

WOLF'S EYE



Isle Royale Natural History Association

Summer 1996

SUMMER MEETING SCHEDULE

These are the programs for the annual meeting of the Isle Royale Natural History Association at Rock Harbor on July 12-14, 1996.

Friday, July 12th

8:00 P.M. Raspberry Island/Sunset Cruise on the M.V. Sandy. Charge-\$10.75. The Sandy leaves from the lodge dock and goes to Raspberry Island first and then around Blake Point for sunset over the Sleeping Giant. Sign up at the Lodge Office.

8:30 P.M. Interpretive Program at the Auditorium at Rock Harbor.

Saturday, July 13th

9:00 A.M. - 1:30 P.M. Edisen Fishery/Rock Harbor Lighthouse Tour. Visit the historic commercial fishery site and take the quarter-mile walk to the newly renovated museum at the Rock Harbor Lighthouse. Sign up at the Lodge Office. Charge-\$10.75.

2:00 P.M. - 6:00 P.M. Geologic walk with Bill Rose. Bill will take members to Raspberry Island and discuss the changes that have taken place on Lake Superior and Isle Royale. Meet at the Visitor Center. No charge.

8:30 P.M. Interpretive evening program at the Auditorium at Rock Harbor. Richard Schilling-Artist-in-Residence.

Sunday, July 14th

9:00 A.M. - Noon. Nature Outing with Bob Janke. Participants will meet at the Visitor Center.

1:30 P.M. Annual Membership Meeting at the Auditorium at Rock Harbor.

2:00 P.M. Guest Speaker - John Reynolds

John Reynolds is second generation Park Service. He has held several positions including Deputy Director of the Park Service from 1993-96.

4:00-4:30 P.M. Chicken Barbecue. Charge-\$10.00. The annual outdoor barbecue will be held by the Guest House at Rock Harbor.

8:30P.M. Interpretive Program at the Auditorium. Liz Amberg-Park Historian.

BOARD ELECTION RESULTS

Three new board members were elected in May. They are David Duchamp, Gary Pethe, and Charles Zamzow. This brings the board to nine members.

David Duchamp is the Director of Information Technology Services for R&D, Pharmacia & Upjohn in Kalamazoo, Michigan. Gary Pethe is a Freelance writer/Producer/Consultant in South Bend, Indiana. Charles Zamzow is a Senior Software Engineer at Northrop Grumman in Battle Creek, Michigan. With their diversified background, these gentlemen will bring new insights into the board.

In 1997 three of our board members will be completing their sixth contiguous year of service. If you are interested in running for these vacated positions in

1997 please contact the IRNHA office at 800 E. Lakeshore Dr., Houghton, MI 49931. Our phone number is 906-482-7860 and our E-Mail address is irnha@portup.com.

ARTIST-IN-RESIDENCE 1996

The artist-in-residence program continues to receive applications from high caliber artists. Five artist were chosen for residencies in 1996 out of more than 100 applicants. They are Lee Dassler, Richard Schilling, Tykie Ganz, Elizabeth Holster, and Judith Corning.

Lee Dassler is an Architectural Conservator from Bolster Mills, Maine. She has proposed to photograph details of cottages, boathouse, and docks in Tobin Harbor with the intent of documenting their utilitarian beauty, stubborn endurance, creativity, and wit. Her residency is from June 14th to the 29th.

Richard Schilling is a watercolor artist from Loveland, Colorado. He plan to create a sketchbook/diary of his stay on the Island. He will be on the Island from July 2nd to the 20th.

Tykie Ganz is a painter from Palm Beach Gardens, Florida. She believes each of her paintings will be a wonderful experience and an adventure in preserving our natural resources. Tykie will be on the Island from July 23rd to August 7th.

Elizabeth Holster uses mixed media and colored pencils in her art. She is from Iron Mountain, Michigan. She wants to examine all of the elements of the Lake Superior environment such as weather, and lighting changes in addition to the wide variety of natural habitat on the Island. Her residency is from August 9th to the 24th.

Judith Corning, a painter from Albany, California is a second time artist-in-residence at Isle Royale. The body of work she submitted from her 1993 stay so impressed the jury that she was asked to come again. This time Judith is trying to see the fall colors and capture a different season on the Island. She will be on Isle Royale from August 27th to September 14th.

STAFF NOTES

•TERRY AND TRESS LINDSAY

Park Naturalist and Association Coordinator Terry Lindsay has transferred to Harpers Ferry to work as a Wayside Exhibit Planner. He will be leaving Isle Royale on June 22nd. Tress has already left the park and is seeking housing for them in their new location.

Terry has done a splendid job in promoting the park and improving interpretation of the park. We wish him well in his new position and will miss him when he's gone.

•CLIFF AND JOANNE HANNULA

After 23 years on Isle Royale Cliff Hannula, Boat Shop Leader is retiring. He wants to see what summers look like on the mainland. Unfortunately for the association he is taking Joanne with him. Joanne has worked at Rock Harbor and was our first visitor center employee. She believed that everyone coming into the visitor center was looking for something and it was her job to find out what they needed and fill that need. We wish them the best of luck in their new adventures.

AN ISLE ROYALE ADVENTURE

A love and reverence for the wilderness is something our family has always shared. We've car-camped for many years but this was to be our first backpacking trip. My son Dan and I chose Michigan's Isle Royale as our destination. Dan's oldest brother and his wife joined us on our trek. Having backpacked Isle Royale the previous summer, they enthusiastically agreed to a return trip.

We spent the winter reading everything we could about Isle Royale and accumulating our backpacking gear. Internal frame packs, lightweight sleeping bags, a backpacking tent, cooking equipment, water filters and the like. Ferry schedules were consulted and we chose to cross Lake Superior on the Isle Royale Queen out of Copper Harbor, Michigan. We studied a topographical map of Isle Royale for hours, and still

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A nonprofit membership organization that assists Isle Royale National Park by publishing and selling educational materials to park visitors. Gifts, bequests, memorials, and memberships are U.S. tax deductible.

Membership Categories

Individual Membership.....\$15.00
Family Membership.....\$20.00
*Supporting Membership.....\$50.00
**Life Membership.....\$500.00
***Corporate Sponsor.....\$1,000.00
***Corporate Patron.....\$5,000.00

Life Memberships may be paid in two annual installments of \$250.00 each.

*Includes a royal blue canvas rolled bag.

**Includes a gift copy of *Isle Royale: A Pictorial History*.

***Includes a gift of a beautifully framed photo of Isle Royale (16"X20").

Board of Directors:

George Anast- Chair, Doug Welker- Treasurer, John Anderson, Alfred Angeli, David Duchamp, Gary Pethe, Charles Zamzow, William Rose, John Dunn.

Staff:

Gayle Pekkala, Executive Director & Wolf's Eye Editor
Lori Honrath & Lauren Rastello, Mail Order & Membership

failed to fully appreciate the magnitude of the elevation changes on the Daisy Farm and the Island Mine trails. They looked deceptively level on the flat plane of our kitchen table.

July finally arrived. Packed and ready to go, we each had 40 pounds in our backpacks - perilously close to a third of our body weight! We had been warned that our packs should weigh only a fifth, and certainly no more than a fourth of our weight. With my inexperience and Dan's hubris, we set out on our adventure anyway.

And what an adventure we had! It was clear within the first few miles that we had too much stuff. A candle lantern with extra candles (weighing 13 ounces!) and several pounds of clothing were distributed amongst our hardy and forgiving companions. We quickly understood why experienced backpackers cut the handles off their toothbrushes to eliminate every ounce of unnecessary weight. One such hiker spied our deck of cards on a ferry ride and quipped that we "must be strong packers to carry the extra weight of the cards." We sheepishly acknowledged his teasing. When you are carrying everything you think you need over the Greenstone Ridge, you quickly learn to need less and less.

We spent eight days on Isle Royale covering over sixty miles. We learned a lot about Isle Royale with its gorgeous scenery and magnificent wildlife. We also learned a lot about ourselves and each other. Most fifty year-old moms might not consider carrying a pack sixty miles, sleeping in the woods, filtering water, and eating dried, reconstituted food every meal, a vacation. It was all worthwhile though, hearing Dan whisper in the night in our shelter at Daisy Farm "Hey Mom, are you awake? Listen to the wolves howling! Isn't it awesome?"

Sharing this adventure was mortar in the bonds that connect us. This experience challenged us to dig deeply inside ourselves for the strength to make it to the next camp. It was a rewarding, confidence building education. Toward the end of one particularly rugged day, Dan noticed me struggling. On his own, he shifted several pounds of my pack weight to his own in spite of being exhausted

himself. Later, after we had a break, I took the weight back from him and carried it on to our next camp.

Dan experienced firsthand how difficulties could be overcome by sharing the burden. We were a team and we survived, agreeing to alter pre-planned routes as we went along to test our strengths as well as allow for our weaknesses. We both came away with a renewed respect and appreciation for each other.

An Isle Royale wilderness trek provides a perfect setting for teaching the intangible values and lessons that apply to many areas of life. Its hard to imagine how the moose, eagles, and fox we encountered, and the wolves we heard howling in the night would have made it to maturity without the nurturing and teaching they received from the adults they depended on. Its the same with our own young.

The adventure Dan and I shared was priceless. We fished in Washington Creek with huge moose peacefully feeding not fifty yards away. We heard the loon's haunting calls across pristine lakes and watched majestic bald eagles soar through the skies over Beaver Island at Windigo. Listening to the wolves howling at the moon in the still night was close to a religious experience.

Isle Royale is one of the last places in America where you can still enjoy these incredible experiences. Dan and I both came away with a renewed commitment to promoting and preserving this marvelous, world-class national treasure. We will return again and again.

Joan E. Koblas

MEMOIRS OF ISLE ROYALE

My interest in Isle Royale is driven mainly by a personal family connection. I have made only two visits to the Island, spaced 60 years apart. The first was in 1931 as a seven year-old boy with my parents to visit my Mother's sister Libbie Manthey and her husband Frederick. The second visit was with my wife in 1991 to see if any evidence remained of the Manthey homestead.

I have only a few memories of the 1931 trip and visit. At age seven I apparently didn't observe the same details that I would today. We drove from Minneapolis to Grand Marais with my Father's brother and sister-in-law where we boarded a Chris Craft bound for Isle Royale. I don't recall what time of day we left Grand Marais but the sea became too rough and we put in at Grand Portage. Lodging was apparently scarce as we had to split up, some of us staying in the Post Office for the night.

The next morning we left for the Island again in somewhat better weather but I remember my Mother and Aunt not feeling too well on the way over. The boat was not a large one and had a partially enclosed cabin.

Located on the north shore of Rock Harbor directly across from Cemetery Island, the Mantheys lived summers in their main cabin and had several outbuildings, a couple of which were sleeping cabins for guests. The Mantheys were not commercial fishermen and lived various places on the mainland in the winters.

Some of the highlights I remember during that visit are:

- fishing for lake trout from the Manthey's inboard launch VIRGINIA. The VIRGINIA had an open cockpit almost the full length of the boat and had a canvas cover that could be raised for use in foul weather
- hiking several miles inland to small lakes to fish for perch from the shore.
- celebrating the 4th of July with a flag raising on their dock.
- boat rides up to the east end of Rock Harbor. Mantheys had many friends that also came to the Island each summer.
- visits to Cemetery Island where Mantheys had another larger boat docked, but was not operational at the time. This boat, the DOROTHEA was an inboard with a full length cabin having glass or curtained windows all around.

We stayed ten days and returned on the WINYAH to Duluth. Somehow my Father and Uncle figured out a way to retrieve the car that was left at Grand Marais.

Sixty years later in the summer of 1991 my wife and I drove to Grand Portage, stayed overnight, and took the VOYAGEUR II to the Rock Harbor Lodge. It was a warm sunny day and making all of the scheduled stops around the north side of the Island was an interesting new experience.

While at the Lodge I made as many inquiries as possible about the Manthey place and was informed that when the Park Service took over in the 1940s, most properties that weren't occupied under "life leases" were destroyed. Such was the case with the Mantheys since they were then (1939) in their 60s, had no children, and apparently wanted to live out their years in a less remote setting. We did take a tour from the Lodge down to the Edisen Fishery where we met Howard Sivertson and showed him three photo albums that had been kept by the Mantheys. However, we found no one who was old enough to remember them. We observed the shoreline where the Manthey place was located but from the water (we didn't go ashore) there was no evidence of buildings. We did learn from later correspondence with the Park Service that the rock cribs that supported the docks are still evident below the water line and there are domestic flowers still growing on the property.

So our brief visit ended with some new knowledge of Isle Royale and the many changes in the intervening sixty years.

Charles C. Stanley

TAMING THE MOOSE?

This is another excerpt from the oral history tape of Milford and Myrtle Johnson.

Milford: His name was Joe Angle. Yeah, he liked the girls out at Washington Harbor. But he never did get married I guess. And, anyway, early in the morning, the lodge in Washington Harbor, Singer's Place, they called it, you know, a tourist place. He'd come early in the morning and he'd sit down by the windows, where the girls, the working girls were and he play on the fiddle. Serenade you know. And they would throw rocks at him. Course he'd wake them up.

Anyway, he was the caretaker up the Windigo Inn, that used to be a club. It was Washington Club at that time. About 150 people, 150 people I guess, wasn't it, that had to do with it. And he was the caretaker along with another fella. What was the other man's name? Oh, what?

Myrtle: Was Joe Rider there too?

Milford: Maybe Joe Rider was there too but I forget. Anyway, he was going to give these people a real thrill, you know. So he thought he would get a moose for them. There was a barn up there, an old barn up there at Windigo at that time. By golly there was a bull moose there at the end of the bay. And he got out in the boat and he lassoed it around the horns. And he got it ashore, by gosh, he got it to the beach. And by gosh he managed to get it in the barn also. But he was just rags, he was just tore up. [laughter] There was no clothes on him and he was cut.

Ranger: Was he dragged?

Milford: Oh, he was dragged away and he tackled him again. And he got him on his way and he got him in the barn. And he... he went out to get the mail three or four days later. He had him in the barn quite a long while. And the caretaker was going in there, you know, to feed him and he broke loose. By gosh, the moose got out, he lost his moose.

Ranger: After all that work

Milford: After all that work and he was bunged up so he couldn't hardly walk. [laughter] You can imagine getting a bull moose in a barn is quite a job.

Myrtle: [Chuckling] He was a character.

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