



# The TATTLER

Established 1893

Fall 2021

## From the Director

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Who's ready to become:

Gutsy  
Courageous  
Self-assured  
Risk-taking  
Adventure-loving  
Trippers?

Two summers without camp make the heart grow fonder for wool socks, tumplines, bannock, portages, fish jumping, and the sound of a crackling wood fire. After 2 years of fluctuating lives, we need the steady predictability of Keewaydin.

I believe the need for kids to immerse themselves in the stillness of a lake on a hot summer day or the feeling of wind making the white pines whisper and sway is more needed than ever before. As a parent of two kids, I witnessed and felt the difficulties they navigated with online school, new rules, and heightened awareness of world issues. Connections are through a lens on a laptop, yet missing the realness of spontaneous laughter when hanging out with a friend.

Keewaydin is the remedy to this. The island, the land, the water are ready to welcome campers back. The camp needs to be supported, our traditions

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*Perfect morning paddle*

## Al Tariot Reports

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*by Al Tariot '11*

I'll admit it; I have a problem. I spend far too much time looking at maps. For me, maps are a gateway to dreams of imagined future canoe trips. I'll find a river on a map that looks interesting, then dig into Google to find out what I can about it. Sometimes this obsession has been helpful – finding new routes to travel with Sections A and B at Keewaydin. Still, sometimes I'll spend an hour trying to figure out a canoe-based traverse of the Putorana Mountains in Siberia (who knows, maybe I'll pull it off one day!). This spring, maps were a great distraction from the worry that there would be another summer without Keewaydin.

Covid cases in Canada were rising; each month extension of the travel ban inspired me to start looking at maps of potential multi-week canoe trips in the U.S. A bunch of the Section A boys had been coming to Keewaydin since they were pre-teens and deserved an epic canoe trip this summer, no matter what. If

*continued on page 2*

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### In This Issue

<b>Family Tripping</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Historian's Corner</b>	<b>8</b>
<b>Alumni Updates</b>	<b>13</b>

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**From the Director**  
*continued from page 1*

carried forward, our stories passed on, and the knowledge of the “way” shared. For 128 years, Keewaydin has taught and adventured with kids who grew into bold, courageous, self-assured people. We will need all hands-on decks to bring our 129th summer forward and we cannot wait to make our plans a reality. Our green canoes are ready to return to the lakes and rivers of Canada, are you?



*Early June on 5th Avenue*

Let the stories held here in the Tattler assure you, our staff, alum, and campers missed Keewaydin. This past summer, they found ways to explore and adventure, but Keewaydin was never far from their minds.



*Stormy July evening*



**Al Tariot Reports**  
*continued from page 1*

Canada were to stay closed, maybe, just maybe, we could do a trip with the Section A boys near where I live in Montana, or (who knows?) maybe Alaska!

So, when Keewaydin canceled in early May, I was bummed, but there was one last option. I decided to pitch the idea to the Section A families of an independent trip led by myself and Will Shepard, the would-be guide of Section A. To my surprise, they were full of enthusiasm for doing what I thought to be the most far-flung idea of them all – a canoe trip in Alaska! With that, Section USA was born! It was the first week of May, and suddenly this idea from a map was starting to turn into a reality.

Will and I went into a frenzy of planning. In six weeks, we gathered all the equipment and food, planned a route, including a chartered bush plane put-in, and started an LLC to manage the finances and liability. Before we knew it, we loaded up my fifteen-year-old truck with folding pack-canoes, mountaineering-rated tents, stoves, PFDs, paddles, dry bags, fishing gear, bear spray, and over a million calories of food. At the ready was our important manila folder packed with documentation to show the Canadian Border agents. Next stop, Alaska!

The remaining crew of Section USA—Joaquin Abarca, Blessed Byerly, Gus Dotson, James Kuhns, Michael McKane, and Anson Walker united in Fairbanks at our most gracious host’s home (John O’Brien of Section A 1988). We took a day at John’s to get our bags packed up for the mildly complicated logistics of traveling to the put-in, then took off from

Fairbanks airport for the bush plane base in the northern settlement of Kotzebue. From Kotzebue, we loaded our 3000 pounds of food, equipment, and bodies into two small planes on massive spongy “tundra tires” and flew over the snow-capped peaks of the Brooks Range to the headwaters of the Noatak River.

We landed on a gravel bar between barren peaks, with the Noatak flowing next to us as a small milky turquoise stream. Just downriver, a gushing creek poured in thick with grey-brown sediment, mixing in with the glacial blue river. We were almost 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle, a treeless landscape surrounding us. Lining the river bank were small Arctic willow bushes, dwarf birch, and Labrador tea. Beyond the riverbank was a mat of grasses and moss filling the valley and fading into the rocky flanks of the mountains. The Brooks Range is the land of the caribou, the grizzly bear, the wolf. For six short weeks, we would have the pleasure of making it our home too.

The Noatak River is the largest undisturbed watershed in North America. We planned to paddle the entire river from source to sea and spend a week exploring one of its many tributaries. The beginning of the river twisted raucously through a valley walled in by looming peaks. We took our time enjoying the incredible scenery, taking a few hikes up the mountains, and fishing for trophy-sized Arctic grayling, an astonishing fish with a massive iridescent dorsal fin. Then, less than a week into the trip, the rain.

With the rain came an incredible display of the raw force of nature. Overnight, the river rose three feet and turned to chocolate milk; massive



*Fishing with a view*

whirlpools and eddies carried tangles of willows through the water, and the rain kept coming. The campsite where we stayed during this flood was directly above the most technical section of the river, and we dared not venture into this canyon at these water levels. The river overflowed all the gravel bars and flooded out into the low-lying bushes. We sat there for four long days in the cold and the wet, frying pancakes and playing cards. Eventually, the water began to drop, and we could tackle the canyon with the sun shining in and out of the clouds.

On the other side of the canyon, the river opened up into the rolling open tundra. We got into a rhythm following this river as it wound its way across this treeless expanse. We passed snowbanks tucked in the shade and watched car-sized chunks of permafrost fall into the water like a calving glacier. We set up a kitchen fly between two heavy-duty tent poles at the campsites and cooked classic Keewaydin meals like chili, red spag, and curry over our gas stoves.

We even baked cakes and brownies over the stove in little dutch ovens. Day and night faded into each other indefinitely as the Arctic sun worked its way across the sky but never dipped below the horizon.

Three weeks into the trip, we turned upstream at the mouth of the Kelly River and set our sight on a mountain peak that we had seen days earlier overlaid by the foot of a rainbow. “Rainbow Mountain!” we lovingly dubbed it. We hauled the boats upstream for four days, pulling the bowlines over our shoulders like a team of Clydesdales. Eventually, we reached a point where we could pull no further, so we cached most of our food and packed up our tents, a few meals, and a set of clothes for a backpacking trip with a summit attempt on Rainbow Mountain. After a long day’s hike, we reached the red talus of this peak and enjoyed the most incredible view overlooking our previous week of travel and the gorgeous De Long Mountains from

*continued on next page*

## AI Tariot Reports

*continued from page 3*

which the Kelly drained. We camped tucked in next to a trickling creek in a saddle of the mountain, then hiked back down the next day and set our bows downstream again.

The final chapter of the trip was on the lower section of the Noatak, where the river braided between gravel bars and grew to an enormous size, sometimes stretching out up to a mile wide. The salmon had begun to run up the river, and we would catch them in plenty – anywhere where the seals hadn't already set up their fishing grounds. We stopped for a food resupply at Noatak Village, given incredible kindness by its community. The village established itself as an outpost for traditional hunting, fishing, and foraging practices, and everyone was very interested if we had seen Caribou yet, or ripe berries.

Eventually, we reached the mouth of the Noatak, where it flows into the Chukchi Sea, and finished our journey with a motorboat ride back to Kotzebue. We followed a river in its evolution from a mountain stream to

a tidal estuary and caught countless grayling, salmon and Arctic char. We experienced a new ecosystem, climbed mountains, and had grown to work together like a well-oiled machine.

To some extent, the trip clarified the unique beauty of Keewaydin – the wooden canoes, the wannigan line, the dynamic rivers and brutal portages of the Canadian Shield, the songs, tradition, and people. Given the circumstances, though, we made a pretty incredible summer out of one that seemed all but lost. I was just a guy with a map and a dream, and it was everyone else that made the trip happen. I'll forever be grateful for the trust bestowed on me by the young men and their families, to Will, to John O'Brien, and countless others who helped along the way. This trip really wouldn't have been possible without the support of the Keewaydin family – it is truly one of the most generous, supportive communities imaginable. I hope to see you all around the campfire next summer!



*Game of cards under the fly*

## Family Tripping, Memory Lane and a Paddle

*by Daniel Lavasseur '81*

Earlier this year, as spring was coming to a close, there was this “light at the end of tunnel” feeling spreading throughout Quebec: the lifting of a three-month long curfew, the vaccination campaign progressing rapidly and the arrival of warmer days were all welcomed rewards after a grim pandemic-stricken winter. The icing on the cake, my wife and I thought for a while, would be the announcement for camps to finally reopen this summer. Unfortunately, as we received confirmation of yet another cancelled season, we spent a good part of the next weeks with feelings of sadness and disappointment ... that not even our beloved Canadiens' performance on their way to the Stanley Cup finals could entirely relieve!

We now had to figure out some form of replacement that would bonify the upcoming summer and turn this situation to our advantage. Since we are blessed with having the great Canadian outdoors right in our backyard, I decided to plan yet another memorable canoe trip with my “boys” due to such limited options we all faced. After experiencing a week long action-filled canoe trip along the wild Ashuapmushuan river in the summer of 2020, our group of what I call “the Quebec Keewaydin alumni” - which included my brother Yves ('79), my sons Louis ('19) and Jean ('20), and myself ('81), decided on the Temagami area and so in mid-July, our group was leaving Manitou landing for an eight day Temagami/Lady Evelyn/Obabika loop.



*Louis, Yves, Daniel, Jean Levasseur*

We were fortunate to paddle north without any sort of headwind, set up camp on the flat granite boulders that rise from the shores and sleep under the majestic jack pines. In haste, we managed to install the tarp just in time for dinner as a ferocious thunderstorm rolled in. Silently and in awe, we watched the bald eagles soar high above our heads. We carried the kitchen wannigan (“la cuisine”) along with our canoes across the rocky Wakimika portages ... the boys listening and laughing all the while as my brother and I told stories of family and past canoe trips.

Our voyage also brought its share of memories as we briefly toured Devil’s Island (it had been 41 years since my brother’s last visit): a fortuitous chat with Emily led us to another stopover at Wabun (on our way back from Obabika) where Yves had the opportunity to visit his Section B guide (Jeff Gilbert ’66). As my wife joined us at Ojibway at the conclusion of our trip, I myself had the privilege of spending some time with my guide from a 1981 trip (Brian Back ’76).

While sitting on the dock at Ojibway as the sun was setting slowly behind Mojac, the boys relayed our trip’s stories to their mother and my mind drifted to some of the past year’s hardships: I can safely presume that most of us have experienced chaos, tragedy, despair, isolation or misfortune as a result of the global pandemic. For me and my two brothers and sister, our mother’s passing in February brought its fair share of grief, but I now realize that our recent voyage with family perhaps succeeded in beguiling us from our recent loss all the while wishing my other brother and sister could have accompanied us. The four of us had spent the better part of our teenage summers going to different camps



*Author’s artistry*

in Ontario learning English, and taking part in canoe trips: therein lies, thanks to our parents, a form of a common family heritage that had an undoubtable effect on our lives. As this summer draws to an end and we are many months from the next, I feel certain that even after all this time, a canoe trip where our children, travelling along the lakes and rivers of northern Canada, accompanied by soon to be friends, section mates, and the diligent guidance of the staff, will bring some form of solace to the kids, parents and everyone involved.

As might be the case for other campers, there is a real possibility that my own sons may be going on fewer canoe trips than what I had envisioned for them, and that their time at Keewaydin like my brother’s and mine could be brief. I do, however, find comfort in the fact that, having spent even a summer there, its unique sense of belonging never completely leaves you.

As a result of one of our canoes tipping over among the many rapids we faced last summer, I lost my sister’s paddle, a paddle she used on her own summer camp canoe trips in the early 70’s. Upon our return to Montreal, I brought her a used paddle from Keewaydin along with a note that read: “this is a used Keewaydin paddle, it surely has its share of memories travelling in the hands of a young camper, and so, despite the sentimental loss of your own, I am hopeful that this one will become a worthy replacement.”



## ~ THE KEEWAYDIN ANNUAL FUND ~

**It's one thing to be told that you are strong, courageous, and gritty enough to succeed; it's another thing to actually live those qualities.**



Gifts to the Keewaydin Annual Fund ensure that Keewaydin can provide scholarships, protect and maintain our fleet of canoes and equipment, and fund critical needs that are beyond our annual operating budget.

Most importantly, your gift to the Annual Fund helps to ensure the opportunity for Keewaydin campers to experience what they are truly capable of.

Please give today at [www.keewaydin.org/give](http://www.keewaydin.org/give)  
or send your gift to: Keewaydin Foundation,  
500 Rustic Lane, Salisbury, VT 05769

**Thank you!**

# Reacquainting Ourselves with Tripping

by Allegra Stewart '12 and Nicole Howe '11

Something is striking about the sights and sounds of a canoe trip: verdant portages and cloudless Northern water and silence in the way only the wilderness can be silent. After two years devoid of these experiences, we returned to Lake Temagami - armed with vaccines and Canadian citizenship.

Between days spent working on Devil's Island cleaning, moving brush, maintaining trails, and hours spent in Club Fred with gallons of paint, a lucky crew of us were able to sneak away for a short trip. After a day spent planning and reacquainting ourselves with the trip equipment building we departed from Manitou dock with Emily, Evelyn, Bronson, and Sam. Our wanningans were well packed with supplies and filled with more chocolate chips and Franks



*Eager cooks in the kitchen*

Red Hot than possibly consumable in 48 hours (although we did come close). We journeyed from Devil's Bay to the Obabika Inlet, undeterred by early failures to keep our feet dry and the impending threat of rain. As we settled into a campsite - serendipitously tracing the same day as Nicole's first ever in Kokomis—we were reminded of all that we treasure about a Keewaydin canoe trip.

The joyous monotony of paddling for kilometers at a time and the talks and songs that these paddles engender. The reinvigoration of lake water enveloping tired muscles. The feeling of successfully splitting a billet, of starting a fire, and watching pots blacken knowing it is because of your work. And then there are the intangible moments like the comfort of crawling into a sleeping bag under whispering pines and filling in old friends about the months spent away and learning the stories of new ones. The belly laughs and splitting smiles that accompany sleepy happiness around a dying fire. We promise that all of these moments remain special, and there are many more to come.

In two days, we also managed to experience all the realities of a canoe trip: from rain to minimally successful experimental cooking and monster rocks. We would be lying if we said that simple tasks were not made more difficult by years away, but each was still there in the recesses of our minds



*Sam Pigeau, Bronson Schoelzel, Emily Schoelzel, Evelyn Schoelzel, Allegra Stewart, Nicole Howe*

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### Staff Trip

*continued from page 7*

and the memories of our muscles.

These moments, good and bad, also provided a reminder of how lucky we were to be up North when so many were still at home, and the threat of the Covid virus was still genuine. We felt you on the island with us this summer, your absence, and the promise of summers together still to come. The tethers that hold us together across borders, those forged in those good and bad moments, are felt even when we cannot be together: felt even in our two days out on trip.

As we are every year, we are grateful to love something that makes it so difficult to say goodbye and be part of a community that makes it so we never really have to. We look forward to sharing more moments with all of you in the future and hearing about all the past years' adventures.

See you all on the dock in a few short months; Quay Quay.



*Bronson and Sam haven't lost their touch: dish crew*



## ~ Historian's Corner ~ Brian Back '76



*Brian Back providing a tour at Keewaydin's original campsite*

Interest in the 1903 base-camp location continues with a visit by Ojibway guests and island staff in July. The long-simmering mystery site where Keewaydin camped in 1903 was uncovered by Dylan and Emily Schoelzel in 2018. It is northwest of Rabbitnose Island. The first year in Temagami, 1902, had no base camp. While camped at this site, Keewaydin scouted Devil's Island and launched the first shot at the Bay by traveling to Lake Abitibi.

Despite it being an odd place to camp, it is evocative to imagine where they set the tents, the fireplace and the walloping area.





# Keewaydin Club

## CAMPING, CANOEING, AND FISHING IN THE CANADIAN WOODS



**Keewaydin Club is open to Keewaydin alumni, parents, Ojibway guests, and anyone ready to experience a Keewaydin canoe trip.**

Offerings may include local destinations, seeking out prime fishing spots, secret lakes, and cooling waterfalls for men and women. We also plan to navigate some kilometers of historic and beautiful rivers that Keewaydin has traveled over the last 128 years.

Most trippers begin their adventure arriving in the early evening, with two nights at Devil's Island, providing time to acclimate, jump into learning or remembering tripping skills, paddling, and portaging gear. On the second morning, trip staff will ready the crew for their canoe trip, paddling away from the main dock after a belly-filling Keewaydin breakfast. Following your trip, upon your return and a hearty Keewaydin cheer, trippers can take a hot shower, enjoy cocktails and dinner.

As the sun dips on the western horizon, Keewaydin's tradition of trippers sharing stories around a fire is an essential and fantastic finale for a life-changing event. We are confident you will have some wonderful and likely comical stories to share! The following day, after one last perfect sleep under the Canadian sky, trippers will head home after breakfast.

### **Why join us? Because...**

Keewaydin Club adult trips provide the opportunity to hit the reset button by immersing yourself in beautiful paddling of the Temagami region, cooking over an open fire, taking in the beauty of the tall pines and clean water, and SLOWING down. Trippers embrace the Keewaydin Way and feel the support and guidance of our veteran Keewaydin staff as you learn new or regain old skills, form connections, unplug, grow stronger, face challenges, build resilience and adapt and learn. Most trips are open to all abilities and will be strenuous at times.

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## **Trips for 2022**

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*Trippers gather around the map*

### **Women's Trip**

**July 30-August 7, Temagami region**

Three nights in camp and five days exploring the beauty of the Temagami and surrounding waterways. Eight spots are available. Cost: USD \$1200/person

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## Keewaydin Club

*continued from page 9*



*Memories made with this crew*

### Men's Trips

**July 25-August 8, Quebec or Ontario River**

Fishing, and whitewater travel. For experienced trippers. Nine spots are available. Cost: TBD

**July 30-August 7, Temagami region**

Three nights in camp and five nights exploring the beauty of the Temagami and surrounding waterways. For experienced or new to canoe trippers. Eight spots are available. Cost: USD \$1200/person

Reach out to Emily Schoelzel ([emily@keewaydin.org](mailto:emily@keewaydin.org)) if you are interested. Registration for the Keewaydin Club will open this November. Visit our website to enroll.

## **This past August, *Wood On Water* dazzled an audience as a feature film at the Middlebury New Filmmakers Festival (MNFF)!**

An enthusiastic audience turned out for the film and panel discussion. Keewaydin hosted an event following the film, bringing along a trip canoe, wannigans, and a double pack. Members of the 2019 Section 2, Abi Nix '16, Larkin Kenny '18, Cielo Jacuzzi '16 attended the event. It was also fun to see many other Keewaydin faces coming to support the trippers and the festival.

Filmmaker Hannah Maia shares that the film is to show at the Fresh Coast Film Festival this October in Michigan, selected as the Staff Pick! If you are in Michigan, check it out!

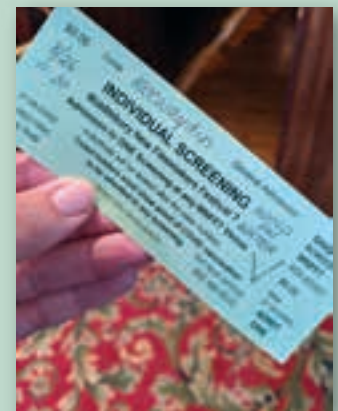
Great news to share with you! NRS, the film's sponsor, will be sharing the film on its YouTube channel for all to see. They plan to launch the film this November during Thanksgiving. We'll be sure to confirm the release date and share the link with you as soon as we have it!



*Green canoe spotted at the MNFF*



*Film stars = 2019 Section 2's  
Abi Nix & Larkin Kenny*



*Get your ticket!*

## ~ Join us for our Open Houses ~

Our campers thrive at Keewaydin in part because of our camp community. You willingly share your appreciation and admiration for Keewaydin and our traditions. More than ever, we will need our community to lift us by connecting friends to our camp. You are our best recruiters; word-of-mouth endorsements are at the heart of our enrollment.

More than ever, kids need camp. They need the freedoms it affords, the challenges it presents, the wonder of nature, the friendships built, and time away from screens, phones, and games.

We have four virtual open houses planned. Would you please encourage and invite family and friends to attend our 40-minute presentation? Emily and John will share a few photos, a short video and answer kid and parent questions. We welcome our alumni to join in; it's an easy way for current families, new families, staff, and alumni to chat about Keewaydin.

Links to register for a Zoom Open House are on our website. You will provide your name and email address. Zoom (our host platform) will, in return, send you an email confirming your registration, as well as a reminder to attend a day before the Open House.



- October 21, 2021, 6:30 PM Eastern Time
- November 3, 2021, 8:30 PM Eastern Time
- November 20, 2021, 4:00 PM Eastern Time
- December 7, 2021, 7:00 PM Eastern Time



## Ojibway Family Lodge Update



The Canadian border remained closed until August 9th this past summer, allowing many first-time guests to visit. It was an unforgettable summer, as Tanya and her team gracefully navigated the re-opening of Ontario and the restrictions required to operate the lodge. Fortunately, indoor dining became allowed in early July, affording guests the comfort of delicious food in a lovely dining room. Much of the guest experience remained very normal and enjoyable. Families enjoyed the opportunities to hike Devil's Mountain, canoe, paddleboard, kayak, fish, nap on the docks, roast marshmallows, and come to love Lake Temagami.

On August 9th, the Canadian border opened, and many wonderful US "regulars" made the trip, and it was a true pleasure to have them return!

Tanya McCubbin and her team worked tirelessly to provide a seamless and fun summer for all visitors. Their vibrance and kindness were a regular part of the Ojibway energy. The few Keewaydin staff on hand were ready to help with guest arrivals and departures, projects, and facility maintenance.

As we shift our gaze to the summer of 2022, we are eager to have many familiar smiling faces return to our slice of heaven.



*Model shot! Photographer Steve Bruno captured a sweet shot of Ojibway's canoe.*

### **Planning for next summer, dates, and events**

The ever-popular Work Party will take place before the Ojibway season. Dates for the work party are Friday, June 24th to Tuesday, June 28th. Don't hesitate to contact Tanya McCubbin at [tanya@keewaydin.org](mailto:tanya@keewaydin.org) if you are interested in participating in Work Party 2022!

- July 1st: Ojibway will open for guests.
- July 7: Family Alumni Weekend with special guest, Dan Carpenter Jr.
- July 17th to July 21st: Midseason
- August 10th to August 12th: Endseason
- August 26th: Final weekend booking at Ojibway
- August 30th: Ojibway closes for the season



**Parents of Keewaydin campers should contact Tanya ([tanya@keewaydin.org](mailto:tanya@keewaydin.org)) to inquire about availability for MidSeason or EndSeason. We will be able to welcome as many guests as we can serve in the Ojibway dining hall.**

## Alumni Updates and News

Ken Remsen '62 and his wife Nancy, Doug '84 and Gus '16 Mosle, Lizzie Bourdelais '15, and Emily Schademan '21, joined camp directors Emily Schoelzel and John Frazier on a hike up Mount Abraham in Lincoln, Vermont. Leaves were turning and the sun shining made for a great Sunday hike with Keewaydin friends.



Hikers at the top of Mount Abe

Dave Chapin '79, Brian Mauer '96, Bill Seeley '79, and Parker Seeley '14 paddled old routes of Keewaydin in northern Maine this past summer.



New Blaxter family canoe

Henry Blaxter '18 was surprised by his grandparents with a freshly painted green Old Town canoe, a nice way to spend a summer when not at Keewaydin.



Abby and Leo in a green box

Jeff Tanz '94 and Katie Tanz '99 recreated a photo from their childhood when they placed cousins Abby on the left and Leo on the right.



Percy family canoeing

Will Percy '83 and family enjoy time on local waterways in DC.

### CONGRATULATIONS!

Jordan Nulsen '08 married Gene McCarthy on August 7, 2021, and celebrated with a small family ceremony at her parents' home in Boyce, Virginia.



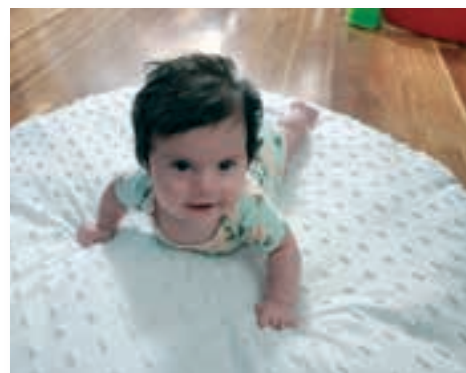
Happy couple

Charlie Warren '01 and Anne Kauth were married in September 2020 and had their wedding in Lake Tahoe in June 2021 - "We had a wonderful crew of Keewaydin folks in attendance."



Anne and Charlie, a happy day!

Brian Back '76 is proud to introduce his granddaughter, Emily, born June 15, 2021. And yes, she was born with ALL THAT HAIR!



Emily with her sweet smile!

### GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Edward "Mac" Harper '55 of Glastonbury, CT, passed away on June 27, 2021.



## ~ Staff Jacket Proud ~

Staff jackets represent a person's commitment to Keewaydin, its mission, and becoming a unique and inspiring community member. Stored in the Keewaydin office safe is a ledger book that dates back to 1951, first listing the staff who received a jacket before 1951 and then rolling into each successive year. Staff and guides' names fill each page. On page 3, in pencil is written, a "New Source" Johnson Woolen Mills, Johnson, VT \$8.50 each. Keewaydin has been ordering green and black checked Jac Shirts since 1959 from Johnson. The price of wool is by the pound, and a new staff jacket is no longer \$8.50, but the real value is in the meaning and feeling of being given one after two full summers working at Keewaydin.

In relatively recent years, 20-year jackets, solid green in color, have been presented as well. Twenty years is a testament to a person's commitment and an abundance of institutional knowledge. With camp closed in 2020 and 2021, the opening campfire ceremony of staff jackets was not to be. After a brief and easy conversation last May, John Frazier and I decided it was absolutely on point to mail staff jackets to the trip staff who had completed two full summers or even their 20th summer. It was fun to surprise them with a special box and acknowledge their commitment to Keewaydin. This summer, the following staff received their green and black Jac Shirts:

Monroe Cromis, Katya Ogden-Lord, Allegra Stewart, Ali Corkran, Sarah Robbins, Sarah Bourdelais, John Chain, Sam Donaldson, Robert Parker, Tom Hussey, and John Goodpasture.

In addition, a small group joined the ranks of 20 years at Keewaydin: Jay Parker, John Frazier, Tanya McCubbin, and Emily Schoelzel (me). It is an honor to join the ranks of Don Christie, David Chapin, Bruce Bishop, Dylan Schoelzel, Jason Pigeau, David Bourdelais, Bruce Ingersoll, and Sandy Chivers.



*Emily, John, and Tanya with new swag*



*Jay looking sharp*

## Punch List

Devil's Island is looking great after eight-plus weeks of care and attention. The chalkboard in the Keewaydin kitchen became the keeper of The Punch List. Listing items and to-do tasks like window screen repair, Eco Flow septic installations, replacing broken windows, painting Club Fred, East Cheap, and the Ojibway store, grass cutting, firewood splitting, jacking up Southern Comfort, installing new plumbing in Ojibway cabins, and repairing the tennis courts. Throughout the summer, the list was modified, checked off, added to, and checked off again. There were feelings of a never-ending Early Crew and gratitude for the opportunity to be on-site, and reenergized throughout the summer by several volunteers. Dogs, sunsets, regular swims, exceptional food, mild bugs got us through our quarantine, and daily meals in the back of Ojibway's kitchen provided a break and lots of laughter around the table. Our small team of seven enjoyed working with Dave Wilfong '15, Director of Maintenance, and supporting the team at Ojibway with motorboat driving, hauling garbage, and many small projects. Our small group could not have knocked off such an ambitious Punch List without the help of our volunteers and friends! **Visit our Facebook page to view more photos from this past summer.**



Staff and volunteers of 2021 BR: Louise Pigeau, Lisa Pepal, Tanya McCubbin, John Frazier, Kay Chornook, Emily Schademan, Nicole Howe, Robert Parker, Allegra Stewart, Dylan Schoelzel, Emily Schoelzel, Jeffrey Robinson, Erin Parker, Jay Parker FR: Dave Wilfong, Evelyn Schoelzel, Bronson Schoelzel, Sam Pigeau, Sage Parker, Iris Parker.



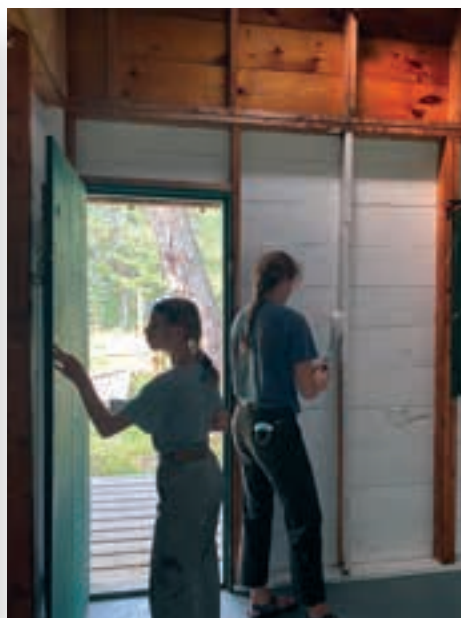
Sam and Bronson on wood crew



Office porch gets refreshed



John and Dylan prepping at the Eco Flow



Club Fred brightens up



Big Rig delivery of supplies

**Spread the word: refer a camper to Keewaydin!**



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