miles in Wabun canoes as both campers and staff, have been a part of preparing those canoes and the sections that paddle them on trip, and have an intimate knowledge of the satisfactions and joys to be derived from traveling with the grace and elegance canoes afford. They have taken this satisfaction to a new height this past fall by moving into the Temagami forest for a month and

building a birch bark canoe from scratch. The following is their account.

Adam Wicks' Personal Account

Building a birch bark canoe in the bush was the most amazing challenge either of us had ever experienced. On August 12th, 2008 John Zinser and I entered the Canadian Wilderness with the intention of building a birch bark canoe in the woods using only the materials we could gather and the hand tools we could carry (see picture 1).

On August 10th John, my dog Churo and I arrived at Wabun with the camp nearly empty and no clue of where we were headed. Frightened by the fact that we had no idea of where we would be spending the next four weeks, Pete Gwyn suggested Ferrim Lake, a small lake just west of Kokoko Lake where he had established a hunting camp many years ago. He thought there might be some large birches in the area.

With a firm destination in mind, we called and told our loved ones where we wanted to go but warned them that if we were unable to find the necessary materials at Ferrim Lake we would continue north until we found a suitable site. Our plan was to stay in the bush until we either ran out of food or finished a birch bark canoe. We brought enough food with us for four and a half weeks. This sense of uncertainty was thrilling, as neither John nor I had ever traveled in the bush without an itinerary. We only had a



goal: to build a birch bark canoe in the bush.

Building a birch bark canoe in the woods differs greatly from doing so at home or in a shop. In the shop, one could order all the wood and bark necessary for the canoe and begin building at once. In the bush it's a whole different story. The process of constructing a canoe in the woods involves three fundamental steps. The first and most important step is gathering the materials. It took us a full week to simply find enough birch bark, a cedar tree free of knots, and enough spruce root to sew up the canoe. Once the materials are gathered one must then prepare the materials for construction. This step also took us a full week. It was two weeks into the trip and we hadn't even started building. Finally, once all the ribs and sheathing are prepared, the construction phase begins. This stage took us about a week and half and was without a doubt the most stressful yet exhilarating time of our lives.



Gathering all the materials was definitely the most spiritual aspect of our trip. John and I completely depended on Mother Nature to provide us with what we needed. We searched for days and tested hundreds of birch bark trees but only found five trees that we could use (2). The birch bark must pass a test of flexibility (3). Carefully, we removed the birch bark from the tree using our hands and a bark peeler spud, which Glen Toogood gratefully gifted us before our departure (4). We used the cedar for the gunnels, ribs, and sheathing. Our canoe required us to cut down two cedar trees, which were straight and couldn't have any knots. We then split the trees in half and quartered them by hand (5 & 6). For this we used a froe: a foot long steel blade which is pounded into the log to split it



FROM BARK TO BOAT



along the grain (7). We were able to split the logs down to quarter inch ribs and 1/8th inch thick sheathing (8 & 9). We also had to gather spruce root and tap spruce trees for pitch (10). Spruce root essentially holds the canoe together because it is used to sew sheets of bark together and to lash the gunnels to the bark. The roots are dug up in lengths of up to 15 feet.

Just over a week into our trip we began the material preparation stage. First, we split out our gunnels. In our canoe we employed four gunnel members, two inwales and two outwales. The outer and inner gunnels sandwich the birch bark and are lashed together in groups by spruce root. With the ribs and sheathing split down to



the desired thickness, we carved them smooth and straight with the crooked knife. This took several days but we were amazed by the quality and near perfection of our ribs and sheathing. One factor of the preparation stage that I underestimated was processing the spruce root into a product that could be sewn. After the spruce root was dug up from the ground, we coiled and soaked it in near-boiling water for two hours. Once the root had been heated sufficiently, we peeled off the skin or bark. Then we split the root in half, carefully controlling the split, not unlike how we split the cedar. The split root is then trimmed down so the entire length is of equal width and thickness. Each strand of root took about an hour to make it flexible enough for sewing.

Finally, two weeks into the trip, we finished gathering and preparing our materials. We hadn't started building the canoe yet, but at the beginning I had truly doubted we would get even this far. For weeks before we left for

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the trip, I was filled with doubt and thoughts of failure. What if we weren't able to do it? What if we couldn't find any suitable birch bark? What would I do if Churo, my four-month-old labradoodle puppy, got sick out in the bush? As thoughts like those filled my head, I told myself, "How could we not be successful?" Mother Nature did her job and supplied us with the materi-



als we needed. The pressure was now on us. It was our time to perform.

On day twelve we unrolled the bark and weighted it down with rocks (11 & 12). The bark was then folded up around the weighted building frame (13). Side panels of bark were then inserted where needed and the sewing began. In this step, we sewed the side panels to the hull with a stitch that ran the entire length of the canoe on both sides (14). It was during this stage



that we could truly begin to actually envision the canoe we were building. With each stitch, the canoe began to show her lines and looked more and more like a canoe (15). Sewing with spruce



root is an extremely tedious task that took us three full days to complete. Next we inserted the gunnels and began lashing the gunnels to the side panels of bark. Lashing the canoe was mentally very similar to sewing. For four days straight we did nothing but lashings. I'll say that again, for four days in the bush we lashed or prepared root for our canoe, for over 10 hours each day.

Then it happened. I was carving the bow-carrying thwart and as I rocked my 5-inch buck knife on top of the tennon with the intention of splitting off a 1-inch sliver, the piece

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popped out but my knife continued downward into the top of my wrist. I filleted a 1 ½ inch chunk along my wrist, but luckily it didn't cut my skin completely off. I was just left with a huge flapper. Miraculously the cut didn't bleed a drop or hurt the slightest bit. Calm and collected, John and I treated the wound but quickly realized for a wound of such severity we wouldn't have had nearly enough medical supplies to tend the wound for the duration of the trip. We decided to return to Garden Island and seek medical supplies. John had to solo paddle us to Garden Island, and we returned to our site in less than twenty-four hours. John also soloed us eleven kilometers back to Ferrim Lake.

With all the lashing and sewing complete, we bent and inserted the stem pieces. The stem pieces are what give the bow and stern their



shape. The stem piece is a one inch square, two foot long piece of wood that is laminated or split five to six times to the middle (16 & 17). This technique allows a thick piece of wood to bend with relative ease (18). By day 22, with all the ribs carved smooth and straight, we were ready to bend ribs. We soaked pairs of ribs in near-boiling water (18) and then bent the ribs on our knees (20). Bending ribs was a wonderful culmination of all our efforts (21). Having spent so much time and energy on each rib, we felt a connection to the wood and bent each rib with such care



that not one was broken in the entire process (22).

On day 24 we finished the canoe by pounding the ribs and sheathing in tight (23 & 24), and fashioned and added birch thwarts (25, 26 & 27). We also pegged a gunnel cap to the top of the gunnels. With all the ribs and sheathing pounded tight in the canoe, John, Churo and I celebrated. With cries of joy we immediately pushed off on the canoe's maiden voyage. We shot for it and John won so I had the absolute pleasure of watching our canoe be paddled into

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After 25 days in the bush we returned to Garden Island in triumph. As the canoe could not be paddled for long distances, we carefully balanced it atop all of our gear. Imagine the sight, two grizzly guys and a dog paddling a fully loaded canoe with another canoe, a birch bark canoe, resting atop their gear.

The process of building a birch bark canoe in the bush was simply the union of John and me working with the perfection of what Mother Nature has to offer. If we showed her our respect through our actions she wouldn't let us fail. After three and a half weeks of working everyday from sunrise to sunset we finished our birch bark canoe with an unparalleled sense of achievement.



the wilderness, the same wilderness from which it was created. Even though we could only paddle it for about ten minutes each because it would quickly take on water due to the lack of pitch. I still felt an intense sense of joy and accomplishment. A birch bark canoe built in a traditional manner is the ultimate means of travel in the bush. Pushing off on our canoe's maiden voyage filled my soul with an emotional euphoria. In essence when you paddle a birch bark canoe you are truly paddling in a piece of that Canadian wilderness we all inherently love.





John Kilbridge

Conversation, Tea, and Canoe Building

By Sarah Flotten

Last March and April I was fortunate to spend six weeks of my sabbatical from Breck School building a seventeen-foot Prospector with John Kil-



bridge at the Temagami Canoe Company. I lived above the new shop and enjoyed hanging out with Ursi, Erin and the twins when we weren't working.

Unlike Adam and John's birch-bark canoe build from the outside in, wood and canvas canoes are build on a mold: from the inside out. We began by milling ribs, planks, stems and gunwales (1). The ribs are soaked, steamed and bent around the mold and tacked into place (2).

Since the ribs took several days to soak, I took advantage of the good thirty inches of ice and drove from Temagami, down the Northeast Arm and out to Garden Island. Cassie and Mad-



dy had fun running around camp and I enjoyed snowshoeing after them (3 & 4).



After steaming the soaked ribs we carefully bent them around the mold and tacked each rib into place (5). Incredibly, over 2000 brass tacks are in each canoe. The tack penetrates the rib, hits the metal sheeting on the mold and curls back to secure the rib in place (6 & 7). Then we attached the cedar sheeting using a different tacking pattern determined by the width of plank.

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Next we “popped” it off the mold and the canoe was born (8 & 9)!

After finishing planking (10) we began to attach the canvas. John is a pro and worked much faster than I did. It’s tough to stretch the canvas without ripping it (11 & 12).

My time in Temagami allowed me to learn more history of the area and Wabun. We were able to ski, enjoy great conversations over tea, and spend time playing with the twins. The



CONVERSATION, TEA, AND CANOE BUILDING



filler was worked into the canvas in mid-April (13) then painted this summer (14). I returned home after camp with a beautiful Wabun-red canoe and memories to last a lifetime. If you haven't had a chance, stop by the Canoe Company for tea and a tour.



Canadian Thanksgiving with the Fosters



Chris and Tim Foster, with sons and nephews (from left to right), Will Nocka, Evan Foster, Ian Foster, and Peter Nocka, arrived on Garden Island Friday, October 11, 2008. They were welcomed by beautiful clear weather, gentle fall breezes, and a perfect setting for their 7th Canadian Thanksgiving trip to Temagami. In previous years, their father, Bo, brother, Mike, and brother-in-law Karl have been a part of this annual outing. During a recent visit, insulating their cabin occupied much of their time, thus yielding the warmth and comforts they enjoyed this year.



Marg and Dick Lewis joined the group for a magnificent, traditional Thanksgiving dinner on Saturday evening, followed by soccer and golf matches at Wabun on Sunday.

Glen's Departure

When you walk into the shop at Wabun there are two things that you expect, the first is aroma borne from rags with remnants of paint thinner, the wood smoke that has penetrated the walls, and the canvas filler and paint that blend to create this wonderful olfactory experience. The second is Glen Toogood.



Glen has been Wabun's caretaker for 9 years living on the island year-round with his wife Diane. They also founded the Garden Island Canoe Company, creating gorgeous wood and canvas canoes. They have spent thousands of hours in the shop tapping tacks into sheeting, bending ribs, and meticulously crafting canoes. Their masterpieces have held Chippy and Wawatay who often step into a canoe for the first time, and they have traveled down the turbulent Coulonge and Dumoine Rivers in Quebec. The canoes are truly remarkable and an inspection of each leaves no doubt about the time, effort, and dedication that Glen and Diane invest in their work.

Earlier this year, the Toogoods decided that it was time to take a break from framing buildings, hauling 17-foot watercraft, and living more than 6 miles by water from the nearest road. In August, Glen and Diane's home address migrated from the sandy shores of Garden Isle to the booming metropolis of Temagami. They became, and will continue to be, part of Wabun family, and we cannot thank them enough for all of their contributions to the Camp.

Glen's service as caretaker and canoe-builder has been invaluable. As a craftsman and artist, he was called upon for every task imaginable. His fingerprints can be seen all over the island – from the roofs he built, the staff shower house he designed and constructed, to the ornate signs that present each cabin. During the summer, staff sought him out for assistance in fixing gunwales, sharpening axes, building wannigans, and countless other tasks. Glen enjoyed not only working with the staff, but also teaching them. Each of us has a much better understanding and appreciation for the canoes and equipment used as a result of time with Glen.

Despite all of Glen's skills and abilities, it is his sense of humor and persistent puns that might be Glen's true claim to fame. His never, ever, ever ending ability to add a one-liner caused uproarious laughter (along with several eye-rolls and groans).

Glen and Diane: we will miss you greatly and please know that you will always have a home on Garden Island. Please visit often and have fun 'storming the castle!'

Wabun's New Caretaker, Rob Huff

With Glen and Diane's departure, Wabun was in search of a caretaker. We needed someone who loves the bush, can build, repair, and fix things, and enjoys working around children . . . but could we possibly find someone who fit all of these criteria? Sometimes the best answer is right in front of your nose.

It is with great excitement that Wabun announces Rob Huff as the new caretaker. Rob has spent his last two summers as head chef at Camp and has transformed our kitchen into a tour de force of culinary creations. We are all ecstatic that Wabun will be Rob's home for 52 weeks a year and are doubly thrilled that he will continue to be the chef during the summer! It is often said about food on trip that, "we do not eat, we dine," well Rob brought this philosophy to the dining room as well. His gastronomical skills were on display at each meal. Rob brought a fine-dining approach to Wabun as a result of his experience as the chef and owner of his own upscale restaurant Roberts in Paris, Ontario.



While Rob is a relatively new face to Wabun, he has spent much of his life on Temagami. His grandfather, George Angus, was a well-known builder on the Lake. He built a cabin for his family, decades ago, and Rob and his family enjoy it to this day. An avid fisherman, Rob is often seen with rod in hand, heading out to his favorite spots in search of bass, walleye and lake trout.

Reports from Marg and Dick (who have relocated to Garden Island full time) are that Rob is enamored by life on the island, he has settled nicely into the Caretaker's Cabin, and is already zooming around the island on his snow machine. The three of them enjoy Sunday dinners together as well as hunting and fishing trips.

Wabun is so fortunate to have Rob: his skills, his love of the Camp, and his friendship on the island full-time. Thanks, Rob!

Julie Hoyles and Margot Moses Link Up for Julie's Wedding

On Friday, October 10, 2008, Julie Hoyles and Cam Duncan were married in Ottawa, Ontario. Julie has a long history with Wabun. She began as a Wenonah camper in 1995 with Margot Moses as an assistant in that section. Julie went on to finish her stint as a camper in 1997 as a member of the Cayuga A, Bay Trip section. In 1998 she and Margot Moses hooked up again to staff Cayuga M, Cayuga C in 1999, Cayuga B 2000, and a Bay Trip together in 2001.



It was evident at the reception in Julie's remarks to Margot, one of her Brides Maids, that these years together were defining moments:

"Margot and I have a friendship that could never have grown the way it has in what we call "the real world". Life in the bush is simple – but it is also intense; everything, it seems, is amplified. Life-long friendships are forged and solidified in a matter of weeks, sometimes even days.

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Loyalty and trust take hold the very moment you embark on a trip together. Margot and I have traveled through some of the most uncharted territory in this province by canoe. We have relied on each other for counsel, for a shoulder, and for life-threatening medical attention.

We have nursed each other back to health – we have celebrated great achievements like 2-mile long portages with 85lbs loads on our backs. We have cried at beautiful sunsets, and we have sat silently under the most amazing displays of northern lights. We have been there for each other when there truly wasn't anyone else. Margot – you saw in me – something at 15 years of age – I couldn't see in myself. You have always believed in me – your guidance and now your friendship have played a truly fundamental role in who I am today – and for that – I can be nothing but eternally grateful.”

Finnegan Reunion

The Wabun reunion season opened early last month with a fantastic gathering of over forty at the Finnegan's in Harvard, MA. Attendees included: Jake Basile; Sidney, Bill, Will and Scott Blackwell; Ian Christie and Wendy Sisson; Stef Clement; Hardin, Gail, and Aaron Coleman; Catherine Crowley; Steve, Mary, Conor and Katherine Finnegan; Mark, Hilary, Katie and Mike Finnegan; Sarah Flotten; Natalie Fortier; Pete and Emma Gwyn; Tara Hartzell; Ursi Kilbridge; Helen Killian; Nadine Lehner; Marg

Lewis; Nancy Mabry; Alden Mahoney; Keith and Zac Moskow; Karl, Julie, Laura, Heidi and William Nocka; Andrew Stachiw; and Amanda Sundheimer.

Please see the winter reunion schedule on page 48 for upcoming gatherings.



TV's Survivorman Visits Temagami

Written by Scott Poirier

NEWSFLASH: Scott Poirier and Kim Jones, part of the Wabun medical team and members of the Temagami Ambulance Squad, are part of SURVIVORMAN!

The 2008 season began with various levels of medical training being offered to the Wabun staff. Kim Jones came out from Temagami and joined us for a day of first aid and CPR instruction and certification for those staff who were not part of the Wilderness First Responder course offered earlier. Scott Poirier, father of Rebecca

(Wawatay) and Emma (Wenonah K), joined us for the last two weeks of the season with his wife Lori and served as Wabun's medical emergency presence.

While many of us have seen Survivorman's first Temagami episode, it was unknown to many of us that Survivorman, Les Stroud, actually lived and married in Temagami, so his previous and upcoming episodes are really something of a homecoming for him.

Scott who has been with the Squad since 2003, and Kim, a fifteen year veteran, played significant roles in the recently filmed episode which is scheduled to air on December 6.

Scott Poirier reflects on his and Kim's work with Les Stroud:

“On Sept 18th Les Stroud (Survivorman) was here in the Temagami area to tape another episode for his Survivorman series. The storyline for this episode is something like this. Les and a buddy (Bob) go into the bush off of Rabbit Lake Rd. in Temagami. They are going hunting for ruffed grouse, I believe. Once in the bush, their ATV breaks down, or they go into the bush for



an animal (they never told us the specifics). From this point on, they end up getting lost.

They end up spending an entire week in the bush. For the show, they set it up that the Ontario Provincial Police (OPP) Emergency Response Team (ERT) team along with the OPP dogs and chopper were called in to search for the pair of hunters. On the morning of the 18th, the OPP found the truck that was left at the edge of Rabbit Lake Rd. They had a briefing and then, in teams, they went into the bush to search for the two hunters. It was amazing how efficient and professional this team is. Within hours they had picked up Les's trail, and by 3pm they had located and rescued Les and Bob.

The OPP helicopter brought Les and Bob back out to the staging area where the ambulance, where with Kim Jones and I were waiting to perform an assessment on both hunters. We were taped for the show. Pictures were taken, and we chatted about old times with Les for a bit.

Earlier in the day the show wanted to do an interview with one of us. So Kim did the interview so I would not break the camera or cause the show to lose all of its viewers. They asked questions like could a regular person last in the bush for seven days without food. They also asked what kind of injuries we would be expecting to see and how we would treat them.

At the end of the day, the helicopter pilot asked if I would like to go up. I got to get in the air and took my two girls with us. Emma sat behind the pilot and Rebecca (Wawatay) sat behind me. We had a great flight and the girls are just

getting rid of their smiles. It will be a story for them and me to tell around the fires next summer."

Wabun Article in the *Harvard Post*

The following about Wabun article appeared in the *Harvard Post* newspaper in Harvard, Massachusetts.

A way to spend summer vacation:
The Wabun experience
by Erica Schwiegershausen
Friday, September 5, 2008

At Bromfield, the name "Wabun" has come to hold meaning for many students. Though only a small percentage of students actually attend this rugged Canadian canoeing camp, many have heard all about Wabun at one point or another, as anecdotes from campers have found their way into almost any conversation.

"Information about Wabun is spread almost entirely through word of mouth," said Bromfield senior Helen Kilian, who has attended the camp every summer since fourth grade.

For those unfamiliar with the name, Wabun is a summer camp located in the Lake Temagami region in Ontario, where each year several Harvard students spend their summers camping and canoeing throughout the rivers and lakes of northern Ontario. The camp runs in three- and six-week sessions, and campers ages 10 to 18 participate in various canoe trips, based on

their age and experience. The peak of the Wabun experience is "the bay trip," a six-week, 1,000-mile trip across northern Ontario, ending in Hudson or James Bay.

"Wabun's not your average summer camp," said Will Blackwell, a Broomfield junior who has been attending Wabun for five years. "It's the only camp I've heard of where people are dedicated enough to get tattoos of the logo. To the people who go there, it's literally a separate life."

Harvard's connection to Wabun extends back through the generations of the Nocka and Finnegan families. The Nocka children who attended this summer make the fourth generation of their family to be involved with the camp, as their great-grandfather was a founder of Wabun back in 1933. Mark and Steve Finnegan, brothers who were Wabun campers in the 1970s, also passed along the Wabun tradition to their children, all of whom have attended the camp. Word of the camp spread from these Harvard families to others, such as Helen Kilian and Scott and Will Blackwell, all of whom attended Wabun this summer, along with Katherine, Conor, Katie, and Mikey Finnegan, and Peter, William, and Heidi Nocka.

Wabun also makes an effort to maintain not only these family traditions but also those of the past, through the exclusion of technology as well as through the use of wood and canvas canoes, wannigan boxes, canvas duffel bags, and leather tumplines.

"My favorite thing about Wabun is being

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able to enjoy life at a relaxed pace with no electronics or high-tech devices like cell phones and computers,” said Katherine Finnegan, who has attended Wabun for five years.

Katherine’s cousin Mark Finnegan expressed similar sentiments. “What you experience at Wabun isn’t just an unbelievable amount of fun or the strength and endurance to work all day, but a real sense of accomplishment,” he said. “Not many people can say that they have traveled more than 1,000 miles in six weeks under their own power. The lack of electronics and objects that entertain also guides you toward a different type of entertainment—you invent games and hang out and interact in an entirely different way.”

“I think most anybody can get something out of living in the natural world,” said Will Blackwell. “Wabun is just one way to experience it. After traveling through the wild



Cayuga A Reunites at the Harvard Gathering

for a summer, when I get back, it helps me see through a lot of the hypocrisy and absurdity of the society we live in. To me it’s a good way to get back to reality.” However, Blackwell also acknowledges, “Wabun is definitely not for everyone.”

When asked about aspects of the camp they don’t like, campers respond almost unanimously: bugs and rain. Conor Finnegan explained, “When you go to Wabun, you love it and you hate it. There are times when you just don’t want to go on portaging in the rain when you are up to your knees in muskeg and there is a blanket of mosquitoes and black flies all over your arms, neck, and legs.”

But, said Blackwell, “[It’s] all part of the experience. It wouldn’t be the same if you didn’t have to deal with the less pleasant parts of living in the woods. After a while, you learn to adapt and be happy even while you’re uncomfortable.”

The Harvard campers also all agree on how much they have taken away from their experiences at Wabun.

Said Scott Blackwell, a Wabun camper of two years, “I’ve learned numerous skills from Wabun, mostly having to do with camping and canoeing, but the overall experience of Wabun is indescribable. For me, it’s like nothing else I’ve ever done.”

“I’ve learned so much about canoe-tripping, how to run a rapid without flipping your canoe and how to have fun with who and what is around you,” reflected Conor Finnegan. “And also about what I can accomplish physically and

mentally in the environment I have to face.’

The older campers, especially, point out how much they have learned from Wabun in addition to the canoeing and camping.

“Wabun has been the most influential aspect of my life, even trumping a move to a private school,” said Mark Finnegan. “Wabun taught most of all about working as a group. You learn to overcome each and every task that is thrown at you... My bay trip year taught us more than I had ever imagined, but the best thing we learned was to work as a single unit. We didn’t start carrying loads across a portage unless each canoe was unloaded. As we got better and better at portaging, our days became shorter, and we began to steadily get ahead of schedule. At one point we were 11 days ahead of our itinerary. It’s all about teamwork.”

“Wabun’s helped me gain a lot of independence, self-reliance, and the ability to work hard for things I want to accomplish,” said Will Blackwell. “It’s taught me how to improve myself, work as a part of a team, and help out other people. I’ve also gained a huge respect for the power of the natural world to change things, adapt, support life, and sometimes kill.

The majority of Harvard students who attended Wabun this summer were quick to affirm that they will attend again next summer, some returning as campers and others as staff. “The bay trip is so intense and amazing, I feel like I have to do another one,” said Will Blackwell. “After that, I’m going to staff at Wabun for as long as I can.”



76th Meeting of the Bear Island Braves and the Wabun Staff

The stalwarts of the Wabun staff gloved up, stretched their paddling arms, limbered their portaging legs, and bolstered their egos with recollections of their 75th anniversary softball victory over Bear Island, hoping for the same in 2008. We braved the Braves on the opening day of our 76th Season, the 76th consecutive contest with our neighbors - The Teme-Augama Anishnabai - The Deepwater People.

The game began with a deflating and

ignominious homerun hit by Bear Island's leadoff batter. While Wabun knuckled down and made it close, we slipped another one into the loss column.

While we lost the game, we all fully recognized and appreciated this very special friendship we have enjoyed over the years. Bear Island has offered Wabun guides, campers, provisions, and profoundly valuable insights into their land and the traditions of the indigenous peoples that define this land. We are immeasurably indebted to that community for all that they have so generously offered generations of the Wabun family.



STAFF SIBLINGS

Staff Siblings at Wabun

We all know that Wabun is a family affair, and at no time was that more evident than during the 75th anniversary two years ago. Alumni/ae dating back to the 1940s accompanied Wabun children and grandchildren to Garden Island to share in the celebration and festivities.

This past summer, however, a quick glance at the staff showed that the family ties were also strong in our 76th season. Remarkably, there were six sets of siblings in the staff ranks this year.

Based on their contributions to this newsletter, it is clear the impact that Wabun has had on each of them as individuals, but what is truly special, is the fact that they have been able to share this. Brothers and sisters have a connection and a bond that is amazing. They share this wonderful relationship below.

Rebecca and Rich Thompson

Rebecca is studying Bio-Resource Engineering at McGill University. She just completed her 10th year at Wabun with 4 on the staff and 6 years as a camper (with 2 bay trips).

Richard, currently a substitute teacher and guitar instructor while applying for medical school, was a camper for 9 years (4 bay trips) and just finished his 3rd year on the staff.

Rebecca: I remember one summer after Wabun, Richard and I went to visit my Grandmother at her lake house. She had a canoe there and Richard taught me how to flip it up by myself. It took many tries, but I finally got it and was amazed at his patience with me. The memory is one on which I will look back fondly for a long time to come. Wabun has given my brother and me something to



bond over, and I'm very thankful for that.

Richard: I think that when the unique experience of Wabun is shared by family members, it creates a special bond. It is hard to communicate to people experiences like wood crew, cooking your own food, a muskeg portage, or sitting around a fire at night after a hard day's work with good friends, so it is especially rewarding to have someone in your family who knows what you know and cares as much as you do.

Annike and Max Flomen

Max will be graduating with a degree in History from McGill University this spring. Max just finished his 3rd year on the staff after 5 years in the camper ranks (including 3 bay trips).

Annike is enjoying her 1st year at McGill University studying History, Political Science, and Art History. She is a 7-year Wabun alumna with 5 years as a camper (2 bay trips) and 2 years on the staff.

Max: Sharing my Wabun experience with Annike (and brother, Lucas, and step-sisters Kiera and Catherine) has definitely meant a lot to me. Having people around during the "off-season" with whom I can reminisce about the summer has been a great comfort and a lot of fun. I don't think I knew how much Wabun meant to me until I found out that it meant the same thing to my

siblings. I have never actually tripped with them, but know that they have shared some the same experiences.

Annike: Wabun has been an important family experience. During my years at Wabun I've always been accompanied by Max, Lucas, Catherine or Kiera. Being able to share a common summer adventure has only brought us closer and has created the opportunity for us to interact as friends and not just as siblings. Max has been there to help and guide me, especially in my transition from camper

to staff, and I consider myself lucky to have a familiar presence around me at camp, and I know I can rely on him.

Stacy and Tom Hartzell

Stacy is studying environment science at Albright College and serves as the SGA (Student Government Assoc.) representative for Albright Environmental Action and as a committee member for Albright Animal Care and Use. She was a camper at Wabun for 5 years and just completed her first year on the staff.

Stacy: Working with Tom at Wabun has meant the world to me. Lake Temagami has always been a very special place to me and my family, but before, Wabun was just my special place. Of course Wabun has run in the Hartzell family for quite some time, but I was never able to share it with my brother who is my best friend in the world. Once he began staffing, we were able to talk about tripping and portages and different lakes. This past summer when we finally were at Wabun together for the first time, it was a fabulous experience. I would say the best part was knowing that he was always there when I needed anything at all, especially since our sections were often in camp together. It meant the world to share Wabun with my brother, but it is also so awesome to be able to share Wabun with my cousins, uncles, and grandfather as well.

Holden and August Rasche

This was Holden's second year on the staff after spending 5 years as a camper (with 2 bay trips). He is currently enjoying his junior year at Kenyon College as a history major, with a concentration in United States

history, and possibly a Religious Studies minor. Holden is in a bluegrass band and works for the college's writing center.

Holden: The memories I look back on most fondly are of coming into camp on the last day of a trip, pulling my gear out of my canoe and onto the beach, and having my brother there to greet me and ask me how the trip went, or greeting my brother on the beach when he returns from a trip. It might seem a bit ordinary and mundane, but it has evolved into a tradition for us, and I always look forward to it both during the year and during the Wabun season.

Stef Superina and Whitney Bell

Stef has been at Wabun for many years after starting his Temagami experience at Pays d'en Haut. He has been part of 4 bay trips and most recently led a Wabun B group down the Misinabi River which had not been done in decades.

Stef: Reflecting upon past Wabun experiences with a family member who has had the pleasure of traveling the "Wabun Way" is always an enriching experience. Whitney and I have been associated with Wabun for several years, and our relationship is largely forged on the bonds we have created as campers and staff at Wabun. Whitney's maturation from camper to head staff has filled me with an enormous sense of pride. It is an exhilarating experience to share photographs of past trips, and to hear memorable moments that define summers at Wabun. To be able to share these experiences with a sibling only serves to magnify the importance Wabun has had in defining our characters.

Jessica and Jason Lewis

Jessica is off in Kunming China organizing and leading trips and work opportunities for students through the organization, Where There Be Dragons. She will then be moving to Kyrgyzstan in June two years of working with displaced orphans with the Alpine Fund. Jessica spent the first 4 years of her life on Garden Island and has since tripped for 17 years and 4 bay trips.

Jason has tripped with Wabun for 21 years and has been part of 11 bay trips. When not on 'up north', Jason is the Science Department Chair and Education Technology Coordinator at the Greenwich Country Day School.

Jason: My first recollection of us at Wabun goes all the way back to the four years that we lived on the island. I think Jess was 4 and I was seven and my mom would bundle us up to thwart the sub-zero temperatures and put us, the cocoa, and the snacks in a sled. Off we would go for the annual Christmas tree hunt. Fast forward 25 years and the collection of shared memories is simply awesome. I love that we can exchange stories of rapids on the Rupert, Winisk and Attawapiskat, and that each of us remembers a particular rock or eddy. We love being able to compare where fireplaces were set up on a campsite at the Birthday Cakes, or what the feeling was like standing next to the Gorge as thunderous water pounded the walls of the chasm. Personally, I am so proud of all that Jess has done and taught me at Camp. She is one of the most accomplished canoeists I have ever known, but more importantly, she is a great person and the girls whom she leads are very lucky. I wish I could have had her as a staff.

CAYUGA A

A History Lesson for Cayuga A

Standing with our canoes on the Attawapiskat tarmac ignoring swarms of blackflies, we were treated to a history lesson by Attawapiskat native, Joseph Louttit. Pulling out a regional map, he retraced our route down the river, through his historic homeland. Red crosses marked the final resting places of each family in the community and those beyond. He explained



the history of the land, the coming of the Hudson Bay Company, Treaty No. 9, and now the DeBears Diamond Mine.

Attawapiskat can be interpreted as “the opening in the rocks,” and the previous afternoon as Joseph treated us to an exhilarating ride in a freighter canoe out into James Bay, he pointed

out how he finds the entrance to the river and the way home by looking for that opening. As we entered The Bay, the Cayugas jumped into the salty water celebrating the end of our summer’s journey.



The community of Attawapiskat is home to 1300 on-reserve residents located high on a clay cliff surrounded by black spruce bogs cut by rivers and creeks. They are part of the communities that make up the Mushkego or Omushkego James Bay Cree, ranging from Moose Factory to Peawanuk. The original reserve (as determined by the 1929 addition to Treaty 9) is 160 kilometers inland on the Ekwana River. Joseph explained the Cree view of land ownership and struggles with the provincial government over hunting rights on Akamiski Island. For centuries, the Cree travelled in what Joseph called “micro bands” of small families sustained by the land. The current location of the community, the increasing reliance on food from the Northern Store (formerly Hudson Bay Company), and reliance on government subsidies make the future uncertain for Joseph’s people. We talked to many about the Victor Dia-

mond Mine Project ninety kilometers up river. Although the changes in the river and community are evident, the lasting effects are yet to be determined.

Joseph’s passion for history and preserving the Cree way of life in a modern world guides his daily life. As a NAPS (Nishnawbe-Aski Police Service) officer, he protects the community, and as a historian he protects the communities’ legacy for future generation. He and his father helped



cultural anthropologist Bryan Cummins in his Attawapiskat field work in the early 1990s. He gave us a signed copy of the book and the perfect end to a magical summer. We are forever grateful to Joseph and our other friends who were so generous in Attawapiskat.

For Further Reading...

Cummins, Bryan, *Only God Can Own the Land: The Attawapiskat Cree, the land and the state in the 20th century*. Cobalt, Ontario: Highway Book Shop, 1999.

2008 SECTION ALIGNMENT

Wabun A	Wabun B-M	Wabun B-C	Algonquin	Cree	Chippy 1-H	Chippy 2-H
Peter Gwyn John Zinser David Lahr Will Blackwell Conor Finnegan David Kast Garrett Lindenmann Zac Moskow Diogo Silva Zeno Wicks Taylor Wright Isa Zinser	Stef Superina Jesse Coleman Alex Alden Bryden Brancart Ian Christie Tyler Clark AJ Malcomson Michael Martinez Andrea Santoro Will Sherman	Andrew Stachiw Max Flomen Scott Blackwell Alvaro Cuenza Heath Harckham Nate Levin Stewart Longsworth Rob Meffert Christopher Morgan Brooks Rudolph	Matt Torgeson Charlie Cross Casey Breen Jackson Crook Michael Finnegan Marc Foster Marco Grant Colin Hartzell Tom Romans	Rich Thompson August Rasche Ben Wright Sam Addison Jerome Cote Reece Echelberger Jens Hybertson Paul Lindseth	Tom Hartzell Paul Sipp Henry Konker Holden Rasche David Cote Oliver Getch John Hunger Drew Sarno Charlie Sipp	Tom Hartzell Holden Rasche Aaron Coleman Sean Barnebey Gus Hodgkins Austin Hovey Jackson Larrabee Will Reed Bobby Turner
Cayuga A	Cayuga B	Wenonah K	Wenonah B	Wawatay 1	Wawatay 2	Chippy 2-R
Sarah Flotten Nadine Lehner Stephanie Clement Kiera Crowley Katherine Finnegan Natalie Fortier Haley Greenberg Tara Hartzell Lizi Jones Ursi Kilbridge Helen Kilian Hollyn Maloney	Rebecca Thompson Eliza Wicks-Arshack Elisa Morris Kate Denninger Katie Finnegan Ellen Haenszel Nina Harrison Kate Kennedy Anika McPhee Gini Yost	Kate Knisley Annikke Flomen Kristin Booth Scout Jones Heidi Nocka Jessie Paulson Emma Poirier Annie Reagan Annie Sherman Reis Worgan	Whitney Bell Susanna Quaintance Katie Krasne Isabel Cochran Charlotte Gaillard Erika Goodman Sarah Grace Longsworth Mary Therese Snyder	Amanda Dock Stacy Hartzell Kate Deninger Kezia Bowman Zoe Collis Jo Moore Sophie Najjar	Jessica Lewis Amanda Dock Stacy Hartzell Emma Gwyn Katy Gwyn Alison Kurtz Rebecca Poirier Amanda Sundheimer	Trevor Rees Henry Konker Joe Thomson Wilson Ford Evan Foster Ollie Hodgkins Andrew Norman Walker Thomas

Staff are in bold.

SUMMER 2008 ITINERARIES

Date	Wabun A	Cayuga A	Wabun B-M	Wabun B-C	Cayuga B	Algonquin	Wenonah K	Cree	Wenonah B	Wawatay 1	Chippy 1	Chippy R	Date
26-Jun	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive	arrive		26-Jun
27	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		27
28	Travel	Travel	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		28
29	Kapkichi Lake	St Joe	Obabika	Cross	Philadelphia Point	Obabika	Cross Bay	Denedus	Obabika Inlet	KoKoKo Bay	Skunk		29
30	Kapkichi Lake	St Joe	Upper Goose	Temagami River	Obabika	Clearwater	Cross Lake	Iceland	Pickereel Bay	Devil's Mtn	Gull		30
1-Jul	Bow Lake	Johnson Bay	Rawson	Temagami River	Upper Goose	Upper Bass	Wasaksina	Spawning	KoKoKo Lake	Cleminshaw's	Charlie's		1-Jul
2	Bow Lake	Blackstone Lake	Adelaide	Red Cedar	Rawson	Cleminshaw's	Temagami	Elephant Rock	KoKoKo Bay	IN	IN		2
3	Fox Head Lake	North Bamaji Lake	Old Bridge	Ingall	Adelaide	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		3
4	Obabika North	Weslevan Lake	Pilgrim Creek	Wasaks	Old Bridge	IN	IN	IN	IN	Cross Lake	Sharp Rock		4
5	Morris River	East of Keezie Lake	Obabika	Spawning	Pilgrim Creek	Diamond	Horseshoe	NW Arm	Denedus	Wasaksina	Diamond		5
6	Falls on Morris	West of Dorothy Lake	Cleminshaw's	Temagami	Obabika	Sugar	Diamond	Clearwater	Wasaksina	Shiningwood Bay	Obabika		6
7	Horseshoe	Dorothy Lake	IN	IN	Cleminshaw's	Exploration	Cliff	Rest	Iceland	Temagami	Temagami		7
8	Rapid below Bridge	Dobie River	IN	IN	IN	Willow Island	Clearwater	Donald	Iceland	IN	IN		8
9	Rest	Dobie River	Shikwam Kwa L	Cassels	IN	Sharp Rock	Rest	Diamond	NE Arm	IN	IN		9
10	SE Hereford Lake	Rest	44 Lake	Four Bass	Rabbit	The Heights	Obabika	Temagami	Spawning	Sharp Rock	Shiningwood Bay		10
11	Wastayanipi Lake	Leckey Lake	Ribes Lake	Portage Sauvage	Four Bass	IN	Temagami	IN	The Heights	Diamond	Denedus		11
12	Assine Lake	Nanos Lake	Elbow Lake	Premier Lac	Portage Sauvage	IN	IN	IN	IN	Wakimaka	Iceland		12
13	Pipestone Portage	Froats Lake	Little Miss'I R	Spunnyside	Premier Lac	Red Squirrel	IN	Chambers	IN	Obabika	Rest		13
14	Wunnumin Lake	Below Bow Lake	Little Miss'I R	Pommeroy	Kipawa	Animanippising	Sharp Rock	Lenore	Sharp Rock	Charlie's	Spitzig		14
15	Outlet of Winisk River	Badesdawa	Whitefish Falls	Rest	Lac Audoin	Geoffrey Lake	Willow	Red Squirrel	Lady Evelyn	Rest	Elephant Rock		15
16	Nabinarnik Lake	Ozhuskans	Quittagene R'ds	Ogascanon	Pommeroy	Tyndall Lake	Hobart	Aston	Sugar	IN	IN		16
17	Chipai Lake	Rest	Peterbell Marsh	Ross Lake	Rest	Jackpine	Rest	Turner	Rest	Wawatay 1 leave	Chippy 1 leave		17
18	Kitchaie	Kakagawizida	Rest	Winniwiash	Ogascanon	Chambers Lake	Lady Evelyn	Eagle	Lady Evelyn	Wawatay 2 arrive	Chippy H arrive	Chippy R arrive	18
19	Winisk River	Saburn	Allen Island	Cinq Portage	Ross Lake	Rest	Sugar	Animanippising	Bay Lake	IN	IN	IN	19
20	SE Webeque	Ozhiski Lake	Splitrock Falls	Grand Lake	Winniwiash	KoKoKo Bay	Diamond	Red Squirrel	Animanippising	Obabika Inlet	Jumping Cat	Philadelphia Point	20
21	Stockman Lake	Otoskwin River	Brunswick Lake	Dragon	Lac de Veillard	IN	Temagami	Temagami	Red Squirrel	Philadelphia Point	KoKoKo	KoKoKo	21
22	Rest	Kabania Lake	Brunswick River	Timber	Cinq Portage	IN	IN	IN	Ferguson Bay	Cleminshaw's	The Heights	Elephant Rock	22
23	Moose track Lake	Lansdowne House	2 Portage Falls	Labrador	Grand Lake	Diamond	IN	IN	L Cleminshaw's	IN	IN	IN	23
24	Granite Lodge Rapid	Rest	Wilson's Bend	Larive	Chartier	Sucker Gut	Gull	Diamond	IN	IN	IN	IN	24
25	Below Island Rapid	Rapid	Glassy Falls	Coulonge	Lac a la Croix	Maple Mountain	Grassy	Lady Evelyn	IN	Devil's Mtn	Sharp Rock	Cross Lake	25
26	North Channel	Rapid below junction	Blackfeather	Coulonge	Joncas	Center Falls	Sturgeon	Sugar	Sharp Rock	KoKoKo Lake	Wakimaka	Wasaksina	26
27	Winiskis Channel	Pim Island	Isabel Island	Coulonge	Riviere de l'Original	Shangri-la	Maskinonge	Sunny	Lady Evelyn	KoKoKo Bay	Obabika	Shiningwood Bay	27
28	Exploration	String Bogs	Thunderhouse	Coulonge	Lac Dumoine	Forks	Carl	McLennan	Hobart	Charlie's	Cleminshaw's	Elephant Rock	28
29	Above last island	Above Missa River	Rest	Coreille R Jon	Lac Dumoine	Florence	Matamagami	Bay Lake	Center Falls	IN	IN	IN	29
30	Island below Ash	Indian site	Pivabiska River	Coreille R Jon	Lac Dumoine	Rest	Wolf	Kit	Rest	IN	IN	IN	30
31	Past big bend	Birthday Cakes	Soweska River	Chutes Diabls	Lac Dumoine	Pinetorch	McConnell	Rest	Katherine	NE Arm	Olier	Sharp Rock	31
1-Aug	Below Attik Island	Below double portage	McCuasig Cr	Enraged Rapids	Lac Dumoine	Lake #7	Rest	Animanippising	South Channel	Iceland	Wasaksina	Diamond	1-Aug
2	Islands before Sutton	Open	Moose River	Coulonge	Lac Dumoine	Lake #13	Rawson	Mountain	Willow Island	Wasaksina	Iceland	Wakimaka	2
3	Caribou Island	Rest	Moose River	Coulonge	Lac Dumoine	Dorothy	Upper Goose	Net	Diamond	Denedus	Rest	Obabika	3
4	Peawaunuk	Lawashi Channel	Moosonee	Terry Fox Bridge	Stonecliffe	Wakimaka	Obabika	Snake Island	Wakimaka	Shiningwood Bay	NE Arm	Obabika Inlet	4
5	Travel	Travel	Travel	Travel	Travel	KoKoKo Bay	The Heights	Elephant Rock	Obabika	Charlie's	L Cleminshaw's	U Cleminshaw's	5
6	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	6
7	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	7

Chippy H (First Session)

On our third and final trip, we ventured into the undocumented and challenging Wasaksina Region. Our first day took us on the trails of Temagami Island, through the Old Growth Forest of the mighty giant red and white pines, many centuries old. We pressed on to the lovely Shiningwood Bay, where we searched and searched, but could not find a campsite to our liking. Feeling ambitious, we pushed ahead through Olier Lake and on to Denedus Lake, our planned second campsite. In light of this un-



pected progress, the brave trippers were granted a surprise rest day! We rested easy that night, serenaded to sleep by the hum of the mosquito hordes. The next day brought your typical rest day...pancakes, canoe races, cliff jumping...and your not so typical evacuation. After a quick jaunt back to Garden Isle, it was determined that all was well with Staffman Sipp, and we were able to rejoin the troops that night. The following day brought the rare, but strong Wabun east wind. An

anomaly like this might demoralize another section, but when you trip with Headwind Hartzell, you expect not only the unexpected, but also the seemingly impossible. Once we crossed the windy water of Wasaks, we turned north, for our strongest tailwind of the session. We made camp in Driftwood Lake, enjoying poutine for lunch, a delicious regional delicacy. Shortly after the meal, we were ambushed by an onslaught of gravity-defying horizontal rain. Once the deluge ended, we were blessed with blue skies for the remainder of the day. The following day, we awoke at the crack of 9, in preparation for a grueling 2-kilometer day. A short paddle and portage later, we found ourselves nestled onto our campsite on Iceland Lake. Iceland welcomed us with grilled cheese sandwiches on homemade bread, an epic wood crew, and a rousing game of Crazy 8s. The following day's voyage brought the mighty Tetapaga River. We did battle with her by sea and by land, culminating in a mid-portage skirmish. The noble Chippies were victorious, and we were able to re-take the shores of Lake Temagami. We continued down the Northeast Arm of Temagami, battling yet another headwind, to the surprise of no one. We journeyed up into Loon Bay, to check out the portage into Spitzig Lake, a lake that is rarely visited by anyone. After eventually finding it and scouting it, we could see why. This being the case, we went ahead to our campsite in preparation of a rest day for our last day on trip. The rest day was delicious, in various ways. Brunch consisted of chocolate chip pancakes, the afternoon brought cinnamon buns and Oreo-bearing parents, and

dinner was a fantastic extravaganza of calzones and pizzaroni. The entire session was finally brought to a fitting conclusion when the section completed their three-week long mission of breaking a Nalgene. All in all, it has been a great three weeks, my assistants and I are all sorry to see these kids go, but are glad for the time that we have shared.



David Coté: Our French speaker from Quebec, David quickly became our fastest tumper and roller. With a constant chorus of “méchant” every five minutes (which, for those of you qui ne parle pas français, means “evil”) and a friendly banter of grunts and groans as conversation accents, David has endeared himself to both staff and campers alike.

Oliver Getch: Code name Twister, Oliver was the only camper to brave the task of portaging a wannigan these three weeks. Rivaling most for dirtiest camper, Oliver made sure to work hard and assist those who needed help during the trips, ever maintaining a bilingual friendship that consisted of name repetition only. David! Oliver!

John Hunger: Comparable only to Alex Trebec for most questions asked, ever, John has

SUMMER 2008 LOGS

allowed himself to shine both in the canoe and out, in both helpful ways and not. Living up to his nickname of “Rollercoaster”, John constantly fluctuated between wanting nothing to do with bacon and liking it more than anything ever. He likes Red River, that’s all I have to say.

Drew Sarno: You may notice a plague victim walking around the camp today. Don’t worry; it’s just Drew Sarno and his Technicolor bug bite scabs. The absent-minded camper, Drew has proved himself to be a delightful, albeit inattentive, addition to our section. On trip, a well-oiled machine; in base camp: Casanova himself. Drew Sarno.

Charlie Sipp: Every house needs a strong foundation; just as every section needs a Sipp. If you have two, you’ve got a really good house. Our section tank, Charlie destroyed every portage he came across and personally beat every headwind into submission, all the while maintaining a cool second only to Clint Eastwood himself.

Wawatay (First Session)

Our first trip took us on the beloved Kokoko Loop. We started out with one of the few tail winds we would enjoy in our session, which allowed us to have a floating lunch, a style which quickly became the girls’ favorite way to eat. Highlights from the first trip include hiking to the top of Devil’s Mountain to watch the sunrise, cliff jumping at Cleminshaw’s, a cocoa party with the Chippies, and watching Canada Day fireworks from our campsite on the last night.



Our second trip was 5 days long and took us on a Temagami tour. On this trip, the girls’ had their first experience with trip mac and cheese. The pot was quickly licked clean. We also had the opportunity to sail twice, took many tire checks, and even raced a houseboat to a beautiful rocky peninsula campsite. We won.

For our third trip, we did the popular Diamond-Wakimika-Obabika Loop. The trip started out with “man crew” with the Algonquins. The resulting cedar billets chopped like butter, and lasted us the rest of the trip. This trip provided many opportunities for the girls’ to hone their canoe tripping skills. We crossed four portages, all of which everyone completed with ease. The campers even carried their canoes across much of the bowman’s portage, with one canoe being carried the entire 940 yards by campers. The campers shone paddling in stiff head winds, pouring rain, and the current of the Wakimika River. All enjoyed going over the ledge at the end of the

Wakimika River.

We also had many fun activities on our last trip, including making many bracelets, cliff jumping again, swimming often, pondering canoe water skiing, and of course cooking and eating. We made many fantastic meals, ranging from corn chowder with bacon, spaghetti with cheesy garlic breadsticks, blueberry chocolate chip pancakes made with freshly picked blueberries, and doughnuts with four different types of frosting.

The girls’ certainly kept the staff busy with questions, such as “Where do we get wash water from?” “What does blueberry tea taste like?” and “Can I put my head on this wannigan and flip into my canoe?” All of these trips provided us with ample time to get to know each



other. Sophie is the singer of the group, and even though she would never admit it, her secret love of Hannah Montana shone through. She also had a bad habit of falling into the water daily, but

established herself as a strong paddler early on and never hesitated to get her feet wet. Bo was the bannock guru of the Wawatays and our quickest roller, but also almost lost her quickly made duffel to the depths this morning as it somehow found its way to the water and was floating at a brisk pace away from the site. Jo, the one returning camper in our flock, made it very evident from the start that she loved swimming. Requesting tire checks every break. She was also the dictionary of the section and frequently pulled out words like “pungent,” “flotilla,” and “girl-phillic.” She loved to tump and did it splendidly. Zoe has an incredibly infectious laugh which kept our section going all day long. She is a huge fan of headwind waves as well, emitting a “wheeee” at every bump like it was a roller coaster.

These past 3 weeks have flown by and we can barely believe they’re now done, but we will carry our memories through until we meet again on this beach next summer.

Chippy H (Second Session)

Fresh off our expedition to Diamond-Wakimika-Obabika, where we were wowed by the work of rock beavers, braved the fury of the wiley Wakimika River, and cruised across the Obabika Highway, Chippy H decided to next take on the voyage to Wasaksina. Our plan was to attack from the east, through Shiningwood Bay, before battling north to Iceland (the lake, not the country), thus avoiding Cross like a bad peanut. Our first day was leisurely and morale building as we hiked to the top of High Rock for lunch



before making camp nearby. Day two brought the portages; though skeggy and flooded, our brave Chippewa’s pressed with strength and determination. After a hot lunch on Denedus refueled our engines, we claimed the shores of Wasaksina Lake as our own. Unfortunately, so had seemingly all of Canada; every campsite was taken. Apparently Civic Holiday weekend is not a good time to take on this battle. I, being the foresighted head staff that I am, had kept an out-of-the-way campsite in my back pocket for just such an occasion. It turned out not too shabby, either. We ended up at a nice site, tucked back in the woods, where we dined on ham fresh off the bone with a decadent raspberry glaze.

In order to thwart our new opposition (vacationers), we arose and rolled extra early in the hopes of capturing The Good Site On Iceland. After passing the Wawatays on Driftwood Lake, we were pleased to hear their scouting report: The Good Site On Iceland was ours for the taking! Sure enough, we snagged it and prepared for the as-advertised Wilderness Sabbath, aka Rest Day. We spent our day on leave swimming, fishing, playing capture the flag, and feasting on pan-

cakes, alfredo, and cinnamon buns. Everything was going smoothly until the silence was shattered like a windshield in Hartford. One camper spotted a bogey approaching from our right flank. We all rushed to the water’s edge to see a large snapping turtle heading toward the site. Unsure of his objective, I managed to wrangle the creature and hold it up for the boys to examine. We determined Mr. Snappy to be friend rather than foe, and returned him to his aquatic patrol.

With victory firmly in our grasp, we spent the next day paddling and portaging our way back to Temagami. We overtook the best that the beavers could throw at us, forded the mighty Tetapaga River, and outlasted the Northeast Arm before we came to rest at our throne upon Matagama Point. Our final moving day returned



us once again to a life of leisure as we paddled around Bear Island, stopping to jump the cliffs and get some goods at the store. There, we met up with the Algonquin, Wawatay, and Wenonah K brigades, all of whom were also returning from victory. We made our final camp at Fort Lower Cleminshaw’s, where we enjoyed our final rest day during which we greeted parents, bid parents a farewell, saved parents in a real live canoe-to-

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canoe rescue, jumped more cliffs, and shared our last night with the Wawatay and Chippy R sections at a cocoa party to remember. It's been a real pleasure tripping with these boys. We hope they enjoyed it even more than we did!

Sean Barnebey: If ever there was a more quintessential Chippewa tribesman, we have yet to see him. Always willing to help out, Sean fast became an anchor for his fellow campers. Glacially slow eating aside, Sean will pretty much do whatever needs to be done. Even if there is nothing left to cook, he'll fan that fire into a blaze...for no apparent reason...every night... even at other people's campsites...when they have nothing to cook either! Sean has also become our section's official water tester, first to get in the lake and last to get out...every time...even if you asked him nicely to get out five minutes before... even if KP has already started! If anyone needs a cliff jumped, Sean's your man. If anyone wants to see what three square meals looks like on someone's face, Sean's your man. If anyone wants to have a great 3 weeks, Sean's your man.

Gus Hodgkins: A Chippy section requires many types of campers to function normally: the hard workers, the goofballs, and, as Gus Chiggins has proven, even the old prospectors have their place. He did his pots with the expertise only years of panning for gold can give you. Never did strike it rich, did you Gus? Looking like a survivor from the Battle of Shiloh after a mishap on Obabika, Gus still made sure to provide the section with a happy-go-lucky smile, both on his face and on his knee. He's always

there when you need him; even though you may need to shout his name five times get his attention. Gus, if you wouldn't mind? (Ah, peaches). Ah peaches, Gus, the summer is at an end. Ah peaches.

Austin Hovey: Like your average Pokemon, Austen has had three evolutionary phases this summer. First came Austin: mild mannered, quiet, helpful, and most of all, lucid. You may think this last to be oddly placed but bear with, it changed. Next came his alter ego: outgoing, goofy while still maintaining sanity, always willing to take a joke and mumble one right back at you. We called this one Keith. And we thought it would end with Keith. But fate is a fickle mistress. Lastly came Granny. Take everything Keith is, and age it about 96 years, and you get Granny. Cranky? Yes. Ornerly? You bet. Lucid? Not a chance. Fun fact: Granny Keith is the sections only Alzheimer's sufferer, having perfected, then totally forgotten the tump knot, in just four years. Granny, we'll miss you, even if you do keep showing us pictures of your grandchildren and telling us how they used to do it.

Jackson Larrabee: A gentleman and a scholar. A Connecticut Yankee. The strong, silent type. A Wabun legacy. Winner, or at least one in the six-way tie for Chippy H's palest camper. J-jack. A Rectory man. All describe Stonewall Jackson Larrabee to a T. If the section was comprised of mainline award shows, Jackson would surly be the Independent Spirit Awards. We never knew what was a-brewin' in Jackson's noggin, but we knew it had to be something good. Not say

all academics don't have their playful side, Jackson's comprising entirely of a good, down home headlock. The sole conqueror of the K wannigan, Jackson proved himself invaluable to the section. Maine has no idea what it's in for, Jackson. Give it a headlock for all of us.

Will Reed: Seven years ago, a legacy was created by two legends in the making from 'round Californie way. These two brothers, these Wabun machines, began a dynasty for Los Angeles' representation on Lake Temagami. The mantle has been passed down to a new generation, equally as stylish and hard-core, in Will Reed. Living up to the LA standard, Will worked hard this summer, looking fashionable the whole way. Hair? Fit for a Levin at a Justice show. Pipe jeans? American Apparel sweatshirt? Nike high top kicks? Ladies, prepare to swoon. Doing wood crew or playing capture the flag, Will put his all into the summer, and it showed for both staff and campers. God willing, you won't have to use the two-man saw for ten more months. God willing.

Bobby Turner: With eyes as big as his stomach is small, Bobby Turner made his mark on Chippy H. Bobby is an interesting conundrum of a camper. On the one hand, the mere mention of the words anchor, man, or any combination of the two will set him into a torrential downpour of giggles. On the other hand, if he doesn't like the cut of your canoe, he'll let you know in as brutal a manner as he can. Didn't like the leather upholstery of the Italian Stallion, did you, Bobby? Watch out, Wenonahs, there is a new thirteen year-old on Garden Island, and he's going to

make it count. A great tripper and camper, Bobby proves that size does not, in fact, matter.

Chippy R (Second Session)

Chippy R returned to Wabun this morning after completing a seven-day trip to Diamond, Wakimika, and Obabika Lakes.

I would like to introduce the section to you, beginning with Wilson Ford. Wilson is a first year camper who has done six bay trips. Wilson loved to swim, caught a fish that he named "Stan," and enjoyed throwing his roll off the cliffs at Cleminshaw's campsite to see if it was water-proof.



Evan Foster is also a first year camper whose family has quite a history at Wabun. Like Wilson, Evan has done six bay trips.

Ollie Hodgkins, another first year camper with six bay trips. Ollie's brother Gus is a member of Chippy H and his father was a camper at Wabun.

Andrew Norman, first year camper, six bay trips. Andrew carried a wannigan on our last



trip and jumped off the cliffs at Cleminshaw's many a time.

Walker Thomas, first year camper, six bay trips. Walker enjoyed throwing rocks into the water and eating foods that were high in sugar content.

With the campers and staff combined, Chippy R has 25 years of experience at Wabun and a total of 53 bay trips. Each camper paddled to Kokoko Bay, Grassy Bay, Granny's Bay, Shiningwood Bay, Outlet Bay, and Portage Bay. Some



highlights of our trips included cliff jumping, cooking, fire starting, playing chess and hearts, swimming, and eating sugary foods. The section came a long way during the last three weeks. Tumping, rolling, map reading, sawing, paddling, and campsite setup are among some of the skills that these young men learned and practiced. These are skills that are at the foundation of the Wabun Way and that will serve them well in their future lives.

On a personal note, I would like to recognize and thank Joe Thomson and Henry Konker. Everyday I was amazed at how fortunate I was to work with Joe and Henry. They were great with the kids, took their work seriously, and most of all, had fun. Joe and Henry are terrific role models and we are fortunate to have them at Wabun.

Wawatay (Second Session)

A Wawatay is one who paddles bow or mojo, or sometimes stern, in a 17 foot cedar strip canoe. A Wawatay is one who typically swims 3 to 8 times a day and leaps off cliffs with similar frequency.

Wawatays are loud.

Wawatays laugh a lot.

Wawatays love gumperts.

These past three weeks 5 Wawatays and their three staff graced the shores of Temagami, Kokoko, Iceland, and Wasaksina Lakes. Each of these girls contributed their strengths, humor, and individuality to the group. Kurtz, our budding author, kept us all entertained with her

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stories, both from her life and from her imagination. Amanda led the charge to get the Wawatays off the site in under two hours with her uber fast rolling and tumping prowess. Emma serenaded the section on long paddles with songs about wet shoes and the tough girls of team Gwyn. Katy, between giggles, demonstrated her freakish strength by carrying the K wannigan, in which 3 Katys could easily fit. Rebecca took great pride in making sure that no red paint was to find its way from



our canoes onto any sharp rocks that menaced us at loading and unloading spots.

As a section, we Wawatays shared many adventures and experiences during these past



three weeks and we would like to share them with you in the form of snapshots from a Wawatay summer.

- Air quote swimming on Iceland Lake
- Katy's first encounter with muskeg and an untied shoe
- Doughnuts and lumberjacks on KoKoKo
- A pasta salad picnic on Devil's Rock
- Back-to-back belting of Hakuna Matata ("When I was a young wart hog!")
- Emma's fearless leaps off Clemenshaw's
- Sharing a small island site with a family of nesting loons
- 3 portages ending at waterfalls
- Kurtz carrying #13 for 100 yards on the bowman's portage
- Moosaroni and cheese
- Rebecca's delicious chocolate lava bannock

- Hawks and blue herons and beavers
- Amanda's patience with three aspiring orthodontist staff, pliers and tweezers in hand



Now we would like to conclude with two haikus, one of taste and one of grace.

Sweet molten bannock.
Take me to bannock land now.
Smothered in Cool Whip.

And now we must part
Until the same time next year.
Together again.

Wenonah B

Hey there, Wenonahs,
Don't you worry about the Trout Streams,
I know portages are hard,
But knowing you,
I know you'll see them through.
We did and now we're telling you,
Oh yes it's true.

Happy Birthday Isabel,
Your Oreo bannock baked so well.
Lanskib surprised us with treats,
It made our night on Temag oh so fine.
But now it's time to say goodbye,
Say goodbye.



Oh, we went to Centre Falls,
Saw the Creees and had a ball,
Yes we did it all.

Hey Helen's Falls,
We are tough and buff,
We will not slip on all your cliffs and crud,
But all that mud and rocks will leave us with wet socks.

Got pot black on my new blue Crocs,
Ah, I hate pots!

Cocoa with Lanskib at Divide,
Taught them our Wabun Way with pride,
Now Lanskib's on our side.
Took a left turn to find



More portages to leave behind.
Hap's Cabin's not so bad,
And Bridal Veil did take our breath away.
Oh we wish that we could stay
Another day.
Oh, we paddled with all our might,
When we couldn't find a site
On Obakika that night.

1000 metres seems pretty far,
But we've got strength and will and smarts,
And I'd line to you if there's no other way.
And bows your sterns will promise you
That they will carry that canoe
On any portage any of the days,
Oh any day.

Hey there, Camp Wabun,
We've got so much left to say,
If every simple log we wrote for you
Would take your breath away,
We'd write it all.
Even more open mouthed you'd fall,
We'd have it all!

Oh what lovely sites were seen,
Oh how we made the perfect team.
Goodbye Wenonah B!



Cree

On our last trip, we meandered north,
first up to old Hobart Lake to test fate and attempt a summit of Maple Mountain, Ontario's second highest peak. On our way to Lady Evelyn, we experienced a huge thunderstorm with howling winds, bright lightning, and hard rain. Luckily, all were safe in their comfy, cozy tents right after lunch. A weary Keewaydin section that paddled by later had been less fortunate, but so it was on our leisurely sojourn.

Once the rain petered out and dinner was digesting, the campers were sent to bed. I noticed the campers were not so eager to retire, but felt rather like attempting to throw small rocks to the water from their tent sites. I'm hazy on the details, but this eventually evolved into our new favorite game: Rock Break...not to be confused

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with Rock Hit, a game the bowman sometimes like to play. The object: hurl huge rocks at an even bigger boulder in an attempt to smash the boulder to bits. Some fisherman nearby observed our Neanderthal-like behavior with cautious curiosity.

Yes, we liked our games. We came up with several, including what I will call Card Game, Pine Cone, Camper Toss, Quiet Game, Wenonah Prank, Death Ball, Throw Game, Canoe Rock, Rubber Band, Find the Pot Glove, and the most challenging: Bannock Eat.

In short, we huffed and puffed up to Maple Mountain where, from the rusted fire tower, we saw a girl picking blueberries, or... the ghost of a girl picking blueberries! We stayed at Center Falls, shooting every chute, even the middle (because chicks dig scars) and had some pizza while some guy and his son looked on with envy.

We whizzed past some Wenonahs to Shangri-La, where we had no trouble finding our rest day site. Halfway done with the trip, we motored on down the South Arm of the Lady Evelyn River (where the fun portages are!), jumped off Fat Man's (100 ft tall) and did the

Diamond 2 miler (easy), and started to see other Wabun sections. This would not do, so we pushed on to good old Elephant Rock for a double rest



day, which, while envious naysayers may think is ridiculous, we rather enjoyed it.

This section was by this point a well-oiled machine; mornings flew, aided by pre-rolling (and pre-tent-destakeification!), and we paddled and portaged like the pros. We enjoyed some beautiful sights, what I hope were satisfactory meals, and the pleasure of each other's company. It was a lot of fun to have such a small, close-knit sections, and I hope you guys all had as much fun as I did.

Wenonah K



The Wenonah K's lived by the trees
And frolicked in the summer breeze on Lake
Temagami

Little women trippers headed off Southwest
To travel to McConnell Bay
For their much needed rest

The Wenonah K's treasured this fine palace
Full of rocks, frogs, pine, spruce and Clintonia
Borealis
The Kelly was a killer
At least we didn't get lost
Unlike most of the campers when they would
bush for pots

The Wenonah K's are the Smiley Face Gang
Got tented last by the Crees
Who traded in their chivalry



Base camp was a bummer
We were all homesick
But spirits grew and smiles flew when we were
out on trip

The Wenonah K's cooked bannock without lard
And finding sub for flour wasn't very hard



Our section was awesome
 Better company could not be sought
 Never had such a thought

The Wenonah K's are rather polite
 Gracious and encouraging
 Yet over bannock we fight

Although some tasks might take us long
 Like rolling, tumping, washing and drying
 We do it with a song
 The Wenonah K's thank Julie Hinchman
 For helping us become like her, as beautiful
 Wabun Women

Memories last forever but not those sunny ways
 And we will all miss you dear, when you go home
 today



Now the time has come; Wenonah is no more
 But in 323 days we'll reunite on this shore

The Wenonah K's lived by the trees
 And frolicked in the summer breeze on Lake
 Temagami

.....
Algonquin

Some seventeen days ago the Bushmen
 of the Algonquin section, also dubbed "the Boys
 of Summer" paddled into Garden Island with
 the satisfaction of having completed a journey
 through the Jackpine-Chambers loop for their
 third trip.

"Good job, Boys," Torgy and I confided,
 "But where to next?"

It was true, with another challenging
 foray into the backcountry under our belts, where
 could we go?

In a bunkhouse discussion late that
 night, one camper remarked, "I want to go to a
 place where the Gumps flow like wine—where
 the moose flock instinctively like the salmon of
 Capistrano. I'm talking about a little place called
 Florence."

Stroking our one and one half beards,
 Torgy and I began to formulate our odyssey into
 Lady Evelyn and Smoothwater parks. Florence it
 was, and to finish, why not Pinetorch--Florence's
 rear exit into Smoothwater's seedy back alley?

Embarking the next morning into a brisk
 headwind, we paddled four red canoes, which
 remained—more or less red for the duration of
 the summer—through Sharp Rock inlet and into
 Diamond. The first few days of trip, however,
 left Torgy and me with a vague lack of fulfill-
 ment. Being only 6' 4" and 6' 2", or 12' 6" when



we felt ambitious with our fly pitches, our view
 of the Lady Evelyn region seemed disappoint-
 ingly bland. We needed something to spice it up.
 And upon our arrival into Hobart, the 2,000'
 stepping stool that was Maple Mountain loomed

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on the horizon promising to scratch our itch. On the third day, after sheltering ourselves from a morning rainstorm, our intrepid band set out for the peak with Cream of Wheat in our stomachs and questionably welded fire towers on our minds.

From the windswept peak of Maple, Torgy, astute observer he, noticed that the first few sections of the ladder were missing rivets on one side, “You first C Cross.”

“Okay, but you’re doing Centre Falls.”

Luckily they held, and some two hours later we descended back to our canoes with seven out of seven campers duly impressed, sans tetanus.

To celebrate our achievement we decided a special feast was in order. Ham steaks it was. Our preparation began innocently enough, however, that morning’s rainstorm apparently



forgot something on Hobart—our necks—and came back to retrieve it. Our unwelcome tenth dinner guest soon gave truth to the saying, “Too many cooks spoil the soup,” as the Trout Streams were inconveniently relocated into our fireplace!

In our Churhillian “Finest Hour”, two of our campers made their bones, so to speak. Michael Finnegan, showing a prominent future in the field of aqua-mechanics, earned the nickname “Hydro” as he irrigated our aquatic nuisance away from our fire. Providing our definition of irony, Casey Breen, the sections vegetarian, became the indomitable “Ham Boy” as he deftly wheeled and dealed hunks of pig flesh into our waiting fry pans with befuddling enthusiasm.

The following morning, fortified with our hard-earned dinner, we set out for our next destination, the majestic Centre Falls. The day began with a paddle to and through Chris Willis Lake and a rather unorthodox portage trail culminating in something that seemed more fit for an obstacle course in American Gladiator Ontario—a precarious trek across a slippery cliff overlooking a field of pointy sticks.

Once again, batting seven for seven camper-wise, our section emerged from the bush into the Lady Evelyn River, but lo and behold, the discordant clang of aluminum canoes stirred Torgeson from his contentment as he decided to break from the pack and race our rival section at the breakneck pace of four miles an hour for the Falls’ coveted Upper site. The campers he left to me assuring me that navigation to the falls was “idiot proof.”

Arriving a while later, with the camper canoes in tow, I found Fearless Leader at the head of the Centre Falls portage with a hollow look in his eye and shoulders slumped in defeat. Apparently, an advance party had claimed the site two hours

prior. Still stung from the navigation comment, the section and I rewarded him with a slow clap.

All worries were abolished, however, as the campers took to the chutes for an exhilarating afternoon in nature’s playground. The night ended on a happy note as Jackson Crook earned his status as apprentice bush carpenter, assisting the staff in the construction of a bench on the



lower falls, soon destined for the firewood piles of clubbers for years to come.

The following few days upriver to Florence Lake remained a daze for Torgy and me. A haze of upstream paddling interspersed with rapid linings, and frequent portages, all fueled by what I like to call the Elixir or what the head staff dubbed, Torgy’s Death Mix—a potent brew of Nabob coffee, fried Klik, and unrecommended doses of Ibuprofen proven to make our Sherpa-in-training statuses feel like a walk in the park.

Our day into Florence, however, jerked us out of our NSAID-induced stupor as we left the South Lady Evelyn River and entered Duff Lake where, after a brief lunch-break, filled with South of the Border and unnecessary Simpson’s references, we forged onward and entered the Promised

Land, the fabled Florence Lake.

A brief liftover 3km south of the entrance gave us a memento for our journey...3/5's of a moldy moose rack, primed for the top of my wannigan. That night, Mr. Romans lived up to his nickname "Chainsaw Tom," by sawing the wood that would fuel our pancake marathon and calzone feast to follow.

Realizing, two days later, our wannigans were significantly lighter and that the trip was halfway over, left us sufficiently sobered as we turned our bows southward towards Pinetorch route.

Heeding the warnings of previous trip reports, we made sure not to break down the beaver dam controlling the water level of Ames Creek. Luckily, as it turned out, we didn't have to worry. Somebody did it for us. Our first subtle hint dawned upon us when the first portage ended in a bottomless skeg pit somewhat reminiscent of the primordial tar pits which swallowed up the creatures of yore. A Keewaydin section from 1912 is rumored to be at the bottom of this one. We, however, only got to dig as deep as the Lanskib 1992 group.

Attempting to avoid a paleantologic future, the Algonquin construction crew erected the first skeg pier of the summer. Upon loading, much to the disguised delight of the rest of the section, one member, the appointed longshoreman of "Wabun Wharf," found that the skeg was at best, neck deep.

Performing admirably over the course of the Pinetorch portage-a-thon was Algonquin's

own Marco Grant whose canoe carrying skills were impressive even to the staff. Mr. Colin Hartzell also managed to make a name for himself during this stretch where, upon a series of line-downs on Nesmith Creek, defied staff warnings to "not be an idiot," chose to demonstrate his acrobatic ability, successfully, albeit for one face down plummet into the creek bed from which he emerged calmly stating, "I know what I did and I totally deserved it."

Later that night, risking a possible real life allegory to the Lord of the Flies, we decided to leave the closing of a campsite to the campers. Young Marc Foster took the reins as firefly to command the horde. We slunk back to our tent, expecting that Piggy wouldn't be lasting so long after all. Luckily, the Simon side won out and we awoke, pleasantly surprised, to a neat and tidy fly area.

We entered into Wakimika Lake and into known regions a few days ago with a heightened sense of achievement. For fifteen days, we had traveled by nothing save the physical strength of our own selves and the food we carried. But moreover, we had done it as a section. No part of the group could have achieved what we had done without the aid of the whole. Matthew Torgeson and I are grateful for this summer's experience.

Thank you boys.

.....
Cayuga B

We started off the summer with a 10-day

trip up and down the Sturgeon River. We began with 6 campers and 2 staff. We thought we were a small section. On our 2nd day of trip we lost one of our many campers, Ani, due to a reoccurring hip injury. Throughout the beginning trip we made our way down the Wawiagama Creek, down the Obabika River, up the Sturgeon River, through the beautiful McConnell Bay and back down the familiar Sturgeon once again to face the Obabika and Wawiagama (this time up-stream. Oh joy!). We spent the next few days preparing for the 28-day B trip down the Riviere Dumoine. The crossing into Quebec was rough due to the combination of the strong headwinds and the thunder and lightning that we encountered on Lake Temiskaming on the Ottawa River. Our battle was long and hard as the wind reduced our traveling speed to about 2 km/hr. To top it off, we ended the first three character-building days with the infamous, 3-mile long Portage du Savage (The Indian).

Luckily our spirits were lifted on day 4 when we dined on hamburgers, fries, and ice



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cream after being reunited with Elisa, who made us once again a section of an even 8. On day 7 we enjoyed our first rest day on Pommeroy. The day was full of swimming, cooking, sleeping, and cocoa. The next few days continued in the usual manner until day 10, at which point Nina departed due a flare-up of a previous back injury. However, our spirits were lifted again when we received a ride over the mile-long portage, from our newfound friend, Andy, who helped us spot a swimming bear, which we named Andrea.



Now down to 4 campers and 3 staff, our section of 7 continued onward making it to the Northern-most point of our trip, and making the great turn South on to our second rest day on the sandy beaches of Grand Lac Victoria. On this rest day, we enjoyed pancakes, gunwale wars, and 2 extremely impulsive haircuts.

Another significant checkpoint of our trip occurred when we made the “right turn” at the fork of Lac a la Croix, onto the Moose River and

headed toward the Dumoine. We experienced many intense rapids, enhanced by the extremely high water levels of the summer. Down the Moose River we went and witnessed 3 bald eagles: Adelaide, Baldy, and Chauncey. After leaving the Moose River we paddled onto Lac Dumoine, the head of our trip’s namesake. The next day, day 20, we delighted in the surprise arrival of Kate Denninger via floatplane! We were excited to have a friend from previous years join our tribe. No longer would we be paddling with a mojo! Thus, we began our descent of the Riviere Dumoine. After a few days of challenging rapids we enjoyed our third and final well-earned rest day in the middle of the rushing rapid known as Big Steele. This rest day consisted of 100% camper-made cinnamon buns; tump strap double Dutch jump rope, and some successful fishing by Katie and Kate Kennedy.

For the next few days we enjoyed multiple rapids ranging up to Class III, while the campers dreamed daily of boofing over waterfalls. “To Boof” - (verb) the act of thrusting one’s vessel over a ledge and into the white water below.

As the trip came to a close we finished our bowman’s portage, which was around a beautiful waterfall, and shot our last rapid entitled “Double Ledge Examination.” We then paddled to where the Dumoine empties into the Ottawa and paddled across the Ottawa into Stonecliffe, Ontario. As we made our way to the town, we met a family from Niagara Falls who let us in on a little fact: the triangles on the maps we’d been reading all summer did not indicate “danger,” but in

fact marked things called “campsites.” The next morning our 4 weeks of paddling were wrapped up with a 4-hr bus ride back to Temagami.

The summer wouldn’t have been as special without the individual campers who made up the section. Ani was a second-year camper who put her heart into everything. Everyone loved her and were sad to see her go. Nina was our section hairdresser, always keeping our spirits up even in the worst of times. Ellen, the one and only camper stern, mastered the rapids right away. She, by far, had the most creative trip outfits, which varied daily. She was also the chosen wand-maker of the section and branded every wand personally. Diagon-Alley better watch out. Kate D-the newest member of the section, fit in perfectly. She’s



the definition of dedication, giving up her whole season of volleyball, The Indian, and the 40-klik paddling days so she could finish the trip with us, just in time for light wannigans and minimal portages. Kate K- the Canadian of the section would often entertain us with her anthem of “Oh Canada” both in English and French (or what she

likes to call French). She also entertained us with her Borat quotes- Pas Nat. She liked to keep Rebecca aware of upcoming rocks by frantically, yet futilely waving her paddle around and squeezing out loud, yet unintelligible, strings of sounds. Gini- although she was the youngest, she always pulled her weight and then some. She had many interesting questions such as, "Do I have to wear my life jacket to fill up pots in a river?" and, after sighting a bird, "What was that? A fish flying?" Katie- also known as Cady Herring, was the bow of the lone camper canoe. Throughout the summer she amused the section with her ability to sing in roman numerals 1-18 to the tune of "Big Rig." She was the resident fisherman who caught at least one fish every time she went fishing...both times.

Speaking for all of us, I can say that this has been one of the best of our summers at Wabun, and on behalf of Cayuga B, we thank you for listening to our tale.

Wabun B-C

A paddle up the northeast arm, where it all began...and many more paddles to go. The sun on our shoulders, the wind at our backs - it was the first and last time that Dick's farewell words would ring true for us this summer. In any case, it was a fitting time, as the much-anticipated paddle up this section of Temagami has left many a B Section weary and forlorn - not a pleasant start considering the travails ahead.

Our second day found us paddling down

the aptly named Matabitchuan River. With the Dam open, the river's surging waters provided a taste of what lay ahead. After running the first rapid the staff quickly decided to head to the old dusty trail and merely enjoy the sights and sounds of the river's swollen rapids.

Now we all know what's coming next...le Portage du Savage, a.k.a. The Indian. The name itself has struck fear into the hearts of countless B sections before us, and surely, those to come after. Though our paddle down the glassy Temiskaming was both brief and pleasant, the looming



portage hung like a great stone upon the section's shoulders. Thankfully, this metaphor was soon replaced by the far more tangible and weighty... wannigans. The trip reports we carried indicated that The Indian seemed to have lost some of its bite over the past few years. Nevertheless, The Indian's winding trails, seemingly cut by a band of drunken loggers provided us with several hours of sweat, windfalls, muskeg, rises, and yes, length. As one climbed the infamous height known as

Heartbreak Hill, one could hear the songs of lamentation echo across the countryside. These songs would be sung more than once this summer.

With The Indian behind us, a large string of lakes lay ahead. We cruised on to Lac Kipawa, one of the larger and more intimidating lakes we would traverse. Mother nature sent us a message early, forcing us off the water with driving rain, lightning, and thunder. Undaunted, section B enjoyed a brief nap in the woods and then warmed itself with a lengthy jumping jacks session. After staying amongst a beautiful island archipelago we began the Lac Kipawa crossing the next morning. Moving quickly at first with just enough wind to cool the sweat, the section was slowed by a rocking crosswind. Following an impressive and technical bay crossing, where the cougar lost his edge, the section was able to sigh a breath of relief. Though the verdict seemed clear, the trial of Lac Kipawa produced a hung jury. With our intended campsite in ruins due to a windstorm, the staff looked at the campers, the campers looked at the staff, and the section pushed on. Nearly broken, half the engines feath-



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ered, we made a planned crash landing onto beautiful Lac Pommeroy, where the section enjoyed a much needed and pleasant rest day. After hours



of fishing, which produced one of the tastiest lake trout to date, coupled with a fantastic ham lo, and capped off with a delightful cocoa party with the our counterparts, Cayuga B, we were ready to move on to bigger and better things.

The next couple of days were highlighted by some beautiful backcountry travel that included an awesome bear sighting and the infamous Lac de Cinq portage. Not the lake itself, but the creek leading up to it is what has made it infamous on many prior B trips. A creek known to have many faces, she greeted us with a smile. In what would prove to be a summer long process of rising water, the creek was difficult but navigable. Chopping down windfalls and clearing rock gardens, we emerged on the other side, preparing to stare down the Portage du Noel, a 3k jaunt that would take us from Lac Ross to Lac a la Truite. Arriving at the start we found no one at the campground to arrange for a ride, thus the two

intrepid staffmen walked to Noel's lodge. Meeting Noel himself, the veritable Colonel Kurtz of Lac a la Truite, they engaged in battle of wits, which included a lengthy riddling contest. Though Noel continued to play hardball, he finally agreed to transport our wannigans across at 9am sharp. Exultant, the staff walked back to the site, a smile gracing their faces, where their news was greeted by much rejoicing of the campers. Yet, at 9:30, with the dastardly Noel nowhere in sight we became despondent, forlorn, and sullen, and then we began to portage. We cursed Noel's name as we walked his road, and when we saw him at the end, where he informed us he had simply been too busy to provide the promised ride, anger fueled our long paddle across Lac a la Truite.

Onward and onward we went, tired, but better men for it. We could smell the Coulonge, but still, obstacles remained. Two portages in particular. Reached on day 15, the first portage is known simply as The Esker. First bushed by Wabun in 1991, her trails have since been slicked by the tears of countless Wabunites. Over a mile long and not for the novice portager, this trail's difficulty is best summarized by the words of one esteemed former staffmen: "Indian?" It's all about that Esker Portage." Laced with windfalls of every height and thickness, this trail is truly a sternman's nightmare. Yet, having come together we overcame, and soon found ourselves camping on the other side, where we set our sights on the final challenge before we reached our destination: The Coulonge.

With our well-used walking shoes firmly

laced, we tackled the 4-mile portage between Lac Labrador and Lac Larive with renewed vigor. We brushed it aside as if it were merely a skip down the road, which it in fact is...a long, long road. Suddenly, day 18, we were finally there, Lac Ward, from which the mighty Coulonge flows. Our journey down the Coulonge started with a bang, for at its headwaters lies a 2-km rapid, one of our longest of the trip.

We knew the water would be high this year, but not this high. Scouting the top of the rapid we realized the river was engorged, and



would become increasingly so with the rain that followed us and as the numerous creeks and streams coursed into the river. As a sign of the good times ahead, all of our canoes shot cleanly in one of the most exhilarating shots of the year. We shot over 50 rapids during the next 4 days, portaged around some beautiful falls and camped next to many of them. As we cruised down the river, at one point covering more than 30 km in

less than 3 1/2 hours of travel, we watched as the scenery changed from beautiful poplar stands to sheer sand banks, to close cedar groves. At last, a long swift washed us into the picturesque junction where the Corneille River crashes into the Coulonge. Here we took our first rest day in over 2 weeks and revived our weary arms.

Continuing to scoot down numerous ledges and slides, we stayed at the unreal Chutes Diable. Here we stood in awe at the massive gorge, swollen after weeks of rain. That afternoon, armed with smoothbore tump rifles the section engaged in a pitched battle for control of the rocky outcropping, which we dubbed Little Round-top. Then the troops rested, enjoying a marvelous RCB within arms reach of 10 ft. stacks. With only a few days left, and determined to enjoy the Coulonge to its fullest, we took another rest day at Enraged Rapids, where weekend campers, who were awed by the length and span of our journey, inundated us. After a formal dinner, where we enjoyed corned beef cheeseburgers on freshly baked buns topped with a dash of Red River simulating sesame seeds, we returned to our tents to contemplate the feats achieved. The next morning, we found ourselves paddling towards the architectural feat that is the Terry Fox Bridge. When we finally reached the bridge we were embraced by the security of knowing we would have the wily veteran bus driver, Gil, escorting us back to Temagami.

And, in case our log this far has not given you a full enough picture of our trip, we will give you a barrage of statistics:

- 8 campers
- 2 staff
- 10 cases of bush craziness, one severe
- 50 cans of Klik
- Sixty bannocks eaten, including 19 cornbreads
- 50% casualties on the section's nalgenes, one lost on the Indian, one succumbing to a foul metallic odor, one still sitting on the side of Noel's road, and the last, drowned at Chute Diable.
- 29 days, in on the 30th
- 507 km traveled
- 86 rapids shot
- 213 gallons of water taken
- 2 bears, one close, one not far enough
- And finally, 240,000 bug bites

And to the boys of section of Section B all that remains to be said is: good trip, great trip. Come on Boys!

Wabun B-M

On the morning of July 9th, eight campers and two staff departed Garden Island for an eight hour drive to our put-in on the Goldie River. As we drove north, we passed the Arctic/ Atlantic watershed. This point of geographic significance represents a delineation of land where all streams flow north to the Arctic Circle, or flow south to the Atlantic Ocean. I regretfully sped past this sign not taking advantage of a great photo opportunity. Not to worry, for about five hours later, we would pass over this latitude again. As we exited the van, upon closer observation

of the sign, we read that from this point on, all streams would flow south to the Atlantic Ocean. "Strange," I thought to myself. We simply went to the other side of the sign and snapped a picture with us in front of the Arctic Water Shed. The body of water upon which Section B was to begin its trip was the Goldie River, which was south of this sign. I had absolutely no information on what the Goldie would be like. My only hope before departing was that the Goldie would be a nice, downstream paddle. I still held onto this hope even as we crossed the watershed line. As we continued south of the Arctic Divide, to our put-in place, I became increasingly nervous. We made a right turn, onto a little used logging road and eventually to a bridge. With a relative sense of where we were on the maps, I hopped out of the van to take a peek. I was witness to a fast, shallow, narrow creek. "Oh no," I said to myself...



"Please do not let this be the Goldie." After using my compass and GPS, and asking Dick Lewis to take a reading from a device in his van, I came to

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the sobering and sad realization that we would paddling upstream for the first few days of our



trip. I had already promised the boys that this trip, unlike our first trip, would have absolutely NO upriver paddling. With an overwhelming reluctance to start the inevitable, I decided to get back in the van and drive even farther south in search of a better put-in place. At the very least, I would have an extra ten minutes of Sirius Radio in a bug-free environment. Eventually I decided to put in on Shikmakwa Lake (a lake not as horrific-looking as the Goldie). I told myself to relax. I had more than enough money to buy us all train tickets on the Polar Bear Express to our final destination if nothing else worked out. We thanked Dick and watched the trailer headlights fade into the distance.

The Goldie proved to be a thorn in our sides. Whatever cartographer decided to name this a “river” was overly generous. Even with high water, the Goldie was a creek at best. For Alex Alden, this was like being thrown to the wolves. Alex was a new stern having to learn the J-stroke

in a few inches of fast-flowing water. Ultimately, it was a great learning experience for Alex, as the skills he developed on the Goldie proved invaluable to his blossoming as a sternman. As we pulled, walked, hopped over windfalls, and did everything but paddle up the Goldie, the section became increasingly frustrated. Although the nightmare of the Goldie would soon conclude, we still had a lot of work to do before we reached our next checkpoint, the Little Missinaibi River. Our portages were often uphill on slippery slopes of mud with atrocious bugs. On one particular portage I was on my way back for my second load when I heard Bryden Brancart coming down the trail. Bryden was talking, but no one was around him. As I came closer, I listened to a tale of Nimbo, the portaging rabbit, and Mr. T. Bryden was officially “bush crazy” on day 6.

The Little Missinaibi would prove to be a technically challenging river. Our first day on the river was quite adventurous. Keeping the red side down on the first few rapids seemed to be quite a task. With much practice on the Little Missinaibi, I felt the section was adequately prepared for the challenge ahead. The Missinaibi River is a special river having the unique geographical feature of defining the shortest route between the Arctic water in James Bay and Lake Superior in the south. For this reason, the river played an important role in early fur-trading days. The water on this river was absolutely enormous. We shot down rapids with grace and elegance, understanding and respecting the demands of the river. We were privy to several beautiful campsites overlooking

large falls and offering great fishing. With high water comes opportunity and cost: the bugs. This year, they were relentless. Not even the canoe offered solace from these demonic beings. I have a particularly strong distaste for the horse fly; the creature that will seemingly find its way to your canoe even if you’re miles away from land and are paddling in a headwind. Hap Wilson offers a wonderful excerpt on the horsefly: “How many times have you clobbered a horsefly perched on a body part, poised to bite, felt the slight give of the carapace and an audible “crunch” only to watch it fall to the bottom of the canoe, buzz in a bewildered leg-up position, roll over and fly away?” A simple slap no longer works. So you develop the “slap and palm grind,” administering enough torque until the attacker resembles an exsanguinated raisin. Fortunately for Section B, we had our own insect torturer, Andrea Santoro. Andrea would collect his own assortment of bugs and inflict such torture on these creatures that I felt compassion for the little guys.

Huge water only came as a result of copious amounts of rain. If you were with sketchy rain gear, you were going to suffer. Unfortunately for Tyler “Lightning” Clark, rain gear proved to be a dilemma. Tyler, as a first year camper, didn’t realize that there could be days and days of rain and a new rain suit would be a good idea. When Tyler first pulled out his rain gear, it looked vintage, really vintage. It also was the source of much hilarity for the section, as it shed its layers. By the end of the season, when Tyler donned his rain gear, he resembled a snake shedding its skin.



Happily, he and it survived the trip.

We took reprieve from the Missinaibi for a few days, hopping onto the Brunswick River, where we caught a massive pike. As I was reeling it in, AJ Malcolmson was insisting that I'd caught a rock. Unfortunately for AJ, rocks were his forte when it came to fishing. AJ managed to make the river a more dangerous place to swim with his generous donation of lures to the river. He did however improve, catching several fish later in the trip.

As we made our way down the Missinaibi, we observed the terrain slowly changing. The final ten-day stretch of the Missinaibi would prove to be spectacular. The pinnacle of our trip was Thunderhouse Falls. At this point the Missinaibi starts a precipitous decent towards the James Bay lowlands, on the average of 6 meters per kilometer. We took a rest day at the Falls, with our campsite perched atop 300-foot cliffs. We dined on ham-fried rice and peanut butter bannock with chocolate frosting. In searching for a word to describe this site and delicious meal, only one would suffice: "scrumptulescent." We would also

meet Buck and White Fang at this point. From Tallahassee, Florida, this family showed up, appropriately, when I was reading a book entitled "Fiasco." They referred themselves to Buck and White Fang because of the way they portaged, harnessing themselves to their kayaks and dragging them across portages. Buck was outfitted in baggy, soaking wet jeans, with a bottle of bear



mace dangling from his pocket, which I doubt would have deterred a chipmunk from attacking. After informing me that this was their first kayaking experience, I said a prayer for their safe arrival to Moosonee. From Thunderhouse Falls, the river flows through Hell's Gate Canyon, a geographic beauty comprised of 400-ft granite cliffs. Below the Canyon, the river offered the most tremendous stretch of whitewater that I have ever done. Watching the boys come down the stretch filled

me entirely with pride. Dropping off the Canadian Shield, the river turns to the James Bay lowlands. This final stretch would have us paddling over 50 kilometers a day.

Nearing the trip's end, Jesse and I decided to try an alternative recipe from the Wabun Cookbook. "Babouli" was its name and it called for unfinished dinner to be placed into the lunch bannock mix. For this, we had to make enough dinner so that Ian Christie would have no chance of finishing the pot. Ian's small frame is capable of ingesting obscene quantities of food. He also eats food like a vacuum cleans a floor. This night, we would be victorious over Ian, as the bacon grease delivered a TKO after the fourth pannican. We were able to make Babouli and it was delicious.

The night before our arrival to Moosonee we stayed on a beach site where we had a large bonfire, played guitar, and sang along to songs by Dispatch, Neil Young, and of course Green Day. If Green Day had a search for its number one fan,



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I guarantee Mike Martinez would command the title. He has an uncanny ability to serenade the section with such Green Day classics as “Hitchin’ a ride,” and “Holiday.”

As we paddled the final 10 miles to Moosonee, we witnessed one of the closest bear encounters any of us has experienced. While



cruising down a rapid a black bear made a river crossing right in front of our bows. Will Sherman in particular had an exceptionally close encounter with the bear, which left him entertaining thoughts of entering Moose Factory with a black

bear pelt to trade. Thankfully, common sense prevailed.

When we arrived in Moose Factory Dick and Tonka, who so graciously took us into his house and provided us with hospitality fit for kings, welcomed us. Tonka, on behalf of section



B, I’d like to thank you for being such an amazing host. There could have been no better ending to our trip. We toured Moose Factory, which gave us the opportunity to explore historical Hudson’s Bay Company buildings used during the Fur Trade. On August 5, we boarded the Polar Bear Express bound for Cochrane, drove three hours in the van to Temagami, and arrived at our site at 6 am on the 6th.

To the gentlemen of Section B-M: Thank you for providing Jesse and me the opportunity to lead you on this journey. You are clearly an exceptional and cohesive unit, and I sincerely hope you enjoyed your time with us as much as we enjoyed ours with you. I also hope that in the coming months the thoughts of the ultimate journey at

Wabun begin to flood your mind. I know you’ve heard stories and viewed countless photos, but none of these do the Bay Trip experience justice. Believe it or not, the fishing actually gets easier.

I hope everyone had an excellent summer and I thank you for listening to Wabun B-M’s excursions into the Canadian Wilderness.



Cayuga A

Six weeks ago, when we last gathered here, I shared a line from a Sigurd Olson essay which suggested that “when one finally arrives at the point where schedules are forgotten and becomes immersed in ancient rhythms, one begins to live.” Although we did have a tentative schedule to keep, basically we had thirty-eight days to get to the Bay. On June 29th, after two fun-filled days on the bus with Norm and the boys, winding our way west and then north to Pickle Lake, we loaded our canoes and began our daunting 1000-mile paddle.

Gradually, as we crossed off days in our journals each night as we peeked outside of our tents each morning to guess what the weather might bring us that day, the trip began to divide



into more manageable sections. We realized that each of us found different methods of breaking up the time and celebrated the passing of a variety of milestones. How long until the next rest day? When do we reach the next river? When do we get our mail? And, when can we finally break out a new pair of socks?

And as the time began to fly by, we realized we had to balance our counting down with the delight of letting ourselves sink into the moment - into the now of the places through which we were traveling. We talk about this state of mind often at Wabun, perhaps because living in the moment is more difficult to attain than many realize. We want to dwell in the minutia of things, but how long can we appreciate the ten millionth clay bank of tag alder or stand of black spruce? Is there that much to notice?

But the rhythm of our trip afforded us the

time to begin to be more observant, and trust us, there is certainly more to notice than you might imagine. After a morning thigh, or even waist-deep in muskeg, we learned that those bogs held



hundreds of thousands of biological history in the layers of pollen grains. In Attawapiskat, Joe taught us about the complex history of the land through which we had been traveling. As the summer progressed, we were learning new ways to see. Yet, delivery into the beauty of these places requires more than just a simple gathering of facts, it asks us to wonder about all we cannot understand, but must simply paddle alongside and observe. It asks us to strive for what one wilderness writer called the essence of wilderness travel, traveling gracefully rather than simply arriving.

Of course, there are the bad weather, insane bug moments that challenge even the most

persistent optimist, but that is exactly where we move closest to this concept of traveling gracefully. When we would sing in the midst of an arctic blast downpour, because making up lyrics to songs seemed to come most naturally when pointed into a headwind. When we learned to accept the weather cards we were dealt, feeling humbled by the power of the wind and rain gods, we noticed we were completely at home in our canoes. Grace and style emerged as we acknowledged what we valued and how we spent our time. The joy that comes from a five-minute post-lunch snooze in the sun. Natalie's pride in creating a two-layer black forest bannock with three toppings. Hayley's gift for transforming



pudding, previously the lowliest of desserts, into a sought-after culinary confection. Helen's state-of-the-art fireplaces. The collection of spectacular outfits pulled together for beach night themed

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formal dinner out of commonplace items from our rolls. Being served breakfast in bed. Our sense of accomplishment after clearing eleven-year-old portages with only the faintest remnants of blazes. Choosing the perfect line down a rapid just outside of the wave train. Marveling at the playfulness of otter and majesty of the moose. Katherine's caffeinated song lyrics which kept us in hysterics. Kiera's willingness to help others with wannigans before putting on her own. Hollyn's ability to finish her bannock as well as all the leftovers. Waiting for Lizi to find the silver lining



in even the bleakest of moments. Steph's efforts to teach us Arabic: Mahaba! Tara's willingness to take charge of morning canoe loading. Sarah's introduction of English muffins as a new vehicle for PB & J. Nadine's inspirational leadership of



the swim-every-day club despite less than optimal conditions. Ursi's execution of perfect fly pitches even on the smallest of bushed sites. The pleasure taken in finding an old Section A softball of Jason's on the North Channel.

So, as you see, through our routines, energy, and outlook, we reached our own definition of how we would travel gracefully - in Cayuga A style and along the way learned invaluable lessons. Our three days on Lake St. Joe taught us to

take advantage of calm and get off large bodies of water before the wind starts to GIVE 'ER!! While on the Cat River, we learned to ferry and look forward to downstream travel. The Dobie taught us to LEAN! The Otokwin demonstrated the reality that although the lines chosen by campers in rapids often make the best photos, they are not always the ones staff envisioned, but not to worry, there are always mixing bowls to use as



bailers. On the mighty Attawapiskat, we learned that just because you're going downstream, you cannot simply float to the bay, sometimes, even in a 2-mile current, the wind can still blow you upstream!

Sharing the experience of a bay trip takes time, so please be patient with us. For six weeks, we have lived on our own schedule, in a world of twelve, where all our possessions are rolled each day. So, we may point out a good woodcrew on the drive home, begin making plans for dinner and desert as soon as lunch is finished, eagerly offer to scrub a pot for the challenge of seeing how clean we can get it, or an unexplained hesitation



to throw away leftovers because they might be good as mid-morning snack the next day. But that has been our world, so just as water drops over a ledge and picks up speed as each wave builds on the one before, so too will our stories emerge and grow.

Ladies, it was truly a gift to have spent this summer with you on our rivers. Thank you.



Wabun A

[The Wabun A log will be posted on Wabun's website when it becomes available. Until then, please enjoy the following pictures from the trip.]



Helping Cree along the way...



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Our new Cree friends





Camp Wabun 2008



Staff 2008



1st Session

2008-2009 REUNION SCHEDULE

WABUN 2008-2009, 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/ae campers and staff, to swap and hear stories and experiences, and to enjoy the camaraderie of being with fellow wilderness-canoeing enthusiasts. We'll have treats, and attending Wabun Directors will be on hand to show and discuss a great DVD that captures the essence and magnificence of the Temagami area, the 76-year tradition of excellence of Wabun's style of canoe tripping, as well as to answer questions. Please call ahead and let your hosts know that you are planning to attend.

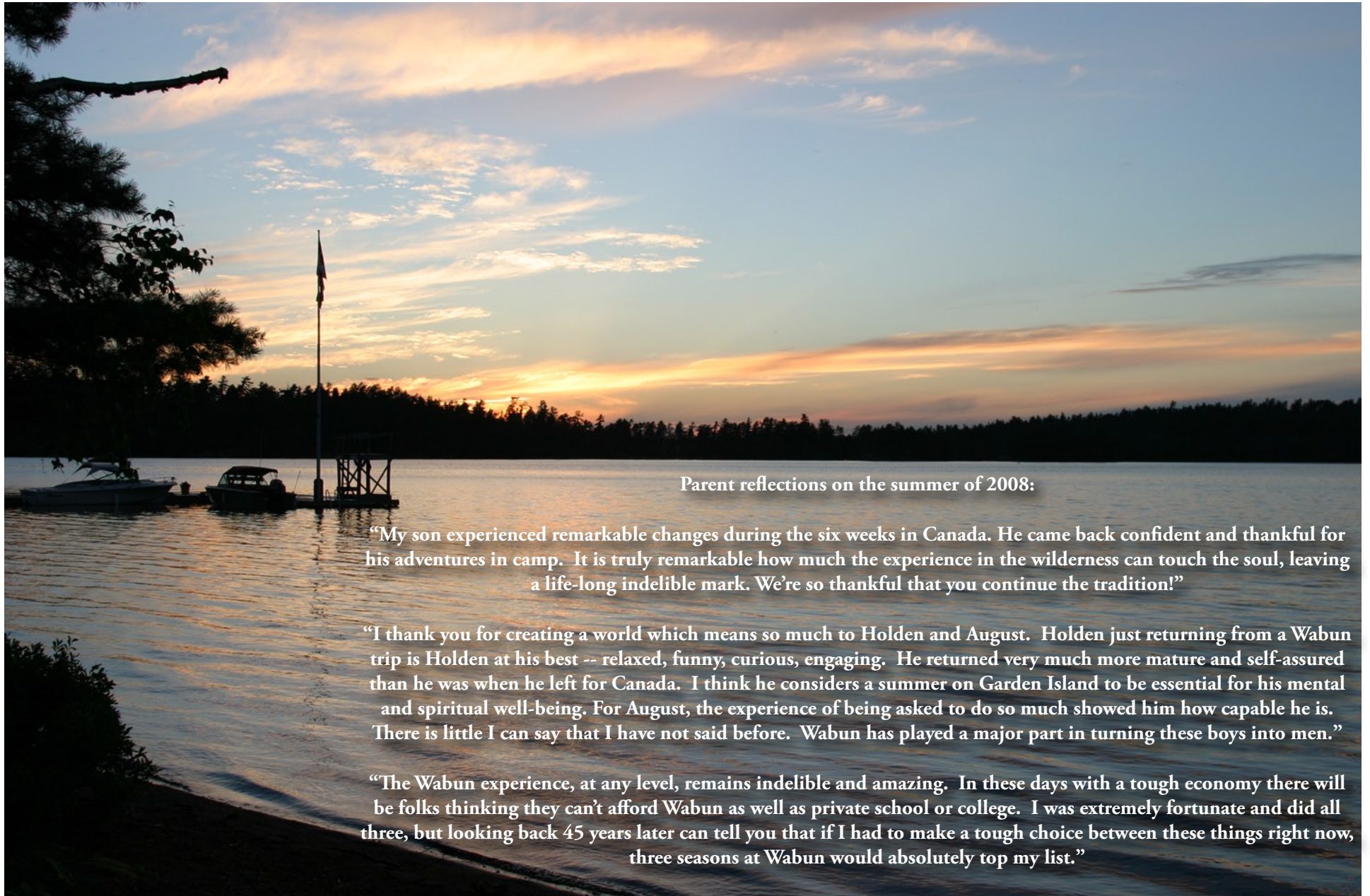
*Sunday, December 7, 2008 2:30 PM	Boxborough, Massachusetts 01719
*Sunday, January 4, 2009 2:00 PM	New York City, New York 10017
*Sunday, January 4, 2009 3:30 PM	Freeport, Maine 04032
*Monday, January 5, 2009 6:00 PM	Greenwich, Connecticut 06830
*Tuesday, January 6, 2009 6:30 PM	Bethesda, Maryland 20816-3325
*Wednesday, January 7, 2009 6:30 PM	Virginia Beach, Virginia 23451
*Thursday, January 8, 2009 6:30 PM	Charlottesville, Virginia 22901
*Saturday, January 10, 2009 11:00 AM	Brentwood, Tennessee 37027
*Sunday, January 11, 2009 4:00 PM	Bexley, Ohio 43209
*Tuesday, January 13, 2009 6:00 PM	Minneapolis, Minnesota 55419
*Sunday, January 18, 2009 4:00 PM	Pomfret, Connecticut 06258
*Wednesday, January 21, 2009 6:00 PM	Lake Bluff, Illinois 60044
*Sunday, January 25, 2009 1:00 PM	Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania 19026
*Sunday, February 1, 2009 1:00 PM	Seattle, Washington 98144
*Saturday, March 28, 2009 2:00 PM	Temagami, Ontario P0H 1C0

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE DICK AND MARG?



*Until their feet touch down
somewhere in New England,
they are hunkered down at...
Wabun!
Watch the website for new
address information soon.*





Parent reflections on the summer of 2008:

“My son experienced remarkable changes during the six weeks in Canada. He came back confident and thankful for his adventures in camp. It is truly remarkable how much the experience in the wilderness can touch the soul, leaving a life-long indelible mark. We’re so thankful that you continue the tradition!”

“I thank you for creating a world which means so much to Holden and August. Holden just returning from a Wabun trip is Holden at his best -- relaxed, funny, curious, engaging. He returned very much more mature and self-assured than he was when he left for Canada. I think he considers a summer on Garden Island to be essential for his mental and spiritual well-being. For August, the experience of being asked to do so much showed him how capable he is. There is little I can say that I have not said before. Wabun has played a major part in turning these boys into men.”

“The Wabun experience, at any level, remains indelible and amazing. In these days with a tough economy there will be folks thinking they can’t afford Wabun as well as private school or college. I was extremely fortunate and did all three, but looking back 45 years later can tell you that if I had to make a tough choice between these things right now, three seasons at Wabun would absolutely top my list.”