

Inting the Wilderness Isle

Lake Superior's Apostles
Are Wild and Isolated,
but Rewarding to the Rugged

By TOM GUYANT, of The Journal Staff

OLD, Wis. — On the island named Bear, autumn, must be very like autumn, 1861. The island—18 m Bayfield, six miles from the mainland—is still wilderness. Electricity has not arrived. Kerosene provide light. Logs furnish heat. Drinking water a pail right out of erior.

one of the Apostle s far north in Wisconsin can possibly go.

the larger of these weighed 200 pounds and wore 14 points.

It is not hard to understand why hunters who relish adventure, like solitude and don't

mind roughing it enjoy these islands. State game managers estimate that the Apostles contain some 5,000 deer. Biggest herds are on Bear, Manitou, Oak, Basswood, Rocky and Hermit islands, but there are six other almost unvisited islets whose deer seldom hear the crack of a rifle. Seven islands — Eagle, Sand, York, Raspberry, Devils, North Twin and Outer—do not have hunt-able deer herds.

Transport Available

Bow and arrow hunters will have the best results on Basswood, Otter and Stockton is-

lands because of the open forests, the results of recent logging operations.

Transportation to and from the islands is available at Bayfield on licensed passenger and fishing boats. Cost of the round trip to any island from Bayfield, including gear and game, is \$10 for each hunter.

Lack of harbor facilities on the islands often makes it necessary to use small boats to ferry between the big boats and shore.

Camping is permitted on all public owned lands on the islands. To hunt private lands, a hunter should write the Bayfield Chamber of Commerce, which can often secure permission.

There is room for more hunters on the Apostle islands, which is one of the midwest's last frontiers.

Island Is Isolated

Strong winds would continue for two, maybe three days, the prediction said. Our boat, a 15 foot outboard, was useless in the waves. It rested high and dry on the shore.

It humbles a man to know that he is cut off from the mainland. There was no doctor, had we needed one, no grocery store, no newstand, no fire department.

We got news from a battery operated radio, but had no transmitting set. In case of emergency, we would light a fire on a rock cliff near the cabin door to bring assistance, perhaps, from the coast guard station on near-by Devil's island.

Work, Sweat and Feet

A man must plan and work and sweat to hunt the Apostles. There were our groceries, 400 pounds of them, which had been lugged out by cruiser and lightered to the island in calmer weather by the outboard. There was the 600 pound iron range, which had been lashed aboard a pond boat and hauled out to the island in rough seas.

And now there was the hike. The camp was on the north tip of the three mile long island. Because of the waves, the cruiser halted at the southeast end.

It was a long hike, up sharp inclines, across small marshes, then down to where the surf was beating at the north shore sand. There the cabin stood.

The other hunters had been there for five days: Berg, Sever Hardy, Bob McGillivray, Howard Glander, Orv Casper, Bob Wilkins, all from Black River Falls.

We discussed prospects for the hunt.

The word was good. Down where the little island took the brunt of the wind, the deer had been located.

One Weighs 200

They were in a swamp, where a little creek ran down to challenge the waves of Lake Superior, but where ground hemlock supplied deer food. The going was rough. Cedars made sighting poor. There is only a foot or two of topsoil over the island rock and deadfalls are numerous. But that night, two more bucks were added to the meat pole.

Some people say that deer of the Apostles are small, but

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