

## RCFF Board

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# Tippets, Tapers & Tales

## President's Message - September 2018

### Greetings Red Cedar Fly Fishers

Well It's almost the end of August and that means summer is coming to an end. Where has the time gone? I hope your year has been filled with large fish, and many of them.



Currently the board and I are finalizing the September program, so stay tuned. Before we meet on September 11, we are committed to a river cleanup near Grayling with Gates Lodge. Join us Saturday September 8 for a nice walk down the river, followed by a fantastic luncheon and recently live music, FREE. Be sure to let Bob Kren know if you'll be attending as he is our point man on this project.

Another reminder, annual dues have been raised to....wait for it..... \$15 per individual. Yes we have always paid \$10, but times have changed in the past thirty plus years. I promise we won't raise dues again this year (unless the rest of the board outvotes me).

We have some important business to take care of so mark your calendar to attend the second Tuesday of September.

See you there,

John



1981 McKenzie Cup Winners

The Red Cedar Fly Fishers is a Charter Club of Fly Fishers International.

It's purpose is to promote fly-fishing through Education, Restoration and Conservation

## Official State Sports, by Bob Kren, RCFFer

Well, sports fans, Jerry “Moonbeam” Brown just named surfing as the official state sport of California. Here’s a couple of suggestions for other states. Tropes, anybody?

- New Mexico (state motto “Presse Uno por Español”) Favorite sport is welcoming illegal aliens with arms. And with barbed wire enclosures, and tent cities. Honestly, isn’t there enough desert and desolation to go around? Exactly who, other than politicians running for office, cares if others take over the countryside, just as long as you don’t give ‘em any water, or “agua,” as one increasing must say.
- Michigan (state motto “If you seek a pleasant peninsula, plug your ears”). Gotta be “Driving Noisy Outdoor Vehicles.” Whether it’s snowmobiles blasting through a forest, or ATV’s abusing the calm of a dune, we’re all for motorized anything. Why, just imagine revving up a 20 hp flyrod, yanking them fish in in seconds, sailing a cast two counties over, pulling down a tree that snatched a fly.
- Alabama (state motto “A Mind is a Terrible Thing”) The approved state sport for this fly overstate is watching ‘Bama football. For most of the fans, the only way they’d get into college is in a vat of formaldehyde, but that doesn’t prevent good ol’ boys from painting their faces red, guzzling antifreeze, taking off most of their clothes, and cheering like, well, good ol’ boys. The fact that U of A has a fly fishing team likely escapes them. True story – met a few team members down on the Norfolk. Those good young boys sure could catch fish!
- West Virginia (state motto “A Mine is a Terrific Thing”)’s fave is “Polluting in a Good Way,” if by “good” you mean “for me.” Got a streambed that needs sulfuric acid? We’re here for you. Mountaintop that pleads for scalping? We’re right on it, say these holler dwellers. Black lung is a great aid to x-ray reading, makes a nice contrast agent.
- Arkansas’ (state motto “Nice Tooth”) favorite sport is “Chasing Away Yankees.” If it weren’t for the great tailwater fishing, nobody from “Up North” would ever put up with the locals’ idea that the South, or Dear ol’ Dixie, actually won the Civil War, all other reports being Yankee fake news from 153 years ago. Having attended a meeting of TU Chapter 698, Mountain Home AR, I can personally vouch for the accuracy of this entry.
- Washington (state motto “We’re not California but We Pretend That We Are”): coffee drinking, despite the fact that nobody can taste the difference between the various roasts and varieties. Grunge bands, poor imitations of Silicon Valley, martinis – wait! There’s much more to Washington than just Seattle, but you’d never know it, to read the news from out there. Just wait for the Cascadia fault to let loose, there’ll be tons of broken glass. My wife and I were in Aberdeen WN when the Satsop quake let loose, back in 1999. Rock and roll!
- Montana (“Billionaires Welcome” is on their license plates) What a choice of sports!: flyfishinghunting, horseback riding, skiing, skinny dipping -- but the most favoriteist sport is fishing for huge trout with worms. Brookies, browns, cutthroats, cuttbows, and rainbows are all just protein out there. Second most favorite is looking over your shoulder to see if’n the game warden is sneakin’ up on you: you, and your twenty-seven-fish-over-the-limit stringer of trout.

More to come.

## The Best Conservation Program You Never Heard of Nears End

One of the primary resources for conserving public spaces and creating access for public recreation in the United States has taken a backseat to bigger headlines. And without action, the Land and Water Conservation Fund is about to disintegrate.

**The Land and Water Conservation Fund (LWCF) is about to expire.** And if the government takes no action, it will go away on September 30. That will leave funding holes at both the state and federal levels that likely won't be filled for years to come.

The [LWCF](#) has benefitted American communities and open spaces for more than five decades. But the majority of Americans aren't even aware of its existence.

At the state level, the [program funds](#) everything from city pools to public beach access. And its grant program has completed [over 40,000 projects](#) since its 1964 inception.

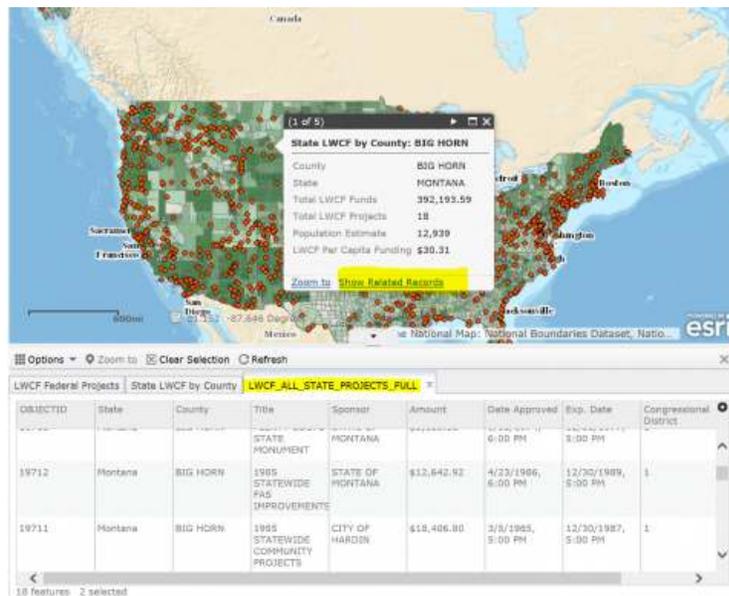
The federal government also uses these funds to acquire land and easements that make 640 million public acres more accessible. Examples include national parks, national forests, wild and scenic rivers, and more.

The beauty of the LWCF lies in the program's funding source. It's entirely funded by offshore oil and gas leases. Taxpayers feel no burden. American communities are able to see the benefits of oil and gas leasing right in their own neighborhoods, and [the success of this program speaks for itself](#) when it comes to bettering the American quality of life.

### LWCF Success Stories

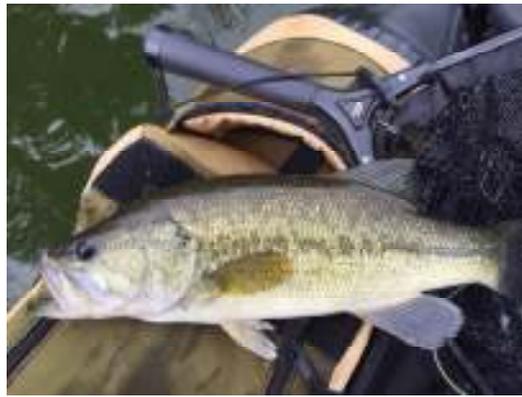
If you're curious as to how the LWCF has impacted your community, you can [use The Wilderness Society's map](#) to pinpoint projects like Montana's Rose Park, Colorado's Two Ponds National Wildlife Refuge, Georgia's Chattahoochee River National Recreation Area, and more.

You can also see the number of projects benefiting each county. Denver County in Colorado, for example, has completed 75 different projects under the LWCF funding umbrella. That includes multiple city parks, local playgrounds, and neighborhood recreation centers.



Paste this link in your browser to read the entire article and view the interactive map for all locations:  
<https://wilderness.org/mapping-land-and-water-conservation-fund-lwcf>

# It Was A Good Summer



Here's a fireman from a department in the Houghton/Hancock returning a steelhead that washed up onto the road back into Seedtown creek. From the major flooding in June in this Upper Peninsula area.



Former member Pete Squibb with a nice snook in SW Florida.



MSU Fly Gals June outing in Grayling



Owahee River - Eastern Oregon



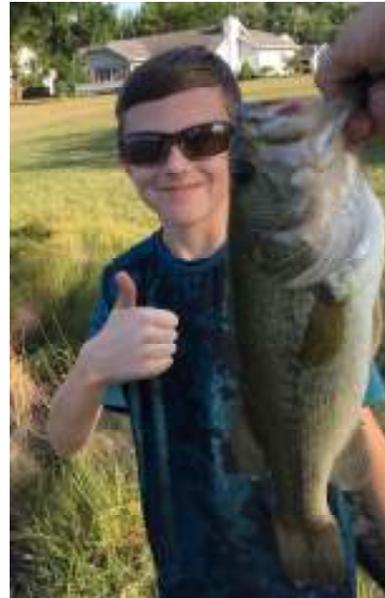
The drive to the Owahee from Idaho



Soo Rainbow



Sault Ste. Marie Atlantic Salmon



Gypsum, Colorado



Bob B. found a resort in the UP for a club outing



The nation's only distillery that's also a fly-fishing shop is located in Colorado.

BERTHOUD — As far as anyone knows at Hale& Bradford Distilling, the town of Berthoud might have the nation's only combination distillery tasting room and fly-fishing shop. "It's kind of a hobby that got out of control," co-founder Jim Dawe said of the distilling company.

Dawe said he thought about brewing his own beer years ago but because he doesn't really like beer, he looked into home-distilling spirits instead. He learned that you need a license to do that, so after obtaining the proper authorization, and a still, he and co-founder Mike Lindstrom started making their own.

### 'All-Terrain Tent' Pitches on Land, Sea, and Air - notice the gentleman in the left picture with the fly rod



**Tentsile** brought out our inner tree-fort-loving child when it first launched its triangular hanging tent years ago. It provided the ease and comfort of a hammock with the space and coverage of a traditional ground tent. The secret password to enter, though, was totally up to us.

Now, the U.K.-based brand thinks there's an even more fun way to camp. Tentsile just announced its Universe tent, a "three-element" shelter that works as a ground tent, a suspended tree tent, and a floating, pontoon-style tent.

You read that right: Now you can have a secret camping treehouse that also floats on the water! For those unfamiliar with Tentsile tents, we've tested them and can attest that they're loads of fun and pretty comfortable. Because they come with a higher price tag than traditional ground tents and a notable weight penalty, we'd say they're primarily an add-on to car camping adventures.

The Tentsile Universe marks the brand's largest offering to date. It accommodates up to five adults (880 pounds) plus gear. It has 100 square feet of floor space. With the rainfly, it offers 195 square feet of covered space and three vestibules. Plus, the Universe has more than 5 feet of interior headspace, meaning it might actually be bigger than your backyard treehouse as a kid.

**BIG, BRIGHT, FLASHING WARNING:** Do **NOT** sleep in the Universe when it's on the water. It ought to go without saying, but in addition to being super creepy, sleeping on an open raft on a dark lake in the woods isn't safe.

While you're awake, however, it could be a lot of fun. With the vestibules rolled up, the rainfly attaches to the poles to create a covered tri-pontoon. Tentsile doesn't sell paddles, so navigating the Universe is on you — unless you're willing to go literally wherever the wind takes you.

## 5 Things You Should Always Store in a Bear Safe

**Bears have an incredible sense of smell.** Their nasal mucosa is 100 times larger than that of a human. So if you have anything even slightly odiferous hanging around your campsite, it invites four-legged trouble. In fact, many popular national parks now require backpackers to carry approved hard-sided bear canisters.

But an old-school bear safe can be a pain to rent — and remember to return — at local outdoor shops. Plus, many rental bear bins are rotund, which makes squeezing them in an already organized pack a pain in the rear.

**Bottom line:** If you adventure enough, buy your own bear safe, preferably one that's shaped to slide into your backpack. The Frontiersman Insider Bear Safe is tapered for easy packing but has high-capacity 45-liter storage that works for outings with family and friends.

**What You'll Want to Stash in a Bear Safe:** What do you put in your bearproof canister when you're ready to hit the hay or leave your campsite for the day? Obviously your food. But don't forget these other strongly scented items that could attract ursine forest dwellers.

1. **STOVE:** If you have a portable backpacking stove that will fit in a bear safe with your food, great. That meal-maker is bound to retain some food smells no matter how well you clean it. So squish that food-scrap bouquet in your hard-sided canister and call it a day.
2. **TOILETRIES:** Things like toothpaste and toothbrushes that taste like mint or other flavors (say, your kids' strawberry-tinged paste) should go in the lockable bin. Brush up, spit far from where you sleep, and never, ever bring any you-smelling toiletries into the tent — unless you feel like snuggling up with Smokey. (Count first-aid kit ointments in this category too.)
3. **LIP BALM:** Lip balm is a necessity for camping and backcountry travel. But it comes in a lot of savory scents these days. And just like you, bears are going to like vanilla, coconut, and even unscented. Plus this stuff also touches human lips — even more incentive for a bear. So stash this important accessory in your bear safe, and forget about it.
4. **SUNSCREEN:** Although a slightly different scent, there's plenty of odor in sunscreen too. And you need the skin-saving spread like mad when you're outside all day. So don't risk it by leaving your favorite sun protection somewhere a bear might nose around. Secure it so you'll have it the next day when you need it.
5. **SMELLY ACCESSORIES:** If you have any room left, add anything with sharp smells like bacon grease or animal remains (if you've been hunting). If you've got a spork, pocket knife, or bandana with lingering stink, add those to your bear-busting catch-all bin.



# BIGGER THAN AN AMERICAN & BRITISH PINT, THE ANGLER'S PINT IS FUNCTIONAL ART PERFECT FOR TALL TALES AFTER A LONG DAY OF FISHING



There's a wide variety of fish pints to choose from: Mahi Mahi, American Shad, Atlantic Salmon, Yellowfin Tuna, Chinook Salmon, Bluefin Tuna, Brook Trout, Brown Trout, Rainbow Trout, Cutthroat Trout, Striped Bass and a Classic Fly Jigger.....check it out at: [anglerspint.com](http://anglerspint.com)

Back in June the club loaned a couple of Red Cedar rods to the MSU Fly Gals for their trip to Grayling. Here's a thank-you card from these ladies for helping them out:

"Dear Red Cedar Fly Fishers,

Thank you so much for letting us borrow your gear! We had a great time learning to fly fish."

Sincerely,  
MSU Fly Gals



## 2018 Au Sable River Cleanup

The date this year is September 8th. Meet at Gate's Lodge by 9:45 just east of Grayling. This year the club stretch will be from Canoe Harbor campground to Smith Bridge. Please let Bob Kren know if you plan to attend: [rmkren@umflint.edu](mailto:rmkren@umflint.edu)

## AGAINST THE CURRENT: WHY US FLY FISHING IS THE KINGPIN

Fly fishing stands alone as perhaps the only discipline in our sport that is truly global. Whether you are stalking trout on a river or stream or chasing apex saltwater predators on flats in exotic climes – the tactics, tackle and tact remain largely the same. So why is it that the fly fishing market in the United States reigns supreme over that of its European brothers? If you have had any involvement with the market on a global scale you will know what I'm talking about – fly fishing has a totally different feel and a more buoyant vibrancy in the USA than it does in Europe. But let's not decide anything on hunches alone, let's take a look at some evidence.

For starters, US fly fishing is unified by the increasingly weighty work of the American Fly Fishing Trade Association (AFFTA) and its incredibly popular International Fly Tackle Dealer (IFTD) show, which currently sits as part of ICAST. Neither of these two things exist in the same way in Europe. There is no cross-border fly fishing association to speak of and there are certainly no trade shows of the same ilk – the fly fishing sector at European trade show EFTEX seems to have plateaued after shrinking somewhat over the last few years. If the US industry wasn't booming, why would this association and trade show be there? The trade show in particular is soon to head out on its own two feet again in 2019, after a six year co-location with ICAST.

Next, let's consider where the big hitters in fly fishing come from. In the North American corner you have an exhaustive list including, but not limited to: Sage, Redington, RIO, Scientific Anglers, Scott, Umpqua, Simms, Hatch, Abel, Nautilus, Fishpond, R.L. Winston, Loon, Patagonia and so-on. In Europe's corner, we have arguably only one truly global big hitter in Hardy, but then beyond that its brands that are well-known and popular in their regions like Sierra, Vision and Guideline in Scandinavia, or Fulling Mill and Turrall in the UK – but none with true hard-hitting brand power that the American names have. Being the home of strong, globally recognised brands is another indicator of US fly fishing's strength.

Still not convinced? Let's look at demographics. Fly fishing is 'cool' in the United States (no, really) and subsequently there are far more young people getting involved in it. Sure, at its roots fly fishing is a traditional past-time, but head out to the spring creeks of Montana, the rivers of the North East or the saltwater of Louisiana and you will see young guys and girls making shapes with fly line. In Europe, with a few exceptions like the Scandinavian countries, the fly fishing population is generally ageing. You'll see more silver haired gentlemen than you will bearded, whimsical trout bums on the water on this side of the pond.

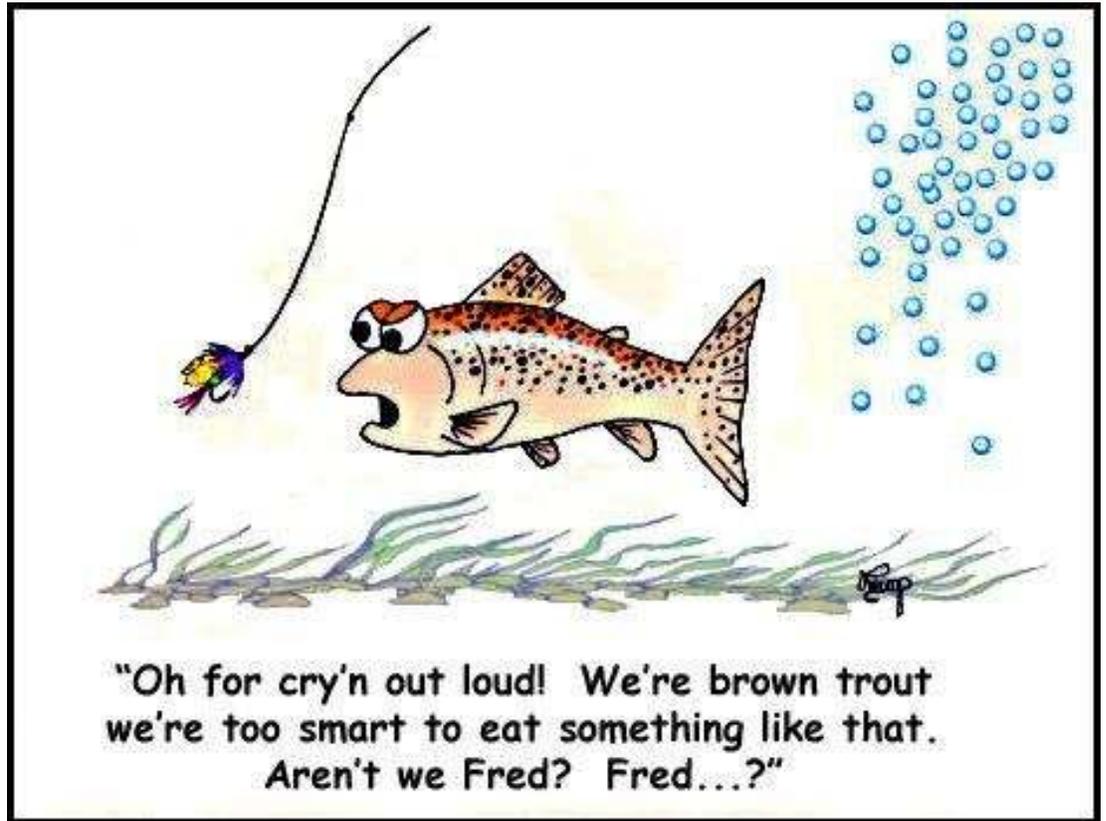
So why is this a trend? Why does it appear that the European market is slowly shrinking while the American market is healthy and perhaps even booming? I personally think there are two key drivers: access and culture. Access is incredible in the USA – and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. The country is huge, the opportunities are near endless and almost everywhere is public land. I've often come back from trips to the United States green-eyed and wistful about just how good the access is. It's a very different story here in Europe – much of our water is privately owned and prohibitively expensive to fish. Our countries are also generally more densely populated. Let this be a lesson to you guys in the States to keep fighting the good fight for public land – you don't know what you have until it's gone.

Now for culture, in the US fly fishing is deemed a much more acceptable part of daily life. It's not seen as 'sad' or 'strange' to be a fisherman (yes I have had both those things levelled at me in the UK), because the outdoors lifestyle is more mainstream. Moms and dads take their kids fishing from a young age and it just becomes part of life from then on. In Europe (again Scandinavia is probably the exception to this), fishing is not really seen as a 'cool' thing for youngsters to do, particularly in urban environments. This makes it tougher to attract new people to the sport, no matter how rewarding we all know it is.

Another attribute that contributes to the identity of fly fishing in the States is social media. The accounts from the fly companies are all lavishly smothered with jaw-dropping photography, inspirational lifestyle and just down-right coolness. This again, helps to attract more anglers to the sport and ensures that the already bigger pool of anglers in the country stays large – something we are struggling with in Europe.

So, there you have it. It's easier, cheaper, more acceptable and more valued to fly fish in the USA than it is in Europe. That's not to say the European fly market is on its knees – far from it – but it is to say that the USA has got this market nailed and should be proud of its huge success. I suggest going out and casting a nymph to celebrate...

*from Fishing Tackle Retailer*



"Oh for cry'n out loud! We're brown trout we're too smart to eat something like that. Aren't we Fred? Fred...?"



## A Beginner's Guide To Fly Fishing With Your Father ~ Heather Radke

### Part I:

In front of the cash register at the fishing shop in Grayling, Michigan, between the Trout Unlimited maps of the river and the hats that say SIZE MATTERS, there is a small shelf lined with business cards. Each of the stacks of cards, save one, are for fishing guides, men who will take you to the good spots on the river and teach you how to cast a fly rod. The final stack of cards is for a local urologist.

I am here with my dad, trying to finally learn to fish. We have driven three hours up the middle of the state from Lansing to Grayling, one struggling city to another. Camp Grayling, just outside of town, is the training ground for the Michigan National Guard. There is only one expressway that far north in Michigan, and as we approached Grayling on the two-lane highway that runs to the Upper Peninsula, tanks and camo Humvees slowed us down, too big to pass.

Michigan is a state of struggling towns, places that depend on a trickle of tourism, small farms, or a single industry. There was a time when the promise of the unions and the auto industry was this: You can make enough money working on the line to have a house in town, a car in the driveway, and a cottage on the lake. It feels ludicrous now to think that a blue-collar job could propel you so far into the middle class, particularly as we drove through the desiccated remains of the failure of that once-true promise. Grayling was the kind of place where you might have built the cottage. Now the tanks, the Family Dollar, and the boarded-up bow-and-arrow factory hint at the presence of another Michigan cliché — the Michigan Militia, a right-wing paramilitary group that was once rumored to be affiliated with the Oklahoma City bombing.

As we turn off the main road into the gravel parking lot, the fishing shop stands before us in contrast to much of the rest of town. Fly-fishing is a gentleman's sport. It is literary and beautiful, historic and manly. Elegant in the simplicity of its mechanism, it suggests stewardship and stalwartness. This shop does not sell florescent orange camouflage vests or mechanized crossbows. It sells fishing baskets and slouchy hats, signs that say CATCH AND RELEASE, volumes of poetry from local authors, millions of tiny hooks and feathers meant to be ordered neatly into small boxes, collected and organized taxonomically for ready response to myriad conditions.

The shop is built from blond-stained wood and has well-kept oak floors and handmade rockers on the front porch. Business must be good — a second building is going up next door. My father comments on the craftsmanship of the expansion to the man behind the counter, "Beautiful roof on that new building!" My dad is tall and loud and large, and always makes excessive small talk with the workers on the other side of a fast-food intercom or outside the car window pumping our gas. My brother and I found it mortifying as kids, melting into our seats with embarrassment. I have long since found it charming.

A year ago, after almost three decades in Michigan and Chicago, I went east for a late-bloomer jaunt in grad school and to finally see how things felt on the mythical edges of the country. Now it's August, and I'm back in Michigan feeling nostalgic for my childhood. I spent the last week in Chicago, reliving my mid-20s, drinking beers at bars with Old Style beer signs out front and swimming in the cold, urban lake, the skyscrapers bobbing above me. The day before I left, my friend Ryan had blown my hair straight and dyed it blond in his hip West Loop salon. After he'd swept away the smock, I shook it out and felt like a pony, strutting and fancy. Today, in this tackle shop in Northern Michigan, my hair still straight but pulled back, I feel too precious, too clean. I wish my hair were three-days dirty and matted to my head.

I was home visiting my parents when I decided to ask my dad if we could go fishing. I was bored in the suburbs, and the long summer evenings and loud cicadas reminded me of when my dad would take my brother on fishing weekends. "We actually always went in the spring," my dad told me, and I realized that I was likely confusing my own memory with something I had read in a book.

He was happy to take me anyway, but it was clear that my urban wardrobe wouldn't work on the river. We pieced together an outfit, and now I'm standing in the fishing shop wearing tight, high-wasted shorts, my mom's Tevas, a Tigers hat, and a much-too-big shirt I found in my dad's closet.

My father talks loudly, pointing out everything in the shop. "This small fly is good for the springtime. This is a special bag for hauling your pole. Oh look! Twenty different colors of fishing line!" He discusses the life cycle of the different flies with the shop owner.

A man about my age walks in, and I feel ridiculous to be witnessed by someone who is not here on a lark, who isn't trying on rural living, who isn't wearing piecemeal clothing. We are both in our early 30s, but the mismatch between us is striking. He saunters like a grown man, I cower like a child. From here, Lansing feels cosmopolitan, a place where frivolous people live. New York and Chicago seem in another universe.

I wanted to come here to be in a place my father and brother love, to try out a sport I have long thought poetic, to see what it was my brother learned on weekends up north with my father. I wanted to trespass into the world of men and see how I fared there. I wanted to feel the gray area of the middle of the gender spectrum, to see if there might be a way for the femme and the butch to coexist. But now that I am here, my body feels like it doesn't belong. I am too small, too feminine, too urban. I feel childish as I follow my dad around the shop, like a teenager rolling her eyes at his enthusiasms. As I touch the flies and the nets, I also feel too old to be so new at something. It feels a bit too late to learn.

Growing up, I believed in the poetry of fly-fishing, but I participated in the activity of it very little. My father tied flies in our basement, a habit he'd had since he was in college. My mother often told the story of how, when he was writing his dissertation in graduate school, he rewarded himself for each page of intellectual work completed with five minutes of winding thread around metal. He plucked feathers off duck tails and fibers off mink pelts, used bright thread that could have as easily come from a quilting shop as a fishing store, and crouched his 6'3" frame over a magnifying glass and a vise to make flies called "wooly bugger" and "butt monkey." In that way, he completed both a Ph.D. in educational psychology and amassed a collection of flies that was the envy of many fishermen.

The story speaks to my father's self-discipline, a quality that he has long applied diligently to matters of work and emotion, less so to the matters of exercise and food intake that my mother would prefer. He is a man who happily spreads butter on cake and has always worked 10-hour days. As a kid, I would sometimes go down to the basement and pet the pelts of quail and beaver he kept there. They were hypnotic — delicate and tactile and practical.

I have no memory of our parents gendering my brother and I, giving him trucks and *Hardy Boys* books, me dolls and *Little Women*. But divisions came anyway, and my brother learned to cast a fly rod while I never did. Once, when I was about 8, I went bluegill fishing with a friend in a suburban pond. We used bait — an abomination to a fly-fisherman — and fashioned rods out of toys and fishing hooks we found in my friend's basement. Within an hour, I had been bitten by a duck and had snagged a hook on my cheek. I was sure the duck was rabid and the hook was rusty. My mother made me get a tetanus shot, and the whole incident was all but the end of my fishing career. My dad thought it was hilarious.

I had proved myself clumsy and incapable in the ways of the outdoors, a truth I'd revisit on camping trips and hikes in the future when I didn't know how to light a camp stove or pitch a tent. I'd ask my father to show me, and he would. But I only felt confidence later, when I was around friends who had never tried to thread tent poles through nylon — people who grew up in big coastal cities who took my status as a Michigan native as proof of some quality of ruggedness. It was only in relief, juxtaposed against someone who had never seen a camp stove lit or a fish flopping and bleeding on the floor of a boat, that I seemed expert.

Being a boy, my brother's life as a fisherman was only beginning when he was 8. Every spring, he and my dad went fishing on the Au Sable River with my dad's many brothers and family friends. They drove north to Grayling and rented a cabin at Jim's, then waded into a section of the river called the "Holy Water." There the men who were serious got up early to fish in the mornings, and the boys who were not started when they finally woke up at noon. They cast their lines into a stretch of river frequented by Jim Harrison and Ernest Hemingway, a place where maples hang over the copper water and mourning doves hoot for most of the day.

On those weekends, it seemed, the boys trained to be men and the girls trained to be women. My mom and I stayed home to paint our nails and watch romantic comedies. My brother and father came back with tales of salad dressing made out of pickle juice, pranks played, and enormous fish caught and released. My mother was satisfactorily grossed out by the stories and their carload of grimy, fishy equipment. She refused to let them in the house until they had hosed themselves off. In retrospect, I wonder if my brother and I were jealous of each other's weekends. The gendered rituals seemed exotic and cloistered, each swaddled in its own kind of mystery. It wasn't that I wished to have the male experience, and he longed for the female. It was that we both wanted our childhoods to be capacious enough for both.

Congratulations to Bob Bawdin and Mike Grinwis on earning the John Wylie award for their years of service to the club.



**Field Notes:**

- Potentially something the club should look into purchasing and renting out to members on their fishing trips to rivers or lakes:  
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fXo2FdKG5bo>
- Conservation - *from Field & Stream*  
“Hunters would do well to remember their role as conservationists when it comes to wolves. Otherwise, when all the wildlife we have left is cock roaches, crows, and coyotes, we’ll wish we had them back.”
- If you get hungry while you’re waiting For the hatch, here’s a new fly to wet your appetite & the fish’s.



- Check out this website which allows you to type in any county in the country and see almost all the plots in an area and who owns them. You have to get registered first which is simple to do and then click on a section that’s outlined. This may be helpful in determining if the area next to a body of water is public or privately owned for access.  
<https://www.acrevalue.com>

**Refrigerator Reminders**

**September**

**8th** - AuSable river cleanup 10:00 Gate’s Lodge, Grayling: Club beat is from Canoe Harbor to Smith Bridge

**11st** - Club meeting, Giltner Hall room 273, 6:30 Hospitality, 7:00 meeting - Harry Barnes on lake fly fishing tips & tying some of the flies he uses.

**13th** - Positive Thinking Day (go fishing)

**22nd** - Manistee River paddling cleanup  
Contact: [umra@umrasite.org](mailto:umra@umrasite.org) for more info on time and location

**29th** - Manistee River water quality/bug survey. Contact Bob Thorsen (248-318-5220) or [sockeyebob@att.net](mailto:sockeyebob@att.net) to sign up to help

**October**

**9th** - Club meeting, Giltner Hall room 273, 6:30 7:00 meeting

**12th** - Moment of Frustration Day (probably no fishing today)