



REFLECTIONS



SOMMERS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Special Seliga Memorial Edition

Memories of Joe Seliga

I want to tell you of my appreciation of Joe Seliga. I have the privilege of owning one of his canoes and have watched him at his craft. Besides his canoes being a projection of who he was, meticulous quality and personal integrity, I was more impressed by his devotion to his beloved partner, Nora. When they worked together in the shop, they worked quietly, yet seamlessly together. When I talked to him after Nora died about having someone help him with building canoes, he simply said,



"There is no one who can help me like Nora." When Nora could not help him in the shop during her illness, he quit his building to spend as much time with her as he could. That was their commitment to each other, time together. It did not matter if they were making canoes or just sitting together. They were best friends. If someone were to ask me which was the greater legacy of the Seligas, their canoes or their life long devotion to one another, I would have to say that they are one and the same. When I look at my Seliga canoe I see Joe and Nora fastening canoe ribs with brass tacks with his cobbler hammer. It was simple, lasting music just like the rest of their lives together.

David Trombold
Guide '71, '72'

Joe Seliga saved a great 18' Guide Old Town

It was back in the summer before the original lodge, Charles L Sommers Canoe base was built by Hod Ludlow, directing a crew of Finn log builders. We were operating out of Hibbards Lodge bunk house, down the lake. It was my first year guiding alone with Dick Dadisman and Andy Palm. We had a break in the trips and to stay at Hibbards it would have cost us fifty cents a meal and fifty cents to sleep in the bunk house.

We decided to go around Hunter's Island clockwise. It was clockwise, but not very wise. We thought it would be

cheaper than staying at Hibbard's Lodge. We proved ourselves wrong.

After Crooked Lake and Portaging Rebbeca Falls we decided to run the rapids into Lac La Croix. We had taken an Old Town Canvasback 18 foot guide model. Into the rapids we went, the three Musketeers, out we came the three Crash-e-teers. We swamped then tried to guide the canoe as we hung on, but to no avail. The bow hit a rock and when we finally got to shore we had lost about 2 - 3 feet out of the bow. We retrieve all the gear we could and camped the night. No dry matches.

The next morning a couple of smart canoeists came over the portage. They said they would report our problem to a Forest or Park Ranger down the lake. They got a motor launch and they came up and got us and took us to the Park Ranger. We borrowed a canoe from the Ranger and towed our canoe loaded with rocks in the stern to keep the bow above the water line. We finally got back to the base and went and picked up the 18' Old Town.

Later, we got a bill for \$240 from the canoe base of which each paid \$80. Joe Seliga had repaired it and it was in the main lodge for years.

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REFLECTIONS

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or email in MS Word or
Plain Text to:

mbingley@telusplanet.net
with the subject line
"Reflections"

Pictures are appreciated
in high quality .jpg
format or by snail mail.

**DEADLINE for next
issue is - October 15th**

President's Message

by Patrick Cox

Let me throw a few words out for your consideration. Training of staff, staff "perks", Canadian charitable foundation, work week, reunion, endowments, charitable foundations, PSA/SAA development trips.

You may ask what all these have to do with anything. Each of these represents one of the initiatives or operations of the SAA. The next few paragraphs and the next few columns will provide you with more detail about these initiatives of the SAA. There will also be articles in your Reflections newsletter about some of these projects and what is happening with them. If one of these grabs your interest, please let us know. We can always use your help.

Staff Training. We help the professional BSA management of the Bases in Ely and Atikokan with annual staff training.

This all started under Sandy Bridges. Many of you are aware that Sandy was the general manager of the entire Sommers network of programs for many years before his retirement and untimely demise. Sandy decided to encourage the formation of the SAA into a more formal organization. One of the early projects of the SAA was to have us help with staff training. Mike Holdgrafer (current SAA VP) and Craig Pendergraft were the main people who developed this from my recollection. Craig moved on to helping Dave Hyink develop the very successful Crossing Portages fund raising campaign. Mike continued to run this from the SAA perspective each year. Mike is now handing off the reins of this program to Keith

"Maynard" Gutierrez who Swampered in 1982. Maynard brings many years as a professional educator and administrator at the university level to his role as the training coordinator for the SAA.

The challenge with how we help in Staff Training is passing on the history, ideas and traditions that are acceptable under current BSA policy while dropping those that no longer are acceptable activities. It is as much a training of the Alumni as it is a training of the current staff. The equipment and the rules change all the time so it is a real challenge. We can help by lending our vast knowledge of camping, canoeing, and other skills. For example, most of the new trail staff are not sure about how to make a sweat lodge on the trail. This information can be invaluable to a new guide. We also can put a real face on the advisor. We walked in the moccasins of the current trail staff once. Many of us are now the age of the advisors that come through each summer (or in some cases a little older) with a crew in tow. You may recall your concern about how to deal with these adult leaders your first year as a Charlie Guide. New guides have the same trepidation. We can help them learn how to deal with us.

Red Renner Memorial Work Week. While the title says week, you should know that it can also be as little as a day or two. This year's Work Week will be held the week prior to the reunion. It is always great fun. We also try to leave a little time to catch the odd walleye or two and have a shore lunch. The proj-

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MOVING? Please let the Alumni Association know so they can update the Alumni database. Please provide your new address, phone number, etc. We will include your e-mail addresses in the member directory. Send your address changes or additions to P.O. Box 428, Ely, MN 55731-0428 or to Chuck Rose clrose@stcloudstate.edu
The US Postal Service will forward your newsletter to you - HOWEVER - they do it at the Alumni Association's expense! The statement "Address Services Requested" on the newsletter tells the USPS that we want them to forward your newsletter so you don't miss an issue. It also provides us with your new address. For each issue we have between 50-100 address corrections that we pay \$.80 a piece to the USPS for this service. Please help us reduce this cost to the Association!

(Continued from page 1)

Special Seliga Memorial Edition

One year I was talking to Joe Seliga at a reunion and mentioned I was one of the guides that had crashed the 18' Old Town which he repaired for \$240. Joe replied "I sure thought that was funny. I offered one of my new ones for \$180." We had a good laugh about that.

A good lesson well learned - Don't shoot rapids, you may hit your foot. That canoe was up in the lodge for years until they replaced it with a birch-bark one.

Jock Stoops



My first trip to C.L. Sommers Canoe Base was in 1964 as a crew member. I returned in 1971 as a Guide and spent that summer paddling through the Quetico in a Seliga canoe. After the season was over and I prepared to depart from Ely, I decided to stop by Joe Seliga's shop to meet and visit with him. By the time I was ready to leave, my name was on his list to build a canoe. I had nearly forgotten that my name was on that list until four years later when Joe called and told me that my name was up next and asked if I was still interested. Of course I was still interested! I picked up my canoe (#316) later that year and spent a week on the water in this beautiful craft. I have since returned to the BWCA on many occasions and my green Seliga has taken me on many wonderful trips.

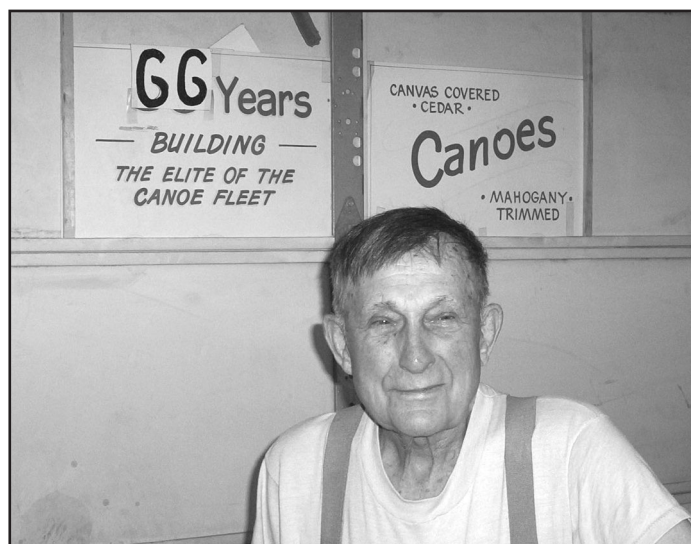
In May of 2003 I was diagnosed with stage 4 squamous cell cancer. The tumor was the size of a golf ball on the base of my tongue and the prognosis was not very good. The

type of cancer that I had was typical for people who smoke, chew tobacco, or drink excessively. When I told my oncologist that I did not engage in any of these activities, he stated that I was in the 3% of the population that just was not very lucky.

The diagnosis was a shock and the prognosis was lousy. All I could think of was my family and how I was not yet ready to die. At times like this, a person's mind is on many things and depression easily sets in. I tried to think of the better times in my life and how lucky I was to be married to the girl that I love and the wonderful children that we have had together. My thoughts also turned to other happy times and memories of the BWCA and Quetico quickly came to mind. My canoe had been the vehicle that had carried me on all of those journeys, but it certainly appeared that I had made my last trip.

The chemo and radiation treatments would cause me to lose significant weight (65 lbs) yet I still longed for one more visit to the north woods. My illness would make this impossible.

Somewhere in this troubling time, the thought occurred to me that since I probably would not be around to take another canoe trip, that perhaps I could still return vicariously to those halcyon days in the woods. The decision to strip my canoe of its paint and refinish the inside as I underwent my chemo treatments seemed like the next best thing. Green marine paint was ordered and I located an individual who carried parts for wood and canvas canoes. I also contacted Joe in Ely and



told him of what I wanted to do to Canoe #316. It was a joy to hear his voice and his personal charm that compelled me to order a canoe 32 years earlier was still there. We talked a number of times during the month of June in 2003 as he guided me through the process of refinishing my canoe. Just talking to him lifted my spirits.

The refinishing of my canoe was completed by the end of the month of June and it turned out beautifully! I also returned for a checkup and miraculously, the tumor had disappeared after only 30 days of treatment. Checkups are every 4 months and I continue to receive good reports that I am in remission. My recovery has been so complete, that we have a trip planned through Sommers for August of this year with my son's Boy Scout troop.

I never did tell Joe how sick I was or how much his encouragement and his enthusiasm for my project helped carry me through that terrible time of pain and uncertainty. Thank you Joe for helping me through that difficult time. Your spirit lives on in the

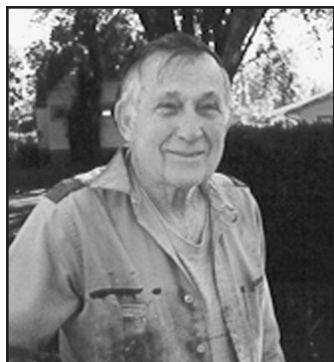
marvelous canoes you built. You will be in my thoughts and prayers as I paddle the boundary waters this summer.

Mike Wheeler



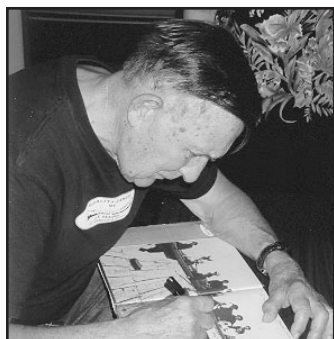
When I made my first trip to the Boundary Waters at age 15, our guide, Fred Morton, paddled a deep green Seliga and I was immediately smitten by the beautiful craft. The next summer we made a more difficult trip guided by Bill Katzenmeir. Both guides spoke fondly of a legendary canoe builder in Ely.

I worked as a "Bull Cook" and "swamped" with Jerry Cox the next summer so I could guide when I became 18. Nearly every evening I paddled a borrowed Seliga on Moose Lake, dreaming of the next year when it would be in the wilderness. Joe came to the base and we visited Joe and Nora at their home that summer and many more times over the years. He was all I thought he would be. He became a mentor and they were an example to many hundreds of "Charlie Guides" over the years. 🐾



I'll never forget the call from Joe in July of 2001. "Hey John... I got a nice green one for you. When do you want to pick her up?" Labor Day weekend, my oldest daughter, Gretta, my grandson, Kelsey and I sat with Joe in his kitchen. We had a long visit, mostly about Nora; how he loved her, how she helped him with each canoe and how he helped her through her last days. He described a partner, a deep love and a real friendship. As we drove to Moose Lake with our new Seliga, my daughter said, "If I ever remarry... that's the kind of love I want." We treasure that canoe! And perhaps even more, the loving example provided by the man who built it.

I have Jim Brandenburg's "Secret Bay" lithograph in my South Texas office and our Seliga, #651, hangs where I see it when I leave and arrive back at my home each day. I think of Joe every day. When taking my grandkids paddling, we always admire his handiwork and talk of my friend, mentor and hero. I think Joe would like knowing



that we are out paddling with our grandkids.

Like you, I'm stunned by this loss. I pray that he knew... and that his family knows... how several generations of "Charlie Guides" feel. Joe's old friend, Sig Olson, describes how I feel in his book, *Listening Point* on page 203 & 204. I suspect that this passage will have great significance as each of us recalls and treasures our relationship with this good man and others of this brotherhood for whom "Seliga" represents not only the ultimate craft, but a link to "shining times" and the name of a dear friend.

This is from "**Listening Point**" by Sigurd F. Olson.

"Paddles mean many things to those who know the hinterlands of the north. They are symbolic of a way of life and of the deep feeling of all voyageurs for the lake and river country they have known. Some time ago I received an envelope bordered in black, one of those old fashioned conventional letters of mourning which today are no longer used. I glanced at the date and address, tried hard to remember from whom it might be. With hesitation and foreboding, I tore open the seal. Inside was a simple card edged in black and across the face of it the sketch of a broken paddle. In the lower corner was the name.

The significance of this death announcement struck me like a blow. The paddle was broken and my friend who had been with me down the wilderness lakes of the border regions on many trips had cached his outfit forever. That broken blade meant more than a thousand words of eulogy, said far more than words could ever convey. It told of the years that had

gone into all of his expeditions, of campsites and waterways. In its simple tribute were memories of the rushing thunder of rapids, the crash of waves against cliffs, of nights when the loons called madly and mornings when the wilds were sparkling with dew. It told of comradeship and meetings on the trail, of long talks in front of campfires and the smell of them, of pine and muskeg and the song of whitethroats and hermit thrushes at dusk.

I know now, thinking of the broken paddle and what it really meant, that if a man in the course of time can so identify himself with a way of life that when he goes it is not just another passing, then he has achieved a lasting place in the memories of his fellows, a bond they will cherish forever. The broken paddle was an insignia forged in the wilds, of loyalty not only of men to each other but devotion to lasting and eternal things."

God, bless Joe and his family and friends. We know that if there is sorrow today... it can only be for ourselves. For, through our faith, we know that Joe has awakened from the sleep and discomfort of recent times... and has out-run us to our Father's house.

John O. Thurston – "Charlie Guide" 1962 - 66



Just a reminder

that the deadline for the next issue is October 15th! Next issue, we'll have a wrap-up of the Rendezvous (with pictures!), notes from the past summer's staff and we'd like to start featuring "your favorite trip" in each issue.



Editor's Notes

I never had the chance to really talk to Joe Seliga, except for very briefly during one of the last rendezvous, but I paddled one of his canoes on a trip in the summer of 2000. It was my first experience paddling a wooden boat in a long time, and I was amazed to look behind us at one point to see a Minnesota II being paddled by expert paddlers with bent shaft paddles trailing far behind us. We had the opportunity to lead the way on that little bit of the trip. From what I've read, I think Joe would have liked that part of his legacy was helping others lead the way. I'm not sure if Joe was ever actually registered as a Scout, but he sure carried the spirit of Scouting in his heart. I'd like to thank everyone who contributed stories so that we can honor Joe in a little way.

Someone that I have had the opportunity to spend perhaps a little bit too much time with over the years is Blake Edwards. I hope that you'll enjoy his tale of dog-sledding across Quetico as much as I did. As I'm putting this together, Blake's only recently back from his trip so there hasn't been much editing – I wanted to make sure this story got told.

Finally, we must never forget the chances that we have to get together and give back to the program. Rendezvous and the work weeks are coming up! If you've never been – I urge you to come out and see some old friends and make some new ones!

Mike Bingley



Something in Africa

by Chris Clay



This isn't one of our typical tales from the woods story though it's something that might catch your imagination. A while back I met a trauma surgeon in Duluth, Minnesota named Vincent Ohaju who is originally from eastern Nigeria and currently practicing at SMDC in Duluth. His family sent him here for school in the early 1980's and he's been here since then but hasn't lost connection with everyone back home. In fact he's in the process of building a hospital in his old home town of Ihitte, and if you check your maps you won't find it but it's a couple hour's drive north from Port Harcourt. It's one of those nondescript places you find a lot of in Africa's most populous country where most people live at subsistence level, no sewer system, water system, and the electricity comes on for a couple hours every few weeks. What they lack the most is healthcare and that stands out to Dr. Ohaju as he's lost family and friends to conditions easily treatable in any hospital in this country.

Building a hospital in a place that really needs it is a great idea but easier said than done. The healthcare system of Nigeria is fragmented and most programs survive on outside support. Nigerians with means to pay for their own medical care travel to Europe or the USA for care so those dollars aren't available to support that country's medical system. Most of the news reaching the outside world these days about Nigeria is about local violence directed at oil drilling operations, bird flu arrival, or being rated the

number two most corrupt country on earth, which doesn't sound like a good reason to go there. If you don't keep up on world news your contact with Nigeria has probably been through receiving e-mail scams and if you've missed them and are interested in reading some I'm sure it wouldn't be hard to get on the mailing list. It's a young democracy and they're still sorting out how that all works in relationship to tribal politics. There's more to the story though. Most of the population of 130,000,000 lives on less than a dollar a day income which is 1/10th the labor rate of China. They're well educated, English speaking, and have a good work ethic but no outside corporations will invest there given the overall conditions. In the larger cities there's internet access and it's no surprise that educated and unemployed people turned to it as a means of making a living, though they'd rather be doing the same work any of us do. Then there's Ihitte, that little out of the way place spared the turmoil you read about, and it's in a stable part of the country.

It isn't enough to build a hospital in Ihitte and start seeing patients. To really do something of lasting value it has to be self supporting, address all the health needs of the community, and do something about raising the standard of living so everyone can live healthier lives. That's where the idea of making that hospital a medical center came into being. Nigeria has no major medical center but if it did then those who currently travel abroad for medical

care would go there as they'd rather have healthcare needs taken care of close to home. Those dollars make having a financially self-sufficient operation possible. It would also serve as a referral hospital for other Nigerian hospitals for patients requiring specialized care. The medical center is called the VOOM Foundation and that's a name that sort of jumps right out at you. It's short for the Vincent O. Ohaju Medical Foundation in memory of Dr. Ohaju's father and you can look it up at www.voomfoundation.org

Taking on healthcare for the 100,000 people who live in Ihitte involves working with the community to get a public sewer system in place with treatment plant, a water system, additional schools, and a power plant. Introduction of a revolving fund for creation of new local businesses is also part of this to meet medical center construction needs and to serve regional business needs. Those involved are owner/operators/shareholders whose responsibilities are to run their business well and repay the initial investment back into the fund then select new businesses to fund. It's been a remarkably successful strategy wherever it's been implemented. Having reliable public utilities in place will make it different than other Nigerian towns and may be attractive enough for outside corporations to locate there as there's an available work force. There's few other resources in the area but Ihitte does have good transportation access situated on major country highways, is about 45

minutes away from a regional jet airport, and two hours away from the deep sea port of Port Harcourt. The priority for addressing community healthcare needs starts with immunizations, maternal/child care (high rates of infant and child mortality), dental care, nutrition, and infectious diseases. The medical center will have all specialties represented to address all other needs.

The medical center itself is going to be a self contained city on 1,200 acres with it's own power generation/electrical system, water system, sewer system with treatment plant capable of removing pharmaceuticals, housing for staff and volunteers, communications center, plus guest housing for out of town patients and their families. Out of necessity, fruits and vegetables for staff and patient needs will come from organic gardens on campus and that will serve as an agricultural demonstration project for the community to produce more and better food off existing land without use of imported fertilizers and pesticides. Without industry in the area, decisions were made about how to make money and it involved a trade-off between production of cash crops like oil palms and food crops. The medical center could buy vegetables from the community but it would be coming right off of someone's dinner table.

Building the medical center campus will take two years and work by 1,500 people a day which marks it as a big project but construction costs are modest. Consider that the daily cost of those 1,500

people is less than having five plumbers work on your house. Once completed, the operating cost of the medical campus will be reasonable, in fact quite low. Many organizations have come forward with donations of state of the art medical equipment currently being stored in Duluth, and medical professionals have come forward to volunteer time there once everything is up and running. Volunteers are needed from all walks of life and there's something for everyone. Some are working

with the planning of everything and others who are mid-career planning sabbatical or newly retired have made time commitments for going there. If you see yourself being involved with this you'll recognize the format as being very much like post season work at Sommers with room and board provided. Everything you might like to learn about this project is included on the website. The biggest areas being worked on right now involve meeting with companies who supply

pharmaceuticals and medical/dental/laboratory supplies to work on having those things affordable, and success with that will make all the difference in the world for this medical center to provide long term services.

The project is going in the right direction and gaining momentum. In the not too distant future you'll be hearing about it through national stories, and the story of most interest is the one told after everything is up and running. It will stand in marked con-

trast to the usual story out of Africa of hungry people waiting for food or standing in line for water, or sick people waiting for help that never comes. It will show a community that has the same things we have in our own communities and a self-supporting medical center tying together the healthcare services of the rest of the country. That's a story worth reading. ■

Dogsledding Across Quetico — Atikokan to Ely



Blake Edwards and Jake Hway, who have worked the Okpik Program for the past several years had the opportunity to dogsled across Quetico Provincial Park recently. They made excellent time – from North to South in four days! The following is a portion of their trip journal.

The team was made up of Funky and Cairo in lead, Fearless and Diamond in point, Arwen and Pilot in team, Xavier and Joker in team, Gambit and Maska in Team and Scooby and Dog in wheel.

The Route: Started just east of French Lake entry off Hwy. 11. down an old logging road, now part of a modern day trapline to McKenzine Lake. Heading south to McKenzie Bay on Kawnipi Lake next into Keewatin Lake. From Keewatin into Agnes Lake, all the way down Agnes and into Meadows Lake. Meadows Lake to Sunday Lake and into Burke Lake. From Burke into Bayley Bay on Basswood Lake. Next across Basswood to Hoist Bay and onto Four Mile Portage to Fall Lake. End trip.

March 15, 2006 –

March 18, 2006

Day 1: It was an early start this morning getting up at 5 am to start our drive from Ely to Atikokan. Having packed the truck the night before we made good time watering the dogs and ourselves before heading up the road. The drive was great with no problems, just the usual stops to drop the dogs for a pee break. Its funny how travel with the dogs is just like travel with small children, except a little less hairy. We made it to Atikokan with a stop at Tim Hortons in Fort Frances in about 5 hours and by the time we got to our starting point and got loaded up it was about 2:30 in the afternoon. After 45 minutes of packing the sled, harnessing the dogs and taking a few pictures we were off down the trail with a good amount of speed. The dogs were full of energy and ran really well down the packed snowmobile/ski trail considering they were pulling close to 700 lbs, that includ-

ing the weight of the sled. The 20 miles down the old logging road was quite a ride at the rate we were traveling. The dogs only slowed going up hills and Jake rode the breaks the entire way. This trail is also in use by a local trap who runs his marten line from here all the way onto Kawnipi lake and even with the season over now you can still get a glimpse of his hard work. We passed over a few bridges which our lead dogs really did not like all that much and needed a bit of encouragement to get across. The toughest part of the trail was just at the end where it takes a 90 degree right turn into a cedar swamp where the trees are tight and we had to do some quick turns to get around without smashing into any of them. Then all of a sudden we had reached McKenzie Lake and all in just over 2 hours.

We unpacked the sled and set out the stake out line for the dogs. Drilled for water out on the lake and got our two

(Continued on page 9)



Sommers Alumni Association's Rendezvous 2006 Registration Form

Return Registration and Payment to: **Barbara Cary Hall, 1212 N. 57th Ave. W, Duluth, MN 55807**

For More Information:

Barb Hall 218-624-0329
babscansing@charter.net

Larry Hanson 651-628-6923
larrydhanson@comcast.net

Chuck Rose 320-252-2768
clrose@stcloudstate.edu

Your Name: _____ Telephone: (____) _____

Address: _____ Email: _____

City/State/Zip: _____

Housing/Food

On Base: Cabin accommodations on a first-come, first-served basis for available space. You will need to bring your own bedding and towels. Space is assigned at check in on the first day of the event. Requests for families to occupy a cabin privately will be honored to the extent we can. No guarantees as beds are limited. Adult and child overnight cost is the same.

Red Renner Work Week Package: The Base has agreed to provide Alumnus free food, lodging and use of canoes, etc.
Early registration recommended!

Off Base: Arrange for off-base accommodations on your own. There are several local hotels. The host of our Rendezvous 2006 Banquet on Saturday night is the Grand Ely Lodge.

Work Week/Reunion Package: The Base has agreed to provide Alumnus free lodging and use of equipment (food during work week only). Early Registration recommended!

Other stuff to help with planning:

I am interested in child care during the banquet ☐ Yes ☐ No

I am willing to help with the reunion activities:

Sorry, I won't be able to attend, but here's some recent news to share with everyone:

[illegible]

Sommers Alumni Association's Rendezvous 2006

Registration Form

Date	Item or Event	Number	Cost per Unit	TOTAL
	Registration	Family or Individual	\$15.00 \$10.00	\$ \$
	T-Shirt	Specify Quantity and Size(s) Child S M L XL XXL	Pre-order only \$12.00	 \$
Friday, Sept. 1	Supper	Adult Child*	\$6.00 \$3.00	\$ \$
	Overnight		\$2.00	\$
Saturday, Sept. 2	Breakfast	Adult Child	\$4.00 \$2.00	\$ \$
	Lunch	Adult Child	\$5.00 \$2.50	\$ \$
	Blow Down Tour	Shore Lunch	Includes \$8.00	\$
	Supper	Adult Child	Not available Not available	Not available Not available
	Banquet	Adult Child Adult Child	Before Aug. 11 \$18.00 \$15.00 After Aug. 11 \$22.00 \$16.00	\$ \$ \$ \$
	Overnight		\$2.00	\$
Sunday, Sept. 3	Breakfast	Adult Child	\$4.00 \$2.00	\$ \$
	Lunch	Adult Child	\$5.00 \$2.50	\$ \$
	Supper	Adult Child	\$6.00 \$3.00	\$ \$
	Overnight		\$2.00	\$
Monday, Sept. 4	Breakfast	Adult Child	\$4.00 \$2.00	\$ \$
	Lunch	Adult Child	\$5.00 \$2.50	\$ \$
Sunday-Sunday	Work Week/ Reunion Package	Yes No	Work Week Only Package	Yes No
	Membership 2006		\$5.00	\$
	Active Staff		\$10.00	\$
	Yearly		\$25.00	\$
	Sustaining		\$150.00	\$
	Lifetime			\$

*Child is defined as less than or equal to 11 years of age as of 9/1/06. Age of 12 or greater is on adult rates.

Grand Total \$ _____

Please make checks payable to the *Sommers Alumni Association*.

(Continued from page 6)

Dogsledding Across Quetico – Atikokan to Ely

big blue kettles boiling for the dogs dinner. It's good stuff what we feed them. Frozen chicken and dry cereal. We explored around an old cabin used by the trapper to tend to his line and then set up to sleep for the night. I don't think we could have asked for better weather so far and prayed it would stay for the rest of the trip. Full sun during the day with no clouds in sight and clear starry night with a big full moon. Before bed that night we walked out onto McKenzie to watch the moon rise and check out some of the islands out in the bay. An owl started hooting in behind our camp and Jake got the dogs howling and barking just as we crawled into our sleeping bags.

Day 2: Slept well and slept in a bit today. Actually didn't get our lazy butts out of bed till almost 9:30 but we figured we would make such good time running today it didn't really matter. Got water going for the dogs and made our own bacon and eggs on a bagel with a cup of tea and hot chocolate. Great way to start the day especially in winter where you need a lot more calories to keep yourself

warm. We lazed around and re-packed the sled to try to make things fit just a bit nicer and to make a comfy seat for whoever is not mushing. We were back on the trail at around 12:30 heading down McKenzie Lake for Kawnipi. The snow on the lakes were hard packed and crusty making for a smoother ride for the sled but a little harder on the dogs feet at times. Good thing we had booties for them just in case we started seeing cut feet. Lots of activity from other critters all over the lake, wolf, moose and otter tracks are everywhere. This time of year the wolves are mating so they are out and moving quite a bit. Our route across the lakes is not just a straight shot from one side to the other. A big part of this trip was about seeing the area and exploring the lakes we traveled. We stopped and looked at most of the pictograph sites along the way and zigzagged our way toward the next trail. Our first two trails of the day took us from McKenzie Lake into McKenzie Bay on Kawnipi Lake. These were not the summer portage trails but winter trails used by the local trapper. These were decent trails, a little more narrow than yesterdays but not too bad. We managed to avoid and cut stumps or trees that



tried to jump out in front of us as we came around a corner.

Made it to our campsite on Kawnipi in about 3 hours from when we left our camp earlier that day. Set up camp and found a nice grassy shore to stake out the dogs. Got a nice fire going that evening and headed into the tent by 7:00 and even brought Pilot in to keep us warm. She climbed right in, very proud that she got to stay inside that night. I awoke at about 2 am for the inevitable call of nature, I really shouldn't have had that last mug of tea before bed. It was a bit colder than the night before but the moon was up to brighten the night sky. Even with the moon the stars filled the sky and made it worth getting out of that warm sleeping bag.

Day 3: Got up at 8:00 this morning with wet dripping down from the tent walls and ceiling. That's what happens when you have two warm bodies and a dog sleeping in a tent when it's below freezing outside. My sleeping bag is wet too but the sun dries it out by the time we are on the sled again. We drill another ice hole and get water going for the dogs and eat our oatmeal and breakfast sausage while we wait. Camp is packed up and we are off again by 11:00. It's not long though before we are stopped and putting on booties to protect the dog's feet from the sharp

and crusty snow. We also decide to put on our ski goggles today because of the harsh glare off the snow and to keep us from squinting all day. The trails are a bit more rough today. We take one into Keewatin Lake where we have a glimpse of our first bit of open water. Lucky for us the trail is off to the side of the creek and there is good ice heading onto the trail. We also run into our first tree down and have to tie off the sled and cut the tree out of the way. These trails haven't had much use this winter so are a lot narrower and makes for a tougher ride. We do a lot more scouting before taking the sled across to see where the turns are and where there may be tighter spots. We even bring Funky along so he can check it out too. The second trail follows along the top of a creek and slopes a bit down hill but the dogs do good and use all there strength to get us through. They work so hard and it's amazing to see the power they have.

Once on Agnes it is fairly smooth mushing. This is my first time on Agnes and the size is amazing. The lake just goes on and on and you can see for miles. Some more pictographs and the only petroglyphs in the area as well. We've also passed by a number of cliffs that are draped



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Enjoying the Whole of Life, with Canoes and Love – Joe Seliga

by Jerry Stelmok

With two world wars and the Great Depression looming on the horizon, 1911 would not seem a great time to come into the world; particularly not into a remote community where winter time temperatures frequently dropped to 40 degrees below zero and the only industry in town was mining iron ore. Never mind it was backbreaking and dangerous work; it was also a very volatile business dependent upon wildly changing markets. That was the situation ninety-three years ago in Ely, Minnesota.

But Joseph Seliga didn't realize all this when he arrived into the world on April 11, 1911, the son of immigrants from the Austro-Hungarian empire – Stephen Seliga and his wife Anna – one more child in a family that would grow to nurture twelve children. Instead of lying there worrying about all the possible hardships life might have in store for him, Joe blinked, squinted a little, looked around and said, "Hey, I think I can have a pretty good life around here." That may not be a direct quote, but it must have been something like that, and it became the philosophy propelling Joe's rich and interesting life.

Joe's father worked for the Pioneer Mining Company, one of several in town, as a housepainter. This was a company town, and the companies had built many of the homes to attract the necessary workers to this frontier community. Ely sat on the northern edge of the iron range and on the southern edge of a great lake-

bejeweled wilderness that stretched to the nearby Canadian border and beyond that to Hudson's Bay.

Stephen did well enough to support his family and buy his own house, but all the children were expected to help with the chores necessary in maintaining a big family in their White Street home. When Joe was a kid this location put them on the edge of town. Everything past the Seliga's house was open land, pasture, fields, and woods, an enchanting world for the Seliga children to play in and explore in their free time.

Joe's father, Stephen, was an avid sportsman, enjoying his time outdoors and also contributing a steady infusion of fish and game to supplement the hearty meals. The whole family enjoyed picnics, swimming, and picking berries, which also were put to good use by Anna and the girls in preserves, jellies, and fresh pies. Joe says his earliest memory is of crawling around in the bottom of the family canoe, enveloped by the lovely arching ribs, listening to the water purl along on the other side.

Joe was introduced to quality right from the start. Stephen owned two canoes built by the esteemed B. N. Morris Boat and Canoe Company of Veazie, Maine. One was fifteen feet long. The other was an eighteen-foot Model D built in 1904 that was equipped with outriggers and oars.

These Morris canoes began shaping young Joe Seliga's life as he accompanied his

father deeper and deeper into the surrounding wilderness. But Joe could not guess just how important this would become.

In 1928, Joe graduated from Ely's new Memorial High School. There his biology teacher had been a spirited rookie named Sigurd Olsen, who would later emerge as a strong and clear voice for wilderness preservation, and years later was in no small part instrumental in establishment of The Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness. Throughout high school, Joe had kept part-time jobs but managed to time his graduation to not long before the stock market crash that heralded the official start of the Great Depression. So-called real jobs were scarce as teetotalers in Ely's many saloons, so Joe quietly took what was available – a little painting, carpentry, and part-time work in the mines carrying jack timbers into the new tunnels being excavated far below the surface. Soon another event would shape Joe's life, making everything else irrelevant by comparison.

He met a girl.

Specifically, lovely Eleanor Krogar of Biwabik, Minnesota, who was up visiting her sister in Ely. It was love at first sight, and it was mutual. The couple saw each other as often as possible, not so easy in the 1930s when your homes were fifty miles apart, and you didn't own an automobile.

But they managed, and despite the fact Joe's job for the city, cutting brush and

shoveling gravel, paid low wages and was far from secure, the couple took a leap of faith, trusting in their love for one another. On March 29, 1932, Joe and Nora became man and wife. It was a success from the start, a partnership that would produce three fine children—Richard, JoAnne, and Nancy – and a contented life together for over sixty-eight years.

An incident during a spring fishing trip with his father on the Nina Moose River also proved pivotal to Joe's life. A downed tree across some rapids snagged the big Morris as Stephen brought her through alone, and the resulting upset accounted for twenty-one broken ribs – the Morris's, not Stephen's – broken planking, and more. No one drowned, but one of the family's prized possessions was severely wounded. Even before the dejected soaking fishermen got back to Ely, Joe promised himself that he somehow would get the old girl back into service, and not just patched together either. When Joe started the repairs, he vowed that the Morris would be good as new. No matter that he had never attempted anything like this before in his young life, or that there was no information or instructions available on the subject (I guess he didn't know about Rollin's and my book), or that he lived about a million miles from anywhere. He spent enough nights that summer lying awake in bed pondering the project to make his young wife really wonder about him. By winter though,

he was ready and with determination and resourcefulness accomplished his mission. By the following spring, the eighteen-foot Morris was good as new and the pair were back out on the lakes catching their share of trout and walleyes. Restoring the Morris was like dislodging the pebble that eventually causes an avalanche. Sportsmen around town saw the rebuilt canoe, evidently approved, and began bringing Joe their broken and neglected boats for restoration. Before long, Joe had a shop set up in his father's garage on White Street. The couple was still living in an upstairs apartment in Joe's parent's home, which was the best option for a young family man living on the New Deal's WPA wages. Certainly, the extra cash from the canoe work came in handy. By 1937, Joe had fixed enough canoes to know more than a little about how they were put together, and he also recognized an expanding market for the versatile craft. He wrote a letter to Bert Morris in Maine inquiring about becoming a dealer. In a polite response, Morris told him that since the 1920 fire, he had been working alone building canoes only to special order. So, once again, jumping off into deep water Joe decided to start building his own. The first was a sixteen-foot canoe built by bending ribs over the fifteen-foot Morris using longer stems. It required clinching all the nails by hand as he planked the resulting framework. He traded it a year or so later for an air compressor worth \$65.00. It was also becoming clear to Joe that sportsmen were largely lazy people and that outboard motors were becoming increasingly important. In

1938, he built a form for a sixteen-foot, square-stern canoe that he called the Fisherman and almost before the paint was dry, it went out the door, and Joe had \$40.00 in his pocket.

By the start of the Second World War, Joe had built several canoes, but his fledgling business was cut short by shortages of supplies such as canvas and brass fastenings. However, there was a new demand for Ely's rich iron ore, and for the first time in his life, full-time jobs were plentiful. So Joe put the canoe shop on hold, took advantage of good wages, compounded by overtime in the mines, and did his part for the war effort working in one of the most strategically crucial industries in the country.

After the war, Joe, with two children and a third on the way, kept his day job, but wasted no time getting his shop back in production. He had saved a little money and treated himself to a bigger motor for his Sears table saw, a 1 1/2 H.P. job that Joe still refers to as "the new motor."

He built a form for an eighteen-foot, double-ended canoe, similar to the Morris but with a little less sheer, more volume, and a bit more depth amidships. It was a canoe that had woods travel and fishing comfort in mind, but with classic good looks.

The many summer camps in the Ely region were back in full swing after the war, and camp owners liked the idea of buying canoes from a local builder, especially once they saw the quality of the work. Before he knew it, Joe, with some help from son Richard after school and Nora, was

supplying canoes to several summer camps, including Widjiwagan, the YMCA camp on Burntside Lake, Camp

Northland, then a girls' camp, and several others.

In 1950, Joe and Nora purchased a house on East Pattison Street, and two years later, he built the extra-long, two-car garage of cinderblock, that still serves as the Seliga factory.

Partly because the eighteen-foot model was unwieldy for kids at the summer camps, Joe shortened the form to seventeen feet, refining the model to the classic Seliga so many paddlers have come to admire.

During the 1950s, most of Joe's production went to a regional Boy Scout outfitter outside Ely known as the Charles Sommers Wilderness Canoe Base. The counselors, known as Charlie's Guides, were especially possessive about their Seliga canoes, and before the outfit started phasing out wooden canoes in the 1970s, Sommers had purchased 122 canoes from the Seliga shop.

Many became the property of these same counselors, as the camp gave them first dibs on wooden Seligas put up for sale.

But even with a job, and what many would consider a full-time business on the side, Joe Seliga never lost sight of the truly important things in life. Gardening, time with the family, fishing for walleyes, and picking blueberries with Nora, who had become his partner in the shop, remained high on the list of priorities.

In 1976 at age sixty-five, with forty years of employment by the various mining companies behind him, Joe formally retired, freeing up time not to increase canoe production, but to enjoy the whole of life.

But no life is without its trials and tribulations, and on a frigid February morning in

1994, a fire caused by a stick that had fallen against the shop wood stove very nearly took the whole business with it. Quick response from the Ely Fire Department, help from neighbors and the concrete block construction saved the structure, but the results were bad enough. Joe had lost most of his hand tools and power tools. The form was scorched, and four canoes and much lumber were charred beyond saving. Mostly, the inside of the building was a frozen, soupy mess. Bad enough so that many builders much younger than Joe's eighty-three years might have given it up for lost, but not the Seligas. When spring arrived, they began the slow task of cleaning up, repairing structural members, and rebuilding, and by the next fall, the Seliga canoe shop was back in business.

An even tougher challenge reared its head in October of 2000 when Joe, not in perfect health himself, lost Nora, ending sixty-eight years of a full and happy marriage. But inner strength, help from friends, and especially from a loving, supportive family helped Joe through this crisis as well. Joe leads a good life and continues to enjoy his retirement. He claims he has never become wealthy building canoes, and from what I know about the business, I believe him. At Camp Widjiwagan, he has become a legend, and his canoe-building legacy is assured by a large, new canoe shop and an endowment named for him and Nora.

The endowment will reach a million dollars and will ensure that the camp's wooden canoe fleet, including forty-five or so Seligas will be used and properly maintained,

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Robert Everett Blanchard

died December 17, 2005
TRAVERSE CITY – Robert E. "Bob" Blanchard, 63, died Saturday at his residence after a long illness. He was born Oct. 19, 1942, in Moline, Ill., the son of Everett Ellsworth and Jane Elizabeth (Beaty) Blanchard, who survive. On Aug. 28, 1964, he married Charlotte Trucks in Oklahoma City, who also survives. Bob grew up in Oklahoma City. He graduated from Southeast High School there, and attended Columbia University in New York City and the University of Oklahoma in Norman, Okla. He was in the U.S. Naval Reserves, with active duty on the USS Forrest Sherman. In Pontiac, Bob worked as an architectural draftsman; in Traverse City, as a log home designer and operated Blanchard Construction for many years. He taught Builder's License classes in every community college in Michigan for 10 years. In his spare time, Bob loved boating, hiking and biking. He was a garage sale enthusiast and belonged to the Twin Bay British Car Club. He was an astronomer, a philosopher, a historian and naturalist. Bob is survived by his spouse; parents; two sons, Jeffrey (Rachel) Blanchard of Plymouth and James Blanchard of Traverse; granddaughters; Nora Jayne, Audrey Marie and Alice Katherine Blanchard, ages 5 and under, of Plymouth; brothers, Dan Blanchard of Oklahoma City and Jim (Charlotte) Blanchard of Euphrata, Wash.; sisters, Ann (Dan) Cronin of Salt Spring

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(Continued from page 9) Dogsledding Across Quetico – Atikokan to Ely

with ice of all shapes and sizes. One place we stopped and climbed to the top of a cliff where the water had flowed over and froze into big pillows of ice almost like clouds. We come to a narrow spot of Agnes that is thin ice with standing water. Thankfully we are able to tie off the sled and walk the dogs two at a time along the shore to the other side and stake them out. Once all the dogs were across we pushed the sled over and hooked up again. Next stop and our campsite for the day, Louisa Falls.

Today was a longer one. Took us about 5 hours to get down to Louisa Falls and it was well worth it. Got the dogs staked out and went up to check out the falls before setting up camp. Water was flowing fairly well and the pool directly below the falls was open. I made a comment that it must be very refreshing to stop here in the summer for a swim and then Jake says "well I'm going in." I thought he was crazy and joking around but he wasn't and had started taking off his clothes down to his boxers. In he went for a short swim and climbed back out with a big smile on his face. "Not too cold" he says. The water couldn't have been more than just above freezing and the sun was already lower in the sky. Back to camp to get more clothes on as I explored the top of the falls. Tonight we decide not to set up the tent because of how wet it had got the night before so we just put down our tarp and put out our sleeping bags. The sun went down quickly and we could already tell it would be a cold



night. The dogs settled in and we walked across the lake one more time to warm up before getting into our sleeping bags.

Day 4: It definitely was the coldest night of the trip, something like -25 C. We woke at 6:30 to the loud cracking of the ice as it moved and shifted under our heads. The dogs all were looking across the lake at a lone wolf walking along the shore. Frost encrusted around the hood of our sleeping bags and we kept moving constantly to stay warm. The ice hole was good and frozen and the water just seemed to take forever to get warm up. Our load was finally feeling a little lighter here on our last morning with having less food to haul.

It was a quick run from Louisa Falls down into Meadow Lake and into Sunday. The trail here had a number of trees down but were low on the trail so we could push the sled up and over them. Arriving at Singing Brook Portage we came to a little more open water and I ended up bailing off the sled as I thought we may have ended up in for a swim but Jake pushed the sled just off the thin ice and back on the hard pack. Into Burke and over our last portage was a breeze. It was easy mushing from here down Basswood with one stop to see the old

cedar tree near Beaver Island and another stop at Tommy Chosha's old log cabin. The only people we saw on the whole trip were on Basswood and Fall Lakes. Other mushers or fisherman were mostly out enjoying a great day in the boundary waters. We made it to the Fall Lake landing where Jake's mom was waiting to greet us at about 12:30. With the dogs loaded in the truck and our gear and sled stowed, our trip was over. The park is an amazing place anytime of year and I'm glad I got to experience it in all seasons. I'd have to say though that my favorite time is winter. It's so quiet and peaceful and of course no bugs.

Jake and I can't thank everyone who helped us put this trip together enough. The staff at both the Ely base and in Atikokan. Jeff and Ben Hway, Jake's dad and brother for driving us up to the start of our trip. Gary McGuffin and some of the local Ely mushers for helping with our final route planning. Tom Nash for charging up a satellite telephone for us just in case. I would personally like to thank Jake for allowing me to share this with him and his dogs.

Blake Edwards and Jake Hway are interpreters with the Okpik Winter Program at the Sommers Base. For more information about Okpik, please check out www.ntier.org ■

Northern Tier Seasonal Staff Scholarships for 2005

During 2005, the SAA along with the Northern Tier Advisory Committee awarded 28 scholarships to Northern Tier seasonal staff. This year's awards totaled \$25,000 and brought the total scholarship awards to \$174,000. Staff members become eligible for the scholarships after completing two years on the seasonal staff at one of the Northern Tier bases. Each staff member is eligible to receive up to \$3,000 during their careers. The scholarships are awarded directly to the financial aid office of the staff member's school.

The Northern Tier Staff Scholarship fund has three designated scholarships. The Christopher D. Breen Memorial Scholarship is awarded to the seasonal staff member who embodies the "can do attitude" and "service to scouts" that were Chris's legacy. The selection is made annually by the professional staff of the Northern Tier High Adventure Program from staff members applying for the seasonal staff scholarships. The 2005 Christopher D. Breen Memorial Scholarship was awarded to 4th-year staff member Claire McCasland, Chief Outfitter of the Ely base. Claire received a \$1,500 scholarship for studies at Baylor University.

The Terry J. Wall Scholarship was endowed by Dr. Terry Wall, who participated in the Northern Tier Program as a scout in 1970 and several times as an advisor from 1981 to 1995 to honor a former youth Boy

Scout or Scouts Canada member who has demonstrated exceptional ability to interpret a wilderness experience at Northern Tier, utilizing precepts embodied in the Scout Oath and Law. The scholarship recipient is selected by the professional staff. The 2005 Terry J. Wall Scholarship was awarded to 3rd-year staff member Kyle Ford. The \$1,000 scholarship supports Kyle's studies at Stephen F. Austin State University.

The Erickson Memorial Scholarship was established by the children of Edith and Axel Erickson to recognize an employee who has worked in a base-staff position, gone "above and beyond" expectations in support and service to Northern Tier attendees, demonstrated leadership to the program and exhibited a strong work ethic. The scholarship recipient is selected by the professional staff. The 2005 recipient of an Erickson Memorial Scholarship is Ashley Clement. The \$1,000 scholarship will support her studies at the University of Toronto.

Second year staff members who received \$500 scholarships are: **Nathan Brenner**, University of Nevada, Reno; **Cheryl Buell**, University of Winnipeg; **Jake Coutre**, University of Illinois; **Doran Ford**, Oklahoma State University; **Neil Gasparka**, Colorado School of Mines-Golden; **Mark Gefreh**, St. Norbert College; **Karl Huemiller**, St. Olaf College; **Charles Kearnes**, Northland College; **Anya Lipchak**, University of Toronto; **Travis McCormick**, Miami

University of Ohio; **Jeffrey Simmons**, University of Michigan; **Adam Taylor**, Algonquin College; **Bradley Teson**, Utah State; **David Warner III**, St. Mary's University, Winona.

Third year staff members who received \$1000 scholarships are: **Israel Andrasko**, University of Texas-Pan American; **Margaret Brown**, Benedictine College; **Nicole Christamsis**, Lakehead University; **Michael Johnson**, St. Cloud State; **Matthew Landry**, Lakehead University; **Kathryn Loynes**, Queen's University; **Troy Martin**, Southeast Missouri State; **Julie Ravenberg**, University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point; **Sarah Rowell**, Lakehead University; **Chris Yimaki**, Confederation College.

Fourth year staff members who received \$1500 scholarships are: **Tim Davis**, University of Winnipeg; **James Flannery**, Florida State University-Tallahassee; **Adam Jordan**, Alaska Pacific University; **Bradley Martin**, Southeast Missouri State. Fifth year staff member **Philip Vanderwerker** received a \$1500 scholarship to Rutgers College of Engineering.

Northern Tier seasonal staff members who have completed at least two years with the program, are enrolled in college or university programs, are students in good standing, and have worked on staff for at least 10 weeks in the year are eligible

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Alumni Work Week(s)! 2006

It's not too late to sign up or show up for Alumni Work Week this spring, or in August! Join fellow alumni from Northern Tier in Atikokan any time during May 27-June 2 for carpentry, painting and cleanup of the staff lounge. Project includes installation of new windows, computer area enhancement, bathroom modification, interior or surface improvement, and screen porch construction. This time coincides with training week for our seasonal staff, so opportunity exists to meet new and returning staff and participate with training.

Work week at Ely is June 2-10 and also coincides with seasonal staff training. Focus is on Sommers Lodge cleaning, interior varnishing, and cataloguing of lodge artifacts. This is part of a large Sommers Alumni Association project to preserve and enhance the Lodge as a museum and interpretive center for the base. A second work week opportunity on this project will be held in conjunction with Rendezvous 2006, and will begin August 25.

Meals and accommodations at the base will be provided at no cost. You'll have the opportunity to reconnect with fellow alumni, and also a chance to meet and interact with current seasonal staff. Bring your skills and/or enthusiasm; on-the-job training will be provided. We can use help for a day or a week. Consider inviting fellow alumni along for some fun and fellowship. Canoeing and fishing opportunities will also be available.

For more information, contact any of the SAA directors, or Dick Shank richard.shank@allina.com, at (651)-698-5375.

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President's Message

ects can be good fun and you get to spend a few days or a week relaxing around the Base in Ely or Atikokan.

Reunion. This is also known as **Rendezvous 2006**. It is coming this summer and promises to be great fun for the whole family. Larry Hanson and Barb Cary Hall are leading the planning of some great events and new ideas for good weekend fun. There will be the traditional options as well as a few new ideas. For more on this, see the other articles elsewhere in Reflections. Don't miss it – We all look forward to seeing you there!

Here's hoping to see you at one or more of these events. ■

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Enjoying the Whole of Life, with Canoes and Love – Joe Seliga

and eventually, young craftsmen at Widji will build an occasional Seliga model to add to this number. It is an honor and unique tribute to a boat builder, and one richly deserved by a gentleman, who is at once talented and modest, energetic and generous, helpful, friendly, kind and as interested in those around him as we are in him.

Originally published in Wooden Canoe Magazine, October 2004, Used with Permission. ■

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Robert Everett Blanchard

Island, B.C., Mary Simon and Louise (Dallas) Angelo of Oklahoma City; brother-in-law, Al Trucks of Hutchinson, Kansas; sister-in-law Janice Rich of Oklahoma City; and numerous nieces and nephews. He was preceded in death by his mother and father-in-law, Bertha and Enoch Trucks, and brother-in-law, Dythel Rich, all of Oklahoma City. Per Bob's request, memorial services will be with immediate family only. Memorial contributions may be made to the Traverse City Boardman Lake T.A.R.T. Trails. Arrangements are with the Martinson Funeral Home of Suttons Bay.

Robert Blanchard was a Guide at the Sommers Base from 1959 to 1962.

Published in the Record-Eagle on 12/19/2005. ■

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Northern Tier Seasonal Staff Scholarships for 2005

weeks in the year are eligible to apply for the scholarships. Scholarship applications are available from the staff. Applications, including transcripts, for 2006 are due no later than August 1, 2006. Scholarships are supported by Northern Tier alumni and friends through the Sommers Alumni Association, a 501(c)3 nonprofit Minnesota corporation. Donations are tax deductible.

Michael McMahon and Dick Shank ■

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