

MIKE DRESCH Camping just isn't the same



Camping used to be the great American adventure. Man against nature, braving the great outdoors and living as our forefathers did, made camping an escape from the humdrum of everyday life.

Well, sorry. This just ain't so anymore. Nowadays, the greatest challenge for most American campers is tuning in the portable TV to get the best picture. Yes, middle America has discovered camping. And, as always happens, they have refined and improved it to the extent that it is no longer recognized in its original form.

It used to be that you would plan your route through the woods for weeks in advance. You would go over your list of food and equipment with a fine - tooth comb, weeding out extra or not - needed items. Your pack would be loaded up with precision and care.

Then you would drive to the starting place, leave your car and head into the woods. After a few miles of backpacking, you started looking for a clearing to pitch camp. You set up your tent, built a fire, cooked dinner over the open fire and relaxed. You were camping...

Welcome back to reality. Camping today is entirely different for a great majority of "campers." The typical scene would probably be more like this...

"Let's go camping this weekend," dad says. "I feel like getting away from it all.

"OK, that would be fun, dear," mom says. "I'll call the state park right now for reservations. I hope we can get Camp 17. It was so nice being right next to the showers. The TV reception is real good there, too.

"Why don't you call the Joneses, too," dad says. "Old Bob can rev up the Winnebago and be there before you know it. That's some camper. They have a bathroom and shower right in it. And the kitchen is complete."

That's enough, you get the idea. Camping is about as adventurous as going to the grocery store. The campsites are all numbered and have electricity and running water. They are spaced about seven feet from each other in neat rows. Everybody pulls up to the spot, backs a trailer into it, hooks up the electricity and water, pulls out the lawn chairs and TVs or radios and sets dinner on a four - burner Coleman gas stove. "Ah, this is the life."

But it's not the life. It's the same life that you supposedly left home. Only the scenery is different and most people don't look anyway. Camping has become the "in" thing for middle America.

Why Americans insist on improving everything to be bigger, better, more comfortable and newer will always remain a mystery. But, it always happens. Instead of wood fireplaces, we have gas and electric ones — cleaner, neater and easier — but not half the fun of the original ones. Instead of stairs, we have elevators and escalators. We have dishwashers. We have microwave ovens. In other words, if it can be done neater, easier or faster, we'll find a way to do it.

I'm not really knocking these time and labor savers. I'll admit I use most of them myself. What I am lamenting is the decline of the one thing that lets us escape our technology - oriented world — camping.

Real camping can't be experienced with a machine. Neither can it be really experienced in a trailer or a mobile home. Technology tries to invade everything, but there are some things it just can't improve.

There's new complexion to Lake Michigan fishing By R. D. CAMPBELL the webbing of the long or sucker. But that was no

"Set the torpedoes for 68 feet," the red - faced, bare chested captain shouts to the first mate.

Blip, blip, blip . . .

The radar screen shows 20 apparent salmonoids slowly cruising northward about two fathoms off the sandy bottom.

The first mate, puffing nervously at his Bull Durham and clenching his half - finished Budweiser, presses the red button.

Down, down, down goes the torpedo, carrying with it a line at the end of which is knotted a chartreuse and a red spotted, plastic tadpole rasping and wiggling its sharp trailing trebel hooks.

The depth gauge stops at 68. The wait begins. Gritting teeth. Clenched fists.

A larger salmon pursues the lure.

Zap! The direct hit, recorded perfectly on the radar chart, brings a hungry glare to the captain's eyes.

"Fish on! Grab that pole and hit 'er!"

The mate scrambles across the deck, kicking over his nearly spent beer, and snatches the stiff rod from the chrome plated pole holder.

"Now, baby!"

He lays with every ounce of his 240 - pound torso into a fat, silver - sided, eight - pound coho. After a brief, somewhat disappointing fight, the bamboozled, mechanically tricked fish slips neatly into

Cover shot by Martell

The cover photo for today's "Great Outdoors" special section was taken by State News photographer John Martell. It was taken at Spider Creek, about 20 miles northwest of Lansing.



the webbing of the long - handled net.

"That makes nine in the box," says a third bare breasted executive aboard the 28 - foot, \$28,000 Cris Craft sportfisherman. "Six more and we can head for the barn."

He tosses the fish which has already begun to lose some of its shiny tint into the cooler with an assortment of chinook, cohos and rainbow trout.

Yes, Ma . . . These are the barefooted boys who used to sneak off the school bus with a can of worms and head for the river for a sleepy, peaceful Huck Finnish talk. And maybe they would catch an occasional bullhead or bass or sucker. But that was not the important thing.

With the introduction to Michigan waters of salmon and an expensive stocking program to replenish the lamprey depleted Great Lakes, state fishing, especially along the eastern coast of Lake Michigan, took on a new complexion.

Anglers who had previously tangled with nothing bigger than a three - pound bass were soon battling 20 - pound salmon and spending thousands of dollars on the equipment to do it.

The initial investment is the biggest and one that has caused more than one divorce. A boat (continued on page 8)



ester/cotton canvas uppers in white or navy. Sizes 5½-10 Narrow and 4-10 Med. Sorry, no phone or mall orders. Miss Jshop®

Ihere's new complexion



WIKE DEESCH



SN photo/John Martell

With food prices perpetually rising, it appears that people may have to go back to catching their own meals more and more in the future. In the above photo, taken near Angel Lake in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, Mike Smith, a local resident, casts out his line in hopes of catching the trout which abound in the lake. State News photographer

John Martell, who took this shot, said the group of seven he was with that day caught seven rainbow trout. Even though fishing equipment has become a lot more sophisticated than in the fictional days of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, the same basic goal remains - catch that fish.



Miss J sets an example when it comes to tennis. playing it cool and brisk in easy-care knits from Court I. The polyester pros that get into the swing of a summer's day whether the action is on the courts or off. White accented with color trim, 5 to 13 sizes.

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Matching front-zip shorts, \$20
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Matching button-front skirt, \$21 miss Jshop 11 , '....p Jacobson's

Summer: a chance to join nature



Canceing on MSU's famous (or is it infamous?) Red Cedar River can be a most enjoyable way to spend a beautiful spring or summer afternoon, as these two people are doing. Those interested in canceing can rent all the equipment needed at the cance shelter near Bessey Hall. Even if canceing on the river doesn't inspire great visions, you can always pretend you are

rowing the canals of Venice or a quiet stream or lake in Michigan's beautiful northern areas. Wherever your thoughts take you, though, canoeing the Red Cedar River is a good break from the hustle and bustle of classes and books now that finals are around the corner.



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Summer: a chance to join nature

By CHRIS DANIELSON

When April, May and June come, Michigan residents usually turn their daydreams to the pleasures of outdoor living.

Unfortunately, most people take just a superficial view of each season as it passes. Summer, with its concomitant emphasis on outdoor living, is often seen as merely another face in the passing parade.

Summer is more than bare feet and Frisbees. The moderate temperatures afford people an annual opportunity to get close to - and even join - nature.

During most of the year in Michigan, when the wind ranges from brisk to frigid, "outdoors" is regarded as a place to get out of. While winter sports buffs enjoy the frosty atmosphere with the help of proper clothing, many people never take the trouble to get acclimated to the cold. These building dwellers scuttle from shelter to shelter, cursing the wind and fretting about energy shortages.

The middle months of the

year offer this "enbubbled" majority a unique opportunity to discover that the outside is as friendly as the inside. Clothes become nonessentials worn just for their esthetic value, as vast swaths of the b o dy cooped up since September get some much deserved fresh air. Necessary evils, such as shoes, can be discarded while people let their animal nature usurp civilized masochism for a spell.

Outdoor summer living offers many subtle allurements to bring the domiciled out of

their shells. A balmy stroll through a forest can partially relieve a person of the awesome human burden of self - consciousness. The hiker soon becomes just one part of a fascinating whole, rather than the strained capsule of stifling watch workings.

Though winter has its attractions, the omnipresent cloudy breath often leaves the building beetle with a painful self - awareness. During the warm season the backyard can become a livingroom comfortable holy of holies - in the truest sense.

Even human communication can be vastly improved in the pleasant open air. Words have a tendency to catch on the bottom of chairs and dribble along the baseboards indoors. Outside, there is space for conversation to jump, splash and float to listeners with few obstacles.

Summer allows us a chance to break out of our stale concrete and cranial shells and to find real life in outdoor living.





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shorts both bear the Arthur Ashe signature applique.

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Coho craze hits Midwest

(continued from page 2) able to weather a Lake Michigan storm where waves can roll as high as 10 feet will cost the fisherman anywhere from \$5,000 to \$50,000.

Special equipment needed for deep water fishing includes a ship - to - shore radio for swapping information with other skippers and downriggers, which are wire line and lead torpedo devices designed to take a normal monofilament lure and line down to the cool water depths salmon and trout prefer in the heat of summer. When the fish strikes the monofilament line pulls free from the torpedo line and the angler can fight the fish without the burdensome weight.

Sonar graphs which show the fisherman bottom contour and composition as well as all objects between the surface and bottom — including fish cost from \$400 to \$600, and are another near necessity in

this technocratic sport.

The coho craze seeped into the blood stream of fishermen not only around Michigan but throughout the Midwest. Every fall Indiana and Ohio anglers by the thousands make their way along Michigan's coho coast as the salmon gather off the stream mouths before their upstream runs. Their tourist dollars delight the local merchants.

It is a far, far cry from the days when 10 foot jon (square ended- boats and 1947 Johnson 21/2 horsepower outboards meant status for the fisherman. Trolling for hours and hours to the steady drone of a 210 - horsepower inboard outboard motor, quieted somewhat by the noise of the Tiger game, contrasts markedly with the slightly creaky oaken oars propelling the little jon boat to a patch of lilly pads where maybe a 5 - pound bass is lying in wait for a frog or a

All right—you picnickers; you're all under arrest!

If you have been thinking of traipsing off to the woods with your dearly beloved and a basket of sandwiches for a romantic spring picnic on campus, beware. You might get a visit from the men in blue.

University Ordinance 26.01 states that no person shall picnic in an area not designated as a picnic area. Violators face 90 days in jail or a \$100 fine.

What is a designated area? Lt. John Peterson of the Dept. of Public Safety said there are a few benches near Kobs Field (baseball diamond) on the west side of Kalamazoo Street and Sparty. And that is the only designated area he knows of.

"Picnicking anywhere else would therefore be a violation of the ordinance," Peterson said.

Peterson said he could not recall any arrests for illegal picnicking and that he did not know if the public safety department had ever received any complaints about law breaking picnickers.

If campus officers spot persons violating picnic regulations, they would probably not arrest them, Peterson said.

"We would probably advise them of the ordinance and ask them to desist and move on," he said. "That would most likely take care of it."





SN photo/Dave Schmier

Springtime is an especially good time of the year to go hiking in Michigan's great outdoors. The idea is to walk as far as you can and just enjoy what nature has to offer. Its a refreshing change from getting into your car, turning on the engine and driving to where you have to go.



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