Welcome to the March / April 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://visitor.constantcontact.com/manage/optin/ea?v=001oqwWjY62mfmliHsoPjzZRg%3D%3D and just enter the e-mail address you would like it to be sent to.

- **Conclave is Coming** –
Mark your calendars! 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!


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

- **The Weekly Fly** –
A great way to learn to tie flies you have never tried. [http://www.theweeklyfly.com/](http://www.theweeklyfly.com/)

- **For Those Who Follow the Adventures of  Lewis and Clark** –
This website houses the exact panels that were in our original exhibit as well as some other educational resources. [http://www.undauntedanglers.org/](http://www.undauntedanglers.org/)

- **Check Out Your FFF Council’s Website** –
Gulf Coast [http://www.gulfcoastfff.org/](http://www.gulfcoastfff.org/)
Ohio [http://www.ohiofff.org/](http://www.ohiofff.org/)
Oregon [http://orcfff.org/](http://orcfff.org/)
Southwest [http://www.southwestcouncilfff.org/](http://www.southwestcouncilfff.org/)
Western Rocky Mtn [http://www.wrmcfff.org/](http://www.wrmcfff.org/)
Tenkara by Kevin C. Kelleher, MD, with Misako Ishimura
Lyons Press, Guilford, CT, 2011
145 pages, softbound, illustrated, B&W, suggested price $19.95

As cognac is the highly distilled essence of fermented white wine grapes from the Cognac region of France, so Tenkara is the highly distilled essence of fly fishing for trout from the small mountain streams of Japan. And in keeping with the idea of only the essentials this small volume provides the essence of Tenkara. The reader is presented with a short history and simple directions allowing the reader to begin fly fishing, or begin fly fishing more simply, while allowing self-discovery. Within 146 pages is found what gear is needed, how to assemble it, and how to use it successfully. Originally developed for small stream fishing, the information within this volume also shares thoughts on using Tenkara for fishing larger waters including lakes. Included is the essence tying traditional Tenkara flies and furling traditional fly lines, along with how to use modern Western flies, modern entomology, fish other than trout with this very basic tackle and simple techniques. Also discussed are the ease backpacking with this simple system, and the ease of learning for both children and women.

Here is a superb teaching tool to introduce anyone to fly fishing in a pressure free manner that will allow everyone to realize success in fly casting through self-experimentation. There is an old saying, “tools do not make the craftsman”. Tenkara and this book prove this is also so for fly fishing. This small volume is a pleasure to read and an inspiration for all who wish to learn to cast a fly to a fish.

The book is very well written in and easy to read style that simultaneously does a great job of transferring information. A well developed Index increases the usefulness of the book. The pencil illustrations are a wonderful compliment to the simplicity of the subject matter. The editing and design of the book further enhance the idea of simplicity.

Idaho River Maps & Fishing Guide by Frank Amato Publications
Frank Amato Publications, Inc., Portland, OR, 2010
47 pages, softbound, illustrated, color, suggested price $25.00

This is a beautifully illustrated large format fishing map book covering the major fishing rivers of Idaho. This book is the sixth in a series of such volumes covering a major portion of the far West. The book opens with an Idaho map showing the location and name of the thirty rivers presented. This is followed by a page of color illustrations of the Idaho sport fish you will find in these waters, a short introduction, and two pages of color popular trout flies. and another of popular lures, followed in turn by four pages of general fishing techniques, a page of popular fishing knots and finally a page containing a hatch chart and photos of a number of common aquatic insects. All of these pages are well illustrated in color. The balance of the book is full-page maps of a particular river or a section of a particular river as the length of the river dictates. Also included on each page is a fishing calendar giving the best times of year to fish, a list of services in the area, general river information, a map legend, and a short description of the river and the fishing and fish to be found.

Overall, this is a beautifully done fishing map book of Idaho. Like most maps though, you should double check particulars like currently open boat launches and park fees when you arrive or just before you head out.

The Secret
By Mike Wilhelm – Taken from the Mid-South Fly Fishers Club Newsletter

Having had more than a few of what I deem extraordinary days of fly-fishing on my favorite rivers and streams, recent thoughts of those fly fishing experiences have given me reason to consider what might have been the cause of my undeserved good fortune. Those who have fished with me know I have no special talent and many who have watched me cast suggest I take lessons. My fly tying is marginal at best. My eyesight is poor. My fly fishing gear is far from fancy and I look awful in waders. To this point, any meager successes bestowed upon me in the world of fly-fishing befuddle the minds of experts and novices alike. Could it be that I am just one those bumbling buffoons who stumble through life achieving fly fishing success for no obvious reason while others with far superior skills and abilities struggle?
One factor that has come to mind is timing. Timing is one of those things about which one hears repeatedly. It affects everything from automobiles to golf swings to the stock market. In fly-fishing, timing is everything. The timing of the cast can keep you fishing or with the leader wrapped around your neck. The timing of the hatch is a big one. (You should have been here yesterday.) Timing of generation on tail waters….oh, don’t get me started on that one, but it is important. Timing the drift and mends can be the difference in a take and a refusal. Timing your trips to the river to coincide with trips of your good fly fishing friends helps, too. Perhaps my timing has just been good for some fateful reason.

The timing factor deliberation may have reached its apex this past Friday. Bemoaning generation on the river I wanted to fish (poor timing), a second choice was determined and the trip executed. Arriving at the river, there was already a crowded parking lot and I assumed the better fishing assignments were already taken. Fly fishers lined the river as I headed upstream. Looking up river, I could see a fly fisher in one of my favorite spots which is not uncommon but I knew of other good places so I continued on. Turns out the fly fisher was Mike Marshall, friend and club member, who was just leaving as I was arriving. Mike mentioned good catches a few days prior but not today (poor timing again) so he was going to the house. After giving me a couple of flies, he wished me luck and I proceeded to the spot he had been fishing for the past two hours with little luck.

In fact, with the fly Mike gave me, I managed a couple of small rainbows in the first 15 minutes after arriving. It was then the loud rumbling of a diesel engine on the nearby high bank began to disturb my peaceful fly-fishing experience.

As the diesel rattled, other banging and clanging noises followed irritating me further.

I thought it must be a farmer or a construction worker determined to spoil my day and keep me from concentrating on my soft hackle.

While I was praying for the noise to stop and for a fish to take my fly, the most incredible thing happened.

Though I have fished there often, I had not noticed the 20 inch black pipe leading from the top of the bank to the river. If I did notice it, I must have thought it was a drain of some kind and dismissed it. The noise continued and escalated as several hundred trout fell into the river via this big black pipe not 30 feet in front of me.

I stood there with my mouth open in awe as fish continued to drop for several minutes. Then the rumbling diesel drove off leaving me not knowing whether to laugh, cry or jump up and down so I did all three. I looked around for others who might have noticed the stocking by the hatchery truck (or me jumping up and down) and not one had taken note of it. Amazing! Hundreds of fish lay at my feet and not just small stockers. There were some good 14 inchers in the group. It was time to fish. (Oh, did I mention timing?)

Not to abuse my good fortune, I caught and released a reasonable number and shared with a couple of others who came along noticing my consistent takes.

We enjoyed several doubles and a few triples before leaving it with them.

I wandered off in search of more challenging trout. Indeed, a couple of fish that had been in the river for more than an hour were found and, well satisfied, I took my timing to the house for lunch and a nap leaving the question of my bumbling “buffoonism” little in doubt.

The One Thing that is Constant is that….There Will Be Change (Cape Lookout 2010)
By Mike Janosko & Kathy Pierce - Taken from Firelands Fly Fishers Newsletter

This year, indeed, was like no other. The past 4 years I have experienced false albacore crashing bait balls on the surface and some dredging with sinking lines. This year we moved the date up 2 weeks to try to get some warmer weather. We prepared with three 10 wt rods and a 12 wt with floating, intermediate and fast sinking lines for each and enough flies to last a month. Capt Dean Lamont of Crystal Coast Adventures had backup fly rods and spinning gear to cover any odd situations as well.
Normally as the water temperature cools in the fall, the bait leaves the Pamlico Sound and heads for the open waters of the Atlantic and also into the open mouths of the many fishes that gorge themselves before winter sets in. "Bait" can be bay anchovies, herring, silversides, mullet and menhaden. Most of these baits can be represented with clousers and deceiver style flies in a size from #2 to a 2/0 with variations in colors. The predominant bait in years past has been the bay anchovy, which was mimicked by a gummy minnow about 2" long or a # 2 clouser in pink and white or tutti-frutti. All you need to do is get your fly into the flying bait and avoid the gulls and pelicans diving from above.

The action progresses at an alarming speed led by hovering gulls where the bait school gets close to the surface. The whole process can turn away or toward you or stop at any point in time. You can usually get one or 2 casts before it stops. If it turns away, then your casting ability becomes the limiting factor whether you get a hookup or not. Fifty foot casts will get you fish but eighty feet will get you more. If you can cast 80ft without wind, it might result in a 40 foot cast in a 25 knot headwind. The double haul is the norm.

Just when you think you have it figured out, then Mother Nature throws you a changeup. This year, the weather preceding our charter dates was rainy with big wind and waves churning up the beaches, scattering the bait. No baitballs! No Diving gulls to locate the schools of "albacore".

Oct 29th---The first of the 2 days was spent traveling down from Cape Lookout to Emerald Isle in search of clean water--the wind was cold and cranking around 17 -20kts. We pulled the plug after 3 hrs of no action except a few small blues breaking close to Fort Macon. The only action on the radio was way east past the shoals. After crossing the shallows, even bigger wind and seas awaited. The wind was supposed to swing offshore and lay down the next day so we bailed and enjoyed some she-crab soup and mahi wraps at a local restaurant in Beaufort and went to the spice store.

October 30th---The wind switched and laid down a bit so we made the 20 mile trip east to the other side of the same shoals that brought on Blackbeard’s demise. We found some bait in 20ft. of water with huge round marks on the depth sounder---Big Brooder Redfish! By the time we got rigged up with sinking 400-500 grain lines and a 12 wt, we couldn't find the elusive school. I did manage to land an 18# albie dredged off the bottom that surprised us by not being a huge redfish.

No gulls were tipping us off to where the fish were feeding---SIPPERS! The fish switched over to feeding on bay anchovies about 1" long and just cruised under the surface, sucking in the bait without any commotion. The bait was so small that they didn’t attract the attention of the gulls. One time the fish showed themselves as usual and Kathy got a nice one. At the same time, my son, Mike, had his fly in the zone 4 times, but no takers on a regular sized clouser and nothing more after that.

We then got a call from another charter captain friend. He had found the school of big reds and jumping spinner shark, so we decided to check it out. As we pulled up, the other captain hooked up on big one and after a 1/2 hr battle on spinning gear, he landed a redfish that bottomed out the scale on a 30# boga grip. Then our captain, Dean Lamont, hooked something on a jig and swim-bait that just ripped line off his reel and broke off as fast as it got hooked. Maybe a spinner shark or a king mackerel. We never got to see it.

There were a few kingfish around on the artificial reef, but we decided to go further to "D wreck" for another shot at albies---Capt Tom Roller was getting some action (one of the albies was 21# bruiser) there. He yelled over that there were amberjack all around his boat. I tied on a big crease fly and got 3 follows back to the boat by one that was 3040#. Another would follow deeper and was closer to 80#. On the 4th cast the same 2 fish followed and with my leader in my guides and about a ft from the bow---the smaller fish took the top-water like a trout sucks in a #14 Adams as Kathy watched just 3 feet away.

I wish that I had tied the fly on my 12 wt rather than the 10 when it became obvious that I was severely under gunned. ("those in the know" use 14wt rods for amberjack) I kept the fish from sounding on 3 attempts that it made to reach the bottom wreck and after 10 minutes of wrestling the jack it made another sounding and ripped off another 50 ft of line and the line went slack---it made it to the bottom and shredded the 30# leader.

There were lots of surprises; I wonder what’s in store for us next year!
Casting Tip for TBFFC: 13
By Pat Damico - Taken from Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club Newsletter

When casting, why do I sometime hear a “crack” when starting my forward cast?

This is a common casting fault that can be accompanied by frayed leaders or flies that lose most of their dressing. If you begin the forward cast too early and too fast this will happen. The forward part of the cast should begin as the line is almost completely unrolled, this does not include the leader.

It should look like a candy cane. Begin all casts slowly increasing speed to a final stop. As with other casting problems, slow everything down, always trying to make a technically acceptable cast.

Two And a Half Hours in the Life of your President
By Sam Bishop – Taken from Santa Cruz Fly Fishermen Newsletter

Early morning on Tuesday, the alarm has not sounded, so I turn it off, slip out of bed, and quietly head to the bathroom so as to not wake my wife. After a quick shave, I am in the kitchen fixing breakfast, drinking coffee, looking at the tide tables and watching the weather to see what's up for surf.

I wear my fishing shirt with my dress pants and hang my dress shirt in the truck. Donning my waders while in the garage, I check to ensure my rod is in place; reel end on the dashboard, "pointy end" sticking out through the split glass back window of the pickup. It is already set with three different flies, spaced about 18 inches apart, below a tiny swivel at the butt end of the leader. Stripping basket and waterproof jacket in the back? Check. Dress shoes in the back? Check.

Dawn has barely broken as I head south on Highway One for the San Andreas exit, then a few more minutes to park outside Manresa State Beach, nose of the truck nestled into the poison oak. Checking to be sure I have my camera in the waterproof box clipped to my side, hat on, briefcase covered from sight in the truck, door locked, then stride away to the beach, still lost in thought, but wondering what will it look like this morning as I round the turn. Heading down the ramp I see active surf and a bit of a rip tide just to the left. At the shoreline I strip out the line to beyond the shooting head and roll cast it on the sand to the side, then another dozen pulls of line. Backing up as I do this, my line is stretched out about 80 feet, so now I walk forward slowly feeding the line into the stripping basket at my waist. When it is in half way through the shooting head, I am ready and turn eagerly to the surf.

There's a bit of nervous water in front of me, as that is where I chose to prepare my line. First cast, a bit of reluctance for the line to feed properly, as it is still waking up and doesn't feed smoothly through the guides. But the second cast, is solid and shoots out all the way, so I pull another yard or two of line to be ready for a longer cast next time, seeking that perfect length to accommodate my coordination and the slight offshore breeze behind me.

Twitch stripping to simulate a crab or shrimp, I am still concentrated, not smiling, not realizing how serious I am, when suddenly in rapid succession, jerk, jerk, jerk, a perch has grabbed one of the three flies, shook it hard, then got off. My face is now lighted up with a grin as big as the Cheshire cat's in Alice In Wonderland. This is Sam in Wonderland now!

An hour and a half later, after catching three nice perch and watching the dolphins, I pack it in, rinse off the sand at the shower conveniently provided by the State Park, and head back to my pickup. There I shed my waders, put on my good shoes, take off the fishing shirt, replacing it with my dress shirt. It has been a wonderful start to my day and I'm off down the road, where in 15 minutes it's just another day at the office. Well, not quite like the rest of the folks though, as I had my experience with nature already and can truly start the day with a smile on my face.

Knot Unified
By Clay Gill – Taken from the Alamo Fly Fishers Newsletter

There must be a zillion fishing knots and line joining combinations. The complicated applications for fly fishing have become quite an art. For the novice at entry level it can be intimidating. You are thrust into the world of leaders, lines, loops, and terminal connections. Some instructional books regarding fishing knots look like Grey’s Anatomy. Do not say die!
And now we have Gel Spun, Micron, myriads of mono’s, and the almighty braids. The jury is still out on this stuff as backing. A novice may scratch his head as they shop for a fly lines or leaders. Sink tips, looped systems, and shooting heads charge into conversations. Specialized needs are met by these highly refined high tech concoctions.

It is not just a floater line and standard nine foot leader any more. Man’s ingenuity has transcended the mediocrity of the typical rig for fly fishing. You need to go to fly fishing college,--just to understand the special outfits used today to conquer shallow, deep, cold and hot water, blue water offshore, near shore and extreme distance casting. It is intimidating. Once you do it—it is easy and fun.

Fear not, -if you are entry level. There is hope. Brain surgery is not so hard once you get some training. Start with the basics but do not panic! It --will be ok. You will learn. The “Bimini Twist” will be easy eventually. Right now, locate someone who has the skills. Allow them time to impart the knowledge. Have fun in the process. It needs to be one step at a time. Above all have fun! No one learns to fly fish in a day! Quit as you tire out. It gets better each time you try to cast or tie.

The internet has become an invaluable forum for learning. Illustrations and detailed information await the curious who take time to search massive amounts of technical info. Fly Fish periodicals are also a huge source of current information. Manufacturers have “Tech” people you will help you at toll free numbers. There has never been more info out there readily available. Before you know it you are tying a Palomar in the dark and casting tight loops in the wind!

Then you start catching fish!

A good way to jump start fly fishing skills is to take classes provided for the basics and then follow-up later on the complicated aspects. Knots are endless. Fishing has invented excellent line connections. Don’t try to learn them all. Seek the best in each category. For the best results you must practice! The student must retain the muscle memory motor skills and imprint the repetitive manipulations to master complicated knot techniques. It is mostly repetition done your way!

A highly effective knot, but tough to learn is the “Perfection Loop”. Simple and effective, this loop disconnects lines quickly for a quick change-reconnect utility. Sections of a line, leader, or tippet, can be attached-reattached and eliminated as the task requires. But--it is somewhat hard to tie the first few times. People who quit and give up do not achieve that small tight compact “Perfection” knot so amazing once you get it right. A shortcut is the clunky and fat “Surgeons Loop”. It is simply a fat overhand knot to make the loop. The Perfection’s “tag” end stands straight out from the knot. You know you got it right when this happens. The tag end is perpendicular to the line, ready to be trimmed very close. It is a fine compact bead.

Many can learn well from instructional booklets and illustrations. Others like the hands on, over-the-shoulder approach, (watching someone else). This might be the best way to learn. A class with a good patient instructor can take the mystery out of complicated manuals. They make it all fun rather than intimidating. And fly fishing can be very intimidating at first if rushed or force fed. It is too complicated.

If you are new to the fly fish discipline, make a list of things you want to accomplish. Check them off as you take classes filling your needs. Large trade shows, fishing clubs, and boat shows have great speakers and classes. The experience builds on itself. The old learning curve in fly fishing shortens with a good plan and help. Then, it is all about the all important, practice-practice.

**The Simple Joys of a New Rod**
Submitted by John Berry

As an independent fly fishing guide, I participate in several pro purchase programs, which allow me to buy my fishing equipment at a discount. Needless to say, I have acquired quite a bit of gear over the years. Waders and fishing vests will wear out over time but rods and reels seem to last forever. This has been helped out quite a bit by the fact that virtually all of the manufacturers of quality rods have, for several years, offered a life time guarantee. If you should break one, it can be easily repaired at nominal cost. As a result, I seem to have accumulated a significant number of fly rods. Most were purchased several years ago. The rods that I have purchased in the last few years have been for my clients to use, when on the river. I have not purchased a new fly rod for my personal use in over ten years.
I was pleasantly pleased when one of the rod manufacturers recently sent me an email offering their newest, best rod at an unheard of discount. It was just too good to pass up. Sure, I didn’t need one. The rod I selected was a nine foot four weight. I already own two nine footers, an eight foot nine inch rod, two eight footers, a seven footer and a bamboo seven foot rod. All seven rods are four weights. I must mention that I have several other rods of various weights but the four weights are my favorite to fish. They are perfect for casting the small flies we use here.

My wife, Lori, was not so convinced that I really needed a new rod. I explained that my favorite four weight, my beloved Sage Light Line, was a two piece rod and difficult to travel with. This new rod would be a four piece (much easier to travel with) and besides it weighed a full ounce less but had the same action with a sensitive tip. She was unimpressed. I then suggested that I fund my acquisition by selling another rod, the eight foot nine incher. She agreed. I sold my old rod and ordered the new one.

It finally arrived and it was gorgeous. It had the nicest fittings I had ever seen. The finish was flawless and the cork grip was as smooth as a baby’s bottom. I was in love. I grabbed a reel with a four weight line and strung it up. I walked out to the side yard (we leave it clear of large plants so that we have a casting lawn for classes and our own practice sessions). I cast it for a few minutes. It was a pleasure to cast. I easily shot out seventy feet. Lori tried it and was also impressed with its appearance and ability to cast line.

I wanted to fish it. That is a lot different from just casting. I was curious to see how it handled casting a bit of weight and if it would protect small tippets. My work schedule was so heavy that I did not get a chance to fish with it for a couple of weeks. I wanted the conditions to be perfect. I finally caught the optimal day. It was warm and sunny. The river was on the bottom. It was a bit windy (10 to 20 miles per hour) but that did not bother me. I gathered up my yellow lab, Ellie, and Lori. Both were eager to be on stream. We drove over to Rim Shoals and waded down to our favorite spots. There were several anglers there but there were plenty of room to fish.

I put on a fresh seven and one half foot leader. I then tied on an eighteen inch 5X tippet and a hot pink San Juan worm. I tied an eighteen inch 6X tippet to the bend of the hook of the worm and a size twenty black zebra midge to the tag end of the tippet. I twisted a couple of turns of larva lead above the surgeon’s knot connecting the leader and the 5X tippet. I attached a strike indicator to the leader and set the depth at about six feet. I was fishing the drop off to a deep run. I cast upstream and let the current carry the fly line over the drop off into the deep run. The fish were stacked up along the drop off and it did not take long before I got a hook up. It was a nice fourteen inch rainbow. I landed it quickly. The rod performed flawlessly. It cast the double fly rig easily, despite the wind that was gusting over twenty five miles an hour. The tip was sensitive and carefully protected the 6X tippet. The rod had enough butt strength to put plenty of pressure on the trout and enabled me to land it quickly.

We fished all afternoon and I caught several nice trout. The largest was probably around fifteen inches long but was particularly fat and sassy. Lori did well also but was troubled by the crowd. She much prefers to fish secluded water. Ellie didn’t seem to care. She just wanted me to give her one or more of the dog biscuits that I always carry in my fishing vest.

It was finally time to go and I reluctantly left the river. The first outing with my new rod had convinced me that I had a new favorite. It is light in weight, casts like a dream and is an effective fishing tool. My new rod is a joy to own and fish with!

**Russia**

By John Springer – Taken from the Connecticut Fly Fisherman’s Assoc. Newsletter

The plans for this year’s trip started at the end of the last trip when my Russian friend Sergey said, “Dos Vodonya John,” in 2008 when I left him. Two years goes by fast when you’re 58 and thinking about big free-flowing rivers, Spey rods, beautiful Salmon flies, great food and plenty of Vodka -- and who can forget the infamous Bania for bathing? One part of the trips that never ceases to amaze me is the big smiles on the faces of the many fishermen I have been so lucky to meet. Without a doubt I am sure you have heard all the bad news from TV, Radio and newspapers about Russians. Never having experienced anything besides a warm welcome from these people and making seven visits. I can tell you most of what you have heard is false.
A fellow fisherman came with me, Bill Keister. Bill is a self-taught certified casting instructor as well as a great fly tier and fishermen, a good fishing partner to have along.

Because I have friends in Russia, my trip’s cost is about a third what others must pay. Besides plane fares, the cabin we stayed in cost $45 a day, that was for a warm bed, a hot meal at night and a boat ride up and back to the pools we where would fish. Our license fee each day was $45. We would spend about 12 hours a day on the river then come back.

You can’t fish for 9 days with a Spey rod for that many hours; breaks are taken for food, drink and a nap or two.

Each trip is different as to the amount of fish I have caught. As a rule I do not keep track of the amount of fish I catch, but in Salmon fishing I do. You’ve all heard that they are the fish of a thousand casts’, Sergey likes to say in Russia it’s eight hundred. Even though we were about 5 days earlier than past trips and they had much snow last winter by the time we got there, the water on the Kista was coming down and it seemed not as many fish were coming into the river. That being said I did hook 24 fish and landed 10 of them. But just being there, is such a great experience that losing so many does not matter to me. That old saying “there’s more to fishing than catching fish” makes a fishing trip much more enjoyable if you live by that expression. You learn to enjoy the people and the conversation much more if you’re not just trying to catch more fish.

Years ago I was very fortunate to meet and make friends with George Terpening. He used to always say to me when I was in a hurry to get to the river, “Johnny, I have already caught all the fish; I don’t have to catch them again.” He would then explain to me that when he went fishing it was to meet and talk to new people, have a drink and a good meal and catch a few fish. As I was young I did not understand that then, but I sure do now. Terp would really have enjoyed fishing with these Russians; they all seem to subscribe to his way of thinking.

Each day was the same routine; a time was set up the day before for Genaday to have the boat ready. We would get up and eat breakfast. We would boil a big kettle of water and make tea and open one of those dried soup mixes and prepare it, they really fill you up and last quite some time. By the time it was “ready to eat” we would have our thermos filled up and our food sack filled up. Our goodie bag consisted of some type of cheese, sausage, cookies, bread and some dried fruit. After we ate, Genaday would take 3 fishermen at a time up river. We crossed a big fresh water tidal area and headed up river to where the river dumped into the fresh water estuary and hike up to “the first pool”. The area we were allowed to fish is about three quarters of a mile long, after that the river is private. Inside the area we are allowed you have about ten spots that consistently produce fish. As the water drops you lose some holding water so fishing gets a bit tougher. Perhaps you have heard that a spot that holds a fish that is taken will fill up again with another fish, it’s very true in Salmon fishing. Sometimes it takes a few hours sometimes a day. But there will be another fish there for sure. Sometimes as many as 5 fish will be taken from that same spot as all of us would fish it several times each day. As our morning progress the other fishermen will show up and would ask how we were doing and what flies we had luck with. We showed each other our flies and you got some ideas for what to tie or found out what you were using was wrong. For this trip I spent the winter tying tube flies. I only made about 10 patterns but had them in different weights from plastic tubes to brass. You must go prepared to cover the water from top to bottom no matter what the water temperature is. Ally’s shrimp flies worked at the start of the trip, while Green Highlanders were working at the end of the trip.

Each of us would have a favorite spot, mine was always because I had hooked a good fish and I am sure they all felt the same, but we would always keep taking steps down river as you made your cast if someone was behind you. Nine days of fishing the same section of river might seem boring to some, but not to me. I guess the reason was because I know it will be two years before I go back to such a beautiful place and fish with such a good friend. Our last day of the trip was like all the rest. You party to much the night before, sleep much too little, fish way to hard, eat too much.

It’s a long drive about five hours back to Sergey’s house, but it is a quite ride really so many things go through your mind knowing it will be two years till I am back. Nothing like the same trip nine days before when you are talking about fishing catching up on what’s new and telling funny up his bania and we have our last real Russian bath together eat our last meal and pack. Take a two hour nap and drive 3 hours to the airport for our trip home that takes 28 hours door to door. Totally exhausted you get home but with so many wonderful memories to share with my wonderful wife I must tell her everything before I fall into a deep sleep. And dream about 2012 and my next trip, and what to do to improve myself so I don’t lose 14 fish.
Upcoming FFF Council Conclaves

FFF Washington State Council - Fly Fishing Fair
April 29 - 30, 2011
Kittitas Valley Event Center, Ellensburg, WA
http://washingtoncouncilfff.org/wfff

FFF Gulf Coast Council – Fly Fishing Expo
May 6 -7, 2011
Crowne Plaza Hotel on the Riverwalk, San Antonio, TX

FFF Ohio Council - Warm Water Conclave
June 4, 2011
American Legion Pavilion beside the Clear Fork River - Belleville, OH
http://ohiofff.ipower.com/current.htm

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

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