

Contributed Photo

The author finally got his first tom.

SHOOTING THE BREEZE Perseverance pays off for unlucky turkey hunter

Rod

Carpenter

have mentioned before that I'm not the world's greatest turkey hunter. My luck wasn't any better this year, but I finally managed to wear them down.

Opening day found us wading through 6 inches of snow. I was sure we were wasting our time until I got an answer to my call

that was way too close. We were caught out in the open with, as they say, our pants down. Of course the hens ran right up to us while the tom held back. And of course the hens busted us.

We got permission to hunt some private ground and had turkeys coming to our call when a tom snuck in on us from behind without a sound. He figured out something was up and ran off, spooking the others we were bringing in.

We tried an ambush on the way to a roost tree. The turkeys walked by just out of shotgun range. We tried catching them as they came down from the roost. They flew over the ridge. I spent a couple of days hunting in some new country without so much as a gobble.

I took a break to go cut some firewood and ran into a couple of guys out hunting. They told me their group had killed seven. That was a blow to my ego, for sure.

One morning it was raining and I got a late start. The turkeys were right where

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I thought they would be, almost. Only about 100 yards on the wrong side of the

fence. I tried my best to sound like a lovestarved hen, but I couldn't sweet-talk them into coming my way.

Determined to get it right, the next day I was set up well before first light. As the sky started

to turn gray, the toms started to sound off and I realized I had set up in the wrong spot. I belly-crawled out to my decoy and repositioned as quietly as I could.

The turkeys started coming down out of the roost about 100 yards away and at first looked like they were going to ignore me altogether. Then two toms started my way all fanned out. It was such a cool sight to see as they strutted around in the

When they closed to 20 yards, I slowly aimed my Mossburg 12 gauge and unleashed a 3-inch No. 4, and my tom dropped on the spot. Not really sure what had happened, the other turkeys milled around for a while.

I just sat there enjoying the moment. I had to work pretty hard for my tom, but in the end, it was a great experience.

Share your favorite hunts with us at shootingthebreezebme@gmail.com.

> Rod Carpenter is a husband, father, and a huntin'

> > **Grant County**

FORALTIFE

Department

Monday - Thursday 7am- 6pm

Friday 8am - 5pm

Apppointments available

Summer sports schedule released

Blue Mountain Eagle lowing events:

JOHN DAY - A partnership between the Blue Mountain Hospital, Community Counseling Solutions, Community Health Improvement Coalition and John Day/Canyon City Parks and Recreation will be hosting sports events for Grant County residents throughout the summer.

The Go Outside Cam-

paign will be hosting the fol-

• Yoga in the Park @ Canyon City Park, every Thursday at 6 p.m. from July 14 to Sept. 29

· Walk and Dine with the Doc @ Seventh Street Sports Complex, Northeast Seventh Street, John Day, every second Tuesday in July, August and September at 5:30 p.m.

• Family movie nights, Saturday nights at dusk on July 9, July 23, Aug. 6 and Aug. 20 @ Grant Union football field, 911 S. Canyon Blvd., John Day

• Cornhole tournament at the Grant County Fair, Saturday, Aug. 13, time TBA

• Kickball Slip-n-Slide Tournament on Saturday, July 23, time and location TBA

Parks and Rec is also hosting summer youth outdoor soccer. The program starts in August and runs for five weeks through the first part of September. Ages are kindergarten through sixth grade with co-ed teams. Teams are are divided into three age groups: kindergarten and first grade, second and third grade, and fourth through sixth grade. Practices are held Monday through Thursday with games occurring throughout the season.

For more information, contact the John Day/Canyon City Parks and Recreation Department 541-575-0110.

Beauty, without the bugs

By JAYSON JACOBY

trust mosquitoes. I don't like mosquitoes, but I trust them.

The bloodsucking bugs, though capable of driving a person to the verge of temporary madness with their incessant insectile buzzing and biting, are nothing if not reliable.

This is particularly so in the alpine country of Northeastern Oregon.

Along about the time the snow is either gone or down to grainy drifts the approximate consistency

of sno-cones — generally from late June through early August, depending on

the elevation **Jayson Jacoby** — the arrival of the mosquitoes is as predictable as the

paintbrush. I have come to accept swatting and itching as the physical toll, along with the lung-straining challenge of steep terrain, required for entry to such spectacular places.

blooming of the lupine and the

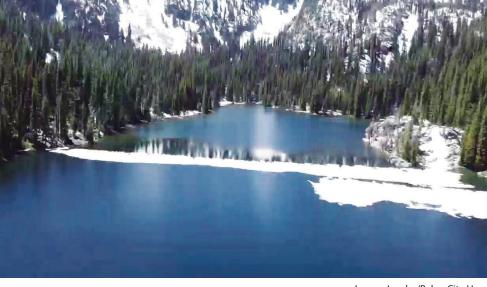
As such, I especially treasure trips when my worries about mosquitoes turn out to be unfounded.

So it was on June 26 when my family trudged up the steep road, and then the even steeper trail, that lead to Van Patten Lake in the Elkhorns.

Notwithstanding those punishing grades, Van Patten is much more accessible than most lakes in the range.

The round trip is a mere three miles, and the trailhead is just off the paved highway about three miles below, and east of, Anthony Lakes.

Yet although Van Patten is



Jayson Jacoby/Baker City Herald

This image taken by a drone shows an ice bridge across Van Patten Lake, in the Elkhorn Mountains northwest of Baker City, on June 26, 2022.

easier to get to than, say, Rock Creek, Summit and Red Mountain lakes, it yields nothing, in general grandeur, to those pools, which require either a torturous drive and a longer walk.

Or both, in the case of Rock Creek Lake.

In common with many lakes in the Elkhorns and Wallowas, Van Patten occupies a basin gouged in the bedrock (granitic, in this case) by an Ice Age glacier. At about 16.5 acres, Van Patten is the fifth-largest lake in the Elkhorns, behind Rock Creek (24 acres), Anthony (22), Pine Creek Reservoir (18) and Summit (17).

Van Patten isn't always quite so big, however. Some of its flow is diverted each summer for irrigation, and by late summer the lake is noticeably shrunken.

But in late June it's about as

full as it gets. And about as deeply blue as water can be — that inimitable

shade peculiar to cold, crystalline lakes at high elevations.

My experience with mosquitoes at Van Patten is a long one, marked by much muttering (occasionally profane) and frenzied flailing of arms more commonly associated with

My wife, Lisa, recalls, with the sort of hyperacuity reserved for especially unpleasant episodes, a visit many years ago when the bugs seemed destined to craft nests in her hair.

It's a buggy place. I had, therefore, forgotten to put repellent in my pack.

Lisa, fortunately, had not. I wasn't certain that mosquitoes would be swarming.

My previous encounters, so far as I can remember, all happened in July, the peak month, generally speaking, for alpine mosquitoes.

There was no shortage of insects, to be sure, as we climbed toward the lake. And each time a tiny dark speck whizzed past my face I winced slightly, anticipating the telltale dental drill whining.

It did not happen.

The DEET-enriched spray can remained in Lisa's pack.

We hiked a short way along the northern shore of the lake, which is shaped rather like a lance, much longer than it is across.

The ice was nearly gone but there was a curious bridge of white spanning the lake near its west end. I piloted our drone on a brief flight, and it captured some intriguing photos of the ice bridge, which was riddled on its edges with fissures that reminded me of a river delta.

It was a brilliant day, and pleasantly warm even at 7,400 feet. There was a breeze, though, and as always seems to be the case in such elevated places, it was refreshing, nothing like the dog's breath of a summer wind on a scorching day in the valley.

Our kids, Max and Olivia, waded in the frigid water. I knelt on a granitic boulder and splashed a couple palmfuls of water on my forehead. My hands went numb almost immediately.

Lisa and I reminisced about our previous, infested, hikes to Van Patten. We agreed that although today was ideal, it almost certainly would be quite a different experience in a week or two.

We had no doubt that even in that sylvan setting, among the contorted whitebark pines and slender subalpine firs and the little rock gardens that landscapers strive to mimic, the bugs lurked, languid in the moisture trickling from the

Waiting to be roused from their long dormancy beneath the snow, ready to wreak havoc in their insatiable pursuit of blood.

> Jayson Jacoby is editor of the Baker City Herald.

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