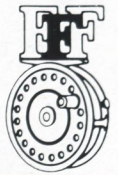


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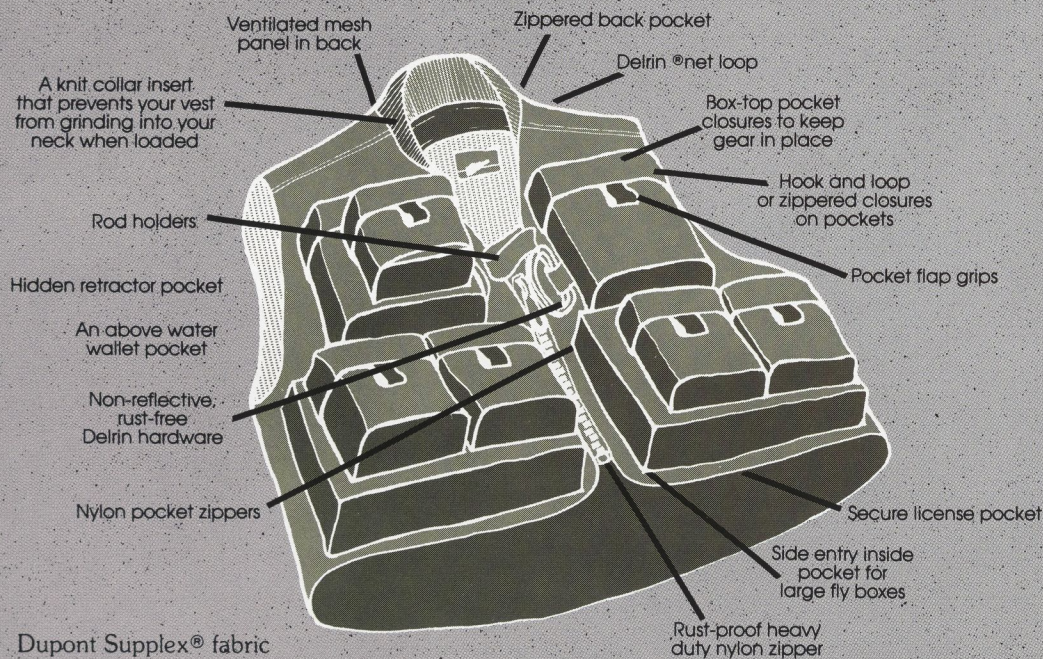
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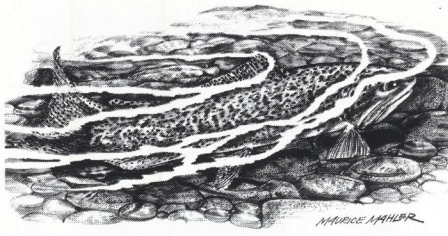
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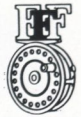
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THE FLYFISHER



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COVER

Casting Clinics at FFF Conclaves are always well attended. Everyone wants to learn a little more. Shown on our cover is the infatigable Lefty Kreh, weaving his magic, spellbinding his audience, imparting knowledge and throwing "all the line" every cast. Photo was taken at the recent Smoky Mountain Conclave by Al Wilkie.



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EDITORIAL

Drawing Lines & Maintaining Friendships

by Dennis Bitton

I just came back from the Smoky Mountain Conclave in Tennessee. It was a normal FFF Conclave; good friends and strangers met, and we all came away with a few new friends. The bonds of FFF and flyfishing got us together, after that we sorted ourselves out; each seeking "birds of a feather", as it were.

I've been doing this for years, and I enjoy it. I think such gatherings, providing opportunities to see new country and meet new friends, are one of the great benefits of FFF membership. And like all other FFF gatherings I've attended before this one, it got me thinking about a few things.

First, I've been thinking for some time now that one of the most difficult things I'm trying to "grow through" in my FFF development is honest disagreement with good friends. The friendship comes first, and it's easy, genuine and based on a lot of good man hours of mutual work and mutual respect. The disagreement part comes later, sometimes years later, and it's quite a shock: "Charlie said, what!? I've known him for 10 years and that's the first time we've ever disagreed on anything!"

Any FFF member with a lot of time under his or her belt knows what I'm talking about. There comes a time when the best of friends disagree. I've seen friendships discarded because of petty or major disagreements, and afterwards, I've always felt the price was too high. I'm not aware of losing any friends like this personally, but I've seen it happen. I don't want it to happen to me, I don't want it to happen to you. Pay attention. Maintain your hard earned, long term FFF friendships. Work through the disagreements. Manage your temper and your tongue. Conduct your business, do what you have to do and abide by the vote of the group. Then go fishing together. There's no flyfishing business worth the cost of a good friendship.

At Gatlinburg, everything was positive and upbeat. It was a new beginning for a lot of folks. That's nice to see; fun to experience. Still, we found a few things to argue about. A few people were talking about one and two weight fly rods. When I brought up the point that I had several people suggest to me that a one or two weight rod was patently immoral, and should be abolished as improper conduct for a true flyfisherman, I about had my head taken off. (I was only repeating what someone else said for crying out loud.) At any rate, that got me to thinking about other equally hard line flyfishing declarations. There's one prominent flyfisherman who maintains that any method of taking a trout (he didn't mention warm water or salt water species) with a fly rod other than with a dry fly was a needless moralistic invasion of the fish's right to privacy and procreation.

I think that's a bit much, but then I recognize that I have lines too. When my father asked me if he could bring a friend fishing in my McKenzie boat, I heard myself say, "Not if he brings a spin rod." I also remember a long day on the Big Horn River when I refused to use a San Juan Worm pattern, because "If I wanted to fish worms, I would have used bait to start with!"

We all draw lines. Some of us know it, some of us don't. Get to know yourself and your own arbitrary set of rules. As you grow in FFF you'll make more and more friends. You take your baggage with you. Make sure it's all worthwhile, and don't do anything to jeopardize a friendship, current or future.

A Different Notion

British Columbia has long been known as a great place to take good sized steelhead on a fly. This author does it routinely. . . . with a dry fly.

by Collin Schadrech and Dennis Bitton

I've caught over 4,000 steelhead in my life, spread out over 24 years of living and guiding in Canada's most steelhead-famous Province, British Columbia. About half of those fish have been taken on a dry fly. There are some who don't believe me, and that's their loss. But then, when I first came to the little town I now live in, Telkwa, many local residents didn't even realize that there were steelhead in the river.

That's not too surprising when you consider the historical background of this area. Transplanted Atlantic Salmon fishermen first discovered the summer steelhead rivers of Vancouver Island and the B.C. lower mainland in the early 1900's. That started the steelhead legacy of the area, but the

economic hard times of the 1930's sort of put a damper on things. Since then, just the enormous size of British Columbia has prevented much from being known about all the various rivers. This story is about one particular river, and its summer run of steelhead which hit a dry fly with surprising regularity.

The Skeena drainage is one of the largest in British Columbia. Where I fish it, some 170-250 miles upstream from its mouth near Prince Rupert, is one of the major tributaries called the Bulkley River. A feeder stream to the Bulkley is the Morice River. It provides two thirds of the Bulkley's flow. Together, the two rivers create what's known locally as the Bulkley-Morice River system. It's the largest single tributary to the Skeena. Peak flows occur in

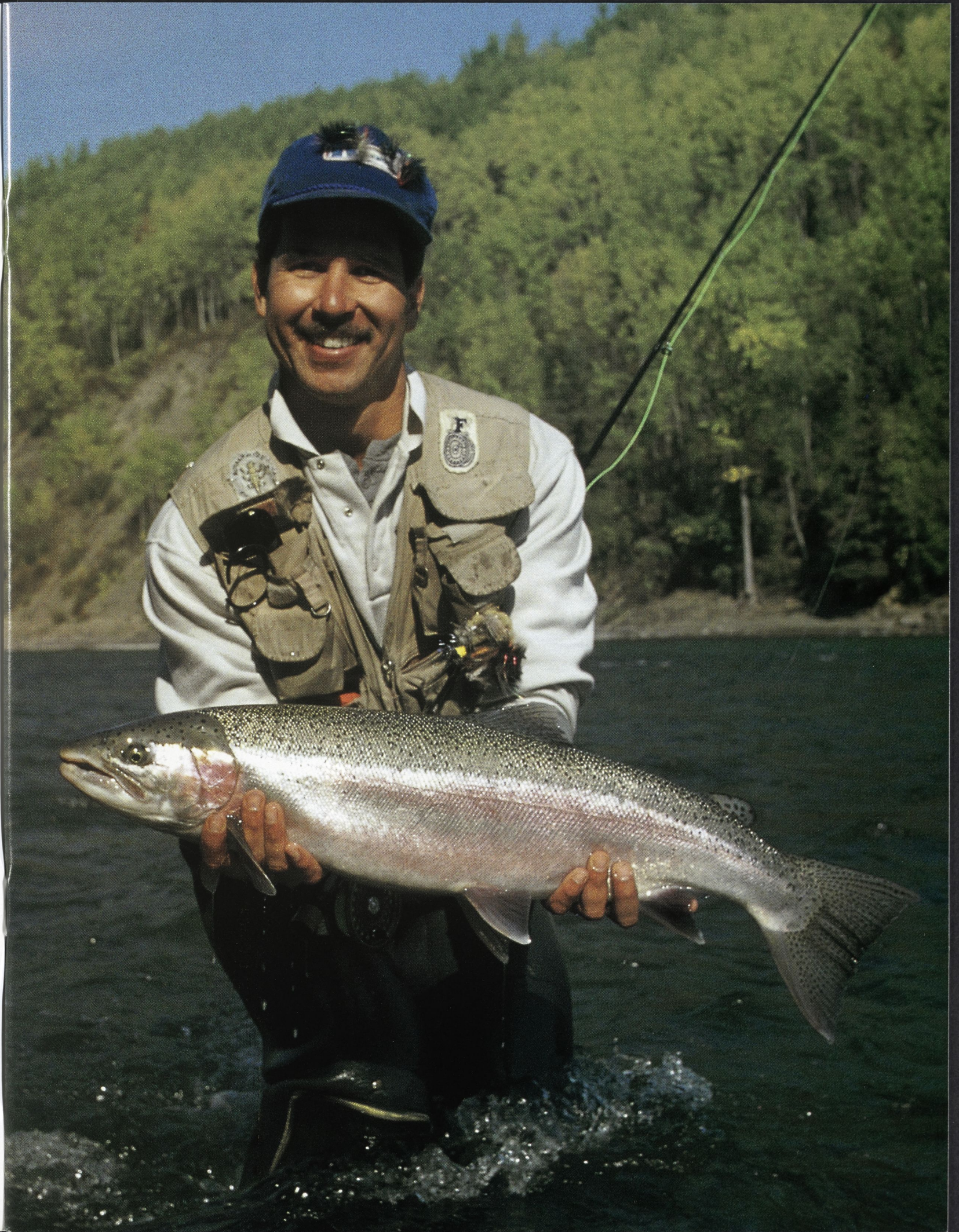
June, when discharge into the Skeena averages 18,604 cfs (cubic feet per second). By July that drops to 11,952 cfs and in August it's 7,732 cfs (on the average, based on several years' readings).

Millions of Pacific salmon and thousands of steelhead migrate to the Skeena annually. A good proportionate share come to the Bulkley-Morice for the summer run (about

This 17 pound steelhead puts a big smile on world famous caster Steve Rajeff. The photo was taken in early September, when the summer run is working its way through the area. Photo by Collin Shadrech.



Downtown Telkwa, honest. While the nearby airport is just 25 minutes away, it's an hour and fifteen minutes by jet, south, to Vancouver, B.C. Picture is of Bulkley River. Photo by Myron Kosak.

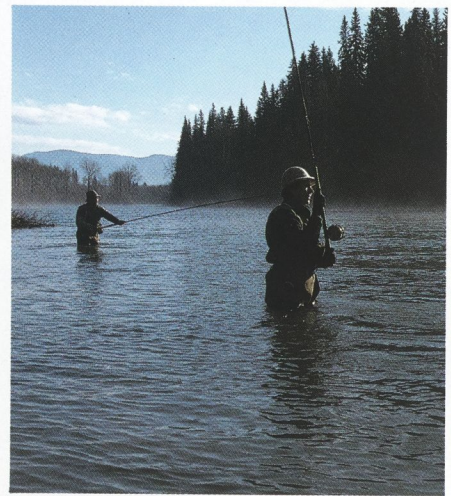




The author and his guides call this area Troll Rock. Leaving the drift boat and wading to the big runs is typical action on this river. Author's photo.



Three mice and a Bomber represent much of the author's dry fly fishing. The Bomber usually has white hair where this one has black. The mice come in natural deer hair and dyed black, with body and tail variations. Dan Stoddard photo.



Long rods are starting to gain popularity on the Bulkley. The author and others expect the popularity to grow some, although they still tell guests to bring a 9-10 foot rod for a 7-8 wt. line for most of the local fishing. Author's photo.

11,771 for the last eight years). The middle of July to the middle of August is when most of them make their move into the Skeena and then the Bulkley-Morice. They vary greatly in size, 3 to 30 pounds, but they're generally big. Contributing factors are a number of excellent rearing habitats, good nutrients and the fact that many of these spawners come back a second time. Once they've spawned, many come back a year and a half later to do it again. Obviously, they're much bigger the second time around. Fish in the lower and middle Bulkley average 10 to 12 pounds. Once you move into the Morice River, expect fish in the 7 to 9 pound range. Of course there are exceptions; we'll take a dozen fish a season in the 25 to 30 pound class.

Why the Bulkley-Morice fish demonstrate such an aggressive attitude towards properly presented dry flies is a question we can't answer. That they do has been proven over and over again by myself, all of my guides and a number of our fishing customers. I'm confident that a lot of on-stream, practical experience has a lot to do with it. I've done a lot of fishing in this area, and I've kept notes.

Part of the answer is simply knowing where to fish. Like any river, the Bulkley-Morice has her secrets. Knowing just where and how to fish helps a great deal. Knowing the significance of weather and water level changes helps your success rate. But most of all, I think my success has been the result of a lot of trial and error flyfishing. Once I developed a system, I experimented with patterns, presentations and kept an eye on water conditions. Now I think we have a system that works as well as any reasonable flyfisherman can expect. We use just a few dry fly patterns, and they're nothing spectacular, just simple deer hair concoctions.

What we do different, is use a two fly system; not at once, but one after the other like salt water marlin fisherman. I've discovered that some Bulkley-Morice steelhead are "players". That is, they'll move up behind a fly, drift under a dry fly, take a swirl at a fly and make it boil. Once they've done that, I switch fly patterns, present the new fly to the same fish, and often, get a

positive hook up. It's not a foolproof system mind you, and it doesn't work all the time, but it does work often enough that visiting flyfishermen seem to thrive on it.

The experienced Pacific steelheader sometimes has more difficulty with our system than does the flyfisherman with no steelheading experience. We fish with floating lines, and relatively small flies (for steelheaders) so trout fishermen usually pick the system up pretty quickly. A dry fly trout fisherman will spend the time presenting the fly differently and trust us a little longer. An experienced Pacific steelheader looks at our beautiful water and *knows* he can take big fish with tactics he has used for years. In some cases these fishing guests are correct; they do take fish fishing wet. However, most of our guests (for the last five years or so) come here wanting to take 10 to 15 pound steelhead on a dry fly. We send very few home disappointed.

We fish two basic fly patterns and we're experimenting with a third pattern. The key ingredient to both patterns is simply good quality deer hair.

The one pattern, the Bulkley Mouse, has been used around here since 1978. We've experimented with variations, but the original pattern works as well now as it ever has. It is tied both in natural and black on Partridge standard salmon hooks in #4's and #6's. We call its look, "full dress". We use Partridge #6 and #8 Wilson style hooks for low water ties. We also use Tiemco hooks, but use their #4 for an equivalent size to the Partridge #6, and Tiemco #6 to match the Partridge #8. For our conditions, especially with bright sun and clear water, the smaller the fly size the better. (No it's not heresy.)

The second pattern we call the Bomber. It works quite well too, and is tied on a Partridge #2 or #4 low water hooks, or any other make with equivalent hook shank length.

Its colored segments can be tied in various colors, but the white calftail wing and tail, black, yellow, black spun and clipped deer hair body palmered with grizzly saddle hackle is highly favored.

Both the Bulkley Mouse and the Bomber are best fished quartering down and across. The best results come when the fly is on the surface.

Actual speed of the fly on the water is a critical factor. Flies are doped or greased to make them float well, and we use a Turtle knot on the mice patterns and a Duncan Loop on the Bomber.

Strong, sharp hooks are a must. Bulkley steelhead take hard, often explosively, so we debarb all our hooks for easy release.

I think the Bulkley-Morice River system is a classic—a flyfisherman's dream with miles of riffles and pools. If you plan on visiting and challenging the river, be advised that there are some dangerous areas and most first time visitors would be better off with a guide. There are over 100 miles of river, and it can be rather staggering for a newcomer to simply select a spot to start. Always get advice from some local fishermen before you put on the river. There are some parts of the river too dangerous to float.

And as far as "finding a player" goes, good luck. Steelhead fishing is never easy, and trying to take them with a dry fly is a long shot at best, on *most* rivers. But I firmly believe that steelhead readily take to a dry fly given the right conditions. I've personally caught steelhead on any number of streams and rivers using dry flies. Some streams are so fragile that I won't talk about them, but others are fished every day by any number of flyfishermen who have no idea how much fun they could have with a big, dry fly, deer hair fly. The two patterns we've talked about here are not difficult flies to tie.

I must admit that not every steelhead stream will yield its fish to dry flies. I'll even admit that most of the streams that do, do so during summer runs. It's hard to coax a fall or winter run steelhead off the bottom. But it needs to be said that I've seen a large number of people catch a large number of steelhead on a dry fly, and they seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. If you have the opportunity, give it a try.

COLLIN SCHADRECH lives with his wife Sharie. They own and operate Farwest Steelhead Lodges in Telkwa, British Columbia. This is his first contribution to FFF's magazine.

Paul's Catch

by Claire Blatchford
artwork by Carolyn Roth

“Daddy's home!” Emily leapt screaming off the couch and tore out into the front hall.

Paul didn't move. Yes, his father was home at last, but then he always went away again on one of his business trips leaving Paul to empty the garbage, and put up with his older sisters call him “Shortie”, and his younger sister sharing his room and his turtles. Paul sighed. Now he could look at the new issue of *The National Geographic* all by himself without Emily trying to turn the pages too.

He sat there, but he couldn't concentrate, not with the sound of the deep voice greeting his mother in the next room. Finally he got up and went into the hall.

“I've got a date tonight!” Sixteen year old Stephanie was saying.

“Would you believe it?” Victoria chimed in. Victoria was fourteen and was always bickering with Stephanie. Stephanie turned and slapped her on the arm.

“Who's the lucky guy?” their father asked, Emily in his arms. He looked tall and strong in his dark trenchcoat.

“Hey, look who's here!” he added, catching sight of Paul.

Everyone turned and looked at Paul. He could feel his face getting hot. “Hi, Dad,” he said timidly. He wanted his father to catch him up and hug him, but Emily had gotten there first. And he was ten, too old for that kind of thing.

“Glasses? When did he get glasses?”

Paul thought his father sounded disappointed.

“Ten days ago,” his mother answered. “Paul reads so much. They were pretty expensive.”

“That's okay, I got paid for once.” Paul's father put Emily down and

reached into his coat pocket. Paul saw the relief on his mother's face when she took the white envelope.

At dinner that night Stephanie and Victoria didn't argue once and Emily gave Paul her chocolate ice cream in exchange for his cookies.

“Will you take the lawn mower to be fixed tomorrow morning?” Paul's mother asked when the older girls had left and Emily was feeding the cat.

“I'm going fishing,” Paul's father said, his coffee mug in his hands.

Paul stole a look at his mother and saw she was annoyed.

“But Peter, you've been gone over two weeks.”

“I'm only going for the morning. The season started when I was away and I've been itching to go.” He put the mug down. “I'll do something about the lawn mower in the afternoon, I promise.”

There was a long silence. Then Paul's father did something he'd never done before, he looked right at Paul and said, “Want to come?”

“Me?” Paul stammered.

“Yes, you.” His father was grinning.

“What about Emily?”

“I'm asking you.”

Paul didn't dare look at his mother. “But I haven't got a rod.”

“I've got an extra.”

“You do?” Paul pushed his glasses up the ridge of his nose as if that might help him hear better.

“I was hoping Paul would trim the hedge,” said Paul's mother.

“Aunt Emily is coming for Sunday supper.”

“Dad, can I really go with you?”

“Yep. If you can be ready at five.”

“Peter. . .” Paul's mother started to say. But she was too late. Paul knew, from the look in his father's eyes, that the two of them were going. His face got hot again, this time

because he was excited.

Paul was so afraid he'd over-sleep and his father would go without him that he woke at 2:30 and then again around 4. The second time he woke he decided he'd get dressed. As he was reaching for his jeans he knocked a book off the bedside table. He sat there in the dark, his heart beating hard, hoping Emily wouldn't wake and beg to be taken too. Thank goodness, she didn't.

When he was dressed he got back in bed, sneakers and all, prepared to wait out the hour till his father would come. He must have dozed off because the next thing he knew a big hand was shaking him. Nothing was said. He crept out of bed and they went downstairs.

“Did you sleep in those clothes?”

“I got dressed around 4.”

His father handed him a donut. “I'm glad you're not just a bookworm. Let's go before the girls wake. I put the gear in the car last night.”

The April morning was cool and green-golden, the sky overhead clear, the birds already in full song. Paul wished he could sing, but didn't dare. A second later his father started whistling.

They took the expressway out beyond the suburbs and got off near the state park.

“I've seen deer here in the early morning.”

“Deer?” Paul asked. He couldn't believe it. Deer, only 25 minutes from home?

They drove down a dirt road and pulled over beside a truck.

“We forgot your boots, you'll have to fish from the bank,” said his father as he pulled his own waders on. He looked funny with the waders coming up to his chest. “But I have a vest for you.”



The vest was enormous, like an adult life preserver. Paul felt tiny in it.

"You put your flies here," his father explained showing him a patch of sheepskin on the front of the vest. "Here's a pocket with a knife in it just in case you need it, and here's your net." The net was hooked to the back of the vest and dangled at Paul's side.

Paul watched while his father put reels on the delicate fly rods, threaded them and fastened a muddler minnow on Paul's line. Then, rods in hand, they stepped off the road into the undergrowth.

In a few minutes Paul's jeans were soaked from the dew on the grass and leaves. He forgot that, though, when he heard the voice of the river. Its tone was excited, busy, pleasantly hurried. Then there it was: its waters swirling, pushing and gushing on and on.

"Watch me." His father went right into the river. Deeper and deeper he went till the water was almost up to his waist. He stripped out line and began casting it in the air. Back and then out went the line. Back and then out, reaching farther and farther each time. Paul watched fascinated. The line looked alive, like the tongue of some reptile, probing, testing, feeling for unseen life beneath the waves.

"Go on, try it," his father urged.

Paul let the line off his rod and lifted the rod back over his shoulder.

"Cast with your forearm."

He threw the line out over the river and, as he did so, a surge of warm energy ran through his body. He felt he knew what to do.

"Great!" Do it again!"

Paul did as he was told. Again and again he cast, letting the line grow longer each time.

"Put it where you think the fish are. Like in that pool." His father pointed at a dark, glassy spot behind some rocks.

Suddenly Paul's line wouldn't come back. It was caught somewhere. He pulled and felt, as if from far away, an answering tug.

"Dad..." He was scared.

"My gosh, you've got something!" His father could see it all from where he was standing in the river. "He's a fighter! Quick, let your line out when he pulls, then reel him in when he isn't fighting. Play him, understand?"

Paul didn't understand. The words ran together in his head in a jumble. All he knew was that something powerful was pulling at him, his sneakers were sliding down the edge of the grassy bank, and he was probably going to make a mess of everything.

Before he could step back, there was a plop, and Paul was in the river. He was still standing, but the cold and the power of the water were such a surprise he looked down and the next second his glasses had slipped off his nose and were gone.

Paul swayed and blinked, all the world a blur. And still the fish tugged, and the rod in his hands bent forward in a quivering, tense arch.

"Daddy... my glasses..."

"Get him! To hell with the glasses!"

"But..."

"Wake up! Get that fish!"

His father splashed over beside him, tossed his rod on the bank, and grabbed Paul's rod. "Get your net," he shouted.

The net was already in Paul's hand. He stood knee-deep in the water shivering and squinting. A black curve was flipping and flop-

ping in and out of the water as it moved towards them.

"Get him!"

Paul dipped the net in, felt the weight of the moving body, and, a second later, held a glistening rainbow trout in the air. It wiggled and protested, its black, unblinking eye staring right at Paul.

"He's heavy!" Paul gasped, both hands on the net.

"He's a beauty! He's a beauty!" Paul's father was so excited he almost fell over. "He's bigger than anything I've caught in years and he's yours!"

He looked at Paul. "What happened to your glasses?"

"They... fell... in... the... water." Paul's teeth had started chattering.

His father stared at him and then burst out laughing. "And I probably stepped on them. Your mother's going to like that!"

Paul nodded and grinned.

His father bent over, lifted Paul, the fish and all, right out of the river and said, "You're going to be a real sportsman, my boy. Let's let this fish go and get you dry. You want to go home?"

"No, let's try it again," said Paul, his arms tight about his father's neck.

CLAIRE BLATCHFORD is an author of children's stories and a book for children. While she occasionally joins her husband, Edward, flyfishing, she also occasionally fills the role of flyfishing widow. Since she has no son (she does have a daughter) this story is a mixture of fiction and some personal experiences.

Lefty Kreh: Flyfishing's

by Jim Casada

Gregarious, exuberant, outspoken, engaging, versatile, and generous — these were some of the dozens of adjectives which individuals I interviewed while researching this profile used to describe Lefty Kreh. Each is accurate and just, yet even when taken collectively they fail to do the man justice. Nor do tried and true (at least in the present case) clichés such as “one of a kind” or “they broke the mold from which Lefty was created” capture the essence of

the man. Indeed, I'm not sure that is possible, beyond saying that in this case that much overworked word, unique, is truly applicable. That being said, let's at least take a glimpse into the fascinating world and enviable lifestyle of a man who has, when it comes to flyfishing, pretty much done it all.

Bernard Kreh, now universally known simply as “Lefty,” was born on February 26, 1925, in Frederick, Maryland. He attended public schools in Frederick, but it seems

fair to say that the bulk of his education came from an inquiring, hungry mind that remains as eager as ever to scan new horizons. Indeed, two comments from Lefty in this regard are particularly revealing. As I interviewed him, a series of questions led naturally to his activities as a writer. We will look at his literary accomplishments in more detail momentarily, but when I mentioned education he startled me by commenting: “I think the fact that I did not have a college education was a real advantage to me in my development as a writer.” Failing dismally at masking my surprise (anyone who talks with Lefty for long is in for regular surprises) and a bit nonplussed because I had always considered my higher education a distinct advantage, I demanded an explanation.

It was readily forthcoming and, like so much Lefty does, fairly reeked of common sense. He indicated that his lack of education forced him to be practical in his writing along with making him strive to couch his words in terms which made them understandable to the common man. Equally interesting, in connection with his chosen life's work as a writer, lecturer, photographer, and teacher of flyfishing's intricacies, is the fashion in which he is constantly examining new problems. There is no finer sign of an alert, active mind than a man who is constantly asking “Why?” and then seeking the answer. I'm convinced Lefty awakens every morning with a dozen new theories he wants to test, and he humorously reckons that one day he “will die ticked off because I have a bunch of untried ideas.”

That lifelong quest for knowledge and understanding has served Lefty better than any number of academic degrees could have done. Or, to borrow from another great sporting writer of earlier times, Horace Kephart, he is living proof of the truth inherent in the statement “there is no graduation day in the school of the outdoors.” Lefty was fortunate to recognize this quite early in his life, and as a result his career has been one of an ongoing accumulation of wisdom connected with his pursuits. What makes that wisdom special though, is the man's uncanny ability to share what he



Lefty has fished all over the world. Here he's shown with a nice Atlantic salmon, somewhere in the Scandinavian countries.

Ambassador of Good Will

has learned with others. He is a born teacher who delights in helping fellow anglers and photographers, and this exceptional quality of sharing is arguably his greatest contribution to the world of flyfishing.

The real beginning of Lefty's exposure to other sportsmen came at the age of 28. He already had a richly deserved reputation as one of the finest fishermen and hunters (he was, at one point in his life, an exhibition shooter) in the area of Maryland where he lived. A local newspaper editor, aware of the young man's prowess afield and astream and eager to have someone share the joys of the outdoors with readers, asked Lefty to begin writing a column. With typical wit — the man is about as quick a thinker as you'll ever encounter — Lefty replied: "I can't write a check, much less an outdoor column." Whether this was a comment on his current financial circumstances or potential literary abilities, what followed was the first step in the making of a major outdoor writer.

Lefty soon began preparing a weekly outdoors column, and within a year he was covering hunting and fishing for 10 newspapers. He soon broadened his work to include contributions to magazines in the field, and it was at this juncture that he realized the significance of providing good photographic support for his stories. So began his second, and parallel, pursuit as a photographer. As is true of his writing, Lefty is primarily self-taught as a photographer. In the former area, however, he does offer heartfelt gratitude to the late Joe Brooks. Lefty says that Brooks passed on vast experience and knowledge to him as a mentor and ultimately became a father figure to him. This was especially true with writing, where Brooks offered practical advice on how to become a competent wordsmith. One senses that Lefty's appreciation for individuals like Brooks lies at the heart of his own well-known willingness to share.

Anyone who has seen Lefty teach flycasting will know what I'm talking about. Perhaps the finest example of his patient, caring approach to others comes from a story told to me by Tom Earnhardt. Tom has fish-



artwork by Eldridge Hardie

ed with Lefty off and on for the better part of two decades, and in recalling some of his fine experiences from their angling hours together, Tom mentioned the way in which Lefty, for all his busy schedule, was never too preoccupied to find time for one more question or a bit of personal sacrifice. For example, several years ago the two of them were fishing New Zealand's wondrous waters, enthralled at the beauty which surrounded them and savoring every moment. A Japanese photographer, taking some pictures for promotional purposes, had tagged along to capture some streamside action.

A sudden commotion, accompanied by an unintelligible exclamation of exasperation, revealed that the photographer had dropped a lens into the water. Tom, who is a fine photographer in his own right, mentally wrote off the lens as an unfortunate casualty. Lefty, however, bridged the communications gap in his own inimitable way and proceeded to take two hours of precious stream time in order to dry the lens with a hair dryer. Once done, he and the photographer returned to the stream — one to fish, the other to

take pictures. How many of us would have done the same under such conditions? Yet for Lefty Kreh, the helpfulness was simply reflexive, and characteristic.

With this selfless willingness to help anyone and everyone, the question arises as to how Lefty has managed to accomplish so much as a writer and photographer. His own explanation — organization — doubtless goes to the heart of the matter. Exceptional energy and unflagging enthusiasm are parts of the story as well. Indeed, it is his rare combination of constant joy in what he is doing, boundless vigor, and a deeply ingrained drive to get things done which have placed Lefty Kreh at "the top of his game" (the description comes from a collection of profiles by Bob Boyle, one of which featured Lefty, entitled *At the Top of Their Game*).

Along with these qualities, I feel that versatility has been an integral part of Lefty's success. A simple overview of his accomplishments is perhaps the best way to convey the breadth of his abilities. He still writes, as he has for the last 17 years, two major columns for the *Baltimore Morning Sun* every week.

He is the author or co-author of a number of books, many of which have appeared in multiple and/or revised editions. These include *Fly Casting with Lefty Kreh* (1974, 1978); *Fly Fishing in Salt Water* (1974, revised edition, Nick Lyons Books, in print); *Practical Fishing Knots* (1972 and several subsequent editions — co-authored with Mark Sosin, this book has sold well over 100,000 copies), and *Fly Fishing the Flats* (1983). Ever one to keep abreast of the latest in technological developments, in recent years Lefty has been involved in the production of several videotapes. One of these, "All New Fly Casting Techniques," has something for everyone from the beginner to the accomplished caster. Another, the "L. L. Bean Guide to Outdoor Photography," shares the accumulated wisdom of an acknowledged master in the field.

Yet these achievements, impressive as they are, merely scratch the surface. One must not forget the 50 to 60 after-dinner talks, seminars, clinics, and the like he gives annually. Over the years these presentations have endeared the man, whom many feel missed his calling by not being a stand-up comedian, to thousands. Add to that 25-30 magazine articles a year (Lefty tells me, and, as most outdoor writers would be, I'm green with envy, that it has been years since he has submitted a query to a magazine editor), his work as an innovative flytyer whose patterns (notably Lefty's Deceiver) are internationally known, and dedicated service in an advisory capacity to organizations such as the FFF, and you begin to have some measure of the man.

With that prying inquisitiveness which is a necessary part of a biographer's mindset, review of these varied, time-consuming activities led me to ask Lefty how he found any time for his family. Obviously the matter was one which he had previously given some thought, and he said he was actually fortunate. Most of his writing work is at home, and he feels, quite strongly, that he is blessed in this regard. He gets to spend more time with his wife of better than 40 years, Evelyn, than do most husbands. Furthermore, I found his comment in this connection a poignant, revealing one. Lefty says: "Evelyn is not only my wife and the love of my life; she is my best friend."

Speaking of friends, here is a character — and certainly the description is an apt one — with an extraordinary talent for making friends. He can, for example, tell jokes which offend everyone yet no

one, for there is not an ounce of malice in his being. That same quality helps him as a teacher, because he comes across as someone willing to help rather than as an egotistical prima donna who just happens to be a master with a fly rod. There are those who know, and those who can show. Lefty has an unusual knack of being able to do both, and this wins him friends as well as making his pupils better casters, flytyers, and ultimately, fishermen.

Much the same is true of his writing. As he says, "I don't write pretty and I don't want to." Yet as Nick Lyons, who is especially well-placed, as a publisher, editor, and writer of rare charm, says, Lefty's printed work does exactly what he wants it to do. There is no pretense or purple prose — just a competent craftsmanship that conveys the author's vast experience and practical knowledge in a way that is easily understood. More than this, Nick says, in carefully chosen words: "Lefty Kreh is the single most exuberant and public advancer of flyfishing skills and pleasures I know. He does this even as he brings delight and joy to the process. He is a great spokesman for our sport — his eloquence in this regard is unsurpassed."

Coming from a man of Nick's stature in the field, this is rare praise indeed. But for those who have some inkling of what Lefty has meant to this Federation, Lyons' words are little more than an accurate expression of the credit he merits. Lefty became involved in the Federation, thanks to the pervasive influence of Gene Anderegg, at its second Conclave. He has been a pretty near constant fixture at subsequent annual gatherings. Two years ago he received the prestigious Lapis Lazuli Award from the Federation, and the presentation came as an outgrowth of service to the organization on a wide variety of fronts.

He has been a Senior Advisor to the FFF for many years, his contributions to local and regional organizations are countless, and in recent years he has given invaluable service as Chief Editorial Advisor to this publication. I know, from frequent chats with the Editor, Dennis Bitton, that Lefty takes the same loving, quietly proprietary interest in *The Flyfisher* that he does in all Federation activities. Many of his contributions have been behind the scenes, but characteristically, the man is always there when he's needed. In talking with me about the Federation, he did indicate that he

would like to see it grow to its fullest potential. To Lefty, that means a vigorous, vibrant executive director who is well-paid for producing positive results. He hastened to add that this was in no sense to be construed as criticism — just an expression of concern for a group whose members and aims mean a great deal to him.

In truth, one soon comes to realize that Lefty Kreh cares deeply for the sport and all those who participate in it. As Tom Earnhardt and Nick Lyons both say, he gives as much to people as anyone possibly could. That there is an immense store of skills from which to draw in this giving is undoubted. Nick says that English friends who are deeply rooted in both the history and techniques of flyfishing tell him, quite simply, that Lefty is the "greatest flyfisherman they have ever seen." By this they don't necessarily mean he is the best caster, or the finest teacher, the most adept at reading a stream, or an innovator of rare insight. Rather, the judgment is a cumulative one based on Lefty's mastery in all segments of flyfishing.

For me, I find it especially difficult to get to the heart of the angler who is Lefty Kreh, at least in the sense of presenting him in a neatly wrapped package of words. There are so many parts to the whole man. The 20-minute naps which he can take anywhere under almost any circumstances, the endless fund of tales (he would do a lasting service to our sport if he collected his better fishing stories into a book), the inexhaustible repertoire of jokes, the love of wild flowers — these are all among the many facets which form the persona of this flyfishing jewel. Most of all though, he is, in the words of Nick Lyons, "enormously engaging." Lefty Kreh is a lovable, loving man who is totally devoted to flyfishing. Even after a life of fishing, much of it spent in spots of which ordinary mortals can merely dream, he awakens at dawn possessed by overwhelming eagerness to make that first cast.

Come to think of it, maybe "possessed" is the operative word. Be that as it may, those of us who share his pleasures can be thankful that Lefty's compulsions have been so willingly and wonderfully shared. His services as a genial, genteel ambassador of flyfishing good will are a contribution of lasting importance. The sport is infinitely richer for Lefty Kreh being a part of it.

Encounter On The Green

by Don Calaway

The whole episode seemed unreal: all the people, the helpful woman, the beautiful setting. During the past two days I had caught and released many rainbow and cutthroat between 12 and 17 inches. And, quite unbelievably, several trout from 4 to over 6 lbs. had also fallen for my brown bunny streamer and soft hackle wets. I'm just not used to flyfishing like that. Earlier I had spent half the summer prowling the Yellowstone country trying unsuccessfully to catch a "wall fish" for Dan Bailey's shop. However, it was on the Green River below Flaming Gorge Dam in north-eastern Utah that I stumbled onto the best flyfishing of many a year. In spite of all the rafts, the recreationists and miscellaneous tourists, the Green is magnificent. I simply chose to ignore them and go fishing.

I hadn't really planned to fish the Green. I had planned to attend the FFF Conclave in West Yellowstone. My wife and I had promised our daughter and son-in-law we would be supportive by being around and watching the grandchildren during the wait for our daughter's baby to arrive. The doctor said the due date was the first of August. The first week of August came and went. No baby. Instead of attending the Conclave I was a dutiful grandfather.

But even duty has its limits. Promising to call home every day at noon I drove over to the Green River to explore. It could be a long wait for the baby I rationalized. Upon reaching the Green I wasn't too hopeful. As I said, all those people, and the middle of August isn't supposed to be prime flyfishing most places. What a marvelous surprise it turned out to be.

Too soon the time came to head back home. I didn't want to press my luck too much, both flyfishing and in the family. The last morning I walked and fished about two miles up into the canyon. The sights were spectacular and I caught and released several nice fish, including a 5½ lb. cutthroat. Was this really happening to me I wondered?

At the raft ramp, tourists and their kids were splashing around and throwing rocks in the river. A little downstream two bubble 'n' fly spin fishers were combing a deep

run. Further on down I found an unoccupied riffle where I caught a nine incher. I was hot and tired and had a long drive ahead of me. I was ready to quit but decided to stay with it for just one more.

Casting a soft hackle across and down I hooked what felt like a good fish. After several heavy head shakes it took off into deep water downstream. The fly line, shooting line and backing melted off the old Pflueger Medalist. I started trotting after the trout. I had to excuse myself and the fish for going through the water being worked by another fisherman. As I went by, his wife started trotting along the bank, stride for stride, beside me. She had a small net in her hand and a glazed look in her eyes. Obviously she wanted to help land the fish. As we jogged and stumbled downstream I tried to explain to her that I intended to beach the trout and didn't want her to try to net it. She said nothing in response, but continued to look with a mesmerized stare at the spot where the backing disappeared into the water.

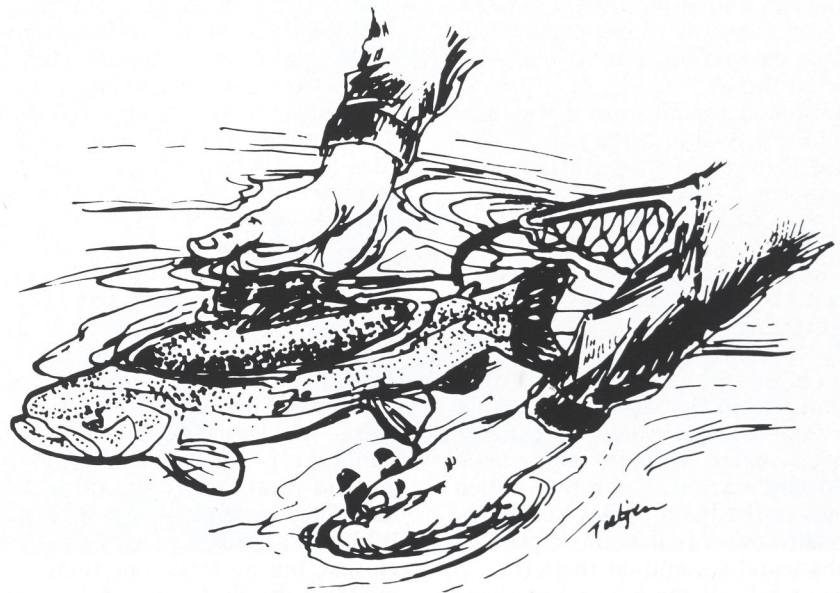
Finally the fish began to tire and I slowly regained line. I worked it toward the bank where it started rolling in the shallows. It looked huge! The woman jumped into the water and headed for the trout with the net outstretched. "Get away from that fish!" I screamed. She hesitated, glanced at me with a puzzled, hurt

look and staggered back to shore. The big trout turned on its side and I beached it. Gently I lifted it up on the grassy bank. Instantly the woman whipped out a De-Liar and measured the football-shaped rainbow: 22¾ inches. Then she weighed it: 6¼ lbs. She didn't say a word, but a radiant smile filled her face. She had been able to help after all and she seemed immensely pleased.

As I drove home and for some time after, I felt awfully smug. In one short flyfishing trip I had caught and released more "wall fish" (6) than I thought possible. Interspersed among the catching was also a respectable number of large trout hooked and lost. I don't know if the Green is always as productive, but I intend to find out.

PS. Aaron Patrick Flaherty was born on September 9th, 1985, a beautiful and perfect, if tardy, baby boy. Length: 21½ inches. Weight: 8 lbs. 5 oz.; a keeper.

DON CALAWAY used to be from Bishop, California. Now he's from St. George, Utah, which is much closer to the Green River. He and his wife spend their summers in a motor home, much of it in Yellowstone Country. Hopefully, this year they'll make Livingston.



PERMIT!

by Jack Samson

photos supplied by the author

It is a malady common to those legions of strange, silent and withdrawn flyrod anglers who pursue the fleeting, ghostly and wary member of the pompano family, endowed with the mysterious name of Permit. It is variously known as "permit convulsions."

Permit flyfishermen are those slightly demented, salt-encrusted and sun-blasted fishermen who have spent the better part of their lives standing in buffeting wind on some lonely sandspit waiting for a sign of an almost-invisible silver shadow with black-tipped dorsal fin and cycle tail to briefly appear.

When, on those rare occasions, a permit does suddenly flit from the depths and ghost over the sandy bottom like the shadow of a gull, the symptoms suddenly set in. The eyes, unable to believe what they see, nevertheless send a galvanizing message to the brain.

"Permit!" screams the brain.

"No!" every nerve in the body shrieks back in total disbelief. And at the same instant these nerves—right up to the very ends of every ganglia in the body—act as though they were receiving a lethal electric charge. The result is that the seamed-faced angler goes into a semi-crouch, the flyrod, held loosely in one hand, jerks uncontrollably and the fly and leader wrap several dozen times around the rod tip.

Seeing this, the desperate angler frantically makes a grab for the tangled leader, leaping and cursing at the same time he futilely claws at the bird's nest—strange, choked sounds emanating from his constricted throat.

Hardened permit, casually swimming by, probably comment: "I don't know, Horace," one says, "It's just a flyfisherman. Every time I pass by one, they do that strange dance. The steps are never the same though."

"Hmmm," his companion muses, "must have some religious significance."

No. It is simply convulsions brought on by the rare sight of a permit within fly casting distance. The same thing happens to those harried anglers with the permanent 1,000-yard stare who perch on fallen arches in the bows of flat boats. The only difference is that these poor boobs usually stand on their fly lines or fall off the boat when they

spot permit.

The cause of all this futile effort, wasted time and expenditure of enough money to gag an oil sheik, is a burnished silver torpedo—one of the members of the pompano family—that inhabits the flats of the eastern United States, the Caribbean, Central America and Mexico. The permit (*Trachinotus falcatus*) is also called the Round Pompano in the southern Florida Keys when young, but absolutely nobody knows how it got the name permit. It is called Pompano Jack in Honduras—where I just caught two permit in four days on a fly—unheard of!

The reason for this stupefying run of luck I will take no credit for—even if I did cast the fly and hook the fish. The magical fly—a new, experimental crab fly, dreamed up and perfected by George Anderson of Montana, John Barr of Colorado and tied by Montanan Jim Brungardt, is the reason for the miracle.

And the McCrab fly is indeed a miracle. For at least 25 years that I know of, permit fishermen and guides have been trying to come up with some fly that would catch permit. Back in the late 1960's—when I first began throwing flies at this strange fish—they thought they were on the right track when guide Nat Ragland invented a fly he called Puff. It caught a few permit and we all carried it in our fly boxes in the ever-futile pursuit of this shy gamester.

Later a number of variations on that fly were developed, but none really interested the permit. A permit's main food is a small sand crab—from 2-4" in diameter—and very difficult to pattern a fly after. The trouble with Puff—and many flies like it—was that the tyers tried to make a fly cast well first and to look like a crab second.

As time went on, a few more tyers in the know began to experiment with epoxy flies—those strange, triangular-shaped, weighted, bug-eyed bits of plastic and feathers. They also caught some permit, but not many. There were some fly tyers—like Dave Whitlock and John Vanderhoff—who knew what permit ate and what the fly should look like. They were close, but no cigar. Whitlock's Crab Fly came the closest, but he made one fatal mistake: the fly floated. A live crab

thrown at a permit will rapidly dive for the bottom.

What Messrs Anderson, Barr and Brungardt did, in essence, was to improve on Whitlock's Crab Fly. They added weight to make it sink, with hook up to be weedless, and they added wiggly rubber legs—much like a Girdle Bug. The fly—at least the smaller model I used—is about 1½" in diameter, has a dark brown deer hair body, and is about as easy to cast on a flyrod as a coonskin cap. While I caught both my permit with a #10 graphite rod and 9 weight-forward floating line, one should really throw it with an 11-12 rod and matching line—especially in any kind of wind.

I caught my first permit—a monster of 18 lbs.—with guide Mandy Moore. The big fish—cruising along a sandy beach in a secluded cove on the island of Guanaja in the Bay Islands off the northeast coast of Honduras—smashed the crab on the first cast. I immediately spit the crab out. I was so distraught I let the crab float in the water behind me.

"Cast it again," Mandy shrieked, "he's hungry!"

I did and the big fish immediately took it again, like a hungry trout taking a dry fly, and it was on.

"You got him," Mandy said smugly, as the big fish took out 200-plus yards of fly line and 20 lb. backing on its first run. "There ain't no coral heads, rocks or wrecks in this deep water."

I was nowhere near as certain as he was and it took a good 20 minutes to subdue the big permit. It weighed exactly 18 lbs. on the accurate pocket scale and we photographed it well before releasing it. I was sorely tempted to have it mounted, but knew I had the photos.

As if that were not enough to put me in Seventh Heaven, two days later—in the company of San Juan Guide, Chuck Rizuto, and a local guide named Robert—I cast the same fly at a trio of cruising permit just off a small flat on the north end of the island. As the fly sank rapidly in about 5 ft. of clear water, all three Permit stopped swimming, tipped up and followed the fly down to the bottom—where one suddenly took it. I was so shocked I nearly forgot to set the hook! When I did,

the fish, a smaller one this time, immediately took off for deep water and stripped away all my backing before I was able to stop it. When I finally got it back to the flat, we found it weighed 8 lbs. Chuck had photographed the whole battle. We let this one go too.

I am well qualified to know what a flat-out miracle fly McCrab is. I caught my first permit on a fly—of about 3 lbs.—in 1968 on a bonefish flat at Cat Cay in the Bahamas. I couldn't understand why the guide was so excited. I was flyfishing for bonefish and caught the little critter by accident. I caught my second permit on a fly 18 years later—in Belize, on an epoxy fly. And in those intervening years, I must have cast flies at *hundreds* of permit—all which ignored my offerings. So one can imagine my unbridled joy at catching those two permit in Honduras in April—four permit on flies in 19 years and two in four days!

I cannot tell you how to tie the McCrab because I am the world's worst flytyer. But I can tell you permit addicts out there that George Anderson knows how to tie them and he can be reached at his place in Livingston, Montana.

I predict old George is going to be a wealthy man as the result of developing that fly. Hell, I can remember—after paying air fare to such plush spots as Key West and the Bahamas and after shelling out a king's ransom for hotel, booze and food (to say nothing of \$350-\$400 per day for a permit guide) that I would gladly have paid a great deal, for a fly guaranteed to catch permit!

JACK SAMSON is a former editor of Field & Stream, now retired and living in New Mexico. He enjoys flyfishing a great deal and we're only too happy to share his excitement and his photographs with you.

Editor's Note: We need to state the obvious; the opinions expressed in this article are those of the author alone. Neither FFF, nor *The Flyfisher*, support or challenge any of the positive or negative statements made by the author. This article is presented here solely for its entertainment value. Any views about which flytyer invented what pattern when, should be taken up with the author.



The author and his 18 pound permit. A smile in a photograph is worth 1,000 words.



Dave Whitlock's Crab Fly (top), John Vanderhoof's fly (middle) and the McCrab Fly (bottom).

Michigan Smallmouth

*It's not hearsay, it's fun!
That's the message from this long time FFF member.*

by Tony Petrella

In a state as trout-rich as Michigan, it's almost considered blasphemy for a flyfisher to even mention other species of fish. Better you should use your graphite rod as

a lightning rod atop the barn than speak of pike. Sunfish are those little sailboats the kids use on Lake Lansing. Bigmouths are the guys opposed to "no-kill" on the Au Sable.

Trout, yes! Steelhead, yes! Even salmon, if the run is fresh. The rest? Kidstuff!

Well, at the risk of having my pals in the Red Cedar Fly Fishers think that I've literally driven myself looney, I have a confession to make. I have gone flyfishing for smallmouth bass. There, I've said it. Furthermore, I thoroughly enjoyed it!

For years I had overheard half-whispered, corner-of-the-room conversations. Snippets such as "awesome" sort of caught my attention. "Nearby" raised my bushy eyebrows a touch. "Better than trout!" Now that nearly made me choke. But it did convince me to give up cigarettes when I nearly swallowed one listening to such a damnfool statement.

And yet I must admit that I was intrigued. "Better than trout!" kept gliding up from my subconscious. Bah, I'd remind myself. Nothing is better than trout—unless it's a crazed steelhead slashing across the top of the Pere Marquette, or an enormous chinook zinging downstream, hellbent for Lake Michigan. So said I... until I tried smallmouth fishing for the first time.

It was another 90-degree day in a completely uncharacteristic string of them last summer. Michigan isn't supposed to get this hot, I kept thinking. But it was. The kind of heat they must have in hell. Unrelenting. And our gloried trout streams paid a heavy price all of July and August. Temperatures on the Big Water of the Au Sable below Mio were 76 degrees three nights running and I gave up even trying for those five and 10-pound browns that stretch holds. The trout had put out the Do Not Disturb sign and gone looking for springs and rivulets where the temperatures were slightly less than lethal. They certainly weren't interested in feeding.

Against that backdrop of frustration, I decided to take the plunge into smallmouth bass fishing. It didn't



Smallmouth bass provide wonderful recreation for flyfishermen everywhere. Some say they're the most powerful freshwater sport fish, pound for pound, that there is. Lefty Kreh photo.

take much prodding to get Oscar Feliu to leave his restaurant in the capable hands of his wife, Bobbye, and come fishing. Oscar is a transplanted Chilean, who insists that soon we'll go after those intimidating rainbows he remembers catching as a boy. He's also one of the biggest flyfishing fanatics I've ever known. And I've known plenty during the 12 years I've been in the Federation of Fly Fishers.

We pulled off of the blacktop next to the Chippewa River at a bridge I'd crossed many times before, not far from Midland, Michigan. The river is wide here, with plenty of rocky riffles. Just the ticket for smallmouth, I figured. Like most Michigan rivers last summer, the Chippewa was low.

"Let's get our polaroid glasses and see what's doing," Oscar said, jamming a fly-bedecked crusher down around his ears. He had enough feathers and metal on that thing to outfit a fly shop. He took off for the river, and I followed slowly, wondering if it was a waste of time to even rig up. The water looked *awfully* low. A young fellow and his lady friend had a spinning rod stuck into the bank, propped in the Y of a stick. "Catching anything?" Oscar asked. "Naw," the fellow said. But he pointed out into a deeper hole in front of him. "Lots of pretty big carp right there. But I ain't got nothin' they'll take." Oscar grinned. "Did you bring your two weight rod?" he asked. I told him I had. He grinned again. "You rig that up," he said. "I've got a fly that you must use to catch one of those carp. On that two weight, it will be some fight."

I smiled and headed for the truck. What am I doing to myself, I wondered. First I decide to fish for smallmouth, now I'm seriously wondering what it would be like to hook a carp on that two weight rod. Nuts. I must be going nuts!

But, I strung my rod and decided to fish a size 10 Muddler Minnow.

Oscar, who had been lifting rocks and other assorted debris, settled on a Dobson Fly larva imitation. We got in just below the bridge, and Oscar immediately pointed with his rod tip. "There was a fine-looking smallmouth right there," he said. "This could be fun. First, however, I am going to see if these carp have any thoughts about my fly."

I sidled off to the far bank, where some overhanging trees were shading a small riffle. Oscar got into a fish. Not one of the carp, and not a very large fish. In fact, he mentioned something about perhaps switching to live bait, now that he had some. My third cast swung through the riffle and stopped with a quick, firm tug. More live bait.

The riffle was good for five fish. The two largest were eight inches, and I was mildly surprised at how much spunk the little guys had. Now, I'm here to tell you they aren't anywhere close to brook trout when it comes to appearance. As far as I'm concerned, it's like comparing a bag lady to some Hollywood star. Strictly no contest. But in terms of sheer fighting spirit, I hadn't been misled.

Oscar was working downstream along a fairly deep run. Pick. Pick. Pick. We had almost constant action, but not until we had worked a couple hundred yards further down did we score on anything worthwhile.

"Here we go!" Oscar yelled. I could see by the thrashing that this was no minnow. "Boy, they like to fight. Ah, he's maybe not so big as I thought at first. But he's got muscle." When I asked what fly he was using, Oscar stopped lighting his pipe and laughed. "The biggest, ugliest thing I have with me," he said. "Gray yarn body, fluff of marabou for a tail and long rubber legs." And, so saying, he clenched his pipe between his teeth, shot the monstrosity 40 feet toward the bank and immediately caught a carbon copy of the fish he had just released. "Ugly, ugly, ugly fly," he said,

chuckling loudly, "but the fish, they do seem to acquire a taste for it."

A few days later, my wife, Kate, received a telephone call from John Wernet, this year's president of the Red Cedar Fly Fishers. He passed on the pertinent information Kate needed to assemble the club newsletter, then casually mentioned that he'd been smallmouth fishing. When she relayed that piece of interesting gossip, I just had to call John.

"Yeah, I take my boys out," he said with great equanimity. Didn't he know that smallmouth fishing isn't, well, trout? "We haven't done anything spectacular. Ten inches is the biggest we caught, but boy! do they fight!" Suddenly I had a feeling of *deja vu*. "I like to dead-drift nymphs when I'm smallmouth fishing. I figure that maybe I'll get a real bonus and hook a two-and-a-half-foot carp. On light tackle, they really bulldog you." I shook my head and glared at the telephone receiver. Hadn't I heard that somewhere else? Just a few days ago?

"You thinking of going out after them?" John asked. "Terry Lyons is picking us up in a half hour. We're going up to the Flat River. Terry says it has some excellent smallmouth fishing, and it's big enough for the kids to flycast." I mumbled something about paperwork backlogging on me, wished him luck and hung up the phone. Nuts, Everybody's going nuts! Fishing for smallmouth bass, indeed. Well, the Chippewa is only an hour's drive from East Lansing. I suddenly started figuring exactly how much paperwork really had backlogged. . . .

TONY PETRELLA lives in Lansing, Michigan where he serves as a dealer rep for several flyfishing manufacturers. He and his wife Kate have been active in local FFF circles for some time. This is his first contribution to The Flyfisher.

Flyfishermen Enjoy Shirley Cleary's Art

by Dennis Bitton

Art specifically created for enjoyment by flyfishermen is not an altogether new phenomenon, but it seems to be growing in popularity. I can remember when artists who lived in the western United States or Canada were expected to produce "Cowboy Art."

Indeed, that was what sold the best to the tourists. But there has been a change taking place the last 10 to 15 years; flyfishing art is selling, not only as it always had in New York's Catskills, but everywhere. There are many artists we could talk about, but for now we'll talk about just one — Shirley Cleary of Helena, Montana. (Other artists who would like to be considered as subjects for similar stories in the future should contact the editor.)

Shirley Cleary was born a little over 40 years ago in St. Louis, Missouri. She graduated from Washington University in St. Louis in the same class as Eldridge Hardie, whom we discussed in our Spring '87 issue. After a variety of experiences with travel, further education and teaching, Shirley moved to Montana in 1971. Since then, she has broadened her experience by painting a variety of subjects using a variety of painting mediums and techniques. She also went through a divorce and later remarried. The new husband, Frank Cooper, is a flyfisherman (so was the first, for that matter). Shirley soon became a flyfisher too, and her artwork has never really been the

same since.

Shirley Cleary's flyfishing art has soul. As a fellow flyfisher, one glance at any of her works tells you that she's been to the places she paints. The backgrounds are right, so are the proportions of stream, shrubbery and mountains. Any flyfisherman who has spent much time in Montana can instantly identify the locations of most of her paintings.

I wouldn't describe Shirley's art as being "tight" or high realistic, but then it's a long ways off from being impressionistic or "fuzzy" too. I realize that I'm exposing myself to ridicule by revealing how much I don't know about art, but I'm trying to convey a thought here, from one

flyfisherman to another — you'll like Shirley Cleary's work. She's an artist who enjoys what she's doing, and it shows.

Note: One last thing you should know; Shirley has a limited edition print available for those of you who'd like to add a Cleary to your collection, and she's now accepting commissions to paint flyfishers in the setting of his or her streamside choice. Like many other artists, Shirley supports FFF with her work. Her sketches and paintings have graced many an FFF banquet, many articles in *The Flyfisher* and even some of our promotional literature. To Shirley, and all others like her, we say thank you.

"Matching The Hatch" from a 19 x 26-inch original





"Late September On A Spring Creek" from a 20 x 27½-inch original



A typical Cleary black and white illustration (good!)

A Fine Insanity

by Paul Quinnett
artwork by Ken Hanley

Many years ago I made a modest attempt to improve upon my sometimes questionable character. On the very same day, and only after due consideration, I swore off two well-known vices: cursing and steelhead fishing. Failing by half within the week, I now, these 15 years later, have broken the second vow as well.

It was a simple matter to fall off the no-cursing wagon, and those who know me well say I never had a chance. The English language, for all its color and vitality, is an impotent and bloodless vehicle for the fisherman suddenly confronted with, say, a trophy trout lost to a poor knot. I'm afraid "MY STARS!" just doesn't get the job done.

By comparison, abstaining from steelhead fishing took less willpower. Two things made this possible. One was the gradual eradication of free-flowing water in the middle section of the Snake River (thanks to the Corps of Engineers and the public's lust for cheap power) where I live and, low and behold, the gradual decimation of the steelhead runs. The second thing that helped me quit steelhead fishing was that, even though a few fish remained, I made 26 trips without a "bump." (A bump, for those of you who do not fish steelhead, is the steelheader's term for a bite.) I may be hard core, but I am not stupid. I put the rod away. That was in 1970.

But every year since I took the cure, I have followed the anadromous fish counts over the dams in the Columbia River system, read about the efforts to improve the runs, sent money to one organization or other in hopes that, one day, the fish would come back so that I could, once again, permit myself that fine insanity of hunting a trout whose reputation as a fighter shames all but the Atlantic salmon. Well, the fish are back.

"I thought you'd quit steelheading for good," said Ann.

"I did."

"Then why are you going?"

"They're back. Come with me."

"No."

So last season I tumbled off the wagon and made one of my lightning strikes to the far country — one

of those get-away-quick-at-dawn, three-hour-drives to the Grand Ronde River in southeastern Washington where, by all reports, the summer-runs were moving up to spawn and showing heavily in the lower reaches. This is barbless, catch-and-release, flyfishing-only water — just the sort of challenge a man needs to test his grit.

To the first person I saw in waders, I asked, "Doing any good?"

He grinned. "You bet. Just took two on a Muddler Minnow."

The man looked to be one of those well-outfitted, Eddie Bauer types wearing expensive waders and carrying a four-hundred dollar rod mounted with a Hardy reel. He looked like a perfectly normal account-



ant, attorney or physician, except that his facial expression reminded me of a fellow I'd once seen exiting a bathroom in a red light district some years before.

"Fun, huh?" I asked.

"Gaaaaa," he said, and stambled, glassy-eyed, toward his RV.

Well, I don't have to tell you how fast I found a camping spot, how long it took me to get the tent up, my waders on, my rod jointed and strung, a fly tied to a tippet, and out into the Ronde. Total elapsed time: 23 minutes.

For the first few casts, I felt that raw ecstasy a steelheader feels when he's hip deep in cold water and lay-

ing the steel and feathers out there in the lies where he knows (without a doubt) that the great trout are holding. This is a wonderful feeling, very much like that which I imagine must take hold of a cat burglar when the safe finally swings open to the touch of his fingers and the crown jewels are at hand.

But three hours later the other steelheading feeling was back. This is the one all steelheaders know much better. This is the feeling that, as well as you know there are fish to be caught, you will not catch one. It sets in somewhere after realizing your wading staff has more blood flowing through it than your legs, that you'll need an orthopedic surgeon to fix your casting wrist and that, as many casts as you've made, you've still a million more to make. In the worst of it, you remember statistics: the average steelheader takes one fish per 20 hours of fishing. The grind and the hopelessness were back.

When it was too dark to fish, I waded back across the river, built a campfire and promptly went into a deep and miserable funk.

"Do any good?" an older gent said, stopping by to warm his hands.

"Nope," I said. "You?"

"Nary a bump. Offer a man a cup of coffee?"

I said sure and pretty soon we were talking steelhead and trading stories and flies — neither of us lying more than the other, but both trading heavily in old pre-Corps-of-Engineer's steelhead stock.

Then a kid came by, knelt to warm his hands, and allowed as how he had taken three fish and had had several strikes. We asked how. "On the surface," he said. "With one of these." He showed us an odd little deer hair thing in black and red that looked more like a bass bug than a steelhead fly. "They're a sucker for these," he added. "Too bad I only have two left."

It turned out the young fellow was a fisheries major from the University of Washington and had driven 400 miles cross state to get in two days on the Ronde. We passed a pleasant evening sharing the cooking fire and talking fish and by bedtime I was back in an acceptable frame of mind.



I was out of the sack and dressed and standing in waders stiff with frost when I looked across the Ronde to see the fisheries major fast to a steelhead. The blood came up quickly and I skipped coffee.

It is well-known among steelheaders that the trout move under the cover of darkness, and that the lie that was empty the night before holds fish by dawn's early light. Like a man who knows his tools and the job ahead of him, I went immediately to work.

Except for a memorable sunrise, a mule deer buck that showed himself high on the skyline of the breaks, and the sound of shotgunner's working over the chukars in the surrounding canyons, the morning passed in that same killing monotony of cast, belly back the line, drift, wait, strip, wade two steps; cast, belly back the line, drift, wait

In time the feet grew cold, a wind came up, my backcasts weakened and my nose went over to a steady drip, drip, drip. The hours ran into one another and deep inside I could feel myself quitting steelhead again. Cursing myself for breaking the vow, the funk was back. I remember thinking that if steelheaders were to adopt a saint for their hopeless cause, only Saint Jude would do.

"There," said the young fisheries

major, wading past me on his way to the bank, "Try just beyond that boulder. I haven't touched that lie yet."

I thought what the hell and waded down a bit and let go a cast. And just at the end of the drift, 15 years of regret and longing and heart-break at the thought of never feeling that wonderful bump come up the line to my cold fingers, suddenly ended. The rod jumped, and so my heart.

Being, now, a modest, middle-aged man of generally good manners, I did not shriek or cry out "Fish on!" or in any way let on to the general public that I was finally hooked to the object of my lust after, low, these many years. But I supposed I did dance a little because, thank God, the old gentleman of the night's previous acquaintance took notice of the proceedings and waded downstream to marvel at what it was that was doubling over my fly rod.

Midway through the battle I remember thinking, to those who pray, all things are possible.

When the fight was mostly finished and I had exhausted both the fish and my repertoire of sweet complaints ("Boy! My wrist is giving out." "You need a fighting butt to handle these." etc. etc.), I handed my

only witness the little 35mm I keep in my vest for such rare occasions.

"Go about eight pounds," he said, shooting film. "Good fish for the Ronde. A wild one, too."

Revived and rested, I let the hen go and waded back across the river. Having made it a habit never to stick around after something rare and wonderful happens, I promptly broke down my rod and decamped.

I wouldn't say I was too excited about catching a steelhead after all these years — psychotic, yes, excited, no. After having considerable trouble finding low gear in my 4x4, I remembered little of the drive home.

"Oh, no," said Ann, as I strode into the living room. "You've got that silly grin on your face. You didn't!"

"I did. But don't worry," I said. "This time things won't get out of hand. This time I won't go insane."

"That's fine," said Ann, "Now would you stop waving that fly rod around, go back outside and take off your waders. You're tracking sand all over the carpet."

PAUL QUINNETT is a psychologist who lives in Cheney, Washington. A writer of considerable background, this is his first contribution to The Flyfisher.

Catch And Release Comes to England

by Mike Weaver
photos by the author

We have a saying in England that many of the things that happen in the United States soon get across the Atlantic to us. I have a suspicion, however, that this

may apply mainly to the mediocrities of life — the good things take a little longer. Over the years, such contributions to civilization as hula hoops, skate boards and

TV soap operas have come our way with almost indecent haste, yet one of America's great contributions to the fishing scene, the "no kill" or "catch and release" fishery, has been slow to make the ocean crossing.

Ten years after my own first experience of "no kill" in the eastern U.S., I can report that the first beachhead has been established in Britain — right in the heartland of our most traditional flyfishing region, the chalk stream country of southern England.

That first experience, a decade ago, was on Falling Springs Run, that lovely little limestone stream in central Pennsylvania, during a flyfishing trip with Sid Neff of Pittsburgh. I was well aware that this fishery was open to anyone with a fishing licence and that millions of Americans lived within a few hours drive, yet, far from being fished out, the river was obviously full of trout. It was September and when the tricorythodes spinners fell to the river surface in the afternoon, Falling Springs positively boiled with rising trout and both Sid and I really cleaned up in two hours of great fishing. Right then, I realised that catch and release had to be the only way ahead for quality fishing for wild trout. Subsequent visits to other streams with similar regulations, like the Letort, Firehole, Madison and Henry's Fork, have only confirmed that first impression.

In the ensuing years I have, like a few other British anglers, written about catch and release from time to time, but cannot report any great interest in setting aside stretches of suitable river for such regulations. Indeed, a recent article in the British magazine "Trout and Salmon", which was highly critical of "catch and release", received considerable support in the letters section. Nevertheless, a growing number of British anglers are returning more and more trout on rivers with a capacity for natural reproduction, but this remains largely a personal commitment without official backing. Paradoxically, there



The author casts to a trout on a branch of the River Piddle. The tower of Tolpuddle Parrish Church can be seen in the background. Photo by Richard Slocock.

is a long tradition of returning fish alive among the ranks of British coarse fishermen — those who fish for pike, perch, carp, bream and similar species.

It has required a courageous development by an individual fishery owner on a southern chalkstream to get things started. The pioneer in question is Richard Slocock and the river is the Piddle in the county of Dorset, about 120 miles southwest of London. The Piddle valley is part of the chalk country of southern England, which includes the Test and Itchen, the two world-famous streams which inspired the development of dry fly and nymph fishing by Halford, Skues, Lunn and other innovators. In the late spring of 1987, I drove over to the Piddle from my home in Devon to find out more about Richard's fishery at Tolpuddle and to enjoy what proved to be two days of great fishing.

Except in its last few miles before entering the sea, the Piddle runs its whole course over a bedrock of chalk, that wonderful material which, together with the similar limestone, gives us some of the world's greatest trout streams. The Piddle valley is classic English farm country, with villages of thatched cottages enjoying eccentric names like Piddletrenthide, Piddlehinton and Briantspuddle. The stream nearly always runs clear over gravel bottom, with the beds of weed waving gently in the current.

My long-planned visit to the Piddle was in early June, normally a time of fine weather with the first warmth of summer just arriving, but in 1987 even the spring had hardly arrived by June. But I must have been living right, because as I arrived the weather improved sharply and Richard informed me that the Mayflies, which would normally have been finished, had been delayed by the cold spring and were still at the height of the hatch. At this point I must remind American anglers that in England the term Mayfly is used only for insects of the genus *Ephemera* — not

Ephemeroptera in general — so the insects hatching during my visit were the big green drakes, *Ephemera danica*, which for two weeks each year can produce some of the best fishing of the season.

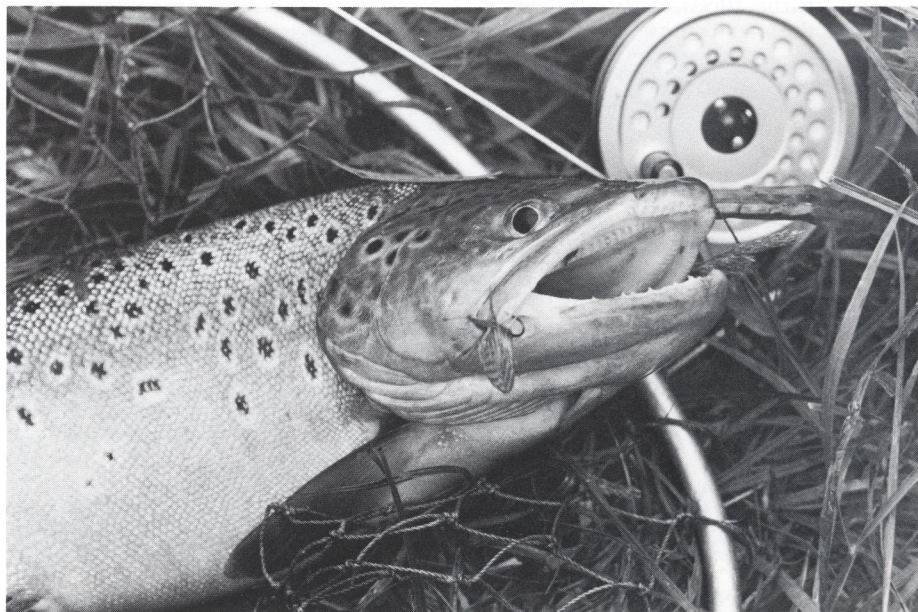
My arrival at Tolpuddle was in the late morning and Richard immediately invited me to try the stretch of river that runs past his headquarters, Lawrences Farm. Here the river runs narrow between beds of reeds, mainly between six and 15 feet wide, but often three or four feet deep. It was too early in the day for the real hatch of Mayfly, but the occasional dun that came drifting down the little stream was taken readily by the wild trout. So too was my Mayfly imitation and five fish up to 12 inches were taken in the first half hour. Then, on a deep narrow bend, I spotted a rise by a bigger fish and carefully crept to within casting range. As I started to false cast, the fish rose again and, as I dropped my fly on the water, took the imitation immediately. It was a good fish, a heavily spotted wild brown of 15 inches, yet even as I slipped it back into the stream, another fish took a natural only six

feet upstream. A quick cast and another good brown was hooked. In such a small stream, with thick weeds never more than a few feet away, every fish had to be held hard, and that 17-incher really ripped the tiny pool apart before coming to the net.

After a short break for lunch, Richard took me two miles down river to a magnificent stretch where the Piddle, now 30 feet wide, meandered through water meadows.

By mid afternoon, the Mayflies were hatching all down the stream and rising trout had taken up feeding positions in the channels between the weeds. Fish after fish came to the artificial, the best a fat 19-inch brown of over three pounds. Towards evening, the hatch of duns was replaced by the female spinners returning to the river after mating over the meadows, and a poly-winged spent imitation took yet more fish.

Next day, it was a similar story, though I had to leave for home before the fall of spinner. I fished the Piddle again in July during the hatches of blue winged olive
continued on page 46



A beautiful English brown trout, photographed by the author. Note the fly at the corner of the fish's mouth.

Why Western Fishing Keeps Getting Better

by Bud Lilly

When my family first emigrated to what would become the state of Montana, back in the 1860's, there was no such thing as "too big" a kill of fish. There were no restrictions on fishing tackle or on the behavior of fishermen, so long as they didn't murder each other. The fishing was wide open, and the people were few enough that for quite a while the fishing stayed good. But we all know enough about conservation history to realize that it never stays that way. By the time I started fishing, in the early 1930s, we'd already lost a lot of our best fishing, but the state was still so sparsely populated that by any modern standard the fishing was still fabulous all around my home in Manhattan, Montana.

It has been my privilege and pleasure to fish for trout in Montana for more than 50 years, and though it's true that many miles of trout water have been degraded or lost in that time, many other streams have been brought back. There are now streams in Montana where the fishing is better than it was when I was young.

The really big leaps in improvement have mostly occurred in the past 20 years, and they have occurred in several ways.

First, in the 1960s we finally saw

the enactment of legislation designed to guarantee minimum stream flows in most of our streams. As is almost always the case in wildlife management, the first thing that must be done is protection of habitat.

Second, in the last 15 years we've seen more and more managers realize that in many ways, some of them ecological, some of them esthetic, and some of them economic, wild trout are superior to hatchery trout. Since Dick Vincent's pioneering studies on the Madison, an impressive body of evidence has accumulated that dumping hatchery fish in a wild trout stream harms the resident fish. At the same time that we've come to understand this, sportsmen have increased their emphasis on fishing for streambred native trout as a more esthetically fulfilling experience than catching fish that were raised on pellets or meal and dumped into the river the week before. The motto of the Theodore Gordon Flyfishers, "limit your kill, don't kill your limit," has taken hold in the west, thanks to many individuals and organizations.

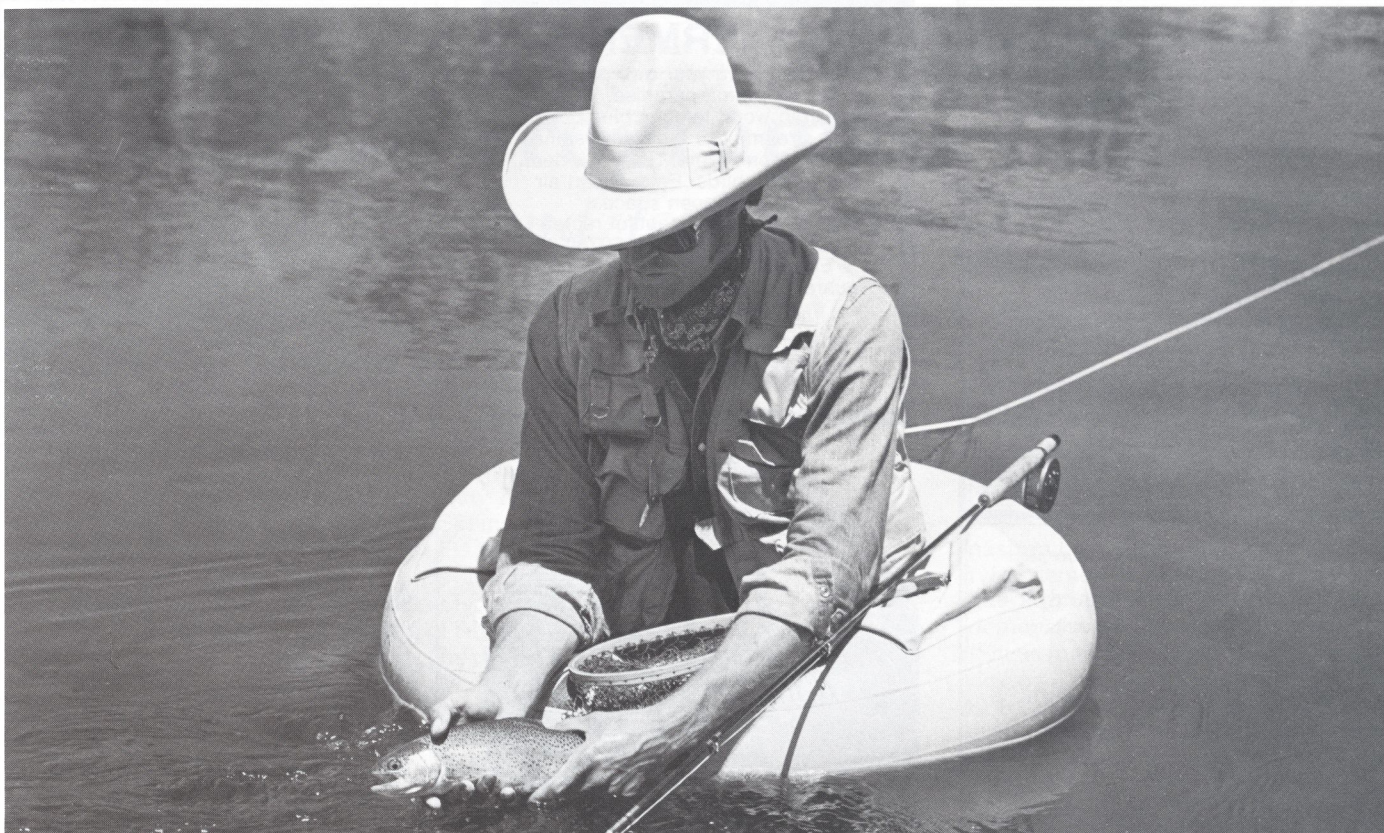
Third, and related to the other two, fishermen have realized that they are just too numerous to kill fish the way my friends and I did 50 years ago. The most important thing

for many modern fishermen is the catch, not the kill, and they are demanding regulations that will enable them to enjoy good catches of wild trout without damaging the health of the trout population. We've learned that baitfishing kills too many fish to make it acceptable on a catch-and-release stream, and we've learned that flyfishing and spin fishing do not. I hope that we have also learned that just because we flyfish we are not entitled to think of ourselves as somehow "better" than other fishermen; flyfishing is for many of us the most fun way to fish, and it is also a way that allows us to fish without killing anything. We harvest other things—satisfaction, pleasure, and peace—from streams whether we kill fish or not.

We learned these lessons slowly, and some of them we only learned because of special situations. Yellowstone Park, where entire headwater systems were protected from stream flow reduction and where the political power was concentrated in a few people who were relatively free to act as they thought best, gave us a good start. Jack Anderson, superintendent of Yellowstone in the late 1960s and early 1970s, saw that wild trout were not only the wave of the future, they were critically important in the park's goal of preserving wild eco-systems. His experiments in managing streams with a variety of special regulations showed just how valuable a tool special regulations—whether slot limits, or catch-and-release, or flyfishing only, or any other type of special regulations—could be. The lesson was not learned immediately, and many managers still resist it, but sportsmen saw it work, and they did not forget. Yellowstone Park has become internationally famous as an example of how good the fishing can be on heavily fished trout streams. It can be incredibly good. Lee Wulff has called Yellowstone's carefully regulated and heavily used trout streams, with their robust populations of wild fish, "the fishing of the future," and he is right. This is what we can have throughout the west. It is what we have more of every year.



Lilly's Trout Shop in West Yellowstone started many a flyfisherman on his way. Shown in this 1965 photo is Will Godfrey and Bud. Will was an FFF VP for many years; had his own shop. Bud ran his shop for 30 years and was the first Chairman of the IFFC. He got us off the ground.



Fishing in the western United States has a unique flavor, captured in this photo by Valentine Atkinson of San Francisco. Cowboy hats are not required gear, and float tubes have become widely popular only recently. Still, as this photo shows, it's not too hard to catch the two together.

It has been exciting for me to play a part in this movement to better fishing. We hear so much about what is getting worse in the world today that it is rare to hear of something getting better. Western flyfishing is not only getting better, it can continue to do so as long as we want it to until we have many fishing opportunities that approach those available to people like my uncles Amos and W.A. Hague, who guided parties of tourists and sportsmen in Yellowstone Park in the 1890s.

But we have a lot of work to do yet. Montana, as often as some sportsmen have criticized its fisheries managers for moving too slowly, is moving faster than some other states. The fabulous scenery around Jackson Hole, Wyoming, so often featured on the covers of outdoor magazines, is actually a setting where the fishing is generally miserable. Trout are still being stocked in Grand Teton National Park, and in many other Wyoming waters that, properly managed, could provide outstanding wild trout fishing. In many parts of the west, people are still convincing themselves that the best fishing is the easiest fishing, or the fishing that allows them to take home the most meat. There are certainly

waters where a harvest makes sense; many fish populations are artificially created or maintained, and may not function in any resemblance to a wild population that can perpetuate itself. But there are plenty of waters in the west that, given a chance, would provide superb wild trout fishing. Many of those waters are not getting any such chance today.

But we have to make some choices. Do we want put-and-take fishing, with its known ecological damages? Do we want to provide each fisherman with so many pounds of meat?

These are not just questions of personal preference any more. Montana, especially the area around Yellowstone Park, has shown what an enormous influx of money can arrive when wild trout fishing is good in an area. Many parts of the west have nothing better to sell than beautiful country, country that if it is properly cared for need never get less beautiful. Sportsmen will not travel great distances to catch hatchery fish in our streams. The economics of wild trout should be getting more of our attention than it does. We may regret the increasing number of fishermen on our favorite rivers, but we can hardly regret the improved catch rates and sizes of fish, improvements that occurred

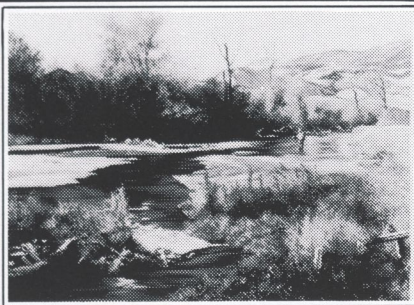
because of special regulations that are attracting all those other fishermen.

We can continue to improve our fishing. We can do it as individuals by killing fewer fish. We can do it as organizations, such as the Montana Trout Foundation, Trout Unlimited, and the Federation of Fly Fishers. If the cause of good fishing and all it means—clean water, wise land management, and a heartfelt respect for our natural heritage—is important to you, support these organizations and get involved in making tomorrow's western fishing even better than today's.

BUD LILLY lives in Bozeman, Montana. For 30 years, he ran a fly shop in West Yellowstone, Montana. He has served as head of FFF's International Fly Fishing Center in Montana and annually, his family sponsors and presents FFF's Ambassador Award. This article is the front part of Chapter 16 in his new book Bud Lilly's Guide to Western Fly Fishing co-authored with Paul Schullery, and available through Nick Lyons Books. Published by Nick Lyons Books, 31 West 21 Street, New York, NY 10010. \$19.95 hardcover, \$12.95 softcover, ©1987.

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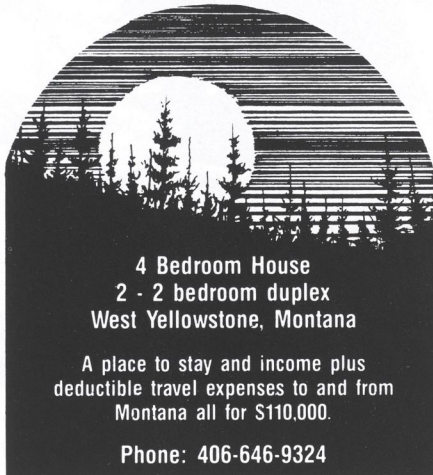
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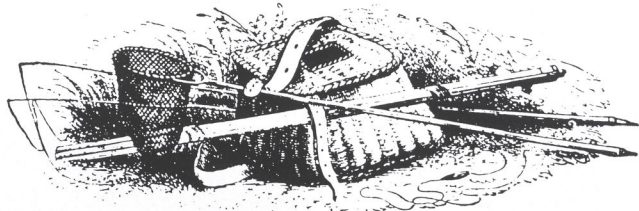
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1. Valentine Atkinson Tips on Flyfishing with a Camera
 2. Thomas Sisson Flyfishing in France
 3. Bob Krumm Flyfishing for Smallmouth in Maine
 4. Lefty Kreh Flyfishing Tips
 5. John Bailey Dan Bailey and his flies
 6. Gary Borger Fly Presentation
 7. Jimmy Nix Flyfishing the Texas Flats
 8. Jack Dennis New Zealand
 9. George Anderson Spring Creeks and Nymphing
 10. Chuck Rizuto Fishing the Four Corners Area
 11. Dennis Bitton The South Fork of the Snake
 12. Mike Wolverton Fishing the Salt Water Flats
 13. Rod Walinchus Fishing the North Platte
 14. Greg Lilly In the Footsteps of Lewis and Clark
 15. Mike Lawson The Henry's Fork of the Snake
 16. Mel Krieger Argentina
 17. Tom Tollett Belize—The Beaverhead
 18. Carrel Martin and Taff Price Yugoslavia and the fly patterns used
 19. Janet and Marty Downey Everything your wife has wanted to know about flyfishing and was afraid to ask
 20. Steve Kennerk A Hair's Difference
 21. Craig Mathews Yellowstone's Little Fished Waters
 22. Kurt Collins The Big Horn
 23. Kathy and Jay Buchner Wind River Fishing
 24. Boyd Aigner Fly Fishing the Northwest
- Gary LaFontaine Writers workshop will be on Thursday and Friday morning. Limited enrollment. Participants will need to bring a story or article they have written. No Fee.
- Casting Workshops: Limited enrollment to 25 participants fee paid by enrollees - \$40. Each will last three hours - 9-12:00
 Wednesday, August 10th - Mel Krieger
 Thursday, August 11th - Joan Wulff
 Friday, August 12th - Lefty Kreh
- Casting Programs: No limit, no fee. Gary Borger - stream presentations, Thursday, August 11th - 2:00. John Vanderhoof - tournament casting, Friday, August 12th - 2:00. Maggie Merriman - starting flyfishing - common problems, Saturday, August 13th - 10:00.
- Casting Competition Thursday, August 11th - all day (Allan and Barbara Rohrer)
- Casting Instruction: All day, every day.



Fly Tying Activities

by Bruce Staples

Preparations for flytying activities have been steaming along rather nicely. Presently about 60 tyers have accepted invitations to participate in the flytying demonstrations. Flytying activities will be held in Livingston High School. Rooms with tables have been identified for the classes and large mezzanines on either side of the main gymnasium have been set aside for the flytying demonstrations. Each mezzanine has comfortable room for up to 10 demonstrators per session, meaning that as many as 70 tyers can participate during Conclave. There is also plenty of room for observing these tyers and even to view the commercial exhibits placed on the gymnasium floor below. In addition to the tyers mentioned in the last issue of *The Flyfisher*, others including Dick Talleur, Jimmy Nix, Bill Munn, Pat and Sig Barnes, Rob Ransom and Joe Roope, Jr. will be demonstrating. Al Beatty has agreed to co-chair the flytying activities while Jimmy Nix, Bill Munn and Mitch Whitney will instruct the warm water/salt water tying class.

A word about the Montana flies class which will be held Monday and Tuesday, August 8th and 9th. If you are a tyer who plans to fish the Livingston area during Conclave, this class is for you. The class will include patterns suitable for the season and for specific places, all taught by local experts.

International Conclave 1988

Aug. 8-9 & 10-13

In Livingston

Just in case you didn't receive your early June mailing from the FFF Office concerning this year's International Conclave and you're interested in coming, you should call the FFF Office now. There was a registration blank in that mailing and in the Spring '88 issue of *The Flyfisher*.

At any rate, for those members who missed the mailing and/or the last magazine, you should know that you need registration ASAP.

Business meetings will be held Monday and Tuesday of Conclave week. Festivities start Wednesday and go through Saturday. It will be a good event. Make your plans to attend now.

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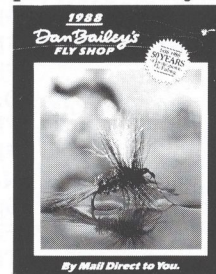
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CONCLAVE

Conclave '88 Casting Programs

by Ed Jaworowski

CASTING WORKSHOPS - three days, one by **Mel Krieger** (Wednesday, August 10th); one by **Joan Wulff** (Thursday, August 11th) and one by **Lefty Kreh** (Friday, August 12th). Each is limited to 25 class members, and each requires advance registration through the FFF Office. Cost per Casting Workshop is \$40. Each workshop will start at 9 a.m. and end at noon.

CASTING PROGRAMS - these are free, and will last approximately a half to three quarters of an hour. On Thursday, at 2 p.m. **Gary Borger** will talk about stream presentations. On Friday, **John Vanderhoof** will talk about tournament casting, also at 2 p.m. On Saturday, at 10 a.m., **Maggie Merriman** will talk about getting started in flyfishing and some of the problems newcomers to the sport encounter.

CASTING COMPETITION - will take place Thursday, August 11th, all day long. These activities will be directed by **Allan and Barbara Rohrer** (it wouldn't be Conclave without the Rohrers).

CASTING INSTRUCTION - will be available Wednesday through Saturday from 10 a.m. until noon and again from 2 to 4 p.m. Experienced casters will be available at the pool to give demonstrations, answer questions and provide one-on-one assistance. This is your chance for a free flycasting lesson and a chance to have a good instructor critique your casting. Instructors come from area fly shops and from shops and clubs far removed from Montana. Come see who you can talk to, and what you can learn.

Conclave: To Sell Or Not To Sell

by Dennis Bitton

As long as I've been around FFF International Conclave there has been this debate: to sell or not to sell at Conclave. If you have a 10 year history with Conclaves, you know that the debate reaches back that far, and farther.

Essentially, there are two camps, one which wants the right to sell items at/during Conclave, and those who don't. A few years ago, the water got muddied when, temporarily, some people in West Yellowstone didn't want us selling things at our Conclave. They even went so far as to try to get the City of West Yellowstone to tell us we couldn't. They almost made it, but not quite. Officially, at a city meeting where FFF representatives were present, the idea was presented and denied. Folks like Craig and Jackie Mathews of Blue Ribbon Flies stated that they felt it was a fine idea letting people sell things at FFF Conclave; that it didn't hurt their business, etc.

Unfortunately, what *almost* was policy, got started on the rumor mill as *being* policy. It just isn't so. What is policy is that every year the FFF Directors let their feelings be known about next year's Conclave. What can and perhaps should be part of that input is this business about selling retail during the Conclave. This year in Livingston, officially, the policy is No

Sales. It's so because it was announced so over a year ago. (If the policy is softened by Conclave, don't apostatize, convert!) It's a headache for every Conclave Chairman there ever was.

Many artists and small manufacturers like to attend Conclave, sell enough things to cover their costs and enjoy themselves. With a No Sale policy, they can't do that.

Many large manufacturers like to be at Conclave and not be in competition with their dealers. Some few members of FFF sincerely feel that sales, any sales, should not be a part of any FFF gathering. A few fear the "garage sale" image being attached to FFF if things get out of hand.

All points of view are considered every year, a year in advance of the next Conclave. This year's policy of no sale is, to some extent, an experiment. If you like it, tell your FFF Directors and Council Presidents. If you want the selling of items permitted (with or without conditions) again, let FFF people know. It's your organization, your FFF and, ultimately, your policy. If you're voted down, that's democracy. If your view prevails, you've been heard.

This brief history, editorial and lecture is brought to you via one tired editor, on top of deadline. db

GLC Appoints Resource Development Participant

by Terry Lyons
Conservation Chairman GLC

The Great Lakes Council is pleased to announce that our participant in the Resource Development Symposium at the Conclave this summer is Mr. David Cozad of Auburn, Michigan. Mr. Cozad is the President of Mainstream Flow Group, Inc. He has been personally involved in many projects carried out on streams here in the Midwest. These projects have been coordinated with both state Departments of Natural Resources and the Forest Service. They consist of streambank stabilization, removal of excess sediment bedload, and the installation of trout cover structures. Some of these projects have involved some of our affiliate clubs here in the council. As you can see, Mr. Cozad has much to offer any group who hopes to tackle this kind of project in the future.

We strongly encourage everyone to attend Mr. Cozad's presentation at the Conclave this summer, where he will discuss these projects and the proper methods for completing them. I hope to see many of you at Dave's presentation in Livingston this summer.

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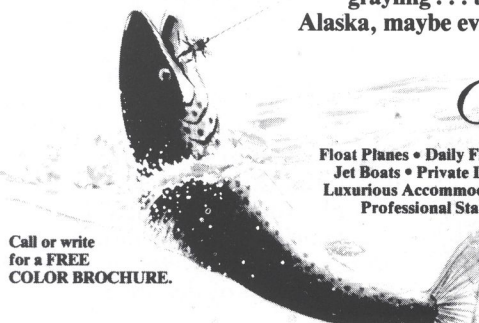
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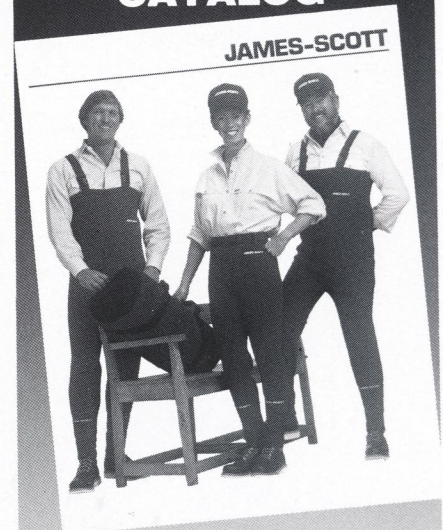
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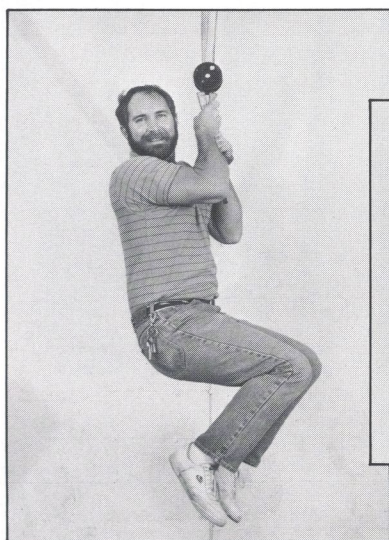
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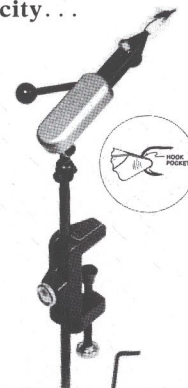
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Obviously, with any listing like this list of clubs, there are going to be errors. We understand that, we hope you do too. Please send all corrections to the FFF Office at Box 1088, West Yellowstone, MT 59758. Do not send them to *The Flyfisher*.

Please recognize that press deadline for this listing of clubs was as of May 15, 1988. Clubs that have paid dues between then and date of publication would still be reflected in this list as non current with their dues.

Any outright errors of commission or omission should be brought to the attention, quietly, of the FFF Office.



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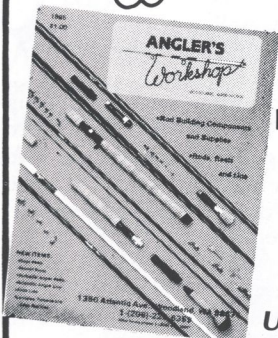
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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

There Is A Lot Going On

Here it is summer once more and I seem to have an unfinished list of jobs that I expected to have completed by this time. The projects are coming along, but they are not completed as yet.

This says that I tried to get too much accomplished in too short a time or the projects were much more complicated than I anticipated. I am still trying to figure that one out.

One of the problems that plagues all of us is space. There is too much space between the people who are working on the various parts of the job. There is an enormous time delay just to get data around to the people who need to work on it. There has to be a better way.

Joe Reynolds, outdoor writer for *Field & Stream*, telephoned the other day with a good solution to my problem. He suggested that I join the CompuServe Network so I could post messages and files in the Outdoor Forum. Anyone who needs the material could either read it or download it in their computer. I joined.

You can reach me by sending a message through the EMAIL or through the Outdoor Forum. My address is AL WILKIE ID# 76356,3114. To reach Joe, type in JOE REYNOLDS ID# 76704,37.

Joe convinced me that this was a very good way to get information around. Programs like our Action Alert would benefit by the speed of circulation of the information. So would other types of data. Contact me on CompuServe with useful information.

Along with the regular work that goes on every day, we are working on the Conclave '88. John Bailey reports that everything is about on schedule. Everybody is very excited about this one. There is going to be so much to see and do. So many great people coming to share their time and talents. Don't miss it. Get to Livingston in August.

Your Executive Committee is working on several projects. We are producing a new membership information brochure, a brochure for the IFFC, a FFF Credit Card, amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws, and an updated Policy Code Manual. The office is improving its work by initiating a determination to learn how to make our computer system more useful. The ladies there are adding and keeping track of our members in the office. Soon, we will be able to handle all of our data processing in the office.

The Term of Office Amendment will be ready for circulation in early July. The amendment needs to be approved

so we can get our officers and directors on two year terms. This will help coordinate with the Councils as most of them have two year terms for their people. We hope to bring this up for a vote by the directors in the August Annual meeting. We will not put it into effect until 1989 so the current officers and directors will not be affected in their current terms of office.

The FFF Education Fund that was initiated during the Missouri Conference in February of this year, has \$2,000.00 in it. We hope to encourage our membership to contribute to this fund. The principal will be retained to grow. The interest accumulated by this fund will be used to finance our educational programs. To date we have the International Fly Fishing Center, the Youth Educational Group, the A/V Center, pamphlets and brochures, and a few more programs that have not surfaced as yet. If you or your organization is looking for a worthwhile project to contribute funds into, please keep this one in mind.

To educate our members on how to use and conserve our wildlife fishing resource is a prime concern. Your donations to this fund will make Federation of Fly Fishers goals happen. Be generous, because you are helping fund this most worthy cause—Education.

We approved several grants to our member Clubs to help fund some projects. If you need assistance with a conservation project, contact Starr Thurston with the details. He will be able to lend some support.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank each of you that has stepped forward to help at the Club level, at the Council level, and at the National level. To volunteer for a job that takes up so much of your recreation time shows that you are concerned about your chosen sport. Hang in there, we need all of the help we can muster.

This past year that I have been the president of this organization has been one of the most fulfilling periods of my professional career. I have been able to get to know and work with many people across this country. It has been fun, perplexing, fulfilling, tiring, gratifying, and about every descriptive adjective that I can come up with. In all, I am glad that I was asked to serve. I hope I have served you well. Thanks for the opportunity. And as I have said many times — *Flyfishing is fun and the people are also.*

Al Wilkie

WOMAN'S VIEW

Let's Live It Up In Livingston!

by Betsy Bach

Well, Ladies, this is it! Plans are now set for Livingston, and do we ever have an excellent line up of events! Some of our more tempting events include a walking tour of the historical homes of Livingston as well as a gourmet salad luncheon buffet with delicious desserts. In addition, we have two "field" trips planned. The first will be streamside "show and tell" where we can learn all about streamside flora and fauna. The second trip will be a day long jaunt from Livingston through northern Yellowstone Park and up the

Cooke City Highway to identify wildflowers in the Beartooth Plateau. Finally, for you fitness minded folks, we will have daily morning aerobics.

With the help of Cindy Moses NeSmith of Livingston, we have arranged a variety of events and hope to keep you very busy at Conclave—so busy, in fact, that we have reserved two rooms for the Leisure Lounge. One room will be our traditional "lounge," while the other will be for programs and mini-clinics. Here is our official schedule:

Wednesday, August 10

- 8:30 - 4:00 - Leisure Lounge open
- 8:30 - 9:30 - Morning aerobics
- 9:30 - 11:30 - Streamside trip to identify flora and fauna
- 1:30 - 2:30 - "Tracing Your Ancestors: 100 Questions for Tracing Your Past"

Thursday, August 11

- 8:30 - 4:00 - Leisure Lounge open
- 8:30 - 9:30 - Morning aerobics
- 10:00 - 11:00 - Mini-clinic Basic knitting
- 11:00 - 11:45 - Basket weaving demonstration
- 1:00 - 4:00 - Historical walking tour of Livingston homes sponsored by the Park County Historical Society
- 4:00 - 5:30 - Wine and Cheese party

Friday, August 12

- 8:30 - 4:00 - Leisure Lounge open
- 8:30 - 9:30 - Morning aerobics
- 9:00 - 10:00 - Women's Committee open meeting
- 10:30 - 12:00 - "I've Been Working on the Railroad" - a presentation by Warren McGee, amateur railroad historian and photographer
- 12:00 - 2:00 - Ladies' gourmet buffet luncheon (fee charged)
- 2:30 - 4:30 - Wildflower identification

Saturday, August 13

- 7:30 - 5:30 - Day trip to Beartooth Plateau for wildflower identification
- 8:30 - 4:00 - Leisure Lounge open
- 8:30 - 9:30 - Morning aerobics
- 9:00 - 12:00 - Flyfishing for beginners - Maggie Merriman (enrollment limited; fee charged)
- 2:00 - 3:00 - Mini-clinic Basic knitting

Several general Conclave events may also be of interest. They include an advanced fly casting class by Joan Wulff (enrollment limited and fee charged), a program on "Fishing with Your Spouse" by Janet and Marty Downey, a program by Kathy Buchner on "Fishing the Wind Rivers," and two writers' workshops.

Please consider attending any and all our Womens' Committee events regardless of your gender—remember, you gents are invited too! You are always welcome to attend (and support) any of our Women's Committee Events. Which brings up another

issue—that of *Support!* The Women's Committee runs on a rather small (not to mention tight) budget. As such, we welcome support from both men and women. You can support the Committee by bringing fund-raising raffle and auction items of any sort. We welcome your contributions in any form—the more creative the better!!

So pack your hiking boots, your aerobic shoes, and your raffle and auction items and head for Livingston. We have an exciting schedule of events and encourage you to become involved in Conclave 88's "Year of Learning!"

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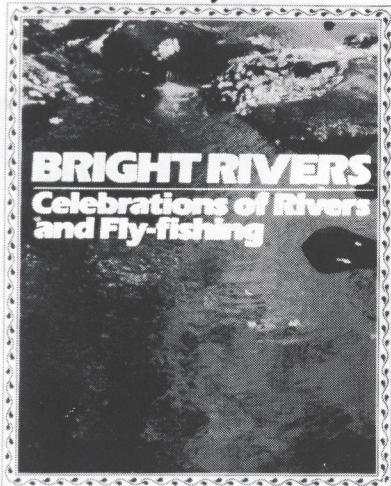
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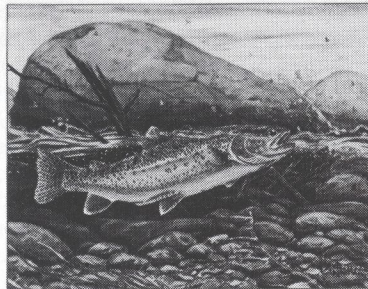
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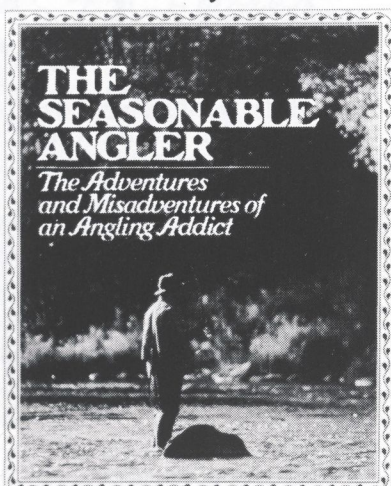
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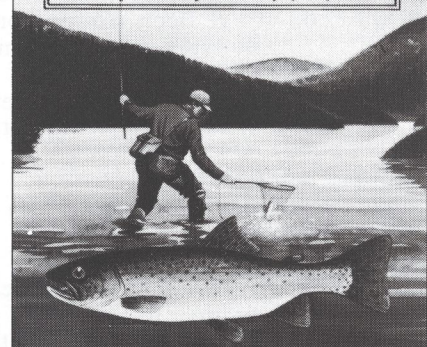
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MEMBERSHIP

We Should Have More Members

by Skip Hosfield

As I sit down to write this column on the first of May, it is hard to predict the status of membership by the middle of July when it will be read. As of now, we are only a few hundred ahead of where we were at Conclave '87. There could be a big increase in the next few months, but even if there is, it is clear that the rate of growth will not match last year's.

Although some excellent work in new member recruitment is being done in a few councils and clubs, there seems to be no general enthusiasm for this work throughout the Federation. When I consider my own attitude towards recruitment of new members over many years, I know that I did not become conscious of the need to recruit new members until I was asked to be a membership chairman.

In thinking about why this should be so, I can only conclude that the reasons why membership growth should be a matter of some importance to all of us are not widely understood. If that is the case, then we are remiss in taking certain things for granted and failing to review fundamentals from time to time.

The first of these is what may be called the organic axiom: An organization is either in a state of growth or decay; it is never stable at any level. If we value it enough to belong, we should make sure it is growing rather than declining.

Assuming we organize for a purpose, there is a direct correlation between size and the accomplishment of that purpose. In our competitive society, the worth of institutions is often equated with their size. Estimates of the number of flyfishers in the U.S. and Canada range as high as three million. We FFF members number barely 11,000. Is such a fragment of the whole to be taken seriously?

The economy of scale is well understood in terms of production of goods, but it also applies to organizations like ours. It takes a certain amount of money to simply carry out the routine associated with holding the whole thing together. Up to a certain point, nearly all income from member dues is consumed in the essential housekeeping chores. Nothing is left to apply to action programs.


For example, we publish a high quality quarterly magazine to a subscriber

list of 11,500, give or take a few. To do so, the magazine must be heavily subsidized, as advertisers take a very hard look at circulation figures. Money we spend on the magazine is not available for conservation, education or any of our other purposes. As our numbers increase, the relative cost of publishing the magazine goes down.

So, in terms of credibility, effectiveness, economy of operations, prestige and member benefits, bigger is better. We are a volunteer-run enterprise. There is nobody on the payroll to do it for us. We must do it ourselves or it will not be done.

I still believe we could be a 20,000 member Federation by our 25th year in 1990. But even that level is not satisfying. That's barely 1% of the known flyfishers! Shouldn't we be capable of enlisting at least 10% of them to our cause? I think we can, if we really get serious about making the effort.

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Smoky Mountain Conclave A Success

The first-ever Smoky Mountain Conclave, held May 20-22 at a resort hotel in Gatlinburg, Tennessee was a success. So says the conclave chairman, so say all who attended and so say the numbers. Almost 400 people paid registration fees and almost 300 attended the Saturday evening banquet. Several thousand dollars profit were realized, many new friendships formed and new members to FFF at the associate, club and retail shop level were signed up.

The event was sponsored by the Middle Tennessee Fly Fishers of Antioch, Tennessee. (If you have to dig out an Atlas to look for Antioch, start looking around Nashville.) Club members manned all the important stations of a Conclave, and they did well. Wives of club members deserve a special thanks, they handled many of the detail jobs that make the difference at a successful Conclave.

"Smoky Mountain Conclave '88 proves that there is a tremendous amount of local interest in flyfishing and in the Federation in east Tennessee and North Carolina," says Conclave



Enjoying the happy hour at the Smoky Mountain Conclave were: Dennis Bitton, Idaho; Theodore Clavert, Alabama; Caesar Carnaghi, Missouri; Lefty Kreh, Maryland and Dave Johnson, recently of Indiana and now of Alabama.

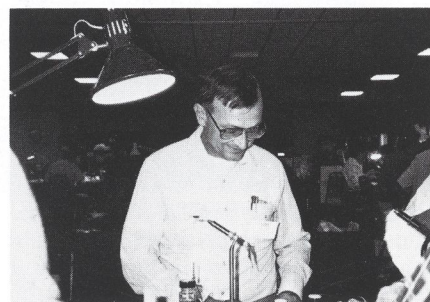
Chairman Steve Ware. "Now it is the responsibility of not only our club, but everyone in the Federation to help maintain the momentum and en-

thusiasm displayed at Gatlinburg.

"The next Smoky Mountain Conclave will be in 1990 in Gatlinburg. The format will be expanded to include a Youth flycasting and flytying program, more speakers on regional subjects plus some surprises that will knock your socks off.

"I want to thank Al Wilkie, Paul McKenzie, Fred Stevenson, Lefty Kreh and all the other program presenters for helping to make the conclave a smashing success. There was a good representation of flytyers from across the nation. The regional flytyers demonstrating patterns made famous here in the Smokies were especially entertaining.

"Flyfishing is not only being astream, but also making new friends. I look forward to seeing again all my new-found friends."



Tom Wood, a talented flytyer from Little Rock, Arkansas, was one of many skilled tyers who donated their time and skills to the Gatlinburg gathering.

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CLUBS

Two New Saskatchewan Clubs

by David Rodger

Since we last reported, the S.F.F. has had two offspring. Because of distance and a population of less than 1,000,000 (aren't we lucky!) two affiliate clubs have developed and are flourishing.

In the city of Saskatoon the **Kilpatrick Fly Fishers** was founded in 1984 honouring the late Gordon Kilpatrick, a pioneer fly fisher in Saskatchewan. Its membership is now over 70. They have an active teaching program in fly tying and fly casting. Their monthly meetings include slide presentations of fishing and conservation, and an annual social gathering with wives and girlfriends. They also publish a monthly bulletin. The club specializes in several group fishing expeditions during the summer.

In the city of Regina, the **Flatland Fly Fishers** was founded in 1985. Their program is also very much teaching-oriented with 15 fly tying sessions a year, several fly casting sessions and seminars on equipment and rod building. They also have an active social program and a very active membership of 70 who meet weekly throughout the year. Not bad for a winter of ice and snow that lasts from "freeze-up" in October until "ice break-up" in April!

The Flatlanders have developed good relations with discussions and meetings with our Fisheries and Wildlife department and the various branches of the Saskatchewan Wildlife Federation. They have a planned outing to the Federation of Fly Fishers' Conclave in Livingston, Montana, in August.

New Address For Ontario's IWFFC

The Izaak Walton Fly Fisherman's Club has a new mailing address. It's 2857 Derry Road East, Suite 604, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L4T 1A6. New club president Jim Weneger says a new slate of officers made the change necessary for convenience sake. The club will share newsletters with fellow FFF affiliate clubs. If you're interested in details, write to the club or call the president at 416/447-6820.

The Flyfisher/Summer 1988

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MARTIN

CLUBS

Awards Night 1988 Washington Fly Fishing Club

by Robert T. McLaughlin
photos by Al Severeid

The "Tommy Award", named in memory of Canadian angler-artist Tommy Brashaw, went this year to John Sager. The WFFC awards committee elected Sager for the considerable effort he made to make our concerns over management and environment known to the state legislature.

The "Empty Creel" award, originally given for "conservation" to the man with the fewest fish, has in recent years been upgraded and went to Jack Hutchinson for advancing the purposes of the club over a long period of time.

Hutchinson is currently the club archivist and librarian.

The "Letcher Lambuth Angling Craftsman" award is based upon nominations from Washington, Oregon and British Columbia. It goes to one who has made "outstanding contributions of hand and mind and enhanced the quality of fly angling". The Lambuth award went this year to Wes Drain. Wes, obviously touched with emotion while receiving the award, was an early WFFC member and a friend of Lambuth. He was a pioneer

steelhead flyfisherman who, on Drain's 20, caught a 20 pound 7 ounce steelhead and held the state record with it for 20 years. One of the most famous steelhead flies, the Skunk, is Drain's creation. His interest in flies led him to raising his own birds and to an acquaintance with Preston Jennings. His interest in tackle led him to hand crafting his own reels. Wes, the award says, is a "gentleman who gives you the first cast and the first go through the drift".



Outgoing President Don Clough gives John Sager the Tommy Award.



FFF Sr. Advisor Gordy Young gives Jack Hutchinson the Empty Creel Award.



Outgoing President Don Clough gives West Drain the Lambuth Award.



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*2" Detachable fighting butt

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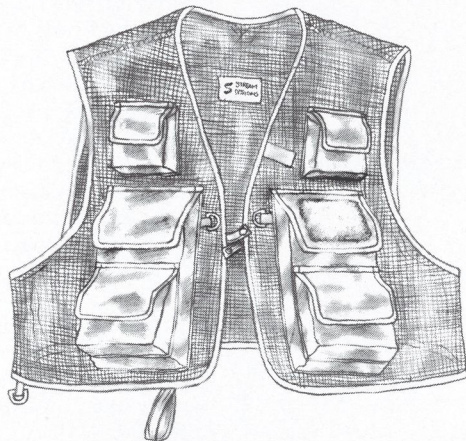
CLUBS



Arkansas' first catch and release trout stream provided a full mid-winter morning of thrills for this young lady. Dry Run Creek, which flows from the Norfork Federal Fish Hatchery into the North Fork River below Norfork Dam was opened as a catch and release stream Jan. 1, 1988, for anglers under the age of 16 accompanied by a licensed adult fisherman. Becky Harrison of Overland Park, Kansas, with advice from Arkansas Game and Fish biologist Mark Hudy, landed and released over a dozen fish, including this lovely rainbow which weighed 3 pounds. This experimental stream is a first step for the state of Arkansas and may set a precedent for more catch and release areas on Arkansas' fabulous trout waters. Photo by Rusty Harrison, caption by Adeline Rush.

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New Club In Elko, Nevada

In January 1988 a group of dedicated fly fishers gathered together in Elko to organize a new flyfishing club. On May 5th, the club affiliated with the Federation of Fly Fishers. In the interim The Humboldt River Fly Fishers have established an enviable record of enthusiasm and accomplishments.

Ralph Moon, FFF Director from the WRMC, was invited to the initial meeting to discuss the FFF with the members. In April the club hosted a community fly casting seminar, and in early May they participated with the Bureau of Land Management in a riparian conservation project by installing a three mile fence to protect four miles of stream bank from livestock erosion on Dorsey Creek near Elko, Nevada. In addition the club has sent over 25 new memberships to FFF, in keeping with the provision in club by laws to be a 100% FFF club. They have become concerned with native American hunting and fishing rights as recently interpreted by a U.S. District Court Judge in Reno. Meeting monthly, the new club has brought an impressive list of speakers to their meetings, and in each meeting the members have devoted time to teaching flytying.

Officers of the Humboldt River Fly Fishers are: Tyler Shepherd, President; Bruce Lindberger, Secretary/Treasurer; Randy Squires, Advertising and Membership Chairman; and Chief Nutting, Seminar Chairman. For more information write: Bruce Lindberger, 1661 5th St., #18, Elko, NV 89801.



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Annual FFF Photo Contest

The Federation of Fly Fishers will again sponsor a photo contest, for FFF members, to run in conjunction with Conclave '88.

Contest Rules

Eligibility: The contest is open to any FFF member. All submissions must be flyfishing oriented. Scenic shots should have a flyfisher somewhere in the scene or otherwise "say" flyfishing. Previously published photos will not be considered for judging.

Submissions: All submissions, either black and white or color, must be in print form. Transparencies will not be eligible since all entries will be displayed prior to judging at Conclave '88. Prints should be a minimum of 8" x 10" and a maximum of 11" x 14". They must be mounted, matted and ready for display. Each photographer is limited to two entries.

Procedure: Contestants must include a self-addressed mailer with sufficient postage for return of their entries or photos may be picked up in person at the conclusion of the Conclave. The FFF and the Photo Contest Chairman will not be responsible for damage or loss of any entry in this contest, but will do his utmost to ensure their safe handling and return to participants. Every print must bear the owner's name and complete address, FFF card number, and a data

sheet with the following information:

1. Full name & mailing address
2. Telephone number
3. Title
4. Where taken
5. When taken
6. Camera model
7. Lens
8. f stop
9. Shutter speed
10. Film type

Deadline: Entries should be mailed to the Photo Contest Chairman by or before July 29, 1988.

Address entries to:
FFF Photo Contest
Dennis Bitton, Chairman
1387 Cambridge
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401

No submissions should be sent to the FFF office. Hand carried submissions may be delivered to the Chairman, in Idaho Falls, as late as August 3rd.

Winners will be selected on basis of originality, visual impact and technical merit. All decisions of the judges will be final.

Prizes: It is hoped that prizes will consist of photographic equipment. Any FFF member with contacts or resources of possible use in this regard, please contact the Photo Contest Chairman at (208) 523-7300.

Corrections

Three errors in the Spring 1988 issue of *The Flyfisher* have been called to our attention. The first is on page 56 where Dick Talleur's name appears as one of Eastern Council's special tyers/instructors. Dick says he wants all his friends to know that he didn't commit to the event because he had other commitments and that his name appeared in the article by error.

On page 44, in the response portion of the first letter, a line of type was left out that makes it difficult to understand. The response should read: thanks for the kind words, but I know a couple of high school English teachers who would be spinning in their graves,

And in the Table of Contents, on page 3, we should have listed Councils, under the Departments heading, and listed pages 53-61 opposite the word Councils.

Some question the ticky tacky nature of our listing of errors, but many others thank us for it, and actually go back to each issue and pen in the corrections. To each his own; we'll continue to try to make everybody happy.

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Want To Teach Boy Scouts?

Anyone in FFF who may be in the area of Henry's Fork August 11-13, who may be willing to donate a day to teaching Boy Scouts about casting, flyfishing or flytying, should contact the Editor.

There will be *several thousand* Boy Scouts at a special activity on those dates. Individuals may be able to help out one day, a part of a day, or two or three days. With the size of the challenge, any volunteer assistance would be gratefully accepted.

One note, we suggest you plan on evening accommodations at least 10 miles from the Boy Scout camp (they're offering "free" accommodations and meals). With 7,000 - 8,000 boys in camp, we think the woods will be alive at night.

We're aware that this event is in direct conflict with FFF Conclave '88 in Livingston. *We wouldn't want anyone to miss one day of FFF Conclave to attend this event.* If however, you know of some people who will definitely be in the Henry's Fork area, regardless of Conclave, and who do have an interest in working with Boy Scout groups, this is a unique opportunity.

Photo Contest Prizes Announced

by Dennis Bitton

Prizes for the 1988 FFF Photo Contest are again worthwhile. Nikon Cameras, Simms Inc. and three Livingston, Montana fly shop owners have made donations significant enough to get any photographer's attention.

Available for prizes to the winners will be: three Action Touch Nikon 35mm cameras, courtesy of Nikon; three reel cases (perfect for carrying small cameras) from Simms of Jackson, Wyoming and four Wader Briefcases, also from Simms; a copy of the book about Dan Bailey, "Mist On The River," and a new Kit Bag from Dan Bailey's in Livingston; two pair of capilene gloves by Patagonia and a pair of fingerless wool gloves, courtesy of George Anderson's Yellowstone Angler of Livingston; and a mono-pod wading staff (has camera mounting screw on top of handle) from Montana's Master Angler, also of Livingston.

These prizes will be divided into five to seven awards, depending on the judges decisions about this year's entries. Winners will be announced Thursday, August 11th in Livingston by attaching winning ribbons to those photos receiving prizes. Prizes will be mailed to any winner not present at the FFF Conclave.

If you have a chance, say thank you to any of the five firms who made this year's prizes possible.



Catch and Release

continued from page 25

(*Ephemera ignita*) and caddis. In the future, I hope to try the Piddle in April, when the Grannom (*Brachycentrus subnubilis*), our earliest caddis, produces good fishing right at the beginning of the season.

The fishing at Tolpuddle costs 10 to 12 pounds for your own beat for a day, and is available to anyone who stays with the Slococks at Lawrence's Farm, either bed and breakfast at the farmhouse or self-catering in one of the three thatched cottages. The full address is Tolpuddle Trout Fishery, Lawrence's Farm, Tolpuddle, Dorchester, Dorset, England.

With catch and release trout fishing still so rare in England, Richard Slocock was taking a big risk with his new policy, which could easily have sent his paying customers to other fisheries, where the stocked trout were easier to

catch and could be killed. Fortunately, the quality of fishing is developing a clientele of catch and release connoisseurs and the interest being shown in the Tolpuddle experiment is likely to result in imitation elsewhere.

On a recent visit to another southern chalk stream, the Avon, the manager of the fishery told me that he stocked with keepable rainbows which his clients could kill, but he encouraged anglers to return all of the wild browns. Another promising sign comes from a tackle manufacturer which has introduced its Catch and Release Club for anglers who return salmon, sea trout and wild brown trout alive. The manufacturer is Fly Fishing Technology Ltd. who make Airflo fly lines and the company sends commemorative badges to anglers who qualify by returning their fish.

So, catch and release has arrived in England and is spreading, if slowly. For the sake of our chalk

streams, where anglers on many stretches of magnificent river have been reduced to catching freshly stocked browns and rainbows, the sooner the better. We must hope that Richard Slocock's experiment on the Piddle has really started something.

MIKE WEAVER is a member of FFF who lives in Dartmoor National Park in southwest England. He writes regularly for British fishing publications and serves as Chairman of the Upper Teign Fishing Association which controls 12 miles of fishing on the River Teign in Dartmoor National Park. This is his first contribution to FFF's magazine.

Editor's Note: *We would be remiss if we didn't note that several U.S. and Canadian manufacturers have been promoting Catch and Release fishing for many years. Hopefully, we'll be able to mention them all in future articles.*

PLEASE Make A Donation to the South Fork Coalition

The South Fork of the Snake River in eastern Idaho is under attack by land developers. Over 50 miles of 6,000 cfs clear flowing water are endangered. So is the long term future of two species of native cutthroat trout and several nesting pairs of bald eagles.

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Please Release Me!

by Fred Stevenson

Conservation of our fisheries resource encompasses many and varied projects from stocking fish in streams and lakes to stream rehabilitation to "catch and release". The idea of "catch and release" is not new. It has been emphasized for years, but as a general rule has not been practiced by enough fishermen, especially bass fishermen. With all the magazine articles, as well as television shows, continuing to emphasize "catch and release", else our resource will be depleted, the idea is beginning to catch on even here in Alabama and elsewhere. I am talking here primarily about the warm water species and in particular the smallmouth and largemouth bass. Some fishermen are beginning to realize that the larger bass, the brood stock, should be returned for future production and should not become wall hangers.

I know of one local individual who keeps only the smaller fish for food, if he keeps any at all, and automatically releases everything weighing two pounds or more. But one other local individual has gone a bit further. Recently, I had the privilege of meeting Don Murray and was introduced to his concept of "catch and release". About four years ago Don and his son were fishing on Guntersville Lake. After catching and releasing several fish (he never keeps fish) he commented to his son "wouldn't it be nice to identify the fact that those fish have been caught and released, then perhaps others, if they caught that fish, would do likewise and help preserve our resource". With that in mind he consulted a fish biologist concerning a tag and release concept. Subsequently, he began designing and cutting out, by hand, little plastic tags and using a plastic cord type item to attach the tag to the dorsal fin of the bass. His private pond was his laboratory. By attaching the tag to the dorsal fin the fish is not hurt. Also, according to the biologist, the plastic does not have a toxic effect on the fish.

For two years he experimented with the tags, recatching tagged fish, and studying the effects with the biologist. Finally, after sufficient proof that the tagging system was safe and functional, he needed someone to endorse the concept. It seems that everyone with whom he discussed the concept thought the idea was fantastic. The one person, however, that agreed to help with the endorsement and promotion was Tom Mann, the Jelly Worm Mann. It was

then that the TagAlong System became a reality.

The TagAlong System was placed into production some months ago. It is a small white tag; for fresh water, it is 1/2" by 1 1/2", for salt water it is 3/4" by 2", each comes with a plastic fastener and after inserting into the fin the excess is clipped off. What is so unique about the TagAlong is the fact that your name, address and phone number can be imprinted on it, or simply have imprinted "Please Release Me". Apparently the concept is catching on. The TagAlong has been sold in all 50 states and Canada. Bass Clubs are beginning to practice "catch, tag and release" using the system. One individual in Florida reported that he had caught, tagged and released one bass and had re-caught it five times.

When you release a fish tagged in your name you can be proud, not only about the fact that you have caught it, but that you are doing all of us a favor in conserving our natural resources. Serious fishermen will gain some knowledge of fish movements using the

Tag and Release System. This system has the potential of doing more for our nation's catch and release program than any other system. I personally think it is a great concept. Yes, I do have a package of the tags and when I do catch another bass it will have my tag attached saying, "Please Release Me", and gently put him back for another day.

If you are interested in practicing Tag and Release, one dozen tags can be purchased for \$9.95, plus \$1.00 shipping, by sending check or money order to TagAlong, P.O. Box 4066, Huntsville, AL 35815. Please note: I am in no way associated with the producer of the tags and will gain nothing financially. I am merely promoting catch and release, or Catch, Tag and Release.

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Flyfishing -

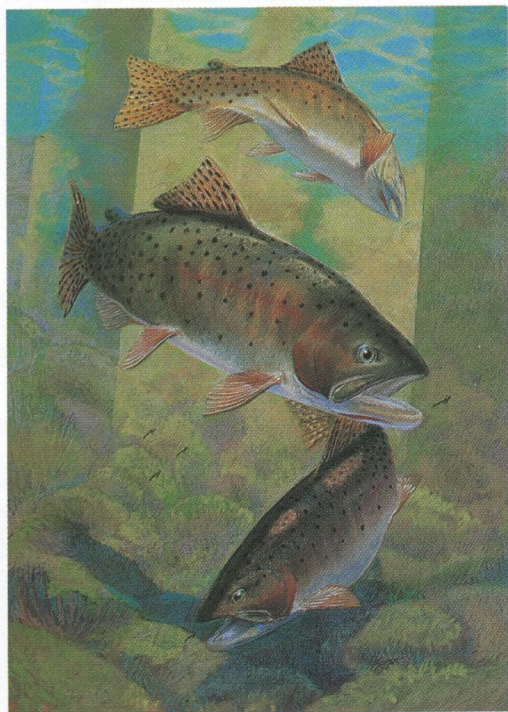
by Carl E. Wolf

Time has marched on and now we are in the summer season. Conclave '88 is just a month or so away and many things have been accomplished during this last year. Some of the highlights are reported below but first a brief summary of what has developed.

Board of Director's decisions were

made to underwrite expenses for the IFFC; to hire necessary personnel and establish a working educational institution; a Board of Trustees for the IFFC was established; a Center Director position was agreed to and a variety of exhibit and fund raising actions were undertaken. During the February

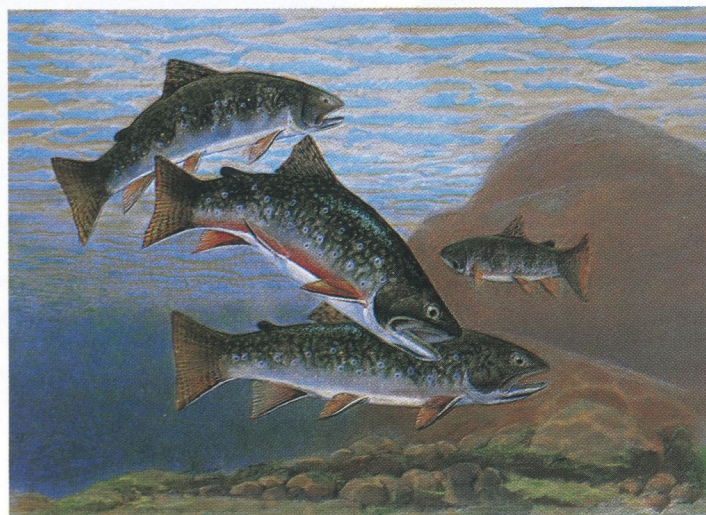
Executive Committee meeting the Senior Vice President position for the IFFC was expanded to include the Youth Trust activities, the Women's and Non-flyfishers Committee, and the Audio-Visual Centers (materials will be moved to the IFFC for distribution and be part of the educational programs).



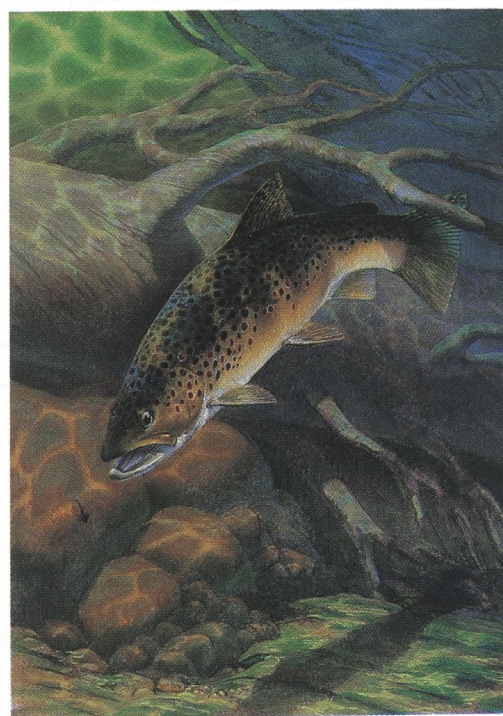
Three Cuts and Six Damsels.



Two Rainbows and Nymphs.



Four Brookies and a Dragon.



Brown Trout and Stonefly Nymph.

Interpretation and Education

An Endowment Fund for the IFFC was established, the loan from the Life Endowment Fund for the roof project was repaid and the Buy a Bundle campaign for the third and final phase of the roof repair project was started again (it now has about \$5,500.00).

The Center Director position was

Special Fund Raiser For FFF Clubs and The International Fly Fishing Center

An exciting portfolio containing four limited edition trout prints, hand signed and numbered, has been reduced in price (but *only* to FFF clubs) for resale at club auctions, banquets, or other events.

Pay \$65 for the four prints, \$7 for the shipping, and start the bidding at \$75. Everything over \$72 is yours!

IFFC would like you to consider making a donation to their general fund from your profits, since it's the IFFC that's making this offer available to FFF clubs. You're not under obligation to do so, but it would be appreciated. Funds will be used for developing the museum, library and roofing the main building. You can order again and again, as long as the prints last and you're satisfied with what you make.

There is no "catch" to this offer. The artist, Lo Andriese of Salt Lake City, Utah, is a member of FFF who would like to support IFFC. This is his way.

Send your club check for \$72 directly to:

Lo Andriese
P.O. Box 754
Salt Lake City, UT 84101
(Allow 2 weeks for delivery.)

This offer is limited and may expire at any time. The edition of 1,000 has been partially sold. Image size is 16" x 22" plus margins, printed on neutral pH paper. Litho printing was supervised by the artist, negatives and plates destroyed to ensure the limited quantity, copyright registered with the Library of Congress. The four prints have been selling for \$350 per set. An ad for these prints appeared on the back of *The Flyfisher* in the Winter 1984 issue.

advertised and the extremely long reviewing, interviewing and selecting process is nearing completion. The Great Lakes Council has arranged for Ms. Tanya Zanish to be an intern at the IFFC this summer to help get things organized and also earn credits toward her degree. Tanya will start July 6th for a ten week period. The Great Lakes Council is underwriting the cost of her employment. Tanya comes from Wright State and will be fulfilling requirements for their internship program.

Steve Jensen has done an outstanding job of pulling together the FFF's Youth Committee. He has also recovered the funds deposited in a trust account. That situation has now been resolved and the funds are already being used for activities and equipment that will help educate youth. A Youth Committee has been established and the members are: Steve Jensen (Chairman), Cary Boyden (NCC), Paul McKenzie (EC), Keith Grotz (FFF Treasurer), Len Holt (ERMC), Warren Jones (NWC), Art Openshaw (GLC), Phil Romans (SWC), Chuck & Sharon Tryon (SC), Al Wilkie (FFF President), and Carl Wolf (WRMC & SVP IFFC).

Betsy Wakernagel Bach and Pat Moon have been hard at work on the charter for the Women's Committee and the events for Conclave '88 in Livingston. By the time of conclave the charter should be pretty well worked out and many of us will thoroughly enjoy what has been put together for activities and programs.

I have put together a draft National Agreement for conservation, education and support programs between the United States Forest Service and the Federation of Fly Fishers. Plans are for the agreement to be signed by the Chief of the Forest Service and the FFF President at Conclave '88.

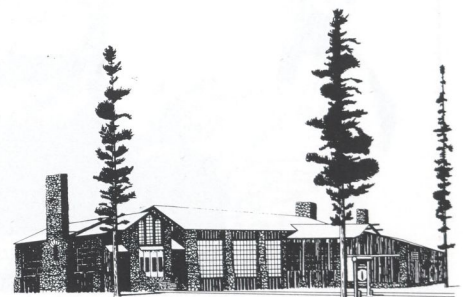
We have also been busy getting together with various companies and working out the design and production of a brochure for the International Fly Fishing Center. The brochure is emerging as a very colorful, three or four fold with a center photo of the Joyce & Elliot Liskin Flycasting Pond and other pictures of the facility, grounds and activities. We are trying to set up the brochure so it can be used as an informational document and at the same time provide the necessary information for subscribing or donating to the IFFC programs, Foundation, etc.

The Foundation will be named after a special individual in the FFF who has given a great deal of time and effort to what the organization stands for and is looked upon as a model by other Federators. The name of the person is being withheld until Conclave so it will be a surprise.

We have arranged for Lou Bischof to return to the IFFC this season. Lou has been authorized to do a number of repairs and improvements that will greatly enhance our Center. Ralph Moon is still doing double duty as Curator and Buck Goodrich has agreed to head up our Education Committee. The only things we lack right now are a Center Director and a Policy & Procedure Manual, to tell us what to do and how to do it. Mary Black is putting one together for the FFF as a whole and we will try again to use our Trustees to develop one for the IFFC and its related committees and programs.

We are looking for someone who may be interested in the Senior Vice-President Education (IFFC) position for the next term. At present, terms, under the Constitution, are limited to one year but it looks like an initiative to go before the Board of Directors this August may change that. The position is an exciting one but requires a substantial amount of time. The new Center Director will be able to take some of the load off by handling the day to day activities but much is still to be dealt with by the SVP.

The International Fly Fishing Center was opened to the public on Memorial Day Weekend, May 28, 1988. Over 200 people visited the building and viewed its displays those three days. We hope to offer some educational programs, along with several evening casting clinics, this season. Be sure to visit the IFFC if you come our way this summer.



LETTERS

Do You Have Any Haig-Brown Letters?

Dear Dennis,

I am delighted with Jim Casada's article on my father and so is my mother. I spoke with her yesterday in Campbell River and she is very pleased with both the text and the photograph. Thank you and Jim Casada for your fine effort.

I have also been meaning to write you for some time to ask if you would ask your readers for copies of letters from my father that they might have.

If the letters are handwritten, as many of my father's letters were, there are no carbons. But even if they are typed, I would appreciate having a copy. The letters belong to the person they were written to, but the right to reprint them belongs to my father's estate. However, if anyone should want to part with the actual letters I would be happy to see that they are put with the rest of my

father's papers in the University of British Columbia Library Special Collections.

Thanks again,

Valerie Haig-Brown

P.S. Better add a sentence saying "My address is Box 68, Waterton Park, Alberta, Canada TOK 2M0.

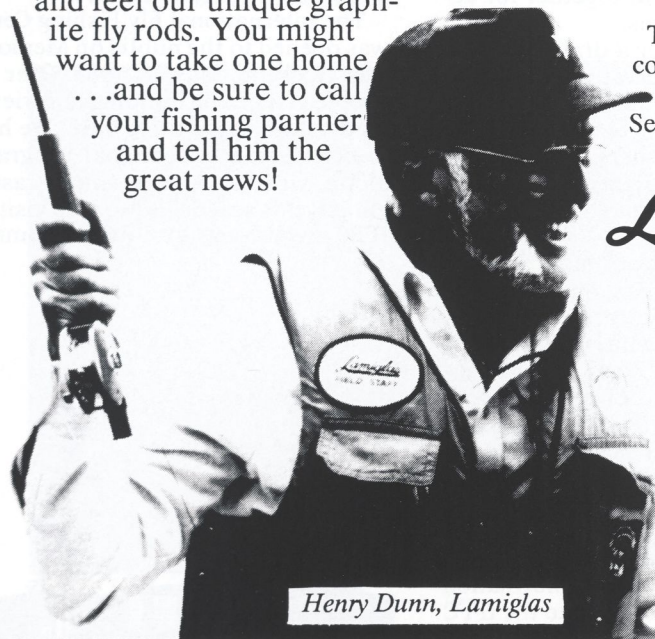
Valerie, thank you for your letter. I'm sure some of our readers do have some letters they would like to donate to the special collection or share with you as possible component parts to possible future writings. db

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About Haig-Brown

Dear Dennis,

Jim Casada's biographical sketch of Roderick Haig-Brown in the Spring issue of *The Flyfisher* was great. He captured wonderfully the man and his writings that so many of us of Haig-Brown's generation have come to know.

One has to envy a little those who have yet to read Haig-Brown; they are in for such a great experience. But that is not to say it is not a wonderful thrill to re-read him. It is. I wonder how many of us have been through his books time and again, always finding our own angling experiences richer for having done so.

Someone did a great job on that photograph, too, getting rid of the cable above Haig-Brown's head.

A good issue all the way around. *The Flyfisher* is a quality magazine, worth the price of FFF membership if that were the only benefit coming from such a great organization.

All the best,

Van Egan

Campbell River, British Columbia

*Van, thanks for the kind words. Jim Casada has received many such compliments; enough so that we plan on continuing the biographical profile series indefinitely. The retouch job on the photo was done by an artist at our typesetting supplier. While *The Flyfisher* may be worth the price of FFF membership, we're the first to point out that there's much, much more involved. See the article on the Smoky Mountain Conclave in this issue for some of the things we're thinking about.* db

LETTERS

Comments On Golden

Dear Mr. Bitton:

"Golden Trout" by John Holt (*The Flyfisher*, XXI (2), Spring 1988) has some nice photos, and, although not very specific, may spark interest in fishing for golden outside California. However, the article contains some misinformation — which is corrected below.

To begin with, golden trout have been successfully planted not only into "a number of lakes between 5,000 and 7,000 feet", but into many lakes — over 300 in California alone with many of these well above 7,000 feet. (The author, himself, points out that a resident population of golden is established in the Cottonwood Lakes, about 11,000 feet in altitude, and Tulainyo Lake in California, 12,865 feet, has been stocked with this species.)

Secondly, the latest "official" state list of inland fishes in California (where the species originated) lists only one species of golden trout, *Salmo aguabonita*, divided into two subspecies: the South Fork Kern golden trout or *S. a. aguabonita*, and the Little Kern golden trout, *S. a. whitei*.

Mr. Holt, however, mistakenly also lists several other species as being included among the golden of California. He lists *Salmo gilberti* which is actually a rainbow rather than a golden, is resident in the Kern River and is now known as *S. gairdnerii gilberti*. His "*Salmo roosevelti*" of Volcano Creek has been known as a synonym of *S. aguabonita aguabonita* since 1934 or 1935, and "Volcano Creek" is now known as Golden Trout Creek. "*Salmo rosei*" has never really been considered a golden, and in 1954 it was well proved that it is not a valid species but simply a Kern River rainbow (*S. g. gilberti*) which was introduced into Culver Lake.

In short, most taxonomists consider that there is but one species of golden trout — *Salmo aguabonita*. Some substantiating literature is enclosed.

In closing (and to cease being "professional"), I should add that although the description of the difficulties of catching golden may apply to certain introduced golden of the Rockies, it certainly does not apply to California

conditions. In fast streams, small golden are easy to catch, and in lakes golden are no more difficult to catch than most rainbows or browns.

Sincerely yours,
William A. Dill
(Fly Fishers of Davis)

William, thanks for your letter of clarification.
db



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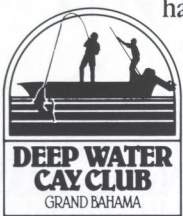
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LETTERS

Membership and Book Reviews

Dear Sir:

I must apologize for not writing earlier to thank you for copies of the Fall 1987 issue of *The Flyfisher* which included my article on Whitlock-Vibert Box stocking sent to you through Mr. Gordon Jabben.

Resulting from this contact I would like to apply for regular membership of the FFF and also order the set of papers on Wild Trout. Enclosed is a draft for U.S. \$35.00 which I hope is OK.

I also advise that on behalf of The Victorian Fly Fishers Association we have forwarded a complimentary copy of my recent book "The Australian Trout—Its Introduction and Acclimatization in Victorian Waters" and would like this placed in the library at The International Fly Fishing Center.

If you decide to review this and there is interest in further copies, The Victorian Fly Fishers Association could supply these at Australian \$36.00 in-

cluding packaging and air mail.

Jack Ritchie
Melbourne, Australia

Jack, your letter brings up two important issues; membership and book reviews. Anyone living outside the USA should check with the FFF Office regarding currency exchanges for membership or buying FFF gifts. It's one of life's irritating little realities. Donations to FFF's library, which is really the IFFC library, can also be sent to the FFF Office. Book Reviews in The Flyfisher are an entirely different matter. All persons wishing a book to be reviewed should send them directly to our book reviewer, Steve Raymond. His address is: 4500 Beach Dr. SW, Seattle, WA 98116. Neither I, nor the FFF Office, have anything to say about which books are reviewed. Thanks for giving us the chance to say that. db



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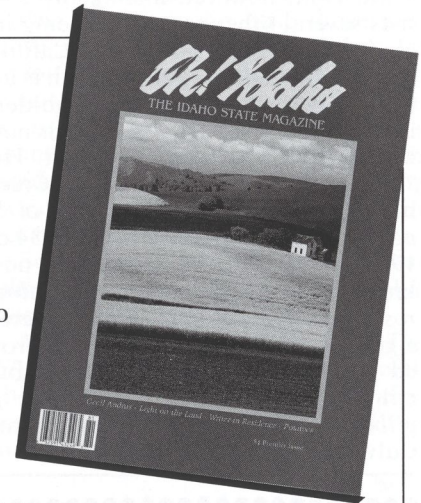
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COUNCILS

Co-Existence

by Fred Stevenson



Fred Stevenson, President
6813 Jones Valley Drive. S.E.
Huntsville, AL 35802
(205) 881-2754

Who said TU Chapters and FFF Clubs could not co-exist? After all, each has at least two things in common—flyfishing and conservation of our fisheries resources. That the two can, and do co-exist is being proven in Missouri.

Many FFF Clubs and TU Chapters across this great land of ours have undertaken stream restoration projects and in some instances perhaps without outside assistance. However, in this situation several Clubs and Chapters within the state of Missouri are joining in a cooperative effort with the Forest Service and Conservation Department to restore a wild trout stream in the Mark Twain Forest.

In my opinion this is a story that needs to be told; one, because of the magnitude of the project and, two, the number of TU Chapters and FFF Clubs involved. It is significant in that it illustrates that combined efforts, both physical and financial, can accomplish a task that otherwise could not be done. Additionally, it will perhaps inspire other Clubs and Chapters to combine efforts with state agencies to undertake a restoration project that would be an impossible undertaking by a single Club or small group.

The stream being rehabilitated is Spring Creek, a part of which flows through Mark Twain Forest and a portion through private land. It holds a population of stream-bred rainbow trout, descendants of ancestors planted back around the turn of the century. The best trout population is on private lands inaccessible to the public. The National Forest boundary was expanded in 1976 to include the lower three miles. That portion is in very poor condition; trout population is poor. Prior landowners had severely abused the creek, dredging it for gravel, rechannel-

ing it, grazing the banks and removing streamside trees which provided shade. In-stream habitat is scarce and some portions of the creek experience very high summer water temperatures. Many of the stream banks are bare and eroding. Over the years the Forest Service has done very little for lack of funds. The situation has changed dramatically with a definite frontal attack going forward.

Plans detailing the rehabilitation project have been completed. Those plans include restoring the Creek's riparian zone, installing riprap, removal of old fences, construction of new fences, and providing in-stream cover. It is a tremendous task requiring funds, materials and manpower. In excess of \$150,000 are required for materials alone; volunteer manpower, for the most part, will be coming from the local FFF Clubs and TU Chapters. As I understand it, the required funds will come from several sources: Local TU Chapters, Trout Unlimited, Southern Council, Council FFF Clubs, The Federation of Fly Fishers, Forest Service and perhaps FishAmerica Foundation. The Forest Service and Department of Conservation are the lead agencies with the following Clubs and Chapters providing the volunteer labor:

Ozark Council, Trout Unlimited
Meramec Basin Chapter
Mid-Missouri Chapter
Show-Me Chapter
Southern Council, FFF
Ozark Fly Fishers
Southwest Missouri Fly Fishers
Hillbilly Flyrodders
Heart of America Fly Fishers

Obviously, the project cannot be completed overnight. Schedule for total completion is within the next five years, but it is under way.

The first project of the combined group effort got underway in March 1987. About 80 flyrod flingers, or would-be horticulturists, assembled one Saturday to plant 3,000 cottonwood trees in strategic locations along the stream. It is doubtful that any of them had developed enough callouses using the flyrod to withstand the treatment rendered by using an ax or spade all day. Old men, young men, women and kids pitched in to begin the restoration of a precious resource. For some it was probably the first time he or she had ever used a spade or an ax, or planted a tree. But plant they did and no doubt returned home with blistered hands

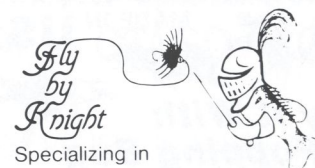
and sore muscles.

But apparently the gratitude of having participated overshadowed the aches and pains, for *they* would eventually disappear, and the trees would be permanent. However, that was not to be. Many of those little trees did not survive the heat and dry weather that was to follow.

Not discouraged, a group consisting of more than 60 assembled on a cold bluebird day in March of this year for a repeat performance. Since fishing wouldn't have been any good, why not plant trees? They planted 2,000 cottonwood, river birch and silver maple. In addition, they removed 500 running yards of barbed wire fence, including the posts; really a lot of work for one day producing aches and pains and hungry workers. Although the Meramec Basin Chapter could not cure the aches and pains, it apparently was able to cure the hunger pains. A tent was erected and food provided to a hungry bunch of flyfishing amateur spade slingers.

Those people obviously are not dreamers but have accepted the challenge and have taken action to restore one of our precious resources. I am certain they will persevere until the project is completed and take great satisfaction in having been a part of it. The sad part is that perhaps some of the older ones will not live to see the fruits of their labor. Who said TU Chapters and FFF Clubs could not co-exist, work side-by-side to achieve a common goal? It is being done in Missouri, our Southern Council, and perhaps elsewhere.

See you on the lake, if I can find time to go fishin'.



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COUNCILS

Northern California Council Report

by Fred Houwink



The council's 1988 conclave will be held in Redding, California the week end of September 16th, 17th, and 18th. The Holiday Inn will be headquarters, and they are reserving rooms for us at special rates.

The keynote speaker at the Saturday night banquet will be Jack Daniels; prominent author, flytyer, guide and conservationist. In addition, he will demonstrate flycasting techniques and present one of the 12 seminar programs that will be offered to conclave registrants.

The flytying arena will feature three FFF Buszek Memorial Award winners; E.H. "Polly" Rosborough, Darwin Atkin and Richard "Doc" Nelson. They will be joined by outstanding council flytyers, including Ned Long from Tahoe City, Calif. and Kent Bullfinch from Yreka, Calif. Ned is noted for his exquisite life-like extended-body Bluewing Olive flies. Kent is noted for his truer-than-life Stone Fly Nymph patterns. Every type of fly pattern and tying technique will be demonstrated.

There will be an "early emerger" barbecue party on Friday night. There will be great fishing available in nearby waters; Upper Sacramento River, McCloud River, Hat Creek, Trinity River, Lewiston Lake and many others.

There will be special events for the ladies: a luncheon on Shasta Lake; a trip to Shasta Caverns and a trip to the Sacramento Preservation area on Sunday.

Advance registration is strongly recommended. Write or call the conclave chairman R.L. "Stew" Stewart, 2675 Bechelli Lane #10, Redding, CA 96002. Telephone: office (916) 221-0401; home (916) 474-5748; toll free (800) 553-2466.

* * * * *

The council's annual Pyramid Lake Catch-And-Release Lahontan Trout Trophy Fishout is scheduled for Saturday, the 5th of November. The Truckee River Flyfishers will extend their usual hospitality, with Dave Morrison's com-

Richard Izmirian, President
2215 Eaton Avenue
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mittee handling the coffee-and-doughnuts eyeopener on Saturday morning at the Paiute Indian Tribal Community Center and again serving the hearty chuck-wagon barbecue there on Saturday evening.

Everyone who has attended this event in the past raves over the fellowship and the fun. Fine catches are reported by all but a few flyrodders. The last several years have seen 27½ to 28 inch fish win the trophy, deep-bellied fish in the 7½ to 8 pound class. But there are 15 pounders in Pyramid Lake, they have been taken by deepline trollers. Some wading flyrodders report hookups that could not be brought to net when "submarines" broke them off.

You don't need a reservation to enter this event, but if you have any questions you can call Dave Morrison in Reno, (702) 851-3474. His address is 10087 Orchard Hill Drive, Reno, NV 89511.

* * * * *

The council has elected officers for its fiscal year, July 1, 1988 through June 30, 1989; **President**, Richard Izmirian, San Carlos; **Regional V.P.**, Cynthia Duff, Sacramento; **Regional V.P.**, Fred Houwink, Sunnyside; **Regional V.P.**, Stew Stewart, Redding; **Membership V.P.**, Bud Pate, Kensington; **Secretary**, John Tamagni, Grass Valley; **Treasurer**, Richard Holubek, San Carlos.

The council elected six FFF directors: Cynthia Duff, Richard Holubek, Fred Houwink, Bud Pate, Stew Stewart and Dave Morrison, Reno, Nevada.

In addition, the council made five nominations for the position of FFF International Directors: Frank Fulton, Nevada City, Calif.; Ned Long, Tahoe City, Calif.; Marty Seldon, Sunnyside, Calif.; Terry Thomas, Sacramento, Calif.; and Jim Victorine, Loomis, Calif.

Council President Richard Izmirian will be an FFF director, ex officio, and serve on the committee of FFF Council Presidents.

COUNCILS

A Message to Our Council

by Paul McKenzie

In this time of overall growth of our organization, where does the Eastern Council fit in? Looking at the statistics compiled each month by the West Yellowstone office, March 1987 showed Eastern Council total membership at 2,117 members. March 1988 indicated a rise to 2,754. An increase of 637 members in one year. While that figure of 637 looks good on paper, if we look further into the statistics we find that on a given month in 1988 (Jan. thru March) we have gained an average of about 121 new members per month. However during the same time period we have lost to non-renewals (either inactive or overdue) an average of 128 members. That's not very good business. In fact, the non-renewal rate is quite alarming. Keep in mind that many of those 128 do renew at a later date, so the picture is not as bleak as it may seem. Also keep in mind though that while those late renewals are inactive or overdue, we lose that amount of strength and input to the organization, monetarily, visually and verbally. Obviously then, renewals are as important as new members. Renewing our FFF membership on time is an obligation that we should not take lightly.

Clubs are another matter. The new structure where clubs forward their dues, data sheets and rosters directly to their respective councils will strengthen the rapport between them. By becoming more dependent on one another, a stronger bond will develop. With councils retaining a portion of the club dues more and better programs can evolve in the areas of conservation, education, etc. After all, we were founded as a federation of clubs.

This being the first year of the new club structure, mistakes, tardiness and confusion were expected. We were not disappointed. Back to our statistics. Those of December 1987 showed Eastern Council with 51 clubs. While March 1988 statistics come up with 8 clubs. (We did not lose 43 clubs overnight.) Many had paid their dues for 1988 and the checks were somewhere in the system. As of this writing (May 9th), about 25 clubs have been accounted for dues wise. Many have omitted the 2 copies of the club data sheet and also 2 copies of a current club roster. These are needed for council and national office record keeping. Past records show that some clubs have always paid their dues at various times of the year even though January 1 has

been the due date. Under the present structure, record keeping, voting status, conservation projects and special mailings are some of the reasons it is necessary that club dues be paid uniformly on time. Those clubs which continue to be delinquent in payment of dues and do not contact council as to the reason for such delinquency, leave council no alternative but to drop them from the rolls. Each club is notified and given ample time to respond. Our intent is not to lose clubs, but rather to strengthen our network.

In addition to membership, Eastern Council has grown in many other areas. E.C. is large, encompassing a good portion of Canada and the 17 Eastern Seaboard states. We have had our setbacks and our successes. Both Past President Lou Rossi and his dedicated group of hard workers and the new leaders who have come on board in the past few years, can be proud of the goals they have helped Eastern Council to reach. True these goals are far from being final, but they are plateaus of stability to build new goals upon.

Because of our vast geographic make up, communications can sometimes go astray and a project never gets off the ground or a letter never gets written. Nevertheless we have excellent club activity in Florida, New England, Canada and most of the states in between. Our key people, Directors, Delegates and Chairmen, are being groomed to bridge the gaps and continue the growth of our council.

So where does Eastern Council fit in the overall growth of FFF? We fit very

well, and not only are we a part of that growth, we have caused much of it to happen. All people in the Eastern Council can be proud of their council, but make no mistake we have a lot of road to cover. We need your help to correct those things that are wrong and to expand on those that are right. Please, I hope we can count on you.



Paul G. McKenzie, President
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COUNCILS

Eastern Rocky Mountain Council News

by Tom Robson



Tom Robson, President
1709 Antonio Dr. NE
Albuquerque, NM 87112
Hm (505) 293-6628
Bus (505) 266-9013

Our Council has been very active this Spring. April seems to be the month that most clubs pick for their Seminars and Banquets.

An exception is this year's Council Conclave to be held in Farmington, New Mexico the weekend of Sept. 23 - 25, 1988, sponsored by the San Juan Fly Fishers. Gary Borger will be this year's featured speaker, with clinics, seminars and slide shows presented by some of our Council's best flytyers and flyfishers. All events will be held on the grounds of the Community College (including lunches). The events kick-off will be a Friday night get-acquainted party, followed by Saturday and Sunday's official Conclave. A Banquet will be held Saturday night featuring Gary Borger. Many manufacturers, shops and reps will be in attendance. There will be time for fishing but, the best idea is to come early and stay late and enjoy our famous San Juan and Colorado's Delores rivers. Enjoy some great weather and scenery, perhaps ride the Silverton train out of Durango and see the Cliff Dwellings of Mesa Verde. It promises to be an event you won't want to miss. Contact Chuck Rizuto, 807½ E. Main, Farmington, N.M. 87401.

Our Arizona clubs have been actively increasing their fishing waters. The Arizona & Desert Fly Casters in conjunction with T.U. and the Arizona Fish & Game have been rehabilitating Canyon Creek, making it into a premier trout stream. The Northern Arizona Fly Fishers who annually work with the A.F.& G. on the Colorado River below Lee's Ferry, have this past year turned their attention to J.D. Dam near Flagstaff. Years ago this reservoir was a good trout fishery, but due to siltation, it became a non-existent fishery. This club is bringing together the A.F.& G., U.S. Forest Service and the Army Corps of Engineers Reserve, to dredge,

clear, clean the reservoir and rebuild the dam, and then refill and stock the reservoir. Their efforts have been recognized by FFF with a Conservation Fund grant to buy supplies not being provided by the Government agencies. This is truly an achievement by this club and our hats are off to them.

In Wyoming, the Wyoming Fly Casters have taken on another legal question—minimum in-stream flows. Anyone familiar with the west knows this question is a problem in many states. The North Platte River is the concern, the reach is the 3½ miles below Pathfinder Dam. Many of you are familiar with the Miracle Mile stretch, so you are aware of the potential fishery this river has. In years past the stretch below Pathfinder produced good trout fishing when it had water. They are trying to get a minimum/constant flow of 500 cfs and are exploring all legal avenues. If you would like to get involved or have any advice in this endeavor contact: John Fanto, P.O. Box 2881, Casper, Wyoming 82602.

Colorado is also facing a water problem. Those of you who read the Summer 1987 *Flyfisher* are familiar with the devastation that Two Forks Dam would cause to the south Platte River. The Front Range Flyfishers have been deeply involved in the fight against Two Forks, along with other Colorado conservation organizations. As this is written we are awaiting the Governor's decision on the project, we can only hope he doesn't drown Cheeseman Canyon.

It seems that every club newsletter I receive has our members deeply involved in local and state conservation efforts, either physically or politically. Very little fan fare is given to these efforts on the national scale, but I believe this is where our future is won or lost. And until you are better paid I give you my heartfelt *Thanks!*

COUNCILS

WRMC Conclave A Success

by Carl Andreasen



L.D. "Buck" Goodrich, President
1090 North 900 East
Shelley, Idaho 83274
(208) 357-7328

This year's Western Rocky Mountain Council Conclave, hosted by the Stonefly Society of Salt Lake City was a success thanks to everyone (and I mean everyone!) who was involved in the project. The Provo canyon area is very near and dear to most of us in the Salt Lake area. And Sundance resort in the canyon was a perfect setting. Mr. Redford and Co. made us all feel very welcome and the accommodations were great; not to mention the fishing in the Provo River just a few minutes away.

Our guest speaker, Mr. Marty Howard from the Spinner Fall fly shop, and an excellent guide on the now famous Green River, was a perfect finish to an outstanding dinner and auction.

Sundance's fine theater and their well stocked trout pond were the settings for the slide shows, and casting demonstrations which ran continuously throughout the day. There were fac-

tory representatives on hand, as well as local shops, and fly fishing clubs, too. As usual, the biggest crowds were around the flytyers. But the biggest attraction of all had to be the FFF booth, where Council President Buck Goodrich gave away what appeared to be an entire elk hide piece by piece. Some say it was a road kill he happened upon on his drive down from Idaho. Still others say he hooked the mighty beast with a back cast, and in his frustration, completely skinned it while trying to pull his fly free. We may never know for sure.

It's always a lot of work to organize a conclave, as many of you know all too well. But the rewards are very personal, and the memories will last a lifetime. And, who knows, maybe in three or four years, they may let me stop my medication and leave the home long enough to do it again!

Thanks again, everyone!

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COUNCILS

Northwest Regional Council Report

by Ray Willms



Ray Willms, President
7211 28th N.E.
Seattle, WA 98115

Most of the news in the Northwest Council still comes out of our sub-councils. The following report was submitted by Keith Burkhart who heads the very active Oregon Council of The Federation of Fly Fishers:

Oregon State Fly Tying Competition

The Oregon Council and its member clubs are sponsoring the first annual Oregon State Fair Fly Tying Competition. John Rodriguez of the Santiam Flycasters and Keith Burkhart of the Oregon Council have organized this competition in order to promote the craft and artistry of flytying, to encourage the improvement of flies and the creativity of flytyers and to inform the public of the extent and craftsmanship of flytyers within the State of Oregon.

The competition is open to any resident of Oregon. Entries will be handled by the member clubs in their geographic area or can be sent directly to the State Fair. Some clubs plan to hold local competitions before forwarding the entries to the Fair. All entries will be judged after the August 3rd deadline and be displayed at the Fair. Members of the Santiam Flycasters will be providing tying demonstrations for several days at the Fair.

Entries can be made in any or all of the six categories; Trout Dry Fly, Trout Nymph, Steelhead Fly, Full Dress Atlantic Salmon Fly, Bass Bug or Streamer and Bucktail. Each entrant will have to tie two flies from the list of recommendations and then will have to tie one pattern of his choice within the overall category. This will give the tyer a chance to show his or her creativity.

Judging will be done by well-known specialists in flytying. The entries will be judged on the esthetic quality, the appropriate use of materials, innovative use of modern materials, proper proportions and general appearance, and the use of proper techniques and overall craftsmanship of the flies.

It is our hope that this event will continue as an event at our State Fair. In addition to the display of flies at the Fair, a portion of the display will highlight The Federation of Fly Fishers and their activities in Oregon. It will be an excellent chance for people who would not normally be exposed to the FFF to learn more about our organization.

If any other Club or Council wishes information on how to set up a similar competition in their state you can contact Keith A. Burkhart c/o Oregon Council FFF, P.O. Box 5067, Salem, Oregon 97304.

Conservation Projects in Oregon

Most of the Oregon Clubs are involved in one type of project or another. The Central Oregon Flyfishers are continuing to place yard after yard of spawning gravel in area streams. In addition they released over 11,000 rainbow trout and over 16,000 brown trout fry from their hatchbox site on Tumalo Creek. A lot of time and effort goes into their hatchbox project with the need for daily monitoring and cleaning no matter what the weather. The members of the Central Oregon Flyfishers should be proud of the fine work they are doing.

The Santiam Flycasters have begun a study of the migratory habits of the Willamette Valley Cutthroat Trout in conjunction with the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. Traps are being set at different locations throughout the valley and fish will be tagged and released. Over a period of several years they hope to determine their patterns of migration. Another aspect of the project is to determine other areas in the valley that once supported populations of cutthroat and the viability of returning the species to that area.

COUNCILS

Great Lakes Council News

by Jim Schramm



President
GLC - Jim Schramm
4291 Tacoma Blvd.
Okemos, MI 48864
Hm (517) 349-1388
Bus (517) 322-0426

This past spring has been a busy time for members of the GLC. We've had well attended and successful happenings at our winter conclave at Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin and our Steelhead Outing and Delegates Meeting at Barothy's Lodge on the Pere Marquette in Michigan. The Michigan Fly Fishing Exposition hosted by the Michigan Fly Fishing Club in Detroit was a great success with the highest attendance ever.

The Steelhead Outing and Delegates Meeting was an outstanding success despite the cool temperatures delaying the Steelhead run. Many Associate members attended who were not affiliated with a club and came away understanding and appreciating what we've talked about when we talk federating. The next Barothy's outing is schedule for October 27-30, 1988, and all FFF members are invited to attend. Cost, which includes lodging and meals, is \$105.00 for Thursday thru Sunday and \$70.00 for Friday through Sunday. Contact Jim Schramm for details.

The 2nd Annual Winter Conclave at Mt. Horeb was a great success both in attendance and financially. Plans are already underway for 1988. Look for details in the Fall "Fly Fishers", our Council newsletter.

The Conservation and Membership Organization is in place due to the efforts of many under the supervision of GLC Conservation Director Terry Lyons and GLC Membership Director Ira Hendon. The organization calls for a State Council Director for conservation and for membership for each state so that our efforts can be focused and coordinated at the state level.

At both the Mt. Horeb Conclave and The Barothy Delegates meeting, positions and support were approved for

the following issues:

1. Support for Michigan Senate Bill 50—Sport Fishing Bill. This bill allows the Director to nominate 200 miles of special regulation water instead of the 100 miles Michigan now has and to designate special regulation tackle types, not just terminal tackle, i.e. fly fishing only instead of flies only areas.

2. Support for a bill to stop recreational vehicles from driving in stream beds in Iowa.

3. Support for Wisconsin DNR's to begin categorizing trout streams and set up regulations for each category.

4. Support for Ohio FFF Clubs efforts to monitor environmental effects and develop a position regarding Trustee Incorporated NPDC's proposal to build a waste water treatment plant and have a permit to discharge into the Mad River in Ohio.

5. Support of Michigan Governor Blanchard's proposal to appoint a Camp Grayling Advisory Commission to study and make recommendations for use of areas in the Au Sable watershed for military training. A major user conflict has developed between recreational users and military users of this highly valued recreational resource.

Persons desiring further information can contact Terry Lyons, 1956 Ives Rd., Leslie, Michigan 49251, (517) 676-5715.

That young graduate student intern you will see working at the IFFC this summer is being sponsored by the GLC and its' clubs. Through the efforts of GLC Vice President Elliot Jennings, Ms. Tonya Zanish of Wright State University has accepted this intern position. The GLC is underwriting the cost but GLC Clubs have been asked to pledge money to pay this cost and the response has been spectacular. A full

report on the success of this project, including names of all the GLC Clubs involved will be in the next "Fly Fisher".

The second GLC "Fly Fisher" has reached members of the GLC and continues to be well received. A third issue is scheduled for mailing the first of June and will focus on our Conclave being held July 22-24, 1988 in Roscommon, Michigan. Many thanks to Bob Morenski for his outstanding efforts. Interested individuals can contact Bob at Box 32, Parshall, ND 58770, (701) 862-3124.

Finally, we move one step closer in our Au Sable "No Kill" litigation in Michigan. On May 3, 1988, the Michigan Court of Appeals heard oral arguments on our appeal of the Circuit Courts' decision stopping the implementation of "No Kill" on the Holy Water of the Au Sable. I came away from the hearing feeling optimistic and hopefully, the courts' decision will have been issued prior to your reading this.

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COUNCILS

Council Elects New Officers

by Jerry Bliss



Jerry Bliss, President
8476 Hollister St.
Ventura, CA 93004
(805) 642-4359

At our regular quarterly Council meeting in March the following new officers and directors were elected to serve for the 1988-89 year: **President**, Jerry Bliss, Sespe Fly Fishers. **Vice Presidents**, Paul Rockwell, Sespe Fly Fishers; Larry Hampy, Pasadena Casting Club; John Short, Steamborn Fly Fishing Club. **Secretary**, Roy Richardson, Fly Fishers Club of Orange County. **Treasurer**, Chuck Newmyer, Aguabonita Flyfishers. **Council Directors**, Ross Merigold, Pasadena Casting Club; Chuck Newmyer, Aguabonita Flyfishers; Bill Gerlach, San Gabriel Valley Fly Fishers; Lon Gentry, Kern River Fly Fishermen; Gary Irvine, Deep Creek Fly Fishers; Bill Liebegott, Conejo Valley Fly Fishers. **International Directors**, Darwin Atkin, Kaweah Fly Fishers; Jerry Bliss, Sespe Fly Fishers; Dick Thies, Wilderness Fly Fishers; Bill Blackstone, Fly Fishers Club of Orange County; Dick Lange, Inglewood Flyfishermen.

Council Conclave Biggest Ever

The Southwest Council's Seventh Annual Conclave 1988, "Fly Fishing Days", was the largest held at the AMFAC Hotel. The attendance broke all previous records with over 2,200 people attending the two day show.

We expanded the vendor area to accommodate more suppliers of fly-fishing paraphernalia which helped bring in new people from around the western United States. In talking to many of the suppliers, they would like to see the show expanded to three days, which indicates their acceptance of the Council's efforts to promote a first class Conclave.

We were also glad to have FFF President Al Wilkie and Sr. VP Development Mary Black attend our function. They both attended our Council Executive meeting on Sunday morning which gave our elected representatives a

chance to hear first hand what is happening within the Federation.

Along with Al and Mary, we were privileged to have Brian Camp, Conclave Chairman for Texas, and Richard Izmirian, President of the Northern California Council FFF. Brian, of course, was checking out our Conclave operation and Richard was helping to man a booth for the California Sportfishing Protection Alliance. The CSPA, which receives most of its operating monies from the Northern California Council and the Southwest Council of the Federation of Fly Fishers, is an Educational and Political Advocate for sportfishing interests giving the state's fisheries a voice and vote in Sacramento and Washington, D.C.

We owe a great big Thanks to Jay Engel, Chairman, and his committee for a job well done. The committee consisted of: Bob Amundson (Sespe Fly Fishers), Charlene Bliss (Sespe Fly Fishers), Duane Chebul (Sierra Pacific Fly Fishers), Sally Gerlach (San Gabriel Valley Fly Fishers), Milt Huber (Inglewood Flyfishermen), Dick Lange (Inglewood Flyfishermen), Joe Madden (Fresh & Salty Flyfishers of Gardena), Joyce Merigold (Pasadena Casting Club), Bennett Mintz (Sierra Pacific Fly Fishers), Paul Rockwell (Sespe Fly Fishers), and Dick Thies (Wilderness Fly Fishers).

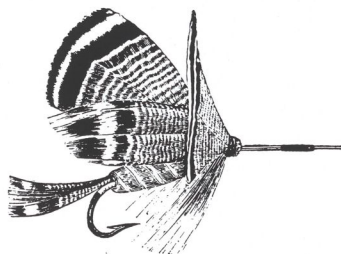
Handbooks Available to Clubs

The Southwest Council has published four booklets which are available to all members of the Council. "Handbook For Flyfishers", "Fly Tyers and Fly Patterns of Southern California", "Leadership Handbook", and "Sponsoring A Mini-Conclave" are all available for the asking. If other Councils or Clubs in the Federation are interested in receiving a copy of these books, please write to me and we will get a copy off to you.

California Flyfisherman, Ned Grey, Dies

Ned Gray, a flyfishing enthusiast who built a small fly fishing shop in Montrose, California into an international mecca for the sport, died April 20th after a lengthy illness. He was 75.

Grey purchased Sierra Tackle in 1950, and at first sold all types of angling equipment, but soon gravitated to his first love, flyfishing. He soon specialized in flyfishing equipment, and over the years, developed a shop and clientele that was quite outstanding. He sold his business in the early 1980's.



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Peter Crow, Head Guide Silver Creek Outfitters, Sun Valley, ID, in the O'Neill-River Systems Warmwader

Travel Discounts Available For Conclave

Through a special arrangement with AIA Travel of Lewiston, Idaho, FFF members are eligible for special airfare and car rental rates to the FFF Conclave in Livingston, Montana.

Delta and Northwest Airlines are offering 5% off any published fare, including Supersaver fares and up to 40% off regular coach fares into Bozeman. FFF will earn free tickets to the Conclave based on the number of tickets booked.

National Car Rental is also offering special rates on car rentals from Billings and Bozeman.

AIA Travel can also assist with hotel reservations, add-on packages and other travel arrangements. They offer personal, knowledgeable and professional service, helping make your Conclave experience more enjoyable.

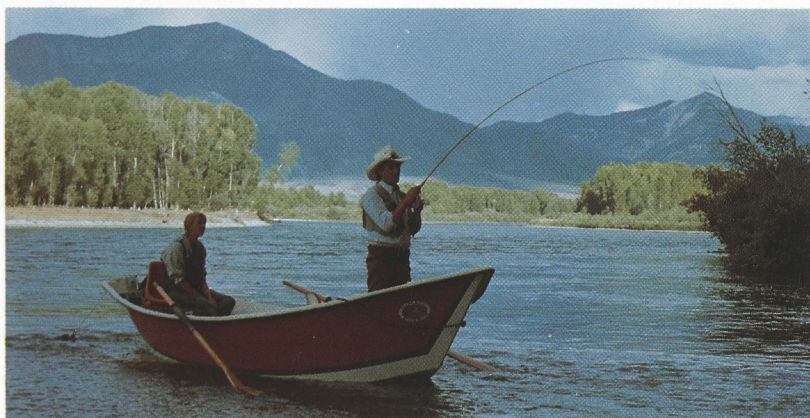
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