



The Evening

Hatch

The Newsletter of the Michigan Fly Fishing Club

November 2022

Last Day *Where did the Season Go?*



The Manistee River, in all her glory, at the end of another trout season.

An October snowfall covered the ground with more than 18 inches of the white stuff in Negaunee, just west of Marquette in the Upper Peninsula.

Where did summer go? When did the trout season end?

We know some of our MFFC members are still casting and catching steelhead and salmon, see **page 5**, and others will bundle up and keep tossing streamers and nymphs, despite the snowflakes, in catch-and-release trout streams that are open year-round.

But most of us are contemplating fly tying season – i.e., winter – while still savoring the best fishing season we've enjoyed in years.

That includes Tim Schultz who

writes about the last day on the water, a moment as sentimental for many as the opening day in April. You can read his column, his first in the Evening Hatch, on **page 4**.

In the first of a three-part series, Jim DuFresne writes about a mid-life crisis that prompted him to wander down to the Patagonia region of Argentina in search of 20-inch trout. His piece begins on **page 7**.

Scott Freeburg's son, Lt. Adam Freeburg, is in Japan serving his country but still fishing and proudly wearing his MFFC hat. You can see it all in a photo essay on **page 6**.

And the latest on Camp Grayling expansion controversy is on **page 5**.

Michigan Fly Fishing Club Calendar

11/9/22 Activity Meeting
11/16/22 Board Meeting, Virtual

12/7/22 Speaker Meeting, Zach Pope, Mapping Technology for Fishing
12/14/22 Board Meeting, Virtual
12/21/22 Activity–Garage Sale

1/11/23 Speaker Meeting, Jerry Regan, Traditional Fly Tying
1/12-15/23 Ultimate Fishing Show, Suburban Collection Showplace, Novi
1/18/23 Board Meeting, Virtual
1/25/23 Activity Meeting

2/1/23 Speaker Meeting
2/8/23 Board Meeting, Virtual
2/15/23 Activity Meeting

3/1/23 Activity Meeting
3/8/23 Board Meeting, Virtual
3/18-19/23 Midwest Fly Fishing Expo, Macomb Community College Expo Center
3/22/23 Speaker Meeting, Anthony Ruela, South Carolina Fishing

4/5/23 Speaker Meeting, Ashley Agler, Small Water Fishing
4/12/23 Board Meeting, Virtual
4/19/23 Activity Meeting

5/3/23 Activity Meeting
5/10/23 Board Meeting, Virtual
5/17/23 MFFC Banquet
5/11-14/23 WaWa Sum New Member Outing
5/19-22/23 Smallmouth Bass Outing

Speaker and activity meetings are Plymouth Cultural Center, 525 Farmer St. through December, 2022.

FFI *Our Fishing Diversity underscores MFFC alignment with Federation*

By Mike Matuszewski

Listening to members' recent fishing reports, the number of times members cited species other than trout and salmon is striking. Bass. Crappie. Bluegill. Carp. Members have ventured farther afield stalking saltwater species — stripers, bluefish, snook, bonefish, permit, tarpon, and others.

It reinforces why the Michigan Fly Fishing Club is an affiliate member of Fly Fishers International (FFI), whose motto is "All fish. All waters."

Perhaps you're not aware of MFFC's affiliation.

Our Club has long been associated with FFI, known originally as the Federation of Fly Fishers. The Federation was founded in Eugene, OR, in 1964, with fly-angling legends Lew Bell and Lee Wulff drafting its original constitution. Since then, it has grown to encompass fly anglers and angling clubs across the country and around the world.

Organized into regional councils, FFI encompasses more than 300 fly fishing clubs. The MFFC is a member of the Great Lakes Council along with such the Anglers of the AuSable; Flygirls; the Red Cedar Fly Fishers of Lansing; the North Branch Boys of Toledo, OH; the St. Joseph Valley Fly Fishers of South



For more information on the FFI scan this QR code with your smartphone.



Bend, IN; and others.

MFFC members who are also FFI members enjoy access to FFI's Learning Resources Center, which offers information and instruction for fly tying, fly casting, and fly fishing skills.

As an affiliate member of the organization, the MFFC benefits as well, enjoying access to a wide range of information and instruction resources and reasonably priced insurance for our Club and the events in which it is involved, including the Midwest Fly Fishing Expo. Recently, FFI awarded our Club a \$1,000 grant to support our

youth fly tying efforts.

"I'd encourage any MFFC members to join," new GLC President Mark Johnson said. "The Great Lakes Council supports causes in the Great Lakes area both with funding and boots-on-the-ground efforts dedicated to the resources we as fly anglers regularly enjoy."

Among the GLC's priorities is funding for the James D. Schramm Scholarship. Each year the GLC awards a \$1,000 scholarship to a master's or doctoral-level student planning a career in fisheries.

A second priority is the GLC's Conservation Grant program, which supports conservation projects across our region. Typically, GLC conservation grants are matched by FFI.

The GLC's most recent grant involves \$1,500 to the Pere Marquette River Railroad Stream Bank Restoration effort. The effort is designed to help stabilize the stream bank along the railroad adjacent to the upper Pere Marquette fly fishing water. If the eroding bank is not stabilized, fly fishers and other conservationists fear a train could end up in the river and threaten the health of the entire watershed.

Mike Matuszewski is MFFC's representative for the Great Lakes Council of Fly Fisher's International.

The President's Message...

When the Scariest Bear Is a Dog

Yesterday I called Phil Heck to get more information on Jack Cummings, a Club member we recently lost. I recognized him but was at a loss for memorial details. Speaking with Phil, I discovered Jack took a job in North Carolina around the time Joe Sprys was president. I was still getting to know people then.

Jack loved the MFFC so much that he wanted to take it to the Tar Heel State. So he contacted Joe Sprys to find out how the Club worked, and the North Carolina Fly Fishing Club was born!

Like any of us, we all have our fly-fishing buddies within the Club. Jack traveled with Bill Winnick, Chris Hatcher, Peter Albertson, and Phil Heck. According to Phil, they fished together in Montana several times, beginning with an Al Haxton trip to the Slash E Ranch.

Smacking down a 6-pack and a map in front of the owner of the Slash E, they asked where to go for the best fishing.



Sybil Hunter

The man pointed to Emerys Lake. "We got lost three times following his directions," said Phil. "But we finally made it."

They caught fish from the shore, beach, and where "we could wade in," said Phil. "We saw an elk carcass with meat still on it, and we saw bear tracks." They steered clear.

After a great day of fishing, the crew drove back to the Slash E Ranch for dinner. Everyone was wondering, "What's hatching there this evening?" Returning to the lake seemed like a no-brainer.

This time they fished around the elk carcass without incident. But when it was beginning to get dark, "I saw this bear at the edge of the woods," said Phil. "I yelled BEAR!"

Jack, who had numb feet and had struggled with MS for years, had his line in, gear packed, and was the first to scramble up the 45-degree, two-story bank towards the safety of the car. Bill, Chris, and Phil clawed their way up next. "Where's Peter?" Someone asked.

"So I yelled, BEAR! Again," said Phil. An alarmed Peter came charging up the bank, his line trailing behind him. "Peter was upset we had left him as food (for the bear)."

Loading into the car, it turned out their "bear" was a large black dog. They all had a good laugh. "At least nobody saw us," said Peter. No, but just up the access road they passed a couple who were doubled over in laughter. They were calling for their black dog while listening to the befuddled anglers.

Michigan Fly Fishing Club **Business**

Michigan Fly Fishing Club Board of Directors Meeting September 14, 2022

Roll Call

Meeting called to order 7:35 p.m.

Present: S. Hunter; K. Lipp; J. Deputat; J. Fischer; J. Erikson; J. Bada; J. Aitken; B. Strachan

Visitors: Wayne Glessner; Chris Hunter; Bill MaGee; Mike Matuszewski; Kathy Oehring; Craig Summers.

Approval of Agenda – Agenda from 9/14/22 approved

Approval of Minutes – Meeting minutes for 5/11/22 approved.

Officer's Report

President: S. Hunter

- It's an honor to work with everyone and be president
- Kathy Oehring appointed to serve out remainder of Tom Doyle's Director At Large position
- Camp Grayling discussion
- Jerry Deputat writing about Driftless trip in October Hatch
- Hatch link on website, calendar up to date

Vice President: K. Lipp

- Requested everyone be prompt in joining the meeting

Treasurer: B. Green

- Current month's treasurer report presented and approved.
- Motion to approve August 2021 through July 2022 Fiscal year report

Corresponding Secretary: J. Fischer

- Speaker Schedule in Board packet
- Eblast statistics: 3400 emails sent; 17 blasts; 3 quick notes; 3 obituaries; 6000 recipients;

10 messages with a read rate of 72%; 346 active email addresses; 8 unsubscribed.

- Jerry Yates 9:10 approval from survey that evening, 26 respondents; 42 attendees.
- Mike MacNamara to speak about proposed Camp Grayling Expansion in October.

Membership: J. Deputat

- As of 7/31/22, 323 male members; 45 female members.
- Membership renewal as of 8/1/22 is 266 members. We are on track historically.

Events and Outings

- Tiger Game 9/28/22 Hunting and Fishing Night, 13 tickets sold to date
- Expo Update (Craig Summers), October contract to be send out; David Mayes expo co-chair present; Sybil Hunter requested a list of Expo positions that need a chairperson.
- Outing Updates

New Business

- Camp Grayling Expansion - Do we take a position against the expansion? Motion passed: The Board of Directors opposes the proposed Camp Grayling Expansion. Membership to be notified at the next meeting.
- Casting Instruction Program - members Peter Albertson, Chris Hunter and Wayne Glessner to form a committee to assist with Club instruction and teaching continuity. Motion approved.
- Motion passed to resume Zoom meetings. Jim Aitken and Chris Hunter will handle

Old Business

- Fly Fishers International Grant - Jim Aitken lead. We requested \$800/yr for 3 year usage, were granted \$1000 for 3 year usage (2024) Through FFI we have access to companies that will sell

2022 - 2023 Officers

President:
Sybil Hunter
president@mffc.org

Vice President:
Kevin Lipp
kjlipp@gmail.com

Coresponding Secretary:
Jim Fischer
corespondence@mffc.org

Recording Secretary:
John Eriksson
recordingsecretary@mffc.org

Treasurer
Barry Green
treasurer@mffc.org

Membership
Jerry Deputat
membership@mffc.org

Immediate Past President:
Bruce Strachan
bruced0402@gmail.com

At-Large Directors

Jim Aitken
dznvvm@gmail.com

Kathy Oehring
oehrk@icloud.com

Jon Bada
jonbada@hotmail.com

Hatch Editors

Sybil Hunter Submissions
evening.hatch.mffc@gmail.com

Jim DuFresne Production
kidven@aol.com

Webmaster

Sybil Hunter Club Webmaster
sybilsvpemail@gmail.com

materials for us at a discount.
Jim Aitken to contact the expo,

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The Last Day *Reflections on the Day the Fishing Is Over*

By Tim Schulz

What can I say, that hasn't been said by scores?

—Jimmy Buffett

As the sun sank behind the large maple at the end of our driveway, the last day morphed into the last night and I sorted through the last photos. Another trout season had served up its magic, and I wanted to tell the story.

But what could I say about this topic that hadn't been said before? I searched the internet for "the last day of trout season" and, as I suspected, this theme had been well-flogged by fly fishing writers.

Then I glanced at my bookshelf and remembered this topic had been masterfully covered by two of my favorite writers. *The Last Day* is the last of John Voelker's essays in *Trout Madness*, and *Last Day* is the last of Jerry Dennis's essays in *The River Home*. Two magnificent writers with two splendid essays. What would I try next? Maybe a book about an old marlin fisherman, and I would begin with "He was an old man who fished alone."

No, I would not write an essay about The Last Day. But I would reread the essays by Voelker and Dennis, and I would fantasize about sitting along the shores of Frenchman's Pond or some other *Place on the Water* listening to these two fishermen reflect on the end of another trout season.

Perhaps we would make a few half-hearted casts. Perhaps we would take a few whole-hearted sips of bourbon.

And perhaps, with a little coaxing between casts and sips, the enduring lines from their essays would flow from their lips with all the beauty and grace that flows from the pages of their books. And that would be all that needed to be said.



Tim: Where did the time go? The cold and fish-less days of late April and early May. The inconsistent but often spectacular days of late May. The glorious insect hatches of June. The dog days of July and August, when, dare I say, we sometimes target bass. The cool and colorful days of September. It all happens too fast.

John: *Each year it is the same: this time, we tell ourselves, the doze and stitch and murmur of summer can never end; this season time will surely stand still in its tracks. Yet the hazy and glorious days glide by on golden wings, and presently here and there the leaves grow tinted by subtle fairy paintbrushes and flash their red warnings of impending fall.*

Jerry: *It's like youth. You think it will never end, but it does. One day you wake up and it's October.*

Tim: It's a bittersweet time for me. I am overcome by both a sense of sadness and a feeling of fulfillment.

John: *To this fisherman, at least, with all of its sadness and nostalgia the end of fishing is not unmixed with a sense of relief*

and release.

Jerry: *The last day should be taken slowly, like a last meal, so you can absorb enough sights, sounds, and scents to last through the winter. It is a day to spend sitting in a warm spot on the bank thinking of the season that is ending and the seasons yet to come.*

Tim: What about the fishing? Is the last day a day to fish, or is it all about the ritual?

Jerry: *While it lasts, that autumn fishing can be very good. The rivers are usually in good shape, the water clear, the bottom vivid with colored stones and fine, emerald algae. On the surface the water glints blue and gold and khaki, each riffle tipped with glittering bits of mirror. But you rarely see big fish feeding during bright September days. You learn to lower your expectations.*

John: *The fisherman's last-day funeral litany is a foggily beautiful and self-deceiving thing and runs something like this: the fishing is no longer sporting; the fisherman himself is dog-tired; the rise can no longer be depended on; the spawn-laden trout are far too easy to catch; and to take them now is to bite off one's nose. Amen.*

Tim: Some of our rivers are open throughout the year, but many are open only during the traditional season. Would it be good to have more rivers open throughout the year, or

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Tim Schulz



An angler catches the last trout of the day on the South Branch of the Au Sable River.

Michigan Fly Fishing Club News & Events

Opposition Building Against Camp Grayling Expansion

The Camp Grayling expansion proposal is heating up, and the MFFC wants to keep on top of it and keep our members informed. We're not alone. On Oct. 20, both Lyon Township in Roscommon and Blue Lake in Kalkaska approved resolutions against the proposed Camp Grayling expansion.

An excellent 12-minute video by a local resident regarding the negative impacts of living close to Camp Grayling was uploaded to YouTube.

In a follow-up video, she outlines residents' concerns regarding sub-leasing public lands to be used for testing by private entities. It should make all of us question whether this is the proposed expansion's real motivation.



Local's Concern
YouTube video



Sub leasing
Camp Grayling



Bridge Article



DNR Map

Bridge Magazine, an online publication, ran an extensive article on the expansion and a draft map the Michigan DNR released displaying the proposed areas the National Guard wants to lease for Camp Grayling.

The map released by the DNR includes only some named roads, rivers, and other geographic markers but does reveal the boundaries of an expansion proposal and gives you a sense of the massive acreage of land the National Guard wants to control and take out of public use. In that regard, the map is shocking. You can see a zoomable PDF version of the draft map above.

Finally, a new group, 230 Is Enough, has been launched to oppose the ex-



230 Is Enough
website

pansion. The name for the advocacy group comes from the current size of Camp Grayling. The training site already spans 148,000 acres (230 square miles), making it the largest National Guard training facility in the United States.

On the 230 Is Enough website are recent news articles, links to other groups and letters you can send to your representatives. There is also a way to donate to their fight against the Camp Grayling expansion.

Have a Cigar! I Hooked an October Salmon



Right: MFFC member Wayne Glessner celebrates with a cigar after catching a salmon on the Pere Marquette River upstream from Green Cottage with a wooly bugger on Oct. 22. Left: David Oakley with a king salmon from the Manistee River near the sawdust hole. "They were flopping in river all day long!" Oakley said in an email. This salmon was hooked on Oct. 16 on an egg fly, drifting with weight on a 9-weight fly rod. The next day he managed to land a steelhead.

MFFC in Japan *Adam Freeburg Serving His Country & Us*



Above: Adam on the top of Mount Fuji, Japan's highest mountain at 12,389 ft. Below: Adam during a scuba dive with other squadrons.

Below Right: On a a helicopter flight during a training session. After being in Japan for 3 years, his next assignment will start in December at the Naval Air Station in Whiting Field in Milton, FL. as a flight instructor. His call sign is "Chonk" and he likes it; Lt. Adam "Chonk " Freeburg.

Some of us think we have a long drive to attend an MFFC meeting. We have nothing on Scott Freeburg's son. Lt. Adam Freeburg is a helicopter pilot stationed at Naval Air Station in Atsugi, Japan. Atsugi is a city south of Tokyo. His squadron is HSC 12 (Helicopter Sea Combat). They were deployed on the USS Ronald Regan, part of the 7th fleet that patrols the South China sea.

Right: Adam on base during a recreation day competition, playing a little baseball

Below: Doesn't matter where he is, Adam still proudly wears his official MFFC hat whenever Scott and he get together to fish in Japan and other destinations around the world.



Growing Old *But Still Dreaming of a Patagonia Trout*

By Jim DuFresne

Editor's Note: A decade ago, Jim DuFresne had a mid-life crisis. He realized he was getting old. So he decided to challenge himself with a trip to Argentina to experience its renowned fly fishing. But not as part of a guided tour, rather on his own, someone who knew six words of Spanish and one of them was cerveza (beer). This is the first of a three-part series he wrote on his South American adventure.

MMy right hip aches.

Yesterday I ran six miles, pushing it at the end, knowing that hip would throb at night and I would be sore today. I am, but there is no denying it and nothing I can do to prevent it.

Day by day, year by year, I get a little older, a little stiffer. I lose a little more flexibility along with a little more hair. I have a little less energy at night; my pace is a little slower when I hike. I no longer spring out of bed in the morning. I crawl out and spend the first moments of every day rubbing my shoulders, stretching my neck, cracking my knuckles.

I'm trying to slow the aging process or at least ease into it. I work out religiously. When I was younger, skipping a few days at the gym or even a week or two was no big deal. Now it is.

Once while in the steam bath at my health club, a pair of butt-naked 70 year-olds sitting next to me said, "Boy, you better start lifting weights. At our age, it's the only way to slow down muscle loss." I looked at them, I looked at what naturally happens when you're closer to 100 than 50, and began a weight-lifting program the next day.

A few years ago, I enrolled in a yoga class after my daughter, Jessica, urged me to take up the exercise to improve my flexibility and balance. I walked in



Jim DuFresne



Plaza de Mayo in Buenos Aires, one of Argentina's most historic landmarks.

for my first class and it was 30 women and me. Most of them older, and all of them far more flexible.

I unrolled my mat in the rear corner of the studio and while they moved fluidly from one position to the next, I grunted and struggled with my warrior one and downward-facing dogs. I'm a barrel-chested, former high school heavyweight wrestler, so my happy baby pose looks like anything but a gleeful infant in a crib.

Still I show up dutifully twice a week as if it was my annual cleaning at the dentist. It's not something I particularly look forward to, it's something I have to do.

I'm not trying to turn the clock back or prevent the inevitable. Someday I'll be sitting in a lounge chair, maybe at the edge of a pool in a warm weather place, reminiscing with somebody about where I've been and what I did.

It will come soon enough. Until then, I want to scratch a few more adventures off my bucket list.

A month after Jessica moved to Argentina for a job in Buenos Aires, I read a magazine article about

the fabulous fly fishing in the Patagonia region of the country. Then I met somebody at a Trout Unlimited meeting who was going down there to fish, and at that point, it became something I needed to do because, at this point in my life, I can. Or I think I can.

I still have enough energy to fish for long hours and enough strength in my legs to stand in a strong current and cast towards rising trout on the other side of the river. I can still tie on a size 18 fly, threading a 6X tippet through the tiny eye of the hook. Okay, I need reading glasses, but I can still do it.

I still have the stamina to fly half-way around the world and the patience



Jessica DuFresne while living in Argentina.

Fly of the Month *Borchers Drake Parachute, a Michigan Classic*

A Michigan classic, the Borchers Drake was created by Ernie Borchers of Grayling in the mid 1900's. Originally condor feathers were used for the body and the fly was more of a traditional Catskill-style hackle with up-right wings.

But eventually turkey – much easier to find and more affordable – replaced condor and a parachute post replaced the upright wings in many patterns.

The Borchers drake is particularly effective in northern Michigan rivers in May and June as it imitates numerous dark mayflies including Hendricksons, Mahoganies, March Browns, Black Quills and Isonychias. The spinner stage of these mayflies tend to be dark in color in which this pattern does a good job of imitating.

Borchers Drake Parachute

HOOK: TMC 101 or another basic dry fly hook, sizes 10 to 16

THREAD: Uni-8/0 black or carmel

TAIL: Moose body hair

RIB: Extra small copper wire

POST: Hi-Vis or Para-Post

BODY: Cinnamon tip turkey tail

HACKLE: Grizzly

ABDOMEN: Brown dry fly dubbing



The Borchers Drake Parachute, a classic Michigan dry fly.

The fly can be tied in sizes 10 to 16. The parachute post allows it to sit low in the water while providing an easy to spot marker. More important, in Michigan's slower rivers and streams the fly's silhouette from below is a prey image that trout take notice of.

This version of the Brochers Drake Parachute is from the Northern Angler Fly Shop in Traverse City. Scan the adjacent QR code for a 10-minute video with step-by-step instructions on how to tie the pattern.



Schultz Thoughts & Memories on the Last Day

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do you like it that we close down the season on many of the rivers and lakes?

Jerry: *I like it that way. It gives the trout a rest, permits them to spawn without being disturbed, and allows the imagination time to incubate. Like fields left fallow, those waters are better for being unfished most of the year. I think we benefit from such closure. Some things are worth waiting for, are better for having an opening and a closing and being sometimes unattainable.*

John: *Yes, and with a little luck perhaps diplomatic relations can even be restored with those strange but vaguely familiar ladies with whom we have been oh so absently sharing our bedrooms all summer long.*

Tim: So you think it is good to have a Last Day every year?

Jerry: *The first day and the last day of the season are more important than all of the other days put together.*

John: *Yes, on the last day we fisherman can try as we may to incant ourselves into hilarity and acceptance, but our hearts are chilled and our minds are numb. For what we fishermen really want is to go fishing, fishing, fishing, yes, fishing forever into the great far blue beyond . . .*



I don't know what else there is to say.

Editor's Note: Tim Schultz is a MFFC member who lives in God's Country, Houghton in the Upper Peninsula, and is an electrical engineering professor at Michigan Tech University. This is his first column for the Evening Hatch.

DuFresne In Search of a Patagonia Trout

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to endure airport security and long lines at customs. I still have a daughter, fluent in Spanish, living in Buenos Aires, who could help me arrange transportation across this incredibly long country and book me a bed in a fishing lodge for when I get there. Who knows how long she'll be there?

Most of all, I still have the desire to do it. The fact that I'll be traveling alone with very limited use of the language I view as a challenge, not an ordeal. The thought of watching a 22-inch brown trout rise to my fly and then run hard with it still excites me.

I've yet to begin the first leg of this journey but have already learned a powerful lesson; my sense of adventure is far more enduring than my physical abilities.

Long after that right hip gives out, I'll still want to climb a mountain.

Afterword: After living in Argentina for almost four years, Jessica DuFresne moved to New York City in 2013 to accept a new position. In 2016, Jim DuFresne had his right hip replaced.

MFFC Board of Directors Meeting Minutes

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scout, and youth program chairs; inventory kid's tying materials from storage; sign signage and purchase; and use information to purchase needed materials from most cost effective supplier.

- Phishing Attempts - Kevin
- Future Planning Committee - draft ready to publish

Adjournment: 9:21 p.m.