



## A Rich Wilderness Life

By Kevin Proescholdt

Sigurd Olson's first published article, reprinted here, appeared in the *Nashwauk Herald* on July 22, 1921. The article describes Sig's very first canoe trip in the Quetico-Superior, taken the month before. Nine days later the same article, this time with Sig's by-line, would also appear in the Milwaukee newspaper that Sig's brother helped edit. Sig had not yet moved to Ely at this point in time, but was teaching at Nashwauk on Minnesota's Iron Range. He was just 22 and still single. It would be 35 more years before Alfred A. Knopf published Sig's first book, *The Singing Wilderness*.

Sig wrote this article in a romantic style perhaps expected of someone his age at the time, without the benefit of his more polished prose that the subsequent 35 years would bring. But the article is still very interesting for a number of reasons, among them the foreshadowing of several aspects of his later life, which include:

**Appreciation of Wilderness Aesthetics.** Throughout this article, Sig writes about the beauty he encountered in the Quetico-Superior wilderness. "And so we traveled through hundreds of lakes and rivers, drunk in the beauties of countless waterfalls, rapids and virgin forests, saw naked grandeur as God intended it to be, unscathed by the hand of man."

**Choosing Wilderness over Wealth.** Already at age 22, Sig seemed to be choosing a life connected with wilderness over a life in pursuit of worldly wealth. "I do not ever hope to accumulate worldly wealth, but I shall accumulate something far more valuable, a store of wonderful memories."

**Glimpses into Spirituality.** Sig wrote throughout the piece about his appreciation for God the Creator of the wilderness he now loved. "God, how beautiful it all is and your soul unconsciously goes out in gratitude to the Creator that has saved this little bit of heaven for you."

**Presaging his Life's Work.** "When I reach the twilight of life I shall look back and say, 'I am glad I lived as I did; life has been good to me.' I shall not be afraid of death because I will have drunk to the full the cup of happiness and contentment that only close communion with nature can give." ●



## Cruising Through God's Country

*Nashwauk Herald*, Friday, June 21, 1921

Describes Cruise Thru the Woods; Tells of the Beauty of Northern Minnesota Lakes and Rivers.

*After making a month's cruise in the north woods and lakes, Sigurd Olson, Charles Sollonen and Henry Hanson returned and stated that it was one of the finest trips ever made. The following article was written describing the trip, the scenery and the rivers and lakes passed through:*

When the great Creator had almost finished our wonderful country he stopped in his labors and pondered. There was one thing lacking, a spot more beautiful than the rest where his children could come and soothe their weary spirits, far from the smoke of cities and the discordant glamor of industry, unsullied by the hand of man. God saw all that was to happen. He saw the ravaging of our beautiful forests, the despoiling of our streams and lakes by the greedy, selfish, unthinking hands of those who know no beauty and see only in the wonders of nature resources for filling their own already bursting coffers.

*Continued on page 6*

# Those Golden Leaves



courtesy Tim Rudnicki

“But it is in the fall when the aspen’s leaves are masses of old gold and the hillsides and islands are mirrored in a sea of blue that the days become enchanted and a hush lies like a benediction over the entire country.” (*The Singing Wilderness*, p.140)

Olson, while explaining the rationale for selecting various tree species brought into the family yard, paints a word picture bursting with color and, depending on one’s experience with nature, emotion.

What effect did the phrase about aspen’s leaves have on you? One need not have directly experienced the Boundary Waters Canoe Area for Olson’s words to conjure up some images of clumps of leaves that could pass for gold or the feeling of being enveloped by a quiet, peaceful environment. Yet for those who have witnessed and experienced those aspens in the fall, or the serenity that can over take one while observing those reflections on a calm body of wilderness water, the emotions can run high.

After reading *The Singing Wilderness*, will fall aspen leaves or the natural environment ever look the same to you? Sigurd Olson really has given us some incredible gifts. Through his words and deeds, Olson challenges us to explore nature with a renewed sense of wonder and awareness, to be more at one with the natural environment and experience nature in all its splendor. While for some of us these challenges may seem misplaced or overwhelming given the current turbulent financial times, being more at one with the natural environment is perhaps the prescription that can help us restore our collective well-being.

As we journey forward, you are invited to use the Listening Point Foundation for that bit of inspiration you and your friends might be seeking this season, or to renew your sense of wonder and awareness about our natural environment. From a visit to the Point, to our updated website ([www.listeningpointfoundation.org](http://www.listeningpointfoundation.org)), to the educational resources available in the Listening Point Foundation Gift Shop and to the many events hosted throughout the year by Listening Point Foundation, we are here to serve you.

Thank you to everyone who helped celebrate the 10th Anniversary of the Listening Point Foundation. Many of you participated in special events that included the official unveiling of the National Historic Register plaque in September. We look forward to your continued participation in our work to keep Sigurd Olson’s vision alive throughout the next decade.

Please take a minute to share with us, via an e-mail, letter or telephone call, what you are doing to follow Sigurd Olson’s example to be more at one with the natural environment. I look forward to hearing from you. ●

—Tim Rudnicki

You can reach Tim by telephone at 952-915-1505  
or by e-mail at [tjrudnicki@earthlink.net](mailto:tjrudnicki@earthlink.net)

## Inside

This and That	3
Remembering Milt Stenlund	3
A Historic Touchstone	4
Qigong Women	
Visit the Point	5
LPF Gift Shop	8
Donors	9
Special Gifts	11

## This and That...

- Please note LPF has a **new email address**: info@listeningpointfoundation.org
- **Fifty years ago** in 1958 Sig's book *Listening Point*, was released for sale in bookstores on September 22. The book was published by Alfred Knopf Publishing Co.
- The Listening Point Foundation is pleased to announce that Sigurd Olson biographer, **Dr. David Backes**, has been appointed to be Literary Agent for Sigurd Olson's books and other Olson publications. In this respect, Dr. Backes will oversee the status of Sigurd Olson books, consult and advise with publishers and public on any issues or opportunities concerning the publications, review requests to publish quotations from SFO's works, and so forth. Previous Literary Agents have been Robert K. Olson, Frances Collin, and Marie Rodell. We feel that no one could surpass Dr. Backes in this position. He brings with him a profound knowledge of Olson's works and an impressive commitment to the welfare of the Sigurd Olson literary legacy.
- **Summer visitors to the Point** numbered more than 300. Some came with unique purposes in mind: two artists spending the day pleine aire painting, a researcher came to film Finnish saunas, a small wedding party visited—eight people in attendance complete with tin cans tied to the boats on the trip to the Point, and an individual who wanted to be at Sig's Listening Point on his 50th birthday. It will be interesting to see what visitors we have next summer.
- The **2008 Ely Blueberry Arts Festival** provide LPF with a great opportunity to see old friends, add new members to our mailing list, and sell a few of Sig's books.
- **Saturday, September 13th** was a day filled with activities: a Board of Directors meeting in the morning, an Advisory Board get together in the early afternoon, and the unveiling of the National Register of Historic Places (NRHP) plaque at the Point parking area later in the afternoon which was followed by a wine and cheese reception at Chuck Wick's yurt. The day was capped off with a fine dinner in celebration of the Foundation's 10th anniversary. Exceptional speakers at the event were Don Shelby of WCCO TV, and David Anderson, NRHP researcher. All in all the Ely event was quite a success. ●

## LPF Charter Member Milt Stenlund Dies

Milton H. Stenlund, one of LPF's charter Board members,, died at his home on October 20, 2008. He was 89 years old.

Milt was born October 15, 1919 in Ely, Minn. He graduated from Ely High School in 1937 and from Ely Jr. College in 1939, where he was a student of Sigurd Olson and later with whom he became lifelong friends.

Milt served in the Army Air Corps in Australia and New Guinea in WWII. He married Althea Hocking on January 6, 1945. Milton received a B.S. Degree from the University of Minnesota in 1946 and earned a Masters Degree in 1955. He worked as a wildlife biologist for the Minnesota Department of Conservation in Ely from 1948 to 1957, was appointed Regional Wildlife Supervisor in Grand Rapids in 1957 and Regional Administrator for the Department of Natural Resources in 1973. He retired in 1982 after 35 years with the DNR.

Milt published many books and articles on wildlife and history including *Popple Leaves and Boot Oil* about his career as a wildlife biologist in Northern Minnesota and *Burntside*

*Lake: The Early Days 1880-1920*, which includes history of the Listening Point area. From his research he became one of the proponents of declaring the timber wolf an endangered species and saving the wolf from extinction. He was instrumental in establishing Soudan State Park and the International Wolf Center in Ely.

He held memberships in the Izaak Walton League, Nature Conservancy, Wildlife Society, and the Rotary Clubs in Ely and Grand Rapids. Throughout his career he received numerous awards, including those from the Minnesota Chapter of the Wildlife Society and the Izaak Walton League.

He was preceded in death by his wife Althea in 2007. ●



## Upcoming Events in 2009

- January 10:** Board of Directors meeting, Duluth
- April 4:** annual spring luncheon, Town & County Club of St. Paul
- May:** LPF spring/summer newsletter publication
- May 16:** Board meeting, Ely
- July 24-26:** Blueberry Arts Festival, Ely—LPF outreach booth
- September:** dinner in Ely, place and date to be announced
- Fall:** Board of Directors meeting, date and place to be announced
- October:** LPF fall/winter newsletter publication
- November:** LPF annual appeal



Milt Stenlund, at right, with his late wife Althea and Chuck Wick.

Alanna Johnson

## Listening Point named an historic touchstone for the wilderness ethic

By Nancy Jo Tubbs

I think it was listening that made Sigurd Olson a remarkable writer who touched millions of readers. He named his get-away Listening Point, “a listening post from which I might even hear the music of the spheres.” It became a base for his many adventures in the natural world and its very name came to symbolize the ways in which nature intimately resonates with the human spirit.

WCCO-TV anchor and reporter Don Shelby explains Olson’s unique writing this way: “When I was a little boy, I read all of the outdoor magazines. There was always a picture on the cover of some wild drama, like a hunter fending off a grizzly bear while dangling from a cliff. Then I read Sigurd Olson’s outdoor writing. It was gentle. It introduced me to the nature that I recognized from the patch of woods near my house.”

Olson made the natural world familiar to us. He observed intensely and told us what he experienced so that we also remembered the feel of the paddle, the sound of the chickadee, the pine scent of our particular patch of woods-and recognized its meaning to the world and to our world.

Shelby and about 50 supporters of the Listening Point Foundation gathered on Saturday, September 13 around a piece of greenstone on the southeastern shore of Burntside Lake, where a plaque was imbedded announcing that Listening Point is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The Point is a spot much like any other Superior National Forest outcrop of three-billion-year-old Precambrian bedrock scratched by glacial ice about 50,000 years ago. Wild flowers, red and white pine, lichen and grasses grow here, and a sandy beach nestles in the small cove nearby. What makes this Burntside point notable enough for the historic register is the fact that Olson and his wife Elizabeth bought the land and moved a cabin here in the mid-1950s.

Olson had taught at Ely Memorial High School and served as dean of Ely Junior College while he and Elizabeth raised two boys, Sigurd, Jr. and Robert. He had come from Chicago and fallen in love with the woods and lakes of northern Minnesota on a canoe trip in 1920. In a booklet about this history, Robert Olson wrote that his father, “guided canoe trips, ran an outfitting company, the Border Lakes, and spent as much time as he possibly could in the out-of-doors he loved, hunting, fishing, hiking, skiing, dogsledding, showshoeing, canoeing, camping,

picnicking.” After his father’s death, Robert Olson helped form and lead the Listening Point Foundation and contributed the land to the organization.

Sigurd Olson’s experiences led to two endeavors made him famous. He began writing and he entered the arena of conservation politics.

Success in writing didn’t come easily, and Olson’s was not the style of the grizzly bear and the cliff. He had the naturalist’s gift of observation, relating the splash of a paddle, the scent of rain and the patterns of stars, all with the lyric gift of the poet. His first book, *The Singing Wilderness*, was published in 1956 and immediately became popular. He eventually authored dozens of articles and nine books, including *Listening Point*.

Historian David Anderson, who wrote the 20-page application for Listening Point’s historic designation reports that the first book was a *New York Times* bestseller, and remains in print today. He quoted writer Bruce Hutchinson in the *Saturday Review* with a description of Olson’s writing:

“A day with such a man in the woods must be an education. Even with the abbreviated compass of a book written rather like a casual yarn around the evening campfire, he manages to mix in an extraordinary amount of information with a picture of the wilderness whole. For to him it is a whole thing, an organic body of which all life, from the lichen to the man, is interdependent, logical, and in timeless rhythm.”

In the arena of conservation politics, Olson became a controversial figure in Ely, where he was hung in effigy, and a hero of conservationists nationwide for his advocacy of wilderness preservation. His work was significant in the designation of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, the jettisoning of a plan by lumber magnate Edward Backus to dam lakes and streams in the Rainy River watershed, and the creation of the Quetico-Superior as a wilderness area.

Listening Point joins two other National Historic Register icons on the lake-Burntside Lodge established in 1913 and the Bull-of-the Woods, a sunken steamboat used in the late 1800’s to move rafts of logs down the lake to Hoist Bay.

Shelby and Anderson, the evening speakers at the September celebration dinner in honor of the Point, talked about the ways in which Olson’s writing touched the archaic human in his readers.



Alanna Johnson

*Continued on page 11*

## Listening Point Experience for Qigong Women in the Wilderness



Cis Hager

Listening Point was the location for a Qigong Women in the Wilderness Retreat workshop on a sunny morning in mid July. Retreat leaders Rebecca Kali from Ely and Cis Hager from St. Louis, MO brought their group to Listening Point as part their week long retreat for women which offers wisdom from ancient traditions to bring peace, balance and well being to modern lives. Here is the account of their experience at Listening Point.

We came to Listening Point to introduce our group of 16 women to Sigurd Olson's work and passion for wilderness preservation in this peaceful and beautiful environment where Sig did so much of his writing. We also choose Listening Point as the perfect location to teach a workshop which offers ancient ways of connecting with the spirit of wilderness.

While walking up the trail to the cabin and enjoying the serenity of the beautiful forest trail, quotes from Sig Olson's writing on the preservation of wilderness filled the women's thoughts.

Briefly visiting the cabin we got an impression of the man who came there to be immersed in the peace and serenity of wilderness: to be inspired, to be renewed, to be nurtured in body, mind and spirit. We shared some quotes from Sig's writings then headed down to the point to begin our outdoor workshop.

Our group gathered on the lakeshore to practice a graceful form of Qigong also called Chinese Yoga. The foundation and philosophy of Qigong leads us to develop a greater

understanding of our natural world; that we too are part of it and how we fit in.

Later, sitting under the trees or on ledge rock near the lake shore the women spent some time journaling, inspired much as Sig might have been. Our program at Listening Point also featured a guided meditation as well as other techniques to connect with nature as a whole and with individual natural elements: trees, rocks, water, sky, and even the soft moss underfoot.

We taught ways to slow down, reduce stress, to really listen and be more open to the messages that are all around us in the natural world. The group learned ways to reconnect with wilderness, to reconnect with source and how to balance our sometimes chaotic human lives by connecting with our natural environment.

Members of our Qigong Women in the Wilderness Retreat group found material for personal transformation and evolution through exposure to Sig Olson's work and our special experience of Listening Point. Some of the women's comments were: "My experience at Listening Point was life changing and helped me to regain a connection with nature," and "... a wilderness experience to center and ground you, leaving you with hope and vitality to inspire your life one mindful step at a time."

We are grateful to the Listening Point Foundation for the privilege of visiting Listening Point and to Alanna Johnson for all her help in providing information on Sig's life and work and making it possible for our group to have such a fantastic experience at Listening Point. ●

—Rebecca Kali lives in Ely. She is founder and director of Qigong Alliance International, a global community with members from 49 countries ([www.QiCentral.org](http://www.QiCentral.org)). Kali teaches meditation and Qigong locally and internationally and leads tours to China and Tibet ([www.Dao-of-Well-Being.com](http://www.Dao-of-Well-Being.com)).

## Cruising Through God's Country *(continued from page 3)*

He also knew that some of his children would love nature and its beauties as they should; that the trees would be their temples and the glories of mountain, plain and forest, their religion. He knew that they would weep at the wanton destruction of the nature that means to them life itself. For those who deeply love and who truly understand nature in all its moods, God set aside a little bit of Paradise unaccessible for those who would despoil it.

East of the Rainy Lake country and north of the rugged shores of Lake Superior lies a virgin wilderness almost too beautiful to describe. It would be as easy to paint a perfect sunset or the northern lights as to do the country justice.

Imagine yourself in a primitive wilderness of lakes and streams and mountains where the only sounds are the laughing of the loons, the slap of the beaver's tail and the slashing around of moose and deer in the bogs. It is today as it was before Columbus discovered this country, untouched, untarnished. The winds still whisper through the virgin timber, the waves on Big Saganaga still lap hungrily on the shore. The cry of the great northern loon echoes and re-echoes from Lake Superior to Hudson Bay. The moose and deer come down to drink, down trails well worn through centuries of use. Everything is perfect. God had planned well.

All is still, the water is smooth as glass except when disturbed by the jumping of the lake trout. The heavily timbered shores are reflected as from a mirror in the waters of the lake. As you gaze you sometimes catch yourself wondering which is which, the reflection or the shore. A white throated sparrow calls so far away and sweetly, one can hardly believe a note could be so clear and faint and still be heard. You stand there in awe, the silence almost overcomes you, a queer feeling comes to your throat. God, how beautiful it all is and your soul unconsciously goes out in gratitude to the

Creator that has saved this little bit of heaven for you.

Suddenly you are startled. A wild, weird screaming peal of maniacal laughter rends the silence like a knife. Not only once but peal upon peal, each more exultant than the first. A cold shiver travels up and down your spine. You wish you could kill that thing that spoiled it all. It is



Illustrations by Dan Meitz

the call of the loon and is answered far off to the north and you wonder how far that call will travel; perhaps way up to Hudson Bay, who knows. As the echoes come back again and again from nameless lakes far away and finally cease, the silence is deeper than ever. Everything has a place in God's plan, even the laughing of the loon.

It is almost dark, the sun has set leaving the west a lurid tumbled mass of burnished gold. The sunset seems almost fierce in its intensity. It is not peaceful and glowing, but a sullen, angry red. I wonder if it will rain tomorrow.

The tent gleams ghostly in the shadow of a huge spruce. Dan has been cooking supper. The odor of bacon and coffee assails my nostrils and I remember I am

still alive and ravenously hungry after a long day of paddling and portaging. Dan asks where I've been and I answer, "Just dreaming." He smiles; he, too, understands.

After supper, our pipes. The smoke curls up and its fragrance adds the final touch to a day that has been lived but not existed. I take out my map and by the light of the campfire find we are on an island in Ottertract lake. It is the most beautiful we have struck so far and if it were not for the call of "Something lost behind the ranges, lost and waiting for you," we would camp here but like Kipling's explorer we must look behind the ranges to see what awaits us there.

We are sitting smoking in front of our tent. The smoke from our dying campfire curls lazily upward. It is almost dark, but over toward the east the tops of the spruces are faintly illuminated. We watch expectantly up the waterway. A thin rim of silver, then slowly, majestically golden mellow, a glorious summer moon rises dripping out of the dark placid waters of Ottertract. The spruces are sharply silhouetted. The wilderness seems bathed in mellow moonlight. Even the sharp old stump over on the shore has something beautiful about it. We sit in silence drinking in the radiant glory about us.

Words would have been sacrilege. The mournful wail of a timber wolf comes down from the north and I shiver a little. We are not yet so civilized that we don't recognize and fear the howl of the wolf. A silver waterway leads directly to our little island. Now it is smooth and polished and now strewn with a million diamonds as a ruffle of wind roughens the surface. Peacefulness and contentment are mine. I am happy and why should I not be?

I am no millionaire and in fact am poor in worldly goods, but can anyone else love the forests, lakes and streams any more than I do? My body is strong and full of the vigor of life; I enjoy my sleep, my meals, my work, my play. I look forward to

years of happiness. Life is good to those who know how to live. I do not ever hope to accumulate worldly wealth, but I shall accumulate something far more valuable, a store of wonderful memories. When I reach the twilight of life I shall look back and say, "I am glad I lived as I did; life has been good to me." I shall not be afraid of death because I will have drunk to the full the cup of happiness and contentment that only close communion with nature can give. Most of us do not live. Convention looks down on modern man and says, "There is my product, a creature bridled by custom and tradition." He is not natural, even his emotions are superficial. He is a creature happy in a sense, a misguided sense, living and dying without knowing the joy of one natural breath.

Our pipes are out and the moon is riding high in the heavens. We turn in for the night and sleep soundly on a fragrant bed of balsam.

Awake at dawn, for dawn is the best part of the day in the wilderness. The trees and brush are dripping with dew. The birds are bursting their little throats with warbling melody. Everything is fresh and clean. A dip in the icy clear waters of the lake and our toilet is complete. The sun is just coming up over in the bay toward the east. The faint white, low hanging mist quickly disappears before its warming rays. A bull moose that we had not seen before is revealed, standing up to his knees in the water of a bay 500 yards up shore. He has not seen us and is busy eating lily pad roots. Every once in a while he ducks his head and neck under water, coming up in a shower of spray, the lily roots dripping in his mouth. The sun glints on his widely spreading horns and he is every inch a monarch as he stands and looks in our direction. He watches us a little while and then leisurely steps out of the water. We can hear the brush crack as he works his way up over the rise. We get our last glimpse of him as he stands on top of the ridge and looks down defiantly as if to say, "Who are you that you dare to come and disturb the peacefulness of my kingdom?"

The trout are jumping and a pair of

loons are laughing and splashing water with their wings. The water is so clear that we can see the fish feeding along the shore. After breakfast we break camp, dip our paddles and we are off for new country and new adventures. We paddle close to shore as there is always more of interest there than anywhere else. A mallard hen flies out in front of the canoe, quacking and making believe she is crippled. We soon see the cause of her discomfort. A flock of little brown chicks are skittering for the shore as fast as their little legs and wings will take them. They ride in all sorts of nooks and peep out timidly at us thinking they are hidden. We paddle along through lake after lake, sometimes making portages from one lake to another. Some of the portages are steep and rocky so a man with a pack and canoe has all he can do to keep his footing.

In some places beaver dams have to be crossed and marshy places waded through, not wet enough to float a canoe but too wet to walk upon. The beaver are very active and evidences of their logging operations are to be seen everywhere. They are so tame that we see them swimming about in broad daylight. When we get too close, down they go with a mighty flap of their tails. We are paddling easily along when the sound of a waterfall reaches our ears.

We paddle in toward shore, leave the canoe and follow up the sound. It must be small because we hear only a faint trickling over the rock. After a hundred yards or so we come to a steep face of rock nearly perpendicular and perhaps 100 feet in height. A spring fed brook breaks over the top and spreads over the face of a rock like a thin transparent veil. The sun breaking through the birches seems to touch the veil with silver light so we called it the "Crystal Sheen." The little falls is in a grove of slender white birches. The ground and the rock itself is carpeted with the most delicately tinted green moss. Everything is so exquisitely beautiful that I cannot help but wonder if this is not a fairyland. Some tiny fairies with gauzelike wings bathing in the spray of the Crystal Sheen would have made the picture perfect.

We leave reluctantly and resume our paddling. The steady swish, swish of our paddles soon carries us many miles northward. It is a pleasure to watch your paddle in the clear water, and the little ever present whirlpool that you make with every stroke. We go through a narrow neck and presently the water becomes swifter. We are in a river and before we know it we are racing along very swiftly. White water breaking over jagged rocks warns us to keep our distance. A sharp rock almost seems to leap at us out of the foam, but a quick swerve of the paddle and we flip past. Now we are bounding and shooting through spray and white water. It takes quick thinking and quicker acting to keep away from the rocks now. The trees on shore seem to shoot past and the rocks are getting thicker. A patch of white water shows up ahead. I try my best to head the canoe to one side. Now we are in it. The sickening sound of a rock grating on the bottom of the canoe and we stop in mid stream. We paddle desperately, the canoe starts to swing. Two more feet and we are done for. A last desperate stroke and we slip off and into the current. The water becomes more quiet and soon we are cruising smoothly along through a lake ever northward. This lake is dotted with rocky islands covered with spruce and Norway pine. Gulls are flying around screaming and flying low over our heads. Evidently this must be their nesting ground.

We are both tired and so head the canoe for a pretty little island near the center of the lake. It is a good camping place and the wild beauty of the lake with its many rocky islands and screaming gulls appeals to us so we decide to stop for the night. The rock is covered with heavy lichen, which makes a fine bed. The tent is soon up and supper on the way. After supper our pipes alight, we lay on our backs and gaze at the lazily drifting clouds.

The lives of those who live close to nature in the northland are filled with adventures every day, and to the men of the north they are life. This struggle for

*Continued on page 11*

# Gift Shop

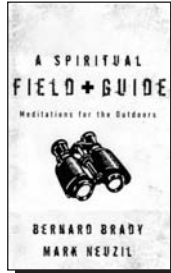
Share the spirit of Listening Point with friends and family with one of these gift items that celebrate Sigurd Olson and Listening Point.



### 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.

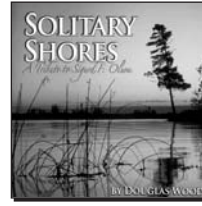
..... \$5



### A Spiritual Field Guide

This 192-page softcover book contains passages from a wide variety of writers, activists and others (including Sigurd F. Olson) who have thought long and deeply about the meaning and value of nature and wilderness. A perfect trip companion.

..... \$13



### 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. This is an album for lovers of the Northwoods and fans of Sig Olson.

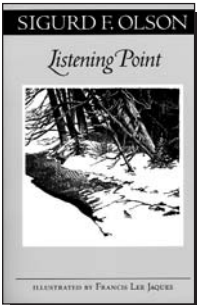
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### Brandenburg Cards

Listening Point at winter's end, captured by photographer Jim Brandenburg and featuring a quote from Sigurd Olson. Set of 10 full-color note cards with envelopes.

..... \$20



### Sigurd Olson Classics

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

- ❖ *The Singing Wilderness*
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### The Wilderness World of Sigurd F. Olson Video

This intimate film captures the life and spirit of Sigurd Olson late in his life. VHS format, 30 minutes long.

..... \$15



### 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. The audio clips are set to a slideshow of Olson family photographs.

..... \$15

Listening Point Foundation Gift Shop  
order form

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- Story of Listening Point booklet ..... @ \$ 5.00 = \_\_\_\_\_
- Sigurd Olson paperback books ..... @ \$15.00 = \_\_\_\_\_
- specify title(s): \_\_\_\_\_
- Wilderness World video ..... @ \$15.00 = \_\_\_\_\_
- Wilderness World DVD ..... @ \$15.00 = \_\_\_\_\_
- A Spiritual Field Guide book ..... @ \$13.00 = \_\_\_\_\_
- Brandenburg cards ..... @ \$20.00 = \_\_\_\_\_
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## Listening Point *(continued from page 4)*

The DNA we inherited from our ancestors who lived in wilderness, and knew it as familiarly as home, lives on in us. It is reflected in our innate inclination take off for wild places and in those moments spent near trees and water when our bodies seem to sigh with relief.

In his writing and in his conservation work, Olson tried to ensure that wilderness would always be protected so that that primitive person in us could be fed and nourished by it. Olson's death while snowshoeing near Ely on a 30-degree-below morning in 1981 was perhaps fitting. Robert Olson wrote of it, "...it was quite as he would have wished it to be, out in the woods, snowshoeing down the trail."

He leaves us with the richness of wilderness, and specifically the legacy of a little granite spit of land on Burntside Lake.

Of it, Olson wrote, "I named this place Listening Point because only when one comes to listen, only when one is aware and still, can things be seen and heard. Everyone," he said, "has a listening point somewhere." ●

*—Nancy Jo Tubbs is a member of the LPF Board of Directors. This article first appeared in the Sept. 20, 2008 issue of the Ely Timberjay.*

## God's Country *(continued from page 7)*

existence and the fearless battle with the elements is what makes the manhood of the north big and clean and strong. The north asks for strong men, not weaklings, for here manhood is tested down to the core. To those whom she selects she reveals all her riches and if she does not give them riches in gold she gives them riches far more worth while that mean happiness and contentment.

And so we traveled through hundreds of lakes and rivers, drunk in the beauties of countless waterfalls, rapids and virgin forests, saw naked grandeur as God intended it to be, unscathed by the hand of man. When we ended our cruise and our canoes grated on a sandy beach for the last time our hearts were heavy and yet how happy. We were ragged and unkempt, but what mattered that; our hearts were filled to overflowing. We came back empty handed, but oh how rich we were. We could say with Kipling's explorer on his return:

"Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre? Have I kept one single nugget? No, not I. Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker. But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy." ●



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