

A LOCAL CHAPTER OF  
AMERICA'S LEADING NONPROFIT  
COLDWATER FISHERIES  
CONSERVATION ORGANIZATION

[www.Mershon-TU.org](http://www.Mershon-TU.org)

# THE MERSHON MUDDLER

◆ *Newsletter of the William B. Mershon Chapter of Trout Unlimited* ◆

1989, 1996 & 1997 RECIPIENT OF THE MICHIGAN COUNCIL TU CHAPTER OF THE YEAR AWARD

## Meanders

A few thoughts from  
the president  
*Don Albrecht*



*Don Albrecht, chapter president*

As we pass Labor Day, planning for our upcoming year has begun in earnest. And coming up quickly is our October 16th shooting event. See more about this elsewhere in the newsletter, but it should be a great event, with lots of opportunities for fun, food and relaxation. I hope to see you there. There are several other events this year, so get them on your calendar. You don't want to miss them.

I hope you all had some great fishing this summer. With the weather cooler than normal, most of the hatch schedules went right out the window. It sure brought back the old adage, "If you want to go fishing, just go. Don't wait for the perfect opportunity." I had a chance to fish over 30 days this summer with family and friends, and it was a memorable year. And, it wasn't especially memorable for "big fish" or "lots of fish," but I still had many hours sharing great times and tales. And really, isn't that what it is all about? There was the excitement of my two grandsons landing fish and having mile-wide smiles on their faces. Then, there was the week with my brother-in-law, as we banter each day as to who is going to get the first fish and biggest fish. But, best of all is the evening meals next to the hummingbird feeders, as we recall the events of the day and solve all the world's problems. And it wouldn't be a complete year if I didn't have a chance to spend time with friends teaching them the "ins & outs" of fly fishing. Watching the dramatic improvement in nymphing capabilities of one friend, with the resulting smiles, is better than catching the fish myself. Then, there was the days of trying every trick in the book to help another friend catch finicky fish on a dry fly, only to be completely defeated with the resolve to try again sometime in the future. We are already planning the return trip, so that this time we are successful. And, as good fishing days go, there was the day it seemed like every place I threw a streamer had a hungry trout! So, once again, a great summer of fishing goes into the memory bank, and there is still the anticipation of salmon fishing, streamer fishing, and late fall steelhead fishing.

Have you visited our Mershon website or the Michigan TU web site lately? If not, I recommend you do so. We will be trying to keep all our events listed and up to date. Also, the Michigan TU page provides lots of information on things happening in the state. All of them are important in keeping our cold water resources in good shape.

Until next time, I hope you have a chance to get outside to wet a line and enjoy our great outdoors.

Tight lines!

Don Albrecht  
President

## Rifle River restoration work day follow-up

by Don Meyer,  
chapter vice-president

On Saturday, July 12, 2014, members of the Mershon and Ann Arbor Chapters of TU joined a number of local volunteers, along with Huron Pines organizers, for a large-scale stream-bank restoration event on the Rifle River mainstream. Work included 400' of double row tree revetment at the river's edge, along with a native plant greenbelt on the exposed sloping bank. Conifers were obtained from the adjacent property and will shield the bank from future erosion, while providing fish habitat. Native plants on the slope will provide additional stabilization of the stream bank.

The day provided a significant accomplishment, and concluded with a pig roast lunch prepared by the landowner, David Tinsley. Mershon volunteers included Kris Cicinelli,

Michelle Gricar, Hayden Hammerman, Allan Larsen, Don Meyer, Mike Meyer, Bob Spence, Megan Thomas, and Nick Thomas. ♦



*Restoration work at river's edge & exposed bank*

## What does T.U. mean to me?

by Paul Morand, chapter advisor

I must admit, I didn't really know much about Trout Unlimited when I first became a member. I mean I liked trout and really enjoyed fishing for them. My intentions were good, as I wanted to do something to give back to the sport I was so passionate about; but, I didn't know at the time that TU really wasn't about trout. Oh sure, it was called Trout Unlimited, after all, but I think today maybe TU should be known as Where Trout Live Unlimited. I joke of course, but I've learned that the focus isn't necessarily on trout per se, but rather where they live, and if we

work to ensure the trout's requirements of clean, cold water continue to exist, trout will take care of themselves.

I must admit there was a bit of selfishness to my original commitment. I really, really enjoy fly fishing for trout, and I figured if I helped out maybe there would be more fish to catch or the good karma created would make the fishing gods smile down on me and bless me with bigger and better catches each outing. As far as karma, well I haven't drowned yet, and I've caught my share of nice fish, so maybe it does help out. But I've also come to realize that the resource we work so hard to protect is bigger than any one individual's desires, and giving back is what it's really all about.

Trout live in some of the most beautiful places in the world, and it is our responsibility to do what we can, big or small, to protect those places and maintain them for future generations. It is simplistic to say that, if you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem, but there is also a grain of truth in the statement.

Trout Unlimited has provided me an opportunity to lend a hand and do what I can in that fight and hopefully be a small part of the solution. It's a win-win situation. The trout benefit, future generations benefit, and most importantly, I benefit, not because I catch trout but because I know I am doing what I can to leave this place a little better off. That's what Trout Unlimited means to me. ♦



**When:** Monday October 13th

**Where:** Saginaw Gun Club,

9540 Gratiot Rd. Saginaw (M-46 one mile east of M-52)

**Time:** Shooting starts at 4pm. Dinner at 7pm

## Casual Fun

**all for \$10.00 dinner cost if you call ahead**

Casting games with fly rods, lessons for those that want to improve, fly-o's for beginners

Shot gun shooting: get ready for bird hunting season

Meet a new friend, bring an old friend

Grilled food on an open outdoor grill

Fun auction after dinner (items will be those brought by attendees)

Lots of casual conversation, meet a new friend or advocate

## Shooting...

- Skeet and Trap is \$5 per round (25)
- Five Stand is \$5.50 (25)
- Sporting Clays \$14.00 (50)

Bring your own ammunition or purchase it from Saginaw Gun Club.

**Eye and Hearing protection required for all shooting**

**Dinner...** Meal will be at 7:00 P.M. Hot-Dogs, Hamburgers and Chicken with beans, buns, potato salad, and condiments will be furnished. Pop and water will also be included. If you want a steak, bring your own to grill. Everyone will be asked to put their own meat on the grill, so it's prime when you want to eat it. *No alcoholic beverages will be provided: Bring your own beer, wine, or whatever if you wish (BYOB).*

**Auction...** Bring something that you can give up, but an item that someone else may enjoy—an old rod, reel, fly line, boxes, bags, flies, all that pertains to fly fishing. Bring something of any stature...nothing is too big or small! Make this auction fun and a success! Donate towards this fun event (and future events), or remember to bring your auction items to display as soon as you arrive! Make someone's day—watch others appreciate your generosity.

**Please call your reservation in advance.**

Call Dave Case: 793-9700

*Enjoy a fun evening! It's your presence that will make this event special.*

## Summer clean-up event was “colorful”

by Bob Spence, chapter advisor

**O**n June 14<sup>th</sup> this year, we had a planned cleanup day on the Rifle River. Crews were to cover as much of the river as possible. Among the volunteers were three of Trout Unlimited’s finest—Bob Kren, Bob Spence, and Don Meyer. What a glorious day.

After being dropped off at Sage Lake Road, we proceeded down the river, cleaning as we went. What a clear, sunny day. Within 100 yards, not meters, a small rattlesnake swam across in front of us. Cool. Not much further we encountered, and

conquered, a fairly large lamprey. As we continued collecting refuse, the realization hit us that we had not brought any water, sunscreen, or snacks. But with the camaraderie [sic: comedy and friendship], this would not be a problem.

Our fearless crew soon found two garbage bags of used, dirty diapers. Cool. This we could handle. The bags were soon in the canoe with our collection of cans and bottles.

Onward we slogged, one collector on each side of the river and one controlling the canoe, as we progressed downstream. We were even lucky enough to get two free lessons from our partner, Bob Kren. When he decided to lie down (somewhat awkwardly) in the refreshing river, the string of expletives that man strung together were something to be proud of. No

sailor has ever done better. This lesson was topic for conversation the rest of the trip downstream.

According to Mr. Kren, we only had 200 meters more to go. Bob Spence and I discussed our woeful lack of metric knowledge. How could we be so mistaken as to think it shouldn’t take 3 hours to travel 200 meters. They must be huge increments of measurement.

When the threesome became tired and the canoe was filling up, the decision was made to get in and paddle to the finish line. Another 45 minute-200 meter trip.

But all ended well. I will always remember how much fun that day was. You are really missing out if you don’t join us on these clean-up events—especially if Bob Kren will be in tow. ♦

## What does T.U. mean to me?

by Nick Thomas, chapter director

**W**hen you look at the literal meaning of T.U., it is an organization whose mission is to conserve, protect and restore North America’s trout and

salmon fisheries and their watersheds. However, to me, T.U. is an organization that helps provide my family, as well as myself, many days of fun and memories on Michigan’s beautiful streams and rivers. It is an organization that allowed me the opportunity to learn about the long and rich history of the AuSable watershed, as well as take part in what this beautiful watershed has to offer. It is an organization that

made it possible for me to meet others who share the same interest as I do in our streams and rivers and create long-lasting friendships. Lastly, T.U. gives me hope that the beautiful fishers and watersheds here in Michigan will be around for my family and future generations. Sure, T.U.’s main mission is to take care of our fisheries and watersheds, but by doing, so they have done so much for me! ♦

## Spring banquet plans already under way

by Jim Lewis, banquet chairman

**P**lans for the next Mershon chapter spring banquet are already under way. We have booked Horizons again, and the date

will be Friday, April 17, 2015. The banquet committee will begin to meet soon to discuss details and begin to put together what we hope will be another entertaining evening.

Here is where you can come in. We really need the help of two or three more people at the planning level. A number of you have stepped up to help the night of the banquet, but we need some up-front help to insure the

event runs as smoothly as possible.

If you can give us a hand, please contact me by phone at 989-751-0344 or by email at [jim\\_lewis@chartermi.net](mailto:jim_lewis@chartermi.net), and I’ll fill you in on where we go from here.

It’s for a good cause—the money we raise is put back into the rivers we fish—so please give it thought. ♦

## Vital Fishing Equipment

by Snarly Windknot

Like a lot of fly fishers, by the time the snow starts to fly and I more or less put my fishing gear away for the winter, my vest is so full of stuff it weighs just less than a refrigerator and looks like I wore it continually throughout a six-week jumble

survival course. So each spring, sometime before the opening day of trout season, I go through my vest's seemingly endless number of pockets and take out all the stuff I don't, at that particular moment, think I need to carry with me every time I go to the river. And while I'm at it, I usually check my vest over to see if it's time to invest in a new one.

But I never do actually decide to buy a new vest. It's not that I'm cheap—

well, ok I am, but that's not my reason for sticking with my old vest another season. That vest has a mystique about it, an ambiance. It's kind of a historical record of past fishing trips. It's been with me through good days and bad, through heat and sleet, through low-flows and near-drownings. Sure, it looks a little worse for wear, but so does the guy whose wearing it. What follows is my tribute to my vest.

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### An Ode to My Vest

The sun peeks over the eastern horizon.  
The morning mist and the chill that accompanies it start to dissipate.  
I've pulled on my waders, laced my boots, assembled my rod and put on my hat.  
And now, in a moment steeped in spiritual significance, I become one with the river...  
I don my vest.

My vest-- the crowning garment, festooned with gadgets.  
Nay! With Weapons! Tools of the tradesman!  
Round things pinned on with vital tools hanging off on strings that stretch out and snap Back when you let go.  
A fuzzy patch with assorted flies... used flies... flies chewed by trout.  
Hemostats and a little bottle of viscous liquid hanging upside down and multiple spools Of whisper-thin monofilament.

And pockets... dozens of zippered and Velcroed pockets.  
Pockets stuffed with fly boxes and eyeglasses so I can see to tie on the tiny flies that fill Those boxes.  
And stuff to float flies and stuff to sink flies and weight to get them to the bottom  
And a tool to tie knots and a tool to cut off those knots and a tool to sponge water out of My fly and a tool to straighten my leader and a tool to sharpen hooks and a tool get Sharpened hooks back out of my finger.

And the pockets bulge... near overflowing... stressing the zippers.  
And it's stained... with mud and blood and silicone floatant and mustard from a sandwich I bought at Momma Mac's at Four Corners, Montana.  
It has so many stories to tell... a life of its own... you can locate it by its odor.  
It's a beautiful thing. In its current state it weighs seven pounds.  
But how could I ever fish without it?

I've thought about just stuffing my pockets- getting shirts and pants with lots of large, Extra pockets.  
I've thought about a lanyard... those nifty tool necklaces that are lightweight and have lots of rings and snaps and zingers.  
I've thought about those new chest packs. They're hi-tech, state-of-the-art and come in Cool colors that make you look cutting edge.

But my vest! It says "old school", "river tested", "well traveled".  
It scoffs at trendy, has no tolerance for fads or fashion.  
Keep your hydration pack!  
My vest has a pocket in the back big enough to hold a thermos of coffee, a ham Sandwich, two candy bars and a rain jacket.  
Yes, it has to be aired out now and then,  
And yes, it makes my shoulders bow forward a little after I've had it on awhile,  
But it imbues me with an aura of adventure... a spirit of the river.  
It whispers names like Au Sable and Pere Marquette, the Grays and the Green, Selway, Clearwater, Gallatin, Yellowstone and Bighorn, Buffalo Creek and Taylor Fork.

When I pull on my waders, I feel like a fisherman.  
But, when I put on my vest, I become a Fly Fisherman!  
I am at peace. I am in love!

## Cleansing fishermen of their sins

by David Oeming, chapter director

Spring had been wet in the UP. After several years of deficient groundwater levels, significant snow and recent rainfalls produced enough runoff to require opening the dams. The Escanaba maintained a steady flow and consistently low river temperatures for early July. The evening was clear, and Carl and I hoped for enough bug activity to produce Fish of Size movement.

I had little experience with larger streams; I had fished for trout in Oregon with my brother, but that trip had more to do with his Mackenzie river boat, beer, laughter, and memories of long-ago expeditions with Grandpa and Dad. Carl told me on the trip down to the Escanaba that the river was wadeable, but there were significant deep spots, and I should be mindful of the shifting rock structure on the river floor.

We descended the access stairway to the bank. The stream level had reached the wild shoreline garlic and clover, and covered the rubble next to the stone pathway. Dark swirls marked the larger rocks under the water surface. Much of this part of the river could not be waded safely (or probably at all); however, I had been told about a section upstream where a wading angler could fish the deep holes. Carl worked across the river to his usual spot near the mouth of a feeder creek, and I headed up the flat rock path on the west bank. Rings were appearing on the smooth water.

A few other fishermen were on the deeper parts of the river, near the access steps. My goal was the

shallower water upstream, where rocks and boulders emerged to provide resting places for local waterfowl and gulls. According to Carl, deeper runs could be found around these boulders. The water was clear but dark, with the tea stain of UP streams.

Habitat work had been done on this part of the river, to create depth and, hopefully, colder lies for fish running up from the lower stream. One local even claimed that the authorities blasted the bedrock shale to create holes. Carl had advised me about this, and suggested that approaching smooth water should be done cautiously, with a sliding, shortened gait. He said that, even wading against the current, I would surf right into deep water if the rubble underfoot started sliding. I kept this admonition in mind while I surveyed the river to find a vantage point near a likely run.

A few large boulders were in the river around the bend, and attractive fast, dark runs were upstream and across from the rocks. The access from the shoreline path was shallow enough to see the stream bottom. No one was on this part of the river, and I headed out into the strong current. I could see at least three species of mayfly in the air, and rises on the water. "Baby-steps, baby-steps," I told myself, as I worked my way to a white-spotted boulder in the middle of the river. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, clear, and seventy-four degrees. A young deer upstream on the opposite bank watched me intently, and I was alone.

I perched on the boulder and tied on a cigarette-butt sized grub-like creation I had dubbed from shedding fur and tail guard hairs from my Labrador. I was not interested in matching the hatch; my goal was to send out a real meal for a trout, and create an unsinkable fly.

Smallmouth bass in Deer Lake were eager to inhale this fly (called "Cleo," after our first lab that contributed the materials), and I had seen brooks bounce off it in the North Branch. I hoped it would attract whatever was making holes in the water upstream from my boulder. After a few false casts, I slid into the current and began making my way through the bottom rubble and rocks toward the rising fish.

"I think you should try it here. I saw some in this spot yesterday." Voices! I turned to the bank on my left, and saw three wader-clad individuals pointing at the run I was fishing. One guy was addressing another fellow and a young woman, aiming animatedly with his flyrod. "You go there," he said, aiming his rod downstream. "I'll walk in right here." Apparently, I was invisible, or perhaps irrelevant, to these people.

This trio had been in the jungle juice and the sun. All three were glowing, and, notably, the young lady was obviously sans garments under her wader straps. She was apparently part of a couple, and from the conversation, I gathered that the gentlemen were brothers. I stared balefully at them—after all, this was my boulder and part of the river, not theirs—but, to no avail. The couple waded into the stream below me, and the guide made his way into the current, directly at my rising fish.

I was about to comment on the trespasser's heredity and canine ancestry when, suddenly, he disappeared from view! Gone! Deleted from the screen! I watched, bemused, and awaited his appearance downriver.

Waders billowing, our intrepid guide appeared above my position, scrambled to secure his balance, and stood up like a sodden willow after

*(Continued on page 7)*

I would like to thank you for the opportunity to attend the "Trout Camp 2014" put on by Michigan Trout Unlimited. This was the greatest experience I have ever had and was the highlight of the summer for myself. I got to fly fish, learn from knowledgeable guides and instructors, and meet new friends.

I learned so much about all of the aspects of the sport "Fly Fishing". From proper techniques on fly casting, fly tying, and reading a river. Streamer fishing was awesome. These were just some of the highlights that I took from this class. The instructors were first class as well as the guides. They always made me feel important even when I was asking questions. The staff at the lodge served great food which was greatly appreciated.

At my stay for the camp, I made some great friends and met many people that share my love for the sport of fly fishing. I plan on staying

in touch with these people and hopefully can spend some time on the river with them in the future.

Last, I would like to mention probably the area that I learned the most about and that is Trout Habitat. This was very interesting on how this helps the fish and preserves the fish and well as the river for future generations to enjoy. I may want to pursue this as a career as a fish and wildlife biologist or conservation officer.

Thank you once again and if given the opportunity to help out at future "Trout Unlimited Camps" I would jump at the opportunity. I would like to specifically thank the "Mershon Chapter "in Saginaw Michigan as well as my sponsor, Don Meyer.

I look forward to seeing you on the river.

Austin Dale Lawless

## Trout camp was the highlight of the summer for this camper

### **Cleansing,** *Continued from page 6*

the deluge. A short conversation ensued.

"Guess I might have been a little close," he mumbled.

"Probably were," I responded.

"Guess I should move a little upstream."

"Probably should. Better footing on the other bank."

"OK."

He bent over, emptied a goodly portion of the river from his waders, and gingerly moved to the shallow water on the east bank. I turned and glared at the remaining pair of

anglers standing a short cast below my position. A few fish started rising above me, and I unlimbered my rod. A few false casts, a slurping take, and the fish was on! After a short, spirited battle, I brought an eighteen-inch brown to net.

I released the fish on my downstream side, facing the somewhat stunned couple. The lady timidly inquired if the fishing was any good downstream. I answered that excellent fishing could be had beyond the last boulder, and it would be a good idea to start wading down now. They smiled sheepishly, joined hands, and walked gingerly with the current.

I caught and released one or two more decent fish on my Cleo fly.

It would be a long drive home to Rock River, and I started to work across the stream while dragging an ineffective Muddler across the rocks. I was ignored by the newly baptized guide upstream, but the couple below me waved as I passed. On the stream bank, I ignited my cheap victory cigar against the mosquito cloud, and plodded back to the parking area.

The Moody Blues may declare another day's useless images spent, but this evening, the images and memories were well spent, indeed. ◆

## The Barfly

by Snarly Windknot

It all started during one of those slow-day riverbank conversations over sandwiches and coffee. You know the kind; there just doesn't seem to be much happening, the morning rise has slowed to nothing, and you're hoping the afternoon sun and breeze will bring some action on ants or hoppers. But in the meantime, a cup of coffee and a ham and cheese on rye seems like the best option.

Bill was telling us about an idea he had for a dry fly. His plan was to come up with a fly that was different enough from existing patterns so that he could name it himself and use it in several of his newspaper columns during the coming winter when things were slow. Now, Curly is the best tier among us. I mean all four of us tie at least some of our own flies, but Bill, Mike and I all readily concede Curly ties better flies than we do. While he kind of enjoys the status that gives him in such conversations, Curly is not one to boast about his own skills or belittle those of others. We just kind of turn to him as the go-to guy on flies and the construction thereof.

Anyway, Bill was explaining to Curly why creating his own fly was important to him in terms of keeping his column interesting. It was clear that while he wanted to invent a unique fly, he didn't have a clue as to what this fly was going to look like or what it was going to be made of. He just wanted his own fly to spice up his newspaper column. It also became clear he was really hoping Curly might at least spark an idea or give him a starting point. I don't mean to imply he wanted to take one of Curly's flies and claim it as his creation. He was just hoping Curly would add some lightning and thunder to the brainstorm he was trying to generate.

Anyway, Mike said, "You realize of course, Bill, that coming up with your own fly is a lot more complicated than just deciding you want to so that you can write about it. I mean, you have to start with a need you're trying to fill, a problem you're trying to solve."

Bill quips, "Of course I realize that, and the problem I'm trying to solve is clear; I need something to liven up my midwinter column."

"That's not the kind of problem I'm talking about. I mean a problem on the stream. Curly, wouldn't you say most of the new flies you've come up with result from a problem you've encountered while in the stream?"

Curly's response was, "Well, some of them do, but I'm not sure I can say most of them do. Certainly not all of them," which really didn't help to clarify the situation a whole lot.

At this point, I felt like I had to say something or get left behind in the conversation, so I said, "Actually, I think I could come up with a unique fly just sitting at my vice kind of pawing through my materials and looking at the flies I already have."

Mike scoffed, "I've seen some of the flies you've tied. They're all pretty unique, even the ones that are supposed to represent traditional patterns."

And, Bill added, "No offense, Snarly, but most of your flies look like you left some fishhooks in the lint trap of your dryer on laundry day."

Of course, I couldn't sit still for that, so I said, "Actually, I was kind of tossing around an idea for a new fly while I was at the vice last week. Maybe I'll just put it together some night this week and bring it along when we go up to the North Branch next Saturday."

"You do that," Bill said, "and, I'll use your fly in my column next

winter, assuming it can be described in print."

Well, here we go again. Clearly I had reached a little too far, but there seemed to be no graceful way to back myself out of the corner I found myself in. So, I said I would put some time in at the tying bench that week, if my wife didn't have plans for my evenings. At which point Mike reminded me that my wife was with his wife at some out-of-town conference all week and added, "You should have lots of free time to create that fly. I can't wait to see what you come up with." Curly shot me a look that said he knew I was in trouble, but that I had gotten there all on my own and was all on my own in finding a way out of that trouble as well.

I have to confess, I'm pretty slow when it comes to tying flies, and those that I do tie are not what you would call works of art. To be perfectly frank, frizzy, fat and flimsy probably best describe my flies, and that's the good ones. But, I had left myself with little wiggle room on this one, so a couple nights later, after enjoying an absolutely delicious microwaved something-or-other for dinner (remember, I was bach'n it), I sat down at my tying vice, surrounded by tying materials of every color and description, hoping the creative juices would quickly start to flow. What I left the vice with six hours and multiple false starts later was something bundled on a size 14, 2X long dry fly hook that looked best when held out to the side and viewed through your peripheral vision.

But, I had no choice. It's all I had. It was the best I could do. The only thing more embarrassing than showing up on Saturday morning with the fly I had created was showing up on Saturday morning with nothing. So, come Saturday, I put it in my fly box and headed for Mike's house, where we had agreed

we would meet and carpool to the North Branch.

On the trip up, nothing was said about my fly-tying efforts, and I kind of thought maybe the whole thing had been forgotten. But when we reached the river and started to string up our rods, Curly remarked that he spotted some tan caddis in the bushes and suggested that might be a good pattern to start with, or at least have on hand as the sun went down. Then, Mike spoke up and said, “Hey, Snarly, are you going to start with that new fly you were going to invent this week?”

And, Bill chimed in and said, “Yeah, Snarly, where is that fly? I want to

see it—get a look at what I’m going to write about.”

Slyly, I said, “Well, this isn’t really the time of day for it. It’s really more of an impressionistic late-evening pattern.”

Bill says, “Yeah, well, get it out here and give us a look at it. Let us judge when it would best be used.”

So, I opened my fly box and took out my new pattern and held it out for all to see. Curly, with uncharacteristic kindness, just shook his head and walked away. Mike tried to scoff and laugh at the same time, which came out sounding more like he was choking. Bill took one look and said

sarcastically, “I hope you have a name for this thing, because I sure don’t know what to call it. I’m not even sure I can describe it. This I can say—you were right when you said it would look best in late evening. I’m thinking it would look best after dark.”

“Well, it does appear a bit fuzzy and I’ll admit it’s best if you see it in low light, after a brew or two, and don’t look too close. That’s why I named it what I did. I call it the Barfly.”

Bill and Mike both shook their heads in disbelief and Curly just kept on walking. ♦

## Salmon-in-the-classroom ends a huge success

by Don Albrecht,  
chapter president

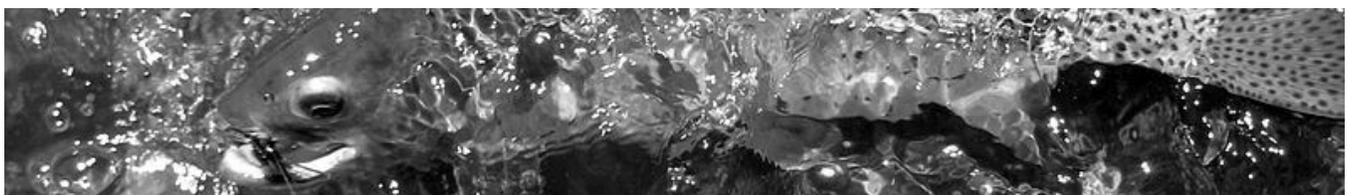
Our salmon-in-the-classroom project ended this year with a successful release of the fry in June. After a disappointing start, where all of the eggs were diseased, the second batch of eggs resulted in over 75 fry being released in the river. Mr. Rafaelli, the 4th-grade teacher in Owosso, did a great job teaching the students about salmon and salmon habitat. Then, on an early morning in June, the entire class gathered at the river and took turns releasing the fry into the river. Great job Mr. Rafaelli!

This year, we have TWO projects. Owosso Schools will run the program again, and we are adding Vassar Schools. Good luck to both classes in the coming year.



## Mershon Chapter of Trout Unlimited 2014-2015 Funding

Applicant/Contact	Project	Project Type	Purpose	Mershon Funding
Huron Pines Garrett Noyes Project Manager	Rifle River Watershed Restoration Project	Identify, inventory, and rank impact sites and implement management plans	Implement an EPA-approved watershed management plan to ensure the protection and restoration of the Rifle River and its tributaries.	\$2,000
Kalamazoo Chapter TU Greg Potter	Michigan Trout and Conservation School	Education	Fund counselor costs , transportation costs, and other miscellaneous costs	3 campers = \$1,050
Cedars for the Au Sable Howard Johnson	Upper Au Sable and Manistee Rivers cedar plantings	Habitat	Funds requested to purchase northern white-cedar seedling and protective enclosures for planting	\$500
Au Sable Big Water Preservation Association Tom Buhr	Au Sable River Big Water Cleanup	Habitat	Funds will be used to purchase supplies related to cleanup and provide dumpsters for trash	\$500
MITU Council Dan Keifer	Upper Au Sable Watershed Monitoring Project	Executive Director Support	Support for Water Use Policy, Dam Removal, Natural Resource Policy, Conservation Advocacy, Education, and Leadership	\$1,500
Anglers of the Au Sable Joe Hemming	Au Sable River Annual Clean Up	Habitat	Purchase materials related to the annual Au Sable Clean Up Project	\$250
MI TU Kristin Thomas	Habitat Mapping and Base Flow Measurement	Habitat	Financial support for interns involved in monitoring the Rapid, Boardman, Manistee and Gun Rivers	\$1,000
Mason-Griffith Founders Chapter TU David Smith	Habitat Improvement LWD Placement	Habitat	Install LWD between Grayling and Wakeley Bridge 2 <sup>nd</sup> Year Support	\$500
Au Sable River Property Owners Association David Smith	Invasive Species Removal	Habitat	Purple Loosestrife Eradication Program Equipment Purchase	\$250
Rifle River Clean Up Cole Canoe Camp BSA Gus Chutorash	River Clean Up May- August 2014	Habitat	Funds will be used to purchase supplies related to cleanup and provide dumpsters for trash	\$500
<b>Total Funding</b>				<b>\$8,050</b>



**WILLIAM B. MERSHON CHAPTER  
OF TROUT UNLIMITED  
2014-2015**

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*www.Mershon-TU.org*

## Special thanks to our sponsors:

The Mershon Chapter of Trout Unlimited wishes to extend a heart-felt thank you to these businesses and individuals. Their generous support helps to defray the costs associated with distributing this Muddler.

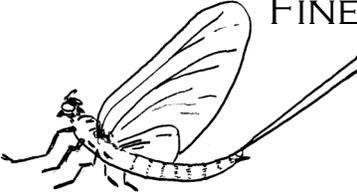
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# 20-Plus

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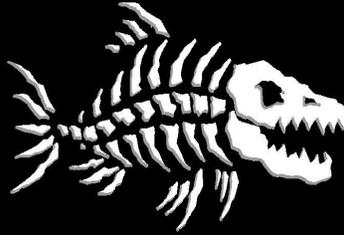
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Capt. Todd Zwetzig

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## Clip and Save: Mershon Event Calendar

### Fall Outing

Saginaw Gun Club

*Monday, October 13, 2014*

*4:00 p.m.~ Shooting Begins, 7:00 p.m.~ Dinner*

### Walleye Dinner

American Legion Hall

*Monday, January 19th, 2015*

### Grin and Grub

Tri City Brewing Co., 3020 N. Water St. in Bay City, at 6 p.m.

*Thursday, February 26th, 2015*

### Spring Fundraising Banquet

*Friday, April 17th, 2015*

### Rifle River Clean-Up

*Saturday, September 19th, 2015*

**Monthly Board Meetings:** 5:30–7:00 pm, 1st Wednesday of each month

at Case Funeral Home, Mackinaw Road, Saginaw

*—No meetings during summer months—*

# THE MERSHON MUDDLER

◆ Newsletter of the William B. Mershon Chapter of Trout Unlimited ◆  
P.O. Box 6920 Saginaw, MI 48608-6920

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**YES!** Please begin my one-year introductory membership in Trout Unlimited at the rate I have checked at right. I understand my dues payment entitles me to all regular membership benefits, including a TU decal, personal membership card and quarterly issues of *Trout* magazine with *Action Line*.

Please check membership category:

- New member membership (\$17.50)
- Regular membership (\$35) / r 3 years (\$90)
- Family membership (\$50) / r 3 years (\$100)
- Sponsoring contributor (\$100)\*
- Conservator contributor (250)\*
- Individual Life (\$1,000) (*No further dues*)\*
- Family Life (\$1,100) (*Husband and Wife*)\*
- Senior (62 and over) membership (\$20)
- Full-time Student/Youth (under 18) (\$20)
- Business membership (\$200)



*All contributions over \$12 are tax deductible.*

*\*Note: special benefits provided for these membership categories.*

*\*\*Make checks payable to: TROUT UNLIMITED*

*Clip and mail this application to join TU today!*

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*(Please remember that board members can help you sign up new members at the membership rate of \$17.50 and that all of this money comes back to the Mershon chapter if the membership application references our chapter #20.)*