**FFF ClubWire**  
Welcome to the May / June 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](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/](http://www.federationconclave.org/)

- **The Osprey Journal** –  
To connect and learn about wild steelhead and salmon visit the website of our steelhead committee.  

- **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:  
Wm. Howard Malpass, National Membership Chairman  
5825 Southern Ave  
Shreveport, Louisiana 71106  
e-mail: whmalpass@hotmail.com
- Check Out Your FFF Council’s Website –
Florida http://www.fff-florida.org/
Gulf Coast http://www.gulfcoastfff.org/
Great Lakes http://www.ffeagl.org/
Mid Atlantic http://www.macfff.org/
North Eastern http://www.fffnec.org/
Northern California http://www.nccfff.org/
Ohio http://www.ohiofff.org/
Oregon http://orcfff.org/
South Eastern http://www.ffeasec.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

The Daddy Catch by Leigh Duncan
Harlequin, New York, NY, 2011
216 pages, softbound, not illustrated, suggested price $4.98

This is a well written romance novel set against a backdrop of fly fishing and guiding. The author displays a good working knowledge of both fly fishing and professional guiding making the story easy to read. The plot is nicely developed and well presented. The book makes a great bit of decompression time reading and is interesting enough to keep the readers interest from start to finish. This is an interesting tale worthy of a leisure time read.

Leaves from a Steelheader’s Diary by John Alevras
Frank Amato Publications, Inc., Portland, OR, 2010
158 pages hardbound, illustrated, B&W, suggested price $34.95

The author presents a total of forty-six sketches from his years of keeping a fishing journal. Twenty-nine of these short sketches (as short as a paragraph to as long as several pages) are from his fishing on the Babine River and seventeen are from his fishing on the Kispiox River. These sketches contain events that include Steelhead, river scenes, wildlife, and people living on or visiting these rivers. Reading these sketches will trigger the fishing events and characters in the lives of the readers and make for a lovely way to spend an afternoon or evening when fishing is out of the question. The book is nicely written and well edited. The quality of the printing and materials is excellent. The pencil drawings by Eldridge Hardie are superb and are well matched to the content of the book. The addition of a ribbon book marker is a very nice touch. While this is a well written and produced volume, one should review its offering carefully before placing its hefty price on the barrel head.

The Unthinkable – (I just thought I would add this article as some of you are now suffering from the summer heat….are you cooled off now?? – ClubWire Editor)
By Clay Gill – Taken from Alamo Fly Fishers Club Newsletter

A cold front had ripped on past the coast and it was really cold. He did the unthinkable and fell out of the boat, right off the casting platform. They were half way down to Baffin Bay! A great day out on the water turned to a shivering and torturous fight to stay warm. My friends had earlier been conducting a two man challenge, fish for fish and it turned into a miserable nightmare. A Space Blanket saved the day that afternoon for the Padre Island local who knew the dangers.

Had they been unprepared, and considering the travel time back to Bird Island, wet clothes and no shelter in a skiff may have spelled acute hypothermia. Not something to take lightly, many people die each year as the emergency goes noticed and the victims core temperature drops below 95 degrees. That is the rule of thumb for the various degrees of mild to acute hypothermia. It is serious anytime!
Fishermen never plan to tumble into the water, slip and fill waders in icy rivers, or loose balance and immerse in ice cold water. Once it happens everything changes. All bets are off and you are in a race to recover core temperature. Many things begin to happen once you really get cold and people do dumb things quickly. One strange thing first responders see often is the chilled victim removing clothes. Yes--it happens and the people actually feel a rush of warmth and almost delusional, begin to strip off clothes! Your speech is altered, trembling with uncontrolled shivers, you lose motor skills quickly. This is critical times in the chance of recovery. What happens soon determines everything. Good help pays off.

The worst happens when untreated the internal organs begin to fail and blood pressure can go up or down drastically. Eventually the heart stops and strangely you may have up to an hour to resuscitate victims after hearts stop before brain damage due to the chilling effect. Children have been pulled out of icy lakes and revived long after any chance during a summer drowning. You should try after an hour or more.

Treatment is really common sense. Wrap, warm and if possible administer intravenous fluids and resuscitate if necessary. The speed of the recovery and return to something above 95 degrees up to normal is paramount. If it is raining, wool is the best wrap to warm with. Cottons and synthetics may just speed evaporative cooling and really chill out the victim. Even a life vest works to insulate with.

So consequently, if you want to save yourself or your partners, you need to be prepared. Yes, prepared. Wool sweats and something to drink. The breakable instant hand warmers, a campfire, anything you can conjure up to make the difference. Alone and disoriented you can die near a roadway if you get goofy from the exposure. The other most important part of the equation is a partner who hopefully is not wet and brings you through like my friends did out on the Laguna Madre. Bless the space blanket! This compact little miracle can do the trick.

Too many take chances when fishing in cold weather. Swift rivers and frigid temperatures are a deadly combination. Give yourself all the advantages you can. The felt sole boots rather than the hard rubber wade boot are best. A wading stick can be the tripod leg that is just enough to keep you propped up as you slip along slick rocks and negotiate running water. If you do not have a wader waist band and fill you waders, all you can do is crawl out and dump gallons of ice water out as you belly onto the bank, soaked to your feet. It feels like an ice pick to the heart, and then you get numb! I have been there. You cannot stand up. The water in the waders is too heavy. If this does not scare you, you are nuts. Good luck if you are alone!

The emergency kit needs to be the first thing in the car and last thing out! Everytime. It is too late when you are wet to remember--dang--the kit is at home!

My wife and daughter pulled my soaking wet butt out of the Guadalupe at Bean’s many years ago and put me in sweats and fired up the heater in the car. Later we laughed about it at the Gristmill but it could have been bad. I was fooling around with a near State record Rainbow-(7+), and without a net got submerged trying to control and release the large fish. Being a good swimmer did not help the loss of core temperature. It was just an accident we had extra clothes. But what luck and a great lesson by chance. Oh yes--alcohol is bad for hypothermia. --Now they tell me! ----Let’s forget that part.

If you are paddling winter Bays or fishing cold fast remote rivers, be smart. Take the right things along. Even if you need to leave gear back in the float plane, have some wool, warm sweats and a good fire starter kit. Then you can laugh about it like we do now. I got very lucky -again that day! --Good thing I am Irish! Fishing opportunities of the year!

**My First Salmon**
By Matt Livingston - Taken from Firelands Fly Fishers Newsletter

I have never won anything like this before. I must admit that when Jim Piper called me and told me that I had won the grand prize at the club’s annual picnic, I was a little skeptical. Not that I thought Jim was lying, just that I know my luck and things like this don’t happen to me. But then there it was, an email from Joe Sloboda asking for my address so he could mail the information to me.
I have fished in Michigan many times before and absolutely enjoyed every trip, including a trip that involved two flat tires and another time that included a busted rod before we even got to the river. (See what I mean about my luck.) I have fished for trout and steelhead before, but have never had the opportunity to fish for salmon before winning this drawing, so I jumped at the chance. I am a school teacher as well as a high school soccer official, which means that September is a very busy time for me. I only had two weekends off the entire season and one was in early September, so I jumped at the opportunity. Now I only needed to find someone to share this trip with. I called Fred Kelly, a friend who I meet through soccer who happens to be a very good fly fisherman and a very good pilot. Needless to say, it didn’t take much cajoling to get Fred to sign on for this little adventure.

With the weather cooperating wonderfully and we left Elyria around 4:00 AM and arrived in Ludington early that evening. The weather was forecasted to be incredible all weekend which allowed Fred to fly us up. We landed early in the evening, checked into the motel, and had a wonderful dinner at a local restaurant.

Early the next morning we meet Matt Dunn, our guide from Indigo, at the hotel and we hit the Pere Marquette early that morning. The weather was cool and crisp with the leaves just starting to show their color. The river was clear and beautiful. This was turning into a great experience. After fishing all morning, we stopped for lunch at a big bend in the river. This allowed both Fred and I an opportunity to get out of the boat and stretch our legs a little while Fred fished the upper part of the bend and I fished the lower part of the bend. The take was light and I was about to role cast again into the hole I was fishing only as I was picking up my rod tip I felt the line tighten and very quickly realized I had a fish. It was incredible. The salmon tried to throw the hook and ended up spooking several other fish in the hole as several of them took off like rockets headed in every direction. After not being able to throw the hook, the salmon headed upstream for a big log jam. While the fish was strong and powerful enough to do most of what it wanted, the 12 foot spey rod I using was more than up to the task. After turning the salmon away from the log jam upstream, he turned and headed down stream at a blistering pace.

At this point, Matt had grabbed a net and had a smile on his face that, I think, was bigger than mine and prepared to assist in landing this monster. As the fish headed downstream, he found another log jam and headed towards it. For a moment, we both thought that the salmon had broken off in the log jam. But before too long, the fish took out of the jam and headed back into the main part of the stream. At this point I hear Matt telling me to point the rod tip down so I had the rod parallel to the water and only inches above the water.

Now please remember that I don’t win drawings, get to fly to Michigan for a weekend, get to catch a salmon on my first trip, remember the flat tires and busted rod, but yet here I was experiencing all those things. The fight was incredible. Maybe it was my desire not to let this one get away or the thrill of everything happening at once that left me not knowing exactly what to do. But during this fight with my first salmon, I had moved slowly out into the middle of the stream where the water was deeper.

As I was trying to keep the rod tip down and turn the fish back towards us, I was starting to get a little concerned. I was chest deep into the river, leaning over to keep the rod parallel to the water and getting even closer to filling my waders, all the while feeling the current slowly remove the sandy bottom from where I was standing. And through all of this will I struggle not to lose my first salmon. With all of the commotion going on, Fred comes around the bend and notices my rear end, head and rod all in line parallel to water which is something that I don’t think I will live down. But after turning the salmon away from the last log jam, Matt was able to get it in the net. I was exhausted, excited, and thrilled and I had hooked and landed my first salmon.

I did not catch anything else that day, but Fred was able to hook two other salmon and a beautiful trout. It had been a beautiful day, fish had been caught, and great times had been had by all. It is said that a bad day fishing is better than a good day at work, but I often wonder about what it says about a great day of fishing.

The rest of the weekend went just as wonderful. We fished in the U.P. on the Carp River the next day and spent Sunday morning fishing for brookies on the Black River. We flew back that afternoon and it was a wonderful trip as well. All in all, it was one of my most memorable fishing trips I have ever taken. I guess that in the end, maybe my luck has hanged.

A note about Indigo Guide Service: From the time that I first contacted them about the trip, to the time that Matt dropped us of at the Ludington airport, they were great. I have been with guides before for an ‘all day’ trip, but never had I been
picked up before sunrise and dropped off near sunset and completely exhausted. Matt Dunn, our guide, was as knowledgeable and professional as I could have expected. I was completely thrilled with my experience and would recommend them to anyone.

**Casting Tip for TBFFC: 15**  
By Pat Damico - Taken from Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club Newsletter

How can I safely cast when the wind is blowing toward my casting side? This situation is a frequent problem and one that causes most accidents with getting “hooked.” The simple answer is to keep the fly and fly line away from the caster.

- In a mild wind, casting horizontally and close to the water’s surface will keep the fly at least a rod length away.
- You can make your usual vertical cast only tilt your rod so that the rod tip travels over your opposite shoulder.
- Tilt your body away from the wind and “Brush your hair,” with your rod hand keeping the rod tip on the downwind side.
- Cast on the downwind side by having your casting hand cross your chest. This allows a convenient stop for the rod on your back cast but will limit distance.
- Turn around and cast behind you and deliver your back cast to the target turning your wrist away from you as you deliver the cast.
- By far the best method is to learn to cast with the opposite hand.

**Baitfish Fly Patterns That Fish Eat**  
By Pat Damico – Taken Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club Newsletter

As fly fisherman, we are given a rare opportunity, especially if we tie our own flies because there is no limit to our creativity when sitting down at the tying bench. The variety of materials available to help create great patterns has never been better. When I first began to tie flies, a Hatter's catalog and my hunting trips were supplemented with a few trips to local farms where bandy roosters were carefully selected for their plumage. Sunday morning church services had me distracted by fancy feathered hats worn by some of my female neighbors. Each fly as it left the vise was carefully scrutinized to make sure it was perfect. Dry flies were dropped on the table to make sure they bounced and stood upright indicating that they would ride nicely on the water’s surface. Wet flies and streamers were carefully contoured to entice subsurface feeding fish.

Although I still enjoy freshwater trout and bass fishing, much of my time is spent fishing the salt. As I get older, my interest in tying size 20 flies has been replaced with larger patterns that frequently duplicate baitfish. I wish I could limit the number of flies I tie and carry, but the desire to tie a new pattern or modification of an existing fly still fascinates me. Holding a killer fly in your hand doesn't necessarily assure success. Think of the many times your perfect fly was mutilated after catching fish repeatedly only to perform better.

Bigger doesn’t necessarily mean better when fly fishing. I remember an incident a few years ago when I was wade fishing at Ft. DeSoto Park. Another angler was fly fishing to my right and was casting a fly that looked like it was eight inches long. I waited for him to get closer and asked him how his morning was going. His response was that he hadn’t caught anything even though he saw several fish. The flies he was using were the same he had successfully used in the surf in Massachusetts, where he did most of his fishing. Large stripers were his targets there, with most of his fishing after dark. In order to cast such large flies, he was using a ten-weight rod, a weight forward full sinking line and a rather short heavy leader. Fly fisherman can make the same mistake as spin fisherman using tackle that is very heavy. I gave him a few small baitfish patterns and a different leader. He looked at my flies like they would never work. Several minutes later, I saw his rod bent as he shouted to me to get my attention.

Kayak fishing recently with a friend who was using the same setup I had showed the importance of varying your retrieve and depth. He was not having much success, but connected to his first good fish while mimicking my retrieve. His initial
movement imparted to the baitfish pattern was jerky and near the surface. I was using a slow, long retrieve after waiting for the fly to sink.

A list of suitable patterns to duplicate baitfish could include Lefty’s Deceiver, a half and half, which is half Deceiver and half Clouser minnow, a Clouser Minnow and a Bendback. These all are usually tied with animal hair and feathers. Substitute synthetic material for these patterns. These traditional proven patterns are great, but I must confess I use a lot of totally synthetic patterns that are very productive. My Bead Butt Baitfish, EP patterns as well as those with added flash should be included in your selection. Some unusual colors work well: chartreuse/white, black/purple and brown/orange are some of my favorites. Eyes, frequently oversized, add appeal to any pattern. Matching the hatch is always a good starting point, but sometimes being unconventional leads to better results. The fish are always our best teacher and will reward good performance. Now that you have selected a suitable fly, put it to work in the water and enjoy some great fishing.

**Big Ugly**
Submitted by John Berry

Several years ago my wife, Lori, and I went to West Yellowstone, Montana on a fly fishing vacation. It was her first fishing trip out west and our first trip together. It was a magical time. We fished some of the great western streams, the Madison, Yellowstone, and Gallatin Rivers. We even shared the second meadow at Slough Creek with a grizzly. We would fish like demons all day. We had our picnic lunch streamside and reveled in the wildlife. At night, after a late supper, we would leisurely stroll through West Yellowstone stopping in every fly shop to read the bulletin boards and talk to anglers, guides, and shopkeepers trying to figure out where and what to fish the next day.

One night, in one of the many shops we visited, Lori saw it, the big ugly. It was a huge stone fly pattern with a spun deer hair and foam body. It was garishly colored and had twelve rubber legs. It looked more like a bass bug than a trout fly. The guy in the fly shop assured her that this was the hot pattern on the Yellowstone and her life would never amount to anything unless she bought one. I on the other hand was not impressed. This was not my first time out west. Over the previous twenty years, I had accumulated hundreds of patterns on various trips and I had all of them with me. I was sure that there would be no hatches we would encounter that I was not prepared for. As a fly tier, it corroded my soul to pay $2.75 for a fly I could tie myself (if I had brought my vise and invested $25.00 in materials). I told Lori that the fly would be difficult for her to cast with her four weight rod and I would be impressed if that ugly thing could catch anything. She listened to me intently and immediately bought one. She spent the remainder of the evening romancing it.

The next day, after a hearty breakfast at a local diner, we got an early start and drove through the park to Buffalo Ford on the Yellowstone River. After lunch, which included an unexpected visit to our picnic table from an inquisitive buffalo, we were fishing near a blow down and observed some large trout feeding on the surface. There were probably five hatches occurring at the same time. We saw stoneflies, gray drakes, two different caddis flies and pale morning duns coming off.

I studied the stream intently in an effort to determine which insect the trout were keying on. After a while, I determined that they were concentrating on the grey drakes. I searched through about four fly boxes before I found them. I tied on a fresh tippet and a gray drake. I carefully dressed it and began casting to some nearby risers. I smirked as Lori tied on the Big Ugly and cast toward the blow down. The gargantuan fly was all but too much for her delicate rod. It hit the water with a loud kerplunk and drifted downstream about two feet. Suddenly a monstrous trout broke the surface and rolled over the Big Ugly like a ton of bricks. It took off like a bullet and Lori’s four weight was bent nearly double. He made a run straight up stream. Before Lori could react she was in the backing and the trout was still running. He suddenly turned and ran straight toward her. She began cranking in line as quick as she could. Somehow Lori managed to keep the line tight. The fight went on for an eternity but the huge fly was impossible for the fish to shake.

I quickly cranked my line in, laid my rod on the bank, and waded over to where Lori was to see if I could assist in any way. The struggle finally ended when the twenty-five inch native Yellowstone Cutthroat slid into my net filling it to capacity. It was a fat, gorgeous, brightly colored male. It was without a doubt the largest, best-looking Yellowstone Cutt
that I had ever seen and was the biggest trout Lori had ever caught. As we were taking the photos she asked me if I was impressed.

That night I bought a Big Ugly. I have even taken to fishing it here. Last week I caught an eighteen inch rainbow at Rim Shoals on the Big Ugly.

The 2# Outing
By Robert Fischer – Taken from the Tampa Bay Fly Fishers Newsletter

Most of my fishing buddies who don’t fly fish think that fly fishermen are nuts. “Why spend so much money on equipment, so much time learning to cast? Why put up with the aggravation when the line tangles up on everything in the boat and the fish break off? Or why fight the wind and hit yourself in the back of the head with the hook? And you catch fewer fish than using bait or Gulp?” they reason.

I usually just shrug my shoulders and admit I’m nuts. So to dispel any other doubts about my lack of sanity let me tell you about the 2# test fly fishing outing I had with Leigh West. I knew the trout and ladyfish were thick in Double Branch Creek so I invited the best fly fisherman I know, Leigh West, to join me there.

Fishing with 2# test is difficult. First you have to build leaders like tarpon leaders, only with 16# butt, 2# class tippet, and 16# bite tippet. The tough part is tying the bimini twists in the 2# test line that looks like spider webs. Good lighting, a black background, an hour of calming meditation and a tall gin and tonic help prepare you for this activity. Keep the leaders on a foam spool because if they tangle, they are trash.

The second difficulty is casting. A gentle casting stoke with light flies in no wind is required or you can pop off the fly with a bad cast.

The third difficulty is hook setting and fighting. A soft rod is needed to protect the tippet. A strip strike or a strike from a fish going directly away from you breaks the tippet. A snag, another fish hitting the line or too much drag breaks the tippet.

The fourth difficulty is that I’m using a 10 foot - 3 wt – rod that is the most difficult rod I’ve ever thrown. It’s almost impossible not to overpower it and throw tailing loops. But it does protect light tippets very well during the fight.

So Leigh and I go to North Tampa Bay Park and launch the canoe into Double Branch. I’m rigged and ready. We park the canoe on a sand bar and wade to the fish. The ladyfish and trout are everywhere, but they are deep and of course the wind starts blowing: 10 mph, 20 mph, gusts to 30 mph. Leigh starts catching fish non-stop. He’s a wizard with a fly rod and can throw upwind in a hurricane, plus I think he can smell where the fish are.

I’m floundering away with that impossible rod, that spider web leader, that weighted fly, and that $%#@ wind. I manage to setup on a bar and get a 30’ cast downwind to a good spot. Count to ten to let the clouser sink, strip, strip, bite, lift the rod, set the hook and an 18” ladyfish takes to the air. The long rod bends into a graceful 90 degree arc and all is good in the world. After a delicate give and take 4 minute fight, the fish is brought to hand and released. A big smile grows on my face and Leigh nods his approval. So I straighten out the fly, retie the leader where it was chaffed, cast and catch another, and another and another. Mission accomplished.

The fly breaks off, a new fly is tied on. The leader breaks, a new leader and new fly are tied on. This is repeated for hours. After 12 lost flies and 4 broken leaders I throw in the towel and tie on a tapered leader ending in a 12# tippet. I feel like I could land Godzilla with this so I relax and join Leigh in the trout and ladyfish slaughter. (Not really a slaughter, we didn’t kill a single fish.)

As icing on the cake, we were watched by a couple of guys throwing shrimp under a cork. They caught a few small ladyfish and left. That was cool, we out fished them. I think Leigh caught close to 100 trout and ladyfish and I caught about 60. Leigh didn’t try the 2# outfit I brought for him because he’s not nuts. With tired arms, chewed up leaders and flies, and a mixture of joy and accomplishment we got into the canoe and paddled back against the 20+ mph wind. Yeah, I’m nuts for sure. Who would want to have a day like that?
Upcoming FFF Council Conclaves

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

JUNE 17-19, 2011
GREAT LAKES COUNCIL - www.fffglc.org
2011 Fly Fishing School & Conclave - R.A. MacMullen Conference Center,
Roscommon, Michigan

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 ffoffice@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