



The **WABUN** *Way*

Canadian Wilderness Canoe Trips for Boys and Girls



2018 & 2019

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT

February 2020

Dear Wabun Family and Friends:

I offer you the oft'-promised 2018-2019 Wabun Newsletter. It has been a momentous couple of years as you will see herein – serious program threats due to wilderness fires in the 2018, season, followed by the infrastructure hits of heavy snows in 2019. Throughout it all, I am beyond delighted to report that the essence of what we do and celebrate at Wabun continues in strength and consequence.



Dick Lewis

The loyalties and testimonies of Wabun alumni/ae and current families enliven our ambition to further the mission of Wabun. In these times of hurriedness, digital connectedness and dependence, we stand stalwart in our ambition to slow the pace of life to four miles an hour, step away from screens, and connect with each other in ways that the true interdependence of small groups of kids and young adults carving their comforts in an undisturbed wilderness setting allow.

Welcome to a review of Wabun 2018-2019.

Respectfully,



Dick Lewis
President, Camp Wabun

Newsletter Acknowledgments

The Wabun Way 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.

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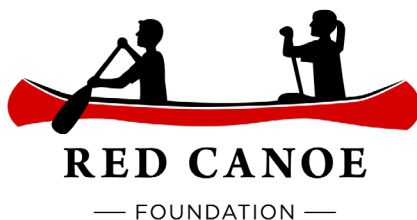
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The Camper Membership Application is available on Wabun.com.



Over the past several years a growing number of Wabun campers have been fortunate to receive scholarships from the Red Canoe Foundation. For more information, please visit the Red Canoe Foundation's website at www.redcanoe.foundation.org.



Wabun 2019

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Recognize these t-shirts? See page 54 for details about the t-shirt quiz!



ALUMNI NEWS

Each summer we are honored to receive visits by alums of past decades; 2019 was no exception.

Peter Spiller, with whom Dick Lewis was a Chippy in 1955 and who went on as a camper for a number of years before staffing various sections including our Bay Trips, came up to Garden Island for an extended visit pre-season. Prior to staffing the Bay Trips, Peter was a staff member of the Lewis Jr. section that cut out the Wabun Lake Trip. He was able to re-connect with a number of folks he knew and grew close to in his active Wabun years. We are hoping that he and his wife Debbie will offer a joint visit soon.



Pete Gwyn and Peter Spiller

Bob Thomas and his wife Janice joined us in the course of the season while staying at Wabun Point for a few days. Bob was first at Wabun as a young choreboy, introduced by his uncle, long-time head guide Shorty Montroy. At 17 he joined the canoe-tripping staff, traveling with, among others, Rev. John (Tonka) Edmonds on Dumoine River adventures. He went on to work for the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources, Aviation and Forest Fire Management division, and would one day use those connections to assist Wabun sections facing threatening forest fires. He was also one of the founders of the Canadian Bush Plane Heritage Museum in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario - - a museum well worth the time to visit.



Bob Thomas

Jim Shrim (Wabun 1980, 1983, 1985) joined us again for visits both pre and end-of-season. Jim's daughter Eliz-

abeth enjoyed her second year as a camper, and Jim graciously oversaw our second annual Pig Roast on August 7, enjoyed by 300 campers, parents, staff and friends of the camp who joined our season-end festivities..

John Hinchman and Monica Wyatt visited Wabun at season's end and re-connected with friends and former section and camp mates – John was sternman to Jim Shrim on a 1985 Bay Trip. They visited Wabun to be on the beach to welcome their third-generation Hinchman campers Avalon and Jasper back from their season with us. Monica and John are noted professionals in the area of architectural restorations, with particular experiences in log cabin renewals. They have lent great advice to the process of bringing our Caretaker Cabin back to life, and cast their discerning eyes on the buttressing of roofs following the 2019 snowload damage.

Phil (Flop) Rockwood joined **Dave (DT) Thompson and Clay Kilgore** on a pre-season canoe trip in early June 2019 on the Trout Streams. This was just one of several trips they have taken and are planning to take in the future. At the end of the 2019 season, Dave and Judy Olmsted renewed their wedding vows with Dick Lewis presiding at a Wabun surprise ceremony before the Wabun staff at their end-of-season party. Dave and Judy returned to Columbus where in October 2019 Dave was inducted into the State of Ohio's Athletic Directors Hall of Fame – quite a summer for our friend Mr. Thompson.



Dave and Judy Thompson



Dave Thompson and Phil Rockwood

CARETAKER CABIN UPGRADE

Wabun's first building, a log cabin on top of the hill on the east side of the bay overlooking the camp beach, was built by the camp guides in the fall/winter of 1932 and housed the builders of the camp-to-be through the winter and into the spring and summer of Wabun's first season in 1933.



For many years it has served off and on as the residence of our on-site caretakers and families – legendary characters in Wabun's history: Vagn and Else Peterson, Pete Gwyn, Charlie and Rose Molyneaux, Peter McMillan, Glen and Deanne Toogood and Robert Huff among them. For the last decade or so, we have used the cabin as summer housing for our in-camp staff, but that changed this past fall.

Jennifer Sinclair, Wabun's Chef, and her daughter Siobhan have worked at Wabun for the past six seasons. In the off-season months they have lived and worked for the Temagami First Nation (TFN) on Bear Island, home of the Teme-Augama Anishnabai Community, an island one mile to Wabun's south. Last spring they needed to leave Bear Island in order to free up housing for Band members and asked if they could live on Garden Island. And so it began - -

The cabin's capacity to comfortably support winter living fell away as it was used in warm-weather-only for years. However, with the help of Dave Wilfong, Keewaydin's Caretaker, Wabun's off-island caretaker Louis Lefrancois, and Jennifer and Siobhan we sank a new sand point to supply water, brought the propane service up to code, made plans for moving and storing 10+ cords of firewood, and filled two-foot wide trenches around the foundation with 40 bales of straw, wrapped the porch and windows with thick plastic and the interior windows with a clear insulating plastic. When snow arrived it was packed around the straw bales and up the walls to help insulate and seal the underside of the cabin

from the cold. The result – these rejuvenations have yielded Jennifer and Siobhan a comfy-cozy home for the winter.



Jennifer and Siobhan took on life-changing routines in moving to Wabun. While elements of island living would seem quiet and simple there are certain daily demands that if not met could be disastrous or involve twice the labor. No matter the early preparation for winter there is no place for procrastination in the bush. Management and maintenance of automobile on the mainland, boat into and out of the water, and snowmobile onto and off the ice are all needed for daily functioning – it can be a very steep learning curve for the unwary. Understanding weather patterns and preparing for the extreme cold allows for comfort in the world of 40° below zero – factoid -40° C is the same as 40° below zero F.

CARETAKER CABIN UPGRADE



The interior of the cabin required consideration to combat the cold too. Double layer books in our bookcase help insulate the wall by the entry, as does the thick cushion stuffed with old feathered pillows by the door. The TV is supported by a counter top that sits on storage bins filled with craft supplies and other rarely used items. Behind the bins against the wall also hangs a blanket.

The window cover is down in one photo and up in another. Comforters and quilts are used as window coverings to add needed insulation, especially at night. The beds sit way up off the floor over carpets and rest on storage boxes filled with seasonal clothing to help insulate the floor. So far it's cozy. Coldest morning indoors so far was 3° C (37° F) but averages around 5C (41 F) when nights outside drop to -30 C (22 below 0 in F) and colder. The coldest part of a Canadian winter is traditionally the last week of January and the first two weeks of February and then temperatures begin to rise and the days lengthen.

Wabun hopes to begin a full restoration project on this building in the summer of 2020.



WABUN'S NEW SHOP

In March 2019, after a Reunion in Welland, Ontario, Dave Thompson, Chef Chris, and the Lewises scooted north and arrived in Temagami in time for the annual Ling Fling – a Temagami Community celebration held each year on the Lake or at the Mine Road Landing, and attended by over 200 residents of Bear Island, Marten River, North Bay, Temagami/Tri Towns, and winter visitors. These festivities were followed by the 2019 Wabun Reunion on Garden Island - a great success at which over twenty attendees enjoyed burgers and a deep-fried turkey on a gorgeous afternoon.

In the midst of these enjoyments we discovered that over 16 feet of snowfall over the winter had collapsed our shop roof and done considerable damage to roof supports in the Outfitting Room, Main Lodge, Dining Room and Dining Room Porch. We did all that

we could to guard against any additional damage taking place, and sent out the distress signal on the Lake to help formulate a strategy for repairs and building a new shop.

Wabun is blessed to have established longstanding relationships with local contractors and friends, and together with their building us into their revised-for-us spring plans, we began the retrofitting of roof structural supports and a shop-building plan. Thanks to these friends coming together to help us out, we managed to support our roofs in anticipation of winter 2019-2020, and close in a new shop building before leaving the island in October. I'm looking toward an appreciative Shop Warming party this spring.

Here are some shots chronicling the work of last winter, spring and summer:



Clearing a path to the Shop



Getting closer...



Big-time bumper!

WABUN'S NEW SHOP



The demolition team of two



New foundation pillars



A new beginning



Staff help with the barnraising

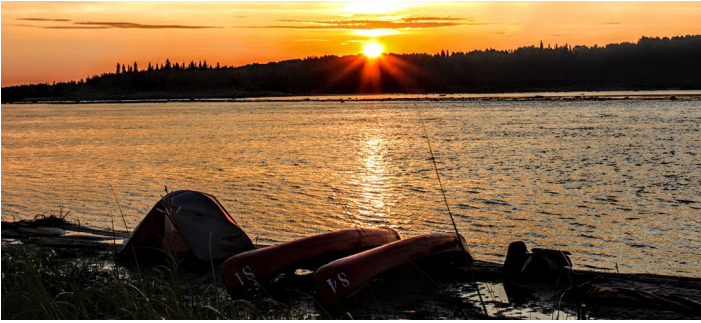


Getting there



Getting ready for next year's winter snows

Wabun's Adult Program



Sunrise on the Missinaibi River

Have you ever been jealous that your children get to go off to Wabun to have a wonderful summer of canoe tripping while you sit at home? Or, if you are an alumnus, do you lament that your days of Wabun canoe tripping are over just because you had to get a job in the real world and can no longer be a camper or staff member? Well lament no longer because Wabun now offers an adult program. Designed to fit into a three week vacation window including travel and outfitting, the trip itself is 10 to 12 days and concludes a few days before the end of camp. The trip is outfitted, staffed, and conducted the same way it is for the older camper sections, which has remained largely unchanged for 85 plus years.

Last summer, four adult “campers” and two staff paddled 200 miles of the Missinaibi and Moose Rivers to James Bay. We’ll be telling the stories from this unforgettable adventure for years to come. In the tradition of the camper sections, we created a trip log which we presented to the full time staff when we returned. With all the details of last year’s adult program, here for your reading pleasure, is our trip log:

For many reasons, some better left unsaid, this log will include actual events and real names so the guilty will be incriminated.

For ten days, a band of outlaws took hold of the Missinaibi River, fleeing the law. Along the 320 km way, they ran 25 rapids, paddled 634,000 strokes, saw 95 eagles, 3 beavers, 2 bears, 1 otter, 1 mink, many water fowl, and moose & wolf tracks. They walked 6020 metres, ate 72 kilos of oatmeal, 17 one metre pepperoni sticks, 32 boxes of crackers and sang every song that driver knew.

Together, this motley crew formed an unshakable bond in the wilderness; largely as a result of seeing no other humanity aside from some YMCA camp girls.

As with any group, each individual had her or his

powers and weaknesses. Let’s begin with Pete, our dauntless leader. He who can spot a campsite where others see only thick bush. Dear Pete, who paddled, brewed Ontario’s finest camp coffee, cooked and learned to soothe tired muscles with only a rock and a wannigan - something new for Pete. You can teach a boomer new tricks.

And then there is Steve. Steve had no idea what he was getting into. He was conned, by his good friend John. Too kind and rational to be a canoe outlaw on his own, he was virtually abducted and stuffed in the bow, a tump plastered to his forehead. Conned again at the



Relaxing in the evening light

portage he carried John’s duffles which, contrary to all reason and Wabun history, outweighed the wanigans by 3.2 metric tonnes. Like a true gen xer, he adapted and rose to the challenge, quickly becoming the KP master.

And Brian, guitar maestro, builder of birch bark canoe. Always tuneful, never mournful, he brought enormous cheer on dark, buggy nights. The signature, “AU-AHHHH!”, the universal cry of pain or joy was Brian’s when he plunged in for his evening swim. Or when he carried two wanigans, a canoe and Steve over a portage.

And Erin, master of the K, that heavy item, bringing a defiant laugh in the face of the marauding bugs



Steve Smith demonstrating the bow stroke

that plagued us, following us, tracking us, every day and night. The sane one, arbiter of petty spats between Steve and John, Pete’s interpreter and singer of Leonard Cohen

2019 ADULT RIVER TRIP

songs.

The above mentioned John, slayer of the tree stumps and twigs in campsites, Steve's taskmaster, and the one who always wants to take it to the next level; in the Canoe, forging across the Moose River against the waves and the advice of the locals as the tide came in, and especially, at dinner, when 4 or 5 pannikins of



Brain Burns and Erin Little navigating a rapid

Garmlic or Manloaf or whatever delicious concoction Pete derived from creamed corn and Klick, could magically vanish into his gullet.

Lastly, Laura, the comedian, perched delicately in the bow of Pete's canoe, flinging clever, droll quips in every direction. Often champion in a battle of the wits with John. She learned much about the river, animals, random people and the way of the Canadian wild from Pete.

Racing the YMCA girls through rock garden rapids and over ancient portages, this fearless crew followed the sacred Thunderhouse route to James Bay. As they glided through the Canadian Shield, dazed and confused by the unsurpassable beauty of the landscape, they learned the skills needed to survive and thrive in the wilderness. The fast friends bonded together to conquer the interminable portages around Thunderhouse Falls and Hell's Canyon.



John Paulson & Steve Smith examine the gypsum cliffs on the Moose River

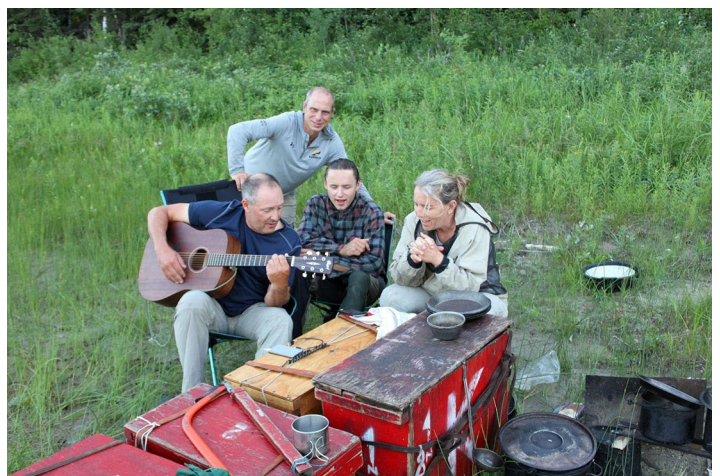


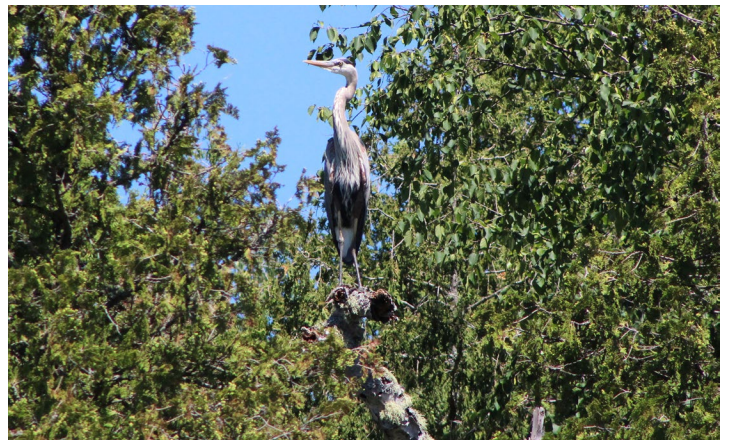
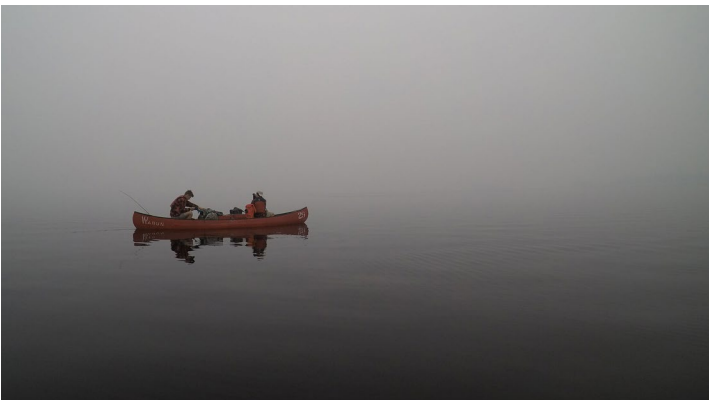
Laura Longworth casting a line while Pete Gwyn deftly maneuvers the canoe

Camping over the falls, they explored the rugged cliffs and wondered at the mystery of Conjuring Rock. As the cliffs slowly faded into the flat wetlands of the James Bay Lowlands, they followed the Bald Eagle towards the northern ocean. Paddling up to 50 km per day, the crew camped on beaches, spits and the aforementioned "bushed" sites that only Pete can spot. Sailing into in Moosonee ten days later they enjoyed a delicious "chip stand" lunch before paddling across the tide to Moose Factory to learn about the Cree culture at the annual "Gathering of the People" PowWow and celebration, and leaped from a boat into James Bay. A ride on the Polar Bear Express train returned the gang to Sarah who shuttled them back to Garden Island in Temagami where the "campers" sadly parted ways, vowing to stay in touch forever.

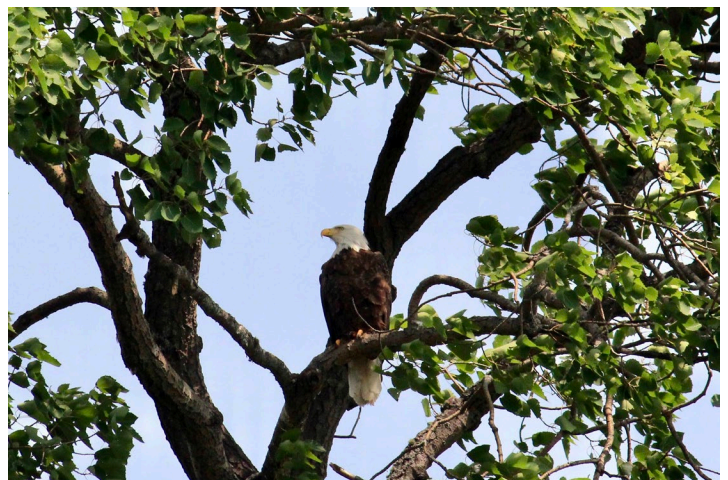
"A unique combination of camaraderie, relaxation, perseverance, solitude, bewilderment and sense of accomplishment define what it is to experience some of nature's most pristine and inaccessible places." Scott Elliott, Ontario Parks

If this trip isn't on your bucket list, it should be. For information about the 2020 adult trip please contact Jessica Lewis.





2019 IMAGE COLLAGE





2019 ITINERARIES & SECTION ALIGNMENT

	CAYUGA A	WABUN A	WABUN B	WABUN C	CAYUGA C	WABUN T	WENONAH	WAWATAY	CHIPPY E	CHIPPY J
6/26	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE			
6/27	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN			
6/28	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN			
6/29	Travel	Travel	Kokoko Lake	Sharp Rock	Horseshoe Island	Shinningwood Bay	High Rock			
6/30	Lake St. Joseph	Kapkiche Lake	Diamond Lake	Lady Evelyn Lake	Aston Lake	Denedus Lake	Cross Lake			
7/1	Lake St. Joseph	Bow River	Sugar Lake	North Lady Evelyn Lake	Turner Lake	Iceland Lake	Denedus Lake			
7/2	Cat River	Steep Rock Rapid	Sucker Gut	Bay Lake	Little Lake	Heights	Shinningwood Bay			
7/3	Roadhouse Lake	Otoskwin Lake	Center Falls	Animanipissing Lake	Animanipissing Lake	IN	Cleminshaw's			
7/4	Slate Falls	Long Current Rapid	Rest	Red Squirrel Lake	Rest	IN	IN			
7/5	Wesleyan Lake	Williams River	Diamond Lake	Rest	Ferguson Bay	NE Arm	IN			
7/6	Fawcett Lake	Williams Lake	Obabika Lake	Upper Cleminshaw's	West of Seal Rock	Cassells Lake	Ferguson Bay			
7/7	Kapikik Lake	Kinlock Lake	Charlie's	IN	Upper Cleminshaw's	Thieving Bear	Red Squirrel Lake			
7/8	Cat Lake	Morris Falls	IN	IN	IN	Mountain Lake	Animanipissing Lake			
7/9	Maxium Lake	Rest	IN	Cross Lake	IN	Mannajigama Lake	Mountain Lake			
7/10	Otoskwin Headwaters	Frog Island	Cross Lake	Temagami River	Shingwood Bay	Rest	Rest			
7/11	Rest	Below Bridge	Wasakina Lake	Hangstone Lake	Wasakina Lake	Red Squirrel Lake	Thieving Bear			
7/12	Otoskwin River	Triple Rapid	NE Arm	Jumping Caribou Lake	Iceland Lake	Devi's Mountain	Snake Isl. Lake			
7/13	Otoskwin River	Forrester Creek	Rabbit Lake	Rest	NE Arm	LaRoche	NE Arm			
7/14	Okoskwin Lake	Boyce Lake	Four Bass	Wasakina Lake	Spawning Lake	Cleminshaw's	Heights			
7/15	Bow Lake	Neawagank Lake	Rest	Iceland Lake	Pete's Site	IN	IN			
7/16	Falls below Badesdawa	Obabigan Lake	Indian	Heights	IN	IN	IN			
7/17	PG 14	Wigwascence Lake	Lac Kipawa	IN	IN	Sharp Rock	Kokoko Lake			
7/18	North of Jervis River	Rest	Lac Kipawa	IN	Sharp Rock	Virginia	Eye Lake	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE
7/19	Spawning Falls	Pineimuta River	Lac Audoin	Diamond Lake	Willow Island Lake	Bob Lake	Gull Lake	IN	IN	IN
7/20	Ozhiski Lake	Pineimuta River	Lac Pommeroy	Willow Island	Helen's Falls	Shishkong Lake	Skunk Lake	Shinningwood Bay	Portage Bay	Kokoko Bay
7/21	Kabania Lake	Eyes Lake	Lac Ogasconon	Center Falls	McPherson Lake	Obabika	Charlie's	Wasakina Lake	Cross Lake	Kokoko Lake
7/22	Attawapiskat Lake	Neskantaga	Rest	Shangrila	Gamble Lake	Charlie's	IN	Cross Lake	Wasakina Lake	Philadelphia Pt
7/23	Neskantaga	Powis Island	Kipawa River	The Forks	Kaa Lake	IN	IN	High Rock	Shinningwood Bay	Eye Lake
7/24	Attawapiskat Lake	Windsor Lake	Elliot Rapids	Gamble Lake	Wabun Lake	IN	Sharp Rock Inlet	Heights	Hobbit Site	Cleminshaw's
7/25	Windsor Lake	Rapid	Lac Divide	Kaa Lake	Sunnywater Lake	Wawiagama	Lady Evelyn	IN	IN	IN
7/26	Rest	Pym Island	Kipawa River	Wabun Lake	Rest	Sturgeon River	Hobart Lake	IN	IN	IN
7/27	Below Junction	Katie's Creek	Lac Dumoine	Sunnywater Lake	Smoothwater Lake	Rawson Lake	Rest	Sharp Rock	Kokoko Lake	Sharp Rock
7/28	Pym Island	Streatfield River	Rest	The Forks	Mihell Lake	McConnell Bay	Centre Falls	Diamond Lake	Sharp Rock	Diamond Lake
7/29	16 Island	Muketi Bush Site	Twin Falls	Florence Lake	Scarecrow Lake	Rest	Lady Evelyn	Lady Evelyn Lake	Lady Evelyn	Lady Evelyn Lake
7/30	River	Misissa River	Canoe Eater	Rest	Paul Lake	Wolf Lake	Rest	Walsh Lake	Lady Evelyn Narrow	Hobart Lake
7/31	Attawapiskat River	Attawapiskat River	Big Steele	Pinetorch	Kettle Falls	Karl Lake	Diamond Lake	Rest	Lady Evelyn Lake	Diamond Lake
8/1	Big River Island	Attawapiskat River	Rest	Lake #8	The Gorge	Grassy Lake	Wakimika Lake	Diamond Lake	Sugar Lake	Willow Island Lake
8/2	Birthday Cakes	Attawapiskat River	Z Rapids	Dorothy Lake	Upper Goose	Turtlesell Lake	Obabika Lake	Wakimika Lake	Rest	Lady Evelyn Lake
8/3	Rest	Woodlot	Red Pine	Wakimika Lake	Wawiagama Lake	Gull Lake	Exploration	Obabika Lake	Lady Evelyn Lake	Diamond Lake
8/4	Attawapiskat	Attawapiskat	Bowman's Portage	Obabika Lake	Obabika	Skunk Lake	Obabika Inlet	Obabika Inlet	Sharp Rock	Sharp Rock
8/5	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami
8/6	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami
8/7	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun

Wabun A	Wabun B	Wabun C	Wabun T	Chippy J	Base Camp
Conor Finnegan	Aaron Coleman	Evan Foster	Isaac Traynor	Matt Joyall	Nobby Hinchman
Rob Meffert	Will Ryan	Noah Traynor	Chris Cortazar	James Kent	Julie Hinchman
Simon Anderson	Josh Eichmann	Eric Albers	Pierce Hovey	Evan Albers	Ann Hinchman
Aidan Brennan	Parker Haskett	Leo Goldenberg	Kiran Paris	Hutton Flakne	Debi Mudd
Joe McCarthy	Loukas Pantazopoulos	Charles Heywood	Matt Joyall	Mason Walmsley-Farr	Marg Lewis
McKee, Liam	David Simmons	Graeme Jagger	Axel Ayotte	Eli Hatheway	Dick Lewis
Liam Ross	Finn Sullivan	Seamus Monahan	Jack Ennis	Jack McCarthy	Jessica Lewis
Truman Urness	Harvey Wheeler	Levi Morales	Jasper Hinchman	Charlie Smith	Jason Lewis
Nate Watson		Chris Morris	Danny Melanson	Finn Wheeler	Sarah Flotten
Matt Wrede		Jack Moskow	Niko Paulson		Dave Thompson
			Miles Pierce	Chippy E	Jennifer Sinclair
			Carsen Valenta	Nick Everett	Cody Laronger
				Paul Birtwistle	Ashley Paul
				Jack Palen	Don Eagle
				Wyatt Augonia	Paul Sipp
				Will Barney	
				Noah Kastner	River
Cayuga A	Cayuga C	Wenonah	Wawatay		
Jo Moore	Emma Gwyn	Maddie Lehner	Lily Johnston	Nick Sheehan	Pete Gwyn
Olivia Hillmeyer	Olivia High	Lily Johnston	Sierra Cole	Elliot Strand	Brian Burns
Ella Barney	Leda Brownstein	Lily Turner	Sophia Hoag		Erin Little
Sage Cole	Rosie Baquie	Angie Forbes	Quincy Grayce		John Paulson
Lucy Fremont-Smith	Aine Lally	Julia Baquie	Kenna Hutchins		Steve Smith
Jayna Hatheway	Savannah Lewis	Maddie Elmer	Fiona Kilbridge		Laura Longworth
Avalon Hinchman	Elle Meffert	Dylan Grabar	Sophie Kilbridge		
Elise Pope	Lucia Metz	Lilah Hatheway	Vivienne Pope		
Ella Vertenten	Elizabeth Schrim	Hayden Meffert	Cecilia Scriver		
Lucy Watson	Alex Strand	Addy Osgood	Julia Strle		
	Libby Walker	Natalie Scriver			
	River Wolfe	Clare Strong			
		Alexandria Zeytoonjian			

Cayuga A Log



Hello everyone, I'm Jo, and with the help of Olivia over there I led the ladies of Cayuga A on our Long Trip this summer. Our section of 10 has a combined 58 years of Wabun experience under our belts, an impressive resumé which led me to choose a classic route for our summer: a journey of six weeks on the Cat, Otoskwin, and Attawapiskat Rivers, ending on the shores of James Bay. This trip was a classic: a good trip, among good friends. The end made us sad—why wouldn't it? Six long weeks of spending every waking and sleeping moment together will do that to a group of girls. We began the summer as a cohesive unit, thanks to many prior summers as a section, and thus I learned that these ladies do EVERYTHING together, and I do mean everything. Filling a Nalgene? At least one other person will offer to join you. Going to the bathroom? Count on a couple of buddies — even if they don't need to go themselves. One person gets a cold? The whole section will hop on

that train. One person tries Thai Chili sauce? Now we all agree that Thai Chili sauce is the spice of life. All joking aside, the community and unity of these girls spread through the section and made every day, no matter how long or how big the headwind or how cold, an enjoyable one. Trip asked a lot from us this summer, and we answered loudly and strongly... usually with some variation of "Xanadu."

And let me give you a taste of our route this summer: we began on Lake St Joseph on June 30th, a 20 hour bus ride from Temagami, with some very beefy wannigans. Luckily (or unluckily) for us, the first three days are pure paddling across this massive lake, allowing us to warm up our arms while eating down our loads. Lake St Joseph, or Lake St Joe for short – or Lake St Me, if you're me – handed us a headwind for our start as we bent our paddles and bows westward into the trip. Weren't we relieved to arrive at the Cat River where it joins the lake and begin our UPSTREAM work? Actually, yes, we were. The Cat system is a beautiful series of lakes connected by rocky swifts and rapids, and as we paddled past those smooth whale-back rocks and up those smooth flowing swifts we practiced our water-reading skills. There is no better way to learn the clever ways that current can manipulate your canoe than to push against it as you work your way up the watershed, and we found ourselves falling tired in our tents at the end of each day, content with our efforts upstream, but waiting for and anticipating our crossover to our next section of trip and downstream travel.

You know how in space movies when they take off in one direction, then swing around and rocket away in the opposite direction? That's like what we did. Our



SECTION LOGS 2019

work up the Cat took us to Cat lake, from which we spent a day walking through arctic bog and cloudberries in the wet moss as we crossed watersheds. A glorious rest day rewarded our efforts, along with chocolate raspberry bannock, and the next day we began traveling east – picking up momentum all the while. As the first tug of current moved under our canoes in the narrow creek that grows into the mighty Otokwin River, so we practiced our new, downriver travel skills: like paddling in river order.

First in river order, and in my bow, was Ella Barney. Likes: campsite real-estate. Dislikes: “friendly rivalry”. Close behind are Sage and Jayna, who are big fans of the section ghost (hi, Naya) and not fans of sleeping hamburger style in the tent. Next come Ella Vertenten and Avalon. They like s p e e d, especially being the first to the fly, but they do not like MOL. They are followed by Lucy Watson and Elise, who are very anti-boredom (and therefore always engaged in an in-depth conversation) but very pro-spray-on sunscreen of all sorts – only applied at the first break to account for superstition, of course. Finally comes Lucy F-S, who is quite in favor of paddling hard to stay warm, and is less fond of... well, I’m not really sure, since Lucy, our newest camper, was also the most eager to volunteer to help and who picked up rolling, tumping, and general canoe tripping so quickly it’s like she was born to do it.

As this line of red canoes wove its way down the narrow, steep and rocky upper Otokwin, we watched moose grazing, countless eagles soaring, and otter and

beaver bobbing through the ripples. We ran some small, little shots... and some longer, epic, bobsled-run, half-kilometer long and ten-foot wide chutes of gushing water... and some big, straight, rollercoaster rides that we pulled off to bail immediately after, whooping and grinning. The Otokwin grows as it flows east, its banks widening, its rapids strengthening, its current cooking. Our section grew, too, as the routine of paddling, rapid-running, and pulling up on shore every night to feast on our delicious meals was in full swing. Our strength grew not only physically but as a cohesive unit, and I watched as we took on a new capacity for teamwork and ease of wilderness travel together. Obstacles like the Ho-Chi-Minh, one of several longer portages to finish out the upper Otokwin, actually energized and refreshed us as we tested our strength against challenges and found that we were fully capable.

With trip feeling like it was flowing past a little too quickly, we cruised down the lower Otokwin, pulling into eddies for a break now and then, or stopping to camp beside several powerful, crashing sets of waterfalls. The final stretch of the Otokwin, a several-kilometer long set of continuous whitewater, is called the Train Tracks, and the river drops 30 meters of elevation in that short distance. The water level this year was perfect, and it challenged all of our whitewater skills as the river pours out into Kabania Lake, Attawapiskat Lake, and the headwaters of the Attawapiskat River. We picked up some groceries and mail in Neskantaga, loaded our canoes, and turned towards the final leg of the summer,



eager to experience what Big River Travel is like.

And what is Big River Travel? Well, with all but three portages in the trip already behind us, it's mostly paddling. It's the joy of waking up to river mist clouding the almost-risen sun, and watching it burn off as the glassy water breaks under your bow, sending tiny ripples in an ever-widening trail behind your canoe. It's chilly pink sunsets, gazing across to the far bank almost a kilometer away, knowing the next day holds only more space and deep field-of-vision sights. It's cruising at 12 kilometers per hour as the big river, full to the brim with water this year, carries you smoothly down. The tall, dark spruces lining the shores create a sense of closeness and quiet as they dip their tag alder skirts in the high water; then, suddenly, limestone rapids and swifts take your bow and pull you in; long sets of tossy, fast waves with cliffs flying past on either shore. Big River Travel is floating 8 kilometers during midmorning break. It's freezing your butt off in pouring rain and a massive tailwind one day, and sweating on a windless, sunny day the next, and somehow the days still blur together with the easy rhythm of dip and swing. It's falling into moss or swimming behind your canoe or hearing wolves yip early in the day; it's watching bear lope up the sand bank and eagles circle your canoe as you interrupt their land, their territory, for a fleeting moment.

I'm sitting on a Birthday Cake. We just shot a maze of limestone islands, cliffs shooting up out of the dark water, canoes scooting down the woven channels. Then we ate cold mac and cheese, with the last of our one true love Sweet Baby Ray, gazing out from our perch atop a limestone cliff – and now, I'm watching bread rise by the fire. Our grilled cheeses tonight will be probably the best thing since... well, since sliced bread, and it's surreal to me that you all are here, with me, on this Birthday Cake. I'm looking at the river curling past, imagining what tomorrow's scenery will be like, and trying not to imagine what the final days of trip will bring. I hope that you, right now, are taking a moment to savor everything that we have built for ourselves: the peaceful, love-filled, strong, joyous world we created for ourselves this summer. I want you to feel this feeling of contentment, of confidence, of self-assuredness that I feel emanating from you right now when you look back on this moment in the future. And as I write from on top of the world, from on top of this Birthday Cake from August first, I'm sending our future selves all this good, strong

trip love, all the way from almost-the Bay. I know our coming moments will be full of happy tears, sad tears, and lots of paddling still to come, but always remember: you strong beautiful women did it. I can't wait to close out our summer with you, and thank you. I love you so much.

Wabun A



This summer was one for the books. The 8 campers who made up this section represented a combined total of 43 years of tripping experience under their belts. This suggested taking a route down the Pineimuta to be a worthwhile challenge. Starting in Kapkichi lake, 22 hours northwest of Temagami, we began our trip to the Bay. Traveling down the Pipestone through last year's burns made the portages a walk in the park. The days following were anything but as we began our crossover to the Attawapiskat watershed. Walking and cutting our way up the Forester creek and into Forester Lake, it became clear to us that this territory hadn't seen a human soul in over 10 years. This became the case for the entire Pineimuta, as our first day was spent bushing a 1500yd portage for 5 hours using a compass bearing and slivers of flagging tape from years ago. Being the second section from Wabun to ever do this route, the boys handled the river with class, and with a sense of pride. I would be remiss if I didn't introduce all of you to this group of true Wabun trippers: having finished his 2nd Bay trip this summer, Aidan Brennan brought bay-trip wisdom and leadership to our section; Simon, Joe, Nate, and Liam McKee brought with them 18 summers of tripping experience that proved to be invaluable on our most grueling of days; Liam Ross jumped from Wabun D to Wabun A this summer and rose to the occasion that came with this

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new degree of canoe tripping; Truman Urness made sure that things that needed to get done, got done; And Matt Wrede, our local fisherman, provided our section with 4 nights of fish filets for dinner. But the wildlife didn't stop with the fish, as over the course of the summer we encountered 28 moose, 2 wolves, 300-400 eagles, and 5 black bears, including 1 pesky black bear that gave the Sheriff's Department a run for their money. But not to fear, Sheriff Finnegan and Deputy Meffert were quick on the scene in full uniform of boxers and crocks, strapped to the gills with bear bangers. Mission accomplished. This suspicious bear activity occurred in Neskantaga, our re-outfitting point, before our final push to the coast. In the weeks following we traveled 400 miles down the Attawapiskat to our ultimate destination of James Bay. Perhaps one of our greatest moments was the section swim we took in the Arctic Ocean to celebrate the accomplishment of finishing our 6-week journey. Rob and I can say with ease that this group is one of the most proactive, insightful, and well-traveled group of campers that we have ever tripped with. It was an honor to travel with you boys this summer, and we hope our waterways cross again. It is time to debungee one last time and paddle our separate ways until June 2020 when we can do this again. Thank you!

Wabun B

Note: The first section was a joke, so it may not appear too funny here but I will try.

Log: Wabun B 2019. We did three things incredibly well this summer. 1. WE cooked really good food! B. We made really good calls! Trois. We looked really good!

You're probably asking yourselves right now, "why are these guys yelling?" GREAT QUESTION! This log was typed in capital letters! SEE! (*shows the paper with LOG written*) Nibby I'm sorry, are you ok?

In all seriousness, this year the men of Wabun





B traveled down the Dumoine River. The Dumoine is a unique and special river. A five-day stretch of spacious cedar groves, tall pines, and bass to spare. We arrived at this paragon of rivers by paddling off the Wabun dock and eastward through stretches of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. Many times this summer we reflected on our own privilege of seeing clearwater lakes and undammed wild rapids. These formative experiences guided our band as a section, thus being able to overcome any trial or tribulation the bush had to offer us. 30 days together has been a joy that we will not soon forget.

Aaron and I were bestowed a unique opportunity this summer. We were given six lads who had never been to Wabun before. A daunting task on the surface, but due to the six boys that we met on June 26th and their exceptional attitudes and willingness to learn, it quickly became no task at all. Josh, Lukas, David, Parker, Harvey, and Finn - We can not put into words how lucky we were to have you in our section, and just how easy you made our jobs. Watching you all grow into competent, strong, knowledgeable canoe trippers is an experience Aaron and I will never forget. And as the ancient, warrior-poet Drake once said, “started from the bottom now we’re here”. We hope you take the experiences you’ve earned this summer home with you, and we hope to see you on Garden Island again next summer. Much love to you all.

Cayuga C

Hi, my name is Emma and this summer I was the Cayuga C head staff with Olivia High. Before I tell you about our summer, I want to let you in on an inside joke. Olivia started calling the girls chickies this summer,

which later turned into chickens. One night on our last trip after a long day of portaging, we imagined the many scenes from our summer so far as if it were just Olivia, me, and nine chickens. So, as I recount our tales, I want you, too, to picture the snapshots with nine chickens.

On our first trip this summer, we headed north-east for the Aston - Turner loop. There is a good amount of portaging on this trip, and they whipped us into good portaging shape in no time. Our two new campers picked up the Wabun Way with ease with the help of our more experienced trippers. Elle Meffert was a strong paddler from the get-go and excelled as a bow in the camper canoes from day one. She also found her calling making delicious food over an open fire. Aine Lally, our resident rock beaver, also found her true passion this summer, which is loading and unloading canoes... Little did she know how much she would use that skill on our trips to come. It was also on the first trip that a theme emerged. Our moniker became “11 young women working hard together and moving very large trees for the common good.” You can ask them about that later.



For our second adventure of the summer, we promised our chickens an easier trip to Wasaksina, Iceland, and Spawning lakes. There were still many portages, but we also had some half days. On one particularly productive half day, some of the girls learned how to split wood, while two others caught our first and only two fish of the summer. Savannah Lewis caught the first one, her first fish ever! She is our most seasoned camper and it was especially apparent when we reached the

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rivers on our most recent trip. She sterned down rapids and swifts with ease. River Wolfe caught our second fish of the summer and her attention to detail allowed her to thrive in my bow on the last trip. As the first person down every rapid and many portages, she guided the path of our section as we meandered through the bush.

Our final trip of the summer and the one we had been anticipating with heightened nerves and excitement, took us north to Wabun Lake and then back south down the Sturgeon River. Now, people call it “the walk to Wabun Lake”, but we want to rename it “the climb to Wabun Lake” as every portage is uphill and every day you ask yourself when will Canada run out and the sky begin. Canoe 42 powered up the steep hills with Rosie Baquie and Libby Walker carrying up the embankments like champs. On long days, Elizabeth Schrim kept our spirits high with her rousing pep talks of “Come on guys, let’s motivate!” On day seven, we reached Wabun Lake and imagined all of the past sections who had passed through there.

We also assumed that we had reached the top of the seemingly endless hill. But the following day we had one last uphill push for a rest day on the beautiful Sunnywater lake, where our chickens splashed around in the clear blue water. It was all downhill from there, the portages of course. When others were unable to carry their loads on trails, Leda Brownstein always stepped up to the plate with enthusiasm (despite us not doing her favorite trip and the more traditional DWO route to Diamond, Wakimika, and Obabika lakes, but instead the alternative route through Diamond, Wabun, and Obabika lakes). Eventually, we made it to the upper Sturgeon River where most of our downhill travel would occur. In the shallow swifts of the river, Alex Strand exhibited unending patience with her not one, but two very spirited bowman and took on the role of Gumperts Queen, serving it up every lunch.

As our days together dwindled, we had some more paddling and a little less portaging. Our chickens used their extra energy for some fun things like dying their feathers with Gumperts and memorizing all of the countries in the world... chickens... memorizing countries.

Our summer has been full of memories, laughter, and portaging... 92 portages to be exact, with 65 of them totaling 27 kilometers and occurring in our last 20 days. These nine chickens have worked so, so hard and I am very grateful to have spent the last six weeks with them. Girls... Chickens, take these memories home with you and remember that it is never really the last watermelon. Thanks.

Wabun C

Hi everyone. My name is Evan Foster and I’m the head staff for Wabun C alongside my assistant Noah Traynor. This summer we went on three trips around the Temagami area. Each trip brought us new stories so we decided to do this log as chapters of a book, Wabun C: Heavy Boxes, Happy Campers and Wet Maps.



Prologue. We started our summer with two trips, one that took us to the Montreal River and the other down the Temagami River. These trips allowed the new campers to learn the Wabun way and gave the returning campers some time to get back into it. Like many good books, characters are introduced throughout the entire story, some characters come in earlier than others. Levi's introduction came early on when he earned his nickname Land Dog that stuck with him for the rest of the summer. As all of the other campers were swimming one day, Levi decided to stay out of the water. Noah looked over at him and asked "you're a land dog, aren't you?" He replied with a simple yup. From then on as the other campers would come and go swimming, Land Dog would simply stay dry.

On our second trip, Chris, a first year camper, really stepped up to the plate when he started carrying one of the camper canoes. Chris picked up the j stroke with ease and quickly become one of the leaders of the section. He was a huge asset for the section!

As we approached mid season, we were all preparing for our final trip to Wabun Lake. We were truly hitting our stride as a section at this point. Also, by this point Charlie had become our bannock maker for the section. He picked it up as if he had been making bannocks his

whole life, and soon he was completely making bannocks from start to finish with excellent results. A big shoutout to Charlie for all the amazing bannocks. Charlie also had one of the best quotes of the summer when he said, "I kind of like going through immense pain and then having the relief of finishing it." You're in the right place my friend. So with big smiles, heavy boxes and a whole lot of tuna, we headed north for our final trip. Our story was just beginning.

Chapter 1: Speed Dating. Bam, bam, bam! Portage after portage came and went as we worked our way up the Lady Evelyn River. It was like speed dating. Named portages kept appearing in front of us. So here we were, at a portage speed dating event. Not as fun as it sounds. First up was Frank, described as easy when dry but difficult when wet. Lives up to its description. Luckily, it was all dry for us. Next was Helen. Helen was described to us as "a nice climb, difficult for some campers." Helen wasn't nice at all, just difficult. Had to pass on Helen. Up next was Katherine. Katherine was a beautiful lake that gave us the rest that we needed after a couple of hard days. Katherine was definitely the best so far with a campsite that was full of blueberries - the most i have ever seen. This part of the trip was when Eric showed us his true grit and determination as he



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powered through the portages while carrying one of the camper canoes. From one rock to another, he seemed to effortlessly finish each portage. Great job Eric. Our final candidate was Elizabeth. Elizabeth was a steep, steep 70 meter portage with a beautiful waterfall right next to it. Short and sweet. Unfortunately Noah had some trouble with Elizabeth as he slipped into the water not only during the loading but the unloading too. I guess they just didn't get along. In the end, each candidate gave us something special that we won't forget anytime soon. A big thanks to all of them and the Lady Evelyn River.

Chapter 2: Game Time Decision. So, there's this portage. it's about 4 kilometers long and it's called the Gamble. Yea that's right, the Gamble. Scary name for a portage. Theoretically, if you do the Gamble, it cuts out about two days of the Wabun Lake trip as you don't have to do some hard portages up and around the Gamble, you instead walk for 4 kilometers straight. So, naturally we ended up doing both the hard portages and the Gamble. We went up and around to Wabun Lake and back



down to Sunnywater, a gorgeous dead lake with some of the clearest water we all had ever seen. we were truly awed by its beauty. Jack was among the most excited as he was a big swimmer and couldn't wait to jump into the blue water and look 40 feet down to actually see the bottom. His passion and appreciation for the places that we went to were infectious to all of us and it was a delight to have him in the section this summer. So, after a good rest on Sunnywater, we headed out towards the Gamble. The gamble is long! Someone had recently cut it though

leaving us with a nice cut trail and nothing too difficult. We were delayed by a storm that hit us half way through our second load so we hunkered down for a lightning drill until we could safely travel again. Eventually, after about 5 hours, we had successfully gambled, and came out on top at the end of the portage. It was a great end to a fantastic chapter.

Chapter 3: Bobby, Grab the Fanno! Our final chapter of the book. It went something like this. Portage, short paddle, portage, some creek work, cut a trail, portage, short paddle, portage, portage, portage, portage. I think you get it. We started this chapter on the beautiful Florence Lake where we found where an old Wabun section had stayed some years ago after we couldn't find a site due to lots of people on the lake. Our first day we spent going down the Ames creek that surprised us with some uncut trails and beaver dams to get over. Graeme really stepped up as Seamus and he conquered the canoe together going through some of the hardest portages we did this summer. Graeme and Seamus' constant determination to fight through the tough times really shone through in his performance and we couldn't have asked for more from him. Graeme also makes a killer frosting to go with the bannocks made by Charlie. A true bannock maker duo. After a long day we finally made it to Pinetorch Lake, where we quickly set up camp and ate dinner. What a day! Our next day was the big portage day where we had ten portages to do through the numbered lakes. I think we all started to lose count after five or six as they started to blend together. But wow the lakes were beautiful, giving us the boost we needed to get to the end. After a long, long day, we ended on Lake #14 where we feasted on some delicious RCB (rice, cheese, bacon). The final stretch led us to Dorothy Lake after going down the Nasmith creek. But to get there we had to do the Nasmith Drop. a 1600 meter portage that drops about 120 vertical meters through a burn from last year. We spent the morning cutting the trail and then portaging it until we popped out onto the Nasmith creek. Leo was a beast as he carried the baker all the way to the end. Leo's growth over the last six weeks was amazing to watch as we saw him go from hating portages to actually kind of enjoying them. He has such an appreciation for the remote areas that we went to and his face would light up when a bird flew overhead or cliffs would appear in the distance. Leo, great job this summer! We finally finished the portage and headed down

the creek - we had to walk most of it until we reached the portage to Dorothy Lake. From Dorothy, we headed to Wakimika Lake where we were quickly brought back into well traveled areas and out of the remoteness of the numbered lakes.

Epilogue. Our final days were shorter days filled with paddling that gave us the time to reflect on our recent trip. We had traveled far and seen some amazing sights during our time out there. To all of you, I want you all to take what you've learned from this summer and apply it to everything that you do at home. You all truly can do anything, I've seen it countless times this summer. Just believe in yourself and remember slow is smooth and smooth is fast. Thank you!

Wenonah



My name is Maddie. I have been leading the Wenonahs this summer with Lily and Angie. We went on some beautiful and fun trips going north, south, east and west. We paddled and portaged and paddled more. We made camp and cooked and swam just like every other section, but what really made this summer special was the group. So let me say a few words about them.

Addy, you impressed us as you unloaded the heaviest wannigans with ease. And your natural curiosity gave us answers to the questions we did not know we had, like: what do crawfish taste like? Or how do you dissect a minnow in a moving canoe? Allie, you picked up sterning quickly and never failed to make the section smile and laugh with your silly and whimsical demeanor. Clare you developed into a strong tripper this summer and when you weren't powering your wannigan across

the portage trail, your detailed narration of horror movies entertained, but also shocked us. Hayden, as one of our first-year campers you embraced Wabun fully, and you were always ready to keep your sternman Lily in line with a well-timed splash of the paddle. Jules you were helpful around the campsite, lending a hand when things got busy. Your stories kept the staff entertained while your steady flow of questions kept us on our toes. Lilah, I didn't know what to expect when we first put the canoe on your head, but it took one, maybe two portages before you were basically trotting down the trail without breaking sweat. Maddie, you helped power your camper canoe forward. And your endless knowledge of pop culture (and Ariana) punctuated with a patronizing: "You don't know who that is?" somehow made your 19 and 21 year old staff feel older than they are. Natalie, you surprised and delighted us with your moments of wit, and your detailed knowledge of books pulled us out of brutally long silences during bannock trivia. And finally, Lily and Angie, I have had so much fun working with you these six weeks. Thank you for everything you have done and having the same appreciation for very high flies as I do. These girls have made this summer, so enough of me talking, let me bring them up here so they can tell you more about our trips.

Wenonah Song to Don't Stop Believing:

Just a Wenonah
 Tripping in her red canoe
 'Bout to climb High Rock
 With her staff and crew

Just got on kp
 Always in the mood to bake
 Took our paddles up to
 Mountain Lake

Caught some good size bass
 Thanks to Hayden and Angie our staff
 Found enough blueberries for me and me and me and me

One pot gluten free
 Second pot just vegie
 Third pot peanut free
 Trust us they're not that picky



Rest days, 2ks
Wenonahs can do it all
Maple Mountain and
Center Falls

Wabun Wabun Wabun
Yay Wabun
Wenonah Wenonah Wenonah
Yay!

Wabun T (First Session)

Hey everybody, I'm Pierce, and I'm one of the five staff of the amazing Wabun T. Right about now you might be wondering, "who are those handsome devils



over there?" Well the answer to that question is Miles "The Singer" Pierce, Jack "Knots" Ennis, Danny "Water" Melanson, Jasper "Jazzy J" Hinchman, Niko "Beast-mode" Paulson, Axel "Tank" Ayotte, and Carsen "Su-Chef" Valenta. The section was led by Isaac Traynor, Matt Joyall, Kiran Paris, Chris Cortazar and me.

This fine group of gentlemen began their summer trekking through the infamous Wasaks-Iceland loop with ease. We started our trip out with jumping the deceiving Bear Island cliffs that look small until you are already in the air. On our second day of trip, the boys displayed their skills on the portage trail cruising through it like it was nothing. Axel, the camper stern carried a canoe with ease. He was a great example of not giving up on portages, and I think I still have much to learn from him. In our group, we had 4 returning campers who showed us that no matter how long they're gone their skills cannot be dulled, and 3 new campers who showed us that it takes literally no time to learn skills like tumping, rolling and the Wabun Way. With a unique blend of returning and new campers, the kids were helping each other learn their knots and anything else they struggled with. Carsen, was even teaching other campers about things he learned from his previous summer camp. On the afternoon of our second day, Miles caught what could be the first trip fish of the 2019 Wabun season. It was also the section's last fish caught



since then. That being said it was not our last cast and, boy, were the sticks and algae biting hard. Through our quick first trip, the kids enjoyed swimming in warmer than Temagami water, making s'mores on the campfire, and a deliciously made A-Mac.

On our second trip we went to Mountain Lake, another famous Wabun loop. We sailed with hammocks in the bow through the Northeast Arm, giving us time to have a floating chicken salad sandwich lunch and time to sit back and relax. Miles kept us entertained with his 15-second previews of every song he knows and any requests that anyone had. One could say ~He made our Earquake~. The campers also learned valuable skills in basecamp that they took on trip, like the art of friendship bracelets. Niko, Miles and Carsen worked on theirs and shared their knowledge with anyone listening. During this second trip, the boys learned how to handle a longer portage and they cruised through that as well. With distance under their belts, the boys were ready to carry canoes. Shoutout to Danny, Carsen and Niko for helping out their sternmen. Our arrival at Mountain Lake was welcomed with a sweet swimming spot. After that we trekked our way to the Rest day site on Manajigama Lake where we enjoyed even more swimming, a ton of pancakes and plenty of hammock relaxation time. Jack was always ready to help a lend under the fly

and eager to learn new knots with a P-Cord that I don't think ever left his hands. There's a possibility that he might have slept with it... who knows. As we neared the end of our second trip, Danny helped to hand to keep a smile on everyone's face and keep the positivity high, and Jasper offered tips to new campers and myself. I'm very excited to spend my next three weeks with these men and Mile's radiating happiness will be missed dearly. Thank you.

Wabun T (Second Session)

Hello everyone, my name is Isaac Traynor, and I led Wabun T together with Kiran Paris, Pierce Hovey, and Chris Cortozar with Matt Joyall joining us in the first three weeks.

The boys of Wabun T have unlimited energy. As I do not drink coffee, the way for me to keep up is to drink an entire pitcher of gumps everyday. Anyways...

I DROPPED DANNY'S FISH IN THE LAKE. HE CAUGHT A BIG WALLEYE WITH A BROKEN ROD, AND HE HAND REELED IT IN. IT WAS INCREDIBLE. AND IT SLIPPED OUT OF MY HANDS AND SWAM AWAY. WHOOPS. That doesn't have much to do with my log, but I've been hearing about it for the better part of 2 weeks. So I figured you

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should too.

You may be wondering, ‘Wabun T’? I’ve heard of Wabun A, B, C, and even D, but what is Wabun T. What does the “T” even stand for? Turtle? Tree? Tump? Tender? Tailwind? Tepid? Turquoise? Temagami!?

No, none of those...Wabun Tremendous. The Wabun T boys are indeed tremendous at many things as you will soon learn.

Act One – Bob and Friends: We began our second three weeks with a week long trip on a new Wabun route through what I like to call the Name Lakes. In a moment, you’ll here from Wabun C about the numbered lakes, we’ll these are the Name Lakes. James Lake, Bob Lake, Virginia Lake...Thunderhead Lake...Log Lake... you know, common names.

The route cuts straight West from Sharp Rock Inlet to Bob Lake and then South to Obabika; instead of going from Diamond to Obabika via Bob which has commonly done. It is actually quite well traveled, just not by Wabun in recent memory. We quickly discovered why the route is so well used as we portaged on nice, clear trails from gorgeous lake to gorgeous lake and camped on beautiful sites. That being said, despite the trails being clear and easy to follow, we did seem to be walking uphill far more than we did downhill...which doesn’t really add up. The main highlight of the trip was Cliff Lake just North of Obabika. The lake has clear water and towering cliffs on the East shore including Spirit Rock which is a huge rock pillar standing away from the cliff. We spent the afternoon of a half day hiking to the top of the cliffs and eating blueberries at the top. Wabun

T...Tremendously Luxurious.

We ended the trip with a rest day after riding a tailwind all the way from Cliff Lake to Clemenshaws in one day. After a day of cliff jumping, we had a bonfire on the rocky point. Worry not, the monster pot was full and ready to dose any unruly flame. Wabun T...Tremendous Precautions.

Intermission for Camper Quotes and Favs:

- “I’m gonna buy Miles’ dead chameleon, so I can eat it.”
- Staff: “Have you seen Shrek?” Camper: “Is he the alien fat guy?”
- “Are you actually gonna write that down?” Isaac: “Yes, everytime.”
- “1929? That’s like when Jesus was alive.”
- “If you poured gumps into the dirty Platypus, would it filter to water?”
- Before our second loads of the Kelly, Kiran: “Alright I’ll catch you on the flipping flop.” Camper: “Cool...I’ll catch you on the other end of the postage.”
- “My grandfather’s favorite fruit is blueberries.” Just kidding that was Pierce
- Jasper said this one “I wish my dad was more like Reece Echelberger.” Just kidding I made that one up, or did I? There’s really no way to know...

Camper Favorites:

- Jack: “The muskeg postage, definitely. Definitely the most fun I had all summer”



- Niko: “Swimming in the lagoon thing, Paradise Lagoon”
- Danny: “When you threw my fish back in the lake.” Oof
- Carsen: “The long days. When we did all that lining and portaging to that sick site at the falls.” That’s what this is all about!
- Axel: “Camping next to the big waterfall and Paradise Lagoon.”
- Jasper: “I don’t know, cliff jumping is always a highlight. McConnell Bay Beach site.”

Act Two – The Real Bay: The two week trip McConnell Bay and Wolf Lake is as rewarding as it is strenuous...very. On Day 3 of the trip, my bowman Danny asked me why we were having a rest day at McConnell Bay on day 5?

Because Isaac is tired...

Paddling South and then North on Rawson Lake, we had a headwind both ways, and the boys could finally empathize with their grandparents when they said they walked to school as kids and it was uphill both ways. Wabun T...Tremendous Character Building.

So after 4 long, exhausting days, we made it to McConnell Bay. Beautiful beach. Beautiful clear, blue water. Awesome campsite. Does anyone want to venture a guess as to what the boys of Wabun T wanted to do on their rest day? No really, I’m asking, anyone? (Response of normal rest day activity) That would make sense wouldn’t it? No...the Wabun T boys wanted to return to the previous postage, infamous for its deep muskeg pit, to play in said muskeg pit. Wabun T...Tremendously Unusual.

Raise you hand if you are familiar with Type 1 fun and Type 2 fun. Some? Most? Well for those who don’t know, Type 1 fun is something while you’re doing it like cliff jumping. Type 2 fun is something that’s fun after the fact when you’re telling someone about it like a long paddle in the rain. Everyone understand? Cool.

Well the remainder of the trip after McConnell Bay was entirely Type 1 fun. Wolf Lake? Paradise Lagoon? More long days? The 3.5km Kelly portage? Portaging into Gull twice? All classic examples of Type 1 fun.

Sarcasm aside, that awful muskeg postage into McConnell Bay was actually genuine Type 1 fun for these boys...odd.

But we made it to the end and had an awesome summer. Like all sections, we had our highs and lows; our goods days and our bad. But I found myself smiling and laughing through it all. These boys radiate laughter and happiness, and this was quite possibly the most fun section of boys I’ve had the pleasure of staffing. From the most to least experienced, these boys are just good trippers. They work together and they have each other’s backs on tough days. I couldn’t be more proud of these boys, and I can’t wait to continue to watch them continue to grow into seasoned trippers in future summers. Thanks for an awesome summer boys! Wabun T... Tremendously Tremendous.

Wawatay



Hi, my name is Lily and I was the head staff of the Wawatays alongside Soso Hoag and Sierra Cole. With the Wawatays we had some long paddling days and while watching the scenery and singing 99 Wabun canoes on the wall passed the time, we found that stories were perhaps the best way to occupy us. So, Wawatays, I now present to you a story. It is mostly true and is not the plot to a Disney movie that I am summarizing for lack of other inspiration. It is called, “Snow White and the 7 Wawatays.”

Once upon a time there were 7 Wawatays they arrived on garden island, lake Temagami around 5 o’clock on June 18th. They formed a group with diverse personalities and interests but with a few defining characteristics: a love of swimming; and singing and eating any sugar within reach. But before I go any further, let me introduce the characters.

First, Kenna (doc) the admirably impish. One morning she was down to the fly in 6 minutes where

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she was waiting when the staff emerged from their tents. Next Julia, the determined. Our most avid swimmer and a singer of songs across genres with her beautiful voice. Fiona, the bay tripper. Whether cutting onions in swimming goggles or one woman sawing with the two-woman saw, everything was done with an abrupt purpose. Then Quincy, the positive. Always willing to lend a helping hand or hug, she was the greatest appreciator of trip food, for which the chefs were ever grateful. Cecelia the stoic. Without a whimper, Cecelia would carry any load we put on her head at the beginning of the portage while her dead pan humor kept us in laughter on the site. Sophie the carrier of heavy wannigans and the ever helpful with everything from making calzone dough to loading canoes. Vivianne the vivacious, a second-year camper, always willing to teach others the Wabun way. As for the staff, the girls cast Sierra as Snow White and Soso as the huntsman. I was the evil Queen, but we won't read too much into that.

After assembling in base camp to learn the ropes and gear up. Off to work we went, paddling down South to Cross and Wassaksina lakes, a traditional Wabun trip where we learned what it really meant to be a canoe tripper and a Wawatay. A brief stop back in base camp, brought the 7 Wawatays into close contact with their arch nemesis - the Chippies, They duelled in competitive games of stones and rock-paper-scissors matches off the

jumping tower.

Then off the Wawatays went on their next great adventure. Paddling North, surfing a fierce tail wind, camper stern Vivianne showed prowess guiding her canoe through tall waves. As we headed North the Wawatays thirst for adventure did not falter. We decided that the advice "don't go chasing waterfalls" was for those of weaker wills and backs and with our sights set on Center Falls we took to the portage trail. Sophie impressed us as she carried a staff wannigan and made it look easy. That night the Wawatays, weary from the trail, found that no campsite awaited their efforts. Instead we made our home on an overgrown bush site. Wawabay? The site ended up being cozy, but the rocks were a little slippery as Quincy found out when she tried to help another camper out of the water and ended up going for a dinner-time, full-dry-clothes swim of her own.

The next day we spent at Center Falls Swimming in the shoots and enjoying the true fairy tale beauty of the Lady Evelyn River. The next leg of the journey took us back down South to the legendary Diamond, Wakimika, Obabika loop. We enjoyed long paddling days, lots of singing and even a swim from the canoes. The 7 Wawatays faced up to the notoriously tricky Diamond to Lane lake portage without a trace of cowardice. Kenna led the camper wannigan line through the rocky obstacle course with a steadiness and patience rivaling that of

the staff and Gandalf. At the end, copious amounts of blueberries awarded our efforts. Julia filled her pockets and then we feasted on blueberry lunch bannock the next day. With the portage behind us, we headed to the Wakimika creek. Fiona expertly navigated through the narrow, and twisting channel and we all appreciated the rich animal and plant life (though perhaps not the beaver dams.) Our final obstacle was the last portage of the summer onto Temagami — our bowman portage — where each camper tried carrying a canoe. When we put the canoe on Cecilia she just started walking and didn't stop. Afterwards she asked, "can I always carry a canoe?" - A little late Cecilia... but next year.

As the summer drew to a close the Wawatays emerged from the bush victorious from their best adventure yet. In all the clamor of being home-coming heroes, we must not forget the moral of the story. And that is this: If 7 wawatays go on a canoe trip you will find laughter, fun, friendships, just a little bit of chaos and an all around excellent time. Thank you 7 Wawatays and I look forward to the sequel in long paddles to come.

Chippy E

Hello, I'm Nick Everett, headstaff of the Chippy 'E' boys, and I was asked to give you a glimpse into our summer. So, a long, long time ago, on an island far away, the staff were waiting anxiously. They knew the boys of Chippy 'E' would come from across Temagami, and asked if they could see... I'm sorry I let the art student



write the log. So, you're reminiscing about the summer with your pals the other day. Back three weeks to when five boys, Nick, Noah, Wyatt, Will, and Elliot stepped onto the dock not quite sure what was in store. What was in store was an adventure in both the wilderness and the stage! Wait, Paul what stage? "All the world's a stage." We've talked about this, Veto'd. Moving on, the boys spent one day being introduced to the Wabun way: tumping; paddling; and how to set up a tent. With those skills in hand, we set out for a Wabun classic, the Cross-Wasaks loop. So, we crossed across Cross lake in a cross-wind hoping to get to Kokoko for cocoa, however, we did not do that in one day. It took us five, and we were disappointed to find out there was no cocoa in Kokoko. We did however meet a snapping turtle named John, and learned a bit about the boys. Will, always the energetic one, ready with a smile and usually at the fly in the morning before all the staff are there. Wyatt our one



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returning camper who seemed to pick up right where he left off - a local who knew where we were regardless of the turns. Nick, quickly picked up the hard skills of tumping and portaging, always powering through. Along with Wyatt, he was responsible for carrying the kitchen wannigan, which they did in style. Noah, the oldest camper, understood the necessity of our daily tasks and was always ready to aid in their completion. With a level of maturity not often found in boys of this age. Elliot, the ever inquisitive one, was always asking questions about our surroundings. Asking which campsite was ours, even if the day had just started. We ended our first trip with a nice tail wind into camp for two days of rest before our final trip.

Intermission... Act II, wait Paul why is there an intermission, and how many Acts are there, this is a log. Actually, don't answer that. Act II the Stallion's last ride, for our second trip we headed around the top of Lady Evelyn Lake and came back through Sugar Lake where the water is supposedly just a little sweeter. Along the way we had a bush BBQ and enjoyed some chili, along with a few camp classics, such as Bacon Alfredo and Pot Lag. On our exploration trip to Muskego Falls we were greeted by a huge bull moose and a bald eagle, and as we left we saw another moose off in the distance. We took a rest day on Sugar, with a picturesque view of the lake. We spent Wyatt's birthday on a three-tiered campsite called Tall Pine while filling as many meal requests as possible. After one last push south we could see our last campsite, Lower Clemenshaws'. We rested on our last day, getting everything ready for today. (Kick-line enters, pyrotechnics ignite, finale begins) Paul our budget was 50 cents, there's no way this is in budget. I'm sorry everyone if I keep going I might blow the budget out of

the water. The summer was amazing and the boys were wonderful. Thanks to everyone who helped make this summer possible, and thank you boys for an awesome time together.

Chippy J

For our first trip we headed east to Kokoko Bay. Returning campers began to shake off some paddling rust as new campers began familiarizing themselves with the Wabun Way. New and returning campers all got to experience their first bannock - of the smarties variety - together. From the Bay we made our way up to Kokoko Lake, getting our first taste of portaging - a 100m, a great way to learn the ropes. Eli impressed us with how quickly he got his tump knots locked down. We enjoyed some awesome swimming on Kokoko and closed out the day with smile and laughter around a roaring s'more campfire.

Day four began with our first longer portage, a 670m back onto Temagami. Although it was a good walk, it left Hutton hungry for more time weaving through the woods with his wannigan. Sunday night we had formal dinner, where we dressed to the tens. We even served our Oreo bannock on porcelain plates that had been snuck into a wannigan - thanks Pete!

Once back on Temagami we ascended Devil's Mountain, where we were rewarded with a great view and heaping slices of MOL for lunch. Before long, we were back in camp preparing for our second trip: Chippy J takes on Maple Mountain.

We set off for Maple Mountain under somewhat intimidating clouds, but Katy Perry Lyrics and Jack's enthusiasm for leading us in song helped us through. A solid day of paddling landed us in Sharp Rock Inlet,





where we started our dining experience off right with HAM STEAKS!

From there we moved onto Diamond Lake, then on to the Tall Pines campsite on Lady Evelyn. The following day we made it all the way to Hobart Lake, which was to be the starting point for our Maple Mountain Hike. The next day a short creek paddle and 3km climb took us up to the summit of Maple Mountain (second highest point in the province of Ontario), where we picked blueberries by the fistful. Said blueberries would later go into an epic lemon-blueberry bannock.

We all agreed that our Jolly Rancher fueled expedition up Maple was good challenge and highlight for many of us.

From Maple we moved on to Willow Island Lake, where we tried a new recipe, Thai Peanut Chicken Rice. It was sweet. Two portages saw us back onto Lady Evelyn, where Finn nailed down his ability to SELF-RANGER his wannigan. Impressive.

We retraced our steps back toward Garden Island for the last few days of the trip. We enjoyed good swimming and great food as we paddled back. Mason's laughter permeated the entire group, spreading good energy throughout.

Our 8th night, Charlie caught a small mouth Bass that the whole group got to enjoy with dinner. Mhmm that's GOOD BASS!

That evening we experienced a Wabun First: Nature Night, where we dressed as our favorite plant or tree and gathered for dinner in the woods. We even had "dirt", chocolate pudding with Oreos and gummy worms for dessert!

We closed out our last few days with cliff jumping at Clem's, a cocoa party with the Chippywawas, and a final bonfire accompanied by S'mores and sparklers. An awesome way to close out summer 2019. Thank you boys for embracing the challenge and joy of traveling in this pristine wilderness together.





The opportunities are rare, but still exist.

2018 CAMP PHOTO AND ITINERARIES



Wabun 2018

	CAYUGA A	WABUN A	CAYUGA B	WABUN B	MATTAWA	WABUN D	OBABIKA	WAWATAY	CHIPPY F	CHIPPY R
6/26/2018	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE		
6/27/2018	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		
6/28/2018	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN	IN		
6/29/2018	Travel	Travel	Cross Lake	Sharp Rock Inlet	Kokoko Bay	Sharp Rock Inlet	Shiningwood Bay	Obabika Inlet		
6/30/2018	Lake St. Joe	Kapkichi Lake	Temagami River	Lady Evelyn	Kokoko Lake	Diamond Lake	Denedus Lake	Devil's Mountain		
7/1/2018	Annimwash Lake	Bow River	Red Cedar Lake	Willow Island	Sharp Rock Inlet	End of Diamond Lake	Cross Lake	Cleminshaw's		
7/2/2018	Kasagimimis Lake	Steep Rock Rapids	Mann Lake	Center Falls	Diamond Lake	Wakimika Lake	Portage Bay	IN		
7/3/2018	Ochig Lake	Bow Lake	Ingall Lake	Shangra La	Wakimika Lake	Obabika Lake	Heights	IN		
7/4/2018	Wimbabika Lake	Before Froats Lake	Wasakina Lake	Rest	Obabika Lake	Rest	IN	Shinningwood Bay		
7/5/2018	400m Portage	Williams River	Heights	Diamond Lake	Upper Cleminshaw's	Charlie's	IN	Wasakina Lake		
7/6/2018	Steep Rock Rapids	Williams Lake	IN	Temagami	IN	IN	Sharp Rock	Portage Bay		
7/7/2018	Bow Lake	Kinloch Lake	IN	IN	IN	IN	Red Squirrel Lake	Heights		
7/8/2018	East of Bow Lake	Morris River	IN	IN	Devil's Bay	Gull Lake	Anaminipissing Lk	IN		
7/9/2018	Falls at Badesdawa	Rest	travel	travel	Temagami	Temagami	Ferguson Bay	IN		
7/10/2018	Before Gorge	Horseshoe Lake	Manitowik Lake	Goldie River	IN	IN	IN	IN		
7/11/2018	Kakagiwizida Lake	Pipestone ails	Dog Lake	Bolkow Lake	IN	IN	IN	Kioshkokwi Lake		
7/12/2018	Jervis Bay River	Hefford Lake	Missinabi Lake	Ribes Lake	Main Channel French R	Kioshkokwi Lake	Mink Lake	Whitebirch Lake		
7/13/2018	Ozhiski Lake	Wastayanipi Lake	Missinabi Lake	Abbey Lake	Crombie Point	Manitou Lake	Whitebirch Lake	Mink Lake		
7/14/2018	Rest	Assin Lake	Long Rapid	Little Miss River	Bottom of Lodge Channel	North Tea Lake	Kioshkokwi Lake	Kioshkokwi Lake		
7/15/2018	Train Tracks	Kingfisher Lake	Peterbell Marsh	Rest	Georgian Bay	Three Mile Lake	Heights	E Rock		
7/16/2018	Kabania Lake	Creek Before Asheweig	Wavy Rapids	Missinabi Lake	Dalles Rapids	Maple Lake	IN	IN		
7/17/2018	Attawapiskat Lake	Asheweig River	Thunder Falls	Long Rapids	Rest	Kioshkokwi Lake	IN	DEPART		
7/18/2018	Wapitotem Lake	Asheweig River	Rest	Peterbell	Main Channel French R	IN	Kioshkokwi Lake	ARRIVE	ARRIVE	ARRIVE
7/19/2018	Bartman Lake	Asheweig River	Brunswick Lake	Wavy Rapids	N	IN	Manitou Lake	IN	IN	IN
7/20/2018	Mistassin Lake	Asheweig River	Two Portage Falls	Thunder Falls	IN	drop - Cedar	North Tea Lake	Seal Rock	Kokoko Bay	Temagami Island
7/21/2018	Blackbirch Last	Rest	Pond Falls	Rest	drop Ostabonigue	Petawawa	Biggar Lake	Devil's Mountain	Kokoko Lake	Main Channel
7/22/2018	Rest	Long Dog Lake	Big Beaver	Brunswick Lake	Ostabonigue	Catfish Lake	Three Mile Lake	Kokoko Lake	Long Island	Heights
7/23/2018	Becker Lake	Kasabonika	Exploration Day	Two Portage Falls	Lac Pommeroy	Hogan's Lake	Rest	Heights	IN	IN
7/24/2018	Winisk Lake	Kasabonika	Mattice	Big Beaver	Lac Saseginaga	Lake la Muir	Maple Lake	IN	IN	IN
7/25/2018	Webequie	Big Split Falls	Black Feather Rapids	Mattice	Rest	Merchant's Lake	Kioshkokwi Lake	IN	Kioshkokwi Lake	Kioshkokwi Lake
7/26/2018	Bear Head Lake	Straight Lake	Isabel Island	Black Feather Rapids	Kipawa River	Big Trout Lake	IN	Lac Ostabonigue	Manitou Lake	Manitou Lake
7/27/2018	Toshka Rapids	Sourdough Rapids	Thunderhouse Falls	Isabel Island	Kipawa River	Burntroot Lake	IN	Lac Ostabonigue	North Tea Lake	North Tea Lake
7/28/2018	Gneiss Rapids	Rest	Rest	Thunderhouse	Kipawa River	Rest	Lac Ostabonigue	Rivere Audion	Biggar Lake	Biggar Lake
7/29/2018	Rest	Limestone Rapids	Bells Bay	Rest	Turner Falls	Whiskey Jack Lake	Lac Robert	Lac Pommeroy	Three Mile Lake	Rest
7/30/2018	Winiskissis Confluence	Asheweig Confluence	Pivabiskau River	Bells Bay	Sairs	Nippissing River	Lac Des Cinq Illes	Sasaginiga	Maple Lake	Three Mile Lake
7/31/2018	Before Bend	Before Bend	Soweska River	Pivabiskau River	Lac Sheffield	Litter Oster Lake	Lac Sasiginga	Rest	Rest	Maple Lake
8/1/2018	After Bend	Before Split Island	Below McCaig Creek	Soweska River	Lac Bedout	Erables	Lac du Bouleau	Lac des Cinq Illes	Kioshkokwi Lake	Kioshkokwi Lake
8/2/2018	Split Island	Split Island	Portage Island	McCaig Creek	Kipawa	Club Lake	Lac Kipawa	Lac Ostabonigue	Temagami	Temagami
8/3/2018	Peawanuck	Peawanuck	Confluence	Portage Island	Northeast Arm	Kioshkokwi Lake	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami
8/4/2018	Peawanuck	Peawanuck	Moose River	Moose River Crossing	High Rock	Northeast Arm	High Rock	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami
8/5/2018	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami
8/6/2018	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami	Temagami
8/7/2018	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun	Wabun

A CELEBRATION OF RELATIONSHIPS WITH BEAR ISLAND

A Celebration of Relationships with Bear Island: Two Who Have Followed the Ways of the Elders

By Walter "Nibby" Hinchman

A casual conversation with Robin Potts and Linda Mathias on the dock at Camp Wabun, while we were watching the Wabun girls' section which was heading for James Bay prepare for departure, caused me to look more closely at the participants and stimulated me to write what appears below.

The Temagami region in northern Ontario became known as long ago as the 1880s as one of the most beautiful areas in North America. Adventurers and tourists were attracted to the scenic beauty of Lake Temagami and its surroundings and promises of great fishing. As the railroad extended northward advertisements were published extolling the beauty of the area and steamboats appeared on the lake making all of the arms accessible. Some of the early campers decided to build cottages and return to the lake year after year.

Bear Island, located at the intersection of the five arms of Lake Temagami, is the traditional community of

the Teme-Augama Anishinabe and early tourists on the lake frequently went to the Hudson's Bay Company store located there to hire Teme-Augama Anishinabe guides for their fishing and canoeing trips. One of the guides in the early 1900s was Tom Potts who, in addition to leading trips in the local area, led several canoe voyages from Temagami to James or Hudson Bay. Philip Potts, also gained a fine reputation as a guide in the local Temagami region. Both men were kind, patient, resourceful men – ideal qualifications for a guide.

Because of the interlocking network of streams, rivers and lakes the region became known for its canoe-



Philip Potts



Tom Potts

ing opportunities. Summer camps for children were established. Today there are six, the earliest being Keewaydin which was established on Devil's Island before 1900. Two of oldest of these camps, Keewaydin and Wabun, play an important role in the story to follow. Both Keewaydin and Wabun were established as camps for boys and the majority of the campers came from the United States. Any sisters of Keewaydin and Wabun campers who wished to try their hand at living in the bush went to Camp Cayuga, a small program directed by Henry Woodman and his wife, Marjorie. After Henry passed away Camp Cayuga closed and there was no easily available alternative for sisters.

A CELEBRATION OF RELATIONSHIPS WITH BEAR ISLAND

In 1977 the men who were directing Camp Wabun decided to try a small program for campers' sisters, staff daughters and any other girls who wished to join. In a few years the program was deemed a success and even included girls with Keewaydin connections. Some years later Keewaydin followed suit and both camps now have strong, but separate, programs for boys and girls.

Kylie Burns, the daughter of Robin Potts (one of Wabun's early female campers) and Dan Burns grew up in the area and attended school on Bear Island and graduated from Widdifield high school in North Bay. In 2010 Kylie followed in her mother's footsteps and enrolled at Wabun as a camper. That season she travelled in the Temagami region going to such places as Mountain Lake and Wolf Lake. In the summer of 2011 her section ran the whitewater of the Dumoine River in Quebec and the following summer she was a member of a group that travelled for six weeks on the Attawapiskat River and its tributaries in northwestern Ontario. At age 16 Kylie applied for an assistant staff position, but no openings were available. Her mother had returned to Wabun, this time as camp cook, and Kylie elected to work with mom for the next three summers. In 2016 Kylie was invited by long time camper and staff member Jo Moore to join the staff of the girls' six-week trip to James Bay on the Pipestone and Attawapiskat rivers and in 2017 she and Jo led another six-week trip on the Ashweig and Winisk Rivers, this time to Hudson Bay proper.

After the conclusion of the camp season in 2016 Kylie was a member of a canoe trip taken by a number of Bear Island people. The canoe in which they travelled was a 19 foot birch bark canoe built by the young people of Bear Island. When not canoeing with Wabun, Kylie is studying at Thompson Rivers University in Kamloops, BC where she graduated from the Adventure Guide Diploma Program. She is now earning her Bachelor of Interdisciplinary Studies at

Thompson River University. There she has upgraded her skills related to safe wilderness travel. She has become certified in swift water rescue, canoe paddling, and international rafting and has also gained much knowledge of geography, weather, flora and fauna, and leadership. Kylie has stated that her Wabun experience caused her to meet the physical and mental challenges of wilderness travel as a member of a small group, skills which she says have carried over into other phases of her life. On her own time, Kylie enjoys white water kayaking on the glacial river systems in BC or rock climbing in Squamish with friends.

Demi Mathias, daughter of Tom and Sheri Mathias, decided she wanted to try her hand at canoe tripping and at age 14 enrolled at Keewaydin where her father had been a camper and staff member. She was a camper for five summers, travelling in the Temagami area at first, and eventually to the western and eastern sides of Hudson Bay. As a member of the girls' long trip section she travelled in the area of the border between Quebec and Labrador. Having risen through the camper ranks Demi applied and was hired to be a member of the staff on girls' trips sponsored by Keewaydin and she has travelled with groups on the Severn, Hays, and Gods rivers. She has been as far north as York Factory on Hudson Bay. Demi has made excellent progress in her canoeing ability and was awarded the prestigious Gunn Award, given by Keewaydin to the most proficient canoeist at season end festivities. Demi is the second female to have won this award.



Kylie Burns and Demi Mathias

Like Kylie, Demi attended school on Bear Island and later graduated from St. Joseph's-Scollard Hall high school in North Bay. After high school Demi attended the University of Ottawa and earned her honors bachelor's degree in 2017 with a concentration in Aboriginal Studies. Most recently enrolled at Trent University, Demi hopes to earn her master's degree and eventually a doctorate with emphasis on the role of the

A CELEBRATION OF RELATIONSHIPS WITH BEAR ISLAND

canoe as a symbol of the cultural resurgence and revitalization among aboriginal people. Her future goal is to perhaps become a university level professor teaching in the broad area of Indigenous Studies. Among her goals is to perfect her ability to speak Ojibway, the language of her Indigenous people.

Away from camp and school, in August of 2017 Demi participated in sharing circles with other youth in the community and some birch bark canoe builders conversing about their experiences and how the canoe has shaped their lives. She did not return to Keewaydin in 2018 and instead worked with a group of young people on Bear Island to build another birch bark canoe which they used for a trip on the Missinabi river.

Demi credits her Keewaydin experience with saving her from being a typical floundering millennial. There she learned to appreciate the natural world and the relationships that exist between the people, the land, the water and the canoe. At Keewaydin she also learned how to deal as a strong female in a largely male dominated world.

Kylie and Demi, are distant cousins. The two guides mentioned in the opening paragraphs are related to both girls – Tom Potts is a shared great-great grandfather and Philip Potts is a shared great grandfather. Both girls made courageous individual decisions some years ago to move from the casual, comfortable environment of Bear Island and lifelong friendships into the male directed, structured programs of summer camps populated primarily by children from the United States. They have proven to be capable of that adjustment, have been equal to the physical, emotional, and mental challenges the camps have presented. Kylie and Demi have experienced, in a very real way, the culture of their ancestors, living close to the earth and learning to rely on the resources of a relatively small group of companions in a remote environment for safety and survival. Each, in her own way, has learned a great deal about herself. Each speaks genuinely of the assistance her respective camp has given as she moved through adolescence.

Wabun and Keewaydin are proud of Kylie and Demi and are pleased that their programs have benefited these fine young women. I know that their immediate families and their shared ancestors, Tom Potts and Philip Potts, would also be proud of their achievements. I have no doubt that, in their travels in Temagami and on their journeys to James and Hudson bays, Demi

and Kylie have, both literally and figuratively, followed the routes and stepped in the footprints of their ancestors. This is an experience, that few of us in the complex modern world in which we live, can truly claim for ourselves.



Working with the Cree

By: James Kent

In early June 2017, as Wabun's starting date approached, I had to confront the sad reality that I would not be attending my beloved camp this year. I had committed to planning a first ever regional diversity conference at my school, and the conference schedule was in conflict with Wabun's schedule. I was not excited to have a summer devoid of wild, beautiful Temagami waterways and cool campsite nights. Summer progressed; I increasingly longed for Garden Island, but had accepted that I would have to wait until some other, future summer to reunite with camp friends and traditions.

Then an unexpected, simple email from Director Jess Lewis reminded me that even if you aren't able to spend every possible summer at Wabun, you are a Wabunite, nonetheless— always. Her email detailed a

brand new post-camp season trip for Wabun, a collaborative effort with Algonquin Park's Pathfinder canoeing camp, and youth from both the Albany and Cache First Nations Reserves. I was beyond excited to participate in this relatively groundbreaking trip and to spend two weeks with members of cultures of which Wabun and other camps have derived so many of our camping techniques and even philosophies.

Within the first hour of arriving on Camp Pathfinder's island, my fellow Wabunites and I had made friends with Pathfinder staff and campers alike, all the while contrasting our different canoeing and camping preferences. The next day, eight First Nations youth along with Mushkegowuk Council Youth Coordinator Rex Knapaysweet arrived on the island a little before breakfast. Over the course of the next three meals and a night spent playing around in the Rec Lodge, our three seemingly disparate groups bonded together and became



WORKING WITH THE CREE

focused on planning our imminent six-day canoeing adventure. After dividing ourselves into three new groups, making sure an equal number of each respective camp and reserve were equally represented in each, we planned our routes and meticulously crafted ideas to combine both Wabun and Pathfinder meals. That night, we took part in the Pathfinder ritual of a late-night outfitting session, bagging pannicans of rice and pasta until almost midnight. The next day we loaded our canoes from the dock and set off on our separate ways. Though Phillip and Riley, two Cache residents, had never gone canoeing for long periods of time, they adjusted to the camping lifestyle faster than us Wabunites were able to deal with a lack of wannigans!

From the first morning of our trip, each camper and staff member traded cooking techniques and recipes (including Pathfinder's signature "First Morning Breakfast Sandwich" complete with eggs and bacon). On day four, all the groups had scheduled to take a half-day, then converge at a central campsite for the night. My group spent the leisurely paddle learning the Cree words for our surrounding wildlife and soaking up the warm sun. Once we arrived at the designated meeting spot, we started cooking lunch and calling out our Wabun and Pathfinder cheers at nearby canoers in hopes of finding the other sections. After everyone had arrived and friends had been adequately hugged, we spent the rest of the night feasting and trading stories.

The final two days of our trip were filled with more exchange of knowledge and customs, from teaching Pathfinder campers how to tie a tump knot to Phillip and Riley showing us how to build the quickest fire I've ever seen. When we canoed up to the Pathfinder dock on the final morning, we were met with a welcome akin to a Wabun paddle-in. That night, our three sections reconvened one last time, playing music, board games, and eventually exchanging whatever addresses and social media profiles we could in order to stay in touch. Finally, Rex and First Nation youth Jeremiah gathered all the campers and staff around. Jess Lewis and Pathfinder Director Mike Sladden were each presented with traditional wooden carvings and each camper and staff was given a small red canvas pouch filled with tobacco, a tribal symbol of growth and perseverance.

I treasure that little red pouch, but not only because of its connection to all the friends I made and things I learned from that one special group. It also

serves as proof to me that because I have been to Wabun, I belong to Wabun. I am a part of this special wilderness place and the people who keep passing on the Wabun Way. Even when I am not paddling the waters of Temagami, I am still a part of the Wabun community. I figured out after my first summer at Wabun that I would carry home with me benefits ranging from physical fitness and life skills to intellectual and emotional growth. What I know now is that the benefits of being part of Wabun extend beyond myself. Wabun serves the communities around it. When Wabunites go out into the world, they carry the Wabun Way with them. And of course I continue to benefit, too; I was included in the adventure I just described. I was chosen to plan and lead a regional diversity conference in part because of my Wabun experiences. Finally, I recently used Wabun experiences to write the personal essay for my college application, and have been accepted to the University of Chicago. I'll have to learn to navigate new waters, there, but I feel sure that I can paddle through whatever lies ahead.

Thank you, Wabun!



Pete's River Trip 2018

Written By Bob Moore

Photos by John Paulson

Last summer Wabun ran its second river trip for adults. Led by Pete Gwyn and Kate Fotos, four campers – Russ and Lisa Tuckerman, John Paulson, and Bob Moore – traveled the Rupert River in Northern Quebec.

Our three canoes put in on Lac Mistissini, in the Cree community of the same name in northern Quebec. We had just sped halfway up the lake – about 40 miles – on two outboard skiffs driven by Cree guides. When we unloaded our canoes and gear and bade them goodbye, our canoe trip was finally underway. A short portage took us out of the lake and we were gliding on the swift, black water of the Rupert River.

We could feel the whole of northern Quebec flowing towards James and Hudson Bays. A map of the region shows as much blue for water as green for land. Like other flowages in this country, the Rupert expands

into broad bays, any one of which could take days to explore. And then it contracts, squeezing through tight ledges, over falls and around eskers in rapids furious with foam and lather, many too long to see their end. Opportunities for a wrong turn were plentiful, but Pete and Kate had scouted our route earlier this summer, marked their maps, and entered GPS waypoints. Still, navigating required constant vigilance.

We would not see another person for 11 days. Our small flotilla of three canoes was perfectly self-sufficient as we paddled, portaged, camped and fished. We carried what we needed for food and shelter in much the same way trappers and hunters did for centuries and Wabun campers have done for 85 summers. As my greenhorn neck toughened to the tug of the tump and our trip settled into a rhythm, I realized that I was living experiences that my daughters Josephine and Nina and son Willson had as Wabun campers and staff. Maybe that's how that smile settled on my face and stayed there for two weeks: the same backdrop to their stories of those summers, embedded in family lore, was now



Left to right: Phil Rockwood, Dave Thompson, Lisa Tuckerman, Jon Paulson, Russ Tuckerman, Bob Moore, Pete Gwyn, and Kate Fotos

PETE GWYN'S HAPPENINGS WITH ALUMS



Pete and Kate

my daily routine. We bushed campsites, cut firewood, caught and cooked speckled trout, pike, and walleye, and ate classic Wabun camp meals. On a clear July evening, I made a mint chocolate chip bannock and held it to the sky to toast my daughter Jo, who I imagined was at that very moment enjoying the same tasty ritual leading the girls' Cayuga A trip 500 miles to the west on the Winisk River. It was a gift to feel that connection, and I felt genuine gratitude for getting to savor this experience with Pete and Kate and my trip mates.

That connection stuck with me back home in late August. I mentioned to Jo that I could relate to her feelings upon returning home from Wabun, how the bonds forged with section mates and staff do not weaken after you paddle in, read the log and go home. Two weeks after returning from the Rupert River trip I was feeling something unfamiliar.

Nostalgia? More like a hankering, for the campfire banter of my team and the shared experience of wilderness travel and all that entails: teamwork and collaboration, excitement, physical challenge, and a steady, deepening connection to and perception of my natural surroundings. And a lot of laughter. We were only out for two weeks, but we six adults had quickly made those connections. I tried to imagine how Jo must feel after living with her section in the bush for six weeks. For openers, I asked if she was in touch with them.

"Absolutely. At least once a day we're in touch with each other. I can tell you where each one is and what they're doing." She could have added, "and what they're thinking" as she proceeded with a rapid-fire update on the lives of seven strong, confident campers who were at that moment dealing with re-entry into civilian life. To each other they are funny, strong and resilient – a truth that is perhaps not as blatantly obvious to the outside world they have just re-entered as it is to themselves. If there is a blessing to social media, it's that these young women have a tight, digital web constantly supporting and connecting them real-time along the emotional rollercoaster that re-entry represents. Snapchat: the fire that holds their collective identity, fed daily with billets of affection, reinforcement, and humor.

There's a saying that Wabun campers and families hear at the closing campfire, that goes something like, "today is the day we stop doing Wabun and start



PETE GWYN'S HAPPENINGS WITH ALUMS

remembering it.”

The truth is it doesn't happen that quickly, like the flick of a switch. It has been months since the cannon greeted us August 5th as we beached our canoes on Garden Island, and I am still reluctant to let go of the thrill of being fully engaged with wilderness for 12 days. There's a strong part of me that still wants to feel the excitement, if not the aches and pains, of far horizons, long upwind paddles, swift river currents, monster lightning storms, or the more serene counterpoint of caribou sightings, and nighthawks swooping and calling over the camp at dusk.

The Rupert River trip gave me a deeper awareness of how important Wabun has been in developing a core skillset in my own family that goes beyond hard camping skills. In the bush you learn to be self-reliant yet rely on your section, and that the best things come with hard work, be it a good campsite, a hot meal, or a spectacular night sky. Standing next to the river after a long day, Pete looked out and said, “There is beauty in the North Country, but you have to work hard to get

woods travel, and for the companionship of Russ, Lisa, and John for the laughs and lasting memories of a great trip.



A nice view



Bob Moore with a trophy trout!

here.” It bore repeating many times during that trip, and it became something of a personal mantra: You have to give to get.

For me – and I'll wager it's true for all of us on the trip – the giving was fully worthwhile. And, I am finally able to contribute my own learned opinion on important Wabun topics like the difference between male potlag and female potlag (contains vegetables), or the best bannock (mint chocolate chip Boston cream with chocolate icing). I am grateful to Pete and Kate for their expert guiding in these and all other facets of north



THREE GENERATIONS IN POETIC APPRECIATION

My dad was a Camp Wabun staff for three years in 1948, 1949 and 1951. He was introduced to Wabun by Jeff Hartzell, Sr., his Amherst College roommate. Subsequently, Dad's brother, Maury Longworth, was also a staff member. My parents spent their honeymoon making a classic trip on Temagami. Since then, six more Longworths spanning three generations on two sides of the family have attended Wabun (a seventh, the author of this poem, attended nearby Camp Lorien since Wabun wasn't co-ed yet) and other family members have traveled to and paddled on Temagami, as well. This pales in comparison to the three-generation Hartzells and other clans, but we are glad so many in our family have had joyful experiences on Temagami's profound waters.

After dropping off Aurora at Wabun I headed back to town via water taxi and Dick Lewis caught a ride with me. He told me stories about when he and Marg first moved up to Temagami. That got me in a story telling kind of mood. I dropped by John Kilbridge's Temagami Canoe Company shop to see what he was working on. He got talking about how he makes canoes and how he got into it, and showed me some of the tools he uses. On the flight home from Toronto to Seattle, remembering it was Mom and Dad's 61st wedding anniversary, this poem just sort of rolled out through my pen.

– Elizabeth King Longworth

Building a Classic Canoe

(For John Kilbridge, boat builder, and for my parents, Chuck and Polly Longworth, on the 61st anniversary of their honeymoon canoe trip on Lake Temagami.)

There are the brass tacks—
hundreds and hundreds of them.
There is the clinching iron and the small hammer.
There is the teaching how to use the clinching iron
“to the extent we were taught” and
there is the learning by doing—
the setting of tacks in patterns unique
to Prospector, Champlain, Katahdin or Guide,
each tack (or tack location) named,
each tack smoothly clinching
planks to sinewy cedar ribs.
Here is the clinching iron sliding once more,
listening for clicks.
Here is the boy getting out of scrapes,
fixing the scoutmaster's boat,
moving to Canada, precluding Vietnam.
The pattern, tack by tack,
that coheres a canoe, a life.
The boats get built
—here's another one—
or restored.
The seven brothers grow up;
our daughters go to the camp
that was all boys back in the day, that is
handed down through history, family lore;
we keep paddling.

Deep water fills folds and faults,
holes in the heart, gaps in memory, and
smooths the way for wood and canvas red canoes
to float through a landscape of greens and grays and blues.



John and Erin Kilbridge and their children

Our 2018 Family Trip

By: Kristin Markert

The decision to send my sixteen-year-old son Graham to Wabun - that was an easy decision. Although he was going on the hardest trip possible and knew no one in the section, I had faith that it would be a positive, life- changing trip for him. I knew enough about



Kristin and Graham Markert

Wabun's program and values from my Breck colleagues Sarah Flotten and Dick and Marg Lewis to trust that Graham would be in good hands. I also knew enough about Graham's love of wilderness adventure to know that he would make it a great experience. Once we found out that there was - amazingly! - a spot on the Bay trip for Graham, there was really no question about it. Graham would go and have a great adventure. And he did.

The next Wabun decision, though, that required more thought. The next decision came to my husband and me from a phone call as we were driving the seventeen hours from Minneapolis to the Wabun base camp. Two spots had opened up in the family trip-- did we want to go? My husband, Paul, was enthusiastic. He goes to the Boundary Waters Canoe Area in northern Minnesota for a week or so

every summer with Graham. On top of his expertise on camping in the wild, Paul is always in shape. For him, a Wabun family trip entailing long portages, schlepping wood and canvas canoes, wrestling "tump" straps (what were those?!), and not showering for five days would be a piece of cake. For me, however, I wasn't so sure. I'm a 49-year-old school librarian. I have some - but by no means extensive - camping and canoeing experience. I had doubts about the tasks the trip would demand of me and my own physical and mental aptitude to rise to those challenges. Maybe I ought to stay on Garden Island? I had plenty of books to read. I had the rest of the ten hours in the car to deliberate. Eventually though, despite my doubts, I decided to go. Thank goodness I did; it was an amazing trip.

Just like how Graham made lifelong friends on his trip, Paul and I also formed connections with our section. Our fellow campers included Monica Wyatt and sisters Rachel and Colleen Makosky. We were fortunate to have Phoebe Mankiewicz and Robin Hartzell as trip staff, guiding us. Our fearless trip leader was Wabun veteran Paul Sipp. A naturalist, trip guide, master camping chef, and excellent conversationalist, Paul made sure we were safe, well-fed, and entertained. The group enjoyed getting to know each other and worked well as a team which I am so grateful for. It's no coincidence that both my son and my husband and I, though we went on two



Paul Sipp's pike sushi

A WABUN FAMILY OUTREACH

separate trips, were surrounded by a culture of care and support from the staff and fellow campers created by Wabun.

One unique element to our trip was the cuisine. Our guide Paul was something of a “fish-whisperer.” He brought my husband out onto the lake one morning, the rest of the group still snuggled in our sleeping bags, and told him to cast out his line in the dark. By the time the rest of us had risen, we saw the Paul’s paddle in off the pale blue water with a variety of bass, walleye, and northern pike fish.

Being surrounded by the beauty of nature was another factor to what made our trip great. The stunning clear blue waters reflecting the serene pines brought a kind of peace that one can only know from the wilderness. We went cliff diving in several spots and cooked our meals over an open fire. To know that I was out under the same stars as Graham, though he was miles away from me, brought comfort.

In my own way, though I was only experiencing a fraction of the difficulty of the Bay trip, I felt close to him and could understand more about what he experienced and accomplished.

Graham said that the physical challenges were great, but the mental challenges were far greater. To push his feet to take one more step, to tell his arms to paddle just one more stroke, to tell his body that he couldn’t rest yet--it was in the little things that he found the most hardship. But to find that he had the strength in his body and mind to keep going was affirming and uplifting.

Graham pushed himself outside of his comfort zone and had grown as a camper, “Wabunite,” and person.

Without the people who make Wabun the special place that it is, Graham, Paul, and I would not

have stretched ourselves in this way. Through the laughs, sweat, scrapes, and bruises, we all emerged stronger and more resilient. I would like to thank the entire Wabun family, but especially the people in our family trip section, Sarah Flotten, and the Lewis family for creating an unforgettable experience.



Left to right: Rachel Makowsky, Monica Wyatt, Colleen Akosky, Paul Sipp, Phoebe Mankiewicz, Robin Hartzell, Kristin and Paul Markert



Spanning the Decades in Reminiscence

By: Jeff Lee

This past June I returned to Temagami after 50 years. My wife, Polly, had listened to me expound upon my nine years as both a camper and eventual guide at Wabun. I would tell her of canoeing adventures on pristine lakes and rivers, portaging through muskeg and over hills, and serene campsites where the only sounds heard were the calls of loons and the ripple of waves against the shoreline - place that transformed me and gave me the



Bob Lee

strength to succeed in many endeavors throughout my adult years.

Polly, knowing the best way to surprise me, contacted my best childhood friend, Mark Hankin, my cousin Rich Lee, and my brother Bob, all Wabun alumni, and set up the best birthday present I could have possibly wished for..... she discretely contacted Wabun and set up a nine day reunion on Garden Island. Although Rich was unable to attend and had to cancel his trip, my birthday celebration on Temagami (June 6th) was fantastic.

Mark, Bob and I met in Toronto and drove the 350 miles north to the lake. In awe of the forest and lakes we had not seen in fifty years, although Bob and I traveled from our home in magnificent Alaska, we met Dick Lewis who escorted us to Garden Island and our cabin. We could not wait to see the camp, which had changed very little..... The ball field where we faced off



Mark Lee

against Sonny (Boy) Moore and the Bear Island softball team, the cabins we stayed in, the lodge where Flora Belanger fed our sections well between trips, and the dock where “Stoky” Stokinger kept his ever present boat. We gawked at the pictures of our fellow campers from years ago and, of course, tried to find the canoes we paddled and portaged. I believe I actually found my Wabun “A” canoe, and still cursed it for being so stern heavy.

During our stay, we motored (no, we did not canoe and camp this past summer) up the Obabika arm and to numerous other parts of the lake where our memories were refreshed. We enjoyed conversations with Dick and Marg Lewis, rehashing stories from our years as campers and staff, and updating us on all of the changes since Wabun became coed. Of most importance was our reunion at a place we called home.



WABUN LIVING HIGH ON THE HOG

For years and years, and years upon years, Wabun sections returned from their final trips of the season and were greeted by a skeleton crew of in-camp folks on the beach on the last day of camp. A full day of cleaning and storing equipment, quick showers, last-minute log writings, and trying to squeeze in all of the joyful recountings of trip/season highlights, and dipping into the bittersweets of goodbyes for at least another year. So it was for many years.

I think it was in the 2003 season that two families – three adults and three siblings of Wabun campers that year - arrived on the island to take their campers home even before the reading of the logs in the afternoon. The kids had competing obligations that required them to leave before the buses would have delivered their campers to the Toronto Airport.

In the frenzy of bringing the season to a close, I pretty much left the families to do their own touring of the camp on the day before the sections' returns from trip – until a wise friend of mine suggested that a little outreach to welcome and invite them to a guided tour of the camp would probably be the courteous thing to do. Humbled and embarrassed, Marg and I did exactly that – we offered a light lunch and then invited the families to join us in small boats to go out and visit their kids' sections on the groups' last rest day of the season. Further, we organized a small wine and cheese party back at camp in advance of dinner that night. It turned out to be a wonderful experience for the visiting parents and their kids as well as our in-camp staff - a greatly appreciated afternoon – the

visits, while a surprise to the visited sections, were appreciated by both sections and the families – the stories shared before dinner suggested that we had stumbled into something we might well consider carrying forward. A not insignificant side benefit was seven more people on the beach to welcome campers back the next morning.

Fast forward to August 6, 2018 – Wabun wel-

comed about 150 parents and family members of the 208 campers, a number of families of staff members, and alums who heard of the festivities and came to rekindle fond memories of their times at Wabun. The August 6 and 7 has come to be a much looked-forward-to annual event.

For 20+ years

I have been trying to figure out a way that we might be able to host a pig roast for such a gathering – alas, arriving on the scene and the answer to that dream was Jim Schrim – himself a Wabun alum and father of Elizabeth who was a camper last summer. Jim, wife Hope and daughter Annie arrived at the end of the summer with his 4,500

lb. smoker and the hogmeister skill set that would make the whole event possible. After the return of all trips on the morning of August 7, an extended Wabun family of 300 spread out across the camp to a picnic luncheon of various salads, fresh rolls and smoked pig, ribs, pork shoulder and roasted chicken.



TWO WABUN DIGNITARIES CARRYING THE TORCH

Peter Spiller and Jon Berger are celebrating their 50+ year anniversaries as Wabun campers and staff. Part of that celebration is certainly their continued friendship over these past five decades, but perhaps a more poignant and interesting expression of the skills and passions they developed in the 60s is their continued canoe travel in the wilds of Northern Ontario, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan. Peter and Jon have replicated and expanded upon the canoe routes they first traveled and continue to immerse themselves annually in returns to the bush: to replenish their affections for the world of four-miles-an-hour; to step away from cords, screens and purchased entertainments; and to rekindle that flame of joy in being in the beauty and tranquility of undisturbed territories. Thank you Jon and Peter for carrying your Wabun foundation into your later lives.

Peter Spiller writes:

Well, our 2017 upper Albany paddle went wonderfully! Even the winds played along, nothing from the north on Savant Lake and the route to Albany headwaters and scant Wabun (east) weather on the river itself. There is always a way forward when working a river, whether cutting a portage, running a rapid, lining, wading. But on open water the only way ahead against a strong wind and accompanying waves is to wait it out, and hopefully at a splendid campsite with an easy fire-wood source.

Albany water in 2017 was unusually low. The normally fast, deep channels winding down rapids were replaced by rock studded obstacle courses too often mandating crossing the river in middle of the rapid to find a route. Low water does not lessen the power of the total 495 foot elevation drop from Jutten Lake where we put in to Triangular Lake where we started upstream to Ebamet Lake and Fort Hope.



Peter Spiller and Jon Berger

My first time down the Albany was in the 1960s. Albany is a big powerful river. Mandatory portages are often announced long in advance by distant thunder of falling water. It's also a river where trip reports and maps marked by prior travelers can save a lot of time finding portages, some of which start well up from the falls or rapids. Simply being on the correct shore eliminates upstream backtracking to a good cross over spot.

My 13 years (guesstimate) at Wabun as camper and staff were hugely formative. Each year was another true pleasure. Every season seemed too short. And even more pleasure came when sons Alexander and Peter and grandsons Maxwell, Jackson, and Benjamin went to Wabun!

A bonding of purpose knowing our only resources to complete a canoe trip were only ourselves and what we carried. That's it! Even when conditions got very tough, as they often do, never a thought but to keep moving forward. In later life this learned resolve was immensely helpful for both sports, like ultra running, or in business, like opening up a new continent for a shipping company.

And especially when traveling "new ground" at Wabun one learns that we will find a way when it looks as if there is no way.

Among the fondest memories when traveling "new ground" (making a route where there's no visible sign of prior travel) was as assistant to staffman Dick Lewis, Jr, an amazing woodsman who profoundly loved being in the bush. His joy was contagious. Dick, like everyone else, hated the truly nasty Gamble two-miler portage. But unlike everyone else (that's Dick!), he decided not to put up with it and cut a new route around it! And we got that done! In the process a beautiful, clear blue-green water lake was discovered. Dick officially named it Wabun Lake, and it's on Official Canadian maps.

The campsite was pristine, not even fire-place rocks. After dinner Dick and I paddled around the lake close to shore and found no evidence of prior human activity. We also determined the only topographically possible route for a portage out of the far end of Wabun Lake. Even when a portage becomes completely overgrown from decades of not being used, after blazes are erased by time, one can usually find bits of the old foot-path indented into the fragile Northwoods forest floor. Nothing.

TWO WABUN DIGNITARIES CARRYING THE TORCH



View from the stern

Jon Berger writes:

I was 12 in 1958 when Mom, a paddler herself, sent me to Wabun. So began more than 60 years on the water with friends, loved ones, and family. My children, Michael and Erika, grew up on the routes and now I have the great good fortune of paddling with them as adults. The Berger Boys and Girls are in their 19th summer of renewal.

From 2001 to the present, with only a few interruptions due to illness and injury, Pete Spiller, with whom I had guided at Wabun in 1964, and I have done a series of trips across Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario. Starting in our sixties and now into our seventies, we range far and wide throughout the Gods and Albany River basins.

From the Fifties into the Sixties as a Wabun camper travelling around Temagami or on the way to James Bay, I got from Doug Crowe, Phil Preston, and Andy Smyth the love of travel. I learned to read the land, the water, the terrain, the maps, and trip reports. At age 14, I drew a map of the Makobe River canoe route. I was hooked for life. The only job I ever held until joining the Peace Corps in 1967, was as a canoe guide at Wabun and Camp Temagami.

At every stage of my life canoeing has played a significant philosophical and aesthetic role. I went into the field of ecology due to the work of Sigurd Olson

and his interpretations of canoe travel. I began to draw and create in word and sketch based on encouragement from fellow trippers who introduced me to the Group of Seven.

In the Seventies, I travelled with Andy Smyth across the high rolling plateau of northern Quebec through Eastmain and Sakami water or down the Pipe-



Wabun cuisine in the making

stone and Upper Winisk Rivers in northern Ontario. By drawing and writing every day out on these routes my life's work, *The Canoe Atlas of the Little North* began to take shape. In the mid Nineties, I paddled with Tom Terry of Sioux Lookout and his family to fill in Atlas gaps (Sutton, Severn main channel, Sagawitchuan to Island Lake) and together, after my almost 50 years of travel we published the Atlas in 2007 through Boston Mills. The book has 1200 sketches and maps and covers 1/10th of Canada. Yet it is only an extension of the Section B and Section A route notes compiled by Andy and Phil back in the Sixties.



Jon Berger's trip sketches

Culinary Evolution

By: Jennifer Sinclair

This fall I went back to Wabun to pick up a few items and I poked my head into the kitchen. She is asleep right now but her warmth still welcomed and I swear I could smell something baking in the ovens. I closed my eyes and for a moment I could hear Chris (Ivanovic) laugh and throw me some sass over my love for formulas and order, listen harder and I could hear one of the kids throw sass at Chris about...quail eggs or ping-pong.

My name is Jennifer, I am one of many cooks and chefs who are privileged to work at one of the most exciting and fun jobs ever in a very unique setting and



Chris Ivanovic – magic on the flatop

environment. The challenge here is to write about the changes at Wabun kitchen and introduce people to a place that is both deeply personal and a place to be insanely proud of.

Dick Lewis called the other day and said I was instrumental in the changes that have happened and therefore would I write something for the newsletter.

This is not really true though, the changes have happened around me. The kitchen herself requested all the changes from her shiny new stainless steel counters to the unobstructed view from ovens to the service counter where kids ask for second helpings or hot chocolate.

Before we get to those changes there is a need to provide backdrop and context. What any camp kitchen does is more important than just meeting nutritional needs; we provide the foundation for home away from home. Our job in the kitchen is to ensure that what we serve also comforts and respects both what the kids experience out on trip and the staff who encourage, support, and believe in those kids 24/7. I have always felt that the kitchen was the heart of every home and a camp kitchen is no different. It's a place that nourishes souls, minds, and body and can be a refuge or a place for a quick laugh. It's a comfortable safe place that welcomes and where nice smells come from.

Wabun kitchen offers an incredible vantage point to watch each child who attends the camp. From here we can quietly witness their growth in skills and confidence as they maneuver through new social and environmental conditions. It's also a place where the morning chill puts a bounce in your step and the afternoon heat knocks it out. It's where a morning people coffee club gathers and not morning people submit to the inevitable. It's where Nibby claims his chair, listens to CBC, opens his mysterious little black book to write in and begins our day. All in all, like any kitchen Wabun kitchen is a place where people gather, growth happens, and magic is real.

Kitchens are quirky, I swear kitchens and their appliances have personalities and because this is a camp some quirks are eye-rolling big, a few take time to appreciate, and still others wait for the right person to show up and fix them...usually while we are in the middle of feeding a crowd but that's when the people are there to help. Work in a camp kitchen teaches you these things.

The first year I was hired was a time of introduction to Wabun kitchen and her appliances where each from the ancient bull-dog of an oven in the corner, to the coffee makers that always broke down or blew fuses when serving a crowd, and every appliance in between had a personality veering between ornery and downright rude. I swear each had to be coaxed, cajoled, and lovingly persuaded into their best performances that year with a promise of retirement for some. Change really was inevitable.

CULINARY EVOLUTION

The counters and central work top were covered with yellowed linoleum and built for much shorter people. There were some safety issues, like the concrete block under the grill that tried to trip me up too many uncomfortable times, but over the years we have managed to address those issues and upgrade an oven, relocate a hot-water tank, cover everything in stainless steel, raise the height of work-counters, build a bakery... actually when I think about it a lot has been done. The first year I was here Ian Cameron put the heavy “pantry-bins” on wheeled trolleys for us and built much needed shelves in an under used nook, year two saw the addition of stainless steel over the service counter with plans to continue the replacement until all the surfaces were covered. And it just kept improving with changes both big and small.

So much thought and inspiration from staff have gone into the changes at Wabun kitchen its impossible not to thank Ian Cameron, Paul Sipp, Charlie Sipp, Victoria Rapchak, and James Crawford. Everybody makes Wabun kitchen a great place to work but each of these individuals has made this a great place to think and function in too.

Last year marked my 5th year of waking up with Wabun kitchen; a solitary walk at 5am from the Hobbit House down the trail up the porch steps and in through the dining hall doors. From here it's a ritual; the creak of



Jennifer's boulangerie

the wooden floors, the hug of nostalgia from the red and white gingham cloths that cover the dining tables, smiles for the ghost trails of laughter from generations of kids and staff, and the soft rhythm from the clink of cutlery moving across plates and bowls that linger in the air. The kitchen wakens to my touch.

When I turn on the lights and whisper good morning. The new stainless steel counters warm to the glow, the coffee urn starts to gurgle and blurb, and I sit in my new bakery with my cup of coffee, close my eyes and listen, dream, and plan with Wabun kitchen for year six and maybe a brick oven...



Jennifer (Sun Princess) Sinclair and one of her creations

THE HINCHMANS HEAD TO THE ANTARCTIC

The Hinchmans Head to the Antarctic: Thanks Sir Ernest Shackleton!

By: Dick Lewis

Walter (Nibby) and Ann Hinchman have just returned from a trip to Antarctica. They report on their travels and experiences: Antarctica is indescribably beautiful and so expansive that a photo cannot really capture



Nibby and Ann Hinchman

it. “We were ashore on the continent in four locations, two were uninhabited and two were research stations from Argentina and Chile. We met lots of cute penguins and some not so cute whales and seals. We also cruised in zodiacs among the icebergs when we were not going ashore - they come in all sorts of sizes and shapes. It was summer and the weather was balmy (in the 30s) except when you were in the wind which blew almost constantly.”

In the course of their time in the deepest of deep souths they attended a lecture on Ernest Shackleton, a prominent Polar explorer whose intended 1914-1917, 1,800 mile Imperial Trans- Antarctica Expedition was interrupted by his ship (The Endurance) becoming ice-locked and subsequently crushed and abandoned by the crew before even reaching the continent. He and his crew of 27 survived a remarkable multi-month ordeal on ice flows and a 700+ mile Drake Passage crossing - Sir Ernest is often touted as one of the greatest expeditionary leaders of all time – see *Endurance* by Alfred Lansing for a truly inspirational read.

Nibby’s ears perked up when one of his on-ship lecturers noted the following attempt to describe what it is like returning from an extended, completely inter-dependent group disassociation from the familiarity and comforts of civilization into the familiar world of provided comforts. The following quote is from the lecture.

“There is a very special moment on each expedition, whether it has gone to plan or turned into an epic escape. That moment is the time just prior to re-contacting the outside world. For many months, one has been bound together with just a few others by shared experience, dirt and privations; a team isolated from news, family and distractions. The expedition and these bonds are at this point a hermetically sealed package. It is complete and finished only in that last nanosecond just before the end.

As soon as civilization is reached, the seal is broken and with a rush of air the rest of the world swoops in, weaving in between the men, cleaning up washing away and diluting the experience. At this point, the expedition is both home victorious and lost forever; confined to memories that inevitably going to fade of forgotten things.”

Nibby saw this as akin to those feelings Wabun long-trip campers may well have at that end-of- trip moment, sitting together looking out over Hudson Bay at sunset, about to depart a band of twelve canoeing siblings you know and have depended on like no others in your life to date, and perhaps ever again – except for the second, third or yet another Bay Trip.



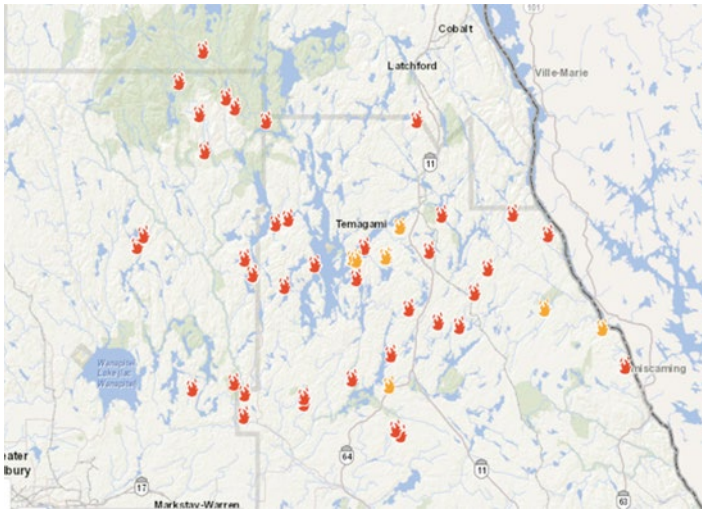
Antarctic dreams...

THE WABUN TRAVEL EXIGENCIES OF 2018

“The backcountry is closed.”

By: Sarah Flotten

Those were the unbelievable words uttered by the Ministry of Natural Resources over the phone on July 8th. Asking if we could get in touch with our sections



and bring them back, we realized this would be a summer like no other.

The fires in Temagami began early in the summer; first with two big storms without much rain and then with winds gusting to 60 kph. The fire ban went on after the first trips went out which gave the basecamp staff time to ready our fire-ban equipment (propane and white gas stoves as well as Coleman ovens) for their



next trips. While some would say it's not easy cooking on Coleman stoves for large groups of hungry campers, our trip staff is incredible and can create anything they would normally plan to even during a fire ban!

At base camp, we woke daily to Ministry of Natural Resources email briefings informing us of fire perimeters, road closures, and travel restrictions. Boat traffic ground to a halt as waterbombers and helicop-

ters took to the skies and we became used to their flight patterns and sounds. Initially, we thought we could stay busy on Temagami, visiting the canoe build on Bear



Island, hiking the old growth trails, and having competitions on the island, but Wabun is not really set up as a residential camp and both our staff and campers were eager to get out of the smoke and back on trip. So we worked with our extraordinary kitchen staff to make plans to suddenly feed extra sections, consulted with other camps on the lake, and began to plan routes in areas not previously traveled by Wabun that would roughly honor the trip length of each section. The cooperation between camps both on Temagami and in the region was



incredible. We shared route information, itineraries, and directions to drop offs on long, remote dirt roads.

Perhaps surprisingly, our youngest girls, the Wawatays, were the initial section to head off to Algonquin Park. Traveling in Algonquin is different than the Temagami region for several reasons. First, and most significantly for Wabun, cans and bottles are not permitted. This required the set-up of a 24-hour dehydration station for vegetables, sauces, and meats. by Julie Hinchman who found that the secret to corn was pre-drying

THE WABUN TRAVEL EXIGENCIES OF 2018



with a hairdryer! Secondly, the group size is limited to ten in the park and most of our sections exceeded that but the park, aware of our situation, worked with us and when necessary we wrote two permits for the group. Lastly, the trip staff agreed that the terrain in the park had more elevation and smaller lakes than Temagami as well manicured campsites with tent pads for level camping. Not bad!

As we located maps and routes for the French River, longer trips in Algonquin Park and the Kipawa



region of Quebec, the logistics were complicated. The fire situation continued to change and we had to get permission from the MNR to paddle to the landing because boat traffic was being held to a minimum to allow water bombers to pick up water from the lake for the fires. Additionally, we (and I mean everyone at base camp) made sandwiches almost daily for each group we picked up and dropped off, paying attention to allergies and other food needs and always throwing in carrots, chips, apples/oranges, napkins and trash bags. With one 15-passenger camp van and trailer, Wabun was able to handle most of the transportation, but sometimes had to rely on a director's car to carry staff or hire a local outfitter if there were too many groups to pick up on one day. Dave Thompson, driver extraordinaire, did the lion's share of the driving, map purchasing and intel gathering

as the entire eastern side of the province was heading to Algonquin Park. He even found a local outfitter whose mom was a cook at Wabun for year.

Although it's difficult to accurately capture the amount of planning, effort, and flexibility it took to continue canoe tripping this summer, there were also many



unexpected gifts that accompanied the craziness. Usually only long-trip staff know how to load and unload trailers and this summer, the local trips, Chippies & Wawaytays included, became proficient and efficient in those skills especially the trucker's hitch! Fires also provide the gift of spectacular sunrises and sunsets which we were treated to daily for most of the summer. They also push wildlife towards shorelines and sections got to see more this summer. We often say that we ride on the shoulders of our trip staff and that was never more true than this summer when they were asked to check in daily by DeLorme, travel new routes sometimes with trip reports loosely translated from French, plan delicious meals without fires or cans, and adapt to ever-changing plans. Along the way, they provided wonderful adventures for the campers in their charge and Wabun has some interesting new routes for future consideration.



FINAL THOUGHTS

Soundbites of Wabun: A Request from Wabun Alum John Fiske

Please add your voice to a collection of sentence-long soundbites of Wabun! John Fiske has begun to compile thoughts and ideas about the Wabun experience into a handbook that can be used for (but not limited to) reflection, inspiration, and the reaffirmation of the Wabun Way. Your ideas are important!

No detail is too small: Building a fire - Chopping wood - Measuring flour for the bannock - Waiting for the water to boil - Pitching the tent - Untying a tump knot - Unloading a canoe - Repairing a canoe - Muskeg - Black flies - Loons Cedar trees...

Perhaps you get the idea, and you can add to the collection. Please contribute your words about the smallest, simplest aspects of Wabun. This open-ended effort has no deadline. Whenever an idea comes to mind, email it to johnfiske@comcast.net, with "Soundbites of Wabun" in the subject line. Gentle magic will then transform your thought into an original soundbite.

This project springs from the Collects in the Book of Common Prayer. Your contribution will make "Soundbites of Wabun" a treasure for every Wabun K-tray and bookshelf.

Who Knows? 2019 Wabun T-shirt Quiz



John Hinchman, camper alum and long-trip head staff of many summers, has for years contributed his artistry to the design of the annual Wabun T Shirts. It found particular poignancy when in 2018 he coordinated with his sister in producing a shirt that commemorated the 125th anniversary celebration of Keewaydin. Marg and Dick were invited to and attended the celebra-

tion dinner at Keewaydin in August and were struck by how much it was appreciated by and was in demand by the Keewaydin Staff.

John's designs of many years prompts a Wabun quiz: Which year were the various t-shirts shown throughout this newsletter produced? There are 12 in total. Send your answers to rpl@wabun.com, and win a pair of our 2019 Staff T-Shirts.

Breck's Serendipitous Re-Connection at Wabun

Current and former students and faculty at the Breck School: Amy Flakne and her son Hutton, Sarah Pro-man Strand and her daughter Alex and son Elliot, Barbie Merz and her daughter Quincy Grace found themselves together at Camp Wabun to greet the return of campers from this past season's wilderness canoe trips. Truman Urness, another current Breckie, returned from his forty-two day expedition above the Arctic Divide to James Bay. Breck current and former staff Sarah Flotten, Patty Flakne, Jessica, Marg and Dick Lewis and Ben Simmons joined the chorus of "Welcome Back Campers." An interesting note is that Barbie and her family joined Wabun with no knowledge of the Breck connection in advance. She had learned of the camp from a Wabun alum, wilderness guide who sang Wabun's praises – evidently quite convincingly. It was only at the closing festivities when over 200 visitors met together to welcome sections back and celebrate in closing festivities that we all gained full awareness of our Breck/Wabun connections. It offered a very special note to a doubly-celebrated season end reunion.

