



SOMMERS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

REFLECTIONS



NORTHERN TIER NATIONAL HIGH ADVENTURE

2000 Gathering of Sommers Clan

by Dave Hyink and Mark Nordstrom

The Millennium rendezvous of the Sommers Alumni Association featured a look at base programs for historical re-enactment, a trip to the Sig Olson writing shack and Listening Point cabin, a keynote speech by Sig's son, Robert, singing led by Larry Whitmore, Jeff Cahill, and Roger Clapp, lots of people happy to see each other again together in the North Woods, and meal after meal of that distinctively-flavored base cuisine (served with a smile, cafeteria style) that draws every reunion visitor back year after year.

Robert Olson talked about growing up in Ely while Sig worked to restrict fly-in access and ownership in the Boundary Waters area. He said the pressure from people opposing his father's efforts could be difficult. Robert worked as an outfitter and guide in Ely, then entered a career in the American Foreign Service that took him around the world.

After Robert's talk he joined the audience in watching a film showing him and Sig canoeing through the Boundary Waters. It was made to support Sig's efforts to establish the Boundary Waters area. He remembered making the movie, but had never seen it. He was about 20 years old when the movie was made. It was easy to recognize him. There were two people in the movie, he was the one who wasn't Sig. Dave Greenlee found the movie in a Minnesota library while he was searching for things that listed Sig Olson as author.

Robert worked at the Sommers Canoe Base the summer the lodge was dedicated. He missed being included in the picture of the lodge dedication, though. He came down with pneumonia and was in his bunk recovering when the picture was taken. He said he didn't think his mother thought very fondly of the base after he returned home from the experience. Apparently it didn't do anything to hurt his

father's attitude toward the base. Sig often visited the base to talk about wilderness and woodsmanship.

Association members visited Sig Olson's writing shack and cabin on Listening Point. The writing shack is maintained just as it was when Sig worked in it. The visit included seeing the stone wall, stone fire-

acquaintances. A lot of old experiences were relived, with at least as much enthusiasm as when they first occurred. Larry and Jeff supplied most of the guitar and vocal leadership while members who knew the words joined in. Roger played a little guitar and a lot of harmonica to create a dining hall band that kept folks stomping, laughing and sing-

popular activities - with children and adults - and they may have had some impact. Later, during the annual meeting in the lodge, the membership voted to help staff members buy what they needed to make period costumes. The group voted to make \$1,000 available for that use. The meeting ended with a group singing of "The Far Northland."

After the meeting everyone slowly wandered outside for a group picture in front of the lodge. The absence of Roy Conradi was felt when the group just stood around for several minutes, with no idea what to do next. Larry Whitmore managed to organize the group into a semblance of a photographable line after another several minutes of coaxing, commanding and cajoling. Allen Rensch (although he sometimes tells people his last name is spelled with a "W," that's just a wilderness legend), who was later elected the association's new president, is kneeling in the front row, a little right of center, wearing a broad-brimmed hat (pages 6 & 7).

Butch Diesslin Honored by Alumni

Several generations of Sommers Alumni were witness to a rare event at the Rendezvous! Butch Diesslin was temporarily at a loss for words! Recognized for nearly 40 years of service to the Canoe Base, he was presented with a portrait of himself, drawn by Bob Cary, and framed in portage yokes by Red Renner. Butch joins an elite group of Northland personalities who have, through their distinguished accomplishments, been the subject of Cary's artistic talents. No living person, with the possible exception of Henry Bradlich, has had more "hands-on" contact with the Base and its programs. Many thanks from all of us, Butch!



Butch Diesslin was honored for his decades of service to Northern Tier programs. He was presented with a Bob Cary portrait. Butch said thank you for the indication that his work had not been in vain.

place and scrub oak mentioned in Sig's books. The listening point cabin is also maintained as it was when Sig used it.

The tours were organized by Chuck Rose, who assisted Pat Cox in organizing the entire Rendezvous event. Pat reports that about 150 people attended and that income equaled expenses. Pat and Chuck got the weekend activities going, answered everyone's questions and got everyone in touch with all the people they were looking for.

Members had a great time singing Friday night in the dining hall. It was where everyone got together as they arrived and renewed old

ing until after Friday ended. Jeff had driven up from Minneapolis for the sing that night. He drove back the same night to make an early morning rehearsal for a Renaissance Festival performance

History Makers

The Rendezvous' Saturday events included Voyageur-era re-enactments by Cory Kolodgi and David Hanson. Cory operated the Voyageur camp, which included cooking and hatchet-throwing demonstrations. David operated an open-air blacksmith forge under a canvas tarp just off the dining hall porch. They were both extremely

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President's Incoming Message

by Allen Rench (*The Pink Panther*)

I have told Dave Hyink before but I must say it again, "You are One Hard Act To Follow." When presented with the opportunity to serve as the President of the Alumni Association I accepted it, but with some reservation, like, "Oh my gosh what have I done now." It isn't that serving as President is an impossible position to manage, or too time consuming. The real reason is Dave's phenomenal leadership and vision that he donated to our organization during his time in office.

Over the years, our directors and executives, under the guidance of Dave have tirelessly committed themselves to the success and longevity of the Sommers Alumni Association. We have seen outstanding growth in our membership, establishment of educational scholarships, incentive programs for returning staff, individual memorial funds, renovation of the Lodge, commemoration of the Hanson House, Crossing Portages program, Hol Ry Web site, continued training for the guide staff, our Rendezvous, and the list goes on. Without Dave at the helm the SAA would not be where we are today. This is why I was uneasy accepting the honor of presidency. Our alumni organization is used as a standard for all other High Adventure alumni groups. Our hats are off to you Dave for a JOB WELL DONE.

Dave has a love and passion for the ideals and traditions of Sommers Canoe Base that goes clear to the bone. This can be exemplified by our first meeting. It was late August in 1989. I was ending an 8-day family canoe trip. It was a crisp clear morning out on the South end of Basswood, when

I heard echo off the water The Far Northland. I missed the opportunity to yell out Hol Ry, but I caught up to this family party on Wind Lake at the end of Wind Bay portage. It was Dave at the beaver stream singing and passing on our history of the Base to his family. After we introduced ourselves we learned about our connection to the Base, and I heard their singing. He was disappointed I did not call Hol Ry. It was that moment on Basswood, he was reminiscing of his guide days. He was telling that when one would hear a Base song or catch the sight of a green Seliga it would elicit our call.

It is his dedication not only for our long-standing traditions, but to the growth of new ones as well that deserve our never-ending appreciation and admiration.

We, have a vested interest in the past but more importantly to the future growth of the Base. This is a place and an experience that I want for my family and for yours. Our primary focus is to support the Base and its staff. Our number one resource is our willingness to share our experiences and knowledge that we gained while serving there.

My task at hand is to maintain the momentum that has already been generated, to move forward with the goals and desires of the Sommers Alumni Association and help pave the way for new ideas.

This is an exciting challenge before me and I welcome your help, support and suggestions. Our family of alumni remains healthy because of your willingness to take part and add your own special flavor. I am looking forward to the coming months in service as your President.

Outgoing-President's Message

by Dave Hyink

As I make the transition to the role of Immediate Past President of the Sommers Alumni Association, I bring to an end the four-year violation of my own rule that one should not hold a key leadership position in a volunteer organization for more than three years. It has been an easy rule to break, largely because the SAA has been such a wonderful group to lead. Bound by a common experience and a common vision, SAA members continually step up to the plate and get the job done - particularly if

SAA leadership helps provide the needed resources and then gets out of the way!

The succession rule is important to keep. Important because the long-term viability of any organization relies on the infusion of new ideas and new energy that comes from continually developing and promoting new and even more effective leadership. How many organizations are you familiar with that have struggled or failed because key leadership left before adequate succession was in place?

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Alumni Association Directors and Officers

Director/President (3)**	Allen Rench	(507) 536-0736
Director/Vice President (2)**	Patrick Cox	(847) 223-6074
Director/Secretary (1)**	Butch Diesslin	(218) 365-6904
Treasurer	Nigel Cooper	(612) 738-1242
Director (1)	Roy Conradi	(770) 972-8115
Director (1)**	Dave Hyink	(253) 863-6406
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Director (2)	Chuck Rose	(320) 252-2768
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Director (3)	Brian Volmer-Buhl	(541) 513-4124
Director (3)	Lynn Reeve	(507) 235-5107
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Number in parenthesis is years remaining in current term

**Executive Committee Member

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Remembrances of Edward B. Chapin

Editor's note: These are excerpts from Butch Diesslin's remarks at the memorial service for Ed on July 20, 2000.)

I first met Ed in the early '60s at the Boy Scouts' Sommers Canoe Base near Ely. Ed was a member of the canoe base advisory committee and I was a guide at the canoe base during the summer while going to college. I got to know Ed much better over the years, while I continued on the canoe base summer staff through the '70s while I taught high school and then college. Since 1982, I have served with Ed on the advisory committee for the

canoe base. During these almost 40 years, Ed and I developed a wonderful friendship.

I came to know Ed as a person who took his promises seriously and one who had a great appreciation for the life principles he had learned through his being a Boy Scout. Two promises Ed made while he was a Scout seemed to have been a very strong guiding force in his life. The first promise Ed took seriously as a Scout, was the Scout Oath - to do his duty to God, to country, to others, and to himself. The second promise Ed took seriously was his promise to give back

to Scouting. This was a promise that Ed made when he achieved the rank of Eagle Scout in 1931.

Ed's commitment to God is exemplified by our presence here today in Edgumbe Presbyterian Church. Pastor Ray will comment more on Ed's duty to God in her remembrances of Ed.

Ed showed his commitment to his country through his military service and though his involvement in community activities. These activities have included the community chest, and the state taxpayer's association.

Ed's duty to others, and his promise to give back to Scouting, resulted in Ed being involved as an adult volunteer during his entire life. He was active at the local troop level. He served at the council level as the council president and as fi-

nance chairman. I know that, having been a Scout when Ed was finance chairman, he played a major



role in raising the funds for a new Scout camp - Tomahawk Scout Reservation. Thank you Ed.

St. Paul's Indianhead Council recognized Ed's 'giving back' by honoring him with the Silver Beaver award in 1958, and with an honorary life membership in 1981.

In 1962, Ed joined the Boy Scout's Region Ten canoe base committee. Ed saw the canoeing program through the Sommers base as the ultimate opportunity in Scouting and directed his Scout volunteer efforts toward the support and betterment of this program. In 1964 the canoe base needed a new sewer system and Ed agreed to be the finance chairman for this less than glamorous project. Ed looked at the overall merit of things, not to the glamour of the results. Ed achieved his true recognition for the leading the project in October, 1998, when "Chapin's Pond" and some ducks were on the cover of National Geographic magazine. Ed's volunteer service was also recognized by Region Ten through the Silver Antelope award.

When Sommers canoe base became a national high adventure base, Ed became a charter member of the canoe base's advisory committee. Ed remained an active member of this committee until his death. Ed's service to the canoe base was recognized by the Sommers Alumni Association, by awarding Ed the George D. Hedrick Memorial Volunteer Service Award in 1998.

Ed's life and achievements show his duty to himself. Anyone would be proud to "be like Ed."



Words from the General Manager

by Doug Hirdler

As we prepare for OKPIK 2000-2001, I wanted everyone to know what has happened over the last few months.

- * Our second highest figure of participants experiencing the Northern Tier program was recorded as 4,728 attended in 623 crews during the summer of 2000.
- * We employed a staff of 185 to "Deliver Wilderness Adventure" to those registered through Northern Tier.
- * 3,648 have already registered for the 2001 season (this is 1,065 more attendees than ever in any National Jamboree year).
- * \$530,000 worth of Capital Requests was approved. The following projects were accepted: Atikokan Sewer Expansion; Ely - Build New Tent Drying Building, Build New Staff Duplex, Build a Heated Sewage System Building, Complete Sewage Sys-

tem Study, and Replace Wastewater Treatment System; and for Northern Tier - Purchase a 2000 4-WD Chevrolet Tahoe plus Purchase a Bobcat with a Backhoe.

- * \$463,000 worth of Capital Requests from previous years were transferred into 2000. These projects were transferred: Ely - Build Female Addition onto Shower/Sauna, Build New Baypost, Re-roof Dining Hall, and Purchase Diesel 100 KW Generator.
- * Capital Requests for 2001 were turned in totaling \$712,000. Projects requested: Atikokan - Remodel 2 Crew Cabins, Build New Program Center, Build 2 New Crew Cabins; Bissett - Build 1 New Crew Cabin and Build an Addition onto the Tent Drying Building for Outfitting use; Ely - Additional Cost for Baypost/Tent Drying Facility;

and Northern Tier - Purchase 2001 4-WD Chevrolet Tahoe.

(\$1,705,000 will probably be spent on Northern Tier Facilities and Equipment in a two year period of time compared to 1 and 1/2 million from 1941 to 1987 and an additional 1 and 1/2 million from 1988 to 1997. The National Office and the High Adventure Division are doing what is needed to bring our programs into the New Millennium.)

- * Our first paid advertisement appeared in the October issue of Scouting Magazine.

As we prepare for OKPIK - even this program should record our highest attendance over the last eight years. But, without your support since the inception of the Canoeing and OKPIK Programs none of this would have happened. Thanks a MILLION!!!

True North

By Tim King

Editor's note: Tim says this about the name of the guide in his story: "Just because the guide's hair is red doesn't mean his name was Mattson. Although I did go on a trip with a fellow by that name, my guide is Everyguide." Ray may be flattered to be the prototype of "Everyguide." Tim was a guide in 1968. His older brother John was also a guide.

When I was a kid we boys thought everything to the north was cleaner, purer. We were not alone in that. The local judge's wife told me, in my early teens, that just knowing the vast northern forests were there helped her get through the day. "I'll never go there but that doesn't matter," she told me from her rayon covered living room couch one day. She had a gone look as she imagined the purity and pull of the north. We boys intended to go north. Going there mattered. At night we would fall asleep facing east or west or south. We'd wake facing north. True, pure north. Nothing we did during the day mattered unless it realigned our molecules to where our dreams had left them. Besides ourselves only Elias assisted in this alignment. All the other adults, excepting the judge's wife, allowed the humdrum of their day to form their dreams. Not Elias. Elias was so old then that he had been a Latin teacher in public high school. Nobody I knew, adult or child, could remember any Latin any more. Elias had been kicked upstairs into the student counselors office to await retirement. He was kind. He understood boys. He had old fashioned slicked back hair. Every summer he took some of the older boys north. I was too young to go but I heard stories. "The lakes are a hundred feet deep and you can see to the bottom." "We paddled for two days and didn't see anybody and we hardly ever wore our clothes." One group of boys reported coming across upturned canoes in mid nowhere of a cool blue lake. There were bright white girls swimming naked around the silver canoes in the dark water. They were laughing. The boys sat around the camp fire late into the night wondering about the girls. They poked sticks

into the fire and watched the orange sparks sail starward. A loon wailed. The boys ached for the mystery of the girls to come in out the dark and make them bigger than themselves. Elias sat by himself on the edge of the firelight. He smoked his pipe while his own dreams rose starward. "Awright boys," he'd close the day with. "It's been a long one and daylight in the swamp is soon enough." One of the highlights of a trip with Elias was bushwhacking. At that time there were yet lakes where nobody had been for 40 or 50 years. Or maybe never. Half way through the trip Elias and the young guide he would travel with would get out the yellow and blue map. The land was yellow. Lakes were blue. Lakes with portage trails between them had black dotted lines connecting them across the yellow. Elias and the young guide would sip lip burning coffee, puff their pipes and pore over the map in search of blue with no connecting dotted lines. They'd point their index fingers into the mystery of the map and look at each other through the steam of their coffee. In the morning the boys would rise. Daylight would be sending exploratory fingers into the forest. A meal of boiled rolled oats with dried apricots, coffee or cocoa, and the green wooden canoes would then be quietly slipped into still waters. Canoes would fade out and into fog. Good canoeists feathered their paddles so no noise was made. No one spoke. Elias and the guide led. When they lay their paddles onto the gunwales to study the map the noise entered the hollow silence and echoed back from the invisible forested shore. The men too were invisible in the silencing fog. And then the boys would glide out of fog into a bay with black water, dark spruces and the new sun on yellow pond flowers. The young guide, his wild hair flaming red, would be standing on shore peering intently into the forested darkness. Elias would be knee deep in water alongside his canoe, smoke rising from his pipe. "Never touch the canoe on the rocky shore," was a commandment. The guide would stride off, disappearing immediately. The boys would wait in their canoes. They would watch minnows in the clear brassy water. A light breeze began. Somebody

might say something. The sun began to climb, warming the back of a hand holding a wooden canoe paddle. Somebody might answer. The guide would appear from the forest, wade into the water, shoulder his small pack and roll the 100 pound canoe from his thighs onto his shoulders and slip back into the forest. No words were said. He had made a trail. The boys came out of their canoes into the cool water. Clumsier versions of the guide they shouldered packs. Then canoes. And through the water stumbled. Into the forest. The ends of their canoes dripped silver lake water amongst the fern. The day would be spent. Stumbling. Swatting. A boy has a bee sting. One is stuck to his knees in the mud. Needs encouragement, says Elias. A bright wide grassy meadow in the midst of dense spruce, the gift of beaver long past. Steep climbing amidst treacherous boulders always watching feet. How much further. Sweat burning eyes. Shoulders ache relentlessly. Canoe overhead blocks upward and forward vision. Balsam branches scratch and tear and poke. And then, from atop a hill, a speck of blue between birches. The guide is laughing, walking toward the boys. "Just down there," he encourages. And the boys lighten and lengthen their stride swinging down gracefully between slender trees as the blue grows larger and now they are splashing and laughing in the cool black lake that has not heard boy yell before. Elias puts his pack among the green moss on shore and watches. Lights his pipe. Sometimes I would hear stories of large fish caught in these lakes. Or a great mother bear with twins. But mostly I'd learn what Elias taught the boys. They wouldn't tell it in words. It would be told when I would camp with the older boys. They would tell it in the deep simplicity of their camps. How they destroyed no trees to gather firewood. Their carefully organized camp kitchens. The just right placement of the tents. Elias showed them how to quiet their spirit. He also taught them about service and history. Elias would never leave a campsite in the morning without cleaning it as if it were his home. The last campsite chore, the older boys told me, was to collect enough dry firewood for the next camper.

"In the evening we would write messages and put them in a jar or can where the next people could find them," the older boys would recount around a campfire. Messages would tell what they saw or how large the fish were or that they saw the northern lights. They would be dated and would welcome the visitor to the campsite. They would be signed and the writer would say where they were from. It was a tradition of the old-time north country travelers like Elias to leave those messages. It was true and pure. I spent that last winter repairing a canoe with Elias and the older boys. That's what they would do in the winter when the lakes were frozen and school held them all captive. They were removing a damaged green canvas from a wooden canoe and covering the ribs with fiber glass. They would let me hold things for them and stand in the corners of their stories. They named places they'd been. "Remember Pooh Bah, Wawiag, Kawishwi, Kawnipi, That-Man," they'd say like Catholics intoning the rosary. That spring, just after ice out, Elias went canoeing after school. He never came back. Every body was confused. And scared. They thought Elias had drowned in the nearby river. Or a lake. There was a county wide manhunt. Some of the older boys helped drag a lake or two. They never found his Thompson canoe or his paddle or the green canvas Duluth pack with the well-oiled leather straps. It was seven weeks before graduation and the town was in an uproar. A lot of kids were left without advice on whether to go to college or join the Navy. Then summer started and people's lives went on and those who cared played base ball. I was scheduled to take a trip to the north with the older boys that year. We went without Elias. They taught me some of the things that he taught them. How to paddle quietly in the early morning. How to collect dry firewood without damaging the trees. I began to find what I was looking for in my dreams of the north. That summer one of my brothers became old enough to get a job as a young guide. A few years later I applied for the job. During a March blizzard I got the letter of acceptance. In early June

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Y2K Holiday Card: Get It. Design Y2K+1

The Sommers Alumni Association holiday card for 2000 features the Bob Cary pen-and-ink drawing of a pair of moose, browsing near a winter campsite. It has a greeting inside or it's blank inside (page 12).

Bob Cary has provided the art for the Holiday cards, but now we're looking for a member to do it. Write to Brook (Tom Holleran, 2601 W. 3rd St., Marshfield, WI,

54449) for information. It's the "Swamper Card Art contest." The contest is open to all members. The first place winner's art will appear on the 2001 Card. Prizes will be awarded, including a Kondos Guide Pack, canoe paddle by artisan Don Meany of Atikokan, Ontario and Alumni Association cards. The art must be black on

white paper, drawn or painted, clear, well-defined black and white photos will also be accepted.



Association Scholarship Awards

by Dave Hyink and Chuck Rose

During 2000, the SAA awarded 32 scholarships to Northern Tier seasonal staff totaling \$22,000. Each staff member is eligible to receive up to \$3000 during their career. The scholarships are awarded directly to the financial aid office of the staff member's school.

The following staff, having completed their second year at Northern Tier, received \$500: Adam Beffa, Fort Lewis College; Melissa Bertelson, Cornell College; Carrie Clifton, University of Manitoba; Jennifer Cowey, Fleming College; Evan Durland, Colorado State University; Garrett Durland, Fort Lewis College; Ben Fancher, Colorado State University; Alex Ferrier, Carleton University; Michael Goodwin, Georgia Institute of Technology; Trish Griffith, Fanshawe College; Tiffany Howard, University of Wyoming; Kip Kruger, University of Central Arkansas; John Lundy, University of Guelph; Rob McKeown, Durham College; Alex Nepple, University of Wisconsin-Whitewater; Ryan Pettigrew, Hendrix College; Kim Reid, Lambton College; Mike Ryan, St. Mary's University; Matthew Smith, University of Calgary; Melissa Stoops, University of Missouri; Christa Tuttle, University of Waterloo; and Mark Vancook, Bishops University.

Third year staff receiving \$1000 scholarships were: Timothy Hartmann, University of North Dakota; Darren King, Wilfred Laurier University; Karl Kruger, University of Minnesota-Duluth; Ben Matthies, University of Northern Iowa; Nathan Prather, Washburn University; and Robert Richards, Iowa State University;

The fourth year staff awarded \$1500 scholarships were: Jeffrey Kracht, Montana State University; Kevin McKee, Cambrian College; and Elizabeth Orman (Chris Breen Memorial Scholarship), University of North Dakota.

Fifth year staff member, Paul Laine, received a \$500 to Laurentian University. He was a third year staff member when the scholarship program started and was awarded scholarships the past two years.

Funds for these scholarships are made available by personal contributions from members of the Northern Tier National High Adventure Committee, BSA, the

Christopher D. Breen Memorial Seasonal Staff Scholarship Endowment (see page 8), and the annual operating budget of the Charles L. Sommers Alumni Association funded through the Crossing Portages Annual Giving Program.

Northern Tier Seeking Digital Video Projector

The Northern Tier has recently acquired a laptop computer. This computer allows us to present Microsoft Power Point or other types of digital compositions for promotion and staff training. What we need to complete this capability is a projector that can be interfaced with the laptop.

This projector would have a lot of benefit for us as most of the Alumni who help with training

could do their presentations in Power Point and bring them to the base. These presentations could be used to train late-arriving staff members or as refresher training. We could also publish some of this training in our web page.

If you have a source for a projector that could be donated, please contact Terry Schocke at: terry@ntier.org.

True North

(continued from page 4)

I was to report for training. There was no significant moment between that blizzard and the green summer day I arrived in the north. I spent the next months under the sun and on the water teaching new boys how to paddle quietly in the morning and how to organize an evening camp with a Zenlike simplicity. I was learning also. That I was strong and my heart was free. I learned to take joy in paddling in the rain with the wind at my back. Or in my face. I learned to find a portage trail by intuition. Always I traveled with boys and an older man. The older men gave me, or I took, leadership. Their willingness to accept me as their equal caused me to become their equal. That made for a deep bond. One night the men and boys slept in their tents in the woods. I slept only in my blanket on the rocks by a water fall. The man came to wake me in the morning. He shook my shoulder gently and smiled. But always I traveled with Elias as my guide. Toward the end of August that summer the older man and I found a lake to bushwhack into. A round blue pool in the middle of yellow paper. No dotted black lines. My intuition told me the place to go ashore was in a small dark bay ringed by cedar. I could see the spot as we quietly paddled toward shore. I jumped out of the canoe into cold black water and waded ashore. There was an old blaze mark cut into a large cedar. Lime colored lichen grew on the grayed cut. I forgot how strong I had become. I could trot through the forest with a canoe on my shoulders. The trail had been blazed with care but it had been a long time since anybody had traveled this way. Thick moss

and fallen trees covered any sign of previous passage. I often had to go back to guide the boys through. "This away." "Careful of that root." "Excellent, good work." "Why don't you rest a bit here." By mid day the flies were biting ferociously. The boys and the man were disheartened. Only the continual and regular reappearance of the blazes reassured them. They still shared my desire to reach the lake. The walk down to the lake was on thick green moss under fire scarred Norway pines. A red sand beach greeted us. Every one swam and soothed insect bites in the healing waters. The boys had a late afternoon lunch then and relaxed in the falling sun. The man and I paddled to an island to see if it was fit for camping. We discovered an old timers camp. Under great Norway pine was a rotting hand hewn picnic table covered with brown needles. Against one of the pine trunks was an ample pile of firewood. Nailed under the table was a message jar. I explained message jars to the man and he opened it. There were only four of them. The man picked one up to read. I did as well. I read this: "July 14, 1968. I arrived here late afternoon to this beautiful lake. Fishing good. Caught two lake trout from deep water fifty yards off west shore of island. A larger walleye in the rocks just off the north end. Black flies are very bad but now, after dark, are gone. Tonight there are wolves singing and I heard a beaver slap its tail earlier. Welcome to this place fellow traveler." The note was signed Elias Jorgenson. Under the signature was the address: "Northwoods."

Tim, Jan, & Colin King Maple Hill Farms RR 2 Box 178A Long Prairie, MN 56347 320-732-6203

Millennium Rendezvous Draws Staffers fr

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Extra Attractions

Of course, anyone who attends a Sommers Alumni Association Rendezvous also has an opportunity to experience Ely culture. For some this means visits to Jim Brandenburg's gallery. For others it's a stop to chat with Joe Seliga, who attended the Saturday night banquet. For some it's Ely's fine restaurants. For others it's the thrill of a polka band amidst the aroma of cigarette smoke and beer. For nearly all it's high culture (second floor) of the Yugoslav National Home, where a large gathering of Sommers Alumni Members made merry.

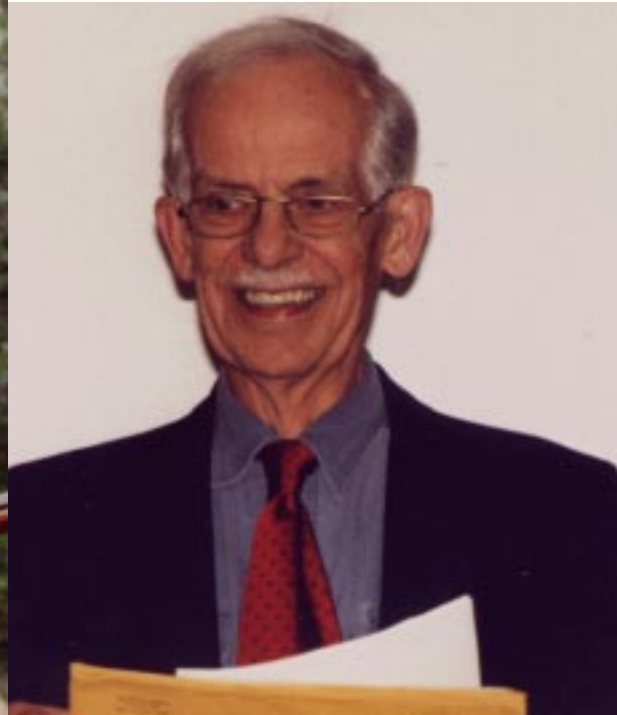
Then there's the wolf center, and the nearby Dorothy Molter Museum is an attraction too. However, folks at the rendezvous didn't have to visit it to taste the official Dorothy Molter root beer. It was served with a meal in the dining hall.



Fifty-eight years after the dedication of the lodge, Millennium Rendezvous attendees



Cory Kolodgi gave historical demonstrations in the Voyageur encampment on the trail from the lodge to the dining hall.



Robert Olson spoke at Saturday's banquet.



Larry Whitmore, photographed by Paul Reitemeier. These pictures are by Paul and Larry. Paul is sixth from the left in the front row of the group picture, wearing a black hat and white shirt.



The Breen Family gathered for the Saturday night

Five Decades of Scout High Adventure



gather there. This picture was taken immediately following the 2000 annual meeting.



hered at the Northern Tier sign for a group photo. They attended the banquet t for the presentation of the first Chris Breen Memorial Scholarship.

Future Rendezvous

Chuck Rose is now assuming control of the events that will be part of the next Rendezvous, in 2002. Assisting him is Leroy Heikes. Contact them to ask for specific events or to volunteer to help out. Keep in mind that the Voyageur theme is prevalent at reunions. A definition in the American College Dictionary identifies Voyageur as, "n., pl. -geurs, French. a French Canadian or half-breed who is an expert woodsman and boatman, esp. one hired as a guide by a fur company whose stations are in remote and unsettled regions. [F. der. voyageur travel].

Paul Holte in one of the "Silver Paddle Brigade" hats presented to members who gave the base sweat equity.



David Hanson gave hands-on blacksmithing demonstrations



Larry Whitmore (l) and Jeff Cahill (r) leading the Friday night singing. Roger Clapp joined in on harmonica, but eluded photography.

Chris Breen Memorial Scholarship Endowed

by Dave Hyink

The family and friends of the late Chris Breen have established a special scholarship, endowed through the Charles L. Sommers Alumni Association, Inc. and the Northern Tier National High Adventure Committee, BSA. This scholarship is awarded to a North-

ern Tier seasonal staff member who embodies the "can do attitude" and "service to Scouts" that was Chris' legacy. The selection is made annually by the professional staff of the Northern Tier National High Adventure Program, from those staff members seeking a Seasonal Staff Scholarship. Each year, the recipient's name will be



Dr. John Breen, father of Chris, with Liz Orman. Liz was awarded the first Chris Breen Memorial Scholarship.

Breen Memorial Scholarship was awarded to Elizabeth Orman, a fourth year staff member from Duluth, MN who attends the University of North Dakota.



Chris Breen, when he was a Northern Tier staff member

Outgoing-President's Message

(continued from page 2)

I've seen plenty in my 35 years of Scouting. I am, however, confident that SAA will not be one of those casualties. And, you can count on me to do whatever I can to prevent it!

SAA's formal leadership structure is embodied in twelve Directors, elected by the membership. Informally, we see exceptional leadership displayed by many beyond that group. Each year the Directors select an Executive Committee (from sitting Directors and Members-at-Large) and empower them to conduct the day-to-day business of the Association. From the members of the Executive Committee, the Directors also elect the officers. It has been my great honor and privilege to serve seven groups of Directors. It will also be my honor and privilege to continue to serve as an Association Director and member of the Executive Committee for at least another year.

Taking over as your new President will be newly elected Director, Allen Rench. Allen is a "second-generation" alumnus whose family has a long history of serving the Canoe Base. Allen distinguished himself last year as he organized and led the Labor Day cleanup effort in the aftermath of the July 4th windstorm. He is a young man of vision, passion and energy who will certainly, with everyone's support, help take the SAA to new places and to new levels.

As the mantel of leadership passes to Allen, I offer my personal thanks to each and every one of you for your support these past seven years. Together, we have put our Association on solid footing. I trust that you will continue to say "yes" when it's Allen doing the asking.

added to a plaque displayed in the Charles L. Sommers Lodge in Ely and at the Northern Expeditions Base in Bissett. The 2000 Chris

added to a plaque displayed in the Charles L. Sommers Lodge in Ely and at the Northern Expeditions Base in Bissett. The 2000 Chris

Crossing Portages Campaign in Full Swing

Crossing Portages: The Journey Continues is the Association's 2000-2004 Annual Financial Support Program. Members make 5-year pledges, paid annually, that make up the bulk of our annual operating budget. Craig Pendergraft and Dave Hyink report that Crossing Portages letters and pledge sheets have been sent to all SAA members. Our goal is to give everyone the opportunity to participate and support our efforts financially. If you've returned yours - Thank you very much! If not, please do so - even if you choose not to participate. By doing so, it will minimize our follow-up efforts and allow more of our resources to go directly to SAA programs.

Returns thus far are very encouraging. Look for a complete re-

port in an upcoming issue of Reflections.



The Dust

by Lodgepole Lar

I am the Dust
That Blew into their faces
As Their Horses Dragged the
Travois Across the Prairie
I am the Mud
That Clung to Their Feet, as
Their Plows Cut Into Me
I am the Substance of All Life
I Hold Your Body, Fast to Me!
I am the Dirt!

That blew into Your Windows
and Doors
That Covered Your Fields
That Took back What I had
Given
I am Many Colors
Like Those of Man
I am That which with Sun Light
and Water
Give You All of What You Are!

And Shall Be!
Do Not Abuse! Me
Only Wisely Use! Me
For What I am
Is Your Fair, Sweet Mother!
And I shall Cover You
In The End!
And take You Back Into Me
From Whence You Came
Only To Begin again!

The Canoe Base Connection

by Butch Diesslin

It's amazing how often a mutual connection to Northern Tier turns out to be a very positive thing. Back in May a "Base Connection" became a positive healing factor.

Just after noon when I woke up in intensive care after a double coronary artery bypass, I heard the voice of the nurse calming me and reminding me of the need for the ventilator tubes that were gagging me. A while later, when the tubes were removed Jeff introduced himself again. When I was able to respond, Jeff the nurse mentioned his planned trip to the BWCAW via a Lake One entry and wondered if I had ever fished down that way. I grunt an affirmative, but could not do much with sentences.

Jeff understood that I was breathing on my own, but needed to breathe deeper - within reason - to speed my recovery. We had a common topic - walleye fishing in the BWCAW. As time went along he asked a lot of questions that I could answer in a word or two - 'walleyes'; 'minnows'; 'leeches later'; '10 feet'; 'on bottom'; 'in current'; 'reefs in August' . . . It speaks highly of his training and understanding of the needs of his patients.

Jeff's shift ended at 7 PM. The night nurse was very skilled also, but we didn't make a quick conversational connection and I was ready for some rest. I had a very quiet night and was well rested when Jeff came back on duty at 7 the next morning. I was able to talk in short sentences by then. Jeff extended the scope of our conversation to canoeing experiences. I mentioned having worked at Sommers Canoe Base. Jeff had been on a trip through Sommers in the mid-seventies, and that was one of the reasons he was living and working in Duluth, MN. He had been on a hard trip with someone named 'Crazy Joe'. I was able to tell Jeff that I was working at the base then, that I remembered "Crazy Joe" Keppert ('75-78), and that Joe was now in Eau Claire, WI.

The morning seemed to fly by as we talked more about fishing, canoeing the Quetico-Superior and 'Crazy Joe.' By mid-morning I was

ruled fit to leave intensive care. Jeff had mixed feelings about my fast healing and the loss of his source of information.

You can probably tell similar tales of how mutual connections to Sommers Canoe Base have been positive factors in your lives, too.

Esther Hanson Remembered



Esther Hanson passed away peacefully in her sleep on August 4, 2000 after a brief bout with congestive heart failure.

Esther spent many summers at the Charles L. Sommers Wilderness Canoe Base in the late 1950s and the 1960s, with her husband Clifford J. Hanson and their children C. Bruce, Dale and Lorri.

Clifford J. Hanson was a Deputy Regional Executive in Region Ten and also served, from 1956-1970, as the director of the wilderness canoeing programs from Sommers Canoe Base.

The Hanson family spent their summers living in what is now the "Hanson House," which is located between the lodge and the commissary at Sommers. The accompanying picture of Esther and Lorri was taken by Roy Conradi at the Hanson House naming dedication, which took place in August, 1991 in conjunction with a Sommers staff reunion.

Esther and Cliff's children each served on the base seasonal staff.

Dick Shank receives Hedrick Award

The George D. Hedrick Volunteer Service Award recognizes individuals whose service and dedication to the Northern Tier National High Adventure Program is noteworthy in terms of both its impact and/or duration. Created in 1995 and awarded by the SAA Directors, the award honors the former Region Ten Executive and ardent Canoe Base supporter.

The 2000 recipient is Dr. Richard Shank. Dick has been a member of the Northern Tier National High Adventure Committee since 1984 and has taught wilderness first aid to the seasonal staff for many years. He is also an active member of the Seasonal Staff Scholarship Development Committee.

He joins the group of previous

Hedrick award recipients Robert "Red" Renner, Allan Batterman, Craig Pendergraft, the late Ed

Chapin, Gene Felton, Henry Bradlich and Cherie Bridges-Sawinski.

Within My Power

by Forest Witcraft, from Scouting, October 1950

I am not a Very Important Man, as importance is commonly rated. I do not have great wealth, control a big business, or occupy a position of great honor or authority. Yet I may someday mould destiny. For it is within my power to become the most important man in the world in the life of a boy. And every boy is a potential atom bomb in human history. A humble citizen like myself might have been the Scoutmaster of a Troop in which an undersized unhappy Austrian lad by the name of Adolph might have found a joyous boyhood, full of the ideals of brotherhood, goodwill, and kindness. And the world would have been different. A humble citizen like myself might have been the organizer of a Scout Troop in which a Russian boy called Joe might have learned the lessons of democratic cooperation.

These men would never have known that they had averted world tragedy, yet actually they would have been among the most important men who ever lived. All about me are boys. They are the makers of history, the builders of tomorrow. If I can have some part in guiding them up the trails of Scouting, on to the high road of noble character and constructive citizenship, I may prove to be the most important man in their lives, the most important man in my community.

A hundred years from now it will not matter what my bank account was, the sort of house I lived in, or the kind of car I drove. But the world may be different, because I was important in the life of a boy.

Forest Witcraft was director of Sommers Canoe Base in 1950.

Nora Seliga Dies

Eleanor "Nora" Seliga, 89, died Saturday, October 28, 2000 at Ely-Bloomensen Hospital. A memorial service was Tuesday, October 31 at the Kerntz Funeral Chapel in Ely. Memorials preferred to the American Cancer Society.

News of her death came as *Reflections* went to press. Our deepest condolences to her husband and co-canoemaker, Joe. His address for messages of support: 224 E. Pattison St., Ely, MN 55731-1355. 218/365-4645.

Filling the Blank Spots on the Map

By Chuck Rose

As Lewis and Clark traveled the Upper Missouri, they named inflowing streams and lakes after their relatives, party members, or girlfriends. When they ran out of girlfriends, they named rivers after politicians (President Jefferson and other supporters). The streams had native names, of course, but they were recording the land for the first time for their culture; identifying the landmarks was essential. However, few of the names survive on subsequent maps due to the long delay in printing their journals. French-Canadian explorers like La Verendrye faced a similar problem when traveling through the Quetico-Superior and used a similar solution. Lakes were given descriptive names (Rainy Lake for the mist at its waterfall outlet), named for their shapes, to honor sponsors, and for girlfriends. On a 1975 canoe trip on Lake of the Woods, my troop had a similar problem. Most of the islands had no names at least on the map, so (lacking girlfriends) we named the islands after ourselves. Filling the blank spots on the maps was important to all kinds of people. During written history, several cultures have come and gone in the Quetico-Superior canoe country. The first natives recorded were the Dakota (called Sioux by their enemies) who yielded the unproductive but picturesque land to the Cree and Ojibway in the 18th century who had moved in from the east. There were a number of skirmishes in the area, but the Dakota seemed to give up the area much more quickly than other areas such as central Minnesota. The Ojibway were armed with fur trade rifles, but to some that explanation is insufficient. Forest ecologists Clifford and Isabel Ahlgren speculate that the hunting-culture Dakota were dependant on large prey such as caribou, moose and deer. The forest shifted to large pines that were less suitable to those deer; the Ojibway culture was better adapted to the new landscape. The Ojibway were more mobile hunter-gatherers and preferred birch bark covered wigwams to Dakota hide covered teepees. Since native tribes did not have a written language, their maps were mainly mental, names were passed on by oral tradition. As a result, their lake names were often long and descriptive. Batchewaung is

Ojibway for "a current going through narrows." Kahshahpiwi translates to "the lakes flows through continuously," another translation says "long, narrow lake with high cliffs." Even Ojibway language experts have trouble translating current names as the sounds to European ears and the spellings

by Curtis, Ptolemy, Reid, and Swartman. The Quetico also has a tradition of naming lakes after park personnel. Art, Atkins, Halliday, Payne, Lemay, Hurn, Buckingham, Dettbarn, Quinn, Rawn, and Valley were all Quetico rangers. Naturalist Shan Walshe received this honor after his 1991 death. A

workin' on the park survey. Delahey Lake-I was the guy started namin' it Delahey. Delahey was the head Quetico ranger then. I wrote him one day, I says, 'Why don't you name some of those lakes? There's three or four right in the center of the park that haven't got a name.' Veron was his first name. He named 'em after himself!" Well, he probably didn't have a girlfriend. Note: other sources say that Delahey's first name was George. Depending on the map scale, there may not be room to print the names of all the map features. As a result, officially named lakes get additional names from paddlers including Charlie Guides. Lakes with double or even triple names from various sources include Darky/Spirit, Fishhook/Earl, Donna/Irene, Argo/Trout, Tuck/Caribou, Brent/Infinity, Pine/Island/Nym, and Sanctuary/Lemay/Jenny. There are probably a few wives and girlfriends in these mixtures. When Charlie Guides first started traveling in Manitoba, many of the lakes were unnamed, at least on the map. So Lunch Lake became the name for the resting spot in the middle of the Obukowin chain of portages, Scout Lake is our float plane cache, Hot Dog is a long, skinny lake, and even though we don't know the translation, Wapeskapek just seems like an endless lake. The Manitoba program started in large part due to Real Berard's canoe route maps. In the Boundary Waters, we can travel on Lakes One, Two, and Three. From his first maps on, Berard has predominantly used place names from the native Cree, Sasaginnigak Canoe Country or Katunigan Route. "And doesn't that sound better than a number for a lake?" he asks.

References used: Lob Trees in the Wilderness by Clifford & Isabel Ahlgren, A Wonderful Country by Bill Magee, Lake Names of the Quetico Provincial Park published by The Friends of the Quetico Park, The Map Maker by Carole Bhakar and Judy Lord in Manitoba Nature magazine.

Some Lake Name meanings and origins

Amik - Ojibway for Beaver
Bitchu - Cree for Lynx
Blackstone - Leader of the last permanent residents of the Quetico, at the mouth of the Wawag River. He died in 1919 trying to get help when the Ojibway group suffered an influenza epidemic. In the spring, the few survivors were moved to the Lac La Croix reservation.
Cutty and Sark - a fast sailing clipper or maybe after the whiskey named for the ship.
Kawnipi - Ojibway for where there are cranberries.
Keewatin - Ojibway for where the north wind blows from.
Chatterton, Keats, Shelley - 18th-19th century English poets.
Pooh Bah, Ko Ko (Falls), Yum Yum - Characters in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera The Mikado.
Nym - a character in Shakespeare's

Merry Wives of Windsor.
Lac La Croix - translates from French to lake of the cross, explorer Sieur de la Croix drowned there in 1688.
Tanner - after John Tanner, stolen as a young boy in Kentucky to take the place of a Shawnee mother's dead son, he became famous by his Indian name "White Falcon." He was shot and left for dead on "his" lake, but was rescued by passing Voyageurs.
Last, but not least Quetico - A name of uncertain origin, which one is correct? I don't know.
A. version of a Cree word for benevolent spirit
B. French for searching for route to Pacific "Quete de la cote"
C. Ojibway for "bad, dangerous"
D. short for Quebec Timber Company.

are not always accurate. Voyageur names still dot the map and define the fur trade routes. Deux Riveres (two rivers), and Maligne (bad) are some examples. Many place names are English versions of earlier names including Knife Lake (after the hard, fine grained rock that was quarried by the natives for cutting tools), Curtain Falls was "rideau" in French. As different cultures moved through, the map names changed. One of the next groups to leave their mark was the loggers. Many of the small lakes away from the main canoeing routes needed names so everyone involved could communicate. It's possible that some of the female lake names (Alice, Bernice, Fran and others) came from the wives and girlfriends of these isolated men. The Quetico Park also honored World War I soldiers by naming (off the beaten path) lakes after them. Examples include Devine, Fluker, Montgomery, Belaire, Tubman, Tario, and Wilbur. Bush pilots are represented

Friends of the Quetico booklet states "This previously unnamed lake, remote, surrounded by stands of old pine at the end of difficult portages was the kind of place that Shan loved." Of course, naming lakes after plants, animals, and geologic features was also common. Local lore varies on how certain lakes were named. Bill Magie was an Ely canoe guide, surveyor, and logger. In the book Wonderful Country (edited by Charlie Guide David Olesen) Magie states: "One time, my boss told me, 'Name some of those places!' So, we did. Hurn Lake, that's named after Walter Hurn, the ranger at Kings Point. Jeff Lake is named after a ranger at Ottawa Island. MacKenzie and Ferguson were surveyors that were

Calling All Seliga Owners

Since many of Joe Seliga's records were lost in his shop fire a few years ago, Dan Lindberg has been working with him to help reconstruct and update the current

list of Seliga owners. If you are one of them, you can forward your serial number and any historical information to:
DAN_LINDBERG@udlp.com.

Charles L. Sommers Alumni Association, Inc. 2000 Annual Membership Meeting Minutes

The Annual Meeting of the membership of the Charles L. Sommers Alumni Association, Inc.; was held at the Charles L. Sommers National High Adventure Base, 14798 Moose Lake Road, Ely, Minnesota 55731; on the 2nd day of September A.D. 2000 at 1:30 P.M., pursuant to Article III, Section 2 of the Bylaws of the Corporation.

The meeting was called to order by President Dave Hyink.

There were approximately sixty members present. Members present and the properly executed proxies received constituted a quorum.

President Hyink opened the meeting by reading the poem Up North, by Sam Cook, author and former canoe base participant.

A moment of silence was taken to remember recently deceased members of the Sommers Family: Robert D. Banks, Sr., former canoe base committee chairman and SAA life member; Christopher D. Breen, former Northern Tier staff member; Edward B. Chapin, longtime canoe base committee member and SAA charter life member; Esther Hanson, summer canoe base resident, wife of former director Cliff Hanson and mother of former staff members Bruce, Dale and Lorri Hanson.

Election of Directors - Chuck Rose, Pat Cox and Dave Greenlee. The nominating committee submitted the following candidates to fill

the expiring terms on the board of directors: Barry Bain, Leroy Heikes, Lynn Reeve, Allen Rench, Linnea Renner and Brian Vollmer-Buhl. The membership elected Lynn Reeve, Allen Rench, Linnea Renner and Brian Vollmer-Buhl to serve as directors of the association until the 2003 A.D., annual meeting of the membership.

Treasurer's Report - Nigel Cooper. The association is able to meet its financial obligations. The association is working with the Northern Tier National High Adventure committee on fiscal management of the seasonal staff scholarships.

Membership Committee Report - Butch Diesslin. Association membership as of September 2 was 432 members, about a 8% increase over the past year. Members are asked to encourage membership of their alumni contemporaries.

President's Report - Dave Hyink President Hyink stressed the importance of more members becoming active as the association's support initiatives are expanded. President Hyink encouraged all members to participate in the Crossing Portages giving program. President Hyink highlighted the increase in the number of "hits" to www.holtry.org. Dave emphasized the value of the Sandy Bridges Memorial Training Fund in augmenting the seasonal staff training. It was agreed that the Bridges Training fund be perpetuated. It was agreed that the Bridges Training fund should be used to help cover expenses

for the staff visit to Old Ft. William, an appropriate resource book for each of the seasonal staff members, and support materials for the fur trade history program. The Northern Tier Seasonal Staff Scholarship Program, a joint effort with the Northern Tier Committee, is providing educational support for quality seasonal staff members. Dave encouraged members to participate in the Alumni Work Week and assist with Seasonal Staff Training. Bob "Red" Renner commented on how productive and how enjoyable the Work Week has been and encouraged others to join in the work and the fun. Members are encouraged to add their Miniature Paddle Brand to the display.

OLD BUSINESS There were no items of Old Business.

NEW BUSINESS Motion by Roger Clapp/Mark Nordstrom - that the alumni association spend up to \$1,000 to begin building a fur trade era costume collection, for seasonal staff members to use in conjunction with the base's Living History Program. Motion Carried. The motion was in response to Martin Sawinski's request for such costumes and the cost burden on the seasonal staff members. The estimated cost of each costume is \$150-200. Martin was thanked for his request.

Motion by Bob Renner/Dave Greenlee - that a plaque identifying current alumni directors and officers be made and displayed at Sommers. Motion carried.

Motion by Pat Cox/Cyd Cooper - that a memorial plaque to Chris Breen be made and displayed at the Bissett base. Motion carried.

Honorary Memberships. The members of the association approved Honorary memberships Chris Breen and Winnie Renner.

Hedrick Awards. The directors of the association presented the George D. Hedrick Memorial Volunteer Service Award for 2000 to Dr. Dick Shank, an annual volunteer assistant with seasonal staff training, an association life member and a Northern Tier committee member.

OTHER BUSINESS Mike Sawinski reported that there is renewed interest in using wood-canvas canoes by the summer staff. Mike said the Sommers base now has 5 wood-canvas canoes available for the staff to use and maintain. Mike would like Sommers to have 10-12 wood canvas canoes for staff use.

Alumni members Larry Hanson and Chuck Rose are trying to make a database of all the canoes that have been made over the years by Joe Seliga. They would appreciate knowing the serial numbers and current owners of as many Seliga canoes as possible.

ADJOURNMENT - There being no further business, the meeting adjourned at 2:57 P.M. The meeting was closed with a rousing chorus of "The Far Northland".

Blaine R. "Butch" Diesslin Association Secretary

Charles L. Sommers Alumni Association, Inc. Personal Information Update

NAME:

(Last)

(First)

(M.I.)

(Maiden)

ADDRESS:

(Street)

(City, State, Zip)

(Country)

TELEPHONE:

(Home)

(Work)

(Fax)

(Other)

E-MAIL ADDRESS:

REGISTERED SCOUTER?

Yes ____ No ____

OCCUPATION:

SCOUTING POSITION(S):

EMPLOYER:

LOCAL SCOUT COUNCIL:

NORTHERN TIER/SOMMERS STAFF & PARTICIPATION BACKGROUND

YEAR(S)

POSITION

YEARS

POSITION

Send to:

Sommers Alumni Association, P.O. Box 428, Ely, MN 55731-0428
or e-mail to Butch Diesslin at butchnlucy@juno.com

SOMMERS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
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2000 SAA Holiday Greeting Card Sale

Charles L. Sommers Alumni Association is taking orders for new Holiday Greeting Cards. You can use the cards to send holiday greetings as well as send a message of commitment to Northern Tier High Adventure programs.

This year's card features Bob Cary's drawing of a pair of moose near a winter camp. See it on page 5 of this newsletter. It's printed using highest quality thermography on premium cards of recycled paper. The cards are blank inside, or

have a Holiday greeting. The back of the card carries a message about Northern Tier High Adventure. This is a distinctive and very handsome greeting card. The cards come 25 per package, including envelopes. A limited number of 1993,

1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, and 1999 cards: "Sled Dogs," "Commissary," "Lodge," "Hanson House," "Canoe Yard," and "Gateway" are available at discounted prices. All orders are subject to availability.

Quantity

- ☐ 2000 Cards - Pre-order
- ☐ 1999 Cards - Sled dogs pulling Christmas Tree
- ☐ 1998 Cards - Commissary
- ☐ 1997 Cards - Portage at Basswood Falls
- ☐ 1996 Cards - Fort Gateway
- ☐ 1995 Cards - Canoe Yard
- ☐ 1994 Cards - Hanson House
- ☐ 1993 Cards - Winter Lodge
- ☐ 1993 Cards - Summer Lodge
- ☐ Holiday Sampler - 25 assorted cards
- ☐ **Special**, save 40%, off original issue price. 1999-1993
(five boxes, 125 cards) Our choice. Will try to honor requests.
- ☐ Tax Deductible Gift to the Alumni Association for 2000

Holiday Greeting/Blank inside

- ☐ x \$25.00= _____
- ☐ x \$20.00= _____
- ☐ x \$20.00= _____
- ☐ x \$20.00= _____
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