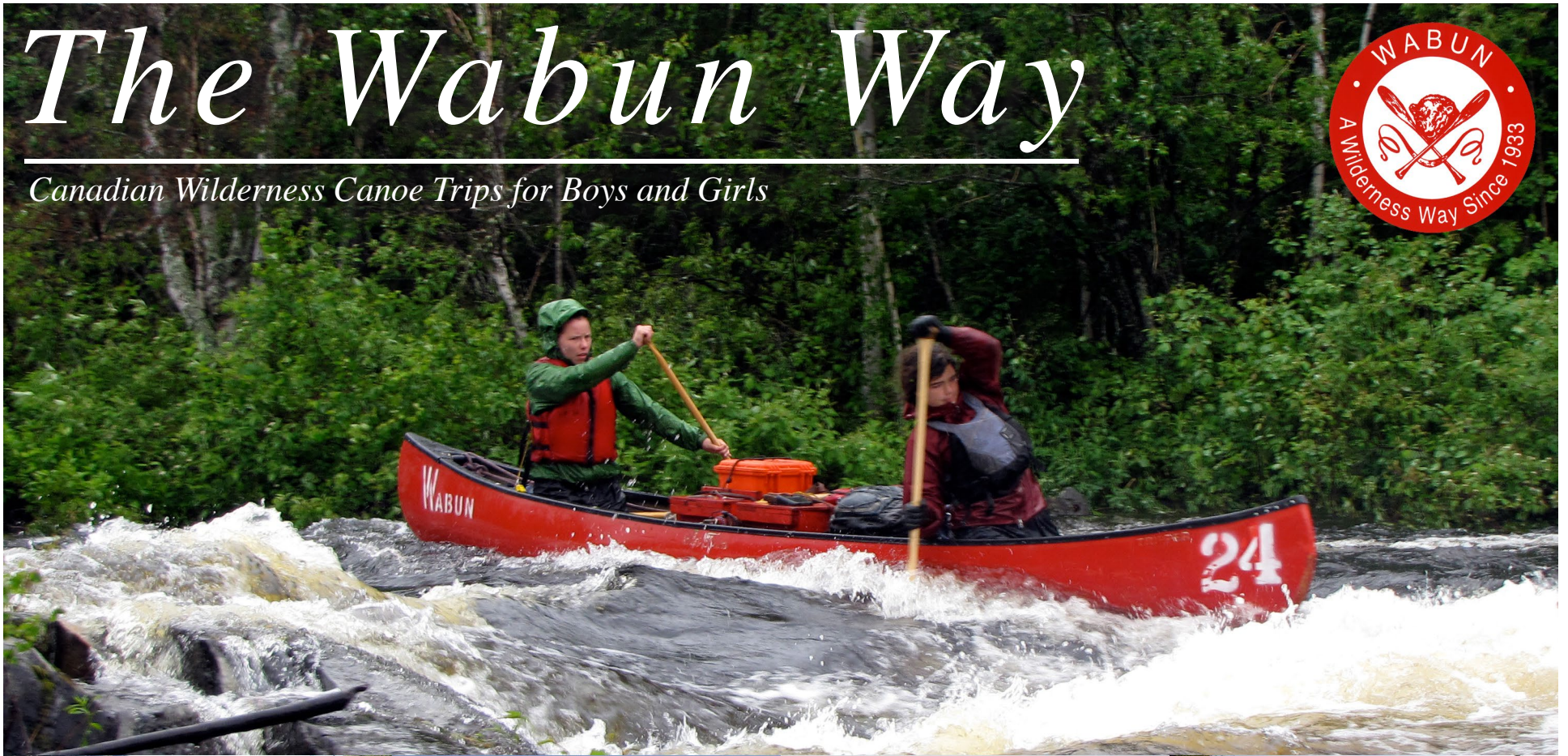


The Wabun Way

Canadian Wilderness Canoe Trips for Boys and Girls



GREETINGS FROM THE DIRECTOR

November 2010

Dear Wabun Family and Friends:

Welcome to the Wabun Newsletter of 2009-2010. I hope that you alums enjoy a little trapeze down memory lane via the familiar sights and articles herein, and that we awaken your reminiscences of being with your friends in the very friendly Temagami lakescape.

I wish I could share the images, sounds, and words shared at our season closing on August 7 that are still vivid in my mind's eye. I see sections returning from their final trips with newfound confidences, campers stepping from their canoes with a wonderful kind of self-assurance. I hear cheers approaching the beach, more in the dining room, still more after the presentation of section logs, and a final one for campers to close the season. And, I recall the words that truly represent the sentiments of all sections at our final campfire: "It's hard to expand from a scope of 12 – to let go of the world we created over the course of the summer. It's hard to make the transition from doing to remembering. The remembering starts today and will continue for the rest of our lives. We will hold images, moments, and our accomplishments very dear." I hope you do, too.

For those new to us, I trust this collection will not only give you a sense of who we are but an idea of what we celebrate at Wabun and why: it is a wonderful thing we do together canoeing in the north woods. We move at a pace and in directions that we choose and control. We move ourselves and our worldly possessions across impressive distances and through exquisite country, prepare camp nightly, relishing magnificent meals. We sit around cooking fires, talking, listening, and enjoying 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 slow our lives down, rarely traveling at over four miles per hour, so we see and hear more than we are used to. We depend on each other for connection, support, leisure, and entertainment; we are unplugged, for many

– for the first times in our lives! 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 than



they were when Wabun launched its first canoes in 1933. I relish knowing that our campers have joyful recollections of quiet paddling, beautiful lakes, portage ends, particularly good meals, the sunsets giving way to fireside light and conversations, and the warmth of very special summer friendships as Temagami is left behind and the school years begin. 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 canoe-trippers have done!

Please note that shortly we will be launching a "Wabun Times" blog. You may reach it at <http://campwabun.blogspot.com/>.

Again, welcome to the 2009-2010 Newsletter.

Please enjoy,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Dale Lewis". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

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2009 itineraries, logs, and photos are available on Wabun.com.



Newsletter Acknowledgments

The Wabun Newsletter could not be produced without the help of many friends, staff, and campers. We would like to thank all of you who submitted written contributions. We would also like to thank the shutterbugs for allowing us to use their photographs. The above efforts are molded into a newsletter by Ben Simmons, who is also Wabun's webmaster - many thanks.

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Wabun – 2010



2010 SECTION ALIGNMENT

Wabun A	Wabun B	Wabun C	Cree	Chippy	Chippy
Pete Gwyn John Zinser Mike Finnegan Marc Foster Marco Grant Jeff Harrington Colin Hartzell David Kast Nate Levin Rob Meffert Christopher Morgan Tom Romans Will Sherman Maxx Simmons	Andrew Stachiw Aaron Coleman Cam Alden Max Bresolin Reece Echelberger Wyatt Grant Paul Lindseth Kiwi Sheldon	Rich Thompson Brydon Brancart Ben Wright Sean Barnebey Jacob Blankemeyer Lars Gardner Nate Geyer John Hunger Jackson Larrabee Lucas Rooney Drew Sarno Charlie Sipp	Holden Rasche Will Blackwell Conor Finnegan Alden Mahoney Jasper Bresolin Will Collis Matt Flanagan Robert Kurkowski Alex Larrabee Nick Moskow Isaac Traynor Ryall Willemsen	Paul Sipp Zac Moskow Zeno Wicks Isa Zinser Michael Cameron Sule Durham Michael Eustace Diego Figueroa-Hepner Jensen Meeker Noah Traynor	Cam Skinner Zac Moskow Zeno Wicks Isa Zinser Eamonn Dundon Cole Goodnight Jake Goodnight Shady Lee Nick Lindseth Cooper Tuckerman Will Wrede
Cayuga B - L	Cayuga B - M	Cayuga D	Wawatay	Wawatay	
Jess Lewis Katherine Finnegan Ellen Haenszel Isabel Cochran Aileen Echelberger Barbara Langfitt Sarah Langfitt Jo Moore Heidi Nocka Jessie Paulson Annie Reagan Elizabeth Worgan	Elisa Morris Catherine Crowley Tara Hartzell Savy Dean Erika Goodman Sarah Grace Longworth Marcy Shappy Mary Therese Snyder	Sam Quaintance Dani Ciccone Kylie Burns Zoe Collis Emma Gwyn Emily Mitchell Amanda Sundheimer	Stacy Hartzell Kiera Crowley Kate Denninger Saffy Bowman Ellen Brancart Anna Derrow Sara Hibbitts Lily Johnston Nina Moore	Stacy Hartzell Kiera Crowley Kate Denninger Natalie Fortier Sarah Gelbach Amina Gingold Piper Rodebeck Sofia Verheyen	

Staff are in bold.

2010 ITINERARIES

Section	WABUN A	WABUN B	CAYUGA B-L	CAYUGA B-M	WABUN C	CAYAUGA D	CREE	CHIPPY	WAWATAY	Section
26-Jun	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	26-Jun
27-Jun	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	27-Jun
28-Jun	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	28-Jun
29-Jun	Albanel	Wawiagama Lake	Whitefish Bay	Ferguson Bay	Tall Pine Island	Ferguson Bay	Devil's Bay	Obabika Inlet	Obabika Inlet	29-Jun
30-Jun	Foam Falls	Upper Goose Falls	Turner Lake	Animanipissing	Sugar Lake	Animanipissing Lake	Ferguson Bay	Banana Lake	Devil's Mountain	30-Jun
1-Jul	Baie du Poste	Rawson Lake	Little Eagle Lake	Little Eagle Lake	NE Lady Evelyn Lake	Animanipissing Lake	KoKoKo Lake	Charlie's Chop House	Cleminshaw's	1-Jul
2-Jul	W. Shore Mistassini	McConnell Bay	Animanipissing Lake	Turner Lake	McLennon Lake	Mountain Lake	Elephant Rock	IN	IN	2-Jul
3-Jul	Ile de L'est	Rest	Mountain Lake	Rest	Creek to Mont. River	Mountain Lake	IN	IN	IN	3-Jul
4-Jul	Mouth of Rupert River	Sturgeon River	Mountain Lake	Sirdevan Lake	Animanipissing Lake	Net Lake	IN	Cross Lake	Gull Lake	4-Jul
5-Jul	Esker Portage	Upper Goose Falls	Red Squirrel	Sharp Rock Inlet	Red Squirrel Lake	Northeast Arm	NE Arm	Denedus Lake	Skunk Lake	5-Jul
6-Jul	Rest	Rawson Lake	Long Island	Heights	Elephant Rock	KoKoKo	Iceland	Rest	High Rock Island	6-Jul
7-Jul	Wollett Falls	Charlie's Chop House	IN	IN	IN	IN	Wasakina Lake	KoKoKo Bay	KoKoKo Bay	7-Jul
8-Jul	Mountain Peninsula	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	Cross Lake	IN	IN	8-Jul
9-Jul	North Turn	IN	Shikwamkwa Lake	Rabbit Lake	Obabika Lake	Sharp Rock Inlet	KoKoKo	IN	IN	9-Jul
10-Jul	Sm Isl West Channel	Shikwamkwa Lake	Goldie River	Four Bass Lake	Upper Goose Falls	Sucker Gut	IN	Sharp Rock Inlet	Northeast Arm	10-Jul
11-Jul	Lac La Bardeiere	Goldie River	Ribes Lake	Indian Portage	Rawson Lake	Centre Falls	IN	Wakimaka Lake	Iceland Lake	11-Jul
12-Jul	Lac Mesgouez	Bolkow Lake	Abbey Lake	Lac Kipewa	McConnell Bay	Katherine Lake	Ferguson Bay	Rest	Wasakina Lake	12-Jul
13-Jul	Mesgouez Rapids	Height of Land	Little Missinaibi	Lac Audoin	Rest	Rest	Red Squirrel Lake	Obabika Lake	Shiningwood Bay	13-Jul
14-Jul	Rest	Little Missinaibi	Rest	LacPommeroy	Stouffer Lake	Bridal Veil Falls	Animanipissing	Cleminshaw's	Charlie's Chop House	14-Jul
15-Jul	Rupert	Little Missinaibi	Little Missinaibi	Rest	Upper Goose Falls	Willow Island Lake	Mountain Lake	Cleminshaw's	Charlie's Chop House	15-Jul
16-Jul	Gorge	Rest	End of Long Rapid	Lac Ogascanon	Wawiagama Lake	Diamond Lake	Rest	IN	IN	16-Jul
17-Jul	Below Split	Missinaibi Lake	Peterbell Marsh	Lac Ross	KoKoKo Bay	Cleminshaw's	Thieving Bear	LEAVE	LEAVE	17-Jul
18-Jul	Loop after Split	Peterbell Marsh	Wavy Rapids	Lac Winniwiash	IN	IN	Temagami North	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	18-Jul
19-Jul	30' Falls	Allan Island	Below Thunder Falls	Lac de Veillard	IN	IN	Cassell's	IN	IN	19-Jul
20-Jul	Rupert River	Splitrock Falls	Brunswick Lake	Cinq Portage	Tall Pine	Gull Lake	Northeast Arm	Devil's Mountain	KoKoKo Lake	20-Jul
21-Jul	Rest	Brunswick Lake	Rest	Grand Lac Victoria	Helen's Falls	Manito Lake	Spawning Lake	KoKoKo Bay	Devil's Mountain	21-Jul
22-Jul	End of Link	Brunswick River	2 Portage Falls	Rest	MacPherson Lake	Grassy Lake	Spawning Bay	Elephant Rock	Charlie's Chop House	22-Jul
23-Jul	Nemiscou	Rest	Bush site	Esker Portage	Gamble Lake	Kelly Portage	IN	IN	IN	23-Jul
24-Jul	Rupert	2 Portage Falls	Sharp Rock rapids	Lac Timber	Kaa Lake	Maskinonge Lake	IN	IN	IN	24-Jul
25-Jul	Peat Island	N of Wilson Bend	Black Feather Rapids	Lac Labrador	Wabun Lake	Karl Lake	Obabika Lake	Portage Bay	Shiningwood Bay	25-Jul
26-Jul	Top of Fours	Sharp Rock Rapids	Rock Island Rapids	Lac Wald	Rest	Matagamasi Lake	Upper Goose Falls	Cross Lake	Wasakina Lake	26-Jul
27-Jul	Bottom of Fours	Black Feather Rapids	Isabel Island	Coulonge Rapid #81	Smoothwater Lake	Wolf Lake	Rawson Lake	Wasakina Lake	Iceland Lake	27-Jul
28-Jul	Rupert	Isabel Island	Thunderhouse Falls	Coulonge Rapid #24	McCulloch Lake	Rest	McConnell Bay	Temagami Island	KoKoKo Bay	28-Jul
29-Jul	Cat Rapids	Thunderhouse Falls	Rest	Old Bridge Site	Paul Lake	Chiniguchi Lake	Rest	IN	IN	29-Jul
30-Jul	Plum Pudding	Rest	Pivabiskau Falls	Coreille River	Solace Lake	Elephant Mountain	Wolf Lake	IN	IN	30-Jul
31-Jul	Rupert	Pivabiskau Falls	Soweska River	Rest	Blue Sucker Lake	McConnell Bay	McCarthy Bay	Obabika Lake	Racoon Point	31-Jul
1-Aug	Smokey Hills	Soweska River	McCuaig Creek	Chutes Diabls	Florence lake	Rawson Lake	Karl Lake	Bob Lake	Diamond Lake	1-Aug
2-Aug	Above Waskaganish	McCuaig Creek	Portage Island	Enraged Rapids	Doroghty Lake	Upper Goose Falls	Maskinonge Lake	Tall Pine	Rest	2-Aug
3-Aug	Waskaganish	Portage Island	Wikikanishi Island	Coulonge	Hortense Lake	Wawiagama Lake	Grassy Lake	Sucker Gut	Wakimaka Lake	3-Aug
4-Aug	Waskaganish	Tidewater Park	Tidewater Park	Terry Fox Bridge	Obabika Lake	Obabika Lake	Gull Lake	Sharp Rock Inlet	Obabika Lake	4-Aug
5-Aug	TRAVEL	TRAVEL	TRAVEL	TRAVEL	Elephant Rock	Hobbitt Site	Upper Cleminshaw's	Charlie's Chop House	Lower Cleminshaw's	5-Aug
6-Aug	TEMAGAMI	TEMAGAMI	TEMAGAMI	TEMAGAMI	TEMAGAMI	TEMAGAMI	TEMAGAMI	TEMAGAMI	TEMAGAMI	6-Aug
7-Aug	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	7-Aug
Section	WABUN A	WABUN B	CAYUGA B-L	CAYUGA B-M	WABUN C	CAYAUGA D	CREE	CHIPPY	WAWATAY	Section



Wabun A

When all the canoes hit the beach on August 7, the canoeing component of the summer's adventures are over, but the stories have just begun! Based on all of the wonderful tales we have just heard, your summer's travel in the bush has been incredible, too.

The main difference in our summer's travels and yours is perhaps the time spent in the back country, the diverse country we travel in, and the Native people we get to visit. But the gear that we travel with and the canoes that we travel in every day are the same as you all have used all summer.

In first researching this summer's trip in Northern Quebec on the Rupert and the East-main Rivers, I read lots of material in prepara-

tion. One book I had read was written by an old Wabun staff man, who then moved up the lake to work for Keewaydin. Heb Evans wrote a great book called *The Rupert That Was*, after descending the river for the second time in 28 years. I am here to tell you that the next book should be titled *The Rupert!* The Rupert River, while partially dammed off 8 months before we were to descend it, is certainly different, but the Cree who live by the mighty river, and the wildlife that live off the river while feeling the difference, all still need the river. I have come to the realization that just because a River is dammed, it is different, but by no means is it gone or ruined.

Our young group was dropped off after a long day's travel from Temagami on the shores of Lac Albanel, just east of Lac Mistassini. We made the crossing of the large lakes with only 36 hours

of being windbound. Once we crossed Quebec's largest lake, we were delayed briefly by a need for some local medical attention for one of our group and a slight change of route due to lower than optimal water on the Wabissinane River. To our group, this delay only brought the group closer together and allowed the section to get to know each other even better. On the new route, we would be heading down the lake and descending the Rupert proper, an option that we had considered in the trip planning stage, so we were prepared. As we hit the river we paddled through some really fresh forest fires, so the smell of smoke permeated everything, and certainly no bird calls were heard for the first few days. As the section descended the first few days on the river, the communication among the canoes as we ran big rapids after big rapids improved dramatically. In the upper reaches of the Rupert, the river winds its way through some high hills and very rugged country. In this high country we saw caribou and wolves.

We knew that as we travelled down the river we would see some of the incredible changes that occur when a river is diverted to another watershed, however this summer we were also witnessing a watershed in a 50-year low due to the reduction in spring rains and less than heavy winter snow falls. A combination of these two factors was guaranteed to make a change in the mighty Rupert. One thing that happens when the Rupert is low is that the rapids become a little easier, and certainly less complicated for the group, and it also leaves some amazing beaches on which to camp.

2010 SUMMER LOGS

As the group dynamics developed to the norm of Wabun long trippers, we were having the time of our lives; fishing, running exciting rapids, bushing camp sites, and drinking gallons of tea around the camp fire at night.

We knew that when we reached the large dams we would see a significant change on the land, but even with that in mind, when we reached the spot where the river backed up and flooded the land that had been a river and its



valleys, the sight left the group speechless! To try to describe the flooded land is impossible, but to paddle over miles of flooded land is really freaky, to say the least. Once we passed the Rupert's big dam the excitement really began. First and foremost we realized that to divert a river as powerful as the Rupert as Hydro Quebec did, you really have to know what you are doing! Secondly, once you have diverted the water on a river that has been travelled by canoe brigades and native brigades for hundreds of thousands of years, with the lower water level; The River will begin to reveal her secrets! From this point on the adventures

increased until on a daily basis our group experienced one adventure after another.

We knew that we would have to re-outfit for groceries at Champion Lake and the Native community of Nemaska during this summer trip, but due to the volume of food that this group was eating we might have to try to get more food even before we reached this community. With the group just crushing the groceries that we had outfitted at Wabun, we beat our way down the Rupert into a series of stiff head winds one day after another. One afternoon while pounding into the wind, we met a group of young Cree men building new cabins on their ancestral hunting grounds at the junction of the Lemare and Rupert Rivers. We made a trade with the Jolly Family, where we would help them build their new camp and they would help us with transportation to get re-outfitted at Nemaska by truck from their encampment. What a time we had at this work camp! As John headed out to get groceries, the boys and I began to help Kenny Jolly finish one cabin and prepare to build another house for their family. We spent two full days working with the Jolly Family, and they shared their hospitality by having a feast for us and then allowing us the use of their truck to check out the dam that was being built on the river just downstream from their land. With good feelings, the section headed down river having made some really good friends during the previous 2 days. Below the Jolly camp we witnessed some incredible country and river landscapes that were both wild and in the process of being changed by Hydro Quebec. At one point

we watched the Rupert's waters being diverted from one side of the river to the other.

As we closed in on the community of old Nemiscau, so did the weather. The fine weather that we had been experiencing had changed for the worse, and a nasty storm was brewing that would unleash heavy rains and winds for quite a while. Our section beat into the winds and made the shores of the old community just before the skies opened with rain that would last for 48 hours, and west winds that would keep all boats on the shore. George Wapachee, the retired chief from Nemiskau, greeted on the shore. George had heard about our work upriver and welcomed us to his community. We stayed with George and his friends while the storm blew by. We spent this time fishing with friends from Waswanippi and Nemiscau for both sturgeon and pickerel. It was a real treat to be visiting with George and his wife as they prepared the sturgeon to be smoked over a traditional smoking fire down by the shoreline of Nemiscau Lake. We shared many cups of tea while listening to George's stories of how the community used to be before the threat of the dams existed and caused the community to be abandoned in the 1970's. It was a sad morning when we had to say goodbye to our new friends in the community of Old Nemiscau, but for some of us it was just a beginning of a long-term relationship with some incredible folks. That morning we left the community to travel through "the Link," a short cut back to the main Rupert. This is a well-travelled route, as evidenced by the two dozen or more pictographs that we saw on a rock

face when approaching the first rapid in this small section of the river. At this point of the trip our section was moving as one cohesive unit, rapids were run in single file, canoes catching eddies when needed, and pivoting away from the big water to keep the loads dry. When it was time to camp we either found some old site, or we bushed out some sweet spot for other groups to use, all members of the section pitching in where they could. As we approached the larger drops in the River, we could feel the power increase and the shoreline close in at the first of the big waterfalls. The boys were excited and ready to get good pictures of the magnificent waterfalls along the lower Rupert. We portaged The Fours in fine fashion as well as the following big drops on the lower river. At the bottom of The Fours, we came across a group of 20 people from Waskaganish that periodically makes the trek upriver to old Nemiscau and back down. We had a really nice visit with Luke Diamond and his wife Gertie, on the River, and they then came and visited us once we got down to their community on the coast. Basically the last part of this summer's trip was about meeting some really inspirational and cool folks who have spent their entire lives in the bush. The boys really had a neat time listening to their stories and getting to know new friends. The last remaining days on the river went by as they always do, way too fast. Even though we did not have that far to travel each day, most of the distance we covered was by foot, portaging around such tumultuous waters as Cat Rapids and Smokey Hills. There was much reminiscing going on as we spent hours



around the campfires the last few nights on The River. At Smokey Hills some of the boys built up a big fire to celebrate our last evening in the bush before we reached the coast and baked three bannocks to snack on over the next few days.

Below the last of the Rupert River rapids and the tidewater was reached, the group went silent as we rounded the corner and saw the community of Waskaganish in the distance, and beyond that The Bay. Although the words will never adequately describe the feeling you get after such an incredible summer in the bush with a close-knit group of boys, the stories will go on for years.

Have a great fall and I hope to see many of you here again next summer.

Cayuga B-L

When you wave to Dick from the side of the gravel road and watch the dust wake rise behind the empty van and canoe trailer as the sink out of site, feelings start to flutter.

There you stand with your section, alone together. All that you will make of your month in the wilds lies ahead. You turn from the road to the river and the trip has begun. One month on the Missinaibi Rover. One month of wannigans, j strokes, northern shores, and moving water. One month removed, but present. July on the Missinaibi carries a different weight than March in Maryland or Massachusetts. Time keeps pace with the river, out on trip; sometimes languid and thick, other times moving forward with a force

2010 SUMMER LOGS

that is humbling and leaves you grasping a branch or a paddle to anchor yourself in the moment. Our month together on this trip was defined by



our travel on the river, but also by our removal from home and from our customary context. As a section and as individuals and we grew and gained and changed so much in our time together that parents may feel their girls were gone a year, but for us on trip the time slipped between our fingers and quickened like current until it was gone and we were left wondering how it all went so fast. A Wabun summer, in the words of Jerry, is a long time to be gone but a short time to be there. In our long, short summer, our defining trip was along the Missinaibi River. It is stunning and wild and starts north west of here. Lake Missinaibi unwinds a graceful thread of river Northward towards the sea. Its line cuts deep tumbling through craggy canyons worthy of names like Thunderhouse and Hells gate. Sections of river twine into knots of water that serve as perfect training grounds for pairs of paddlers learning to untangle rapids. Other sections of river unfold into glassy

stretches of calm waters that were home to fish and the animals that call fish food. River otters, beavers, osprey and eagles darted from banks or dove from dizzying heights to pull dinner from the depths. This year the water was low, a meter down from the previous summer. The river was stretched thin in parts gravel shoals wore through the surface and the edges of waves frayed against rocks and banks. Though water that low presented additional challenges, we couldn't help but feel that we were privy to something rather secret- this summer we were traveling beneath layers of the waters warp and weft, we were seeing the river's bones, the skeleton of shoals and boulders that structure the course and shape the current. We got under the river's skin. And it got under ours.

For most of us this summer offered us our first taste of river tripping. We decided that the best way to describe the difference between paddling on lakes and paddling on a river is that while lakes are expansive and calming, they are still. Our river was intimate and dynamic, it was alive. And we merged our lives with it and shared out humor and sweat and camaraderie with it. The river was like another member of our section. Though we left it behind echoes of our laughter still ring in canyons and gorges. Our footprints remain in the clay banks. Water and rocks glimmer in the paths of our paddle strokes, a few of them also gleam with bits of red paint, but not too many. The eddies swirl full of memories the river holds for us. Memories like our day of sailing bungeed together while reading Harry Potter. Staring down into split rock falls from our

campsite perched above on the cliff. Paddling into the mist of the morning as the sun burns halos around us. Eating surprise cinnamon buns and drinking tea in our tents after a long day. Pitching a perfect 5-pole fly and sipping chai as dusk gave way to dark. Seeing the pride on the faces of us all as our bowmen carried the canoes all the way across the 2,350 yard bowman's portage. Ohhh the Goldie, pass the axe please. Cuddle time in the mojo canoe, breaking rocks with our bare hands, swimming triathlons on very well-earned rest days deciding let's get down to business on a beaver dam, beasting 120 kliks in 3 days, Werthers breaks, deception rapids, exploring the far shore of Thunderhouse Falls, popcorn in infinite forms, finding rocks, and our last hour on the Missinaibi floating together as the summer, the river, and time closed in around us.

Thank you Missinaibi girls. Your strength, your love of what we do, your commitment to the trip, your humor, your love of one another, and your generosity of self spirit made this summer amazing. I will remember it and you for always. Thank you.

Wabun B

Let me start off by saying it was an awesome summer for the gentlemen of Wabun B. Over the past couple of days, we have spent a lot of time thinking and reflecting on this past summer. Maybe it was how fast time seemed to fly by? Or how the difficult sections of the trip were easy, and the easy sections routine? Per-



haps it was the persistent sun and tail wind? For sure, though, it was the way our sectioned gelled together, like eight finely tuned mechanisms in a well-oiled machine. With all of these factors seeming to work in perfect harmony, we coasted along, and it was as though a perfect storm had formed to bring forth a summer that was not to be forgotten.

But, before we wax any longer, we must go back to the beginning, to the telling, sandy shores of the Goldie River, some 70 kilometers northeast of Lake Superior. When Stax did this trip for the first time last year, the Goldie river had been described to him as a real treat: with sandy shores, golden pebbles, and a depth of maybe a foot—oh, boy!—it was supposed to be a lot of fun to paddle up. Well, they

had it easy last year; what had been a foot, became two inches, and what was once an upstream paddle, was now a lively upstream walk. A harbinger of things to come in more ways than one, the Goldie was low, and I mean very low, and still what could have been a maddening routine of attempting to paddle, grounding out, and then simply walking, was just another walk upstream for Wabun B—nothing more than a different way to enjoy upstream travel.

After making summit at the top of the Goldie, it was just a couple days of lake hopping through the rugged and beautiful Ontario backcountry before we reached the height of land. crossing over the arctic divide, we came to the point where all streams flow north--It was all down hill from there. After only six days on

trip we neared the headwaters of the little missinaibi river, where we would begin the downriver sojourn that would last us for the next 22 days. Whereas most B trips only reach the downriver portion of their trip with a handful of days left, the Missinaibi trip is the rare exception; with all the benefits of downstream travel: current, rapids, waterfalls, and an increase in the success of fishing and wildlife sightings, arriving with over 75 percent of the trip remaining.

Immediately, we reaped the benefits. At a beautiful set of falls on the little Missinaibi River, we enjoyed our first rest day and feasted on a fish fry infused Pad Thai. The current whisked us away for the next two days down the little Missinaibi River, and we began our mastery of the tight and technical whitewater that would be the trademark of the rapids this summer. The river gradually widened, coursing through chutes and narrows no wider than a canoe to the ragged gorge, which emptied the waters of the little Missinaibi into Missinaibi Lake—the headwaters of the Missinaibi River. After scaling the cliffs, which marked the end of the little Missiniabi, we enjoyed a delectable s'mores bannock and looked towards the next section of our journey with eager anticipation.

With lake travel behind us, we arrived at the start of the Missinaibi River. The rapids began less than one kilometer into the river that would be our steady companion for the next 500 kilometers. Unlike last year, when the river was swollen at flood levels, probably 3-5 feet above the average, this year a conservative estimate would be that it was 3 feet below average. No matter,

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though. Rapids that were previously massive hydro flows were now rocky stretches and technical stand and shoots. The sprint and dig became the backwater, the dart and the dash, the double pull and pry. Another beautiful, yet tedious part of the change were the rocks—sooooo many rocks.

You would stand up in the canoe look down the river and see a vast expanse of rocks, a veritable asteroid field. It was like the empire strikes back when Han Solo and crew steered the millennium falcon into the danger zone to avoid imperial star destroyers. Really though, there were miles and miles of rocks. We scooted and zig-zagged down the river. Honestly, we probably paddled an extra 150 kilometers just crossing back and forth across the river, right to left, left to right. Rapids that were non-existent emerged in the low water, and the down hill nature of the river was exposed as an infinite stretch of drops and pools.

Sometimes we cruised just inches above the bottom of the river. In turn, the cycles of nature were shown to us in vivid detail. Small fish would jump over the top of the water only to be consumed by huge fish that would leap out of the water and crash down like great whites smashing down on seals. And if the big fish were happy, the birds of prey were even more excited. We were dealt a real treat when we witnessed an osprey crash down in front of us, and pull up a 3-foot pike. Unable to carry its heavy load above the tree line, we were able to follow the osprey and its kill around every bend. I have never seen a bird kill and carry a fish of such a large size in

comparison to its own body. But it didn't stop there. It seemed like there were eagles lurking at every swift, ready to make their swoops and free-fall dives into the shallow waters. At the conclusion of our trip, we were told an amazing story by some natives who were working on the Moose River Bridge. They told us that they saw an eagle dive on a huge pike that ordinarily would have been lurking in the deeps, but now was at the surface. Sinking its talons into more than it could carry, the pike dragged the eagle under the water like Ahab and the White Whale. After sur-



faceing moments later, the eagle desperately trying to lift its prey out of the water, the pike dragged it under again, and the eagle only resurfaced down stream as a victim of the water.

The wonders on this trip were many, and one of the constant highlights of the trip is the many rapids and spectacular falls. During one stretch of the trip we stayed on the banks of a rapid or falls for over a week straight, lucky enough to let the crash of the river lull us to sleep. Hands down though, the most spectacular of these drops

and cascades is the Cree and Ojibwa spiritual meeting place known as Thunderhouse Falls. We enjoyed our last rest day of the trip perched 75 feet above the falls where the Pre-Cambrian shield splits to allow the Missinaibi River to make its final descent. Whereas last year though, when the river was moving too quickly for us to cross over to the other side, this year we were able to paddle across the river and climb the east side of the cliffs. It was one of the most amazing experiences of my Wabun career. Surrounded by silence, we walked through the expanse of jack pines with no vegetation other than the snow white caribou moss that crunched under our feet. We traversed the entire shoreline and were blessed with unreal views of the falls and cliffs. It was truly a spiritual experience and one that I will never forget. The rest of the river was a cliff-lined highway. We were whisked down the remaining 250 kilometers of the trip in less than six days, some days traveling 50 kilometers by early afternoon. The landscape changed drastically as we dropped off the Pre-Cambrian shield, moving from high cliffs to fossil filled sandy banks. The time and distance remaining slipped through our fingers and the beauty of the river was hypnotic. When we reached the junction of the Missinaibi and Mattagami Rivers, which form the mighty Moose, the river had gone from a width of a hundred meters to over a kilometer wide. With the trip behind us, we made time for silence and reflection. Our last butt break was spent in silence as we floated to the Moose River Bridge where our trip ended, and the silence was broken.

I know it is not technically part of our

trip, but I think it deserves a very honorable, and I mean honorable mention. This summer we put the art in fart. We discovered the final frontier, the ultimate in chemical warfare. Leave the baked beans at home, that's child's play—if you are looking to play for keeps, I recommend 3 healthy, full handfuls of dried onions, in any meal, we chose soup, and another 2 handfuls of dried vegetables—just to let them know you mean business. After many test runs, we chose August 5th as our d-day—a day that will live on in infamy. I won't go into too many details, but just ask Paul Sipp, or any member of Cayuga B and they will confirm the truth: to quote Paul Sipp after we ran over a skunk on the ride back to Temagami, "I never thought that scent would be refreshing."

The boys were awesome in every way possible. This year went by faster than any year Aaron and I have ever experienced. They made the trip a breeze and we always had time for play and relaxation. Gentlemen, thank you for an excellent summer, I can't wait to see you all here next year.

Cayuga B-M

In thinking back on the last six weeks, we realized that our memories of the summer here began to string themselves together into a sort of patchwork of images, sights and sounds which play themselves forwards and backwards as if on a movie reel. In this way we will attempt to relay the highlights of our summer for you today. In telling you our story then we can also hope to

preserve our memories of our summer as Cayuga B.

Now introducing the cast:

Nana, the section musician and third year Wabun camper, always appreciated the beauty surrounding us and showed her strength finishing the last two days of the trip with a broken ankle in good spirits.

Sarah Grace, also a third year camper, brought strength to our section both on the trail carrying the canoe with grace and on the site chopping piles of wood in record time.

Mary Therese, our final third year tripper, was always thinking one step ahead about what needed to get done and mastered sterning the canoe in whitewater with ease.

Our second year camper, Marcy, always kept the section's spirits high and was one of the first campers to the fly area every morning.

Savy, our only first year camper and section baker, showed incredible improvement through the summer, including finishing the trip by carrying the canoe all the way across the bowman's portage.

The scene is set: Cayuga B coasts off the shores of Garden Island after a nine day jaunt through remote lakes North of Temagami where they found their portaging legs and were introduced to the Northern Ontario sun. After a beautiful first day sailing up the Northeast Arm, Cayuga B encounters their first of many challenges caused by the summer's low water...the



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Matabitchuan.

First we see the staff hunched over in ankle deep water, throwing boulders from side to side attempting to create some usable waterway through which to float the sections canoes.

Next, the eight trippers are bushing a portage beside the river having decided that perhaps the dried up rapids were Mother Nature's hint that it was time to stretch their portaging legs.

The next scene comes into view and we can make our four red canoes cruising down Temiskaming in a gentle wind. This leaves them plenty of time to conquer their first of the trip's many milestones: the Portage du Sauvage, or the Indian.

The scene shifts: the eight young women are paddling down Kipawa, Sunnyside and Audoin as they head east. Their arms and backs are bronzing. Their shirts and socks are drying in the sun. Their paddle strokes are in rhythm to the songs they sing with the wind.

The July sun continues to shine through the next images gracing Cayuga B on their well-deserved rest day on Pommeroy where they enjoy orange cinnamon buns and swimming in the cool lake water.

Scene change: the sky looms with rain.



Paddles scrape the muddy lake bottom. Cayuga B heads towards the next of the obstacles on the way to the Coulonge...Riviere du Cinq Portage. With axes and saws at hand, the eight successfully find and conquer five portages- one of the five includes a 1000m rock hop down the middle of the dried up creek bed in the pouring rain.

Nine and a half hours later, Cayuga B pushes their canoes, running, through the last muddy stretches of the "river" before victoriously congratulating themselves with overflowing pan-panics of RCB.

Fast forward twelve hours and we see these same scraped and bruised arms pulling the section forty-seven kilometers northwards under blue skies to Grand Lac Victoria.

Their second rest day awaits them there with pancakes and much needed relaxation in their tents. While they recovered from the two previous days toil they also look ahead with anticipation to the final two weeks of the trip.

The next stretch of images seem to move in fast forward as the eight trippers take a left at the Coulonge - Dumoine split, zig-zag their way across the Esker portage with ease and successfully find a ride across the seven kilometer portage to Lac Larive.

With Nalgene's raised Cayuga B toasted the headwaters of the Coulonge at Lac Ward and are greeted by sunny skies and the promise of eight-days of whitewater ahead.

The days on the Coulonge seem to pass almost as quickly and dynamically as a rapid itself. Much like the way the river grips at your

paddle and pulls you into its current at the start of a rapid, the imminent end of the trip seemed to pull the section closer and plunge them deeper into their world of Cayuga B.

The middle of the rapid, a dance between the canoe, rocks, ledges and eddies, is like the blur of images we now see of Cayuga B shooting rapids, portaging around falls such as Chutes Diable and L'ours, and paddling beneath rocky cliffs.

And finally, just like the end of a rapid, Cayuga B finishes their trip with a sense of accomplishment and energy of adventure. They are carried by the fading river current back to Temagami, back to their homes, and back to their lives outside of Wabun. Though it is weaker now, the current of the Coulonge still runs through us. It carries the memories of our six weeks together that we can now replay through our minds through the coming years.

Wabun C

There are times in life when one is presented with challenging opportunities that require virtues such as patience, courage, and stamina in order to achieve the reward of success. I am proud to say that this section seized such an opportunity and succeeded admirably. I am of course talking about the creation of the Wabun Double-Down and its consumption. Most of the section's conversations throughout the day revolved around food (even though you guys were not good eaters), and when the KFC double-down was brought up, we realized we had all the necessary



supplies: cans of juicy, succulent chicken, slabs of hearty double-smoked bacon, cheese (Kudos to Mr. Blankemeyer for pioneering the chicken breading and frying technique). We accomplished something great and turned our dream into a greasy reality.

We also did a trip about three weeks long to Wabun Lake, and it was a fun challenge. There were a few 12-hour days and 16-portage days, but we got through it as professional Wabun C boys do.

Now I would like to introduce you to my cast of characters:

Sean Barnebey- Kaiser Ding-Dong, The Hispanic Canadian Keebler Elf. He ran over a moose with his canoe on Smoothwater. He couldn't solve the mafia case with just the guard-

ian angel and one mafia member when he was the only innocent townsfolk left; he just broke down into incoherent hysteria and the game never concluded.

Jacob Blankemeyer- The Fry Guy. He made friends with Jeffery the dragonfly nymph and Franklin the crawdad (although that relationship soured when Jacob cooked and ate Franklin. Jacob, for fearlessly leading the section through that muskeg soup before getting to Solace Lake, you are promoted to Major.

Lars Gardner- The Viking Rock-finder. Lars developed a complicated relationship with the K this summer. He could not, just could not save his bannock. He had nightmares about wannigan lines. He was a portage warrior, and although he was almost crushed by the K a few

times on the portage, he was always "alright" and kept on trucking.

Nate Geyer- The Tank. He ate 9 pan-nicans of Klik-a-roni, which is disgusting even by our standards. He always volunteered to help out, and became one of the greatest bannock cooks in Wabun history.

John Hunger- The Powerhouse Stern. He would be given a staff wannigan occasionally in order to slow him down on portages. His bannock, when "fully cooked", had the magic ability to heal itself, after a knife passed through it. It did not have the magic ability to stay in the shape of the reflector pan.

Jackson Larrabee- The Expert Canoe Carrier and Stern. He supposedly made a cornbread without any cornmeal, but Jacob is still the subject of an ongoing investigation. Jackson was one of the most generous guys with his personal stash of goodies and was always eager to help out.

Lucas Rooney- The Trivia Champ, Monopoly Champ, Ping-Pong Champ, Poker Champ, and former Team Chocolate Pudding Champ until he managed to get pudding everywhere but in his mouth on the last night of trip.

Drew Sarno- The Ladies Man of Wabun C 2010. Drew is the man who could carry both loads at once, and is the winner of the section Taylor Lautner lookalike competition.

Charlie Sipp- The Pack Mule. Charlie had the loveliest singing voice in the section, and helped make sure everything got done right. He is a model tripper in every sense.

You guys were a true joy to spend the summer with. You did a very tough trip with ex-

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cellence and ease and you were Rockstar Trippers. I hope you had as much fun as I did.

Cayuga D

Hi my name is Sam, I've been staffing the Cayuga D girls for the last six weeks, and I'm going to tell you a little bit about our summer.

We left 19 days ago on an exploration trip to the Chiniguchi area. We were already hardened by our first two trips to north of Temagami, but with some of us carrying wannigans heavier than ourselves, we found the first few days to be a welcome challenge. And in spite of the constant downpour of rain and cold—oh wait, that was last year. Mother Nature couldn't have treated

us better. Seemingly trying to make up for last year's unprecedented fury, she blessed us with sun, tailwinds, and even an occasional welcome bit of shade. By day 4, we'd already paddled up the Sturgeon, done the 3-mile Kelly portage, visited Taylor Statton, and squashed one of our only ten mosquitoes of the summer.

After a little rest and recuperation at Karl's waterfalls, we headed toward Wolf Lake where the exploration side of the trip began. We dove into the cool blue waters of Paradise Lagoon. We sailed across Sylvester Lake. We marked and cleared an old unused portage, which will open up great trip options for future Wabun sections. While most trips in this area go straight from Wolf to McConnell Bay, we had our camper

stern Zoe "Is there pot black on my face?" Collis take the maps and direct us toward the middle of Chiniguchi. Between renditions of "Would you still be my friend if...?" and Saturday Night Live musical sketches, Zoe's random comedic impulses kept us laughing through the summer. As part of our exploration we discovered a trail leading to the top of a steep peak called The Elephant. As we clambered up, leading the way was Emma "Show Tunes" Gwyn. Emma's got an array of animal impressions, from everyday loons to prehistoric raptors. To complement her silly side, Emma beasts through portages—even the bowman's portage, where, while following close behind, I could actually see over the canoe.

The beauty of this trip is in the clear turquoise waters of the dead lakes. The lakes weren't the only dead thing we saw, however. While turning a corner in Chiniguchi we came across a foul smell and an even worse sight. A number of vultures were circling the massive body of a recently dead bear. And our campers didn't heed my cries to "Paddle hard and look to the left!" We quickly paddled away, glad that the breeze was in our favor.

With the bear and the elephant behind us we headed off to the sandy shores of McConnell Bay, where the Crees had left us a free campsite and an impressive amount of wood. Shortly, we paddled over and confirmed the existence of a rope swing where Kylie "The Icing Queen" Burns Potts entered the water the Tarzan way. In addition to making a mean bannock topping, Kylie, our only first year camper, consistently sought out new challenges. She took heavy wannigans,





added a baby, helped carry the camper canoe and finished each portage saying, “That wasn’t hard.” With McConnell Bay over, we returned to the Sturgeon River, where the girls got a little taste of whitewater. We thought Wabun C staff had been exaggerating when they told us the Wawiagama Creek was this wide—he wasn’t. It’s this wide. We walked the whole way.

Back on lakes, we started to ease into the end of the summer. Amanda “The Site Manager” Sundheimer made it easy for the staff as she took complete charge of campsite responsibilities. Her knack for cooking made it safe to leave meals in her hands.

Back on Temagami, we finished the summer the way we ended each day—laughing.

Cree

Well, our boys said they wanted more of a challenge. Maybe they didn’t say it specifically, but it sure seemed like it. I mean, they liked it

when we had that push day on our 3rd trip. So we were like, “Let’s show them the dead lakes, the Canadian Caribbean. That’ll be fun for them. There’s some hard portages and stuff, but they did really well on that one 300 out of Kokoko. What could go wrong?”

Nothing. It was really great. These guys had a really great time. It was great.

And we saw some great lakes. Not the Great Lakes, but great as in, like, “look good” lakes. We went through the dead lake loop to our west, but contrary to the assumptions of certain campers, not all of those lakes were dead. There probably were fish in some, Alex. Next time, I’d bring a fishing rod. In fact, we saw plenty of wildlife. We saw a moose, which was somehow con-

fused for a newt, though I’m not really sure how that happened. We saw an owl, though it took the owl flying away for Jasper to finally notice it. “There it is,” he informed its rapidly departing tail feathers.

“The opportunities are rare, but still exist.” True. We Crees found a way to augment that slightly. “The opportunities to find new portages in unexpected places are rare, but still exist.” No wonder they named the Sturgeon River after the world’s lamest fish. Following four days of pulling our canoes across the low, low waters of 2010, our Crees arrived at the Sandals McConnell Bay. Battling a grueling headwind, our boys were met with open arms by the clear blue waters of our rest day site. Three bannocks later, and two edible



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bannocks later, we were ready to slay some more dead lakes. Jasper luckily made his departure flight from the Wolf Lake International Airport, with service provided by our own Air Marshal Nibby Hinchman, but the rest of us missed the connection and were forced to proceed on foot. We frolicked across our portages, and bore the heavy weight of swimming in the Paradise Lagoon.

But, after four days of Paradise, we still had to do our time in Purgatory, which is really what Lake Matagamasi should be called anyways. And the Inferno: our three mile romp through the Kelly portage. Fortunately, we got a little sliver of Paradise at the end, where our little Dante's shared their cornbread with eight little Beatrices in green canoes.

The rest of our trip passed smoothly. We finally found out why they call it Gull Lake. At 5 o'clock in the morning. Luckily, we escaped the ominous promise of Skunk Lake. We returned to Temagami in eager anticipation of little Jaspie's return to our section, and enjoyed a light lunch on the peak of Devil's Mountain. Fortunately, it did not rain as we descended the treacherous slopes. Unfortunately, someone upstairs was really sad that we were so close to our campsite and still so dry. Fortunately, that predicament was soon rectified.

A series of successful and well-hosted cocoa parties later, we stand. I stand, and they sit, before you six weeks older and six weeks richer for it. Congratulations, boys. You all get pots for the summer.



Wawatay First Session

Team Wawatay has traveled to some pretty stellar locales in this short space of only 3 weeks. We've gone north, south, east and west, over land and sea. Our first trip took us to Obabika Inlet, up through Eye Lake to Devils Mountain, and down back to Lower Cleminshaw's. The girls faced two obstacles on the first day. One: torrential downpours. Two: you must answer trivia questions in order to get the best bannock pieces. We found out that maybe everyone in the world has not indeed seen Finding Nemo. The next day took us across Team Wawatay's first portage from Eye Lake into Devil's Bay and the girls rocked it. These mini women carried a huge wannigan across the portage. It probably could have housed them all. Our stay at the base of Devil's Mountain was a welcome rest with a feast

of pierogies and pineapple-upside-down bannock. We ascended to the summit at sunrise for a breath-taking view of Northern Lake Temagami with the sun peaking out past the morning clouds. The day brought us our first tailwind of the summer, a rare treat when traveling with Headwind Hartzell, and we quickly arrived at our destination with plenty of time to swim, tan, make bracelets, and read before we even needed to consider starting dinner. A perfect day.

Our next trip took us to Gull and Skunk Lakes where we met new challenges. The first portage off of Temagami taught us the lesson of paying attention for the little portage tape ribbon to make the oh-so important turn-off. Luckily a man on an ATV rescued us from the fate of walking many miles to some far-flung lake we were definitely not aiming for. Once we were set back on track, we prepared ourselves for the



longest portage of the summer from Herbert Lake into Gull Lake. Hap Wilson simply calls the portage ‘strenuous.’ I would like to call this the understatement of the century. Team Wawatay was caught off-guard by cliff faces and beaver ponds in the middle of the portage trail. After some deep breaths and many looks upwards asking ‘Why!?’ we pulled together all our gumption and conquered the beast. We were met with the rewards of a 4th of July banana bannock and the quickest campsite set up I’ve ever seen. The next day we headed off to Skunk Lake. You know how they say all roads lead west? Well all portages lead to Gull. With a little bit of extra practice the girls carried loads across the portages with lightning speed and we ended the night with some tasty Ham Lo Mein and examinations of different leech killing techniques. We then traveled back into Temagami where we climbed High Rock for another incredible view of the lake. The girls didn’t seem too amazed by the bird’s eye view of Temagami, which surprised me until I heard Nina yell, “There’s so many!” and run over with hands overflowing with blueberries. The girls quickly filled a Nalgene with this blue gold to be used in surprise pancakes the next morning. Our final

campsite of the trip was also rich with blue gold and we were able to finish off the second voyage with Maple Blueberry bannock.

The last trip was the Wasaksina-Iceland loop in the southeast. With the intense heat we introduced the girls to the art of tire checks. It was easy getting the girls into the water, but getting them out was tough. When they learned that swimming to the campsite was a little out of the question, our fish returned to their canoes and we made camp at the start of the portage from Shiningwood Bay into Olier Lake. The girls were introduced to the joys of camping next to flowing streams. We feasted on burritos and a perrrrrrfect butterscotch bannock and topped off the evening with swimming in the rapids. The girls carried over their amazing portage skills from the last trip and we booked it to an early arrival in Wasaksina Lake. Sarah, Ellen, and Stacy raced a small motorboat to a perfect site that even had a throne and perfect fireplace for s’mores waiting for us. Ellen made herself famous with a typical occurrence of stepping out of the canoe a little early and finding herself waist-deep in water. But hey, at least you never hit a rock during landing, right, Ellen? With a staff under the weather the next day, Nina stepped up and sterned canoe Nunya the whole day through. Iceland Lake brought us one of the best sunsets of the summer and a new friend of the section. His name is Marvin and he is a turtle that is about the size of Anna. We ooo-ed and ahh-ed but tried to keep our distance in case Marvin was out to avenge the death of a friend who became dinner for the Chippies on

the previous trip. It seemed that he was friend rather than foe and we bid Marvin farewell and headed back for the waters of Temagami. After some tricky portages and creek work, we found ourselves back on the last lake of the summer. That evening Team Wawatay found Narnia. It is a magical campsite where anything is possible. The staff’s jaws dropped when they realized that the wood crew was done, the fireplace was done, the fly was up, and we were not even untumped yet. We had a bannock-making-marathon and group yoga session. When a midnight intruder came around we learned that yelling Lady Gaga lyrics may not help, but it sure does make the head staff feel better as she faces the beast alone. Our last paddling day was met with a surprise stop at Bear Island for fries and sweets. Our final campsite at Charlie’s brought a woodpile that would make any Wabun section envious and the realization that our summer together was coming to a close. We held a formal dinner and had a last hoorah cocoa party/bannock swap with the Chippies before we returned to the shores of Garden Island this morning.

It’s been a great summer of traveling and having fun, but it has also been very educational too. We would like to share the things we learned this summer.

- A loud scream means either there is a leech within ten feet of you or there is a giant turtle staring at you in the loading area.
- When you step out of the canoe, make sure there is something to step on to.
- Spitting in the canoe is like barfing in the car,

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you just don't do it.

- Don't roll your toothbrush.
- That fish in lakes off Temagami got there either by portaging or were dropped in by floatplane.
- That the fire irons are used to get wrinkles out of the fire...oh yeh, and they hold up the pots when we cook.
- Raingear can be used to protect you from rain or mosquito hordes.
- Ellen is really good at imitating YouTube videos
- Saffy is always keen to swim, even after an unintentional swim.
- Gumpies makes anything delicious.
- Anna knows every Top 40 hit and can sing them loud enough for the whole lake to enjoy.
- Nina & Lily's names are interchangeable.
- Sarah is so much in Wabun mode that often times she is up and rolling before the staff even call "rise & roll."
- Everyone can successfully decapitate a pine bug.
- When in absence of a Nalgene, drinking from the lake as if you were a dog is perfectly acceptable, right Ellen?
- Saffy loves pulsing cheese, pulsing marshmallows, and basically just any food that pulses.
- The lake is great source for wash water, drinking water, and rinse water.
- Even in unseasonable summer heat, Lily will still dress for a Maine winter.
- Even the smallest camper can carry the biggest wannigan.
- Just because a portage is there does not mean you should take it.
- Ninny can stern like a pro when we have a man down.

- Sarah, with her new bangs of power, can pulverize any can that comes her way, even Eagle Brand.
 - Running through the campsite at full speed is not advisable.
 - Contrary to popular belief, "rise & roll" does not mean, rise your eyelids a little and roll back over.
 - That our Fanno saw, aka Fanna White, is basically the 10th member of the section and will occasionally sleep in the staff tent.
 - The time is 10:33, the campsite is not far, and the portage is roughly 35,000 grapefruits long.
 - That nine girls can travel through the Canadian wilderness, cook better than Martha Stewart, see sunsets that you see in calendars, live with nature rather than on it, and become a family that will be impossible to forget.
-

Chippy First Session

For our third trip, Chippy S traveled through the classic Diamond, Wakimika, Obabika loop. Our trip started with the long paddle to Sharp Rock Inlet. We had a lunch of tuna melt sandwiches and fruit while floating through Devil Bay. This campsite is a little clubbed out, but the tent sites and swimming are good. After a refreshing swim and a dinner of Klik-a-Roni with a Reeses' Peanut butter bannock we settled in to contemplate our upcoming portages. This was the campsite where both Chippies and staff learned to love "Camper Togetherness Day". This is where campers may not be more than 30 feet from all other campers at any time, for any reason. Picture watching 6 year olds play soccer. This proved to be so popular that we instituted it



a second time later in this trip! Our first portage was a short 100 yard trip from Sharp Rock Inlet into Diamond. After a brisk paddle through Diamond lake we began the series of portages that took us into Wakimika Lake. There was a strong headwind on Wakimika Lake and we were glad that we would not have to cross the lake that day. Unfortunately, there was a group from Algonquin Provincial Park already at our intended campsite when we arrived. However, they planned to only



stop for lunch and graciously offered to let us unload. After their lunch and a brief consultation of maps with me, they decided that staying at the other beach site made more sense than fighting the headwind to cross the lake that evening. The third day of the trip we began a much deserved rest day with the quest for a serious fish feast. We caught a number of large pike and smallmouth bass and were able to have a “Fish Fiesta” of pike sushi, fish tacos, and fried fish. Mike Eustice exclaimed “Mother of Pearl this sushi is good”. This dinner was enjoyed by everyone and we had all the fish we could eat. The fourth day of this trip

was a day I had been worrying about since the beginning. I wasn’t sure how traveling the Wakimika River would be with low water. Fortunately, someone had already cleared the bad snags and we only had to break down three beaver dams to get through. After a relatively easy trip through the Wakimika River, we had the rare pleasure of a tail wind and light waves on Obabika Lake! Halfway to the campsite we stopped to visit with Alex Mathias. He was not home, but his son-in-law told us that if we took the right fork on the portage into Obabika Inlet instead of the left fork we would avoid the 200 yards of knee deep mud at the end of the usual portage. This was a welcome tip and we were happy to take the extra 300 meters of trail instead of 200 yards of mud. From here the trip was relatively easy. We visited briefly with the Wawatay’s at Charlie’s Chop House and continued on to our last portage of the trip. Well at least half of us did. Zack and Isa were not ready for another portage and decided to paddle around the island instead of portage. This proved to take only slightly longer than the portage and is good information for future travel.

This loop is a classic Temagami trip and covers a wide variety of terrain. While some travel days were long and the weather was hot, the Chippies were more than up to the challenge. Their skills continue to improve and they have adapted well to life in the bush. They continue to improve the speed with which they break camp, paddle, portage, and set up camp. This is proven by the fact that I allowed the same amount of time to get back to camp as at the end of the first

trip and instead of arriving late, we were early. It is truly a pleasure to work with a group of kids who get along as well as these kids. The Chippies have now learned the basics of canoe tripping and the skills necessary to be successful and as comfortable as possible in all conditions. While they may not think they progressed quickly enough, they are doing well and their skills required to travel the backcountry are where they should be for their age and experience. This is a great group of kids and I am very excited to be spending the summer with them!

Sulé has a great attitude and a ready smile. He has learned the basic skills of canoe tripping with a willing heart and a strong back. Sulé has expanded his comfort zone, including jumping off the tower on the dock at base camp.

Mike has become a strong paddler and portager. Mike has shown great interest in cooking, especially with bannocks.

Diego and Sulé are fast friends and are well known for their rolling laughter as they discuss sports and life in general. Diego especially enjoys rock skipping contests, his record is now at nine! As with Sulé, Diego has greatly expanded his comfort.

Jensen has wowed the wawatay section with his ability to recount movies and his expressive performances. He continues to be eager to challenge other sections to compete in any sport as well as cheer for most anything.

Noah is the quiet and confident camper. He is a quick learner and has made great strides towards mastering all of the skills of a top-notch

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canoe tripper. He is a fun and a great addition to our section.

Mick is a great canoe tripper and strong portager. Mick's strong paddling has made it easy for his staff stern man. Along with Mike, Mick has shown himself to be an eager singer. As with the campers, this is the end of my canoe tripping at Wabun this summer. It has been a great privilege to travel with your children and my assistant staff these few weeks. As a parent of a Wabun camper, I understand that it is not easy to send your child off under the care of someone else, especially when they are in such a remote area. I thank you for your trust and hope that we have been able to impart the positive change and growth in your children that I have noticed in my son. I hope that you have a great year in school and that we can meet here again next summer.

Wawatay Second Session

This summer the Wawatays have traveled north, south, east, and west to some amazing locations in the Temagami area. Our first trip took us on the ever popular Kokoko loop where the girls tackled their first portage of the summer on the very first day. Needless to say they rocked it. That night in Kokoko Lake they enjoyed their first taste of Wabun trip food. The next day brought thunderstorms and another portage but finished off with an afternoon spent sun-bathing and chatting on the rocks at the foot of Devil's Mountain, which we climbed the following morning. The view was breath-taking under the



cloudless sky. We finished the trip at Cleminshaw's and the girls tried their hands at fishing. Many nibbles, but sadly no success. We wrapped up the trip with a cocoa party with the Crees.

The next trip took us through the Wasakina-Iceland loop. Lunch was a delightful picnic atop High Rock. The view was spectacular but the gun show was even better. The first night we camped next to a flowing river and the Wawatays had a blast swimming in the rapids. I bet the Chili Cheese Fries for dinner didn't hurt either. Day 2 we had a great paddling day ending with the great site on Wasaks. A cocoa party with the Chippies characterized the evening. We concluded the trip with a gnarly headwind down the

Northeast Arm and full pannicans of RCB.

For our last trip we took on another Wabun classic, Diamond-Wakimika-Obabika. After two weeks of headwinds, the weather gods granted us reprieve: a tailwind that allowed us to essentially float to our campsite on Raccoon Point. Another sunny, tailwind pushed us to Diamond Lake where we enjoyed a rainy, but relaxing Rest Day. We then beasted through Wakimika, which included the mighty Wakimika River. Our site on Obabika came equipped with a rare treat: natural, rock, Barc-a-loungers. Our final portage of the summer was also the longest and the bowman's portage. Amina and Sofia dazzled us with their strength carrying the canoes and Piper lapped a Northwaters' section of boys twice her size. Our final paddling day began with an easily-killed pot of Winisk Oats and some great wood crew and ended with a reunion with both the Chippies and Cree on Temagami. Our section spent our last day together reminiscing over monster Cinnamon buns in bed.

Over the past three weeks, we have watched these girls really progress into strong, confident, young women. The fab four are Piper, Sofia, Amina, and Sarah. Piper served as the section food critic, often making comparisons between trip food and such classy establishments as Jimmy John's and Jersey Mike's. She also seemed to remain in a constant state of confusion all summer, repeatedly asking questions such as "We're having steak for dinner, right?" and "Wait... what IS Keewaydin?" Sofia was a tumping pro by the end of the first trip and was usually found

helping her section mates in the morning. Her ardent commitment to not beaching the canoe often resulted in an unexpected swim. Amina, aka Minnie, took to the Wabun Way almost instantly. Her natural strength and enthusiasm allowed her to carry the K on all portages. As we learned more about Minnie, we began to plan a Life Experience Day. Now to be Life Experience Month, we will introduce her to such commonalities as roller coasters, cherry pie, The Sound of Music, pumpkin pie, manicures, apple pie, and salsa. Sarah, or some of her other personalities such as Biggie Boo, her mom, Paris Hilton, and various YouTube personalities, kept the section laughing through the paddles and portages. Her hobbies are mainly comprised of hanging off trees or staff, carrying duffels much larger than she, and the occasional inspirational speech. Traveling with these girls over the past three weeks has been such a treat for us. It has been amazing to learn from each other and grow as a Wawatay family. I truly hope to see you all next year for round 2.

Chippy Second Session

It has been an eye-opening summer for these boys and for the staff who accompanied them. Our first trip brought us to Kokoko Lake, the second to Cross Lake, and the final one to Lady Evelyn Provincial Park. While the three-week journey was a new experience outwardly for these seven boys with fresh sights and smells like loons and muskeg, an inward journey equally important also took place. As opposed to paddling

and portaging, this other journey pushed all of us to slow down and savor those essential things that we can sometimes take for granted in one another.

So what are those essential things you might ask? I think we all learned that what is essential is finding purpose in others. Whether teaching someone how to dry fry a tortilla over an open flame, or wondering at a pictograph with section friends, seeing a strength in someone and then telling him what you see, or just continuing to paddle in a fierce headwind for the sake of your bowman or sternman, what one begins to notice at Wabun is the vast interconnectedness that sustains us all. It is within this web that one can find value in himself as part of a larger purpose. I hope that each of these Chippy boys has learned something of a hidden strength this summer. Your staff

can undoubtedly tell you that you have, but you need to know it for yourself. What Wabun has begun to teach you is that such a disjointed world creates our fundamental need for one another. You are an essential part of the whole, and yet cannot stand alone.

Please continue to learn this lesson on your own until next summer. Take the confidence that you have found at Wabun into the wider world and inspire others to see their own strengths as a means of bettering a world that desperately needs all of our help. And finally, thank you boys for teaching your staff this invaluable lesson. We'll be sure to follow your guidance until we meet again.

For the 2009 logs please visit Wabun.com!



REUNIONS - GATHERINGS OF THE WABUN CHOIR

2009-2010 Wabun Reunions & Informational Gatherings

Annual Wabun Reunions represent great geographical range – from northern Maine, down through New Hampshire, Massachusetts, over to Syracuse, down to New York City, Philly, DC, Virginia, Tennessee, out to Columbus, Cleveland, Chicago, Minnesota, on to Los Angeles, San Francisco, up to Seattle, and finally up to Temagami for the annual farthest north reunion at Wabun in March. The variety of locations varies a bit from year to year, but in all locations alumni/ae representing seven decades of Wabun come together at reunions across the country to share stories and reflections, and to meet with families attending to learn about the opportunities Wabun offers.



Seattle, Washington



Birch Bark Canoes in Seattle



Birch Bark Canoes in Seattle



Freeport, Maine



Palo Alto, California



Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

REUNIONS - GATHERINGS OF THE WABUN CHOIR

WABUN 2010-2011, 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 as well as current campers and staff, to swap and hear stories and share 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 video that captures the essence and magnificence of the Temagami area; the 78-year tradition of excellence of Wabun's style of canoe tripping; as well as to answer questions. Please call (603-369-3677) or email Dick (rpl@wabun.com) or Marg Lewis (mrl@wabun.com) for the addresses and contact information for the hosts.

Date	Time	Location
**Friday, December 10, 2010	4:00 PM	Pawley's Island, South Carolina 29585
**Saturday, January 8, 2011	4:00 PM	Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106
**Sunday, January 9, 2011	4:00 PM	Bexley, Ohio 43209
**Friday, January 14, 2011	5:00 PM	Freeport, Maine 04032
**Sunday, January 16, 2011	5:00 PM	DeWitt, New York 13214
**Saturday, January 22, 2011	4:00 PM	Brooklyn, Connecticut 06234
** Sunday, January 23, 2011	2:30 PM	Boxborough, Massachusetts 01719
**Saturday, January 29, 2011	3:00 PM	Bethesda, Maryland 20816-3325
**Sunday, January 30, 2011	1:00 PM	Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania 19026
**Saturday, February 5, 2011	2:00 PM	New York City, New York 10017
**Wednesday, February 9, 2011	5:30 PM	Minneapolis, Minnesota 55419
**Saturday, February 12, 2011	4:00 PM	Los Angeles, California 90027
**Sunday, February 13, 2011	1:00 PM	Seattle, Washington 98144
**Saturday, February 19, 2011	1:00 PM	Hopkinton, New Hampshire 03229
**Sunday, March 6, 2011	3:00 PM	Wellesley, Massachusetts 02482
**Saturday, March 12, 2011	3:00 PM	Burlington, Vermont 05401
**Saturday, March 26, 2011	2:00 PM	At WABUN, Temagami, Ontario P0H 1C0



Harvard, Massachusetts

WABUN STAFF NEWS

Nibby and Ann Hinchman Celebrate 50!

The summer of 2010 simultaneously marked two significant events in their lives – the celebration of their 50th wedding anniversary and the marking of Nibby’s 50th year of involvement with Wabun. So let’s give a big Wabun cheer for “Hinchman Fifty”...and be sure it’s loud enough to echo all the way to Garden Island. Wabun, Wabun, Wabun, Yeah Wabun, Fifty, Ann and Nibby, Ann & Nibby, Ann and Nibby, YEAH!!



Elisa Morris – A Wabun Staff Snapshot

Growing up on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound, Elisa Morris and Wabun alum brother Alex, were raised on the water. There she and her cousin, Seth Moyer-Stratten (also an alum) once entered a canoe marathon around the island. Their Wabun experience prepared them for every aspect of the race except avoiding ferryboats! Currently, Elisa is completing a degree

in sociology and anthropology at Lewis & Clark College in Portland, Oregon. Incredibly talented, Elisa has taken advantage of opportunities to live abroad, to paint and read.

Elisa expertly guided Cayuga B down the Coloune River in Quebec this summer. She is



well versed in Wabun’s Long Trips, having taken two Bay Trips and three B Trips, one as a camper and two as staff. The variety of terrain makes the B Trip Elisa’s favorite. Some days are filled with big-lake paddles, while others are spent winding through narrow creeks that culminate in an exhilarating run downstream on a river. Elisa’s favorite Wabun dinner is lentils and fry bread and her favorite dessert is German chocolate bannock.

Cayuga B camper Sarah Grace Longworth portrays Elisa as “amazing” describing that this summer with Elisa was like traveling with a friend. Assistant Staff and close friend, Catherine Crowley, explains “the grace and patience that Elisa brings to staffing set the tone for our section this summer. She even knows how to make sitting in the pouring rain fun, and she knew how to

take care of our campers, too.”

As Catherine explained, Elisa is “just really an all-around amazing person.” All who are lucky enough to have tripped with Elisa feel the same way.

Robbed in Vegas

Five years ago, in our 75th anniversary year, Rob Huff was introduced to the Wabun community as our Chef. We knew that we were getting an amazing cook; Rob had worked in and owned top-of-the-line restaurants, and in his first summer, our taste buds were testimony to his culinary skills. What was not known at the time was that we were also getting a man who would become such a loved and integral member of the Wabun family. That is why it was so hard to say good bye to Rob as he embarks on his next adventure.



For all who have been at Camp during Chef Rob's time, we know that when the kitchen is entered, the first thing that is noticed is the smell of amazing homemade sauces and soups or the sight of delectable deserts. Not long after these sensations hit you, however, comes the wonderfully familiar and enthusiastic greeting from Rob. Always armed with his backward cap and smile, Rob made everyone feel welcomed in his kitchen. And whether he was feeding twenty or two-hundred, he was never satisfied unless we were.

A year after his tenure with Wabun began Rob assumed the job of the Camp's caretaker—looking after Garden Island during the off-season months. Having spent a great deal of his life on Temagami, Rob was accustomed to the extreme winter-weather that the region regularly experiences. While some would hunker down in the cabin to sit out the cold, Rob would rather be outdoors working, chopping, hunting and fishing. He did not have the island to himself for long, however, Rob soon acquired neighbors in the forms of recently-retired Marg and Dick Lewis. The “three amigos” launched many a boat

and snowmobile expedition and would take turns hosting dinners of moose, grouse, and venison fare. Says Dick of his time with Rob, “Rob has probably set an impossibly high bar for his successor. As both Wabun's Chef, and care-giver to our

him. Putting the camp to bed for the winter, marking snowmobile trails on the Lake, waking the camp in the spring, and preparing incomparable fare for as many as 250 campers, parents, and staff at the end of the season have earned him respect and affection from all. As Marg and I stood on the dock and waved goodbye to him as he drove his steel boat away from Wabun, we felt the departure of a great, great friend.”

To say that Rob is moving to a much different environment would be a tremendous understatement. Summerlin, Nevada will now be called home as Rob will be the sous-chef in charge of cold foods for the six restaurants at the JW Marriott Las Vegas Resort & Spa.

While it is doubtful that Rob will be serving fresh-caught walleye or moose tar-tar, there is no doubt that his customers will revel in all that Rob plates for them.

Rob, best of luck . . . we miss you already. Know that you always have a home and a family on Garden Island. We all hope

that you are able to steal yourself away from the desert to return to the Temagami region frequently. Wabun, Wabun, Wabun, Yeah Wabun, Rob . . . Rob . . . Rob, YEAH!!



Winter Fare at Chez Huff - Surf, Turf, and Air - Pickerel, braised moose, and bacon-wrapped grouse with home-made bread, roasted potatoes, cauliflower, and acorn squash!!!)

site, he became known to Wabun folks and Lake residents alike as one of Wabun's finest. His energy, humor, thoughtfulness, and incredible skills were evident to all fortunate enough to know

BEAR ISLAND AND WABUN

Bear Island Pow Wow

A unique opportunity presented itself when two sections of campers were in from trip midway through the 2010 season. The Teme-Augama Anishnabai, our nearby neighbors on Bear Island, held their annual Pow Wow. Initially, the in-camp staff led by Nibby, Julie, Ann, and Edna thought it would be a chance for trip staff and the kitchen staff to have a break while campers went to Bear Island, but in the end nearly everyone, campers and staff, paddled over to join the festivities.

After landing at the dock by the Pier Market store, the Wabun group, led by Kylie Burns, followed the road and pathway to the ball field where people were assembling. After a bit of a wait, greetings and an invocation were offered in the Oji-Cree language and in English. This was followed by a grand entry parade, some singing and drumming, and dancing in which all were invited to participate. Many of the people were dressed in dance regalia (fancy shawl dancers, grass dancers, and jingle dancers) as shown in the accompanying photos. A number of old friends from around the lake were seen, including Rose Molyneux and Joanne Vachon, both of whom were former cooks at Wabun.

Before returning to Wabun in mid-afternoon, the campers delighted in visiting the Pier Market chip stand where they spent their allowances on burgers, poutine, and ice cream.

It was a beautiful experience with a gentle paddle back to Garden Island.



Bear Island-Wabun Ball Games

Ever since Wabun's inaugural season of 1933, we have played an opening-season ball game with the members of the Bear Island Teme-Augama Anishnabai – that makes our 2010 game the 78th in this wonderful progression! While Wabun's win-loss record does not distinguish us as a particularly adroit athletic talent, the nature of the games we have played, and the associations we have enjoyed with our Bear Island friends loom large in defining an important part of our place in the Temagami Community. Marg and I enjoyed four years of teaching in the Bear Island School when we lived on the Lake from 1979-1983, and particularly relish what are now two generations of Wabun campers from Bear Island who have participated as campers and staff at Wabun. Oh,



we have lost both our 2009 (by one run) and 2010 (by more than one run) games, but had a wonderful time losing them.

Drummers Open Wabun's 78th Season

On the evening of June 28th, Wabun was honored to welcome Jamie Seville and the Eight Thunderbird Drummers back to Garden Island for an evening of drumming, songs, and stories. The Eight Thunderbird Drummers are a highly respected circle who drum and sing at Pow Wows and gatherings across Canada and in the United States. Jamie is a resident and member of the Bear Island Band of Teme-Augama Anishnabai, the First Nation community located a mile to the south of Wabun. The group joined us that evening to share with campers and staff a piece of the culture and history of the ancestral people of Temagami. We gathered in the dining hall; benches and chairs spiraled out from the drummers in the center.



The drum beat like a heart as Jamie and the other drummers sang their songs. Between songs, Jamie paused to introduce himself and the other drummers and to encourage questions. The

youngest of the Wabun campers took the lead asking questions ranging from what herbs were burned to cleanse the space before the drumming began, to what stories the songs told. Jamie mixed humor and history into his responses, all the while wearing his gold Elvis shades. He recounted the origin of the drum and the birth of the songs he and the other drummers sang that evening. The songs came from the land and from the people for whom it has always been home. Protecting and perpetuating the culture of the drum is a way to connect with, honor, and steward the land, he explained. Jamie stressed the importance of having a grounded understanding of the land and of our place as a part of the ecosystem, not separate from or outside of it. He encouraged us to focus on that connection as we traveled on the land that summer and to carry it forward within us.



At the close of the evening Jamie wished us all well on our upcoming journeys. The evening was an amazing opportunity for Wabun campers and staff to learn about Temagami, its history and culture. The Eight Thunderbird Drummers afforded us a deeper glimpse into what each person who has wielded a paddle knows to be an incredibly special part of the planet.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WABUN EXPERIENCES

A Mother and Daughter Wabun Experience

Hope's Story:

After John Monroe (a fellow firefighter with Cayuga Heights FD) came to our home in Ithaca, NY in 1982 and did a slide show of his experiences at Wabun, the question arose: did I want to canoe in Canada for a summer? Why not? So off I went, hopping the Wabun bus at an exit along the NY Thruway and continuing to the Mine Landing. Although I was in Nancy Richardson's and Chris Foster's Cayuga section with mostly 15- and 16-year-olds, I was a bit older (19) and had just finished two years at Cornell; the other girls quickly pulled me to their level along the 11-day "get-in-shape" trip down the Sturgeon River.

It was hard work, and many of us had a lot to learn. Others who were seasoned campers put up with our inexperience and helped teach us. We knew we had improved our strength when we made it back upstream faster at the end of that trip than we had with the current on the way down. I sent my parents a letter about that first trip, saying we were now off for a four-week 500-mile trip to the Dumoine River, taking all our food with us. That's when they realized this experience was nothing like our initial impression that I would be paddling leisurely along a few lakes in northern Canada.

The second trip proved challenging because it was one of the driest summers in a

while – not so bad we had to use stoves, but it meant every small stream which should have been passable became a series of short paddles, unloads, pass overs and reloads. We quickly developed some choice vocabulary to get us through these situations, and we used music to get us through our days. We sang whatever we could remember lyrics to, but our two favorites were, "Put Another Log On the Fire" and the "Into the Muskeg and



Into the Rain" phrase from Gordon Lightfoot's Canadian Railroad Trilogy. Leslie Corcelli (my bow) led us in making up elaborate shaggy dog stories whose punch lines made the name of the lakes we were on make sense.

Some of my best/worst memories include:

having to paddle a circle to get the canoe's bow back into the wind on a particularly gusty rainy day on a big lake; wiping hundreds of mosquitoes off my arms with each swipe while portaging the canoe; loon calls echoing through the lakes; walking narrow planks with full loads trying not to fall into muskeg; sitting with our heads in the fire smoke trying to keep the mosquitoes away while eating dinner; Heartbreak Hill on the

3-mile Indian portage; running into the boys' section which had gotten turned around on the same portage and had just portaged many more miles than planned; paddling in our underwear when we thought we were in places others wouldn't be (Chris was usually way ahead of us all) and suddenly grabbing for t-shirts when a motor boat passed us in the middle of (we thought) nowhere; the surprise on two men's faces across a narrow gauge rail that one pair of female legs was under that canoe which weighed about 100 pounds (the two of them were toting a cooler together); a stern yelling "pull right" and her bow pulling left into a large boulder (flattening the front of the canoe, but above the waterline) in rapids; crying with relief at the last portage; the

disappearance of my rolls of photos; canvas tents with no screens and no bottoms and nothing to keep the front closed; laughing at people in "rubber" canoes bopping down the rapids along the Dumoine River; almost getting run over by a moose when Chris Foster decided to double back

towards us yelling, “MOOSE CHASE!”

Camp food memories include best meal at the worst campsite – blueberries and fresh fish at a logging camp covered with piles of bones; buying chocolate bars in Laniel; sugared donuts and a chance to sun, do laundry, swim, read, and relax on a rest day at a dead lake; bushing rehydrated dehydrated beef – the only food we didn’t eat the whole summer; calling cream of wheat “creme de bleah”; fighting over leftovers. One special moment was being given a bowl of ice cubes to share when we finished the second portage with wanigans across a woman’s lawn out of the Quebec wilderness. We held the cubes in our hands and rolled them across our faces and melted them in our mouths - the height of civilization!

All these memories came back to me when thinking about where our daughter might go to camp. Many we checked out were day camps, week-long camps, or had such “schedules” and abundant varieties of activities that I wondered about their ultimate purpose. As an early childhood educator I cherish unstructured time and kids learning to do things together. We asked Sofia: how about three weeks at Wabun? Why not? So off we went to Toronto (no more cross-state/cross-border bus!). Although she wasn’t thrilled about my coming to pick her up, Dick Lewis, who came to a gathering at our house earlier in the year, suggested it was a good idea. So I drove up to get Sofia and her schoolmate Amina and found I didn’t remember where anything was at Camp besides the girls’ cabins and the dock. Tenting in 43 degrees the night before they

paddled in was worth it when strong, tanned, pot-blacked, scratch-legged girls climbed out of canoes with satisfaction at a job well done on their faces.

Sofia’s story:

Before I came to Wabun the only things I knew about it were from stories my Mom had told me from back when she did her Cayuga B trip. I knew that things had changed since then. When I first got to Garden Island and met my staff, Stacy, Natalie, and Kate, (Kiera joined us for the last trip) I knew that I was in for an awesome summer.

Some special moments for me included singing, “When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, that’s amore” countless times to the annoyance of our staff (sorry Natalie and Stacy); bushing with Amina so we could talk about friends we missed from home; tire checking – jumping off canoes in the middle of a lake to go swimming; cliff jumping for fun; and climbing Devil’s Mountain and High Rock. Favorite trip meals included breakfasts of cinnamon buns and pancakes, Most Outstanding Lunch (a bannock with cheese and pepperoni - a creation of Jess Lewis), dinner of beef stew with noodles, and butterscotch or mint chocolate chip bannock (I made one for my parents when I got home). I always looked forward to our cocoa parties, especially with the Crees. These were time to just sit around and talk to other sections, stay up past midnight, and, of course, drink the best cocoa in the world. My mom told me rest days were some-

thing to look forward to. On my first rest day, it was sad and rainy out, which made me homesick. On my second (and last) rest day we woke up to cinnamon buns presented to us in our tent by our amazing staff (I helped keep this surprise from my fellow campers while keeping them in the tent). The day ended with a final cocoa party, the best of them all, with the Crees and Chippys.

The hardest things for me to like were bushing and the “Box.” Bushing was annoying because you get scraped up and you’re alone in the middle of the woods. It was hard getting used to not being allowed to talk about friends from home, saying ‘can’t’, or singing the one line we knew from “That’s Amore” (all of which got “put in the box”). I was also really disappointed by learning that my Mom had mixed up the dates and would not arrive in time to visit me at my campsite. I had to wait a day to see her when we paddled in.

A funny thing happened as we started up the Access Road for home; I spotted a familiar place as we were driving. On our second trip, as we were portaging from Iceland to the South Tetapaga River that would carry us into Temagami, I said to my staff, “This looks like the Access Road.” They replied it was not the Access Road. When I recognized the exact spot as we left I exclaimed “HEY! There’s our portage! Our staff lied to me!”

I think that my summer was amazing. I miss all my Wabun friends and staff and I honestly can’t wait to come back next summer as a Wenonah.

GARY POTTS REFLECTS ON BEAR ISLAND VS. WABUN

Gary Potts, a lifelong resident of Bear Island, has a generational connection with Wabun. His mom and dad were friends of the camp, and Gary played ball with the Bear Island softball team for decades. In fact, he was joined by Pete Gwyn, and Dick Lewis as members of the Bear Island team when Pete and Dick were living on the lake all year round. It was a glorious season at the end of which the Bear Island team won the Northern Ontario B Division Championship. Gary assembled the following reflections as a contribution to Wabun's 75th Anniversary celebration.

Camp Wabun - Bear Island

"TRADITION"

The Annual Softball - Fastball Game
By

Gary G. Potts

Within the Web of Nature and Time,
the mystery of why "The Land is The Boss"
becomes self-evident. The Camps Wabun
annual ball games are played in the
latter part of June. This is a family
evening for all ages of Bear Islanders.

The adults and young People participate
as players and fans, the children play
their games on the adjacent volley-ball court.

But before I share some of the

memories regarding the Wabun
ball game I feel compelled to
share some history of the Bear
Islanders. We are an Indigenous
community which has evolved
of a period of approximately
seven thousand years¹ and
refer to "OUR LAND" as n'laki-
men-nan generally and in a
more personal sense, as "Choo-Joo
Akiim"² (MOTHERLAND). Our land has
also been referred to in more recent
times as "The Temagami Land
Claim Area"³.

Our ancestors utilized all natural resources to ensure family viability including dividing our band into family territories. The size and number of family territories fluctuated with the growth or demise of families throughout our history. The primary sustenance activity was game farming, an example is; after observing the size of the winter feed bed in front of the beaver house they had a good basis for estimating that there were six or eight beaver in that house, "We will take three from six or four

from eight or we will take them all and not touch the family of beaver at the next pond," young beavers with their first house and establishing a new family would be left alone.⁴ I had heard one of the older trappers, a man named George Peshabo, refer to this new family as "the Honey Movers"

There are six ndo-dems (family clans) that are within our community to-day. These family emblems are KINGFISHER, LOON, CARIBOU, RATTLESNAKE, PORCUPINE and BEAVER.

The colonization of our Motherland began approximately one hundred years ago. The effects of colonization on our land and People continue to reverberate throughout our community as we persist in ~~our~~ quest to establish a dignified basis for Co-existence between Indigenous and Euro-Canadian institutions of Authority affecting our land and Peoples.

Approximately eighty-seven years ago, ⁽¹⁹²⁰⁾ some of our People began to play "hardball" (baseball) on land

cleared by the Friday family at "Friday's Point", located in the central area of Lake Temagami. William Friday, also known as "Bill" or "Willy", became the team manager and by 1927 they were travelling north to Cobalt, New Lisbeard, Kirkland Lake, and south, to North Bay and Barrie, Ontario for exhibition games.⁵

Approximately seventy-seven years ago (1930) "softball" (fastball) became the game of choice and John Turner became the team manager during the 1930's. Following

John Turner as team manager was Father Wittig, an Oblate priest stationed at Bear Island during the summer months in the 1940's.⁶

Exhibition games between the summer camps on Lake Temagami and Bear Island were family events enjoyed by all who attended the ball games during those years.⁷

Camp Wabun has been a part of this summer tradition for three generations of Bear Islanders.

Long ago the ancestors of the Bear Islanders referred to Wabun

Island as "WABUN-NO MIN-NIS-SI" (COMING DAYLIGHT ISLAND)⁸. Oral history tells us that the Island was utilized by our ancestors for ceremonial gatherings during the summer months.⁹ In more recent times Wabun Island was referred to as "KITIGAN-MINIS" (GARDEN ISLAND)¹⁰

It is within this historical setting, that the community of to-days Bear Islanders and Camp Wabun, enjoy the annual ball game.

In the latter part of the 1950's, as soon as the ball field had been dried

GARY POTTS REFLECTS ON BEAR ISLAND VS. WABUN

by the spring sun from its winter blanket of snow, my generation of Bear Islanders would hear the early evening call "PLAY BALL" - "PLAY BALL".

As we grew into the 1960's, talk would turn to the summer ball season and "Doc" Lewis of Camp Wabun. We would try to figure out what he was doing to the ball on each pitch to the plate because we always seemed to have difficulty hitting the ball cleanly. However informed the discussion was, regarding the various speeds and spin of the ball,

when we stood in the batters box that year, it felt new and fun again.

From years past, we have observed many skilled ball players on the Wabun team who matched our skills on the field. Speaking as an individual, I can honestly say that we learned new skills from each other, in an atmosphere of mutual respect. The excitement of participating in annual games, anchored by the pitching styles of "Doc" Lewis and "Sonny" Moore, going head to head respectfully, from the pitchers mound and batters box,

ensured that the outcome of the game was in doubt, until the final batter was out.

The "character" of Wabun's ball field and the "ground rules" are an essential element of the annual ball game "tradition". There is no breasting, no stealing base and the trees on the field and the brush at the edge of the outfield are "in play"

There is a "YELLOW BIRCH" in right-centre field that has participated in every ball game for seventy-five years. It has its own character

which grows and changes, a bit each year. The roots (feet) are planted firmly in and on the ground, as it awaits the start of the ball game each year. Once it senses the sounds of "Play Ball", all of the memories awaken and it's ready.

When the ball is hit towards it, it will touch it gently, with its new cloak of leaves. ~~At~~ other times it will grab the ball with its limbs, throw it another direction or dribble the ball with all limbs possible and then drop it on the ground, or keep it.

The Wabun ballfield has evolved into an am-phi-theater in the bush. The atmosphere is personal, and each portion of the ball field has its own character.

There is no automatic "HOME RUN" on the Wabun ball field, you have to earn it, in the spirit of the game, one running step at a time.

In my mind this is similar to the Canoe and Paddle on the waterways of Mother Earth. There is no "HOME RUN", you have to earn it in the spirit of the journey, one stroke at a time.

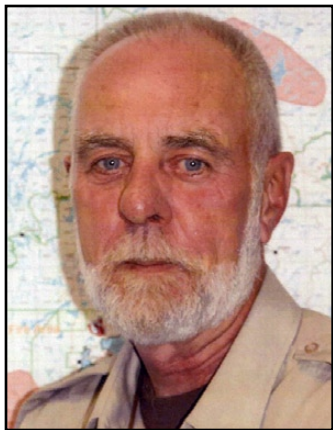
ENDNOTES

1. Archeological findings in the Tomogami area by: John Pollock, Thor Conway and Diana Gordon.
Also:
Linguist¹²; Dr. John Nichols and Dr. Chamberlain.
2. Information shared by Alex Mathias summer 2005, when he was a young boy he heard Dave Micalie say this.
- Spelling provided by Lucille McKenzie
January 2007
3. The Radio, Television and print media used this description of our Motherland from the 1970's to the 1990's.
4. I am paraphrasing my Dad, Philip Potts and Michael Paul.
5. Information shared by George Peahls
circa 1984
6. Information shared by Edward (Dus) Friday and Robert (Butch) Turner
circa 1984
7. Information shared by June Maidneea
late summer 2006
8. Information shared by Mary Katt
July, 2006
9. Information shared by Rita O'Sullivan
circa 1981
10. Confirmed by Mary Katt
January, 2007

Canadian Bushplane Heritage Centre Founded by Wabun Alumnus

Located on the Ontario shore of the St. Mary's River, facing Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan is a unique facility with a Wabun connection.

The Canadian Bushplane Heritage and Forest Fire Educational Centre, otherwise known as the Bushplane Museum, is the brainchild of a Wabun alumnus and former guide, Bob Thomas, from Mattawa.



Prior to the founding of the museum in 1989, Bob was the provincial information officer for the Aviation and Forest Fire Management Centre, of the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and in that position has

been immensely helpful to the long-trip planning at Wabun for a number of years.

His office was adjacent to the waterfront air service hangar that had been constructed in 1924, the year the government air arm, the former Ontario Provincial Air Service was established. To this day the air service can still lay claim to being the oldest, continuous flying, non-scheduled, government air service in the world. It is also touted as the cradle of bush flying – a somewhat unique Canadian phenomenon.

While he soaked up the historic signifi-

cance of both the air service and the forest fire management organization, he was rather dismayed that so much of that history was going untold and simply being lost. Sensing the keen interest among co-workers, retirees, and interested community members, he decided to do something about it, never imagining it would lead to the facility there today.

He called a meeting in January 1987 to gauge the interest and was pleasantly surprised to see 50 people show up. He was elected founding president, and with little money and few resources the group got to work collecting, restoring, and preserving several aircraft, artifacts, documents, manuals, photographs and forest fire suppression equipment. That was 20 years ago. It also greatly assisted their efforts, that in 1990, both the air service and the fire organization moved to newer facilities, leaving the historic waterfront hangars vacant.

With the initial financial support of three levels of government and through the dedication of a hard working group of volunteers and members, the museum has grown into a major attraction. Today the museum encompasses more than 100,000 square feet of space for displays, restoration shops, a gift shop, three theatres and administration offices. There are 18 complete aircraft on display with several more undergoing restoration. Among the collection is the first DHC-2 de Havilland piston Beaver off the production line, as well as a rare Fairchild Husky, an even rarer Fairchild KR-34 biplane, a Noorduyn Norseman (lauded as the first all-Canadian built bushplane), and a Canadair CL-215 waterbomber, believed to

be the only one of its type in a museum anywhere in the world.

“I like to think of it as a 3-F facility”, says Bob. “It is fun, family-oriented and friendly. A number of the displays, particularly in the children’s flight centre, are interactive. There’s something that appeals to a range of family interests. And one of the comments we hear time and again from visitors is around the friendliness of



Bob Thomas with Dick Lewis

the place. Unlike many facilities which cordon off their displays, the Bushplane museum has a number of aircraft that visitors can actually climb into, including the huge waterbomber.”

“When we started it was with the intent of preserving the histories of bush flying and forest firefighting, and we have striven to do that through collections, documentation, preservation, and restoration. We wanted to celebrate the tremendous contributions made to the development of the north and to the country as a whole, by the early, daring pilots and air engineers and fire crews, and of course, by the diminutive aircraft. I think we have done that.”

Interested persons can find out more about the museum by visiting www.bushplane.com.

ICE-ROAD TRUCKERS / MICHAEL THOMPSON

Ice-Road Truckers Help Wabun

In June of 2009, Wabun launched both a Boys and a Girls section on 42-day trips to Fort Severn on Hudson Bay. They began their trips 1,000 miles west of Wabun after a two-day van ride. Six weeks later, on August 3rd, after 1,100 miles of paddling and portaging, Pete Gwyn and Sarah Flotten guided their groups into the Cree community at Severn. On August 4th, the two sections left Severn on a chartered plane with all of their gear except canoes and some wannigans. They then dropped into Peawanuck where they picked up Jason Lewis's Wabun A section that had just completed its six-week trip down the Winisk – all three sections to Hudson Bay! From there, the groups traveled on to Timmins where they were picked up and bussed back to Temagami.

A second cargo flight was chartered to meet the Severn groups in Peawanuck, to off-load and take on the cargo in the hold from the Severn charter, and to add to it the seven canoes, wannigans, packs and miscellaneous gear of the Winisk group and proceed on to Timmins.

All of the above logistics had the campers, staff, and essential gear reaching Timmins. The 10 canoes and empty wannigans left in Severn were scheduled to be loaded on the Northern Store barge that typically travels once a year in the fall to deliver goods to Severn and be backhauled to Moosonee where I would meet them and load them onto the Polar Bear Express train bound for Cochrane sometime in late fall and move them back to Temagami on the camp's van and trailer.

Alas, the Severn barge was cancelled for lack of sufficient cargo demand, but, thanks to the generosity of the Severn Band Office, our canoes and gear remained in storage at Severn in one of their covered facilities for the winter.



So, come the spring of 2010, Wabun has 10 canoes and 20 wannigans stranded in Fort Severn – time for a Pete Gwyn brainstorm. Probably feeling some emotional, as well as practical, tie to his gear, Pete contacts some of the companies that are featured on the reality show, Ice-Road Truckers and makes arrangements with Horbass Transport Ltd. In Winnipeg, Manitoba, to move our canoes across the frozen bogs of the Tundra road from Fort Severn.

Final chapter – my privilege to wend my way west from Temagami, pass through Minnesota at a time that allows my attendance at the



Matt Torgeson/Amanda Dock wedding in Minneapolis, and then on to Manitoba to pick up the canoes and hustle them back to Temagami in

time for the 2010 tripping season – Wabun and Ice-Road Truckers, Yay!



Michael Thompson Does Wabun

Psychologist and best-selling author of such books as Raising Cain, and Speaking of Boys, Michael Thompson, PhD ran an all-day session on adolescent development as part of Wabun's staff training in June. Although known especially for his work with boys, Thompson discussed the particular emotional and social characteristics of campers aged 10 – 18. Thompson, himself a Temagami canoe-tripper and a huge proponent of the summer camp as a unique environment in which to foster friendship and self discovery, writes regular articles for the American Camping Association and is due to have a book about the camp experience published in September 2011. Wabun's staff felt incredibly fortunate to have such a renowned expert so centrally involved in our staff training.



AT-WABUN ALUM WEDDING

A Day To Remember: Andrew Healy Marries Tawnia Robinson

August 15th, 2009 was a day that Tawnia Robinson and Andrew Healy will always remember. On that beautiful sunny August day, one-hundred of Tawnia and Andrew's closest family and friends gathered on Garden Island to celebrate their wedding. And what a day it was!



"Before we were engaged, it wasn't so much me popping the question to Tawnia, we had known for years that we wanted to get married and we had the perfect idea for our wedding. We had even walked around the camp numerous times planning the whole thing out. The engagement was made official after asking Dick and Marg in the fall if we could have the honour of being married at Wabun. The answer was a resounding YES! We were so thrilled!"

The island was abuzz with energy that weekend as final preparations were made and guests began to arrive on Garden Island. The

Dining Room was masterfully decorated to rival the finest of banquet halls, and sound and equipment checks were taking place as Rob and Todd were hard at work in the kitchen.

Shortly after 4:00pm the crowd began to hush as Tawnia and the Robinson Family arrived at the Wabun dock in a beautifully refinished cedar strip boat. They made their way to the fire circle to the sound of classical guitar played masterfully by Ross Burns, boyfriend of Laura Healy. As this was a true Temagami wedding, it was presided over by Justice of the Peace Andrew (Andy) Marquette, a resident of Bear Island and member of the Temagami First Nation. Highlights of the ceremony included lighting of the ceremonial campfire, a traditional tobacco offering, and the bride and groom giving their thanks for all of their fortunes. A raucous cheer ensued following ... "you may now kiss the bride" and the celebration began!

The bride and groom were thrilled that so many Wabunites and Garden Islanders were able to celebrate with them. Those on hand to share in the festivities included Dick & Marg Lewis, the Denninger family, Dave & Janet Manning,



Rick & Helen Moore, Laura Healy, Kristi Kirke, Sarah Floten, John Zinzer, and Andrew's long time staffing partner, Graham Lincoln.



Over the last two years, Rob Huff and Todd Paxton have developed quite the reputation for providing hungry campers with the finest cuisine on the lake. This reputation was taken to a whole new level as the prime rib, baby potatoes and an array of salads made their way to the dining tables. Our chefs even earned themselves a good ol' Wabun cheer, the first ever Wabun cheer for many of the guests! Following dinner, guests were treated to Trisha Healy's home-made blueberry-lemon and dark chocolate-raspberry cakes! Yum!

The party that rocked the island that night consisted of dancing, a late night feast, a campfire, and the inevitable dock stargazing. It was the perfect wedding, just the way Tawnia and Andrew had always imagined! Just a couple of days later, the bride and groom were flown into Florence Lake, to spend a week together reflecting on their wedding, and looking forward to their life together.

REFLECTIONS BY A CAMPER OF THE '40s

Memories of Camp Wabun:

One person's memories of the second ten years (actually eight years, but we are using "Temagami Time" here!)

Written By Jeff Hartzell



The Hartzel Family (Jeff is third from the right.)

The Place

The view to the north from Garden Island has changed very little since the 1940s. There are, indeed, many more private island camps now but the broad view from Wabun's shore does not reveal them.

The Wabun portion of Garden Island has been transformed. The dock, Wawatay and Wenonah cabins are essentially unchanged. In the 1940s, however, before young women were admitted, these cabins were named Obabika and Wakimika. Chippies and young Crees slept here. There was a small dock in front of these cabins where we would bathe in the lake or wash our clothes. We didn't think about water pollution at

that time.

The main lodge and dining hall are little changed. The staff dining room and kitchens expansions have been added over time. The Tuck Shop was originally an icehouse. Large blocks of ice were sawed from the lake, drawn by horse and sledge then packed in large volumes of sawdust. Perishable items were stored here. It was an imperfect system. Sour milk was common. Glen Toogood's "shop" was located just behind the icehouse and behind that, the "office". I believe these areas are now used for outfitting.

Wannigans and canoes were repaired in the shop. There was also an old-fashioned swivel-base barber chair where haircuts were given – without benefit of a professional barber.

The present shop served as the "store" where campers could buy sweets as well as a few camping items such as duffle bags, ground sheets and tump lines. In addition, canned foods and dry goods were stored here for outfitting the sections.

There was no shower area but there was a "root cellar" between the office and the shop. Potatoes, onions, hams and bacon were stored here. A second root cellar was located behind the Obabika cabin. This was used for over winter storage of canned goods.

Water was pumped by hand from the lake to a water tower mounted above the original

kitchen. Campers, ever eager to build up arm strength, would help Leo Belanger, then kitchen boy, later Section A guide, and work the pipe handle back and forth on the water pump located between canoe racks just back of the beach. It was hard work.

The Infirmary was in place though only a single room. No lavatory facilities.

There were three rows of camper accommodations from the beach to the infirmary. Originally, and in 1943, these were tent platforms with canvas wall tents for two persons each. They leaked when it rained. Around 1946 these were replaced with two man wooden cabins. A few of these remain today but most of them were replaced with larger bunkhouses, each one accommodating an entire section.

There was a playable tennis court between the ball field and the pagoda. The latter was a very dilapidated structure housing Section A trippers for the few days they were in camp.

The "fort" was an eight-hole convenience located about 50 yards into the woods. A garbage pit was nearby.

The Time

In 1943, WW II was in full fury. Those of us too young or too old to go to war were the lucky ones. The war did end The Great Depression, however, and in 1943, most families had a secure income. Young children were sent off to summer camps. Consequently most of the traditional state side sports camps were oversubscribed. My childhood chum, Jim Banham and I resolved to go to camp together, but we could not find

one with two vacancies. Eventually Jim's mother discovered that Bill Anderson, legendary Lower Merion HS basketball coach, had a camp in Ontario. Andy came out to visit – I was "signed-up" on the spot.

The trip north was an adventure. Andy, a co-pilot, assistant staff Stu Young and Dan Poore, Jim Banham and I and Andy's Norwegian Elk Hound "Husky" crowded into Andy's station wagon with all our gear. There were no interstate highways or north/south turnpikes. Philadelphia to Niagara Falls was 8 hours. We spent the night there. Niagara Falls to North Bay was another 8 hours. On the third day, a two-hour drive over a gravel road (highway 11) brought us to Temagami.

Ted Guppy operated the Temagami Boat Line; the fleet was severely weakened by the demise of the Belle one or two years earlier. Greater glory was to come.

We were ferried to Garden Island on a sleek wooden launch – The Ramona or Anzac or Grey Owl.

Our trip in 1944 was more difficult. Tires for civilian cars had been tightly rationed. Andy's tires were worn, the car overloaded, and the highways blistering hot. We had four "blowouts" between Philadelphia and Aurora – A small town just north of Toronto. We ended up taking the train north.

We stayed the night in North Bay at the Empire Hotel (now a nursing home, I think). We awoke to see Bill Russell leading the Boston contingent, from the CPR station up to the CNR station. Next marched the Cleveland band –

probably with Mac McLellan in the van and then



Jeff Hartzell in the 1940s

probably a smaller but stout clan from Chicago. No doubt, Whitey Cannon was there.

Camp Life

The Camp staff in those days was mostly the original group who had left Keewaydin to start Wabun in the early 1930's. Dick Lewis I, Bill Roberts, Bill Anderson, Mac McLellan, Bill Russell, Whitey Cannon. Other trip staff included

Denny Lee, and Mac Murphy. Although Stoky was not part of the camp founders, he was quickly made a Camp Director.

Once we had all arrived, there were demonstrations of paddling and portaging techniques (Bill Roberts), tumping (Stoky), and fishing (Whitey).

There was no swimming test, but we did swim regularly. Since there were no women on our side of the island, no one wore a bathing suit either in camp or, certainly, out on trip.

There were one or two baseball games with the Bear Island Band. It was no contest. McLellan pitched, Bill Roberts caught, Bill Andy played at first, Dick Lewis shortstop, Whitey at third and Stoky in centerfield.

Then Sonny Moore came on the scene. Things changed after that.

In these days (1943-1950) we traveled with native guides. There are legendary names – Mike Buckshott, Murdick Mielleur, Francis Green, Shorty Montroy, Ken Jocko, Louis Baptiste, Leo Bellanger, Harold Ross, Leo Miller, Tom Bell, and Eddie Bernard. Spending a summer with one of these men was a gift.

They were all skilled woodsmen, skilled canoe men, raconteurs, and, truth be told, pretty good liars! But their skills were extraordinary.

Mike Buckshott was renown for carrying a canoe and a kitchen wannigan over the Indian portage nonstop. He also ran the Dumoine River at night with an injured camper meriting a write-up in The North Bay Nugget.

I am indebted to Bill Monroe for this account of Ken Jocko and Charlie Potter.

REFLECTIONS BY A CAMPER OF THE '40s

"I picture our Wabun C section camped for the night at the Forks on the Trout Streams. At least, we were upstream from Divide Lake. I believe it was Waddy Harper who came into my tent in the dark and said, "Marty, Potter is choking to death."

That got us up in a hurry. Kenny Jocko told me to kick up the fire, and he stripped a bunch of pine needles and small branches off of nearby trees. Put into a pot of water and mashed up, the needles started simmering, and Kenny had Potter sit over the steaming pot with a towel over his head, inhaling the steam. With this treatment, Potter began breathing a little better.

When asked what was going on, Potter said that he had forgotten to pack his allergy medicine. He had in fact realized it while we were still in sight of Garden Island, but he didn't want us to turn back.

After some more of the treatment, Kenny Jocko put his canoe in the water, and had Potter lie down in the middle. Before heading out in the dark, Kenny told me to bring the section back down to Divide Lake the next day, and gave me instructions on each portage along the way.

The reason for this night time return to Divide Lake was because we knew that a charter plane was due to bring clubbers into Divide Lake very early the next morning; say, 7:30 to 8:00 AM. The end result was, Kenny and Potter

were there to meet the charter, which took Potter back to Wabun, I believe. (It may have been to a hospital, but I don't know that.) We made it back down to Divide Lake without incident the next day, and then, as I remember, went on back to Wabun instead of up to Florence Lake."



Kenny Jocko

I also remember paddling up the French River from Georgian Bay. Louis Baptiste was our guide. Louis hugged the rocky shoreline. In the flash of an eye, he lifted his paddle over his head and thrust it into the water – pinning a mink against a rock. Louis was a trapper in the winter, and this was one more pelt for him to sell.

Fishing was a bonanza. The camp cook would say that so many walleye were needed for dinner. We would troll off the stone cliffs op-

posite Wabun Point and, in an hour or two, have dinner ready for the pan.

Beginning in the 1950's very few walleyes were caught at this location. The explanation appears to lie in the fact that heavy motorboat traffic passing those cliffs has disturbed the water so much as to disrupt the breeding habits of the fish.

Once a week or so, if in camp, we would motor down to the Hudson's Bay Trading Post at Bear Island. It was a thriving enterprise. We traveled in the "Pointer", a large wooden boat with flared sides, a flat bottom, and an elongated prow. I never knew this at the time, but I have recently learned that the Wabun Pointer was really only ½ of the classic boat, which was twice as long and pointed at both ends. The Wabun Pointer had been sawed in half, a stern transom added, and a 12 HP Johnson outboard motor provided the power. The boat was painfully slow, but very seaworthy.

The trip to Bear Island took at least ½ hour. I still have a Cowichan Indian knit wool sweater bought in 1945 for \$18.00.

Camping

Wood and canvas canoes and beaver tail paddles were the choice then as now. Tumplines and wannigans and duffle bags dumped together – the "packs" – were no different from today's gear.

Tents were wall type made of canvas. We cut "scissor" and ridge polls as needed – or used

those left at the campsite. Backwoods courtesy demanded that poles be left leaning against a tree at each tent site. Occasionally, however, some individuals would use the poles as fire irons. We did not think well of those individuals.

The tents offered less than satisfactory protection from the rains. Leaks in the roof were ever present. But God forbid that you- or your belongings ever touched the walls of the tent in rain; you/they would get soaked. Putting on a pair of cold, wet blue jeans in the AM is an experience I have often had but never learned to enjoy. The tents in use today are a huge improvement.

Food was another matter. No bacon, no ham, no corned beef. Our only meat was rolled bologna- like a huge kielbasa, Klik – a canned mélange of pork by-products and also sardines (this was wartime). Dehydrated foods were in their infancy. Our meals consisted of macaroni and cheese, Rice and tomatoes, mashed potatoes and Klik, and a canned vegetable. We fished a lot and were usually successful. Lake Trout and Walleyed Pike were welcome supplements- perhaps more prominent in the past than they are now. We also ate frogs' legs (good) and, in 1943, Whitey Cannon and Murdick Mielleur shot a moose in Dry Lake. They are beyond the reach of the law as I write this, so the tale can be told: We gorged ourselves on fresh moose meat (also good) and blue berries. As a consequence, the entire section was struck down by the "trots". We used up our meager supply of vanilla in a vain attempt for GI relief.

Finally bannock. Plain bannock not the bogus bannocks often baked today, cornbread,

and blue berry pies were on the daily menu.

We used reflector ovens just as today. We also used fire irons and blackened pots. There was always a debate whether or not to clean off the pot black at the end of the season. The "leave it on" argument usually prevailed on the grounds that the blackened pots held the heat more effectively. No acknowledgements were given to the dirty labor involved in cleaning off the pot black! There was a can dump at every campsite, usually close to the fireplace. We never thought much about these insults against nature. The present system "you carry it in, you carry it out", is far superior.

Some of us were Macho (stupid?) enough to join the polar bear club. Extreme polar bears went into the water before breakfast and before bed every day. We called ourselves the BBBBs. This tradition may still be in vogue today.

There was virtually no communication with the outside world other than by mail.

In the late 1940s, however, I took a homemade crystal radio with me. This was a simple device most boys my age had experimented with. It involved a cardboard tube wound with copper wire, a crystal, and a flashlight battery all on a small piece of plywood. There were plugs for earphones. Using copper lake trout line as an antenna, I heard news broadcast from the states. There had been a tragic fire in Hartford. The Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey circus tent caught fire and there was significant loss of life. We learned this while camped on the Lady Evelyn Campsite.

When the war ended, many adventur-

ous young men with flying skills became "bush" pilots. They helped to "open" the north to sport fisherman. One of these flyers was George Therieux., who based his pontoon plane at Wabun. Though not part of the Wabun family, we campers did enjoy lots of fresh lake trout from Florence and Makobe Lakes. I fear, however, that this new easy access to distant lakes led rather quickly to a decline in the fish population of those lakes we trippers worked so hard to reach.

Changes

Two transforming events occurred in 1945 and shortly thereafter. First was the end of WW II. Our section was camped just off Highway 17 east of Sudbury on the Wanapitei River, heading to Georgian Bay. This was V-J Day. There was a small beverage room in the town, little else. We campers looked in the windows. The wild, almost hysterical celebration we saw is something I will never forget.

With the end of the war people had money, time and a long suppressed desire to enjoy themselves. Among other places, Temagami was both beneficiary and, some might say, victim of this newly released affluence and enthusiasm.

The Temagami Boat Line was acquired by the Ontario Northland Railroad. A magnificent flotilla of boats was assembled headed by the Aubrey Cousins, V.C. replacing the long gone Belle. Boats traveled all the arms of the lake taking sight seers, freight, and mail. At the end of each day it was a thrilling sight to see this armada steaming up the NE arm to Temagami.

The Glory was short-lived. An enor-

REFLECTIONS BY A CAMPER OF THE '40s

mously rich deposit of copper was discovered and a working mine was developed on Temagami Island. Everything changed. A road was built from highway 11 to what is called the "Mine Landing". This was in 1959/60. War surplus landing barges ferried ore-laden trucks from the mine to the mine road. There was a tollgate at the end of the road to collect a fee from those tourists intrepid enough to brave the pothole filled, rutted mine road.

Later and inevitably, the mine road was improved and opened to tourist traffic in 1962 or so. Now, weekend sport fishermen could haul their boats in over the mine road opening up the lake as it had never been opened before.

This new access to the center of the lake spelled the demise of the ONR boat line. Shell Oil Co. acquired the fleet and built a landing at what is now called Boat Line Bay Marina. They hoped to continue boat service to all arms of the lake without having to make the passage up and down the NE arm. The venture failed. Currently the Reeder family operates this vital service.

Alas the Aubrey Cousins came to grief in the early 60s when the keel broke as it was being hauled out of the lake for repairs.

When last seen it was a rotting hulk in the bush off highway 11 near Tilden Lake. Such a sad end of a glorious era.

Differences

Major differences in camp life from the 1940s to today involve midseason and the end of camp.

"Midseason" was an exciting time for

about 3 days at the end of July. All sections were in camp (there was no long Section A trip until about 1945). There was a baseball round robin, a canoeing contest and a cooking contest. As a climax there was a square dance, this was the high point of the season. The Rogers girls came (from across Bear Island). The Cayuga girls came (from Henry Woodman's camp at the mouth of the NW arm. Cleminshaws came, as did the Scovill clan in Devils Bay. Rusty Cleminshaw or Mal Scovill "called". Live music was provided by Leo Miller (guide) on piano, Bill Russell (staff) on drums, Francis Green and Murdock Meilleur on violin, Sayle Hart, a friend of Mac McLellan played a wicked banjo and Whitey Cannon played a cockamamie percussion 'instrument', they were awesome.

Of course, electricity, refrigeration, running water and the telephone are major and inevitable differences. I am not sure, however, that the camp is a more exciting place to be now than it was before these "improvements".

Giants

Finally, and at great risk of omitting names that should be remembered, here is a list of the giants in their time including campers, staff, guides, and other camp personnel.

Campers:

Jim Banham, Noble Carpenter, Dave Skinner, Rod Skinner (Congressional Medal of Honor winner, killed in action in Korea), Dick Frazier, Bo Foster, "Peanuts" Norton

Staff:

Stu Young, Morgie Lloyd, Tom Cleveland, Harry McCracken, Fred Gardner, Dave Akers, Bill Monroe, Chuck Longworth, Bill Macomber

Guides:

Mike Buckshott, Murrnick Meilleur, Francis Green, Shorty Montroy, Tom Bell, Louis Baptiste, Ken Jocko, Eddie Bernard, Harold Ross

Camp Doctor:

Jack Davidson, Doug Maleski

Cook:

Ida Moore

Directors:

Dick Lewis I, Bill Roberts, Bill Russell, Bill Anderson, Whitey Cannon, Mac McLellan, Whitey Cannon, "Stoky"

Senior Head Staff:

Denny Lee, Mac Murphy

Conclusion

How lucky we were to have had such great experiences with these great people.

And how lucky are those now and in the future to be able to continue this 75 year tradition.

BIRCH BARK CANOE BUILDING

Birch Bark Canoe Building at Wabun

Written By Eliza Wicks-Arshack

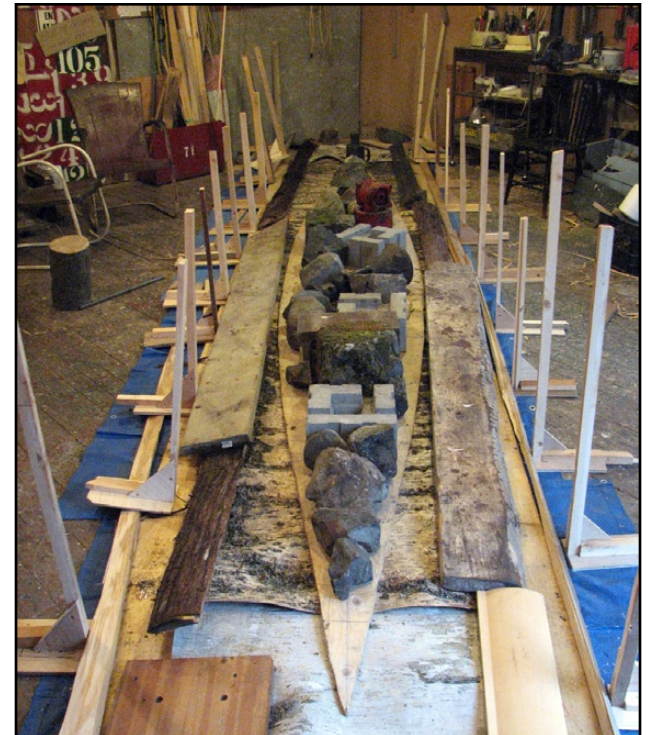
There's something special about the north woods of Northern Ontario, something that draws me to the distant shores of Lake Temagami summer after summer, something that entices me to take arduous canoe journeys with people who recognize that same something. Maybe it's the blinding quality of the stars at night, or the sense of awe in seeing ancient pictographs. Perhaps it's the sound of the wind or the pureness of the water. Whatever it is, it was that something, the indefinable, intangible, wonderful feeling I get there, coupled with a desire to learn about the history of the people whose land I'd traveled extensively that drew me back to experience Temagami in the fall months and participate in the building of two birch bark canoes.

For thousands of years before the influence of Europeans, Native Americans and Canadians lived and prospered in North America. Northern Ontario is distinguished by its boreal forests and extensive waterways. Canoes have been an invaluable tool for natives, serving as hunting vessels, mode of transportation, and for communication. The flora of Northern Ontario conveniently provided the natives with the best, most durable bark for canoe making: birch bark, and they have long since developed and perfected the art of birch bark canoe making. When Europeans came to Northern Ontario they quickly appropriated the canoe as their own mode of transportation, making a larger version of the tra-

ditional birch bark canoe for fur trade: the voyager canoe. The lives of the natives quickly changed with the arrival of European influence in terms of religion, life style, etc. Similarly, modernity has caused birch bark canoe making to become a lost art. The role of the canoe has become increasingly less important with inventions such as the motorboat, importation of food and supplies, telephones, and mail services. Furthermore, the canoe has evolved into principally a recreational apparatus. In its new iteration, the canoe has come to be an enterprise, and is now produced in a plethora of materials (wood and canvas, ABS, Kevlar, fiberglass, etc) and in innumerable styles. The canoe has changed and developed, largely in the past century, but its history and home lies in the northern waters of Ontario.

After driving 1,862 miles from Colorado, I arrived in Temagami in mid-October, greeted by snow-covered boughs and chilly winds. Adam Wicks-Arshack, Xander Demetrios, and Peter Bruno arrived a month before me, joining John Zinser who'd been in Temagami since June when he joined Pete Gwyn in leading Wabun's Bay Trip. By the time I arrived, the four of them had gathered, harvested, and prepared most of the materials needed to build two birch bark canoes, one 24-foot voyager canoe and a second 13-foot canoe. This involved harvesting birch bark, gathering and preparing spruce root, harvesting and sculpting all the lumber needed, amounting to thousands of hours of work and rafters full of handcrafted materials - still no semblance of a canoe, but the building process was soon to begin.

Along with helping to build the canoes, I was interested in learning about the Temagami Anishnabai, the people of the Temagami First Nation at the Bear Island Reserve. I was curious about how the community has changed over the years, the effect of modernity on the community, and specifically the role and history of the birch bark canoe in the community. Our first visit to Bear Island granted us the opportunity to view an 800-pound cow moose that was recently shot by a native and was hanging in a garage to be butchered in two days' time. The sight was quite powerful, a majestic beast in all its might, hanging lifelessly, sacrificed to feed several families for the winter. We were lucky enough to



BIRCH BARK CANOE BUILDING

be graciously given some of the moose meat. We dined upon the delicious, flavorful meat throughout our stay, concocting delicacies such as moose stew, moose-asparagus quiche, moose ribs with mashed potatoes, and numerous other dinner delights. Pete also took on cleaning the hide, scraping off the fat, and stretching it on a frame where it dried.

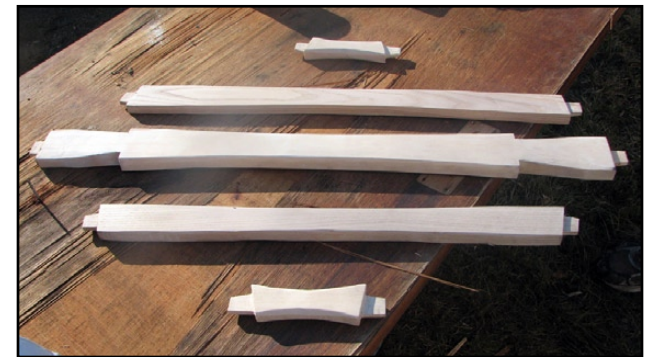
The canoe building continued. Building a birch bark canoe is done from the outside in. It begins by carefully unrolling the bark on a building platform which we had set up in the Wabun shop (with both the 24' and 13' canoes, it was quite crowded). The bark is weighed down with a building frame and rocks to prevent curling. Stakes are then positioned around the frame to support the sides. Side panels are inserted and sewn onto the bottom panel with the prepared



spruce root. Once sewn together, a several-day endeavor, the stakes are widened to allow the bark to spread and create the desired beam or width of the canoe. Gunwales are prepared, an inwale and outwale, both split from cedar logs, carved and whittled down with a crooked knife,



all by hand, then steam bent to create a curve at each end of the canoe. Thwarts are also carved and then connected to the inwale via a mortis and tenon. The gunwales and thwarts are placed



on the bark and secured with wooden pegs and spruce root lashings. The panels and gores are also sewn together with spruce root, unifying all of the bark. The stempieces and manboards are formed and inserted to create the shape and strength of the bow and stern. Our canoe was beginning to take shape, day by day resembling more a finished canoe.

Days were long. The five of us developed a routine: up at 7:22 (generally awakened by Adam), water on for coffee (a priority in the mornings), breakfast of oats, then work began and continued till supper. It was a joy, a different pace of life than that experienced at home. We

BIRCH BARK CANOE BUILDING

were there to build two birch bark canoes; that was our focus, what we lived for. The weather treated us well with an abnormally warm fall, allowing for tee shirts during the day and toasty fires at night. My interactions with Bear Island continued. I conducted several interviews with a few elders from the community and visitors from Bear Island came to Garden Island to view the canoes. They all were impressed and pleased that we were attempting to enliven an art which was once integral to their people's way of life.

The final stages of the canoes were underway. The next stage was preparing and bending the ribs for the canoes (amounting to 60 ribs for the large canoe and 34 for the smaller one). The ribs are laid out on the gunwales and marked four-fingers in from the gunwales on either side



(this is where the bend will be). The ribs were steamed to allow for pliability, bent in the appropriate place, and inserted into the canoe to dry. Of over 90 bent in the process, only five ribs broke. After drying for a day the ribs are removed and the ends cut to the appropriate height and carved to an angle in order to fit in under the beveled inwale. It took us several cuts to get the right fit. The third cut was the charm and the ribs



were installed with the sheathing meticulously positioned below. By this point in the building,

work continued late into the night, finishing a day's work once at 4 am with the final rib in place (while not completely tapped in, the bark needs time to stretch before the ribs are completely in). With the wood in place and the sewing completed, the sealing began. While typically seams are sealed using a mixture of spruce resin (sap) and bear fat, due to lack of resin, we used roofing tar (a substitute commonly used in contemporary birch bark canoes). The tar was applied to all the seams in an attempt to completely waterproof it. After allowing the tar to dry and the bark to stretch, ribs were tapped in. On the final day



of work, while tapping in a rib we heard a tear. The bark below began to rip on a weak part of bark. The tear continued and made about an 8-inch hole on the bottom of our voyager canoe. It was heart breaking. This was the first major problem we were faced with, and we simply were devastated. Would the tear continue? Can we fix it? Do we have the bark to fix it? We had limited materials and up to now they seemed the

BIRCH BARK CANOE BUILDING

perfect amount. After a night's deliberation and postponing our maiden voyage to Bear Island, we removed the ribs and sheathing over the tear, sewed a patch, and crossed our fingers it would fix the problem. The wood went back in and the ribs carefully inserted over the patch. It seemed to work. Just a day behind schedule, we were ready to paddle to Bear Island.

The project, powered and directed by Adam and John, was quite an accomplishment. The two of them built their first bark canoe in the bush last summer, 12 feet long. This time they ambitiously aimed toward a 24-foot voyager canoe as their second birch bark canoe and simultaneously a 13-foot canoe for the third. The entire process was one of learning and ended successfully. We had just enough material, running out of nearly everything just in time, and finding solutions for all the problems we encountered.

After over 3,500 hours, collectively, of work, preparing thousands of feet of spruce root, and consuming about 15lbs of coffee, we set off



on our maiden voyage from Garden Island to Bear Island. While not completely waterproof (a fulltime bailer en route was necessary), she floated. The paddle to Bear Island was simply

amazing. To paddle a canoe you've poured your life into, built from what the natives call the medicine of the land we were traveling on, towards the reserve of the Teme-Augama Anishnabai



whose culture we'd learned from and appropriated practices from, gave us the feeling of utter accomplishment, an unreal feeling.

People from the community greeted us



at the dock and were speechless. One woman said, "It's funny, it's gone full circle. It used to be the natives showing the white people birch bark canoes, now the whites are showing the natives." We portaged the canoe to the Elders Building to display it. They invited us inside for some moose stew, chili, and bannock.



Mary Katt, one of the elders in the community, said a prayer, some beautiful words, for our canoe and us. Another woman, Virginia McKenzie, smudged the canoe for us to cleanse it and sang

a song calling the eagles to guide its way. They gifted us a Teme-Augama Anishnabai flag for the canoe and medicine bag pins containing the four essential medicines: tobacco, sweet grass, birch bark, and cedar. It was a gorgeous closure for an amazing project.



We left Wabun and Garden Island the next day in a hectic rush to pack everything up and drove all the way down to New York; heading back south after spending time in the north woods is always a hard transition. I learned endless amounts during the month I was up there, about building canoes, the history of the area, the current situation at Bear Island, and about myself. Getting to know Pete and Xander was wonderful, and spending time with Adam and John, two people I've known and loved forever, was very special. I thank you all for an amazing time. The canoes are now traveling cross-country, took a stop in New York City, continued on to Kentucky, passing through Colorado, and will eventually find a home in Washington State. The boys will use the canoe to lead educational trips for school groups. We've taken from Temagami's daki menan (our land), but have done so in a positive and respectful way that we hope will benefit many. We hope to return the canoe to Temagami to take a group of native children from the school on Bear Island on a canoe trip in a canoe made from their land.

Moose Factory

Written By Rev. John Edmonds



Leaving Cochrane on the 'Polar Bear Express'

On Boxing Day long before dawn, we two hardy trippers departed the USA for The Bay. Fifteen hours later we rolled into Cochrane, Northeastern Ontario. The sun had set. We grabbed a sandwich and crashed for the night. Bright and early on Sunday morning we boarded the Polar Bear Express. Maxing out at a whopping 45 miles per hour, five hours later, we reached the end of the line and the village of Moosonee. We then looked for a 'taxi' for the six mile crossing over the four lane ice expressway to Moose Factory Island. The only vehicles crossing that afternoon were four wheel drive pickup trucks with high axle clearance. Moosonee had had a touch of the sun for a day or so. AND there was a full moon. AND there was a north wind. AND there was high tide right when we wanted to cross. That meant that some of The Bay had crawled up over the ice. It wasn't all under the ice -- where it belonged. Have you ever been in a truck that left a

wake? However, the taxi drivers in Moose Factory and Moosonee never make mistakes, and we made the crossing quickly and safely and dryly

The trip was like that. Everything worked out just right -- better than we had dared to hope or dream. Our purpose was to work on Natalie's Senior Project and answer the question: "How do we enable Native kids to participate in quality wilderness canoe tripping -- the kind of experience that Wabun offers." In fact, we hoped that Moose Factory youngsters might be canoe tripping with Wabun soon.



On the Moosonee side of The Moose River, the start of the intercity Moose Factory/Moosonee Winter Expressway.

We arranged for Natalie to interview as many people as possible during her short stay at Moose Factory. Natalie could never have done so many interviews had it not been for our hostess, Anne Tomatuk. Anne was Director of Nursing at Weeneebayko General Hospital on Moose Factory Island before she retired a few years ago. Besides feeding and housing us she planned every hour of our visit. Before we arrived, she had found the people Natalie needed to be talking with, and she scheduled enough time with each

one of them.

Natalie talked with kids, parents, teachers, program directors, and several others who had an interest in the project. She created a network to help identify and encourage the kid that's right for canoeing. Some kids were interested and might pursue the matter this year. When Natalie presented her report at Hardy Coleman's home the following Sunday, many of us were hoping that a youngster from Moose Factory will join up with Wabun soon.

Now, two questions:

- What are some of the obstacles? That is, why is it that we don't already see more Native youngsters participating in the kind of program that Wabun and others have to offer?
- And, second: Why do I think all of this is so important?

First, the obstacles.

For one thing, the water around Moose Factory and many other Native Reserves is treacherous. The very factors that made our winter crossing over the ice a bit tricky -- wind, tide, and current -- are factors that can make swimming and light boating treacherous. The result is that nearly all traffic on water is by heavy freighter canoes powered by 40 to 60 HP outboard engines. Basic canoeing skills are in short supply amongst the present generation of youngsters. The opportunities for learning in the immediate locality of The Reserve are scant.

Another factor is that most Native com-

WABUN'S PRESENCE AT MOOSE FACTORY ISLAND

munities are overwhelmingly short on money. Moose Factory is no exception, even though it may be far more comfortable than several other communities. Basically the core of Natalie's report on her project was: "This is what we have to do. AND it will take money to do it."



A Beaver Press. These were used to compress the beaver pelts acquired from the Cree by the Hudson's Bay Company. The more that HBC could compress the pelts, the more pelts they got (into the compressed bale) for the fee they paid.

A third obstacle may be the most difficult to resolve. It may take some time. It relates to rapid and profound cultural change. When I served at St. Thomas' Church in Moose Factory between 2002 and 2008, I could speak with Elders who had been born and brought up in the bush. Most of these folks were well into their eighties. Each had mastered the skills for living in the bush. Many spoke little or no English, and we would have to converse through an interpreter. Their children, who are around my age, had been sent to Residential School before they could learn those ancient skills of surviving (often quite comfortably) in the bush. Many or most of these people were horribly abused if only because of the attempts to take their culture and language away from them. And, then, now, a generation or so

later, there are the kids. On the one hand they see an overwhelmingly white and urban culture on TV and often at School. On the other hand they are descendants and residents of that world quite different from ours that is rediscovering itself. Should they leave The Reserve -- perhaps never to return -- for another world and another culture? Or, should they stay on The Reserve with all its issues and limitations?

I believe that many young people, as they journey toward their adulthood, get stuck or defeated. While this coming to terms with our larger world is an issue for so many young



The Staff House -- one of the oldest buildings on Moose Factory Island. This is where the great and the grand stayed. For years Moose Factory was the administrative center on James Bay for the Hudson's Bay Company.

people in every generation, it is especially an issue for Native youth in North America. Katherine Finnegan, who also reported at our Boston meeting on her findings from last summer's Severn Trip, noted that it might be the younger kids that would most likely to get interested in Wabun canoe tripping. As she reported her findings, I thought of these generational and cultural issues; so many of the older kids seemed to have lost cu-

riosity in the world outside their own. Some have given up hope.

Now, why is all of this so important? For one thing, the Canadian wilderness in which Wabun Sections travel was once the exclusive domain of Native North Americans. It IS their ancestral homeland. Just as most of us trace our roots back to Europe or Asia or Africa, they trace their roots back to North America -- this place we call 'Home'. We might expect, then, that they would enjoy in this wilderness what we enjoy -- especially because the stakes are higher for them, because although we find growth and strength in wilderness travel, they are looking right into their own primordial inheritance and identity.

There's another reason: When I tripped as a camper in the mid 1950's, each Section was guided by a Native person -- usually from Mattawa, the traditional home of so many of the great guiding families. In fact, my childhood association with those Guides eventually led to my residence, albeit all too short, in Moose Factory a few years ago. Although I didn't realize it when I was a kid, the Guides were a window into another culture -- a culture I have come to value, more and more with each passing year. In the 1960s Wabun and other canoe tripping camps had to send their Sections out without Native Guides, simply because there were none available. At Wabun we learned how to develop and cultivate the technical expertise we needed to travel safely and comfortably. In some ways, undoubtedly, Wabun Sections now travel more safely than they ever had in the past. However, as we have become technically more self-sufficient, we may have lost that

window into the North American Native culture -- the culture that gave us the names of the lakes, the legends, the routes, and the canoe. How can we rejoin this culture and visit with it? Although it's very different now from what it had been, it still lives in those James Bay communities -- just as it lives elsewhere on so many Native Reserves. Canoe trips are great opportunities to learn about people different from ourselves and to work out the differences. If we can understand each other as well as ourselves as we trip together, each of us will have grown. Nobody ever said it would be easy. But this world will be a better place.

Natalie and I arrived at Moose Factory on Sunday, and we left on Wednesday. The visit was way too short, but Natalie had completed her project. I had visited with some old friends. Both of us made new friends. And Natalie now has located the proper camping ground in Moosonee for the girls' Section whenever they crack The Missinaibi.

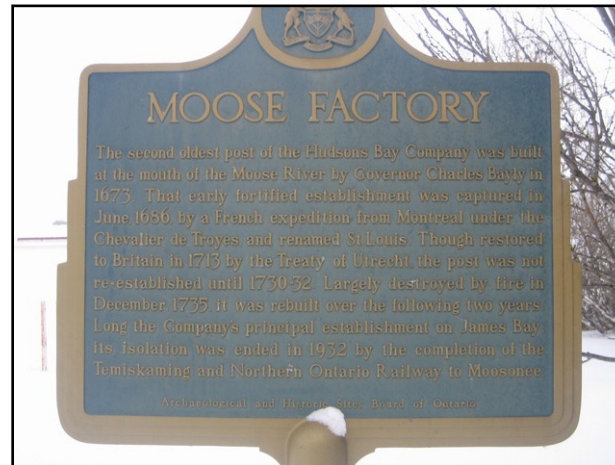
Returning to Moose Factory with a Mission

Written By Natalie Fortier

Every bay tripper knows the excitement of the mid-trip visit to a native community. First a radio tower, then small houses dot the shore, next cars, people, and finally, the Northern Store appears where campers and staff know that their mail, candy, ice cream, soda and even a real bathroom are all waiting for them. The small communities however, are much more than a mere break from backwoods travel, and to disregard them so

is irresponsible. Wabun campers experience the pristine wilderness of northern Ontario on their long trips, but the Ojibwa and Cree who populate the region face a much bleaker reality -- one engrained with poverty, extreme isolation, substance abuse and poor health, inferior education and a disintegrated culture. For my senior project, I explored the benefits of outdoor recreation and its application for native youth. Wabun has had an incredible impact of my life, and I could only imagine it would do the same for any native person, and possibly even offer a solution to some of the issues that have crippled the First Nation reservations on and around Hudson Bay.

The history of the Ojibwa and Cree peoples is rich with canoeing. Sometime before 1500



AD, some enterprising Native American built a frame from cedar and made the first birch bark canoe. The greatest builders and users of birch bark canoes were the Ojibwa who navigated the narrowest passages and vastest lakes in the light-

weight vessels. Birch bark canoes also facilitated their hunter gatherer lifestyles and were at the core of their family unit. Currently however, there is little canoeing or other cultural activity going on at Ojibwa-Cree reservations. The presence of dams and mines in the Hudson Bay region has put this generation of First Nation Canadians in a difficult predicament. They must integrate and abandon their native language for French or English to keep up with the rapid development, or have their lands and resources consumed by hydro-electric dams and diamond mining companies. As sociologist Pierre Turegeon notes, since the assimilative process began, "the Cree have had to start from the bottom of the ladder, conforming to the ways of the white man in a land that was once their own."

Some argue that encouraging Canada's aboriginal populations to return to the woods would be a deliberate step backward. They claim that successful integration into modern society is very possible and that rich, native culture has been an excellent contribution to Canadian cities in the fields of hunting, fishing, agriculture, construction, canoes, handcrafts and, in some rare cases, medicine, law and education. Most sociologists and anthropologists, however, maintain that paddles are a more valuable instrument than lap tops in bringing about positive social change. Native social structure is often built on kinship with personal interests considered secondary. Because of these values and practices, it is extremely difficult for them to be plunged into our competitive and often impersonal society. In addition,

WABUN'S PRESENCE AT MOOSE FACTORY ISLAND

a long history of abuses has made it difficult for native Canadians to trust and relate to their white teachers and employers. Going into the bush and practicing native traditions like canoe-tripping has proven to be a successful endeavor. In Moose Factory, a James Bay community that I visited in December, community members run programs that bring kids into the woods for a wilderness education from hunters, trappers and local elders. Leaders report that such programs have been a great influence for those involved.

My research has indicated that canoe-tripping can bring positive, social change but, even if my project does not create some large movement, there are many other individual benefits of outdoor recreation. The physical and social correlates of outdoor recreation are numerous. Wabun staff, campers and parents are all familiar with the physical changes that one goes through during a summer of hard paddling and portaging. Despite the lack of fruits and vegetables consumed on trip, Wabun campers become fit and grow strong throughout the six-week course of the summer. Most Wabun campers also go through some personality change as they make new friends, gain confidence, learn to work within their section, experience the solace of nature, and take pride in the trips that they complete.

It would be ignorant to subscribe to the two common stereotypes often associated with aboriginal peoples: one, the negative stereotype that the new generation is lazy, uneducated and prone to alcoholism and two, the positive stereotype linked to the elder generation - steadfast,

noble, keeper of the secrets of nature. Ojibwa and Cree youth are naturally different from their parents and grandparents. It would be as unreasonable to recommend that native youth abandon their lives to live like their ancestors in the woods as it would be to recommend they attend board-



Rev. Edmonds' Church on Moose Factory Island

ing schools in Toronto and leave their families behind. Attending a camp like Wabun would give native kids a chance to travel in the land that was once their own in a fun, summer-camp environment.

In December 2009, I drove to Cochrane, Ontario, boarded the Polar Bear Express to Moosonee, and then caught a skidoo taxi to Moose Factory. I traveled with Wabun alum, John Edmonds, who worked and lived in Moose Factory for several years where he served as priest. Throughout the semester before I visited, I had been corresponding with some people living in Moose Factory and was eager to meet with them and with kids about canoe tripping and, more specifically, about Wabun. A renewed interest in canoe tripping would definitely take place at

Wabun and, hopefully, the interest and lessons learned would be applied at the reservation as well.



Winter Sights on Moose Factory Island

Pete Gwyn Reflections



Camper:

- 1976 Algonquin - trip staff: Steve Kilbridge & Kevin Lien
- 1977 Wabun B - Dumoine River - trip staff: John Kilbridge & George Chase
- 1978 Wabun A - Pipestone & Winisk Rivers - trip staff: Hardy Coleman & Billy Green

Staff

- 1979 Chippy - staff with Bill Olmstead
- 1980 Algonquin - "Berger-Sturgeon" trip
- 1981 Postseason Bay trip - Otokwin & Attawapiskat Rivers
- 1982 Wabun A - Rupert River

- 1983 Wabun A - Severn River
- 1984 Caretaker and Trip Outfitter
- 1985 Cayuga - Dumoine River
- 1986 Wabun C - Wabun Lake trip
- 1987 Wabun A - Cat, Otokwin & Attawapiskat Rivers
- 1992 Wabun C - Wabun Lake trip
- 1993 Wabun B - Dumoine River
- 1994 Wabun A - Cat, Otokwin & Attawapiskat Rivers
- 1995 Wabun A - Pipestone & Winisk Rivers
- 2001 Wabun C - Wabun Lake - Sturgeon River
- 2002 Wabun C - Wabun Lake - Wanapitei River
- 2003 Wabun B - Dumoine River
- 2004 Wabun A - Pipestone, Winisk & Winiskis Rivers
- 2005 Wabun A - Pinemuta, Otokwin & Attawapiskat Rivers
- 2006 Wabun A - Pipestone, Winisk & Winiskis Rivers
- 2007 Wabun A - Pipestone, Asheweig, Otter, Fawn & Severn Rivers
- 2008 Wabun A - Pipestone & Winisk Rivers
- 2009 Wabun A - Windigo, Shade, Black bear & Severn Rivers
- 2010 Wabun A - Rupert River

Pimadouzan

The Cree in Northern Quebec have an old saying about the way of life that they strive to live; it is called Pimadouzan, which translates to "the good life". To me, just the process of planning a long trip is part of that good life! What

follows is a brief snapshot of my time at Wabun.

My best trip as a camper has to be the Bay Trip back in 1978; it was the first year that Wabun went to Hudson Bay, and I was in Hardy Coleman's bow, so lead canoe and in the driver's seat on the big rivers. We had a blast to say the least! I had just had a cast taken off my right arm that had been on for 93 days when I arrived for the long trip, but that did not matter one bit ... I had a brace that I left at camp and never looked back, albeit my left arm is a little crooked after the fractures in a hockey game. I am still in contact with some of the guys in that section as their kids are now campers at Wabun, and I suppose they may be in one of my sections pretty soon.

Best trips as a staff at Wabun, I would have to say are any that "go off without hitch", in other words, any trips on which we do not have accidents. I am a very safety-conscious trip leader; there are so many things that can happen when you are traveling by canoe for an extended period of time in the bush, whether it is in the Temagami area or in the Hudson Bay lowlands.

I do love to travel in the Northern Boreal of Ontario and Quebec. While Quebec is rugged, with its intense drops to the coast, I actually prefer the west side rivers, with their slow drop off the Canadian Shield to tidewater on the coast, on the Ontario side. There is something to be said for the endless miles of swifts, rapids, and also flat water that I have experienced on these west side rivers. Getting out onto the water well before 7:00 am is an incredible way to spend an early morning in the bush. The Rivers that we travel

MY 36 YEARS AT WABUN, AND COUNTING

on are not just a waterway but in many ways they are living things. Every morning I am up early to make the morning fire and cook breakfast, but I always walk down to the water to “check it out”; to see if the river has risen or dropped in the night, and to see if any other creatures are traveling on the river this morning. As our group travels through the bush on the northern rivers we spend countless hours together working towards a common goal; there really is no better way to spend the summer.

I try to share and to teach the participants in my group some valuable skills during the course of the summer; above all the most



important one is that each member's contribution is important to the overall outcome of the day. Hopefully, the experiences the campers have in my section during the course of the summer will help them out when they get back to their home lives. I hope to teach that pride in one's work is important, that every small task matters, and that it is easier to work together, “if everyone carries a branch, no one has to carry the tree”.

Traveling on the land with a group of boys, gaining a sense of community within our group, and instilling a sense of the land we are

traveling through is the essence of my experience on Wabun's Long Trips. It really is amazing when a group has been traveling for a few weeks in the bush and all of a sudden the section is working really well together. By working well together, I mean everyone has bought into what we are doing, and each member is taking responsibility for the overall outcome of the group.

This brings me to an important aspect of Bush Travel: setting up our site for the night. Many of the routes I travel have old trails between the lakes and around the rapids, but few if any established campsites, so you have to “make a site”, or as we call it, “bush” a site. I really enjoy picking out spots and bushing campsites. I also really like to come back and get a chance to camp at those sites I had bushed and improve them. When our return campers get the chance to camp at a site that they helped to bush their excitement can hardly be contained! There are some summers when we end up bushing most of our sites, even though we have been on that river before, due to the changing forces of nature. On the Winisk River, for example, one summer I was looking forward to coming back to what I thought were going to be some of our old bush sites, but a variety of events had destroyed them: a wind storm had trashed the place beyond recognition; the next site down was burnt from a forest fire; and after we turned the big bend a site had slumped into the river during the spring flood. I guess this is what I mean when I refer to the rivers as living things, as the bush is always changing.

Wabun's canoe routes take us through the homeland of many First Nations in Ontario and

Quebec. A big part of the long trip experience for me is getting the opportunity to see our old friends and meet new people. In many of the Native Communities that we travel through we have made friends in places such as Webeque, Pawanuck, Nashkanda, Waskaganish and now New Nemaska. When we return to these communities the welcome is that much better knowing there will be a familiar person to greet. I have spent hours having tea sitting around a fire with Albert Nishnabese from Nabinamik and Luke Diamond and his wife Gertie from Waskaganish. This coming summer I will look forward to meeting new people and seeing old friends in the bush.

Living on Lake Temagami

The time spent living on Lake Temagami as both a caretaker for Wabun and living on Bear Island allowed me the opportunity to really experience the bush in a whole new light. The Temagami Anishinabe has a special relationship with the land, and I was excited and more than eager to learn and to absorb all that I could. In looking back, working and living on the lake, getting to know the people was the most important aspect of living there. Folks would just come to visit. You would not need an invitation; you could just stop in and have some tea and spend some with your neighbors. Gail and I started a family while living on the lake. When our son Joshua was born we did not quite make it to the hospital in time, so I helped deliver him in the back of Lou Trembley's car. As I had spent some time on my uncle's farm one fall, dealing with the birth of a baby was not all that different from

MY 36 YEARS AT WABUN, AND COUNTING

livestock; you sort of handle it the same way.

Traveling on a lake year round is interesting and often exciting. The seasons, instead of being dictated by spring and fall, are all about freeze-up and break-up. And during the winter, travel is by snow machine, so a large topic of conversation is, “how is the going?” as there is often slush that comes up and adversely affects the traveling on the lake. Trapping in the bush in the winter, I was traveling off the beaten track and was always seeing interesting things. While traveling across the open expanses of the frozen lakes in the Temagami area, I would come across moose, wolves, fox and otter.

Working on Lake Temagami

I helped Bill Metcalf at Temagami Lodge building hunting camps and setting up ice fishing huts on Lake Temagami. But most notably, I worked with George Mathias and family, cutting logs and building docks and houses. I also trapped on 2 different family trap grounds during the late fall and winter, first on Bill Twain’s then on George Mathias’ trap line. During these years, I also made trips to the town of Temagami to work on building canoes with John and Steve Kilbridge at the Temagami Canoe Company.

The Andy Buckman Enterprise

During the holiday seasons of 1984 through 1990, I helped run snowshoe and dog-sled trips out of Andy Buckman’s property on Animapissing Lake. While I was living on Temagami, I would head up to Animanip early by skidoo from Wabun, or get a ride up the highway with

my skidoo, usually with friends from town who had pick up trucks. I would unload my ski doo and head in along the unplowed road to Andy’s camp to get the fires going and get the frost out of the log buildings. Those times in the bush at Animanip were incredible: cutting wood, keeping the fires going, chopping water holes in the ice to haul water... all good things keeping the bush systems going in the winter.



Trent University

In the fall of 1985, I moved to Lakefield, Ontario where I attended Trent University. I had heard about Trent from some good friends, Bruce and Shawn Hodgins from Camp Wanapitei. At Trent, I rowed crew for the first two years and met a lot of nice people in the crew program. I ended up driving the pickup truck during my second year in the program, helping to deliver the boats to the various meets around Ontario.

Living away from The Lake was hard

to get used to, the noise first of all, terrible, but living in a rich agricultural area had its bonuses, more good people, and really fresh food! I soon moved into a small farming village and lived and worked on Fern Hill Farm for the last three years of University. I had an incredible experience. I am still in contact with the friends I made in this friendly farming community.

Julie Hinchman and Family

In the summer of 1990 I married Julie Hinchman and moved down to Windsor, Connecticut. Oddly enough though, I moved back to an Island on the Loomis Chaffee school campus, where Julie was teaching and living. I did not realize at the time that I was immigrating to The States; in my mind I was just moving down for a little bit.

We spent a year traveling in the South Pacific during a sabbatical, spending time in Tonga, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong, and Japan. What a trip this was! We finished up our Sabbatical travels with a canoe trip in the Canadian Arctic. Julie and I flew into the headwaters of the Hood River by ourselves and spent the first 10 days traveling the river together. Then at a prearranged spot, Shawn Hodgins flew in to join us with a group he was leading down the Hood to the Bathurst Inlet. We did not make it to the coast, as a 3-day blizzard blew in, and we had to hunker down at Wilburforce Falls, the highest waterfall above the Arctic Circle. While hiking on a rocky outlook over the falls, where you could tell a family of wolves had spent some time, Julie told me that she felt she might be pregnant. What

My 36 Years at Wabun, and Counting

a great spot to discover this type of news! We returned to Loomis Chaffee in the fall after the trip, and Emma was born the following spring - and the rest is history! So, like Julie, Emma has spent every summer of her life on Garden Island running about and helping the trip staff and in-camp staff with their work. Emma is now a camper at Wabun. This past summer was her third year in the bush, her longest trip being 19 days. Julie and I did not want to force her into canoe tripping; we were only hoping that she would enjoy that lifestyle as much as we have! Emma today visited Loomis Chaffee and had her interview for high school. I cannot believe where the time has gone!

I have had a number of jobs since I moved down to Connecticut. I worked as a consultant in recycling and waste reduction for a number of years. When Emma was born I was working for Grimshaw Tree Service, a local company that does tree work in the area, and I learned some incredible skills working with Fred and Jack Grimshaw. My job was rappelling off a crane 140 feet in the air, setting slings, and making cuts to remove some very large trees. I have taken some of the tools and certainly the skill set from working as an arborist into the bush. These different experiences have only made my canoe-tripping and general bush travel that much easier. Working for Grimshaw's, I could not get my summers off to travel by canoe for Wabun; something would have to change.

A number of years ago John Hinchman asked me if, I was "living to work or working to live?" Since he asked me that almost 15 years ago now, I have taken on some different hobbies. That

does not mean to say that I have slowed down at all. It just means that I am actually doing more things with my family and friends and students from Loomis Chaffee. Even here, I have to remind myself to take time for Pimadzouan.

Loomis Chaffee Years

I started as a volunteer coach for Girls Ice Hockey at Loomis Chaffee about 15 years ago, and then Chuck Vernon left. There was a position opening, running the Community Work Program. The opportunity to continue to work at Wabun was back if I worked full time at the school. At Loomis Chaffee, I now coordinate the Work Program and am usually quite busy during the academic year working with students. The Community Work program at school is not unique to LC, but it certainly helps us to be a bit different from some of the other prep schools in New England. Besides coaching hockey in the winter, I help out with the Boys Cross Country program, known to many as LCXC. This program is really cool. We have 4 coaches, and we have made this very popular. Last year we peaked at 72 boys, and this year we have 62, which is still an impressive number. One sadness: not everybody gets the chance to run every afternoon with such a fun program. I also coach Girls JV Ice Hockey in the winter, and in the spring run the Back Country program. I am also the faculty advisor to the Darwin Club.

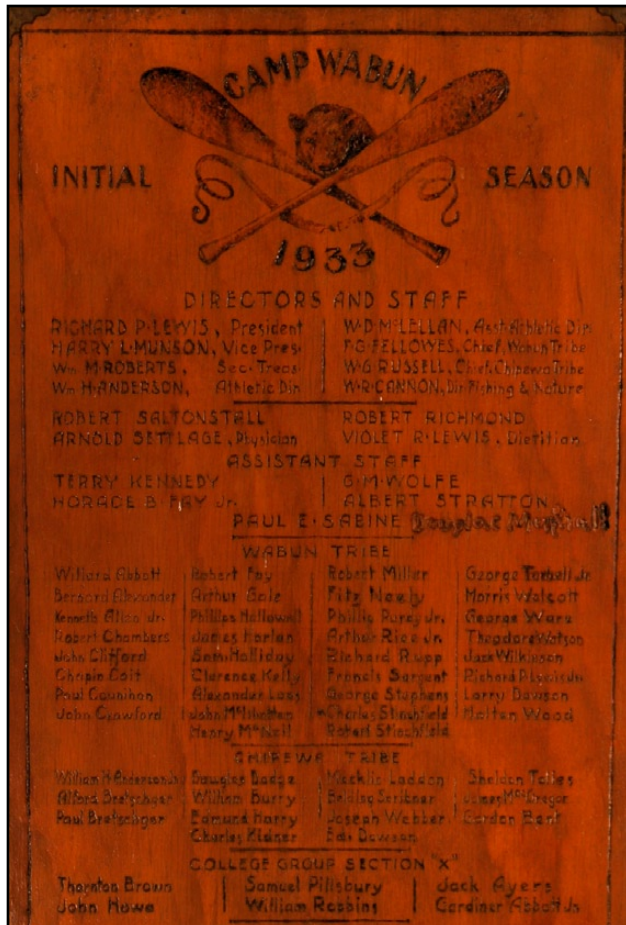
Working at LC has allowed our family to have much more time together. Besides our summers that we spend at Wabun, we take a few weeks at the end of the summer to relax in Sandy

Cove, Nova Scotia. Like in many of the places I have lived, making good friends with those who live there is what is important to me. Being in Sandy Cove is no different than living on Lake Temagami - you can drop in unannounced and feel welcomed all the time. Especially by our good friends Larry and Gina Walker! For example I was loaned a sawmill 4 years ago now, and we have milled timbers and lumber to build a cabin for LC on some land they have in East Hartland, CT. It is fun to be able to teach kids who have not had the opportunity to drive nails, or drive a truck, or drive a 4 wheel buggy, how to do those things that they in turn can teach other kids. That is the learning process I am all about. No one will be surprised to hear that my hobbies include trail marathons and ultra marathons, woodworking, and of course canoeing. In the last few years I have made it a point to get in a canoe every month of the year, including in some crazy snowstorms. Often, we have to look for open water leads in the Farmington and Connecticut Rivers to accomplish this challenge. It's all part of the slowing down for Pimadzouan.

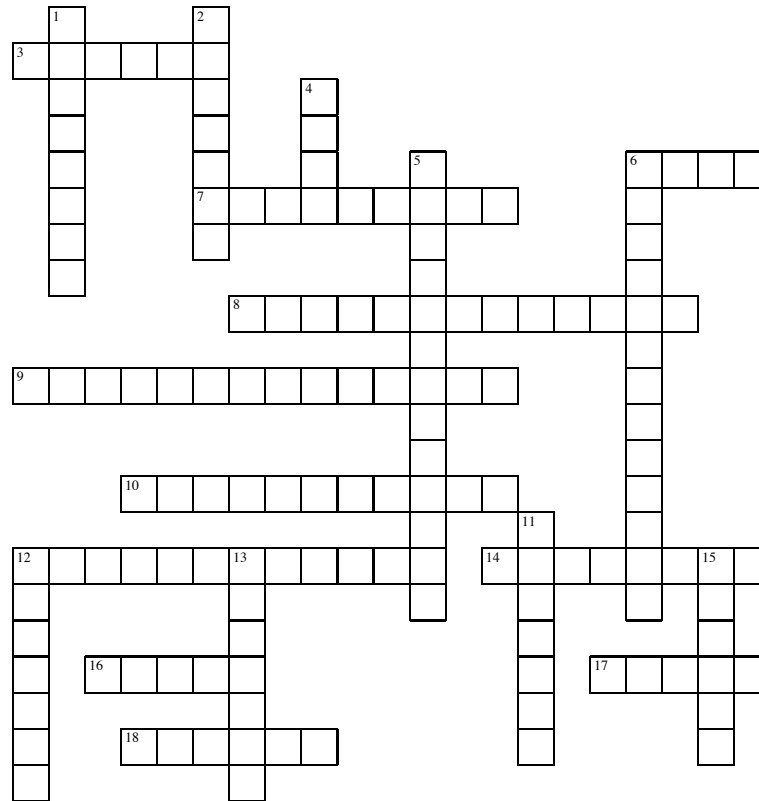
That is why working at Loomis Chaffee and working at Wabun in the summertime are such perfect opportunities. I am able to work with kids and help them develop as young men and women. This is hard work, of course it is, but it is also very rewarding. I suppose what is really important to me is family and community, and my way of teaching young people about community is working together with them, elbow to elbow, while traveling out on the land - wherever that land may be!

Plaque Track

Wabun.com is pleased to announce a new feature. A photograph of each Wabun season's plaque since the inaugural 1933 season is now posted on the site. Can't remember the name of your Wabun C bowman? Now you can. Look no further. We hope this feature provides an opportunity for old friends to reconnect and for new friends to look back at Wabun's roots.



That's Wabun



ACROSS

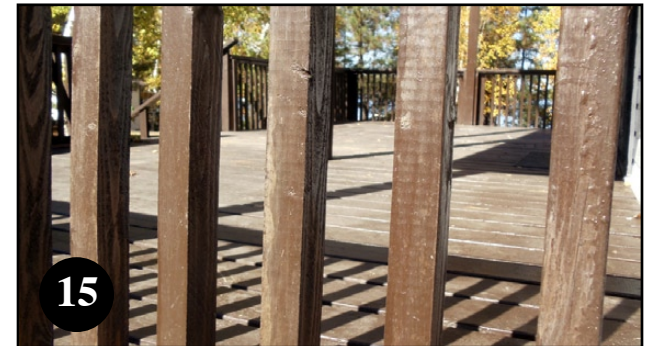
- 3 W in TPW
- 6 Our Lady of Perpetual Help
- 7 Lateral bow stroke
- 8 Grey Owl's name at birth (2 words)
- 9 Eddy
- 10 Repellent roll wrapper (2 words)
- 12 Julie's braided circlet (2 words)
- 14 Red, black, and warm
- 16 "Hear the _____, feel the wind"
- 17 Number of founding educators
- 18 "Absolutely no _____" platform

DOWN

- 1 I am the fire starter
- 2 The P in Walter P Hinchman
- 4 Rock paper scissors negative outcome
- 5 Purple stuff (2 words)
- 6 Teme-Augama Anishnabai sacred site Chee-Bay-Jing (2 words)
- 11 Old school cheer lead-in
- 12 Bow, mid, and stern _____
- 13 Wood canvas patching liquid
- 15 _____ Gale Infirmary

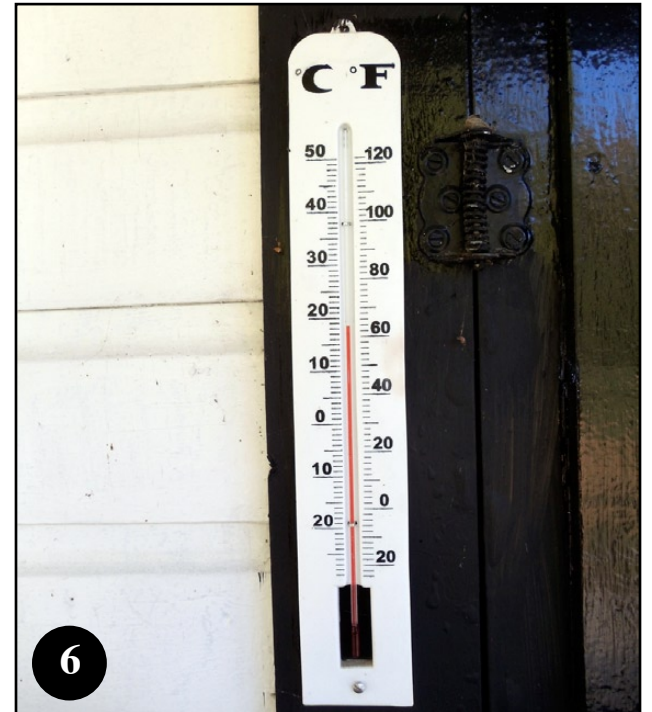
What/Where Answers: 1 Staff Training, 2 Staff Training, 3 Bailey, 4 Wabun Garden Island, 5 Outfitting Room Shed, 6 Map Room Porch, 7 Chippy Can Crusher, 8 x 8 cabin, 9 Chippy Cabin Paddle Rack, 10 Tuck Shop, 11 Outfitting Room Spice Rack, 12 Garden Shed, 13 Behind Cayuga Cabin, 14 Shop, 15 Map Room Porch, 16 Back Stop, and 17 Basketball Court.

WHAT/WHERE IS IT?



Answers are on page 59.

WHAT/WHERE IS IT?



Answers are on page 59.

MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, WHO HELPED FOUND WABUN

Ancestry Project:

Walter (Mac) Dewitt McLellan

Written By Sean Foster (Mac's Great Grandson)

My great grandfather not only possessed the qualities of an athlete, a scholar, and an outdoorsman, but also demonstrated them to their fullest meaning. His name was Walter Dewitt McLellan, but was nicknamed Mac as a child. Being very slim and tall, but physically fit, he was quite the athlete in high school as well as later in life. He was the captain of both the track and basketball teams at University School in Cleveland where he attended high school. He achieved numerous awards, and broke many records due to his athletics as well as his academics, becoming a well-known and well-liked individual. He was known for a strong work ethic in and out of the classroom. His interest in athletics extended further through life into becoming a coach of multiple sports at his old high school. His adult life was influenced greatly by the outdoors of the Canadian wilderness, where he became an avid hunter, fisherman, and camper. He co-founded a canoeing wilderness camp named Wabun in Canada, which I not only attend, but also vacation sharing his love of what nature has to offer. He was also known for a humorous personality, full of corny jokes. Mac McLellan, as I have always known him, was a very interesting man possessing great talents, both athletic and intellectual.

Mac's life begin in Brooklyn, New York where he born on April 2, 1905 to a wealthy tailor. His father tailored clothes for the rather

famous and rich people of the time, where he measured and cut cloth to make suits. His mother was a housewife who had to keep her two boys and one girl quiet in their apartment. To keep her kids occupied, she taught them "fancy needle work" as my grandmother, Mary Alice Foster, put it, also saying, "My [her] dad embroidered and crocheted like a pro." Of course as he got older, learning how to embroider was embarrassing, and he soon became hooked on athletics. When his dad moved his tailoring work to Cleveland on a client's recommendation, Mac's athletics days truly began. He first attended University School, a boarding school in Cleveland in 1922, becoming instantly successful on the athletic fields, as well as in the classrooms.

University School was Mac's first chance to find what he truly enjoyed and become an independent individual. He was a very lean young adult, measuring over six feet tall, ideal for both track and basketball. He became the captain of both teams in his 1923-1924 season as a senior. His greatest skills were no doubt in track, where he was able to compete confidently in four different events including the pole vault, discus, high jump, and shot put. His best event was pole vault where he held the Cleveland, Ohio, indoor pole vault record for numerous years, reaching heights beyond twelve feet with a bamboo pole. He also did exceptionally well in each of his other events. Through help from my grandmother and her sister Anne Rutzen, who dug up old articles and pictures, I was able to gain access to all of Mac's experiences at University School.

During high school he was constantly entering competitions earning the respect of many classmates as he often came out on top. For one such competition, the headline of a local newspaper read, "University School star will be in Harvard meet tomorrow," and later it added, "McLellan undoubtedly will win the pole vault at the scholastic record at Cambridge." In this particular meet, named the National Interscholastic Track and Field meet, he placed first out of one hundred fifty entrants for pole vault, reaching a height of eleven feet eight inches, and also won the high jump, jumping five feet six and five-eighths inches. He was a spectacular track and field athlete being truly awe inspiring to watch. He was an all around skilled athlete, but his accomplishments extended into the classroom as well.

His strong work ethic proved to show on the athletic field, but schoolwork didn't lack at all. His greatest achievement at University School was receiving the bronze tablet of the Cadmean Trophy for all around leadership, scholarship, and athletics. In conjunction with his brilliant athletic performances his academics helped him acquire such a prestigious award. In an article dated June 13, 1924 on the presentation of the award to Mac it says, "It stands for leadership, for cleanness of mind, for loyalty to school, and for that unassuming sort of service...it should go to the best all around fellow in the school." Mac was respected and thought of as a great person in the community by all of the students and faculty at the school. I can only imagine such a man who excels in all

MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, WHO HELPED FOUND WABUN

his activities, and not only that, but also beyond just the sports and grades, and into caring, leadership, and loyalty to the people surrounding him.

I view Mac's high school days as one of the most enjoyable times in his lifetime. He was also elected class president in his junior and senior years as a person everyone liked and trusted. He eventually became a prefect, a very large responsibility where according to an article showing portraits of each new prefect it states, "The prefects act as an advisory board to the principal...to discuss school problems, (and) assist in bettering the attitude of the student body." He was trusted with many commitments in part due to his caring attitude. For instance, his older brother was not athletic like he was, as well as being shy staying home. Mac looked out for his brother, and made him the manager of the teams so that he could experience what all the athletes' experience. He didn't want his brother left out just like he didn't want anyone left out.

After high school, Mac attended the University of Michigan, where he majored in mathematics and physical education to become a teacher. At the college he and a bunch of other kids formed a job making and selling sandwiches to other students during study hours. He enjoyed this job, and from it interestingly learned to cut a loaf of bread extremely well and accurately. When he left University of Michigan he returned to University School to teach math and coach in athletics. He married a teacher who taught journalism, and not too long after they both moved in with his wife's parents during the Great Depression. They were both employed as teachers during

these hard times, as Mac and his wife worked to support their growing family, becoming the father of my grandmother, and her younger brother and sister. During their long work hours, my grandmother's grandmother took care of her and her siblings, and during this they got very close, as my grandmother recalls. When times became less rough, they moved into their own place, living in a small house on the campus of University School.

My grandmother recalls the house having a luscious garden full of fruits and vegetables. Mac started off as math teacher, track coach, basketball coach, and assistant football coach, before switching over full time to become involved solely in athletics. He later organized the gym team, which took part in events such as rope climbing, rings, and parallel bars. Even as an adult, his love for athletics remained. Because "my father's teaching salary could always use bolstering" as my grandmother said, he drove a florist delivery truck during Christmas break to make a little extra money. My grandmother loved to join him "amongst the wonderful smelling flowers and greenery" as she said reminiscing about the times with his father.

Sometime during his teaching days at

University School, a fellow friend and camp counselor of a Vermont outdoors camp called Dunmore Camp that Mac was part of and invited him to help start a camp in Canada. This camp became known as Camp Wabun, an outdoor adventure camp where one canoes and camps in the Canadian wilderness. He eagerly accepted the offer with a large love for the outdoors. He along with seven other men helped organize and set up the camp that has flourished since. This particular camp is designed to leave the luxuries of society behind in search of something better in the vast



wonders of nature and wilderness, where fun must be created by one another rather than from pushing a button or flicking a switch. It is a truly unique camp and experience, and having gone for many years, it is an experience I will never forget.

MY GREAT GRANDFATHER, WHO HELPED FOUND WABUN

This exhilarating experience for Mac was definitely the reason that Mac loved being up in Canada.

From canoeing along rivers to hunting black bears, the outdoors was where Mac was truly at home, loving every breathtaking moment in the presence of nature and incredible wild-life. Dick Lewis is the current director of Wabun and grandson of one of the founders of the camp, and he had a few stories to share about Mac's outdoor life. He told me of times that Mac would hunt bear between canoe trips to eat with everyone at meal times. Also Dick Lewis's grandfather, co-founder of the camp, was practically a mentor to Mac, teaching him about the wilderness from canoeing to hunting to fishing. Mac greatly appre-



ciated the knowledge that his friend taught him, and in return gave some property, on the island where Wabun is located, to the Lewis family.

One of the most memorable experiences that not only Dick Lewis, but also my grandmother has is of the speech that Mac gave during the 50th anniversary of Wabun, where he came up to Canada to talk about the founders and founding of camp Wabun. Dick Lewis, about the speech just said it gave him "goose bumps," and that it was "remarkable" and "tender." In his speech, Mac talked about the start of Wabun and all the people that helped co-found the incredible camp. In talking about Dick Lewis Sr., Mac's role model, he again referred to this mentor relationship that the two of them shared by saying, "Dick was like a father to me, and treated me so." He later mentioned that co-founder Harry Munson was the man that invited Mac to be part of founding the camp. In his closing he said "I pray that I have done justice to the past directors and individuals as well," showing his humble and respectful personality.

Wabun was a large part of Mac's life, and he thoroughly enjoyed his time in Canada, and appreciated the land he was traveling through. He respected all the native Indians that guided him on longer canoe trips and deeply appreciated their help.

He did divorce his wife during this time, and married a woman named Blanche Held Chase, moving out to Yakima, Washington. There, Mac opened an orchard with help from his new wife's brother. In the end he retired in the suburbs of California where he lived happily and

peacefully until the day he died on February 25, 1989 at 83 of heart failure due to old age. Mac McLellan had a pretty remarkable life, able to do extremely well in all tasks and challenges presented to him.

I have thoroughly enjoyed researching about my great grandfather, because he accomplished many feats, many of which are very important to my life today. In Mac McLellan I see a nice, generous person who excelled in athletics and academics. Throughout my family, I see bits and pieces of these characteristics and hobby enjoyments. I see my older brother Ryan's love of baseball in athletics, all of our achievements in academics and most important of all, to me at least, is my family's love in the wilderness. The camp that Mac helped found is such a large part of my life from vacation time to going to the camp for a whole summer's experience. The choice that my great grandfather made in helping to start Wabun has greatly affected my life, and to think that a choice made nearly one hundred years before I was born could make such a big difference.

I may have just learned about Mac McLellan who truly was excellent at track and basketball, and was a great scholar and leader, but what really made and still makes me so interested in this man is that he has shaped a large part of my life. Although I never met him, he has influenced almost every aspect of my life, and I would absolutely not be the person I am today without him.

*Each year from December to March, Wabun alum-
nilae come together across the country at the various
Winter Reunions to re-connect, share stories, and re-
live tender, exultant, and what have been for some,
formational experiences. The love, importance, and
appreciation of the Wabun experience are reflected
in the words of recent reunion
attendees, printed below*

“Those of us at our reunion this past week concurred that our Wabun experiences were incomparable, but we also agreed that it is nearly impossible to tell people about it and have them understand the many levels of adventure that make up life in a canoe. You need to have lived it to truly grasp its richness, to appreciate the myriad ways in which you grow because you have camped by the lakes and rivers of the North. I have found that in times of stress my thoughts have often turned to memories of drifting to sleep to the music of rapids and the call of loons, looking out over serene lakes mirroring the blue and white of summer skies, facing down the fears that assault one before surging into the V of magnetic rapids, and staring hypnotically at the glowing remains

of the evening fire, speaking little but imaging greatly, as if waiting for the hiss and crackle of dying embers and the drifting smoke to reveal some eternal truth that can be savored and remembered forever. Such dream times have often brought me serenity. God! How I loved those summers!”



“Well, it was crisp, extraordinarily clear, and bright. I supposed the moon was up, but as I glanced skyward through the bright white birch trunks I was astonished to find it was only

the starlight that illuminated them to a stunning brilliance...stars brighter than I have ever seen anywhere anytime...even Wabun 40+ years ago. Even the leaves were illuminated, translucent in that starlight, every vein showing darkly. And just as I was appreciating the silent elegance of this moment, I heard what I thought were perhaps the shrill cries of a loon in the distance, and then an answering, haunting call. Something about them, I couldn't quite decide what, didn't fit. Inside I felt there was more to know about those sounds. Indeed, perhaps they were not loons at all. Next morning over coffee everyone was talking about the wolves we'd all heard in the night. Score a 15 out of 10 for Wabun”

“As I reflect on my life of rewarding teaching and wonderful travels, my summers at Wabun still stand at the top of my experiences. I grieve for the millions of young

people today, with their addictions to video games, texting, and their other obsessive technology activities, who will never know the beauty, the sublimity, the freedom of life in a canoe, in a

ALUMNI/AE REFLECTIONS

tent, on beautiful lakes and rivers companioned by the wildlife that is a part of their nearly daily lives. But then, I have always been secretly an unrepentant romantic drawn inexorably to the 'wild places.'"

"Greetings, our family was finally reunited Sunday night with my wife and daughter's return. From our conversations, daily interactions, and the general outlook since then, it is obvious that Wabun has done more for our family than teach our daughters canoe tripping craft. We are all energized and strengthened by their experiences. Their vigor, confidence, and enthusiasm are already spreading rampantly throughout our home community.

What's also clear is that Wabun is more than a 3 or 6 week adventure of building memories, stories, and personal maturation: seeing our daughters' banter this week, this summer's Wabun infusion is a year-round affliction. I can only imagine what this household is going to be like next spring, with three campers ramping up their anticipation of tripping in red canoes.

For now, I can safely speak for all of us in saying that we look forward to visits with all the Wabun family and the rest of the Wabun clan this coming fall, winter, and spring. All the best, and

thanks again!"

"As I have thought today about the meanderings of thought I sent you Saturday evening, I suddenly realized that the portion about sitting by a fire had not gone unanswered those many years and times ago. An eternal truth had issued from those glowing fires, again and again. Sitting stoically by those evening embers, with the kids veiled in their tents, lost in their slumbers, with my body pleasantly tired from the day's



adventures and successes, my thirst slaked and my hungers satisfied, and everyone safe, the glowing coals and wisps of smoke did transmit an eternal message, night after night, the simple truth. "This is good!"

"The recollections we shared are from a world frozen in my memory, as vivid and full of sounds and scenes as if I had paddled the lakes and run those rivers but a few seasons ago, instead of 42. To know that there are others whose love of that land and life mirror mine brings me joy. There have been many stressful occasions over the years when recalling camping by a rapid, falling to sleep to the music of rushing waters, looking out over a calm expanse of water reflecting a blue sky and white clouds, has brought me serenity. I think of Wabun as one of the pivotal times of my life, and I am grateful to those, staff and campers, who played a part in that life-changing experience."

"I tell people this all the time, but Wabun A was one of the defining experiences of my life. I truly believe that had I not attended Wabun and developed my self confidence so fully while there that I may not have been able to get through some of the truly challenging times in my life"

"The Beauty of Wabun...Catherine, in talking with her mom this fall, captured the immense power of simplicity when she reflected on her many years of Wabun experience, particularly her Dumoine River experience of last summer, 'You know, Mom, the beauty of Wabun is not that it changes you, it's that it makes you more of who you are.'"