

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

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
Todd Zwetzig

Last week in our English 10 class, our focus was on Hemingway, specifically “The Big Two-Hearted River.” Prior to reading it, we had discussed Hemingway and his ties to Michigan. Our discussion naturally turned to fly fishing and a few of our rivers, specifically the Fox and Two Hearted. During the discussion, I realized how busy I have been this winter. Usually, I’m on the river at least once a week. But with my kids’ sports and a rental property that I had to remodel, I have missed some serious river time. As we read through the first couple paragraphs of “The Big Two-Hearted River,” a couple sentences stuck out to me:



Todd Zwetzig, chapter president

“Nick looked at the burned-over stretch of hillside, where he had expected to find the scattered houses of the town and then walked down the railroad track to the bridge over the river. The river was there.”

Even though I haven’t been on the river lately, Hemingway reminded me it is there waiting. And as the days get longer, it is a reminder that we are getting closer to

*(See **Meanders**, page 2)*

Clip and Save: Mershon Event Calendar

More complete information and updates will be found on our website (mershon-tu.org/news) and FaceBook page (facebook.com/mershon.tu).

Spring Banquet
SVSU’s Curtis Hall

Thursday, April 23, 2020

Women ‘n Waders Event
Saginaw Bay Visitors Center, Bay City State Park

Saturday, May 23, 2020

New Chapter Name: Mershon- Neumann Heritage Chapter

by Howard N. Johnson,
chapter director

On the recommendation of the Board of Directors, the members present at the chapter's annual meeting on January 20, 2020, voted unanimously to change the name of our chapter to the Mershon-Neumann Heritage Chapter of Trout Unlimited. The change of the chapter name was to recognize both local conservationist William B. Mershon and Arthur C. Neumann for their life-long achievements.

The Board of Directors considered many factors while discussing the motion to recommend to the membership the change in our chapter's name. Over fifty years ago, when our chapter was first formed, Saginaw had, at that time, been the national office of Trout Unlimited—manned by the first full time Executive Director, Art Neumann. In those early 1960's, no one thought to make Saginaw a chapter because Saginaw was the national office at the time, and Art was the reason.

A few years later when the national office moved to the east coast, our

Saginaw chapter was formed, and a name needed to be established. The most famous local Michigan conservationist was William B. Mershon (1856-1943). Mershon's early twentieth century appreciation for conservation issues aligned nicely with Trout Unlimited's philosophies.

We are all aware of Art's contributions to the early forming of this organization that was founded on the banks of the Au Sable River in 1959. Art was the first national vice president and then, after taking a two-year leave of absence from Eaton Manufacturing, he became the first full-time national executive director. He traveled throughout the United States promoting the TU mission to conserve, protect and restore North America's cold-water fisheries and their watersheds.

To quote Dr. Bryan Burroughs, current executive director of MITU, "it was Art Neumann's singular vision that provided the spark necessary to galvanize the membership and overcome obstacles as they popped up. During Art's two - plus years as TU's executive director, he propelled the organization to national prominence by doubling the size of the organization through the addition of 30 chapters." Today, there are over 300,000 members in 400 chapters. TU is the world's largest coldwater conservation organization...and it all

started here in Michigan. Many believe, if it were not for the tireless and dedicated work of Art Neumann in the early years, this "Michigan idea" would never have blossomed into a national leader in aquatic conservation.

As the years passed by... Art's dedication to the early years of Trout Unlimited were recognized. Art was inducted into the Fly-Fishing Hall of Fame in 2008, and more recently, he was inducted into the Saginaw Hall of Fame.

Following Art's passing in the spring of 2016 at the age of 99 years, the chapter's directors began early discussions about the concept of including Art's name within the chapter's name as a way to recognize his achievements and contributions to our local chapter, the Michigan Council, and Trout Unlimited National. At the November 2019 board of directors meeting, the motion to recommend to the membership the name change was passed by majority vote and adopted by the membership at the 2020 annual meeting. ♦



**Mershon-Neumann
Heritage Chapter**
— of Trout Unlimited —

Meanders, cont. from page 1

spring. And with spring, there are new fishing opportunities. It won't be long until we are casting dry flies—a method that seems almost forgotten after the long winter. Steelhead will start to run up river. Casting streamers for aggressive browns will also start to heat up on stretches of river that will soon reopen.

This also means that our Spring banquet is right around the corner. I hope all of you are planning to attend this year. We are again having it at Saginaw Valley State University on Thursday, April 23rd, 2020. It is going to be a great time with lots of stuff to bid on. This is our biggest fundraising event of the year. We need it to be successful if we are going to fulfill our mission of helping to preserve and protect our coldwater fisheries in Michigan. Come on out and

support your chapter and help us make sure that the river will always be there for us.

Have a great spring and summer. I hope you have some time this season to enjoy some great fishing with family and friends. AND, I hope to see you at our spring banquet. ♦

Banquet News

by Chrissy Smith, chapter secretary

It certainly looks and feels like winter out there. Time to stay inside a warm house or office—and start thinking about and planning for spring and the William B Mershon's Annual Fundraising Banquet. This year, the banquet will be held on **Thursday, April 23**, at Saginaw Valley State University's Curtiss Hall.

The event starts at 5:30pm, giving you time before dinner to purchase a cocktail and check out the fabulous

items displayed on the Silent Auction and bucket raffle tables, as well as time to catch up with friends and fishing buddies and share a few stories. We'll have a 50/50 drawing, card raffles, the very exciting Trout Bingo games, and other fun ways for you to support your chapter by buying chances to bid high and win!!

Remember, this is the biggest fundraising event of the year! The chapter relies on it to generate the money needed to fund improvement projects on the Au Sable and Rifle Rivers and support educational opportunities. If you have purchased an item(s) that you would like to donate for the auction or raffle tables,

please contact either Michelle Minnis at 989-698-6004 or Chrissy Smith at 989-893-3792.

Save the date now—**Thursday, April 23**. Your invitation will arrive later this month and, like last year, you will be able to purchase your banquet tickets online. Go to *Mershon-TU.org* soon for additional information. Any questions—contact Andy Ludy at *ajludy@gmail.com* or Todd Zwetzig at *toddzwetzig@gmail.com*. We hope to see all of you at the banquet!! ♦



TROUT  UNLIMITED

Mershon-Neumann Heritage Chapter ANNUAL FUNDRAISER BANQUET

**Thursday, April 23, 2020
5:30PM**

Admission: \$50 Adults, \$20 Youth Under 18
Saginaw Valley State University's Curtis Hall

DINNER | SILENT AUCTION | RAFFLES | DRAWINGS | TROUT BINGO

www.Mershon-TU.org

Flyfisherperson Tropes

(“truths” about us)

by Bob Kren, chapter advisor
and, occasionally,
Mr. Flyfisherpersonguy

In the last issue of the MM, we explored common misconceptions about our sport, as not so truthfully represented by the advertising media (and sometimes FFI and TU, sad to say). What the public, as I’ve heard many of them whine, thinks of us practitioners as our being some glamorous group, is the topic of this issue’s brief thesis. The following are all “apparentlies.”

We like no adult beverage other than single-malt scotch whisky, even though some of it tastes like dirt. Expensive dirt, but dirt just the same. The more it costs, the more it tastes, even if the taste rhymes with “hurt.” My own wooziness factor centers on beer (Bier, gbdj, bière, and as many more words as Google can provide). The usual sequence is 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., the cheap stuff; 4 p.m. to 8 p.m., the good stuff; and later’n 8 p.m., back to Milwaukee’s Beast. Repeat as needed.

We all are moneyed, come by (semi-?) legally, of course. Private jet, anyone? My personal private jet can secure me some alone time in any environment, unless I’m wearing waders at the instant of the eruption. Shouldn’t breathable waders make whatever’s inside them into something breathable? Maybe a more expensive pair is what I need.

Flyfishers appear to be exclusionary, neither welcoming nor tolerant of anybody but our own breed. Why, we go so far as to have our own shoppes, which are mostly clothing, but lotsa flyfishing stuff, too. How we ever manage to clump together is a mystery to me, and if it weren’t for FFI and TU, we would, apparently, never associate with fellow practitioners at all. Face it, we want the waters to ourselves, and we always spread out on the river. Parking lots may be, except for poorly-attended chapter meetings, the only place we talk with one another. Did any of us ever try to convert a worm-drowner to a better sport? I wouldn’t go so far as to call us “snobbish,” but our glowering at lesser beings can’t help in recruiting acolytes.

We are, for the most part, largely dismissive of other forms of fishing, especially those that involve “catch and keep.” To quote the Bard of Flyfishing (don’t you wish you knew who that is?), “If God didn’t mean for us to eat ‘em, She wouldn’t have made ‘em taste so good.” We’d like to think we’re purists, but many of us just ain’t so pure.

Maybe it’s how, um, . . . uniquely we dress ourselves for sport, that separates us so starkly from the *hoi polloi* (Sorry, couldn’t resist. See how easily it becomes possible to be judgmental? Not that I am, of course, any more than the rest of us Enlightened.). Deep-sea divers, with their air hoses and helmets and canvas suits, are barely as recognizable as we. Even if we all wore tuxedos onstream, we still couldn’t be more distinguished than we already are. Is there really a reason to wear a fishing vest, or waders, in a driftboat? I don’t think.

Our appearance gives the impression of urbanity, our jargon the semblance of edumification, probably at Harvard or Yale or Delta. We drop names, famous to us, meaningless to others: the use of first names, like “Kelly” or “Lefty” (actually Bernard) or “Gary” (Borger, a real goniff, in my experience*) adds both glitz and confusion.

We never perform bodily functions in sight of anybody else, unless we’re on a guided Alaskan tour involving large carnivores and refried beans (which really don’t change all that much, passing through). Has there ever been a fable of any of the gods, even one of the thirty million Hindoo deities, that answers the question “Does a god @^*% in the woods?” Nope.

We could go on, but let’s stop: flytying is an entirely different topic of misunderstanding; all our tweeds are purchased on Fifth Avenue; we wear hip boots and specialized things, like hoodies that make us look like we’re on our way to rob a bank; our boats are different from all others, and have names for their style; we own too many rods; we keep the guiding industry viable; we travel to exotic places (when the best are right here); we’re the bookreadingest sportspersons, except maybe for golfers, of all. Recognize any of these? I’m guilty of them, too.

* See how easy it is to drop names? I share this opinion with everybody who’s met Him. --RMK ◆



A Lasting Peace

by Larry Brown, chapter director

One morning at my camp in the Upper Peninsula, I heard a strange knock at the front door. Upon opening the door, I saw a slender stranger with deep circles under his eyes, a broad brimmed hat, and red plaid mackinaw shirt. It was obvious that he had seen better days. He introduced himself as “Tom Smith.” He said he had just moved in up the road from us. He asked, “Do you mind if I launch my canoe so my Dad and I can go pike fishing?”

I said, “ Sure go right ahead, but they don’t bite too good when it gets hot out.”

Tom replied, “ Alright, we’ll see what happens. I’ll see you tomorrow afternoon.” As he walked away, I thought I saw a pistol holstered under his shirt.

Sure enough, Tom showed up with his dad and his canoe. They seemed to know what they were doing, so I limited my advice to a simple, “Good Luck.” As often happens, they did not need my blessing. They came in with two nice ones close to thirty inches. They also had a story about another one they lost. They saw a head that was eight inches wide just before it shook loose of the hook. They named the big one “Jaws.”

This lead into a long conversation about pike fishing, perch fishing, and, finally, trout fishing. At the time, I knew very little about trout

beyond worms and bobbers. That was about to change. Being new to the area, Tom had little idea where to find good trout fishing. The local code among anglers was a code of silence. If you knew of a hot spot, you just kept it to yourself. If you told anyone anything, it was usually a half truth wrapped in a lie.

On the other hand, Tom had the skills to find his own fishing holes, and he did not have to look far. This all came out when I asked him why he constantly carried a sidearm. It turns out that Tom had served in the Army during the Vietnam War. Walking in the woods and reading a map were second nature. He preferred to do his walking and fishing at dusk or at night. He liked to find a meandering stretch of creek with a few deep holes interspersed with runs and riffles. Then, he would return that night to commence fishing. It was a good way for him to relax. Afterwards, when he got home, he could actually sleep.

Tom had brought home much of his war experiences. Sometimes while fishing, he would talk about it. If a helicopter or plane flew over, he might hide under the floor of his shed. Sometimes, he would get the shakes so bad, he could hardly hold his fly rod. And, he was always armed with a fully loaded 45-caliber pistol. He took strong medication to quell frequent nightmares. Over several years of trout fishing, the stories started to tumble out of him. But, the fishing came first.

He was full of sage advice. He always walked along the bank following deer trails to avoid stirring up the fish. Once he found a good bend or log jam, he would slowly enter the water, then

wait about ten minutes before he began to cast. “You only need a few dry flies, a few nymphs, and some streamers.” He always had an Adams, a hopper, a muddler, and a mickey finn. “Always toss your fly across the stream into the bubble line. Let it drift near some over head cover, like a log or a sweeper. Throw the fly in front of that rock, next to that undercut bank. Always plan ahead as to where you will fight the fish. Set the hook with a sweeping motion, not a sharp jerk. Pull him out of that logjam and walk him downstream. You only need a few flies, but you have to put them quietly in the right spot. Keep the rod sideways with a good bend in it. If he wants to run, let him. Just reel easy, while keeping tension on the line. Don’t try to net him until he floats on his side.”

We fished together for many years. I soaked up his advice like a sponge. He always moved in a quiet stealthy manner. His casts were often short, but they always had a smooth landing. The drifts had little drag. I was always amazed at the size and number of the fish that were brought to the net. We caught mostly Brook Trout, with some outsized Brown Trout. Occasionally, a Steelhead or Coho would show up. We kept a few fish for the table. For me, it was a thoroughly enjoyable education. But, Tom was not far removed from his past.

On one fishing trip, after an outbreak of the shakes, he began talking of his war experiences. He had a titanium femur in his right leg and a reconstructed sphincter. After walking point on patroland having

(See *Peace*, page 6)



Peace, continued from page 5

114 confirmed kills, he had been a POW for seven months. His medication often did not work well enough to let him sleep. The best therapy was being active in the woods, and that often involved fishing. His wife instinctively knew when it was time for him to go fishing. When she observed restless sleep, little appetite, frequent shakes, and plenty of blank stares, the memories of trauma had come back again. She would suggest that he go.

The woods and rivers offered welcome relief—the smell of the pines, the wind in the trees, the rattling water of the rapids, the sculpted driftwood, the colorful mosaic of rounded stones on the stream bottom, the glowing red streaks of each unique sunset. Often, he would see Mergansers with babies, a family of otters, or a doe with a fawn. Sometimes, he would find a fresh bear track in the wet sand. This was where he truly relaxed. The fishing was just another excuse to be there.

Over the years, I lost touch with Tom. He was growing old and thin, and the neighborhood kids were stealing his meds from his mailbox. One teenager caught in the act found himself in a ranger chokehold that constricted his carotid artery and his jugular vein. That teenager left the mailbox alone. Tom rarely had the urge or the energy to fish anymore.

The last time I saw him was during a winter skiing trip to the U.P. We stopped in between the holidays. He answered the door with a dazed look and a sheepish grin and said, “How have you been? I haven’t seen you guys in quite awhile.” We walked in to find the house stripped bare except for one lazyboy chair and a Christmas tree decorated in Miller High Life

cans. The room was a study of circles. A circle of beer cans and pizza boxes surrounded his chair. Boxes of medals were in the corner: two Purple Hearts, Two Bronze Stars, and a POW medal. He sat whimpering in his chair sipping a beer. His wife had moved out and taken almost everything. He was at a loss as far as what to do. We sat and talked for several hours. When he seemed better, we left.

The next day, we dropped in again. This time he was happy, upbeat, and in much better shape. The neighbor had

informed the VA of his condition, and a member of his Army unit had dropped by to see him. After he resumed his medication regimen, his mood had positively stabilized. He was sure he would make it, so we headed home. When we visited the next spring, his house was vacant, and I could not find a forwarding address. I never saw or heard from him again. Sometimes when I walk the rivers up there, I feel like he is at my shoulder. Wherever he is, I hope he has found lasting peace. ♦


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Women n' Waders

by Laurie Seibert,
chapter vice president

The fourth annual Women n' Waders event will be Saturday, May 16, 2020, at the Saginaw Bay Visitor's Center, from 8:30 am to 3:30 pm. Women of all levels of experience will be instructed in skills required for safe and fun fly fishing. Knot tying, gear selection, matching the hatch, tying flies, and casting are covered by experts within small groups.

All equipment and lunch will be provided. Your only responsibility is to dress for the weather. Registration is \$20. Space is limited, and this event is always sold out, so register early.

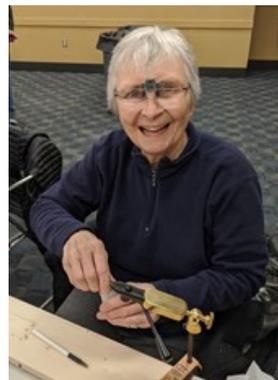
To enroll, visit the DNR's Outdoor Skills Academy page at www.michigan.gov/dnr. ♦



Women Fly Tying

by Laurie Seibert,
chapter vice president

February 8, 2020, marked the second annual Women's Fly Tying Day. Twelve women met at the Wirt Library in Bay City for a morning spent learning to tie three basic flies. Tool and material selection was discussed, while each participant practiced half hitches and thread wrapping and became skilled in using a variety of materials, from hair to foam, while creating several flies (almost) guaranteed to catch fish. ♦



Nominees needed for the Mershon Chapter Awards

Art Neumann has often said that we contribute to Trout Unlimited by volunteering our Time, our Talent, and our Treasure. T.U., and especially the William B. Mershon Chapter, is a grassroots organization that works because we are blessed with a membership that contributes these three T's in abundance. We work for coldwater conservation, not to hear praise nor for plaques to hang on our walls, but rather because we love trout, rivers, and the environs in which they flourish.

Even though Mershon chapter members don't seek (or expect) recognition for their trout-saving work, it's still darn nice to get a pat on the back once in a while. For that reason, your board of directors in 1999 formed a committee to develop an awards program. That committee decided to recognize individuals for their contributions by creating four awards which are

named after Mershon chapter members. What follows is a description of each of the four awards and the criteria used to select the recipients.

The Art Neumann General Membership Award is given to a member not currently serving on the Board of directors, and who has given exemplary service to the Mershon chapter. Art Neumann, of course, is one of the original "Founding Fathers" of Trout Unlimited. He was one of the men who met at George Griffith's Au Sable River home in 1959 and helped to begin T.U.

The Harold Kleinert Volunteer of the Year Award is given to a member who has shown outstanding service to the chapter during that particular year. Harold Kleinert was a long-time leader in the Mershon chapter. In the early 1980's, Harold spearheaded the founding of the Rifle River Watershed Committee and the efforts on conservation work on the watershed that continues to this day.

The Howard Woolever Extended Service Award is presented to a member for many years of service to the chapter. The late Howard Woolever was a banker in Saginaw and served for many years as Mershon

chapter treasurer. Howard set a standard of excellence in that demanding job of treasurer and financial guardian.

The Reverend Bruce Hatch Resource Professional Award is presented to a person who works in the field of natural resources conservation. The late Bruce Hatch was a Methodist Minister and served the chapter for several years as a director and vice president.

Now, here is the part where all of you as Mershon chapter members come in. The awards committee can very much use your help. We are always looking for deserving members to recognize, and you might certainly bring someone to our attention that we might otherwise overlook. You can email your nominations to Todd Zwetzig at zwetzig@e-hps.net. Please include the full name of the nominee, the award nominated for, and a brief letter of support detailing why you think the nominee is deserving of the award. Take a few minutes and give these nominations some thought. The Mershon Chapter Awards are presented each year during our spring fundraising banquet in April. ♦

Fly-Fishing Film Tour

by Todd Zwetzig,
chapter president

What a great night! I would like to thank Bo Brines of Little Forks Outfitters for helping the Mershon-Neuman Heritage Chapter of Trout Unlimited bring the 2020 Fly Fishing Film Tour to the State Theatre in Bay City. We had well over 150 people in attendance! Again this year we teamed up with the Saginaw Basin Land Conservancy to make the event even better. We also had the

support of Scientific Anglers of Midland who donated a ton of swag that many of our members walked away with. Since the event was such a success I am happy to announce we have already booked State Theatre for the 2021 fly fishing film tour on February 16th, 2021! Next year we plan to raise the bar and try and double our attendance! Thank you to all our members who came out and supported the show. I would also like to personally thank our dedicated board of directors and advisors who supported this event and helped out the night of the show. Without such dedicated individuals we would not be able to bring you events like this. ♦



Reflections on seasons past

by Larry Brown, chapter director

During the off season, the mind of the trout fisherman tends to wander back to seasons past. One of my earliest recollections involved boys, bicycles, and brook trout. My friend and I were the boys. Together, we decided to go fishing for brook trout in a small creek near Ann Arbor, Michigan. We held our rods across the handlebars and held our tackle boxes by hand, as we rode through a thunderstorm for a few miles to a tributary of the Huron River. Once there, we commenced fishing with worms and bobbers. Oddly enough, the fish were cooperative and good sized. We kept two apiece, and rode home in wet pants over muddy roads to receive a scolding from our moms. Then, we fried the fish.

Fast forward several years to a steelhead trip that took place during my long years at college. We heard the steelhead were running well in a tributary of the Grand River, west of Grand Rapids, so we got up before dawn and commenced fishing. My first class was at eleven. I got skunked, but my partner hooked a big one on a big red and yellow streamer. He brought it in and asked to use my stringer. With the fish tied

to the bank, we returned to fishing. Later on as we packed up to leave, he lifted the stringer, only to watch as the rope broke and the fish took off downstream. After a frantic chase, we cornered the fish against the bank and took him home to feed hungry room mates and ourselves. Later that morning, I met with one of my professors to discuss my grade. During our conversation he asked, "What's that fishy smell?"

As an under-employed college graduate, I found myself working in a saloon in central Michigan. During a lull between serving burgers, slinging beer, and breaking up fights, I often listened to the patrons tell fishing stories. One night, I overheard a patron divulge the location of a good trout stream within a short distance from town. At the time, trout fishing was still somewhat unfamiliar to me. Being September, I commenced fishing the first chance I had. My equipment was skimpy: a cheap fly rod, a few flies, and my knee high boots. Throwing streamers next to the log jams, I saw a large dark head peek out and engulf the fly. I set the hook, slipped in the mud, and split my pants from crotch to waist. The hook was driven well into the jaw-bone of an eighteen-inch brown trout. As I struggled to stand up, the fight was on. The trout's back made a large wake as he cruised downstream. My equipment appeared too small for the fish, and the fish seemed too big for the creek. The

line was singing out as he bent my rod almost in half.

After about twenty minutes, he rolled on his side, and I brought him in. His tail stuck two or three inches out of the net, and I had a bad case of the "shakes." Since that time, I have seen and caught larger trout in that river, but none have been more memorable for me. I hooked the trout, but the art of trout fishing had hooked me.

Each year, I still look forward to the coming season. My interest has grown, my equipment has improved, and my technique has become more sophisticated. I spend a great deal of time on the water seeking big fish in beautiful places. I release many of the fish after they are caught, and I still get the "shakes" after netting a large one. Now, I find that teaching others to fish for trout is very satisfying.

As the new season approaches, all of us look forward to making more memories from our time on the water. Try to fish new water and try new methods. Meet new people who enjoy their time on the water as much as you. Perhaps, I will see you out there.

Good luck! ♦





**William B. Mershon Chapter Trout Unlimited
Funding Request Application
Applications due April 24, 2020**

Date of Application _____

Applicant Information

Name of Organization or Person Applying: _____

Street Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip Code: _____

Contact Person: _____ email: _____

Project Information:

Project Title/Description:

Location of Project:

Amount requested from William B. Mershon Chapter of Trout Unlimited: _____

Organization's own funding commitment? _____ Total Project Cost: _____

Identify the problem being addressed by the project, including why the project is needed.

What will this project do to resolve the problem and what are the benefits expected from the project?

How specifically will our chapter's funds be used? Please provide project financials
Use additional pages if necessary

Questions and submitted to:
Paul Morand,
Funding Committee Chairperson,
William B. Mershon Chapter of Trout Unlimited,
401 Valerie Ct. Essexville, MI 48732.
pmorand@hotmail.com; 989-297-9156

It is understood that funding recipients will provide photos with captions and/or articles at the end of the project or activity suitable for publishing to the email address or mailing address above.

WILLIAM B. MERSHON CHAPTER OF TROUT UNLIMITED 2019-2020

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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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WILLIAM B. MERSHON CHAPTER OF TROUT UNLIMITED

**BOARD OF DIRECTORS
 MEETING SCHEDULE**

*All Board meetings will be held on the first Wednesday of the month
 at 5:30 p.m. at W.L. Case Funeral Home, 4480 Mackinaw Road, Saginaw*

Wednesday, April 8, 2020
 Wednesday, May 6, 2020
 Wednesday, September 2, 2020
 Wednesday, October 7, 2020

—No meetings during summer months—

**We welcome you to attend any of the board meetings.
 Your input is an invaluable resource in our efforts to serve the resources we enjoy.**

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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TROUT  UNLIMITED

Mershon-Neumann Heritage Chapter
ANNUAL FUNDRAISER BANQUET

Thursday, April 23, 2020

5:30PM



Admission: \$50 Adults, \$20 Youth Under 18
Saginaw Valley State University's Curtis Hall

DINNER | SILENT AUCTION | RAFFLES | DRAWINGS | TROUT BINGO

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