Spring hawk watchers at the Straits of Mackinac.

—Steve Baker photo

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The U.S. Supreme Court in June struck down what some have called “burdensome” Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) regulations that would have imposed new permitting requirements on large manufacturing facilities and power plants.

The rulings would have ultimately required a multitude of smaller facilities, including hospitals, churches, schools, apartment buildings and retailers, to comply with complicated greenhouse gas emission permitting requirements.

The 5-4 ruling, authored by Justice Antonin Scalia, declared that the regulation exceeded the authority granted to the EPA by Congress and violated the federal Clean Air Act.

The ruling stems from a case—Coalition for Responsible Regulation vs. U.S. Environmental Protection Agency—which deals with the devil—like old Robert Johnson is said to have done at the crossroads—should make their line downstream and water to my knees. Oh, Black River, look what you’ve done. I’ve forgotten all my sources. But it may also be used in agriculture as a fertilizer supplement, causing some environmental advocates to become concerned. Rep. Wayne Thomas, D-Detroit, says that coal ash is a toxic byproduct and should be treated as hazardous waste.

The Michigan Department of Environmental Quality has requested a direct nonmetallic mineral (sand and gravel) lease from the State of Michigan. The lease would cover De-}
A boat ride to St. James

By Glen Sheppard

There is much magic in places like a trout stream you’ve known and loved since boyhood, a small lily-pad dotted lake and a favorite grove cover or squirrel woods.

It is the kind of wonderment most of us grow close to and feel a part of. We get to know the woods, the trees, what makes the gurgling, where the loons play, when the put will flush. We come to consider a kilderpin part of a family we’ve known for a generation.

Which, in a way, I guess, means that these places are personal and compact enough for us to relate to and feel comfortable with.

Big, beautiful, untamed Lake Michigan is something else. She (no man would be so un predicatable) claims 600-foot-long steamboats as a kind of savage sacrifice when the inkling strikes her. Like her sisters, Superior and Huron, no wise man has ever claimed to be her master.

Men and governments may seek to conquer the stars. But maybe that is easier, simpler, than learning to understand such mysteries as Lake Michigan.

The Call’s editor, while he dearly worships and will forever fight for that South Branch of the Au Sable he has known virtually all of his life, could not live away from the shores of one of the three truly Great Lakes.

Anyone who lives constantly on the brink of conflict and disaster, it seems to me, must have something beyond his comprehension, something that truly humbles his troubles, to turn to at the end of the day. That something, for me, is a walk up for the street to stand in awe at the endlessness of Lake Michigan.

Others in Charlevoix tell the same story. Some have tried moving away. They come back. “I can’t live away from these lakes,” one son simply so sincerely explained.

“Out on the lake”—even if you can’t get there tonight—you know this hour’s, this day’s, significance pale and all that becomes real is nature. There is nothing else.

So the other evening young Irv Drost and I decided to take the old, but fantastically rugged, Lyman out to drag our hooks on the bottom at 100 feet for lake trout. We cleaned the shores and confessed that we don’t really like scratching the bottom for lakers.

“Let’s go to Beaver Island,” I suggested.

As a college graduate, with a degree in fisheries biology, Irv should be more cautious. But he said something like, “Yeah, let’s go.”

The lake was already rolling enough that most of the lake trout trotters had pulled their lines from the fishing grounds only a few hundred yards from shore. But Denali II, despite her 12 years, is a game old gal. The compass works, the charts are beside the wheel and we’ve made the 35-mile crossing dozens of times.

The big, churning, glimmering seas are her life. She was built for them. All she asks for is a helmsman who understands she must be a 10-foot-tall creature (a 60-foot master) seriously to come a 35-mile crossing.

As we returned to the bunks, we noticed the waves had picked up.

By wave.

The plan, setting behind the big island of the Mormon king, pointed its eastern shore. Indians, for centuries, had paddled their canoes to this refuge. Early explorers had been intrigued by its massive alone ness.

As dusk came on, the lights of Sand Bay sparkled. Then, the farther north we traveled, the lights of St. James. Irv had not made such a reckless trip before, so was cheered by the assurance that the lights meant Denali was holding her course.

We slid into the harbor, the sun now down, and as if out of a play script, old friend Karl Kuebler was there at his dock to greet us. Within seconds, we had borrowed a car and arranged for bunks.

The night was in the comparison to some, kindly. There was a glitter, a brilliance in their center and a somberness above and below. We rode up, hung a second and slid down. One by one. Wave by wave.

And the sun, setting behind the big island of the Mormon king, pointed its eastern shore. Indians, for centuries, had paddled their canoes to this refuge. Early explorers had been intrigued by its massive alone ness.

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The thing to do, of course, was to go to town, latch on to a few beers, and spend a few hours sitting on the dock looking out over the harbor; soaking up the quiet and magic we had crossed the lake to experience but people. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool.

The seas were, in comparison to some, kindly. There was a glimmer to them. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool. They were jammed on every chair. Every stool.

Within seconds, we had borrowed a car and arranged for bunks. The people were closing in on Irv’s equally fragile disposition. As we returned to the bunks, we noticed the waves had picked up to a good five feet—maybe six or seven. But I couldn’t take any more.

Irv agreed he would rather take his chances with Dune Nature (Continued on Page 7)
Public encouraged to comment on Graymont limestone mine proposals

The Michigan Department of Natural Resources (DNR) has acknowledged that it has received a land transaction application proposing the exchange of more than 1,700 acres of mineral rights in Chippewa and Mackinac counties.

The proposal, submitted by Graymont Inc., requests the exchange of Graymont-owned mineral rights near the town of Resonton in northern Michigan's Huron National Forest, to be exchanged for lands in the Hiawatha National Forest near Trout Lake in Chippewa County, according to an official news announcement released by DNR on June 20.

As reported in the late June edition of The North Woods Call, this application is separate from the company’s previously submitted land transaction proposal to acquire approximately 11,000 acres in the upper Peninsula, which was already under review by the DNR.

Each application will undergo a separate review by DNR staff, officials said, and the two proposals will have no bearing on each other.

"Appropriately Graymont feels that 11,000 acres isn't enough," said one opponent of the land and mineral deals.

"In the coming weeks, the DNR will process the application and it will be reviewed following the standard DNR land exchange policy and procedure," said Kerry Wiereb, forest administrator with the DNR's Forest Resources Division. "The procedure entails the review of the DNR's Minerals Management section. A review of the application will also be conducted by the DNR's Minerals Management section." "Feedback from the public is a critical component of the review process and will be taken into consideration before any decisions are made," a spokesperson for the DNR said.

As a result of this review, staff will make a recommendation to DNR Director Creagh, who has the authority to make a final decision on the exchange proposal. Creagh will make his decision at a future Natural Resources Commission meeting once the review process has been completed.

Approval of the exchange would not necessarily mean approval of future mining activity in the Upper Peninsula, DNR officials said. Any mining proposal from Graymont would require involvement from the surface owner, which is the U.S. Forest Service.

"We now look forward to open and respectful discussions among all parties going forward," said Creagh.

Public encouraged to comment on Graymont limestone mine proposals

Amended Complaint & Trial

Michigan Attorney General Bill Schuette in late June filed an amended complaint in the state's second case against Chesapeake Energy for charges of racketeering and fraud. The amended complaint was include 12 additional victims of the corporate giant, resulting in a total of 20 charges of false pretenses in addition to one count of conducting a criminal enterprise. After the amended complaint was filed, company representatives were arranged in Cheboygan District Court before Judge Maria Barton. A $10,000 personal recognizance bond was set and a preliminary exam was scheduled to begin August 18. A preliminary exam for the attorney general's antitrust case against Chesapeake was completed in May and Judge Barton in early July ordered the trial to proceed. Both cases stem from the company's alleged activities during the state's May 2010 oil and gas lease auction.

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Guard takes some Camp Grayling expansion plans “off the table”

The Michigan National Guard has reportedly received verbal confirmation from the company’s representatives that the expansion plan discussions will include input from recreational stakeholders and will not impact on the Manistee and Au Sable river corridors.

"We are extremely pleased to receive General Vadasz response to our June 9 letter," said interim adjutant general and director of the Michigan National Guard (NG) James H. "Jim" McBlain. "The Michigan National Guard has established an email address in order to allow ample opportunity for the public to comment. The address: DNR-GraymontProposal-Comments@michigan.gov. Comments will be accepted until July 30. For more information about Graymont’s mineral exchange application or land transaction proposal, visit www.michigan.gov/gray- montprop. Graymont has also posted an informational website about the project in an effort to keep interested parties informed.

Asian carp control strategy

The Asian Carp Regional Coordinating Committee has announced a coordinated strategy to protect the Great Lakes from silver and bighead carp, building on previous federal efforts to prevent self-sustaining populations from becoming established in the Great Lakes.

The 2014 Asian Carp Control Strategy introduces several new initiatives to the federal government’s effort to control silver and bighead carp— including constructing a new electric barrier, expanding the testing downstream of the electric barriers, testing the water gun and other potential control technologies, field testing a fish toxicant, constructing a permanent separation barrier, and extensive monitoring of the Chicago Area Waterway System and the Illinois River. See www.assocarp.us.
Fear & propaganda: Escaping into the “climate change” agenda

There are some who would call this smart social marketing, but we call it propaganda, fear mongering and wasteful special interest spending.

The National Science Foundation (NSF) has given Columbia University a $5.7 million grant for a so-called education project that uses games to “engage adult learners, motivate exploration and learning of complex material,” the grant description states.

We believe the term “complex material” is a little too generous. Some ecological claims just don’t ring true to us when the storytellers seem to display any parallel suspicion, or even a healthy curiosity.

Some ecological claims just don’t ring true to us when the storytellers seem to display any parallel suspicion, or even a healthy curiosity.

We agree that climate change is a real and dangerous threat. But who can blame us—given the sheep get eaten, the lagers do not come. They think it’s just another false alarm, so we’d probably all be better off if there were more skeptics and other ideas.

Fame is fleeting, but not the man. The sheep get eaten. The lagers do not come. They think it’s just another false alarm, so we’d probably all be better off if there were more skeptics and other ideas.
Outdoor skill and ethics: It’s time to get back to the basics

By John Gunnell

I slid into the river fishing on a late June morning just at daylight, only to be completely surprised by the sound of splashing water up around a sharp bend. As a fisherman will, I envisioned a mighty brown trout in an early morning rise. Short-lived was such imagery when I picked up the fog-clad figure of another fisherman making his tried and true upstream way. We met in the stream that morning with contrasting points of view regarding trout fishing—if I read his body language correctly. He had a “why in the hell would you fish downstream” look of disgust on his face.

In a heartbeat, I could tell he categorized me as one of those who spoaked his trout and not processing the wherewithal to know that real trout fishermen fish upstream. I was further convinced, perhaps prematurely, of an air of elitism when he came in full view with his Orvis red, Sierson-quality red and khaki chino neatly tied around his neck. Even with my limited blue-collar upbringing, his pique disdain of my presence could be read in his countenance.

We passed that morning—his direction on the stream long ago confirmed by legions of anglers throughout history while “downstreamers” like myself could only feel tolerated.

When I was a boy, my brother and I received a bamboo fly rod from our dad for Christmas. Total cost of such a fish pole was about $12 in 1941. Dad took us fishing on Rum Creek and, to my recollection, we both started out standing on rocks in the creek (no boots) and fished downstream.

This experience unto itself did not in total point the direction for me becoming a “downstreamer.” Dad, being no beginner, foresaw the alternative hazards for young boys falling prey to immediate injury when casting upstream. Quite inadvertently, this early experience played a part in influencing my lifelong fishing habits.

The rationale for fishing downstream are numerous and usually elicit a hue and cry from my fly-fishing friends, who have some legitimate ratios for their time-honored practice of fishing upstream. However, if all factors are considered, “downstreamers” can easily rival our upstream brethren.

First, in fairness, we should weigh some of the primary reasons fishermen fish upstream. Their lure is ideally cast above, or at an angle to, a desired target with little disturbance of fish due to sound or silt created as the hook slowly moves. If a fish strikes, the fisherman usually maneuvers their position according to the direction the hooked fish takes.

Most often, a hooked fish moving upstream when striking will quarter like a wounded back, or move downstream in the general direction of the fisher-
The true joys of trout fishing

I often times consider how mysterious and commodified fly fishing must appear to those who would try to sort it all out on their own. Or to those who may have, at one time or another, picked up a magazine about fly fishing and read it hungrily through the photos of some happy angler, taken into the world of fly fishing, it can be overwhelming indeed.

Many, I suspect, have thought about how they would like to try the sport, but seem intimidated by the “gear” overload. To those not initi- ated into the world of fly fishing, many of the tools can be overwhelming indeed.

The worst thing that could happen to a person who is considering get- ting started in the sport would be to step into a high-end fly shop and check out a catalog done by the manufacturer of fly fishing and try to sort out the overwhelming availability of rods, lines, leaders, flies etc.

To be serious about getting started, the beginner needs a mentor of sorts to help clear the path to better understand, most importantly, what you do NOT need to get started.

I, for one, was the someone who learned nearly all I know of the sport through trial and error. Yes, I was the guy in 1972 who probably had the flies on thread through the hook keeper on my fiberglass fly rod. I don't remember what got me interested in trout fishing. No one in my family fished for trout. Yet, there I was, head-over-heels in love. Obs-essed with streams and trout, and I was on my own.

The owner of the local sporting goods store was a patient and kind gentleman, and he trout fished. At some point, I purchased a fly rod from him. He must have realized that this purchase was by me, in my eyes, an entitlement to the answers to a thousand MORE questions by me! So he firmly, yet graciously, suggested I go to the library and check out the book “Trout” by Bergman. I did. I read that book and re- read certain chapters for a couple weeks.

I then went to the creek close to my house and fished with a nymph, dead-drifted upstream. I cast from the same spot, to the same run, for a longer time than I would ever do today. Then, on maybe the 30th or 50th cast (I don't remember), the line twitched forward a bit, and I set the hook. I landed that brown trout. It was 26 inches long and weighed 6 lbs. That Was in 1976. The fish is mounted and still hangs on the wall of the cabin in Grayling.

I then have my own copy of that book. It was given to me by a friend.

It sits in a prominent place on my shelf. It is still an important work and is very collectible. It covers much of the information for a begin- ning fly fisherman that is timeless.

In today's world—with all the information available at ones finger- tips—the learning process has been made much easier. Still, I feel that a mentor/instructor can speed the process along with information per- taining to what you need to be proficient enough to have a beginning level of success, and what you DO NOT need to catch trout with a fly.

I myself, however, would not be considered a minimalist. I own more fly rods than I care to admit. When left alone in a dark closet, they must hear my every movement. Once you open the door and find that the 9 and 10 weight rods have apparently given birth to 3-4-5 weights that are nestled in a cooon or a swaddling cloth, which is even monogrammed to boot.

The fly fishing scene of today is of a different era altogether. Just pick up a current issue of a Fly Fishing magazine and—if you can get your hands on one—any issue of a vintage copy of the same publication from the 90's or the 80's, and you will see what I am referring to. The writers of that era wrote with classic prose, even when describing a tech- nique or method. Most of the names of the writers were iconic in the outdoor world. The fly patterns were classic and traditional, and not nearly as innovative in general. (This commentary is not in any way a criticism of today’s writers or the ever expanding complexities of today's fly patterns. It is more about the comparisons of today's fly fishing world and the days that we few dinosaurs remember that they could be positively identified.

This, to me, was a back door type of learning. By taking what things they were interested in, we could lead them to search in a sci- entific manner.

Today, I see some of these kids grown up and they have become successful in life, as well as ac- complished sportsmen.

Some of you may remember the old Herter’s catalog. We got a lot of items from there for the class- room. Books on living in the out- doors, camping and hiking. We got sets of fly-tying equipment and fishing items. One class even got into gun stock refinishing.

To illustrate the proper meth- ods of crossing a creek, and get- ting into and leaving a rowboat, we turned over our lab tables and made them into fence posts, or a makeshift boat. In the spring, we even had a session where we col- lected wild edible plants and had a lunch with wild salad.

This reminds me of a re- view I did for The North Woods Call some time ago. “The Hatch Guide For Upper Midwest Streams” by Ann Miller is a must for anyone who is going to be fish- ing in our great streams. This book is the epitome of learning about fishing our streams and fly tying. Not only does it neatly lay out all of the mayflies, caddisflies, and stoneflies of the upper midwest, the book has colored photographs of each and the tied flies that re- present them. In the back of the book are the specific directions on how to tie each fly. Any stream or trout fisherman that ties flies must have this book.

Thousands of hours went into collecting this information from all over the Upper Midwest. Summer is here and it’s time to get out there and enjoy our streams. And, of course, take a kid along with you.
The true joys of trout fishing (Continued from Page 6)

to an enclosed porch and the door
in Bloomfield. The occupants of the

water. The very memorable chance of meeting some old timer (someone MY age now) on the water and the questions I would ask and answer is what would give me a fly, which I cherished. Good weather. I was able to fish among these fine gentlemen, we sat on a log in midstream and I listened to his long experience ob-
servations about trout, and that particular stream where we sat. I re-
member not wanting that moment to end in time. This was someone who knew the secrets and was sharing them with me. I

I sometimes went out of my way to sit up to one of these sages and casually start up a conversation—which usually falsely implied that I was a sage. Looking back, I am sure my lack of knowledge was transparent when I spoke over my head, all the time under the guise of "gaining knowledge."

The truth is, the real joy in trout fishing is where it takes place. The cold, crisp air of the morning is always refreshing when I wake. When you finally get to the point where you are able to cast a fly, catch trout occasionally, feel confident in your ability and relax, then you can pause to look at the river and your surroundings. And if the sun is shining, the trees and bushes are alive with birds, and the wild-

Patten conducted a patrol in the north, but was not able to

Distracted anglers about fishing led to both Rip Van Winkle's, a
toddler, bear tales and a turkey burglar.

USBORNE Article: The true joys of trout fishing (Continued from Page 6)
Northern conservation network folds

Those familiar with the Northern Michigan Conservation Network will be saddened to hear that the website is folding its tent for the foreseeable future.

In a June 29 “thank you” note posted on the site, Senior Editor Paul Rose pointed to “personal reasons and a series of events which have caused us to reassess the need for this initiative” as the primary reasons for the decision.

“Although the issues which have occupied the pages of this website are likely to resurface again over time, it has become necessary for us to leave it to others to do the ‘heavy lifting’ on such matters,” he said. “Thankfully, here in Michigan we are blessed with no shortage of dedicated sportsmen/conservationists who are better positioned to continue to deliver these messages in a more effective manner than we are—leaving us to conclude that one less voice is unlikely to be missed.”

“Hiawatha Country has been informative, well-balanced and carefully researched since its founding a few years ago,” said Mike VanBuren, editor of The North Woods Call. “Its strong and clear voice will be missed by many, including us.”

Rose said the network is not entirely going away, although its commitment to the regular development of original content will be ending.

“While one should never say, ‘never,’ at least for the foreseeable future we will be leaving these issues to others to advance and debate,” he said.

Since its beginning, the network has been dedicated to connecting conservation-minded hunters, anglers and outdoor enthusiasts to the issues facing Michigan forests, waters and wildlife. To that end, some of the state’s foremost conservationists and environmental policy experts have contributed content and advice.

“We would like to thank all who have supported [us] through their contributions of written content, ‘insider tips,’ and topic suggestions,” Rose said. “Still others are owed a debt of thanks for their counsel, editorial review and comment.”

The iron-rich Tahquamenon River water sometimes resembles root beer as it rushes over the precipice at the Upper Tahquamenon Falls in Michigan’s Upper Peninsula. This is the land of Longfellow’s Hiawatha and boasts one of the largest waterfalls east of the Mississippi. A maximum flow of more than 50,000 gallons of water per second has been recorded cascading over the nearly 50-foot drop. The Ojibwa Indians once camped, farmed and fished along the river’s banks. It may seem unreal today, but the Call’s editor remembers a time during the 1950s when visitors could walk along a rock ledge underneath the falls.

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