



View from

# Listening Point

Newsletter of the Listening Point Foundation, Inc.

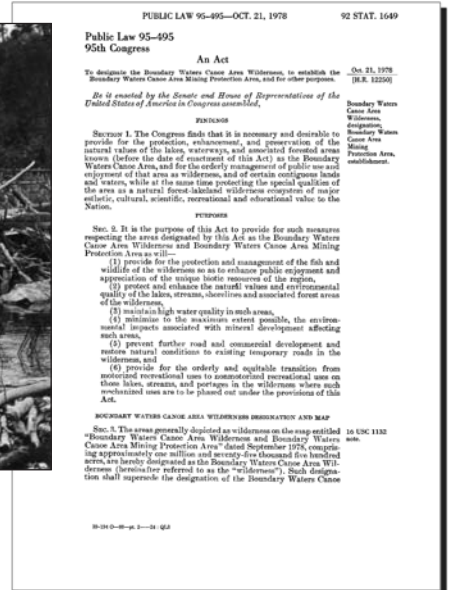
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Photo: LPF Archives

*Sigurd Olson, enjoying the land he fought to keep wild. At right is the first page of Public Law 95-495.*



## Sigurd Olson and the 1978 BWCAW Act

By Kevin Proescholdt

Thirty-five years ago this fall, on October 21, 1978, President Jimmy Carter signed into law the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness Act (Public Law 95-495). This new law ended a rancorous three-year fight in Congress over the future of the BWCAW, provided important new wilderness protections for the canoe country, and settled once and for all the decades-long question that the Boundary Waters was indeed a wilderness.

Sigurd Olson would later call it the most important achievement in his half-century of wilderness conservation on behalf of the Boundary Waters. And Sig played an incredibly important role in the struggle to pass this legislation. Not only did he play the role of leading elder statesman for the wilderness cause throughout those years, utilizing his myriad contacts to promote the BWCA Wilderness bill, but Sig personally testified at the Congressional Field Hearing held in Ely in July of 1977.

At this point in the public debate, two competing bills had been introduced dealing with the BWCAW. Rep. Jim Oberstar's bill would have removed about 400,000 acres from wilderness in the heart of the BWCA and turned it into a National Recreation Area where logging, motorboats and snowmobiles, resorts, and other developments would have been allowed. The competing bill introduced by Rep. Don Fraser would have made the BWCA a complete wilderness—no logging, no mining, no motorboats, no snowmobiles.

Three members of Congress came to Ely for the field hearing: Oberstar, Fraser, and Rep. Bruce Vento, a freshman member of Congress who chaired the hearing on behalf of the Subcommittee Chair, Rep. Phillip Burton of California. Though only in his first term in Congress, Bruce was the only Minnesotan to serve on the full House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee (which included Burton's subcommittee), and Phil drafted Bruce to chair the

*Continued on page 10*

## Sig Olson's Testimony

July 8, 1977

My name is Sigurd F. Olson, my home Ely, Minnesota. I support the Fraser Bill (H.R. 2820) whose purpose is to eliminate all adverse uses from the BWCA and give it complete wilderness status.

I have worked for some 50 years toward building an appreciation and understanding of what wilderness really means. I have served as a consultant to the Department of Interior through several administrations, served on numerous commissions and advisory boards and in that capacity have become familiar with most of the wilderness regions of the United States, Canada, and Alaska.

I have crisscrossed the BWCA and its adjoining Quetico Provincial Park by canoe countless times since my early guiding days, but also the Northwest Territories of Canada, have worked closely with Canadians such as the Quetico Foundation of Toronto, having to do with the preservation of the BWCA and the Quetico as well as other lake and river areas as far north as the Arctic

*Continued on page 10*

# The Point Is...

By Douglas Wood

*“Everyone has a listening-point somewhere. It does not have to be in the north or close to the wilderness, but someplace of quiet where the universe can be contemplated with awe.” —Sigurd. F. Olson*



Doug Wood Illustration

A sense of place. It is a part of our connection to the earth and our understanding of what it means to be a part of things. To belong.

In my life I have been fortunate to travel a good deal, often to beautiful places, and my favorites are many. As a lover of trees I am in love with the redwood groves of California, and if too many years go by between visits I feel I must go back, walk the dim cathedral aisles, crane my neck at the treetops, and breathe the misty air. I also love the nearby beaches of Point Reyes, the place I first spent a night beside the ocean, and farther up the coast the sea stacks and tidal pools of Oregon.

But do I love them more than the unimaginable vistas of Yosemite and the Grand Canyon, the arid silences of Canyon de Chelly and the Four Corners country, the towering Grand Tetons? What about the sulfurous majesty of Yellowstone, the first national park my parents took me to visit as a child?

And how can I leave out the bayou country of Louisiana, Sanibel Island and the Keys of Florida, the Smoky Mountains, and even the semi-manicured backwoods “Ramble” of New York’s Central Park, where I walk every time I visit the great city? All have special meaning to me.

It was as a seven-year-old boy that I first went along on the annual clan fishing trip to Lake Kabetogama in northern Minnesota, a part of what would someday become Voyageurs National Park. I was transfixed and would ever after be held in the spell of rocks, woods, and waters. Kabetogama became the jumping off point for a lifetime of expeditions and explorations in the North, from Grand Portage to the Churchill, the Fond du Lac, the Bloodvein, the Cree, and Athabaska.

All are landmarks, part of the landscape of a life. But there are other sorts of landmarks in life as well, the sorts that do not necessarily appear as well-known destinations on maps. People with a special feeling for the earth and their place upon it have sometimes written of such places, places where the heart can feel that it is at home and where, as Sigurd Olson put it, the “universe can be contemplated with awe.”

Aldo Leopold had his Sand County shack. To go there, the sandy bottomland does not really look like much, was in fact ruined and ravaged when he arrived and began to set things aright.

Annie Dillard set up shop along a little stream called Tinker Creek. Henry Beston wrote from a humble beach house, “the outermost house,” on Cape Cod; and Anne Morrow Lindbergh wrote of “gifts from the sea” from another beach.

Thoreau touched the marrow of life beside a little pond in New England, and years later his thoughts and writings touched and changed the life of a young man named Sigurd Olson.

Another of Olson’s heroes, John Burroughs, who observed and wrote about life mostly from a little acreage in New York called Slabsides, once wrote, “Do not despise your own place and hour. Every place is under the stars, every place is the center of the world.” He also wrote, “The lure of the distant and the difficult is deceptive. The great opportunity is where you are.”

As for me—the little boy who fell in love with the earth on the shores of Lake Kabetogama—well, one portage to the north is another lake named Rainy, where we have a little island, where all the northland stretches away from our doorstep, and where the universe can be contemplated with awe. But it’s a long drive to Rainy Lake, and when I can’t be there, there is a big tree in the woods at home I like to sit under ... I think that Sig would have liked it. Burroughs, too. Its roots go deep, maybe down to the center of the world, and its limbs reach right up to the universe.

Where’s your listening-point?

—Douglas Wood

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## This and That...

• **Another successful canoe raffle!** The proud winner wrote: "Jeremy Maki here, tried out the new canoe!! Love it!! It's awesome!! Thank you sooo much!!"



Jeremy Maki and his new canoe

• **The Sigurd Olson Exhibit at the International Wolf Center (IWC)** was a resounding success. More than 30,000 people who visited the Center this summer had the opportunity to visit our exhibit.

We received positive feedback from numerous individuals including Walter Medwid, former Director of the International Wolf Center, who wrote:



Photo: Richard Watson

**LPF Board members (from left) Tim Barzen, Chuck Wick, Karen Friedrich, Nancy Jo Tubbs, Bryan Stenlund, Doug Wood and Sharon Rome attended the exhibit's opening reception.**

"What really caught my attention was the temporary exhibit on Sigurd Olson which drew me into the display space. To see 'up close and personal' Olson's desk and chair, his actual typewriter, and a collection of

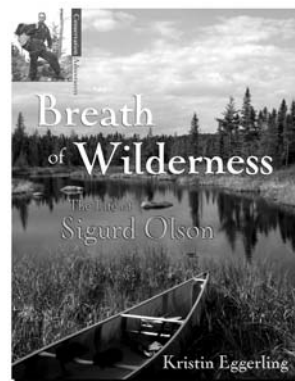
memorabilia from the now famous writing shack, simply warmed my heart. This most tangible connection of Olson to the Wolf Center and to his pioneering research on the wolf, made this a most fitting location and collaboration between the IWC and the Listening Point Foundation."

Medwid continued: "To get a hint of the man who was so touched by the natural world around him and who wanted to share that passion with others, was a gift to me and the thousands of curious visitors to the Center over the summer. Hats off to the creative spirits behind this exhibit for a job very well done! This modest exhibit spoke loudly about a man, his life and his eloquent writing that remains powerful and never more relevant."

Rob Schultz, current IWC Executive Director, wrote: "I heard so many wonderful comments this summer from visitors about the Sigurd Olson exhibit. The Listening Point Foundation—and especially Alanna—did an AMAZING job of creating this first-class exhibit. I do hope, however, that we can build upon this experience and continue to work with the Listening Point Foundation on more projects that underscore the importance of preserving wildlands for future generations. Sig's legacy lives on through the many wonderful LPF volunteers that remind us of the important lessons he taught us and left behind in his writings."

• **Northern Wilds Magazine** received our "The Wilderness World of Sigurd Olson" as a gift celebrating the Foundation's 15th anniversary. They will be running a review of the movie in their January issue. *Northern Wilds* is published in Grand Marais, Minn., and covers the North Shore of Lake Superior in Minnesota and Ontario, and the wilderness beyond. *Northern Wilds* was established in 2004. Beginning in January, 2014, the magazine will be published monthly. It is distributed free at over 150 locations from Duluth to Thunder Bay, including the Gunflint Trail and Ely. E-subscriptions are available as well at [www.northernwilds.com](http://www.northernwilds.com).

• **A new book about Sig!** *Breath of Wilderness* is the story of Sigurd Olson's love for wild places and how that love transformed his life. Sig played a key role in the movement to preserve wilderness throughout North America, including the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, the largest lakeland wilderness in the country. Olson's successful writing career, born from his devotion, spread his fervor worldwide. This is a story of one man finding his passion and standing up for what he believed even in the face of adversity.



*Breath of Wilderness: The Life of Sigurd Olson* by Kristin Eggerling, Fulcrum Publishing is scheduled to be released in February, 2014. It is written for ages nine and up. The book will be available through the Listening Point Foundation beginning with our annual luncheon in St. Paul, April 26, 2014.

### Coming Up...

**November 2013:** Annual Appeal

**January–December, 2014:** Sig Olson display, Forest Service Building, Ely

**January 11, 2014:** LPF Board meeting, Sandstone, MN

**April 26, 2014:** Annual SFO luncheon, St. Paul, MN

**July 25- 27, 2014 :** Blueberry Arts Festival, LPF information booth, Ely, MN

**Sept. 5, 2014:** annual Northwoods dinner, Ely, MN

**Sept. 5 - 7, 2014:** Writers' Workshop Weekend, Ely



## Writers at Listening Point

Over the weekend of September 6-8, 2013, a group of intrepid writers from all over the country gathered at Listening Point. (Yes, writers must indeed be intrepid; just ask Sigurd Olson.) This was the first ever writers' retreat at the Point, and as a



Photo: Yolanda Tims

first it set a grand precedent. Twelve writers of all ages and backgrounds came together to walk the trails that Sig Olson walked, to listen to the wind in the same pines, to enjoy the views through the same cabin windows and maybe—just maybe—find a little of the same inspiration. The inspiration must have “took.” For in addition to great writing conversations—some long into the night by

candlelight—in addition to canoeing around the Point and out into Burntside; in addition to great meals prepared by Heidi Breaker; in addition to plant and tree and wildlife and geology observation and attendance at the “Fall Dinner” celebrating LPF’s 15 years and Sig Olson’s iconic “Lonely Land” canoe trip, and lodging at gorgeous Camp Van Vac—in addition to all of this, some truly fine writing was produced. And a lot of fun was had. Darlene Strand, one of the weekend participants, shared the piece below.

Some participant commentary included: “It was magical and perfect in every way.” “First time writer’s workshop went very well—from the lodging to the food to class time—an excellent experience.” “Food great. Weather perfect. Great group—perfect size. Doug’s music was wonderful. Pace was good.” ●

## Magic, Meaning and Metaphor

By Darlene Strand

Doug sent each of us from Sigurd Olson’s cabin on a journey to find a place that felt special. At Listening Point, that was not a difficult task. Then, he said describe it—describe your place as though you are talking to a person who was born and raised in New York City—so that the reader of your words can see it just as you do. Later, we learned that we had to find meaning in this place or another. Finally, we were to use metaphor.

I easily found my special spot and began . . . my eyes went up! The sky is blue-clear and bright, with white clouds scudding by. The treetops are bathed in soft yellow sunlight. The leaves of the white birch trees near me change from shades of green to amber, gold and pale rust. They quiver like nerve endings, alive with energy. Their neighbors, the poplars, behave in much the same manner. Standing above the rest, the majestic red pines, sometimes called Norway pine, slowly pulse their reaching branches—each clump of needles

resembling an inverted heart.

It’s very difficult to stop gazing upward. It feels as though we don’t do that often enough. Our eyes want to look down or straight ahead, seeing what we need to do or where we need to go. But, wait! I just heard something—a chirp, a call, a word, a squirrel, a chipmunk? Who knows! That creature, whatever it might be, came down from above, or lives at our level, or maybe even below. Its sound has brought me down from the skies and the tree tops. I’m here—sitting on a rock next to twin red pine tree trunks covered with smooth multi-colored layered segments of bark—pink to rose, tan and brown. Light green and gray lichens have fastened themselves to their hosts creating a beautiful abstract, impressionist painting. The trunks soar upward, and again, so do my eyes.

Not this time! Right in front of me is a magnificent gray and pink boulder covered in beautiful patterns of the same gray green lichens as are my seatmates, the red pines. The rusty red brown fallen pine

## We’re Doing It Again— Writers’ Workshop 2014!

If you enjoy nature writing, here is a unique opportunity—the chance to write, talk and think about writing at Sigurd Olson’s Listening Point. This writers’ retreat is an opportunity to draw inspiration from the same rocks, woods, and waters that inspired Sig, one of the foremost nature writers of the twentieth century.

While we can’t promise that you will write just like Sigurd Olson, we can promise the inspiration—the cabin, the foot trails, the lake itself.

Douglas Wood, President of LPF and author of 30 books, will serve as instructor/ coordinator, providing a warm and welcoming environment for writing and sharing, and guiding discussions. Come and explore the concepts of writing about landscape and the natural world, about language, personal voice and style, the business of publishing, and of course the extended opportunity to enjoy the Point itself.

**Dates:** Sept 5 – 7, 2014

**Cost:** \$535, includes both food and lodging. Adults only. Please call 218-365-7890 for more information and to reserve your spot, or email us at [info@listeningpointfoundation.org](mailto:info@listeningpointfoundation.org).

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# Sig Olson and the Timber Wolf

By Douglas Wood

On October 13, 2013, I had the opportunity to give a presentation on behalf of the LPF at the International Wolf Symposium in Duluth. The theme: Sigurd F. Olson's seminal research on wolves in the early 1930s.

Sig's field research in the Quetico-Superior became the grist for his master's thesis, "Life History of the Timberwolf...", published at the University of Illinois in 1932. This scientific study of the wolf was virtually the first of its kind in the world, and certainly the first to reverse centuries of negative stereotypes and paint a more realistic and sympathetic portrait of the iconic predator. The paper was widely influential and would continue to be cited for decades.

But researching my own presentation on Sig's paper, I noticed with interest that the "voice" of Sigurd F. Olson, with which generations of readers are familiar, was barely present. Not surprising, perhaps, in a scientific paper. Still, I missed it. So it was with even greater interest that I found these passages in Sigurd's personal journal: "Here I am down at the University of Illinois striving toward my Master's Degree in Zoology. What an illusion I continually labor under. ... Will I ever get through my thesis, I wonder. I hate the very sound of it. That sort of thing I simply get no joy out of. I must be working in my philosophy and joy in the out-of-doors. The rest is mechanical as though I were pasting labels on cans. ... Tonight I am going to be initiated into Sigma Xi. What a travesty that is. Recommended because of potential possibilities as a research man. I could laugh and wouldn't Thoreau and Burroughs laugh with me. Research, yes, into the hearts of men and how best to go fishing and roaming through the woods. I am not a scientist and never will be one. I am a mystic and a philosopher. I can never change that in me.... This is not what I want. I am going away never to come back."

It was with some trepidation that I decided to include these comments at a scientific conference, from the author himself about his own seminal research. But how the audience laughed and seemed to understand the sentiments. Also with a feeling of appreciation, perhaps, at how Sig struggled to find his path and his voice.

Sigurd Olson would always remain interested in wolves. But the interest was more in the poetry of a line of tracks across a frozen lake, in the important stitches wolves weave within the tapestry of the wild, in the sound of them howling on a full moon night—and how that sound impacts the human spirit, "the hearts of men." ●

## **Magic, Meaning and Metaphor** (Continued from page 4)

needles filling the impressions on the boulder complete the pattern of the boulder's blanket covering. The boulder is alive. Trees grow from it. Bare branches still reach for the sky even though they have shed leaves that were alive in other seasons in other years. The delicate wild bleeding heart has decided to call it home. I stop and look at its orchid-like flower—an unexpected gift—pink, white, yellow, tiny, trumpet-shaped, and gloriously beautiful.

Time has gone so quickly—too quickly. I must leave this wonderful, peaceful, calming spot; still with so much to see, and so much to feel. The sun has lowered behind me. Shadows are more pronounced. The twin reds are casting shadows on the boulder changing hues, colors, patterns. Everything affects everything! Trees and plants affect boulders. The sun affects what we see and what we feel. The healthiness of what is below our feet is affected by what is in it and on it. The sky above and the air around us are affected by where and how the wind blows. But, most of all, we—the many of us—affect everything we do. We affect the sky. We can save or kill the plants around us. We cast shadows. We can save and protect. We must!

Today I learned the descriptive word, intrusions, describing the igneous rock filling in the crevices of the erratic rock—the rock that was here before the volcanic action, before the glacier's actions. Sometimes I feel as though intrusions fill all the crevices of my life—all the empty spaces. Where is the emptiness—the time to think and ponder, to be creative, to begin and finish things that were important before? Before what—before the space was filled. Why is it so important to accomplish so much? One job to the next to the next! Why don't I give myself a special spot, wherever that might be? Why don't I?

I think I'll remember looking up at the sky, studying the trees, sitting on a small boulder, carefully looking at the gigantic one and the life it nurtured. I think I'll remember the smaller boulder at my feet, still firmly planted in the ground with its filled crevices. I think I'm going to give myself permission to stop moving all the time. It's time! Now is the time.

And, I didn't even talk about Sig Olson's cabin at this beautiful spot. Oh well, another story for another time . . . ●



Photo: Steve Valles

## Dropping by the Old Homestead

During the second to last week of July, it was my pleasure and privilege to lead 10 teenagers from the Sparta High School's Earth Club on an outing to Wisconsin's "north shore" to visit with members of the Bad River Band of Lake Superior Chippewa, as well as staff at GLIFWC (Great Lakes Indian Fish and Wildlife Commission).

The trip was forged around learning from tribal elders from Bad River and select staff from the Sigurd Olson Institute at Northland College, as well as actively taking part in water testing with members of the Bad River Watershed Association. In short, it was one of those field trips that promised to nurture tangible, as well as intangible values, in the hearts and minds of a group of conservation minded youth.

It was a wonderful experience to see these young people out in the physical realm of nature, actively taking part in their learning, tucking away bits and pieces of the experience to take with them and remember down the road. The laughter that resounded from the swimmers who braved the waves crashing ashore, coupled with the murmurs of conversation from those ensconced comfortably on the soft sand around the campfire was beautiful to behold. After three days and nights of learning, experiencing, dreaming and finding our own "Listening Points," it was time to head south towards home—some four hours distant.

However, a real treat and honor awaited all of us as we neared Seeley, Wisconsin, early that Sunday afternoon. The students had one more puzzle piece to collect before the trip could be deemed over, and that piece was to drop by and visit with Robert Olson at the old homestead. Having met Robert back in April at the LPF dinner, I had kept in contact with him and was able to arrange for my students to visit his place on the Uhrenholdt farm.

Let me just say now that no words can adequately describe the reception Robert gave our little band as we arrived at the farm. The charming ways and ready smile of this wonderful man welcomed us as we stood under the majestic white pines in the yard of his ancestral home on the Namekagon. The kids and I were in awe, as each of us knew about the mighty undertakings that Robert's father had accomplished in the name

of wilderness. The realization that we now stood in the yard of the homestead where Sig courted Elizabeth and where Soren Uhrenholdt's land ethic was born left more than one of us speechless and in a spellbound state.

However, Robert didn't leave us dreaming for long, as he proceeded to usher us into his home and regaled us with tales of the farm, his grandparents, mother and father, as well as his own amazing career. The stories came naturally as we moved room-

to-room, out to the garage and eventually across the road to the old Danish-style barn and outbuildings. One could have heard a pin drop at times as we pondered the stories he related to us, such as losing his cousin Curtis at Pearl Harbor. While at other times, his funny anecdotes left us all smiling and chuckling with enjoyment, knowing that they provided good memories for him.

The visit with Robert passed quickly, and it was soon time to wedge everyone back into the school van and head for home. As we took parting photos, hugged, and shook

hands all around, I thought silently about the legacy that Robert humbly continues to share each and every day in honor of his family and about the perseverance that they demonstrated in protecting the plot of pines on the Namekagon, as well as that wonderful piece of wild area that is now the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness. It was wonderful to pass a couple of hours with this country gentleman on the homestead.

As Seeley faded from view a few minutes after the final farewells were said, the kids were engaged in discussing the stories that Robert had shared, combining the tales from their visit with earlier discussions about Sigurd and his idea of nurturing and instilling in one a wilderness ethic. I couldn't help but smile as I listened in, as it was quite obvious that Sigurd's wilderness values had found a foothold and that the visit with Robert on the homestead had been the spark to ignite this discussion. That Sunday afternoon, we found not only answers to help us identify who Sigurd Olson was and what he believed, but we found a remarkable man and true friend as well. His name is Robert Olson. ●

—Respectfully and in appreciation,  
Joe Cook, German Instructor/Earth Club Advisor  
Sparta High School / Sparta, Wisconsin



*The Sparta High School Earth Club, hosted by Robert K. Olson (center, in hat) at the old Uhrenholdt homestead in Seeley, Wis.*

Photo: Judy Schure



## Stories From Our Tour Guides

The Foundation began its first ever Tour Guide program the past summer for visits to the Point. A three-day workshop prepared the guides for their time with visitors. The program worked well, the visitors were very pleased with the guides and their presentations. The guides were pleased as well with their overall experience and offered to share some of their observations, impressions, stories, etc., with our readers.

### Patsy Mogush, Eagle's Nest

Sigurd Olson had his reasons to search for and eventually find his Listening Point. Many of us are now the beneficiaries of Sig's dream as we do our own listening there. One visitor, as she entered the cabin, said, "It's a sacred place." Another, a young man who read chapters from Sig's books to his summer campers, reached up to touch Sig's tackle box. On the second or third reach, he asked if he could look inside. Others had tears in their eyes as I read from Sig's *Listening Point*. A few were new to this country and had never heard of a sauna. They were invited by another guest to experience her family's sauna on the other end of Burntside Lake. Most were in awe of the Finnish construction and the location of the cabin and were silenced by the sounds of the water and woods. It's been a privilege to share the Point with those who continue to learn from Sigurd Olson.

### Phil Voxland, Burnside Lake

Each group that visits Listening Point gives me a new insight. Several days after I took a retired professor there, she wrote that seeing the sauna brought to her mind the great French cathedral at Chartres, both being an expression of craftsmanship in a divine setting. So what you or I see at the Point are never the same, and may be intriguingly different!

Lately, as we walk from the sauna and beach up towards the cabin, I step back and let the visitors follow the trail. Their eyes are often watching the path itself, but just upon reaching the wood shed, they look up and ahead. Often there is a hesitation, a pause and a sigh of recognition. "Ohhh ... there it is, there is the cabin."

Sure, and then they want to go inside right away. I smile and remind them that the place is "Listening Point," not so much "Listening Cabin," but we'll be back. If there are kids along, or if one of the folks is clearly moved by finally being at Sigurd Olson's place, I put the key in their hand and welcome them to open the door.

One group of five guys had been staying down by Eagles Nest Lakes. They talked about having canoed in the Quetico and Boundary Waters. Later, I read in the guest book how, in fact, for 50 years they have traveled and paddled together. That reminded me how important it is as a guide to ask, "What brings you to this place?"

### Cindy Miller, Fall Lake

This summer most of the visitors I met at Listening Point were from out of town. As Sig wrote in *Singing Wilderness*, "So often holidays are merely an extension of the identical influences we seek to escape." It was a great pleasure for me to observe how experiencing Listening Point helped people (including locals) let go of their own daily "influences" and begin to deeply, "...listen with inward ears and see with inward eyes." While looking forward to introducing more people to the experience of Listening Point, I offer this advice: Don't go just to "get" a tour. Go to Listening Point to give your spirit a place and time to listen.

### Sharon Rome, Burntside Lake

It was a pleasure to watch the seasons turn from spring to summer, summer to fall, at Listening Point this year. And it was a gift to accompany 31 visitors (23 adults, and eight children under age 12) as they came to the Point in all weather between June and October. For many guests, this was a trip long dreamed of, the culmination of their respect for Sigurd Olson, his wilderness ethic, and his impact on their lives. Some visitors had a personal connection to Sig: they had met him when they were students; some knew him as a friend and contemporary of their parents or grandparents; some had heard him speak in a public forum and had been deeply affected by his words. Others knew him only through his writing and could quote from memory many of his thoughts and observations. All these guests were united in their admiration for Sig and his work; each could readily see how the cabin and Listening Point embodied his vision and served as a nurturing and inspirational retreat for him. It was especially heartening to be with parents who were eager to introduce their children to Sigurd Olson's life, work and legacy; they gave me hope for the future.

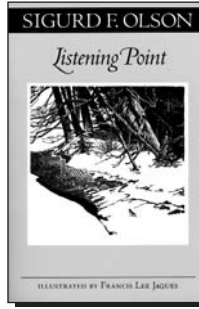
### Heather Monthei, Ely

It was a thrill to guide Ely visitors to Listening Point and to share a small part of Sig's life with them. Some of those more familiar with Olson's legacy came with one of his books in hand while others knew little of the impact Sig made on the preservation of the wilderness. One of my groups knew things about Listening Point that I didn't know...always fun to learn more. My eight tours included couples, families with kids, personal friends of ours, and even our former German exchange student and her husband who came from Austria. Three of the parties came from California, while the rest were from Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. One of the guests just wanted to sit quietly on the benches and let the ambiance set in. I think each of the visitors left with a little piece of the Singing Wilderness within. ●

# 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



**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

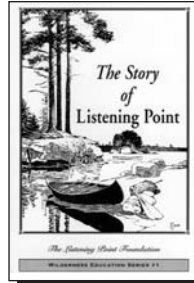
A digitally remastered version of the classic film "The Wilderness World of Sigurd F. Olson" includes more than two hours of conversations with Sig as he speaks about the craft of writing and life in the wilderness. You'll also hear Sig's wife Elizabeth and their son Sig Jr. speak candidly about Sigurd,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

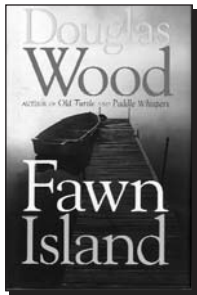
..... \$5



### 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.

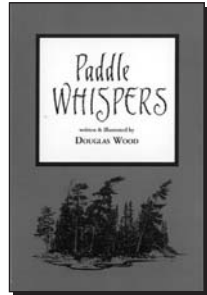
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### Fawn Island (hard cover)

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.

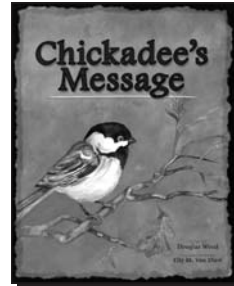
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### Paddle Whispers

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.

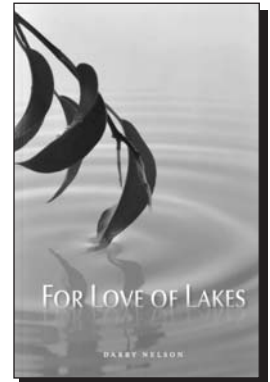
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### Chickadee's Message (hard cover)

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.

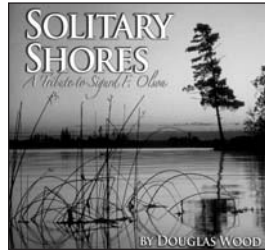
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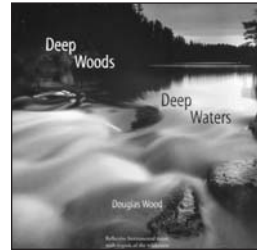
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### Solitary Shores CD

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.

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See next page for the Gift Shop order form



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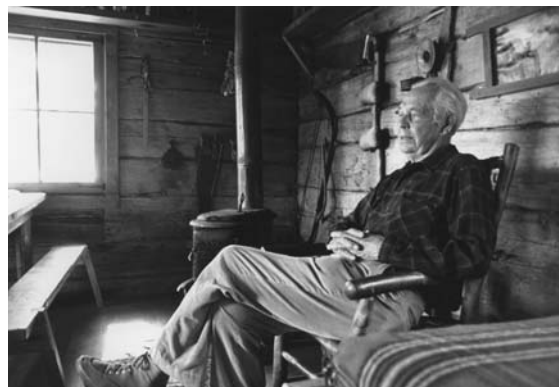
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All items may be ordered from our website via PayPal. Orders also may be placed by email to [info@listeningpointfoundation.org](mailto:info@listeningpointfoundation.org). Invoices will be included with your shipped order.

## Quote from Sig:

*"This inner world has to do with the wilderness from which we came, timelessness, cosmic rhythms, and the deep feelings men have for an unchanged environment."*

— from Runes of the North



## The 1978 BWCAW Act *(Continued from page 1)*

two field hearings in Minnesota.

The Boundary Waters issue was very hot politically, of course, and the Ely field hearing reflected that stormy nature. Over 1,000 people jammed into the auditorium where the hearing was held. Parked logging trucks sat outside the building. A dummy dangled from the boom of one truck, with the names of Sigurd Olson, Bud Heinselman, and the Sierra Club pinned to its shirt.

Inside the hearing, when Bruce Vento called Sig's name to testify, the auditorium erupted in yells, boos, and jeers. For long minute after minute the yelling continued, preventing Sig from speaking. Vento tried gaveling the crowd to order, but to no avail. The foot-stomping and yelling continued. Oberstar and Fraser also tried to bring the crowd to order, but with similar results. The yelling was so intense and continuous that Vento turned to an aide and asked if there was a way out the back of the auditorium in case violence erupted.

Finally, however, Vento gained control of the crowd and it

quieted. Sig then delivered this testimony in favor of the Fraser bill.

The testimony accompanying this article is from Sig's presentation copy of his testimony, with his hand-written deletions and additions, so this version is the way Sig presented it. Most notable is the moving final paragraph of this testimony, which was hand-written onto his typed statement and which I remember Sig delivering, all the more remarkable and eloquent given the tense and angry atmosphere in which he gave it. ●

*—Kevin Proescholdt is the national conservation director for Wilderness Watch, a national nonprofit wilderness conservation organization ([www.wildernesswatch.org](http://www.wildernesswatch.org)). He wrote about Sig's testimony in the book he co-authored with Rip Rapson and Bud Heinselman entitled *Troubled Waters: The Fight for the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness*. Kevin also serves on the LPF's National Advisory Board.*

## Sig's Testimony *(Continued from page 1)*

Tundra.

I have worked with citizen groups, such as the IWLA and Wilderness Society and others, and know how people feel, and have cooperated closely with all major conservation organizations across the country toward the goal of preserving wild and natural areas.

Many threats have plagued the area over the years, road programs, power dams, airplane and fly-in resort developments, the acquisition of private land, logging and mining, and I realize now that had any of these issues been lost there would be no wilderness in the BWCA today.

The BWCA and Quetico Provincial Park across the border comprise over two and a quarter million acres, the largest area of its kind in the world. People come from all over the U.S. and even foreign countries to enjoy the tranquility, beauty, and peace of this unique Lakeland wilderness.

Opponents of the Fraser Bill claim the economy of Northeastern Minnesota would be adversely affected. The mainstay of its economy is mining, an industry doing very well outside the BWCA. There are millions of acres for commercial logging outside the wilderness, a third of the Superior National Forest's three million acres. In this lower two-thirds there is plenty of room for snowmobiles, motor boats, logging and mining. Studies show that resorts and canoe outfitting employ many people and bring in millions of dollars, all of them benefitting from their proximity to the BWCA and its wilderness lure. Once the wilderness is gone, the real meaning of the BWCA will be lost forever.

I am opposed to the Oberstar Bill cutting out some 400,000 acres of prime wilderness canoe country and converting them to recreational use, a permanent tragedy for this long fought-over region which belongs to all the people of America.

President Carter in his Environmental Message to Congress said, "The National Wilderness Preservation System must be expanded promptly before the most deserving areas of federal lands are opened up to other uses and lost as wilderness forever."

I endorse this statement as do millions across the country. The Fraser Bill (HR 2820) supports President Carter's view. The time for action and immediate passage is now. No further studies or surveys are necessary.

This is the most beautiful lake country on the continent. We can afford to cherish and protect it. Some places should be preserved from development or exploitation for they satisfy a human need for solace, belonging and perspective. In the end we turn to nature in a frenzied chaotic world, there to find silence—oneness—wholeness—spiritual release.

Please make this statement a part of the record.

Sincerely, Sigurd F. Olson



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