



Wilderness News

From Winter to Spring in the Wilderness

**Winter camping through long, dark nights
and cold bright days offers profound isolation
with an allure all its own.**

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The Quetico Superior Foundation, established in 1946, encourages and supports the protection of the wilderness, cultural and historical resources of the Quetico-Superior canoe country and region.

www.wildernessnews.org



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LETTER FROM THE BOARD PRESIDENT

Celebrating Wilderness

Fifty years ago, the Wilderness Act officially created the National Preservation System and wilderness areas. As you will read in this issue of Wilderness News, it took 8 years of debate and over 60 drafts to pass it. A second act, the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness Act of 1978, would seek to address even further debate over managing the Boundary Waters.

Without these Acts, it's easy to imagine how the stories in this issue of Wilderness News might have turned out differently. We learn about the silence and solitude that winter camping offers. We read one writer's invitation to get outside during spring, unpredictable weather and all. We also explore Wilderness Canoe Base, a camp dedicated to helping kids explore wilderness.

This issue honors the ways that wilderness experiences inform our personal development, and we thank all of our donors for your continued support. You help us tell these stories, and cover important issues like mining, which pose a significant risk to the region's wilderness character. We hope you'll continue your support throughout 2014.

I also want to take a moment to recognize longtime board member Johnathan S. Bishop, who recently passed away. We are grateful for his service to the Quetico Superior Foundation, and our thoughts and prayers are with his family.

Sincerely,
Jim Wyman
President, Quetico Superior Foundation

On the Cover:
Caribou Lake, photo courtesy Wyatt Behrends.

Tell us what you think and keep up with canoe country issues:
<http://www.facebook.com/WildernessNews>

A person is seen from behind, cross-country skiing on a vast, snow-covered slope. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm, orange glow across the sky and snow. A lone, snow-laden branch hangs over the skier. The background shows a dense forest of evergreen trees under the twilight sky.

The Wonder of Winter Camping

By Bear Paulsen

Iron Lake, photo courtesy Bear Paulsen.

Why would anyone go camping in the winter? From my experience ‘insane’ is the most frequent adjective applied to those of us who willingly camp in the winter. The general public uniformly believes winter campers to be crazy masochists. Most people cannot fathom what would possess someone to trade shelter and warmth for discomfort and snow. As the non-winter camper further considers the irrationality of winter camping, they invariably question how campers stay clean, and even more so how they go to the bathroom. Those considerations usually end the conversation with a shudder and firmer conviction of the winter camper’s mental instability.

Travelling in the winter requires a great deal of planning and forethought, two qualities not often associated with the looney farm. Any winter camper who fails to prepare will be uncomfortable at the least. And it’s true winter camping does have a steep learning curve. Beginning winter campers commonly return to warmth and shelter earlier than planned. However, experienced campers can survive most any weather and take great pleasure in their hardiness. They enjoy the challenge of living and surviving in the cold. They relish their ability to thrive in conditions that are cause for winter weather warnings and road closures. Winter campers are a breed apart, a small fraternity that

willingly accepts new members because there are few applicants.

Winter is the quietest and loneliest season. It’s fortunate that only a few people want to winter camp. The silence and palpable isolation would vanish if the wilderness were as well used as in the summer. Silence and isolation are hard to find in the summer partly due to the presence of other campers. However, and more significantly, silence really does not exist in the summer at all; insects, animals and sounds of water create a lively cacophony. Similarly the long days of summer minimize feelings of isolation; isolation is felt most poignantly at night. The long, dark winter night envelopes you with



Above: Stuart River, below: Abinodji Lake, photos courtesy Bear Paulsen.



Gaskin Lake, photo courtesy Marco Gallo.

“Winter also gently introduces us to our own insignificance. As we travel during the day the cold will challenge our comfort... The ever present cold is constantly ready to sap our morale....”

a profound isolation to which no summer experience can compare.

Winter has a beauty all its own. The beauty stems from absence. An absence of both sounds and sights.

In the winter there are few sounds competing for your attention, often only the wind through the trees. Many sounds of winter have a certain harshness to them: the squeak caused by walking on the snow when the temperature is well below zero; the rifle shot of sap exploding in a conifer; the cracking and groaning of lake ice. Much of winter's sparse music is otherworldly; it is foreign. Standing on a lake while it gently thunders and moans under your feet inspires fear. Sounds that are commonplace in the summer provide magic in the winter. The sound of a babbling brook is greeted with amazement by new winter travellers because open water is a rarity. They are surprised to hear open water and captivated by the unique beauty of the scene. The water's melody is unlike any other sound in the winter. Open water provides a rare auditory and visual bouquet.

Silence magnifies the beauty of winter. Silence serves to exacerbate the monochromatic, uniformly

white winter world. Pictures of the winter wilderness invariably capture a white desert. After a day filled with endless white vistas a sunset defies words. A winter sunset lacks the garishness of a summer one. It allows no bright or gaudy colors. Winter's palate consists of gentle pastels. Those pastels are sublime when placed on a white backdrop. Winter's beauty does not scream nor beg for our attention; its request is gentle. A winter sunset is like a woman without makeup, beautiful in her own right.

Winter also gently introduces us to our own insignificance. As we travel during the day the cold will challenge our comfort. As day descends into night we will find ourselves in a world that blatantly ignores our comfort. The ever present cold is constantly ready to sap our morale. There are no bugs in the winter, but the cold is far more omnipresent. With the cold creeping into our bones and impenetrable darkness gathered around, our complete insignificance is demonstrated clearly. However, this feeling of insignificance is a gift of the highest magnitude. Humility is granted when we accept our own lack of importance.



Allen Lake, photo courtesy Dan Cooke.

The abyss of the star encrusted night sky has a fierce beauty like no other. Celestial infinity magnifies our sense of insignificance. The starry blackness above bestows humility and inspires a sacred feeling of awe. Confronted by the icy infinity, we accept our insignificance and feel frightened reverence. Paul Gruchow, the late Minnesota writer, touches on this glorious fear in his book *The Necessity of Empty Places*: “The word ‘fear’ once had two meanings. It meant the emotion one feels in the face of danger, but it also signified reverential awe, as in the phrase ‘the fear of God.’” Combine the isolation, silence and cold of a winter night deep in the wilderness with infinite stars, groaning lake ice and aurora borealis dancing in the sky, and you will feel reverential awe.

Why would anyone winter camp? You should head out in the winter if you’ve complained about how busy the wilderness is during the summer months. In winter there is no competition for campsites. You will find the isolation that all warm weather visitors seek. The isolation will challenge you. The cold will challenge you as well. Regard these challenges as the gifts they are. Your

admission to the fraternity of winter campers will be the stuff of endless tales. You’ll enjoy the camaraderie of close friends gathered around a campfire surrounded by the silent, black isolation of a winter night. You may even have the pleasure of listening to the eerie music of the lakes. Regardless, the vast black star studded sky will cause you to question your own importance. And, that is a good thing.

Editor’s Note:

Bear Paulsen is at home in the wilderness canoeing and winter camping, two activities that allow him to take extended trips to remote places. He loves to explore northern Minnesota, northwestern Ontario, and Manitoba and has winter camped in WI, UT, MT, ID, MI, and the Yukon as well. With more than 365 days winter camping, his longest solo journey was 22 days crossing the BWCAW. When he’s not in the wilderness you’ll find him working as General Manager at Northstar Canoes.



Gaskin Lake, photo courtesy Aaron Hushagen.

ON GOING OUTSIDE IN THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF SPRING

An essay by Siri Linquist

Fair warning: this is a call to arms; within a short address to the love I have for canoe trips.

This is written in postscript to the 12 years I spent with Camp Widjiwagan, the loveliest of places in the summer hours. The blue sky, the sound of the wind in the pines and aspen, the natural roughness of the landscape, are so etched in as a clear picture today, but are a blur of the many years together in my memory.

Spring is here, and some days there is a hint of summer on the air. Baseball is beginning, and white calves are starting to see the light of day. They say March comes in like a lion, and out like a lamb, but it really only behaved appropriately animalistic in the analogy. So in my desperation, my thoughts turn the bend of the year towards summer.

Summer has always meant one thing to me: Trail. For the past 12 years, from ages 12 to 24, I have tripped and led trips at Camp Widjiwagan, leading trips from the Boundary Waters to the Northern Territories. But before you go thinking I'm something that I'm not. I have to admit I am not the most likely candidate to write this article. I like indoor activities. If it's cold, I like a warm car. I am not your typical intense, the woods-are-the-only-place-for-me trail guide. I love many things that are the very antithesis of being out-of-outdoors. That is why I abhor the terms "inside" or "outside" people. That labels us as one or the other and it is totally acceptable to like both environments. However, my inclinations make me the perfect person to address you.

I am a true advocate for trail. I know how it affected my own development, and those I have led. Everyone can gain essentials to being an individual on trail that you carry with you: confidence, independence, and social cohesiveness. You learn to be satisfied with less, push yourself more, and forgive yourself your shortcomings.

That is why I tell everyone to just get out there. There is no doubt there are things to overcome about going on trail. You may feel discomfort or hunger more keenly than you are typically acquainted with. But there is a sweet kind of balance in it. I have seen sunny days and crappy, crappy weather. Sometimes the sun warms your skin, and then is washed out by hard rain. I felt really hungry. I have laughed in absurdity that is truly unrestrained. I have felt peace. I have fallen asleep to loons, and paddled by a wolverine hunt on the shore. I have been leg deep in mud, and had the best and the most satisfying swims of my life. In those fleeting trips you really learn to feel strongly. You didn't feel dull or numb, you felt relaxed with an energy that clings around you afterwards, pushing you to do other things outside your natural tendencies.

It may not feel easy or natural. It is way too easy to get caught up in the things that occupy us in our daily lives, I can commiserate with that. That is the root of my un-ease in the lack of interest that many people feel towards tripping and our environment. We need to do things that lie outside ourselves, and get over discomfort. Once we get over that, you learn you can be you anywhere, and removes some seeds of doubt that are so deeply rooted in much of what we do. Do I dare? Should I? You will feel less concerned about how you should wear your hair and what to eat and far more willing to partake in chances to be adventurous. Be more, feel more. That is why, in these summer months, I urge you to join me in my own pursuit, as we find a day, a weekend or more, to find ways to be wild. It won't be easy.

A trip is a short blip, you can't always know how smoothly it will go, but you do know it ends. The measurement of our life span is a similarly intangible thing that passes, but it is not an unnatural thing to come to an end. It is just as important to mark it, and gain some good stories. You will have those.

Be off!

Reflecting on the Wilderness Act

By Alissa Johnson

When I was a kid, paddling the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness with my family, I didn't realize that the final word in its name had only been added in 1978—the same year I was born. Nor did I realize that the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness Act of 1978 was preceded by the Wilderness Act of 1964, which created a National Preservation System and a legal definition of wilderness:

A wilderness, in contrast with those areas where man and his own works dominate the landscape, is hereby recognized as an area where the earth and its community of life are untrammelled by man, where man himself is a visitor who does not remain.

I simply knew that in the Boundary Waters, we traveled by canoe, under the power of our own muscles. We slept in tents and cooked over fires, and we packed out what we carried in, including garbage. When we paddled away from campsites, I loved the way that I could look back and see no sign of our stay.

It's not surprising, perhaps, that a young girl was ignorant of the law. A paddle dipping into a lake, fingers grazing its cool surface, seems very far away from the halls of Congress. But on the 50th anniversary of the Wilderness Act, it seems important to understand its significance. The Act required eight years of debate and more than 60 drafts before President Lyndon B. Johnson signed it into law on September 3rd. It left some things in question. In the Boundary Waters, for example, motorboats and snowmobiles were allowed in areas where motorized use had been established, leaving room for great public debates. But the 1964 Act also laid the groundwork for the preservation of a region that I took for granted as a kid.

So I called Kris Reichenbach, Public Affairs Officer for the Superior National Forest. I wanted to talk to someone who has spent time explaining the Act to the public, had experience with an agency charged with enforcing the Act. I wanted to see whether our

understanding of wilderness has changed as we face new factors like climate change and invasive species.

Reichenbach took me back to the beginning, the Act itself, reminding me that there is a reason people call the definition of wilderness poetic. "It's an eloquent act. It's not full of bureaucratic words as much as some other national legislation," Reichenbach said. "It ties back to the passion. The people that were championing and writing the laws were touched [by wilderness] in such a way that they wrote this law differently."

That didn't mean, of course, that it was without interpretation. Land use managers had to determine what the use of words like untrammelled meant, and how to balance that with the impacts of visitors. They had to determine (and still do) the roles of recreational use, commercial use, and research. Agencies have to balance the preservation of wilderness character with a love from visitors so great there can be risk of loving a place to death.

In places like the Boundary Waters, Reichenbach told me, that means helping people understand what it means to prohibit mechanical devices or the principles of Leave No Trace. But it's also about helping us understand that our very presence impacts the wilderness, in ways that are greater than packing out whatever we pack in.

There is, for example, the advance of cell phones and the idea that safety is a phone call away. While emergencies will happen, a rescue itself can be intrusive, impacting that natural landscape and other visitors. If we're careless or unprepared, our rescue can detract from other visitors' wilderness experience. Or take the spread of nonnative and invasive species. Simply by entering the wilderness, we have the power to spread them further.

"There are very small areas scattered in wilderness where research has identified the highest risk [of nonnative and invasive species]. It's usually areas where people are moving in. Visitors can make a big difference by cleaning equipment and making sure their boots are clean before moving into wilderness," Reichenbach told me.

This summer, the Forest Service will go so far as to engage the public in identifying infestations within the wilderness area. New identification books will help visitors identify nonnative and invasive species, and a



Alissa

postcard in the back of the book will make it easy for them to alert the Forest Service to their locations.

“We do monitoring,” Reichenbach said, “but in one million acres—three million in the whole Superior National Forest—we can’t see everything. Getting tips about infestations we didn’t know about may allow us to get in there early.”

Listening to Reichenbach, it occurred to me that the relationship between wilderness visitors and wilderness managers is changing. Protecting a wilderness area is no longer as simple as checking things at the door—mechanical devices, say, or motors. It’s about managing invasive species that can spread undetected, or understanding what climate change might mean for the region. We are all wilderness managers now, in ways that the legislators behind the 1964 Act never imagined.

When we enter wilderness, we can choose to see that reality or not. We can pack trash out or leave it behind. We can clean our boats for invasive species or move them into the wilderness without care. We can keep an eye out for invasive species or forget to send a postcard to the Forest Service. But when we choose to be responsible, to act in favor of wilderness, our actions themselves become the living definition of wilderness. We keep the vision behind the Wilderness Act alive. And in that way, it turns out that there is a direct connection between the legal definition of wilderness and dipping your paddle into the cool waters of a BWCAW lake—whether I knew it as a child or not.

From BWCA to BWCAW

When the Wilderness Act was passed in 1964, it left exceptions for established motorized use in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area. Debates over the use of motorboats, snowmobiles and other land uses continued (and in some cases still do). The Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness Act of 1978 sought to address many of those issues and officially named the area the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness. Following are some of the key dates leading up to its passage, taken from www.queticosuperior.org:

- 1964** Congress passes Wilderness Act after eight years of debate. BWCA is officially included in National Wilderness Preservation System. The Act prohibited the use of motorboats and snowmobiles within wilderness areas, with exceptions for areas where use was well established with the BWCA.
- 1965** U.S. Secretary of Agriculture issues 13 directives dealing with BWCA, adding to no-cut zone, zoning for motorboats, establishing visitor registration and more.
- 1971** Ontario announces moratorium on logging in Quetico Provincial Park.
- 1972** President Nixon issues Executive Order prohibiting use of snowmobiles and recreational vehicles in all national wilderness areas.
- 1975** 217,000 acre Voyageurs National Park established. Secretary of Agriculture imposes off-road vehicle ban in the BWCA.
- 1978** On October 21st President Carter signs the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness Act into law. It ends logging, reduces motorboat lakes, phases out snowmobiling, restricts mining, and expands BWCA by 68,000 acres. Name officially becomes Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness.

Commemorate the 50th Anniversary of the Wilderness Act with *Wilderness News*

Do you have a favorite photo from the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness? Share it with *Wilderness News*, and we’ll post it on our Facebook page. Email it to editor@queticosuperior.org or post it to www.facebook.com/WildernessNews. Be sure to include where it was taken and why the moment was meaningful. We’ll select a few to include in the fall print edition of *Wilderness News*.



Wilderness Canoe Base

by Rob Kesselring

When I have encountered other adults while traveling through the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness I have sometimes asked them, “Is this your first trip to the BWCA?” Their answers are often the same. “Oh no, I first came here many years ago as a child...I was a camper.” With that disclosure a sparkle brightens their eyes. They might go on and talk about a “Y” camp, scout camp, church camp or a school group, but there is always a recollection of a special moment when they caught the wilderness bug.

The adolescent canoe camp adventure inspires an appreciation for wilderness and a joy for traveling by canoe, and camping out under pine shaded forests and star-studded skies, all the while uninhibited by the trappings of modern civilization. Even more, the challenges of wilderness travel infuse their souls with the values of courage and perseverance. As sticky as balsam sap on their fingers those early formative experiences pull them back again and again. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty and fifty years later.

Wilderness Canoe Base on Seagull Lake is one such formative canoe camp program with a long, storied, and challenging history. Like many great accomplishments, this camp began as a simple idea by a group of courageous newly ordained Lutheran ministers who believed that institutionalized, troubled, and at-risk youth from urban Minneapolis could experience a spiritual awakening and turn their lives around by paddling the wilds of northern Minnesota under trained, capable, Christian leadership.

Supported and encouraged by their Luther Seminary mentors, their parents, volunteers, local land owners and the trustees of the Plymouth Christian Youth Center (PCYC), The Wilderness Canoe Base was hatched in the early 1950’s and a rustic camp on Seagull Lake was built. On June 18, 1957 a group of boys from the Juvenile Correctional Facility in Redwing, Minnesota were the first of many to benefit from the camp’s wilderness canoe trips that commenced and ended at the base.

Through diligence, dreams and drudgery the camp quickly grew. Land was acquired, training protocols were established and traditions emerged. The



All photos courtesy of Wilderness Canoe Base.

camp earned a stellar reputation as being a pioneer in “no trace” camping practices. It partnered with the Forest Service to acquire several log cabins that needed to be moved off BWCAW lands. In all, 16 cabins were bought. One of these structures was the Pinecliff Lodge. Built by a crew of skilled Finnish craftsmen in the 1930’s. This 80-foot long structure was considered the “crown jewel” of historic BWCA buildings. All of the log buildings were meticulously disassembled and moved to the camp across frozen lakes, over portages, and sometimes at temperatures colder than 30 below zero. A major mishap occurred when a truck, pulling the longest logs from Pinecliff Lodge, went through the ice! Only the buoyant logs kept the truck and driver from going to the bottom of the lake. The camp enlisted volunteers far and wide for an arduous rescue. To the disbelief of many, the truck and every log was recovered and pulled to the Wilderness Canoe Base’s Fishhook island site. Each log was stripped of its original finish with a drawknife (drudgery) and the 15 cabins and lodge were reassembled. Staff, campers and volunteers all pitched in. Pinecliff Lodge was reassembled to all its grandeur during the summer of 1959.

Unfortunately, before it came into service, Pinecliff burned to the ground. Undaunted, a new lodge, Pinecliff 2, was built on the ashes. Whenever faced with adversity, the staff and supporters of Wilderness Canoe Base responded with undiminished vigor and faith.

PCYC continued to operate the camp until 2002. Always on a shoestring budget, but always putting kids and faith first. Over 40,000 youngsters have benefited from the camp. Lake Wapogasset Lutheran Bible Camp, Inc. of Amery, Wisconsin agreed to manage the camp’s ministry and programming in 2002 and continues to do so to this day, but not without challenges.

In May of 2007, the infamous Ham Lake wild fire burned 75,000 acres of forest on both sides of the Gunflint Trail. Almost one third of the 138 structures destroyed by this massive burn were part of Wilderness Canoe Base. Of the camp’s 60 structures 40 were consumed by flames, including all but three of the historic buildings acquired and moved to the camp in the late 1950’s. Within a year the camp raised over \$300,000 to rebuild. This response to adversity demonstrated to the campers, once again, that perseverance can overcome any obstacle. Just as a calm lake mirrors the visage of a



All photos courtesy of Wilderness Canoe Base.





Kate Kincaid (in front) with campers from Wilderness Canoe Base.

paddler, the stalwart and resilient history of this camp reflects back into the character of those brave campers who accept the challenge and the promise of the paddle and the gospel.

The camp currently offers seven-day wilderness canoe trips and programs that blend canoe trips with service learning. These trips are for youth that have completed at least sixth grade. There are also hiking trips, family trips and structured work-service experiences. An average of 700 campers attend programs every summer. During the shoulder and winter seasons, the camp is available for adult retreats and seminars. Expenses incurred leading youth on wilderness canoe trips continues to rise. The Wilderness Canoe Base has a half-century policy to serve every youth who wishes to attend camp and uses donations to make Camper-ships available for those with the greatest need.

There is no better guarantee that the special protections of the Quetico-Superior will be maintained and even enhanced than by the introducing the joys of canoe camping to the youth of America. Environmental causes vying for the attention and support from citizenry will only increase in the decades ahead. What causes will stand out? None will have more pop than commitments forged by campfires. Youth camps on the borders of the Boundary Waters Wilderness and Quetico Parks create lifelong devotion to wilderness camping, kindled by childhood memories. The Wilderness Canoe Base on Seagull Lake is one of the finest.

For more information:

<http://campwapo.org/camp/wilderness>

"One Step at a Time"

by Kate Kincaide

"This is a lot steeper than I had imagined," I thought to myself, staring up at the rocky hill in front of me. After a glance towards the rest of my group, who were floating in the canoes beside me, it was clear that they were all as nervous as I was.

It was our fourth day on trail, and we stood at the landing of the Paulson Lake Portage. Despite our days of practice, I found myself feeling unprepared for the treacherous climb ahead. As a clumsy 13-year-old, it seemed as though I could hardly walk in a straight line without tripping over my own feet, let alone climb a hill with a canoe on my back.

Pushing the doubt to the back of my mind, I started towards the bottom of the portage. One step at a time, I thought. With a wave of determination, our group pushed forward. We all made it to the top of the hill unscathed. Standing at the top of the portage, we could see Paulson Lake behind us, and ahead was Seagull Lake, the location of our home camp, Wilderness Canoe Base.

Where I see God in the wilderness is not necessarily in the rigor of portaging, but in the quiet that follows. There is something to be said about the peace found in silent paddles, glassy lakes and fearless dragonflies that zip quietly across the surface of the water. This is what I have learned in my five years as a camper and swamper at Wilderness Canoe Base.

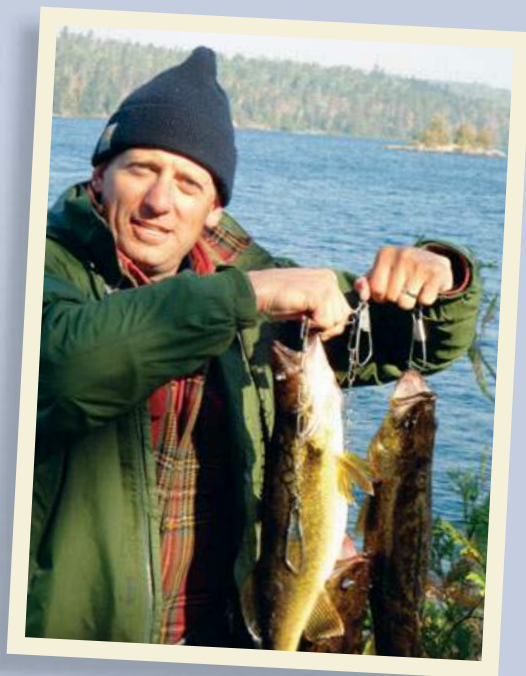
Canoeing and wilderness will always be a part of my life and I plan on returning to the Boundary Waters for many years to come.

Jake Richie

Board member since 2011

Please tell us what your involvement with the Quetico Superior Foundation means to you.

It is a privilege to work with a passionate group of individuals who care so much about preserving the Quetico-Superior Region. It is an extremely rewarding feeling to be involved in helping that process, and I take great pride in knowing that I am doing my part to help protect this area for generations to come.



What other ways have you been active in the Quetico-Superior Region?

I spend time with family each summer on the North Shore of Lake Superior. I have been lucky enough to grow up with a cabin on the lake so I was exposed to the beauty of the region at a very early age. Whenever possible, I paddle with fellow board member John Case in the Quetico Provincial Park in search of walleye. If you read his profile from the Summer 2013 edition of the Wilderness News, I am one of the many teenagers he introduced to QPP and I am hooked!

What is the most pressing issue you see in the region today?

I think educating the public on the region itself is the most pressing issue. I think many people do not know the extent of what it has to offer. There are National forests and hiking trails, camp grounds, youth camps, resorts, and outfitters that are available throughout the region to help anyone enjoy the area.

There are also many threats to the region like the Sulfide Mining activity in northern Minnesota. Issues like this need to be communicated to the public so they are informed on how such activity can affect the area for decades to come.

What's one of your favorite memories from the Quetico-Superior Region?

I find every trip to the region memorable - from the people in your party, to the weather you experience, the time of year, or the area that you travel. My favorite memories are simply spending quality time with friends and family away from the distractions of daily life, and I find no better place to do that than in the wilderness. I also met my wife on a canoe trip to Quetico Provincial Park so you never know what you may find in the great outdoors!! My wife and I look forward to sharing experiences with our son in the years ahead as well.

What's your favorite spot or way to see the Quetico-Superior Region?

I think my favorite way to see the region is in a canoe. Paddling along the water gives you a unique perspective on the scenery and wildlife. I am biased towards Quetico Provincial Park, but anywhere you can get out and experience nature is a good place to be.

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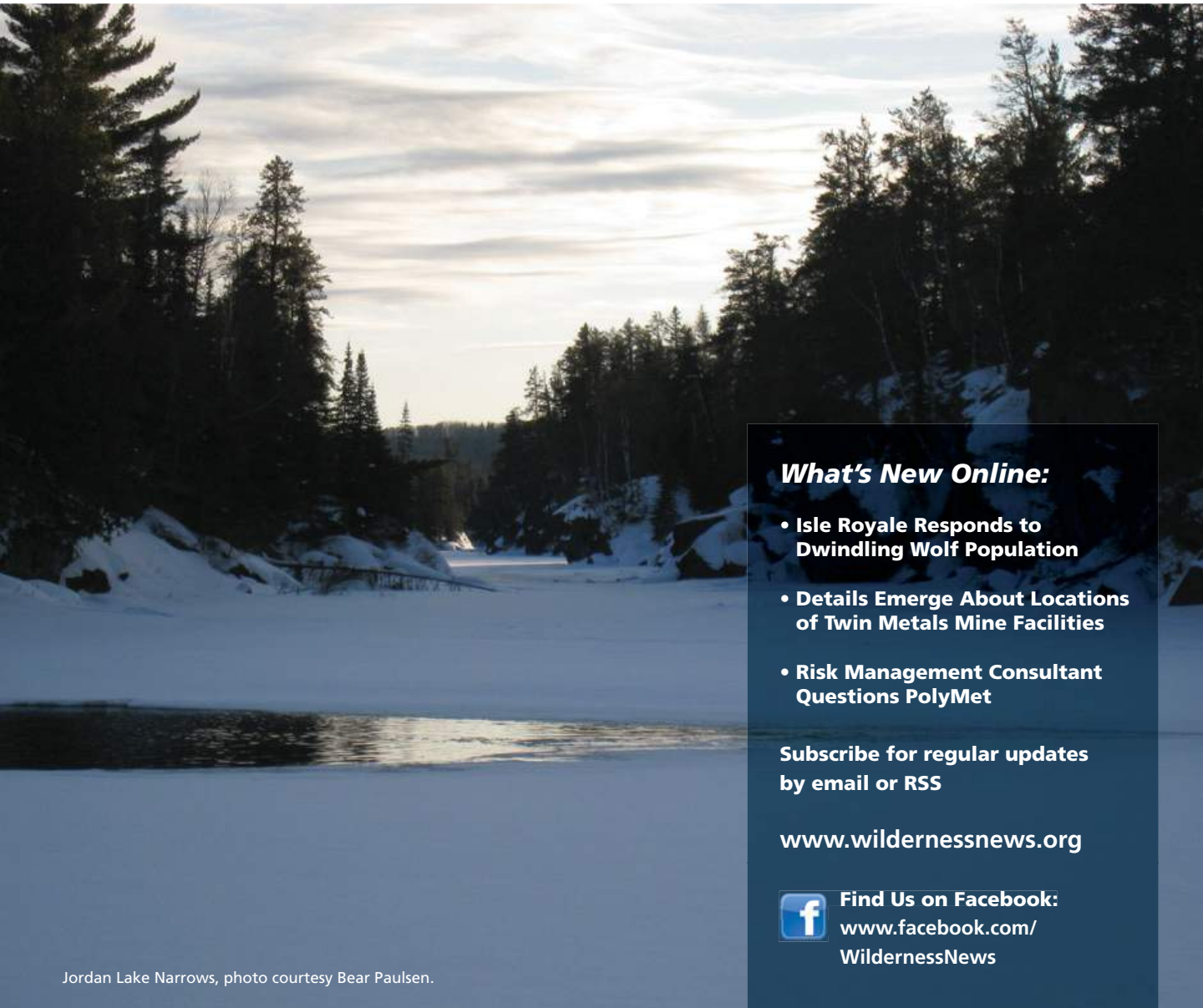
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