**FFF ClubWire**
Welcome to the July 2011 issue of the ClubWire e-mail news service for clubs.

- **FFF Member e-newsletter** –
If your not getting our monthly FFF Member E-newsletter and would like to. It’s easy to sign up. Go to http://fedflyfishers.us2.list-manage1.com/subscribe?u=d28b2db781f34121dd311fb8f&id=917545c60e
Then just enter the e-mail address you would like it to be sent to.

- **Conclave is Almost Here** –
The 46th Annual Fly Fishing Fair & Conclave of 2011 will be held in West Yellowstone, MT on August 30th - September 3rd, 2011.

Please plan to attend this spectacular event for people of all ages and abilities! The fishing and the educational opportunities will be outstanding! We hope we see you there!

Pre-registration is now open http://www.federationconclave.org/

- **The Osprey Journal** –
To connect and learn about wild steelhead and salmon visit the website of our steelhead committee. http://www.ospreysteelhead.org/

- **Life Membership for Disabled Veterans** –
This membership has been in the planning stages for a long time and finally it has become a reality. I’m pleased to announce that any veteran with a service connected disability of 70 percent or more is eligible for this full Life Membership. It was developed as a way for the Federation of Fly Fishers to recognize your service to our country and as a thank you to our brothers and sisters in arms.

This Life Membership costs $100 for a one-time processing fee; your service is your payment for the rest of the membership. The eligibility and verification documentation needed for the program are quite simple. All we need is a copy of your Veteran’s Administration Affairs identification card showing the service connected disability verification of 70 percent or more and a copy of your Notice of Eligibility from U.S. Department of Veterans Affairs, which can also provide the disability percentage. The review process for acceptance is completed by former or retired military members who are familiar with the military documents involved.

We look forward to seeing you involved with your local club and getting to know all of us here in the FFF. It will be an honor to have you as part of the organization, and we all look forward to seeing you on the rivers and lakes of this great country.

For more information or to join contact me at:
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5825 Southern Ave
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Check Out Your FFF Council’s Website –
Florida http://www.fff-florida.org/
Gulf Coast http://www.gulfcoastfff.org/
Great Lakes http://www.fffglc.org/
Mid Atlantic http://www.macfff.org/
North Eastern http://fffnec.org/
Northern California http://www.nccfff.org/
Ohio http://www.ohiofff.org/
Oregon http://orcfff.org/
South Eastern http://www.fffsec.org/
Southern http://www.southerncouncilfff.org/
Southwest http://www.southwestcouncilfff.org/
Washington State http://www.washingtoncouncilfff.org/
Western Rocky Mtn http://www.wrmcfff.org/

Book & DVD Reviews
reviewed by Bruce E. Harang

Atlantic Salmon Magic by Topher Browne
Wild River Press, Mill Creek, WA, 2011
462 pages, hardbound + DVD "Home for Salmon", illustrated, Color and B&W, suggested price $100.00

On several levels this is the finest comprehensive modern volume on the subject of fly fishing for Atlantic salmon. The photography and artwork of Atlantic salmon and their environs is coffee table quality. Even the end papers are masterpieces. The design, editing and especially the writing are simply superb. The author's writing style is easy to read and informative with a dry humor that keeps the technical sections light. Most importantly the author actually has something to say, and he says it well.

The book opens with magnificent photographs and artwork of Atlantic salmon and their rivers starting with the cover end papers. The first chapter contains a short life history of the fish which gives a good overview of the Atlantic salmon and its travels from birth to spawning accompanied by great photography and well designed migration charts. The second chapter describes a common sense approach to increasing the odds of finding and hooking up with an Atlantic salmon. Following this is a discussion of reading Salmon water. This detailed discussion with well designed illustrations when learned will top great casting, large fly selection, and aggressive wading every time.

Probably the best visual chapter is of the one hundred currently most popular Atlantic salmon flies. This chapter opens with a discussion of fly design as a function of water conditions, Atlantic salmon physiology, and presentation method. Next the fly patterns are broken down into sections for dry flies, hitched flies, and wet flies. Each pattern comprises a rather small image of the pattern, the name, tier, pattern, and a section containing fishing notes and history. The pattern images don't do the photographer justice though they clearly illustrate the pattern. However, the full page and two page images of traditional Spey flies are truly outstanding.

The next four chapters discuss actual fishing of dry flies, rifling hitched flies, wet flies, and sunk flies in a straight forward manner giving sound advice and practical techniques. The text is accompanied, in each chapter, by excellent photography, illustrations, and diagrams. The discussion of fishing the rifling hitch is particularly illuminating and also exceptionally well illustrated. Next is a chapter discussing suitable equipment including rods, reels, lines, leaders, and a minimalist approach to practical fishing knots, waders, and clothing. This is very good advice which is focused on performance not solely price. Following next is a well written chapter on necessary techniques for single hand and Spey casting, wading, playing, landing, and releasing a Salmon, and finally fishing fitness.

The final two chapters provide a realistic overview of where to fish for Atlantic salmon the world over as well as provide a good entry point into arranging to fish a particular river or watershed. The volume finishes with a well designed appendix, bibliography, and very useable index. But don't stop yet. Turn the last several pages for some absolutely
stunning photographs and then look inside the back cover for a copy of the DVD of Atlantic salmon fishing and restoration in Russia.

This is a magnificent volume well worth the price and one that will only increase in value over time. It is also a benchmark work which is a must have for any Atlantic salmon fly fisher as well as any hardcore Steelheader.

100 Best Flies for Atlantic Salmon by Topher Browne
Wild River Press, Mill Creek, WA, 2011
240 pages, flexible hardbound, illustrated, Color, suggested price $25.00

If there was one shortcoming in the Atlantic Salmon Magic volume it was the size and quality of the fly pattern image reproductions. While they were clearly serviceable they were not up to the quality of the rest of the photographs and artwork in that magnificent volume. This 6” x 9” format companion volume certainly corrects that one shortcoming. On facing pages are the pattern name, tier, and recipe with a full page, full color image of the pattern. These photographs do full justice to not only the flies but also to the photographer. The book contains all 100 patterns in Atlantic Salmon Magic and also includes 10 more popular patterns. In its' own right it is a superlative fly tying pattern book of the world's best Atlantic salmon fly patterns. As a companion volume it completes a truly benchmark work. At the asking price it is a tremendous value and must have volume.

One Good Fish
Submitted by Mike Adamson – Backcountry Fly Fishing Association - Orlando

I’m in Minneapolis this morning. It’s 31 degrees with 26 mph winds that make it feel like 21 degrees. A trace of snow blowing under low gray clouds that look like they’re on a forced march. It’s just another glorious May Day in the state where I grew up. I love Minnesota.

This is the state that nurtured my love for water and everything that lives in it. Like all fishermen I still remember my first fish. The crappie in Orchard Lake from the dock of the Sea Girt Inn. My first “monster” pulled from the banks of the Minnesota River. It was a carp but it was still a monster. The highlight was always the annual and INCREDIBLE weeks in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area outside of Ely. There, we dodged child-sized mosquitoes while casting to walleye, smallmouth and northern pike at the base of beaver dams. I love Minnesota.

But I have to be honest that some of that romance for the land (and waters) of my boyhood may have grown fonder with absence. It ain’t Florida. Case in point--this morning’s sports page in the Star-Tribune highlights a spring-time quest for steelhead on the North Shore of Lake Superior. We’re talking Duluth. I’m pretty sure that the town’s name comes from a couple of root words that mean “absolutely gorgeous” and “colder than you could ever imagine”. Get there between August and October and you’ll never want to leave. Get there soon after Thanksgiving and you can’t leave. At least until the snow melts.

This morning I’m reading the story of a father/son team fishing for steelhead at the mouth of swollen streams that flow into Lake Superior. In the land of 10,000 lakes, this lake will always be King. A higher grade of royalty than Minnetonka or Winnibigoshish. Even the holy waters of Mille Lacs pay obeisance to Superior which still holds the Edmund Fitzgerald in the silt of her floor. (Time to pull up Gordon Lightfoot on your iPods.)

So, as the father and son make their way to streams on the second and last day of their trip, it’s through 6 inches of overnight April snow. It’s 36 degrees when they arrive at 9 am. It warms to 38 degrees by the afternoon. It’s 36 degrees again at 5 pm. The article is peppered with phrases like, “weather as foreboding as a funeral”, and “the day would not warm a whit nor would it grow brighter” and “gales folded rollers into foam against the craggy shorelines.” You get the picture. It was survival. And then it happened.

A slight tug that was likely just a snag. A “just-in-case” hookset. In an instant, a “steelhead gone wild” taking all the flyline out of the stripping basket and streaking upstream, both in and out of the water. Soon there was a beautiful 28-inch hen at hand, lit up like chrome and full of roe.
Here’s how the story ends. Tell me if you’ve ever felt this… “Two days, one fish. But one good fish, and now the weather, still seasonably dank, never seemed so pleasant.”

Isn’t that classic? You know JUST how that feels, don’t you. It’s a brotherhood. And you know you belong when one good steelhead at the mouth of Superior or one good redfish after a day on the lagoon or one good tarpon after a week in the backcountry eats your fly and makes it worthwhile.

So this morning I’m grateful to be “home” in the state I’ve never left even though I haven’t had an address since I went to college. I’m also gratefully heading back today from the waters of my youth to the waters of my grown family. Frankly I prefer the heat of Florida’s summers to the cold of Minnesota’s winters. But mostly I prefer to keep fishing whatever water happens to be near me. I’m glad that this month those waters hold redfish, snook and tarpon and that somewhere in the mix there will be one good fish.

**White Bass Fever**
By Walter Ross – Taken from Alamo Fly Fishers Club Newsletter

I find myself looking forward to two things every year; the Sockeye Salmon run on the Kenai River in Alaska and the White Bass run at Colorado Bend State Park just west of Lampasas. In both cases I find myself wanting to go earlier and earlier each year to the spawning grounds in the hopes that a few fish have moved up river ahead of schedule. This year was no exception. In early February I had White Bass fever and had to do something about it. I started surfing the net to gather information on white bass fishing in Texas in hopes of locating fish on the move. As one might guess, I was suddenly overwhelmed with information. After boiling it all down, I decided to check out the Nueces River near George West, TX. I had read reports online at www.2coolfishing.com that the run had started and that the females were being caught with regularity. That was enough for me and my buddy Dave. I wasn't surprised to find that he had the fever too.

February 19th with a Jon boat in tow, we headed for the Highway 59 Bridge just east of George West. We’d heard reports from locals that most boats were catching their limits and that the females were larger this year than in previous years. With excitement we launched the boat and followed other boats about five miles downriver. Since I didn’t have a fish finder on the boat we started fishing by casting blind. Dave picked up several nice males but it was slow going so we decided to look and learn. Most boats going up and down the river were trolling bass lures. Reluctantly we did the same. When we found fish, we put the spinning rods down and started fly fishing. Unfortunately the wind picked up resulting in what I call fly fishing “drama” so most of our time was spent casting Rapala lures. At the end of the day we had 35 fish between us. Most were females ranging from 12-15 inches.

Although we were planning on heading to Colorado Bend the following week, we’d heard some negative reports so we decided to continue scouting the Nueces for white bass. Thanks a million Clay Gill for recommending we head up river. Clay suggested putting in at the boat ramp off of Airport Road just north of George West off of highway 281 between Three Rivers and George West. Clay advised us to run upriver this time until we hit the gravel bars. He said that we could easily fly fish from the gravel bars. We did exactly what Clay suggested but to our immediate disappointment we couldn’t buy a fish. As in the previous week our plan was to troll bass lures with spinning rods until we picked up a fish and then start fly fishing. We must have trolled 3 miles of river without catching or seeing a white bass. Other boats verified our observations with disappointing expressions as we continued heading up river. After reaching the first of two gravel bars we were just about to call it quits but decided to continue on around another bend or two. Man, I’m I glad we did. We beached the boat and in 5 casts of a 3wt, I landed 5 fish. Dave had similar success. At the end of the day both of us had a limit of White Bass and had probably thrown back 20 additional fish each.

Dave and I have decided to make the Nueces White Bass Run an annual event. I’m sure though that in a couple of years we’ll be looking for a similar place where the runs start in December or January.

**The Bunyan Bug**
By Gene Rea - Taken from Pikes Peak Flyfishers Newsletter

Over the last couple of years, including just recently, I have been asked repeatedly about the Bunyan Bug, the venerable little stonefly depicted in “The Movie”. As this wasn’t the first time I have been asked about this particular fly pattern I
decided to do a little investigation and visited hallowed antiquity to see if it really existed. To my surprise I discovered that it actually does exist! So I thought I would share with you what I learned, as well as provide the pattern guide for this old Montana favorite.

Like many urban legends, there is some truth to at least parts of all of them. The fly supposedly was suggested by Norman Maclean (who wrote the book “A River Runs Through it”) and created by Norman Edward Lee Means, both men of Missoula, Montana. Or it could have been vise-versa. At any rate most will agree the Bunyan Bug was designed to imitate the Salmon Fly, a very popular hatch on the Missoula (and the Gunnison River here in Colorado) at that time. The mind-set was...bigger was better.

In 1923, the Bunyan Bug was conceived, made and used for the first time. The first Bunyan Bug was a far cry from the cork body aquatic insects that are used in many parts of the United States and Canada, today.

During the month of May on the Missoula, Norman Means observed hatches of a yellow and black bodied stone-fly. The females are about one inch long; males, (as in all species of stone flies) are smaller and their wings are dark, translucent gray. In the latter part of May the big orange stone flies are starting to hatch. In some states they are known as “willow flies,” locally, “salmon flies” with male bodies being bright orange female bodies orange to brownish orange. The wings are a light sand color and translucent when the insects first crawl out of their shell, becoming darker with age. They live about 15 days on most given stretches of water.

Means also observed that June is a big month with many, many, hatches of stone flies and drakes. The most prominent being the “Big Orange”, the “Yellowbelly”, the “Rusty”, and the “little yellow and black”, hatching in the order listed.

It was these big stoneflies that Means was attempting to imitate with his Bunyan Bug. He was trying to come up with a stonefly imitation that would be able to ride the turbulent white water common on the Missoula. Fishermen on the Missoula knew the biggest fish were found in the swifter, more turbulent water, but typical patterns of the day couldn’t handle the swifter water without sinking right away. Necessity is always the mother of invention – thus, the Bunyan Bug was born.

In using Bunyan Bugs Means makes the following observation, “never pull them across the water – LET THEM FLOAT WITH THE CURRENT (sound like a dead drift to you?). With the stone flies, one should shake the tip of the rod back and forth, left to right, which causes the bug to dance and flutter in a lifelike manner.”

**Casting Tip for TBFFC: 17**
By Pat Damico - Taken from Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club Newsletter

I notice some excellent casters stand differently when casting, is there a right stance? Your physical makeup will often dictate what stance is more comfortable for you. Placing your casting side foot back is common in saltwater casting because it allows you to use your body to assist in casting with heavier equipment and longer distances. The longer the cast, the further back your foot is placed. Much less stress is on your shoulder, elbow and wrist. Tilting your rod away from vertical and more horizontally also can be more comfortable. This position is the only one that allows you to easily watch your back cast which is most helpful in diagnosing casting problems.

**A Stranger Named Joey**
By John Springer – Taken from the CT Fly Fisherman’s Assoc. Newsletter

The people I have met through fly fishing never cease to amaze me. This past year my friend Mike and I were fishing the Missouri river and it was slowwwwww. I always get a kick out of fly fishermen that use that term. Most of the time when they do, it means they have caught nothing.

Our fishing was not quite that bad but we were only catching small fish and an occasional “real” Missouri river trout. Mike and I have our favorite spots that are always good to us, but not this time.

Oh, did I mention the weeds? I’m not sure if it’s because I am getting older or what but the weeds seem to be getting worse and worse in that river. If you have never been there, the entire river bottom is covered with very long vegetation
we call “salad”. Every cast while nymphing you must clean off your hook, same with streamers. We did run into another fisherman this year who shared one of his secret flies with us as well as how he deals with the weeds. He uses a long fast sink tip line and said it helps out as you get down below the weeds that are floating in the water. As we did not have one of those lines, it will be something to try out next year. This advice and a hot fly did not help us for this trip, but Joey did.

Mike and I have been staying at Frenchy’s in Wolf Creek for almost 15 years now and Amel, the owner, has been telling us about Joey from NY for a few years now, this year we met him. Sometimes it’s just luck that can really make your vacation. Running into Joey made our trip to the Missouri River turn into something memorable.

Amel introduced us and Joey asked how we were doing, we said, “not very well at all.” Before I could tell him how it usually is he said, “I am going right now. Come with me, I’ll show you where I fish and how I rig up to catch them and what flies I use.” He then proceeded to tell us about a 6 pound fish he lost the night before and how he had to cut his line and jump into the river to get his line unwrapped from the cement support for I-15, then his knot between the line and backing broke. Fish and fly line were gone. Mike and I looked at each other and said, “we have to get a bit to eat then, if its ok we will join you if that’s ok.” He told us where he would be and told us some flies to pick up at the shop before we came down; we followed his instructions and did just that.

Along the river there is a road called Frontage Road and the river pushes into the banks where they have huge boulders so the road does not get undercut and swept away in high water. That’s where the fish were. Lots of hiding places down there and all the food coming down river gets swept into the sharp banks, along with ALL the weeds. But you know what? Joey was right there were fish of all sizes there and none were small.

So we dealt with the weeds and climbing over the rocks and caught fish and lost some real nice ones I might add. He even showed us a second spot that was loaded with fish and much easier to fish, we dubbed that hole “dead rattlesnake hole” as there was a dead snake on the road that was in the sun for some time and stunk like hell.

We spent about 5 hours with our new friend and wanted to take him out but he could not join us as he had to work the next day. Joey is a real trout bum, he pays for his fishing in Montana by painting houses, staying at French’s and living as cheaply as he can. Very smart man; he knows what’s important in life.

Mike and I went back several times on our trip and one time I was walking the bank and saw a fish that looked to be some were between 30-36 inches. They have very big carp in the Missouri river and I thought that was what I was looking at first, then it opened its mouth and I was it the biggest brown trout I had ever seen. I have heard people talk about fish that size and have seen big fish swim under boats I had been in, but not this big. I backed off, got below that fish, tied on a big fly and tried for him. On about the 5-6th cast, the line did go tight and start to move, and in about 3 seconds the fly came lose and that fish was gone. I could have hooked it in the mouth or its side fin, I’ll never know. What I do know is I got a shot at the largest trout I have ever seen because of a fellow named Joey who took the time to help two strangers he just met out of the goodness of his heart. And that is something you just don’t see much of today.

I’ll have another life-long fishing memory because of a stranger named Joey. If you’re lucky enough to make it to the “Golden Years” like my dad and some of my fishing friends who can’t walk well anymore those memories are all you will have. I hope I am lucky enough to have lots of them.

Fond Memories
By Trisha Campbell - Taken from the Kelly Creek Flycasters Newsletter

I have fond memories as a Midwesterner of taking summer vacations to Colorado with my father. One year he took me to a “pay as you catch” stocked pond where they had fly rods. I caught the bug that day and emptied my father’s wallet on fish caught. The next day we were in the sporting goods store getting outfitted with all the needed gear.

For that trip, and a few years after, I remember running up and down those mountain streams with my dad’s watchful eyes on me. Even though I was doing more playing in the water than fishing it, I remember the feeling of standing in a stream with the beautiful mountains all around, the sounds and feel of the cool water, and the smell of pines in the air. I felt this was a special place for me like none I had known before.
Though I had only fly-fished one or two more times in my life, I never forgot those times. When I decided to move to the Northwest, now nine years ago, I made it a goal to learn how to fly fish. As soon as I started, I realized what was true for me as a child was still true for me now; there is no more of a special place for me than the solitude of standing in a stream or river and looking around at the grandeur of nature.

The other day, I called my father who is now into a fairly good progression of Alzheimer’s. I was chatting with him about my plans for future fly fishing activities. He broke into a recount of those days together in Colorado with great detail and clarity. I didn’t even know he remembered those times we shared. I could tell he had a tear of happiness in his eye when he stated, “Those were some of the best memories in my life”.

**When Capt’n Billy Speaks**

By Clay Gill – Taken from the Alamo Fly Fishers Newsletter

Reputation is everything. He speaks-they listen. Like E. F. Hutton, some people become giants. They make a big difference in all they do. Capt. Billy Trimble has become one of those quiet giants making friends and becoming family wherever he goes. His enthusiasm is very contagious!

He was a surveyor, but loved the outdoors. Fishing the mountains for Trout and chasing Bonefish interested him. But ten years ago a call to the Texas coast led him to a poling skiff. The plan was to make it a part time job to pay for the skiff once he acquired Coast Guard certification. The plan, a fun part time gig. The rest is history.

The love of the expansive Laguna back country was so strong Capt. Trimble evolved into one of the most respected fly fishing guides on the Texas coast. His love for teaching and sharing the beautiful Laguna has given him great rewards. He says even after 20 straight days of guiding it is still exciting for him. It is the clients’ first day out. He is just as happy it is your first exciting day to be out fishing. That is loving to do your work.

The most important virtue a guide can have according to Capt. Billy is tons of patience. One with the environment and in tune to the surroundings, the experience a guide provides is the day to day local knowledge on the water. Coupled that with a tolerance for mistakes or lack of skill, his goal is to fine tune your ability to a level you succeed outdoors. One cast and monumental battle might make the whole day for someone who has never done it!

Billy told me the most important thing a seasoned or novice fisherman coming on board his skiff can bring is a good practiced cast. A cast that is not long and arduous, but simply a 35-50 foot shot that is on the money. Do this under the pressure of a large Redfish in your face with the skill to put the fly on the intended target. He says that comes from countless false cast practice shots to be ready under the pressure of the moment when some great poling and situational approach give you that one time shot to make it happen. It takes a lot of practice by you, and infinite patience on his part to work.

Guiding ten years now full time, dedicated to his profession, many things have become obvious. The people who employ guides need to be ready for a day on the salt flats fly fishing. It is often very tough out there. Freshwater gear is a problem in saltwater. Capt. Billy recommends salt water lines, leaders, and the larger diameter stiffness and durability of proper fly fishing equipment for the task. At least the leader should be salt grade thicker, for the saltwater job. Supple mountain Trout gear is too flimsy. Not to make long 70 foot casts but take the abuse of big fish, cast, and the shell abrasion. It is just that basic. Take good salt-water grade gear.

When it comes to kids taken for experience parents should remember it is their day. Sacrifice the day to put them on the bow of the skiff. When the time to correct the cast or presentation comes, let a good guide give them full attention. Interjection and confusion ensues when the child is receiving mixed messages from every direction. Let them make mistakes and learn from a good instructor like Capt. Trimble. Make it fun and rewarding.

On expectations, Capt. Trimble says it’s best to enjoy the day and not expect a dozen fish. The nature of prowling the flats makes it tough. Wind and ultra-clear water can be challenging. He says fish will find your skill level quickly, and motivate you to improve. You will learn to adapt to conditions and overcome adversity. Enjoy the challenge, and be thankful when it works!
Upcoming FFF Council Conclaves

FFF 46th Annual Conclave - Flyfishing Fair & Conclave
August 30 - September 3, 2011
West Yellowstone, Montana
http://www.federationconclave.org/

SEPTEMBER 30-OCTOBER 2, 2011
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA COUNCIL – www.nccfff.org
Gateway to the Sierras Sportsman & Outdoor Expo – Placerville, CA

OCTOBER 9, 2011
SOUTHERN COUNCIL – www.southerncouncilfff.org
2011 Conclave & Fly Fishing Festival – Mountain Home, AR

OCTOBER 15, 2011
SOUTH WEST COUNCIL – www.southwestcouncilfff.org
A Night with Joan Wulff - The Olympic Collection, Los Angeles, CA

OCTOBER 21-22, 2011
FLORIDA COUNCIL – www.fff-florida.org
Fly Fishing Expo 2011 – Orlando, FL

Keep Informed and Spread the Word
The FFF needs more clubs to join the ranks to help in the conservation and education efforts of the FFF. If you would like to start a club or know of a club that might be interested in affiliating with the FFF please direct them to the Club Information pages below:


Please send an e-mail to fffoffice@fedflyfishers.org should your club have a fishing / tying event / banquet. We would like to add these events to our web site calendar of events. Provide the date, location, name of your club and a website address that I can link to direct our members for more information. The events calendar is on the following web page http://www.fedflyfishers.org/Default.aspx?tabid=4513