

# FRESHWATER REPORTER



A fresh approach to storytelling in West Michigan

Vol II, No. 7

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June 24-July 7, 2020 **FREE**

## Charter fishing captain marks 43 years

# Learning the lakes, finding the fish

By KEVIN HOWELL

*I stepped down onto the deck of the El-Lin, a charter fishing boat docked at Ludington City Marina in early June.*



Captain Dave Even, of El-Lin Charters, studies the screen of his combination GPS/sonar unit in the cabin of his boat at Ludington City Marina. Photo by Kevin Howell

Captain Dave Even met me with a wave and offered a seat out of the sun. He began to tell me about fishing, the excitement of chasing salmon in Lake Michigan, and being in temporary limbo concerning the pandemic.

Even operates El-Lin Sportfishing Charters using his 28-foot Cherokee boat, and he typically has about 20 fishing poles lined around his deck.

"This is my forty-third year," explained Even, a retired teacher and past president of the Ludington Charter Boat Association.

"I've been here in Ludington since 2002," said the former metro Detroit resident. "I started fishing in 1971 or '72, really got active in 1975.

"I mated for several different captains over the years then, in the late '90s, I said, 'I can do this,' so we got our own boat."

The El-Lin is named for Even's wife Ellen and his partner's wife Linda. The partner is no longer actively fishing, so Even and Ellen

now run the operation.

His boat can carry a maximum of six fishermen, plus the captain and mate. During the busy season, he generally runs two trips per day, early morning and early evening, on Lake Michigan. They search mainly for salmon and lake trout.

"In the Ludington area and in the Great Lakes there are five species," Even said. "There's king salmon, which everyone wants, then there's steelhead – they're mid-lake fish – they call them jumpers or silvers. There's coho which are very migratory;

they're mid-lake, but they start coming in here about mid-July and when you get them, you'll get them for eight or nine days – and then they're gone."

Even said lake trout are always around the area. They are bottom feeders and are easiest to catch.

"They don't move very far, are not real aggressive, but a salmon will take off like a bat out of hell," he noted.

The fifth species, the brown trout, is very elusive. Even said they probably account for

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# 4th of July Fun Facts

Compiled by MARK VIDEAN



Photo by Susan Hintz.

This Fourth of July will mark America's 244th birthday. Last year, nearly 47 million of us traveled over 50 miles from home to celebrate. This year, with concerns over the coronavirus, people will be traveling and gathering less. We can still have a good time and celebrate with close family members. Here are some informative, fun facts about the red-white-and-blue holiday.

- ★ In July 1776, there were about 2.5 million U. S. residents. Today, there are over 330 million.
- ★ Fifty-six men from 13 colonies signed the Declaration of Independence.
- ★ Only John Hancock actually signed on the fourth. All the others signed later.
- ★ The oldest Fourth of July parade was held in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1785.
- ★ The White House held its first July 4 party in 1801.
- ★ We have had 27 versions of official U.S. flags, only the number of stars change each time.

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# Brundage: A hidden cemetery and illusions of wilderness

BY STEWART A. MCFERRAN



The Brundage Wilderness Cemetery in Inland Township has plots one foot square. Each plot can hold the remains of two persons. Photo by S.A. McFerran.

Editor's note: When I read in the paper that my favorite teacher had passed, I researched online where I might pay my respects. Instead, I found where one of his family members was buried, in what the Los Angeles Times called "the nation's first green cemetery" in Benzie County. Contributing Writer Stewart McFerran was tasked with finding the Brundage Wilderness Cemetery and getting its story.

Wilderness is an illusion. More so now than it once was in northern Michigan. If you had been on a stagecoach ride in 1870 from Manistee to Traverse City, you might have glimpsed wilderness when the coach stopped in the settlement of Brundage, in Benzie County's Inland Township. It was a bumpy ride before the tracks were laid and train stations built.

On a recent visit to the Brundage

Wilderness Cemetery, I got to thinking that many of us had been nursing something like illusions of wilderness here in the "Up North." But Pere Marquette State Forest lands, between Honor and Interlochen, are a good place to search for wilderness. With the stagecoaches and train stations gone, we have a different kind of wilderness now.

Very little remains of Brundage, the settlement, other than some gravestones on the bluff above where Brundage Creek flows. One can make out where the dam once was and imagine the thirsty stagecoach horses drinking from the creek.

If you find the cemetery's parking lot, you will see a flagpole and the new split-rail fence recently installed by Inland Township. Just beyond the fence is the newer part of the one-acre cemetery that was established in 1985 by Arthur Stickels, a cemetery operator from Detroit, his wife Shirley, and their business partners, Garry and Dorothy Pierce. Stickles had surveyors split a portion of the Inland Township Cemetery into a matrix of burial plots, each measuring one square foot. Reduced to remains, humans can be buried there in urns.

There are 14 sections named after trees,

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Photo by Frank McKenna, Unsplash.

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## Our not-so-nice cosmic neighbors

# Asteroids and other near misses

By BROOKE EDWARDS

*Have you been lucky enough to see a fireball streak across the sky at night? As beautiful as they are, these so-called shooting stars have the potential to be devastating to life and property. Most small objects burn up when they plunge into our atmosphere, causing the bright trails we sometimes see on a clear night.*

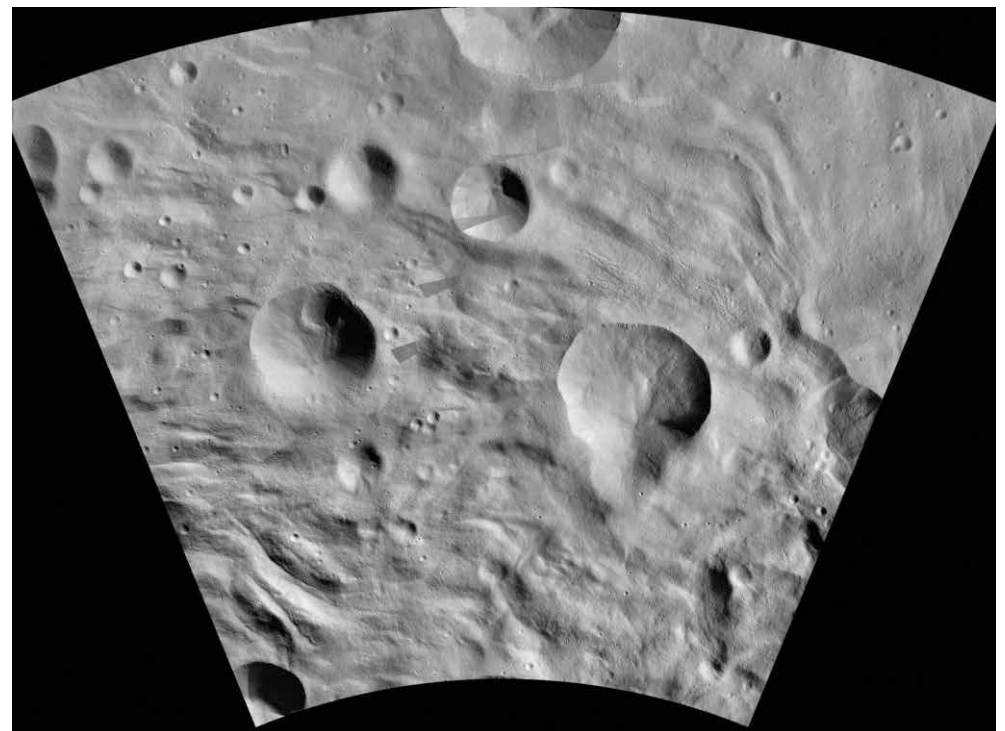
These objects are called meteors. It is only when a meteor survives its descent and lands on Earth's surface that it is known as a meteorite. Meteorites are rarely found, and large, damage-causing collisions are even rarer, as they are estimated to only happen every couple thousand years. Thankfully, impacts that affect all life on Earth happen only every few million years.

On February 15, 2013, a meteor slammed into Earth over Chelyabinsk, Russia. It was approximately 66 feet in diameter with an estimated initial mass of about 13,000 tons, a bit heavier than the Eiffel Tower. Due to its shallow angle of atmospheric entry and its velocity of over 40,000 m.p.h., it exploded in an air burst at a height of around 18.5 miles. The object was so large, it created a blast equivalent to around 30 times the energy released from the atomic bomb detonated at Hiroshima. It shattered windows, damaged over 7,200 buildings, and caused multiple injuries to over 1,500 people. The light from the meteor, brighter than the sun, was visible over 60 miles away.

From analyzing meteorites left over from the explosion, scientists concluded the meteor originated in the asteroid belt.

It is the largest known object to have entered Earth's atmosphere since the Tunguska event of 1908, which destroyed a vast, forested area of Siberia. News of the Chelyabinsk meteor traveled around the world quickly. People were reminded that the threat from space is real. Even more frightening was that it seemed to come from nowhere; scientists were unaware of its presence until it hit Earth's atmosphere. Even though NASA astronomers are continuously monitoring for Near-Earth Objects (NEOs) headed for our planet as part of its Planetary Defense program, this one was missed because its radiant (source direction) was close to the sun.

The cosmic collisions that created our solar system left an orbital mess that is still present today. It is known as the asteroid belt, an approximately 90-million-mile-wide span of 1.1 to 1.9 million rocky objects orbiting between Mars and Jupiter. Some of these objects – not to be confused with



The surface of the asteroid Vesta, as seen by NASA's Dawn mission. Vesta is one of the largest asteroids in the asteroid belt. Photo courtesy of NASA.

comets, which are icy bodies in the outer solar system – are disturbed by collisions or gravitational fields and wander toward Earth. Their paths are not straight lines of doom, as portrayed in some science fiction, but rather slow, gradual orbits that swing closer to us as they travel. Astronomers can track where these NEOs are headed and even determine their size. The paths of NEOs are measured in lunar distances. A lunar distance of 1 (approximately 250,000 miles) is the distance between the Earth and our moon. If the distance falls near or even below 1, less than a lunar distance, the object will become a threat, judging by its size. NASA has all these observations publicly available at [https://cneos.jpl.nasa.gov/ca/neo\\_ca\\_intro](https://cneos.jpl.nasa.gov/ca/neo_ca_intro)

In 2016, the United Nations officially

designated International Asteroid Day. Observed on June 30, the anniversary of the Tunguska event, the day is dedicated to raising awareness and education about asteroids. Astronomers around the world track asteroids constantly using ground telescopes, which are dependent on atmospheric conditions. Scientists hope that, in the future, space-based telescopes can be launched to track NEOs. For now, NASA's Planetary Defense Coordination Office is hard at work watching for asteroids that wander toward us.

Brooke Edwards is a NASA/JPL Solar System Ambassador. She lives in Manistee County. Follow her public Facebook page @ Manistee Star Party.

## We will rock you: International Asteroid Day

By MARK VIDEAN

Asteroid Day (June 30) was founded in 2014 by Dr. Brian May, an astrophysicist and the lead guitarist of QUEEN, along with Apollo 9 astronaut Rusty Schweickart, Danica Remy, the president of B612 Foundation, and filmmaker Grig Richters.



Students in Brazil observe International Asteroid Day. Photo courtesy of asteroidday.org

In 2016, the United Nations officially designated Asteroid Day as the international day of education and awareness about the role of asteroids in the formation of our solar system, how their resources can be used, and how we can protect Earth from asteroid impacts.

More than one million asteroids have the potential to impact the earth. Using all available telescopes worldwide, only about one percent of asteroids have been discovered. The founders of Asteroid Day wrote the 100X Declaration, which calls for increasing the asteroid discovery rate to 100,000 (or 100X) per year, within the next 10 years.

"The more we learned about asteroid impacts, the clearer it became that the

human race has been living on borrowed time," Dr. Brian May stated on the organization's website, [asteroidday.org](http://asteroidday.org).

"Early warning is the essential ingredient of planetary defense," Astronaut Rusty Schweickart stated on the same site. "At the current rate of discovery of 20-meter NEOs (Near Earth Objects) and larger at about 1,000 per year, it will take more than 1,000 years to find one million NEOs that potentially threaten Earth."

The list of signatories of the 100X Declaration has grown to over 50,000 individuals, including scientists, astronauts, cosmonauts, Academy Award winners, Nobel Laureates from 30 countries, business leaders, futurists, and over 22,000 private citizens. Included are musician

Peter Gabriel; Bill Nye, president of The Planetary Society; evolutionary biologist Richard Dawkins, physicist Kip Thorne, actor and musician Jack Black, Dr. Brian Cox, particle physicist and science popularizer; astronaut Mark Kelly; musical artist Sarah Brightman; and the late Dr. Stephen Hawking. The declaration can be read and signed at [asteroidday.org](http://asteroidday.org).

Asteroid Day events are held on June 30 each year, the anniversary of the Tunguska impact. The Asteroid Foundation, a nonprofit organization headquartered in Luxembourg, helps organize independent events hosted worldwide by space agencies, schools and universities, and other supporters. What began as a scientifically based "call to action" about the need for discovery of NEOs has grown to a global movement of awareness. There have been thousands of self-organized events across 72 countries. This year, due to Covid 19, all events will be online. Asteroid Day TV (ADTV) will be broadcasting asteroid-

related content for all ages, June 1-July 4. On June 30, a four-hour, live program will feature astronauts, asteroid experts, and others. ADTV will be available online at Twitch TV, YouTube, and via the Asteroid Day website ([asteroidday.org](http://asteroidday.org)).

On the same website, Dr. Brian May recently stated:

"We have all seen how unprepared the human race was, faced with a pandemic. An asteroid strike is just as real. The consequences could be as serious. We regard it as our duty to make sure we are prepared to deal with the consequences, on an international level, and also to do our utmost to learn how to prevent such an event, by finding and deflecting potential impactors.

"That is what Asteroid Day is all about."

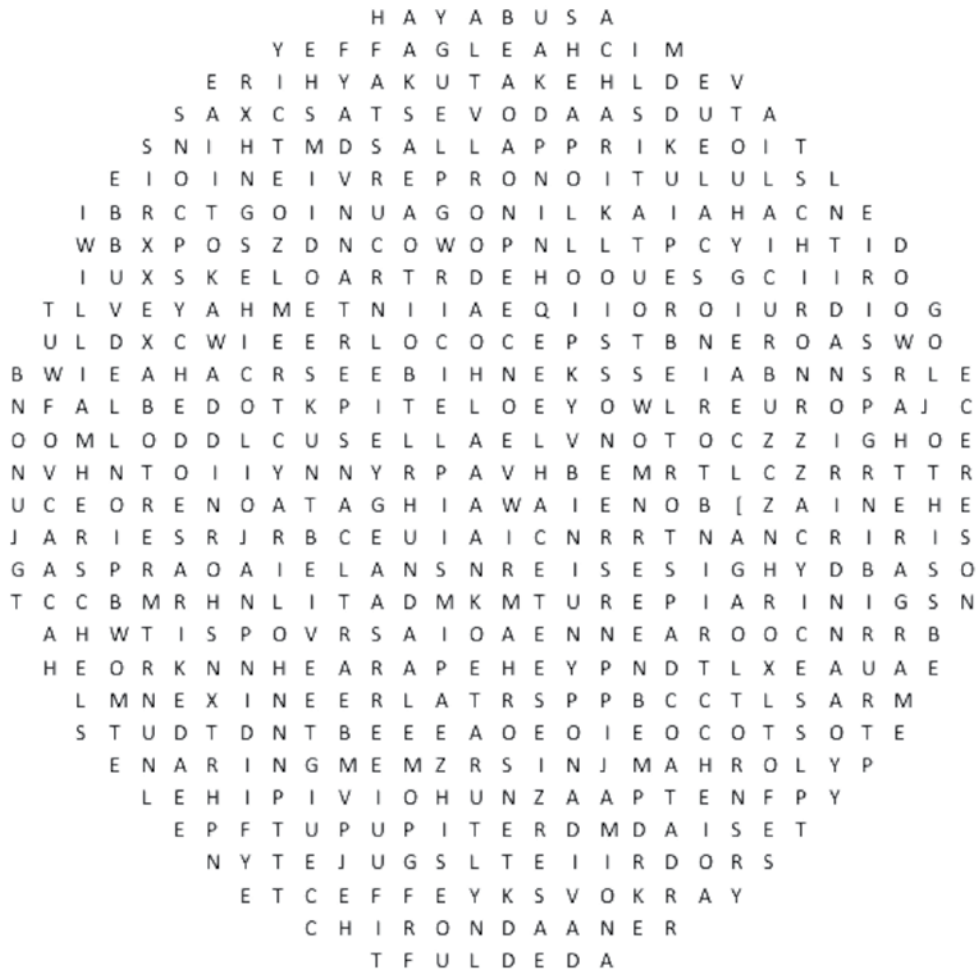
Mark Videan is a lifelong space enthusiast. As a jeweler and printmaker, he is interested in using science and technology to create art.

Meteor impact in Arizona. Photo by Welcomia, Freepik.



# Asteroid Word Find

By MARK VIDEAN



- |                  |                   |
|------------------|-------------------|
| ACCRETION        | HESPERIA          |
| ADONIS           | HYAKUTAKE         |
| ALBEDO           | HYGIEA            |
| AMOR             | IDA               |
| APHELION         | IMPACT            |
| APOLLO           | INTERAMNIA        |
| APOPHIS          | IRIS              |
| ARC              | ITOKAWA           |
| ASTEROID BELT    | JUNO              |
| ASTREA           | JUPITER           |
| BROOKE EDWARDS   | KUIPER BELT       |
| BRUCIA           | LAGRANGIAN POINTS |
| C TYPE           | M TYPE            |
| CERES            | MARGARET HARWOOD  |
| CHARIKLO         | MELPOMENE         |
| CHELYABINSK      | METIS             |
| CHICXULUB        | MICHAEL GAFFEY    |
| CHIRON           | MINING            |
| CHONDRITE        | NEREID            |
| DACTYL           | NIBIRU            |
| DAMOCLOID        | NICKEL IRON       |
| DAVID THOLEN     | OORT CLOUD        |
| DAVIDA           | ORBIT             |
| DELTA V          | PALLAS            |
| DINOSAURS        | PERIHELION        |
| DORIS            | PHAETHON          |
| EDLU             | PSYCHE            |
| ENO              | RETROGRADE        |
| EPIMETHEUS       | RICHARD BINZEL    |
| ERIC WALTER ELST | S TYPE            |
| EROS             | SELENE            |
| EUNOMIA          | SYLVAIN AREND     |
| EUPHROSYNE       | THISBE            |
| EUROPA           | TORINO SCALE      |
| EXTINCTION EVENT | TOUTATIS          |
| FIDES            | TRAJECTORY        |
| FLORA            | TROJANS           |
| GASPRA           | TUNGUSKA          |
| GIUSEPPE PIAZZI  | VESTA             |
| HAUMEA           | WALTER ALVAREZ    |
| HAYABUSA         | WILLIAM HERSCHEL  |
| HEBE             | YARKOVSKY EFFECT  |
| HEINRICHOLBERS   |                   |

## Second Thought

# Hearing the Speech, Living the Message



By DAVE LEIN

*“Beware the barrenness of a busy day.”*  
– Redpath

Editor’s Note: Portions of this article previously appeared in The Antrim Review.

We have all heard the speech before. It usually comes from a doctor, mother or someone who cares very much for us.

“Slow down, take it easy, don’t get so uptight. Enjoy life.”

In fact, it has been said so many times that we seldom think about it anymore. And on those rare occasions when we do stop to consider it, we’re often greeted with a dreadful feeling of ambivalence.

What is ambivalence and why is it dreadful?

According to Webster’s, ambivalence is defined as the “simultaneous attraction toward and repulsion from a person, object or action.” In layman’s terms, you might say it’s guilt from, or fear of, something we enjoy. Think chocolate, roller coasters, and relationships. Ultimately, ambivalence is just a fancy word that comes to mind when thinking about life, which is what this is really all about.

In today’s world, ambivalence has become synonymous with life. Call it the evil twin of conscience. Each rides a shoulder – one sharing wisdom, the other spouting worry. One offers encouragement through tempered reason, the other disguises insecurity with challenge.

We listen to both – sometimes too much, sometimes too little. One begins to look and sound like the other. Soon the lines become blurred, and we end up confused, depressed and exhausted. That’s usually the time we hear the speech, and it’s also the occasion when we’re least receptive to the message.

So, we nod, say yes and jump back into the game of life. After all, we tell ourselves, who wants to be caught sitting on the bench while everyone else is back in the game?

Conscience blows the whistle, but taunts of ambivalence echo from the crowd. The message is manipulated by guilt and fear into an illusion of doubt. We know the message is important, just not right now. A mental note is made: examine life tomorrow. If time allows, we’ll sandwich it somewhere between the urgent and essential.

As writer David Egner once observed, “It seems that we often put ourselves under enormous pressure to succeed and to experience everything we possibly can. When we don’t, we can’t forgive ourselves for failing to measure up to our own expectations.”

Often, an event forces us to stop and listen to the speech and its message: a medical problem, the death of a friend or September 11. They all carry the message – not through voicemail, a letter, text or email but rather through life’s events – that there’s wisdom in satisfaction and being content with the here and now.

There will always be things to do, places to go and positions to hold. None, however, will give you the satisfaction of being who you are to yourself. Stay busy, but never be afraid to step back, listen to the speech and trust your conscience. Consultation with past guilt and future fears won’t be necessary.

When you have given your best and are satisfied, the message has been heard. Ambivalence may remain, but contentment with who you are and what you have done will render it speechless.

Dave Lein, a former newspaper editor and public relations manager, grew up in Kaleva and currently lives in Elk Rapids with his wife, Pam. The couple has two grown children.

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## Ch-ch-changes

# What the Great Lakes can teach us about change

By KATIE O'REILLY

It has been said that the only constant in life is change. Perhaps nowhere in the Midwest is that more evident than along the coasts of the Great Lakes. Sand shifts, reshaping beaches and dunes. Marshes ebb and flow with the water levels. Storms destroy and create.



Swallows sit on the boardwalk of Howard Marsh. Photo by Katie O'Reilly

As an ecologist, I study how environments, plants and animals change over time. Nature is ever-changing, and sometimes the changes are predictable ... flowers bloom as winter's grasp relaxes in spring sunlight ... the robin's chicks grow up and leave the nest. Sometimes, the changes are more unexpected – a sudden flood reshapes a habitat, or an introduced species takes over an ecosystem.

Some of the more obvious changes in the Great Lakes these days are the historically high lake water levels which have caused damage to infrastructure and, perhaps more viscerally, to the places we remember.

The beach we used to visit is now a small strip of sand, and the streets we used to drive on are now under water.

Great Lakes water levels are naturally cyclical, with high and low periods. Each period can last for several years depending on how much precipitation, runoff, and evaporation occurs. After nearly 15 years of below-average water levels in much of the Great Lakes, water levels started rising in 2013 and have been well above average for the past several years. While there has always been some level of natural fluctuation in water levels, more extreme weather patterns – such as increasing storms, hotter summers and less ice cover in winter – may lead to more extreme fluctuations.

These changing water levels affect humans. While the plants and animals who live in the coastal wetlands that I research can adapt to regular changes in water levels, some of the physical wetlands themselves are, to use a phrase, “caught between a rock and a hard place.” Before human development, these coastal wetlands could shift with lake levels, providing a constantly moving buffer. But as waters rise to historic levels, wetlands may essentially run out of land, getting squeezed between the lake and human-made structures such as roads, houses or farms.



Howard Marsh, in northwestern Ohio, is a restoration success story. Photo by Katie O'Reilly.

Already, we've lost about 60% of historic wetlands around the Great Lakes to human development, and continued loss is estimated at 1% annually. When we lose these wetlands, we also lose the valuable services they provide such as flood protection, improved water quality and habitat for wildlife.

In times of dramatic change and loss, what can we learn from these environmental changes to the Great Lakes? Rising water levels teach us about resilience and adaptability. You have to adapt to keep your head above water, sometimes literally. Also, we learn that in change there can be growth.

Throughout the Great Lakes region, much work is being done to restore coastal wetlands. Upon emerging from the COVID-19 imposed lockdown in late spring, I had the opportunity for a socially distant visit to Howard Marsh in northwestern Ohio. This former farm on

the shores of Lake Erie is in the process of being restored to a coastal wetland. It was clear during my visit that the marsh was already teeming with life. Swallows skimmed the water's surface, while a red-winged blackbird gallantly defended his roost from any intruders. Human kayakers lazily paddled around statuesque herons.

Howard Marsh is just one restoration success story, and there are many other examples (such as Arcadia Marsh in Manistee County) across the lakes. It's not to say change is always easy – the Howard Marsh restoration, as an example, has taken several years of work and millions of dollars. But despite the challenges and obstacles that come with change, change itself can lead to beautiful growth – whether in life or in wetlands.

Katie O'Reilly is a Biology Ph.D. candidate at the University of Notre Dame. Find her on Twitter @DrKatfish.

## Fourth of July

continued from page 1

- ★ The 13 stars on the original flag were in a circle, so all the colonies would appear equal.
- ★ About 60% of Americans own an American flag.
- ★ Annual imports of American flags (mostly from China) are over \$54 million.
- ★ Nearly 150 million hot dogs are eaten each Fourth of July.
- ★ It is our nation's top beer-drinking holiday, with over \$1 billion worth of sales.
- ★ Americans spend about \$6.8 billion on food for the fourth.
- ★ Every Fourth of July, the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia is tapped (not rung) 13 times.

Have a safe holiday, everyone!



Photo by Wil Stewart, Unsplash.

## A spring walk through Arcadia Marsh

By RON SCHMIDT



Ron Schmidt listens to birds and frogs at dawn along Arcadia Marsh. Photo by Mark Videan.

ARCADIA – It is a cool and cloudy spring morning as we pull into the parking lot in front of the Arcadia Marsh trailhead. I have been eagerly waiting for this day for nearly a year, since my friend Pat visited this marsh and sent me a phone recording of all the birds singing at daybreak. I listened over and over to try and pick out the kinds of birds I was hearing, and now I am excited to hear them in person.

My friend Misty and my guide dog Lila are also chomping at the bit to see and hear what birds might be here. Pet dogs are not allowed on the boardwalk completed last summer, as they might disturb the birds. With her Leader Dog training, Lila will be quiet and well behaved as we work together and keep our big ears alert for bird calls.

Growing up on a farm with a 30-acre marsh, I never really appreciated what

lived there, except for times when I hunted pheasants with my brother. We would hunt the roosters that flew up from the marsh grasses and bushes. I carried a 20-gauge shotgun and would shoot when one flew up and crowed. Since I was totally blind and had to shoot at the sound of the wings, I never hit anything. These days, I'm only interested in what birdsongs I might hear on my walks.

On our first outing at Arcadia Marsh, the three of us are not disappointed. I notice the marsh's odor – a musty, pungent smell of swamp – as we step onto the boardwalk. First, we hear robins singing their cheery greeting. A little further along the boardwalk the trumpeter swans call, their songs echoing in the distance. Misty sees a muskrat and another kind of swan, but they are silent so I cannot hear them. There is some kind of duck, maybe a bufflehead or merganser, swimming next to the walkway. To know for sure, we will have to look them up in a birding book when we get home.

There are many red-winged blackbirds; they have the prettiest song, I think, of all of the marsh birds we hear. I try to tune out the loud, persistent noise of many geese honking. At the far end of the trail there's a special surprise: three Sandhill cranes. Their call is such a prehistoric one that it makes me feel like I am listening to pterodactyls calling, back in the age of dinosaurs.

As we retrace our steps, we meet three other walkers listening, looking and photographing. We are all careful of each

other and keep a safe distance as we say good morning and mosey on. Though I've heard reports of raccoon or coyote scat on the boardwalk, the trail is clear; critters must be hunting elsewhere today.

Time seems meaningless when wandering through Arcadia Marsh. There's a feeling of peace and joy that settles over you from just walking and listening here. When we reach the car, I cannot believe that more than two hours have passed.

This marsh is a true treasure. I feel grateful to all those who raised money and spent months building the boardwalk so that we can all enjoy this natural wonder. I hope all of you who read this will get a chance to walk there also.

Ron Schmidt lives in the north woods with his leader dog, Lila. He is the author of three children's books: That Pig Lucy, Voices of Wolf Lake and Twin Tales.



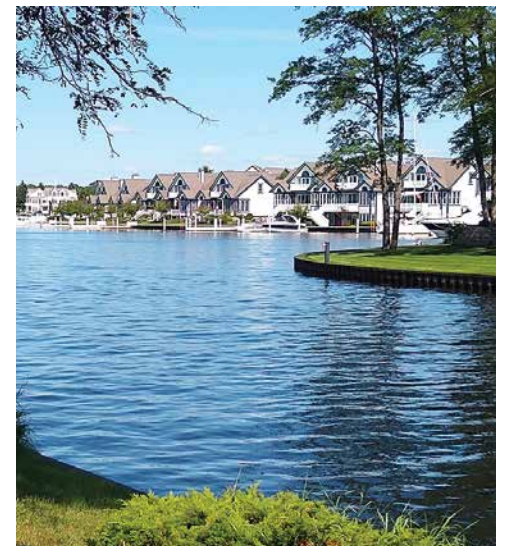
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# The disappearance of Lake Michigan dunes



Dunes once lay on this wide expanse of Manistee's Fifth Avenue beach. Photo by S.A. McFerran.



"Condo Lagoon," a canal on the north side of the Manistee River, was the site of large dunes. Photo by S.A. McFerran.

By STEWART A. MCFERRAN

*The shoreline of Lake Michigan has been shown to be vulnerable to erosion, as high waters batter sandy banks. The sand has proven to be pliable, as shoreline communities shaped their harbors and shores. The sand of western Michigan dunes has also been counted as valuable and is still sold by the ton.*



Sargent Sand mining operations take place on dunes along Lake Michigan, north of Ludington. Photo by Alayne Speltz.

REGION – After the Sand Dune Protection and Management Act of 1976 was passed, a decades-long "free for all" in the western Michigan sand box began coming to an end with the new environmental regulations. This act was amended in 1989 to broaden the scope of dune protection.

The Natural Resources and Environmental Protection Act 451 of 1994, Part 637, offered further standards and protections. The critical dune areas of the State were identified as "a unique, irreplaceable and fragile resource." Activities within these critical dune areas are to be regulated by the townships.

**What once was**

The barrier dunes at the Port of Manistee looked very different in the spring of 1933. What is now a wide-open park with pavilions along the river was once hilly. Men had not yet dug a lake in the sand, now called "Man Made Lake," to the east of the river.

Several companies determined the sand that made up those hills could be sold and used in manufacturing. The Hubbell Sand Company owned the dune that once stood south of Fifth Avenue. Manistee Sand and Dock Company proposed building a dock

on the Manistee River in 1928 that would accommodate freighters. The Sand Products Corporation started mining operations in spring of 1933.

Kathy Schaffer, of the Bear Lake Historical Society, remembers the huge dune on the north side of the Manistee River.

"We used to go down from Bear Lake every Spring," she said. "I remember the big pile of sand, huge ... That was in the late '40s."

Where the dune had been left by glaciers and built by winds, there are now condos around an inlet to the Manistee River.

Author and historian Steve Harold recalled a dune named "Creeping Joe." It was 200 feet tall on the south side of the river. It was considered a menace, because the sand would blow off and ruin the paint on houses, and the entire dune seemed to creep toward the city. At the north end of Washington Street, dunes were in motion. The wind sent sand swirling into homes and covering gardens, as reported by the Manistee News Advocate on Feb. 9, 1943.

The City of Manistee sold sand from the dunes for two-and-a-half cents per ton. It was sifted and loaded into railroad cars and freighters. Conveyors were installed to move the sand to docks on the Manistee River. Freighters were filled at a rate of 2,000 tons per hour. The Sand Products Corporation moved five million tons of sand in eight years. The Manistee sand was used in foundries for casting molds. It has a high proportion of iron and aluminum that made it unfit for manufacturing glass.

Man Made Lake, north of Fifth Avenue Beach, is used by the public for swimming and picnicking. The Sand Products Corporation worked with the City of Manistee and the Grand Traverse Regional Land Conservancy to help them successfully purchase and protect the property, partly through a grant from the Michigan Natural Resources Trust Fund. If you park your car in the lake's small lot and hike the short walkway through the trees to the beach, you can see the altered landscape of the former industrial site.

**Snapshots of western Michigan dunes**

The disastrous fate of Singapore, Michigan, at the mouth of the Kalamazoo River on Lake Michigan, is well known by historians,

history buffs and nearby Saugatuck citizens. In the wake of logging operations after the Great Chicago Fire that stripped vegetation from dunes, the town was overrun by shifting sand. The sand moved due to the force of winds blowing unobstructed off the big lake. Eventually, Singapore was abandoned in the 1870s.

Sargent Sand was founded in Ludington in 1919 and has been in operation ever since. The company gave a gift of 409 acres to Ludington State Park in 1971. The company received its first state permit to mine in 1981.

Sand mining operations are currently taking place within Ludington State Park on a Sargent inholding. In 2017, Sargent received a five-year permit to mine 12 million tons of sand on 400 acres near the shore of Lake Michigan. Large dunes that lay at the shore of Lake Michigan are gone, and two large odd-shaped lakes have appeared. They are the result of dredging operations.

The state bought another 100-plus acres of shoreline dune from Sargent in 2018. According to its Feb. 19, 2020, meeting minutes, the Michigan Natural Resources Trust Fund board approved \$5.3 million to DNR to acquire approximately 280 acres of dunes and shoreline that would become open to the public as part of Ludington State Park. Sargent is currently negotiating with the State of Michigan. The overall cost of this phase of the project, according to the minutes, is \$9.6 million.

Ludington resident Glenn Walquist spoke in support of the acquisition of additional Sargent Sand property at the Feb. 19 meeting. In the meeting minutes, it was noted:

"He stated that if you have not walked the property, he highly recommends it: 'It will add a perspective that can never be seen in photographs,' (he said)."

Wayne Andersen, president of the Hamlin Lake Preservation Society, said that many of that organization's 300 members live very close to the Ludington State Park and the Sargent Sand Mine. Most support the state's purchase of the Sargent property. That purchase would mean the end of sand

mining in the Ludington dunes and bring additional recreational opportunities to legions of campers who visit the area.

Pigeon Hill once towered 200 feet above Muskegon Lake and stood as a barrier between Lake Michigan and the Port City. It was named for the passenger pigeons that used to roost there. Oldtimers say that it protected the shoreline community from storms. This dune met the same fate as dunes in Manistee and Ludington. There is now a marina and condo development where that fine dune once stood.

In Spring Lake, the Ottawa Sand Company sold the dunes that it had mined for seven decades to the Ottawa County Parks Department. Those dunes are now part of a corridor from P.J. Hoffmaster State Park to the Grand River. That purchase was completed in 2019.

In recent news, Nugent Sand is reported to be pursuing an agreement with the Muskegon Community Foundation and Land Conservancy of West Michigan. The plan includes a public park on "South Lake" and a campground on "North Lake" in Norton Shores. Both lakes are the result of Nugent's sand mining operations that began in 1912.

The liberty with which sand was dug altered the landscape. Those altered landscapes are now familiar. Preserving the dunes of Lake Michigan and viewsheds in parks along the West Michigan shore is a worthy project. The result of the weighty decisions made by municipalities years ago can still be seen. The willingness of mining companies to work with state agencies, nonprofit organizations and municipalities to acquire and protect these properties today marks a turning point.

Even though the price of sand is up, other sources have been found for industrial sand. While these new sand mines may alter landscapes, they do not lead to the destruction of the unique West Michigan coastal dunes.

Stewart A. McFerran grew up in Western Michigan, roaming the dunes of Lake Michigan. Contact him at samcferran@gmail.com

View of the Manistee harbor from Man Made Lake. Photo by S.A. McFerran.



# Ode to the Crooked Beak Chick

By CHRISTINE STAPLETON

*You came to us early spring,  
when snow still filled the valleys  
and north-facing hills.  
A colorful group of one-day-old  
fuzzy peeps in a  
little box.*

*After a couple days,  
we knew you were  
different.*

*Your beak became crossed,  
causing you to work  
so hard to eat.*

*Always happy and friendly,  
you followed me around the yard.  
I wanted to think you liked me,  
but I knew you were hungry and  
I was the keeper of the food.*

*Your twelve mates grew  
and feathered,  
but you could not.*

*You struggled to survive,  
thinking only of your  
next meal.*

*The others cared for you.  
At night they tucked you  
under their wings and  
snuggled close,  
keeping you warm and safe  
up on the roost.*

*Your imperfect body  
now rests at the top of a hill  
between two loyal dogs,  
but your spirit is where all beaks are  
straight and the worms are abundant.  
Goodbye, Mrs. Crooked Beak.*

*We miss you.*



Illustration by Robyn Schmidt.



New spring "peeps" receive special care before joining the happy chickens at Aral Peak Farms. Photo by Christine Stapleton.

## Everything happens for a reason

By NIKKI SCHNEIDER

I am a firm believer in "everything happens for a reason." Usually it is said when something not so great is happening. You never say it when you won a free trip, received flowers or had a baby.

When you are in the midst of said "everything," all you are doing is thinking about getting through it.

How many times have you said it? Do you ever stop, think back and try to figure out the reason for the "thing" that happened?

I perceive myself and am perceived as a super-busy person. After retiring 10 years ago, I drive myself every day to be productive. It is who I am. I try to manage it with lists, yoga, therapy and wine.



Before COVID-19, I loved nothing more than a full calendar: appointments, errands, new recipes, plans for one thing or another. I needed to grocery shop at six different stores to get exactly what I thought I needed for the right price.

Funny thing, though. I loved nothing more than when an appointment canceled or a store wasn't open when I arrived, or weather made that hike or sail less than desirable.

I used to wish for cold, rainy days so I had an excuse to stay on the couch and binge watch Netflix.

So, flash forward a year from now. What was the reason for me for this virus?

What did I learn? How did it change me? Will I continue my home yoga practice which took a virus for me to develop? I love the new teachers I have discovered via Zoom and the ability to connect with old teachers all over the country.

Will I take long walks, really noticing the sights and sounds around me?

I know for a fact I won't be making sourdough bread again!

Will I feel guilty for sitting on the couch and thinking I am wasting my time, or will I view it as a gift and a necessity?

I have never been a hugger; will I become one?

Will I slow down, knowing that so many things don't matter?

What about my newish small business? Will I be more appreciated now?

Nikki Schneider lives in Bear Lake with her husband, Mark, and her best furry friend, Max. She combined her love of junkin and repurposing and opened Patina, with Karen Kolb, in downtown Onekama.

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## Illusion of wilderness

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The monument to the cemetery's namesake sits on the edge of the bluff overlooking Brundage Creek. Photo by S.A. McFerran.

with 150 plots in each section. Metal plates in the ground mark each section's corners. The partners leased the one-acre site from the township and marketed it as a "wilderness cemetery."

The cemetery's quiet, forest location appeals to nature lovers. Those who prefer cremation and a "green" burial are drawn to the small, space-saving plots. They may envision their family and friends listening to the wind in the trees and wending their way to a murmuring creek as they pay their respects.

Township Supervisor Paul Beechraft said that the lease on Brundage Wilderness Cemetery was up in 2008 and it reverted to the township. He indicated there are plenty of plots available here for those seeking a wilderness resting place with "eternal care." It is surrounded on all sides by the Pere Marquette State Forest.

As you continue deeper into the cemetery and approach the edge of the bluff, you will see a large and quite old monument marked "Brundage." This is where the cemetery's namesake lies. And a very nice spot it is, right on the edge of the woody bluff. Below it, in the valley, runs Brundage Creek. There is an old grade that runs from left to right. One can find his or her way down to Brundage Creek on that 150-year-old path.

In 1981, Lyle Brundage gave a list of his forebears buried in Brundage Cemetery to the Inland Township clerk. The earliest burial, according to his list, was in 1874. Fourteen other Brundages were buried here between 1874 and 1909.

The former Brundage settlement was right on the stream where Rance Brundage built the dam that harnessed the flow of Brundage Creek. There was a schoolhouse and a hotel. Rance made money carving up the wilderness and selling the real estate. But the old settlement is gone. Walking through a grove of cedar, you can imagine that you caught a glimpse of wilderness once again.

As I got back into my car, I thought about

how entering the unknown alone without support might describe wilderness. Not knowing the way forward in this pandemic is a kind of wilderness, too.

But here, in the outdoor "wilderness," with social distance and nobody around, the mask can come off and you can wander in the cemetery. You only need to check your GPS to know exactly where you are and feel right at home. You can choose to stay forever and, as Paul Beechraft said, your plot will have eternal care.

Beyond the fence of the Brundage Wilderness Cemetery, things have changed. Maybe wilderness is not an illusion Up North and in other regions of the United States.

Inland Township Supervisor Paul A. Beechraft can be reached at the Inland Township Hall at (231) 275-6568 or by email: supervisor@inlandtownship.org.

For more about Brundage Wilderness Cemetery, read OutsideOnline.com "Dispatches" in For the Record, May 1997, "How Green Is My ... Final Resting Place?" by Todd Balf and Paul Kvinta.

This story is dedicated to "Mr. Catton," my seventh grade social studies teacher, whose advocacy in environmental and social justice issues opened the minds of his young students and those who read his letters to the editor, (Traverse City Record-Eagle). Be at peace, James T., wherever you rest. - P.S.

Stewart A. McFerran lives just five miles north of the Brundage Wilderness Cemetery, within the Pere Marquette State Forest, where he nurses his illusion of wilderness.

*Historic Wreckage Revealed*

# Minnehaha on the move?

Story and photos by STEWART A. MCFERRAN

*ARCADIA – Was that the beloved Minnehaha on the beach earlier this year? High water, big waves and strong currents presumably floated a section of the 199-foot shipwrecked schooner into the small harbor in front of Camp Arcadia. The wreck many believe is the Minnehaha was clearly visible above the waves from the Arcadia public access site on Lake Michigan – for a time.*



This is the fifth and final installment in our "Millionaires" series.

Above. The keelson of the schooner Minnehaha has recently moved into the Camp Arcadia Harbor. Right. The historic timbers of the Minnehaha are 130 years old.

Captain Benniteau and the Johnson's crew could do nothing to help.

The Minnehaha's deep keel hit sand offshore south of Burnham. As waves battered the hull, the sailors climbed the masts. Captain Packer realized the ship was breaking up and urged his crew to grab anything that would float and swim for shore. The masts fell as the Minnehaha broke into pieces.

Lifesaving stations at both Frankfort and Manistee were alerted. The Frankfort crew arrived first with a surfboat. They had difficulty reaching the stranded schooner because the surf was so heavy. When the Manistee lifesavers arrived at the scene, they patrolled the beach all night looking for survivors.

The six crew of the Minnehaha were lost. Captain Packer was the sole survivor. The morning after the Minnehaha ran aground, the beach was awash with wreckage but nothing at all could be seen of the ship itself. The body of the cook was found several miles south. She had a small cloth bag with a hundred dollars in bills on a string around her neck.

Lake Ann resident Ross Richardson, an expert shipwreck diver, said that wooden ships often break into three pieces: the bottom and two sides.



Launched on April 3, 1880 the Minnehaha's four masts were at times fitted with sail, but more often the 822-ton schooner was towed behind a steam-powered barge. As it was, on October 14, 1893, the Henry J. Johnson was heading north, towing Minnehaha, her captain and crew, and her cargo of 58,000 bushels of corn, all bound for Lake Huron. They encountered gale-force winds at Point Betsie and tried to take refuge in the Manitou Passage but were forced back toward Frankfort.

Captain Benniteau of the Johnson signaled the Minnehaha that he was turning about to seek shelter in Frankfort's harbor. After once again passing Point Betsie, with the gale at their backs, the schooner became even more unwieldy. When waves broke the hatches and water poured into the hold of the Minnehaha, the tow ropes were cut. Captain William Packer and his crew of six sent up a distress signal and headed for the nearest beach with a jib and foresail set.

The Minnehaha on the beach north of Arcadia Harbor.



"Over time the ice will flatten the hull," he said.

The timbers that make up the bottom of the hull are called the keelson. The keelson of the Minnehaha was newly exposed in Arcadia. Or was it? The timbers of the shipwreck were measured in 2015 and something did not add up. As indicated on the website michiganshipwrecks.org, this evidence "suggests that it is instead a different shipwreck, perhaps the Menekaunee or the Marinette." Future confirmation awaits.

Meanwhile, Richardson drew a comparison to the wreck of the James McBride, off Sleeping Bear Dunes, to help us understand how pieces of a shipwreck might still wash ashore. He explained:

"In the bad winter of 2014 the ice had ripped the bow off that wreck, which was a quarter of a mile offshore, and put it up on shore. That's an example of the power of the natural forces out there. They can take a few tons of heavy wreckage and move it around like it's a seashell; the wave action scours underneath it. The wave action can lift and move it. It moves a couple inches a wave. Well, if it's hit by a thousand waves that can move things quite a distance."

In the aftermath of the Minnehaha wreck, farmers scooped up the corn that had washed up on the beach and fed it to their animals all winter. Mr. William Irwin salvaged timbers from the Minnehaha and built a blacksmith shop soon after the wreck. The nameboard from the Minnehaha still hangs at Camp Arcadia.

The village of Arcadia was established the same year the Minnehaha was built.

The harbor at Arcadia was opened by Henry Starke in 1893, the same year the Minnehaha sunk.

Arcadians remember the Minnehaha fondly. After sighting the wreckage this March, one wrote on Facebook: "Hello Minne. Thought I'd never see you again."

The third annual Minnehaha Brewhaha – a festival of beer, music and games – was scheduled to take place this September in Arcadia. At press time, a decision to hold it had not yet been made.



Minnehaha keelson is exposed for the first time in 130 years.

Thank you to the residents of Arcadia and diver Ross Richardson. Information was obtained from the historic account of the Minnehaha: "Arcadia, 1880-1980," published by the Arcadia Centennial Committee, as well as information on www.arcadiami.com and michiganshipwrecks.org.

Stewart Allison McFerran came across wreckage on the beach at Camp Arcadia earlier this year. He has sailed around Point Betsie in his sailboat "Aisling" and endured a gale off Frankfort. Contact him at samcferran@gmail.com

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# Charter fishing

continued from page 1

less than one percent of the catch.

“But they’re out there; in spring they’re closer to shore, but when it gets warmer they go down to the bottom.”

The Ludington Marina was once home to about 100 charter boat operators, according to Even, but now the number is closer to 30. He said that younger people are not as interested in the business, and older operators like himself – Even is 68 – are beginning to leave the business or have passed on.

He also explained that although there are plenty of fish in the lake, especially with higher water flushing bait into the lake from backwaters and swampy areas along the rivers, they are getting a little harder to find.

You have to know where to look these days, according to Even.

“Since it’s (water level) gone up, there are cycles,” he explained.

“You’ll have pockets where there are a lot of them, then there’s not (in other pockets). When I first got going in the ’70s and ’80s, it didn’t matter where you went; now it’s (like) you better know where exactly they hang out.”

He said he tells new fishermen they had better learn the lake. Judging by his GPS unit with tens, if not hundreds, of saved locations, that’s exactly what Captain Even has done.

And once the captains know where the fish are, they need to have the proper gear to catch them.

“Guys ask, ‘Why do you have so many fishing poles ...?’ Well, all those fishing poles, none are the same; they all have different jobs to do, to get to different depths,” he explained.

“They have different lines on them,” he said, adding, “There’s copper there’s lead, there’s mono, there’s wire – you use those rods to fish different depths because the fish are chasing bait and there’s different temperatures, and that lake is a great-big canyon and those fish hang on those edges; you have to know where they like to hang.”

Although he has been charter fishing for more than 40 years, sometimes there are just “off” days, and Even never promises his customers will bring back fish.

“You can’t guarantee a catch; anyone who tells you that is lying,” he said. “That’s why it’s not called catching, it’s called fishing.”

But he always does his best to satisfy his customers.

“I’ll go out 40 miles; I’ll go where they (fish) are, I don’t care ...,” Even said.

“The hardest thing for me to handle is not catching fish,” he explained. “I hate it when you take someone out there and can’t find them, and people are paying good money.”

### Covid-19 slows start

I first spoke to Captain Dave Even in early

June, when charter boats should have been running the waters with paying fishermen. However, he and the El-Lin were still at the marina in Ludington.

He had canceled a number of charters, due to Covid-19 restrictions ordered by the state. According to the michigan.gov website, as of June 2 people aboard charter fishing vessels must “maintain six feet of distance from one another, to the extent possible.”

In addition, operators of vessels must “ensure the use of personal protective equipment such as gloves, goggles, face shields, and face masks as appropriate for the activity being performed,” and “adopt protocols to limit the sharing of tools and equipment to the maximum extent possible and to ensure frequent and thorough cleaning of tools, equipment, and frequently touched surfaces.”

For Even, those restrictions gave him pause enough to postpone charter reservations until at least the middle of the month – with the hope they would be lifted or at least eased to some extent.

“It’s killed us; I’m shut down right now,” Even said, during a June 4 interview. “I’m not going until they lift the restrictions. Right now, we can’t be six feet apart on this boat.”

He said most charter captains were holding off, waiting to see what happens for the rest of the short fishing season.

Another charter captain, Jim Karr, of Therapy Two Charters, stopped by while I was talking with Even, and he echoed the sentiment.

“I just shut it off until July 1,” Carr said.

“It’s supposed to be a positive, fun thing to do, but all you’re doing is making excuses (for not going out).”

Carr said he will see what the situation is in July and August and hope for changes for the better, and fair weather to take bookings.

“It’s better to be safe,” he remarked.

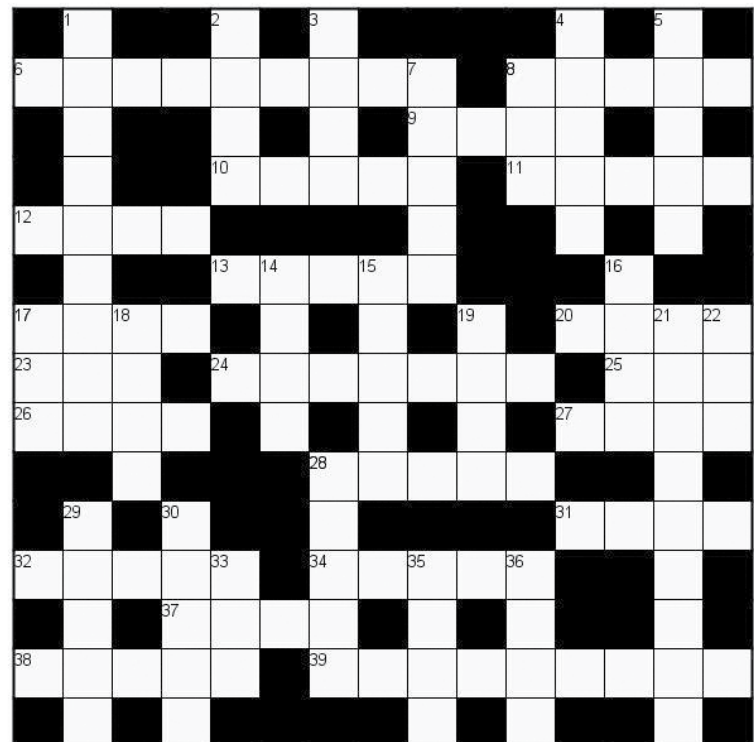
Even said a couple captains are taking charters out, “but most know it’s just a lawsuit waiting to happen; the first person who says you got Covid on your boat – if anyone gets sick, everywhere (the person) went they’re going to check.”

As of June 16, he had posted a notice on his website [www.el-lincharters.com](http://www.el-lincharters.com) informing customers he hoped to be operational by July 1. To reach Captain Dave Even, email: [info@el-lincharters.com](mailto:info@el-lincharters.com), or call 231-873-2851. Follow them on Facebook at El-Lin Sport Fishing Charters.

Kevin Howell is a transplanted freelance writer from Indiana currently residing in Mason County. He loves the Michigan woods, lakes, people, and especially Michigan craft beers – not necessarily in that order! Kevin can be contacted at [kevin@ytci.com](mailto:kevin@ytci.com).



Captain Dave Even and wife Ellen stand near their boat, the El-Lin, docked at the Ludington Marina. They are waiting for state Covid-19 restrictions to be eased before taking charter reservations for this season. Photo by Kevin Howell



## The Nautical Life

By MARK VIDEAN Watch our Facebook page for the solution.

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## FRESHWATER REPORTER

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Publisher/Editor: Pat Stinson Co-conspirator: Mark Videan

Graphic design/layout: Amy Hansen Delivery: Pam Dohner Adams

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Freshwater Reporter is published 16 times per year by Freshwater Planet LLC of Manistee. Free copies are distributed throughout Manistee and Mason counties. Advertising inquiries are welcome, as are suggestions, articles, poems and photos. ©2020, Freshwater Planet, LLC, all rights reserved. Look for our website soon at [www.freshwater-reporter.com](http://www.freshwater-reporter.com). [Like us on Facebook.](#)