



# The View From Listening Point

NEWSLETTER *of the* Listening Point Foundation, Inc.

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[www.listeningpointfoundation.org](http://www.listeningpointfoundation.org)



## Sig's Island Essay

By Kevin Proescholdt

The following is a wonderful island essay that Sigurd F. Olson wrote in 1975 entitled "Wild Islands of the Shield." It was published in the *Naturalist*, the quarterly magazine of the Natural History Society of Minnesota. The *Naturalist* did not enjoy as broadly national a circulation as had Sig's books, so this essay has remained mostly unknown outside of Minnesota, and little known in the state.

The incident about which Sig wrote occurred on his long canoe trip in 1955 along the Churchill River in Saskatchewan. Sig wrote at length about that canoe trip in his book, *The Lonely Land*, published in 1961. The camping on the island incident comes from pages 139-143 of that book.

Sig wrote this essay as an introduction to this issue of the *Naturalist*, which focused on the Nature Conservancy. But he wrote it particularly to introduce the article that followed his, written by Dr. Miron L. "Bud" Heinselman. Bud's article, "Islands as Unique Environments: The Minnesota Nature Conservancy's Boreal Islands Project,"

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## Wild Islands of the Shield

By Sigurd F. Olson

published in *Naturalist*, (26(2), 1975)

One day in the Far North we fought a gale on Black Bear Lake of the Churchill River in Saskatchewan. It was a glorious sunny day and along the muskegs the air was alive with the screaming of gulls and terns, a day that made up for the drenching storms, treacherous rapids, and portages we had known for a week.

Black Bear was a magnificent body of water, the shores high and rocky and covered with the dark green of jackpine and spruce, the valleys in lighter shades of aspen, birch, and willow. In places, the glaciated shores of the Canadian Shield were silvery grey with caribou moss and some of the rocks were splashed vividly with orange. Then we passed through a narrows, left the mainland with its vistas and waves, and found ourselves in a veritable maze of islands and intricate channels where it was still and reflections were all around us.

Here was a different world, a world removed from bold headlands, purple horizons, and winds, and as we paddled on, our minds became part of it and we sensed the mystery and charm of all islands, a sense of being part of something permanent and unchanged. Here was silence and shelter.

Toward late afternoon we drifted toward a small spruce-grown island a few miles from a rapids we must run or portage the next day.

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## Significance

*“Little rivers, beautiful, wild and clean, meander thought my dreams.” —SFO*

“You go on down there,” the man said, “you’ll catch plenty of trout. It’s just a little stream, couple of miles down the road. Look for the high bridge and park there. It’s about 300 feet down, with some rough walking, so not too many folks make the hike. That’s why the fishing’s good.”

So we tossed our rods and reels into the car and headed down the mountain road, intent on catching some high country trout. We found the high bridge in just a few minutes, and far below its little silver ribbon of water. Very little. The sides looked steep.

We grabbed our rods and started down, a couple cans of pop and sandwiches in the pack. The walk wasn’t really bad at all. The air was drenched with the tang of sage and cedar. Along the trail were scattered occasional moose and elk droppings. A few bones. A hawk wheeled high over a cliff. In a few minutes we were standing under an old juniper by the stream’s edge, our ears filled with the sound of rushing water.

But the stream still looked small. Awfully small. The water was as clear as blown glass, and it seemed as though you could see every burnished pebble in the streambed. A couple of big steps up to your knees would take you right across to the other side.

It didn’t seem right to me. “How can there be fish in here?” I thought. “And even if there are, how can we catch them? There’s hardly any room to cast, and if we can see them in the clear, shallow water they can see us, and besides, I don’t see them.”

But we started working our way up the stream, flipping tiny spinners into the water, casts of 3, 5, 6, feet. Leaning out from behind trees and over boulders. After half an hour or so, something gleaming and shining and leaping and wild and marvelous grabbed my lure and performed acrobatic routines all over the stream with it.

After that I began to see the stream in new ways. I started to notice all the little places where the current wasn’t as fast. I began to see the eddies, the shadows, the undercut banks, the flats where you had to look in three dimensions to see that although the current on the surface looked smooth and swift and uniform, there were still rocks and objects on the bottom that provided just an inch or two of protection. Enough.

And before long that tiny stream had grown into much greater dimensions. It had grown enough to completely fill my mind. Soon there was only the stream, the sound of rushing water, the play of sunlight and shadow, the search for the jeweled creatures that lived there.

And something else was there as well. I thought about it as I huffed and puffed up the side of the canyon that evening, having caught some beautiful trout and lived a series of hours that flew by like minutes. What I had found was what I had missed from the high bridge as we first looked down on the tiny sliver of water, even from its banks as I first stood beside it, seeing only how small and shallow it was.

What I had found, I realized, was exactly what we humans are constantly looking for, something called Significance. It is the quality of having one’s mind filled, of being so rich with an experience that time and all other concerns cease to exist for the Significant Experience, the Significant Person or Place or Idea that leads us in to schools and careers and marriages, churches and libraries, bookstores and websites and internet searches, down highways and through airports, that has us endlessly surfing television channels and leafing through magazines and joining organizations.

And sometimes we find it, this experience of significance, this aspect of value. When it is discovered, it colors our lives, providing a sense of purpose and meaning to all that comes after. To truly see a trout stream, and feel it, in all its dimensions, or a wilderness lake, or a last stand of old timber, or even a glaciated, rocky “listening point,” is often to fall in love with it. To say that, somehow, “this must last.”



Doug Wood Illustration

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## This and That...

- **We have an LPF Facebook page.** Please take a look, “like” us, follow us to keep up with current happenings, selected Sig quotes, events, etc. We have more than 100 “likes” thus far, please add your name—just type in Listening Point Foundation.



Bryan Wood photo

*Will Steger speaks at the Sigurd Olson Birthday Anniversary Luncheon.*

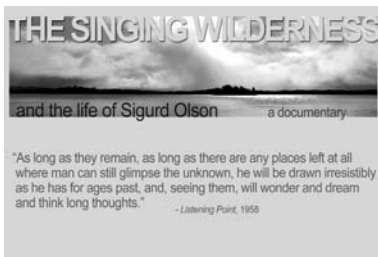
- **Our 14th annual Sigurd Olson Birthday Anniversary Luncheon** was a huge success—144 attendees, (our all-time record), Will Steger did an excellent job with his “Eyewitness to Global Warming” presentation, many bidders for our silent auction items made it successful as well, and this year’s canoe raffle sold more chances than last year. We certainly are trending up!

- **Northland College recently awarded an honorary degree to Robert K. Olson**, son of Sigurd Olson, at an Honors Day ceremony at Northland College in Ashland, Wis. Olson received the degree as a result of his contributions to public service, as well as his work to protect and preserve natural resources.



*Robert K. Olson*

- **Work continues on “The Singing Wilderness,”** Peter Olsen’s documentary about Sigurd and his ideas. Last May, Peter followed a group of students from Northland College (Sig’s alma mater) on a two-week BWCAW canoe trip as they learned about Sigurd’s life, studied his work, and experienced firsthand the inspiration for so much of his writing. It will become a core thread in the documentary. This spring Peter will be speaking and presenting a 20-30 minute excerpt from the film at North Dakota State University as part of their Earth Day celebration. He hopes to wrap up filming within a year. Peter and his project partner Laura Martorella will be launching a major capital campaign in the next few months. Find updates, view clips, and support the project at [www.SingingWilderness.net](http://www.SingingWilderness.net); “like” The Singing Wilderness on Facebook, and follow @SigurdDoc on Twitter.



and the life of Sigurd Olson a documentary

“As long as they remain, as long as there are any places left at all where man can still glimpse the unknown, he will be drawn irresistibly as he has for ages past, and, seeing them, will wonder and dream and think long thoughts.”  
—Listening Point, 1958

- **The British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) selected our very own Listening Point** as the set for eight live broadcasts described by the BBC as “one one of its biggest wildlife television events to date, *Planet Earth Live*. The ambitious project—the result of more than 10 years of innovation in techniques and formats—will report on remarkable animal stories from around the world, LIVE, as critical events in the animal kingdom unfold.”

As part of the co-production deal, *Nat Geo WILD* has secured the exclusive rights to broadcast the six-part series in the United States. With more than 150 wildlife experts and filmmakers strategically positioned around the globe, *24/7 Wild* will showcase real animals and their everyday fight for survival— as it happens, in real time. Each episode will focus on the babies of the animal world during the tumultuous spring month of May, when births are more common.

*24/7 Wild* featured broadcasts from the African plains, where baby elephants and lions are under constant threat; live reports on the macaques’ mating season in Sri Lanka; and a profile on one black bear’s struggle to raise her first litter in the deep woods of Minnesota—thus the tie in to Minnesota. The BBC selected the Point for this production as they felt it exemplified the “wilderness” in a very complete way. Rest assured we took every precaution to insure that the Point was well taken care of and impact was held to the absolute minimum.



*BBC crews set up audio, lighting and camera equipment in and around the cabin at Listening Point for their live broadcast of Planet Earth Live.*



## Wild Writers' Weekend

For folks who enjoy writing about nature, or dream of doing so, there may be few experiences more rare than the chance to spend extended, quality time at Sigurd Olson's Listening Point. This first ever Listening Point Writers' Retreat is an opportunity to draw inspiration from the same rocks, woods, and waters—the very same cabin—that so inspired Sigurd F. Olson, one of the foremost outdoor writers of the 20th century.

While walking the old foot trails, paddling the shoreline, or simply soaking up the atmosphere of the cabin, participants will also be exploring the concepts of writing about landscape, wildlife, and the turning seasons—and their impact on the landscape and seasons within. Douglas Wood, author of 30 books and President of LPF, will serve as mentor and coordinator, providing a safe and welcoming environment for writing and sharing, and guiding discussions on topics from the effective use of language to personal writing style to publishing.

Dates: September 7-9. Lodging and meals provided. Adults only. Cost: \$525 ●

## Join us for 'Paddling with Sig' 2012

Last summer a group of intrepid “voyageurs,” as Sig Olson would call them, paddled a part of the BWCA in the company of Sig—that is they had, along with LPF guides Douglas Wood and Chuck Wick, an unofficial guide in Sigurd Olson himself. Through the lasting legacy of Sig's writings and the spirit of place, paddlers were able to experience the magic of Canoe Country in a timeless and unique fashion. Each camp and campfire, tent site, overlook, and portage trail, were imbued with a little extra meaning and perspective.

This summer the second annual “Paddling With Sig” canoe trip will feature extra time at and departure from Listening Point itself, and focus on an area Sig knew intimately. LPF president and author Douglas Wood will again serve as guide. All transportation, camping gear, canoes, packs, and meals will be provided. Paddlers bring their own spirit of adventure and desire to share a wilderness exploration of the legacy of Sigurd Olson.

Join us on this extraordinary adventure! At this time there are only 3 spots left for this year's trip. Dates: July: 20 – 23, 2012 with an extra bonus gathering at Listening Point on Thursday July 19. Adults only. Cost: \$1095. To reserve your place, contact the Listening Point Foundation at 218-365-7890 or email: [info@listeningpointfoundation.org](mailto:info@listeningpointfoundation.org). ●

## Bryan Stenlund Joins the LPF Board of Directors

Bryan is an Ely native, living there from 1948-1956, until his parents moved to Grand Rapids, Minn., where his father was promoted to Regional Game Manager with the DNR. From the front door of his house on Boundary Avenue, he could walk into



the woods and play all day. His acquaintance with Sig over the years was primarily through his father's perspective and the relationship Milton had with Sig. The family built a cabin on Burntside Lake in 1956 which remains in the family.

Graduating from high school in Grand Rapids, Bryan then graduated from UM-Duluth in 1971 majoring in psychology and sociology. After working in the field of psychology for a few years he graduated from his Masters in Psychology program at UW-Superior in 1975, receiving honors from the department for academic excellence, service to the community, and was teaching for the department by his second year in the program. He was retained as a visiting faculty until 1979.

He then moved to Faribault, Minn., where he became the

first psychologist for the Minnesota School for the Deaf, learning sign language and using sign to do therapy with students K-12, for the next five years. In 1984 he went into full time private practice and has done this for the most part since then. He has been married for over 30 years, to Marlene, who is a biofeedback and pain management specialist at the Grand Itasca Hospital in Grand Rapids. They have two sons, Ian 28 and Kai 26.

Bryan's career has found him working with chemically dependent, developmentally disabled, physically handicapped, does psychological evaluations for Itasca County Sheriff's Department candidates, lap-band surgery evaluations, marital therapy, as well as a broad range of clients from 5-85 for depression, anxiety, trauma, grief, and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder with returning war veterans. He is also currently the Secretary/Treasurer of a not for profit organization, Healthy Brains For Children, the mission being to prevent Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. [www.healthybrainsforchildren.org](http://www.healthybrainsforchildren.org).

His other day job is running a business called Begin Healing, Inc., marketing an FDA-cleared medical device that treats depression, anxiety, stress and pain with micro-current technology. Bryan is excited to be with LPF. ●

## Hearing the Singing Wilderness at Listening Point

By Bryan Wood

For the past six years, I have had the pleasure of spending the new year instructing a post-secondary January Interim course on Wolf Ecology. The course which is offered through the Audubon Center of the North Woods, is open to students from around the country. This past January brought together 18 students ranging from Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois, to Colorado, Indiana, Florida, New York and New Jersey. After the first week based at the Audubon Center, we headed up to Ely and the surrounding area for the second week of class. Here the students participated in radio telemetry flights, visited the International Wolf Center, North American Bear Center, Kawishiwi Ranger Station, and spent time tracking outside in the Superior National Forest.

One component of our stay in Ely were visits to Sigurd Olson's writing shack and Listening Point. I shared with the students about how Sigurd Olson conducted the first in-depth study of gray wolves for his Master's Degree Thesis. Snowshoeing along hunters' trap lines throughout the border lakes country, Olson gathered information from tracks, scat and urine samples, as well as animals caught in traps. Many of the findings Olson presented nearly eighty years ago about wolf behavior and their predator-prey relationships are still valid today. It was during this time that Olson's own views on wolves began to change from the prevailing consensus that predators were a plague upon the landscape, to one where they are viewed as a critical part of a healthy ecosystem.

It is a joy for me to get to share stories about Sigurd Olson's life and accomplishments and readings to the students during our visits to the Shack and the Point. This year when we went out to the Point, it happened to be one of those winter wonderland days with the snow silently fluttering to the ground, masking the normal sounds of the woods. We parked on the road and hiked in to the Point, stopping under a thicket of balsam firs to call in some chickadees by pssing. When we reached the Point, I took the group inside the cabin where I read Olson's essay "Bobcat Trail" from *Listening Point*. For our group who had spent the past several days learning about tracking and animals of the North Woods, it was a perfect way to enjoy the Point, and for them to get their first taste of Olson's writings.

After exploring the Point, including seeing fresh sets of red fox and deer tracks in the bay, the students split into pairs to walk transects from the driveway through the woods and out to the road, identifying and examining the tracks and animal signs they came across. After a few minutes I got a call from one of the pairs to come over to where they were. When I got there, I



Bryan Wood photo

found that they had come across a set of wolf tracks, and scat so fresh that it was still soft in the single digit temperatures. As we were exalting in the discovery, off in the not-so-far distance we heard the haunting howl of wolf... and then another... and another... and another... and another. It was a pack and they were howling just down shore from the Point's sauna. With the snow coming down quite heavy, it was hard for me to even

hear students just a few dozen feet away, so for us to hear the pack now in the muffled silence told us that they were indeed very close. We listened for a few minutes, looking at each other with quiet excitement until they finished. We then followed the trail, which led us underneath dead falls, through tight squeezes of balsam fir and black ash, and finally out to the road. When we reached the road which had been plowed early morning but now had a light dusting of snow, what had been one clear sign of wolf tracks diverged into five distinct sets of tracks. We examined them as they crossed the road, and saw how they fell back in line as soon as they reached the deep snow on the shoulder of the other side. Here the lead wolf began bounding through the deep drifts to reach the cover of the forest twenty-five feet away. It was here also that the rest of the pack members had fallen perfectly in line with the lead set of tracks, creating an illusion of the other wolves disappearing.

When all the pairs regrouped at the van, I found out that not everyone had heard the wolves howling moments earlier. And after I told them I could not guarantee that we would get them to respond, and even if they did, we might not be able to hear them at their present distance with the snow conditions, I started our group howl. The others joined in with me to make our best howl, with people coming in at different times and howling at different pitches. We finished our howl and waited, straining to hear something through the falling snowflakes. And then it happened. The pack responded with their own group howl, crescendoing and fading, with the sound that has captivated humans for eons. It was a magical experience. At that moment I thought of Sigurd Olson, and how I imagined he would be pleased to know the majestic animal he had researched, written about and advocated for their presence in the wild, was howling right off his point. The Singing Wilderness was alive and well at Listening Point, and I am sure Sig would be glad. ●

—Bryan Wood is a member of the Board of Directors of the Listening Point Foundation. He is also the Co-Executive Director of the Audubon Center of the North Woods, in Sandstone, Minn.

## Sig's Island Essay (Continued from page 1)

mostly described Pine and Snellman Islands on Burntside Lake, located close to Sig's Listening Point.

Sig and Bud had been close friends since the late 1950s. They had worked together through the Izaak Walton League on BWCA issues from then on into the 1960s, and Sig was impressed with Bud's ecological research and understanding. In 1965, Sig recommended Bud to U.S. Forest Service officials as a forest ecologist for a new agency ecological research program in the BWCA, a position to which Bud indeed was appointed. As the years went on, Sig relied more and more on Bud's ecological knowledge, based on Bud's extensive field research on peatlands ecology, forest ecology, and fire ecology.

Interestingly, Sig modified his island essay somewhat from the original narrative that appeared in *The Lonely Land*.

In the essay, Sig and his group had a lighter impact on the island than the way he wrote about it in the book. This heightened ecological sensitivity in the essay may have come about because Sig himself had become more ecologically aware in the two decades since the canoe trip, or because of Bud Heinselman's influence on Sig's ecological understanding, or for some other reason. Regardless, "Wild Islands of the Shield" is a delightful essay written by the fully mature writer that Sig had become by 1975.

—Kevin Proescholdt is the conservation director for Wilderness Watch, a national wilderness conservation organization ([www.wildernesswatch.org](http://www.wildernesswatch.org)). He also serves on the LPF's National Advisory Board.

## Wild Islands of the Shield (Continued from page 1)

There we decided to camp.

No one, as far as we could tell, had ever stopped there before, no axe marks or scuffed moss, no blackened stones of an old fireplace. We were possibly the first and felt like intruders coming to a sacred place. We left no mark of our passing, built a small fire in a rocky cleft near the water's edge, pitched the tent on a level spot thick with sphagnum in an opening among the spruces, tying the tent ropes to two small trees, anchoring the corners with rocks, careful not to disturb the lichens growing on them. We would leave our sanctuary as we found it, clean and unchanged.

It was an untouched microcosm, this island. The great fires that were in constant evidence on the mainland all over the north, through some miracle had passed it by. After supper we sat on a flat ledge above the fire and looked out over the islands around us. Hemmed in as we were, there was no sunset, but the sky above was angry with swirling black clouds streaked with yellow that could mean wind in the morning. It was good to be on an island again—almost like being on a ship at sea.

The deep sphagnum in the spruces proved that nothing had changed for a century or more and its ecology had reached a stage of permanence rare in northern latitudes. Even though the shores of the big lake seemed relatively unchanged by recent burns, few places were as pristine as this. On this tiny pinnacle of hard resistant granite that had survived millions of years of erosion and glacial polishing, time had stopped.

Around us were many islands, little ones no larger than rafts, slivers of rock rounded by the glacier like the backs of black surfacing whales, crooked ones with beaches tucked into quiet bays, larger ones with cliffs and spruces pinnacled against the sky. You could lose yourself quickly here, for channels led

to hidden places no other eyes had seen. Their solitudes were ours alone.

All islands of the Canadian Shield, wherever they happen to be in the Quetico-Superior or the Far North, have this sense of remoteness and genius of place that makes them seem different than ordinary terrain. Here one finds a sense of perspective and of being more intimately involved with all life and undisturbed ecological progression than anywhere else, a becoming part of the cosmic cycles that govern all. This is one reason they are important, but there are other reasons, too, reasons more than beauty, remoteness, or charm. It is a better understanding of the intimate interrelationships of all forms of life upon them. Only through the building of knowledge from the microcosm beneath the forest floor to the inter-dependence of all things growing upon them can we really become aware of their true value.

The work of an ecologist like Miron Heinselman and others who have devoted their lives to the study of habitats and living forms in all their complex relationships, helps us know what any island means. Only by knowing their uniqueness can we be successful in preserving them. The Nature Conservancy in preserving some untouched islands in the Superior National Forest and on Lake Superior, the cooperation of the U.S. Forest Service, the Department of Natural Resources of Minnesota, and the vital interest of environmental groups will make this possible so people of the future will be able to see what they looked like before our coming.

Donne said, "No man is an island unto himself." No truer words were ever spoken, for any island is a part of the whole. By knowing an island you know all wilderness. ●

## Preserving Listening Point – With Your Help!

Listening Point was the key to Sigurd Olson's heart and soul. For a quarter century it provided him the insights, inspiration and perspective that helped him to become one of the leading literary and conservation voices of his era.

Today the passage of time and the weathering effects of the elements are taking their toll on the Listening Point structures. In 2009 Sig's cedar dock needed to be replaced. Last year we restored the cabin's iconic stone steps and a section of the fireplace hearth. In addition, the entire stone foundation of the cabin was rebuilt. Exactly re-positioning each stone required a special touch and know-how. Now Sig's sauna is showing signs of decline.

The Listening Point Foundation Board of Directors has created a fund dedicated to the long-term maintenance of the Point. If we are able to raise \$15,000, a generous supporter has agreed to match that amount. To date, individuals have given more than \$9000 toward this goal. Now, we need to hear from you! Would you please consider donating to the Listening Point Preservation Fund today, thus doubling the impact of your investment in the Point? We've made it easy with the enclosed return envelope!

With your help, we can preserve the natural and historic integrity of Listening Point in perpetuity, so that it can continue to serve future generations as a place of inspiration and a symbol of wilderness, just as it did for Sig. ●

## Listening Point Foundation Annual Report – 2011

We are pleased to report that 2011 was an excellent year for the Listening Point Foundation, and 2012 promises to be even better. We would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you—our friends and supporters—for helping the Foundation to fulfill our dual mission, the preservation of Listening Point and the advancement of Sigurd F. Olson's legacy of wilderness education.

Toward these ends, highlights from the past year include:

- Hosting the thirteenth annual Sigurd F. Olson Birthday Luncheon, Keynote Speaker Nancy Gibson filling in for Dave Mech, at the St. Paul Town and Country Club, with our largest income to date from this event.
- The second annual SFO Northwoods Dinner in Ely, Keynote Speaker Jim Klobuchar, with record attendance and financial support.
- The first annual "Paddling With Sig" LPF Canoe Trip, on the Isabella River in the BWCA, led by Douglas Wood and Chuck Wick. A marvelous experience of incorporating Sig's thoughts, writings, and philosophy into a natural history-oriented exploration of the Canoe Country. Second trip coming this summer!
- Distribution of "Sig Olson's Wilderness Moments" booklet and kit to summer camps where over 1,000 kids came to canoe, hike, learn about the wilderness, and explore their own inner landscapes of courage and strength and connection to the land.
- Restoration work on the Listening Point Cabin. Thanks to a \$10,900 grant from the Minnesota Historical Society, the Foundation was able to accomplish restoration projects including substantial rebuilding of stonework in the foundation and chimney, log preservation, tuck pointing and flashing for the chimney, and last but not least, a new window for the outhouse!
- First ever Canoe Raffle! With generous support from two Foundation member couples, Piragis' Northwoods Co. and We-no-nah Canoe Co., we held our first event of this kind, raising more than \$5000 toward the foundation's work. We will continue this new "tradition" this year!
- Participation once again in the annual Blueberry Arts Festival in Ely,

### LISTENING POINT FOUNDATION ANNUAL REPORT 2011 (unaudited)

|                        |                 |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| Gifts and Grants       | \$34,254        |
| Other Income           | \$27,524        |
| <b>Total Income</b>    | <b>\$61,778</b> |
| <b>Total Expenses</b>  | <b>\$52,772</b> |
| <b>Net Income 2011</b> | <b>\$9,006</b>  |

### Asset Summary as of December 31, 2011

|                                   |                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|
| Cash for Operations               | \$24,474         |
| Unrestricted Investments          | \$95,792         |
| Maintenance Endowment Fund        | \$67,957         |
| Listening Point Preservation Fund | \$5,625          |
| Listening Point Property          | \$493,576        |
| Other Assets                      | \$22,259         |
| <b>Total</b>                      | <b>\$709,653</b> |

always a highlight and a chance to connect with friends new and old.

- Visitation of more than 600 people to the Point. While these visits are not merely a "numbers game," the way they are conducted by guides Alanna Dore and Chuck Wick ensures a quality experience—an emotional connection and a memory that will last a lifetime.

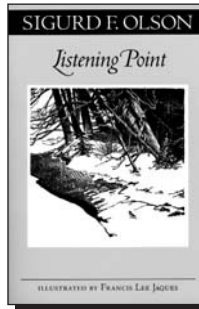
These are but a few of the things your support enables the Foundation to accomplish. We thank you, and we look forward to even more exciting news for 2012. ●

# Gift Shop

Share the spirit of Listening Point with friends and family with one of these gift items that celebrate Sigurd Olson and Listening Point.

## Items by and about Sigurd Olson

**New Edition!**



**Sigurd Olson Classics**  
 Attractive paperback versions of seven of Sigurd Olson's most loved books.

- ❖ *The Singing Wilderness*
- ❖ *Listening Point*
- ❖ *The Lonely Land*
- ❖ *Runes of the North*
- ❖ *Open Horizons*
- ❖ *Reflections from the North Country*
- ❖ *Of Time and Place*

..... \$15 each



### The Wilderness World of Sigurd F. Olson DVD

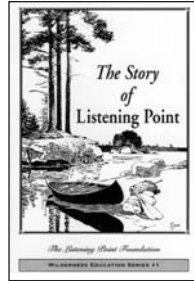
A digitally remastered version of the classic film "The Wilderness World of Sigurd F. Olson" includes more than two hours of conversations with Sig as he speaks about the craft of writing and life in the wilderness. You'll also hear Sig's wife Elizabeth and their son Sig Jr. speak candidly about Sigurd, his profession, and life in the north woods.

..... \$15



**Wilderness Days**  
 University of Minnesota Press has published a new paperback edition of *Wilderness Days*—a collection of Sig's writings that depicts the essence of the magnificent woodlands and waters of the legendary Quetico-Superior region that borders Minnesota and Ontario.

..... \$18



### The Story of Listening Point

This 28-page booklet, written by Sig's son Robert K. Olson, tells the inside story of how Listening Point came to be and why, what it meant to Sigurd Olson, and what it continues to mean to wilderness lovers and loyalists. Features dozens of historical photos and images.

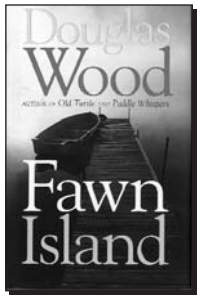
..... \$5



### Sig Olson's Wilderness Moments

For Kids! Five selections of Sig Olson's writings, with "Points to Ponder" and "Activities" following each section. Excellent opportunity to introduce Sig to the younger generation. Includes blank pages at the end of the book for several of the activities—journaling, mapping, etc.

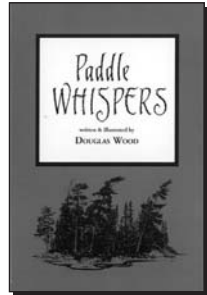
..... \$5



### Fawn Island (hard cover)

Fawn Island is not merely a charming wilderness hideaway; it is the entry to realms of thought and meaning as well. Author Doug Wood probes for meaning into the nature of neighborliness and independence, of community and solitude.

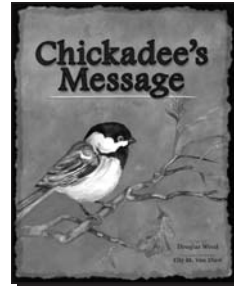
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### Paddle Whispers

An illustrated, nonfiction meditation by Doug Wood about the human soul encountering itself through the soul of the wilderness on a canoe trip through the rocks, woods and water of the North Country.

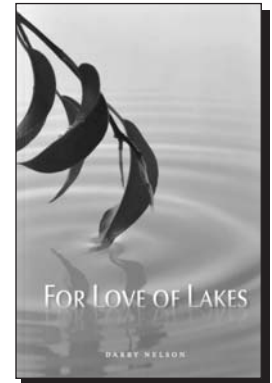
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### Chickadee's Message (hard cover)

Doug Wood's retelling of a Lakota Indian legend about chickadees' strong spirit and boundless good cheer. The story is accompanied by Elly Van Diest's stunning watercolor illustrations that make this an appealing book for readers of all ages.

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### For Love of Lakes (hard cover)

The book, by Darby Nelson, focuses on the lakes, ponds, and waters outside your very home and the intricacies of the ecosystems found there. Further, *For Love of Lakes* documents our species' long relationship with lakes and addresses the stewardship issue, while providing an improved understanding of our most treasured natural resource.

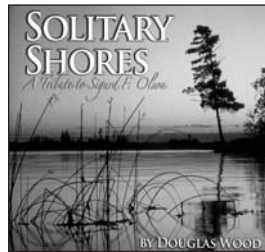
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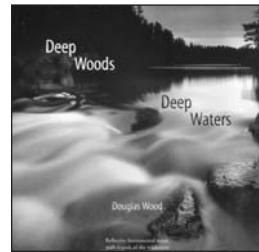
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### Solitary Shores CD

First recorded in 1983, *Solitary Shores* was Douglas Wood's musical tribute to Sigurd Olson. All of the songs have a strong North Country flavor, and there is even a segment of Sig reading from one of his own essays.

..... \$18



### Deep Woods Deep Waters CD

Douglas Wood's diverse rapturous-to-ragtime melodies take you deep into the wilderness on a journey of self discovery.

..... \$18

See next page for the Gift Shop order form



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## Significance (Continued from page 2)

Lasting is a difficult thing in a world of change and progress. But perhaps an important part of true progress is identifying significance and meaning, and striving to insure that neither vanish from our landscapes or from our lives, in the rush toward monetary gain, entertainment, and diversion.

Perhaps it is well also to remember that significance may have very little to do with size or impressive appearance. Meaning may not be where we expect it to be, and we may sometimes have difficulty seeing it, even when it is right in front of us. Even if it's been there all our lives.

That evening, as we hiked up the last few feet of canyon and climbed into the car, crossing the high bridge once more and gazing at the tiny stream below, I wondered, how often do we cross a high bridge at a high speed, glance down at some shallow little sliver of silver with steep sides and think, "Nah, it's too small, too hard to get to, let's hurry on—we can find something better."

"You go down there," the man said. "Not many folks do. That's why the fishing's good."

—Douglas Wood

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*These lists acknowledge gifts received from October 16, 2011 thru April 30, 2012.*

## Archiving Photos

By Patsy Mogush

"Everyone has a listening point somewhere."

When our family began the search for a north woods home, we had perfection in mind: ledge rock, crystal clear lake, log home with a red canoe leaning against the foundation, birch trees, red pine and the occasional moose ambling by. Our place doesn't completely fit the description, but it's perfect for us.

Sigurd Olson had perfection in mind, and found it.

When he and Elizabeth purchased the land for Listening Point in 1956, it had the ledge rock, a protected cove, a blend of deciduous trees and conifers, a wide variety of flora and fauna, all on beautiful Burntside Lake.

A collection of photos recorded Listening Point during the early years, moving and rebuilding the one-room cabin, adding an outhouse, woodshed and sauna, and enjoying all of it with family and friends. Until a few months ago, that collection was a hodgepodge of photos in boxes, bags and envelopes that had the potential to tell the story of Listening Point, but there was no order.

Two friends, one an archivist, the other an educator, combined efforts to organize the photo collection. Alanna Dore, executive director of the Listening Point Foundation, is the archivist; I'm the educator. With Alanna's guidance, I've learned to categorize the photos, create a number system, label each photo and place each one in a protective sleeve. Paper copies of the photos, with the assigned number and any written comments from the original, are included in a three-ring binder, allowing for the search and retrieval of specific photos.

It's been a privilege to walk through the history of Listening Point, the excitement of finding the property, the angst of excavating the road, the pleasure of locating the protected and secluded spot for the cabin, and the serenity of listening.

The story continues as more photos will be added to the collection, more people learn about and commit to protecting and preserving the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, and more of us learn to recognize our own listening point. ●



### Quote from Sig:



*"Awareness is becoming acquainted with environment, no matter where one happens to be. Man does not suddenly become aware or infused with wonder; it is something we are born with."*

— from Reflections from the North Country

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